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

(Concluded.)

VIII.—The Needle and the Sewing Machine.

More ancient than even the tool of the spinner's antique craft, yet far from having disappeared with that now obsolete implement, what the distaff was the needle is—the symbol of feminity, the sceptre that rules nearly the whole realm of womanhood; and, slight and slender as it appears, too often has it proved a rod of iron, crushing its subjects into slaves; too often has its sharp glittering point pierced to their hearts, and been crimsoned with their very life-blood. No one could wish that it should be entirely banished, that leisure should no longer have recourse to it for useful employment, or taste call in its aid to develop forms of beauty; but all may rejoice that, as a tyrant, claiming the tribute of unceasing toil, and permitting no thought or aspiration to stray beyond itself, the hour of its deposition is at hand; and happy is the generation that has seen at least the dawn of a better day, when this power shall be limited to its rightful domain, and it shall be universally acknowledged that the needle was made for woman, not woman for the needle. Hardly yet has the world at large learnt this; hardly yet is the spirit extinct which has so often repelled any demand for a better education for girls, or a wider sphere of development for women, with the alarmed cry, "They had better learn to make their husbands' shirts," and checked every feminine attempt at self-culture by scornfully remitting the woman to her needle as the cobbler to his last. Yet as, in spite of proverbs, disciples of St. Crispin have been found who, without abandoning the tools of their trade, have ventured to rise above them, to combine other and higher occasional pursuits with that by which they gained their daily bread, and the wiser spirit of a new era has encouraged them to be men as well as cobblers; even so the voice of the same era is beginning, though perhaps in fainter

tones, to tell the other sex that they too may be, nay, that possibly it is even better that they should be, women as well as needle-women.

Hitherto, however, there have been other and even stronger powers to conflict with than that of the common opinion of needle-work being almost the only employment fit for women, and it has been only the favoured minority, possessing large means, who could avail themselves fully of the recently-opened facilities for feminine improvement; for how could a mother sit down to pursue studies, or acquire accomplishments, while her children's unmade garments were heaped around her? or how indeed could any woman do so in comfort, while any lack of neatness in her under clothing shamed the correct aspect of her outer attire? Yet how tedious the labour of securing that neatness; how wearying to sit still, hour after hour, bending over a mass of stiff colourless fabric, thrusting the stubborn steel through the harsh calico, ten, twelve, perhaps twenty times, ere an inch of work is accomplished of the many yards required in making a single duly voluminous skirt. It is true that the expenditure of a very moderate sum would often have secured as much relief as would have been desired from the pressure of constant "plain needlework." It was a remark of Sydney Smith's, that "The intellectual improvement of women is considered to be of such subordinate importance, that £20 paid for needlework would give to a whole family leisure to acquire a fund of real knowledge;" and though a much smaller sum would suffice in many families to set free many precious hours, yet the main difficulty is certainly that public opinion hardly countenances such a mode of expenditure, and is prone to consider it "extravagant" to lay out much money in paying a seamstress, since what, without any stooping from her position, a lady *can* do quite as well as any hired worker, it is mostly thought she *ought* to do. Even if a husband be willing to incur the extra expense, a wife hardly feels at liberty to avail herself of his liberality, knowing that it is not general among her middle-class compeers, and unwilling to seem less thrifty than others; while to persons of small incomes, the saving effected by home-work becomes really a serious consideration. "What would you have had to pay to have had such a little frock as that made for you?" the writer once heard a young artist husband enquire of his wife, an artist too previous to her marriage, but now busy over the construction of a child's dress. "About tenpence, I suppose," was the reply. "And I have seen you sitting over it nearly the whole day, a day that might have been given to painting," rejoined he, in almost a reproachful tone, for in his eyes it seemed a sad waste of her time and talents. "I am afraid," he added, smiling, "that we

cannot say yet that 'money is no object;' but then you know, even on that view, you might have sketched in a picture which would have been worth ten guineas." But the thoughtful wife soon explained that the tenpence was in the hand, the ten guineas only in the bush, for her picture might not have been sold for years, or never have been sold at all, so that any profit from it was but a distant contingency, while the little frock being wanted at once, to save the price of its making was a positive immediate gain, not to be despised in their struggling position.

Again, the popular acceptance of needlework as the most fit and proper of all occupations for women, furnishes narrow-minded parents with sufficient reason for not providing their daughters with employments requiring greater exercise of the intellect. They could not be left to do absolutely nothing; but while there is a purely mechanical pursuit open to them, which the world pronounces to be perfectly appropriate and becoming, none which might excite a dangerous degree of mental activity need be had recourse to; and though in England this remark has perhaps but a very limited application, in other countries this is far from being the case. The observations of M. Ernest Legouvé, in his "Histoire Morale des Femmes," throw some light upon this subject. "To suffer pain," says he, "to be exhausted with toil, these are evils doubtless, very real evils, but they do not revolt us, for they are the necessary conditions of existence; but *ennui*—that death in life, that aching vacuity, that conscious annihilation—that it is which exasperates and depraves the soul. Well, then our provinces abound in poor young girls, whom a forced idleness condemns to this torture. If they still have parents, their youth consumes itself before that everlasting needle, that passes and repasses through that white flat linen—the emblem of their fate." When, for a young lady to spend her chief time in sewing linen together, shall be looked upon as quite as much out of the question, as it would be now for her to devote herself to spinning it, something else must be found to fill up her days; and it is not unlikely that it may be something of a character which will not leave women to be, as they now too often are in lands just awakening to free aspirations—a clog on man's progress.

In all probability, sewing will follow the same course as spinning. There was a time when every woman sewed just as every woman spun; but, as we have seen, after a while, the use of both distaff and needle was abandoned by the wealthy and luxurious, and, as a compensation for the amount of labour thus withdrawn from the common stock, a certain number of women of the poorer class adopted these pursuits as a profession, giving up their whole time to them; while the middle classes, as a rule,

neither working for others nor employing others to work for them, still occupied themselves in producing a sufficiency for their own supply, as almost the main, if not the ostensible, business of their lives. At this second stage of development, the art of sewing still remained, while that of spinning made another and enormous stride, passing so entirely into the hands of professional workers, that an amateur spinner is now, in England at least, a thing unknown. But it was only when machinery was introduced, making it no longer worth while for any woman to spend hours in doing for herself what could be done for her in moments, that women were thoroughly and finally released from the dominion of the distaff; and it can only be by the same process that they are likely to be delivered from what is too often the tyranny of the needle. Enough will always remain to engage the industry of the housewife—contriving, cutting out, mending, &c.; but the monotonous plodding through yard after yard of seam, and fell, and hem, is work only fit for a machine, and to machines it will assuredly be left so soon as these shall have become so general, and the cost of what they produce so low, that it shall be universally acknowledged to be "not worth while" for fingers to compete with them. In order that we may form a judgment whether, or how soon, this is likely to be the case, let us now see what steps have been already taken towards such a result.

In a not very prominent spot in the glorious Crystal Palace of 1851 stood one plain unattractive combination of screws, and wheels, and cylinders, which bore the title of "Sewing Machine." Surrounded by elegant and curious mechanism of various kinds, and in the neighbourhood of all the marvels of cotton spinning and newspaper printing, and other imposing efforts of the age, this humble little piece of machinery attracted but little observation, not one visitor in a thousand perhaps casting a glance at its unsightly exterior, or giving a thought to its powers. Yet folded within it lay the germ of a mighty revolution, and the few oddly-shaped bits of wood and iron of which it was composed were to lay the foundations of a fair temple, in which generations of women, rescued from social bondage, shall sing with grateful hearts a glad hymn of deliverance. As yet, however, all this lay hidden in the future, for the form in which the sewing machine then appeared gave little promise of what it was hereafter to become.

Ten years went by, and another Palace of Industry arose. Where now within its walls shall we seek the "Iron Needlewoman?" No longer is one lonely specimen thrust into an obscure corner, but, prominent among the fairest trophies of British industry, the multiplied offerings of a dozen exhibitors claim every visitor's attention, in graceful form appealing to

the taste, and in ever active movement, under the manipulation of a host of busy attendants, giving constant and substantial proof of their utility. The new era is inaugurated, another system is fairly begun, and it is but a question of time how long will elapse ere the old system is entirely superseded.

It is not to be regretted that the change should be gradual, for a transition period must always be more or less a period of distress to many; but it is inevitable, and when once accomplished, there can be little room to doubt that it will prove a great blessing to humanity, and peculiarly to the feminine half of the race. Its introduction will do for the tribe of needlewomen what the potato disease did for Ireland; for as, while the Irish peasant could subsist, however wretchedly, upon that one poor root, it was thought he might do so, and only when it failed him was a better prospect opened; so, while a woman could just keep from starvation by plying her needle, the thoughtless world left her to pine over it; but when it shall have become quite impossible thus to earn bread, society must find some other way in which she may be allowed to maintain herself. If new modes of employment are to be followed, they cannot be worse than the former ones, and can hardly fail to be better; or if, as is not unlikely, the increased demand consequent on cheapened production cause the trade in ready-made clothing so to enlarge, as that it will be capable of absorbing all the women who have hitherto been occupied in needlework, all analogy shows that a rise in wages will result, and machine hands earn much more than ever handiworkers did. From women too, to whom delicate and complicated machinery is entrusted, a greater measure of intelligence will be required than was looked for from those whose sole implements were a reel of cotton and a needle. When the world wants intelligence, it will be sure to take care to secure it; and according to the demand will be the supply, for woman's mind has only been awaiting opportunity for development, and will gladly enter at the door which, when once thus opened, none again may shut.

Furthermore, sewing machines, though they may not induce employers, uncompelled, to shorten their hours of labour, will at least enable them to do so, since the rapidity with which a large amount of work may be executed provides against the contingency of unexpected orders requiring immediate completion.

In working a machine too, as the feet are brought into play as well as the hands, more muscles are exercised than in ordinary needlework; while there is also the advantage of much more frequent pauses and changes of attitude consequent on each part being completed with so much celerity that it can never be long before it is necessary to turn to another.

The making of the machines may also be mentioned as involving progress in another department, since their construction has become an important branch of manufacture, employing large numbers of skilled craftsmen, certainly better occupied than had they passed their lives in merely drilling or sharpening seamstresses' needles.

As has been the case with most inventions of importance there have been many conflicting claimants to the merit of having discovered or improved the Sewing Machine's principles of construction; and when it is acknowledged by parties who have most deeply studied the subject, that, with regard to the question exactly in what the first invention really consisted, "neither in Europe nor in America, can two men—either lawyers or engineers—be found who will answer alike this question," it would be wholly inappropriate in an article like the present, to make any attempt to decide upon such claims. A few well-authenticated facts however, as to the origin and history of the invention may not be without interest.

The first piece of mechanism bearing the name of Sewing Machine was invented by an American, named Howe, who sold the right of patent to Mr. Thomas, of Cheapside, a large manufacturer of stays and shoes. Machines on a plan not altogether dissimilar were already in existence, being used for ornamenting lace, and for stitching the backs of gloves; while others had also been designed, intended for uniting cloth by a series of stitches; but the work produced being a mere chain of loops like tambour or crotchet work, the cutting of a single stitch caused the whole seam to rip, an insecurity which rendered them almost worthless. A machine therefore avowedly intended simply for sewing anything that needed to be sewn, and with a seam as durable as handwork, was undoubtedly a new thing, when Elias Howe's machine was brought to England, and sold to Mr. Thomas in December, 1846. It proved however to be of little service to the purchaser, sundry deficiencies becoming apparent when it was set to work, which precluded it from being of much practical utility, nor did the inventor, who is described as "an illiterate but ingenious mechanic," effect any important improvement in it, though he subsequently entered Mr. Thomas's employ, and was occupied for two years, chiefly in attempting to perfect his machine. At last, Howe gave up his situation, got into difficulties, and finally returned to America.

Shortly after this, a son of the gentleman who had bought his patent, had turned his attention to the old machine, and after some study, succeeded at length in contriving an improvement in it, which, supplying its great defect—the absence of a convenient apparatus for carrying the work forward, made it at once practically available for the purposes of the manufactory.

It was not however, until six years after the taking out of the original patent, that Sewing Machines were brought into the market for sale, but by that time the Messrs. Thomas having learnt by experience the great advantages to be derived from substituting machine-work for hand-labour, established a manufactory for the construction of Sewing Machines, with a view to supplying them to others engaged in similar trades to their own, and they were soon so generally adopted that this branch of their business outgrew that in which they were originally engaged, and the firm are now better known to the public at large as Machine Manufacturers, than as anything else. Of course, when, in 1860, their patent expired, the invention became in a great measure open to public competition, but as subsequent improvements have been introduced, some effected by Mr. F. Thomas himself, and others purchased by him from those who devised them, this firm still retain their pre-eminence, and though the machines met with in families are frequently found to be by other makers, who often confine themselves to the construction of this smaller kind, and offer them at lower prices, it is seldom that any but those of the Messrs. Thomas's are found in use in manufactories; and they still affirm, that whether for private or trade purposes, whatever can be done by any sewing machine, can be done by theirs.

Let us see now what it is, that it is offered as so great a boon to the public by this earliest and most extensive of Sewing Machine manufacturers. Among a multitude of machines, all bearing a strong family likeness, and all made on one principle, but varying in size, strength, and adornment, from the beautifully inlaid and decorated piece of fancy mechanism with which the lady of rank may amuse herself in her boudoir, as she would take the air on her delicate high-bred steed, to the large solid substantial objects, not ill-looking either, after their kind, which do the cart-horse work of large manufactories; we turn to the "Domestic Friend," the family machine, intended for private use or for persons in small businesses; in fact, the strong but comely "cob" of the stud. A light and elegant scroll-work of iron, behind the intricacies of which may be traced a wheel connected with a treadle, is surmounted by a small table-top of polished wood, near one end of which is fixed a wheel from which runs out, half way along the length of the table, a long narrow stage below, and a curved "arm" bending over it above, from which descends what—in despite of all anatomical propriety as well as the analogy of hand-work—is technically termed a "foot." In a slide at the extremity of the arm is placed a long slender needle, through the eye of which is passed a thread proceeding from a reel at the top, first drawn through several rings. A portion of thread from another

reel has now to be wound upon a little bobbin, a process rapidly effected by a few turns of a small apparatus for the purpose, affixed to the table, and the bobbin, when filled, is fitted into a little boat-like metal shuttle, deposited in the hollow stage below, and the thread drawn through a hole in the upper plate. The machine being now ready to begin its operations, the fabric to be worked is placed over the stage containing the shuttle and held in its place by the pressure of the "foot," these two pressing surfaces which hold the cloth firm while it is being stitched, fulfilling the functions performed in ordinary needle-work by the finger and thumb of the left hand.

The machine is set in motion either by turning the wheel with the right hand, while the left guides the work, or, if greater speed be required, by alternately pressing with the right and left foot on the treadles below, thus leaving both hands at liberty to attend to the work. The machines of some makers are worked by the alternate toe and heel pressure of one foot, an extremely fatiguing kind of motion to maintain for any length of time, whereas the action of both feet causes no very wearying amount of exertion. As the wheel turns, or the treadle is pressed down, the needle descends vertically, carrying one thread in its eye in a loop through the fabric, while at the same time the shuttle rushes along horizontally, to and fro, carrying the other thread through each loop, and thus securing it in a firm "lock-stitch." The work presents the same appearance as the "back-stitching" done by hand, only that it is alike on both sides of the material, an advantage in such articles as collars, &c., which have therefore no "wrong side;" while it can also only be "unpicked" a stitch at a time. When the treadle is worked by a skilful and practised operator, a speed of a thousand stitches per minute can be attained, so that a sheet or a table-cloth is made ready for use in little more time than it took formerly to merely turn the hem; and as to such little matters as the seam of a sleeve or the hemming of a pocket-handkerchief, all passes in the twinkling of an eye; it is but to place them beneath that wonderful little "foot," and after passing under its pressure for a few seconds, the work is over and the articles present themselves finished and ready.

When hemming is to be performed, a simple little band of metal, two or three inches long, is applied at the edge of the material which keeps turning it down as it is worked, with a double fold, any width that may be required, from the narrowest edge bordering a muslin frill, to the widest hem needed for the bottom of a skirt. Tucks are similarly marked off, as the work proceeds, with undeviating exactitude of breadth. The length of the stitches and the degree of their tightness are regulated by the mere turn of a screw. In seaming, the sur-

faces, instead of being pressed together vertically as in hand-work, are laid down horizontally upon each other, either exactly edge to edge for a simple seam, or one a little beyond the other if a fell is to be formed. In this process also, a part of the apparatus provides that the seam shall always be kept at the same distance from the edge as it was set at the commencement, and so accurately is this done that it is no longer now considered necessary to tack together the pieces to be seamed before submitting them to the machine, as was formerly always found requisite.

But another process is often called for in the making of clothing, that of "gathering," and so firm and tight do the stitches appear in all the other kinds of work that it is rather hard to conceive how they are to be adapted to this; the means however, are extremely simple, it is but to turn a screw which leaves one of the threads loose, or unlocked, and when the stitching is finished it is found that on this loose thread the fabric can be drawn up to any fulness required.

Such is a brief description of the celebrated needle and shuttle, or as it is frequently called, Lock Stitch Machine, as made by Messrs. Thomas. The distinguishing characteristic of the machine after the needle and shuttle, is the long arm which carries the shuttle, and which permits any tubular kind of work, such as coat sleeves, to be easily adjusted and worked; in all other machines the work is placed on a flat surface or table, and in making sleeves and similar articles considerable difficulty is experienced, while in a Thomas machine, on the contrary, there is none; and where again long lengths are required to be sewn, and in quilting petticoats, &c., certainly these machines are the most convenient.

But we may gain a clearer view of the sewing machine's influence, and its capability, if we see it in action on a large scale in an extensive manufactory, where it has been made the principal agent in performing the work required. Let us adjourn then to the large premises of an enterprising city firm, carrying on a manufactory employing betweeen five and six hundred workpeople, all, except about twenty-five of the number, being females, and all engaged in making one single article of clothing, which yet can scarcely claim the name of a garment. No vestment is it which decency demands to veil the form, or comfort claims to wrap the limbs from cold, but only an unessential adjunct to complete attire, a mere flourish, added by fashion in a moment of caprice to the scroll of her requirements; in a word, neither more nor less than—a collar. This trivial little article has, however, to go through no less than twelve separate processes in the course of its completion, passing first from the cutter-out to the preparers, who place and

tack the pieces together in readiness for the machines, which are to unite them permanently, each woman thus preparing about three gross of collars per day. Following them to the next stage, on opening the door of one of the long rooms devoted to the sewers, a clicking whirring din of "machinery in motion" greets the ear with a noise not quite so overpowering certainly as that of the vast International Annex, or as that which almost deafens the unaccustomed visitant in a Lancashire mill, yet certainly sufficiently loud to render conversation hardly practicable. Running down the whole length of the room is a double row of Thomas's Sewing Machines, at each of which is seated a young woman, all, nearly without exception, healthy looking and very tidily dressed, and each pressing with busy feet the treadles of her machine as she holds and guides the work with her hands; pausing, however, continually for a few seconds to change and adjust it, as she takes a fresh piece from the prepared fragments of linen on one side of her and lays a stitched collar upon the heap on the other side, then ready to be transmitted to the "turners." A number of these we find in another room, engaged in turning right side outwards the pieces which have been joined together, and adjusting them for the final stitching, which is carried on in another room filled with machines, each presided over by an intelligent and well-paid workwoman. In the next room to which they pass, a dozen young women are engaged in button-holing, which is here performed by hand. A machine has been invented for effecting even this process, but it is said not to be found very efficient, and at any rate is not made use of at this establishment; but the workers in this department attain such a proficiency, that a good "hand" will finish off six dozen collars per day, each having three button-holes. Some of this work is sent out to be done, and where several members of a family work together at the employment, an out-door button-holer will sometimes take home as much as £5 in wages at the end of the week, as the result of her own and her assistants' exertions.

The finished article is now remitted to the Laundry, where it is washed (by hand in the ordinary manner) by one set of women, starched by another, and finally ironed by a third into that perfection of white glossiness which is rarely ever attained afterwards under the manipulation of ordinary laundresses. Some of these proficient ironers here earn, however, no less than £1 13*s.* per week, and such wages of course command the best skill attainable.

After ironing, all that remains to be done is to stamp each collar with the maker's name, which is done by boys in the warehouse, and then pack them neatly in dozens into boxes;

the making of which is in itself a business employing a large body of workers, but with this at present we have nothing to do. These boxes of collars find their way all over the world, and perhaps their contents may claim to be reckoned among the seeds of civilization, when it is remembered how the savage chief, in recently discovered regions, where clothing had hitherto been dispensed with, anxious at once to compliment his visitors and add to his importance in his subjects' eyes by appearing before them in European costume, yet unwilling to cumber his person with inconvenient drapery, adopted as his full court suit the simple toilet of a pair of spurs and a shirt collar.

The trade in this article has expanded enormously within the last decade, for whereas, but a few years ago, several dozens of collars was thought a very respectable amount of stock for a good hosier's shop to keep on hand, the pettiest dealer now would hardly have less than this to show his customers; and some idea may be conceived of the extent of business carried on by this one firm, when it is mentioned that twelve thousand miles of sewing cotton, i.e., enough to reach from London to New York and back again, are annually consumed in this manufactory, and no less than 396,000 dozens of collars sent out by them in the course of the year.

And now how will the workers in this establishment, the chief process in which is carried on by machinery, compare with the same class of persons previous to the introduction of machines? When the business was first founded, the proprietor was accustomed to pay half-a-crown per dozen to the needle-women who stitched the collars, and this high payment continued until 1853, or somewhat later; he now pays but three-half-pence per dozen to the workers who use the machines, yet at this rate of wages they not only earn more, but in earning it, actually work a less number of hours by one-third, than did their predecessors who plied the needle. The number employed has greatly increased, for when about eight years ago he first adopted the machine system, he had but five at work; whereas now between fifty and sixty are in constant use, each machine keeping six or seven persons occupied, besides the one who immediately presides over its operations. New "hands" are mostly recommended by old ones, for none are taken without an enquiry into their character; and as skilled hands are not yet to be found in sufficient number, fresh comers have mostly to be taught their business. For this they pay ten shillings and their first week's work; the second week they receive whatever they may earn, and by the end of the fortnight are expected to attain proficiency; such as are found unable to earn at least fifteen shillings per week being discharged as never likely to be efficient.

Each woman is known not by her name, but by a number, with which she is bound to label her work, and all that is done being looked over periodically by the principal, if any be found faulty, the offender is not only at once summoned into his presence to give the best explanation she can, but for twenty-one days after such a summons is considered to be under surveillance, and must bring all that she does to be specially inspected as soon as it is completed. If during this time any further imperfections be discovered she is "suspended," and not allowed to work at all for a week, but may then resume her occupation, and try to do better; only those who are found hopelessly careless or unskilful, being ever finally discharged. In apportioning the work, too, a very methodical system is adopted, each bundle as it is given out being accompanied by a dated ticket, marked with the number of the receiver, how many dozens of collars she is now entrusted with, and how much per dozen she is to be paid for them; space being left opposite for her to set down at the end of the day how much of this work she has finished and delivered, and what balance is due to her. The forewoman then examines this account, and when she finds it to be correct adds her initials and passes it to the clerk, to be entered into the wages book, so that on Friday afternoon when the hands are paid, the women have merely to answer to their numbers as they are called in regular rotation, hear the sum that they have earned, receive it, and pass out. As these arrangements require that every woman should be able to write, of course none are engaged who are ignorant of this accomplishment.

The welfare of the workers is by no means a matter of indifference to the conscientious and benevolent proprietor, who with a view to promote their comfort, affords every facility for their taking their meals on the premises, the barely adequate sum of 6½*d.* per week being all that is paid by them for the accommodation provided, reckoned at the rate of ½*d.* per week for milk, ½*d.* per day for tea, and ½*d.* per day for the servant who attends to their repasts. The tea is made in large quantities, and served out to them in individual portions; but for dinner they mostly club together in messes, one party having a joint sent to the baker, another a stew, which the servant looks after, and so on.

In the mere fact of these workwomen being able to indulge habitually in such fare, and to partake of it at a regular dinner hour, in a large warm comfortable room, surrounded by cheerful companions, what a contrast is presented with the lot of the poor needlewoman, cooped up in her chilly garret, and hardly pausing in her work to snatch a few hurried mouthfuls of tea, and bread and butter, for her solitary mid-day meal, the

utmost that can be afforded from earnings of too often but sixpence per day. Does not indeed all that has been adduced tend to show that the handiworker cannot command like wages with the machinist, that the solitary worker, or even the little group that may be employed by a "small master," cannot enjoy the advantages which are easily within reach of the numbers necessarily congregated in a large establishment, if they will only unite their efforts and combine for mutual benefit. Shall it be lamented then that the reign of the simple needle is drawing to a close? so ill as it has sufficed as "woman's weapon" to conquer for her a share of this world's good; and that the cunningly contrived sewing machine is spreading far and wide over the land, calling for more and yet more who can bring intelligent heads and skilful hands to its service, to take the vow of allegiance to their new sovereign. Shall it be regretted either that following the same course as the preliminary spinning process, the introduction of expensive and complicated machinery, instead of implements of trifling cost, shall lead to a far wider adoption of the "factory system," likely to be yet more imperatively necessitated when the application of the steam engine to the working of the machines (which has already taken place in some parts of the country, especially in Glasgow), shall have become general? Or shall we not rather see in these things the workings of the kind hand of Providence, enabling man, by the due exercise of the faculties with which he has been endowed, to evercome all material and physical difficulties in the way of human progress, so that he may have at last a fair field for the exercise of those higher moral qualities, the development of which can alone secure the happiness of the race. Mechanical appliances are becoming rapidly perfected, the task which remains is to improve those who apply them. We need high-souled employers who shall "do justly and love mercy," in all their dealings with their work-people, who shall seize and turn to account every opportunity of benefitting and elevating the sons and daughters of toil, and teaching them, not by precept only, but by example too, not to labor only for the bread which perisheth. And we need also even yet more, that these shall not merely take advantage of every facility for improvement afforded by their employers, but that they shall originate such among themselves; and by the exertion of innate energy, in self-culture, rise, not above the condition of toil in that moderate and easy degree which the triumph of machinery will render sufficient to supply the wants of the world, but rise to the full dignity of their human nature, and feel themselves to be labouring not merely to earn a maintenance or to enrich a master, but as contributing their portion to the grand scheme of universal progress, not merely fellow-

labourers with the whole brotherhood of man, but co-workers with the Almighty Creator and Energizer of all things. Let this be attained, and to borrow George Herbert's quaint antithesis, Woman's Work in the World's Clothing, so long a wretched "drudgery," will have become indeed "divine."

ASTERISK.

XV.—AMERICA.

The Revolution in America. A Lecture by J. S. Cairnes, A.M. *Letter on the Morality of the Emancipation Proclamation.* By Professor Goldwin Smith. *Character of the Southern States of America.* By F. W. Newman. Tracts published for the Ladies' London Emancipation Society. Nos. 1—6.

THE American war, its causes, its nature, and its objects are discussed amongst us with a zeal rather out of keeping with the non-intervention policy fashionable at present: and we are beginning to experience the perils of neutrality. An impartial spectator only prepared to pronounce moral judgments upon the affairs he contemplates, is especially bound to form his opinions warily, for should they happen to prove unsound they lose their sole sanction of "moral force," without having the irresistible cogency of Cesar's forty legions to back them in an emergency. But the more important it is to have right views upon any controversy, the more impossible it seems to obtain them; for the stronger is the interest of advocates on both sides to mislead the enquirer. Hence it is, that amateur politicians find such difficulty in forming clear and positive notions on the subject of the present transatlantic contest. No one who had not earned the right to have his opinions respected, even when paradoxical, would attempt to enclose the American Iliad "*in nuce*," for the course of its action, (still far from the twelfth book,) is complicated with the intermingling of truths, principles, rights, and, above all, wrongs, till the distant spectator despairs of sympathizing fully with either party, or even discovering what are the ideas for which they respectively contend.

After all the official and quasi-official documents which have reached us, little doubt can remain that the South is really contending for the right to manage her own affairs as she pleases; but, since her power as a state depends upon slavery, of course she will please to subordinate all considerations to the maintenance and extension of this her domestic institution: *ergo*, the South is fighting, for independence certainly, but not less certainly, for slavery. Thus far the case is simple enough,

and if it has not been fully understood in this country, the fault does not lie with the Secessionist newspapers or politicians, who have repeatedly set forth the articles of their faith with startling candour.

To account for the diversion of English sympathy from its accustomed channel of ineradicable hostility to slavery, we must turn to the acts and arguments of the North. Federalists might, with advantage, have adopted either of three lines of reasoning: the political, showing the illegality of Secession; the moral, showing its culpability, and the *argumentum ad hominem*, which consists in representing the horrors of slavery in their most sensational colors, apparently with a view to demonstrate that slaveholders, like slaves, can have no rights. The efficiency of all these classes of appeals has been impaired by their confusion; for the strength of a chain of reasoning is no more than that of its weakest link: and thus the passion of the Unionists' declamations has damaged them more than proportionately with a nation characterized by a morbid shrinking from everything that savors of exaggeration. An unfavorable impression was also made by the apparent contradiction involved when a constitution, based upon mutual agreement and maintained only by community of interest and sentiment, had to assert its divine right to an eternal immutable existence; and a democratic government was seen trying to retain dominions, a majority of whose population was hostile to it.

It is only now beginning to be admitted that the real danger which the South feared more than war, was the political ascendancy of a party pledged to exclude slavery from the territories; and as President Lincoln's government never offered to acquiesce in Secession on condition of the permanent limitation of slavery, it was not unnaturally concluded in this country that aggression against slaveholders was its aim, more than the repression of their vile traffic. Times are changed since Lowell wrote with applause:

> "If I'd *my* way, I had rather
> We should go to work an' part;
> They go one way, we take t'other,
> Guess it wouldn't break my heart.
> Man hed ought to put asunder,
> Them as God has noways jined;
> An' I shouldn't gretly wunder
> If there's thousands of my mind."

The question of slavery was allowed to drop out of sight; for the use which the Southerners intended to make of their independence could not be discussed until their legal and moral right to the independence itself had been determined.

Secession was at first generally reprobated as unprovoked, or at most, undertaken in the interest of the most iniquitous of legalized tyrannies: but the North hastened to weaken its hold upon European sympathy by its anxiety to represent the dispute as a mere party squabble; and by their efforts to reassure the seceding states with promises, that all their constitutional rights should be revered. No world-wide interest is involved in the existence of the Union, no moral principle is connected with its maintenance; and, therefore, when Lincoln declared his readiness to save the Union by emancipating, as might be most convenient, any, all, or none of the slaves, philanthropists grew cold, and politicians indifferent to proceedings that promised neither a speedy nor a certain solution of the negro difficulty.

The disruption of the North American Federation was, in fact, only a question of time. Thirty years ago, De Tocqueville calmly and candidly discussed the chances of its duration, which he even then perceived to be menaced by the incongruity of manners and sentiments fostered by slavery, by the jealousy arising amongst states of unequal power and resources, and by the ebb and flow of population that keeps transferring the preponderance of influence to fresh states and interests. The difficulty of including a territory of unwieldy extent under one government is much enhanced when such government is a democracy, and especially a growing and unmixed democracy like that of the United States. Against the government of the majority when oppressive, the minority in a democratic state has no appeal except to arms; but this appeal it will be more ready to make than the minorities of other states, in virtue of its views touching the inalienability of the rights which its members find themselves powerless to exercise. The American Union then only followed general and recognized laws in ceasing to exist, and with this conclusion we might once have dismissed the subject. Within the last few months, however, the complexion of affairs has been altered by the Federal government; and, owing to the emancipation proclamation and other kindred measures, though North and South are still fighting for the same objects as before, there is now a third interest—that of the negro race—involved in the result of their struggle.

Both the friends and enemies of the Union have treated its supporters rather unreasonably; the former by challenging sympathy for them as engaged in a holy warfare on behalf of the oppressed African, the latter by urging as ground for condemnation, that they do not make emancipation their first and capital aim. In point of fact, the Federal government has never been in a position to undertake an abolitionist crusade.

If we regard secession as a rebellion to be put down, more or less speedily, the constitution framed whilst the Union subsisted is still binding upon the party trying to restore it, and that constitution both sanctioned and protected slavery. Constitutionally slavery might be prevented from advancing, but could not be forced to retreat; to restrict its appropriation of fresh ground is, it is true, to secure its ultimate destruction: but when the slave states are as large and fertile as in the present instance, that destruction may be indefinitely remote, and, for anything the constitution provides for the contrary, attended with all the horrors whose contemplation has disturbed John Bull's equanimity. If, on the other hand, we consider that two independent republics, styled respectively Federal and Confederate, are engaged in a struggle to determine how far south the boundary line between them shall be drawn, it is evident that one of these republics would not be sanctioned by modern usage, in insisting upon the reformation of the domestic institutions, however immoral, of the other: such a course would be unwise in itself, and still more dangerous as a precedent; for if the assertion of a moral principle were once admitted as affording a *casus belli*, Europe would hardly be at peace again this century. To expect the North or any other power to go to war to abolish slavery, is simply chimerical: what is desirable, possible, and we venture to hope, probable, is that as an accident, not a consequence of the war, millions of slaves may escape from bondage in the South, to find the North less resolved to exclude them from the enjoyment of every thing that renders liberty valuable. The emancipation proclamation was impossible whilst the Union was in any degree a reality, neither could it rightly have taken the place of a declaration of hostility; but given in a state of war, it is a perfectly fair war measure, probably a wise one, certainly one fraught with the promise of immense benefit to the poor contrabands. The sentimental partizanship that thought Greek fire inhuman until it was proved unsuccessful, of course continues to anathematize the promoters of a war of races; but the arguments used in Mr. Goldwin Smith's letter on the "Morality of the Emancipation Proclamation" are as conclusive to the rightfulness of that measure, as Miss Cobbe's statements ("The Red Flag in John Bull's Eyes." Tract 1. of the L. L. Emancipation Society) are to its innocence of all the fearful results expected from it.

Closely connected with the policy of the Emancipation Proclamation is that of the enlistment of negro regiments. It does not at first sight seem very humane to attract Blacky from his plantation with promises of freedom, and then convert him into food for powder, subject to the additional

danger of death and torture should he fall into the hands of his quondam master; however, the exigencies of war are supreme, and there is compensation for every ill. Probably, no surer way of overcoming the prejudices of the aristocracy of color could be found, than by accustoming the people to see themselves defended by blacks, disciplined and dressed in ordinary regimentals; in fact, respectable members of a profession always popular. Social prejudices can only be removed gradually, and it is fortunate for the negro that his services are just now essential to his liberators; and will probably, ere long, become so indispensable as to enable him to make his own terms for them and to insist on receiving the same treatment as his white comrades.

Opposed to the political interests, which find in abolition a convenient instrument, are numerous and important ones entirely dependent upon the maintenance of slavery. For an exposition of these by their respective champions, we cannot do better than refer the reader to Tract No. 5, "The Testimony of Southern Witnesses," compiled by Loring Moody, U. S. "The Philosophy of Secession," by the Hon. L. W. Spratt, from which characteristic extracts are given in this pamphlet, is perhaps the most curious contribution to literature ever vouchsafed by America; the language is comparatively temperate, and the reasoning plausible, but the spirit is that of the ex-government of Naples, mediæval Venice, or the court of Louis XV. We are told with ingenious evasiveness that equality is not, as erroneously fancied, the right of all men, but of *equals* only; and in case the drift of this proposition should not be clear enough, Mr. Stephens, the Vice President of the Southern Confederacy, informs us that slavery is the natural state of the labouring classes, black or white. The American democracy has not yet fallen into the hands of a military despot, but reaction has already proceeded so far in a considerable section of it that sentiments, not merely aristocratic but intolerantly oligarchic, are openly professed by members of the government and legislature. The wealthy land-owners of the South have long chafed at the restraints imposed upon them by the populace of the non-slaveholding states, and they now prepare to take their revenge by announcing that no state can endure without "the ballast of a disenfranchised class." There cannot be much harmony between the holders of such sentiments as these and New York; for as Mr. Spratt puts it, when showing that separation was inevitable, "The principle that races are unequal, would have been destructive to the form of pure democracy at the North. The principle that all men are equal, would have been destructive of slavery at the South. Like an eagle and a fish

joined together by an indissoluble bond, each required the element suited to its social nature."

We see here that slavery is now defended in the Confederacy by stronger arguments than can be drawn from a shallow ethnology: no one can pretend that quinteroons or quadroons are of an inferior race to their white relatives; but servitude, subordination, and government, the principles solemnly proclaimed by the Richmond Enquirer, are time-honored and plausible foundations for a system of society. It is true that all the societies so based in the past have perished, or are now ignominiously perishing; but wherever a dominant class exists, it is certain to embrace them with a view to establishing a government where the power shall remain in the hands of the "best" or "noble" men of the state; i.e., its own members. Much of the favour so unaccountably shown to the South is, we believe, due to its aristocratic bias; and Tract No. 6, "The Chivalry of the South," by Miss Shirreff, is an attempt to call to mind what should never have been forgotten, namely, that war is an affair of the camp and the office; and, consequently, the merits of the combatants are not determined by their comparative presentability in a drawing room. In the wars between Spain and the Netherlands, English sympathy hardly went with the bluest blood or against the nation of shopkeepers. Candid Northerners, like Professor Cairnes do not attempt to deny that the slaveholders, as a class, possess many of those showy virtues which up to the end of last century were considered to cover a multitude of sins; but before the sounder morality of our unromantic age, the "Chivalry of the South" stands convicted of cowardly, gross depravity, and systematized injustice. We are not at liberty to fancy or hope that the practice of the South in the matter of slavery is better than its theory. "The Character of the Southern States of America," by F. W. Newman, and "The Essence of Slavery," by Isa Craig, are but renewed attempts to make the English public realize that though "Uncle Tom's Cabin" may be a sensation novel, the Key to it is a sad and trustworthy statement of facts. Mr. Newman addresses himself immediately to Englishmen of "Southern proclivities," and the prejudices he combats must, we should think, be shaken by at least one of his statements. Not only does the South intend to maintain undiminished all the present hardships of slavery, but they talk also of the "ruthless restrictions" which cut off the supply of slaves from foreign parts, and look forward to reviving the African slave trade as soon as they are in a position to set European opinion at defiance. The first effect of this would be to extinguish the inter-state slave trade, which is attended with circumstances of atrocity fully equal to

that with Africa; but negroes can be kidnapped cheaper than they can be bred, and whilst the supply of cheap slaves is unlimited it is an admitted axiom in the commercial circles of the States that the most profitable way of employing them is that which kills them off, on an average, in seven years. A nation where millions of men are constantly undergoing this kind of treatment, must always be in imminent danger of destruction, which it can only avoid by directing the whole force of the state to the defence of the privileged order; and we thus see why it was essential to the slaveowners to separate themselves from the Union as soon as they were unable to retain the direction of its affairs.

Such being the hopes and intentions of the Confederates, it is evident that slavery will not perish in the lifetime of this generation unless it receive the *coup de grace* from some external power. No power, however, except that of the Northern states is at once able to liberate with a strong hand the slaves amongst whom its army passes in time of war, and in time of peace to throw such difficulties in the way of slave-holders as to render their property less valuable than the goodwill of the civilized world. This alone should be conclusive as to the attitude we ought to assume towards the North; and it is surely possible sincerely to desire its victory without thinking Chase an honest financier; M'Clellan a Turenne; or Lincoln, Howard and Cecil rolled into one.

Hitherto, we have only spoken of the proceedings and aims of white politicians; but the negro is not likely to remain long a passive bone of contention, and upon the use he makes of his new liberty the future of a great part of North America will depend. The deliverance of the whole race must, under the most favorable circumstances, be achieved gradually enough to obviate all immediate risk of St. Domingo massacres; but supposing that in the years which the American war bids fair to last, the majority of enslaved Africans succeed in escaping northwards under cover of an invading army, the Northern States will find the problem of bestowing them safely even harder then than now. De Tocqueville has shown that the emancipation of the blacks would render their presence on the North American continent much more imminently dangerous than heretofore, by creating a contrast between their social and their legal status which does not now exist; and he also held that such a contrast would be the inevitable result of the social antipathies of the dominant race. Contemplating the permanent isolation of the blacks as a sort of *imperium in imperio*, the same impartial authority could foresee no alternative save an exterminatory struggle between the two races on the territory where they are most equally divided, in which the

negro could hardly fail to be crushed; or else a compromise like that which once before succeeded the execution of an act of injustice: "Thou and Ziba divide the land."

The prejudices of the master class, the superior race, and the lighter color seem so strong as to lead the ablest writer on American affairs to despair altogether of a peaceable or satisfactory solution of the nigger question; but the prospect seems less hopeless now: the bitter hostility felt against the Secessionists in the North is perhaps unchristian; but we may rejoice whenever good results, without committing ourselves to unlimited approbation of its source; and, certainly, in their antagonism to slaveholders, Northern politicians have considerably softened their tone towards the enslaved race. The proposal of Frederick Douglass as a candidate for the presidentship may not meet with many supporters, but community of interest breeds friendliness of sentiment; and if the war lasts long enough to set the mass of the slaves free, its conclusion will propably see the Europeans and negroes more intimately connected than could have been conceived possible when De Tocqueville wrote. It must also be remembered that the most revolting feature of slavery is that which gives the most hope of successful emancipation, we mean the existence of a mixed race; social prejudices apart, whites would not shrink from intermarrying with mulattos, nor quadroons with blacks, and in this way the two hostile races might slowly and gradually amalgamate. Finally, something may be hoped for from the influence of climate in softening the peculiarities that repel us from the negro race; and this agency, co-operating with time and circumstances, may help the future to make reparation for the injustice which has so long disgraced our civilization.

In noticing the various aspects of the American question treated by the writers whose names head this article, we have not confined ourselves to its immediate connection with the prospects of our American sisters; but the prominent share in its discussion taken by the women, both of this country and of the United States, calls for some remark. Politics proper are generally the last things in which even educated women take an interest, and whilst this is so their claims upon the franchise will probably remain unasserted. Social and political equality are, however, inseparable; and it is, therefore, a fortunate circumstance that the benevolent instincts of the sex should have led them to venture into the stormy arena of political controversy. At the same time, it is a healthy symptom that they should not have shrunk from the undertaking, nor been diverted from their general allegiance to the great interests of humanity now at stake. BUBO.

XVI.—A SPRING BRIDAL SONG.

THE Spring has come! The Spring has come!
The Year's glad bridal time!
The breezes on the flower-bells
Now play the wedding-chime!

The Bridegroom Sun embraces now
His beauteous bride the Earth,
And from their ardent union
A thousand buds have birth.

Now ev'ry bough of ev'ry tree
Becomes a bridal-bow'r,
Where God's great Sacrament of Love
Is symbolled in each flow'r.

Now ev'ry bird has found a mate
His leafy home to share,
And from each nest sweet bridal songs,
Come floating on the air.

Yea, ev'ry creature on God's earth
Rejoices with his mate;
But *I*, love, have been kept from *thee*,
Sorrowing and desolate!

But now I come! But now I come!
I need no longer stay;
Put on thy wreath! Put on thy wreath!
It is our bridal day!

The Spring has come! The Spring has come!
It is our bridal time!
The breezes on the flower-bells
Now play the wedding-chime!

SUSAN RUGELEY POWERS.

XVII.—ON THE HEREDITARY TRANSMISSION OF QUALITIES.

(Concluded.)

THE qualities which it is desirable to perpetuate and develope in the human race are three-fold—perfection of organization, form and feature; intellectual and moral power, which of

course depends on the size and quality of the brain; and sound and vigorous health, without which the other two must of necessity be transient in character and fitful in operation.

As regards the first named, there is perhaps the least room to amend. Human nature in this particular takes care of itself, and though Bacon affirms that "for the most part beauty maketh a dissolute youth, and an age a little out of countenance," so long as the world shall endure, men and women will love to gaze on that which is fair to the eye, nor need we wish it otherwise. Beauty is a joy to those who possess it in their own persons and to those who possess it not, for it is not forbidden even to the irretrievably ugly to admire it or even to win and appropriate it in the person of others. It has often occurred in the annals of Royal or ancient houses, that after a succession of interested and loveless marriages, by which the members have incredibly deteriorated both in appearance and reality, some nameless beauty, possibly of different race and country, has been adopted by marriage into the family, and a fair, robust, and healthy offspring has been the fortunate result. The crossing of different races has often been followed by similar effects. Probably some of the loveliest faces in the world are to be found among the blue-eyed black-haired men and women in some districts of the west of Ireland, where there has been a considerable admixture of the Iberian Celtic blood. Specimens equally perfect, though differing in type, are frequent in South Spain, where some remnant of Moorish blood plainly lingers. The mixed English and Spanish stock also produces examples of very perfect beauty, and likewise the English and Italian, though of a less noble type. That of the English with Greek is less fortunate; the men especially, however well they look in their national costume, are small, sallow, and insignificant in appearance, when attired in our dress, and standing side by side with Englishmen. As regards the lineal transmission of beauty, it is popularly supposed to be most constant from the father's side, other qualities being derived from the mother. A handsome man rarely fails to have handsome children; but there live in the memory of most people women of singular personal loveliness, whose daughters present but faded and shadowy likenesses, resembling the mother as water resembles wine.

Certain outward characteristics or marks are, undeniably, in some families transmitted from generation to generation. An Italian family bore the mark of a lance-head on the body, and was hence named Lansada. Plutarch speaks of a Theban family with a similar peculiarity. The Austrian lip, the Bourbon nose, the singular brilliant eye, said to be hereditary in the family of the Russian Emperor, the proud and obstinate

bearing of the "redhanded house of Hapsburg," are instances familiar to us all; but conversely the same thing occurs in the opposite direction, and physical defects are transmitted in a similar manner. Blumenbach cites an example of a man whose little finger had by accident been crushed and distorted, and whose sons inherited the defect. This was probably owing to the law of association of ideas, by which the knowledge of the deformity and the impression of it on the mother's mind brought about this result on her offspring. It is at this point that the conditions of the economy of human and animal life hitherto, running as it were, in parallel lines, begin to diverge one from the other, and continue to do so in an increasing degree, as on the one side keeping within the limits of animal physiology, and presenting no problems but such as are explicable on physiological principles; and on the other hand, rising into the higher and more complex domain of Psychology. If a horse is born with some organic defect, the chances are at least equal that its foal will have the same, or a tendency to the same; weak lungs, deficient eye-sight, ill-formed unsound feet are defects easily enough transmitted, as every breeder can testify; but if the animal becomes, by some accident, permanently maimed, loses an eye, a leg, or a tail, there is no reason to expect the foal to be minus eye, leg, or tail, and such horses are in practice, frequently and successfully used for breeding purposes. But with human beings, where a defect is visible and congenital, the chances of the child being imperfect are two to one, because the laws of transmission and of association of ideas both act in the same direction.

With reference to intellect, considered as a matter of hereditary descent, most people when asked will unhesitatingly declare that the intellectual power is derived from the mother; that all clever men have stupid sons, and all remarkable men talented mothers, and they will count up a really formidable list of names in proof thereof, beginning perhaps at Napoleon or Oliver Cromwell and leading up to Solomon. Nor will they find it difficult to remember an equal number of women distinguished for their mental attainments, who have given birth to illustrious men. But if you enquire further to what they attribute these facts—how they conceive of the law, or granting its existence, in what way they explain the operation of it, they are unable to say more than that it is so because it is, that it always has been so and always will. It is an ill compliment to pay to the male sex to suppose that precisely where the mental capacity of the father is known to be of a powerful and distinguished kind, it should most signally fail in transmitting itself, or that the qualities of the smaller-sized brain must uniformly become the heritage of the children.

Yet on the surface of things experience would no doubt suggest this conclusion. The exceptional cases of the two Pitts, Matthews, Stephensons, Sheridans, not being more than sufficient to prove the rule. The reason we take it is not that the law of transmission is in abeyance, but that the operation of it, so far as the father is concerned, is overruled by another, namely, the law of contrasts. Burton sums it up in half a line: "Great men beget fools because they choose fools." Men of a severe and highly concentrated intellect, wisely or otherwise, do mostly prefer, for their leisure hours, companions in the shape of wives, who possess neither the capacity nor the inclination to comprehend or discuss their husband's pursuits. Rivals in their sons such men need never fear to behold, while men of that brilliant self-conscious and argumentative talent, not rare in the present day, instinctively select wives whose natural tendency is to acquiesce in feeble admiration of the very moderate amount of wisdom, and the large proportion of dogmatic teaching which fall from their lips. And it seems a just retribution on both these classes of individuals that worshipping ease and self so much in the present, they should be doomed never to perpetuate themselves, or at least the best part of themselves in their descendants. Again, there are men of real genius and irrepressible ability, self-taught and self-made, who struggling against wind and tide, rise over adverse circumstances by native force of character. These are most commonly men of that large and genial nature which is best calculated to stamp its influence on every one connected therewith. Yet their children have frequently capacities very little above the average, owing perhaps to this circumstance. This kind of man commonly marries in his original sphere some very average woman, and he generally commits this mistake as early in life as he possibly can. His wife is a household drudge in the first instance, and afterwards from the force of habit, and an inability to accept a change of custom thrust upon her by merits in which *she* has neither part nor lot, so remains. Meanwhile the husband goes out into society and the world, each year as it rolls on furnishing him with new strength and experience, and more extensive and accurate knowledge. No need to ask here why the son should be to the father as a pigmy to a giant, as a shadow to the substance.

At first sight it would appear as if no expedient could by the wit of man have been devised better calculated to improve and perfect the wisdom of our hereditary legislators than our present law and practice, which is to add to the peerage, from time to time, not only gallant and successful soldiers, but others—men pre-eminent for sagacity, strength of character, mental capacity, and incorruptible integrity. Yet experiment-

ally this plan often results in signal failure, because one of two things generally happens. The amount of drudgery, unremitting application and concentration of purpose and of thought, which goes to raise a young and friendless barrister to the highest honours of his profession, is something simply enormous. He does not therefore often marry in early life, but in event of such a thing, he has no other motive to determine his choice, than that of securing the presence of one who will please his eye and cheer his moments of discouragement or despondency. By a succession of severe struggles, and at the expense of terrible anxiety of mind, the wolf at the door is just kept at bay; and when briefs multiply, and the golden shower begins to descend, the wife, rarely at first selected for her mental endowments, by that time prematurely aged and worn, feels more disposed to rest and be thankful, than to trouble her brain and late in the day begin to plough up the somewhat barren and ungrateful kind of intellect which has been accorded to her. But more frequently the judge in embryo has no leisure, and little inclination for marriage; youth passes him by, and old age approaches to find him still a childless man, sitting in his solitary chambers, and his titles and honours, however well earned, perish with him for lack of inheritors. Sometimes a marriage late in life befals him, position or interest being the main motive; but even before that period his profession has become more to him than anything else, and the marriage is little else than a convenient arrangement in which each of the contracting parties expect to retain his or her own habits and freedom of action.

But we will suppose that neither of these things happens; but that our judge and peer has a son who fairly represents him in intellectual endowments. It is still rarely that the son even in the most distant degree attains to the eminence of his father, for the simple reason that he does not undergo the same training. Intellect is one thing, the will and power to concentrate and use it is another, and the capacity which is prodigious in the one man remains entirely undeveloped in the other, for lack of that discipline which necessity and adversity best enforce. He therefore who has the gift of brain-power, and in the matter of marriage consults only how he may gratify his fancy, or administer to his selfish ease or ambition, finds an appropriate punishment in the fact that so far as his posterity is concerned, his ambition remains unsatisfied, and his hopes rise one by one only to be definitely thwarted.

It is a matter of common remark that the sons of very zealous and pious men are, as a rule, the wildest, and most unmanageable of young scapegraces and spendthrifts; likewise that the children of inveterate drunkards, if they escape the

inheritance of their parents' infirmity, are in nine cases out of ten, total abstainers, and exceedingly exemplary in all the relations of life. In both cases the law of transmission has been conquered by the law of antagonism, and the influence of the parents overpowered by a reactionary power.

Goodness has been made wearisome in the first example; in the other, the daily sight of the horrible misery and discomfort of a drunkard's home has created a wholesome disgust and terror of the vice which caused it. In either case a natural revulsion of feeling wins the day.

The very perfection of physical beauty and intellect, without a corresponding vigour of health, is but as a brilliant bubble, sure to collapse at the slightest shock. Life is a conflict in a sense widely different to that in which this phrase is commonly understood. It is a long war beginning with our birth and ending only with our death, a war defensive and aggressive, between ourselves and other forces. So long as by virtue of our vital power we can compel the elements to render to us what we require, and receive from us what we must eliminate, so long we live. But so soon as that power fails us, the heterogeneous atoms of which our body is composed, hasten to obey a new master—the law of chemical affinities steps in, we are what is called dead. The old tenement is at the mercy of certain destroying agencies; the prey is taken, divided, and appropriated, to reappear in other forms. *Moriendum est non omnis moriar.* For of death in the sense of annihilation there is properly speaking no such thing. "We change but cannot die."

Perfect health may be defined as the harmonious working of this system of counterpoise; it is the power of successfully defying all external influences, of appropriating all external material, and the possession of perfect, sound, and elastic health, is in itself an exquisite enjoyment. But if health can be transmitted, according to the laws which we have attempted to describe, so likewise can disease, and certain maladies have come to be considered as more than others hereditary in their nature. Such are gout, scrofula, insanity, &c. Very curious cases are often seen due to atavism or ancestral influence, in virtue of which, instead of the father or mother, the counterpart of the grandfather or grandmother, or even of some more remote progenitor is reproduced either in personal appearance, disposition, or constitutional tendencies. This anomaly has been explained in the hypothesis that the law of transmission has been temporarily overpowered by a stronger influence introduced by marriage, but the working of the problem is too obscure to hazard a definite opinion concerning it. Longevity has been called an inheritance in certain families; but we should feel more disposed to say that vigour of constitution

and great vital power had been transmitted from the parents to the children, by means of which the family comes to be regarded as of a "long-lived sort." Neither is it altogether correct parlance to term gout, scrofula, and insanity hereditary diseases. If they were, all children born of parents so afflicted would be born mad, gouty, &c., and this we know is not the case. It would be more accurate to say that the scrofulous or strumous diathesis, the gouty diathesis, and the predisposition to brain disease are hereditary. The predisposition being present, only an exciting cause is required to develope these maladies, but for every effect there must be a cause visible or invisible, and all occurs in obedience to fixed and unchangeable laws, concerning which we have only our own ignorance to deplore. One peculiarity about gout is that it seems more subject to ancestral influence than almost any other complaint, and has a constant tendency to skip one generation and reappear in the next with undiminished force.

From Shakespeare downwards, the subject of insanity has been used to heighten and intensify dramatic effect. In the present day, numerous fictions have been written bearing prominently on the same thing, and the theme has been handled with various degrees of wisdom and foolishness. Without entering into any discussion of the different opinions thus put forth, we may remark, that everywhere insanity is regarded as being more certainly hereditary than any other disease, probably owing to this fact, that we know tolerably well what causes gout, we have a most accurate knowledge of what creates scrofula, to a degree which enables us to produce it on inferior animals at will, under certain well-ascertained conditions—but the exact causes which result in insanity we, as yet, only guess at, so that while the probabilities in favour of changing, or altogether eradicating, the gouty or scrofulous diathesis by a succession of judicious and well-assorted marriages are very great, we are left almost in the dark as to the means of destroying the taint of madness which is thus invested with a kind of mystery that will hardly be cleared away in this generation. It must be borne in mind that very extensive brain-disease of different kinds may, and often does exist, without madness being the necessary result, and the rational course is to view insanity simply as one of the many symptoms of brain-disease, the inference being that the malady and the tendency to it may be worked out like any other thing. That uncontrolled, and where no effort is made to counteract its course, the taint of madness does obey with fatal precision the law of hereditary transmission must be conceded, of which history furnishes us with one very pregnant example. Out of twenty-five lineal and collateral descendants of the insane Joan or Johanna, of Spain, eleven

were, more or less, mad or imbecile, and of four others the sanity was very doubtful. A reference to the genealogy of the Spanish Hapsburghers and Bourbons, shows that they intermarried constantly with each other. Ferdinand III, for instance, Emperor of Germany, in the 17th century, married his cousin Marianne, who was at once daughter, sister, and aunt, of the three last insane Hapsburghers of Spain, while Rudolph II. (deranged in mind) was the son of Maximilian II. and Maria, both grandchildren of Johanna. Yet not infrequently by marriage with an entirely different stock the malady disappeared entirely, as when Charles VI. of Germany, though lineally descended from Johanna, and himself of weak intellect, contracted an alliance with the line of Brunswick, his daughter, Maria Theresa, was a very able and intellectual woman. By a fatal ignorance therefore, the members of this Royal house took the most effectual means of perpetuating the burden which they bore.

We have, indeed, heard of marriages of consanguinity being defended on the ground that the system of what is called breeding in and in, has been found to answer with regard to race-horses and the like. But in the first place, the assertion is untrue, for it is notorious, that even there a fresh strain of blood is often introduced with the best effects—and secondly, if the assertion were undeniable, it would be perfectly valueless as applicable to the human species—for this reason, any animal exhibiting symptoms of degeneracy of power, or defective organization, or even a delicate constitution, is at once disqualified for stud purposes. How could that regulation be acted on except with reference to the lower and domesticated animals? Another difficulty likewise presents itself. The very nature of the disease under discussion is to destroy all power of judgment and comparison. An individual with a predisposition or tendency to insanity is generally of an ill-regulated violent temper, morose, stubborn, and melancholy, or impetuous, inaccessible to advice, hard either to persuade or convince; and whereas, a man suffering from any other disorder can be made to see the desirability of marrying on sound and enlightened principles, the madman in germ will be the last person to believe in his own infirmity, or to comprehend the nature of the remedy. An isolated attack of insanity may, of course, occur to an individual of a naturally sound and healthy brain, superinduced by some complication of distressing or agitating events, or such a misfortune may be the legacy of a long and exhausting illness; but any man, who, after being more than once mentally deranged, dreams of fulfilling the relations of matrimony, sets at nought the most obvious laws of physiology, and the results to his children are of the most certain, swift, and disastrous kind.

It is unquestionably one of the most important advantages conferred on society by the seclusion to which imbeciles and lunatics are consigned, that they are thus prevented from perpetuating their disease on a future generation. When such precautionary measures are either not adopted or negligently carried out, the consequences are very lamentable.*

Moreover, inadequately comprehended as are the causes which bring about insanity, we know at least that they are of a complicated and reflex nature. No amount of ill-humour will break a leg, or develope tubercles on the lungs, but unchecked indulgence of a suspicious bad temper, or a morose vindictive humour, will in the long run, rarely fail to affect the brain, and conversely, brain disease perverts the temper as much as it destroys the intellect.

The saddest feature of insanity is, that it is exceptional in its misery. No person would relinquish the idea of marriage on account of a tendency to heart or liver disease, or even actual organic affection of the kind, because even under such circumstances, a life may be happy and useful, and even long and tolerably free from physical suffering. With an inherited scrofulous constitution, more scruples might be justly entertained as in strumous subjects consumption and insanity are easily developed. But in consumption, though a terrible and fatal malady, the patient retains hope and a spirit of cheerfulness in a very extraordinary degree, and to the last an unclouded state of the mental faculties generally triumphs over the disease—at any rate, we know the worst—it is but death. But insanity is something else than this—it means not only the loss of health and of liberty, but of happiness and friends, for it is a special symptom of madness that by it the relations of life are inverted, and those who have been the dearest and most beloved, are, in the vast majority of cases, those whom the madman most suspects and abhors. It is a grave, without the rest of the dead, and stands alone and above all other diseases in its exceeding desolation. The happiest thing which can befal a confirmed lunatic, is to sink into the apathy of forgetfulness, unless indeed it be to die.†

* Sad and painful examples of this kind are recorded in the Annual Reports of the General Board of Commissioners in Lunacy, for Scotland (*Vide App. to second report, p.* 198). A squinting, hideous, dirty, drunken imbecile, has borne to different fathers three illegitimate children, all of whom were idiots (*App. to third report, p.* 240). "I have reported on thirty-four imbecile and idiotic women, who have borne illegitimate children." *App. second report, p.* 217, mentions five fatuous persons, the illegitimate offspring of fatuous mothers. Dr. Mitchell also speaks of an idiotic woman, who, before she was fifteen, bore an illegitimate child, also an idiot.

† Recovered patients have admitted that they never quite believed in the glories by which they wished to believe they were surrounded; and in general, there is little reason to suppose that the insane find satisfaction in their delusions.

It would be unreasonable and unwise to infer from what we have said, that all who inherit constitutional tendencies such as have been described, are bound to relinquish the idea of contracting marriage. But if the lessons of experience are of the slightest value, the arguments laid down would teach that in proportion as the unfavourable chances predominate, as the risk is great, and the penalty severe, in the same ratio ought to be the self-control, wisdom, and judgment exercised in contracting that marriage. If one of the parties be below par in age, strength, health, wit, or wisdom, in capacity of brain or vital force, if the blood be tainted, and the constitution infirm, the more need for the other party to be above the average in all these particulars. The elder and most vigorous and healthy of the two, other things being equal, must, according to physiological laws, have the greatest influence in the hereditary transmission of qualities. Nor should it be forgotten, that out of very indifferent material something good may be made by skilful hands, and that children possessing naturally little strength of capacity or constitution, may be almost indefinitely improved by sedulous and judicious training of mind and body.

Wholesale and systematic offenders against the laws by which God has regulated the world, may indeed set them at defiance, but they cannot escape the penalty. In the first generation, disease—in the second, sterility—in the third, extinction; such are the effectual means which provide against the ultimate and complete degeneracy of our race.

J. H. B.

XVIII.—INTOXICATING READING.

The evil of *Intoxicating Drink* is one of the most actively-discussed subjects our social reformers have in hand. "Associations," "Alliances," "Leagues," and "Societies," undertake its consideration, and these have organized numerous agencies to contend with the gigantic foe. A monstrous force is opposed to this monstrous evil, and, indeed, the greatness of its powers of destruction cannot be over-rated, since it is to be feared, as that which not alone kills the body, but the soul. But there is another sort of intoxicating action, insidiously spreading its baneful influence through our community, with effects, similarly ruinous, though its less gross form renders it less apparent; for though Dram-Drinking is truly the cause of terrible mischief among us, only second to it is *Sensation Reading*.

The extent to which this is carried on can hardly be generally

known, or more effort would surely be made to repress an influence which is stealing on us, growing up around us, and choking the budding fruit of educational progress. Its manifestations are to be looked for wherever literature has found its way; and the abundant supply of intellectual food our teeming press is yielding, putting reading into the poorest hand, flooding us with cheap mental provender, instead of proving the blessing of our age, is thus in danger of becoming its veriest curse. For what is it that we have in such plenty—that with which our literary market is filled—which, at ever so low a price, "pays" its producer? Not plain, honest, useful information; not sound vitalizing wisdom; not beautifying learning; not tales of worth; or narratives depicting virtue! No! The pure sublime element of morality is not that which qualifies the article that "sells" so extensively. The very reverse is the case. It is not wholesome nourishment, necessary sustenance and aliment for the mind, that is in excessive demand, it is dangerous stimulant, *deadly poison*. Every hand that holds a pen must warmly applaud and sincerely welcome the system of cheap literature. In itself, it merits all eulogiums; but the use of so mighty an engine calls for discrimination, since it is peculiarly liable to be abused, and obviously is now rapidly doing more harm than good. "These things ought not so to be." The great serial current, that runs through the length and breadth of our land, should bring us life and fertilization of the best sort, not moral deterioration and corruption. Our "millions" imbibe it as their daily draught; shall they slake their thirst at a polluted spring? or, shall they have a cleansing and purifying fount at their command?

The way to deal with this matter is to instruct and impress the reader with the importance of what he "takes in;" teach him to observe its tendency, and test its quality by his moral sense; and urge him to reject firmly and decidedly all from which at the first touch it revolts.

Every person requires some "Sensation Reading." It is a pleasure human nature demands. It is, in fact, nothing more or less than a mental insight into other human beings; and as we are naturally intensely interested in each other, it is quite right to indulge this feeling.

"Sensation Reading" is its pabulum. This is every way analagous to bodily stimulant, which every individual wants according to his constitution, and if he only seek and accept it, as it exactly suits him, he will never reach the stage where "sensation" becomes "intoxication," and irritation supervenes on healthy excitement.

The sensitization of society, resulting from the action of cheap literature, the daily paper, and the weekly Penny Press, is

wonderfully evident. "The knowledge of good and evil" circulated by it is breaking out in every form, and showing effects in many ways. An immense amount of fact is published diurnally. No occurrence is hidden, all that can be known is widely known; and all this cannot go on without producing consequences of tremendous significance. "A penny for your thoughts" is a bargain now, signed, sealed, and delivered! The deed done in secret to-day, is in print to-morrow, for every eye to see, and at the command of every hand that holds a penny. If this knowledge be "light that shines before men," well and good; it will, as of old, vivify and cause right action in the soil of the human mind. The sight of, or the hearing about good works, kindles the generous sentiments, promotes the love of the best things, and makes the pleasures of "sensation" true and beneficial. Reading such as this, conveying, either in history or fiction, correct images of human life, painting vice in its true colours, and giving virtue its true position, must be eminently useful. But we claim that this shall be distinctly and fairly done. Let crime be called "crime," treated as crime, and made abhorrent, as our common moral sense demands; and let it be well-remembered, that right feeling revolts from the details of crime; and that it is against its will, that lower and inferior sensations are indulged by their narration.

"Sensation Reading," like properly-applied physical stimulant, if genuine, will never intoxicate, that is, will never cause the lower impulses to over-ride the reason; but once suffer these to become irritated, unduly developed, and excited to improper activity, and a state of mind will be produced which is injurious and perilous in the extreme. "Evil communications corrupt good manners;" and this is true of fact as well as fiction. It is as injurious to morality that the minute particulars of all the detected guilt in the kingdom, is put into all hands, indiscriminately, every day, as that the imaginary vices of the heroes of romance are paraded for a half-penny in the journals of the hour. There is an awful degeneracy apparent in our population. Domestic and social evils increase at an astounding rate. The Divorce Court is giving us a terrible history of ourselves, and this "communication" has, surely, its effect on the "manners" of the day. Corruption must corrupt. It is deplorable to see the avidity with which such intoxicating reading as the newspapers supply from this source is seized on; and the taste grows on that which feeds it. This supply most truly creates demand; and the demand becomes an insatiable thirst.

This is a very bad form of Intoxicating Reading, but because it is fact, it is not the lowest sort of it. A worse, and more virulent kind is that dispensed in the publications devoted to serial tales illustrative of every wicked passion that disgraces

humanity. There are an immense number of these. Twenty-three weekly periodicals lie before me, four of them are one half-penny each, the rest a penny; and not one of them contains a page that is not the vehicle for circulating the vilest information connected with our nature. They vie with each other in producing scenes of villany, and the "sensation" they cause are all those of the base and vile kind. The impure, the immodest, the superstitious, the revengeful, and the liar are all skilfully delineated; and, with subtlety and craft, they are managed so as to give the most effective "sensation." They act like the dram, intoxication results from their exhibition; it creeps on slowly and steadily; "the next number of 'Black Jack,' and the next, and the next; I must get it, I can't do anything until I know what becomes of 'Brinvilliers,'" and so on. The penny, to procure this *poison*, is obtained, *God knows how!* it is bought, read, less and less shuddered at, soon swallowed down approvingly, and then unconsciously reproduced in the subsequent life of the victim.

Low, coarse, vulgar, illiterate novels, in which romance is spun out and diluted so as to reach the level of the poor and ignorant, are as little likely to be seen and tested by the educated classes as the liquors wherein the same section of the community seek their physical intoxication, and are from their nature innocuous to the better-taught and more cultivated members of society. But the "Sensation Reading" they give is not the less a general evil, and direct injury to the whole body politic. From this form of intoxication we have a large number of those helpless, hopeless, dreary creatures, that throng our busy haunts, hanging a dead weight there, useless as regards any positive energy for good, if not entirely bad, and at work zealously disseminating evil. The frivolous, the silly, the idle, the vain, the weak, the waster, the wanton, the proud, the gossip, the lounger, the affected, the sentimental, the over-refined, the conceited, and all other such, live on this substitute for wholesome diet. Like alcohol, it may preserve their intellectual tissue from actual decay, but it cannot energize into useful life. It infuses a false spirit; and hence we have mock heroics, unstable fitful efforts at exertion, misapplied talents, and mistaken self-estimates, unreal views of life, and sad failures to realize hopes built on untenable foundations. Alas, what unhappiness owes its existence to the delusions induced by Intoxicating Reading! Drink deprives us of good servants, good tradespeople, and good labourers; and Sensation Tales add their martyrs to the fast-increasing band.

But neither bodily nor mental intoxication is confined to the humblest classes of society. The vice in both forms is almost omnipresent. In the latter, its development may be traced in

every description of literature offered to the public, as well in that supplied to the high-born wealthy consumer of "light reading," as in that in which the masses revel. The active principle of the stimulant in both cases is alike, it is the offspring of the same root, and does its deadly work in the same manner. The works of fiction, popular with all classes, have identical bases; they all minister to the same depraved desire to know all the sinuosities of evil in human society; they all represent the same ideas and subjects under innumerable metamorphoses; and are made up with various combinations to suit the tastes of all sorts of people.

We may paraphrase a well-known axiom: "Show me what you read, and I will tell you what you are." Books reveal character quite as well as living associates. Selections betray proclivities, and these mute witnesses are as good evidence of what a man is as any company he may keep. Ah! ladies and gentlemen, you pay your guinea to Mudie and others for just the very same thing that your poorer neighbour buys from the itinerant newsvendor by the pennyworth! If you resemble each other in nothing else, you do in that you both delight in seeing your fellow-creatures in the depths of vice; you love the history of iniquity; that which you profess to loath in flesh and blood, you gloat over in print! The girl, from whom you start aside with horror; the ruffian, whose presence you would not tolerate for a moment; these are they whose lives so deeply interest you, because they excite your feelings, furnish you with "sensations!" But what kind of "sensations?" Hatred of sin, love of virtue? You think it is those two good emotions that you feel, but I tell you it is not. Those thrills of intense interest in the career of guilt, and that anxiety to know "the end" of the story, are due to nothing better than morbid curiosity, and to the wish, as old as Eve's, that, after all, the serpent may be right, and that everything may turn out well and happily!

"Sensation Reading" is formed on the Devil's own model. It is all one grand effort to prove God a liar, and Satan's words, "Ye shall not surely die," the *truth!* It makes the sinner's finale just the same as the saint's, "they merely take different courses through life, they all get well off in the long run," according to the "fashionable novels" and the popular Serial Stories; and their existence depends on their telling this plausibly to their dupes. They must not blurt it out roughly, lest conscience condemn the "sensation," but they must tone it down to meet the eye without shocking the perceptions, and disguise the gross materials with which they deal so as to convey their substance unrecognized into the system. Their subtle poison is easily swallowed; it is sheathed and masked, and slips quickly past the mental palate; and then its action is so gentle

that no constitutional disturbance seems to ensue, and yet it works effects that sooner or later become manifest in the individual, and through the community.

We accuse Drink of causing much disorder among us, and most truly. Its first action of rendering its victim unconscious, gives evil an immense advantage. In this state, men and women surrender without resistance, and sin on to any further extent, almost without suffering; but "Sensation Reading," true to its nature, conducts its votaries, wide awake and sentient, into mischief; with every variety of mental torture, they are led from step to step, and, but too often, experience in reality, the exquisite miseries their imaginations are cultivated to enjoy. To make a stand against this species of intoxication, intellectual and moral, is an act of mercy to our generation, and the effort is worthy of our greatest philanthropists. Women, whose sex is peculiarly liable to fall under its sway, should deeply interest themselves to prevent its spread. It disgraces their intelligence in the eyes of men, and, therefore, every woman is concerned to remove it; it distracts females from their proper occupations, and, therefore, to every man it is of consequence to get rid of it.

As a means towards this end, it would be well to mark "Sensation Reading" "Dangerous." This is as necessary as the legal enactment compelling the druggist to put "Poison" on his deadly commodities; and it is needful for precisely similar reasons. Injurious reading, like its chemical representative, has no external indication of its nature understood by the unlearned; the skilful student must affix for them the name upon its surface. The tales running like wild-fire through our libraries and reading rooms, and issued by our fruitful press, ought to have their proper characters announced on their title pages. The gentle word, "sensation," may remain a generic term, but a numerous family should receive the true cognomen of "Intoxicating Reading," and should be taken with reservation; while it is earnestly recommended, that all who recognize the article in question should circulate information about it.

True education should embrace such training of mind as would rectify the abuses connected with cheap literature, and it is the absence of this that procures such an immense consumption of an adulterated kind. In order to interfere in some measure with its overflow, it is essential, that concurrently with its vitiating stream should run the corrective supply of good publications. The great utility of cheapening wholesome reading cannot be too much insisted on, for the same sum of money for which the bad can be bought, should be sufficient to purchase the good; and at one penny all that can make wise should be diffused, or the readers of publications at that price will be delivered over to the enemy. Every serial, then, having for its

object the benefit of this class, must come down to its range. Nor let it be thought that there is any loss in publishing at low rates, although it must be admitted that there is pecuniary risk. It is probable that none of the periodicals recognized as the organs of religious teachers or social reformers make money, but it is not their primary intention to do so; with them this object is quite secondary; their work has a nobler aim; and it is the glory of our day that many are willing to engage in it, on those terms. Already, they have done a great deal, and they will yet do more, for every fresh sheet they give to the wind is a help to the ark of our faith, which looks for victory over all error, through its own triumphant exaltation.

S. M.

XIX.—IN MEMORIAM.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

A PURE life—purely run—
The labour over—the guerdon won!
She passed from earth in that quiet sleep,
"He giveth His beloved"—calm and deep—
Nor loving heart nor watchful eye
Could catch the last low trembling sigh
That freed the soul from its mortal chain,
And gave it back to Heaven again.

A pure life—purely run—
A crown of glory early won!
As she lay on her couch, so cold and white,
There beamed from her face a heavenly light.
The stainless spirit as it passed away,
Left its seal behind it in that bright ray—
With flowers bestrewn—her cross on her breast—
She lay in a deep and glorified rest.

A pure life—purely run—
Oh, Christ! Thou leddest such an one!
As we gave the dear form to mother-earth,
And pray'd that the soul in its heavenly birth
Might be met by white-rob'd angels and saints—
The winter day, pale, wan, and faint—
Burst into glory of sunshine and light,
And told of her spirit in regions bright.

Feb., 1864. M. M. H.

XX.—THE RECORD OF A VANISHED LIFE.

It is the afternoon of a hot, full summer day. I am sitting in the garden arbour, my favourite retreat; the westering sun is slowly declining towards his setting. There is a languid and drowsy splendour in the still, rich hour, like the afternoon sleep sinking in soft, dusky shadow upon the warm, brown beauty of Cleopatra, as the heavy eyelids droop, while blood tinges the conscious cheek, and a half smile circles the red lips, she knowing dreamily through falling sleep that Antony is lying all agaze. It is far in the country. Behind my garden are no houses, except about a mile off, to the right, an old white farmhouse, with dark brown wooden beams. Close round the lonely farm cluster rolling woods, but straight away below my garden stretch the bare and billowy hills, which merge into wild down and moorland, until they swell up into high cliffs, round whose base frets and thunders the great sea.

The scene and place are well known to me. How many, many times, since I first came to live in this village, and this cottage, have I sat in this arbour and gazed upon the dear familiar scene! The old look back: they live much in the past. If they look forward it is not to life, but beyond life. And in this arbour, where now I sit, an old and lonely man, wifeless and childless, I rest and muse through many a solitary hour, while the shadows of the past, the spectres of memory, rise around me, and flit before my dreaming eyes. It seems to me that I have lived very, very long. At times all memory grows shadowy and confused, a sort of conscious dream. I have a dim, far-off recollection of what I myself once was. It seems as if I remembered some one that once lived, but who has long been dead. The thoughts of the young are, and should be, active and full of purpose. They have time before them in which to shape glowing thought into clear, noble action. With the old it is different. They have no time before them—no action more to do. They are but sinking gently downwards towards the realms in which human thought and action ripen into full fruition. But their life is lived. They have neither time nor space in which to work out further purpose. Their bolt is shot, and they have but to mark calmly where it falls. Hence, the old sit often, as I do now, in dreaming reverie, in musing meditation. In a young man such idle contemplation would be waste, while to the old man it is but a sad enjoyment of his waning powers. Musing thus, I fancy that my name is sometimes called aloud by voices that have long been silent; a hand "that can be clasped no more," steals gently into mine; eyes that have long since ceased

to shine, flash brightly or gaze tenderly upon mine; but for a second only; for a brief, sweet second only. They vanish again into mystery, and darkness, and space. But they are there, somewhere—I feel that they exist, and I know that I shall again behold them where we shall part no more, where the tears are wiped from all eyes, and where the weary are at rest. I am ready to go to them.

Soundless and still, like dancers before the eyes of a deaf man, the spectres flit and float. Old loves, old sorrows, former ambitions, former disappointments, once so keen and bitter, now mellowed by time and distance, and by fading life powers, whirl through my quiet brain in memory's phantom dance. Dreaming thus, this sunny afternoon, my promise to you, Herbert, rose into my mind. I had often told you that I would, some day, do what you had so often urged me to do, and jot down some hasty record of a life which must so soon cease to be. I can begin the task to-day. Once begun it must be pressed forward, for I may not have long to stay, and I would fain meet your wish ere I go hence and be no more seen. You, my dear nephew, who have been to me, since the death of my poor boy, almost as a son, you have a right to ask of me this labour of love. You have heard something of that part of my life which was passed before yours began; but it was a theme I did not always care to speak about, even to you, and your knowledge is disjointed and fragmentary. I can confess more freely, knowing that you will not read what my hand traces until that hand shall be stiff and cold. The record will, I know, interest you for my sake; but even apart from that, no sincere memorial of a human life can be without some value and some lesson. There was a something meant even by my life. This narrative may enable you to discern what it was. I have found it at times difficult to determine.

No single soldier, engaged in the heady struggle of his individual fighting, can see much more of the action than the smoke, and dust, and conflict around him. Perhaps no man can see and understand fully his own life. My life may, perchance, have been meant as a lesson for other lives: if so, this brief and hurried record may tend to the fulfilment of its object. Half in pain, half in pleasure, do I commence my task. I find it difficult to begin: I have to think back so far; to awaken feelings so long dead. Who, in his age, can relive in his childhood? How wide, how very wide, is the great gulf between!—a gulf filled, too, with so much that obstructs the view. It is only by glimpses and snatches that we can recall the vanished feelings of the long ago. I cannot do it as I would wish. I think, trying to bring back the first thoughts and feelings that I remember stirring within me. Vain. Oh, God! I *cannot* feel again how I felt when first my life was new in time!

I start, then, with a failure. I see that I must circumscribe my plan. Very brief must be my confession of a life which seems so long to me. I can do little more than suggest; you, Herbert, must read between the old man's lines.

There is a little picture of me, painted when I was four years old. Think, if you can, that that was the grey old uncle; and let the picture help the words, as I begin.

My father was a merchant, and at one time, a successful one. He made a great deal of money and lived in corresponding style. He did not advocate people living up to their means, but he fully believed that the future would yield him a large fortune, and thought himself justified in keeping up his position in society. He thought highly of business; both from an innate liking for the pursuit itself, and because it gave him wealth, power, and consequence. He despised, by comparison, all other pursuits, and had a special contempt for literature and art. He was somewhat hard and shallow of nature, but was gifted with a strong will. His affections were not strong; he was devoid of imagination, and required from his own mind no higher powers of intellect than those necessary for success in trading life. Success of the sort he desired, he attained; and he was as contented with the general scheme of the universe as men of his happy limitations usually are. His nerves were good, and his digestion excellent. Without being at all kind, he could hardly be called unkind. It was difficult to love and difficult to dislike him. He married, strange to say, an artist's daughter. My mother brought him money; brought him indeed a sum which, at the time he married, was considerable in his eyes. Although an artist's daughter, she had no artist feeling: the artist temperament lay dormant in her, to be transmitted to her unhappy son. The high gift, beautiful always, but so sad when its possessor is surrounded by all the powers and influences which war against the beautiful and noble, was the only possession she bequeathed to her elder child. She was a confirmed invalid, not unkindly, but peevish, weak alike in health and character. The marriage was not happy. There was nothing congenial in the character, and but little tolerance in the conduct of husband and wife; and without congeniality or tolerance, there can be no wedded happiness. There were incessant quarrels, leading at last, to almost complete estrangement. Both are long dead; and it is not for me to unveil their quarrels or to decide upon their disputes: enough, that they were unhappy, and their home miserable. It was a home without light or warmth, without love or intellect, and my childhood was full of bitter experiences and painful associations, the effects of which have lasted throughout my life. We never outlive wholly the effects of an unhappy home in childhood—we never quite outgrow the influences which saddened our early youth.

I had one brother, about a year younger than myself. He much resembled my father in character, in strength of nerve and hardness of will. I had inherited from my poor mother much of temperament—of an anxious, nervous, apprehensive temperament—if not of character, and my brother and myself differed so widely that, as soon as early childhood—that time in which companionship is unavoidable—was past, we grew apart and tended different ways. It has been well said, that "family likeness has often a deep sadness in it. Nature, that great tragic dramatist, knits us together by bone and muscle, and divides us by the subtler web of our brains; blends yearning and repulsion, and ties us by our heart strings to beings that jar us at every movement." This was quite true of George and myself: our natures were antipathetic. I had a strong latent affection for him—I doubt whether he could have much for me—and yet found intimacy and sympathy impossible. He naturally admired power and sided with success. He espoused our father's side in all the wretched dissensions between our parents, and my father soon adopted George as his favourite son. I naturally leaned to the losing side; pitied weakness and shared suffering. I, therefore, though as a matter of feeling rather than of judgment—my brother's partizanship was judgment rather than feeling—took my mother's part in all quarrels; and espoused her cause with all a child's warm, blind enthusiasm. My brother evinced an early liking for my father's pursuits, and soon took a strong interest in trade and all its details. In our boyish holidays, he liked nothing better than visiting the counting-house, and he had a surprising talent for arithmetic. In me awoke the tendencies of my mother's artist father. All my love and liking were for art. I longed secretly to become a painter. I was always employed in all my spare time in drawing. I was always happy when alone with a pencil and bit of paper. The fly leaves of all my school books were covered with sketches of horses, of knights and robbers. Everything that struck strongly upon my imagination in books of story, I sought to reproduce with the hand. I think so strong a love must have indicated some power. I know I should have been an intensely happy man as an artist; I think I might have been a successful one. Even if I had remained poor, the exercise of the art I loved so well would have been an unceasing and unfading delight. But it was not to be: the fates were too strong, and I was doomed to wander far from the serene high regions of my loved and happy art.

Even now, as an old man, removed by so many long, long years from my boyhood—even now, I can feel something of the absorbed happiness, of the abstracted delight, with which I sat alone in the window-sill through long sunny afternoons, and

strove to reproduce with my hand the fancies which crowded upon my young brain. I feel, I know, that I loved art well, and that I loved it purely. In our house there was no sympathy for such pursuits; there was no interest shown in what so deeply interested a child. My mother, confined perpetually to her sofa, never thought about such things. My father meant, as a matter of course, to make us both merchants. When the proper time came, he would take the necessary steps; until then, he sent us to an expensive school, and cared nothing for our tastes or pursuits. He never, I believe, thought of enquiring what talents or tendencies his boys had. It was all a settled thing in his mind. He did not mean to send us to college, because that sort of learning would be, he thought, of no advantage to a man in trade; but when we had done with a better kind of commercial school, say, at sixteen or seventeen years old, he intended to take us into the counting-house, keeping one of us in the London house, and ultimately sending the other—he did not yet know which—to manage one of the agencies abroad. Meanwhile, he was pleased at the way in which George took to the idea of business, and thought, perhaps, in his own mind, that George would one day be the head of the firm. He was particular in ordering our schoolmaster to teach us arithmetic and book-keeping. George attained great proficiency in both these branches; but I was dull at arithmetic, and took no interest in keeping fictitious ledgers and journals. George's books were found to be in creditable order, while on one page of my ledger, Marmion and De Wilton tilted furiously on the bare heath, with the moonlight streaming upon the blue steel of their knightly armour; and on another page, Æneas slew Turnus, and Hector fell before Achilles. Bandits, monks, castles, ladies, ships, and steeds, were interspersed throughout the particular accounts; while Richard and Saladin were seated by a fountain springing from amid the general balance.

My brother was certainly happier than I. He was bold, confident, and successful, both at school and at home. I began, even then, *to feel alone;* to find no one to whom I could talk upon the things for which I cared—no one who could, or would, feel with my feelings. I grew shy, silent, pensive: the shadow of my future life began, even as a boy, to fall, though softly, upon me. My father, I felt instinctively, could not understand, and did not like me. My poor mother was too weakly, too inert to try. My brother had a sort of contempt for my pursuits, and a hard power which repelled me. I grew more and more solitary; I thought more and more deeply, though without guide, companion, or friend. I had a strong affection for my kin, but an aching sense that my yearnings towards them produced little answering love. My companions were my pencil

and books. The glories of romance and the delight of drawing became my still and solitary world. When I came out of this world, I was unhappy; in it, I was interested, excited, happy: it was a keen time, of mingled hunger and languor, of stolen pleasure and of open disappointment, of happy dreams and jarring realities.

When I was nearly thirteen years old, the news came to school that our poor mother was dead. We were fetched home hurriedly, to attend the funeral. It was a great grief and a great shock to both of us. I well remember the funeral; the awe, so terrible to childhood, of the near presence of death; the feeling, half sad, half strange, that we should never see our mother again. How painful, how mysterious, is that dread "nevermore!"

Our father was much changed—more so, indeed, than in my secret thought I could attribute to the death of our poor mother. He looked very ill, very haggard, and anxious; and at times he frightened us by the strangeness of his manner. He drove us from him savagely one day; at other times he seemed unusually gentle and tender, especially to George. I had always the keen inner sense that my brother was his favourite, but he called us, pityingly, his "poor, poor boys." He drank a great deal of wine, was uncertain in his temper, irritable, nervous even, and wholly unlike his old self. We were not sent back to school, and had a strange presentiment of some impending evil. Gradually whispers reached us from servants that our father had had great misfortunes in business. His conduct became more and more singular, and his manner repelled, terrified us. One day we heard he was made a bankrupt. The details we never knew—we were too young, too unused to the world's ways, to understand them. We heard that some great speculation had totally failed, and had ruined our father. He shut himself up, kept aloof from us; but we saw how terribly he was changed; and we half desired to soothe, were half afraid of intruding upon him. Then came men in possession, preparations for a sale of furniture, the dismissal of old servants, and the dismantlement of the once handsome mansion. George and I lived lonelily in our old nursery, which was left very bare of furniture, and we speculated together upon the meaning of these, to us, unintelligible events. We sorrowed together, each according to his different character, and were drawn closer together than we had been since childhood. One morning, one dreadful morning, our poor father was found dead in his bed. His world was wrecked around him, and the proud merchant could not survive the loss of wealth and position. On the evening before his death, he came into our room, spoke tenderly to us for some time, with an unwonted gentleness in his manner, but sternly forbade us

to accompany him to his own room. We never saw him again —alive. As we went up-stairs, at night, we crept swiftly, awestruck, and with beating hearts, past *one* solemn door. We held each other's hands, as our fancy pictured *that* which lay within. Then came another funeral, and strange faces of men, of whom we knew nothing, but who directed everything. George and I stood, clinging close together, as, upon our return from the sad funeral, at which we had acted as chief mourners, the long cloaks were taken off us by the undertaker, and an old white-headed gentleman—an assignee, I believe—told us there were nothing for us, and that we must make our own way in the world. Neither our father or mother had relations in London, nor had they many friends. My father had consorted only with men of business, and my mother's health, combined with domestic unhappiness, had long secluded her from society. Some merchants who had known our father procured for my brother and myself junior clerkships in merchants' counting-houses; and a cheap lodging was taken for us in an obscure street in Islington. I was to receive a salary of sixty pounds, George of fifty pounds, a year, to begin with; and with this income, and without help or friends, we began, as orphans, the battle of life. I was just thirteen; he was twelve years old. The change was great and terrible for both of us. The feeling of recent bereavement, of helplessness, of an incomprehensible change in all things, depressed us terribly; but we clung close together, and loved each other then. I had a feeling of an elder brother's duty to watch over and help George, and tried hard to fulfil it. We were quite unused to money, and knew nothing of managing our housekeeping or expenditure; and the people at our lodgings took advantage of our inexperience. The men who had got us situations thought they had done enough; and we were taught, sternly and sharply, that we had no help to expect from any but ourselves. Life became an earnest and a terrible thing for two poor boys left to fight its hard battle alone, unfriended, and unaided. How many sharp trials we experienced—how many bitter tears we shed at night, when alone together!

And so my young brother and I lived and worked together, and, in the first years, loved each other warmly. It was very hard work. At the time of which I write merchants' clerks were at work twice a week, on "foreign post nights," Tuesdays and Fridays, till midnight, or even one in the morning. There were no pleasures, no holidays, no rest, in connection with our drudgery. For twelve or thirteen years I was never absent from business for more than two days in any one year. It was loveless, joyless, hopeless work. You were treated as a cabman treats his horse, and it was perpetually intimated to you, that plenty of others could be found to supply your place.

Five years rolled on, and the time came to us when youth thirsts for pleasure, when the blood and fancy, the natural impulses and longings, of the fever time of life, all yearn for enjoyment. Happy they who have wise and kindly guidance, for whose ardent youth pure pleasures are provided! We had no guidance, no counsel, no worthy pleasure provided for us. Although my love for art still existed, it lay dormant, and its exercise was jaded out of me by wearisome and painful drudgery. After the long weary day, pure and calm pleasures are difficult, if not impossible, for youths with neither homes, parents, or friends. Amidst some doubtful pursuits, George and I had, at least, one great pleasure: it was the theatre. He did not care much for reading, nor did he like me to read as we sat together in the evening. But whenever we could afford it—it was not too often!—we went together to the pit of the theatre. There, while we were young, we forgot our cares, our poverty, our friendless struggles, when the magic curtain ascended, and revealed the world of romance, of poetry, of heroes, and of warriors. We lived, for the time, in a fairy world, and breathed a purer air. We were lifted above the dim scene of sorrowful every-day common-place. We saw the ideal in action. Our own cares sublimed, for the hour, into the great struggles of man with destiny, and we were elevated above our own into the lofty sorrows of tragedy. How well I remember those early visits to the theatre!—though the long, long years have closed behind the memory. It was well for us when we could, for the time, forget ourselves, and live the lives of Shakspeare's creatures. The time came when *that* was no longer possible, when the theatre itself presented no illusion, when the stern actual sorrows of life would not be forgotten in the presence of the fairy world. But at the period of our lives of which I write, our stage had (what it no longer has) a great actor. The line, unbroken from Burbage to Macready, is broken now. The *Ultimus Romanorum*, the last of the Barons, has played his last, and the land of Shakspeare has no great artist left, to embody and criticise at once, the master's great conceptions. I linger, however, fondly over my youth's early memories of the theatre and of great acting. I recall, with delight, the vivid interest and anticipation with which—when we were rich enough!—we waited at the pit door of dear old Drury Lane, to see one of the masterpieces of the world played by great artists. I say, gratefully and thankfully, as I look back, far back now, to one of the few pleasures of my sad and wasted youth—blessings on the old green curtain, and on the ideal world of the old playhouse!

The years rolled silently and sadly on—till George and I parted. He had grown richer than I was; he had outstripped me in success and prosperity. He had bowed his nature to—or

it was suited to his pursuits, and had, in stooping to the world of business, attained some of its rewards. He took a better lodging, and found associates connected with his pursuits and of advantage to his interests. He left me; I remained alone in the old, poor lodging; he inhabited better quarters and moved in a different sphere. We never exactly quarrelled: our natures differed and our paths diverged.

The world of business has its victors and its victims. But how terrible the price which must be paid for victory! All that is fair, and good, and noble in life; all high hope connected with life's great end and transformation—these are the sacrifices which must be laid upon the altar of success in business!

But George went. The old time was broken up—never to return again on earth. He became keen and eager in the pursuit of wealth. He grew harder and more worldly; he became engrossed in his pursuits, and absorbed in the struggles of commercial success. He attained success, but seemed to me to pay a terrible price for it. He looked upon every thing with an eye to profit; he measured every thing by the standard of gain: the test of interest. I pitied him warmly and loved him still; but me he despised, and estrangement increased as our paths diverged wider and wider. Intercourse gradually ceased between us; he shunned me, and did not restrain his expression of contempt for one who, in part willingly, remained so poor, and made so little progress in business. As business gained him, I saw, with deep regret, that I lost the brother of my youth and love.

And then ensued for me long, weary, lonely years of saddest endurance and sorrow. How weary and how long they were, only the God who sent them, knows. One and twenty years—one and twenty years, Oh God!—I passed, from my thirteenth to my four and thirtieth year, in that low hell of business.

It all sweeps before me in one long, dull dream of unbroken pain and unchanging weariness. The memory aches to think of it again, and thought throbs as with shoots of pain. If I am too bitter against those who surrounded my best years with such a curse—if my indignation, not at personal suffering only, but at the wrong and cruelty I witnessed, be too vivid and intense—forgive me, Heaven! Thou knowest, only Thou, how long the trial, and how keen the suffering!

The world of business, as I found it, was a world without a God. Cruelty and baseness knew no restraint but fear, little dread but of money loss or the terrors of human law. Many men, who for years had been successful, grew so familiar with danger that they forgot prudence, and overstepped the thin boundary which divided the counting-house from the felon's dock.

Putting aside, however, those extremer cases in which men have carried the spirit of modern business,

"The lust of gain in the spirit of Cain,"

to its logical consequence and result, the animating motive in business, as I found it, was simply the greed of individual gain. There was no ennobling sense of duty; no care for public polity or individual rights. It was selfishness in naked deformity. With its low ends and mean morality were combined coarse will and cruelty. Wholly undivine, it was also necessarily inhuman.

Left alone to struggle unaided in this antipathetic element, I felt that health and life were being slowly crushed out of me. Like those Piombini, whose walls, and roof, and floor, contracted a little day by day round the wretched prisoner within, so the dungeon of business narrowed gradually, day by day and night by night, around my reason, enjoyment, life. In the dreary morning walk to town began a vague distress. I was anxious and troubled incessantly, and had for my familiar fiend, Depression. I was perpetually pressed down by a sickening load of anxiety, fretted by that constant care which eats into the core of life. It was that long, monotonous, mean sorrow which gradually, but surely, "makes men deaf and blind to all pleasant sights, and sounds, and thoughts, till sunlight seems blotted out of heaven by the black cloud of care." Ever present was the dread and loathing of the daily horror. Self-forgetfulness became impossible. Mental health, like bodily health, was slowly undermined. Self-consciousness grew morbid, until it worked partly its own cure, and I became conscious that self-consciousness was morbidly developed. Tenuity of thought, fixity of attention grew difficult to me. The mind, incessantly harassed, became almost incapable of concentration or abstraction. It was no longer mine to devote to what theme I would. The memory of the recent insult, or the anticipation of the impending outrage, kept it tremblingly alive to pain.

But you will ask, Herbert, why I did not fly such misery? Because I postponed it until too late, until the misery had weakened the will and destroyed the energy. I had no friends, no helpers, no counsellors. Ill health gradually enfeebled all my powers, and sorrow stupefied all resolution. I learned to endure and exist, but I could not resist or escape. I know that such a confession would excite the contempt of the man of vigorous nerves and strong will.

A is strong, and says that B is a fool for being weak. A cannot comprehend what passes inside B; but, when the outward circumstances which press upon B are explained to him, he answers scornfully, either that he, A, should not feel such matters as sorrows; or that, if he did, he would soon put an end to them. He then reiterates his conviction that B is a fool.

A is, no doubt, right as regards himself. Let him be thankful for his strength and nerve. But he is wrong as regards B. A forgets that his strength consists, perhaps, partly in animal vigour, partly in obtuser sensibilities. He forgets that B's suffering—nay, that his very weakness—may arise from a tenderer heart, a more sensitive conscience, more refined sensibilities, a higher ideal, and a nobler, if weaker, nature. A should pity, as much as he condemns.

I had, also, during the earlier years of my unhappiness, some blind vague hope that Heaven would help and rescue me. I thought, if I had the power to help, and witnessed such wretchedness, how swiftly I would succour it! But no help came. I ceased to pray with any hope. I fancied I was forgotten by Heaven, excluded from divine pity. The slow torment of religious doubt was added to my other troubles. I began to doubt of God's love. In gloomy moments I asked, What if the creed of the Calvinist be true? What if God be indeed a fiend? Some men have not earnestness enough to doubt heartily. Their minds merely go round and round, like a squirrel in its cage, in a mechanical set of speculative revolving questions. They neither advance or retrograde. But all dilettantism was with me impossible. Sorrow, if nothing else, made me earnest. It was a great, awful conflict. Ultimately, light was given me; but it was indeed a dark and terrible time when, in my lonely struggle, religious doubt clouded over earthly despair.

Aspiration had sunk to mere longing; but still my inborn love of art struggled into some sort of unnatural existence, like a flower from among the crevices of a rock. To live includes to enjoy, since only in joy can our best powers be unfolded. But I did not live; I only existed. Had I possessed health enough to feel confidence in my own power to work in art, I should have turned trustfully to the exercise of my natural tendencies; I should have abandoned the mean life of "business" for the noble struggles of art. But depression brings confusion. In the evenings, when jaded by the hard toil, stung by some wrong or insult of the day, the snow-covered peaks of intellect seemed to me not only cold and lonely, but the imagination refused to roll away the mist which surrounded them. It is strange how much we can bear. During long painful illnesses the body developes new forces, which assist to bear and soften pain. The mind possesses a similar power. I did, ultimately—now, looking back, I almost wonder how—manage to make some imperfect efforts towards realizing my art impulses. I no longer worked with pencil, but with pen. Ah, Herbert, it is sad and bitter

"To sit by the lone fire, and think the long thought."

I had no purpose of marriage, no hope of love. Did I think of such things, dream of such things, long for such things? Yes! how often, and how eagerly! But I fancied they were not for me, and I schooled myself to resignation. I thought it selfish while so unhappy—while I had so little chance of any success—to seek to win any other life to share mine. My life was so unnatural that, many of my feelings were, I know, morbid and exaggerated. Perhaps it was not wonderful that in that *Malebolge* of business life, I should have ceased to trust in God. When we fail to trust, hope fails us.

Perhaps, however, it is little to be wondered at that religious feeling should grow dim in a man who, created with a sense of better things, with a thirst for the nobler aims of life, is yet condemned to that low world of business. Mercantile morality is a conventionality; a thing apart. It combines lip worship with practical infidelity. Men of business, the demigods of the mart, may be, and often are, high religious professors; but their dealings are a systematic violation of the sublime doctrines they profess to hold.

They think nothing—in business—of wronging their neighbour, or grinding the faces of the poor. Unjust dealing, taking any advantage, competing dishonourably, are the daily practices which "practical men"—in business—enjoin and follow. That theorem of life which they translate into actual practice, is Mammon worship and self-interest. Their pursuits are not ennobled by care for the interests of the community, or the rights of individuals. How many high and gentle natures are sacrificed in the crushing strain of brutal greed! The heavy treasures of the monarchs of the mart are heavier still with the weight of human tears.

And yet amid the loathing which the gold seekers inspire steals a sense of pity. Such men kill their own souls within them, and must, eventually at least, feel the recoil of the wrongs they commit, suffer something of the misery they create.

To them all things divine and noble must be empty and unmeaning forms. All heroisms must be hollow mockeries. All ideals must be unreal. Vainly for them has earth been visited by Divinity, or made more beautiful by gentleness or honour, by noble thoughts or heroic deeds. Vainly for them have Shakspeare, Sidney—not to name One highest name—lived and died. The victors in "business" are, perhaps, more worthy pity than the victims.

And yet, through all this harass, depression, care, I succeeded in writing two books. I can scarcely understand now how I did it. My innate love of art must have been very strong to struggle through such difficulties. Dating from my obscure lodging, and unfurnished with any introduction, I offered my

books to a great publisher, and they were accepted. I had so little sanguine tendency left in my nature, that I was surprised that they were accepted. I had anticipated failure, and was prepared for ill fortune. However, my books appeared, under a feigned name, of course, and they achieved a fair success. I had no friends to help them, no acquaintance with any of the literary cliques, and I was again surprised, as well as humbly grateful for good fortune. My work had gone out from me, and my thought had touched the thoughts of many upon whose faces I should never look. My books were circulating widely, visiting many homes, read, perhaps, in pleasant circles, while I remained, solitary, in the little lodging. I have a faith that each book meets with, at least, one reader who fully comprehends it, who can feel all the author feels and means, who can enter into his ideas, and thoroughly sympathize with the aim, the spirit, the inner meaning of the work. Sitting alone in the long evenings, I used to please myself with fancying such a reader, afar off, in some place which I might not know, engaged in thinking my thoughts and feeling my feelings. Sometimes I fancied a young, sometimes an old reader; sometimes a man, sometimes a woman; but whether young or old, man or woman, the reader whom I fancied as understanding me was always sad, always sorrowful and earnest.

My books were written in the form of novels, though they were not exactly novels as the novel is usually defined; that is, as a book written chiefly to amuse. They had a fair success in their time, but are not likely ever to be resuscitated. They were written without much attempt at plot or story; and their whole tone and spirit was not likely to be popular. They were subjective rather than objective; dealing with the world within, and wanting in adventure, incident, effect. I took them down the other evening and reread them. They were written so long ago, written when I myself was so different, that they seemed to me in many parts like the productions of some other man. Then, again, some passage woke the feeling which was warm within me as I wrote. I glowed again with the old thought; the feelings of my dead self thrilled me once more, though feebly now, feebly now. I could well understand why the books had not been more widely popular; I was almost surprised that they had attained the partial success they did attain. And yet, I confess, I reverenced the aspiration, the effort of that dead self of mine; I was half proud of the honest labour which, amidst so many discouragements, and through so heavy a pressure of dull sorrow, had striven so hard towards a high and worthy aim. They were both written after nine at night, after days of weary drudgery and irritating cares. They were both written in ill health, in low spirits, and amid the gloom of lone-

liness, and the depression of jarred nerves and a worn brain. But I half respected, while I pitied, my former self—separated from what I now am by a gulf of so many, many years, and by so great a change of being—as I recognised, through all the many and heavy imperfections of execution, the evidence of a high ideal and not unworthy objects. You will find the books after I am gone, Herbert, and may read them then if you list.

But the strain upon the mind which writing late at night amidst such ceaseless drudgery brought with it, left a heavy illness, which rendered all further brain work impossible. The hopes which my little success had created were rudely dashed to earth. My health declined rapidly; my doctor said my only hope lay in some six months' quiet retirement, in total absence from business. This rest was an impossibility. I had never earned more than the bare needs of living required. I had been unable to save. In business a man is paid for self-assertion, for cunning, for the qualities respected in that respectable world. I worked hard, conscientiously, valuably; but I could not descend to the arts which alone would have ensured adequate remuneration. Only when about to leave business did I learn how valuable my services had been, by the offers made to me to continue my servitude. I had been defrauded during many years, treated with contumely, harshness, injustice. One morning, when things were at their worst, a letter reached me. It was from a lawyer, and told me that a distant relative, whom I had never seen, whom I had never courted, had left me sufficient for a modest competence.

I was free! Can I ever tell what I felt? In a month I was freed from my degrading chain; and amid the joy of release, rushed in faith in the Father in heaven, whose will, as I read it, had dictated my relation's will, and saved health, reason, life!

At last, then, I was free! free, after one and twenty years, including all my youth, of unceasing drudgery, which had been one long, weary endurance and heavy sorrow. And freedom had come only just in time; had it been delayed a year longer it would, I am convinced, have scarcely found me in a state to profit by it.

The long habit of loathing contact with the dreaded thing, had warped the weakened mind into a dull, dead belief that the horror must go on for ever. And yet, when the chain first fell off me, I missed its weight; I missed its painful pressure where it had eaten into the flesh. I could hardly understand, at first, that I could be really free from the hated servitude. The mechanical routine of suffering had become the daily, necessary custom of my joyless life. It was with a sort of dim tremor of apprehension that I saw the horror cease. I could scarcely

realise the glad truth; I hardly dared even to feel grateful. I was at first bewildered. I had grown to think that my long suffering was a part of the scheme of things which would never cease until death. I had so long lost hope, that when deliverance came I could not believe it real. I felt like prisoners who, when long years of confinement have dulled the faculties into a routine of numbed existence, linger in feeble helplessness around the gates of their prison, while their blunted minds are jarred by a cessation of the misery endured so long. I had just self-consciousness enough to be conscious of my mental condition, and I could understand thoroughly the strange conflict of confused feeling in which the Prisoner of Chillon sings that

"Even I,
"Regained my freedom with a sigh!"

At first I, too, lingered round the walls of my prison. I had scarcely volition enough left to tear myself away. I could not fully believe that I was released. As a man awaking from a dream of horror believes the terror real during a short interval of perplexed fear, so I lay in a torpor of keen dread, and thought the cloud would close around me again. But the thing *was* real. Thank God! Thank God! I woke one morning and knew it—woke and felt His mercy. Then came gratitude, so boundless and intense, that I was restored to faith, obtained a conviction, never to leave me again, that I had indeed, a Father in heaven.

H. Schütze-Wilson.

(To be continued.)

XXI.—THE EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF FEMALE ARTISTS, AND OF THE FEMALE SCHOOL OF ART.

The Eighth Annual Exhibition of the above Society is now open, and comprises a collection of above two hundred and fifty pictures, exclusively the productions of lady artists. They are not generally of a very ambitious character, but if few pass mediocrity, on the other hand there are fewer which absolutely fall below that line than are sometimes to be found in exhibitions of greater pretension.

As usual, Miss Gillies furnishes the most attractive picture in the gallery, entitled "Desolation," and intended to illustrate the lines of Wordsworth—

"The mighty sorrow hath been borne,
And she is thoroughly forlorn;
Her soul doth in itself stand fast,
Sustained by memories of the past."

It represents a single female figure in an attitude of utter listlessness, a few drooping tufts of sere and withered grass at her feet, a leafless tree behind, and only a dull drear expanse of cloud-reflecting ocean in the distance. The broad folds of neutral tinted drapery, and the amount of concentrated expression in the countenance, so touching in its deep pathos that one forgets to mark the features, seem like an echo of the chaste and lofty style of Ary Scheffer, and higher praise than this could hardly be given. On the other side of the room is a more cheerful subject by the same artist, but far inferior in merit, the gayer garments of the young lady reading "A ROMANCE," which gives the title to the work, sadly lacking the breadth which is so effective in the attire of her sorrowful sister on the other wall, while the face, though pleasing, offers nothing very remarkable.

Miss Kate Swift's "DAS TRAUENKLEID," (A Schewening Widow buying her Mourning,) bears a higher price affixed to it than any other picture in the room, and claims attention too on the ground of intrinsic merit. While the elderly mistress of the shop has come round to bring one piece of goods for the inspection of her sorrowing customer, who has thrown herself into a seat by the entrance, a pretty assistant with a world of tender pity in her eyes, leans over the counter ready to hand another piece to choose from, or to throw in a word to assist the choice; while another young woman reaches something from a shelf above; and a third, just at the door, seems checking a young man from too abrupt an entry into the shop, by explaining to him the mournful business that is going on within. The face of the widow is expressive of deep suffering, but the turn of the eye is a little exaggerated, which has a disagreeable effect. Miss G. Swift's "HETTY," a subject taken from "Adam Bede," is disappointing; Adam looks almost an elderly man, Hetty is by no means charming, and the attitude of both gives the idea that they must be just about to begin a *pas de deux*. Her "DUTCH FISHERWOMAN MENDING NETS" is much better, the old woman's face and attitude displaying marked character, though the flesh tints are rather muddy.

One of the few figure subjects claiming to be of importance, "SALADIN'S VISIT TO RICHARD CŒUR DE LION," by Augusta de Feyl, is hung too much out of sight for any judgment to be formed concerning it; but among the smaller pictures, Miss A. Burgess's "BEGGARS" is very pleasing. The pale-faced elder girl has evidently had a rather lengthened acquaintance with care and sorrow, and has probably borne an extra share herself that she might shield from it the rosy younger sister, whom she holds with so protecting an air, and who leans against her with a confiding reliance which seems to show that she is now her

sole guardian. Miss Agnes Bouvier's four pictures also each consist of two girls, a little one and an elder, but though pretty there is nothing special in them, and the repetition of the two similar figures becomes rather wearisome.

Miss Birgette Neumann sends from Copenhagen a capital picture of a "DANISH FARMER EXAMINING THE REFERENCES OF A GIRL WHOM HE IS ABOUT TO ENGAGE AS A SERVANT." It is carefully painted throughout, every accessory helping the scene, and the countenance of the business-like old farmer conning so intently a document, on which he evidently feels that very much depends, is especially good.

Miss Eliza Martin contributes a beautiful and striking head of "EVANGELINE," and Miss Brownlow a pair of "ORPHANS," singing hymns in charity school attire, but too much like a well-known engraving;—a sturdy little French girl "on thoughts of charity intent," as she fumbles in her pocket for a *sous* to deposit in the *tronc pour les pauvres*, (a picture which was purchased by Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cambridge, at the private view of the Exhibition,)—and "THE BABY BROTHER," more refined in its handling than either of the others; it represents a cottage group, neither vulgarly coarse nor affectedly pretty, the babe leaning over its mother's arm to clutch the hair of the merry urchin at her knee, who seems highly amused at the tug he is enduring. The attitudes are extremely natural, and the colouring agreeable, except the blue shawl in which the infant is wrapped and which hardly harmonizes with its surroundings.

Among the landscapes by far the most striking is Mrs. Roberton Blaine's "CARAVAN ARRIVING AT A WELL NEAR THEBES, UPPER EGYPT," which affords a very truthful idea of Eastern scenery. Mrs. J. W. Browne's "IN NORTH WALES" is deficient in middle tints, all beyond the immediate foreground being lost in an indiscriminate haze, which confounds the far distance with what is comparatively near. Miss Louisa Rayner has about a dozen pictures, chiefly of town scenes, all more or less good, and some remarkably so, especially her "STREET IN SALISBURY." Mrs. Dundas Murray's "BAIA" offers a charming sunny Italian sky; and Miss Gastineau's "LAKE OF LLANBERRIES," a beautiful bit of Welsh scenery. Three very small "ORIGINAL SKETCHES," though occupying a not very prominent place, are worthy of special notice from the cleverness with which the effect of great space is given within the compass of a few inches.

The animal painters are not very numerous, but Madame Peyrol, née Bonheur, sends a picture of "HEN AND CHICKENS," which justifies her birth name; and Miss Lefroy some ambitious but effective "MOUNTAIN DEER," palpably suggested by Landseer's well-known pictures. Some groups of very wooden horses might as well have been omitted. Miss Agnes Dundas's

"DEAD BIRDS" are nicely painted, but it was hardly good taste to hang up a canary by the leg, for even the remains of the dear domestic pet that has cheered our firesides by its friendly song, are usually held sacred, and it would surely hurt the gentler feelings of any lady to see her "poor little Dicky" treated after death like food in the larder.

As a flower painter Miss C. James holds her old pre-eminence here, in her peculiar style of water colour. Her group of "WILD FLOWERS," (No. 4.) is very beautiful, and the cluster of Chrysanthemums, with the "Last Rose of Summer" spreading its fragile petals in their midst, upon the screen, though small is especially lovely. It is a pity that she should forsake a department in which she shines so much, for her picture of "PART OF THE DESSERT" is far less successful, and the glass of wine represented in it, especially looks so unlike wine and so repulsively like something else, as involuntarily to recall the horrible tale connected with Mademoiselle de Sombreuil. Less tender and delicate than Miss James, Mrs. Fynes Webber, in similar groups of wild gatherings, yet charms by the freedom of her touch. Miss Lane, who seems to delight in flowers of largest growth, has some beautiful tints in her boldly treated pink peonies, and her smaller pictures of "FAIRY CUPS" and "APPLE BLOSSOMS," combine brightness with truth of colouring. Mrs. Withers maintains her usual excellence in the enamel-like finish of her fruit pieces; and the groups of Miss Walter are also beautifully finished as regards the mechanical execution, but betray deficiences in drawing and composition, and artistic feeling for distance, though her "GRAPES AND VASE" form a pleasing and very richly coloured picture.

Two paintings on china form a part of the Exhibition, but they are not of a character to raise the desire that the specimens should have been more numerous.

We cannot close this notice of an exhibition, the name of which would lead to the conclusion that it might be accepted as a fair representation of what our female artists can do and are doing, without expressing a regret that it should not more adequately fulfil this fair promise. It is questionable whether the one sex ever does well to separate entirely from the other in following any pursuit legitimately open to both, and whether therefore, a society of which artists of a certain degree of merit might become members, irrespective of whether they were ladies or gentlemen, would not be more likely to encourage and assist women's artistic progress, than one in which they can only compare themselves with themselves. But if the latter plan be adopted, ultimate success can hardly be hoped for, unless the sex be represented by those who are foremost in its ranks, and to this end every effort should be made to induce women of the

highest talent to combine with their more moderately gifted sisters in what is set forth to the world as an exposition of feminine ability. It is hardly to be expected that such women should do this, not for once but continuously, year after year, from mere disinterested generosity; though were a system arranged which should make it in some measure a mutual benefit, it is hardly probable that they would refuse such co-operation. The Committee of the Society of Female Artists would do well to consider whether their scheme is not susceptible of revision; whether at present they really offer anything likely to induce the highest class of female artists to become members of their Society, and if not, whether they could not devise an organization which should place on their list some names now "conspicuous by their absence," and attract such ladies among them as would make their annual exhibition really and truly an exponent of the state of art among Englishwomen of the present day.

From this display of our maturer female artists we turn to the nursery of feminine art, the "rose-bud garden of girls," in Queen Square, Bloomsbury, where a succeeding generation is being trained to take the place of the "queen roses" in days to come. One name at least, now links the society to the school, for that of Miss C. James, though it has long graced the catalogue of Members of the former, is not yet erased from the list of students in the latter, and in the Annual Exhibition of the works produced in the school, which were shewn to the public on the 14th and 15th of March, a study of a "LILY," by Miss James was one of the chief ornaments. A little blotchiness and carelessness of execution in the smaller stem at the side, rather impairs the perfection of the whole, but the principal stem leaves nothing to be desired; the flower which turns to the light, radiant in sun-lit whiteness, contrasting charmingly with the one in a reversed position, wherein the tender shadow veils, but does not stain its pure depths. Miss James, however, must look to her laurels, for a rival is gaining fast upon her, or rather, (since why should there not be room for both?) she may prepare gracefully to share one spray of them with a younger competitor, for Miss M. A. Julyan's exquisite "AZALEAS" might well have borne the signature of the elder lady, and the same might almost be said of her "CHRYSANTHEMUMS."

Miss S. M'Gregor's groups are next in excellence, her Christmas roses and ferns being very life-like, but the masses of light and shadow are too distinct, being divided as by a line. Her wild roses are beautifully soft and delicate, though rather heavy from deficiency in brightness; but the damask rose in another group is peculiarly rich in colour, and shows great

mastery of the medium in which it is painted, depth and brilliance being rarely seen combined in "tempera" painting.

Miss A. Molyneux's studies of single flowers, with a botanical analysis appended to each, are very good, and prove, too, how thorough is the system on which the studies of the school are conducted. Miss M. Clarke's "Roses," and Miss F. Stocks's "Geraniums," show some power of mechanical execution, but very little artistic feeling. In chalk figure drawing from life, Miss J. Pocock has a very good "Head of an Italian Woman," but the light and shade in her other female head are so unfortunately disposed as almost to cut it into halves. Miss E. A. Webb's head from the cast is the best in that department, but in it also the shadow on one eye has a rather awkward effect. Among the elementary chalk drawings, those of Miss Ingall and Miss A. Webb bear the palm.

Turning to the Industrial department, by no means the least important in a school of this kind, three of the students contribute very pleasing designs for Honiton lace. Miss S. M'Gregor's deep flounce, the pattern of which has been suggested by the leaves and berries of the Briony, being peculiarly elegant. The display of wood engraving is not very imposing, consisting chiefly in ornamental initial letters, monograms, and heraldic devices, which, however, show thoroughly careful execution; but however it may be regretted that the students in this department seldom remain long enough to acquire any very great degree of proficiency, and thus no great credit may accrue to female wood engravers as a class, it cannot but be satisfactory in another point of view, to learn that this is owing to the demand for their labour being so great, that as soon as they have acquired even a very moderate degree of skill, they can at once obtain remunerative employment, and thus are tempted too soon to give up further study.

Two specimens of stained glass, lent for exhibition by Mr. Powel, of Westminster, were designed (all but the central groups of figures), and executed by the Misses Cons and Miss Bradley, formerly students in the School of Art. The tracery in the one is very rich and vivid in colouring, in the other the tints are more cool and delicate. Both are to form parts of a memorial window in Queensland, being the first stained glass that will ever have been sent to that colony.

XXII.—A PLEA FOR FEMALE CONVICTS.

A Paper Read at the Social Science Congress.

By Miss Rosamond Hill.

Captain O'Brien states in his evidence before the Royal Commission on Penal Servitude, that the homes to which Female Convicts, on their discharge, are either taken or sent by the prison authorities, are "the most wretched places imaginable," and that it appears to him to be impossible that a woman "can retrieve her position" after entering them.

The Commission make one important recommendation, the only one, apparently, which they consider as affording to female convicts the opportunity of leading a respectable life. They suggest that charitable and religious societies should be induced to receive these poor women, and give them a home until employment can be found for them. Though no allusion is made by the Commissioners, in their Report, to the Refuges existing for this purpose in Ireland, I conclude they recommend their establishment in Great Britain, because they avow their conviction of the beneficial results these Institutions have wrought.

In Ireland those female convicts who have earned their ticket-of-leave, receive it on condition that they enter Refuges which are under the direction of ladies interested in the reformation of their erring sisters. The great majority of the women being Roman Catholics, by far the larger number are received at the convent of the Sisters of Mercy at Golden Bridge, while the Protestants go to a Refuge in Heytesbury Street, Dublin, managed by a committee of Protestant ladies. In these homes the women remain a longer or shorter period, according to the length of their sentences, though not necessarily until their licence has expired; and are employed in remunerative industrial labour, such as washing, ironing, and general domestic work. They are expected, and they fulfil this expectation, to work hard; and they do not live better, scarcely so well, as working women outside. After the period of probation is passed in the Refuge, employment can be found for them, and in this manner they go from under the watchful care of their benevolent guardians at once to respectable situations, without incurring the risk of contamination in their wretched homes. The ladies superintending these Institutions are able to procure work suitable to each *protegée*, for as they are already fully employed there is no need for accepting the first offer of work, and they can wait until occupation is found suited to their capabilities. By these means many difficulties are obviated in their upward path, which, without this fostering

care, would prove insurmountable; for domestic service is almost the only vocation open to these poor creatures, and as a rule mistresses will not engage them direct from a prison.

Practically the difficulty of finding employment for well-disposed female convicts no longer exists in Ireland, since the establishment of Refuges, in which their surroundings closely resemble those of a private family, and where the principles which it is hoped the discipline of the prison has inculcated, can be put to a fair test.

We learn, from a paper delivered to the Commission by Captain Whitty, Director of Convict Prisons in Ireland, what are the regulations for the admission and direction of convicts in these Refuges.

"The prisoners," he says, "on their removal to the institutions are furnished with such clothing and outfit as is given to convicts on their discharge, and the cost of removal to and from the institutions is paid for by the government.

"During the period of detention, 5*s*. per week is paid to the institution for the maintenance of each prisoner.

"A further sum of 2*s*. per week is paid as a gratuity for each convict. This sum is kept quite distinct from the ordinary allowance of 5*s*. per week paid in each case for maintenance, &c., and accumulates for the better provision of each female on discharge.

"Both these payments cease on the expiration of the convict's sentence.

"The treatment and the management of the prisoners are under the committee of the institution, the director of convict prisons having the right of general inspection and supervision.

"The time for admission of the convicts into the refuges is regulated by the scale for discharge on licence, no prisoner being allowed to go to the refuge until qualified for such discharge by time (according to sentence), and the attainment of a prescribed badge, according to prison conduct.

"They are sent there on licence (under ticket-of-leave), which extends only to the refuge, and they are liable to be brought back to the prison, with revoked licence, if their conduct is irregular.

"The option of being sent to a refuge, or allowed to go at large, on licence, is not given to the prisoner; circumstances, independent of prison conduct, may render a prisoner ineligible for the refuge, and this is left to the managers to decide upon. These circumstances are such as age, any disabling infirmity, having illegitimate children with them, numerous previous convictions for disorderly conduct, &c., &c."

A prisoner, though eligible, is not obliged to go to the refuge if she objects (which is of rare occurrence, her alternative being

to remain in prison till her sentence expires), but no female convict is discharged on licence otherwise than through the refuges, without satisfactory proof that she has friends to receive and maintain her, or provide her with employment.

The regulations as to diet and clothing, and general internal arrangements, are left to the judgment of the managers of the refuges, as is also the extent of the work performed in them which is chiefly laundry work and needlework, and the sale of the produce.

"The regulated gratuities, which the women acquire during their imprisonment in the convict-prisons, are transferred with them on their removal to the refuges, and placed at the disposal of the managers for the benefit of the women on their discharge, in addition to the gratuity of 2s. a week, with which they are credited during their stay in the institution."

We possess nothing like these institutions in Great Britain. The establishment at Fulham bears the name indeed of a Refuge, but it is neither more nor less than a prison, in which female convicts pass the latter portion of their sentences. It is true that there they are employed in association, and that they possess privileges not enjoyed either at Millbank or Brixton; but nevertheless, they are locked up both day and night; and as they do not receive their licences until they *leave* Fulham, this institution has no claim to be called the counterpart of Golden-Bridge, or the Protestant Refuge at Dublin. And in Scotland I believe there is no prison similar even to that at Fulham.

I would by no means be understood to disparage Fulham. As an intermediate prison, to which entrance was exclusively earned as a reward, it would be most valuable. Still, being a prison *pur et simple*, it cannot inspire confidence in the public mind that its inmates are fit for domestic service—a confidence essential to the opening of this kind of employment for discharged female prisoners.

One or two Refuges, similar in character to those in Ireland, exist on this side the channel; but I fear there are none, certainly not a sufficient number, to which female convicts could be licensed by the government. These unhappy creatures alas! have so bad a reputation, that few persons, even the most benevolent, have the courage to undertake their direction.

It is only comparatively lately that women have been assisted by the London Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society; yet women have much greater difficulty in obtaining employment than men, because they are unable to perform the rough out-door work for which no character is required. They must be domestic servants, or be employed in factories; or if they work at home, they must be trusted with property; all three modes requiring, as we know, a good character. It is to the benevo-

lent secretary of the society, I believe, that female convicts owe the privilege of being helped. Those most needing assistance have been the last to receive it, an anomaly partially explained perhaps by the fact that the number of female criminals is much smaller than that of males.

The great benefits the Refuges are conferring on female convicts in Ireland, and the important adjunct they form to the Irish system, are thus spoken of by Sir Walter Crofton in his evidence before the commission:—

"Have the efforts," asked Lord Naas, "of those ladies been generally successful in obtaining employment for these women?" —"Very much so."

"You think that they are a valuable adjunct to the system?" —"I do not know how the system would go on without it. I should feel, as far as the women are concerned, that it would fall completely to the ground without such adjunct."

"The difficulty of obtaining employment for the women being so much greater than for the men?"—"Yes, so very much greater."

In the establishment of such institutions as I have described, I must beg permission to urge most strongly that they should be begun on a small scale. It is no easy task to render fit for domestic service these poor creatures, the objects of our care. They are always wayward, often violent, and the only hope of success will lie in having small numbers at first. By kindness and patience, the women will become attached to their superintendents, and attachment engenders a desire to please. To accomplish this they must behave well. Thus an influence on the side of right is created; new-comers will yield to it, perceiving that no countenance will be given by their companions to insubordination or bad conduct. This good influence can only be *created* among small numbers; but once in existence, those numbers may be gradually increased as the general feeling on the side of right becomes steady and strong. If a large number were received at once, waywardness and ill-disciplined minds would prevail, thus rendering nugatory the efforts of christian benevolence.

No person has, I think, felt the necessity of beginning any work of reformation on a small scale more deeply than M. Demetz, and surely no one has attained to a larger measure of success. He commenced in 1840 with 12 boys. The colonists at Mettray now exceed 700, while nine-tenths of those who have passed through the institution have become respectable members of society.

It is not merely in affording a home to discharged prisoners, while seeking employment, that these Refuges exercise so beneficial an influence. Since the subject of reformation has been considered at all, every one has agreed that the most

powerful element in the treatment of criminals is the voluntary assistance given, in their training, by benevolent persons who will take the trouble to visit them in gaol, and who will watch over them after their discharge, from the love of doing good. Prisoners are well aware of the difference between paid warders and voluntary guardians; and without in the least undervaluing the efforts of the former, it is natural that the latter should possess a more powerful influence.

It must not be understood from the foregoing observations that I consider the establishment of Refuges to be the only reform needed in the present system of treating female convicts. These institutions are only one of many most urgently required. Indeed, their true place is as a supplement to a good system of prison discipline.

But to enter upon a discussion of the necessary reforms in the treatment of convicts, would extend this paper far beyond its proper limits. I desire only to suggest that the immediate establishment of Refuges would in great measure promote the reformation of female convicts; and that, when the needful amendments in their whole treatment shall follow, as I fervently trust they will, and that right speedily (notwithstanding the small hope held out by the commissioners), the amount of good effected by the Refuges will be proportionately increased.

I have already remarked that the number of female prisoners being much smaller than that of males, may partially explain their tardy participation in the assistance afforded by the Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society. But there is a fallacy in measuring the importance of extending help to female convicts by their comparatively small numbers. In addition to the potent reason, that women require such aid more urgently than men, is the fact that the conduct of the female sex more deeply affects the well-being of the community. A bad woman inflicts more moral injury on society than a bad man; while on the other hand it is undisputed, that if the mother of a family be well-conducted and industrious, her children will almost always grow up respectably, however idle and dissolute the father may be.

The peculiar importance of female reformation, as the most direct means of diminishing criminality in both sexes, renders it alike the interest and the duty of us all, both men and women, to promote this object by every means in our power. But more especially does it appertain to us, *women*, to stretch forth a helping hand to our unhappy sisters sunk in crime. *We* should best know how to support their halting steps in the path of reformation, to sympathize in their infirmities, and to strengthen them in cultivating those virtues which the vicious atmosphere surrounding them from their birth has all but stifled.

XXIII.—NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Court and Society from Elizabeth to Anne. Edited from the Papers at Kimbolton. By the Duke of Manchester. 2 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett.

In the volumes before us, the Duke of Manchester by publishing the family papers in his possession, has thrown much light upon the secret history of the period. Full of graphic sketches and out of the way notices of remarkable characters, the interest of the work, however, centres in Catherine of Arragon. It is as the all but canonized saint, as the forgotten and forgiving wife, as the dying and forsaken queen, that we think of Catherine, consecrated by the genius of our greatest poet, and her injuries and her sorrows, commemorated in one of the finest scenes ever penned by the dramatist. And the romantic interest which lingers around Kimbolton Castle, as her latest residence, is augmented by the papers and documents, recently sorted and arranged by the Duke of Manchester. As popular credulity still believes that her ghost haunts the corridors and terraces of Kimbolton, so in shadowy outline we may have fancied her when she sought that sad retreat, but we knew little of her in her early youth and joyous womanhood. In the narrative before us, Catherine comes forth from the land of shadows, and we see her in all the phases of her varied fortunes, and learn how time and circumstance combined to fashion the saint out of the high-spirited and somewhat headstrong princess, full of natural graces, virtues, and infirmities.

Though the greater portion of the original papers are at Kimbolton, the editor acknowledges that he has drawn largely upon an important series at Simancas. Instead of giving them to the public in a crude and unmeaning shape, he has woven them into the text, with apt allusions to the passing events and peculiarities of thought and manners of that transition age, where progress was strangely though surely overcoming gothic blindness and superstition.

At the beginning of the narrative we are alternately carried from England to Spain, from Spain to England. The national characteristics of the two nations are well contrasted, and the high chivalric feelings which we are wont to ascribe to Ferdinand and Isabella are rudely checked when we hear of their sordid and grasping policy. We find that when the little Catherine was only two years and four months old, her royal parents were busy considering how best to bestow her hand in marriage. For the Spanish monarch regarded his children as so many cards to shuffle as he would, so that the trump might be played, yet if compelled to revoke, well—it was but a game of chance. And among all the alliances which presented them-

selves, none, to his mind, offered so many advantages as England; so on July 7th, 1488, Catherine, a child of three years old, was betrothed to Arthur, Prince of Wales, he being rather more than a year younger than his affianced bride. Many a page is filled with the quarrels of diplomatists and the chicaneries of crowned heads each trying to overreach the other. Henry urging that Catherine should be sent to England, in order that she might learn to speak French and grow accustomed in early youth to the English mists and rain. Ferdinand more and more unwilling to part with his darling child, because of the 200,000 crowns, her stipulated dower. Intrigue followed intrigue, and his majesty of Spain stooped to the base usage of the Jew, and suggested in secret cyphers, how by a false exchange the current value of the Spanish coin might be lessened; and further, that more still might be gained, by asking Henry to take the girl's clothes and ornaments as part payment of the dower.

At length on October 2nd, 1501, the little Catherine landed at Plymouth, accompanied by a train of attendants, of whom we need but particularize one, Dona Martina Salazar, the faithful follower, who in the days of her adversity, flew to her dying mistress and received her last sigh. Her education was such as might be gained from her dancing master, nurse, and confessor; she could sing a few songs, embroider an altar cloth, but could not speak one word of English or French.

After a month's residence in England the royal nuptials were celebrated.

"November 14th, 1501, the Prince of Wales and the Infanta were married at St. Paul's, by Henry Deane, Archbishop of Canterbury, the bride being led to the steps of the altar by Prince Henry, a chubby child of ten. To the wonder of the London citizens and their wives, the Infanta wore a Spanish mantilla, and had her gown stuck out with hoops—a thing which had never before been seen in a London street. These hoops, however, in due time, grew into favour with the city madams, and in spite of satire and sermon, continued in fashion for a couple of generations."

At the time of the marriage Arthur's age was fifteen years and two months; in twenty days Catherine would have been sixteen. A few short months passed away, and on April 2nd, 1502, the boy-husband died at Ludlow Castle. The editor endeavours in this early stage of the narrative to clear up some of the difficulties relative to the legality of the marriage, because upon this point hang all the subsequent events which contributed to the divorce of Catherine, and in remote degree to the separation of the Church of England from the jurisdiction of that of Rome. That Henry VII. considered the marriage complete is proved beyond question by a very curious letter now in the possession of the Empress of the French. It is addressed by the king of England to Ferdinand and Isabella, and

endorsed "From our Castle of Richmond this 20th day of February, 1501." This letter written before the death of Prince Arthur, is conclusive, and bears down all subsequent contradictory statements made after a long lapse of time and by interested parties.

Their majesties of Spain received the news of the death of the young prince with mingled emotions. Again the letters in cypher, preserved at Simancas, throw light upon their motives of action. Should they or could they demand the dowry back again? if not, might they not contract an alliance between the widowed Catherine and Henry, the new Prince of Wales? Estrada was sent to England charged with this new negotiation but was ill received. Isabella thus writes urging her ambassador to renewed efforts:—

"You shall endeavour by all ways and means that you can use, to have the betrothel of the Princess of Wales with the Prince of Wales concluded and settled."

Over seven long years the negotiations extended, for the marriage did not take place till 1509. What became of the Infanta during that interval? The secret correspondence between the court of St. James' and that of Arragon tells a sad tale of petty cabals and rancorous sentiments, while the object of these intrigues was all but neglected.

"Of Catherine's life in England, in this early time, we catch a glimpse or two in her secret and familiar correspondence with her father. In her letters, we see before us, not a nun-like figure, with a book or rosary in her hand, musing along with austere gait and unsmiling face to matins or complines; but a woman of flesh and blood, the blood rather hot and high, with a thousand little wants, a good appetite, an occasional bit of cough or a touch of fever, with many milliners' and doctors' bills, a rather saucy tongue, a most unruly household, and a world of debts, cares, and quarrels of the commonest human sort. It must be added, that her letters also shew her in less charming lights. One finds with regret, that she brought with her from Spain, not a little of her mother's fondness for crooked ways, even when the straight way would have been nearest to her goal. From the first, she had a nest of little secrets, which she kept from the king. She would clandestinely sell or pledge her jewels. She would borrow money from the Jews, without Henry's knowledge and consent. She would trick, and amuse, and deceive the astute old canon Puebla, her confessor and adviser."

The uncertainty of her position told at length upon the high-spirited Princess, for her heart was pledged to the Prince of Wales:—

"She wrote in a tone of despair. In the first time in her life she hinted that it might be well for her to go home to Spain, where she would be able to spend the remainder of her days in praising God, the best thing, she said, which could now happen to her on earth. But before these words could have reached Valladolid, the conditions of her life were changed—The English king was dead."

The editor believes in the romantic passion entertained by Henry VIII. for Catherine, though he was but 18, she 25, and

draws a glowing picture of the young king in the lustre of his manly beauty, and intellectual culture. On the 11th of June, 1509, their nuptials were secretly celebrated in a chapel belonging to the Franciscan brethren at Greenwich. On the 23rd of the same month they rode in state through London.

"The streets were alive with the emblems of peace. A line of priests in snowy vestments, swinging silver censers perfumed the air. A brood of fair young girls, in virgin white robes, carried palms of white wax. The bride herself, arrayed in white, with hair hung loose around her waist, and seated in a white litter, drawn by milky steeds, might be taken by a people rich in humour and imagination as the very image of peace."

Honoured by her husband and happy in the fulfilment of her utmost wishes, her honeymoon may said to have lasted for a year, crowned by the birth of a boy on the 1st of January, 1511.

"Had that infant lived, the mother would have been saved, for in that case, Henry's mind would have been at peace; Warham's warnings would have been forgotten; the suspicions of the English Church and people would have slept, and Heaven's visible blessing would have rested on the marriage rite. But before it was eight weeks old, the child of promise had been laid in its little grave. The death of her first child was the beginning of a long series of disasters to the queen, which she bore with a sad and tender sorrow, that ought to have reconciled her to every heart."

But already people began to murmur, and to point to that passage in Holy Writ, where the promise of an heir is denied to the unhallowed marriage vow. Then followed the romantic war against France, while Catherine vindicated her birthright (born and nurtured in Moorish camps,) by her defence of England against the inroad of the Scottish king. The field of Flodden was fought and won during Henry's absence. The king returned victorious from the continent. Again the queen gave birth to a child, which lived but a few hours. People began audibly to whisper "surely the curse is working." Again expectation gladdened the heart of the king; but the next child was born dead. Pilgrimages were made, vows were offered up, when after another disappointment, Mary was born, a poor frail girl, who lived on the brink of a tomb her sad and dismal life. Two years passed and again the promise failed.

"This was the end of her dream of becoming the mother of a race of kings' for the unhappy lady was never more to see the face of a living child. The curse was at length ringing through the country deep and loud."

In 1526 the legality of the marriage was put to the proof by an embassage from France, to negotiate a marriage between Mary, and either François himself or his brother Henri, Duc D'Orleans. Was the legitimacy of the princess beyond reach of cavil? Henry was indignant at the question. But the idea was deeply rooted in the English mind, and this interrogation gave it utterance.

We have seen Catherine as the sprightly untutored girl, as the high-spirited woman, as the exultant wife, as the all but childless mother; we have now to regard her as the divorced and forgotten queen. For 18 years she had shared the throne, and during that period Henry had been true and loyal, his heart was still hers; but while the question of the legality of the marriage was being discussed at home and at Rome, the young and beautiful Anne Boleyn captivated the king, and drew him from his allegiance.

No effort was left untried to induce Catherine to consent to a dissolution of her marriage, but she expressed her resolution to defend to the last extremity her rights as a wife and the legitimacy of her child.

> "Though feeling herself a weak woman, a poor stranger, in the midst of these learned cardinals and priests, she had her good name to guard, and she would hear from neither Wolsey or Campeggio, a single word which could be strained to imply a doubt of her royal rights. With a warmth that has been judged harshly, but which her virtuous life and terrible fate have made beautiful in many eyes, she insisted on a full recognition and free enjoyment of all her privileges as a married woman in her husband's house."

In June, 1532, the blow fell. The Court was at Windsor, when Henry went away, leaving word that Catherine might retire to the house which Wolsey had built at the Moor in Hertfordshire. She took the hint, with these parting words to her husband, "Go where I may, I am still his wife."

Catherine was offered the choice of three residences, to which to retire,—Fotheringay Castle, Somersham Palace, near St. Ives, and Kimbolton Castle. She declined the first, because it had been settled on her as Prince Arthur's wife, and indifferent to the rest, she seems to have selected the last-named residence for no particular reason. For thirty-two months she survived the coronation of Anne Boleyn. She lived in severe and gloomy retirement. Day by day her health declined, but she made no sign, she kept her own apartments, she forbad her ladies to divulge her state, desiring to die unheeded and alone. At length a whisper of her condition reached the Court, and in hot haste Cromwell sent a messenger to ascertain the truth of the rumour. The messenger returned on New Year's Eve, bearing for answer that the Queen was dying, none knew how fast, and placed in the king's hand the letter which was addressed to him by the failing hand of his once honoured wife. The spirit of this composition has been made his own by Shakespeare; the original runs thus, in all its unaffected and thrilling pathos:—

> "My most dear lord, king, and husband. The hour of my death draweth nigh. I cannot but choose but out of the love I bear you to put you in remembrance of your soul's health, which you ought to prefer before all considerations of the world, and before the care and tendering of your own body,

for which you have cast me into many miseries and yourself into many cares. But I forgive you all, and devoutly pray that God will forgive you also. For the rest, I commend unto you Mary, our daughter, beseeching you to be a good father unto her, as I have always desired. I entreat you also to consider my maids, and to give them marriage portions, which is not much, they being but three. For all my other servants, I ask you for one year's pay more than their due, lest otherwise they should be in want. Lastly, I vow that mine eyes desire you above all things. Farewell."

The king is said to have read this letter with tears. He sent immediately for Chappuis, and also for Lady Willoughby. She was the Maria de Salazar who accompanied Catherine from Spain and had married a gentleman of the Court. She needed no second summons to hasten to her dying mistress. Henry begged Chappuis to ride down to Kimbolton, and carry to Catherine, with his love, such comfort as a countryman and ecclesiastic could alone bring. But Lady Willoughby would not tarry for the cardinal. Before the light next morning she was on the road; she was thrown from the saddle, but nothing staid her, and about six o'clock on the wintry evening she reached the castle gate.

Cardinal Chappuis arrived late the next day and had an interview with Catherine. The presence of friends revived the dying woman, she rallied a little.

"But on the 6th, she was much worse. The night passed heavily away, the poor lady dying in the midst of her women, with the Cardinal whispering prayers for her soul, and Lady Willoughby breathing peace in her ear, in those Castilian accents which recalled her youth. At two o'clock, she died, in Lady Willoughby's arms.

In her last earthly moments, Catherine may have said to Chappins, as Shakespeare has so beautifully imagined her saying,—

"Remember me,
In all humility unto his highness;
Say, his long trouble now is passing
Out of this world. Tell him, in death I blessed him,
For so I will. Mine eyes grow dim. Farewell."

By the king's desire, Catherine was buried in Peterborough, and after all that was mortal of her had been laid within its walls, with every honour which the king could confer, the city was created a bishop's see, and the abbey was made a cathedral church.

"When I am dead,
Let me be used with honour; strew me over
With maiden flowers, that all the world may know
I was a chaste wife to my grave."

Our space forbids further extracts. The volumes are so rich in anecdote and illustrations that they will well repay perusal. There are some curious particulars relative to the early days of queen Elizabeth,—chance memorials of some of her court.

Further on we are brought in contact with cavaliers and roundheads, with Waller and the Merry Monarch. The gossipping letters of Vanbrugh show the architect more in the light of a courtier than as the founder of the debased Roman pillar and portico, and the despoiler of all venerable Gothic and Tudor architecture; while the epistles of Addison, and the sayings of Pepys seem to unite us with the period, and we close the book as if bidding farewell to old friends and acquaintances.

The Victoria Magazine. No. XI. London: Emily Faithfull.

THE Article on "The Education of Women," by J. G. Fitch, M.A., one of H. M. Inspectors of Schools, is a well-argued plea for the admission of young women to the London University Examinations. After commenting on the strange indifference of the general public as to the sort of education now being given to "the mothers of the next generation of Englishmen," the writer points out how opposite it is *in principle* from that which is given to boys, how the mental training which is justly looked on as the most important part of male education is almost wholly left out in that afforded to the other sex, and how even when the same things are learnt, the girl is merely taught them as a superficial accomplishment, while to her brother they are so imparted as to form an intellectual discipline. This system is but too accordant with the common requirements of parents, for "a parent is often more anxious that his child should be a lady, than that she should be thoughtful and well-informed, and a school is selected accordingly," although if the latter were insisted on as strenuously as the former, the one might be attained without any sacrifice of the other. As regards the propriety of providing higher mental culture for women, Mr. Fitch observes,—

"After all, intellect is of no sex. Science, history, religion, poetry, truth, address themselves to the human being as such, and there is no faculty in a man for the recognition of any one of these which does not also exist in a woman. If the appetite for knowledge and the power to receive it, to enjoy it, and to make a right use of it, give a right to claim instruction and culture, that right is certainly not the exclusive property of one sex any more than of one nation or of one age."

Since this instruction could best be supplied by their own sex, if duly qualified, University Examinations are needed as a means of attesting such qualifications, and the experiment recently made in connection with the Cambridge Local Examinations sufficiently showed that such advantages would be fully appreciated and made use of. He meets, too, the possible objection that a sounder education for women would make their society less agreeable by pointing out how the most accomplished men, as a class, are by no means the least able to enjoy and add their part to domestic happiness, and we have therefore no

right to conclude that it would be otherwise with a woman, or that deeper knowledge and higher interests, though they "may indeed tend to check mere frivolity, will ever mar the tenderness of one of her smiles, render her unfit for one womanly act, or spoil the grace with which she performs it."

The Earl's Choice and other Poems; by Sir William A'Beckett, late Chief Justice of Victoria. Smith, Elder, and Co., 45, Cornhill.

MOST modestly does the preface to the "Earl's Choice" set forth that it "ought perhaps to be designated a tale in verse, rather than a poem;" but while thus making no lofty pretensions, it displays nevertheless much both of high thought and tender feeling pleasantly and musically expressed. The proem, intended to indicate the character of the heroine of the story by setting forth the author's ideal of womanhood, is worthy of being not only read but studied by every girl who desires to bear the honoured title of *lady*, as showing what every true-hearted gentleman holds essential to justify that claim. Let the idlers of the fashionable world ponder this earnest call:—

"Much talk has lately been
Of woman's work—of what it should *not* be,
And what it *should:* but all the talk has been
Of woman struggling for her daily bread;
As if the one to rank and affluence born,
Nor need nor obligation had for work.
What—whilst her lowlier sister's hard-tasked life
From morn to night is one continued toil,
With no sweet use of body, mind, or heart,
Is she with time and means at her command
For ordering these as suits her whim or will,
To use them but as servile ministers
Of ease and pleasure from her birth to death?
Is she to no more high vocation called
Than to take counsel of her milliner
How she may shine at opera or ball?
In what attire to sit her ottoman,
Her chariot or her steed?—how deck herself
For exhibition at some fancy fair?
Or how her pretty hand had best be gloved
To take her prayer-book from the liveried slave
Standing, with powdered head and well-turned calf,
To wait on her, ere waiting on his God?
Or let us place her in a lower rank—
Offspring of parent who to industry
In trade or commerce owes the wealth by which
He rears his daughter in such careful way
As that she may unchallenged, stand among
The ladies of the land. What is *her* work,
Has *she* no call upon her faculties
Higher than what may fitting answer find
In mastery of such accomplishments
As music, drawing, dancing masters teach?
Let these not be disdained, nor let her shun
The needle, whether for its grace or use,

> Nor spurn, indeed, the aid of any art
> That innocently to her person brings
> An added charm, or gifts her with the power
> Of pleasing others by her tutored skill;
> Yet small the worth of such proficiency
> Without due culture of the mind and heart."

The story turns on the fortunes of a twin brother and sister, the former of whom falls in love with the sister of the Earl, to whose castle the rising young artist had been invited, but which he quits abruptly, on the Dowager Countess rudely commenting on his gazing so earnestly at her daughter, whose portrait he is engaged in painting. On the Earl's apologizing for his mother's "mistake," the painter not only boldly avows his love but justifies it, albeit acknowledging that he is only a tradesman's son; but the discussion is interrupted by the entrance of his sister Lucille, in whom the Earl at once recognizes the original of a picture which had so charmed him, that on beholding it he had said to his sister, "Show me a face like that and I will wed." He does not alter this resolve on discovering the low social position of the lady as sister to the man whose fitness to mate with *his* sister he had just been assuming to be utterly out of the question, and his love eventually succeeds in overcoming the scruples of Lucille's pride, when she finds that it only gathers strength from all the objections her candour sets before him, even when she crowns them all by avowing:

> "What if my creed be one to which your church
> Assigns the epithet of infidel,
> Though creed of Milton, Newton—of the sage
> Who traced man's understanding to its source,
> Of him who sang "Evangeline," and of her
> In whose sweet strains so many infant lips
> Hymn their first praise to God? This creed hold I
> And true to me as yours is true to you
> Must hold without concealment or disguise."

The manner in which Lucille afterwards vanquishes even the Dowager's strong prejudices by the stronger power of affection is very prettily told.

RECEIVED.—Les Etats Confédérés et L'Esclavage; par F. W. Sargent, de Philadelphie. Paris: L. Hachette et Cie.

XXIV.—OPEN COUNCIL.

To the Editor of the English Woman's Journal.

LADIES,

I am truly glad to find that "A Friend of the Society," in your "Open Council," calls attention to the writer of "The Review of the Last Six Years," who has so completely overlooked her own devoted services for others. Those who know Miss Parkes best can fully understand why she so gratefully and gracefully acknowledged every little service rendered to the work which

she had so much at heart; and we can all, I am sure, fully appreciate the modesty that prevented any mention of her own trials, anxieties, and labours, from which I greatly fear her health is now suffering. Miss Parkes is the last person in the world who would care for personal compliments; but I cannot refrain from adding, in honest truth, my tribute of affectionate admiration and regard for one, who, by her consistency of conduct, her tact and gentleness, her womanly yet wide sympathy with others, her generous sentiments, and energetic and honest devotion, has endeared herself personally to all with whom she has been privately or publicly connected.

I am, Ladies, yours obediently,

3rd March, 1864. "ANOTHER" FRIEND OF THE SOCIETY.

DEAR MADAM,

The following subscriptions received by me, have been placed to Miss Rye's account at Melbourne, together with other monies collected by Mrs. Bodichon. Further Funds are absolutely necessary, and contributions are earnestly requested in order that this important work, from which so much good has already resulted, may be carried out with the completeness and efficiency desired by the Society.

	£	s.	d.
Wm. Vincent, Esq.	1	1	0
Wm. Mavor, Esq.	1	0	0
R.	1	1	0
A Friend	0	10	0
C. M. W., by Sale of "Miss Scratchly"	16	8	0
March 3rd, 1864.	£20	0	0

Contributions will be received by Miss Lewin, 19, Langham Place, W.; Mrs. Fynes Webber, 11, Charter House Square, E.C.; Messrs. Oldry's and Osborne, 29, Clement's Lane, Lombard Street, E.C. It is best to state that the sums are for Mrs. Bodichon's Fund, for Miss Rye's Mission.

I am, madam, yours obediently,

11, Charter House Square. CATHERINE M. WEBBER.

Dr. Brown's letter has been received and will be inserted next month.

MONTHLY REPORT OF THE SOCIETY FOR THE EMPLOYMENT OF WOMEN.—In the month of February, 45 applicants for employment had their names inscribed in the register books. Permanent situations were found for six in the following capacities. One clerk, one attendant on an invalid, one nursery governess, two photographic printers, one teacher in a girl's commercial school. Temporary employment was found for one in copying manuscripts.

Mrs. Burke, whom the society helped to establish as photograph printer, has sold her business to one of her pupils; as she finds the tinting of photographs more profitable. Friends of the cause, are requested to observe how great a disproportion exists between the number of applicants, and the number of situations found. Should they hear of any employers in want of book-keepers, clerks, photographic assistants, etc., the secretary would be glad to supply them.

With each copy of this Journal a circular to employers is enclosed; which subscribers are requested to dispose of, in some advantageous manner.

The right of translating Articles from "The English Woman's Journal" is reserved by the Authors.