THE

ENGLISH WOMAN'S JOURNAL.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

VOL. I. July 1, 1858. No. 5.

XLI.—WOMEN'S WORK IN THE REFORMATORY MOVEMENT.

ON no portion of the human race has Christianity conferred a more inestimable benefit than on woman. This has been frequently and forcibly set forth by eminent divines and other writers, both in England and in our sister country; it would therefore be unnecessary here to attempt to prove it, especially since the lamented Robertson, whose words and thoughts thrill the hearts of thousands on each side of the mighty ocean, has so ably and touchingly set it forth in not a few of his discourses, particularly in that entitled "The Glory of the Virgin Mother." We all *know* it, we require it not to be proved to us. We all have felt a gratitude inexpressibly tender, when we have seen that the Messiah, the anointed Prince, did not scorn even in public, to talk with the woman, one too of a despised race, and that though the disciples "wondered" that he thus descended from the dignity of a Teacher. We love him, because he so loved us; he drove not from him the fallen outcast, nor did he despise the officious household cares of Martha, while Mary undisturbed enjoyed the precious privilege of sitting at his feet and hearing his words. We delight to see that all the last sacred evenings of that eventful week which was to close his mortal career, were spent in the quiet home of those sisters; and that when the devotion of Mary, displaying itself in a costly offering, excited the rude scorn and avaricious comments of those around, he shielded her with a thoughtful graceful consideration, which would enshrine her for ever in the world's loving remembrance. *Then*, eighteen centuries ago, women responded gratefully to his love; shall they not *now*? They felt what he had done for them, and they followed him from Galilee, and ministered to him of their substance, and did not desert him in his last trial when his chosen Apostles forsook him and fled; they could not be driven back by angry Pharisees, nor by cruel soldiers from the foot of the Cross; they did not sink under the weight of their own harrowed feelings while aught remained to be done, nor were they deterred by "the watch, the stone, the seal," from seeking to bestow their last offices of love and reverence on the sacred remains, as soon as the morning's earliest ray permitted them to go forth, unforbidden by the duties of the sabbath. *Their* love was accepted

by the Saviour—and it was rewarded; women first beheld him when he had put on immortality; his Apostles were affrighted and thought that they had seen a spirit, and required tangible and material proof of his actual identity, but *they* at once discerned him as he was,—Rabboni,—the Lord,—the Saviour.

Incidental mention is frequently made in the other writings of the New Testament, proving that women were henceforth admitted into equal communion in the Christian Church, and even distinctly received as fellow-workers in it. They remained with one accord with the other disciples waiting, with prayer and supplication, to receive the promise of the Father. The humble ministrations of Tabitha, who did what she could in her unobtrusive sphere among the widows and orphans, were gloriously acknowledged;—the woman Damaris had a soul that responded to the Apostles' words on the hill of Mars, as did that of the Areopagite;—Timothy had been prepared to fill his important office by the pious instructions of his mother and grandmother,—and Paul sent an especial greeting to "Mary, who hath bestowed much labor on us." These individuals may be regarded as types of large classes of women who have ministered, and are still ministering, in the Christian Church, and in the large family of their Heavenly Father.

Did we desire to prove what woman owes to Christianity, we might turn our eyes to other parts of the world and see how at even at this advanced period she is degraded where its light has not spread; we might, on the one hand, pity the Indian squaw, made the drudge of the household, the slave, rather than the companion and friend of man; and on the other, more deeply compassionate the wretched inmates of the eastern Harem, surrounded with all to delight the body, while the soul is stifled. But this is not our present purpose. Nor will we turn our attention at the present time to the fearful wrongs which woman is still enduring in our own country,—wrongs caused in part by unjust laws which do not recognise her as a human being, a member of the State, and in part by the unchristian condition of our nation. But we forbear. Our object now is rather to shew what privileges specially belong to woman, as such, in Christ's work of mercy to the lost, and what duties consequently devolve upon her.

Now as it is Christianity only which has given to woman her true position in society, so far as she possesses it, so it is in the Christian spirit only that she is absolutely free. Whatever legal or social disabilities she may still lie under, however she may be thwarted in her aims, cramped in her endeavours, fettered in her action, by the real or imaginary shackles imposed by public opinion, yet let her be imbued deeply and strongly with a Christian spirit of self-denying love, and she will have the *freedom* which Christ has given to his disciples, and which no mortal *can* take from her. She will thus carry into her acknowledged household sphere an undefined, but deeply felt spirit of holiness which the mere Martha, anxious

and troubled about many things, fails to impart; she will be the devoted friend, humbly sitting at the feet of the Saviour, shedding over the loved one the sweet perfumes of costly offerings, which the worldly may sneer at, but which embalm her love for ever; she may discharge for the lowly and the destitute, humble offices of daily life, which will carry divine charity into their hearts, and the earthly clothing made by her own hands for them will be transformed into heavenly raiment which even to the world's end will clothe her spirit, when its mortal covering has been dissolved; she may bestow, unforbidden by a true apostle, "much labor" on the affairs of the church; and as her most holy and natural mission, she may devote herself with Lois and Eunice, to the kindling and drawing out of the divine spirit shrined in a young child,—a child who may become the leader on of thousands to the heavenly kingdom.

All these are the peculiar *privileges* of woman, as such; they involve sacred *duties*, but before considering what these are, let us premise a few observations, lest we should be misunderstood.

In the first place we are not now speaking to *married* women. They have entered into a solemn and most holy engagement; each one such has inseparably linked her whole being to another, to whom is henceforth her first duty, saving only that which she owes to Him who gave her being. Whatever she now undertakes of what may be called Christ's especial work, must be done with his concurrence, or at any rate without interfering with her duties to him and to her household. Whatever woman devotes herself to external work, to the neglect of those devolving on her, either as a wife or a mother, is, we believe, incurring a very heavy responsibility before God.

Nor, again, are we speaking to *all* unmarried women. There are many who, without having by their own act, and of their own will, taken upon them the sacred relationship alluded to, are bound by others equally sacred, imposed by Him who is the God of Nature as well as of Grace. We would not judge others, but entreat all to apply to the test of their own consciences, the following remarks.

We call, then, on Christian women, who are not bound by their pecuniary circumstances to work for their own living, to exercise their privileges, and at once, if they have not hitherto done so, address themselves to some earnest work for the good of others; and should their inclinations and powers so direct them, we would especially commend to them the work in the Reformatory movement. In this, every function which we have already spoken of may be fully exercised. The Martha may find full scope for her household cares; the Mary will watch for the moments when she may pour precious balsam, not *on* the Saviour, but *for* him, on his little ones; the Dorcas will expand her heart's love into innumerable humble daily duties for these young lost ones; she who would have labored much for the Apostle will do so for his disciples of these distant ages; and those who are mothers in heart, though not by God's gift on earth, will be able to bestow their maternal love on those who are

more to be pitied than orphans made so by the Lord, those most wretched moral orphans whose natural sweetness of filial love has been mingled with deadly poison. All these various privileges may be exercised in various departments of the Reformatory work, They may be usefully brought to bear on schools for boys; for there the maternal element is greatly wanting, and unless this is supplied, both in the household arrangements and in the occasional ministrations of woman's influence, the system is incomplete. But Reformatories for girls, who have been cut off from society by their moral condition, and who must perish if not restored to it by a hand of Christian mercy, most especially demand this loving devotion.

Nor let women fear the difficulties to be contended with in this work, the apparent publicity to which it may expose them, or the unwillingness of the other sex to allow them to work. A true woman will surmount all obstacles by the God-sent strength of her very weakness;—while *apparently* placed in a public position, she will know how to keep the privacy of her individual nature guarded by an invisible but impenetrable shield,—and so, going forth with no desire for wordly glory, no attempt to intrude on the peculiar duties of the other sex, she will not be hindered by them, but aided and encouraged. A Sarah Martin was admitted freely within the jealous prison bars to pour in her heavenly ministerings. Mrs. Fry not not only did this, but was permitted to detect and expose most deadly evils in the whole prison system, and to suggest to legislators a cure for them; so that through the work of a woman it has been completely altered. Mrs. Chisholm has spread the power, and wisdom, and energy of her spirit, directly or indirectly, over a large part of a whole continent, and organised plans which men had failed to devise. Miss Dix, of the United States, a gentle, retiring woman, has, by her much labor, her deep love, her clear perception of the causes of evil, and wisdom in removing them, established an entirely new system of managenent of lunatics in a large number of the States; she has travelled alone over the Continent of Europe, as well as over the British Empire; and in the strength alone of her singleness of purpose has let in light where before was darkness,—conquered the obstinacy and narrowness of officials, and established a communication with different institutions which must lead to most important results. We need not speak of our own Florence Nightingale, who has shown to Englishwomen what a true and highly-gifted woman may do, and has been allowed to do; for the heart of every English woman must have responded to hers, and numbers have been excited by it to think what they can do. Ministrations to the sick are our peculiarly appropriate privilege and duty as women; and we would not discourage any who feel that they have a special aptitude for such duties from devoting themselves to them, while we now more distinctly point out what are the special duties of women connected with the movement under consideration.

What, in the first place, is a Reformatory School? It is, under

one aspect, a place of detention for juvenile delinquents, more merciful, of course, than the prison, but by compulsory confinement partaking of its character; under another, it is a moral hospital for the young; under a third, it is an asylum for worse than orphans, where they are to be nurtured and prepared to go forth into the world alone, provided with the means of earning an honest livelihood, and defended from the evil of the world by a deep religious principle in the heart.

The Christian woman who devotes herself to this work must endeavour to combine these elements; she does not indeed go forth to the highways and byeways to seek the lost and outcast children to save them, but they are brought to her by the hand of the law, and she receives each one as led to her by the Saviour, makes it her own, gives it a mother's love, and devotes herself to save it. Though she desires to bind the children to her by cords of love, yet in the wild and undisciplined condition of many of the children there must be an admixture of the prison element of compulsory power, but this must be so wisely and lovingly administered as to be felt only where absolutely needed. There must be a deep study of human nature, practical experience, and a strong religious element, to heal the diseases of the spirit; and finally, all the household arrangements must be so made as to secure health of body and mind, intellectual education, and training to useful work, which will properly prepare the child to go forth, after due time, a good and useful member of society. We must have in the school a good Matron, a good School-mistress, and a good Industrial Teacher. But where are these to be found. The Matron who has been accustomed to an ordinary public institution, with an established order and excellent appliances, is completely at fault, and driven from all system and regularity by the lawless conduct of girls who have hitherto been a law unto themselves; the School-mistress who has controlled and taught without difficulty, and with credit to herself and her scholars, a large number of ordinary children, finds herself here completely powerless, where a number of daring girls who have grown up without control set their wills in defiance to hers, and she is perhaps induced to resort to a severity which entirely defeats its own object. The Industrial Teacher is equally at fault, for she has been accustomed to teach those who wish to learn, and can do it well, but is utterly unable to guide the irregular impulses of children who will only do what they like. It is evident that a high and special training is needed for such schools, or rather that persons of peculiar power only can work efficiently in them, and that these may not have had the actual training and experience necessary for their several departments. Hence the necessity of women of education and independence to work in Reformatories with the paid officials, sustaining them in their work, bearing the brunt of extra difficulties, and infusing a high spirit into the establishment. Such ladies should besides be prepared to enter into business details, and even if they have the aid of gentlemen in the more public and official work, yet they should themselves understand it, and be able to do it on emergency. They

must besides feel themselves to be learners, and be constantly endeavoring to gain experience from the working of the establishment. Now there surely must be many women in England who might apply themselves to this work, or at any rate prepare themselves for it, but very few have hitherto presented themselves. Public attention has been aroused to the necessity of rescuing young girls who have been convicted of crime from the gulf of infamy that is opening for them, and of saving society from the venom that each such plague spot must spread around. Many Reformatories for girls have been recently established, or are in progress of being so, but the great difficulty is to find paid workers, and still more so, to meet with ladies who are not only willing, but *able*, by their previous training and business habits, to conduct the management and superintendence of such institutions. We have even heard of their being managed by a committee of gentlemen, in default of ladies who could be trusted with the work. We trust that this want is only to be known to be supplied.

But it may be asked by many, "What can we do? We fully accord in what has been here said, but we see not how, in our actual circumstances, we can do anything. It is true that our time is at our own disposal, and that we have had such education and knowledge of the world as might be serviceable in this work, to which our hearts would freely lead us. But we are tied to our present localities, perhaps to our homes. We know not where or how we can help in these Reformatories." To such we would reply, that those who cannot at present leave their present position, and are not near any Reformatory in which they can labor, may be preparing themselves by seeking some other Christian work within their sphere, where they may go on until such time as God may call them to more direct exertion. Let them prepare themselves in every possible way. If there are ladies who at once wish to labor in this field, let them communicate with the Editors of this Journal, who will direct them to quarters where their wish may be carried out. There are innumerable ways in which those who have true sympathy may forward the cause.

We have hitherto addressed women who have independent means, and who would gladly give voluntary and unpaid help. There may be, and doubless are, many who are compelled to labor for their maintenance, but who, while doing so, would gladly give in addition, a zeal and devotion which cannot be bought with gold, and which are most precious. They would willingly encounter difficulties and privations in this work of Christ's. Such might with great advantage enter Reformatories as Matrons, Schoolmistresses, Industrial Teachers. The greatest difficulty is at present felt to find fit persons for these offices; they will be gladly welcomed. The statement of name, qualification, and address, sent to the Editors, will be at once placed in the right channel.

There is another department of this work to which we would

especially invite the assistance of married women and heads of families. Let them receive even one such girl who has given some proof of reformation, into domestic service in their own families. Let her be treated with forbearance and kindness, but with watchfulness, and let her see nothing around her but what will raise her moral sense. Such homes have not yet been opened to these poor children, and in many cases the mistresses under whose charge they have been placed have not discharged their trust as they ought. Ladies who will take such children into their service, will be making a most valuable contribution to the work.

An appeal to the women of England, on behalf of this work, was made last autumn, at the great meeting for Social Science. It has not been yet fully responded to. Let us hope that, concluding this paper in the words then used, a fresh power may now be given to them.

"The distant sufferings of our countrymen have roused to noble and devoted labors, and women have learnt what they can do, and what they are permitted to do. Let not the 'cry of the children' in this humbler, but not less important sphere be heard in vain. The regeneration of these young girls, whose doom is sealed unless the hand of mercy rescues them, is surely a work which demands the devotion of the highest energies and talents—the consecration of a life. Let not the unremitting, self-denying efforts of 'Sisters of Charity' abroad, of devoted Catholic women at home, any longer cast reproach on English women and Protestants; let us emulate each other in works of Christian love. A noble sphere is here offered, more worthy of the refined and loving and true of our sex than the allurements of the world; and the most precious rewards must follow—the joy which is shared by the angels in heaven over each repentant and rescued child—the beloved voice of the Saviour, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of these little ones, ye have done it unto me.'"

M. C.

XLII.—HARRIET HOSMER.

In the Via Fontanella at Rome,—a street close upon the beautiful Piazza del Popolo, and running at a right angle from the Babuino to the Corso,—a few steps out of the Babuino on the left, is a large, rough, worm eaten door, which has evidently seen good service, and from the appearance of which, no casual and uninitiated passer by would suspect the treasures of art it conceals and protects. A small piece of whipcord with a knot as handle, issues from a perforated hole, by means of which a small bell being set in motion, access is gained to the studio of England's greatest living master of sculpture —John Gibson.

The threshold crossed, the visitor finds himself at once in the midst of this artist's numerous works. In a large, barn-like shed, with a floor of earth, on pedestals of various materials, shapes and sizes, stand the beautiful Cupid and Butterfly, the wounded Amazon, Paris and Proserpine gathering flowers, the charming groups of Psyche borne by the Zephyrs, of Hylas and the Water Nymphs, and the noble basso relievii of Phaeton and the Hours leading forth the Horses of the Sun, with perhaps, a bust or figure in progress by the workman whose duty it is to keep the studio and attend to the numerous visitors. Facing the door of entry just described, is its counterpart, opening into a fairy-like square plot of garden, filled with orange and lemon trees and roses; and in the spring, fragrant with violets, blue and white, cape jasmine, and lilies of the valley; while, in a shady recess and fern grown nook trickles a perpetual fountain of crystal-clear water. The sun floods this tiny garden with his golden light, flecking the trellised walks with broken shadows, and wooing his way, royal and irrestible lover as he is, to the humbler floral divinities of the place, sheltered beneath their own green leaves, or in the superb shade of the acanthus. Lovely is the effect of this rich glow of sunlight, as one stands in the shade of the studio, perfumed with the sweet blossoms of the south; lovely the aspect both of nature and of art, into the presence of which we are so suddenly and unexpectedly ushered from the ugly, dirty street without. Having gazed our fill here, we step into the garden, and turning to the right, if we be favored visitors, friends, or the friends of friends, we are next ushered into the sanctum of the master himself, whom we shall probably find engaged in modelling, and from whom we shall certainly receive a kind and genial welcome, granting always that we have some claim for our intrusion upon his privacy.

This room, long and narrow, is boarded and has some pretensions to comfort, but throughout the whole range of studios, the absence of care and attention will strike the eye, more especially as it is the present fashion in Rome to render the studios, both of painter and sculptor, as comfortable and habitable as possible. From Mr. Gibson's own room, we are taken into another rough shed, where the process of transformation from plaster to marble is carried on, and where frequent visitors cannot fail to discover the vast difference which exists in skill and natural aptitude among the numerous workmen employed. As the different processes of sculpture are but little known, it may not be out of place here to throw some light upon them. The artist himself models the figure, bust or group, whichever it may be, in clay, spending all his skill, time and labor on this first stage. When complete,—and many months, sometimes even years of unwearied study are given to the task,—a plaster cast is taken from the clay figure, from which cast the workmen put the subject into marble, the artist superintending it, and reserving to himself the more delicate task of finishing. Thorwalsden, speaking of these

processes, says, "that the clay model may be called creation, the plaster cast death, and the marble resurrection." Certain it is that the clay model and the marble statue, when each has received the finishing stroke, are more closely allied, more nearly identical one with the other, than either is with the cast. So alive are sculptors to the fact of the injury done to their works by being seen in plaster casts, that they bestow great pains in working them over by hand to restore something of the fineness and sharpness which the process of modelling has destroyed. So impressed with this is Powers, the American sculptor, that with the ingenuity and inventive skill of his country, he has succeeded in making a plaster, hard almost as marble, and which bears with equal impunity the file, chisel and polisher.

There are in Rome, workmen devoted to the production of certain portions of the figure, draped or undraped; for instance, one man is distinguished for his skill in working the hair, and confines himself exclusively to this speciality, while another is famous for his method of rendering the quality of flesh, and a third is unequalled in drapery. Very rarely does it happen that the artist is lucky enough to find all these qualities combined in one man, but it does occasionally happen, and Mr. Gibson is himself fortunate in the possession of a workman whose skill and manipulative power, in all departments, are of the very highest order. A Roman by birth, the handsome and highly organised Camillo, with his slight figure, and delicate, almost effeminate hands, is a master of the mallet and chisel, and from the head to the foot, renders and interprets his model with artistic power and feeling. The man loves his work, and the work repays the love, as when does it not, from the sublime labors of genius to the humblest vocation of street or alley.

To return from our digression; leaving the work-room, we cross one side of the small garden, and by just such another rough door as the two we have already passed through in the first studio, we enter another capacious, barn-like apartment, the centre of which is occupied by the colored Venus, so dear to Mr. Gibson's heart that, though executed to order, year after year passes on, and he cannot make up his mind to part with it. Ranged round the walls of this capacious studio, are casts of the Hunter, one of the earliest and most vigorous of Mr. Gibson's works, of the Queen, of the colossal group in the House of Lords, and sundry others. Having inspected these at our leisure, and viewed the Venus from the most approved points, probably under the eye of the master, who never tires of expatiating on the great knowledge of the ancients in coloring their statues, a curtain across the left hand corner of the studio is lifted, and the attendant enquires if "la signorina" will receive visitors. The permission given, we ascend a steep flight of stairs, and find ourselves in a small upper studio, face to face with a compact little figure, five feet two in height, in cap and blouse, whose short, sunny brown curls, broad brow, frank and resolute expression of coun-

tenance give one at the first glance the impression of a handsome boy rather than that of a young woman. It is the first glance only, however, which misleads one. The trim waist and well-developed bust belong unmistakably to a woman, and the deep, earnest eyes, firm-set mouth, and modest dignity of deportment, shew that woman to be one of no ordinary character and ability.

Thus, reader, we have at last brought you face to face with the subject of this memoir, Harriet Hosmer, the American sculptress, whose Beatrice Cenci you will remember at the Royal Academy last year.

Born at Watertown, in the State of Massachusetts, in the year 1831, Harriet Hosmer is the only surviving daughter of a physician, who having lost wife and child by consumption, and fearing a like fate for the survivor, gave her horse, dog, gun and boat, and insisted upon an out-doors' life as indispensable to health. A fearless horsewoman, a good shot, an adept in rowing, swimming, diving and skating, Harriet Hosmer is a signal instance of what judicious physical training will effect in conquering even hereditary taint of constitution. Willingly as the active, energetic child acquiesced in her father's wishes, she contrived, at the same time, to gratify and develop her own peculiar tastes; and many a time and oft, when the worthy doctor may have flattered himself that his darling was in active exercise, she might have been found in a certain clay-pit, not very far from the paternal residence, making early attempts at modelling horses, dogs, sheep, men and women,—any objects, in short, which attracted her attention. Then too, both here, and subsequently at Lenox, she made good use of her time by studying natural history, and of her gun by securing specimens for herself of the wild creatures of the woods, feathered and furred, dissecting some, and with her own hands preparing and stuffing others. The walls of the room devoted to her special use in "the old house at home" are covered with birds, bats, butterflies and beetles, snakes and toads, while sundry bottles of spirits contain subjects carefully dissected and prepared by herself.

Ingenuity and taste too are shewn in the use to which the young girl applied the eggs and feathers of the nests and birds she had pilfered. One inkstand, in particular, a very early production, evincing mechanical genius and artistic taste. Taking the head, throat, wings and side feathers of a blue-bird, and having blown a hen's egg, she set it on end, forming the breast of the bird, as it were, by the oval surface of the egg, while, through the open beak and extended neck, entrance was gained to the cavity of the egg containing the ink.

In fact, no one can look round this apartment, occupied by the child and young girl, without at once recognising the force and individuality of character which have since distinguished her. So true is it, that the child is father of the man.

Full of fun and frolic, numerous anecdotes are told of practical

jokes perpetrated to such an excess, that Dr. Hosmer, satisfied with the progress towards health and strength his child had made, and having endeavored without success to place her under tuition in daily and weekly schools near home, determined to commit her to the care of Mrs. Sedgwick, of Lenox, Massachusetts. Thither the young lady, having been expelled from one school, and given over as incorrigible at another, was accordingly sent, with strict injunctions that health should still be a paramount consideration, and that the new pupil should have liberty to ride and walk, shoot and swim, to her heart's content. In wiser or kinder hands the young girl could not have been placed. Here too she met with Mrs. Fanny Kemble, whose influence tended to strengthen and develop her already decided tastes and predilections. To Mrs. Kemble, we have heard the young artist gratefully attribute the encouragement which decided her to follow sculpture as a profession, and to devote herself and her life to the pursuit of art.

Justly or unjustly, an anonymous squib upon Boston and Bostonians was, about this time, attributed to Miss Hosmer, while a practical joke upon a physician of Boston was the immediate cause of her being sent away to Lenox. Her health having given her father some uneasiness, the gentleman in question, a physician in large practice, was called in to attend her. The rather uncertain visits of this physician proved a source of great annoyance and some real inconvenience to his patient, inasmuch as they interfered with her rides and drives, shooting, and boating excursions. Having borne with the inconvenience some time, she requested the gentleman, as a great favor, to name an hour for his call, that she might make her arrangements accordingly. The physician agreed, but punctuality is not always at the command of professional men. Matters were as bad as ever. Sometimes the twelve o'clock appointment did not come off till three o'clock in the afternoon. One day, in particular, Dr. —— was some hours after the time. A playful quarrel took place between physician and patient, and as he rose to take his leave and offered another appointment, Miss Hosmer insisted upon his giving his word to keep it.

"If I am alive," said he, "I will be here," naming some time on a certain day.

"Then if you are not here," was the reply, "I am to conclude that you are dead."

Thus they parted. The day and hour arrived, but no doctor made his appearance! That evening Miss Hosmer rode into Boston, and next morning the papers announced the decease of Dr. ——.

Popular, both in his public and private capacity, half Boston and its neighbourhood rushed to the physician's house to leave cards and messages of condolence for the family, and to enquire into the cause of the sudden and lamentable event.

In 1850, being then nineteen years of age, Harriet Hosmer left Lenox. Mrs. Sedgwick's judicious treatment, and the motive and

encouragement supplied by Mrs. Kemble, had given the right impetus to that activity of mind and body which needed only guiding and directing into legitimate channels. She returned to her father's house, at Watertown, to pursue her art-studies, and to fit herself for the career she had resolved upon following. There was at this time a cousin of Miss Hosmer's studying with her father, between whom and herself existed a hearty *camaraderie*. Together the two spent many hours in dissecting legs and arms, and in making acquaintance with the human frame, Dr. Hosmer having erected a small building at the bottom of his garden to facilitate these studies. Those were days of close study and application. Lessons in drawing and modelling,—for which our young student had to repair to Boston, a distance of seven or eight miles,—and anatomical studies with her cousin, alternated with the inevitable rides and boating, on which her father wisely insisted. The river Charles runs immediately before the house, and on this river Harriet Hosmer had a boat-house, containing a safe, broad boat, and a fragile poetical-looking gondola, with silvered prow, the delight of her heart and the terror of her less experienced and unswimming friends. The life of the young girl was at this period full of earnest purpose and noble ambition, and the untiring energy and perseverance which distinguish her now in so remarkable a degree were at this time evidenced and developed. Having modelled one or two copies from the antique, she next tried her hand on a portrait bust, and then cut Canova's bust of Napoleon in marble, working it entirely with her own hands that she might make herself mistress of the process. Her father, seeing her devoted to her studies, seconded them in every possible way, and proposed to send her to his friend, Dr. McDowell, Professor of Anatomy to the St. Louis College, that she might go through a course of regular instruction, and be thus thoroughly grounded for the branch of art she had chosen. The young artist was but too glad to close with the offer; and, in the autumn of 1850, we find her at St. Louis, residing in the family of her favorite schoolmate from Lenox, winning the hearts of all its members by her frank, joyous nature and steady application, and securing, in the head of it, what she heartily and energetically calls "the best friend I ever had."

Her independence of manner and character, joined to the fact of her entering the college as a student, could not fail to bring down animadversion, and many were the tales fabricated and circulated anent the young New Englander, who was said to carry pistols in her belt, and to be prepared to take the life of any one who interfered with her. It was perhaps no disadvantage, under the circumstances, to be protected by such a character. The college stood some way from the inhabited part of the town, and in early morning and late evening, going to and fro with the other students, it is not impossible that she owed the perfect impunity with which

she set conventionality at defiance, to the character for courage, and skill in the use of fire-arms, which attended her.

Dr. McDowell, charmed with the talent and earnestness of his pupil, afforded her every facility in his power, giving her the freedom of the college at all times, and occasionally bestowing upon her a private lecture when she attended to see him prepare dissections for the public ones. Pleasant and encouraging it is to find men of ability and eminence so willing to help a woman when she is willing to help herself. The career of this young artist hitherto has been marked by the warm and generous encouragement of first-rate men, from Professor McDowell to John Gibson, and pleasant it is to find the affectionate and grateful appreciation of such kindness, converting the temporary tie of master and pupil into the permanent one of tried and valued friendship. "I remember Professor McDowell," writes Miss Hosmer, "with great affection and gratitude, as being a most thorough and patient teacher, as well as at all times a good kind friend."

Through the winter and spring of 1851, in fact, during the whole term, Harriet Hosmer prosecuted her studies with unremitting zeal and attention, and at the close was presented with a "diploma," or as we in England should call it, a certificate, testifying her anatomical efficiency. During her stay at St. Louis, and as a testimony of her gratitude and regard, Miss Hosmer cut, from a bust of Professor McDowell by Clevenger, a medallion in marble, life size, which is now in the Museum of the College. It is perhaps worthy of note that Clevenger and Powers both studied anatomy under this professor.

The "diploma" achieved, our young aspirant was bent upon seeing New Orleans before returning to her New England home. It was a season of the year not favorable for such travel, and from one cause or another, she failed in inducing any of her friends to accompany her. To will and to do are synonymous with some, and so, Harriet Hosmer having set her mind upon an excursion down the Missisippi to the Crescent City, embarked herself one fine morning on board a steamer bound for New Orleans. The river was shallow, the navigation difficult, many a boat did our adventurous traveller pass high and dry; but fortune, as usual, was with her, and she reached her destination in safety. The weather was intensely warm, but, nothing daunted, our young friend saw all that was to be seen, returning at night to sleep on board the steamer as it lay in its place by the levee, and at the expiration of a week, returning with it to St. Louis. Arrived there, instead of rejoining her friends, she took boat for the Falls of St. Anthony, on the Upper Mississippi, stopping on the way at Duluque to visit a lead mine, into which she descended by means of a bucket, and came very near an accident which must inevitably have resulted fatally; a catastrophe, which, as no one knew where she was, would probably have remained a secret for ever. At the Falls of

St. Anthony, she went among the Indians, much to their surprise and amusement, and brought away with her a pipe, presented by the chief, in token of amity. She also achieved the ascent of a mountain, never before undertaken by a female, and so delighted were the spectators with her courage and agility, that they insisted upon knowing her name, that the mountain might thenceforth be called after her. In a visit to St. Louis last summer, Miss Hosmer found that her rustic admirers had been as good as their word, and "Hosmer's Height" remains in evidence of "the little lady's" ambition and courage.

On her return to St. Louis, where her prolonged absence had created no little uneasiness, she remained but a short time, and bidding farewell to her kind friends, retraced her steps homewards.

This was in the summer of 1851. No sooner had Harriet Hosmer reached home than she set to work to model an ideal bust of Hesper, continuing her anatomical studies with her cousin, and employing her intervals of leisure and rest in reading, riding, and boating. Now followed a period of earnest work, cheered and inspired by those visions of success, of purpose fulfilled, of high aims realised, which haunt the young and enthusiastic aspirant, and throw a halo round the youthful days of genius, which lends a color to the whole career. As Lowell wisely and poetically says:—

"Great dreams preclude low ends."

Better to aspire and fail, than not aspire at all. Better to know the dream and the fever, and the awakening, if it must be, than to pass from the cradle to the grave on the level plane of content with things as they are. There may be aspiration without genius, there cannot be genius without aspiration; and where genius is backed by industry and perseverance, the aspiration of one period will meet its realisation in another.

To go to Rome, to make herself acquainted with all its treasures of art, ancient and modern, to study and work as the masters of both periods had studied and worked before her, this was now our youthful artist's ambition, and all the while she labored, heart and soul, at Hesper, the first creation of her genius, watching its growth beneath her hand, as a young mother watches step by step the progress of her first-born; kneading in with the plastic clay all those thousand hopes and fears, which turn by turn, charm and agitate all who aspire. At length, the clay model finished, a block of marble was sought and found, and brought home to the shed in the garden, hitherto appropriated to dissecting purposes, but now fitted up as a studio. Here, with her own small hands, the youthful maiden, short of stature, and delicate in make, anything but robust in health, with chisel and mallet blocked out the bust, and subsequently, with rasp and file, finished it to the last degree of manipulative perfection. Months and months it took, and hours and days of quiet toil and patience, but those wings of genius, per-

severance and industry, were hers, and love lent zest to the work. It was late summer in 1852 before Hesper was fully completed.

"Now," said its author to her father, "I am ready to go to Rome."

"And go you shall, my child, this very autumn," was the reply.

Anxious as Dr. Hosmer was to facilitate in every way the career his daughter had chosen, there was yet another reason for going to Italy before winter set in. Study, and nervous anxiety, had made their impression upon a naturally delicate constitution, and a short dry cough alarmed the worthy doctor for his child's health.

October of 1852 saw father and daughter on their way to Europe, the St. Louis diploma and daugerreotypes of Hesper being carefully stowed away in the safest corner of the portmanteau, as evidences of what the young artist had already achieved, when, arrived at Rome, she should seek the instruction of one of two masters, whose fame, world wide, could alone satisfy our aspirant's ambition. So eager was her desire to reach Rome that a week only was given to England, when, joining some friends in Paris, the whole party proceeded to Rome, arriving in the Eternal City on the evening of November 12th, 1852.

Within two days the daugerreotypes were placed in the hands of Mr. Gibson, as he sat at breakfast in the Café Greco, a famous place of resort for artists.

Now, be it known as a caution to women, not to enter lightly upon any career, to throw it up as lightly upon the first difficulty which arises, that a prejudice existed in Rome against lady artists, from the pretensions with which some had repaired thither, and upon which, they had succeeded in gaining access to some of the best studios and instruction from their masters, to throw these valuable opportunities aside at the first obstacle that arose. Mr. Gibson had himself, it was said, been thus victimised and annoyed, and it was represented to Miss Hosmer as doubtful in the extreme, if he would either look at the daugerreotype or listen to the proposal of her becoming his pupil. However, the daugerreotypes were placed before him, and taking them into his hands, one presenting a full, and the other a profile view of the bust, he sat some moments in silence, looking intently at them. Encouraged by this, the young sculptor who had undertaken to present them, proceeded to explain Miss Hosmer's intentions and wishes, what she had already done, and what she hoped to do. Still Mr. Gibson remained silent. Finally, closing the cases—

"Send the young lady to me," said he, "and whatever I know and can teach her she shall learn."

In less than a week Harriet Hosmer was fairly installed in Mr. Gibson's studio, in the upstairs room we have already described, and where she still is, though rapidly outgrowing the space allotted to her. It is difficult, however, for master and pupil, or we should rather say, for the two friends to part; for, spite of the difference

of years, or perhaps in consequence of it, a truly paternal and filial affection has sprung up between the two, a source of great happiness to themselves, and of pleasure and amusement to all who know and value them, from the curious likeness, yet unlikeness, which existed from the first in Miss Hosmer to Mr. Gibson, and which daily intercourse has not tended to lessen.

The first winter in Rome was passed in modelling from the antique, Mr. Gibson desiring to assure himself of the correctness of Miss Hosmer's eye, and the soundness of her knowledge, Hesper evincing the possession of the imaginative and creative power. From the first, Mr. Gibson expressed himself more than satisfied with her power of imitating the roundness and softness of flesh, saying, upon one occasion, that he had never seen it surpassed, and not often equalled.

Her first attempt at original design in Rome was a bust of Daphne, quickly succeeded by another of the Medusa—the beautiful Medusa— and a lovely thing it is, faultless in form, and intense in its expression of horror and agony, without trenching on the physically painful.

We have already spoken of the warm friend Miss Hosmer made for herself, during her winter at St. Louis, in the head of the family at whose house she was a guest. This gentleman, as a God-speed to the young artist on her journey to Rome, sent her, on the eve of departure, an order to a large amount for the first figure she should model, leaving her entirely free to select her own time and subject. A statue of Œnone was the result, which is now in the house of Mr. Crow, at St. Louis, and which gave such satisfaction to its possessor and his fellow-townsmen, that an order was forwarded to Miss Hosmer for a statue for the Public Library at St. Louis, on the same liberal and considerate terms. Beatrice Cenci, exhibited at the Royal Academy last year, and which won so many golden opinions from critics and connoisseurs, was on its way to St. Louis, in fulfilment of this order.

The summers in Rome are, as every one knows, trying to the natives, and full of danger to foreigners. Dr. Hosmer having seen his daughter finally settled, returned to America, leaving her with strict injunctions to seek some salubrious spot in the neighbouring mountains for the summer, if indeed she did not go into Switzerland or England. Rome, however, was the centre of attraction; and after the first season, which was spent at Sorrento, on the bay of Naples, Miss Hosmer could not be prevailed upon to go out of sight and reach of its lordly dome and noble treasures of art. The third summer came, and listening to the advice of her friends, and in obedience to the express wish of her father, she made arrangements for a visit to England. The day was settled, the trunks were packed, she was on the eve of departure, when a letter from America arrived, informing her of heavy losses sustained by her father, which must necessitate retrenchment in every

possible way, a surrender of her career in Rome, and an immediate return home. The news came upon her like a thunderbolt. Stunned and bewildered, she knew not at the moment what to do. An only child, and hitherto indulged in every whim and caprice, the position was indeed startling and perplexing. The surrender of her art career was the only thing which she felt to be impossible; whatever else might come, that could not, should not be. And now came into play that true independence of character which hitherto had shewn itself mostly in wild freaks and tricks. Instead of falling back upon those friends whose means she knew would be at her disposal in this emergency, she dispatched a messenger for the young sculptor who had shewn the daguerreotypes to Mr. Gibson, and who, himself dependent upon his professional exertions, was she decided, the fittest person to consult with as to her own future career. He obeyed the hasty summons, and found the joyous, laughing countenance he had always known, pale and changed, as it were, suddenly, from that of a young girl to a woman full of cares and anxieties. He could scarcely credit the intelligence, but the letter was explicit, the summons home peremptory. "Go I will not," was the only coherent resolution he found; so the two laid their heads together. Miss Hosmer was the owner of a handsome horse, and an expensive English saddle; these were doomed at once. The summer in Rome itself, during which season living there costs next to nothing, was determined upon; and during those summer months Miss Hosmer should model something so attractive that it should ensure a speedy order, and exercising strict economy, start thenceforth on an independent artist career, such as many of those around her with less talent and training, managed to carry on with success. No sooner said than done; the trunks were unpacked, the friends she had been about to accompany departed without her, her father's reverses were simply and straightforwardly announced, and she entered at once on the line of industry and economy she and her friend had struck out.

It is said that friendship between a young man and a young woman is scarcely possible, and perhaps under ordinary circumstances, where the woman has no engrossing interests of her own, no definite aim and pursuit in life, it may be so. Here, however, was a case of genuine and helpful friendship, honorable alike to the heads and hearts of both. Under the experienced direction of her friend, Miss Hosmer conducted her affairs with prudence and economy, and at the same time with due regard to health. The summer passed away, and neither fever nor any other form of mischief attacked our young friend. She worked hard and modelled a statue of Puck, so full of spirit, originality and fun, that it was no sooner finished and exhibited than orders to put it into marble came in. It has since been repeated again and again, and, during the past winter only, three copies have been ordered for England alone; one for the Duke of Hamilton. Thus, fairly started on her own ground, Miss Hosmer

has met with that success which talent, combined with industry and energy, never fails to command.

The winter before last, while the Cenci was being put into marble, she was engaged in modelling a monument to the memory of a beautiful young Catholic lady, which is destined for a niche in the Church of San Andreo delle Fratte, in the Via Mercede, close upon the Piazza di Spagna. A portrait full-length figure of the young girl, life size, reclines upon a low couch. The attitude is easy and natural, and the tranquil sleep of death is admirably rendered in contra-distinction to the warm sleep of life in the Cenci.

Miss Hosmer has been engaged during the winter just past, in modelling a fountain, for which she has taken the story of Hylas descending for water, when, according to mythology, he is seized upon by the water nymphs and drowned. Hylas forms the crown of the pyramid, while the nymphs twined around its base, with extended arms seek to drag him down into the water below, where dolphins are spouting jets which interlace each other; a double basin, the upper one supported by swans, receives the cascade.

At the present moment, this talented and enterprising young artist is working upon a half life size statue of Zenobia, in preparation for next winter, when it is to be modelled even larger than life and is already bespoken for America. She is also just finishing a pendant to Puck, Will-o'-the-Wisp, which is wholly indescribable, and is said to be superior even to Puck.

M. M. H.

XLIII.—PARK AND PLAYGROUND VERSUS GIN-PALACE AND PRISON.

ARE we better than we were in the olden time, and by how much? Of the general advance of education, there is neither doubt nor question; but it is also certain, that the national improvement in morality and good feeling is by no means proportionate to the increase of knowledge. Of that improvement a good indication is given in the change of recreations of all ranks; and while we find, in the two extremes of society, little ground for self-gratulation, we have cause for thankfulness that the middle classes, of which the great bulk of the nation is composed, afford sensible evidence of progress, moral as well as intellctual. It is of the least educated classes we mean to speak; of their opportunities of acquiring good or evil habits, their temptations, their vices and sufferings, and the means by which these last may be diminished by the many and increasing sources of instruction, rational recreation, and refinement, devised for them by those who have been raised, by Providence, a degree above them in the social scale.

While an alteration, gratefully acknowledged by wives, daughters, and sisters, has taken place among the gentlemen of our time, in the matter of after-dinner stimulants, a great, dark stain remains on those a degree below them—the stain of Gin. All our people's amusements, or rather, almost all provided by themselves, are mixed up and seasoned with Gin; for beer, hot spiced ale, and the more moderate stimulants and cordials, are but ushers of Gin, and men in waiting upon Gin. But Gin has its enemies, and they are marshalling their forces with vigour, and in daily increasing numbers; its religious and intellectual enemies, in the form of reformatory, ragged school, Sunday school, poor man's church, and a growing host of others; its moral and intellectual enemies, in the form of library, museum, cheap lecture, picture gallery, and crystal palace; and its strong rivals clad in green and sunshine, and fraught with every holy and healthy influence, in the parks, gardens, and playgrounds already provided, or to be provided, for old and young.

Let us hasten to join the band of liberators, the combined host which would free men and women from the bondage of Gin and its family; and by so doing, we shall with God's help and blessing strike at the root of every vice and every suffering, from the misery of the beaten wife and starved children of the drunkard, himself not the least miserable of the group, to that of the felon working in chains in the penal colony—or, sadder still, that of the poor young victim of the great social evil, hesitating between a midnight plunge in the dark river and the draught, more speedily, but not more certainly fatal, than that for which her last penny was paid.

So much of the statistics of drinking have been published in every form, that we should hesitate to repeat a thrice told tale, except in connection, on the one hand, with crime, and on the other with those counteracting agencies whose efficacy is established on the best testimony. And for both we have much information in the form of evidence given before a Committee of the House of Commons on Public Houses in 1854. The general facts, if not the individual cases, are the same now as then. All persons interested in the reformation of criminals know of the laborious self devotion of Thomas Wright, of Manchester, and how for many years he gave up all his leisure time to visiting gaols and endeavoring to improve and befriend the prisoners. Mr. Wright says that, from enquiries made among criminals, he found that at least nine out of ten could trace their first fall to the drunkenness of their parents. From this cause the poor neglected child, left to wander in the streets, acquired the same vice with all its concomitants, and then the downward course rapidly followed. Among the convicts at Portland Island, not two out of twenty could say they had good mothers; and among twenty-seven murderers who had been befriended by this true philanthropist, only one did not attribute his early criminality to his mother's drunkenness and neglect. Is it known, or can it be believed, that many girls, even at ten years old, are perfectly lost,

victims of the great moral pestilence, owing to the love of drinking in their parents; to satisfy which these unnatural fathers and mothers compel their children to resort to any means by which money can be procured? The unquestionable authority we have quoted says, "that in the gaols of Liverpool and Glasgow he found several of these most unhappy children." Even supposing some slight error as to age, the fact is sufficiently horrible. If any one should doubt the truth of these frightful details with respect to the neglect of children, a walk through some of the narrow and thickly peopled streets of London on Saturday night or Sunday morning, will sufficiently confirm them.

There are a few points on which all the witnesses on the question agree. One of them is, that many men, not originally drunkards, and not caring for drink for its own sake, nevertheless become confirmed in intemperate habits from the temptations of company and conversation offered by the public houses, which they have not strength to resist. Many of those best acquainted with the working classes state that they themselves, aware of their own inability to resist temptation, desire to have it taken out of their way. Dr. Lees, of Leeds, who has done much for the instruction of the people, says, "the policy of the working classes is to avoid temptation; resist it they cannot, the appetite for strong drink is of such a peculiar physical and moral over-riding nature, as to destroy all their best impulses."

We do not wish to multiply details of vice, for which the report whence the above general statements are taken would furnish ample materials. Our object in entering on some modes and forms in which the demoralization of the lowest classes is most glaringly displayed is to show its connection with drinking, and to give a slight idea, more would be impossible, of the town habits and amusements of men and women, and the fearful influences surrounding the path of infancy and childhood. About two years ago a series of letters appeared in the *Liverpool Mercury*, giving such a description of the recreations of the people as awakened horror and surprise in the minds of their more educated fellow-townsmen, who found it hard to believe, as well they might, that such degrading pastimes could be shared, in their own town, by persons with whom any days business might bring them into contact. These letters were afterwards reprinted under the title of "Liverpool Life;" the author heading his title page with the words "Publicity the true cure of Social Evils." Although we agree with him that publicity is a preliminary to the cure of social evils, as confession is the first step to amendment, yet it would be impossible in this journal to quote *verbatim* from the worst instances. The few extracts we shall make are from those least likely to offend the eyes of the reader, while they illustrate the fact of the intimate connection between drinking and all other vices. It is very desirable that all persons interested in the morals of the people should read this book, remembering that

although Liverpool only is described, and the scenes and forms of vice may vary slightly with the locality, yet what is described as going on in Liverpool two years ago, is at the present time no less rife in London, and, without doubt, wherever drinking flourishes and the harmless recreations provided are disproportionate to the number of the people.

The different chapters include,—public concerts, of which those established in 1844, for the purpose of providing rational recreation for the people at the low rate of three-pence each, are the only exceptions to the general statement, that each entertainment described is but a variation of the means of practical education in vice; gambling stalls; Dutch auctions; scientific experiments, a frightful exhibition of the unrestrained effects of nitrous oxide gas; evening lounges; free concert rooms, free, because the profits made are received by payment for drink, and by other more culpable means; *poses plastiques* indescribably bad; the casino, in Liverpool, as elsewhere, a school of immorality; a variety of dancing-rooms, only differing in the amount of mischief emanating from them; and various establishments at which sparring, dog-fighting, ratting, betting, &c., &c., are carried on.

Here is a *much* modified description of the laughing-gas experiments. carried on, says the author—

——"In a wooden shed, the filth of the ground being heaped up at the ends to form a sort of gallery. The atmosphere was very foul, and into this abominable, dirty hole, at least one hundred persons were crammed. The notice, 'Take care of your pockets,' was suspended from the roof. There were crowded together boys of all ages, in all stages of depravity and filth; young men, from seventeen to twenty-five years of age, in various stages of intoxication; old men, who seemed to like the fun, and girls, young women, and mothers. The young men appeared to consist principally of carters, porters, sail-makers, and ship-carpenters, and their language and behaviour were bad in the extreme. * * * A strong rope ran along the outer side-wall, and by means of a belt round the body, and a ring, the patients were tethered to the rope, the reason for this being, it was said, that 'whenever the people took the gas they began to fight.' The people had rendered themselves almost hoarse with cursing each other's eyes and sanguinary faces, polluting the already poison-laden atmosphere with their horrid imprecations; and the operator, who had promised a lecture on science, swore comprehensively, threatening to turn some of the *students* out of the place, and to kick the others into one still hotter. A young fellow having at last been secured the experiments began, and the patient inhaled the oxide. For a moment or two he appeared stupified, and shut his eyes. In a second or two after he stared wildly around him, and then with set teeth and clenched fists struck out and kicked with maniacal fury. * * * He tugged at the rope and tried to free himself, swore at the audience, and yelled fiendishly. There was neither mirth nor method in this madness. It was a terrible spectacle for *men* to witness, *and what must it have been for the poor children by whom the wretch was surrounded.* Having become exhausted with his efforts, he favored the company with a disgusting song, which was received with general satisfaction."

Here is a picture of the *noble* pursuit of ratting:—

"A youth has just entered to purchase some rats, as he 'wants to try his

pup,' but he must 'have the stingers taken out.' Thereupon the host walks to the cage and takes out a rat. In one hand he holds the neck of the rat between his finger and thumb, whilst he passes the other into a side-pocket, and produces a pair of pincers. With these, talking away all the time, he proceeds to *tear out or break off the teeth of the rat;* and this done, he passes it over to the youth to take away and try his pup with."

The last specimen I shall give is from a conversation carried on in a "milling crib," in the usual colloquial style of these places.

"The conversation was just then turning on work, contrasted with fighting. A navvie said he made his living by hard work, and did not rely on fighting or *anything else*. This sentiment, which was sneered and scoffed at by many, was taken up in a very earnest manner by the villain that was eating bread and cheese. He frowned contemptuously on the man who had uttered so execrable a sentiment, and went on to say that any man who lived by working hard was a highly-colored fool; that he ought, moreover, to be sent to the infernal regions, if indeed that place was not too good for such a fellow. 'I used to work,' said he, 'but what better was I off? *I have a lad at home that I am training, and when I get him out on the streets he will keep me and himself all right until he is sent abroad; then I must get another!*'"*

We have looked long enough on the dark side of the picture, let us now turn to something brighter. It may hardly be thought by those not familiar with all the ways and means brought to bear on the side of vice, that coffee-shops could be agents for either good or evil—they are, however, powerful auxiliaries on one side or the other. The greater number of those kept open all night, as is the case with shops in the neighbourhood of markets and large public works, are the resort of bad characters, some of whom pay a very small sum for the shelter afforded them. These places (of which there are more than 6,000 in London) not being under any supervision, vary in character with that of the persons by whom they are kept; but from the extensive influence they exercise it is most desirable that the *night-houses*, as they are called, should be suppressed; that, where it is required, the shops should open early in the morning, and that all should be licensed and registered To illustrate our meaning as to their beneficial tendency we give an instance mentioned in the Parliamentary Report. The house in question was kept by Mr. Pamphilon, in Sherrard street, Soho. Here a working man could have a good cup of coffee and a plate of bread and butter for threepence-halfpenny, or for the same price a plate of good meat, with the reading of all the periodical literature, from the quarterly to the penny weekly. There was an excellent library, and the house was used by persons of every grade; the only

* Since the above extracts were made a very good article has appeared in the *Builder* on the subject of Playgrounds and Recreations. The writer's later experience of some evening amusements provided by the poor for themselves, is rather more favorable than the descriptions of Liverpool life; the improvement in some parts of London is ascribed to the increased vigilance of the police, and the establishment, in the neighbourhood described, of some penny panoramic exhibition of a harmless and instructive character. We believe that the worst parts of Shadwell and Wapping would at this time afford evidence corroborating that of the Liverpool writer.

condition of admission being good behaviour. The proprietor retired from business with a large fortune. We believe that it is intended to abolish the night-houses, but if gentlemen, having capital to invest, and able to make proper arrangements, would establish a few of these model coffee-shops, they would confer a great benefit on working men, and find the speculation a profitable one. It is generally found that every undertaking by which the least educated classes are to benefit, must be devised and carried into execution by those of a higher station than themselves.

The evidence given in favor of parks and gardens, as affording counteracting influences to the public-house, refers chiefly to the use made of them on Sundays. We do not mean to enter here into the much-vexed Sabbath question; for we believe that the most earnest respecter of the Sabbath would not object to a quiet stroll in a park or garden between the hours of worship. The testimony which establishes the successful rivalry of the park to the gin-shop on Sundays, proves it also for week days, and here is a small fraction of that testimony:—Mr. Richardson, a land surveyor at Manchester, greatly interested in every movement of the working classes, says that the public-houses in the neighbourhood of the parks are not so much frequented as those at a distance. This he knows from having had to value them, and observing their decreasing value since the parks were opened. The opening of the Dublin Zoological Gardens at the charge of one penny admission between church hours, was found to provide a powerful counter-attraction to the public-house. This is strongly expressed in a letter of thanks sent by the members of the Mechanics' Institute to the Council of the Zoological Society, and published in the before-mentioned Parliamentary Report.

Sir J. Paxton says, that about fourteen years ago, a number of persons, from five to eight hundred, would go from Sheffield on Sunday, to see the house and grounds at Chatsworth. This caused a great deal of work for the servants of the Duke, who in consequence had the whole place closed. The same number of persons however came into the neighbourhood, frequented the public houses, and caused great disturbance. The Duke then adopted a modification of his original plan, and re-opened the park and all the outer grounds, for which the supervision of only two men was required. Since that time there had been no difficulty about the public-house nuisance on Sundays in the district.

If any practical argument is still wanting in favor of air, space, and natural objects, as opposed to gin-shops and their concomitants, it will be found in the writings of physiologists. Dr. Carpenter, we believe, says that the atmosphere of densely peopled towns, having been deprived of some portion of its vitalizing element, is less capable of giving vigour to the blood and muscles, than the pure, highly-oxygenated air of the country, and that persons constantly breathing it require an amount of stimulus in food and drink, of which the want is not felt in an unvitiated air. The experience of those of our

readers who have children, will confirm this observation. Many delicate children require a good diet of wine and meat in London, who become strong and healthy in the country without wine, and with but little animal food. This remark will bear a proportionate application, less air, more gin, and *vice versa*. It is true that there is a lamentable amount of drinking in the rural districts, but for this another cause may be assigned,—the want of intellectual stimulus and nourishment. When the just balance is lost, either of mental or physical sustenance, mischief will be the result: the effect seems to be the same in either case.

Those who doubt the beneficial influence of Nature, and her fair and varied productions, in leading the spirit naturally, though imperceptibly, to the Father and source of all, will yet not dispute the soothing effect on the nerves and temper of a quiet walk. Physically, morally, spiritually, the value of air, space, and natural scenery, is incalculable.

Some witnesses, among whom are clergymen, advert to the advantage of having the few Free Libraries and Reading Rooms open on Sunday evenings, after Church time. If we consider the position of a London shopman, of whom there are thousands, we shall at once perceive how beneficial this measure would be. Few of these young men are married, very many are from the country, and they have no place in which to spend their Sunday evenings with profit and comfort, unless they depend on visiting friends. It will be well for this class when the reading rooms are multiplied and accessible to all.

An attempt is now being made to provide safe and well regulated playgrounds for poor children in the most populous places in London, by an Association of gentlemen and ladies, called "The Playground and General Recreation Society." A slight sketch of the design of this Association was given in the Household Words of January 30, 1858, Since that time, a bill has been brought into the House of Commons by Mr. Slaney, to enable the Society to hold or convey freehold plots of land for the purpose of playgrounds. The Society cannot proceed in its work until this bill is passed, and we can only wish it success in its very difficult but most promising undertaking, and add a few words to what has been already said on the subject. That children require fresh air and exercise is unquestionable. They also, from the same susceptibility to bodily and mental impressions which makes a good run in the open air absolutely necessary to produce health and cheerfulness, gather good or evil from surrounding influences more rapidly than grown persons. Those who are familiar with childhood cannot wonder at the readiness with which not only sounds, but their meanings are caught by street boys and girls; how the game at top or marbles is gradually transformed into pitch and toss outside a public-house, and porter within; how afterwards come the short pipe, the thimble rig, and all the low pursuits which have been already described. If children play where there is no

school playground, as is the case in most of the densest London neighbourhoods, they do so at the expense of becoming familiarized with all the coarse actions and bad language which are so rife in our streets; for little boys and girls are sent off from the quiet places lest the genteel inhabitants should suffer from the noise, and the spots where the policeman's vigilance will allow them to play, are those whose vicinity to public houses, cab stands, and other centres of moral infection has already secured a sufficient amount of clamour to drown the noise of the game. The most deserving parents are so well aware of the dangers of street play, that their children are often kept at home, or "put to a little place" before the mind or the body has acquired strength to rough the world, in order to keep them safe. Since the publication of the Society's prospectus, Mr. Dickens has himself given, in an eloquent speech at the London Tavern, a description of the street troubles of poor children, and, himself a member of the committee, has afforded powerful support to the objects of the Playground Society. I cannot add to his words, but I wish to bring the difficulties of the little girls into notice, as they are often charged with the care of one or two younger ones, a charge sometimes found more than enough for a grown up person. This is one of our own many experiences. In a narrow street in one of the outskirts of London, a little girl about two years old, ran along sobbing with despair, a lost and frightened child. On being asked the cause, she said "I've lost Emma." "Who was with Emma?" "She's got Billy." "Can you shew me where you live? I will take you home." "Please don't," was the answer in baby accents, "Mother will beat me, 'cause she told me to stay with Emma, and I sat down and lost her." However the child was persuaded to come on, and in a few minutes another tragic scene presented itself. Emma, aged eight, carrying Billy, almost as big as herself, aged fifteen months, and accompanied by Eliza, aged seven years, a companion, the little girls crying in the last degree of trouble, Billy for sympathy. The first expressions on both sides were joyful, the next, mutually recriminative. It then appeared that Emma had on losing Maria, gone home to see if the child were there, but had been so violently threatened by the mother, that she now dreaded to return and report the lost one found. The whole party proceeded together and met the mother, an overworked laundress coming in search of her family, each of whom she forthwith threatened with a good beating to make them more careful. This last, however, with some persuasion she was induced to remit.

Would it not be a great boon to these poor little Emmas and Marias, burthened with cares beyond their years and strength, if they too, could have a portion of the playground for themselves and their babies, with a few seats and a shed for shelter?

The mischiefs of which I have spoken, and many more, were seen by the Rev. David Laing, the good clergyman whose indefatigable benevolence has originated, among many other charitable

institutions, the Playground Society. He saw, too, that the teaching of the day, Sunday, or ragged school would have a much better chance of doing its work if the impressions given within the walls were not immediately counteracted by the influences without. If this was found to be the case in his district, an airy suburb to the north of Camden Town, how much more heavily must the evils press in the thickly peopled streets! Let us help the town children to air and exercise; the five or ten shillings given to the Playground will be repaid in a blessing on our own more favored children by Him who blessed the little ones.

The Playground Society also contemplates improving the evening recreations of the people by penny lectures on popular subjects. These will be given in the worst neighbourhoods, and may in time serve as a counter-attraction to the penny theatre or concert room. They were tried with perfect success in the district of St. Pancras before mentioned, where the attendance was good, and the interest manifested great. Amongst the subjects lectured on were Astronomy, Natural Philosophy, Botany, Eastern Customs, the Microscope, the History of Printing, &c. These lectures have been found nearly, if not quite, self-supporting; but the subscriber to the playgrounds can specify to which purpose his money should be applied, as the funds are kept separate.

But we cannot speak of means of improvement without a notice of that without which, experience has proved all other instrumentalities to be wanting in vital strength, but in concert with which all means devised by the benevolent for those who need a lifting hand, are endowed with manifold power. The following instance bears almost visible signs of the providence of God, for no human being prepared it, or could have anticipated the chain of circumstances by which a source of beneficent influences has arisen like a well-spring in the desert, in the very lowest depths of ignorance and vice. A little monthly publication called *The Book and its Missions*, contains in its eighteenth number, this history, which though short, we must abridge:

"In the dingy and dreary Seven Dials, long ago, two girls who had been born within the precints, were left orphans. In those dim alleys they struggled up, lying by night on door-steps, and poorly fed by chance charity. At length one died, and a poor old man who had been a neighbour of the parents, adopted the survivor. He was an atheist, and she grew up an atheist also. When married, she one night took shelter from the rain in the passage leading to the Bloomsbury Mission Hall, and came in to listen. Some appeal, directed by the Holy Spirit of God, went home to poor Marian's heart. A lending library was opened the next week at the Hall, and the first person who appeared to ask the loan of a book was Marian. 'If you please sir,' said she, 'will you lend me a Bible?' 'A Bible,' said the Missionary, 'we did not mean to *lend* Bibles. But I will get you one; and the best of all books shall be the first volume lent from this library!'"

An extract from one of Marian's letters, addressed to the same Missionary two years after, will shew the effect of her reading.—

"———You may remember the request I made the first time I ever

addressed you. I asked you to lend me a Bible, and for the first time in my life I brought a Bible into my house.....That Bible I still retain..... Of its influence over me, none but its great Author can be aware. "

She then reverts to her subsequent sufferings in the hospital; and goes on:—

"During the time I was in the hospital I had frequent opportunities of witnessing the utterly friendless condition of many poor outcasts who sought admission to its charity, the filthy plight of their persons and clothing proving the need of a female hand to rectify disorder.

"I know, sir, that....you meet with many such, who have none to help them. I would wish to dedicate the time I have to spare....to the lost and degraded of my own sex, whom, from their vicious lives, no tenderly reared female would approach; but to me, who, by God's mercy, was preserved from a like fate, such scenes will have no terror. No matter how degraded she may be. It will be enough for her to require my aid, such as cleansing and washing her, and repairing her garments. If she can obtain admission into an hospital, I will take care that she has a change of linen, and in all ways endeavor to win such erring sister back to virtue and peace."

Marian has rendered signal service to the Committees for the distribution of Bibles, by her ability to go into dwellings which, from their character, are not accessible generally to gentlemen of the laity and to ladies, and, it has been thought, hardly to clergymen; and, though frequently attacked, abused, and insulted, she has persevered. She reads to, instructs, and comforts those whom she visits, her own experience giving her the truest sympathy. From one of her objects as a Missionary being to sell the Bibles at a very low price, she goes by the name of "The Bible Woman." It was soon apparent to Marian that temporal as well as spiritual instruction might be given to the objects of her care; and in the autumn of last year she began to teach the poor ignorant mothers to cut out and make children's clothes, which teaching they received thankfully. But still more was wanted, and she found time for more. Her mornings being occupied with her Bible visits, and her afternoons with needlework, Marian began a soup kitchen on a very humble scale. The soup was made (I do not know whether this is continued through the summer months) chiefly from the compressed vegetable, price two-pence per packet. It is said to have been good: at any rate her customers liked it, for she sold it quickly at a price which just paid the expense of cooking.

This necessarily imperfect sketch of ways and means would be still more imperfect without a reference to the writer of "*English hearts and English hands.*" This lady, as is generally known, began when the foundations of the Crystal Palace were laid, to make herself acquainted with the laborers, or navvies, employed upon the work. As Mr. Chalmers, the rector of Beckenham, and her near relative, says, in his short preface:—

"It was little thought whereunto this work would grow. It was little expected that two or three hundred navvies could take up their abode in a country village for two winters, and instead of spreading moral contagion, set a good example to its inhabitants."

But this has been done: how, is narrated in the simply and earnestly written book compiled from a private diary, and containing many of the letters of the poor men to the narrator. It is good for those who wish to influence the poor, to see the singleness of heart, the warm sympathy, and perfect absence of cant or condescension, with which she won the erring, untaught men, childlike in their feelings, and childlike in their failings and temptations, to leave the besetting sin which had been their ruin and misery, and to become happy, humble, hopeful Christians, strong to bear and forbear, and trusting, not in their own, but in a higher, holier Power. A few words convey an idea of the spirit with which she worked. She had spoken to one of the men of the redeeming love of the Lord, ending with the words—

"He is speaking these words of His own by my feeble lips. Are you willing to let Him save you?"—"I am, I am!" he said, "I never thought of Him before, but as an angry God: you make Him out a Friend!"

And so she went on, "making Him out a Friend" to all; cheering the weak, encouraging the hopeful; entering into their sorrows, their wants, their trials; and when, as frequently occurred, her poor friends relapsed into their besetting vice, she hastened to the fallen, as a good physician to the suddenly suffering, and remained with him, not allowing him to despair and fall lower, but using, with untiring patience and courage, arguments, entreaties, prayers, till she had re-assured the failing faith, and induced a fresh determination to forsake the evil and choose the good.

Reading the Scriptures, and improving and interesting books, conversation and prayer, were the principal means used; and not only were the spiritual, but the physical wants of the poor fellows, who suffered many, attended to; and beautiful instances are given of their fortitude and self-denial in hardships.

On the last day but one of 1853, the sergeant of police called to thank the authoress for what she had done for these noble fellows. He said that his duty had never before been so easy in Beckenham, for their example had restrained the wilder young men of the place, and had even shamed a few into attendance upon public worship.

Most uneducated persons like listening to an interesting book, when the reader also enters into his subject. Much may be done in this way, and it is true Sunday work. A little experiment of the kind just commenced in a low district of St. Pancras, where the most profligate men of the neighbourhood have been assembled between church hours by a young lady, to listen to a short portion of Scripture and a few pages of the Pilgrim's Progress, seems likely to be successful; and the hour formerly spent in pitch and toss, has led, in a few instances, to an attendance on evening prayer. Here, as elsewhere, we find the power and the need of the sympathy of the higher classes. One of these men said, "I have plenty of acquaintances, but not a friend in the world." A lady in Westminster has

gathered together ragged children for the same purpose. There is a little difficulty about the opening of public playgrouds on Sunday. Could they be better employed than in the way indicated? There will be a shed and seats in each, and it would be pleasant to hear or officiate at the reading to ragged boys and girls, which, in many instances, would prepare the way for Sunday school and church.

Is there not work for all? Let all who can, unite in this labor; and while we look for the fresh blossoms in our parks and playgrounds, we shall find the fruits in our own happy feelings, and in the happiness and enlightenment of the souls brought nearer to the Source of all blessings.

NOTE.—C. Melly, Esq., of Liverpool, who has benefitted his town by the gift of drinking fountains for the people, of which, during the present hot weather, "thousands are availing themselves," has conferred on them the additional boon of a playground, which was opened on the first of June, very quietly. "In half an hour afterwards five or six hundred people of the right sort, mechanics and their wives, &c., crowded there, and gave such cheers as only strong nerves could bear. The see-saws were a great success, and almost too crowded to be able to work. The following address was placed in the ground, and copies of it circulated among the people."

FREE PUBLIC GYMNASIUM.

TO THE WORKING CLASSES.

FRIENDS,—

This Playground is intended for your enjoyment, and is placed under your care. The Poles, Ropes, Ladders, and Chains, will bear any fair usage; it will be for you to protect them from wilful damage. The Trees will adorn your Playground if they are allowed to grow up, and you will, I am sure, prevent them from being destroyed. This Playground, is hereby placed in your hands; let it be used for the purposes for which it is obviously intended. Let good humour and good temper prevail. Let there be no quarrelling among yourselves; and allow no stone throwing, or fighting among your younger members. It rests with you whether the first attempt at free out-door amusement in our town be a success or a failure.

CHARLES P. MELLY.

Liverpool, June 1st, 1858.

XLIV.—A MYSTERY.

He sitteth in an ancient hall;
He sees the daylight rise and fall;
He hears the tyrant Tempest call;
Sitting and singing there alone:
The golden glories of the skies,
The silver stars become his prize;
The sapphire lamps (young maidens' eyes)
Are all his own, his own.

He sitteth in the ancient hall,
An ancient sage, a hoary seer;
He sees the pictures of the past,
In airy colors, bright and clear;
He knoweth where the winds have fled,
And where the spring-time of the year.

From hidden caves of sea and land
A faint, wild, wondrous music rings,
And forth he puts his wizard hand,
And touches the Æolian strings.
Life issues forth beside him, bland,
And Death, victorious, laughs and sings.

For things that come must elsewhere go,
And things that breathe must fade and die;
So Life comes with the winds that blow,
And Death he closeth many an eye;
And all that Genius, Virtue know
Pass hence unto their home, the sky.

He sees all things that are and were,
The smiles that shone, the tears that fell;
The subtlest thought that poet dreamed
His tongue—would he but speak—can tell;
He seeth and heareth everything,
From the wedding note to the passing bell.

How long shall such a Despot reign,
And sweep into his gloomy store
All riches that the earth and main
In all their fruitful seasons bore?
How long?—Until the world shall wane,
And weary Time shall be no more!

XLV.—THE DRESSMAKER'S LIFE.

THE following is the history of a dressmaker,—not the fictitious history of an imaginary specimen of that class,—but a simple statement of the facts in a real life. Such a narrative will best illustrate the condition of the class; for the points in which the individual differs from the class, as well as those in which she finds herself in the position of the generality, being alike faithfully presented, that condition will be more clearly revealed than it could be by mere general statements.

The narrative was thus communicated:—"At the age of thirteen I was left an orphan, in a large and fashionable provincial town, in which I owned not a single relative; and, owing to circumstances which need not be entered into, not a single relative owned me in all the world besides. My mother left something under a hundred pounds, perhaps about eighty, and with this slender provision I was left to the care of one or two friends, to whom my mother, in her last illness, confided me. This sum was too small to admit of my being educated for a governess, even of the humblest order, while my fitness for such a career, and its general advantages, were both matters of doubt to the cautious old ladies who had the determining of my fate. I write this to shew, that it is not women of the most indigent class alone who become dressmakers and milliners, but that the class from which they are often drawn verges closely on what is called the educated one, dressmaking being a species of skilled labor, and requiring some little capital of time and money to start with.

"It was decided then that I was to be a first-rate dressmaker. I was accordingly introduced into a first-class house of business, in which they received none but well-educated, and perfectly respectable, young people. Twenty pounds were paid for my board the first year, this sum to diminish yearly, as I grew more useful to my employers, and at the end of three years I was to receive a small salary. It was a pretty large establishment. Twelve of the girls were inmates, and sometimes as many out-door workers were employed as improvers, when they paid for admittance and leave to labor, or as paid journey-women when there was a pressure of work. In these respects it was like similar establishments in great towns. and in the metropolis. In respect to its arrangements, it was superior to most. The busy season—different from the London season, for it began in October, and lasted well nigh through the winter and spring—was just commencing when I entered on my engagement.

"But so much was new to me in the situation, so varied were the characters that attracted my quiet observation, and perhaps so saddened was my mind by recent bereavement, that I did not at first feel the deprivation of my liberty; and 'without murmuring' crossed the threshold of our prison only on Sabbath morning, to return, at a stated hour on the same evening, for another six days'

unbroken task. But before many weeks had passed, the dreary monotony of the existence upon which I had entered, began to dawn upon me; its more real hardships were as yet unfelt, and I envied the sadly over-worked little message girl, who, carrying a basket as large as herself, trotted about from morning till night. The food provided for us was plain, but wholesome, and not insufficient in quantity, except to those whose digestive organs were in a state of great activity, which was sometimes the case with new-comers. But very seldom did a vigorous appetite continue long to trouble them. On the whole, there was little to create discontent in this respect, if there had been no other reason of complaint, but the diet was not sufficiently light and nourishing to be wholesome, when the long hours spent in sedentary labor are taken into account. These hours, varied of course by the greater or less pressure of business, were from fourteen to sixteen, and occasionally, even eighteen hours a day. No stated time was allowed for meals; at each meal we spent simply the shortest time in which it was possible to eat what was set before us, wash our hands, and begin again.

"One of the rules of the house was to have prayers in the evening read by the head of the establishment, but in the height of the season they were sometimes omitted; while, even after fifteen hours,—the average of at least six months in the year,—many a one among us was asleep upon her knees, awakening at the cessation of the voice that had lulled into unconsciousness the overtasked frame. We slept in the garrets, two in each bed, and two beds in each room; save one, which was too small to admit of more than one,—indeed so small that the only place in which a bed could stand would not allow of its tenant assuming an upright position, without coming in contact with the roof. Four individuals, each in possession of at least a trunk and bonnet box, having to dispose of themselves and their belongings in one small room, had not, it may be supposed, much room to stir about. These rooms were also bitterly cold in the winter, and perfectly stifling in the summer. They were, however, kept scrupulously clean, which is not the case in every establishment of the kind; and in none, I believe, is the sleeping accommodation much better than that I have described.

"From fifteen to eighteen hours work a day, continued for weeks!—absolutely no exercise for six days out of the seven!—sleeping in a space so confined, that that allowed to the prisoner, the pauper, or even the soldier in barracks, is in comparison extensive!—'it is impossible,' incredulous people say, 'the human constitution could not endure it.'" It does not endure it long; it is, indeed, capable of enduring it only for a very short period without injury, but that injury widely inflicted as it is, does not appear on the surface of things. I have said that the class from which dressmakers and milliners are drawn, is not the most indigent, I will tell you how its ranks are filled up; in the first place, there is a continual influx from the country of fresh recruits, who do not remain at the business for more

than a year. They are perhaps daughters of respectable tradesmen, who have learnt the business at their leisure, and practised it at home, and who wishing to start in a more public and imposing manner in their native place, come up to town a year to finish. Such inmates are of course but temporarily affected by the discipline of their new life, though even a year of it will effect deep-seated derangement of the stomach, with vomiting after meals, and other painful symptoms. The out-door workers too, have some slight relief in the walk to and from their place of business, and the impossibility, long as their hours frequently are, of protracting them beyond a certain length. The burden then chiefly falls on the trained hands, who are hired for efficiency and can be depended on, and even they do not spend many years of womanhood at such work. If any one could look round the work-tables of the metropolis, they would see none who had grown old at their task, and very few faces, even of middle age: they would see chiefly girls struggling on, even gaily, beneath the burden which will one day crush them if they escape not from beneath it; and early womanhood, pining patiently and impatiently under its yoke. The seeds of disease already rooted in the latter, already falling on the former.

"I must give an account of our pleasures, however, and return to the last sad portion of my subject, as I shall have occasion to do hereafter. In the little room which I occupied with three companions, all was not weariness and gloom. My unfortunate age, too old to be made a pet, too young to be the companion of three grown-up women, excluded me for a long time from all their more confidential intercourse, and I was left at any period of leisure which fell to our lot, to a corner under the skylight in summer, or a position on two adjoining boxes in winter, on one of which I sat, while on the other stood my candle. There I pored quietly over my books, borrowed from various sources, while my three elders surrounded the tiny table, in close conversation, one or other working at some private needlework, or conducting a voluminous correspondence. It was not till my first three years had expired, that I was fully taken into this little conclave, in which during that period I had seen several changes. In the slack season we cleared away about eight o'clock, and were then at liberty to visit the outer world. Ten was the hour of return, and it was strictly observed, never indeed violated, except in the instance of some young lady accompanied home by an agreeable companion of the other sex, who found the door closed against her until prayers were over, and who was therefore forced, perhaps ungrudgingly, to perambulate the neighbourhood for the next quarter of an hour; but the offence was seldom repeated, for even if the delinquent enjoyed the laughing surmises of her companions, she quailed beneath the politely sharp enquiries of our superior. Not so strictly kept however, was the rule to be in bed an hour after these excursions; the lights were seldom out at the appointed time, and even after they were extinguished, long whis-

pered conversations took place between the partners of the same bed, kept up till the most lively of the talkers was answered by the silence of sleep. The slackest time was in autumn, and then the owners of the establishment were glad to get rid of us for a week or two in turn. Those who had friends in the country, went to visit them, a fortnight being allowed to each, though we might remain in the house if we had nowhere to go, but in that case we were employed, though not so closely as usual. I need hardly say that I have been in this latter case, from that isolated position, which made me feel the worst evils of the system, the yearly repetition of months of over-toil; anything more dreary and depressing, could hardly be conceived: however that has nothing to do with general grievances. Nor was our life within the establishment, even when it closed its doors upon us from week's end to week's end, altogether destitute of relaxation. Occasionally, if there happened to be a spare hand, a book was read aloud, a good novel generally, and some of the girls usually being able to sing a song, solo, or in parts, sometimes quite a little concert was got up of an evening, over our work, which greatly enlivened and invigorated us. Of course when very busy, such things were not to be thought of.

"The nature of our pursuits after worktime of course depended on our various characters. The house was highly respectable, which, however, was no guarantee for individual private character; but I must say that, during ten years' experience, only one instance of immoral conduct, requiring expulsion, came under my notice; and that is saying something surely for the class to whom it refers. That there was no such thing as moral depravity among the numbers of young people who became inmates of that house, I will not assert;—an immoral book might be slyly circulated,—a depraving conversation might be carried on,—but it was rarely, and when it did occur was put down by the majority. Gaiety in dress flourished among us to a great extent,—indeed was our besetting sin and folly. Many squandered their whole time in alterating and decorating various articles of attire; and, from the comparatively trifling cost at which these processes were achieved, from the exercise of their own taste on the materials, a splendid result in the way of new bonnets, etc., was obtained. Others indulged in smuggled buns and tarts, and went to sleep after a second supper, in spite of lights and talk; only, as we were allowed to choose our bedfellows, a sort of classification took effect, those of similar tastes being attracted together. The chief feature, however, was the love of literature. After the longest day's work, some would attempt to read;—after fourteen hours' work, from eight in the morning to ten at night, one or two would frequently read till midnight, without fire too, in the coldest weather. The books read, especially at such seasons, were, I must confess, mostly novels;—thank God they were the pure, and nobly and sweetly influencing creations of our present masters of the craft. History and books of general information, were not wanting; but

they were reserved for earlier nights. Poetry, particularly that of Shakspeare, Byron, Scott, Mrs. Hemans, and L. E. L., was in high favor, and long pieces were committed to memory. Moreover, various MSS. were passed from hand to hand, with injunctions to preserve the strictest secresy on each transfer, containing something which, at a distance, (as the old joke says) "looked like poetry;" and a copy of verses, in print, was at length triumphantly displayed as the product of 'our bedroom.'

"Some of the young people were sincerely religious, and one would succeed, without making any attempt to do so, in bringing a mumber of her companions under the influence of devout feeling. We were liable to singular variations in this respect. Once we were almost all carried away by the deep religious depression, which, most likely the effect of long hours and confinement on a sensitive, nervous system, attacked one of our number, and at length necessitated her removal to an asylum. But generally it was more real and quiet—outwardly visible in the softening down of some of the gay bonnets, and the gathering of a little knot, every evening, round one of the bedroom tables to read a portion of Scripture, verse about, and kneel in silent prayer.

"Few remained many years at the work: some began in a more humble way for themselves; many, finding that they could not keep their health, and overcoming their objections on the score of gentility,—as much insisted on here as in the rest of the world, and surely, neither more nor less legitimately,—went into domestic service as ladies' maids, and some escaped by assuming the yoke of matrimony.

"Having now spent ten years in one establishment, during the last two or three of which I had occupied a much less confined position, frequently going out to fit on the dresses of ladies, and even at some little distance, I felt it was impossible to remain another year. I might be worse off. I was not without attachment to the heads of the establishment, who were on the whole kind, but go I must. The system had told on my health at last, and I inherited an iron constitution. Originally well formed, I stooped, and sank at the chest. It seemed as if I was suffering from the effects of dissipation, as, indeed, overwork is; my hands shook painfully, my face became inflamed, and restlessness came upon me, for I was yet young. It was the instinct of self-preservation.

"At this time, a companion who had some time before proceeded to the metropolis, wrote to say that there was an opening in the house to which she had gone as a first hand. The wages were high, and though she did not give a flattering description of the establishment, I was tempted by the hope of saving a little, and the solace of her companionship, to try. I accordingly proceeded to the metropolis. I had, indeed, made a change for the worse; the accommodation in the house was much as I have described, but

its inadequacy and unhealthiness was increased by disorder and a want of scrupulous cleanliness. The mistress was wholly inconsiderate of the morals, health, or comfort of her inmates; and whether it was that a selfish atmosphere had hardened them, the girls were less agreeable and less helpful one to another. The hours too, for it was 'the season,' were longer, not a moment of leisure was to be had, save on Sunday. Work was exacted to the utmost stretch of human capacity, and beyond it, for nature failed at the impossible task to keep the fingers flying and the eyes steady for a day and half a night, for every day strong men laid aside their toil in weariness. The fingers *would* flag, the eyes *would* dazzle, the work, after insufficient rest, *would* be languidly resumed, and the spur would be required by the jaded animal, till the bridal robes and ball costumes we fashioned seemed the tasks set by some malignant spirit to the sinful creatures in his thrall.

"No wonder there was small religion there—our very souls were dead within us. That terrible 'season!' To aggravate it, the heat was intense, and before night the atmosphere of the workroom was that of an oven. To bring lights into it seemed madness; but lights were nightly brought, and the long, dim, delicious summer twilights were shut out, though behind the blinds the windows were opened, which was seldom the case during the day, the dust spoiling the light and costly fabrics at which we labored. One night, thus working, the lights suddenly swam before me, multiplied themselves a hundred-fold, till I seemed sinking through a host of stars into blackness of darkness—I had fainted—no extraordinary occurrence there. Nature, long oppressed, refused to rally and go on again, she demanded a more thorough repair than one night's exemption from the task. St. George's Hospital was therefore my next destination, where, perhaps too impatiently, I hoped and expected to receive my dismissal from life and its toilsome nothingness.

"I must only add, that I have escaped from the house of bondage, but with a frame so debilitated, as to make me feel painfully my unfitness for each and all of the domestic duties which now fall to my otherwise happy lot. Unfit to nourish and bring up children, unable to be a help to him who has chosen me, the physician often at my side, and knowing that my whole future existence will be poisoned by deep-rooted disease, and that in all probability an early death awaits me."

Absolute fairness is apparent throughout this narrative. The establishment most fully represented is one of the best of its class, and in the character of its owners there is nothing to aggravate, and everything to ameliorate the evils of the late hour system, yet those evils are not the less strikingly disclosed. It plainly results in a sacrifice of youthful health and life, which, overwhelming the individual, when the numbers who suffer are taken into account, must also be a grievous loss to the community, besides too surely influ-

encing for the worse, the health and prospects of a future generation. And who then is to blame? In these days we have made the discovery, that for all such evils, blame must rest somewhere, though we are often at a loss how to apply it righteously. Here it must be skilfully apportioned. The first and largest share falls on the votaries of fashion, who make unreasonable demands upon those whom they employ, and who, by a little of the forethought and consideration for others which we are all bound to exercise, even in the humblest affairs of life, the making of a ball dress included, might greatly reduce the hardships of the dressmaker's life,—nay, if they chose to bestir themselves in the matter, might remove them, by resolving never to wear even the most fashionable of gowns, or the most "sweetly pretty." of bonnets, which must be procured where these were inflicted. Secondly, blame must rest on those who pander to the most unreasonable demands of their customers; but it may be said that the whole blame rests with them, for they ought simply to employ additional hands when there is additional work to do. Now it is not so easy to do that as may be imagined, suitable persons are not always to be found at a moment's warning, and the accommodation for them may not always be procurable. But it has been found, that a set of workers, working over a certain time, will not accomplish more than a certain amount of work. We affirm, on the ground of experience, that if a given number of dresses have been turned out of a workroom, where the women worked at the greatest pressure and for the longest hours, the same number, in a season, would have been turned out, by working regularly only ten hours a day. We could point to establishments, where the system of working late hours has been abolished, and with the most satisfactory results. Reason may easily demonstrate that this is possible, nay, must necessarily follow. The human frame is capable of long sustained departure from the law of nature, if that departure be kept within certain bounds; for instance, if ten hours is the proper limit of daily labor, eleven or even twelve may be imposed, for a considerable time without much noticeable effect, but go on adding another and yet another hour, and the effects will be visible in an immensely accelerated ratio. By the application of a given amount of energy, a given amount of work will be produced; if that energy is decreased one-half, only half the produce will be forthcoming. A fresh and active worker will accomplish twice as much as one who is worn out and languid from want of necessary rest and relaxation. Not only would the short hour system, in all cases be equally profitable, looking at it simply in a money point of view, but it would in the end be more so. The work would be of better quality, and those mistakes which necessarily occur, where the attention flags through weariness, would be greatly lessened, to the saving of time, temper, and material. These remarks, for the consideration of all whom they may concern, may be concluded with that sentence, universally and everlastingly true, in lowest as in highest things, "Wisdom is justified of her children."

XLVII.—THE SOCIETY OF ARTS EXAMINATIONS.

While the openings for women's advancement are so few, such an event as the recent decision of the Society of Arts to permit both sexes to compete at its examinations must be of special importance to women. The decision, obviously good as we think it, will assuredly meet with opposition; and it is therefore well that all parties who take an interest in the objects for which we have contended in this Journal—all who sincerely believe, as we do, that the throwing open of employments to women, and thus, by increasing the demand for their labor, raising their value as workers in the market, is the most efficient means of improving their moral and material condition—should be informed of the nature and history of the new movement, and the proper answer to the objections likely to be raised against it, so far as they refer to female competition.

The examinations referred to were a portion of the original scheme of the Society of Arts for reviving the various Mechanics' Institutes and similar societies throughout the country. It is notorious that the Mechanics' Institutes themselves have failed to produce the fruits anticipated with so much confidence by their original founders. The exertions of Dr. Birkbeck and others, in 1825, gave a spirit and temporary success to the movement in their favor which encouraged the highest hopes. The results, after a trial of more than thirty years, may be ascertained by any person in his own town or neighbourhood; for there are few places in which such an institution does not still hold on some kind of existence. In most cases the original intentions have been quite forgotten. The classes for whom they were intended have either altogether neglected them, or have attended for other objects than those by which it was hoped that they would be attracted. Few have maintained regular and well-conducted classes of useful instruction, few have developed in their members a taste for reading, save of the lightest kind, and few have been able to maintain themselves without benevolent aid or without falling into debt. Such, at all events, was their condition six years ago, when it was resolved by the Society of Arts to endeavor to invigorate them by a complete system of union, by which it was perceived that advantages might be secured which under the system of isolation were unattainable. It was believed that the experience and information of each institution might thus be rendered useful to the whole body; that there might be an interchange of privileges established, so that the member of one institution being temporarily in the neighbourhood of any other might be admitted to its lectures, library, reading room, and exhibitions; that combined courses of lectures might be arranged, and books, maps, philosophical instruments, etc., procured

at reduced prices; that copies of parliamentary papers, known as "blue books," containing matter of interest to the members of such institutions, might be obtained from the government; that local museums and exhibitions might be formed by a system of interchange; that by combined action, the laws affecting such institutions might be amended; and finally, that without ceasing to be places of amusement, they might be assisted to become places of systematic instruction, with examinations and certificates of results of studies. These objects were proposed to be attained by a voluntary union with the Society of Arts in London, which would thus become the centre point of an important organization, to which it would be able to extend a powerful assistance. Like all reforms, even this—so clearly tending to do good, and so impossible to do harm—met with opposition. Many institutions viewed it with distrust, and suspected it, in spite of its formal disavowal of such an object, of intending to deprive them of independent action. This feeling, however, quickly died away under the active and zealous prosecution of the design by the members of the Society who took an interest in the movement. The advantages held out were perceived to be really practicable and of great value, and the institutions began to send in their adhesion. Since then the members have continued to increase. From the most important of such institutes in our large manufacturing towns, down to the poor struggling mutual improvement society in the agricultural district—from the extremity of Cornwall to Berwick-upon-Tweed, new institutes have joined. Soirées and conferences have been held in London by the Society of Arts, to which the presidents of the institutes in union have been invited. Isolation and distrust have vanished; discussions at the conferences have drawn out important facts and principles; and every society, to the furthest extremities of the new organization, has been awakened, and the views of its members and promoters extended. At the present moment, about four hundred such societies are thus brought into active sympathy and co-operation. The scattered parts have been joined to form a vast educational machinery, capable, we believe, of producing results far exceeding the most sanguine anticipations of the original promoters of Mechanics' Institutes.

From the first, the originators of this movement have kept in view the subject of examinations, as the most important means of attaining its object of making the institutions places for systematic instructions. A stimulus to the classes in the various institutions was proved by their history to be absolutely necessary, and the most obvious was a periodical examination of members, and the granting of certificates and some prizes to the successful candidates. It is too late now to raise the old well-known objections to examinations. If they tend to "cramming," instead of to sound study, it is the fault of the examiners who fail to detect, as they ought easily to do, the really conscientious student. That we should love knowledge

for its own sake is quite true; but who will say that a passion is weakened by the furnishing of an additional motive? In fact, those who love knowledge for its own sake, require no stimulant; and it is not for these, but for the far greater number who have some, but, as yet not an adequate, sense of its intrinsic value and importance, that such examinations are intended. It should be borne in mind also, that there are many branches of knowledge, as book-keeping, agriculture, chemistry, etc., which have a direct reference to useful arts, and the acquirement of which, as a means of qualifying the student for profitable occupation, is a legitimate and praiseworthy object. The certainty that care and pains will meet with recognition, that real and proved proficiency will receive a certificate of undisputed authority, cannot fail in any of these cases to offer a powerful incitement. The balance of advantages in favor of examinations has been confirmed by the highest authorities: at our colleges and universities their efficacy and necessity has never been questioned; the system has been adopted by the law and other societies to ensure proper qualifications in their members; and it is now recognised as a principle, that no government appointment, civil or military, shall be given without such a test. In every one of these instances, however, the practical benefit of examinations is greatly diminished, and in some cases wholly destroyed, by the restrictions placed upon competition. In the civil service, competition instead of being open, is still limited to nominees under the old patronage system; and in other cases, so little have the notions of free trade, which are sometimes supposed to have completely triumphed in England, prevailed over habit, that it is rare indeed that any one can obtain a recognition of his qualification simply because he is qualified. No knowledge of the law, for instance, would secure an admission as an attorney, unless it had been acquired in a manner arbitrarily laid down by the examiners; nor can a degree be obtained at most of our universities, without a previous residence and study, entailing considerable expense, at one of its recognised colleges. The design of the Society of Arts was to furnish certificates, in nowise less authentic, as an evidence of merit, though of course in a lower degree, than these university diplomas, but open to the cheap and easy competition of humbler classes. There are probably none desiring such a distinction who cannot afford the trifling sum—generally only a few shillings a year—necessary to make them members of a local institution; any member of such an institution would be eligible, and in some cases even this preliminary is dispensed with. One of the principles laid down by the society in the original sketch of its design was that, "in order that diplomas or certificates may be accepted as really valuable testimonials of persevering study and superior attainment, the examiners must be men of distinguished reputation, and their awards must not be lightly given." This principle has been strictly adhered to. No university in England

can boast of a more illustrious list of examiners, which includes such names as Professor Airey, Dr. Sterndale Bennett, Dr. Playfair, the Dean of Hereford, the Rev. Canon Moseley, Mr. Glaisher, F.R.S., Professor Henfrey (Botany), Professor Neate (Political Economy), the Rev. B. Price (Sedleian Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Oxford), Dr. Bernays and M. Mariette, of King's College, London (French and German), Professors Robert Hunt, Huxley, Solly, Wilson, Hoppus, Tyndall, and many others of equal reputation. The value to a friendless young person of a certificate from any one of these gentlemen, in their various departments of learning or science, must be obvious.

The first examination took place at the Society's rooms in June, 1856. The subjects were Mathematics, Book-keeping, Mechanics, Chemistry, Physiology, Botany, Agriculture, Geography, English History and Literature, Roman History, Latin, French, German, and Drawing. There were 52 candidates. Two were rejected, on a preliminary examination, in writing and spelling. The certificates granted were of three grades, viz.: for Excellence, Proficiency, and Competency. In many of the departments, as might have been expected, none were found deserving of a certificate of the highest, and in some, not even of the second class; but the results were on the whole satisfactory; several were recommended for prizes. A manifest inconvenience, however, was felt in the fact that some of the competitors had been compelled to come from distant places to London. To many, such a step would no doubt be impossible; while to others, who were nearer or had more leisure, it gave an unfair advantage. It was, therefore, determined that the next yearly examinations should be conducted, by way of experiment, at Huddersfield, as well as at London. The result, in 1857, was that, in addition to 80 competitors in London, as many as 140 presented themselves at Huddersfield. The examiners granted many certificates and prizes, and reported a marked improvement in the character of the knowledge displayed, as contrasted with the previous year. Several who had obtained certificates of a lower grade at the first examination, had in the meantime pursued their objects so well as to obtain this year higher certificates.

Great difficulty, however, was still felt in the impossibility of having a sufficient number of centres of examination. If twenty such centres, instead of two, could have been established, great inequalities would still have existed in the conditions under which the various institutes would compete. The greater number of their members were persons occupied in the day time, and unable to attend at a distance; while many, whose merit might not have been inferior to the most successful candidate, were probably unable to afford the sum necessary for travelling expenses. On the country institutions this unfairness would press in a ratio increasing in every direction, from the centre of the district to the line of circumference. The local board of Professors was extremely costly: to extend the system therefore adequately was im-

possible; and after much discussion, a plan was decided upon, which has been found to work admirably, and entirely to put an end to the inconveniences referred to. The institutes themselves were recommended to combine for the formation of local boards to carry out the examinations under the Society's direction. Fifty such local boards were accordingly formed in this year, composed of gentlemen of known character in their neighbourhoods; and 1098 candidates immediately presented themselves at their "previous" examinations. To these succeeded a final examination, conducted by paper questions, drawn up by the Society's great Board of Examiners. Copies of all these papers were dispatched at the same moment to the various institutes, under seal, which was only to be broken by the boards, in the presence of the assembled candidates. Every examination, in one particular subject, would be held on the same day and at the same hour throughout the kingdom. Copies, rules, and instructions were furnished; and every means taken to render any unfairness impossible, each local board being called upon afterwards to make a declaration that all regulations had been strictly complied with. The results betoken an immense progress beyond the point attained last year, and leave no doubt that the local boards will extend in number, and increase in importance and efficacy: the extent indeed to which they may ultimately be employed in the great work of education can scarcely receive a limit. The candidates for honors have not been confined to mere youths, but number among them men of from twenty to thirty years of age, who have passed these examinations who had set themselves to work to improve their education. They comprise persons employed in almost every kind of occupation. Among those who have taken certificates of the highest class, we find in algebra, a mechanic; in chemistry, a clerk; in botany, a worker in a chemical labaratory, (aged seventeen); in political economy, a clerk; in descriptive geography, a draper, a bookkeeper, a clerk, and a brushmaker; in English history, a bookkeeper; in English literature, a bank clerk and a grocer; in Latin, and Roman history, the only certificate of this high order is given to a butcher; the only one in Latin, to a carpenter. But the most striking case in the whole examinations throughout the kingdom, is, that of a working engineer, whose name ought not to be suppressed here. This young man, Mr. George William Wicker, aged eighteen, has taken no less than seven certificates for different sciences, won three of the highest money prizes, and secured to the funds of the "Watt Institute," Portsea, of which he is a member, a special donation from the Society of Arts. Many have exhibited abilities of the highest order; some have received government appointments, for which their examinations had shewn them to possess particular qualifications. The Society has frequently received applications to inspect their lists of successful candidates, by persons anxious to secure their services; and a great number of business firms have voluntarily pledged

themselves to give attention, in selecting their employés, to these certificates.

Up to this present year—such is the force of habit, and the patient acquiescence of women in their own exclusion from competition with the other sex, that scarcely any one appears to have considered this important movement as affecting any but young men. In some of our manufacturing towns, where women are much more numerously employed in industrial occupations than in London, many of these institutes comprise a large proportion of women among their members; but no one dreamed of competing for one of the Society's certificates. The possibility of such an event seems, indeed, not to have entered the minds of the original promoters of the system; and when two years ago it was incidentally alluded to, it appears to have startled the most benevolent and active of its supporters, and to have been looked upon as a delicate and a dangerous subject. Mr. W. J. Fox, however, who was present at the conference, boldly asserted that "he saw no reason why females should not compete for the honorary certificates awarded by the Society;" but the suggestion was not responded to. The idea seemed to be felt like a sudden note of discord in a well-trained orchestra. It passed away, and was forgotten.

This year, however, upon the institution of the widely extended plan of local boards, an unexpected question was put to the society by one of its institutions in union. Supposing women, being members, should offer themselves to be examined, would the Society refuse to allow them to be admitted, and to grant them certificates if successful? Some young women had indeed offered themselves! The board deliberated, and to their great honor, finally determined that the sex of the applicant in nowise concerned them as examiners. Young women, coming within the conditions applicable to the other sex, would not be refused.

When it is remembered that the idea is novel, that up to very recently it was not known that these candidates would be admitted, it is not to be expected that they would be numerous, or that they would exhibit any remarkable proficiency; but we regret to find that no one has been successful in obtaining a certificate of the highest class. None have presented themselves for examination save in the French language. These were from literary institutions in Bristol, Manchester, and Macclesfield. Two young persons, each aged eighteen, and one aged twenty-eight, take certificates of proficiency (second class) in this study. Three others, aged respectively seventeen, eighteen, and thirty-seven,—the latter a governess,—have taken certificates of the third class. We regret that the results are, as yet, no better than this, because we feel convinced that the possession of one of the Society's certificates would be a valuable testimonial to any young person anxious to obtain employment or improve her condition, and therefore, a new means of breaking down the barrier which at present shuts them out from so many

occupations for which they are well fitted. We would earnestly exhort them all to believe that what it is possible for young men to attain by persevering self-culture, is, in almost every case, possible for them. The Society grants certificates of three kinds for book-keeping for instance. How can any pretend that they are, as we believe them to be, as well fitted by nature for the counting-house as men are, if no woman throughout the kingdom can win this honor? By the Society's decision there is nothing to prevent a small institution exclusively of women being formed in any town in the United Kingdom for evening classes, and sending any number of their members to the local board. No time, indeed, is to be lost in rendering secure the privilege obtained. Members of the Society, to our knowledge, already talk of a probable necessity for rescinding the resolution; and the momentary failure will doubtless be seized upon for an argument. We have, indeed, already heard many objections raised by well-meaning, but mistaken persons against the system. It is a favorite theory with those who have the faculty of shutting their eyes to proved facts and undeniable figures, that no woman should be educated save with constant reference to domestic life. This has been answered so often and so conclusively, that we cannot hope to make any impression upon those who still hold this opinion. While three-fourths of the adult unmarried women of Great Britain, and two-thirds of the widowed are, as appears by the last census, actually engaged in earning their living by independent labor, it is in vain to talk of whether we shall fit women by education for anything but domestic duties. By refusing so to fit them, we do not give homes to the widowed, or domestic duties to the unmarried, or relieve them in any way from the burden of supporting themselves. We simply condemn them to the lowest class of labor, and the poorest earnings. We do not, indeed, exempt them from the battle of life, but send them to a fiercer and more dreadful strife, where every hour some faint and perish, and many fall back, and are for ever lost. For them we see in these examinations some little gleam of hope.

XLVIII.—FEMALE INDUSTRIAL EMPLOYMENTS IN THE SOUTH OF IRELAND.

WITHIN the last ten years a vast change has taken place in the industrial employments of females in the south and west of Ireland. The famine which, in the year 1847, desolated these parts of the island, apparently crushing all human energies, was in reality, its greatest boon; for from its ravishing hand, sprung forth the germ of a healthy and vigorous life, amongst those of the population, who survived its devastations; just as from the decayed grain shoots

forth the hardy blade, which in time yields fourfold fruit. When at length a lull took place in the pestilence, which raged for many months so hotly, people began to look around them and see how they were to remedy the utter destitution of the poor in their vicinity: and in remote country villages, as well as in towns and cities, there were not wanting ladies to form themselves into committees and associations, for the benefit of the female poor; many of whom were widows and orphans, deprived of house and home by the same stroke that took from them the husband and father, who had toiled for their daily bread.

The first means of enabling them to earn their livelihood by work, was to *teach* them, for the greater part of both women and children, were ignorant on this point, save of knitting stockings, and doing a little plain work, which was mostly confined to repairing the clothes of their families. But, with the natural quickness of the Irish in general, *teaching* was no difficult task, and ere long in many a country village sprung up a crochet school,—that style of work being considered the most remunerative that at the time presented itself.

Girls of all ages quickly flocked in to these schools, glad to earn even a few pence, and it was a pleasant sight to see their nimble fingers handling the crochet needle so expertly, while their poor wan faces lit up with pleasure, as the ladies, who kindly undertook the sale of their work, examined it and praised their industry. At first they were almost exclusively confined to making edgings; collars and sleeves, in crochet, not having come into fashion at the time. These did not, of course pay them well, three pence per yard, being about the highest price which could be obtained for them: and then an insurmountable obstacle arose, which was, that there was no known available market for their work, for the families in the vicinities of these crochet schools, had purchased as much, and more, from them than they required; and having exhausted their English friends, who had given them a vast amount of help and large orders for edgings, could do no more; so that for a short time their industry seemed paralized, and they again relapsed into idleness, which to say truth was not voluntary. Many a time, have we heard the regretful words—"I'm idle for want of work," and felt how hard it seemed, to be unable to give them some.

But this state of things did not continue long, for, hearing that the sewed muslin embroidery was extending, and prospering in the north of Ireland, and giving to so many thousands there remunerative employment, some ladies (principally the wives of clergymen) entered into correspondence with some of the leading manufacturers in Belfast, as to the means of the females of the south sharing the benefits which their northern sisters enjoyed from embroidery work; to which enquiries they received a kind and speedy response, assuring them that every encouragement should be given them to form embroidery schools in their neighbourhoods. No time was therefore

lost, no effort spared, to open schools for this purpose. In one instance, where no house could be obtained (this was in a small country town) and no suitable room was to be had, the large room in the court house, was kindly given up for a time, by the magistrates, until the committee of ladies, who were forming the working class, found a suitable place for the girls to assemble in. The plan adopted was this, the manufacturer sent a mistress from the north, who was fully competent to instruct in all the branches of sewed muslin embroidery work. The ladies' committee guaranteed to her the sum of one pound per week, for such time as it was necessary she should teach and superintend the work of the girls employed, and in some instances, the mistresses thus sent, were about a year teaching in one school. The manufacturer sent the unbleached muslin stamped for working, also the cotton, so much being allowed for each strip, the calculation being generally exactly correct. The work completed, the muslin was returned to him, unwashed and just as it came from the workers' hands, the process of bleaching, finishing, and making up being performed in the north.

This commencement of sewed muslin embroidery in the south of Ireland, was in the year 1850, and on looking back, it does seem strange that it took so many years to travel from Ulster to Munster, for it was first known in the former province in the year 1780 ; and in 1806 it was first introduced as a manufacture, in a small village in the County Down, but then, as now, the spinning of linen yarn being the staple manufacture of Ulster, the new style of work gained little favor, being confined to two or three small villages. The amount of wages received by the workers, averaging annually no more than £5000.

In consequence however of the adoption of machinery for the spinning of linen yarn, the hand-spinners were deprived of their accustomed employment, and the various articles of the recently introduced manufacture becoming in increased favor and demand, not only at home but abroad, this style of work at once extended and developed in a manner almost incredible ; spreading not alone through Ulster, but creeping also into other provinces. An important impetus and stimulus was also given to the work, by the mode of printing the patterns upon the muslin being changed ; the lithographic press being employed, instead of the tedious and expensive mode of block printing, hitherto made use of for the purpose, which was in vogue until the year 1830.

At the present time the demand for sewed muslin embroidery, —not alone in Great Britain, but in the United States, Canada, Australia, India, and indeed every country which opens its markets to British industry,—is so great, that in Ireland alone, it is estimated, there are annually 200,000 females employed, and the yearly amount of wages received by those several parties connected with the work is £400,000, and upwards. So that this manufacture is of deep and vital importance to the females of Ireland, at least to those of

the peasant class, who are generally the gainers by its fostering hand. Dependent, as this style of work is, on the caprice of fashion, it is nevertheless less dependent than other classes of fancy work for this reason, that changeful as certain descriptions of it may be, there are many articles connected with the trade, as free as most things of the kind can be, from the fluctuations of fashion in the article of female costume; whilst to meet the more vulnerable portions of it, the inventive power of the tasteful designer can be called forth, to create new articles to captivate the seeker after novelty, and to the restless enterprizer we look for the discovery of new markets, wherein to dispose of our industry. Therefore we look forward with hope to the future of this branch of female industrial employment throughout Ireland.

Hitherto we have spoken of it generally, now we shall come to individualize its working. The manufacturers are mostly connected with Glasgow, where all the work is finally sent by the various agents, who are scattered throughout the towns and cities of the south and west of Ireland. These agents take a house, or set of rooms, where assemble the females who apply to them for work. In some instances this is done on the premises, but in general the workers are permitted to take it to their own homes, which they much prefer, and which, for two reasons, is far preferable;—first, they are not penned up in close and, it may be, contaminating rooms, where bad air, and want of ventilation, may induce disease; and, secondly, they are by this means enabled to pursue their occupation in the bosom of their families, leaving it off when domestic duties require their attention, and resuming it at their own convenience, which makes the task far lighter, besides the beneficial effects on the health, of pausing now and then in their work, instead of bending over it continuously for hours at a time. The embroidery is divided into classes; the first class being generally some simple pattern in strips, either for trimming or insertion,—or a very simple collar, for the working of which is paid about threepence. The fifth class is the highest, and has satin-stitch and rich embroidery introduced into it, and is well paid for,—five and six shillings being given for a collar in this class of work. We have heard that in many instances it is sought for by, and given to, ladies of reduced means, who are happy by this means to add to their incomes, and avoid the publicity of other modes of employment; and here we may add, that in a large city in the south of Munster, we know of a depôt opened mainly for the work of reduced ladies, who are there well paid for crochet and embroidery, only the finest and best descriptions being received for disposal.

Having thus given a brief account of the present state of the sewed muslin embroidery work, we must turn to other branches of female industrial employments, and state, that within the last few years, a fresh impetus has been given to crochet work in this country, which has led to the establishment of various manufactories for its

production. A firm in Cork, who possess a large drapers' establishment, have opened a school and factory for crochet work alone, in which hundreds of girls are employed, some working daily in the school, and others receiving materials to do the work in their own homes. We have heard that they find a ready market for crochet of all descriptions, in every part of the world, but more particularly in America, where work of all kinds being very expensive, they are able to realise large profits; and ready sales are easily effected, which, for this kind of work, is essential, owing to the many changes of fashion in the shape of the collars and sleeves: although indeed, at present, this fabric in every form is so much in vogue, that the market for its sale is seldom overstocked. How long it may continue to be in demand is, of course, very uncertain; and for this reason many persons object to its being taught and practised by the poorer classes, to the exclusion of plain work, which seems to them far more solid and useful, as an acquirement, than crochet and such fluctuating fancy works. But the argument against this theory is, that at present there is no remunerative field for plain workers. It is true that of late years into Ireland have penetrated those grinders of the poor—shirt-making manufactories, from which the needy workwomen, whom absolute want drives to their doors, receive the miserable wages which barely keep them from starvation, and which has called forth Hood's celebrated "Song of the Shirt." But only those who can obtain no other livelihood would ever seek for this style of work; and many who have tried it, have declared that sooner than continue it, they would seek admittance to the parish workhouse,—two-pence being the amount they received for making a shirt in the class known as "slop-work," and which occupied them the best part of a day,—and sixpence being the sum paid for a white shirt, highly finished, with several rows of the finest stitching on the fronts, collars, and sleeves, and which occupied them nearly two days in the making! Therefore, at present, they eagerly flock to the crochet schools, which enable them to earn as much as six and seven shillings a week, if they are clever workers, and which is a style of work the girls seem infinitely to prefer to any other. It is, indeed, a pleasant sight, to see them sitting at their cottage doors in groups, singing and smiling, at their employment, comfortably clothed, by the fruits of their own industry, instead of being, as formerly, ragged, squalid, and idle, roaming about the streets and roads, getting into vice of every kind, and adding to the poverty of their families, instead of ameliorating it.

Attached to almost every convent is a work-school, to which the nuns devote a certain number of hours daily, for teaching and overseeing the girls in their occupations: and from some of these convent schools is sent exquisite specimens of crochet work; the fine Guipure crochet and imitation of old point lace, being frequently taught by nuns, who are themselves foreigners, or who, having lived on the continent, have learned the art in those countries

where it is brought to the greatest perfection. But the sale for those refined and expensive sorts of work is limited, and they fear entering into it too deeply; the cheap and common kinds of collars, sleeves, etc., finding by far a readier sale. Therefore, —unlike manufacturers, seeking for their own profit upon the work,—the nuns' schools are most sought for by the workers, who there obtain higher prices than they receive at the manufacturers; where, we have heard, the profits to the proprietors are twenty per cent. at least, crochet work, of all kinds, realising more in England and the colonies than it does in Ireland.

Another branch of female employment in this country we must not omit,—we allude to the beautiful fabric known as Limerick lace, and which is now exported all over the civilized world. Indeed, no bride deems her *trousseau* complete without some article of this light and beautiful texture being contained in it, and very frequently are wedding dresses almost entirely composed of Limerick lace, its price enabling those who consider Honiton, or Brussels, beyond their means,—to obtain it instead. In the city of Limerick, where it is exclusively manufactured, there are about two thousand females employed in its workmanship; it is wrought in frames, several women embroidering at the same frame, if the article is of large size. The girls who are employed at the manufactories are apprenticed, generally for seven years,—at first only earning about two shillings a week, and when perfect at their trade, their wages not averaging more than from seven to ten shillings a week. Besides the workers, there are also designers employed, whose business it is to draw and invent patterns, which are tacked under the lace, and then traced accurately with the needle upon its surface. This style of needlework however, we may consider altogether local, as we are not aware of its being carried on in any place but the city whose name it bears.

There is in the county of Waterford at a small town called Tallow, a school carried on by the nuns of the convent there, for the production of Maltese lace, in the manufacture of which they have arrived at great perfection. Some specimens we have seen, being not inferior to that brought from abroad, and highly creditable to the poor girls who make it, and who we believe are well paid for their work.

We are well aware that it is the fashion of the present day, to decry the children of the poor being taught any of the above sorts of work; and the writers and speakers against it argue, that it unfits them for the description of labor they may be required to practise in domestic life. One writer affirms that the generality of females who earn money in this way, seldom know how to spend it, that they can certainly adorn their clothes with tawdry finery, but would be unable to darn or mend them if torn. This is all very well to theorize about, but let him step into any of our cottage homes in the country, or lodgings for the poor in the city, and

on questioning the mothers of those girls who are employed in any of these styles of work, he will find her acknowledge with gratitude, that they are now kept from idleness and have consequently learnt domesticity, and that their earnings, small though they be, are of great value to her, and a comfort to themselves. These statements we know to be facts;—and those who would not teach a girl fancy work, seem to forget that as the age progresses, we must progress with it. It was no doubt all very well in the days of our grandmothers, to instruct their daughters in spinning, weaving, and knitting, but the loom has superseded the use of these employments in the present day; and therefore, we can only weave now in romance, and spin in an old ballad.

Therefore do we wish good speed to all female industry, no matter of what class it be, only regretting that it is not better paid for, and feeling assured that in time females will show their capabilities for higher and more profitable pursuits, than they have yet attained to.

[It is, however, very greatly to be regretted that the domestic manufacture of knitted stockings has so far declined; and we believe that if a receiving shop were set on foot by ladies in London, a ready sale would be obtained for such articles for both sexes. They are more durable and wholesome for winter wear than goods manufactured by machinery; and a re-action having set in among the upper classes, in favor of thick woollen petticoats and Shetland hose, advantage might be taken of the new fashion to found such a depôt, the stockings being collected in Ireland from the cottage homes of the makers by an association of ladies extending over the country. The gathering together of those who once worked in their own dwellings into one large building, under the rule of a steam-engine, possesses, of course, very marked economical advantages; but so grave are the resultant evils to the health, in the case of women and young girls, that the organization of new plans by intelligent ladies is a chance of which we will not despair. Women *versus* political economy;—such a sentence has a hopeless sound, yet it is *not hopeless;* for the exertions of the upper, by which we mean the educated, class of females, would be a new element in commerce, of which Mr. John Stuart Mill would be the first to approve, and whose results he would admit to be, at present, beyond calculation. Now the *manual* labor of women is absorbed by the hundred thousand pairs of hands;—the moral supervision of women has become almost a nullity in commerce. As the lady sat among her spinning maidens in the olden time, so should she now, in some way, adapt her guardian energies to the welfare of the worker in the vortex of modern trade. Ed.]

November, 1857.

XLIX.—THE WORKING OF THE NEW DIVORCE BILL.

We take our greatest blessings very quietly, and particularly when they come in the form of relief from tormenting evils. By the changes in our marriage law much more happiness is caused than belongs to the mere relief of a certain number of sufferers, hitherto hopeless. Those who best know what domestic peace and comfort are and ought to be, are released from the genuine anguish of compassion and shame with which they have regarded the multitude of helpless sufferers who lingered on in misery under our former marriage law. Everybody with whom one speaks of any wretched marriage, at once matches the case with another, which brings up the mention of a third; so that the imagination becomes haunted with images of cursed homes. What could the husband do when his wife deserted his young children, and robbed him, to spend his hard earnings on her paramour? What lot could be so utterly hopeless as that of the deserted wife who was sure to see her husband again, and be stripped of all the fruits of her industry, as soon as she had gathered some comforts about her children? It is no exaggeration to say that life has been darkened and saddened to the best hearts and minds in the community by the frequent evidence and constant knowledge of the intolerable wrongs inflicted, without prospect of remedy, on a multitude of persons unhappily married—or far more than would have been so married if our matrimonial law had been more just and prudent than it was. It is simple truth that life is cheered and brightened to us all by the lifting off of the main burden of oppression and wrong. We shall hear no more of the absolutely unendurable cases; and for all the hardest there is more or less remedy now provided. Moreover, the ground is cleared for the growth of various indirect benefits.

Some persons are surprised at the terrible stories that are told to police magistrates, and in the Divorce Courts, by betrayed husbands and oppressed wives; but to most of us the narratives are only too common-place. We do not wonder that there are now 173 petitions for divorce or judicial separation before the Court. We rather expect to find that when the new method of relief becomes understood throughout all ranks, there will be a good deal more to astonish thoughtless hearers. Knowing what wife-beating is in all towns, and profligacy in our rural districts, we may expect an immense amount of petitioning when all classes have learned that wronged husbands and wives have no further to go than the next police magistrate or court of petty sessions to obtain protection for person and property. For some time to come we may expect to hear of increasing numbers of petitions. Then, as the existing mass of cases is disposed of, the number will decline, till the average of unhappy marriages becomes less (as we may fairly hope it will) than it has ever been yet.

This discouragement of whole classes of bad marriages is one of the most obvious and one of the most certain benefits of the reform in the law. The swindlers of both sexes, who, by hundreds in a year, marry simple-minded spouses in the working classes in order to obtain the property of their victims, and then desert them, have now received a great check. Hitherto a wife has had no protection from any number of returns of the prodigal, and seizure of her earnings; but now one pillage and desertion only are feasible; and the wife may choose between making him pay towards her maintenance and getting rid of his applications altogether. By the way, there is an omission in the new law which ought to be supplied without delay. Power is nominally granted to the wife to recover from her husband or any creditor of his, any property seized after she has obtained a protecting order, and also double the value of such property, but no power is given to detain the husband or other aggressor at the moment, and thus he may get clear off with the pro-

perty, leaving the destitute wife in no condition to proceed by suit. This being amended, as it no doubt will be, the encouragement to swindling marriages, created under the old law, is very greatly mitigated. Silly women and vain men will still be victims of adventurers, but the wholesale incitement to swindlers to pillage the industrious by means of the conjugal yoke, which the victim cannot escape from, though the thief can play fast and loose with it, is now reduced to something very small.

The new law cannot but operate well in regard to the wife-beating order of abuses. The enactments framed to meet this class of offences have not wrought so well as their authors expected. There was nothing in the infliction of special punishment for special violence which could meet the worst evil of wife-beating—the premium on concubinage over matrimony in the laboring class. It was so obvious, when attention was once turned full on this order of offences, that the wife's case was hopeless, while the mistress could take care of herself, that the effect on social morality was disastrous. The wife is usually unwilling to accept the protection of the law, because she dreads her husband's vengeance when he comes out of prison, and because she and her children cannot maintain themselves without his leave; whereas the mistress is free at any moment. Now that, under the new law, the wife can get protection for her earnings, after a certain amount of desertion, and a judicial separation after a certain amount of cruelty, the brutal order of husbands will find that they have very little more power over a wife than over a concubine. It will be a matter of some interest now to see whether Irish laborers become even more conspicuous as wife-beaters than they are now. Their priests have always impressed them, and do so now, probably, more zealously than ever, with the indissoluble character of marriage, which the brute-husband understands to mean the eternal slavery of his wife. It has always been surprising to observers that the priests permit so wide a prevalence of this kind of violence among a class who are understood to confess to them, and to be under their spiritual guardianship, more or less; and it will be interesting to observe whether the Irish poor in our great towns avail themselves in any degree of the new law, and whether they become even more notorious than at present for personal violence.

The benefit which may hereafter be seen to be the greatest of all those which are accruing under the reform of our marriage law is the full, practical recognition of women as "bread-winners." "We men are the bread-winners," we hear said, not seldom, in the face of all the female teachers, artists, operatives, dressmakers, shopkeepers, authors, and domestics in the United Kingdom. "We men are the bread-winners," say the sentimentalists, who are ashamed of their female relatives appearing to work, though female earnings usually drop into men's pockets. But the fact is, and has long been, that a vast proportion—some say nineteenth-twentieths—of the women of the kingdom work for their bread, though our laws remain applicable to a very different state of society, to a social state in which nearly every women was maintained by husband, father, mother, or kinsman. The new law of separation protects the industry of the wife, as well as her property acquired from other sources: and the long array of cases of efficient industry already disclosed, ought to impress men with respect for women as workers, and to animate women to work by the incitement of example, and the new comfort of legal protection for their earnings and their efforts to earn.

Though we have never objected to the discussion of women's claims to freedom of industry, to educational advantages of every kind, and to all rights which they can prove themselves able to fulfil in the form of duties, we have always held that the only method of progression in women's case, as in all others, is by showing what they can do—by urging their claims in the shape of acheivement. No *à priori* proposition to enable deserted wives to work for their own and their children's maintenance would ever have succeeded; and the whole move would have been laughed down, or wrangled over without result: but the fact that hundreds of deserted wives do actually

maintain their families by virtuous industry, and have done so, under the discouragement of a tyrannical matrimonial law, has obtained the recognition of society at large for their rights, and protection of those rights by the law. Whatever else is wanted for the improvement of Englishwomen's state and position must be won in the same way. Let it be discussed, by all means; but, while the talk is going on, let women show by what they do that they have a right to what they claim. Many a toiling, deserted wife who has lately pleaded her case before the magistrate, with no other thought than of her children and their daily bread, may have done more for the elevation of her sex than any number of mere eloquent declaimers. It is certainly not the declaimers, but the working women, who have won the new protection which is blessing the whole country.

Lord Cranworth is endeavoring to extend the blessings of the reform by enlarging the provisions of the Act, so as to make the Judge more accessible, and to bring in British subjects residing abroad, and improve the protection afforded to the earnings of deserted wives. There can be no difficulty about the perfecting of a law already proved so good.—*Daily News*, May 28th.

L.—NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Legends and Lyrics. A Book of Verses. By Adelaide Ann Procter. Bell and Daldy, London.

It is not often that Nature, in the gifts of genius, shews any favor for man's law of primogeniture, endowing the first-born with the wealth of the father; but Barry Cornwall, and Barry Cornwall's daughter,

"Child of my heart! my sweet, belov'd first-born!"

prove the exception to the rule. With much of the great song-writer's facile and musical rhythm, and of his subtle and tender perception into the harmonies and discords of life, this poet child of a poet father has yet a distinct utterance of her own, which renders this volume of poems a valuable contribution to the literature of the day, and will ensure for it a place in the hearts of readers yet unborn. No brain-weaving is there here,—no straining of ideas and torturing of words, intellectual harlequinades, with which the spasmodic school of poets has sufficiently tormented itself and its readers.

"Out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh;" and it is just such speaking which goes to the heart, and at once enthrones poet, novelist, orator, or preacher, in the affections of all who read or listen. Miss Procter herself thinks and feels, and so appeals to the thoughts and feelings of others. No one can even glance over these poems without seeing at once that a true thing is before him, —that he holds in his hands the genuine utterance of a warm, loving heart; full of sympathy, full of comprehension of things good

and evil; strong to suffer and to hope;—a heart linked in every fibre to the common heart of humanity,—whose vibrations will waken many an echo long after it has itself ceased to beat.

Unassuming in title and appearance as these "Legends and Lyrics" are, there is in them a mine of tenderness and purity, of noble thought and high aspiration. Catholic, in the most comprehensive sense of the word, they will commend themselves to all classes of readers. Some have already appeared in the "Household Words," where, though anonymous, they attracted considerable attention, and, in some instances, made a deep and lasting impression. Not a few readers will recognise, with pleasure, old favorites now endorsed with a name which, in itself, is a passport to consideration and favor.

From those already pulished, we select:—

GOD'S GIFTS.

God gave a gift to earth:—a child,
Weak, innocent, and undefiled,
Opened its ignorant eyes, and smiled.

It lay so helpless, so forlorn,
Earth took it coldly, and in scorn,
Cursing the day when it was born.

She gave it first a tarnished name,—
For heritage, a tainted fame;—
Then cradled it in want and shame.

All influence of Good or Right,—
All ray of God's most holy light,
She curtained closely from its sight.

Then turned her heart, her eyes away,
Ready to look again, the day
Its little feet began to stray.

In dens of guilt the baby played,
Where sin, and sin alone, was made
The law that all around obeyed.

With ready and obedient care,
He learnt the tasks they taught him there,—
Black sin for lesson—oaths for prayer.

Then Earth arose, and, in her might,
To vindicate her injured right,
Thrust him in deeper depths of night.

Branding him with a deeper brand
Of shame, he could not understand,
The felon outcast of the land.

II.

God gave a gift to earth:—a child,
Weak, innocent, and undefiled,
Opened its ignorant eyes, and smiled.

And Earth received the gift, and cried
Her joy and triumph, far and wide,
Till echo answered to her pride.

She blest the hour when first he came
To take the crown of pride and fame,
Wreathed, through long ages, for his name.

Then bent her utmost art and skill
To train the supple mind and will,
And guard it from a breath of ill.

She strewed his morning path with flowers,
And love, in tender dropping showers,
Nourished the blue and dawning hours.

She shed, in rainbow hues of light,
A halo round the Good and Right,
To tempt and charm the baby's sight.

And every step, of work or play,
Was lit by some such dazzling ray,
Till morning brightened into day.

And then the World arose, and said—
Let added honors now be shed
On such a noble heart and head!

Oh, World, both gifts were pure and bright,
Holy and sacred in God's sight:—
God will judge them and thee aright!

From those now first published, we take one of quite a different character and tendency.

UNEXPRESSED.

Dwells within the soul of every Artist,
More than all his efforts can express;
And he knows the best remains unuttered,
Sighing at what *we* call his success.

Vainly he may strive, he dare not tell us
All the sacred mysteries of the skies;
Vainly he may strive, the deepest hearts
Cannot be unveiled to mortal eyes.

And the more devoutly that he listens,
And the holier message that is sent,
Still the more his soul must struggle vainly,
Bowed beneath a noble discontent.

No great Thinker ever lived, and taught you
All the wonder that his soul received;
No true Painter ever set on canvas
All the glorious vision he conceived.

No Musician ever held your spirit
Charmed and bound in his melodious chains,
But be sure he heard, and strove to render,
Feeble echoes of celestial strains.

No real Poet ever wrote in numbers
All his dream; but the diviner part,
Hidden from all the world, spake to him only
In the voiceless silence of his heart.

So with Love; for Love and Art united
Are twin mysteries, different yet the same;
Poor indeed would be the love of any
Who could find its full and perfect name.

Love may strive, but vain is the endeavor
All its boundless riches to unfold;
Still its tenderest, truest secret lingers
Ever in its deepest depths untold.

Things of Time have voices: speak and perish.
Art and Love speak; but their words must be
Like sighings of illimitable forests,
And waves of an unfathomable sea.

Vigorous and healthy as the tone of these "Legends and Lyrics" unquestionably is, a minor key of sadness runs throughout them. It is so in life, in the life of man and in the life of nature. A June day has its under-current of sadness, and the best and bravest among us, the truest and the tenderest, is least exempt from the "noble sorrow of sinning and suffering humanity."

"Song is but the eloquence of truth."

To this volume, which will itself become a "Household Word," we honestly and cordially commend our readers.

Intellectual Education, and its Influence on the Character and Happiness of Women. By Emily Shirreff. John W. Parker and Son.

THIS solid volume bears the marks of much wise and fruitful thought on the technicalities of tuition. The best way of communicating intellectual ideas to the young, the age at which different studies should commence, the supreme care which should be expended on the physical training of young girls; all these points are dealt with in a method that shews the author to be one of those who live and learn with the times. But we should be ill-performing the special function of a reviewer for such a journal as the one for which we are writing, if we failed to say that one of the main principles of the book is laid down in what appears to us direct defiance of the inevitable laws by which the Creator developed human character, whether of men or of women.

Miss Shirreff regards the women of the upper and middle classes as exempted from hard and hearty work, whether manual or mental. She half regrets this, but she accepts the exemption as an inevitable necessity, and she lays down as the first duty of the teacher of girls, to awaken in their minds a pure love of knowledge, which shall powerfully help to keep them fresh and animated throughout an uneventful career, unstimulated by ambition, or by the joyful necessity of active exertion.

That is to say she demands that educated women be introduced to the "Vocation of the Scholar," much in the same sense as Fichte would have regarded that vocation. She demands that women shall be taught to aspire to a mode of life which is possible to the most rarely constituted only of male intellects, and is even by them too often an unhappy failure, in a social sense; witness the melancholy career of Coleridge, and of many a college recluse.

Miss Shirreff regards the general adoption of professional life by women as an impossibility. Though we do not assent to her conclusions, the reasons she adduces are moderately and intelligently stated. But neither, on the other hand, does she favor the idea of "well-to-do" women taking an active part in household concerns. Here we think is her great and abiding mistake. She does not value *action* as the only medium in which any human creature can become either good or great. Far rather would we see our little maidens baking and brewing, cutting and darning, than spending all their time in "cultivating their minds" without any definite ulterior aim.

Miss Shirreff quotes the "clear-headed Greeks" as drawing a broad distinction between "those studies which they called liberal, or worthy of a free man, and those which are merely mechanical or professional." It is true that our most fruitful knowledge is often that which is acquired apart from the routine of daily duty, but how different is the receptive and combining power of the mind which is braced up by the strong support of a definite habit of exertion, to that of a mind which perpetually feasts on leisure.

For one divine philosopher who

> "Lets his lamp at midnight hour
> Be seen in some high lonely tower,"

how many noble youths have been ruined by learned leisure! Milton knew better when he prayed:—

> "And may at last my *weary age*,
> Find out the peaceful hermitage,
> The hairy gown and mossy cell,
> Where I may sit and nightly spell
> Of every star that heaven doth shew,
> And every herb that sips the dew;
> Till old experience do attain,
> To something like prophetic strain."

And if men can so hardly, so rarely combine a studious and an inactive life, what shall we hope from women; women so emotional, so sympathetic, so active, in their own sphere; women whose whole nature demands to be ever doing something for somebody?

The worst of these discussions about female education is that they are usually begun and ended in an utter ignorance of the actual facts of life. We would fain ask any of our readers to take twenty women of their acquaintance, alphabetically, so as to prevent any

mental selection, and to ask him or herself how many of these ladies were constituted by nature to live by the pursuit of knowledge, or in the vocation of a scholar? *One* perhaps could do so, just as there are a few men to whom learning is meat and drink. But the other nineteen;—have they not indomitable activities in every fibre of their womanly natures? Are they not either busily absorbed by home duties, or longingly aspiring to those of the world at large;—or delicate invalids, to whom the blessed call of any urgent duty might prove as potent as the words of the Saviour, "Daughter, I say unto thee, arise!"

It may seem strange that we should argue against intellectual culture for its own sake;—are we to have no poets, no antiquarians, no amateur devotees of any sweet and refining pursuits? Shall we shut up Kant, and lay aside the classics, because they do not help us to gain our daily bread? No! far from it, O gentle and cultured reader: let us have all these things in ample measure; but *not* as the main occupation, the distinguishing characteristic of a life, unless they be pursued professionally, in which case the responsible and productive use of a mental faculty becomes the very noblest end of a human creature's existence. In that case the labor is undertaken to benefit others, and, by its connection with the moral nature, becomes fit food to strengthen and enlarge the soul.

We can conceive no greater misfortune to a community than the setting apart of an influential class—influential by reason of the inherent domestic affections—for a life of learned leisure alone. Let those women whose appointed lot forbids any active intermingling with the affairs of the outward world, or with the professional region which is daily extending for their sex, accept freely their share of household work, assured that by so doing they will best preserve bodily health and mental vigor. Man was intended to live in close connection with the material world at all points. The exertions of the great bulk of the race are wholly absorbed in wresting food, and clothes, and shelter, from the powers of nature; manufacturers and merchants devote their exertions to a collateral end;—shall women feel it any degradation to perform heartily their share of the universal labor, in superintending, or in executing, the nicer details required for the perfection of clothing, food, and household order?

Moreover, the active mistress of a household is, or ought to be, responsible for a larger share of social benefit than her own inmates could require at her hands. The stranger within our gates and the neighbour just outside them, have upon all women in comfortable circumstances a sacred claim; a claim not incompatible with a large amount of self culture, but wholly precluding it as a main occupation. While advocating,—as we are known to advocate the throwing open of those intellectual professions to the female sex, which are usually considered suitable for men only,—we would strenously uphold the nobility of purely industrial occupation in its own place.

But, Miss Shirreff's well considered pages deserve more than a

passing review, and we would recommend our readers to get the book and judge of it from its own merits. Our remarks only apply to the one principle which appears to us founded on a mistake, and which after all would affect the woman rather than the girl. A girl's life must be chiefly spent in laying up stores of health and knowledge, and the way to do so is very wisely and carefully pointed out in this volume.

The Common Objects of the Country. By the Rev. J. G. Wood, M.A., F.L.S.; with illustrations by Coleman. London: Routledge and Co., Farringdon Street, 1858.

A PLEASANTER companion than the Rev. J. G. Wood's "Common Objects of the Country" we could not well recommend to the unscientific and yet inquiring lovers of nature. Its pages are filled with the instructive and amusing gossip of a naturalist, who ardently loving nature in her varied realms of bird, beast, reptile, fish, and insect, unbends with childlike simplicity to converse with the unscientific, in unscientific but graphic language, about the inconceivable marvels of quaintness, loveliness, and to our human ignorance, *oddness*, to be observed amidst the humbler of the Divine works. It is a simple and bright spirited little book, which we would put into the hands of young people, especially of girls, as it could not fail to interest them in minute observation of nature; a direction into which, of late years, the mind of woman has been drawn already with so much benefit as to lead to high augury for the future.

Here is a curious little part of natural history regarding a much maligned creature, the toad. For toads, by-the-bye, Mr. Wood appears almost in the character of Knight-errant.

"Like all the reptiles, the toad changes its skin, but the cast envelope is never found, although those of the serpent are common enough. The reason why it is not found is this:—The toad is an economical animal, and does not choose that so much substance should be wasted. So, after the skin has been entirely thrown off, the toad takes its old coat into his fore-paws and dexterously rolls it, and pats it, and twists it, until the coat has been formed into a ball. It is then taken between the paws, pushed into the mouth, and swallowed at a gulp like a big pill."

Caterpillars are, we frankly confess, only a few degrees less repellant to our natural instinct than toads, but having perused Mr. Wood's anecdotes of their odd existence, we are inclined to regard them with a certain admiration, if not exactly affection. Has ever any one of our readers reflected upon the anatomy of a caterpillar? To us it was a new idea. Marvellous it certainly is, judging even from a slight wood cut given in the text, and the sentiment produced in our mind after examining this cut was not unlike the wonder of one of Mr. Wood's friends, thus described in his pages:—

"A very forcible and unsophisticated opinion," he observes, "was once

expressed to me, after I had dissected and explained the anatomy of a silk-worm to an elderly gentleman. He remained silent for some time, and then uttered disconnected exclamations of astonishment. I asked him what had so much astonished him. 'Why,' said he, 'it's that caterpillar. It is a new world to me. I always thought that caterpillars were nothing but skin and squash.'"

Our childhood's old friend, the Woolly Bear, we are glad to see, has due honour shown him in Mr. Wood's little volume, and that too, under his picturesque old-fashioned cognomen.

"Hitherto it (the woolly bear) has been tolerably active; and if alarmed while feeding it curls itself round like a hedgehog and falls to the ground, hoping to lie concealed among the foliage, and guarded from the effects of the fall by its hairy armour, which stands out on all sides and secures it from all harm. But a time approaches wherein it will have no defence and no means of escape, so it must find a means of lying quiet and concealed. This object it achieves in the following manner. It leaves its food and sets off on its travels to find a retired spot, where it may sling its hammock and sleep in peace. Having found a convenient spot it sets busily to work, and in a very short time spins for itself a kind of silken net, much like a sailor's hammock in shape, and used in the same manner. It is not a very solid piece, for the creature can be seen through the meshes, but it is more than sufficiently strong to bear the weight of the enclosed insect, and to guard it from small foes. It casts off its skin for the last time, and instead of being a hirsute and active caterpillar, becomes a smooth and quiescent chrysalis. In this state it abides for a time that varies according to the time of year and degree of temperature, and at last bursts its earthly foldings, coming to the light of the sun a perfect insect.

When first the creature becomes a chrysalis, its color is white and its surface is bathed in an oily kind of liquid, which soon hardens in the air and and darkens in the light. On one occasion I watched a woolly bear changing its skin, and seizing it immediately that the task was accomplished, put it into spirits of wine, intending to keep it for observation. Next day the spirit was found to have dissolved away the oily coating, and all the limbs and wings of the future moth were standing boldly out."

But we must refer our readers to the pages of the little work itself for details of greater interest, such as the instinct of the gold-tailed moth, who, with a pair of delicate pincers, which she carries at the end of her tail, delicately and dexterously pinches off portions of the golden tuft of down which adorns her person, in order carefully to cover up and imbed her eggs, "giving the whole mass some finishing touches, like a mother tucking in her little baby in the bed-clothes;" such as details of insect warfare, heroic and fatal enough to have been sung by Homer; of insect domestic life, architecture and attire, romantic, fantastic, and gorgeous enough to put to shame the invention even of Hans Christian Andersen, or the authors of the "Arabian Night's Entertainment;" of odd and unimaginable habits and instincts of bats, moles, shrew, field and harvest mice; of water-rats, snakes, newts, tad-poles, and stickle-backs, and take leave of this pleasant little book with good wishes for its success, regretting only that its pages are too few to satisfy our laudable curiosity and thirst after these natural marvels, which teem around us during walks in our gardens, or into the lanes and fields.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

Poets and Poetry of Germany. Biographical and Critical Notices. By Madame L. Davésiés de Pontès, Translator of "Egmont," &c. Chapman and Hall.

ALTHOUGH it is only of late years that any general interest in German literature has arisen in this country, yet it has spread so rapidly, that the study of the language has already become universal, and has opened to the English student a large and varied field of knowledge, thought, and speculation.

The names of the greater German authors and the distinguishing characteristics of their genius are now familiar to all; their works are well known to many; and even the less attractive volumes of the deeper and more abstruse German metaphysicians and philosophers, find, with not a few among us, as keen an appreciation, and as enthusiastic a reverence as in their own birth-place.

German poetry especially, beyond that of all other countries, has a peculiar charm and interest for the English reader, who will take up these volumes, already knowing something of the subject, and glad to learn more. Madame de Pontès' work offers a tolerably complete sketch of German poetry, from the earliest period down to the opening of the present century. Although professing no abstruse or minute research, the book is compiled with sufficient care, —printed however with singular inaccuracy and negligence.

The earlier part is enlivened with legends of Scandinavian Mythology and German fairy lore, not always strictly connected with the object of the work; later on, when poetry was woven in with history, and political changes heralded revolutions in style, we have glimpses of some of the great characters and events of Germany; and, coming down towards our own times, the second part contains biographies of the greater and lesser stars, who formed the brilliant group of German celebrities of the last century. Gœthe and Schiller, of whom England has lately had much fuller and more perfect pictures than such a book as the present could possibly contain, are wisely omitted.

Slight as they are, these sketches of remarkable men will be acceptable to the lovers of their works; no profound criticism is attempted, and what is offered is unobjectionable and modest. The pathetic and simple story of Klopstock's Meta, which has awakened sympathy and interest in many who could not toil through his laborious and respectable poem; the romantic death of Theodore Körner; the painful tragedy of Bürger's life, so much more terrible and sickening than even his own ghastly ballads; the varied fortunes of Schubart; and somewhat of the lives and characters of the more celebrated members of the Hainbund are already well known, but the notices given by Madame de Pontès of the less brilliant, or rather, less erratic meteors will be welcome to many, and will throw an additional interest over the stray verses of Chamisso, Salis, Matthisson, &c., which ring now in most of our memories unconnected with any special or distinct knowledge of their authors.

The characters of the German women, wives and friends of the great authors, are nicely indicated; they appear always sharing the misfortunes, now and then the successes of the poet; reading his books; suffering from the eccentricities of his genius, and the laxity of his principles; admiring his talent; darning his stockings, or cooking his dinner; and are, in more than one instance, infinitely his superiors, save in the one point, which places him in the light and leaves them in the shadow.

The more profound German student will prefer to search out for himself in memoirs and critiques what he cares to know, but to the more ordinary reader these volumes will be acceptable. Specimens of almost all the authors are given in English rhyme. Some might as well have been omitted, or the spirit and character of the poetry far better rendered in prose.

Extraits Choisis, or Selections from Modern French Writers. By the Author of "Amy Herbert."

Most instructors of youth must have experienced the difficulty of giving their pupils any idea of modern French literature, or the different styles of the best writers of the day. The name of the author of "Amy Herbert" is a sufficient guarantee for the above selection being wholly unobjectionable and, on the whole, judicious. The extracts, either narrative or descriptive, are long enough to have an interest in themselves, and Victor Hugo, Alexandre Dumas, Emile Souvestre, and even Alphonse Karr, as well as the graver works of Guizot and Lamartine have been taxed to form a volume, which will doubtless be equally well received by teacher and learner. Whether one of Dumas's Sketches of History, 'founded on romance,' and a few one-sided views of political questions in some of the other extracts, might not have been advantageously omitted or exchanged for passages conveying as much amusement combined with more truth, will suggest itself to some readers.

Recollections of Dalmatia and Montenegro.—From Kohl's "Istria, Dalmatia, and Montenegro."

"I was lying comfortably asleep in a cabin of one of the Lloyd steamers that was working its way down the Adriatic on a rather stormy night, when I was suddenly awakened by a wave making an unexpected entrance at a little window (which, not having understood its mechanism, I had imperfectly fastened), and saluting me with a cold bath, at the same time that it covered the pretty cabin with millions of *infusoria*. This was my first taste of the Dalmatian waters. I went on deck, and found we were off the Punta di Promontore—near the entrance of the Gulf of Quarnero, of evil repute—which, on account of its man-devouring propensities, some say was originally called Carnero, a name derived from Carne (flesh) or Carnivoro.

"The sea around was a grey desolate-looking, tumultuously heaving mass, and the land in sight, a group of barren grey stony islands, did not look much pleasanter, having indeed very much the appearance of the sea rigidified.

"*Rara, nec haec felix, in apertis eminet arvis*
Arbor, et in terra est altera forma maris."

as the Latin poet sings, thinking perhaps of these very islands. The one we passed nearest to, called Sansego, is inhabited by a few hundreds of very poor people, who subsist on the produce of their flocks, and are often without capital enough even to carry on the trade of fishermen—seeming entirely cut off from all communication with the current of European life and commerce that flows past their rocky dwelling place. Here and there, at long intervals, we could see a little green spot lying in a hollow opening towards the sea, and containing a vineyard and some olives; and still more rarely, at not less than ten miles distance, some caprice of Nature has planted on the very edges of the rocks a solitary tree, the *Rara Arbor*, I suppose, above alluded to. These unaccountable lonely hermit-like specimens of their race, form quite a characteristic feature of the upper mountain regions of the Dalmatic coast and islands, and, perhaps, because of their rarity, appear to possess, like the cedar of Lebanon, a sort of sacred character, and have chapels and burial places in their neighbourhood.

"We did not reach Zara, the chief town of Dalmatia till after dark, and left it again before daylight, so that (though I afterwards made some stay there) I saw on this occasion no more of that interesting city than could be distinguished by the lantern of the watchman at the Sea-gate, and the tallow candles on the supper table at the *Locanda al Vapore*, or Steam Hotel; and I believe it will in general be advisable for tourists to go on at once, as I did, to Cattaro, and linger as they please at various points on their return journey. The distance from Trieste to this, the furthest point of Dalmatia, is about 300 miles. The *Canale de Zara* runs for thirty or forty miles, between two long islands and the rocky hills of the main land, and offers in its numerous rocks and crags, as well as its excellent little bays and harbours, about equal facilities for shipwreck and for rescue. In the Circle of Spalato alone, there are counted fifty of these *porti morti* or "dead harbours" as they are called, and I could not help thinking how sadly the advantage was thrown away in Dalmatia, and how gladly it would be purchased by many other countries that have not a single good refuge for vessels in many miles of coast.

"As day dawned we were passing the "Rocks of Sebenico," a rather celebrated group of half a dozen larger, and innumerable smaller, islands, inhabited by an active race of men chiefly occupied in the coral and sponge fishery. These two valuable productions are found only on the Illyrian and not at all on the Italian side of the Adriatic, where the coast is mostly flat and without rocks, and the water shallow.

"The sponges are usually found at no greater depth than from two or three fathoms, and are detached by the fishermen with an iron instrument, something like Neptune's trident. Their practised eyes can however distinguish the sponge, when it lies much lower, even when the water is far from clear. The coral is found only in much deeper water, and is obtained by means of an iron implement and a sack let down by a rope, and dragged along the bottom of the sea, a rude method by which many beautiful branches of coral are entirely destroyed.

"Now that it was daylight, and that I had got almost tired of gazing at the endless succession of islands and rocks that we had to pass—"these blessed rocks" as an Italian monk called them between his teeth, *(questi benedetti Scogli)* for the Italians are in the habit of "blessing" what other nations curse, and in precisely the same sense,—I turned to look again at my fellow passengers, and found that we had left many of them behind at Zara, but some in whom I had been most interested were left. Among these were a hundred young Italian soldiers, mostly from the plains of Lombardy-Venice, and who had had to bear a far larger share than any body else of the privations and troubles of a sea voyage; but who had nevertheless been all the way entertaining the much better cared for, but much less cheerful part, of the company, with their merry songs and obliging ways. Besides these there were some Austrian officers, civil and military, several priests and monks,

and some Dalmatic and Oriental merchants, the latter wrapped in long crimson cloaks, but the Dalmatians, who were from the Bocca di Cattaro were clad in black from head to foot, and from this circumstance, as well as from their serious and even stern demeanor, I took them for members of some monastic order till I saw that they were fully armed."

* * * * * *

"The first striking traces of the existence of the warlike race of Montenegro meet the eyes of the traveller on the Illyrian coast, near the city of Ragusa, in the form of numerous ruins of villas, formerly inhabited by opulent citizens of that town, and plundered and burnt by the mountaineers in 1806, at the instigation of the Russians when they helped them to drive out the French; but we found similar evidences of destruction on the shores of the Bocca di Cattaro, as we approached the town of that name. Montenegro, indeed, seems to be regarded as a kind of volcano, that every now and then may be expected to send forth an eruption, though more frequently in the direction of the Turkish frontier, towards Herzegovina and Scutari. As our steamer entered the bay, however, this terrible volcano, with its lofty summits piercing the sky, lay smiling and lovely before us in the sunshine, looking as quiet and innocent as possible. I was eager to get a sight of some of these warlike mountaineers, and, as it happened to be bazaar, or market day in Cattaro, I had soon an opportunity. With a telescope I could distinguish small groups of them coming down the long zig-zag paths, which the Austrians have made from the town to the edge of their upper mountain ramparts, and at length the whole road appeared covered with Montegrin men and women, girls and lads, horses and asses, laden with various products of their country, and hastening down to the town.

"The town of Cattaro may be said to be in some measure dependent on Montenegro for most of the necessaries of life, for the Bocca itself produces nothing but wine and oil, and above the vineyards and olive plantations, the coast mountains on the Austrian side are mere naked sunburnt rocks. In the interior of these mountains, however, are found woods abounding in cattle, and rivers in fish, and the superfluity of these articles, as well as wood, skins, wool, dried meat, and potatoes, wax, and honey, are brought down to Cattaro. When, as so often happens, Montenegro is in a state of disturbance, and that fighting is going on on the borders, Cattaro finds itself as if in a state of siege, cut off from the world, with no occupation, no goods to export, and very little to eat, so that the good citizens doubtless feel very sincere satisfaction in the restoration of peace among their warlike neighbours.

"As I have said we came into Cattaro on a bazaar day, landing at the Porta della Marina, which leads from the harbour to the interior of the town, and found the little place in a state of unusual bustle, as a large body of military was concentrated on the Bocca, and the narrow streets and public places were filled with a crowd that was perceptibly increased by our two hundred steam-boat passengers. Italian soldiers, German officers, townspeople, sailors, and merchants, from various parts of the Bocca, and in very varied costumes, and here and there a Montenegrin child of the Mist, in his white woollen tunic and brown tasselled cloak, denominated a Strukka.

"The mountaineers are usually admitted only to the bazaar, an enclosure outside the town, and that on appointed days. If they wish to enter the city they are required to lay down their arms at the gate, much as you might permit a lion to call upon you, on condition of his depositing his teeth and claws in the hall. At each of the Land-gates of Cattaro, the *Porta di Fiumera*, and the *Porta di Gordizzio*, small stone houses are erected for the express purpose of receiving these deposits of weapons, and an acknowledgment is given, on the delivery of which, the weapons are handed back to their owner. The mountaineers however have a great objection to this regulation, and hardly like better to part with their daggers and pistols, than

the lion aforesaid might with his weapons of offence. They consider it unmanly, almost indecorous to be seen unarmed, and will apologise if they have to make a visit thus, as a man in London might for going to an evening party in morning dress.

"I made what haste I could to get to the bazaar outside the Porta di Fiumera, a spacions parallelogram planted with trees, and partly walled round, and from the opposite gate of which, commences the principal mountain path that leads to Montenegro. The bazaar was nearly empty, for most of the people had finished their business, but some were still sitting beside their little stock of potatoes, eggs, wood, or whatever it might be, articles of incredibly small value to be brought with so much toil down these rugged mountain paths. I was assured that some of them had to make three or four days journey to the bazaar of Cattaro, and nothing to bring but a basket of dried fish, or a sack of maize, for which they would think themselves fortunate to get a few shillings. In many cases, however, the women only undertake this traffic, the master of the family not caring to occupy himself with anything but the feuds with the Turks. Like the Scotch Highlanders before the dispersion of the clans, they are exceedingly averse, poor as they are, to accept any employment in the town, and are even too much attached to their mountains to be willing to enter the Austrian military service.

"When I reached the bazaar, numbers of them were already returning to their homes, ascending the steep paths with a step as vigorous and almost as swift as that of a horse, and shouting to each other as they went, and as they reached one height after another never failing to fire off pistols, in token of joy at having left the town behind them. Some of them began as soon as they had passed the gates of the bazaar, and put me in mind of horses neighing as they returned to their free pasture.

"Down among the stones on the banks of the river Fiumera, some Cattaro women and girls were engaged in washing and scraping the entrails of some of the sheep and goats brought to market by the Montenegrins, and already slaughtered. I noticed especially one girl who was engaged in this uninviting employment. She was tall, slender, and remarkably handsome, and dressed in a crimson petticoat and jacket, embroidered with gold, and her hair elegantly arranged at the back of her head with a number of glittering ornaments. A pair of richly-worked slippers were placed on a stone beside her, and she was laughing and talking merrily with her companions, as she washed and scraped away at the hearts, stomachs, and entrails of the sheep, and finally, packed the whole bloody mess into a tub, and placed it on her full-dressed head to carry home. On the next day, which was Sunday, I met the same girl going with her friends to church, tastefully, as well as richly attired, all radiant with youth, beauty, and gold embroidery; and looking more like an Eastern princess than a market woman. Certainly, in this country, one need not be surprised to find a king's daughter, like Homer's Princess Nausicaa, washing the linen of the family."

(To be continued).

LI.—OPEN COUNCIL.

[As these pages are intended for general discussion, the Editors do not hold themselves responsible for the opinions expressed.]

To the Editor of the English Woman's Journal.

ON PHYSICAL TRAINING ACCORDING TO LING'S SYSTEM.

MADAM,

In your interesting paper on Physical Training, published in the May Number, the following passage occurs:—"Medical Gymnastics, as those practised by Prof. Georgii or Dr. Roth, after the famous system of Ling in

Stockholm, are, doubtless, excellent as a means of cure for every grade of deformity, and for many diseases. For growing girls who require strenthening they are invaluable; *but they are not wholly what we desire to see, nor what, probably, their Professors would like for the bulk of the population.*" Although my name is so prominently brought forward in connection with Gymnastics in its application for curative purposes, the last sentence of that passage leaves the impression that Ling's system is not suitable for the bulk of the population, and that it is not advocated by myself for hygienic purposes.

Having been engaged for years in making known Ling's system in England, and in pointing out its advantages and its importance as a branch of education and hygiene, I hope you will permit me to name a few facts in order to convince your readers that the statement above mentioned was published by some mistake.

In consequence of the number of female patients suffering from spinal and other deformities, from affections of the chest, and from many other chronic diseases placed under my professional care, my attention has been directed to the more remote causes which produce these numerous affections. I am convinced that the majority of these complaints are *the inevitable effect of the prevalent ignorance of the elementary laws of health, and of the general neglect of good physical training.* This conviction has induced me to give a few lectures in Queen's College, Harley street, "*on the importance of rational Gymnastics, according to Ling, as a necessary branch of female education;*" and further to address the metropolitan association of schoolmasters, in one of their annual meetings, "*on the necessity* of teaching, in all training schools for schoolmasters and schoolmistresses, that part of Ling's system, which, known as the paedagogical,—educational or hygienic,—aims at the simultaneous and harmonious development of our mental and bodily faculties; and, as it considers man as an inseparable unity, does not admit partial development of the body, or of its single parts, without a simultaneous, harmonious development of the mind;" which system has also the advantage of being based on scientific and physiological principles, so that the mental influence helps very much the development of the bodily faculties. To further the cause of physical training, I have also lectured in Homerton College, and other places.

But as a follower of P. L. Courier's maxim, so well expressed in the following lines—"*It is not the right, it is the duty, the bounden duty of whoever has a thought, to produce and publish it for the common good. Truth is all to all. Whatever you know to be useful, good to be known by every one, that you cannot conscientiously keep to yourself. To speak is well, to write is better, to print is an excellent thing*"—I have published a letter to Lord Granville, late Lord President of the Council on Education, on the importance of rational Gymnastics as a branch of national education, and, have named the advantages arising therefrom to the industrial classes, to the rich and poor, to the public health and its effects on the diminution of the number of inmates of hospitals and workhouses, and indirectly of poor rates. Some short suggestions on the same subject were also laid before the Presidents of the Poor Law Board and Board of Health, in the form of a short tract. Not satisfied with a theoretical advocacy, I have published, with a view of introducing Ling's system in schools, a pamphlet on the elementary gymnastic movements of Ling, which form a kind of A B C for the pupils; and for teachers I have translated Ling's Gymnastic free exercises, or exercises without apparatus, which can be taught in every school without any additional expense, and which combine the *utile dulci*, if the teacher has sufficient knowledge of combining both; for the educational exhibition in St. Martin's Hall, three table-sheets with Gymnastic figures were prepared, which are now in the South Kensington Museum. One of my assistants, whom I have trained, has taught during the last few years the educational part of Gymnastics in some private institutions for young ladies, and also in Queen's College, Harley Street, and is at present doing so in the Church Missionaries Children's Home

at Highbury. Private classes of ladies have been also instructed in my establishments here and in Brighton; *these facts will sufficiently prove that Ling's system contains all elements necessary for the physical training of the people*, and that I have certainly not neglected the advocacy and introduction of this system for educational and hygienic purposes. Ling's exercises with apparatus form also a part of the educational and hygienic branch, but I have not published a translation which is ready for the press, because I consider these exercises less useful, although the majority of the public unfortunately still believe that climbing, ropes, ladders, poles, flinging the body round and round a bar, and similar *tours de force*, as practised in the so called gymnasia, constitute the only real physical training.

As you wish to open new paths for female labor, it might not be out of place to mention that good female teachers in scientific Gymnastics are wanted, but they must be acquainted with the structure and the functions of the human body, with the laws of health, besides the knowledge of the gymnastic exercises suitable for children of both sexes and adult ladies. Such teachers will not only procure to themselves the means of supporting themselves, but also be able to do much good in preventing many complaints, by scientifically training their pupils in a mode very different from that of the drill sergeant or calisthenic master, who, without the slightest knowledge of the human body, puts the strong and weak, the young and adult, the well made and deformed, through the same course of exercises, and does not care whether he produces fatigue, pain, or any other bad effect, but is satisfied with having conscientiously drilled his class for an hour or longer, and frequently without any interrogation. All such drill sergeants and masters of calisthenics would soon be substituted by intelligent and well instructed female teachers, who would also prove very useful by instructing their pupils in all other matters concerning the preservation of health; at present a lady is trained in my institution, who, for this purpose only, came from Edinburgh.

I must apologize for the length of this letter, and shall be glad to send you some further observations on Ling's system, and physical training in general, if your readers are interested in the subject, which, unfortunately, is not yet considered a female accomplishment, although the happiness of many families, whether high or low, depends upon the health and strength of their female members.

I am, Madam, your very obedient,
MATTHIAS ROTH.

London, 8th June, 1858.
16a, Old Cavendish Street.

MADAM,

A great deal of complaint is heard at the present time, and very justly, of the social condition of women. Whispered murmurs rise from all quarters, and bitter letters in the *Times* shew the feelings of some fiery spirits, whilst half the novels of the day turn either on the difficulties of single women in earning their bread or on the miseries that are inflicted on married ones.

Women appeal for protection to every class of men—statesmen, lawyers, doctors, clergymen—and they do well; but they forget the fable of Jupiter and the countryman, and neglect to begin the good work by putting their own shoulder to the wheel and helping themselves and each other. Something might perhaps be done to alleviate the first hardship complained of, if ladies would resolve to patronise such shops only as employed women behind the counter, and be careful to confine their custom to those milliners whose humanity to their work-people is beyond suspicion. But the remedy for the second misery is certainly in the hands of women themselves if they chose to apply it. Let us take example from the superior wisdom of our brother, man. The most sensitive part in the masculine organization is the pocket, corresponding in that respect to the heart in the feminine subject.

Observe what precautions he takes to preserve himself from being defrauded. If a man, no matter how high his rank or standing, be detected cheating at cards, or playing with loaded dice, or making fraudulent bets on the turf, he is at once *cut*, utterly, hopelessly cut. The consequence of this wholesome severity is, that the crimes here specified are of rare, indeed almost unheard of occurrence among gentlemen.

I would that women could be induced to guard their most sacred affections with the same care that men use to protect their money. If ladies were to determine that they would not admit within their houses men who had been notoriously guilty of breaking God's laws, and of having cruelly oppressed a woman, they would greatly raise the standard of morality, and confer an immense benefit upon their own sex. Many a man, who is not withheld from crime by the fear of having to answer for it in the next world, would be withheld if he expected to meet with punishment in this. If a man knew that if he behaved ill to his wife, he would be excluded thenceforth from the society of other ladies, as women very properly are when they do wrong; if he knew that from henceforth all his lady acquaintances would look coldly on him; if he knew that he should never again receive an invitation to a ball or a party, but be entirely reduced to the club for society, he would think twice before he did anything that would entail this punishment upon him, and would treat his wife differently. Thus might women, if they chose, confer protection on each other; and surely it is the bounden duty of the happy and prosperous, blest with good husbands or kind relations, to protect, to the utmost of their power, their less fortunate sisters. "Bear ye one another's burdens."

I am, Madam, yours obediently,

ONE OF THE PROSPEROUS.

To the Editor of the English Woman's Journal.

MADAM,

On opening your Journal, June 1st, with the deep interest which every true Englishwoman must feel in its general design, the first article rivetted my attention at once;—"Female Education in the Middle Classes,"—the matter, above all others, of vital importance to the community in which we live; the most neglected by philanthropists; the most selfishly and virulently thwarted and opposed by others.

What is my disappointment to read an attack upon the colleges instituted within the last ten years, with the sole view of improving the education of the higher and middle classes. It is clear enough that the writer, woman or man, has never visited these colleges, or even enquired into their system and working; but this passage will, nevertheless, be gladly accepted by hundreds who are ever on the watch to crush the independence and generous activity of women.

I know the Queen's College, Harley street, well. I took the liveliest interest in its formation by the Rev. C. G. Nicolay. Of the Ladies' College, Bedford square, I have a still more intimate knowledge. Each has had its struggles, and its difficulties, and obstacles, of every kind; but my conviction is, that there is not an institution in Great Britain that is doing a better work for mankind than either of these two Colleges for ladies. I know of no instance of a pupil being injured by over-work, while I could tell of many whose health, physical as well as moral, has been improved by College training. The difficulty we have to contend with is, on the contrary, to persuade parents to suffer their daughters to make good use of their time at College. The pupils are starved not "crammed;" and those who try will always find that they cannot make a more acceptable present to a young lady, than a ticket for a class, in addition to the one or the two that her parents will afford her. Any excuse or apology will suffice for a stint in a daughter's

education; and thus accomplishments carry the day. Those regularly educated under College guidance are carefully watched, and, at a wish expressed, a class is dropped to avoid fatigue.

So much for quantity. One word as to the quality of the instruction afforded at these Colleges, against which your country readers are now earnestly warned. Who so unnatural or so silly as to send a daughter to town after this? The "bad French and worse German" are taught by Professors of King's and of University Colleges. The "slap-dash rattle of the piano," by gentlemen appointed to each College by Dr. Sterndale Bennett. And so of the rest.

Our portraitures are somewhat different, but the reason is this. The one is a "slap-dash" in the dark, the other is from a ten years use of one's own eyes and ears.

I am, Madam,

Very respectfully yours,

R.

[We give place to the above letter, as coming from a lady greatly interested in the two Colleges she mentions by name. At the same time, we beg to call attention to the fact, that the article on "Female Education in the Middle Classes," contains no attack upon the Colleges themselves, whether those of Harley Street and Bedford Square, or the numerous other Colleges which have sprung up in and around London. The "attack," if any there be, is upon parents, at whose "discretion or rather indiscretion, girls can be exposed to a forcing process hitherto unequalled, etc., etc." The "bad French, worse German, and slap-dash rattle of the piano," are the result of our correspondent's admission, that with parents, "accomplishments carry the day." The best masters in the world cannot make head against superficial, or, over study. Ed.]

LII.—PASSING EVENTS.

We beg to call attention to the reprint in another part of our Journal, of an excellent leader from the *Daily News* of May 28th, on the working of the new Divorce Act, and the indirect evidence it affords of the extent to which women are already "bread winners." Late in the day as it is for such objections, there is yet a certain party to be found who would, if possible, exclude women from all industrial employments, and confine them entirely to the domestic circle and home duties. But facts are stronger than theories, and all practical men and women, however much they may deplore the necessity of industrial employments for women, know that it would be as vain to attempt to stem the sea as to offer opposition to a state of things which is the result of our social organization; an effect and not a cause, and, as such, to be frankly and hopefully accepted, and directed into channels of usefulness and progression, both to the individual and the mass.

The most remarkable feature presented under the new Divorce Bill during the last month, and which involved a decision of great moment, occurred in the case of Bathie *v.* Bank of England. "The suit was instituted by a married woman, executrix, without her husband, who had deserted her, and against whom an order had been made by a magistrate under the 21st section for protection of her property. The object of the suit was to compel the Bank of England to allow a transfer by her as a *femme sole* of stock belonging to the testatrix, without calling upon the husband to join; the Bank contending that the provisions of the Act apply only to property to which the married woman is entitled beneficially, and that they do not place her in the position of a *femme sole* as regards assets which she claims in the character

of executrix or administratrix. It was stated that the husband was abroad."

Sir W. P. Wood said, the Act was by no means clear, and took till the next day to consider it.

His Honour finally gave judgment that the Plaintiff was in this case entitled to the relief sought in the Bill, and added that, as an amendment of the Act was now in contemplation, it would be well if any future question of this kind were provided for by an express provision.

The *Times* of Thursday, June 17th, reports the petition of a wife, on the grounds of adultery and bigamy on the part of the husband. The Court granted the decree for the dissolution of marriage, when an order was applied for to continue the two children of the marriage in the custody of the petitioner. "The Lord Chief Justice, after a long deliberation with the other Judges, said they were of opinion that, in the present state of circumstances, the children ought to remain with the mother. Since the father's desertion, she had protected and maintained them, and probably to her they looked for parental affection. But it appeared from a letter written by the husband, that he still retained a lively affection for his children, and it would be too much for the Court to say that, although repentant and contrite, he should be for ever excluded from them. The mother might marry again, and many circumstances might arise which would render it desirable that the father should have the custody of the children. Any order, however, which the Court made with regard to the children, must be final. They had no power to modify their order at a future time. Under all the circumstances of the case, they would, therefore, make no order as to the children."

Numerous applications have, during the last month, been made by husbands and wives, for dissolution of marriage; but the only novel features presented, occur in the cases we have given.

The Divorce and Matrimonial Causes Act Amendment Bill passed the third reading in the House of Lords on the evening of June 22nd.

June 4th, the Annual Meeting of the Association for the Aid and Benefit of Milliners and Dressmakers, was held at the Hanover Square Rooms, Lord Shaftesbury presiding. The Secretary read the report for the past year, ending 25th of March, from which it appeared that the society had been the means of effecting much good, not only in awakening the sympathy of the public to the condition of the over-toiled young dressmaker, but by the introduction of a system of registration whereby every information was afforded as to the character of the houses of business in which employment could be satisfactorily obtained; that during the past year 1,448 young persons had been registered at the office, for 697 of whom situations at a proper scale of remuneration have been provided, free of all expense both to the employed and the employers. The scale of remuneration is in no case less than 9s. a-week and tea, for out-door girls working from eight till eight, or nine till nine, they being allowed an hour's relaxation for dinner; and from £8 to £60 or £80 when received into the family of large establishments. The funds, however,—the chief sinews of strength for effecting these desirable objects of obtaining remunerative employment,—needed a material increase, and there was at present due to the Treasurer, in excess of expenditure over receipts, the sum of £81 8s. 2d. The number of persons registered during the fourteen years' existence of this Association, is 17,455,—a fact which needs no other recommendation. The noble chairman then complimented the meeting on the result of the society's labors, but urged an unremitting system of perseverance, without which present efforts would be unavailing, adding, that a material check had been put upon the system of overworking these poor young women, and their employment on the Sabbath-day was now almost abolished; nevertheless there was very much to be done on their behalf to save them from hard task-masters. Legislation on the subject had hitherto been sought in vain, "but when," said his Lordship, "the public mind shall be aroused, and aroused it will be by the power of the public

press, which has already evinced such a willingness to advocate the cause of the poor dressmakers, that power will be binding on the Legislature to pass a law which shall strike at the very root of the evil. Therefore, let not this year pass away without renewed efforts in such a religious cause, that the poor girls may not at its close be enabled to utter a reproach at our indifference and their neglected condition in the language of Holy Writ—'The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved.'"

We give a letter from the *Manchester Guardian* of May 29, which will speak for itself.

FEMALE SLAVERY.

To the Editor of the Manchester Guardian.

Sir,—I shall feel obliged by your insertion of the following letter in your valuable paper, relative to the system of oppression adopted in our trade of mantle making, being an exposure of the treatment we receive; and I wish to know if the same protection is not extended to us mantle makers as to the operatives in a factory under the Ten Hours Bill. I am a maker of mantles, and work at one of the first establishments in Manchester. Our wages are 8*s*. per week, for which we begin at eight in the morning; half an hour for dinner (not allowed off the premises), half an hour for tea, and at half-past eight our day is over. But, at six or seven in the evening, a lot of mantles are brought in, and marked "orders," which must be completed; and the order is, "You must make overtime, ladies, to-night;" for which we are paid 1½d. an hour, and kept till eleven at night. If we refused to stop, we should be discharged. On Saturday, I refused to stay after half-past eight, and would not wait longer, when I was sent home without my hard-earned wages. Even the strong man is allowed to give over at an earlier hour on Saturday. The system is oppressive. There are fourteen of us in a close room from eight in the morning till eleven at night (only paid overtime till half-past ten,) before we have to put away the things. Surely the ladies of Manchester will employ dressmakers' establishments conducted by ladies, and not by those who destroy the lives of thousands of virtuous girls in the year by such oppression, and drive many to have recourse to the streets for a livelihood of freedom, who would have been respectable members of society. We are not paid after the rate of 10d. for making a garment that sells for five guineas. I say, surely we poor females are entitled to give over at six o'clock on Saturday, and not have two hours and a half taken off the day for it from our 8s. when stalwart able men are considered hardly dealt with, walking about a large shop in the drapery trade, and closing at half-past seven every evening. You, sir, are at liberty to publish my name, and the name of the firm I work for; or may I beg of you, in benevolence to us, if my uneducated letter is not fit to appear in your paper, to write one, stating the facts yourself. Mrs. T. is in a deep decline, spits blood; Miss H. coughs; in fact, near all are hurrying to a premature grave. All we want is, to begin at eight in the morning, from twelve to one for dinner, half an hour for tea, and give over at half-past seven o'clock at night; and on Saturday at six. Then we should not be receiving 2d. an hour. And we ask 2d. per hour overtime; but not to be compelled to work. Surely this is not too much, after serving a five years' apprenticeship and paying a premium.—I am, sir, yours, &c. ELLEN M.

P.S. We find our own provisions.

Greenheys, May 24, 1858.

The very general introduction of the sewing machine, though bearing hard upon needle-women at the present moment, is destined, we believe, to supersede human "slop-workers," and to effect a great change in the employments of women. In many dress-making establishments, where the machine has already been introduced, the number of hands employed has been lessened by one half,—the machine, and a woman trained to work it, being found effi-

ciently to replace them. At the same time, as in all transition states and periods, we must look forward to aggravated distress and suffering among this large class of "bread winners," and should combine in efforts to open other and more profitable fields of labor to them.

In general news the events of this month offer few topics of interest. The war in India drags its slow length along, and, save upon the occurrence of the death of some valued and valuable officer—such as Sir William Peel, and Adrian Hope, bids fair to outlive popular interest. As with the war in India, so with the Indian Bills in the House of Commons. The third bill of the present Session for the better government of India, prepared by Lord Stanley, and offering, it is said, decided advantages over its predecessors, is now before the House.

The House of Commons has passed the Church-rates Abolition Bill, and has gone through the annual form of throwing out the Bill for the Ballot.

From Italy we have the final acquiescence of the King of Naples to the demands of England and Sardinia concerning the Cagliari, which Mr. Disraeli states to be already arrived at Genoa. An acquiescence variously attributed by the correspondent of the *Daily News*, to the remonstrances of Austria, and the presence of some English men of war. Be this as it may, the Cagliari is restored to its owners, and indemnification to the amount of £3000 sterling on behalf of the English engineers, Watt and Park, is paid into the hands of a commercial house, at the disposal of the English government.

Vesuvius, during the whole of the last month has exhibited an eruption, said to be unequalled since the great eruption which destroyed Pompeii; the streams of lava also, for the first time since that period, have followed the same direction. It is the opinion of scientific men upon the spot, that the period of earthquakes has for the present, come to a close, the subterranean fire and heat which worked such deadly disasters a few months ago, having found their vent at Vesuvius, where the old crater has, to use an American expression, "caved in," and several new ones have opened.

The Manchester papers give an account of a couple of interesting lectures delivered in that city by Madame Mario (late Jessie Meriton White), whose imprisonment at Genoa will be fresh in the memory of our readers; the subject of the first being "Rome, Orsini, and Louis Napoleon;" of the second, "Naples and Piedmont," in the course of which "she explained that Park and Watt were perfectly innocent of the destination of the Cagliari."

The lectures were numerously attended, and were brought to a close amidst loud applause. They are characterized as "lectures, which, for nervous energy, logical sequence, truthful narration, and graphic power, had never been equalled" in the Library Hall of the Manchester Athenæum.

The prosecutions against Truelove and Tcherzewski have "fallen through." In both instances the parties, by their counsels, declared themselves innocent of any intention "to incite to the commission of any criminal offence"—upon which a verdict of "Not Guilty" was instantaneously returned.

Art has sustained a severe loss in the death of Ary Scheffer, which is supposed to have been hastened by his journey to this country to attend the funeral of the late honored and lamented Duchess of Orleans. Of M. Scheffer the *Journal des Debats* says, "They who were acquainted with M. Scheffer can alone know from what a living source of poetry, and from what a superior mind, the pathetic and charming creations of his brush emanated. M. Scheffer was not only a great artist—he had a mind that was open to all that is noble, generous, and good."