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I.—INSANITY; ITS CAUSE AND CURE.

WE are all more or less acquainted with some of the forms of physical disorder. Few among us but have witnessed the attacks and watched the advances of fatal bodily disease, and beheld the awful mystery of dissolution. When the living principle withdraws from its fellowship with the clay, we know that close following corruption will swiftly turn beauty into hideousness, and that the mortal frame which contained the wisest and purest of spirits must submit without respite to the loathsome process. There is only one condition of humanity more awful to contemplate, more terrible to witness, than disease and death, and that condition is the obscuration and extinction of reason, the attack and triumph of insanity. If the malady takes the form of acute mania, eccentricities of manner make their appearance, speech occasionally rambles, and at length the mental disturbance is manifest; the wildest projects are entertained, and endeavors made to carry them out. Opposition provokes passion over which the unhappy being has lost all control, and fearful shrieks and acts of violence proclaim the maniac. Or if it takes the opposite form of melancholia, to which women are more liable than men, the patient loses all hope, all cheerfulness, believes herself lost to happiness, to virtue, to God; doomed to self-destruction, and to the torments of hell, and sinks into the darkness of immovable despair. How terrible to see disorganisation and decay taking possession of the faculties of a human soul; its judgment reduced to helplessness, its passions foaming up into objectless wrath or futile sorrow, its tenderness turned into drivelling folly, its secret faults laid bare! Yet this is the portion of a sadly increasing number of our countrymen and countrywomen in these days of ours.

The reports of the Commissioners in Lunacy tell us that the disease is actually on the increase. When in 1831 Hanwell was built for five hundred patients, it was supposed to be large enough to meet all the wants of the county. But, two years later it was full; after another two years it was reported to contain one hundred patients more than it had been built to accommodate; after another

two years it had to be enlarged for three hundred more; and at this time (Colney Hatch having been meanwhile constructed for the reception of one thousand two hundred lunatic paupers belonging to the same county) Hanwell contains upwards of one thousand patients. Colney Hatch was opened in 1851; within a period of less than five years it became necessary to appeal to the rate-payers for further accommodation; and recent returns show that there are more than one thousand pauper lunatics belonging to the county unprovided for in any of its asylums. What has been going on in the metropolitan county has been going on more or less throughout the whole country. Additional accommodation for the insane has been provided, and further accommodation is still required. We must make allowance for two things to be taken into consideration in inferring, from the increased demand for asylums for the insane, an actual increase in the numbers afflicted with the malady: namely, the great improvement that has taken place during the last twenty years in the management of asylums, and the consequently increased desire to place the insane in institutions where every chance of recovery is afforded them; and the accumulation of chronic cases: the proportion of curable cases of insanity being something like one in five. Still, making allowance for these things, a large progressive increase in the number of lunatics is apparent. By a comparison of the returns of pauper lunatics and idiots, made by the Poor Law Board in the years 1852 and 1857 respectively, it is found that the numbers in the former year were twenty-one thousand one hundred and fifty-eight, and in the latter, twenty-seven thousand six hundred and ninety-three, showing an increase of six thousand five hundred and thirty-five in five years. Of that twenty-seven thousand six hundred and ninety-three, fifteen thousand four hundred and fifty-five were women. In 1852 their proportion to the population was as one to eight hundred and forty-seven, in 1857 it was as one to seven hundred and one. Deductions must also be made from this great apparent increase on account of the tendency to the accumulation of chronic cases in asylums, for when Hanwell was extended and Colney Hatch was opened a vast number of old established cases crowded in, to the exclusion of recent and curable cases.

The causes of insanity must be sought for in the social influences of the age, operating both physically and morally; the moral and physical causes acting and re-acting upon each other. In order to comprehend all the causes of insanity we have only to name two influences, the excessive luxury and the excessive poverty which prevail at the two extremes of the social scale. There is one cause to be found in operation at both ends of that scale, making a prey alike of the enervated and sensitive child of luxury, and of the child of poverty, depressed and dulled by over-work and anxiety; that cause is drunkenness, but that, as we think, is rather a symptom of the disorder than in itself the root of the disease.

With regard to drunkenness, Lord Shaftesbury, as one of the

Lunacy Commissioners, stated before a select committee of the House of Commons a few months ago, that a large proportion of the cases of lunacy is ascribable to intoxication. He refers to various medical authorities on the point. Dr. Corsellis, of the Wakefield Lunatic Asylum, says, "I am led to believe that intemperance is the exciting cause of insanity in about one-third of the cases of this institution." The proportion at Glasgow is about twenty-six per cent, and at Aberdeen eighteen per cent. Dr. Browne, of the Crichton Asylum, Dumfries, says, "The applications for the introduction of individuals who have lost their reason from excessive drinking continue to be very numerous." In Scotland they have establishments simply and solely for persons who have brought on insanity by intemperance. At Montrose, Dr. Poole, the head of the asylum, says, "Twenty-four per cent of insane cases from intemperance." At Northampton, the superintendent of the asylum says, "Amongst the causes of insanity, intemperance predominates." Dr. Pritchard says, "The medical writers of all countries reckon intemperance among the most influential exciting causes of insanity." Esquirol, who has been most celebrated on the continent for his researches into the statistics of madness, and who is well known to have extended his inquiries into all countries, was of opinion that this cause gives rise to one half of the *causes* of insanity that occur in Great Britain. It was found in an asylum in Liverpool, to which four hundred and ninety-five patients had been admitted, that not less than two hundred and fifty-seven had become insane through intemperance. It is needless to multiply authorities. The effects of intemperance are no doubt connected with a previous predisposition to insanity, yet the predisposition would not have been developed but for the intemperance. As soon as the means of obtaining drink are taken away, the cure of such cases is rapid, but a recurrence to the habit of drinking produces a recurrence of the disorder, and that recurrence is what the unhappy beings are unable to avoid. There have been instances of one man having been brought back twenty times in a state of mania in consequence of drink, till the constant recurrence of the disorder became settled, and the man became a chronic madman. "We visit them," says Lord Shaftesbury, "and find them in a state of sanity, yet we know from long experience that those persons, be they men or women, upon being discharged, will in the course probably of one hour go to the nearest gin-shop, and drink to excess, and be furiously mad before the end of the day."

Of all sanitary conditions that of a sane mind is surely the most important. And in what does a perfectly healthy mind consist? In the vigor of the reasoning faculties, in the subordination of the passions and emotions, in the supremacy of the judgment, in the balance of all the powers. And if these things constitute the state of perfect sanity, then there is a good deal of insanity in the world at large not taken cognisance of by Her Majesty's Commissioners in

Lunacy. Undoubtedly there is, just as there is a good deal of dyspepsia and other disease which does not disable people from going about their ordinary business, but which is the source of daily suffering to those afflicted with it, and to all with whom they come in contact. And as the presence of general unhealthiness is due to the same several causes as those which result in fatal disease, and often serves to indicate more clearly their nature and process of development, so the prevalence of restlessness, of excitement, of whimsicalness, of ungovernable temper, or of hereditary intemperance, serves to indicate the sources of mental disease. These are the straws which show how the currents are flowing towards the dreaded gulf of insanity, while some special wind of calamity is supposed to have been the messenger of doom to the wretch who is whirled into the abyss.

In old times the mad were believed to be possessed of devils, and long after the belief had perished, the barbarous treatment to which it led, the whips and chains and darkness which were to subdue the fiend, awaited the hapless sufferer.

When the Committee of 1827 was moved for, a frightful state of things was revealed. "Bad as was the evidence then given," says Lord Shaftesbury, "I do not think that it stated the real condition of things at all equal to what it was in reality, for I am certain that I can state that I saw and heard things far exceeding anything that appears upon the face of any one of the reports. Just take this fact: in one of the large metropolitan houses, nearly two hundred patients were placed every night under mechanical restraint; and I know that as much as three years after the act of 1829 came into operation, when we were doing all we could to remove those abuses, one of the superintendents admitted to the commissioners that between eighty and ninety patients in the house under his care were to be found in chains every morning. I mention these things because they never can be seen now, and I think that those who come after us ought to know what things have existed within the memory of man. At the present time when people go into an asylum, they see every thing cleanly, orderly, decent, and quiet; and a great number of persons in this generation cannot believe that there ever was anything terrible in the management of insanity. When we began our visitations, one of the first rooms that we went into contained nearly one hundred and fifty patients, in every form of madness; a large proportion of them chained to the wall, some melancholy, some furious, but the noise and roaring were such that we positively could not hear each other; every form of disease and every form of madness was there, horrible and miserable. Turning from that room, we went into a court appropriated to the women. In that court there were from fifteen to twenty women, whose sole dress was a piece of red cloth tied round the waist with a rope, they were covered with filth, crawling on their knees. I do not think I ever witnessed brutes in such a

condition. It was known to one or two physicians of the Royal College who visited the place once a year; but they said that although they saw these things they could not amend them." Dr. Conolly has said, "It is astonishing to witness humane English physicians daily contemplating helpless insane patients bound hand and foot, and neck and waist, in illness, in pain, and in the agonies of death, without one single touch of compunction, or the slightest approach to a feeling of acting either cruelly or unwisely: they thought it impossible to manage insane people in any other way."

The state of things at York Hospital, the first that became the object of inquiry in 1815, was horrible. It was found that there were concealed rooms in the hospital, unknown even to the governors, and that patients slept in these rooms, which were saturated with filth, and totally unfit for the habitation of any human being; thirteen female patients were crowded in a room twelve feet by seven feet ten inches. Of Bethnal Green the report is still more revolting in its details. Several of the pauper women there, were chained to their bedsteads naked, and only covered with a hempen rug, (this was in December.) In January 1815 the visitors reported that "The paupers' department, especially that appropriated to women, was unwholesomely crowded, and that some pauper men were chained upon their straw beds, with only a rug to cover them, defenceless against the cold." In 1816 it was stated in evidence before the Parliamentary Committee, that the patients were subjected to brutal cruelties from the attendants; that they suffered very much from cold, (one patient having lost her toes from mortification proceeding from cold, and that they were infested with vermin.) In 1827 it was further stated in evidence that wet, dirty patients were chained to their cribs, and "confined, without intermission, from Saturday night till Monday morning." That was the constant and universal practice; they were chained at four o'clock on Saturday afternoon, in crowded and ill-ventilated places, and liberated about nine or ten on Monday, wallowing in filth, to be rubbed down with a mop dipped in cold water, like so many animals. Happily, hardly a vestige of this state of things remains: if not in their right mind, the wretched things are at least clothed and fed abundantly, besides being cared for and watched over, employed, instructed, and amused. When any remains of the old system are brought to light, there is a universal howl of execration throughout the land, as witness the late disclosures in Scotland. And only last year the commissioners found in Armagh Asylum, Ireland, a female patient strapped down in bed, with body straps of hard leather, three inches wide, and twisted under the body, with wrist-locks strapped and locked, and with wrists frayed from want of lining to the straps; the patient, too, was seriously ill. Another male patient was found strapped down in bed; in addition he was confined in a strait-waistcoat, with the sleeves knotted behind him; and as he could only lie on his back, his sufferings must have been

very great; his arms confined with wrist-locks, his legs with leg-locks, and the strappings so tight that he could neither turn nor move. On liberating him he was very feeble, unable to stand, with pulse scarcely perceptible, and feet dark red and cold, having been under confinement in this way for four days and nights. In Omagh Asylum, too, they found a bed in use for refractory patients thus described. "It is a wooden bed in the sides, and there is an iron cover which goes over both rails; it is sufficiently high to allow a patient to turn and twist, but he cannot get up; the bars are from twelve to fourteen inches above his head. The wild-beast-cage system, however, remains only in rare vestiges like this; the general treatment of the insane is now humane and tender, though not more humane and tender than is necessary and wise. Every physical agent for the renovation of health is secured to them by the enlightenment of the age. "Great and awful is their responsibility," says Dr. Forbes Winslow, "who thoughtlessly weaken the confidence of the public in the efficacy of the physical curative agents in the treatment of insanity." "I was told," said a lady, "that medicine was of no avail in the affections of the mind. I went to the clergyman for assistance, but could obtain none. I have struggled for weeks heroically against the disposition to suicide, with the prayer-book in one hand and the open razor in the other. Five times have I felt its keen edge at my throat, but a voice within me suddenly commanded me to drop the murderous instrument; and yet at other times the same voice urged me despairingly on to self-destruction. I knew I was ill, seriously ill, bodily ill; yet no one pointed out to me the right remedy for my horrible impulse, or recommended me to put myself into the hands of the physician." Such was the state of a patient who voluntarily subjected herself to medical treatment, and was happily restored to health.

Comparing the food supplied in workhouses and asylums, there is evidence in recent reports to show that the asylums are incomparably the best dieted; in the workhouses the ordinary diet table is of course arranged in such a way as to hold out no inducement to a pauper to remain in the workhouse. In the county asylum, there being no motive of that kind, and it being thought necessary for the benefit of the patients to give them a good diet, they have provided substantial, and nutritious food. The same report recommends a variety of dress, at the choice of the patients, especially of the females, and also that a better description of dress should be provided for Sundays to encourage the healthy feeling of self-respect. The consolations of religion too are offered to their minds. In Hanwell there is a little church of communicants. The last report of the Irish Commissioners recommends "That the appointment of chaplains should be compulsory on the governors of district asylums, and that proper arrangements should be made for the due celebration of religious worship therein. At the same time," says the report, "as the ministrations of the chaplain have a ne-

cessary connection with mental exertion on the part of the patient, we consider that the duties of that officer will require on his part great judgment and discretion in their discharge; so that while the consolations of religion are fully afforded, the peculiar mental condition of the patients will not be lost sight of, and that he will carefully abstain from anything calculated to disturb the minds of the patients."

The state of Pauper Lunatics in our Workhouses is still deplorable. On the 1st of July, 1858, they numbered seven thousand six hundred and sixty-six, close upon one thousand more than they numbered only the year before. Most of these unhappy beings are feeble and diseased in body as well as in mind, and, in a supplement to the twelfth report of the Commissioners in Lunacy, the great increase in their numbers is attributed to the neglect of curative means applied in time to prevent chronic insanity taking the place of mere physical and mental deterioration. We cannot do better than give the substance of this valuable report. It states that the proportion borne by the insane, idiotic, and weak-minded, to the other inmates in the workhouse, varies considerably in the different unions throughout England and Wales, and that it is considered by some that the proportion is greater in remote rural districts than in the more populous localities. Again, as respects the nature of the insanity, a marked difference has been observed between rural and city workhouses. In the former, congenital and imbecile cases have been found to prevail; while in the latter, the weak-minded are held to form a smaller portion, and cases of epilepsy and paralysis to be more frequent. Generally the cases met with in workhouses, are those of persons suffering under chronic dementia, melancholia, and epilepsy: they comprise many who are idiotic or imbecile, none of them able to take care of their own interests or welfare, or to conduct themselves discreetly, if left without some governing control. Some reduced to poverty by their disease are of superior habits to those of ordinary paupers, and require better accommodation than a workhouse affords. Many are weak in body and require better diet. Many require better nursing, better clothing, and better bedding. Almost all, and particularly those who are excitable, require more healthful exercise, and all more tender care and more vigilant superintendence. In some of the smaller workhouses, situate in the rural districts, a greater degree of comfort and content is observable than in the larger houses which stand in crowded situations and are hemmed in by other buildings. In the former, the arrangements have a more homely and domestic character, and there are more means of occupation, and of free exercise in the open air. But of the metropolitan workhouses, the large proportion are of great size, old, badly constructed, and placed in the midst of dense populations. The weak-minded and insane inmates are generally crowded into rooms of insufficient size, sometimes in an attic or basement, made to serve for day and sleeping accommodation. Of the six hundred and fifty-five

workhouses in England and Wales, somewhat more than a tenth are provided with separate lunatic and idiot wards, and these are ill-suited to the purpose, generally gloomy, ill-ventilated, small, and utterly comfortless; in some instances there being no tables, the patients are compelled to take their meals upon their knees. The supervision is altogether defective. In most cases, indeed, a pauper inmate is the person entrusted with the sole charge of the lunatics. These defects carry with them an almost necessary large adherence to mechanical coercion: in itself a sure and certain test of utter neglect, or of inadequate means of treatment. How sad is the condition of the poor creatures, often incapable of giving correct statements or preferring any complaint however just, or of making any want known. "Those who suffer most," says this blue book, "are often the least complaining. In a very recent case of semi-starvation at the Bath Union, when the frauds and thefts of some of the attendants had, for a considerable time, systematically deprived the patients of a full half of their ordinary allowance of food, the only complaint made was by the wan and wasted looks of the inmates." The melancholic and taciturn especially, when (as is often the case) their physical condition is enfeebled by long privation, remain quietly suffering until their malady becomes confirmed and incurable. Placed in gloomy and comfortless rooms, deprived of free exercise in the open air, and wanting substantial nutriment sufficient to promote restoration, they pass their lives in a moody, listless, unhealthy, inactive state, fatal to their chance of ultimate recovery. The insane require both warmer clothing and more nourishing food than are supplied in workhouses, not only for promoting the recovery of those who are curable, but also for checking the tendency to waste and deterioration of the body which frequently attends the disorder in its chronic form. "Hence it is," says the report, "that when the necessity has presented itself, which unhappily of late has very frequently occurred from the over-crowded state of the public asylums, to remove chronic cases of insanity from the latter in order to make room for cases more recent and curable, the immediate change in diet to which patients so removed have been subjected, has proved to be the chief cause of the marked deterioration in their condition which has been found to occur. This deterioration is not confined to bodily health alone; but patients who whilst in the asylum were quite tractable and harmless, have soon become irritable and violent. Restraint and solitary confinement is also extensively practised in workhouses for want of sufficient superintendence. Especial injury and injustice is done to patients recently afflicted. The want of early and proper treatment mainly tends to fill our county asylums with hopeless chronic cases."

How great is the debt which humanity owes to those who have vindicated, and are still vindicating, the character of the divine Author of our being, and the majesty and universality of those laws by which he governs his moral offspring: to those who have

taught, and are still teaching us, that the scourge of pestilence is no outpouring of vindictive wrath, but the product of our own folly in the breaking of some beneficent law of our being, to which the attaching penalty is appointed to bring us to obedience. This great truth has now been recognised in the treatment of mental disease; it is recognised that the individual, or others for him, must have broken one or more of the laws of life, and a return to a simple and entire obedience to these constitutes the remedy to be applied. In the words of Dr. Conolly of Hanwell—

"In every well regulated asylum the whole system is strictly hygienic, in the largest sense of the term; comprehending an attention to all that can directly or indirectly promote the health of the body and the mind. The patients enjoy perfect liberty of their limbs. Chains and all mechanical instruments of coercion are unknown; buildings for the reception of many hundreds of insane patients being opened for their reception without one instrument of restraint being provided. Fresh air, clean clothing adapted to the season, good food liberally supplied, comfortable beds, warmth, ventilation, scrupulous cleanliness throughout the house, varied occupations and amusements, social entertainments, religious services judiciously and regularly performed, and spiritual consolation timely and prudently imparted, are now the things which characterise asylums for the insane. The poorest lunatic is introduced to comforts unknown to him before, and which diffuse calming influences over his whole frame of body and soul." And under these calming influences many recover their reason, from whence it is easy to see that had those calming influences been earlier applied they would never have lost it, which brings us to the grand doctrine of preventability, that great gospel of the grace of God which is being preached among us. True there *is* incurable insanity, but you have only to search back to the cause of that to find it preventable too.

Undoubtedly, extreme poverty is the most fertile source of mental as it is of bodily disease. Its physical and moral influences tend to impair at once the mental and bodily powers. The immense number of pauper lunatics, and the great proportion of incurables among them, establish the fact. We do not mean hard labor and humble fare when we speak of extreme poverty, but of over-work, of insufficient food, and the other bad sanitary conditions which are forced upon a numerous class of the population, especially, though by no means only, in our large towns. "Want of food," said Lord Shaftesbury, before the Parliamentary Committee, last March, "has a very sad and serious effect upon the nervous system, and I have known some instances in which it has superinduced madness. I remember some instances in that most oppressed class, the needle-women and slop-women. I have seen two or three cases in which they have been brought into the house in a state of decided insanity, but in a very short time these poor creatures have been set right,

by no other remedy than beef and porter. I have no doubt want of food has a most depressing influence on the nervous system." The children born of parents under these conditions are, to begin with, weaker as regards physical energy, and they are generally, as a consequence, more excitable. Those who have had to do with criminal or pauper children drawn from this class, testify to their frightful excitability. The girls are especially wild in this respect, and the young women of the same class are the terror of workhouse authorities, and some have been sent to gaol for violent conduct, who might with more propriety have been sent to a lunatic asylum. Then the calming influence of the judgment has little opportunity for development, they are hurried with what stock of energy they possess at the earliest possible period into the vortex of toil. That natural moral instinct, which so often supplies the place of judgment, and which often also forms the safeguard of mind and body, and preserves the sanity of both among the sorely tried, is weakened in the case of those whose fall we are tracing, by the repeated triumph of temptation too strong for their powers of resistance, and withdraws its tranquilising and eminently sanitary power. As they grow up to manhood and womanhood, the terrible pressure of anxiety for the supply of the necessities of the body, or the excitements of immorality, or trials of temper arising from the irritability of inadequate strength, or the unnatural depression resulting from the same cause, complicated with the physical infirmities which appear alternately as cause and effect, terminate in intemperance which leads to madness, if not directly in madness itself. The children of such parents are the incurables among our pauper lunatics. Look too at the children of our union schools, at the weak and low type of physical and mental conformation which prevails among them. Look at the fact that they are generally unable to rise above the condition of pauperism, that they are in reality a race of paupers, that their children are born in workhouses, and that in workhouses they will die, ending life as they began it, their feeble bodies nourished with workhouse gruel, their poor souls solaced with workhouse grumbling. Thank Heaven the necessity for raising the minds and bodies of human creatures out of this slough of despond is beginning to find recognition also, even on the principles of social economy, "the besetting basenesses of human nature," as they have been called, and sometimes seem, when basely used. It is beginning to be seen that we must give our paupers a good lift over the road to better conditions, if we would not have them come back upon our hands; that we must pay up the interest, at least, of our social sin, if we would not increase the principal of our social burdens. So we are really doing something to restore our paupers to a sanitary condition of body and mind, to enable them to do what sane men and women are able to do, take care of themselves. Bodily disease is readily enough traced to bad sanitary conditions in these days, and it is not difficult to trace mental disorder, and even incapacity,

to the same source, while much physical disease can readily be referred to unsanitary mental conditions.

We come now to another class of causes, namely, those engendered by the excessive luxury of the age. Springing directly from this is one very fertile source of mental disease, over-work of the brain. Again to quote Lord Shaftesbury on this point, he says, "I cannot but hazard the opinion, that if there is not an actual increase of insanity, there is developed a very considerable tendency towards it, and I think it arises from the excitable state of society. It is impossible not to see the effect that is produced by the immense speculation that takes place among all the various small trading classes, and people keeping costermongers shops, and every one who has five pounds that he can invest. All these people are carrying it on to a very great extent, and the number of disappointments, the great ruin that has come upon so many families and individuals, and the horrible distress to which they have been subjected, have had a very considerable effect upon their minds; events succeed each other with great rapidity, society is thus in a state of perpetual agitation. It does not signify whether it is political life or literary life, everyone must see that life is now infinitely more active and stirring than it used to be. The very power of locomotion keeps persons in a state of great nervous excitement, and it is worthy of attention to what an extent this prevails. I have ascertained that many persons, who have been in the habit of travelling by rail, have been obliged to give it up, in consequence of its effect upon the nervous system. I was speaking to one of our commissioners the other day, who had just come off a journey, and he said that his whole nerves were in a state of simmer, and he was not able, without some period of rest, to enter upon business. I think that all these things indicate a very strong tendency to nervous excitement, and in what it may issue I do not know; but I am quite sure, in regard to persons in that class of life entering into trade, and living in, and constantly under the influence of this stir and agitation, that their nervous systems are in a much more irritable state than they were twenty years ago."

The history of hundreds in our asylums is told in a few sentences such as these. He was in business, seemingly successful, had a fine house and an expensive family, and was accustomed to every luxury; he speculated, failed, and went mad. Ah! if that family had not been so expensive, had been accustomed to labor instead of to luxury, as the true state of their affairs required, the reckless speculation would never have been entered upon, and the husband and father might have been a prosperous man instead of a lunatic and a pauper. Such cases are so numerous as to influence largely the returns of the commissioners, who attribute to it the great increase in the number of pauper lunatics, as compared with those in private asylums, who are generally self-supporting.

While an over-worked brain, the excitement of speculation, and the pressure of business, accounts immediately for mental disease among men of the middle and higher ranks, the lives of the women are given up to an aimlessness equally perilous. To go to the root of the matter, the nurture and education of most women are as enervating as possible. Their physical development is uncared for, if not positively retarded. A species of hot-house culture is forced upon the mind; a certain circle of accomplishments must be mastered, whether a girl has taste for them or no. If she shows little natural aptitude for any particular study, and much natural disinclination to pursue it, so much the worse for her, the drill is increased, the deficiency of nature must be supplied by art. With little or no ear for music, and a consequent hearty hatred or loathing for the preliminary labor by which its practice must be acquired, she must sit with aching back and vacant brain drumming for hours over the piano, in a way sufficient to drive to distraction all within reach of the discord, and which gives her unfortunate musical governess a succession of sick head-aches, while powers of observation which would have been, to their owner at least, a source of infinite pleasure, are lying uncultivated, and defraud a judgment wanting only exercise to reach a healthy development. Still more urgent the case may be; even that of an ill-constituted mind calling for the utmost care in the training of the moral powers, and the culture of the qualities of thought in order to preserve its doubtful balance. Yet the same curriculum of accomplishments is deemed necessary for all, and that curriculum is such a crowded one, that sense and morals are very often left to take care of themselves. At the same time emulation is encouraged and a system of stimulation applied which has the most painful effect on excitable temperaments, and such a temperament the girl's whole training tends to induce. Having gone through this course of treatment, the young lady comes out perhaps with a more delicate bloom and a more lady-like air than if she had been allowed for the last few years a freer use of her limbs and a more solid diet for her mind. Having come out, her life is passed between two extremes, the extreme of excitement in the season devoted to society, the extreme of aimlessness in the season of seclusion. It must be borne in mind that this is not meant to be a description of the average ladies of England. It is faithful to the class it portrays, faithful to a system which is too generally pursued, but there are thousands of mothers of our middle and higher ranks who give their girls the most careful and judicious training; thousands more who mingle with the system we have described just enough of the leaven of common sense and religion to neutralise its worst effects; and thousands more who have got the length of seeing its evils, without exactly seeing their way out of them. There are enough of the latter, and of the still unreserved upholders of the present system, to call for and justify an earnest appeal in behalf of a better system

of female education. What wonder if the course of training and the mode of life we reprobate should sow and cherish the seeds of insanity. Over-excitement and aimlessness, are two of the most unsanitary conditions to which the human mind can be subjected, and it is easy to trace to them restlessness, melancholy, and tendency to the painful class of hysterical affections; then comes the overthrow of some cherished hope, the disappointment of some overpowering affection, and the final plunge into the abyss of madness.

Disappointed affection is set down as the immediate cause of a large proportion of the female cases in our lunatic asylums. Of course we have not a word to say against the due development of the affections; we would not have them weakened, we would only have the judgment and the will strengthened, which need not be done at their expense, but ought to contribute to their power and elevation. But if perfect sanity consists in the right balance of all the powers, in the sway of the reason, and in the control of the passions and emotions, then it cannot consist with affections which escape the guidance of reason, with emotions which refuse to be under the control of their possessor, and may at any time throw the whole mental structure into ruin. An undue place is given to the affectional nature of women. They are taught from their infancy that affection is their most lovely and lovable quality. And so it is, but only in conjunction with other and higher qualities. In natures of no great depth of any kind, the result of the stimulants applied is a mannerism of affection fatal to all truth of character, while in natures really affectionate it develops the feelings into morbid power. And what in reality is the worth of that affection which has no discrimination, no foundation in justice and truth, which lavishes equal fondness on a favorite lap-dog and the dearest of friends, which will as readily lend itself to cherish the most selfish propensities of an ignoble nature, as to satisfy the heart of the noblest and worthiest?

Now we begin, we suppose, to show the cloven foot, to make a demand for strong-minded women. Yes, we own it, while repudiating much that this most abused term has been made to include. Strength is not coarseness; on the contrary, it is nature's foundation for ease and symmetry and grace: and without that foundation, the beautiful superstructure is short-lived and insecure. This is true equally of the graces of person and of mind, as all who have come closely in contact with what are considered the amiable weaknesses will be ready enough to confess. That a woman's strength of judgment and strength of moral purpose should equal the strength of her affections, ought surely to be the guiding maxim upon which her training should proceed, even if the harmony and beauty of her nature were the only things to be considered, and it is only when this perfect balance is approximated to, that we approximate to the perfect woman, high-minded and sincere, and at the same time tender and graceful.

It is the work of the ladies of England to inaugurate an age of such strong-mindedness, by using their influence to have the young of their own sex and rank brought under a more strengthening system of education. To discourage mere showy accomplishments, not by cramming with Greek and Latin instead of with music and Italian, but by setting the exercise of the reasoning powers above the exercise of the fingers or even the memory, and by earnestly cultivating the sense of responsibility, and social as well as individual duty. That they have social duties is beginning to be felt uneasily by thousands of the women of England who never entertained the idea before, and taking up the duty that lies nearest them, of preparing others for their share in the world's work, they may assume the ennobling responsibility of endeavoring to rescue their poorer sisters from the pressure of those evils, which, among many other deplorable results, inflict in so many cases the doom of insanity.

(To be continued.)

[In our next article we hope to bring before our readers some details of the results of modern medical science as practised in our large asylums.]

II.—LIFE OF MARGARET FULLER OSSOLI.

It is now seven years since the book appeared which bears the above title; a curious composite book compiled by three editors, out of autobiographical notes, diaries, letters to and from the subject of the memoir, and communications from themselves and from various other people in different parts of the United States. Nor were the materials of this book attempted to be recast by fusion into a complete whole; each contribution, arranged with due attention to date, and well indexed, was placed in succession, carrying Margaret Fuller through the different phases of a most chequered life, describing her according to the impressions of those who there and then beheld her.

Discussing this book with a lady who perhaps more than all others is distinguished in our modern literature for just and weighty thought, expressed with unfailing elegance and simplicity, she observed,—"I do not like the way in which this memoir is written; it is too fragmentary. I could wish that some competent hand had taken this mass of heterogeneous material, and had so used it as to present us with a clear, comprehensible portrait of Margaret Fuller." Some time after, one of the three editors himself came to England, and, availing himself of other introductions, earnestly desired to see and converse with the lady in question. The writer

of these lines said to him (with a fearless confidence in the truth) "Mrs. —— does not like the manner in which you dealt with your book; she wishes it had been treated with more completeness."

A flash of light passed across his face and lingered in his eyes, and it is impossible to describe the ardor with which he replied, "Ah, no! I was right; they wanted me to have it re-written like other memoirs. But I said, 'No; Margaret shall be painted as she was, by many hands of many friends. It is done in the way best calculated to impress the world with what she was. It is done as *she* would have wished it.'" And he lifted up his eyes to the dim blue sky of London, under which he was walking, as if he felt that the spirit of his dead friend listened to him from above.

And true it is that no book we ever read has seemed to us so full of vital power as this one. We use the word advisedly: it may not be a model book, and Margaret Fuller was very far from being a model woman; but she lived as she loved, with might and with main; with many affectations of style, she yet vitalised every subject touched by her pen, and the story of her life, passed though it was among the peculiar problems of the nineteenth century will interest generations yet unborn. In Boston, where she chiefly lived, we have been told that her name is still a household word: "Margaret" being perpetually referred to by her simple Christian name alone, as if her spiritual presence lingered among the people with whom she dwelt in life, still fulfilling her various offices of citizen, sister, and friend. We have heard in Rome an American lady, who had been one of her pupils, allude casually to "Miss Margaret," as if there never had been but one, and never would be another to the end of the world; and what was more remarkable, she evidently expected her English hearer to be of the same mind, and understand of whom she was speaking. Separated by at least fourteen inevitable years, by the marriage and motherhood of both, and by the deep gulf of that Atlantic in which the elder friend sleeps the sleep of death, "Miss Margaret" was a living reality in her pupil's heart and on her pupil's lips.

People who saw her during her short sojourn in England in 1846, do not seem to have liked her much, thought her awkward or affected, and saw no particular attraction in her. But Margaret Fuller did not apparently possess any powers of immediate fascination. She required time to bring her faculties to bear on her fellows; time to conquer a certain impression of personal plainness which it is sufficiently evident she made on all strangers, in spite of the account of her looks given in the memoir; time, above all, before the good heart, and the strong will, and the truth-loving mind, could make themselves felt, and win their way, as they always must and will. *Then* Margaret's influence was assured for ever.

Again, English readers blame her for egotism and conceit. It must be granted that her simplicity in this matter was as singular as her self-esteem. Her opinion of her own powers, while yet she

lived in America, and before she came under the chastening, subduing influence of intercourse with European minds and European problems, is expressed in her letters and diaries with a depth of quiet conviction against which blame or remonstrance would probably have been powerless in life, and which certainly must be accepted now, since it characterised one who was so rich in kind, good deeds, in mental faculties and in domestic virtues.

We never find that the heroine of this tale was hard or selfish; her egotism was, after all, more verbal than anything else, since she was a good daughter, a devoted friend, and a fascinating companion to little children. It would be well for all of us who may have more reticence and a keener perception of the ludicrous in self-affirmation if *only* our words condemned us!

With these few introductory words as to the character and social value of one whom the world will not willingly forget, we proceed to give an abridgment of her history, earnestly wishing that the volumes which contain it were republished in a cheaper and more accessible form.

The Marchesa Ossoli, better known by her maiden name of Margaret Fuller, one of the most original minds and most accomplished female scholars America has yet produced, was born in Cambridge Port, Massachusetts, on the 23rd of May, 1810. Her father, a lawyer and a politician, was a man of sagacity and energy, devotedly attached to an excellent wife, but painfully anxious for the advancement of his sons and daughters, and more especially for the advancement of Margaret, who, at six years of age, commenced, under his superintendence, the study of Latin, which was soon followed by other tasks, as many and as various as the hours would allow, and on subjects far beyond her tender age. Mrs. Fuller, whose health was delicate, was absorbed in the care of her younger children, so Margaret's childhood was spent in laborious study in a house where, to use her pathetic language, neither dog, nor bird, nor any graceful animated form of existence was ever seen.

Little wonder that such a course of training produced a premature development of the brain, or that, in later years, the student was the victim of periodical headaches and nervous affections of every description.

She was very soon well acquainted with the best French writers of the last century, the Queen Anne authors, the English novelists, with Shakespeare and Cervantes, and though she acknowledged that her youth was not unfriended, since those great minds came to her in kindness, yet the introduction was premature, and much of life was devoured in the bud. In the little back garden which joined her father's house, whose miniature green plot was sadly marred in her ambitious eyes by the presence of a pump and tool-house, the young student's happiest hours were passed, the great amount of study exacted soon ceased to be a burden, and reading became a habit and a passion; but, unfortunately, the force of feeling which, under

other circumstances, might have ripened thought, was turned to learn the thoughts of others.

The impressiveness and impulsiveness of her character was developed at a very early age, and the monotony of her bookish and solitary life was for some months interrupted by the appearance of an English lady in the neighbourhood, for whom she formed a sudden and most absorbing attachment, which grew as the acquaintance grew, and lasted until her friend returned to Europe, when the lonely and romantic child fell into such a profound depression, that her father, becoming alarmed at her silence and inactivity, determined to place her at a large school where she might enjoy the society of young persons. At first her companions were captivated with her ways; she was always new, always surprising, and, for a time, charming; but, after a while, they grew tired of her, for being naturally very loving, even infatuated in her affections, she exacted from those who professed any love for her, the devotion she was willing and able to bestow. But her school-life was neither happy nor honorable: the wild wayward genius was misunderstood by the common-place people among whom she lived, and discords, bickerings, and black shadows were the result.

Margaret returned to Cambridge Port in 1825, at which period she was fifteen years of age. She was then in the habit of rising a little before five every morning, walking for one hour, and practising on the piano for another. She breakfasted at seven, after which she read French, Sismondi's 'Literature of the South of Europe,' then two or three lectures in Brown's 'Philosophy.' From half-past nine till twelve she studied Greek with Mr. Perkins, reciting and practising again till two, when she dined. Two hours were devoted in the afternoon to Italian, and in the evening she wrote in her journal, or else exercises on what she had been reading. In the following year her studies comprehended Madame de Stael, Epictetus, Milton, Racine, and Castillian ballads, while in 1827 we find her engrossed in reading the elder Italian poets, commencing with Berni, and ending with Pulci and Politian.

Her physical development was as precocious as her mental growth, and while still a child of thirteen, Margaret passed for eighteen or twenty, and had her place in society as a full-grown woman. With no pretensions to beauty, then, or indeed at any time, her face was still one that attracted and awakened a lively interest, and that made one desirous of a near acquaintance, for it was a face that fascinated without satisfying. Yet she escaped we are told the reproach of positive plainness by her blonde and abundant hair, by her excellent teeth, by her sparkling, dancing, busy eyes, which, though frequently half closed from near-sightedness, shot piercing glances at those with whom she conversed; but, most of all, she attracted attention by the very peculiar and graceful carriage of her head and neck, which all who knew her well remember as the most

characteristic trait in her personal appearance. In conversation she had already at that early age begun to distinguish herself, and made much the same impression in society that she did in after years. This conversational talent was, according to the unanimous testimony of all her compeers, certainly her most decided gift. She did many things well, but nothing so well as she talked. Her conversation is said to have been rarely equalled: it was not so much attractive as commanding; though remarkably fluent and select, it was neither fluency, nor choice diction, nor wit, nor sentiment that gave it its peculiar power, but accuracy of statement, keen discrimination, and a certain weight of judgment which contrasted strongly and charmingly with the youth and sex of the speaker. With a little more imagination she would have made an excellent improvisatrice.

Margaret Fuller's mind was what in a woman is generally called masculine, *i.e.*, its action was determined by ideas rather than by sentiments, and her intellect was rather solid than graceful, though no one was more alive to grace than herself. It was while living at Cambridge Port that Margaret commenced several of those friendships which lasted through her life, and which were the channels for so large a portion of her activity.

In this connection we will give some passages from James Freeman Clarke's introduction to her "Life in Cambridge." It will be seen that they bear reference to her whole career, rather than to the youthful years whose history we have been obliged to touch with so swift a hand.

"The difficulty which we all feel in describing our past intercourse and friendship with Margaret Fuller, is, that the intercourse was so intimate, and the friendship so personal, that it is like making a confession to the public of our most interior selves. For this noble person, by her keen insight and her generous interest, entered into the depth of every soul with which she stood in any real relation. To print one of her letters is like giving an extract from our own private journal. To relate what she was to us, is to tell how she discerned elements of worth and beauty where others could only have seen what was common-place and poor; it is to say what high hopes, what generous assurance, what a pure ambition, she entertained on our behalf,—a hope and confidence which may well be felt as a rebuke to our low attainments and poor accomplishments.

"Nevertheless, it seems due to this great soul that those of us who have been blessed and benefited by her friendship should be willing to say what she has done for us,—undeterred by the thought that to reveal her is to expose ourselves. * * * *

"Margaret possessed, in a greater degree than any person I ever knew, the power of so magnetising others, when she wished, by the power of her mind, that they would lay open to her all the secrets of their nature. She had an infinite curiosity to know individuals,—not the vulgar curiosity which seeks to find out the circumstances of their outward lives, but that which longs to understand the inward springs of thought and action in their souls. This desire and power both rested on a profound conviction of her mind in the individuality of every human being. A human being, according to her faith, was not the result of the presence and stamp of outward circumstances, but an original *monad*, with a certain special faculty, capable

of a certain fixed development, and having a profound personal unity, which the ages of eternity might develop, but could not exhaust. I know not if she would have stated her faith in these terms, but some such conviction appeared in her constant endeavor to see and understand the germinal principle, the special characteristic, of every person whom she deemed worthy of knowing at all. Therefore, while some persons study human nature in its universal laws, and become great philosophers, moralists, and teachers of the race,—while others study mankind in action, and, seeing the motives and feelings by which masses are swayed, become eminent politicians, sagacious leaders, and eminent in all political affairs,—a few, like Margaret, study character, and acquire the power of exerting profoundest interest on individual souls. * * * *

"I have referred to the wide range of Margaret's friendships. Even at this period this variety was very apparent. She was the centre of a group very different from each other, and whose only affinity consisted in their all being polarised by the strong attraction of her mind,—all drawn toward herself. Some of her friends were young, gay, and beautiful; some old, sick, or studious. Some were children of the world, others pale scholars. Some were witty, others slightly dull. But all, in order to be Margaret's friends, must be capable of seeking something,—capable of aspiring for the better. And how did she glorify life to all! all that was tame and common vanishing away in the picturesque light thrown over the most familiar things by her rapid fancy, her brilliant wit, her sharp insight, her creative imagination, by the inexhaustible resources of her knowledge, and the copious rhetoric which found words and images always apt and always ready. Even then she displayed almost the same marvellous gift of conversation which afterwards dazzled all who knew her,—with more perhaps of freedom, since she floated on the flood of our warm sympathies. Those who know Margaret only by her published writings know her least; her notes and letters contain more of her mind; but it was only in conversation that she was perfectly free and at home."

Attracted by the wild bugle-call of Thomas Carlyle, she commenced in 1832 the study of German, and in three months from the commencement of this study we find her reading with ease the masterpieces of that literature. Within the year she had read Goethe's 'Faust,' 'Tasso,' 'Iphigenia,' 'Hermann and Dorothea,' 'Elective Affinities,' and 'Memoirs;' Tieck's 'William Lovel,' 'Prince Zerbino,' and other works; Körner, Novalis, and something of Richter; all Schiller's principal dramas and his lyric poetry. Not long after she commenced the study of architecture, and we hear her crying out for more engravings of Vitruvius, Magna Græcia, the Ionian Antiquities, etc. To all this she added in 1834 the charge of four pupils, to whom she gave, for five days in the week, lessons in three languages, in history and geography. About this time her mother and her grandmother, who lived with the family, both fell ill, and as Margaret was the only grown up daughter at home, the whole of the domestic arrangements and duties fell to her care, yet, though thus taxed, her studies comprehended the history and geography of modern Europe, beginning the former in the fourteenth century; the elements of architecture; the works of Alfieri, with his opinions on them; the historical and critical works of Goethe and Schiller; and the outlines of American history.

But this anxiety and overwork produced a terrible feeling in her head, and in 1835 a distressing weight on the top of the brain seized her, and without intermission for nine long days and nights all was agony, fever, and pain. Her father, habitually so sparing in tokens of affection, was led by his anxiety to express himself in stronger terms than usual, and his eulogy, which moved her to tears, admitted that she possessed, in common with all, some defects, but pronounced her free from any *faults*. The invalid recovered surely, if slowly: but a dark dispensation yet remained for the family; death had only retreated, not retired from their circle, for on the evening of the 30th of September her father was seized with cholera, and on the 2nd of October was a corpse. For the first two days her grief under this unexpected calamity was such that she dare not speak of it; her brothers and sisters were ill, her mother overpowered with sorrow, fatigue, and anxiety. Her father left no will, and in consequence her path was hedged in by many petty difficulties; he left less property than was anticipated, and Margaret now really, if not nominally the head of the family, was very ignorant of the management of property. Practical details she had always hated, the din of such affairs annoyed her, and she hoped to find a life-long refuge from them in the serene world of literature and the arts; but her strong sense of duty conquered all difficulties, and in a solemn prayer, offered the very night after her father's death, she determined to combine what was due to others with what was due to herself. The first fruits of this resolution was to deny herself the pleasure of a visit to Europe, which for two years and more had been the day-star of her life, and for which, as "a means of equitably remunerating her parents for the cost of such a tour, she had faithfully devoted herself to teaching the younger members of her family." Cut off from access to scholars, libraries, lectures, galleries of art, museums of science, antiquities, and the historic scenes of Europe, Margaret bent her powers to use such opportunities of culture as she could command in her solitary country home.

But we must let her tell in her own words the strength of the temptation and the greatness of the victory; remembering all that is implied in the magic word "Europe" to a young and intellectual American woman.

"The death of her father brought in its train a disappointment as keen as Margaret could well have been called on to bear. For two years and more she had been buoyed up to intense effort by the promise of a visit to Europe for the end of completing her culture. And as the means of equitably remunerating her parents for the cost of such a tour, she had faithfully devoted herself to the teaching of the younger members of the family. Her honored friends, Professor and Mrs. Farrar, who were about visiting the Old World, had invited her to be their companion; and, as Miss Martineau was to return to England in the ship with them, the prospect before her was as brilliant with generous hopes as her aspiring imagination could conceive. But now, in her journal of January 1st, 1836, she writes:—

"'The new year opens upon me under circumstances inexpressibly sad. I must make the last great sacrifice, and, apparently, for evil to me and mine. Life, as I look forward, presents a scene of struggle and privation only. Yet 'I bate not a jot of heart,' though much 'of hope.' My difficulties are not to be compared with those over which many strong souls have triumphed. Shall I then despair? If I do, I am not a strong soul.'

"Margaret's family treated her, in this exigency, with the grateful consideration due to her love, and urgently besought her to take the necessary means, and fulfil her father's plan. But she could not make up her mind to forsake them, preferring rather to abandon her long-cherished literary designs. Her struggles and her triumph thus appear in her letters:—

"'*January* 30*th*, 1836.—I was a great deal with Miss Martineau, while in Cambridge, and love her more than ever. She is to stay till August, and go to England with Mr. and Mrs. Farrar. If I should accompany them I shall be with her while in London, and see the best literary society. If I should go, you will be with mother the while, will not you?* Oh, dear E——, you know not how I fear and tremble to come to a decision. My temporal all seems hanging upon it, and the prospect is most alluring. A few thousand dollars would make all so easy, so safe. As it is, I cannot tell what is coming to us, for the estate will not be settled when I go. I pray to God ceaselessly that I may decide wisely.'

"'*April* 17*th*, 1836.—If I am not to go with you I shall be obliged to tear my heart, by a violent effort, from its present objects and natural desires. But I shall feel the necessity, and will do it if the life-blood follows through the rent. Probably, I shall not even think it best to correspond with you at all while you are in Europe. Meanwhile, let us be friends indeed.'"

In the autumn of 1836 Margaret went to Boston with the twofold design of teaching Latin and French at Mrs. Allcott's school, and with a view to form classes for young ladies in French, German, and Italian. In one class she taught the German language, and thought it good success, when at the end of three months they could read twenty pages of German at a lesson.

With more advanced pupils she read in twenty-four weeks, Schiller's 'Don Carlos,' 'Artists,' and 'Song of the Bell,' besides giving a sort of general lecture on Schiller; Goethe's 'Hermann and Dorothea,' 'Goetz von Berlichingen,' 'Iphigenia,' first part of 'Faust,' and 'Clavigo;' Lessing's 'Nathan,' 'Muma,' 'Emilia Galeotte;' part of Tieck's 'Phantasus,' and nearly the whole of the first volume of Richter's 'Titan.' A pretty wide range for *only* a governess!

With the Italian class she read 'Tasso,' 'Petrarch,' 'Ariosto,' 'Alfieri,' and the whole hundred cantos of the 'Divina Commedia,' with the aid of the fine Athenæum copy, Flaxman's designs, and all the best commentaries.

Besides all this, Margaret had at this time three pupils, one being a blind boy, to whom she gave an oral lesson in Latin, English history and Shakespeare's historical plays in connection, and that every day for ten weeks. In addition to the labors just enumerated, she was also translating, one evening every week, German authors into English for the gratification of Dr. Channing,

* Her eldest brother.

their chief reading being De Wette and Herder. Fortunately for Margaret, she received a favorable offer to become, in the spring of 1837, a principal teacher in the Green Street School at Providence, Rhode Island, where, for a thousand dollars a year, she was to teach the elder girls for four hours a day, choosing her own hours and arranging the course; this offer she immediately accepted, as it promised certain means of aiding her family. Boys and girls alike came under her rule, and she commenced the term by giving to all the classes short lectures on the true objects of study.

It was at this period that she contemplated writing a life of Goethe, the preparation for which cost her much time and study, and she left heaps of manuscript notes, transcripts, and studies in that direction, but the work was never finished; she wanted health and leisure to complete it, nor was it till 1841 that her article on that great man, which is said to be by far her best paper, appeared in the 'Dial.'

In 1839 she published her translation of Eckermann, a work which formed the basis of the translation since published in London by Mr. Oxenford.

It is a little remarkable that she never paid any attention to natural sciences, she neither botanised, geologised, nor dissected.

Up to this period the events in Margaret's life had been few and not of a very dramatic nature. She could converse and teach and write, she took private classes of pupils at her own house, and had organised a school for young ladies at Providence with great success, devoting four hours a day to it during two years. She had translated Eckermann's 'Conversations with Goethe,' and the letters of Gunderode and Bettina.

About that time Margaret formed a friendship, which proved of great importance, with Mr. George Ripley, a man of character, an accurate scholar and of eminent powers of conversation, with whom she ultimately became connected in literary labors: nor did she less value the learning and wit of Theodore Parker, whose aid was subsequently of the first importance to her, for from 1840 for two years she edited the 'Dial,' a quarterly journal, which however was never very popular; the magazine being too eclectic and miscellaneous, each of its readers and writers valued but a small portion of it. It was discontinued after four years, but in its pages Margaret treated with great talent Goethe and Beethoven, the Rhine and the Romaic ballads, and the poems of John Stirling, together with several pieces of sentiment in a spirit which spared no labor.

But in a book or journal she gave a very imperfect impression of herself, and when circumstances again compelled her to choose an employment that should pay money, she consulted her own genius, as well as the wishes of her friends, by opening a class for conversation. Twenty-five persons responded to the appeal, and the first class met on the 6th of November, 1839, at Miss Peabody's

rooms in West Street, and the circle thus formed soon comprised some of the most agreeable and intelligent women to be found in Boston and its neighbourhood.

An idea of her aim is best given by the following extract from a letter addressed to Mrs. George Ripley, but intended for circulation.

"'My dear friend,—The advantages of a weekly meeting for conversation, might be great enough to repay the trouble of attendance, if they consisted only in supplying a point of union to well-educated and thinking women, in a city which, with great pretensions to mental refinement, boasts, at present, nothing of the kind, and where I have heard many, of mature age, wish for some such means of stimulus and cheer, and those younger, for a place where they could state their doubts and difficulties, with a hope of gaining aid from the experience or aspirations of others. And, if my office were only to suggest topics which would lead to conversation of a better order than is usual at social meetings, and to turn back the current when digressing into personalities or common-places, so that what is valuable in the experience of each might be brought to bear upon all, I should think the object not unworthy of the effort.

"'But my ambition goes much further. It is to pass in review the departments of thought and knowledge, and endeavor to place them in due relation to one another in our minds. To systematise thought, and give a precision and clearness in which our sex are so deficient, chiefly, I think, because they have so few inducements to test and classify what they receive. To ascertain what pursuits are best suited to us, in our time and state of society, and how we may make best use of our means for building up the life of thought upon the life of action.

"'Could a circle be assembled in earnest, desirous to answer the questions—What were we born to do? and how shall we do it?—which so few ever propose to themselves till their best years are gone by, I should think the undertaking a noble one; and if my resources should prove sufficient to make me its moving spring, I should be willing to give to it a large portion of those coming years, which will, as I hope, be my best. I look upon it with no blind enthusiasm, nor unlimited faith, but with a confidence that I have attained a distinct perception of means, which, if there are persons competent to direct them, can supply a great want, and promote really high objects. So far as I have tried them yet, they have met with success so much beyond my hopes, that my faith will not easily be shaken, nor my earnestness chilled.'"

Of these classes various notes are given; we extract again such passages as will help to convey their result to our readers.

"'Christmas made a holiday for Miss Fuller's class, but it met on Saturday, at noon. As I sat there, my heart overflowed with joy at the sight of the bright circle, and I longed to have you by my side, for I know not where to look for so much character, culture, and so much love of truth and beauty, in any other circle of women and girls. The names and faces would not mean so much to you as to me, who have seen more of the lives, of which they are the sign. Margaret, beautifully dressed, (don't despise that, for it made a fine picture,) presided with more dignity and grace than I had thought possible. The subject was Beauty. Each had written her definition, and Margaret began with reading her own. This called forth questions, comments, and illustrations, on all sides. The style and manner, of course, in this age, are different, but the question, the high point from which it was considered, and the earnestness and simplicity of the discussion, as well as the gifts and graces of the speakers, gave it the charm of a Platonic

dialogue. There was no pretension or pedantry in a word that was said. The tone of remark and question was simple as that of children in a school class; and, I believe, every one was gratified.' * * *

"'Margaret used to come to the conversations very well dressed, and, altogether, looked sumptuously. She began them with an exordium, in which she gave her leading views; and those exordiums were excellent, from the elevation of the tone, the ease and flow of discourse, and from the tact with which they were kept aloof from any excess, and from the gracefulness with which they were brought down, at last, to a possible level for others to follow. She made a pause, and invited the others to come in. Of course, it was not easy for every one to venture her remark, after an eloquent discourse, and in the presence of twenty superior women, who were all inspired. But whatever was said, Margaret knew how to seize the good meaning of it with hospitality, and to make the speaker feel glad, and not sorry, that she had spoken. She showed herself thereby fit to preside at such meetings and imparted to the susceptible a wonderful reliance on her genius.'

"In her writings she was prone to spin her sentences without a sure guidance, and beyond the sympathy of her reader. But in discourse, she was quick, conscious of power, in perfect tune with her company, and would pause, and turn the stream with grace and adroitness, and with so much spirit, that her face beamed, and the young people came away delighted, among other things, with 'her beautiful looks.' When she was intellectually excited, or in high animal spirits, as often happened, all deformity of features was dissolved in the power of the expression. So I interpret this repeated story of sumptuousness of dress, that this appearance, like her reported beauty, was simply an effect of a general impression of magnificence made by her genius, and mistakenly attributed to some external elegance; for I have been told, by her most intimate friend, who knew every particular of her conduct at that time, that there was nothing of special expense or splendor in her toilette.

"The effect of the winter's work was happiest. Margaret was intimately known to many excellent persons. In this company of matrons and maids, many tender spirits have been set in ferment. A new day had dawned for them; new thoughts had opened; the secret of life was shown, or, at least, that life had a secret. They could not forget what they had heard, and what they had been surprised into saying. A true refinement had begun to work in many who had been slaves to trifles. They went home thoughtful and happy, since the steady elevation of Margaret's aim had infused a certain unexpected greatness of tone into the conversation. It was, I believe, only an expression of the feeling of the class, the remark made, perhaps at the next year's course, by a lady of eminent powers, previously by no means partial to Margaret, and who expressed her frank admiration on leaving the house:—'I never heard, read of, or imagined a conversation at all equal to this we have now heard.'"

The fame of these conversational classes soon spread far and wide, and the golden report given of her talents led to the proposition that Margaret should undertake an evening class of four or five lessons, to which gentlemen should also be admitted. These classes, too, were formed and renewed in the November of each year, till Margaret's removal to New York in 1844. In 1841 the class contained from twenty-five to thirty members; the general subject is stated as 'Ethics;' particular topics were 'Is the ideal first or last?' 'Divination or Experience?' 'Persons who never wake to life in this world?' 'Mistakes,' 'Faith,' 'Creeds,' 'Woman,' 'Dæmonology,' 'Influence,' 'Roman Catholicism,' 'The Ideal,' etc.

The incessant exertion occasioned by teaching, writing, and speaking, added to pecuniary anxieties and domestic cares, had so exhausted Margaret's energy by 1844, that she felt the strongest necessity for an entire change of scene amid freer fields of action; accordingly she accepted a liberal offer of Messrs. Greeley and Mc.Elrath, to become a constant contributor to the 'New York Tribune,' and as a preparative for her new duties she found relaxation for a few weeks amid the grand scenery of the Hudson. Early in December of the same year she took up her abode with Mr. and Mrs. Greeley, with whom she remained twelve months, regularly writing for the 'Tribune:' these articles, together with others that had previously appeared in the 'Dial,' the 'Western Messenger,' and the "American Monthly," were ultimately published in two volumes of Messrs. Wiley and Putnam's library of American books, under the title of 'Papers on Art and Literature.' This was her last occupation in America previous to her departure for that Europe whence she only returned to die.

(To be concluded in our next.)

III.—INFANT SEAMSTRESSES.

INTO one of those narrow, gloomy streets, where the houses seem trying to push each other further backward with their full-fledged laundry sticks, where are eddying swarms of children, where every doorstep is alive, and white, wan faces speck the dark windows, children perchance just come home from the hospital, we turned our adventurous steps one morning in March last. It was a sunny but very windy day, and the wretched laundry flapped and swelled and twisted about the sticks; and the children that ran to the corner to see what was doing in the main street, were greeted with clouds of blinding dust, and stood blinking and peering wistfully hither and thither, as if in search of they knew not what.

Yet this was precisely such a day as, in the country, the landscape newly released from the bands of winter, one exults to welcome. How the tall trees bend and wave their tops as they would sing, "Hip, hip, hurrah!" while the happy peasant child drinks health with every inspiration, and sobs deliciously as the wind catches away his breath, and sweeps back the locks from his brow. Hapless city children! it is something of this sort, that, with restless instinct, you are seeking, you seek, but may not find.

Well, we were not in Croker's Buildings that day for any consideration of advantage to be derived from negotiation with a certain dealer in ladies' left-off clothing, to whom the said clothing was disposable for more than its value, and of whom it was purchasable for next to naught; nor because second-hand umbrellas, which it was hinted were something better than new, were to be had for fourpence and sixpence; nor for any delectation in the way of winkles, fried fish, tripe, etc., the latter delicacy seeming on gracious terms with catsmeat. No; we had doubts about all these things, and glanced suspiciously on the rows of polished old shoes there set forth; nor could we believe that we should be able to turn the taxgatherer from our door with the proceeds of any quantity of old rags, bones, bottles, etc., that we might muster, though this was positively affirmed and marvellously illustrated.

Our advent was on this wise. We had frequently observed, in similar localities, dirty papers in dirtier windows presenting notifications such as the following:—"Wanted several little girls that is andy at their nedel;" "Wanted some girls about seven or eight years old, that can do the fine stichin and make button-holes well." But the one that brought us to a dead halt was an advertisement for several little girls, about five or six years of age, that were "kick" at the hemming. What mystery of misery was here! We would investigate this. Some previous attempts to discover these secrets had failed, for the denizens of these regions might be professors of physiognomy every one, and they had evaded our inquiries with a dexterous cunning that was very wide awake, though they made it look very sleepy indeed. But we had got a cue in the present instance: the "little girls" were wanted at No. 14, where applicants were instructed to knock four times. Of course we understood by this that the principal occupied an apartment "next the sky," and, of course, we knew better than to knock four times; so, summoning our courage, which just then seemed rather a long way off, we began to ascend the utterly dark stairs; we were determined to see the "little girls."

But let us pause on the adjective. You know what *little* girls are, mothers. Once possibly you might not know, and though kindly complacent towards little girlhood generally, the time would come, you fancied, though you were wise enough not to say so, when you might perhaps exhibit a model little girl. You had all your notions about training, etc., as compact as an embryo rose before there is a peep of pink, and these were laid by till required. But lo! when wanted they didn't apply. You found that childhood had a charter of its own, and that the twenty little heterodoxies at which you held a reproving finger to-day, were all acted over again to-morrow with happy and comfortable assurance; and, what was stranger still, you *seemed* to admire the unwitting rebellion, but then, of course, you didn't. And you found that the little one was continually escaping your preconcerted boundary, just as a pretty chick

puts forth its head between the feathers of the brooding wing, or dives from beneath it with bewitching wilfulness, notwithstanding the solemn clucking of the mother fowl. You couldn't help this entirely, but when missy got a little older, then she would, of course, be quite different, and learn to be still. Be still! You might as well say "Be still" to the skylark in the morning; as well say, "Be still" to the dancing, chuckling brooklet that is merry in the midnight. Moreover, her doll is scalped and tattooed like other dolls in general; her alphabet is flat on its face, and——but we never shall get to the end of a child's ways, and therefore we will stop here. Ah, and if the shadow of a coffin-lid has ever passed over the brow of one such little one of yours, you know that these sweet irregularities are the points where memory halts with fondest reflection and with bitterest tears. You recollect how once she seized a pencil, and, grasping it as old age grasps a walking-stick, travelled a strange route over the finest page in your album ere you discovered the terrible circumstance; but now that page is more precious to you than all the rest.

And now you have got another set of opinions. You discover, as the late Dr. Johnson says, that in children, "Every fibre is so exuberant of vitality, that rest is pain and motion is pleasure." Possibly you may even subscribe to an opinion of our own, that, where the *spirit* of rebellion is absent, children are beautiful in their mischief. Precious children! How in this hollow, selfish world of ours, could we do without them? We are less examples to them than they to us; they are everywhere a treasure, and a glory, and a gladness. "Of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

Surely we shall not be understood as depreciating the obligation of perfect obedience on the part of children; an obedience which ought to be secured as early as a command is understood, only let not the command be an outrage on the necessities of the child's physical nature.

We presume we are expressing our views to sensible whole-hearted women, not to those whose hearts are shrunk and shrivelled, who have the faculty of misery extraordinary, and who regard life merely as a thing of attitude, and gesture, and articulation: with these we have no wish to discuss any point whatever.

Between children of larger growth, and between men and women of the upper and lower classes, there exists a vast moral difference, but this is not the case with *little* children. They may have been trained to error from their birth, yet remove the ligature and the tender plant will start back to its original uprightness, nothing but time can warp it.

Neither is there any difference between the heir of indigence and the heir of wealth, in respect of physical conformation. The pauper child has no largess of constitution superseding the necessity of what we term play. *Play*, not exercise merely. There may be a heavy tax on the brain of a child while he has plenty of exer-

cise, and consequently there is "a deficiency of nervous power for digestion, assimilation, etc." But what a very long way we are getting from Croker's Buildings.

We paused on the stairs, and indeed, and in reality, we had often to pause ere we reached the highest round. In the utter darkness we nearly trod upon a child, and the invisible morsel thereupon threatened, in half formed speech, that if "we came that again" we should make a "grand mistake:" of course we moved more cautiously afterward. But our courage seemed evaporating at every step; we had not calculated on this Egyptian gloom, and we fancied we heard voices, within certain closed doors which we passed, that seemed hardly human. But the comparative respectability of the neighbourhood had been certified to us by the police: here was no thieves' den, no haunt of prostitution, no hiding place of murder; nothing but the most abject poverty and destitution, induced chiefly by the intemperance of the inhabitants. Our labor was not in vain, as were our misgivings. A wailing contention of child-voices guided us to the very door where we would be. A light glimmered on us from the roof which was welcome enough, and, deeming it possible that we might have to make a hasty retreat, we noted the path by which we had ascended; this was less difficult now that our eyes had become accustomed to the darkness. We then knocked at the door and opened it, to the consternation of the little girls and the half demented old woman who ruled over them. Our courage came back in force the moment we opened the door, or rather our fears fled. On inquiring, by way of apology, if we could get some plain sewing executed there, the old woman replied shortly that "they didn't do no white work," they "did slops for warehouses." This we had already perceived.

It was a small and very wretched apartment, containing a bed, and one chair, the seat of authority. There was no table, but there were three low forms, which were perpetually tumbling over, and on these forms were seated eleven "little girls;" the four on the front form could hardly, any of them, have seen six years, one of them was "going of five." The four behind were about seven perhaps, and there was one very well behaved girl on the hindermost seat, who might be ten, and two others a year or two younger. The eldest girl had evidently all the fixing and all the responsibility, and was the only one among the number that had money remuneration; she also had the "taking in." They were "on slops;" the little things on the front form doing the hemming, while the others were steadily at work on "band and gusset and seam." Perfect silence was the rule, but the little hemmers were continually transgressing it. They all seemed in the utmost distress: one declaring, with many tears, that somebody had *made* her lose her needle; the accused protesting that she "didn't make her lose it, for she lost it her own self, and so that was a story that she had told." Then another complained that a neighbour had said "she hadn't done

the most, and the neighbour wouldn't measure." The poor old woman had scarcely pacified them, when the little girl "going of five," a perfectly cleanly, lovable, kissable little creature, burst forth with a most grievous lamentation, because somebody behind had said that her "father was tyansported, and he wasn't tyansported, because he had gone in a bootiful sip." Hereupon the old woman threatened to "bang" the offender, and she confirmed the story of the "bootiful sip." But the wicked girl continued to nod persistently as the little thing looked over her shoulder. Then followed another burst of grief, for "she had said so again."

And now the old woman proceeded to execute her threat, to "bang" the tormentor. The operation was quite an orthodox, grandmotherly affair, after which there was a temporary silence. The little morsel, we were grieved to see, had hemmed nearly a yard of calico in the neatest manner, but all along there were crimson specks of blood, showing how sadly the little finger must have been pierced. In recompense for her industry, she was permitted for a few moments to contemplate the perfections of a new little pocket-handkerchief, on which was an inscription and illustration of "Hoop de dooden doo," and then her little eyelids drooped. Oblivion was gently stealing the image of the grotesque figure on the handkerchief and the image of the torturing shirt, and withdrawing all the dreary surroundings of misery. The expresssion of petulance and pain relaxed; she was asleep.

Intelligence of this fact was instantly reported, but the old woman graciously permitted her a few minutes, declaring that she was worth two of the informer, and would get her *task* done first.

For the making of the shirt of which this baby did the hemming, a whole day's hard work of course, and which had also expended on it another day's cruel labor on band and gusset and seam, the old woman received twopence-halfpenny, or, in the phraseology of the trade, the little girls were on slops at half-a-crown a dozen. The mothers were out in the city, most of them at least, at various kinds of employment, and were glad to have their children taken care of and taught to sew besides. The old woman made them each a mug of warm coffee during the day, and took care they didn't eat all their victuals at once. *They hadn't half enough to eat.* We inquired how the good woman would find room for several additional little hands. She explained that some of the older girls were going to work with their mothers; that the "hemmers" would be promoted to "band," etc. The little sleeper to be one of those so promoted. She wanted two or three "little uns for the hemming, but they were always so slow at first, they did nothing but adjust their thimbles and lose their needles; they were more trouble than use at first;" however they soon got to be useful, though it appeared that some unprincipled mothers withdrew them as soon as they began to be useful and could thread their own needles. Indeed one hardly knew whether the poor old woman or the little seamstresses

were most to be pitied. To be sure she might have gone to the union, and it is so very easy to send old people there. We are quite of opinion that she would have been better there, but somehow old people do hang back very much. *We* shouldn't, were we in their position, oh no! What a special favor it is that we, who would be such perfect specimens of propriety under any circumstances of poverty and distress, should be placed so far above their influence. You and I, dear reader, would be very cleanly for instance, would we not? But cleanliness *does* cost something, whatever people may say to the contrary. Ah! none know better than the seamstress that "time is money." Suppose a very common case: a hard-wrought seamstress has just now but one penny, which she designs to spend in soap. She is content to wait till the morrow for food, but her little child stands at her knee, pleading and weeping, and coughing and choking, and all for bread, till, hoarse with the vain petition, it lies down moaning and exhausted at her feet. Ask your heart if it would be so very easy to answer that faint hunger cry with a clean pinafore.

But now there arose a murmuring among the children about the removal of a canary, which it seemed had been used to sing in the window. They missed it, and there was a general reflection on the old woman, who defended her conduct in its removal, by stating that the little ones were all the time looking at it instead of minding their work. They all promised, however, that if it might be brought back they would "never look at it once." The old lady was inexorable, and there was a general expression of discontent, which, after some other proposals on their part, receiving a decided negative, gradually subsided, and again there was a general silence. A very old clock, that ticked as if it were tired, told its strokes audibly. A faint restless hum of child-voices rose from the street, and in the next apartment was heard the monotonous jargon of some man evidently drunk, till it seemed

"That all these sounds yblent, inclined all to sleep."

It might not be. The little child that had interested us so much was awoke. We pleaded for a little more sleep, but the shirts had to go in, and, though we had been doing a little ourselves, we saw that if they *must*, not a stitch might be lost, and the hands must move a little more quickly. Contrary to our expectation the little creature did not cry on being awoke, but meekly threaded her needle, and with a sigh of resignation recommenced her hemming. Oh, how thankful were we, when a few weeks later we saw those little hands folded and still, and those sad wistful eyes sealed in a slumber which no earthly voice might break.

What a credit to the mothers were some of those children. How clean their heads, and carefully parted their hair. We observed that one of them had a bit of white tucker stitched in her frock, and the hair of another was attempted to be curled. "Very un-

necessary," you say. Ah! madam, if you had only one pleasant thing to look upon in this world, you don't know how careful you would be, lest any of its comeliness should be lost. Other of the children were deplorably neglected, and seemed, poor things, to be aware of their inferiority; yet these, we learned, boasted better rations than the decenter children, their parents being costermongers or something of the sort. Finding that none of them were being taught to read, we hinted at the ragged school, but we soon found out that we had made a mistake. The old woman kindled in a moment: "they were a little above that; their mothers"—it was all the mothers, fathers they might never have known—"would be very sorry to let them mix with such raff." But we have not finished our sketch.

A child about four years of age, whose feet were naked and who was in a very dirty condition, sat on the floor, against the wall, all this time without having uttered a sentence. Such a countenance in a child we had never beheld. It had a moody expression; something like a dash of despair. The child looked from one to another without the least apparent interest, or any variation of expression. Not even the mention of the canary, which had so suddenly excited all the rest, had the least effect upon it. It was not sewing, for it was a cripple, having fallen into the fire in the absence of its mother. The right arm was drawn up stiffly like a closely-folded pinion. There was a dreadful scar which extended from the shoulder to the wrist; the inner part of the arm seemed to have escaped, and had a peculiar corrugated appearance. Oh! what suffering had been compressed within that small span of existence! Nor was this all; on attempting to walk by the wall she staggered and fell, then rose and walked, and staggered again. The old woman informed us that her legs were worse burnt than her arm, and were "drawed up uneven," and for that reason she could do nothing with a crutch, as she "went round it." The parents of this child "were not poor," the old woman said, but were both habitual drunkards. It was the father whose jargon in an adjoining apartment we have alluded to. We discovered that the poor old seamstress took care of this child, and in fact almost kept it.

And then she went on detailing a number of the most horrible incidents, frightful accidents, which had occurred in the neighbourhood to children whose mothers were away, with a coolness that was startling; and sad as was the case of the infant seamstresses, we could hardly help admitting that, under the circumstances, they were as well there as anywhere else, except school, and that seemed impossible in most instances. Of various inevitable evils it seemed that the mothers had chosen the least. The twelve sewers, we learned, got through about three dozen shirts weekly. Out of the seven and sixpence thus earned, the old woman paid the oldest girl eighteen-pence, and found coffee for the others. She also found thread, etc., of course, for the work, and, as we have seen, had the

keeping of the cripple almost entirely. What could she do more?

But we have not done. On the bed lay two infants, both in the first year of their life, and both asleep. One was a fine, stout boy, but there was just something which told that life's healthy current had received a taint, an indefinable something like what we see in a flower when autumn has breathed on the landscape. The other child was a mere animated skeleton; one would almost fancy that every labored breath would be its last. "Unnatural mother!" you say. How easily said! Well, but she does not leave her child unnecessarily. She has to find the needful from mantle-work generally; but for the sake of her babe she does the fine shirts, as she can have them at home, though they do not pay nearly so well. To-day she has taken them to the warehouse, and as it is no uncommon thing for the hands to have to wait for hours before they can be attended to, she may not be home yet for some time. Besides these annoyances she is suffering from a stony cancer, yet refuses to be separated from her child for treatment. Such is this unnatural mother.

A day or two after we saw this babe laid on a tea-tray covered with shirting cloth, and in its hands were two or three primroses. With what a steady hand did the mother remove the covering from that little corpse. Was she apathetic? No, there was a light in her eye which told of something else than apathy; but she did not weep. A seamstress weep! One who had a dozen "fine" in hand, weep! No, tears are for childhood and old age, for the mortified belle and the indignant mamma, for the bereaved and sorrowing if they can afford them, not for the wrestling, writhing children of oppression. Oh, no, tears are not for these.

What a feeling of sadness did we experience from the company of these unhappy creatures in one short hour. What must it be to sit with them hour after hour, day after day, week after week, month after month? It would seem almost impossible to endure the ceaseless attrition, but it must never be forgotten that the fearful struggle from day to day is not for competence, not for comfort, but for *life!*

During the time we stayed, we never saw one smile, though ever so faint, ripple over those young faces; not a twinkle of mirth or mischief. The old woman was a patient, kindly soul; patient as anybody that was continually goaded by poverty could be expected to be. We thought she must have had a large stock originally, to have lasted through a life in which such constant and heavy demands had been made upon it, and to have lasted so long.

Perhaps the extremes of desolation are to be found in childhood and old age. We say *desolation*; in middle life a wilder anguish may wring the heart, an anguish which neither age nor childhood can know in consequence of the obtuseness of the reflective faculty. But one chief attribute of desolation is helplessness. A little child who was sitting on a stone step one bitter night, struck the writer

as the original of desolation. Its feet were naked, and it seemed to have but one filthy ragged garment, with which it was vainly attempting to cover its naked knees with one hand, while with the other it was held to the face. The child was crying bitterly, and the big tears dropped heavily on the frost-bleached pavement. We ascertained that it was suffering from an excruciating ear-ache; our attention caused two or three persons to gather around, when one who claimed to be a neighbour informed us that both its "father and mother were drinking," that they hardly ever "*took a bit of notice of it*, but let it run just where it liked." But when the speaker bade the child follow her, she evinced little pity; she did not take it up, but dragged it along by her side. Oh! if the history of some children were but written in precise and faithful detail, there are very few who could read it.

But why do we draw these pictures?—the task is most ungrateful, although the sketch is a very faint one. We have said nothing about stripes and bruises. We might have opened the doors of other rooms, but the reader would have revolted. We might have written of baby onion-sellers and wood-sellers fainting beneath their burdens, of Saturday night tragedies, and of the horrors in connection with crochet work, but these things are patent to every observer. Of course, as a writer in the "Lancet" has observed, "The most terrible item in the death rates is furnished by the account of deaths among children, but this mortality is influenced by other conditions beside those of simple hygiene: it arises from cruelty, from desertion, from want of food and necessaries, and from the absence of medical aid, etc." It is true that the heart of philanthropy never beat so high as now, never was charity so busy, so inventive. Philanthropy is becoming a science, but how can it be applied in the cases under consideration? Is it possible to uplift childhood without uplifting down-trodden woman? We think not. The child rises or sinks with the mother. As well try to sweep the shadow from the neighbourhood of the substance, as permanently to benefit either separately. If to-day we were to take every child of poor and vicious parents in London, and educate and provide for them, to-morrow there would be a young army of candidates for the vacant positions, and on the morrow of the morrow it would be vastly increased, and still the cry would be, "They come, they come." Such charity would but occasion a slight hiatus in the otherwise unbroken procession of the victims.

One great cause of the misery that we have been contemplating is—*The mother from home;* and this again has reference to the want of suitable and equitably paid employment for women. In this respect woman is most deeply wronged. There *must* be redress here. Is the preponderance of females over males an unfortunate accident, or is it of divine appointment? And if the surplus were treble in quantity, would not the last woman born have an equal right, and should she not have an equal chance, to win bread with

others? And yet her birthright is offered her as a boon, or denied altogether, while in the case of those who have higher talents, current talents, the right of legitimate exercise is questioned or ridiculed, though these have not been filched from man, but received from God. But amid all this interdiction, we are thankful to recognise indications of a juster feeling.

Has not woman been in a great degree supplanted? Are there not thousands of men in London doing work which is more suited to females? We thought thus the other day when a tall, muscular man sold us some gloves and embroidery, while on the right, another man was selling artificial flowers and ribbon, and on the left, another selling lace veils. Is it *manly* to be sticking minikins in gauzes, and brandishing parasols, and retailing haberdashery, especially when young women are working for sixpence a day? If a middle-class tradesman marries, be he an ironmonger, or grocer, or even druggist, usually the wife immediately assumes functions for which, under other circumstances, she would have been deemed unfit. There is plenty of work for women, if they were not prevented from doing it, or if it were not taken out of their hands.

While there is such a vast amount of intemperance and idleness among men of the lower class, the support of the children will continue to fall, as it does now, on the mother; but if the unmarried women could be drawn from the occupation of the needle into other paths of industry, and other paths are opening, the needle might become very much more remunerative to the unfortunate married people who would still need this resource.

Whether these suggestions have any weight or no, the purpose of this sketch will not be entirely abortive if, to the supplication contained in our sublime Litany, having reference to the defence and provision for all fatherless children and widows, and "all that are desolate and oppressed," there should be evoked a more fervent aspiration, and a deeper thrill in the response, "We beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord."

IV.—STANZAS.

Oh! thou that with a meek despair
Behold'st thy life of fruitless care
Rise like a rock all bleak and bare!

As thou dost prize eternal peace
Let not thine earnest labors cease;
With thee the work, with God the increase.

And any moment He may make
A prophet rise with power to break
The rock's hard surface for thy sake.

Letting His bounty gush to sight,
As gushed the water's living might
To bless the wandering Israelite.

S. A.

V.—ADVENTURES OF YOUR OWN CORRESPONDENTS IN SEARCH OF SOLITUDE.

Your O. Cs. started, as you are aware, on an excursion of some weeks into the North; society had become burthensome to us; humanity distasteful; civilisation and its accompaniments unendurable. Shall I call ourselves female Timons, who fled away into the wilds of Yorkshire to enjoy at our ease the comfort of despising the world in general and our friends in particular? Hardly that; because Humanity, divested of any conventional fetters, had inexpressible attractions for us. We were quite anxious that a few very select and rustic and utterly unsophisticated natives should people the moors whither we were going, so as to make the solitude seem still more im-

pressive; and,—to descend to minor details, be ready to be caught as models for A.'s pictures, and provide the bare necessaries of life—beyond that we desired nothing—for both of us. We took therefore a somewhat pitying and utterly indifferent farewell of our families and friends; laid in a stock of rustic (and we hoped not unbecoming) costume, and departed by the Great Northern Railway last Saturday, considerably satisfied with our plans, and with ourselves for having devised them. We had packed up plenty of books: "No modern books," said we, for we can read such things in town. We requested that no one would send newspapers after us; the war and the budget and things in general might go on as they liked, without us for spectators. We did not even ask to have that popular and beloved periodical, the "English Woman's Journal," forwarded to us: that Journal, which in general we cut open with such eager and delightful anticipations, especially when we wonder whether our own contributions have been honored with a place there. But A. suggested "Buckle's History of Civilisation," "The Excursion," and "Paracelsus," by way of having some light reading at all events.

The railway porters seemed to find our boxes remarkably heavy. I think it may have been from the solid character of our literature.

Sunday and part of Monday we spent in York. It was a town, and therefore comparatively uninteresting to us. The waiters were attentive; the shopkeepers civil: "But how odious," said we, "is the obsequious civility of a town, compared to the hearty and rough cordiality of the country!"

Sitting on the green near the Minster, and watching the daylight die out of the sky, we really began to enjoy ourselves, and were somewhat disturbed by three or four little girls, who came and sat near and stared at us. At last addressing me, "Why you're t' very model o' my coosen, you are—I never see such a loikness—she doide when she was eighteen, she did."

As I had passed—never mind how long ago—the fatal age, this cadaverous compliment did not sound alarming.

"Your cousin must have been a very good-looking young woman," said I.

The girl looked rather dubious—why I wonder?—and answered evasively, "But she could do anything, she could; I never saw t' thing she couldn't do wi' her needle."

"Ah," thought I, "she had a look of intellect and genius no doubt, poor thing, that explains it."

"To-morrow," said A., "to-morrow we shall be in Bolton! Did you ever hear of a place near it called *The Valley of Desolation?* It sounds *exactly* as if it would suit us!"

"Yes," replied I, "if they let lodgings there. But, however, we will not be particular; shelter, and a little simple food, plenty of air and water, and quiet, and Nature, (with a large N,) that is all we need."

A. emphatically agreed, and though we are neither of us of a

sufficiently sentimental turn to say so, no doubt we both felt we were kindred souls and so continued vying with one another in an abuse of modern luxuries. I did not remember at the time, that I had left a minute description of the one, only arm chair which I considered endurable, and which a particular friend of mine, who likes to minister to my fancies, was therefore going to purchase for my special use and comfort during my visits to her. Likewise I forgot that I have my own theory of cooking, which if not rigidly adhered to, my spirits are apt to sink to a low ebb, and my general demeanor to give an impression of that vague state comprised in the words "put out." No: at that moment I felt a Spartan and a Stoic. "I should not wonder," said I, "if I gave up my crinoline. I should not wear it now, but that I really find it a convenience and it keeps my dress out of the dust."

A. looked doubtful, but was too amiable to press hardly on my one weak point.

Well, we reached Bolton. "Guides' House." "Ginger-beer and Lemonade." Did we come there to drink ginger-beer or lemonade? Hateful and disgusting idea! Besides, I have a particular dislike to ginger-beer, and I consider lemonade unwholesome. "We will suspend our judgments," said we, and therefore immediately proceeded to exchange very decided opinions that *this* was not the place for us. We walked over the grass. "Mown!" said we contemptuously. Down the walks. "Rolled!" sneered we sarcastically. It seemed growing secluded at last, when we came to —— a rustic garden seat!—but that was too much for us; we were tired, but we would not rest there, and so turned back through the woods. Thunder and lightning.

"This *is* grand," said A., "I enjoy *this!*"

"So do I," said I, starting violently at a flash. "Do you think the neighbourhood of trees dangerous?"

"Oh, no danger," said she.

"Very well," replied I. "I only thought it is always wise to be prudent."—Crash, crash, crash.

"Delightful!" said A.

"Very delightful indeed," I replied, "only—only—my steel petticoat might attract it, and—suppose we go into that shed," and we went in and sat on two milking stools till the storm was over, and felt decidedly rural and rather uncomfortable.

"The Valley of Desolation is what I long for!" said I, next morning, "let us ask who lives nearest it."

"Farmer so and so."

"Would he take us in?"

"Well he had sixteen lodgers just then, and his rooms were promised for months to come."

Sixteen people, besides the farmer's family and tourists, to share the Valley of Desolation with us! We would look at the Strid, shake the dust off our feet, (and plenty of it there was,) and go.

On our road we joined company with the keeper's wife, who said a lady had been drowned there lately, and then told us an anecdote of a young gentleman who had tried to leap it a few years ago. It was not till she came to the dog in the leash that I recognised the story. Wordsworth would certainly have made a poem out of that woman's unconscious mistake.

"A sad thing for his mother," said I, wondering why the passage of a few years more over the head of "this natural sorrow," made my sympathy less keen and vivid than the woman's pity for "the young gentleman."

We stopped to see Barden Tower, which was being repaired, and there, whistling and planing, was a carpenter. "Oh, how like Adam Bede!" whispered A., clutching my arm convulsively. As I knew A.'s peculiar weakness for that individual, and feared there might be a previous Dinah, I hurried her off, and that very afternoon we left Bolton, and slept at Lancaster.

"Listen to that odious din," said we, as a very good militia band began to play under our window. And we actually *did* listen to it, and what is more, were rather sorry when it stopped.

"To-night we shall be in some remote district in the lake country," said A.

My temper, which is an admirable one, unless I am put out of my way, began to show symptoms of irritation. "I believe we are never going to stop," said I.

"How I long to begin to paint!" cried A.

"How I long to unpack my trunk," said I, "for all my things are getting crushed."

Now when we reached Ambleside, which we did at last, we recollected that we had a visit to pay to a distinguished resident, and to her house we proceeded.

"Could you suggest any *very* quiet place," said I, to a lady there, who had great experience of the neighbourhood.

"Very wild," said A. "Not an inn, a farm-house."

"Quite a solitary and lonely place," I put in, "where we can do just as we like."

"Well," said our experienced friend, passing her finger meditatively over the map, "do you know Wast Water?"

"No," said we.

"It is very wild and remote."

"Just what we want," cried we, breathless.

"At Wastdale Head there is just one farm-house, but I don't know if it is very comfortable."

"The very thing," we exclaimed, exchanging congratulatory glances; "we will be off at once." And back to the inn we rushed to order a car to take us to Strands, the inn where we must sleep near Wastdale Head.

"Stronds!" said the ostler, scratching his head; "thot's a vary nasty bit o' road to Stronds."

"How far is it?" we asked.

"Wull, t' goide book says six and twenty moile, but I'd raythe droive forty moile o' good road. T' people don't go to Stronds, you see. They loikes Grossmere, and Lowood, and soch loike places."

"But we do not," said we, "and we don't mind a bad road."

"Wull, I think t' rain's coomin on, t' lightning's begginin' already."

"We don't mind a storm," said A., coolly; "we rather like it."

"Oh yes, we rather like it," said I, quaking inwardly.

Our luggage was put, not on a car as we had hoped, but on a regular open fly.

"What a pity," said I, "and oh! I wish I had a cushion."

A. arranged it as comfortably as she could, and, after the first ten miles, said, "Perhaps it is as well we did not have an open car."

As I was half dead already I heartily acquiesced, and we then agreed, that in their place and on a journey, comforts were not only desirable but necessary; and that apropos to the subject, not that we cared,—but we wondered where we should stop for tea.

I said crinoline was my one weakness; I have another, and that is tea, and it is the stronger weakness (or, should I say, the weaker weakness?) of the two.

By this time we were utterly tired of talking. I must inform you that, in spite of our love of solitude, we talked incessantly: seventeen hours out of the twenty-four was our average; but we meant to change all that when we were settled.

"I have brought 'Scenes of Clerical Life,'" said A., blushing, and pulling it out of her carpet bag, evidently fearing that I should reproach her with breaking our compact.

"A very good idea," said I. "By the way I have a few of Madame Reybaud's Stories with me."

"I am glad of it," said A., and we fell to reading.

Up—up—dragged the poor horses, struggling and straining to get on. Out jumped A. at last, and marched on with her umbrella up, and with an air of stern resolve.

"I think I had better walk too," said I, "on account of those poor horses."

"Oh, that 'll make very little difference," said the man, looking rather contemptuously at my probable weight. So, sometimes getting out to save the horses from ourselves, and sometimes getting in to save ourselves from the rain, we went on and on.

"This is glorious," said A.; "look at the mists."

"Very glorious," said I; "do you think we shall ever get there?"

"Here is an inn," cried A., "here we are."

"Is this Stronds?" said our driver.

"Wull," returned a woman, "I should think t' road to Stronds is a motter o' ten moile loike."

Despair seized us. "Can we have tea here?" said A.; "because, then the poor dear horses can rest." Life returned to us when

our request was assented to, and very good tea we had, strong and green, and quite brisk we were when we took our places afresh.

It was a lovely drive. The thunder clouds rolled over the mountains, as each turn in the road showed us fresh vallies and peaks, all quiet and vast, and perfectly desolate. Now and then, but very rarely, a bright patch of purple heather lit up the gray stony crags, and round every piece of rock nestled a wreath of parsley fern, which is peculiar to this neighbourhood, and a specimen of which we mean to transmit per post to London, for the fernery of a certain friend of ours. The rain ceased, the scent of bog myrtle, or, to call it by its prettier name, sweet gale, lay on the fresh damp air, the horses were inspirited by their rest and their corn, the road grew less steep, and A. and I suddenly remembered that, however unworthy, she and I were the only representatives of the "English Woman's Journal" in this remote region, and that, as such, it behoved us to meet our difficulties like women.

That reflection, combined with tea, did its work, and we flagged no more, no, not even when we lost our way and discovered we had passed the turning to Strands and must go back.

"Here we are," cried A., "and this is the very loveliest place we have seen, so desolate and lonely." At that moment we drove past a barn. The door was open and it was lighted up. I caught sight of a number of old men and women ranged on tiers of seats against the wall.

"A methodist meeting," thought I, but no, for two little boys were leaping and dancing in front of the audience. What could it be? But at that moment we drove up to a little public-house which was at last Strands. Very homely, but very clean it all seemed; we declined any refreshment and assured each other all we wanted was to go to bed. Here was our Eden reached, and now we might begin to enjoy it. We inquired if the landlady knew Farmer Ritson of Wastdale Head.

"Yes, she knew him, and in fact Mrs. Ritson was 'down' that very night and we could see her. She had come to t' dancing-master's ball."

"The dancing-master's ball! was that going on in the barn near?"

"Yes, and if we liked we could go." Two blue tickets were produced on which was printed "Mr. Brocklebank's Ball." They were a shilling each, and threepence extra would be required at the door.

Go? Of course we would go! Our hats were hastily resumed and off we started, accompanied by the landlady, from whom we found that Mr. Brocklebank was a travelling dancing-master who went from place to place; that the youth of the neighbourhood were taken from their schools, if they went to any, and for eight or ten weeks were delivered over to him for four hours a day; at the end of which time he gave two balls to show off the proficiency of his

pupils. To the first the parents and old people were invited; this was the ball of to-night; to the next, the elder brothers and sisters.

"And oi think," said our landlady, "t' children's manners is all the better for it, and t' schoolmaster he thinks so too."

We paid our threepences, we delivered our blue tickets, and we climbed up the benches till we were on the top row of seats, and from thence we surveyed the scene.

Ranged against the wall was a row of little girls from five to twelve years old, all in white ball frocks, some trimmed with colored or white ribbons, others with artificial flowers, some even had wreaths of flowers on their heads. Certainly whatever novelties we might bring down, crinoline was not one of them, for these little creatures' frocks "stood out" in most orthodox fashion. Behind them, on the wall, most symmetrically arranged, hung wreaths of tinsel flowers, and scarfs, and some sort of velvet caps, the use of which we discovered afterwards. The audience, among which were numbers of fat children falling into all sorts of pretty sleepy attitudes in their mothers' arms, consisted chiefly of old people: the women, with a look of anxious pride watching the whole affair most intently; the men, with broad grins on their faces settled into a state of wondering delight.

"Well, this *is* a spree," said an old farmer behind me, which remark exactly expressed my own feelings.

On the right was a gap in the barn wall, which led to some inner place; out of which streamed a red light, showing a cluster of rough sandy heads, sunburnt faces, and fustian jackets of some boys who were crowded in there; the benches where we and the elder folks were, being the place of honor. At the left was a white sheet, cutting off a corner of the room, behind which were clustered the boys being dressed for the next dance. Two youths only were capering about in front of us: white trousers and black or grey jackets, with dazzlingly white shirt collars, composed their costume; their yellow hair was close cropped, except one lock which was brushed up from their forehead; they looked preternaturally solemn as they shuffled and stamped alternately, and their eyes were fixed with intense attention on Mr. Brocklebank himself, who, playing on one fiddle and accompanied by a second, was seated in the midst of us. The whole was lighted by candles in a wooden chandelier and tin sconces fixed against the wall. My expectations were raised to an intense pitch by the smell of burnt cork and a glimpse of sailors' hats behind the sheet; and sure enough I was right. Out came twelve British sailors with corked whiskers and beards, and the proper little sticks in their hands to execute a refined and operatic dance, founded on the British hornpipe. I may, indeed, say that all the dances, though slightly varied, were based on that time-honored and graceful institution. Twenty-four eyes were fixed solemnly on Mr. Brocklebank, and twelve faces were set in rigid determination to stamp or scrape or shuffle a hole in twelve different spots of the floor. They pulled

out bottles, and gradually the twelve British sailors showed symptoms of inebriation and staggered about, to the great delight of all, but apparently a call to duty was the best cure, for they were suddenly seen to fling away their bottles and to pull imaginary ropes, formed of their little sticks held together. It really was uncommonly well done, and A. and I clapped at the end. One equally vulgar-minded individual joined us, but the rest of the company were too genteel. At least so I imagine, but A. thinks they did not know what clapping meant.

In spite of all the resources of the toilette, the boys were regular little clodhoppers; but the girls! certainly dress is a wonderful leveller, and I suppose girls have a natural aptitude for refinement. Nothing could look better than they did, and when they came and danced a quadrille, nothing could be more precise than the figures. Though Madame Michau's pupils might have had more grace and lightness, they could not have executed a variety of complicated figures better than these children did.

"Ten weeks!" said I to A. "Do you think you or I could be such proficients in a totally new art after ten weeks' instruction?"

But A. had pulled out her little sketch-book, and was drawing some of the children. And now a *pas de deux* was to be performed by a little sailor of about seven, and a little girl of five in a sort of Swiss peasant costume. Round the floor, round and round the little chubby creature trotted, and, with a tender and supplicating air, after her trotted the little sailor. He was continually and contemptuously waved away, and looked disconsolate, but went on pressing his suit. At last his ears were boxed, and, resuming her "maiden meditation," round and round again trotted the little lady. Despair seized him. He wept audibly in a little red pocket-handkerchief, and tried—but I am happy to say in vain—to find comfort in the bottle. At last out came the little red pocket-handkerchief again; he put it round his neck, drew it tight, and fell down on the floor insensible. The little mill-horse did stop now, looked at him, untied the knot, but in vain; raised his hand, which fell bang on the floor again, and then *she* fell to weeping into the useful little red pocket-handkerchief. At last a sudden idea seemed to strike her. She fetched the bottle and poured the contents down his throat. Sudden revival. A solemn and lengthy shake of the hand was exchanged, and off they went into a triumphant double hornpipe.

But I cannot describe all the dances; and, after a while, finding it was half-past ten, and that a rest of fifteen minutes combined with bread and butter was being taken by the children, A. and I prepared to depart. She took Mrs. Ritson aside to make arrangements for our reception at her farm, while I, with an elaborate and graceful curtsey suitable to the occasion, wished Mrs. Brocklebank good night, and expressed our great gratification. I forgot to say we had been very much interested in watching her. A tall, hand-

some, intelligent-looking woman, with a particularly expressive face.

"Going! surely we were not going? The second part was far the best, and we must see the clog dance."

I beckoned A. back.

"We must stay," said I, with a royal assumption of importance; "these people will be so vexed if we go!"

"Are you not tired?" suggested A.

"Oh, no, and I think we *ought* to stay," said I, gravely. I will confide the fact to you that I was only too glad to stop; and that it was with a very reluctant appearance of forced content that I had ever given in to A.'s suggestion of departure.

Back we went. The door of the barn was opened to make it agreeable to us,—for the rest of the company did not seem to feel the stifling heat of the atmosphere; and there we stayed till past twelve o'clock! Yes, there were your O. Cs. sitting in smiling entrancement at Mr. Brocklebank's ball, when you, no doubt, believed them in quiet and rural seclusion.

One of the girls interested us particularly. Tall and slight, her little slender feet were, as the Vicar of Wakefield says, "as pat to the music as its echo." And her thin face worked, and she knitted her brows as she watched the others dance and noted their blunders.

"I am sure that is the dancing-master's daughter," said I; and so she was, and her mother sitting near us, nothing loth, told us about her. She was eleven. She was not "so strong." She was a very good musician, and generally played the piano for the others to dance, but to-night she was wanted to complete the number. She had had music lessons in Edinburgh; but they were dear, and *as she was eleven she must now do for herself!* We watched this poor little Mignon, as A. called her, with a painful sort of interest; and though the velvet caps and scarfs were put on, and the tinsel wreaths brought down, and a complicated figure dance executed, this little slight creature, leaning wearily against the wall, and her mother's half sad, half proud account of her, quite absorbed our interest. What a strange life was before her, and what strange possibilities of romance and pain her future held. Her parents were evidently good, hard-working people: but the vagabond theatrical kind of life, the genius with too much, and yet too little, to feed on! I don't think we shall forget our Mignon of Netherwastdale. No material help seemed needed, and there was no opening for any other kind of assistance, so we left a little present for her, came out of the hot barn on to the cool dark moor; and with an odd mixture of amusement and fun and half sorrowful interest, we walked back to our inn.

Broad awake again now, and not one bit inclined to sleep! And still less inclined to sleep was I, when at nearly two o'clock I heard under my open window these remarkable words in a low voice:

"Is your's shairp enough, think ye?"

Shairp enough for what? My blood ran cold. A. was sound

asleep at the other end of a passage. Shairp enough! It was not a pleasant idea. "Nonsense," said I to myself, "its the green tea which makes me nervous! I daresay it is nothing, but I will lie awake a little."

In two minutes as it seemed, a loud knock at my door roused me, the sun was shining into my room, and A. called out "Get up directly, and we will breakfast and start for Wastdale Head."

And from Wastdale Head I write to you. It is really just what we had hoped to find, so remote that I am very doubtful how and when this will reach you, very lovely and very wild. We are six miles from the scene of our ball; just at the foot of Scawfell, with the lake lying still and quiet under the shadows of the mountains.

Should our life here offer any more adventures, and one or two loom in the distance, your O. Cs. will have the honor of confiding them to you.

A. A. P.

VI.—WOMEN IN TURKEY.

THE word *Harem* has a very various signification. There is that of the poor, of the middle, and the highest classes; the harem of the provinces and the capital, that of the country and the town; the harem of the young, and that of the old; of the faithful Mussulman regretting the old style, and of the sceptical Mahometan wearing a coat, and all for reform. Each of these harems has its own peculiar characteristic, its degree of importance, its manners and customs. The least extraordinary of all, and which comes the nearest to an honest Christian household, is the harem of the poor dweller in the country: obliged to work in the fields and kitchen gardens, to lead the flocks to graze, to journey from one village to another to sell or purchase her provisions, the peasant's wife is not a prisoner within the walls of the harem; and even, when (which happens rarely) the conjugal dwelling has two rooms, one of which is categorically reserved for the females, men are not rigorously excluded. It is rare that a peasant has many wives; it happens only in exceptional cases, such as when a day-laborer, a servant, or any inferior, marries his master's widow, an event which only takes place when the lady is no longer of an age to aspire to a more brilliant match. Thanks to this union, the servant is more wealthy than before, and, after some years of wedded life, profits by this fortune to unite himself to a companion more to his taste.

I hardly met with any polygamist peasants, but such as had married in their early youth a much older woman possessing some wealth. With this exception, the home of the Moslem peasant resembles that of the Christian one, and, with regret do I say it, the former might often serve as a model to the latter. Should each have equal fidelity, the advantage is on the side of the Turk, for his is not imposed either by religious or civil law, by custom, morality, or public opinion, and the inducement is the kindness of his nature, which revolts from the thought of afflicting his companion. Neither does he make her purchase by ill treatment, nor even by ill humour, the privilege of which he might deprive her,—that of being sole mistress of his house; never does he retaliate, by making her unhappy, for the restraint he imposes upon himself for her sake. His simple and generous mind is incapable of these petty meannesses. The tradition of feminine weakness is not regarded as a fable in the East, and therefore the weak are considered to have every claim on the strong. The woman, being reputed feeble, has everything permitted her, or nearly so; to be angry without a cause, not to have ordinary common sense, to say anything she likes, to do precisely the reverse of what is asked, and particularly of what is *ordered*, to work only just as much as she likes, to spend in her own way the money her husband earns, to feign illness, to complain without rhyme or reason, such are her privileges. By virtue of what law or institution, by the direct or indirect effect of what custom or principle, does she enjoy all this? The law gives her up defenceless to the caprice of her lord and master; custom condemns her. It is therefore only the kindness of heart, the tenderness, the natural generosity of the Turk, which insure his wife an almost absolute impunity. The Turkish peasant has a feeling at once paternal and lover-like for his companion; never does he knowingly and willingly disoblige her, and there is no annoyance to which he would not cheerfully submit for her sake.

Woman ages rapidly in these climes; man on the contrary, better adapted for fatigues and privations, enjoys an almost eternal verdure. Nothing is more common here than to see a man between eighty and ninety years of age surrounded by his infant children. Notwithstanding this disproportion, the union contracted almost in childhood is rarely sundered but by death; I have seen women, decrepit, hideous, and infirm, protected, cared for, adored by fine old men, upright as the mountain pine, their silvery beards long and abundant, their eyes bright and serene.

"How much you must love your husband!" I said one day to an old woman, blind and paralytic, whom one of those stately old men of whom I have just spoken had brought to me in the hope that I could restore her to sight and motion. The old woman had come astride on a donkey, which her husband led by the bridle as he walked by her side. He had afterwards taken her in his arms, placed her on a bench near my door, and had installed his poor

helpmate there on a heap of cushions, with all the solicitude of a mother for her child. "How much you must love your husband!" said I then to the blind woman.

"I should love *my sight*," replied she.

I looked at the husband, who smiled sadly, but without a shadow of ill will.

"Poor woman!" said he, passing the back of his hand over his eyes; "her blindness makes her very wretched. She cannot get used to it: but you can restore her to sight, can you not, *Bessadée?*"

As I shook my head, and was about to assure him of my inability, he pulled the skirt of my robe, and made me a sign to be silent.

"Have you any children?" I then asked him.

"Alas! I had one, but he is dead long ago!"

"And how is it that you have not taken another wife, more robust, and in better health, who might have given you children?"

"Ah! that is easy to say, but this poor creature would have been grieved by it, and that would have prevented me from being happy with another, even with children. You know, *Bessadée*, one cannot have everything in this world. I have loved my wife forty years, and I cannot make another choice!"

The man who thus spoke was a Turk. His wife belonged to him like household goods, no one would have blamed, no law would have punished him, had he freed himself by some violent measure from so useless a burden. In such a case, the only inquiry would have been as to his motives for thus acting. Fortunately the character of the Turkish nation corrects its odious customs. There is a precious foundation of goodness, gentleness, simplicity, and a remarkable instinct of respect for what is great, of pity for what is weak. This instinct has resisted, and will long yet, we hope, resist the influence of dangerous institutions founded exclusively on the right of strength and selfishness. To be able to understand what mildness and serenity there is in the Turkish nature, one should observe the peasants of Mahometan origin either in the fields, at the market, or in the coffee-house. The harvest, the price of barley, their families, are the invariable subjects of their conversation. No one speaks in a loud voice, nor pushes a joke far enough to wound or even weary his companions. No one ever mingles his talk with those oaths or coarse sayings which the lower orders in other countries delight to use. Do they owe this exquisite reserve, these noble yet simple manners, to education? No, to nature alone. Nature has been lavish to the Turkish people; its institutions tend but to destroy her gifts. As we depart from the classes where the primitive character is preserved, and enter the middle or the yet higher regions, *there* vice appears, vice which increases, spreads, and ends by reigning alone.

We have just witnessed the good instincts of the Turkish nature as revealed in the peasant; we must now study the influence exercised over the superior classes by the deplorable

constitution of the Mussulman family. The fatal results of this may be most easily judged in the middle classes of Turkish society, by their servile imitation of the example of the higher. Let us enter the harem of a respectable citizen or small country gentleman. Above all, the privileged traveller (female of course) who may wish to pay a visit to this melancholy spot, must not have any illusions, and must be prepared to surmount much repugnance. Picture to yourselves a wing of the house, separated from the building itself, in which the male servants alone dwell and where the master receives his guests. The entrance to this wing is generally a vast court yard, where the fowls perch on all kinds of dirt and rubbish. A wooden staircase, with broken and worm-eaten steps, leads to the upper apartments, which consist of a large vestibule opening on four rooms; one of these is reserved to the lord of this abode, who dwells there with his favorite for the moment. The other chambers are occupied by the rest of what is called here, the *family*. Women, children, female visitors, the slaves of the master or mistresses, compose the population.

In the East there are no beds, properly so called, nor rooms specially dedicated to repose. Large presses contain during the day, heaps of mattresses, counterpanes, and pillows. At night, each of the inhabitants of the harem takes from this press what she requires, makes her bed, no matter where on the floor, and sleeps with her clothes on. When one room is quite full, the new arrivals establish themselves elsewhere, and if all be crowded, the last comers place themselves in the vestibule or on the stairs. Nothing can be more offensive to European eyes, than the sight of these *ladies* rising in the morning, in the habiliments of the preceding day, all faded and tumbled by the pressure of the mattress and the irregular movements of sleep.

The principal object of the head of a Turkish family being to multiply this family as much as possible, everything in domestic life is subservient to this consideration. Should a wife remain childless two or three years, she is sent away, her husband replacing her by another. Nobody cares for the regrets or jealousy of the poor forsaken one; but it is right to add, that if, instead of tears and lamentations, she takes upon herself to get rid of her rival in any way, nobody cares for the fate of the other. I believe, therefore, that nowhere are to be found any creatures more degraded than the Turkish women of the middle classes, this degradation is stamped on their countenances. It is difficult to pronounce as to their beauty, for their cheeks, lips, eyebrows, and eyelids are disfigured by thick layers of paint, applied without taste or moderation; their shape is spoiled by the ridiculous cut of their garments, and their locks are replaced by goats' hair dyed a deep orange; the expression of their features is that of stupidity, coarse sensuality, hypocrisy, and harshness—not the slightest trace of any principle of morality or religion. Their children at once occupy and weary them, they take

care of them, as of the stepping stone which serves to attain the favor of their lord, but all thoughts of maternal love and duty are strangers to them. On their side, the children have as little real affection for their mothers; the boys consider them as servants, give them orders, rebuke them if negligent, and I do not know if they always confine themselves to *words*. The children despise their mothers, and the habit of living all together, makes them lose filial respect, and often communicates to them the deplorable passions which agitate themselves. The rivalry of power among the mothers is a source of animosity, envy, spite, pride, and anger, among the children. "My mother is richer, handsomer, younger, or born at Constantinople!" This is what these children boast, when they desire to humiliate those whom they term *brothers!*

The family of the rich and noble Turk of Constantinople, who has frequented *Frank* society or travelled in Europe, does not present the same aspect: but, alas! save some rare exceptions, the silk and brocade cover but a hideous skeleton. The ladies of these first-rate harems do not wear a whole week or month the same crumpled and soiled costume. Every morning, on leaving their sumptuous couches, they quit the garments of the day before, and replace them by new adornments. Their robes, trousers, and scarfs are of Lyonese fabric, and though the European manufacturers only send their *worst* goods to the East, still they have a very striking effect when they envelop the magnificent forms of one of the Georgians or Circassians who people the harems.

One word here about these two races which represent to the inexperienced imagination the type of all female beauty. Tall, large, well made, a brilliant complexion, masses of black and shining hair, forehead high and prominent, aquiline nose, immense widely opened black eyes, vermilion lips formed like those of Grecian statues, pearly teeth, round chin, oval face,—such is the Georgian. I admire the women of this race, but once admired I turn away and look at them no more, for I am sure to find them again, when it pleases me to look, exactly the same as I left them, without one smile more or less, or the slightest variation of expression. If a child be born or die, if her master adore or detest her, her rival be triumphant or banished, the Georgian countenance "gives no sign." I do not know if time ever brings any change to this statue-like beauty, the soulless brilliancy of which is perfectly irksome.

The Circassian has neither the same advantages, nor their opposite defects. It is a beauty of the North, recalling that of Germany, but this resemblance goes no further than outward form. The Circassians are mostly blondes; their complexion is of a lovely freshness, their eyes blue or grey, their features, though delicate and pleasing, are irregular. The Circassian is as false and cunning as the Georgian is foolish and haughty. The one is capable of deceiving her lord, but the other would bore him to death. The great occupation of these ladies is dress. They are to be found at all hours, clad in

scarlet crape or sky blue satin, their heads covered with diamonds, necklaces round their throats, drops in their ears, brooches in their *corsage*, bracelets on both arms and legs, and rings on their fingers. Bare feet sometimes appear beneath the red crape robe, and their hair is cut square over their foreheads, like that of men—but these details of the toilet are very unimportant. The manners of the fair sex are looked on as expressive of the deepest respect, mingled with reverential fear, to the lord of the harem. Should he enter, there is instant silence; one of his wives removes his boots, another puts on his slippers, a third offers him his dressing gown, while a fourth brings his pipe, his coffee, or preserves. He alone possesses the right of speaking, and when he deigns to address one of his companions, she blushes, casts down her eyes, smiles, replies in a low voice, as though she feared making the charm dissolve, and waking from a dream too delightful to last! All this is a farce which deceives nobody; any more than we are duped by the assumed timidity of a boarding-school miss. In their hearts, these women have very little sympathy for their lord and master. These beings so easily and sweetly agitated, whose voice is but a low murmur, address very hard words to each other, in a shrill and screaming tone, and there is hardly any extremity to which they will not proceed against the one who enjoys the sultan's favor. The favorite slaves would be much to be pitied if they did not allow themselves retaliation, but they are far from denying themselves this pleasure.

The ladies of Constantinople are not contented with contemplating the world through the bars of their casements, they walk in the town, in the bazaars, everywhere they please, without being subjected to any awkward *surveillance*. The Venetian women enjoyed formerly, thanks to their mask, an extreme liberty; the veil of the Turkish women renders them the same service. Not only it conceals the face, not only the *ferradjah* covers the whole form and gives it the appearance of a bundle, but veil and *ferradjah* are all the same in material, form, and nearly in color; it is a *domino*, in which all are alike.

After what has just been said about the manners of Oriental husbands towards their wives, it might be thought that brutality was the basis of their disposition. Nothing could be more false, for the Turk of every age and rank holds from nature, a politeness, delicacy, and gentleness of manner which other nations only acquire after long study, painful efforts, and an almost eternal constraint. Never would a Turk be guilty of a word or gesture which could give offence to a woman, and if he treats his wife almost like a being deprived of reason, it is because she really does nothing to raise herself to a higher position. I wish any one could see the confused and distressed mien of a Turk placed between a European woman and his troops of *odalisques*.* He is even more severe with

* *Odalisque* means literally, *chambermaid*; or rather *woman for the chamber*. The Turkish language must be learned to make all illusions disappear!

his wives than usual. He silences them every time they open their lips, and sends them away on any pretext; he casts side glances on the European woman, full of fear and mistrust, and he repeats every moment, "Pay no attention to what they say, they are only Turkish women!" or "You think me very harsh to these women, do you not: what would you have? They are Turks!" Yes, yes, indeed, so they are, poor creatures! in the sense you give this word, that is to say, beings at once foolish and degraded; but who has made them so? You have willed that woman should submit to you as a slave; what but a slave can she be?

Perhaps I have already prolonged these general reflections too far. One knows now what the word *Harem* means in the East.

Mustuk Bey, the Prince of Djaour Daghda, has passed the limits of youth. He is about forty, tall and well made, his countenance would be rather common-place were it not lighted up by fine light blue eyes, clear, smiling, and piercing as a sword. He does not affect the Oriental luxury of the pachas and chiefs of his tribe. His costume, house, and table, all indicate extreme simplicity. Behind the bey's house is a little square court-yard, surrounded by low buildings forming only one story. The yard being long, the two side buildings cover a surface about double that occupied by the constructions placed at the extremities. One of these is nothing but the connecting wall, which separates the harem from the house of the bey, and in which there is an entrance. Two small doors, with a window on each side, communicate with each of these side buildings. It is impossible to enter this silent cloister without thinking of a convent. You are at first introduced into a tolerable sized room, furnished with mattresses and pillows, on which opens another which serves as a garret or lumber-room. In each of the cells disposed around the principal chamber, reigns and governs one of the wives of the bey. Hierarchy is always respected in the harem, and whether Mustuk Bey be more or less charmed with one or the other of his wives, never, but in the dwelling of the first in date, does he deign to hold his levées. It was there he conducted me, when, after having seen my establishment for the night made ready in a large hall outside the sacred spot, I declared myself prepared to pay my respects to these *ladies*.

The aspect of the chief sultana appeared very strange to me. I could not help thinking of a retired rope-dancer when I looked at her. She had been very handsome, and her beauty had not yet completely disappeared, her skin presented a curious mixture of sunburns and a series of layers of paint, beneath which the primitive tissue was scarcely visible. Her large sea-green eyes were remarkably hollow; one would have said they were reservoirs placed below the lachrymal gland to receive the torrents destined to flow. Her mouth, large and well modelled, showed teeth still white, but too wide apart, which seemed to shake in gums whose too deep red and diseased swelling aroused unpleasing thoughts. Apparently

she disdained goat-hair wigs, for she wore her own hair, but dyed of an orange red. Her dress, though not tasteful, was rich, and formed a striking contrast with that of her children, who looked like little beggars! So long as the bey was present, she looked as bashful as a young bride on her wedding day, covering her face with her veil, her hands, or anything she had by her, and only replying in monosyllables. Her face turned to the wall, she uttered little nervous laughs, seemed ready to melt into tears on the first favorable opportunity, in a word, renewed all the little manœuvres which I had so often seen practised by females in a similar position, and which always flatter an Oriental husband. "It is the sentiment of their inferiority which agitates them so much!" they say; this feeling in those who surround us, supposes necessarily our own superiority, and the masters of the harem take as a compliment the embarrassment their presence creates. So, after having enjoyed for some time the charming confusion he caused, and having begged me many times to "pay no attention to his wife, who was but a Turk," the bey left us, saying that I should not be able to get a word from her, so long as he was there. When he had passed the threshold of the door, I turned to his wife, and thought at first that she had vanished through a trap door, leaving nothing to represent her but a bundle of clothes. A slight undulation in this shapeless mass warned me of my mistake, and presently the painted visage of my fair hostess came out as from a cloud. The parting adieu of her dear lord had thrown her into such a state of emotion, that she had found it necessary to hide her face between her knees! Those who know the attitude in which the Orientals seat themselves, will understand that the evolution effected by Mrs. Mustuk did not offer any great difficulty.

When we were alone she dropped the mask of timidity and conversed for some time with perfect freedom. She made many inquiries respecting our customs, which seemed to her as singular as they were amusing, if I may judge by her bursts of laughter, which were renewed as frequently as the burden of a song, and were as much *àpropos*. I was, however, convinced that my fair hostess was not as simple as her lord deigned to believe, on seeing the interest she took in a number of things which did not concern her, and the perseverance with which she asked me the *why* and the *wherefore* of everything. It would have been very difficult to reply categorically to all her questions so as to be understood, but I already knew the magic word, the talisman which subdues instantly all Oriental curiosity: just say, "It is the custom of the country," and no matter how monstrous, how inexplicable a thing may appear, the question is not repeated, and curiosity is completely satisfied. The Orientals are so accustomed from infancy to see, do, and suffer an infinite number of absurdities consecrated by custom, that they end by regarding it as the ancients did Fate, a divinity unchangeable, inexorable, superior to all others, and against whom

it is useless to struggle. If ever I am in a country where the people are contented with hearing that "such is the custom" in order to avoid examining and judging it, I shall know how to appreciate the value of its institutions.

The long train of sunshine which entered by the open door was suddenly obscured, a noise of whispering and slippers dragging on the damp steps was heard outside, and the bey's three other wives, who were in the house for the time being, came to make my acquaintance and bid me welcome. The second and third were so much alike that I thought them sisters. They had large, fat faces, whose premature *coarseness* might pass for *freshness* in a country where the taste is not very refined. Each dragged after her the troop of children accorded her by Providence. Behind these two women was a figure which kept humbly in the back ground, and on which my eyes fixed at once, and remained there obstinately in spite of all the manœuvring of the other sultanas to turn them on their side. I do not remember ever having beheld anything more beautiful. This woman wore a long trailing robe of red satin, open on the chest, which was lightly veiled by a chemise of silk gauze, with wide sleeves hanging below the elbows. The head-dress was that of the Turks; and to have an idea of it one must imagine a complication, an infinite multitude of turbans placed one on the other, or one round the other, rising to inaccessible heights. There were red scarfs rolled six or seven times in spiral forms, and forming a tower like that of the goddess Cybele; handkerchiefs of all colors crossing the scarfs up and down without regularity, forming fanciful arabesques; yards of fine muslin enveloping a part of this scaffolding with their transparent whiteness, carefully folded above the brow, and falling in light and rich draperies down the cheeks, round the neck, and on the chest. Little gold chains or sequins strung together, pins in jewels or diamonds stuck into the muslin, sparkled carefully among the folds, and gave them a certain stability which it would have been unreasonable to have expected from so slight a material. Small child-like feet, which seemed as if chiselled from marble, appeared and disappeared by turns beneath the long robe, whilst such hands and arms as I had never seen before, supported an infinite number of rings and bracelets, the weight of which could not have been trifling, and which sparkled like diamonds. The whole appearance was strange yet graceful, but all became as nothing when the face had been seen, which was surrounded by this floating drapery, and which so elaborate a toilet was supposed to embellish. This countenance was of a singular beauty, the description of which I renounce, for how give to any who had not seen it an idea of so lovely a masterpiece of nature, so exquisite a mixture of bashfulness and grace?

I have said that each of the new arrivals drew after her, clinging to her robes, the children sprung from her, exactly like the mother of the Gracchi. My beauty, on the contrary, walked alone behind

her *halves* (it is thus that is designated in the East the tie which consists in having a husband in common). The head was bent down, and her look was more humbled than humble. I paid my compliments hastily to the two first, for I was impatient to arrive at the last, and see how this fair face would look when animated by conversation. I saluted her; she made no answer. I asked her why she did not bring her children; the same silence. Then the three *halves*, all talking at once, told me with the greatest satisfaction, that she had none, whilst the beautiful *half* bent her head and blushed excessively. I regretted having struck so delicate a chord, and no one would ever guess what I added to diminish the effect of my imprudence. It would have been the most odious brutality had I addressed myself to any other woman than the inhabitant of a harem; but I had been three years in Asia, and knew pretty well on what ground I was treading. I said then, assuming an air of confidence and approbation, as if what I was about to say would necessarily put an end to the distress of the lovely Turk and restore her to honor, "The lady's children are *dead*, no doubt?" "She never had any," vociferated the three harpies, with shouts of laughter; and this time two tears flowed down the poor victim's burning cheeks. Nothing is more despised, more shunned in the East, than sterility. To have had children and lose them, is doubtless a grief; but they soon console themselves, forget and replace them. After all, though there should be neither consolation, forgetfulness, nor substitutes, the mother who has lost her children is not the less respected. Her social and domestic position remains the same; she is admired, respected, perhaps loved, she has no cause for shame. To have no children, that is the real misfortune, the greatest of all; one which humbles to the dust, to the mire, and which authorises the meanest slave (provided she be a mother) to trample you under foot. Be lovely, be adored, bring your husband the fortune which he spends, have royal blood in your veins while he is but a laborer, from the moment that you are acknowledged childless you have no longer any hope. Better have done with life at once, for each day is but a succession of grief, insult, and humiliation.

During the whole time I passed in the society of these *ladies*, I could not wring one single word from the fairest of all. She lowered her long eyelashes in the loveliest way, the bright color deepened and faded on her velvet cheeks, the sweet smiles played on her lips, but had she been dumb she could not have kept a more determined silence. It was not until the end of my visit, when I took leave of my hostesses, and, after having remarked to the silent fair one that I was leaving her without having heard the sound of her voice, that, taking a step towards me with an air as resolute as though she were about to mount a breach, she said, all in one breath, in a very sweet and pure voice but without the slightest modulation, 'Lady, remain, for I love thee much.' Having

thus spoken, her lips closed, her eyes resumed their downcast direction, the fire of resolution vanished from her sweet countenance, her enterprise had been crowned with success, the compliment had reached its address, and the fairest of the fair might repose on her laurels.

I do not know how it happened, but from that moment I was haunted by the thought that my Queen of Beauty was an idiot, and that she had uttered one of the phrases, perhaps even the only one, with which she salutes her lord and master. When I saw him again I paid him many compliments, as customary, with respect to his wives, but was particularly enthusiastic on the rare beauty of my favorite. "You think her then very handsome?" asked he, with some surprise. "Exquisitely beautiful," I replied. He reflected a moment, then raised his eyebrows, causing by this action a multitude of horizontal lines on his forehead, projected his lower lip and chin, shrugged his shoulders, and said at length with a half-confidential air, "She has no children!" She was judged.

Having passed some days with the Prince of Djaour Daghda, I was very anxious to resume my journey. Unluckily, the rainy weather prevented me, and I was obliged, much against my will, to prolong my stay in Mustuk's residence, without any other amusement than very monotonous conversations, sometimes with the bey, sometimes with his wives. At last the sun re-appeared, and I quitted the Djaour Daghda with feelings of the most lively satisfaction.

VII.—ASSOCIATION FOR PROMOTING THE EMPLOYMENT OF WOMEN.

We desire to call our readers' especial attention to a statement just issued by this Society, the great need of whose labors we can from our own experience vouch for.

As editors of the only representative Journal the working portion of our sex has, we have within the last two years been brought face to face with the overwhelming difficulties which await all classes and grades of women—from the seamstress to the artist and literary woman—who have their bread to earn. Difficulties so harassing to mind and body, so insuperable save by an amount of sustained courage, perseverance, privation, and fatigue,—such as men face once in their lives, as in the trenches before Sebastopol, and rest upon the laurels thereof ever after,—that, having witnessed

them, we no longer wonder to find our hospitals, madhouses, and workhouses, magdalens and penitentiaries, filled to overflowing with the victims.

Yet, what is it we working women ask? what is it we are made to think and feel through every fibre of the frame with which it has pleased God to endow us as well as men, and for the maintenance of which in health, ease, and comfort, we, with men, have equal rights?

It is work we ask, room to work, encouragement to work, an open field with a fair day's wages for a fair day's work; it is injustice we feel, the injustice of men, who arrogate to themselves all profitable employments and professions, however unsuited to the vigorous manhood they boast, and thus, usurping women's work, drive women to the lowest depths of penury and suffering.

We are sick to our hearts of being told "women cannot do this; women must not do that; they are not strong enough for this, and that, and the other:" while we know and see every hour of our lives that these arguments are but shams; that some of the hardest and coarsest work done in this weary world is done by women, while, in consequence of usurped and underpaid labor, they are habitually consigned to an amount of physical endurance and privation from which the hardiest man would shrink appalled.

In the May number of this Journal we gave, in "Warehouse Seamstresses," *a chronicle of facts*, by one who was herself for a time a seamstress; listen to what she says about women's work and women's wages in one of the few fields allowed her, and then ask yourselves where are the men who could or *would* endure such work as this?

"One word about remuneration, yet I hardly know what that word is to be. The piece workers earn, by working all the day, half the night, and half the sabbath, from six shillings to a pound a week. The pay depending less on labor and time than on the kind of work. I have known women earn twenty-five shillings per week for some eight or nine weeks in succession, then fifteen, twelve, eight, or five, according to the time of the season. Many, many weeks the best hands will not average five shillings, and inferior ones, two or three; several months in the year they will earn even less. On an average perhaps, mantle makers, straw hands, and flower makers will get six shillings weekly, while inferior workers and skirt hands, brace hands, etc., will earn four.

"But the toil—oh, the toil! Not for a fair day's work do they realise these amounts—by a fair day's work I mean, that a woman shall sew unremittingly ten hours, *not twenty*. Who can describe the state of mind and body consequent on having sewn twenty hours per day for six weeks? *No one, yet there are thousands who know exactly.*"

In the current number we give another paper from the same hand, *a record of facts again:* "Infant Seamstresses,"—poor babes, and yet more hapless mothers! May every parent who reads this record lay it to heart, and join in the good work of helping women to help themselves. God knows the need is sore! This Association, as yet in its infancy, is a direct and immediate channel whereby the many

may help the few to overcome some among the numerous difficulties which beset the working woman. A working Committee it already has, and funds only are needed to enable it to carry out the admirable objects it has in view, which we cannot do better than give in its own recently printed statement.

"That there exists a great want of employment for women, throughout England, and more especially in London, is no longer a contested point.

"The extent of the distress thus produced, and the best methods of remedying it, are still matters of doubt, but no one will be found bold enough to deny the suffering, or to assert that the means now in action for its relief, have proved sufficient for the purpose.

"A plan for the prevention of this distress, and of the many evils arising from it, has been formed by a Society, called 'The Society for Promoting the Employment of Women,' and to the details of this project the attention of the public is here invited; but before we enter into the particulars of the contemplated remedy, we must first set forth the origin of the disease.

"It appears from the census, that there are two millions of unmarried women in England, who work for subsistence. It is of no use to tell these persons that domestic life is the best position for them, and that a women never appears to such advantage as in her husband's home, for they have no husbands belonging to them, and though any individual of the number may marry, yet the proportion of two million of single women must remain for ever, gradually increasing with the numbers of the population. These must be their own bread winners, and earn money in some way or other, unless they are contented to take up their abode for life in the union workhouse.

"The three great professions open to receive them—Teaching, Domestic Service, and Needlework—are over-crowded to such a degree as to render competition excessive, and to beat down wages to a point at which it is difficult to live, so that we hear of maids of all-work earning from three to six pounds a year, (a sum barely sufficient to furnish them with the scantiest raiment, and which makes any attempt at laying by money, against old age or a time of sickness, utterly impossible;) or, more cruel still, till we read of women toiling for sixteen hours a day at their needles, and earning fourpence! One who is an excellent judge, says 'the payment for the labor of females in this country is so small, as to demand for obtaining an honest living, a greater power of endurance and self-control than can reasonably be expected.*

"As is natural under these circumstances, the workhouses are full of able-bodied women; the parish officers, urged on by the over-taxed ratepayers, treat them with rigor, affecting to believe that their idleness is voluntary, and so drive them forth into the world

* Crime, its Amount, Causes, and Remedies, by F. Hill, Prison Inspector.

to live as best they may. And all this misery is inflicted on them for no fault, but that of having come into a world where there is no employment for them.

"But can this state of things be natural? Could Providence have created several thousand superfluous women for the purpose of rendering them useless burdens on society, as inmates of our prisons, workhouses, and charitable institutions? Or is it that there is something wrong in our social arrangements, whereby they are unfairly deprived of occupations that were intended for their peculiar benefit?

"If this want of employment extended to the men, it would be a sign that the country was in a state of decadency, but happily this is not the case, for everywhere we hear how high their wages are.

"Government is obliged to raise the bounties for soldiers and sailors, or they could procure none, and even then finds it difficult to obtain enough, occupations for men being so plentiful, and so well remunerated. From the colonies, letters declare they are at a stand still for want of workmen. 'We want nothing,' says a newspaper from Cape Town, 'but more men, more carpenters, more blacksmiths, more bricklayers. If we had twice as many as at present, they would all find full employment.' Is it not somewhat strange, that, while men's labor is in such demand, women should experience a difficulty (often amounting to an impossibility) in earning a living by honest industry? That, while in some departments of labor, men will only work three days a week, because in that time they can earn enough to provide food for their families and the means of drunkenness for themselves, women should be glad to work sixteen hours a day for fourpence?

"Surely there must be something wrong in this disproportion; something unnatural, and that was never intended. Let us then look round, and see whether men are never to be found occupying easy, remunerative places, that could be as well or better filled by women; places that originally belonged to them, and that they would have remained in possession of to this day, had not artificial means been used to displace them. We refer to those departments in the great shops, which are devoted to the sale of light articles of female attire. Why should bearded men be employed to sell ribbon, lace, gloves, neck-kerchiefs, and the dozen other trifles to be found in a silk-mercer's or haberdasher's shop?

"The 'Edinburgh Review,' in its April number, gives us the reasons. One is, that women are too ill instructed in arithmetic for the purpose; the other is, that ladies prefer the services of men. The first reason, however, is sufficient, and fully explains the second. Ladies would rather be waited on by a man who understands his business, than by a woman who keeps them waiting for ten minutes while she is trying to make out their bill. The cause of this great ignorance among women is told us by the Rev. J. P. Norris, the Government School Inspector, in his Report to the Committee of Council of Education:—

"'But I much fear the chief reason that more is not done in this direction, is the very general apathy that prevails in the matter of girls' education. Why is it that, where you find three or four good boys' schools, you will find barely one efficient girls' school? Why is it that in pamphlets, and speeches, and schemes of so-called national education, they are almost uniformly ignored? The reasons are twofold; a very large number of the people who are interested in the progress of education think of it only in connection with our national wealth; they mean by education, the extension of skill and knowledge as essential elements of productiveness, and, therefore, with them, girls' schooling is a matter of little or no moment. Another still larger class of persons, who, from native illiberality of mind, are opposed to all education, though ashamed to confess this generally, do not blush to own it with respect to girls. So that on either hand the girls' school is neglected. And what is the result? For want of good schools for girls, three out of four of the girls in my district are sent to miserable private schools, where they have no religious instruction, no discipline, no industrial training. * * * * My belief is, that England will never secure the higher benefits expected to result from national education, until more attention is paid to girls' schools. * * * * We must multiply over the face of the country girls' schools of a sensible and practical sort. The more enlightened women of England must come forward and take the matter into their own hands, and do for our girls what Mrs. Fry did for our prisons, what Miss Carpenter has done for our reformatories, what Miss Nightingale and Miss Stanley are doing for our hospitals.'

* * * "Pains have been taken to fit boys for the place, but none have been bestowed on the girls, who, taught only to read and sew, have sunk down into miserable, starving seamstresses. The master of an old-established lace-shop in Oxford Street, who employs several women to wait, told the writer that he experienced no little difficulty in finding persons well qualified for the position. He added, 'You may be sure tradesmen employ as many women as they can, for their wages are half those of men.'

"We are told, however, that there are other objections to their employment, besides the want of education. 'Women,' it is said, 'could not possibly lift the weights, for in those places where tapes are sold, bales of sheeting require to be moved, and where gloves are found, there is also a demand for heavy pieces of velvet.' Now there is an error here, as everybody who frequents shops will be aware after a moment's reflection. Different articles are sold in the different departments; if you ask for velvet at the glove department, you will be referred to another counter, where you will be attended to by another young man; and if you then ask for muslin, you will be sent on to a third. Two or three men might therefore be kept in every shop to do the heavy work, while the great bulk of the business, which is light, could be transacted by women. There can be little doubt of their being able to stand the number of hours, for thousands of women in England now work standing in manufactories ten hours a day, and if medical men are asked, we believe their opinions will be generally found to be, that the active life of a shop-girl is less injurious to health, than the sedentary one of a seamstress. * * *

"It is the intention of the society to establish a large School for

girls and young women, where they may be specially trained to wait in shops, by being thoroughly well instructed in accounts, book-keeping, etc.; be taught to fold and tie up parcels, and perform many other little acts, which a retired shopwoman could teach them. The necessity of politeness towards customers, and a constant self-command, will also be duly impressed upon them. Girls educated in this school would be capable of becoming clerks, cashiers, and ticket-sellers at railway stations.

"It is also contemplated to establish workshops in connection with the school, where the girls might be taught other trades,—trades well suited to women, but now almost exclusively in the hands of men, such as printing, hairdressing, etc., for instance, and possibly even watchmaking. As the means of the Society increased, so would the number of workshops, and the variety of trades taught.

"No girl would be admitted to either school or workshop, who did not bring with her a certificate of good character from the clergyman of her parish, or from two respectable householders; she must also bring a certificate of health from a medical man, as it would be a waste of time and money to instruct feeble or sickly girls in trades that require a considerable degree of strength for their exercise.

"Nevertheless, the weakly would benefit by the plan, by being relieved from the competition of their stronger sisters in needle-work, teaching, and whatever other resources for the feeble there may exist.

"We are aware that instruction cannot be given to all who require it; twenty schools would not suffice for that; but when it is proved that women are capable of these employments, a demand for them will spring up, which will compel a change in our present one-sided system of education. Our workshops, too, will lead to considerable benefits, and will greatly increase the number of occupations open to women. Thus, if we send out a dozen young women as accomplished ladies' hair-dressers, other girls will speedily be apprenticed to them; and in a few years the dozen will have become hundreds. * * *

"It is also the intention of the Society to render their office a depôt for information of every kind relating to the employment of women. Curious and interesting facts will be collected. Extracts from newspapers, pamphlets, and speeches on the subject, will be gathered together, and kept for the inspection of members of the Society.

"We are happy to state that the objects of the Society have met with the approbation of the Bishop of London, and the support of a large number of ladies.

"We have now only to add that the Society is in want of funds. It is but in its infancy, and requires support of every kind;—the substantial help of money, and the active assistance of energetic minds of both sexes."

VIII.—NOTICES OF BOOKS.

A Life for a Life. By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." Hurst and Blackett, London.

A glance at the novelists of the day shows us women occupying a prominent position in this field of literature, the value and importance of which it is not easy to over-rate, for novels are reflectors of the age, and the influence they exercise is beyond calculation. The most successful male novelist is either he, who, grasping the subtle questions and speculations of his day, floating as yet unformed through the minds of his fellow-men, presents them embodied in person and action, or the faithful reproducer of men and things as they are in the every-day life known to us all. Goethe and Walter Scott are signal instances of these two schools of novelists. Goethe, deeply imbued with the social and philosophical speculations of his

time, gave form and substance to the shadows floating through other men's minds, while Walter Scott, learned in the history of his country and countrymen, gifted with a keen insight into national and individual character, reproduced in his heroes and heroines men and women as they are.

To this last class of writers belong also Richardson and Smollett, whose pages as faithfully reflect the coarse and indecent sensuality which distinguished the men and women of their day, as the pages of Walter Scott reflect Scotch character and history. Here also Thackeray and Dickens take rank, with a host of others more or less faithful reflectors of some phase of social life, with which they have themselves peculiar affinity.

Among male novelists, the distinction between the two schools is strongly marked, and no writer presents himself to our memory, who may not at once be classed under the head of one or the other.

Not so with women. Some there are indeed, as Miss Edgeworth, Miss Austin, and Harriet Martineau, who can be readily and distinctly placed, but by far the greater number, and among them we believe will be found those who have made the greatest mark, combine the characteristics of the two schools.

Madame Sand is a striking illustration of this; combining with a power of dramatic representation of character, surpassed by no writer, living or dead, that of embodying the speculations, theories, and ideas, which rack the hearts and minds of her countrymen.

Of all forms of representative literature there is none so unerring and so powerful as the novel, and never did novels so faithfully reflect the social life of any people or country as do those of Madame Sand. France, suffering, struggling, and aspiring; her body social, no less than her body political, one mass of festering corruption, it is in the pages of George Sand that we find expression given to her sins, sorrows, and suffering, her agonies and aspirations.

But we are wandering far from the book we have in hand, which is one of those home histories we English, authors and readers alike, so delight in; and here again is another illustration of the representative nature of the literature we have under consideration. Nowhere as in England is "home" loved and cherished; nowhere as in English literature are its pleasures and happiness expatiated upon.

"John Halifax, Gentleman," is a perfect specimen of the home novel, its interests centering round a married pair, the fortunes of themselves and their children, and if sometimes the reader be tempted to wish that the said John Halifax, Gentleman, were just one shade less perfect, the book none the less leaves a profound and touching remembrance of what an honest, single-hearted man may accomplish in life, though he begin it friendless, penniless, and ignorant.

"A Life for Life" is also a thoroughly domestic story, told by means of a journal respectively kept by hero and heroine, one

chapter being "His Story," another "Her Story:" and here we would enter a protest against the use of this clumsy and inefficient form, which, even in the practised hands of Miss Muloch, mars the dramatic action and interest of the book.

The hero, Max Urquhart, M.D., is introduced to the reader as a regimental surgeon in the camp at Shornecliff, the period being shortly after the close of the Crimean war. He is represented as a man of reserved nature, silent and grave, yet spite of his unsocial character and habits he is held in high estimation by all who know him, and is sincerely beloved by some among his fellow-officers.

That he is the depository of some fatal secret is evident from the first, and, as the tale proceeds, we learn that in early youth he was the unintentional cause of death to a profligate man, some years his senior, and into whose society he was for a short time accidentally thrown. This death, occurring in the middle of Salisbury Plain, with no one present but their two selves, passes as the result of an accident, and the friends of the deceased bury their trouble and disgrace in a grave near the spot, and, removing into another county, all trace of the existence of the profligate soon becomes lost. Among the neighbours with whom the officers from the camp are acquainted, is a clergyman's family, whose youngest daughter, Theodora Johnston, is the heroine and narrator of "Her Story:" and in this Miss Muloch evinces considerable knowledge of human nature and her art. The misfortune of his youth, acting upon a sensitive mind and conscience, and a naturally reserved disposition, has assumed in the eyes of Dr. Urquhart the proportions of a murder; and, locking the fatal secret in his own breast, he determines, in expiation, upon a life of isolation from all family ties and affections.

Now Theodora, the younger and plainer sister of a motherless family, is herself, from very natural circumstances, in a position of considerable isolation also, and thus we find the two, hero and heroine, seeking companionship and consolation in the outpourings of their souls upon paper in the form of a journal, which, on Dr. Urquhart's side, soon comes to be kept for Theodora's eyes, though it may never reach her hands till he is dead and gone.

This need of love and companionship knawing at the hearts of a man and woman thrown frequently into each other's society, leads of course to an instinctive recognition, and it is not long before Max and Theodora become all in all to each other, though the fatal secret on his part prevents any acknowledgment between them.

Then too, the similarity of name born by Theodora, and he who met his end on Salisbury Plain — Theodora Johnston, William Henry Johnston—gives rise to a sickening dread, lest the same blood should flow in their veins. A dread subsequently confirmed: for William Henry Johnston turns out to be the son of Theodora's father, by a first marriage.

This discovery takes place at the end of the second volume, and

follows immediately upon an avowal of the attachment between Max and Theodora, but before it is confessed to the father. The avowal has been brought about by the pressure of circumstances, under which it is a wonder Dr. Urquhart did not yield sooner, but the doubt suggested by the similarity of the names, has become a ceaseless dread and presence. He learns too, from Theodora, that there was a brother in the family who died very early and suddenly, and whose name has long been banished from their lips.

Forth then he goes in quest of that lone grave, to find, as he had dreaded, that Theodora's lost brother, and the man whose death he had himself caused upon Salisbury Plain, are one; and here we will let Max Urquhart speak for himself:—

"On February 7th, 1857, I went to Rockmount, to see Theodora Johnston for the first time after she was aware that I had, long ago, taken the life of her half-brother, Henry Johnston, not intentionally, but in a fit of drunken rage. I came simply to look at her dear face once more, and to ask her in what way her father would best bear the shock of this confession of mine, before I took the second step of surrendering myself to justice, or of making atonement in any other way that Mr. Johnston might choose. To him and his family my life was owed, and I left them to dispose of it or of me in any manner they thought best.

"With these intentions I went to Theodora. I knew her well. I felt sure she would pity me; that she would not refuse me her forgiveness before our eternal separation; that, though the blood upon my hands was half her own, she would not judge me the less justly, or mercifully, or Christianly. As to a Christian woman I came to her, as I had come once before in a question of conscience; also, as to the woman who had been my friend, with all the rights and honors of that name, before she became to me anything more and dearer. And I was thankful that the lesser tie had been included in the greater, and that both need not be entirely swept away and disannulled.

"I found not only my friend, upon whom, above all others, I could depend, but my own, my love, the woman above all women who was mine; who, loving me before this blow fell, clung to me still, and believing that God himself had joined us together, suffered nothing to put us asunder. How she made me comprehend this I shall not relate, as it concerns ourselves alone. When, at last, I knelt by her and kissed her blessed hands, my saint! and yet all woman and all my own, I felt that my sin was covered, that the All-Merciful had had mercy upon me; that while, all these years, I had followed miserably my own method of atonement, denying myself all life's joys, and cloaking myself with every possible rag of righteousness I could find, He had suddenly led me by another way, sending this child's love first to comfort and then to smite me, that, being utterly bruised, broken, and humbled, I might be made whole.

"Now, for the first time, I felt like a man to whom there is a possibility of being made whole. Her father might hunt me to death; the law might lay hold on me; the fair reputation under which I had shielded myself might be torn and scattered to the winds; but for all that I was safe, I was myself, the true Max Urquhart, a grievous sinner, yet no longer unforgiven or hopeless.

"'*I came not to call the righteous, but* SINNERS *to repentance.*'

"That line struck home. Oh, that I could carry it home to every miserable heart as it went to mine! * * * She said, when I listened in wonder to the clearness of some of her arguments, that she hardly knew how they had come into her mind; they seemed to come of themselves; but they were there, and she was *sure* they were true. She was sure, she added, innocently, that if the Christ of Nazareth were to pass by Rock-

mount door this day, the only word He would say unto me after all I had done would be, 'Thy sins are forgiven thee, rise up and walk.'

"And I did so. I went out of the house an altered man. My burden of years had been lifted off me for ever and ever. I understood something of what is meant by being 'born again.' I could dimly guess at what they must have felt who sat at the Divine feet, clothed and in their right mind, or who, across the sunny plains of Galilee, leaped and walked and ran, praising God."

The father is told of this calamity by his eldest daughter, Penelope, whose character we must remark in passing is most ably drawn, and in whose fate the reader's sympathy is warmly enlisted. Clergyman though he be, the old man, whose hopes, after the wont of fathers, had been treasured in his worthless son, evinces anything but a Christian spirit, and insists upon the "murderer," as he calls him, being delivered up to justice.

"'My daughter told me this morning, and I have been trying ever since to find out what my church says to the shedder of blood; what she would teach a father to say to the murderer of his son. My Harry! my only son! And you murdered him! * * * I remember nothing but the words of this Book,' cried the old man, letting his hand drop heavily upon it, '*Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed.*'"

It is Penelope not Theodora who pleads with the incensed parent.

"'Have you any motive in arguing thus?' said he, hurriedly, and not without agitation. 'Why do you do it, Penelope?'

"'A little on my own account, though the great scandal and publicity will not much affect Francis and me, we shall soon be out of England. But for the family's sake, for Harry's sake, when all his wickedness and our miseries have been safely covered up these twenty years: consider, father!'

"She stung him deeper than she knew. * * * The whole history of that old man's life was betrayed in one groan, which burst from the very depth of the father's soul.

"'Eli, the priest of the Lord; his sons made themselves vile, and he restrained them not. Therefore they died in one day, both of them. It was the will of the Lord.'

"The respectful silence which ensued no one dared to break. He broke it himself at last, pointing to the door, 'Go, murderer or man-slayer, or whatever you are, you must go free; moreover I must have your promise, no, your oath, that the secret you have kept so long, you will now keep for ever.'

"'Sir,' I said, but he stopped me fiercely.

"'No hesitation, no explanation; I will have none, and give none. As you said, your life is mine, to do with it as I choose. Better you should go unpunished, than that I and mine should be disgraced. Obey me. Promise.'

"I did. * * *

"'Now go? Put half the earth between us if you can, only go.'

"Again I turned to obey. Blind obedience seemed the only duty left me. I might even have quitted the house with a feeling of total irresponsibility and indifference to all things, had it not been for a low cry which I heard as in a dream. So did her father. 'Dora—I had forgotten. There was some sort of fancy between you and Dora. Daughter bid him farewell, and let him go.'

"Then she said; my love said in her own soft, distinct voice, 'No, papa, I never mean to bid him farewell, that is finally, never as long as I live.'

"Her father and sister were both so astounded, that at first they did not interrupt her, but let her speak on.

"'I belonged to Max before all this happened. If it had happened a year hence, when I was his wife, it would not have broken our marriage. It ought not now. When any two people are to one another what we are, they are as good as married, and they have no right to part, no more than man and wife have, unless either grows wicked, or both change. I never mean to part from Max Urquhart.'

"She spoke meekly, standing with hands folded and head drooping, but as still and steadfast as a rock. My darling, my darling! * * * After saying all he well could say, Mr. Johnston asked her how she dared to think of me—me, laden with her brother's blood and her father's curse.

"She turned deadly pale, but never faltered. 'The curse causeless shall not come,' she said, 'for the blood upon his hand, whether it were Harry's or a stranger's, makes no difference; it is washed out. He has repented long ago. If God has forgiven him, and helped him to be what he is, and to lead the life he has led all these years, why shall I not forgive him? And if I forgive, why not love him? and if I love him, why break my promise, and refuse to marry him?'

"'Do you mean, then, to marry him?' said her sister.

"'Some day, if he wishes it; yes!' From this time, I myself hardly remember what passed; I can only see her standing there, her sweet face white as death, making no moan, and answering nothing to any accusations that were heaped upon her, except when she was commanded to give me up entirely and for ever and ever.

"'I cannot, father. I have no right to do it. I belong to him; he is my husband.'

"At last Miss Johnston said to me, rather gently than not, for her, 'I think, Dr. Urquhart, you had better go.'

"My love looked towards me, and afterwards at her poor father; she too said, 'Yes, Max, go.' And then they wanted her to promise she would never see me, nor write to me, but she refused.

"'Father, I will not marry him for ever so long, if you choose, but I cannot forsake him. I must write to him. I am his very own, and he has only me. Oh, papa! think of yourself and my mother.' And she sobbed at his knee.

"He must have thought of Harry's mother, not her's, for this exclamation only hardened him.

"Then Theodora rose, and gave me her little hand: 'It can hold firm, you will find. You have my promise. But whether or no, it would have been all the same. No love is worth having that could not, with or without a promise, keep true till death. You may trust me. Now, good bye, good bye, my Max.' With that one clasp of the hand, that one look into her fond, faithful eyes, we parted."

How Max Urquhart lived through his great sorrow, with the great joy and comfort, the "pearl beyond all price," which was his in the love of Theodora, "God's gift" indeed; how nobly and unselfishly he labored for the good of others, sinking his personal grief in deeds of public usefulness and benevolence; how he was driven, in spite of his pledged word to Theodora's father, to confess publicly the misfortune of his youth, and to stand his trial for that long-ago taken life;—we shall leave our readers to seek in the book itself. A gem of a book, which takes its place by the side of "John Halifax, Gentleman," a worthy candidate for as loving a niche in its reader's affection as all the world knows that novel to hold.

IX.—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.

MADAM,

Hearing that your readers are interested in all departments of womanly activity, I think that they may not be unwilling to read a few words describing a lecture which I had lately the great pleasure of hearing delivered by Mrs. Clara Lucas Balfour. Having lately been called on business to the noble old city of Norwich, I observed the handbills for this lecture distributed over the town, headed "Important Eras in English Literature, and their effects on social advancement." Curious to know how a lady would lecture on so weighty a topic, and having often heard of Mrs. Balfour as a highly intelligent and cultivated woman, much devoted to the temperance cause among others, and accustomed to deliver lectures on various subjects of intellectual interest, in the Mechanics' Institutes and Assembly Rooms scattered over the kingdom; our party (of ladies) took tickets for the "reserved places," and proceeded to the Assembly Room at eight o'clock. But when we got there, the audience were mostly seated, and no reserved places were to be had, so we were fain to sit among the ranks of ladies and gentlemen extending deep into the large room where the lecture was to be delivered. We estimated that at least a hundred persons were present, all of the educated classes. Presently Mrs. Balfour entered the room, leaning on the arm of a gentleman belonging to a well-known publishing firm in Norwich; he conducted her to the platform, and there left her standing before a table with lights upon it, facing her audience, without any manuscript from which to read, not even a scrap of notes whereby to assist her memory, or guide the flow of her ideas.

Mrs. Balfour looked quietly round the room, and then, without any hesitation, began speaking in a gentle but peculiarly firm voice, every syllable being so distinctly articulated, and so evenly accentuated, that the slightest additional pressure on any one was more emphatic to the listener's ear than the most marked inflections of a more excited delivery. This attribute of clearness is the most marked characteristic of Mrs. Balfour's manner and matter. She is thoroughly mistress of that which she has to say, and she lays it before her hearers in the simplest manner, never going back upon her own sentences, never repeating to gain time, never losing count of dates, or confusing events and people. For an hour and a half she spoke thus: on the fourteenth century and its awakening; on the fifteenth century and the invention of printing; on the sixteenth century and its intellectual triumphs; touching on the literature of later times, and especially on the immense increase of periodicals, which she deprecated as the too exclusive aliment of youthful readers in the present day.

In this rapid review, we noticed that Mrs. Balfour invariably paid a delicate and unobtrusive justice to the part played by her own sex in the patronage or the actual pursuit of literature; and she mentioned one by one those women who in the middle ages gave fostering care to the men of genius, who might otherwise have found amidst the rough usages of me-

diæval times a somewhat unkind reception. Mrs. Balfour concluded as quietly as she had begun, amidst the buzzing thanks of her hearers, and as we walked away we wished that more women could and would thus prove their capacity to follow the calling of the lecturer in a dignified and effective manner.

I remain, Madam,

Yours obediently,

A LONDONER.

To the Editor of the English Woman's Journal.

A PLEA FOR LADIES' MAIDS.

MADAM,

At the present time, when so many plans of benevolence are daily broached, each requiring for its due execution considerable command of time, money, and influence on the part of its originators, it has appeared to me that one, demanding none of the three, and within the power of almost every lady, deserves some attention. All who have ever inquired into the subject must have been struck by the very general ill-health of ladies' maids, and the number who are compelled after some years service to give up their situations, and, with them, often all hope of a tolerable subsistence. It will be found that in by far the greatest majority of cases, this habitual illness is caused by the *late hours* they are obliged to keep. Being at the same time expected to rise early, at least two or three hours sooner than their mistress, they really do not obtain sufficient rest. In very many cases, when the lady goes out constantly, an astonishing quantity of needlework is required, (in itself an exhausting and unwholesome occupation, when a daily one,) and when to this are added the weary hours of waiting till the night is far gone, it cannot be a matter of surprise that the maid's health should soon give way entirely; a very small effort of self denial at first, and a little soon-acquired *handiness*, would put an end to this.

Every young lady should surely be able to arrange her own hair at night, and unfasten her dress herself. If the latter is the difficulty, it should be so made as to render it practicable: it is true that the intricate and provoking contrivances fashionable milliners delight in are sometimes most perplexing, but this need not be submitted to; a little ingenuity would easily devise some more simple method, none better than the old hook and eye, now unfortunately superseded by the fatal *lace*, the source of endless trouble and entanglement. But if the inability be real, and proceed neither from idleness nor habit, I will venture to make a bold suggestion, *i.e.*,—to make the evening gown fasten in front, as all morning ones now do: a light trimming down the middle would entirely conceal the hooks or lace and attract no attention. If once this wholesome reform could be established and become "the fashion," we should all wonder in a week at our folly in having so long endured our fetters.

Let every lady who may read this, think how little it will signify to her in a few years how she was dressed, and in what fashion her gowns might be made, but how much whether she considered the health, and consequently the whole life, of those so dependent upon her! Surely in those instances where a mother and daughter or two sisters go out together, they could perform such trifling offices for each other, making the slight alteration in dresses above suggested, needless. Slight as it is, it would I am aware prove to most an insuperable difficulty.

Much is expected of a lady's maid, more than from any other servant,—

not only skill in her own department, (a difficult one,) but perfect trustworthiness and constant command of temper, with devoted attention in times of sickness. High wages are thought to compensate them for every sacrifice, but I appeal to all who have ever known the comfort of a good and faithful servant, whether kindness and a true interest in their welfare is not due to them also? In endless instances the beginning of that fatal consumption, the scourge of our young women, may be clearly traced to these forced vigils; a secondary, but still serious reason against them is their inevitable tendency to lead to cards and much that is objectionable. Who can suppose a girl will spend all those dreary hours of waiting alone, patiently poring over some dull book, with aching head and heavy eyes? Of course she does not, but cards, and the conversation of the servants' hall, are her natural resources. Consider, too, that they generally belong to poor families, so when the inevitable and speedy end comes, illness, and the loss of their place, they return to add to the burthen of poverty at home, and to feel every privation with double bitterness from their experience of the comforts of life. This is no false picture, it is a positive fact, for I have myself spoken to many maids who all agree that their constant sitting up is the greatest trial to their health and strength. It is an evil so easily remedied, so completely in the power of every lady, that I cannot but hope some may be induced to reflect upon it, and resolve that they at least will put an end to it in their own case. A little practice, and they will not again wish to see the poor maid creep into their room half dead of sleep and fatigue, her pale cheeks and reddened eyes a perpetual silent reproach. Let them enjoy their own evening's amusement without the thought that every ball is another step to the workhouse for the poor girl waiting at their homes. The workhouse! that short but most sad and bitter road to the grave!

Here is a tangible and preventable evil, neither visionary nor irremediable, and so, commending this feeble but true sketch to the charitable consideration of my readers, I entreat them to reform their own habits or their milliners' cruel fashions, and to take pity on their maids.

A Ball Goer,
Who can unfasten her gown for herself.

*

To the Editor of the English Woman's Journal.

Dialogue. He and She.

She. Of all the wonders of this earth
The greatest is that no man,
In all that's best, of highest worth,
But little cares for woman!

He. No! there's a wonder greater still,
So great is shown by no man:
That woman, or for good or ill
But little cares for woman.

"Poor Young Girls."

Madam,

Rose color is a very pretty tint, and sky blue is, I dare say, very like heaven, but the "Londoner" who sees much of either, literally or metaphorically, must be the "poet with eye in a fine frenzy rolling."

I read the long letter of A. S. with a very mournful satisfaction, attending a deep conviction of its truths which a longer letter has failed to shake; though I, too, might wish that a more refined taste had kept back a sentence or two. But truth is above all, and a woman who speaks out courageously, as in God's presence, and for humanity, is to be honored even more than those whose candor is apt to degenerate into compliment. A. S. and a "Londoner" alike take partial views, but A. S. has a far keener deeper insight into the state of families. It is *true* that there is a striking analogy between American Abolitionism and the Condition of Englishwomen question, so true that I have often thought some of the best speeches in the Anti-Slavery Standard might with a few word-changes serve equally for one as the other. It is *true* that women are not friendly to women's education. Do we not all know that? Certainly nobody doubts it, man or woman, who has been engaged in the work. One of the best and wisest of our clergy said some few years ago, in my hearing, in relation to one of the colleges, "Mothers are my great hinderers." Of such it may be truly said, "They know not what they do." How should they know the worth of knowledge? unless as something to bring money, the governess's portion to be given as the invalid's regimen, the lightest and the least. Ask any lady-resident of a college whether it is not generally looked upon as *the* place for cheap accomplishments!

That mathematics and German are of no use to a lady; that they would become too independent, and mothers lose their authority; that the poor girls would never marry if too much educated; that to be good is better than to be learned (!); that a little bit of history and a little bit of geography will not fit a girl to be a wife and mother;—who has not heard all these and similar excuses hundreds of times?

It is in the families of professional men that this ungenerous sophistry prevails, and nowhere more than in London. The daughters of clergymen are often deplorably ignorant; and I should like to know how many daughters of the medical profession know their multiplication table, or have any notion of keeping accounts? How many have had a lesson in grammar, except in French and German, taught by those unhappy make-believes, the daily governess? All this is not inconsistent with a deal of boasting, and a display of the piano and of drawings, inwardly torturing all but the vainest and the shallowest, "the poor young girl" knowing that in bitterness of heart she has said, even to those standing by, "Mamma, or my Aunt, *hates* to see me with a book in my hand."

The fancied necessity of making an appearance, by which a narrow income may be concealed, and the "clever man" vindicated to vulgar eyes, even to the height of driving his carriage, involves many sacrifices of taste and feeling on the women's side. The young have in this a peculiar source of suffering; anguish of heart, I might call it: the want of sympathy they so bitterly feel in their elders, and the often recurring and corroding thought, What is to become of me when I grow old?

I remain, Madam,

Yours, with great respect,

A Gray-Haired Londoner.

To the Editor of the English Woman's Journal.

Madam,

So much is said in your and other Journals of the training of domestic servants, that the vague and general complaining against what servants *are* seems being concentrated into a practical consideration of what they ought to be, and how they are to be made it.

I have been lately to visit a friend boarding at a French school for girls, and, being astonished at the amount of work accomplished by the *cuisinière*, asked how many servants were employed for the whole service of the house: only three. The residents, pupils, and teachers are about thirty-six people, and the number who dine and sup there is about fifty, and some days fifty-five.

At Brighton College, for eighty people thirteen servants are kept. I believe this one fact of the number of servants required in England, or thought to be required, is one great cause of the unmanageableness of English kitchens. At this French school the arrangements may not be perfect, but they certainly are as good and better than those of a similar rate of schools in England, where at least five or six servants would be employed. Certainly the cook's work is far better done, and there is much more for her to do. Twice every day she prepares for all these fifty people a dinner of soup, meat, and vegetables, with dessert of some kind; and that, not with the sparing of manufacture and abundance of material that would characterise a school dinner in England, but with the more delicate and tedious attention belonging to a continental *cuisine*. Justine too was a cheerful *artiste*, not too tired or too cross at the end of the second dinner to exchange a few words or smiles with one, as she crossed the court to fill her quaintly shaped jug with Normandy cider. You may say, "But one English cook could not and would not do this, and if it is hard to get active and efficient servants where a given amount of work is divided among four, how would it be possible to get it done at all by two?"

Certainly it will be very difficult till "the head" of an English mistress can "save the hands" of her servants: till the misconception and contempt of household labor, which unhappily exists among some of the cleverest and strongest women of the day, has given way to a truer estimate of where their power lies, and of how best to use it against the effeminacy and degradation that is overwhelming the masses of common-place women.

But this is too wide a question to be entered upon here. If what I have now said will induce some abler pen to take the subject up, I shall be very glad. If not, I will do my best to explain, in some future number of your Journal, the conviction which observation and experience have given me, that it is the personal influence of a woman in her own house which must make good subjects around her. I know it is dull, drudging work to turn one's own or one's parents house into an "Industrial School," but it *can* be done, and the very difficulty ought to rouse the spirit of some of your readers to determine that in their case it *shall* be done.

A. B.

X.—PASSING EVENTS.

THE Session is over, and every one who can escape the wear and tear of business is on the wing to green fields, mountains, or sea. A broken and vexatious session it has been, big in its promises, small in its fulfilment. The long talked of Reform which men looked forward to at its commencement is as far off as ever, and, if Mr. Cobden be correct, "neither the country nor the House of Commons is in a mood for a very strong measure of reform."

One of the last acts of the House of Commons in Committee was to discuss the clauses of the Divorce Court Bill, which underwent material amendments by the omission of the fourth clause, extending the jurisdiction of the Court to Ireland. Its inapplicability to a country professing the Roman Catholic faith, wherein marriage is held indissoluble, is self-evident. The

fifth clause, which authorised the Court to hold its sittings in cases involving considerations of public decency with closed doors; and the seventh clause, providing that petitions for the dissolution of marriage be referred to the Attorney-General, with a view to prevent collusion, were also rejected. On the motion of the Attorney-General, a clause was added, providing that, on any petition presented by a wife, praying that her marriage may be dissolved by reason of her husband's adultery, coupled with cruelty or desertion, the husband and wife shall be competent and compellable to give evidence relating to such cruelty or desertion. This meets the difficulty pointed out in a letter from a barrister in the "Times" of July 16th, portions of which we gave in Passing Events of last month.

A clause was also added, empowering the Court to make orders with reference to the application of property under ante-nuptial or post-nuptial settlements. The Bill thus amended, was read a third time and passed.

The "Times" of August 17th, has the following letter, which may reassure some of our readers who look upon the increased facility of divorce with alarm.

"Sir,—Permit me to call your attention to the fact, that out of three hundred and fifty-six cases in which dissolution of marriage has been sought on the ground of adultery, such adultery is alleged in two hundred and sixty-two cases to have occurred *before* the passing of the Divorce Act, that is before August 28th, 1857; consequently, the cases arising from 1857 to 1859, have been at the rate of about forty-seven a year on the whole population of England and Wales. I think a knowledge of this fact would relieve the minds of some who view the amount of business coming before the new Court with alarm.

"August 16th. "OBSERVER."

The New Income Tax Act has been printed. The additional duty of fourpence in the pound is payable on all incomes amounting to and above one hundred and fifty pounds a year.

The strike in the Building Trade, based on the demand of the workmen to labor only nine hours and receive ten hours' pay, which commenced in the early part of the month at the establishment of Messrs. Trollope, still continues. The masters joined issue at once and resolved upon closing their establishments till such time as the men return to their duty. The consequence is that employers and employed alike suffer, though the consequences to the latter, as earners of daily bread for themselves and their families, must be more immediately and heavily felt. Here are able-bodied men refusing to work for nine hours out of twenty-four for remunerative wages, varying, according to the skill of the workman, from twenty-four to thirty shillings a week—while, as may be seen at page fifty-five of the current number of this Journal, *women work sixteen and twenty hours at a stretch*, for the miserable pittance of five shillings or seven and sixpence at the utmost!

The "Daily News" of the 23rd instant reports the deaths of two women, one aged fifty, a household servant, who lost her last situation about two years ago in consequence of the death of her master and mistress, since which time, by reason of delicate health and somewhat advanced years, she has been unable to obtain another situation and has lived on her savings and clothes, sometimes sleeping in low lodging houses, sometimes in the open air, until at last, being on the verge of starvation, she attempted to end her sufferings by suicide. From which attempt she was rescued to die of exhaustion in Newgate Infirmary!

The other, that of a poor young seamstress aged twenty, who, by toiling constantly at her needle *from twelve to sixteen hours daily for the last five years*, earned upon an average from ten to twelve shillings a week, thereby so injuring her eyes, that, haunted by the dread of losing her sight and the consequent destitution that must follow, she ended her miserable and suffering days in the dark waters of the Serpentine!

War has come and gone. Louis Napoleon plays chess with kings and

armies, and the peoples of Europe stand by in wondering suspicion, awaiting the move which shall unmask the game. Italy, united, as but a short time ago men believed impossible, presents a bold, patient, and resolute front to the machinations of her foes, masked and open. The elections in Tuscany and the Duchies, conducted with order and sobriety, proclaim unmistakably the will of the people, repudiation of ancient dynasties and annexation to Piedmont. Meanwhile, Austria and France hold their hands; and if fifty thousand French troops be left in Lombardy, Garibaldi's heroic band is said to have swelled to the number of thirty thousand, and their brave chief is elected commander of the Tuscan army. All so far looks well, but we know there is a seething underground to this fair surface, and the most sanguine trembles while he hopes.

The triumphal entry of the French-Italian army into Paris passed over with more or less *éclat* according to the feelings of the spectators, no two newspaper reports agreeing as to the enthusiasm displayed.

The sudden amnesty granted by Louis Napoleon to all political offenders has taken people by surprise, and various are the motives attributed. The manly refusal of Louis Blanc to accept pardon for sins never committed, to put the real offender in the place of the forgiver, will find response in many hearts. His letters are those of a sincere and noble man, and we regret that want of space forbids our giving them here.

The Queen's speech, satisfactory in all which relates to home matters, is necessarily vague when it touches upon foreign politics. The announcement that "a complete and permanent system of national defence must at all times be an object of paramount importance," appears to have given general satisfaction, and so long as the throne of France is avowedly filled by a "mysterious and inscrutable personage," at whose beck armies gather and fleets spring into existence, it is impossible to over-estimate the necessity of being "found watching."

Among the events of the month is the completion of the Great Eastern, which is announced as ready for sea; the directors wisely determining at the eleventh hour that the first trip shall be to places on our own coast, instead of across the Atlantic. All success attend her—the largest ship afloat!

Somewhat too late in the season for Mr. Gambart's interest, and certainly too late so far as the public is concerned, there has been an exhibition through this month, at the French gallery, of some very remarkable pictures by a lady, Henriette Browne, whom the "Athenæum" informs us is of English or Irish extraction, and to whom that churlish critic accords this recognition, "a lady almost as clever as Rosa Bonheur, but in a quieter and more tender way." The subjects of the two large pictures are, "The Sisters of Mercy," and "Puritan Maidens reading the Scriptures." The drawing of these pictures is admirable, while the feeling and expression are beyond all praise. Sick in every fibre and relaxed muscle of his little frame, the child lies heavily on the lap of the fresh blooming Sister of Mercy, the cool touch of whose hand one *feels* on the thin fevered wrist, while the tender eyes gaze thoughtfully on the pale upturned face, where the heavy shadows of mortal illness seem to be gathering. What a revelation of womanly tenderness and sympathy, of abnegation for some motive, human or divine! "The Puritan Maidens" is a charming picture; the face of the listener fraught with an inner meaning, an intense personal application of the Holy words to which she is listening, as they fall easily and simply from the lips of the younger and fairer. Pictures both to haunt one like scenes from real life; free from all exaggeration; hearty, honest, truthful pictures, such as we have few of in these days, and which Rosa Bonheur and Henriette Brown delight in. It is to be hoped that when London meets again, these pictures may return to the walls of the room now deserted, to be appreciated as they deserve.