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XI.—COTTAGE HABITATIONS.

TO THE EDITOR.

YOUR wish to hear from me regarding the Cottage Homes of our little town, induces me to send you the results of my observations as far as they seem likely to be useful to your readers, and you are aware that it is my habit to enter, under various missions, all kinds of houses.

Certainly the homes of our people are not the sacred and beloved spots they used to be; or that we, through tradition, assume they were. How should they be so, springing up as they do in a few weeks, as slightly built as the law allows; inhabited, and then changing their occupants, all in the course of a few months: no household memories can by any possibility linger about them. The majority present a totally different idea of a home to those cottages we sometimes, though rarely meet with, where an old man and his wife may have lived between fifty and sixty years in one dwelling, where all their children had been born, from whence they were married, or it might be buried; and where even their children's grandchildren come back to climb the good man's knee! I knew of one such here, and a more holy quiet seemed to come with the sunshine through that latticed window, framed as it was in summer-time by its mantling vine, and played about the aged heads within. But the new railway will soon pass over the site of that cottage, and the old man has some months since departed on his heavenly journey; his old wife comforting herself that *he* at least was saved the pain it would have occasioned him to have to live in any other house here on earth. There must have been a thousand dear associations about this cottage to its human hearts; very humble though it was. Everything else is changed since that home was inaugurated, what wonder then if the homes change too!

The classes above that of our work-people have done something perhaps both by example and precept to lead them out of the old track; they have formed plans both for instruction and amusement;

which take the work-people out of an evening, when formerly they might have been content to remain at home. The introduction of railways and steamboats have made travelling and excursions, even with our cottagers, the rule rather than the exception, so that it is no wonder if their increasing intelligence and dexterity is less engaged about the home than formerly, for we must never forget how limited their leisure time is; their houses are more like *lodgings* than *homes* to many, and they hesitate not to change their locality frequently. In this as in almost all cases there is good and evil mixed: but we must encourage only that which is good. It is not likely that the women in our manufacturing places will care for the house as their grandmothers did, who perhaps had been all their lives devoted to household thrift.

Our young girls are sent, unformed in mind and body, to spend ten hours a day in the debilitating air of the factory; they come back in the evening just in that state which craves more excitement than is to be found in scrubbing a room, washing their clothes, or sitting down to make and mend them; shut up all day, they most naturally long for open air, and so used to company are they that it becomes an absolute necessity, and to stay at home is invariably thought by them *very dull.* When this is considered, as well as the early age at which most of them marry, no wonder if the little domestic arts which would, well performed, make almost any house comfortable, are lamentably neglected. What wonder if the hearth-stone is left dirty, and the kitchen grate unbrushed! What wonder, if their circumstances do not admit of putting the washing out, (which most factory women do,) that the scanty wardrobe is dabbled rather than washed, in dirty water, and hung to dry just where and when the wet clothes annoy the rest of the family! What wonder if the cooking is little or none, and that the most economical plans that can be presented to them are utterly useless for want of time and inclination; or if something nice and savory is attempted, the cooking is of the worst description, and a great hole is made by it in the week's money for want of thrift. The very low wages of our agricultural workmen forcing their wives into the factory if they would give a bit of bread to each of their many children, strikes at the root of the hope that these people can pay the rent of such cottages as we should consider decent and right, as well as at the expectation that these men and women should love their homes, and strive to make them neat and beautiful as if they had more time and other facilities for doing so. Yet in some of our cottages much frugal comfort is to be found, especially scrupulous cleanliness; in others no attention is paid to that or any other household virtue; but it must be granted that the loss of health and morality frequently results from, and is perpetuated by, bringing up families in dwellings devoid of all proper arrangements; an evil for which the class which inhabits them is not responsible.

The town in which I have so long resided, and which I know so

well, is very prettily situated on a small river, which winds lazily amongst green meadows or fruitful cornfields, through gently undulating ground, the beauty of which is enhanced by a sprinkling of fine timber trees, and woods with footpaths winding into the open fields, affording lovely walks in the immediate neighbourhood.

It is a small market town: the population in 1831 amounted to four thousand three hundred, and at that time the houses were chiefly built on the eastern or north-eastern side of the river; the High Street running up a rather steep hill to the market-place, a wide triangular space, in the centre of which stands an obelisk with lamps, exactly where it would delight me to see a public fountain, should the much-needed water-works ever be executed.

The High Street is wide, and twenty years ago it doubtless contained more good houses. A few such distinguish it yet, but the tenements are mostly converted into shops. Across the High Street, and at the top of the hill, runs another street, or lane as it is called, much narrower, and with some very old cottages, often much to be preferred to their modern neighbours. When the factories were enlarged, and more houses wanted for the work-people, twenty years ago, they were built on the south-western side of the river, and the earliest were placed on a small hill, about a quarter of a mile away from the factory, which stands on the river; but so soon as need arose for others, the flat ground situated between the hill and the river was gradually built over. This ground, being very low, is difficult to drain; in fact it is *not* drained, and therefore is most unhealthy.

It is called a square, and it was perhaps originally intended to be such, but now there are rows of houses which quite destroy any such form. These houses vary in rent from tenpence a week to two shillings and sixpence; the first have two tiny rooms on one floor, the last have four rooms and a good sized garden, but with no drain, "not so much as for a pint of water," as one good woman who lived there told me; the "ill convenience," as she called it, was illustrated by her description of the vile smells which made them perforce "shut windows and doors when they eat their victuals;" then she told of still worse results attending this want of drainage at the house of a married daughter, who rented a smaller tenement hard by. The population in 1851 was six thousand nine hundred and ninety-eight; and now it is supposed to be nearly eight thousand, as within the last eight or nine years very many more houses have been built in different directions, but mostly on the western and flattest side of the river. Almost all the cottages are without a supply of water, so that it has to be fetched from a neighbouring spring or well, and sometimes so far as to make a serious addition to the labor of a family, if they use the requisite quantities.

The supply of this want, as well as others, depends on the local board of health, and the evil will probably continue until our cottage tenants have sufficient spirit and intelligence to take their votes into

their own hands, instead of which they now forfeit them by acceding to the arrangement that the landlord shall pay all rates, forgetting or ignoring the fact that the landlords will repay themselves for so doing by charging extra *on the rent.*

This arrangement also places the power exactly in the hands of those most interested in keeping sanitary matters where they are. The proprietors of our cottages are mostly small tradesmen, who by industry and economy have accumulated a few hundred pounds, and thus invested it; frequently buying houses which a builder has erected, as a speculation, with the least outlay possible.

It cannot then be wondered at if in these houses there is a minimum of the comforts and conveniences of life, especially as the habits and education of the people themselves have not as yet fitted them to appreciate or demand these in any high degree. But when, by their mental or moral improvement, they call out with sufficient energy for better houses, and when they are able to see the advantages and permanent economy of even paying more out of their wages for better houses if need be, then better and more wholesome dwellings will be provided.

I know no wiser or kinder plan for elevating our working people in the social scale, than for those who are capitalists to lead the way in this matter; yet I do not think it a wise benevolence to build cottages of which a frugal working man cannot fully pay the rent; because any plan which savors of alms-giving is sure to create its own peculiar evils, and can at best only be brought into action by those who are at once rich and benevolent.

If, on the other hand, houses too good for the people's habits and wants are provided, with the expectation that they will bring in a high rent, of course they will remain unlet, and the mistake will tend to overcrowd the cheaper and more unwholesome houses in that immediate neighbourhood, and even probably, on that account, to force up the rents of the latter.

But an employer, who had the good of his work-people much at heart, might at all times command the rent of good suitable houses near their work. With us, the constant desire of our work-people is to hire cottages *near* their work, even if greatly inferior in accommodation.

In the reports of the sanitary condition of the laboring population of England in 1842, there is an interesting communication on this point, entitled "Improved Description of Cottage Tenements," by Edmund Ashworth, Esq. In it he speaks of having, when fever raged, instituted a "house-to-house visitation amongst their work-people, which was continued periodically through a series of years, no invidious distinction or selection being ever made," and it does *not* appear to have been viewed in the light of an intrusion. "A week or two of notice being mostly given, a laudable degree of emulation has been excited as to whose house, bedding and furniture should be found in the best order; my brother or myself have

occasionally joined in these visits. By these means we were made acquainted with the wants and necessities of the various families in our employ. Having had such opportunity of observing the great inconvenience arising from small dwellings where the families are large, both as regards bed-rooms and living-rooms, few cottages having more than two bed-rooms; and where there were children and young persons of both sexes, the indelicacy of this arrangement was apparent; we therefore concluded to build larger cottages, and make them with three bed-rooms in each. These houses were sought after with the greatest avidity, and families allowed to remove to them as an especial favor. The increase of rent of one shilling to one shilling and sixpence per week was a small consideration in regard to the additional comfort afforded to a family, where the income was from twenty-four to fifty or sixty shillings per week, as is frequently the case with families employed in manufactories. We have therefore continued to enlarge the size of our cottages till we have almost every rent charge from three to thirteen pounds a year." *

* Specification of the works in four descriptions of cottages erected at Egerton, for Messrs. Henry and Edmund Ashworth.

Masonry.—The front and back walls and the chimney shafts are set in regular courses, well hammer-dressed. The inside walls, gables, and chimney flues, are of parpoints six inches thick. The door jambs, tops and thresholds, and the window sills and tops, also the labels over the front doors and windows, are all hewn and tooled. There is a square cornice at the back and moulded cornice at the front; both are well hewn, tooled, guttered, and the joints corked water-tight. The yard walls are of random stone, eighteen inches thick, furnished with semicircular coping stones on the top. The privies are of parpoints, and the ashpits are made off from the yards with flags set on edge. The ground floors are laid with good self-faced flags, and there are flags at the front and back doors averaging about three yards to each house, and a hearth to each bed-room chimney piece. The foot path, five feet wide in front, is paved with river stones, and side stones are set at the edge. There is a cellar to each of the houses, Nos. 1 and 2, under the stairs: it goes down about four steps, and holes are formed under the ground floors for keeping provisions in; there is also a slop stone in each kitchen.

Slating.—The roofs are covered with Welsh slate and stone ridging.

Plastering.—All the walls are plastered two coats; and the ceilings and smoothing lathed and plastered two coats, and the slates well pointed.

Fire-fixtures.—The living-rooms have each a boiler, oven, and fire-grates, and the parlors and all other places where fire-places are shown, are fitted up with stove grates.

Carpentry, Joinery, and Glazing.—The timber is American pine throughout, (except the roofs and windows of Nos. 1 and 2, which are of Baltic deal,) the floors have beams and joints and are covered with inch boards. The stairs are made of inch boards, and are two feet six inches wide. The partition at the side of the stairs is of three-quarter inch boards, and the partitions which divide the bed-rooms are of stoothing. There are ceiling joists fixed over all the bed-rooms. The roofs have two ribs on each side, and spars fixed on fifteen inches betwixt their centres.

The outside doors, both front and back, are framed batten doors hung to stone jambs with bands and gudgeons, and have a Lancashire handle set on each; the front doors have on each a plate lock, and the back doors a flat iron bolt. The inside doors, the privy doors, and yard doors, are all batten

This is an account of what *has* been done, and I will venture to say no plan can be found wiser, as regards the action of the educated classes on those less instructed, than a constant endeavor to encourage and assist in the occupation of better dwellings, and to impart in every way possible the knowledge which bears upon these matters.

It is by no means my experience that those who earn most money are the people most ready to improve their dwellings. But there can be no doubt in the mind of any one who has watched a family or individual through many years, that any change for the better in their moral and religious habits will tell advantageously on their health and on their habitations. Health and morality of course act and react on each other, so that we may often mistake cause for effect, and *vice versa*.

The reformed family will no longer live close to very dirty people if they can help it; and if obliged to do so, I have known their house, containing exactly similar accommodation, become a totally different place to their neighbour's. Idleness and disorder can no longer be the ground of discomfort at home. So close a connection indeed do we find between inward and outward purity, that the advancement of individual character may invariably be traced in the clean and tidy dwelling where once disorder reigned; although I cannot say that the converse is always true, and that outward order invariably represents inward purity. Let us hope, however, that the idea contains a happy prophecy of the future.

It seems to me then that the aim of society in these matters should be double, and be directed to act on our people both from within and from without, on their reason and on their senses, and that

doors with four cross bars to each. They are all hung to wood casings (except the back yard doors, which are hung to stone) and have each a Lancashire latch set on. The front windows and the back bed-room windows of No. 1, are all frames and sheets single hung, and the remainder of the back windows are fast sheets with casements in each; they are all primed and glazed with good white giass.

There are about twenty feet of shelving fixed in each house; and there is skirting fixed in both rooms on the ground story, and sur-base or chair-rail round each living room, and casings and single moulds round doors and windows on ground story.

There is a wood drop-spout to each house.

ESTIMATES.

	No. 1.			No. 2.			No. 3.			No. 4.		
	£	*s.*	*d.*	£	*s.*	*d.*	£	*s.*	*d.*	£	*s.*	*d.*
Masonry, etc.	52	17	0	48	11	2	37	8	0	33	10	0
Slating, etc.	8	6	0	7	10	0	6	6	9	5	12	0
Plastering, etc.	8	17	6	7	12	0	6	2	6	5	10	0
Fire fixtures	5	4	10	4	19	3	2	18	9	2	18	9
Joinery and Glazing	37	7	8	34	10	4	27	2	6	24	0	0
	£113	13	0	£103	2	9	£79	18	6	£71	10	9

every exertion should be made not to impart instruction, whether by word of mouth or by means of books, without an endeavor to excite immediate action (conjointly it may be with yourself) towards the realisation of the better plans therein proposed. In fact, let them catch from their teachers that earnest activity which is the main thing wanted in all reforms.

This may often be given with a very small outlay. Sometimes I have offered to pay a joiner if our families would get a window made to open and shut, which had never done so before; or to pay for the lime, etc., if they would whitewash their kitchens, ceilings, etc.; or give them a cheap paper, if they would put it up instead of that dirty one which disgraced their front room.

I am happy to add that these little encouragements seldom fail to bring further attention and improved arrangement into the cottage home. Our higher class cottages let for two shillings and sixpence, two shillings and nine-pence, and three shillings a week. In the closer parts of the town these have no garden, but perhaps a first rate shop or room with long windows at which to place their looms, and this room is generally on the floor above the ground floor; a much better plan than having it, as it is in some houses, on the top story above the bed-rooms; this latter plan in almost all houses throws the bed-rooms open, in coming and going, to all the male weavers, some of whom may happen to be no part of the family. I was once in a house of this description, where I believe there were nine children, if not ten, besides the father and mother, in two bed-rooms, where the bed stocks so completely covered the floor of the room through which the stairs had to be gained, that it was not easy to pass up. I remonstrated several times with this family as to the wrong done to their own health, etc., and even offered to provide a lodging for a delicate young growing girl if they would let her sleep in better air; but they declined, and subsequently she, as well as a sister and a brother, all grown up, have died of consumption, the seeds of which were no doubt sown by sleeping in such crowded rooms.

The houses on the outskirts of the town, which pay as much as three shillings a week, are mostly built with a weaving shop just behind the two lower rooms; and they have generally a nice piece of garden ground attached, which is highly prized, especially as a change of occupation to the man who has to sit so much at his loom, as well as for its produce.

The greatest number of cottages are those which would be sought by a day laborer whose wife went out to work, and these consist of either one pretty good sized room below, and one or two tiny ones above, or else of two small rooms both above and below, with perhaps a little garden ground before and behind; these would be rented at about one shilling and three-pence per week, and in each perhaps five or six children have to be stowed away; and these may be of both sexes and all ages, between the young baby, and the youth or maiden of twenty years.

We have several rows of cottages that have no thorough ventilation, either from having no doors and windows at the back or from being built back to back with other houses under the same roof; here and there, where this is the case with several houses in a row, fevers, and such complaints as are related to fevers, are sure to be engendered, with, alas! the certainty of their continual recurrence. The people seldom wake up to their peril until some one in their own family falls a victim to disease, even if they do then.

Scrofula and consumption, in all their varieties, are particularly aggravated in their development by this want of fresh air and proper ventilation.

The woman, in whose house there is no back door, is obliged to do all her washing in sight, either outside her front door, or in the common room, the annoyance of which can only be understood to its full extent by a tidy thrifty cottage wife. All the houses here are roofed with slate or tile, and the upper rooms in consequence are very hot in summer and proportionally cold in winter. In this respect, as well as in the much smaller size of the sleeping rooms, they cannot compare in comfort with the thatched roof and drooping eaves of our grandfathers.

It would be a great boon to our cottagers if their rooms could be built a foot or two higher, or the ceiling removed upwards. Doubtless many wearied laborers would sleep soundly with even less accommodation than they now have, yet we know the evil effects of sleeping in crowded or overheated rooms can scarcely be overrated. I have visited poor women recently confined, and found them obliged to come down into the kitchen long before it was prudent to do so, to escape the almost intolerable heat of the upstairs room, which precluded any possibility of returning strength. A poor girl last week, who was suffering from scrofula, was ordered by the doctor to be removed to the infirmary of the union workhouse, because the high room and better ventilation there would give her a better chance of recovery than the low hot chamber of her home.

The work-people of France and Italy, though not able to compare with those of England in the neat approaches to their homes, suffer in them far less inconvenience from heat. They mostly reside in separate flats of large strongly-built houses, generally of great height, because the rooms in every flat are much higher than those in our cottages. The public stair is often most objectionable to every English sense, but, fairly within their private doors, we found much in the arrangement of their work and their rooms to admire. Great aptitude at contrivance for the daily conveniences of cooking, etc., and also better taste in any attempt there might be at ornamentation. In several we noticed the domestic shrine placed in the best situation, and decorated with all the affectionate attention which they dedicate to the Virgin Mary; but though to us the pictures seemed more imaginative than biblical, they were a thousand times better, speaking as they do to these people of their faith, than too many of the hideous

and vulgar prints I often see on our English cottage walls, with nothing depicted therein to touch any serious or truly human emotion in the beholders. In the dwellings of the work-people in Lyons, I thought the space allotted to the sleeping rooms small; sometimes the beds were in an outer room, where there was not light enough for the loom, but in that case, there was aways a partition or thick curtain arranged so as to guard the space and give it an air of retirement without preventing the ventilation at the top of the apartment.

One weaver's dwelling at Lyons, out of many we visited, I particularly remember, where, as indeed at all the others, we were most politely received, and every information we asked for given, about their work and their general habits of life. This apartment was reached, after mounting three or four flights of stone steps. The room in which the dwellers worked was twice as high as our ordinary cottage rooms, and the looms were placed on one side, well lighted by windows, whilst on the other side they had constructed a sort of gallery slightly partitioned off from the large room, in which were two or three beds, whilst below it were sundry arrangements for domestic and household comfort.

The people in these countries have so many more holidays, and these holidays so charmingly gay compared to ours, and enjoyed in the open air and under a delicious climate, that their healthy supply of air does not nearly so much depend on the manner in which their houses are built, as it does too often with us. Their women are not confined as ours are in large factories, made unhealthy by the vast quantity of human exhalations, and by the burning of innumerable gas lights. In the winter months they are not exposed to sudden transitions from their beds to the open air early in the morning; and from the heated factory again to the chill damp of our English sunset. The young woman in the silk weaving at Lyons, if not working with her father or brother, usually places herself either as apprentice or journeywoman under a respectable woman who may take four or five girls in this way; and whilst they are under her roof, she considers them as her own family; they go out with her on Sundays and fête days, and she guards them as her children, giving them in turn the house work to do, which plan must in a great measure prevent the domestic deterioration which we deplore so much in our factory girls.

But then these Lyonese silk workers do not use the power loom or work in factories. The only application of steam, compatible with domestic privacy I have heard of, was adopted I believe near Coventry, where I have been told that a gentleman had recently erected a row of good cottages with a weaving shop to each, placed along the back, and that with a steam engine at one end he has contrived to convey the power from it to every separate loom, in this way preventing the necessity of the women leaving their homes; and I was assured that the advantage to the master was soon per-

ceptible, a much higher class of workers being anxious to reside in these houses, so that their work was better done and less supervision was required. Morally and physically speaking, this plan, if common, would be an *immense saving* to our nation; though in a mercantile sense in some trades perhaps it would be simply impossible at present, and generally inconvenient to the masters. Yet should the moral sense of our country once be roused to the right or wrong of any course of action, I have a firm faith and a lively hope, that through new inventions or improved machinery, and by the influx of wisdom through the particular or universal mind, the result may be reached, that our domestic life may no longer be sacrificed to the acquisition of wealth, or that scarcity exist, which we are now compelled to acknowledge, of decent cottage homes for our working men and women.*

M. M.

XII.—LIFE OF MARGARET FULLER OSSOLI.

PART II.

IN EUROPE.

We passed over in rapid review last month the six and thirty years during which Margaret Fuller gained for herself so wide a reputation, so enduring a love, in the hearts of her fellow country-men and women. Seldom have we laid down the pen with so deep a sense of the inadequacy of any written sketch to convey even an approximate idea of the character of a human being; for never did any life consist less in salient points, and more truly in daily details than the American portion of the one we have attempted to abridge.

It is in her letters and journals, and in the many sided testimony of her friends that the marvellous interest of her memoirs consists. They are full of the subtle spirit of life; they photograph the impression of the moment; they record, with an earnestness which is sometimes whimsical to an European reader, her criticism of books and of men. Failing to find in her earlier career that complex diversity of subjects which the old world offers to its denizens, Margaret bent her keen vision on the inhabitants of Boston and New York,

* We shall be peculiarly obliged by any communications from those who may have built improved cottages for laborers or artisans, regarding the cost, and the possibility of recovering due interest for the outlay. Many ladies residing on country estates are probably conversant with such details, or can easily become so.—Ed. E. W. J.

treating every fresh person as a separate revelation from the infinite. And in this she had the truest reason; it is we who are apt to be overwhelmed by the clash of interests, the complicated political problems of our European civilisation, so that we come to value less the individual units. And as she studied mankind, in like manner we find that a new author, a new set of prints, a new system of philosophy or collection of casts, roused up in her an amount of enthusiasm we can with difficulty realise. Have we not a Sydenham Palace within an hour's journey, and a vast Museum of the Louvre within that of a day; and do we find time to study them? Conceive then this Boston girl flinging herself with impatient ardor into her comparatively narrow opportunities, and writing long letters about them which carry one back to the days when such missives were tied by a silken string and dispatched under the precious care of a man on horse-back!

But the scene of her life was destined to undergo a change, such as falls to the lot of few. At the age of six and thirty she quitted America for a tour which promised to be the realisation of her most ardent aspirations after self-culture. Margaret went to seek leisure and learning, art and literature, the Uffizi and the Vatican. She found Europe convulsed with the throes of revolution, and herself strangely enough caught up into the very centre of the vortex. Her "conversation classes" are laid aside for the stirring intercourse of the most active spirits of our century; her love of art pales before her love of the people by whom art grew unto its great estate; her many and genial friendships harmonise henceforth with the key note of a woman's life, the love of husband and child. She fears for them, she lives for them, and her very language acquires a nobler and simpler tone. Margaret Fuller Ossoli finds her own niche in the eventful story of 1848, and death did not claim her until she had received from life the best gifts it could bestow.

But we must return to the order of our tale. We left Margaret Fuller under the roof of Horace Greeley, the editor of the "New York Tribune." No part of her memoirs is more touching than that written by him; showing how (while, at the request of his wife, receiving her into his household) the somewhat mingled feelings of "friendly antagonism" and an "utter divergency of views," with which he at first viewed the remarkable inmate whose talents he could not fail to appreciate, warmed into esteem and affection of the most beautiful kind. With Mr. Greeley's little boy Pickie, Margaret contracted the most devoted alliance. It was Pickie for whom she brought out her stores of fascination, Pickie to whom she became "teacher, playmate, and monitor," Pickie who bade her a weeping farewell on board the ship which bore her away from her native land, and who went before her to the "Father's house, whence is no returning."

In 1846 her long and ardently cherished desire of visiting Europe was gratified, and she sailed for England in the autumn of that year,

in company with Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Spring; her stay in England was short, and, after visiting many of our most interesting literary characters, and scrambling as far north as Ben Lomond, where she contrived to lose herself for one whole night to the intense horror of her friends, and the great danger and discomfort of her own person, she crossed over to Paris, from whence she proceeded to Naples, and afterwards visited Rome, Florence, and Milan.

From the Italian towns she wrote incessant letters to her friends at home. She says in one of these that she has "a hundred correspondents," and in another place we find that she devoted an entire day in each week, while in the north of Italy, to keeping up communication with them. To one who knows and loves that glorious land, the fragments of her letters given in the memoir, would create a longing for the whole. Few travellers have visited Italy so well prepared by previous culture from books, and few of alien blood have felt it to be so truly home. Infinitely touching, from Margaret Fuller, who had worked so hard from her early youth, who had been teacher, writer for the periodical press, and care-taker for a family of orphan brothers and sisters, is this fragment of a letter to Emerson.

"Nothing less than two or three years, free from care and forced labor, would heal all my hurts, and renew my life-blood at its source. Since Destiny will not grant me that, I hope she will not leave me long in the world, for I am tired of keeping myself up in the water without corks, and without strength to swim. I should like to go to sleep, and be born again into a state where my young life should not be prematurely taxed.

"Italy has been glorious to me, and there have been hours in which I received the full benefit of the vision. In Rome, I have known some blessed, quiet days, when I could yield myself to be soothed and instructed by the great thoughts and memories of the place. But those days are swiftly passing. Soon I must begin to exert myself, for there is this incubus of the future, and none to help me, if I am not prudent to face it. So ridiculous, too, this mortal coil,—such small things.

"I find how true was the lure that always drew me towards Europe. It was no false instinct that said I might here find an atmosphere to develop me in ways I need. Had I only come ten years earlier! Now my life must be a failure, so much strength has been wasted on abstractions, which only came because I grew not in the right soil. However, it is a less failure than with most others, and not worth thinking twice about. Heaven has room enough, and good chances in store, and I can live a great deal in the years that remain."

On the Italian lakes, Margaret met with some high-born ladies:

"Duchesses, marquises, and the like. * * * It is rather pleasant to come a little on the traces of these famous histories; also, these ladies take pleasure in telling me of spheres so unlike mine, and do it well.

"The life here on the lake is precisely what we once imagined as being so pleasant. These people have charming villas and gardens on the lake, adorned with fine works of art. They go to see one another in boats. You can be all the time in a boat, if you like; if you want more excitement, or wild flowers, you climb the mountains. I have been here for some time, and shall stay a week longer. I have found soft repose here. Now, I am to return to Rome, seeing many things by the way."

Coming southward, she writes from Florence—

"I cannot even begin to speak of the magnificent scenes of nature, nor the works of art, that have raised and filled my mind since I wrote from Naples. Now I begin to be in Italy! but I wish to drink deep of this cup before I speak my enamoured words. Enough to say, Italy receives me as a long-lost child, and I feel myself at home here, and if I ever tell anything about it, you will hear something real and domestic.

"Among strangers I wish most to speak to you of my friend the Marchioness A. Visconti, a Milanese. She is a specimen of the really high-bred lady, such as I have not known. Without any physical beauty, the grace and harmony of her manners produce all the impression of beauty. She has also a mind strong, clear, precise, and much cultivated. She has a modest nobleness that you would dearly love. She is intimate with many of the first men. She seems to love me much, and to wish I should have whatever is hers. I take great pleasure in her friendship."

And at last we find her returned to Rome, and settled in the Eternal City, whence she writes thus of her plans for the winter.

"I am happily settled for the winter, quite by myself, in a neat, tranquil apartment in the Corso, where I see all the motions of Rome,—in a house of loving Italians, who treat me well, and do not interrupt me, except for service. I live alone, eat alone, walk alone, and enjoy unspeakably the stillness, after all the rush and excitement of the past year.

"I shall make no acquaintance from whom I do not hope a good deal, as my time will be like pure gold to me this winter; and, just for happiness, Rome itself sufficient.

"To-day is the last of the October feasts of the Trasteverini. I have been, this afternoon, to see them dancing. This morning I was out, with half Rome, to see the Civic Guard manœuvring in that great field near the tomb of Cecilia Metella, which is full of ruins. The effect was noble, as the band played the Bolognese march, and six thousand Romans passed in battle array amid these fragments of the great time.

"I am trying to economise,—anxious to keep the Roman expenses for six months within the limits of four hundred dollars. Rome is not as cheap a place as Florence, but then I would not give a pin to live in Florence.

"We have just had glorious times with the October feasts, when all the Roman people were out. I am now truly happy here, quiet and familiar; no longer a staring, sight-seeing stranger, riding about finely dressed in a coach to see muses and sibyls. I see these forms now in the natural manner, and am contented.

"Keep free from false ties; they are the curse of life. I find myself so happy here, alone and free."

We now come to the most eventful period of Margaret Fuller's life. Hitherto she had but lived the life of a clever literary woman, and whatever of peculiar interest dwells in her story, belongs rather to her own singular and highly-developed nature than to the outward circumstances of her lot. But from the winter of 1848 all was romance until the closing hour. Her secret marriage to a member of a noble but decayed Roman family, Giovanni Angelo Ossoli, and her subsequent connection with the movement of 1848 and the siege of Rome in 1849, link her to the outward history of her time, as she had ever been intimately involved in its intellectual and moral struggles.

On "Holy Thursday," soon after her first coming to Rome, in the spring of 1847, she tells us, she went to hear vespers at St. Peter's. She proposed to her companions that some place in the church should be named, where, after the service, they might meet, she being inclined, as was a usual custom with her, to wander alone in St. Peter's among the different chapels. Returning to the place assigned at the appointed hour, she could discover no trace of her friends, and in some perplexity she walked about carefully examining each group. Presently a young man of gentlemanly address came up, and begged if she were seeking any one, that he might be permitted to assist her; and together they continued the search through all parts of the church. At last it became evident that her friends could no longer be there, and as it was then quite late, they went into the piazza to find a carriage in which she might go home, but no carriage was to be seen, and Margaret was compelled to walk with her stranger friend the long distance between the Vatican and the Corso. At this time she had but small command of the language for conversational purposes, and their words were few, but, though few, enough was said to create in each a desire for further knowledge and acquaintance. This singular meeting prepared the way for many interviews, and before her departure for Milan, Ossoli offered her his hand, and was refused. After her return to Rome they met again, and he became a constant visitor, so little surprise need be felt that in the December of that same year, soon after the death of the old Marquis Ossoli, they were married. The estate left by the marquis was undivided, and two brothers attached to the Papal household were appointed executors. Law in Rome is subject to ecclesiastical influence, and it was feared that a marriage with a protestant would be destructive to all prospects of favorable administration. There was good reason to suppose that if the marriage were known, Ossoli would be a beggared and a banished man; so for one long dreary twelvemonth the secret was kept, both rendered more patient by the prospect of his receiving an honorable post under the new government, whose formation every one was then anticipating.

Margaret spent the summer of 1848 in the country, and in the September of that year, her child, Angelo Ossoli, was born at Rieti, among the mountains. The involvements of her position were now, as may well be imagined, cruelly felt. She could not bring her child to Rome without declaring her marriage, and it seems that she decided to keep him at nurse at Rieti, until such time as she could acknowledge him without injury to her husband's prospects. But in the spring of 1849 arose a terrible complication, the siege of Rome was declared, Margaret was in the city, her little boy far away from her, her husband on daily duty with the troops, exposed to every danger. Believing the little one to be well cared for, she remained near its father, and what wife would not have done the same!

Of the Italian struggle, of the landing of the French forces at Civita Vecchia, of the escape of the Pope, we need not now speak; enough for us that Ossoli took station with his men on the walls of the Vatican gardens, where he remained faithful unto the end, and that Margaret had at the same time charge of one of the hospitals, and was the assistant of the Princess Belgioso at *dei Pellegrini*, where during the first day they received seventy wounded men, French and Romans, and spent *daily* within those miserable walls some seven or eight hours, and often the entire night. Separated as she was from her husband, with whom she could hold no communication, parted from her child, as all links between Rieti and Rome had long been broken, and pressed with the responsibility of her secret marriage, Margaret might well be exhausted and weary, and return from her day's or night's watching pale and agitated.

No argument of hers could persuade Ossoli to leave his post to take either food or rest, but at length, after the siege, Margaret left Rome for Rieti, where she remained a few weeks nursing her poor feeble little boy, who had been neglected by his cruel nurse, and brought to the brink of the grave. Father and mother watched him day and night for four weeks, and when they had brought him round, journeyed by way of Perugia to Florence, where they all three passed their last winter on earth. And here we cannot resist giving our readers an extract from the letter written by Margaret to her mother, to prepare her for the son and grandchild whom she hoped soon to present to her beloved parent. Margaret's affection for her mother seems to have been at all times strong and beautiful, and a point of unfailing rest in her somewhat troubled existence.

"This brings me to the main object of my present letter,—a piece of intelligence about myself, which I had hoped I might be able to communicate in such a way as to give you *pleasure*. That I cannot,—after suffering much in silence with that hope,—is like the rest of my earthly destiny.

"The first moment, it may cause you a pang to know that your eldest child might long ago have been addressed by another name than yours, and has a little son a year old.

"But, beloved mother, do not feel this long. I do assure you, that it was only great love for you that kept me silent. I have abstained a hundred times, when your sympathy, your counsel, would have been most precious, from a wish not to harass you with anxiety. Even now I would abstain, but it has become necessary, on account of the child, for us to live publicly and permanently together; and we have no hope, in the present state of Italian affairs, that we can do it at any better advantage, for several years, than now.

* * * * * *

"He is not in any respect such a person as people in general would expect to find with me. He had no instructor except an old priest, who entirely neglected his education; and of all that is contained in books he is absolutely ignorant, and he has no enthusiasm of character. On the other hand, he has excellent practical sense; has been a judicious observer of all that passed before his eyes; has a nice sense of duty, which, in its unfailing, minute activity, may put most enthusiasts to shame; a very sweet temper, and great native refinement. His love for me has been unswerving and most tender-

I have never suffered a pain that he could relieve. His devotion, when I am ill, is to be compared only with yours. His delicacy in trifles, his sweet domestic graces, remind me of E——. In him I have found a home, and one that interferes with no tie. Amid many ills and cares, we have had much joy together, in the sympathy with natural beauty,—with our child,—with all that is innocent and sweet.

"I do not know whether he will always love me so well, for I am the elder, and the difference will become, in a few years, more perceptible than now. But life is so uncertain, and it is so necessary to take good things with their limitations, that I have not thought it worth while to calculate too curiously.

"However my other friends may feel, I am sure that *you* will love him very much, and that he will love you no less. Could we all live together, on a moderate income, you would find peace with us. Heaven grant, that, on returning, I may gain means to effect this object. He, of course, can do nothing, while we are in the United States, but perhaps I can; and now that my health is better, I shall be able to exert myself, if sure that my child is watched by those who love him, and who are good and pure."

Again she writes.

"About Ossoli I do not like to say much, as he is an exceedingly delicate person. He is not precisely reserved, but it is not natural to him to talk about the objects of strong affection. I am sure he would not try to describe me to his sister, but would rather she would take her own impression of me; and, as much as possible, I wish to do the same by him. I presume that, to many of my friends, he will be nothing, and they will not understand that I should have life in common with him. But I do not think he will care;—he has not the slightest tinge of self-love. He has, throughout our intercourse, been used to my having many such ties. He has no wish to be anything to persons with whom he does not feel spontaneously bound, and when I am occupied, is happy in himself. But some of my friends and my family, who will see him in the details of practical life, cannot fail to prize the purity and simple strength of his character; and should he continue to love me as he has done, his companionship will be an inestimable blessing to me. I say *if*, because all human affections are frail, and I have experienced too great revulsions in my own, not to know it. Yet I feel great confidence in the permanence of his love. It has been unblemished so far, under many trials; especially as I have been more desponding and unreasonable, in many ways, than I ever was before, and more so, I hope, than I ever shall be again. But at all such times, he never had a thought except to sustain and cheer me. He is capable of the sacred love—the love passing that of woman. He showed it to his father, to Rome, to me. Now he loves his child in the same way. I think he will be an excellent father, though he could not speculate about it, nor, indeed, about anything."

And this struggle for dear life in Italy; we all know how it ended. So the reaction came, and many motives drew Margaret to her native land; amongst others was a desire to publish to best advantage the book whereby she hoped at once to do justice to great principles and brave men, and to earn bread for her dear ones and for herself. In the face of many misgivings, and in spite of some dark presentiments, which led her to hesitate for one hour, even up to the last moment of going on board, they yet started for America, on the 17th of May, 1850, in the barque *Elizabeth*, an uncommonly good sailing vessel, nearly new, and well kept. The captain, a fine model of the New England seaman, strong-minded, prompt, calm and decided, reassured her, and for the first few

weeks all went on prosperously till fear was well nigh forgotten. But alas for the captain and crew! alas for the company and Margaret! the good commander fell ill, he suffers, he dies! and dies too of confluent small-pox. The young child Angelino, Margaret's boy, for whom she had suffered so much, and whom she loved so deeply, he too sickens, his eyes close, his head and face swell, his body is covered with eruptions; death in life is there, and it is only through the incessant care of his parents that the fever abates. Sobered and saddened they rejoice with trembling, and struggle hard to enjoy the beauties of the sky and ocean which surround them. Peacefully, if slowly, the long summer days and the quiet nights pass, four thousand miles of ocean lie behind, and they are nearly home. The officer in command has promised to land his passengers early the next morning at New York: the trunks are packed, all preparations made, and the last good night is spoken. By nine o'clock a sharp breeze arises, it is a gale, at midnight it is a hurricane. The barque is new and strong, her crew at work and prompt, the passengers remain in the state-room catching such uneasy sleep as a howling storm and tossing ship permit; but with a force far swifter than any one on board has imagined possible, the ill-starred ship has been driven by the combined force of currents and tempest towards the sand-bar of Long Island, where she strikes, first draggingly, then harder and still harder, and then strands, on Friday morning, the 16th of July.

The main and mizen masts were at once cut away, but the hold was broken and she bilged, her stern swung round, her broadside was bared to the shock of the billows, and the waves made a clean breach over her with every swell. The doom of the *Elizabeth* was sealed, and no human power could save her. She lay at the mercy of the maddened waves. At the first jar the passengers, knowing but too well its fatal import, sprang from their berths. In a moment more the cabin skylight was dashed in pieces by the breakers, and the water, pouring down like a cataract, put out the lights, wrenched the cabin-door from its fastenings, and swept all before it. It was in the gray dusk and amid this awful tumult that the companions in misfortune met, and for three hours, amidst the darkness and rushing water, remained endeavoring to calm each other, and exchanging messages to friends, should any survive to be the bearer. About seven there were signs that the cabin would break up, and any death seeming preferable to that of being crushed among the ruins, the passengers, with the assistance of some of the sailors, laboriously crept across the deck through the broken rail and cordage to the forecastle, which was comparatively dry and sheltered; here they discussed the chances of escape; at the distance of a few hundred yards appeared the shore, a lonely waste of sand-hills, from whence men had early been observed gazing at the wreck, but by whom no assistance was offered! The life-boats and carpenters' tools had been long ago washed overboard; so at nine in

the morning it was proposed that the more courageous should try to land by swimming, and if possible get help. A sailor with a life-preserver dashed into the surf, and was seen to reach the shore; a second with the aid of a spar followed; but the third, one of the passengers, was not so fortunate and perished in the attempt. Two agonising hours passed, still no assistance; so, after some deliberation, it was agreed that the passengers should attempt to land, each seated on a plank, grasping handles of rope, while a sailor swam behind. The wife of the late captain, aided by one of the brave crew, reached, after much suffering, the surf-beaten sands. Now came Margaret's turn, but she refused to be separated from Ossoli and Angelino. While thus declining all persuasions, word was given from the deck that the life-boat had at length appeared; the joyful news rekindled their flickering hopes, they might yet be saved, all saved together; but to the experienced eyes of the sailors it too soon became evident that there was no attempt being made to launch or man her. The last chance of aid from shore was then utterly gone; they must rely on their own strength or perish; and if ever they were to escape, the time had come, for already the tide had turned, and it was plain that the wreck could not hold together another flood. In this emergency the commanding officer, who until now had remained at his post, once more appealed to Margaret to make her escape, declaring he did not feel free to sacrifice the lives of the crew, nor to throw away his own.

But as before Margaret refused decisively to be parted from her husband and child. The order was then given to "save themselves," and all but four of the crew jumped over, who, together with their commander, reached the shore safely. It was now past three, the tide was rising, and the gale swelled once more to its former violence; the remnant of the barque was fast yielding to the resistless waves; the fatal moment drew swiftly nigh; the helpless little band were driven to the deck, where they clustered round the foremast; a heavy sea struck the forecastle, and the foremast falls; mother, husband, child are swept into their watery grave, there and thus to end their twelve hours communion face to face with death! All was over; the prayer was granted "that God willing, the last hour might come for *all* if it must come for *one*."

Uprose the quiet morning, and there in the glittering sunshine, rocking gently in the swell, lay within what seemed a dozen oar-strokes of the shore, the battered hull of the *Elizabeth*.

"Oh, heaven! to think man ever
Comes too near his home."

It was a touching coincidence that the only one of Margaret's treasures which reached the shore, was the lifeless form of her child. For herself she still lies with her husband, down many a fathom in the fathomless deep, waiting for the great resurrection morn when the sea shall give up the dead!

So ended the short sad history of a most interesting and intellectual woman, fitting finale for so tempest-tossed a life.

The most casual reader cannot but have been struck by the extent of Margaret's intellectual abilities; her varied stores of information, her tenacious memory and unwearied perseverance; not that she studied books only, for frequently and with great earnestness did she turn to scrutinise and read her brother-man. Large-hearted and sympathetic in the extreme, her aid never failed her friends, and she would leave at any moment the most joyful circle to render assistance to the unhappy and forlorn. Her ardor in the cause of the suffering and degraded women confined at Sing-sing, was as irresistible as her love for books; and if in aught she seemed to demand a wider tolerance than most obtain for individual peculiarities, it arose from the wide range of a nature which dare not, cannot be tried by average specimens of humanity, the exquisite sensibilities and perceptions of such being at once the source of their greatness and their grief, while in the noble goodness and usefulness to which they may ultimately attain, lies their justification and their reward.

XIII.—A WORD TO THE WISE.

A SHIRTMAKER——now it is probable that you have already imagined a gaunt female, who, in a gloomy attic, by a dim taper's ray, stitches on, and on, and on, till twilight relieves the stars, and the city towers grow more and more distinct as they stand grim and silent in the weird morning.

It is a mistake, you are premature. In the phraseology of the trade these people are never termed shirtmakers, they are simply *hands:* and this is rather a happy designation, for the heart, the intellect, the immortal principle, are all ignored; they came into the world to make shirts. Soon as their tiny hands could guide the stitch they commenced their task, and they go on making shirts till the hands grow big and bony, and the eyes grow dim.

A shirtmaker then, dear reader, is an individual who doesn't make shirts at all, but gives them out to other people, whom he pays for the actual sewing precisely what he thinks proper.

Did you catch at the pronoun? "Precisely what *he* thinks proper." Exactly. Shirtmakers are gentlemen, at least so they claim to be considered, nor shall we stay to investigate their title to the appellation. We are already wide of our predetermined course, having got off the line in the very moment of starting. We had intended to observe at the outset that in a conversation we had recently with one of these gentlemen, he remarked, that it appeared to him that

much of the sympathy which had been expressed in the behalf of needlewomen was a mere sham. He stated that some of his own hands had left him, in the hope of bettering their condition by working for private ladies, but the hands had again returned to him, begging their former employment, for the ladies were so *hard* and so *near*, that they found they could do better on the warehouse work; and he added impressively, "some ladies would swoon at sights we see every day, *but they would never think of doing anything.*"

We are all erring creatures, and nothing is more easy than to find fault. The genius of some persons is essentially splenetic, hence the pitiful demagoguery which curls the lip of the better informed portion of the community is facile to those whose thoughts are upon their tongue, and are offered thence without having undergone any process of sifting or measurement in the mind. Yet along with the heterogeneous utterances there does sometimes fall a just remark, a merited stricture; and we are sorry to be forced to accept the assertions of the shirtmaker as being but too true. We may well pray—"From hardness of heart, good Lord deliver *us.*"

But there are various *kinds* as well as *degrees* of this hardness. In some it is the hardness of ice, very hard, very cold; but the genial influences of kindness may melt it, and the strong man will tremble and weep in his surging emotion: so, could the giant glacier be brought to stand in a more genial and equal clime, it would weep day and night.

In other natures it is the hardness of granite; no gentle influences will affect it, nothing but some terrible force can rend it, and then, in its minutest particle, it is granite still.

We may not judge another: nor indeed in any case, *can* we infer the nature or depth of human sympathy from outward verbal demonstration, however excited or vehement. To judge thus would be equally erroneous as to judge of the ocean's depth by its toss and foam. There is often a great depth of affection beneath a frowning and repulsive exterior, hid treasures of benevolent sympathy; but in the rigors of adversity, the sharp blasts of bitter biting poverty, the surface is frozen over, and the man appears to have merged into the brute.

These sealed fountains are sometimes very easily broken up. A friend of the writer's was one day visiting in a very low locality, when she observed a Field Lane youth, a well known incorrigible thief, tracking her steps, and pausing whenever she paused to speak to the various groups of children as she went along. She turned round somewhat sharply, and with a glance of suspicious inquiry. We quote her own words—"He understood me, but instead of assuming that air of profound innocence he doubtless knew well how to assume, he blushed, that thief. I never beheld a finer countenance; it was unmistakably Irish, and he had the brow of a poet, Oh, how eloquent of shame and sadness were his eyes, when in reply to my suspicious glance he said with ardor: 'If the hunger was bitin

me heartstrings, its not the valley of a pin I'd take from *you*, lady; but its a hair o' yer head that I'd like to stale.' The people in these places are a riddle to me. They seem to combine opposite natures, as if two volumes, Paine and Paley, were bound under the same cover."

But it is not of human nature as developed in those that are poor and steal, that we propose to treat in this paper. There are adamantine hearts beating beneath bodices of costly fabric, and giving undulation to ripples of finest lace. In Marie St. Clare, whom we all remember, Mrs. Stowe has drawn such a character very strongly, (for her's is a bold pen,) and it is worth while to inquire into the causes of such unnatural development. Is it that education contemplates the intellectual powers to the neglect of heart culture; that the young are impressed with the duty of acquiring good for themselves, without the associated idea of the responsibility of diffusing it to others? What boots it to the heavy laden on life's weary highway, that I have so accurate an acquaintance with languages that in no city in Europe could I be detected as an alien, that enchantment is in my pencil, that historic record is as familiar to me as the record of my life, and that mapped on my memory is every geographical line in every part of the round world? What profit is it to the fatherless that I have gathered wealth from every mine of knowledge? Such knowledge is a good, to affect to depreciate it were more than folly; but then it is a good for *myself*. Like a diamond it is an ornament, a precious treasure, but the rays that flash from the gem have nothing genial or healing in them.

There are some women whose natures seem to be regulated on the self-consuming principle; all the heart's warmth is thrown back upon itself, the torch is "lighted for itself," and all the rays and heat derived from foreign sources are absorbed without being reflected. How can it be that, in so many instances, woman's heart is so sterile; that there is such an utter dearth of benevolent sympathies; that like a desert heath which receives all the rain and all the sunshine that falls on the fruitful field, it has nevertheless nothing to offer in return, has not even a solitary flower nodding in the wind? Is it not for the want of *cultivation?* The relative value of the qualities of heart and intellect are too commonly lost sight of. The position of Knowledge is in the rear of Goodness, the one being designed merely as the handmaiden of the other. We *must* admire learning and genius, but what are these alone in comparison with benevolence and devotion in women. We ask this as our imagination reverts to a delicate female stepping into a boat as it oscillated fearfully, and, heedless of the tempest's awful roar, loosing from the mooring, and offering battle to death on behalf of his struggling prey. To have a heart large enough for such a thought, and pitying enough and heroic enough to do its prompting; to have such a heart beating in one's bosom, is a treasure compared with which all mere intellectual acquisition, however valuable, must fail. Such a soul was worthy of the "British Warrior Queen," but Grace Darling

exercised her heroism in a more legitimate sphere. Woman's sphere is not the battle-field. Florence Nightingale was not wanted there: her place was the hospital, a place howbeit requiring equal courage and constancy; when every sense was haunted by horror, the sight of wounds, the sound of groans, and an everlasting scent of blood, required a motive to endure them, which nothing but a vast and victorious sympathy, ever fresh and ever active, could sustain.

But how is this sympathy to be cultivated? In a volume in which there occurs no mistake, we read that "By the sadness of the countenance the heart is made better." In order properly to sympathise with distress, we must surely *see* something of it. This is in too many instances entirely overlooked. It is perfectly true that in this great city, to a certain extent, we lodge strangers, we bring up children, and we wash the saints' feet: but then we do all these by proxy. We don't *see* the strangers, or the children, or even the saints; we don't *want* to see them, we don't care to. But this, though a very convenient, and sometimes a very proper way of succouring distress, is not the best or the only way of doing so. By this means our own proper sphere is merged into another, for *men* can do these things by proxy as well as we. The reason why so little sympathy is experienced, is that we do not come in contact with suffering itself. We look on pictures, not on originals. We hear *of* the distressed, but we hear not *them*. We *send*, but do not *go* to the house of mourning. We do not *visit* the fatherless and widows, but depute somebody else. Could we look full in the face of widowhood, could we *hear* the tale of suffering as uttered in the fulness of the heart that bleeds, the best feelings of our nature would be insensibly drawn forth. Could you take the soft and tiny palm of a neglected little child and place it between your own, you would find by that simple act you had linked yourself to that little child. A thrill would pervade your whole nature, in which every chord of womanly sympathy would vibrate; and as the child looked wonderingly into your eyes, you would recognise in it the representative of its class, and would find yourself under a necessity of charity. Nor think that such visits to the house of mourning, and to the abodes of poverty and distress, are not the best preparation for enjoyment in the house of feasting. They only know how to "laugh" who observe also the "time to weep."

There is something very ennobling and elevating in the prosecution of woman's allotted task. She only has the requisite fitness. "Women's work" is sometimes spoken of half contemptuously, as if it were work *beneath* a man, rather than work above him. Give a man a sick child for a night. You will not do that if you love either the child or the man. He is unequal to the task; but while he goes to sleep in right of his manhood, woman is superior to the demands of nature. It is a holy vigil. Through the long night hours she sits, her movements and her drapery as noiseless as the expansion of the angel's wing, whose invisible presence is mysteriously appre-

ciated in seasons like these. Woman, in her normal state, has a very near affinity to the angels.

But how, after the mention of Grace Darling, etc., appears the character referred to by the shirtmaker: the lady who is "so near and so hard;" of the class that swoon at shocking sights, but "never think of doing anything?" We have met with specimens of this class, and can account for their practice by their views. These are certainly peculiar. For instance, if a poor woman be left a widow with several small children, the lady holds that, in consequence of that fact, the widow is bound to accept a lower rate of remuneration for any employment which any lady in her charity may furnish, than is demanded by a widow who has no children and no lack of employment. She holds further, that if a "poor creature" can scarcely get a bit of bread to eat, that is a reason why she must do a little charing for her victuals only, as, of course, "poor thing, she will be very glad to do." Further, if a consumptive girl has executed some needlework according to instruction, and the lady who has benevolently given her the employment afterward changes her mind about the pattern, it is the girl's duty to make the required alteration: that is, to undo her previous work, and do it over again, subject to the same risk of its not suiting after all, and of course she must do this without presuming to expect additional payment. Perhaps this was what the shirtmaker's hands meant by being "so near and so hard."

But who does not see that in seeking out all these "poor creatures," and giving them a little employment, these ladies are very charitable? And great capital do they make of their benevolence. They might make capital of their economy too, for they save many a shilling in this way. As regards the other form in which their tender natures are exhibited, we shall describe a scene which occurred under our own observation.

It so happened that on a certain occasion the writer was in the street with a lady of the class described. A cab turned the corner quickly, and a few yards ahead a little child was crossing. There was a holloa! The child ran, fell, and at the same instant there was a double shriek, one from the child over whose hand the wheel of the vehicle had passed, and one from our lady companion, who straightway fell into a swoon, fulfilling the words of the shirtmaker. But we have seen a great deal of swooning in our time, have seen hair-pins sticking in people's heads, and girls going head foremost, quite irrespective of the position of their scissors or needle, or whatever might happen to meet those heads upon the floor, and we could not be expected to feel very much sympathy with a case that was managed so admirably. Besides we had not been used to see ladies capable of making signs, and all that sort of thing. Well, we understood that we were to hail a cab to take the lady a few steps to her own door. Home and the sofa reached, a series of hysteric fits was adopted. The bell was rung continually, and servants ran hither

and thither; the meat-jack stood still in amaze, while the fire made the most of its opportunity to do mischief to the mutton. Now seriously, for these things are very humiliating, what does all this imply? Was there one particle of concern for the injured child in all this? We believe not. Such results *might* have occurred in the case of a woman of amiable disposition, but in such exhibitions as these there is not one fraction of evidence of real sympathy. People should *educate* their nerves. Nerves are for endurance and not for hinderance. We believe that a woman may be the victim of her nerves, and yet herself be dominant over almost every instinct of her womanly nature.

We do not believe that this character applies largely to our sex, but let every one avoid the least approach to it. Some women are rather afraid of being suspected as "strong-minded." A lady once remarked that she felt almost ashamed, when it was told of her, amid astonished ladies, that she had been present during a certain operation of a surgical nature. Everybody wondered how she could *bear to see* it. They were "sure *they* must have died." The remark was to the surgeon himself. "Ashamed," he replied, energetically, "be ashamed of the blush of health upon your cheek, be ashamed that you can walk without a crutch! If you think there is anything to be ashamed of in that, it would be less absurd than to be ashamed of your nerve."

It is a mistake to suppose that sensible men can admire a woman for her silliness. There need be no fears entertained on that point.

There was a singular contrast to the delicate lady, in the poor woman who took up the child, *at the same time noting the number of the cab.* She carried the child, who was motherless, to the surgeon, and held it while two of its little fingers were amputated, consoling it tenderly the while. Yet this woman, because she appeared calm and collected, is termed hard-hearted, while the lady who only did a swoon for the benefit of the injured little one, is, forsooth, a model of tenderness and sensibility. These are they, who, averting their eyes from the maimed and bleeding, "Pass by on the other side;" while the kind Samaritan who can look upon the gaping wound, and bind tenderly the dreadful fracture, is considered a man of *coarse* and unnatural feelings.

"Ah," said a lady, speaking of Miss Nightingale, with a sigh complimentary of her own more tender nature, "she did a great deal of good, but I am sure she cannot be like me." No, madam; and from the depths of its distress, our bruised and bleeding humanity may lift its eyes, and give thanks to God that all women are not like you.

But there are some persons who appear to imagine that the possession of wealth involves absolution from these duties. But does it not rather bind closer the obligation? That I am strong can never be a reason why I should not support the weak. There is great difficulty in bringing home responsibility; we merge our in-

dividuality in the multitude, but if *each* in the multitude merged her individuality thus—what then?

And there are other and great difficulties in the way of those who seek to ameliorate human distress. Nor can we take comfort in the delusion that difficulties "vanish," even at the approach of the most determined courage. They *do not* vanish; they are THERE, and we have got to surmount them. Some people speak of obstacles as though they were something like the silvery Alps of Cloudland, through which defiles deep and wide are ever breaking, or which melt in the calm cerulean expanse while we gaze upon them. Ah! there is not quite so much poetry in the case. If obstacles made their bow and retired at our approach, why one would rather have obstacles than not, just a pleasant diversion on the way.

But difficulties are being overcome. It is well that we should be advised of them, and learn to understand them; nor must there be undue deference to prejudices and erroneous habits of thought and judgment. A wide-spread sympathy is alert, and woman is awaking to her responsibilities. Ladies are threading our alleys, and picking their steps in regions unused to be trodden by well-shod feet. The sympathies of the age are rivetted on the fallen, and suffering, and oppressed of the community. The heart of Pity is stirred within her, and Charity is eager to do her prompting.

And Charity is invincible: as well try to counteract natural force, as well seek to frustrate the influence of the Virgin who stands beside the Lion on the zodiacal arch, as to divert the sympathy or call off the attention of philanthropy from the objects of its solicitude. Special attention is being directed to the "rights" and the wrongs of woman. Almost every class has grievances to be redressed. The work is to be done, not by a few women doing a great deal, but by each doing what she can, more or less, as she has opportunity. As the work is done quietly and well, the aid of the other sex will be tendered. Men are not the shortsighted beings they are sometimes represented by shortsighted women, and which some of them almost merit to be considered from their unadvised speeches. We deprecate their disapprobation. It would be a bad omen if men generally condemned our views, or the mode in which they are carried out. But we believe the opposition described as encountered from them to be greatly exaggerated. Two or three jealous critics, a few individuals from whom a woman may have carried off a prize, may now and then vent their spleen anonymously. We have met with no other form of opposition, and we are proud to have secured the approval of many of the greatest and best men which our country can boast.

XIV.—LOSS AND GAIN.

THOU hast done well to kneel and say:
Since He who gave, can take away
And bid me suffer—I obey.

And also well to tell thy heart
That good lies in the bitterest part,
And thou wilt profit by her smart.

But bitter hours come to all:
When even truths like these will pall,
Sick hearts for humbler comfort call.

Then I would have thee strive to see
That good and evil come to thee,
As one of a great family.

And as material life is planned,
That even the loneliest one must stand,
Dependent on his brother's hand;

So links more subtle and more fine,
Bind every other soul to thine,
In one great brotherhood divine.

Nor with thy share of work be vext
Though incomplete, and even perplext,
It fits exactly to the next.

What seems so dark to thy dim sight,
May be a shadow, seen aright,
Making some brightness doubly bright.

The flash that struck thy tree,—no more
To shelter thee,—lets Heaven's blue floor
Shine where it never shone before.

Thy life that has been dropped aside
Into Time's stream, may stir the tide
In rippled circles spreading wide.

The cry wrung from thy spirit's pain,
May echo on some far-off plain,
And guide a wanderer home again.

Fail—yet rejoice. Because no less
The failure that makes thy distress
May teach another full success.

It may be, that in some great need,
Thy life's poor fragments are decreed
To help build up a lofty deed.

Thy heart might throb in vast content,
Thus knowing that it was but meant
As chord in one great instrument;

That even the discord in thy soul,
May make completer music roll
From out the great harmonious whole.

It may be, that when all is light,
Deep set within that deep delight
Will be to know *why* all was right;

To hear life's perfect music rise,
And while it floods the happy skies,
Thy feeble voice to recognise.

Then strive more gladly to fulfil
Thy little part. This darkness still
Is light to every loving will;

And trust,—as if already plain,
How just thy share of loss and pain
Is for another fuller gain.

I dare not limit time or place
Touched by thy life; nor dare I trace
Its far vibrations into space.

ONE only knows. Yet if the fret
Of thy weak heart, in weak regret
Needs a more tender comfort yet;

Then thou may'st take thy loneliest fears,
The bitterest drops of all thy tears,
The dreariest hours of all thy years,

And through thy anguish there outspread,
May ask that God's great love would shed
Blessings on one beloved head.

And thus thy soul shall learn to draw
Sweetness from out that loving law
That sees no failure and no flaw

Where all is good. And life is good,
Were the one lesson understood
Of its most sacred brotherhood.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

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

NO. II.

(Concluded from page 44.)

WITH that natural cheerfulness which so distinguishes your O. Cs. —Hope "springing for ever in our breasts" with the persistency of that "jack in the box" which was the object of our juvenile terror and delight—we conveyed to you last month our conviction of having at last reached our desired haven; a rash and premature conviction indeed, which a very few days served to dissipate into thin air! And yet, no wonder we were beguiled: the first aspect of Wastdale Head appeared to realise our fondest anticipations; the very fact that our luggage could with difficulty be got up to the door of the farm-house, was in itself satisfactory to such lovers of solitude and wildness! We arrived early in the morning, after a lovely drive by the shore of the lake. Our driver was an idiot lad, from whom however we continued to extract the delightful assurance that there was no regular road to or from Wastdale Head, except the one by which we arrived. The Pass of Blacksail on the one side, and of Styhead on the other, being impracticable except for ponies.

We were met about half a mile from the farm-house by the farmer himself—"t' ould master" in the vernacular, an epithet which you may be sure your O. Cs. immediately adopted in place of any more respectful or conventional appellation. We were requested to alight, and our charioteer was to follow, if, and as, he could with our luggage. If and as he *chose* too, we discovered, as t' ould master ejaculated at intervals with a grin, "He's a flot little body he is! God knows if he'll ever coom along! God knows if he'll ever bring t' looggage at all!"

T' looggage however arrived before we had half exhausted our delight at having at last found "the very thing." Our sitting-room was a large kitchen which opened on the farm-yard, with a door which we never could close, for the simple reason that the window was far too small to light the room. Another door, or rather archway, for door there was none, led into a passage, and a third opened into a tiny parlor, which we were warned must be our residence if any chance tourists, staying for one night, required the kitchen. Wooden chairs and benches and a couple of tables formed our furniture, but of decoration there was plenty; for were not the walls gracefully adorned with various useful and ornamental utensils, such as fire-irons, and a warming-pan, suspended by packthread upon hooks?

And could we require book-cases or cupboards, when the rafters had cross shelves nailed to them, which contained such miscellaneous

articles as a flute, old pamphlets, books, fishing tackle, oat cake, innumerable pots and pans, two or three immaculate goose quills ready for any extraordinary emergency which might require their aid, pipes, boots and shoes, and a bonnet? And which would also have held any and every article we might have been agile enough to throw up, or, by climbing on a table, tall enough to place there?

Upstairs we were equally satisfied. On one point late experience had made us rather nervous, and it was therefore with deep congratulation that we said to one another, "The windows will open as wide as we like." One pane having appeared in many houses to be considered to admit sufficient air, and air being another weakness (to how many have we already confessed?) of your O. Cs.

Washing apparatus was not plentiful; but on our inquiry we were told we could have a "moog" if we liked. A "moog" we fondly imagined might be a bath, but on its appearance turned out to be a small shallow earthenware pan. Chests of drawers in each of our rooms, but all the drawers locked. "May we open these?" suggested I, humbly.

"Wull, I doan't think we'd loike to spare her one, wud we?" said Mrs. Ritson, in an emphatic aside to the attendant damsel. But your O. Cs. are not easily disconcerted. A. luckily had a spare bed in her room, and what so convenient as to dispose her wardrobe thereon? I had no such convenience. But here, oh most faithful and invaluable of friends! here is the place to record that unexampled proof of tender and thoughtful affection which brought comfort and convenience to solace me in this emergency! And may every traveller who launches into the uncivilised wilds of Cumberland be fortunate enough to possess a friend like thee! At that supreme moment of farewell, when, choked by emotion, we were exchanging our last words, didst thou not, oh B——a! draw me aside, and with significant and affectionate mystery, press into my hand six——gimlets? Yes! and without thy thoughtfulness I should have gone forth to encounter my adventures utterly comfortless, hopeless, helpless, in a word—gimletless! And are there any readers of this enlightened periodical who will innocently inquire whether these gimlets had other significance than as being a pointed and penetrating souvenir of friendship? To them I will answer: go to Wastdale Head, find no cupboard and no drawers, and then calmly unpack your trunk, mount on a chair, insert your gimlets round the wall at proper intervals, (I doubt not the holes I made are still there, and will facilitate the operation,) and then hang your garments round the room, and with a grateful heart, as I did, thank the originator of this invention. Grateful indeed might I well be, at being saved from my only other alternative of daily dives into my trunk, now become a chaos of hopeless confusion; dives made without the slightest idea from which corner I had the best chance of fishing up the required article, beyond a dim presentiment, which always proved correct, that it would be found at the very bottom of

all. Our rooms satisfactorily arranged, we proceeded to put up A.'s easel, and to dispose our writing materials and books in the small parlor which was exclusively our own.

Those standard works which our London minds had steadily rejected for years, as far too heavy to get through, and which, with yearly recurring and delusive confidence in some "thaumaturgic" effect of country air, we had brought down with us, were prominently and proudly put in the most conspicuous places; while lighter works, with an affectation of careless contempt, were thrown in the rear.

In the strictest confidence your O. Cs. will confide to you that the geological volume, the large philosophical treatise, and the abstruse historical investigations, with which they meant to charm their leisure hours, will return to London uncut, unread, untouched; whereas —— shall we confess to that box from Mudie's, or shall we not? Confidence, even in our beloved public, may go too far, so I think we will pass over that in silence.

"That looks very well," said I, falling back to a distance, to admire the effect produced by my artistic grouping of Ruskin, Goethe, Carlyle, and Tennyson, the best bound of our library.

"This looks a great deal better," said A., dragging me to the door, where Scawfell Pikes towering up shut out the eastern heavens, while the morning cloud of vapour, which always seemed to love to linger on the highest point of the Gable-End, was slowly fleeting away.

> "See, rising up the mountain gorges, pale
> Columns of mist, sun-smitten, afar off
> To me, as unto Adam ere he fell,
> The angel warders, their brief vigil o'er
> Rising from Eden's vales on snowy wings." *

"That is such a pretty passage," said I, after quoting it, "and from a little volume which is not half enough known." How long I might have held forth on the inexplicable caprices of popular favor I know not, for A. stopped me with something decidedly more to the point.

"I have been asking about dinner," said she, "and do you know they say they can very seldom get fresh meat."

"Delightful!" exclaimed I, "that does sound remote and wild!"

"Yes," said A., not responding with that cheerfulness I expected, "but I am not particularly fond of eggs and bacon. Are you?"

"I never tried it for long," returned I, "but I have no doubt it will be extremely nice."

"I have also asked about the post," said A.; "we have to send seven miles to post and get our letters, and there is not always a messenger to be had."

"Well, I like that too," answered I, with that defiant emphasis which we never use except when we are trying to impose upon ourselves as to our real opinion.

* "Autumn Leaves." By the late Dunsterville Brucks.

This being our first day of really settled rural life, we lost no time in divesting ourselves of our town habiliments, and appearing in that simple and rustic costume we had so carefully devised.

"You do look absurd!" was our mutual assurance. But here I must premise for your enlightenment; that, as every one has some aim or other, and though he or she may not choose to confess it, their ways, and words, and dress, and demeanor, all tend to produce the one desired effect; so had we our aim, adopted *pro tem*, and while others wish to appear interesting, or amiable, or refined, or fascinating, our aim throughout our holiday has been to be—ridiculous. We considered it would be far the pleasantest and most attainable object in our power; and, unless our friends and our natural vanity deluded us, it was one for which we had a singular natural aptitude, so much so, as to attain it occasionally quite without effort, and unconsciously to ourselves. Deliberately striving for it then, what extreme might we not hope to reach?

Thus our highest compliments to one another have been what to other ears might have sounded as unpleasant and uncivil truths, and the caricatures which we have despatched to our families and friends have been generally accompanied by assurances from the victim that her absurdity had not been done justice to. I would venture to suggest this plan of ours to all tourists and holiday seekers, and I do so with less diffidence, as my late experience quite strengthens me in the belief that their success would be far more signal than in striving to produce the impressions they now aim at, in which they certainly do not succeed.

We had had lovely weather, so we could not complain when a leaden greyness covered the sky. Solemn and melancholy does Wastdale Head look even on bright days, and most extremely gloomy is it in dull dark weather.

"If we were not naturally jolly," said A., "this would be depressing." (You will observe that your O. Cs.' phraseology is not so studied or correct as in their London life.) We gradually began to confess that there were drawbacks. "But nothing is perfect," said we, which truism did not mend matters. Your O. Cs. always like to see the sun set; occasionally they like to see it rise; but at Wastdale Head you can do neither. Close shut in by a screen of mountains the sun did not appear over them till late in the day, and disappeared early in the evening. Then the paths, or path,—for there was but one,—was so stony, that by the time we reached the lake, A. was half lame, and quite too tired to paint, so she contented herself with beginning a picture of the Styhead Pass. The Cumberland people, we had begun to see, were far too reserved, not to say surly, to respond to any of our friendly advances. In vain had we alternately exerted all those powers of fascinating urbanity and cheerful amiability for which your O. Cs. are so remarkable. Not even from the little girl who had been one of the performers at Mr. Brocklebank's ball, could we extract anything but monosyllabic replies; and

a youth of twelve, who was with some difficulty caught and bribed to carry A.'s painting umbrella and easel about a hundred yards, made a daily point of howling the whole way, till A. dismissed him, and preferred carrying her apparatus herself, to either driving or coaxing on this reluctant and disobliging Ganymede. Let us pass over the first four days, and draw up the curtain, discovering your O. Cs. seated at dinner.

Scene. The small parlor,—for tourists have arrived and taken possession of the kitchen. Steadily pouring rain is heard against the casement. A table, spread with eggs and bacon. Dead silence, broken by an occasional stiff and civil observation from one or other. This latter particular may astonish you—but, oh, civilised reader! our little parlor's one door led into the kitchen where dwelt our tourists, and this door closed so imperfectly, as to give us the benefit of their conversation, and to carry to them in like manner every word we said. Our talk therefore was divided between meteorological, or political, or literary remarks uttered in an audible tone, and with that peculiar theatrical manner which always accompanies one's consciousness of an unseen audience;—and vivid pantomimic expressions of our real feelings.

"T' mon's coom bock again, and there's naw letters for you," said Mrs. Ritson, coming in to take away our meal.

This had been the one speck of possible entertainment, which had promised to gleam upon our day. No letters, in consequence of our uncertain wanderings, had reached us since we left town; and now this hope had failed, we gave ourselves up to the melancholy of our situation. Rain, gloom, enforced silence—this last is a special hardship to your O. Cs.—what was to be done?

"I will read out Cymbeline," said A., and she began.

"How very fine that is!" yawned I, at the expiration of half an hour, "but I have been thinking there must be some mistake about those letters;" and again we went over the old supposition of possible contingencies, which, all ingeniously assembled together, as we knew they could *not* have been, left the non-arrival of letters a natural and perfectly simple occurrence.

"Go on with Cymbeline," said I, languidly, and on went A., till she got as far as Iachimo's confession—

> "Take that life, beseech you,
> Which I so often owe: but your ring first,
> And here the bracelet of the truest princess
> That ever swore her faith." * * *

Here she suddenly,

> "—like a man
> Whom wrongs have armed with vengeance,
> Dashed the book down and began—"

"*One cannot go on living on eggs and bacon!*"

Irrelevant as this observation might appear to the reward of Imogen's patient fidelity, or Posthumous's very undeserved happiness,

it evidently found a ready prepared echo in my cogitations; for, without being at all startled at any incongruity between the two last speeches, I nodded a gloomy acquiescence, and after a pause said, "And really those moogs——."

A. comprehended this allusion to the length and inconvenience of ablutions performed in these receptacles, and assented with a melancholy shake of the head.

"And these mountains seem to stifle one!" was her next observation.

"And," returned I, eking out by gesticulation the assurance that we could not spend every evening, and in wet weather every day, without the power of exchanging a word unheard. But here I was compelled to draw nearer, and whisper how even in my bed-room I had to knock about articles of furniture, hum tunes, or otherwise convey the fact of my neighbourhood to the inhabitants of the next room, who would have made me an unwilling recipient of the private affairs they were discussing together.

"Do you think—" said I, and hesitated.

"Suppose—" said she, and paused.

"Let us go away from here!" we exclaimed at the same moment.

"How long have you wished it?" said she.

"About three days I think," was my reply, nodding towards the door, to imply that it was at that date our first detachment of tourists had arrived.

"Just when I began to wish it," said she.

Out came our map of the lake district, and our consultations over it were carried on till tea time, when a batch of eighteen letters and newspapers appeared, which some stray individual had officiously obtained for us, and deferred delivering till his business brought him to our house.

What with the letters, and the prospect of starting next day on an exploring expedition in search of some more satisfactory abode, our cheerfulness was wonderfully restored.

"Listen to what —— says," said I, reading out a passage from the letter of an enthusiastic friend of ours, in which she recalled having spent a few hours at the very farm where we were, and added, "How I envy you living at lovely, lonely Wastdale Head!" For a few hours,—yes; or even for twenty-four hour sit would be very bearable, and even rather pleasant, as we had found it; but two days had dispelled the illusion of its loneliness, and in part of its loveliness.

The next day dawned bright and chilly. We had settled to be absent for one night, which we were to spend at Ennerdale; and somewhere in that neighbourhood we trusted to find a new home. We packed our knap sacks, my somewhat reckless accumulation of toilette necessaries being checked by A.'s continual warning, "Remember you will have to carry it a good many miles—you must leave *this*—you must do without *that*—you don't know what it is walking with such a weight to carry!"

We were to ride for the first few miles, but when our horses came to the door, only one was found to have the luxury of a saddle, the other being furnished with a mere pad. However, there was no need to waste civilities as to which was to have the saddle horse. To A., as the most experienced equestrian, I left the other as a matter of course; and over Blacksail we started. Our steeds were so extremely reluctant, that if our whips had not been aided by the guide tugging at the bridles, and our mild remonstrances fortified by his stronger language, I doubt if we should have got on at all. Up the stony pass we wound, growing every minute more narrow and precipitous; through one or two mountain torrents; with the air gradually getting keener, and our horses stumbling in a way which very likely might not touch their character for being sure-footed, but assuredly jerked away our comfort for the moment. The windings of the path were so sharp that A., and I continually faced each other, so when the wind favored us, we could occasionally call out a sympathetic inquiry as to each other's well-being; but to keep her seat required such very accurate balancing on her part, and my horse demanded such continual attention on mine, that our communications were rare.

"What a lucky thing it is you are not timid," cried she, "many people would be frightened, for this is an awkward road!" Now *did* truth require that instead of nodding a cheerful assent, I should have shouted back my inmost feelings? Because the belief that my mangled remains would be shortly found at the bottom of some abyss had just grown from a matter of fear, into a calm and desperate conviction.

I went on (by way of diverting my mind) to consider two peculiarities always to be observed in horses and guides. First, why do the former, on a narrow and dangerous path, always go to the extreme verge, resisting all one's endeavors to make them at least keep in the middle? If horses are capable of silly bravado, I should say this habit of their's looks like it. They have never had the habit of carrying pack-saddles. And next, when these animals require personal chastisement, why do the guides always seize that very moment to administer it, when a false step would be fatal? Why are blows of the stick and jerkings of the bridle reserved for that particular sharp corner, where the horse should be allowed to concentrate his attention on the difficulties of the turning?

When we began our descent, "I think I would rather walk," said I.

"Well, it's not safe to roide ony longer," said the guide, but suggestively, as if his remark left the matter still undetermined. But I was down already, and so was A. And here we bade farewell to our steeds and their conductor, looped up our gowns, adjusted our knapsacks upon our backs, and started at as brisk a pace as was consistent with the innumerable pieces of stone which accompanied our every downward step.

Man—by which in the present case I mean Woman—must be a dramatic animal. Else why, I ask you, did A. and I, through the whole of this day, walk in single file, and swing our arms as we walked? It is not our habit to do either, but we had an instinctive feeling that the "situation" required it, and we were "representative" enough to respond at once. On we trudged down Ennerdale, now and then resting for A. to make a sketch, and for me to lie down on the soft tufts of grass and look up through half shut eyes at the mists gathering over the mountains, and the grey dull sky, and the barren moorland stretching up to the pass over which we had come, on the other side of which lay Wastwater. We had not met a creature all day, or heard a sound, save once the distant howl of a sheep-dog, and every now and then the rushing of a little mountain torrent.

"How many becks do you think we have crossed to-day?" said I.

"A dozen," returned A.

"Why, you said a dozen two hours ago, and since then I have slipped into two, and there were those two without stepping stones, and the one with that awkward jump, and——"

"Well, two dozen," said A., with careless contempt of my topographical interest. "It is easier to count how many living things we have seen. I wonder we have seen no cattle."

"I am glad we have not!" cried I, with sudden animation. "A herd of mad bulls in this solitary place would be anything but pleasant."

"If you would not call all horned cattle mad bulls—" began A.

"The object of words," returned I, "is to convey ideas. The idea of cattle is to me alarming and terrifying, which the word in its ordinary acceptation is not. Therefore I choose to call them mad bulls, as a more accurate way of conveying the true impression to my own mind and the minds of my hearers."

A. listened in unconvinced silence, and shaded away at her "effect."

"We must not stay to rest too long," said she, "for if we should not get taken in at that Boat-house, I don't know how much farther we shall have to go."

"Oh, but we shall," said I, "or at all events we shall manage somehow. I never heard of two human beings, with money in their pockets, who could not get food and beds somewhere."

"After all," cried A., jumping up and helping me to adjust my knapsack, "after all, we do not pull one another back, do we?"

"By no means," said I, "quite the reverse." And so, highly satisfied with ourselves, we trudged on; though it did flash across my mind, that certain respected and prudent relatives would characterise this very peculiarity of ours, as a proof how very unfit we were to be trusted together.

On we went. And our journey (the conversational part at least)

may be divided into three eras. The first of which consisted of animated and highly intellectual discussion on men and things. The second was mere comments on the road, and on our chances of bed and supper. During the third we trudged on in dead silence, with now and then an assurance (which neither believed in) that "we must be soon there now." It was long past eight, and the sunlight was dying off the mountains, when we caught sight of the Boat-house. We let down our looped-up dresses, took our knapsacks in our hands instead of on our shoulders, and, with a hasty appeal to each other as to the respectability of our appearance, presented ourselves at the inn, where we were met by ——, an Ogress; or such she appeared to our nervous and excited eyes. We quailed before her searching and suspicious glance, and assented with humble alacrity to her remark, "Why, you moost have coom over t' fells."

"Could we have beds?"

"Well, she did not much like lady customers, but, however, yes; we might have a double-bedded room."

An attempt at remonstrance was cut short by a decisive assurance, that, whether she had others vacant or no, we must take that.

"A sitting-room?"

"Well, she could not promise; there was a parlor we might go into, and if no gentlemen happened to want it, we might stay there, but we were to be sure to remember she did not promise."

All this in a broader dialect than I can attempt to convey.

We entered our parlor, where I curled myself up on the window seat, and A., flinging down her knapsack, seized her painting materials, told me to "order tea," and rushed off to get a hasty sketch of an "effect of light."

Order! I "*order*" this ogress to bring tea! However, I meekly "suggested" we should like it, and whether her bark was more than her bite—I suspect it was—or whether my helpless and submissive demeanor disarmed her I know not, but it was in a much more friendly manner, that looking at my black satin slippers she hoped I had not been walking in "them."

This evidence of human sympathy emboldened me so much, that I had the courage to decline bacon and eggs for tea, and to ask for "anything else," as we were tired of that article of food.

When the tea-pot came, and I, with a timid wish to propitiate her, put in a very small quantity, she insisted on my making it stronger, and henceforth assumed a tone of rough protection, which was infinitely satisfactory to us.

"Excessive fatigue," gasped A., leaning back in her chair after the first pangs of hunger were satisfied, "excessive fatigue has the effect upon me, of quite stopping my power of utterance."

"How very peculiar!" said I, and very peculiar I think it, and all the more singular, as I was the silent witness immediately afterwards, of a very long talk on the neighbourhood, the chances of lodgings, our journey, Cumberland in general, and Ennerdale in

particular, in which I will swear the ogress took far the least share.

Staying in the neighbourhood we found was impossible.

There was a "Methodee man," but he was "full," and by the time this was settled, we were too sleepy to care for anything but our clean comfortable beds. Our breakfast next morning was hospitably attended to, and a car sent for, which took us to Whitehaven, from whence we proceeded by rail to Drigg, and thence back to Wastdale Head, having succeeded in the object of our search only so far as to discover that Ennerdale, as a residence, was impracticable. After a little deliberation, a great deal of talk, and incessant consultings of maps and guide books, etc., we confided to one another that there was a certain point in the lake district, towards which a strong presentiment of its suitability drew us. Most fortunately this point of both our aspirations was the same, and such being the case, and any information which might be clearer than a presentiment being two days post off, and so necessitating a longer delay than we liked, we resolved to start for that precise spot of ground lying between Crummock Water and Lowes Water. It would be a twelve hours' journey at the best; and the first portion of it, namely, from Wastdale Head to Strands, was to be performed in a cart.

"I shall like riding in a cart," was my observation at breakfast.

"I am sure you did not like it when we went only a mile in one, while we were in Sussex," said A.

"Certainly not," replied I, "but I consider a pitchfork an entirely extraneous circumstance, and very likely to diminish the comfort of *any* vehicle, and I shall take care to have no pitchfork to-day."

Our boxes were put in, some dried fern for our feet, and by help of a chair, we mounted into the cart. On the highest of our trunks A. magnanimously perched herself, leaving me a more commodious seat, and off we jolted. That first mile of stony road, which t' ould master has very justly observed was left as Providence made it, produced a series of small concussions on the brain, which reduced me to a state bordering on utter insensibility, and I was scarcely conscious enough to rejoice at A.'s announcement that now we had got on to the road, or to echo her congratulatory exclamation at having got away from "lovely, lonely" Wastdale Head. We had not progressed more than three or four miles, when a wail of agony from A., in which I soon joined, announced the fact that the leather strap which secured our bundle of books had been so insecurely fastened, (by which of us is a matter of argument to this day,) that one after another, they had dropped out at the back of the cart, and no doubt, strewing the ground for the last few miles, would have traced our progress much more accurately than Hop-o'-my-thumb's many ineffectual devices. We stopped our cart: A., with sublime indifference, sat down to make a sketch, and the driver and I proceeded to walk back. Not only were our books lost, but, as I reflected, some of them were not ours, and a rapid consideration passed through my mind as to whether I should be expected to re-

place them. Worse still, there was a bundle of letters revealing the private affairs of all my particular friends. "Well, it can't be helped," thought I, with calm resignation; when, with a sudden and much severer pang, I remembered the pocket-book which revealed all *my* private affairs. "They *must* be found," I mentally ejaculated, and at that moment caught sight of the yellow cover of the last number of the "Virginians;" farther on gleamed the green back of the "King's Idylls;" a "Saturday Review" fluttered in the breeze; our "Bradshaw" lay securely under a furze bush; Mrs. Jameson's "Sisters of Charity" were nestling under a tuft of fern; letters and pocket-book were all safe, and I ran back joyfully to A., who evidently wished they had not been discovered so soon, as her drawing was not half done. We drew near Strands, and looking at the barn which had been the scene of our festivity, A. asked my opinion as to the effect of such balls on the minds of these country children.

"Effect! well I think it amused them very much," said I.

"Amused them!" returned she, contemptuously; "yes, but is it a healthy kind of amusement?"

"Exercise is healthy," said I, "surely."

"Of course," she went on, "I know that; but those *very* smart dresses, and the being made such a show of, and the excitement,—"

"It amused me," interrupted I, "I should like to go to another." But A. calmly went on as to moral effect, and rational entertainment, and healthy pleasures, till I ventured to suggest she should embody her remarks in an article for the "English Woman's Journal." Not, oh Public! I grieve to say, prompted by a desire for your enlightenment, but rather by a conviction that in that case my reception of these profound remarks would be optional, which at present it clearly was not.

We made a halt at Strands, during which our luggage was placed in a small car, four-fifths of which it completely filled, and into the remaining portion of which we squeezed ourselves.

A long breezy delicious drive brought us to Calder Bridge, where we were to dine, and where the servant at the inn placed before us —eggs and bacon! It was our fate; what could we say? It is in vain to struggle against an avenging and relentless destiny, so we devoured our meal in solemn resignation, and started to visit Calder Abbey. Whether it was the bright day, or the pretty approach by the banks of a winding river, or the contrast to the fearfully hideous modern residence beside it, I do not know, but we both pronounced the ruin one of the most beautiful we had ever seen. There was no attempt at keeping it up, or if there was, it was so skilfully done as not to be apparent; the ivy trailed and the ferns waved over the red and crumbling walls, and the delicate tracery of arch and window against the clear blue sky looked as if the first storm would suffice to bury all in hopeless destruction, nay, almost as if the fluttering wings of the pigeons, who were flying from side to side, might break away those slight fragments of ornament which capricious

decay had spared. The aisles were carpeted with mossy grass, and as we paced up and down I wondered whether it was some sacred memory clinging to the walls, or the utter silence around us, or the reverence inspired by perfect beauty, or the respect paid to desolation, which hushed our voices as completely as if a train of monks had been passing up to the high altar, and the banners had been waving, and the incense floating upward with the choristers' voices, as must have been on many and many a festival day kept in that abbey in the "old times." Tourists' voices, however, soon disturbed us. If I could convey to you—but no italics, and no notes of admiration will render, the utter contempt and disgust with which your O. Cs. pronounce that word. You would never imagine that we could be included under the hateful denomination; on the contrary, you might even suppose that the lake district was an estate transmitted to us by our forefathers, and that these obnoxious tourists were intruders on our property.

"But most of them are so—" exclaims A.

"Quite true," I interrupt, "I know that; only in their way perhaps they may be enjoying themselves."

As the shades of evening gathered over the desolate landscpae, and we were beginning to long for rest, we met a swarm of "red devils," as with agitated incoherence I denominated them to A. Red from head to foot; boots, hair, skin, clothes—all red.

"Just like drawings in red chalk," said A., coming down a step lower into the world of reality.

"Miners, miss; they looks queer loike, 'cause of the iron," said the driver, landing us on the level plain of fact.

But I must check my digressions, pass over that long day's journey, and bring you to our resting place, where we have now spent six weeks, and where we should stay on were it not———, but I must not anticipate events, and must rather describe our life until that fatal moment when———, but hush! you shall hear all in time.

How any schoolboy, who had watched us during our holiday, as we call it, would wonder what alarming amount of work we considered necessary for the rest of the year! for certainly idleness, if idleness means doing nothing, has not been one characteristic of our days. A.—I joyfully acknowledge her superiority—has sketched many a sunrise; and if I have not been quite so early, I think to have breakfasted, taken a little walk, and be seated at my work by eight o'clock, is a daily fact I may be allowed to refer to with complacency. Our windows face the east. Through the branches of a tall fir-tree we see the hills opposite, and a little to the right lies Crummock Water, with the mountains closing round, and the hills of Buttermere in the distance. We are, fortunately, not at the most beautiful end, and therefore can benefit by the view of it. I have remarked to A. that possibly what we call picturesque and interesting ages, may, in the same way, be more so to us than to the people of the time. But she has invariably nodded a quiet assent in that

manner, which, while it shows an intelligent comprehension of the idea, effectually hinders the theorist from developing it any further. I have gone so far as to say, that there were still deeper truths, and more applicable to ourselves, hidden in this natural fact; but I grieve to say A. shows small appreciation of my philosophical and moral discoveries. Therefore, oh much-enduring public! for your benefit will I reserve them, though whether they shall be administered to you under the form of epic or essay is yet undecided.

Behind our house is a most delicious wooded glen, through which runs a river, sometimes rushing noisily down over a stony declivity, and then quietly floating on through the clover meadows, with calm white water lilies lying on its still surface. On the other bank of this river is a place A. chose for her morning picture. The subject was to be, the "Secret Place" where Wordsworth's "Nature's lady" bent over the waters till "beauty born of murmuring sound would pass into her face." A secret place it is, and one which I think we may feel quite secure has not been painted before. It can only be reached by wading ankle deep through the stream, and four times daily is that operation performed by our enterprising A., for two journies each way are needed to carry over easel, picture, canvas, umbrella, and colors; to say nothing of shoes and stockings. It is so quiet and still there, that the other day she found a squirrel in the box beside her, investigating her tubes of paint.

In some places the river is very deep, and one part which is overhung with trees, serves as an admirable swimming bath, and was used by A. till——, but patience! For one of her afternoon pictures, which is also by the bank of the river, I accompany her; the way there being less adventurous, though even for that we have to cross a pole bridge, and considering that the river rushes below, and the pole is apt to shake, and we are heavily laden with materials for four or five hours' employment, I consider the intrepid and agile way in which we run across is very creditable to us.

Books, newspapers, and work are disposed around the easel, and to these I address myself, reclining comfortably on the air cushions, which also are a boon we owe to our invaluable B——a. Yes, I acknowledge it, that they, as well as the gimlets, were her kind thought, and, having benefitted by both, I freely extend to her my forgiveness for the advice, which at the moment I felt slightly insulting to my prudence, *i. e.* that I would not pack up both gifts in a dangerous proximity. But work and reading have occasionally to be laid aside when I am called upon (in terrible dearth of models, as you may well believe) to figure as a graceful maiden wandering by the river's brink. And such is my devotion to art, that I have retained without wincing, that calm expression of pensive sweetness which I was requested to assume, even while the rays of an August sun were sensibly melting my spine and drying up my brains. Neither in our morning or evening excursions have we ever seen anybody, except once or twice a mower, or a little child on her road to school. So se-

cluded is our position, that no tourist, we flatter ourselves, would ever discover our abode. Our rooms are airy and pleasant, and we have so far learned by experience, as from the very commencement, to accept with delight the conventional facts of sofas and arm-chairs and such like sophisticated comforts; and the kind and hospitable way in which we have been "looked after" with more attention than lodgers could expect, but not more than your slightly unpractical O. Cs. need, has been a charming relief, after the gloomy and unwilling attendance rendered us at "lovely, lonely" Wastdale Head. Shade and trees and verdure we have in abundance, and yet by mounting a few yards behind our house, we see the two lakes outspread before us, and thither every evening does A. repair for the sunset lights which flood Lowes Water, and are cast back by the eastern clouds and the reddening hills that rise up one behind another far away to our right, always the same, and yet never alike, colors and shadows and vapours hourly changing their aspect.

I do believe that the sea and the mountains appeal so much more strongly to our heart than any other form of scenery, just because they share our human power of changing their mood; and so we can draw out of the voice of the sea or the mists of the hills, a teaching and a sympathy, as true, as tender, as divine, as any human heart could give us, and at times when perhaps even the most loving voice or look would but jar upon our aching nerves.

But you will say, You are describing an Elysium: what propitiatory offering have you made to the Nemesis which grudges perfect bliss to mortals? Be satisfied, your O. Cs. had their Ring of Polycrates. *They* were with us. I say they, not from any ungrammatical carelessness, but because it is the only word we use to designate them.

"Are *they* coming do you think?" we ask often in blank horror.

"*They* have driven me in!" says A., when she returns home before her time.

No Orestes ever shrank before the approach of his shadowy avengers in more abject terror than we do before *them*.

"*They* are awful to-day!" was A.'s observation yesterday, and one in which I cordially agreed, after inspecting the fifty-two stings, reddening and inflaming, which these diabolical Midges—for who could *they* be, except these universal torments?—had inflicted on her. Your O. Cs. have been known again and again frantically to rush down a declivity, and at the imminent peril of their lives lie on a sloping bank and dip their heads into the lake. But in vain; I think *they* returned with double relish after their meal had been thus cooled and refreshed for them. But language fails me, and I pause.

One point I have till now intentionally passed over. There was a large vacant house a quarter of a mile from us, about which we often speculated: now imagining it to have been the scene of past crimes, and therefore appropriately filling it with present ghosts;

and at other times building castles in the air by peopling it with all our particular friends, to whom we were to serve as intelligent ciceroni through future autumns. Can you imagine our disgust when a troop of ladies in crinoline, gentlemen with pocket telescopes, and young people, ranging from screaming babies up to schoolboys of sixteen, were seen passing by our river? "Tourists," we said faintly, but we knew the reverse. The swimming must be stopped, the painting must go on in nervous expectation that any bush and any moment might reveal a prying spectator. Can you, but no you can *not*, imagine our feelings, when two days later, on our return home, we discovered our table spread with——visiting cards! We sank down in a state of prostrate agony which was beyond speech.

"Depend upon it," said A., "they have read your pamphlet on the 'Influence of the Ancient Celts upon the early Greek Drama.'"

"I wish I had never written it," said I, "yet, no,—that would be a selfish feeling, posterity must be considered. However I think it far more likely they have heard of your great picture of the 'Meeting of Vortigern and Attila upon Mount Atlas.'"

A. modestly repulsed this idea. But no, in either of these cases vanity might have sustained us; it was infinitely worse. A friend, or one whom we had considered such till now, had armed these—well, let me be moderate—these individuals with a letter of introduction. We watched them out and called. We found the daughters would like to sketch with us, to read with us; would *like* it! I should say would *do* it, and with an air of smiling urbanity, as if it were a mutual benefit.

Now, for fear you should think your O. Cs. quite too savage in their tendencies, I will tell you that kind and neighbourly offices were not wanting to us, for a mile or two off were friends who provided our table with delicacies, and our minds with new books, both of which we gratefully accepted. This in a parenthesis.

A few words are all I need to add. Two days ago a note was placed in my hands; it requested the honor of our company to dinner at half-past seven o'clock. I handed it to A.; we looked at one another with steady melancholy. I rose. I brought down Bradshaw; we bewildered our brains for a short time over that enigma, then guessed at a train; and at this moment your O. Cs. trunks are packed. To that real solitude of London, not the chimerical solitude of the country, we are about to hasten in the first instance, and a civilly worded note is on its way to the Grange, affirming that "our return to London will prevent our having the honor, etc."

A. A. P.

XVI.—ON THE BEST MEANS OF FORMING LOCAL SANITARY ASSOCIATIONS.

A PAPER RESPECTFULLY OFFERED TO THE COMMITTEE OF THE LADIES' SANITARY ASSOCIATION.

SINCE the public meeting held at Willis's Room, under the auspices of Lord Shaftesbury, on the 21st of last July, many questions have been asked as to the best means of carrying out domestic Sanitary Reform. What is going to be done? Who is going to do it? How are we to begin? Who are we to apply to?

As any measures calculated to influence the condition of cottage homes, or the dwellings of artisans, must in England be carried out by *local* activity, perhaps a few suggestions as to the way in which in can be efficiently roused and supported may not be unwelcome at the present moment, when so many ladies would willingly act, if they saw a prospect of practical success.

Supposing that an association is formed by a knot of people in London or any other town, for the purpose of spreading any reform, its diffusion over the country through affiliated societies and committees, each composed of active local members, will depend firstly on the ripeness of the public mind in regard to the idea which the association incorporates, and secondly, on the wise and energetic measures taken by the primary founders.

On the first head no fears need in this instance be entertained; we believe it may be safely affirmed that every educated man and woman in the kingdom has by this time been inoculated with at least a quiescent conviction that sanitary reform is a very good thing. The newspapers are full of it, the parish authorities regard it as an incumbent night-mare; there is a growing tendency towards the publication of hygienic literature; baths and washhouses rise in our thickly populated towns; and every mother at least wishes to bring up her children healthily. If the laws of health could be enforced by the holding up of hands alone, there is no donbt that "the ayes would have it."

Then comes the second point; what is the wisest way of setting to work to persuade *other* people to set to work, for in this is the great secret of success. Now as we said just now, English reformers must find some way of stimulating local exertion. If we were a French sanitary association planted in Paris, our best method would be to ask some great and benevolent lady to ask the Empress to ask the Emperor to send peremptory orders to his *préfets* and *sous préfets* in every department, and every subdivision of every department,

to whitewash every cottage, to remove every heap of manure, wash all the babies once a week, and lay a ruinous tax on perambulators. We suppose that the ruling powers at the Tuileries might destroy and rebuild every dirty French hamlet, as easily as they have levelled the old streets and grand old *hôtels* of the *moyen-age* to construct the wide airy Rue de Rivoli, which has murdered half the historical memories of Paris.

But we have no bureaucratic centres of influence in London, from whence, as from Paris, electric commands can be enforced in our provincial departments. Our many-sized and many-sided English counties possess a tough vitality of their own; they are little kingdoms, and it is not beyond the memory of two generations, that the county towns, the dear picturesque irregular county towns, crowning their fortified eminences, or placidly reposing amid the meadows of each lilied river, were miniature capitals, where the great people came to spend the winter in their "town houses," when the length and perils of a journey to London deterred them from metropolitan sojourn. And even the rapid extension of the railway system has as yet only partially modified this individuality. It is true that we have boards of various sorts and sizes located in London, and supposed to be highly efficacious, from Cornwall to Caithness; but these same boards are known to utter melancholy complaints of the opposition they meet with from the local magnates of every town, nay of every hamlet. The ratepayers of each parish are many-tongued and sometimes many-fisted; the schools of every district are under the strongest local influence, and it is worth while to listen to a school committee when the inspector is coming down, to get a notion of the internal currents which ebb and flow round the feet of that patient public man.

But must we regret the innumerable local centres of England as a misfortune? Shall we desire that our country should be reduced to a vast net-work of mechanical civilisation? Is Prussia, or Austria, or France, to be in this respect the object of our ordinary emulation? A deep inbred principle of local activity and self-government is the very essence of Anglo-Saxon life. It is the legacy of Alfred, and partly an inheritance from our early church. It nourishes all that is manly and earnest in our national character; it prevents Birmingham and Liverpool from being enslaved to London, and preserves to York and Norwich the beautiful impress of a bygone time. It cherishes those traditions which are the truest poetry of a great people; it embalms, as it were, those peculiar dialects which are a testimony to our rich and various blood; it cherishes the story of every hill and dale; and it trains up men capable of serving their country with the best energies of freemen, in a political organisation which is rapidly becoming the truest approximation to a democracy which the world has ever seen.

Yet there is another side to this picture of England. All these local centres are not wholly disunited one from the other; they are

powerfully swayed by common ideas; they are federal in their action. The Heptarchy is reduced to one united kingdom, the several members of which, though they move in freedom, are none the less parts of the body politic. Now, if we want to promulgate sanitary or any other reform, we must try and find the connecting links by which the separate centres are held together, and knit into one united whole. As in the human frame, so in the national frame; we must reach the ganglionic nucleus of each knot of nerves, of each combination of local interests, and work through *that* to the extremities.

Now, the most marked of all our local subdivisions is the parish, and the most influential lady therein is, or ought to be, the clergyman's wife. The Sanitary Association ought, therefore, to aim at securing the co-operation of every clergyman's wife in England.

The original idea of the parish is closely connected with that of a *house;* the early Christians met secretly in houses; and when better days dawned for them there was "one large edifice in each city for the people to meet in, and this they called *parochia*, or parish." Country parishes are said to have been of later formation, as was natural. In England we first meet with the distinction of parishes, as we now understand the word, in the laws of Edgar, about the year 970. Such technical details are not trifling in this connection, since they show that the parochial system lies so deep in the foundations of our national life.

Now, it is obvious, (putting wholly aside the religious question for the moment,) that, to the clergyman of the parish, and to his wife, falls an enormous amount of influence in purely social matters. They largely control the schools, and what is taught there; they visit high and low; they are the link between all the households under their care; they carry the gifts of the rich to the bare hearths of the poor; they acquire the mighty power of those who watch by our sick, and read the words of consolation above our dead. In politics, literature, dress, and household economy, they have the power of setting a perpetual example. The "Owlet of Owlstone Edge" reads us some curious lessons on this head, and so does "Adam Bede." There is no intellectual mistake more fraught with the seeds of practical failure, than to deny the influence of the working clergy of England; and even where the parish priest does *not* work, so great is the prestige of his position, that we might almost call him more influential in his idleness than other men in their industry. And the clergyman's wife shares this prestige and this influence.

Win *her* then first, in every corner of the country, and half the battle will be gained.

Following the parochial idea, we find in every parish a doctor; and this doctor may or may not be married; but, at least, he knows all the active ladies, and if he has any intelligent interest in his profession, he will be only too thankful to introduce among

them any association which bids fair to help him in waging war against disease and death.

Again, there is a parish school, and its mistress should be one of the very first whom the association should try to capture to its ranks. What a band of sanitary missionaries might the teachers of these schools become!

The matron of the workhouse is another person of great importance. Considering the enormous numbers of men, women, and children, who yearly pass under the superintendence of these matrons, they must be counted as among the most desirable recruits which the association could acquire.

It is amply worth while to ponder upon the truth of the above remarks, since to apply for help to the wrong persons is merely to waste powder and shot; and some such simple programme of action would enable any member of the committee, when visiting purposely or accidentally any new town or district, to bestow her energies in one simple and closely connected order, and in quarters where no charge of unbecoming intrusion could fairly be made against a benevolent worker.

Other centres there are of the most obvious description. The ministers of dissenting congregations have an immense influence over the poor; and still more over the shopkeepers and artisans of our manufacturing towns. The parish guardians must be sought for among Methodists and Baptists and Independents; and these bodies of Christian worshippers have each a class organisation, schools, and some provision for visiting the sick and destitute. One by one they should be sought by the sanitary missionary, and induced to disseminate simple tracts on hygiene, to enforce hygienic teaching in their schools, and to carry it out by practical exertion in the homes which they visit. Cleanliness being defined in Scripture as next to godliness, the ministers of religion cannot refuse to let it take a secondary place in their instructions.

Masters of manufactories are again a potent agency, and their wives may exercise a powerful sway over the work-people. Both the factory and the cottage will depend for their healthy regulation on the ruling heads. The evils of the former may be mitigated, the unhealthiness of the latter may be absolutely removed.

In fine, we may say, wherever one person represents or controls the interests of many, whether those interests be spiritual or secular, mental, moral, or industrial, let us aim at securing the hearty interest and effectual co-operation of that person. We shall leave a seed behind which will grow and spread in our absence like the mustard tree in the Bible, establishing its own local and independent life. Of course, such individuals will form small committees to aid in carrying out their plans in their particular districts, and by this means sanitary knowledge and practice will extend hour by hour.

But the beginning of all this must be sought in strong personal

conviction and activity; thinking will not do it, even writing will not do it; nothing but the living will, the living voice, will do it. All teaching was once oral, and the best teaching is oral still. If we want to redeem from death the little children that die daily we must really work to do it; work as St. Vincent de Paul, and John Wesley, and Elizabeth Fry, and Hannah Moore worked. Once fairly inaugurated, these moral reforms spread with a power which transcends the timid hopes of those who begin them; for the blessing of God is upon them, and those who fight, with Him for their helper, will assuredly prevail.

B. R. P.

XVII.—LIFE IN TURIN.

Artistically considered, Turin is the least interesting of all the Italian capitals. It boasts of no Roman antiquities, of but few mediæval monuments, and its museums and picture galleries, however creditable to the liberality of the sovereigns by whom they were founded or enlarged, can bear no comparison to the Vatican or the Uffizj. Though its position is singularly grand, with the Alps for a background, and the Po, the father of Italian rivers, circling round its base,—an absence of variety in the landscape, of the picturesque in the population and accessories, in whatever regards costume, coloring, and form, serves to complete its dissimilarity to Italy in all that has hitherto constituted Italy's sources of attraction.

But for those who love to mark a nation's struggles, progress, and development, this city has interest of another kind; and its contrast of life and energy to the decay for many years familiar to me during a residence in the Papal states, never struck me more forcibly than last summer, when, with a view to your edification and entertainment, reader, and to gather fresh impressions and revive former ones, I paid a visit to Turin. Its outward characteristics are soon delineated. Broad, level, well-paved streets, intersecting each other at right angles, terminating towards the north and west by a noble panorama of the snow-capped Alps, on the east by the verdant Collina, a range of undulating hills studded with country seats, while southwards stretch the fertile plains of Piedmont; large, regularly built squares, handsome, thriving shops; private carriages, omnibuses, and citadines dashing about in every direction; soldiers, gay and debonair; and a busy, plain, but honest looking population.

According to the last census of 1858, Turin contains one hundred and eighty thousand inhabitants; an increase of forty thousand since 1848. This one fact serves to give some idea of the country's rapid

development under a liberal government. The same policy which has attracted refugees from all parts of Italy to swell the population of the state, has wrought a corresponding expansion in its material and intellectual resources. It is scarcely possible to overrate all that Sardinia has gained in the last ten years. An Englishman, unless thoroughly acquainted with the condition of the rest of the peninsular, cannot appreciate the extent of these improvements. Measuring everything by the gauge of home perfection, he remarks there is still much left to do;—while the Lombard, or Modenese, or any other subject of the various Italian states, compares all he sees with what he has left perhaps only a few miles behind him, and is filled with rapture and astonishment.

Another class of my countrymen, looking on Italy as the special province of the antiquarian and the tourist, think these changes are dearly purchased. Piedmont, they declare, thanks to her boasted reforms, is fast losing all that rendered her worth seeing! Under the united influences of the constitution, railroads, and a free press, this consummation may not in truth be very distant. The country has undeniably degenerated from the characteristics formerly possessed in common with her Italian sisters. Politics, judicial reforms, vast public works, schemes more gigantic still of national emancipation, now hold, in the thoughts and conversation of the majority of the Piedmontese, the place which elsewhere in the peninsular is assigned to the *début* of a promising singer, or the apotheosis of a new saint. In lieu of grass-grown streets and decaying palaces, new quarters are springing up in every town; and the busy hammer of the workman is almost too ready to efface the inroads of time, to modernise and repair, to snatch from the treasures of the past whatever may be pressed into the service of the eager present. Those wonderful studies of mendicity, infantile beauty and dirt, and bare-footed friars, so dear to the artist's eye,—hitherto considered as inseparable from Italy as the blue sky or the cicada's summer chirp,—in the Sardinian states are fast disappearing also. The beggars are placed in asylums, the children are sent to school, and the friars are being suppressed.

And all this is the work of ten years! It is not necessary to be old to remember when, in political and religious intolerance, and in opposition to any of the novelties of the age, the Sardinian government ranked amongst the most despotic and conservative of Europe.

Hence it is that the events which led to these changes, the men by whom they have been worked out, and the struggles of opposing parties, are so bound up with Piedmontese life that any attempt at describing it involves frequent reference to these topics. Like Molière's Monsieur Jourdain, "*Qui faisait de la prose sans le savoir*," people in this country, without being exactly conscious of it, are living in history, and living very fast too. Blame me not therefore, if, carried away by the influences surrounding me, I should occasionally *write* it!

The great object of public attention at the time of my visit was the decennial exhibition of National Industry, comprehending every branch of native produce or manufacture, held in the palace of the Valentino, on the outskirts of the city. As a sumptuous relic of the seventeenth century, when the Duchess Regent Christina, daughter of Henri Quatre, had introduced into Piedmont a taste for the French style of architecture and magnificence in decoration, the Valentino for itself alone is well worth an inspection; and a stranger could not have seen it to greater advantage than in the blaze, glory, and animation of those summer days. Approached by a wide avenue of noble trees, its peaked roofs stood out in glittering clearness against the deep blue sky, and the unwonted stir around and within its precincts, recalled the descriptions of the revelries in which the regent was wont to seek solace from the toils of state, or the loneliness of widowhood.

Under the colonnades that form a semicircle on either side of the piazza in front of the palace, in shady walks laid out with the dignified precision of the Louvre, in long ranges of apartments on the ground floor, and in the grand suite of state-rooms upon the first, were arranged the varied specimens of industry, perseverance, and improvement furnished by the different provinces of the Sub-Alpine kingdom; Savoy, Piedmont, Genoa, Nice, and the island of Sardinia.

Agricultural and farming implements of all kinds, ploughs, wine-presses, butter-churns, honey, wax, beehives, and cheeses of every description, from the twin-brother of the piquant Parmesan, to the rich Gorgonzola or the mottled Mont Cenis. Wheat, Indian corn, beans, rice, barley, beet-roots for the production of sugar, hops, wines, beer, *liqueurs*, sausages, hams. The fine *paste* in which Genoa especially excels; maccaroni, vermicelli, rings, stars, balls, every imaginable variety of shape, some white, some saffron-colored. Chocolate, dried and preserved fruits, others crystallised in sugar; bonbons and confectionery, which rival any that Paris can produce. Steam-engines, models of shipping, hydraulic and sewing machines, iron stoves, balconies, winding staircases, beds, surgical instruments, clocks, watches, plate, jewellery, gold and silver filigree, and coral variously wrought; church ornaments, crucifixes, chalices, candelabras; cannons, mortars, fire-arms; lead and silver from the mountains of Savoy, rich samples of copper ore from Aosta and Pignerol, and iron from the island of Sardinia, disclosing a source of wealth long dormant in the country, but now rendered available through the activity of the government in resuming the working of mines almost wholly abandoned, and directing the exploration of new ones, coupled with the generosity of King Victor Emmanuel in throwing open to national enterprise what had hitherto been a crown monopoly. Numerous chemical products, composition candles, soap, starch, colors, and varnishes. Glass and earthenware. Silk in every stage, from the cocoon to the flowered damask of Turin, the gauze

of Chambery, or the three-piled velvet of Genoa. Woollen stuffs, broad-cloth, carpets, and cotton fabrics, in the manufacture of all which, through the removal of the duties on the raw material, a wonderful advance is of late discernible. Paper, hemp and cordage, flax and linen, saddlery, valises, travelling bags; carriages and harness; wigs, gloves, hair brushes, paint brushes, etc. Ready made clothing; magnificent church vestments, worked in gold and silver or colored silks; embroidery and lace from Genoa; artificial flowers. And lastly, all those articles of luxury in which Piedmont used to be almost wholly dependent upon France: ornamental furniture, worked up to the highest finish, inlaid, carved or gilded; mirrors and musical instruments.

With an evident eye to harmony in arrangement, the nature of the articles displayed was adapted to the rooms in which they were placed, so that the state apartments were the recipients of all the costliest specimens, and from their loftiness, gilded and painted ceilings, and richly sculptured door-ways, gave additional effect to the glittering objects crowded within them. It was long since the halls of the Valentino had worn so gay an aspect, or been trodden by so many feet. In every quarter you encountered a pleased quiet throng, chiefly of the middle and lower classes, for the whole thing was rather too utilitarian to be quite to the taste of the high world of Turin, which gave one ample facilities for the study of national physiognomy.

The women of Piedmont are not in general well favored; they are undersized and angular in figure, with a weather-beaten complexion, and flat noses. This struck me doubly, coming from Genoa, where female grace and attractiveness are proverbial; the transparent white veil or *pezzotto* worn by the Genoese is here also poorly replaced by caps tawdrily trimmed with colored ribbons or artificial flowers. A good many peasants were amongst the crowd, but except the women of the environs of Vercelli, who had a curious headgear of silver pins, the rest wore straw hats, not white, large, and flowing like the Tuscans, but dark in hue and heavy in texture, tied under the chin with some ill-assorted ribbon. It was easy to see you were in a country which had never produced any great painters.

To the men nature has been more bountiful. Though fine features are comparatively speaking rare, tall well-set figures, a frank and manly bearing, might be encountered at every turning. A Piedmontese can be told at once by his open, brave, but not over-intellectual face, in which you look in vain for the chiselled contour, the thoughtful brow, and quick restless eyes of central and southern Italy. It was interesting at the Valentino to compare the different Italian races, for every country in the peninsula was there represented. The political freedom enjoyed in Piedmont, the exceeding liberality shown towards those who have sought in it a refuge from the persecution of their own governments, have made it the resort of scores

of thousands, many of whom are now naturalised as Sardinian subjects. Romans, Lombards, Neapolitans, Sicilians, have here all found a home; and in their affection towards the land of their adoption seem completely to have laid aside those miserable international jealousies which have hitherto been the bane of Italy. The evidences of the country's prosperity arrayed before them, appeared as much a subject of congratulation to the *emigrati* as to the natives, all former rivalries being merged into the dominant feeling of satisfaction that, in Sardinia at least, a centre of Italian civilisation had been preserved.

Regarded as the fruits of ten years' enlightened and fostering administration, this exhibition was well entitled to be classed as a national success. It is to Count Cavour, the celebrated statesman at the head of the cabinet of Turin, that this development is owing; ever since his entrance into the ministry, in the autumn of 1850, he has labored indefatigably in promoting every department of industry, commerce, and public works. Not many months before he came into power, only seventeen *kilomètres** of railway were open to public traffic in the Sardinian states. At the end of 1858, one thousand *kilomètres* were completed, besides other lines in progress, the chief of which, that destined to connect Savoy with Piedmont by piercing through the Mont Cenis, will be a wonder of the world. To appreciate the activity of the government, no less than the public spirit of the population in submitting to the heavy taxation these works entailed, it must be borne in mind that they have been carried out by a state of only five millions of inhabitants, already burthened with the expenses of the two disastrous campaigns against the Austrians in 1848-49, and the part it had been called upon to take in the Crimean war in 1855. The progress of the Piedmontese in machinery has kept pace with the spread of their railroads. Formerly entirely dependent upon England for steam engines, the lines which intersect the country are now traversed by locomotives of native construction.

In all these pursuits, Count Cavour has met with little support from the aristocracy, which has not yet reconciled itself to the change from an absolute monarchy, under which it monopolised every channel to power and distinction, to a representative form of government, where absence of title is no barrier to advancement. Except where fighting is concerned, the Piedmontese noble systematically opposes whatever Cavour proposes, and thinks it due to his caste to throw as many impediments in the way of reform as he can devise. The innovations of the day are mourned over by fully three-fourths of the old families of Turin, as if the precursors of the downfall of order and religion; the subjects upon which the country at large feels most enthusiasm, being precisely those regarded by these ultra-conservatives with the greatest indifference or aversion.

(To be concluded in our next.)

* The *kilomètre* is about two-thirds of an English mile.

XVIII.—NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR THE PROMOTION OF SOCIAL SCIENCE.

President of the Council.—THE RT. HON. LORD BROUGHAM.

The Third Annual Meeting, Bradford, 1859, on Monday the 10th of October, and five following days.

President.—THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY.

Vice-Presidents.

THE MAYOR OF BRADFORD. THE RT. REV. THE BISHOP OF RIPON.
SIR JOHN RAMSDEN, BART., M.P. FRANK CROSSLEY, ESQ., M.P.

Presidents of Departments.

I.—VICE-CHANCELLOR SIR W. PAGE WOOD.
II.—RIGHT HON. C. B. ADDERLEY, M.P.
III.—R. MONCKTON MILNES, ESQ., M.P.
IV.—RIGHT HON. W. COWPER, M.P.
V.—SIR JAMES KAY SHUTTLEWORTH, BART.

General Secretary.—G. W. HASTINGS, ESQ.

Treasurer.—W. S. COOKSON, ESQ.

Foreign Secretary.—H. G. BOHN, ESQ.

Local Secretaries. *Local Treasurer.*

REV. J. H. RYLAND. R. W. MARSLAND, ESQ. J. V. GODWIN, ESQ.

The Association is established to aid the development of Social Science, and to guide the public mind to the best practical means of promoting the Amendment of the Law, the Advancement of Education, the Prevention and Repression of Crime, the Reformation of Criminals, the adoption of Sanitary Regulations, and the diffusion of sound principles on all questions of Social Economy. The Association aims to bring together the various Societies and Individuals who are engaged or interested in furthering these objects; and, without trenching upon independent exertions, seeks to elicit by discussion the real elements of truth, to clear up doubts, to harmonise discordant opinions, and to afford a common ground for the interchange of trustworthy information on the great social problems of the day.

FIRST DEPARTMENT.

JURISPRUDENCE AND AMENDMENT OF THE LAW.

In this Department is discussed the science of Civil Jurisprudence; its bearing on the social condition of the people; the advantages derivable from a wide diffusion of its principles; the practical defects in our laws; the evils arising from such defects; and the fitting remedies.

Papers may be classed under the following heads:—

I. The Principles of Jurisprudence and Legislation.

Province of Legislation; Adaptation of Law to Social Changes; etc.

II. The Method of Legislation.

The Preparation and Passing of Bills; Minister of Justice; Judicial and Legislative Statistics; etc.

III. Administration of Justice.

Superior and Local Courts; Procedure and Evidence; Professional Regulations; etc.

IV. Laws relating to Property.

Mercantile Law; Real Property Law; etc.

V. Laws relating to Persons.

SECOND DEPARTMENT.
EDUCATION.

This Department deals with the various questions relating to Education, both industrial and intellectual, whether of the upper, middle, or lower classes of society.

Papers may be classed under the following heads:—

I. The Objects of Education.

II. The Means and Methods of Education.

University Education; Grammar and Foundation Schools; Competitions for the Civil Service; Middle Class Examinations; Privy Council System; Voluntary System; The Principle of Supporting Schools by Local Rates; Factory Schools; Union Schools; Ragged and Feeding Schools; Agricultural and Industrial Training as an element in School Instruction; Schools of Art; Mechanics Institutions; etc.

[It is propossd, in accordance with a Resolution passed by this Department at Liverpool in October last, to make Method in Teaching a subject of special treatment.]

III. The Effects of Education.

Better Training of all Classes for their Mutual Duties; Increased Efficiency of Public Services, Professions, etc.; Increased Productive Powers; Saving in Criminal Expenditure, Poor Rates; etc.

THIRD DEPARTMENT.
PUNISHMENT AND REFORMATION.

In this Department are discussed the various questions relating to the Prevention and Repression of Crime; the reformation of the criminal; the best mode of secondary punishment; prison discipline; the management of reformatory schools and institutions; etc.

Papers may be classed under the following heads:—

I. Incentives to and Prevention of Crime.

Receivers of stolen goods; Marine Store Dealers; Beer Houses, and Disorderly Houses.

II. Criminal Law and Procedure.

III. Treatment of Adult Offenders.

The Convict System; The Prison System; Remunerative Work in Prisons; Public Supervision of Discharged Prisoners; Prisoners' Aid Society; Adult Reformatories.

IV. Treatment of Young Offenders.

Reformatory Schools; Ship Reformatories; Reformatory for Incorrigibles; Certified Industrial Schools; Methods of enforcing payment from Parents; Mixing of Criminal and Destitute cases in Refuges; Teaching of Trades in Reformatories and Refuges; Disposal of Boys and Girls on leaving Reformatories.

FOURTH DEPARTMENT.

PUBLIC HEALTH.

This Department considers the various questions relating to the Public Health; it will collect statistical evidence of the relative healthiness of different localities, of different industrial occupations, and generally of the influence of external circumstances in the production of health or disease: it will discuss improvements in house-construction, (more especially as to the dwellings of the laboring classes,) in drainage, warming, ventilation; public baths and wash-houses; adulteration of food and its effects; the functions of government in relation to public health, the legislative and administrative machinery expedient for its preservation; sanitary police, quarantine; etc.; poverty in relation to disease, and the effect of unhealthiness on the prosperity of places and nations.

Papers may be classed under the following heads:—

I. The Condition of the Public Health.

The subjects, chiefly statistical, referred to this head, will comprise everything that relates to the past or present state of the Public Health. Papers descriptive of the general state of health of particular districts, or of the same districts at different periods, or under different circumstances, and of persons engaged in the several industrial occupations, as well as of the special diseases to which particular localities, and modes of life or of occupation, are most liable, will be classed under this division.

II. The Causes which modify the Public Health.

To this head will be referred papers that treat of the causes which, whether favorably or injuriously, affect the Public Health, and the mode in which these causes act. This division will thus include the consideration of the production of disease by external causes to which persons, either individually or collectively, are liable to be exposed; such as climate, soil, locality, habitation, diet, occupation, station, or habit.

III. The Improvement of the Public Health.

Communications that suggest plans for the amendment of the Public Health, whether these have reference to legislative enactments, and the machinery requisite for the administration of sanitary law; to the removal of causes of disease by engineering or other mechanical appliances; or to the prevention of disease by hygienic precautions, will be classed under this head.

IV. Social and Economical Aspects of Public Health.

This division will include inquiry into the effect of diminished death-rates upon the population; the effect of Sanitary Improvement on the National Wealth, the Diminution of Pauperism, and the general Moral and Physical Elevation of the Community.

FIFTH DEPARTMENT.

SOCIAL ECONOMY.

In this Department are considered the various questions relating to Social Economics; the conditions of Industrial Success, whether of nations or individuals; the relation between employers and employed; strikes and combinations; legislative interference with the hours and wages of labor; legislative regulation of professions, trades, and employment generally, and of price and means of supply; emigration, its effect, and true conditions; industrial employment of

women; industrial and economical instruction of the laboring classes; public amusements; social economics in relation to education; exercise of public and private charity; relief of the poor.

Papers may be classed under the following heads:—

I. Conditions of Industrial Success.

Accumulation and Employment of Capital; Freedom of Trade; Apprenticeship System; Trades' Unions; The effects of Science and Machinery on Industrial Success; The Factory System; etc.

II. Condition of the Working Classes.

Habitation; Domestic Economy; Provident Habits; Recreation; etc.

III. Charity and Relief.

The effects of Charitable Endowments; Workhouse Relief and Management; etc.

It is considered desirable that one or two papers in this Department should be devoted to the more abstract questions of Economic Science; to generalizations of ascertained facts, and enunciation of the laws to be deduced from them.

[The following special question has been proposed for the consideration of this Department at the Bradford Meeting:—How far, and in what way, can the National Census of 1861 be made available for procuring information on the moral, material, and social condition of the country?]

The above programme of the objects of the Association we have printed at length for the benefit of our readers, who may wish to preserve a record, however slight, of the operations of a society so closely connected in one of its aims with the purpose which this Journal was established to promote, and which has from its commencement recognised the help of women as necessary for the accomplishment of many of the most urgent social reforms. The third annual meeting will bring this feature into special prominence. Bradford, the head quarters of the worsted trade, employs upwards of ten thousand women in its factories, and thus affords the opportunity of investigating many of the problems, educational, sanitary, and economical, connected with the employment of women. Bradford, along with one or two other towns of its class, possesses a Female Institute, which has been in existence for two or three years. The female population of such towns present striking and peculiar features well worthy of consideration; and we believe that, during the course of the meeting, their condition will be considered from almost every point of view. A very low standard of education has hitherto prevailed among them: mental and moral culture has been sadly neglected, and the effects of this neglect is but too visible in the low type of the population with regard to physical strength and beauty, consequent on the long continued neglect of sanitary laws; in the coarseness of the manners, which indicates a low tone of morality and a general want of the amenities of social life, the index too of domestic discomfort and its train of evils; and in the multitudes of neglected and unhealthy children. These things open up

the questions, Is it good that wives and mothers should enter the labor market? and, Is it necessary that domestic comfort should be sacrificed to industrial exigencies? The happy effects of the less protracted labor which the ten hours' bill introduced, is to be seen in their physical aspect, still they must rise at five to be at the mill by six; they must stand on their feet ten hours; and after going home and taking tea before coming to a place of instruction, but little time remains, and but little energy must be left. Surely then, the fact that six hundred of these girls should have enrolled themselves in the Female Institute of Bradford, is a fact that shows willingnes to take advantage of the opportunity offered. One of the ladies instrumental in the formation of this institution will give an account of its rise and progress. But, perhaps, a list of the papers to be contributed by ladies, as far as we are aware of such contributions, will serve to show to what extent women are beginning to take part in this movement. The following papers have been sent in:—

"Mechanics' Institutions for Working Women," by Fanny Hertz;

"Female Factory Workers," and "Homes for Female Factory Workers," by Miss Holland.

"The Industrial Employment of Women," by Miss Boucherett.

"The Market for Educated Female Labor," by Miss Parkes.

On other subjects not directly connected with women:—

"On the Value of Hospital Statistics to the Science of Public Health," by Florence Nightingale.

"Report of the Workhouse Visiting Society," by Miss Twining.

"On Certified Industrial Schools," and "On the Claims of Ragged Schools," by Miss Carpenter.

In all the Departments, papers of special interest to those who have at heart the promotion of women to a higher intellectual, moral, and social standing, will be read; and among the arrangements made for the discussion of special questions, it is proposed to hold a side meeting for the purpose of discussing the employments of women. This will take place on the evening of Tuesday, the 11th, in St. George's Hall, when a working soirée of the whole Association will take place, and give an opportunity for those interested in any of the questions for which space is set apart, to meet those who, throughout the country, are taking a practical part in them. The subjects on which those conversational meetings are proposed, are—

I. Strikes and Trades' Societies.

II. Workhouse Management, and the Workhouse Visiting Society.

III. The Industrial Employments of Women.

IV. The Claims of Ragged Schools.

It is to be hoped that as many as possible of the friends of that question which especially claims our notice, will be present at the meetings, to take part in the discussions to which its still disputed, though advancing claims, are sure to give rise.

XIX.—NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Shelley Memorials. Edited by Lady Shelley. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

We may regard this book as the first authorised and thoroughly authentic addition to our knowledge of Shelley since the publication of his poetical works by his wife, enriched by biographical notes to each year of their creation; notes unrivalled to our mind as a biographical composition, for their tender pathos and simplicity. Several volumes of recollections by friends or acquaintance have, it is true, from time to time appeared. Captain Medwin's, Mr. Trelawney's, and later, two thick volumes by Mr. Hogg, the early college companion of the poet, in which materials furnished by the family were largely used. But those who had thus afforded their aid, and to whom the literary fame and social repute of one of England's eminent sons were more peculiarly precious than they could be to any others, felt that the use made of these materials was such as to present a most unfair portrait of him to the world. Hence the publication by Sir Percy and Lady Shelley of a book which is to be accepted as an authentic family record.

That one edition should have rapidly sold off within a short time of its publication, is no matter of surprise to those who know how undying is the interest felt in Shelley's career. The volume is fascinating to many classes of readers and from different causes. To the reviewer in this Journal, whose limited space and certain special aims preclude any wide notice of general literature, the "Shelley Memorials" are chiefly remarkable, because they render our conception of the poet's wife so much clearer that they may almost be said to add a new portrait to the gallery of celebrated English women. Many of her letters are scattered through the body of the work, and a whole section at the latter end is headed "Mary Shelley," and contains the sad and simple story of her widowhood and many extracts from her journal. We give our readers all that we can find space for.

"A widow at four-and-twenty years of age; left in a foreign land, with no certain income, and with a child to support; coldly regarded by her husband's family, and possessed of no influential friends in England;—Mrs. Shelley now entered on a struggle which she has described as 'lonely' and 'unsolaced,' but which she encountered in the true spirit of heroism, and lived to see crowned with success and rewarded by happier days.

"The first emotions of horror at the death of her husband gave place to grief of a calmer, but more intense kind. It will be seen, in the ensuing letters, and in the journal which follows them, how deep was the agony which the young widowed heart endured; how abiding the sense of loss; how omnipresent the recollection of him whose genius now became associated with all sights and sounds of earth, sky, and ocean. Italy had been the chosen land of Shelley; and his widow, though meeting everywhere with some

ghost of old companionship, some memory of that which had vanished for ever in this life, clung for a long while to the country which had witnessed her greatest joy and her wildest sorrow. She very speedily, however, left the Bay of Spezia, and took up her residence at Pisa.

* * * * * *

"Mrs. Shelley and her child arrived in England early in the autumn of 1823. After an absence in Italy of nearly six years, the climate of this country struck her with a painful sense of gloom and oppression; and she records in her journal her ardent desire to return as soon as possible to the South. She mentions that one word of the Italian language, heard by chance, brings tears into her eyes; though she describes Italy as the murderess of those she loved, and of all her happiness.

"For some time after her arrival in London, Mrs. Shelley resided with her father, who was now living in the Strand; but she subsequently removed to Kentish Town, and then to Harrow, in order that she might be near her son, who was being educated at the school there. The expenses incidental to tuition tried her severely; besides which, she contributed towards the support of her aged father. But, with a noble energy of character and entire self-devotion, she worked incessantly with her pen, and met her liabilities by the fruits of her literary industry.

"The novels which she published after the death of her husband were—'Valperga,' in 1823; 'The Last Man,' 1824; 'Perkin Warbeck,' 1830; 'Lodore,' 1835; and 'Falkner,' 1837. She wrote all the Italian and Spanish lives in 'Lardner's Encyclopædia,' with the exception of Tasso and Galileo; and she greatly regretted that the former did not fall to her share. She also wrote two volumes, under the title of 'Rambles in Germany and Italy,' giving an account of her travels with her son, his tutor, and some other companions, in later years; contributed several short productions to the annuals; and edited (1839-40) Shelley's poetical works, his letters, and his prose writings.

"During the earlier days of her return to England, she had to fight hard against a sense of despondency, which at times almost overcame her. On the 14th of May, 1824, she writes in her journal:—

"'Amidst all the depressing circumstances that weigh upon me, none sinks deeper than the failure of my intellectual powers. Nothing I write pleases me. Whether I am just in this, or whether it is the want of Shelley's encouragement, I can hardly tell; but it seems to me as if the lovely and sublime objects of Nature had been my best inspirers, and, wanting these, I am lost. Although so utterly miserable at Genoa, yet what reveries were mine as I looked on the aspect of the ravine—the sunny deep and its boats—the promontories clothed in purple light—the starry heavens—the fireflies—the uprising of Spring! Then I could think; and my imagination could invent and combine; and self became absorbed in the grandeur of the universe I created. Now, my mind is a blank—a gulf filled with formless mist. 'The Last Man!'* Yes, I may well describe that solitary being's feelings: I feel myself as the last relic of a beloved race, my companions extinct before me.

"'Mine own Shelley! what a horror you had of returning to this miserable country! To be here without you, is to be doubly exiled; to be away from Italy, is to lose you twice!'

"On the following day, she records the death of Byron, news of which had just reached England. The recollection of his association with her husband, and of his kindness to herself after her great calamity, makes her exclaim:—'God grant I may die young! A new race is springing about me. At the age of twenty-six, I am in the condition of an aged persou. All my old friends are gone: I have no wish to form new: I cling to the few remaining; but they slide away, and my heart fails when I think by how few ties I hold to the world.'"

* "She was at that time writing the novel so called.—Ed."

Especially curious and interesting to those who fully estimate Mrs. Shelley's intellectual inheritance as the daughter of Godwin and Mary Wolestoncroft Godwin, is this extract from her journal in relation to the little part she habitually took in those social reforms for which her parents staked all. It is a profound lesson on the reaction which takes place in families, and a beautiful and sincere plea for the independence which can brave the accusation of *il*-liberality; perhaps the hardest of all for those born and bred in the atmosphere of liberal thought. Yet those who dare not encounter the stigma of illiberality are as much slaves to freedom as ever they could be to a despotic power.

"'*October* 21*st*, 1838.—I have been so often abused by pretended friends for my lukewarmness in 'the good cause,' that, though I disdain to answer them, I shall put down here a few thoughts on this subject. I am much of a self-examiner. Vanity is not my fault, I think: if it is, it is uncomfortable vanity, for I have none that teaches me to be satisfied with myself; far otherwise,—and, if I use the word disdain, it is that I think my qualities (such as they are) not appreciated, from unworthy causes.

"'In the first place, with regard to 'the good cause'—the cause of the advancement of freedom and knowledge, of the rights of women, etc.—I am not a person of opinions. I have said elsewhere that human beings differ greatly in this. Some have a passion for reforming the world; others do not cling to particular opinions. That my parents and Shelley were of the former class, makes me respect it. I respect such when joined to real disinterestedness, toleration, and a clear understanding. My accusers, after such as these, appear to me mere drivellers. For myself, I earnestly desire the good and enlightenment of my fellow-creatures, and see all, in the present course, tending to the same, and rejoice; but I am not for violent extremes, which only bring on an injurious reaction. I have never written a word in disfavor of liberalism: that I have not supported it openly in writing, arises from the following causes, as far as I know:—

"'That I have not argumentative powers: I see things pretty clearly, but cannot demonstrate them. Besides, I feel the counter arguments too strongly. I do not feel that I could say aught to support the cause efficiently; besides that, on some topics (especially with regard to my own sex) I am far from making up my mind. I believe we are sent here to educate ourselves, and that self-denial, and disappointment, and self-control, are a part of our education; that it is not by taking away all restraining law that our improvement is to be achieved; and, though many things need great amendment, I can by no means go so far as my friends would have me. When I feel that I can say what will benefit my fellow-creatures, I will speak; not before.

"'Then, I recoil from the vulgar abuse of the inimical press; I do more than recoil: proud and sensitive, I act on the defensive—an inglorious position.

"'To hang back, as I do, brings a penalty. I was nursed and fed with a love of glory. To be something great and good was the precept given me by my father: Shelley reiterated it. Alone and poor, I could only be something by joining a party; and there was much in me—the woman's love of looking up, and being guided, and being willing to do anything if any one supported and brought me forward—which would have made me a good partisan. But Shelley died, and I was left alone. My father, from age and domestic circumstances, could not '*me faire valoir*.' My total friendlessness, my horror of pushing, and inability to put myself forward unless led, cherished, and supported,—all this has sunk me in a state of loneliness no other human being ever before, I believe, endured—except Robinson Crusoe. How many tears and spasms of anguish this solitude has cost me, lies buried in my memory.

"'If I had raved and ranted about what I did not understand; had I adopted a set of opinions, and propagated them with enthusiasm; had I been careless of attack, and eager for notoriety: then the party to which I belonged had gathered round me, and I had not been alone.

"'It has been the fashion with these same friends to accuse me of worldliness. There, indeed, in my own heart and conscience, I take a high ground. I may distrust my own judgment too much—be too indolent and too timid; but in conduct I am above merited blame.

"'I like society; I believe all persons who have any talent (who are in good health) do. The soil that gives forth nothing, may lie ever fallow; but that which produces—however humble its product—needs cultivation, change of harvest, refreshing dews, and ripening sun. Books do much; but the living intercourse is the vital heat. Debarred from that, how have I pined and died!

"'My early friends chose the position of enemies. When I first discovered that a trusted friend had acted falsely by me, I was nearly destroyed. My health was shaken. I remember thinking, with a burst of agonising tears, that I should prefer a bed of torture to the unutterable anguish a friend's falsehood engendered. There is no resentment; but the world can never be to me what it was before. Trust, and confidence, and the heart's sincere devotion, are gone.

"'I sought at that time to make acquaintances—to divert my mind from this anguish. I got entangled in various ways through my ready sympathy and too eager heart; but I never crouched to society—never sought it unworthily. If I have never written to vindicate the Rights of Women, I have ever befriended women when oppressed. At every risk, I have befriended and supported victims to the social system; but I make no boast, for in truth it is simple justice I perform; and so I am still reviled for being worldly.

"'God grant, a happier and a better day is near! Percy—my all-in-all—will, I trust, by his excellent understanding, his clear, bright, sincere spirit and affectionate heart, repay me for sad long years of desolation. His career may lead me into the thick of life, or only gild a quiet home. I am content with either, and, as I grow older, I grow more fearless for myself—I become firmer in my opinions. The experienced, the suffering, the thoughtful, may at last speak unrebuked. If it be the will of God that I live, I may ally my name yet to 'the good cause'—though I do not expect to please my accusers.

"'Thus have I put down my thoughts. I may have deceived myself; I may be in the wrong: I try to examine myself; and such as I have written appears to me the exact truth.

"'Enough of this! The great work of life goes on. Death draws near. To be better after death than in life, is one's hope and endeavor—to be so through self-schooling. If I write the above, it is that those who love me may hereafter know that I am not all to blame, nor merit the heavy accusations cast on me for not putting myself forward. I *cannot* do that; it is against my nature. As well cast me from a precipice, and rail at me for not flying.'"

Women and Work. By B. L. S. Bodichon; with an Introduction by Catharine M. Sedgwick. New York: C. S. Francis and Co.

We have received from New York a copy of a new edition of this little pamphlet, (well known to many of our readers,) which is noteworthy as containing a preface addressed to the American public by Miss Catharine Sedgwick, a lady who is almost as much honored in England as in her own country, and whose novels, "Hope Leslie," the "Linwoods," etc., and numerous tales and essays devoted to moral

and benevolent reforms, have been reprinted again and again among us.

This preface, being specially written for those who live in a very different society to our own, must be interesting to English women as marking the points of diversity and of likeness between our American sisters and ourselves. It is well worth our while to know what a New England lady, whose high social position and remarkable mental culture, joined to her age and experience, give her ample means of judging the question, has to say to the efforts now being made on each side of the Atlantic to better the educational and industrial position of her own sex. Miss Sedgwick has never belonged to any party; taking in her own country much the same position as Maria Edgeworth or Joanna Baillie in our own, she is removed by every sympathy of her life from what may be considered unfeminine extremes of opinion.

It being unlikely that any other copy of the American edition will find its way across the Atlantic, and deeming the preface a curious item in the history of the general question, we print it entire for the benefit of our own readers.

"Religious works and moral essays written for the English public require some modification to meet the wants of the American people.

"We are at a different stage in civilisation—in a different position. We have different modes of education, different modes of life, and far different prospects. We are not consolidated by stable laws, by usage, by hereditary customs, by inexorable prejudices; in short, we are still plastic and fusible; while, for any great change, they must pass through the process of re-casting. Therefore we have an easier work, if a wider and more solemn responsibility, than the English people.

"These truths have induced me (at the earnest solicitation of a friend) to write a short preface to the admirable tract of Madame Bodichon, not, certainly, in the expectation of enhancing its intrinsic worth, but affectionately to ask my country-women to consider the value of her theory, and to make some suggestions as to its adaptation to our wants.

"It is the Christian theory of our social organisation that no class among us is condemned to perpetual labor, and none (like the English aristocracy) exempt from it. Labor—*work*, should, therefore, have no plebeian brand among us. Qualification for work should be the stamp of citizenship—the badge of nationality. Our women of every class have a right to this qualification. They are not to be resolved into nonentities, and to have no more effective existence in the republic than the Mahometans allow to their women in Heaven.

"There is no country in the world where the mutations of fortune are more certain, and so sudden and pervading as in this. Gold mines are discovered in newly acquired regions; inexhaustible mines of coal are found in our sterile mountains; lead mines crop out into gold; and the enterprises of commerce, and the audacities of speculation, convert the poor man of this year into the possessor of a palace or a principality of the next. From like causes spring a series of unforeseen failures and sudden disappointments. What security is there against them; and how is this security to be attained? Only by qualification for work for which the wants of society will afford a market.

"Is there any reference to this qualification in the education of the daughters of rich parents, beyond a faint and indefinite reference to the possibility of their becoming, by some improbable and fatal reverse of fortune, *Teachers?*

"And how are they qualified for this high office which implies a divine mission? By their home education? by the instruction they receive in the schools? by their devotion to that instruction? by the lives they lead in the interim between school-days and married life, or the fixed condition of single *(not)* blessedness?

"Are young ladies (*ladies* par excellence) qualified in any one branch of education for professional Teachers? Do they study the science and art of music, and all its delicate attributes? Do they attempt to master the science and practice of drawing? Do they study any one foreign language as a future professor should? Do they aim to make themselves mistresses of their own language; good mathematicians, accurate grammarians, skilful chirographers, or even (though last certainly not least) good readers? And above all, do they endeavor to perfect themselves in the calmness, gentleness, and patience essential to the vocation of a *Teacher?*

"Alas! these questions are sadly answered to us by most of the young girls whom we have seen sent to boarding-schools, with huge trunks filled with rich and richly trimmed dresses and other drawing-room gear, into whose heads it seldom seems to enter that education consists in anything beyond exile from luxurious homes, and gliding and dodging through tiresome lessons.

"We believe that the education (so called) of our farmers and mechanics is not better conducted. We *know* that it is common for them to be spared from household labor by unwisely tender mothers, and that the money spent in their *education* is devoted to obtaining a smattering of accomplishments.

"Many parents will reject Madame Bodichon's exhortations to provide their daughters with a profession or trade, with which they may meet the exigencies of life. They expect their daughters to marry and thus be provided for—the daughters themselves expect it. But it may be well for both parent and child to consider the chances against the provision. Marriage may come, and a life of pecuniary adversity or a widowhood of penury may follow; or marriage may not come at all. As civilisation (so called) goes on multiplying wants, and converting luxuries into necessities, the number of single women fearfully increases, and is in greatest proportion where there is most refinement, whereby women are least qualified to take care of themselves. In the simple lives of our ancestors men were not deterred from marriage by the difficulty of meeting the expenses of their families. Their wives were help-meets. If they could not earn bread, they could make it. If they did not comprehend the "rights of women," they practised her duties. If they did not study political economy and algebra, they knew the calculation by which the penny saved is the penny gained. Instead of waiting to be served by costly and wasteful Milesians, they 'looked well to the ways of their household, and ate not the bread of idleness.' The Puritan wife did not ask her husband to be decked in French gauds, but was truly

> "'The gentle wife who decks his board,
> And makes his day to have no night.'

"In giving the reasons that restrain men from marrying at the present day, and thereby diminish the chances of this absolute provision for women, we beg not to be misunderstood. We would not restrict women to the humble offices of maternal existence. The best instructed and most thoroughly accomplished women we have ever known have best understood and practised the saving arts of domestic life.

"If parents, from pride, prejudice, or honest judgment, refuse to provide their daughters with a profession or trade, by which their independence may be secured; if they persist in throwing them on one chance; if the daughters themselves persevere in trusting to this 'neck or nothing' fate,—then let them be qualified in that art and craft in which their grandmothers excelled, and which is now, more than at any preceding time, the necessary and bounden duty of every American wife, whatever be her condition.

Never by women in any civilisation was this art so needed, for never, we believe, were there such obstructions to prosperity and comfort as exist in our domestic service. And how are the young women of the luxurious classes prepared to meet them? How are the women of the middle classes fitted to overcome them? And how are the poorer classes trained to rejoice in their exemption from them?

"If a parent look forward to provision by marriage for his daughter, he should at least qualify her for that condition, and be ashamed to give her to her husband unless she is able to manage her house, to educate her children, to nurse her sick, and to train her servants—the inevitable destiny of American housewives. If she can do all this well she is a productive partner, and, as Madame Bodichon says, does as much for the support of her household as her husband.

"It may, or may not, be the duty of a mother to educate her children in the technical sense. But if her husband is straining every nerve to support his family, it would be both relief and help if she could save him the immense expense of our first-rate schools, or the cost of a governess. If she be skilled in the art of nursing she may stave off the fearful bill of the physician. If she know the cost and necessary consumption of provision, the keeping of accounts, and, in short, the whole art and mystery of domestic economy, she will not only preserve her husband from an immense amount of harassing care, but secure to him the safety, blessing, and honor of living within his means.

"If she be a *qualified housewife* the great burden, perplexity, and misery of housekeeping from the rising to the setting sun, from our Canadian frontier to far South of Mason and Dixon's Line, will be, we will not say overcome, but most certainly greatly diminished.

"Overcome it cannot be while the present imperfection of domestic service exists. It is a rough saying, but true, 'We must take the bull by the horns.' We must accept the battle. We must accept God's appointment. We must, year after year, receive into our families demi-savages—foreign people, ignorant of our modes of life, grown up in habits adverse to them. We must skilfully teach, firmly discipline, and patiently bear with them. We must do this for the love of God and our neighbour—*and for self-preservation;* and when this, perchance, is done, we must see them pass off into their vocation, married life, and take to our homes a new raw force! We know nothing of Southern life from observation, but we have no reason to believe that the Southern mistress of slaves has an easier task than the matron of the free North.

"These, certainly, are not the light visions that float around the romantic heads of our young women when they look forward to marriage as a condition of sweet dependence and elegant leisure. These are not the calculations of their parents when they transfer them to their husbands for support and exemption from *work*.

"But these hard tasks are in the future of every American married woman. *Work* in this form is her inevitable destiny. No amount of fortune, no contrivance of tenderness, can secure her from it. Is it not, then, true wisdom to fit herself for her work? Ought she not to study the domestic arts as lawyers and doctors study the sciences of law and medicine?

"We do not limit our suggestions to the young women of the luxurious classes. The daughters of our farmers and mechanics are not brought up in the steps of their frugal grandmothers. Their parents strain every nerve, not to qualify them for productive labor, but to enable them to dress showily; or if they fail of marriage, to half educate them for the *genteel* business of teaching.

"We have limited our remarks mainly to the domestic education of expectants of marriage. We believe there are very few of our young women who are not within this class, and with them, as it seems to us, this great reform is needed. The administration of her family is the work before

her. We are not among those who claim or desire the right of suffrage for women. We believe that her exemption from direct political duties is a privilege and blessing to her. But we also believe that unless she be qualified by training and study for the government of her family, we shall continue to hear, from one end of our broad land to the other, the continual wailing and complaining of young wives, wearied, worried, and worn by cooks, nurses, and housemaids as incompetent as themselves; and continue to see husbands obstructed, teased, disappointed, accepting life in a boarding-house as a refuge from homes which their young dreams had glorified with domestic happiness, found too late *not* to be the

"'Bliss that has survived the fall.'

"We have endeavored to show that if marriage is the destiny of our women, they should be prepared to make that destiny endurable to themselves and others. Madame Bodichon maintains that it does not exempt them from the wisdom and duty of qualifying themselves for work that will enable them to aid their husbands, (if need be,) or to secure their independence in the reverses and exigencies of life. She sets forth the happiness of 'leaving the world a little better than we find it;' and she shows that new fields of labor are opened to women. 'The harvest is plenteous, as yet few reapers have entered in.'

"Mrs. Fry, Florence Nightingale, Miss Dix, and many other noble women have led the way to voluntary and beneficent work, fitted for women of education and refinement who have the great heart and sanctified courage to leave luxurious homes to 'visit the sick and in prison.' They are exceptional characters, but have they not solved the problem of employment for those single women—the spoiled children of luxury and idleness—who have hitherto fretted out life in invalidism and ennui? Monastic institutions in Catholic countries have absorbed this class, and anticipated death by seclusion from the world.

"We are ready to reproach the Romish religion with its errors; let us not forget the example of its self-sacrificing daughters.

"The heart of the Protestant world has been stirred by the beautiful mission of Florence Nightingale. But similar work has long been quietly, patiently, and efficiently done by the 'Sisters of Charity,' who have visited prisons, have trained poor children, have shrunk from no climate, nor noisome den, nor raging epidemic. And ladies of the Catholic faith, not bound by vow, have endowed and sustained hospitals and other charitable institutions.

"The whole field of charitable work is open to the hand of woman. The rich woman with her wealth (which is one of her talents) is bidden to it; and the large class of women who must or should work for their living, who can no longer spin or stitch, can earn salaries, and put their souls into the work—workhouses, prisons, reformatories, penitentiaries, and hospitals are open to them. They should be at least as well paid as men, for they are by nature better qualified for the tasks which call for delicate perceptions, ready sympathy, and patient endurance. Teaching is now almost the only employment that our young women are educated for, that comes within the range of their parents' ambition for them, or their own forecast. But there are hosts of young women who have no taste for teaching, and no natural fitness for it. There are many branches of productive manufactures attainable to these, which are suited to them. They may be made perfectly competent saleswomen and shopkeepers. They may be printers, watch-makers, engravers. The schools of design are open to them, and offer to them many branches of productive industry that do not in the least trench upon the delicacy of their sex. And, if endowed with genius and perseverance, they may follow in the footsteps of Angelica Kauffman, Rosa Bonheur, Harriet Hosmer, and Madame Bodichon herself, to high achievements in sculpture and painting.

"We do not wish to see women lawyers, or divines, so far as officiating in public is concerned, but surely they can be the ministers, messengers, and servants of Christ, in prisons, hospitals, and all charitable institutions. The experiment of Elizabeth Blackwell and her coadjutors in New York has been so modestly prosecuted, that there are many who are not aware how completely they have demonstrated the adaptation of the healing art to women, and their superior qualifications for the administration of hospitals and dispensaries.

"But we have no right to detain our readers from Madame Bodichon's tract. We expect a wide effect from it. We hope it will give an impulse to many wise and good parents, and a direction to the efforts of their daughters. We believe there are multitudes of young women in our land too intelligent and too sensible of their responsibilities to consent to be mere drags to their husbands; or, if they have no husbands, to wear out their lives in dependence, or to live by sordid saving of their insufficient means, when they may secure their own independence and all the sweet and cheerful blessings that attend it, the power of helping others being not the least among them."

XX.—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,

It has been suggested to me that the office of the "English Woman's Journal" might be made available for a very useful purpose to housekeepers and mistresses of families. We all know many good servants out of place, and we are all beset by mistresses needing good servants; but it seldom, if ever, happens that the supply and demand fall together, and that we are able to recommend a servant and oblige a mistress when required. Now it has been proposed by a dear friend, one of the most clever and practical women I know, that a box might be put up at the office of the "English Woman's Journal," to which subscribers alone would have access, which box should be devoted to the letters of ladies wishing to recommend servants. I will give you the exact terms of my friend's letter, the clearness and good sense of which I should surely spoil if I attempted to translate it into my own language. "You must now have found out that all housekeepers are continually in trouble about servants. If they do not actually want them for themselves, they are for ever being applied to by friends who *do* want them; or by deserving servants whom they know, and who want situations. If they are good natured, they take a great deal of trouble, but very seldom succeed in aiding either. Now to avoid all this trouble, vexation, loss of time, and want of success, I should like to make the 'English Woman's Journal' useful. Why could there not be a box fixed in the office, to which all subscribers to the Journal, (I am one,) *and no one else*, should have access? If you, a subscriber, part with a good servant, you would write on a note sheet that 'a young person can be recommended by Mrs. Linton, to take charge of children and to wait on young ladies.' Then follows the address. This you enclose in an envelope, and write outside 'nursery and lady's maid,' and drop it into the box; if sent by post, you enclose it in a second envelope, and

write on the outer cover, 'servant's box.' A number of similar notes would be in the box, endorsed 'cook,' 'housemaid,' 'kitchen-maid,' 'parlor-maid,' 'butler,' 'footman,' etc., all placed or sent there by subscribers. Then, I suppose, you want a servant: instead of applying to your friends, going about to tradespeople, etc., you go to the office, look into the box, find a cover endorsed with the special quality or office you are in search of, and thus have as little trouble as you can possibly have in one of the most troublesome events of housekeeping. A servant so found would be almost sure to be good and worthy; for no one would thus volunteer a character for an inefficient or unworthy person.

"It would be a great encouragement to servants, for though none but subscribers could have access to the box, the subscribers' friends would benefit as well; and the 'English Woman's Journal' would not lose by being better known and of wider influence. No books need be kept; no one employed in the matter; and the only expense would be the mere box."

If then, Madam, you can make any good out of this proposition, I herewith present it to your consideration. The scheme strikes me as being simple, easy, and very feasible; and I hope that it may be taken up and carried out, as I feel certain many people would be the benefitters thereby. Perhaps not the least so the Journal itself, which would thus strike out another *rootlet* of influence and usefulness.

I remain, Madam,
Yours very faithfully,
E. LINTON.

27, Leinster Square, Bayswater.

To the Editor of the English Woman's Journal.

THE SCARCITY OF GOOD MAID SERVANTS.

MADAM,

I find, to my surprise, many ladies deny that there is any want whatever of employment for women. "For how," say they, "can there be any scarcity of work, when we know by experience that we cannot get a competent housemaid under twelve pounds a year, or a cook who knows how to dress a mutton-chop, under sixteen pounds, and even at that rate of wages they are not easy to find?" "And how," again inquire others, "can you assert that seamstresses are a miserable race, when it is well known that girls much prefer being apprenticed to a dressmaker to going into domestic service, although servants are so well paid, and made so comfortable and happy?"

I admit that there is truth in both observations, yet must maintain still that there is a want of employment for women.

I will now endeavor to show how these apparently contradictory facts may be reconciled, and what it is that occasions so great a scarcity of servants. Let us note well the circumstances. First be it observed that there is no lack of bad servants. Gentlefolks will not take untrained raw girls out of their fathers' cottages, and employ them as domestics; if they did, they would find it easy to fill their houses at a very low rate of remuneration, but then these girls would be almost useless, and would break twice the value of their wages in crockery. It is necessary then that girls should, before they enter the service of gentlemen, have passed an apprenticeship, and have learnt their business elsewhere; and it is this apprenticeship that raises their value so much, for a raw girl may be hired for three pounds a year, while a trained one cannot be had for less than ten pounds. Let it be observed also, that servants are generally made very comfortable in gentlemen's service, that they are well fed, well cared for in sickness, and that their wages are usually enough to enable them, if careful, to provide decently for their old age. Yet in spite of these advantages, girls entering on

life always wish to be be apprenticed to a dressmaker, and never enter on domestic service if their father can afford to pay the necessary premium,—although a country dressmaker only earns from eightpence to a shilling a day, and town ones are far worse paid. The conclusion to be drawn from these premises is, that there is something in the apprenticeship necessary to prepare them for gentlemen's service that the girls dislike and endeavor to avoid. Now let us see in what this apprenticeship consists. The first place that a raw girl takes is probably with a small farmer; she earns three pounds a year, which is not quite enough to keep her in clothes, and she works hard all day. If her master and mistress are humane, her place, though far from comfortable, is not painful, but if, as is too commonly the case, they are hard grasping people, she is worked far beyond her strength. After two years spent in a farmer's service, she is partly trained, and may aspire to a place in a small genteel family in a town, where her work is less heavy and rough, but more exhausting from the late hours kept and her consequent want of sleep. Here she must rise early in her capacity of housemaid, and sit up late to put her mistress to bed, in her quality of lady's maid, for small genteel people cannot go to bed unattended. Helplessness with the upper ranks is a part of luxury, with the middle ones it is a point of honor, so for the sake of her mistress's dignity the poor maid must lose her natural rest. She seldom gets more than six hours' sleep, though doctors say that eight is necessary to the health of all young women.

After a couple of years spent with small genteel families she may be considered trained, and may aspire to a place in a gentleman's house, where she may reap the fruit of the hard labor she has undergone, by leading a comfortable life, and being enabled to save enough to keep her from the parish in her old age. But comparatively few pass the ordeal; many who know they are not strong, decline even to attempt it, and become seamstresses at once. Of others who do attempt it, many fail, and retire from the contest with broken constitutions, helping also to swell the crowd of needlewomen. It is from this cause that training schools to teach girls the domestic arts are useful, for they enable some to become servants in families of the higher classes, who could never have passed their apprenticeship. Yet, if industrial schools were to be established in such numbers as greatly to increase the number of servants, and so decrease the rate of wages, I doubt if they would not do more harm than good, for at the present moment, in spite of the demand for servants, wages are not higher than is just. A woman ought to be able to save enough from her wages to provide for her old age, to pay her less is to commit an act of injustice, yet the usual rate of wages will now barely permit of her doing so. A housemaid who receives fourteen pounds a year wages, cannot save more than ten pounds a year at the outside. In thirty years this makes three hundred pounds, the interest of which is nine pounds a year; or if she buys an annuity and so doubles it, eighteen pounds, which makes seven shillings per week, not more than is requisite for comfort. I wish to call attention to another circumstance. Maids who receive the highest wages are the most inclined to save; those who do not receive enough to enable them to provide for their old age spend what little they have in finery. They know that the workhouse attends them unless they can catch a husband, so their money goes in buying becoming bonnets. Some excellent persons object to giving high wages, fearing to encourage extravagance in dress, but a little observation of facts will show that high wages tend to produce saving habits. I wish by this letter to create two impressions: first that there is a want of employment for women in spite of the scarcity of servants, that scarcity being caused by the painful nature of the necessary apprenticeship; and secondly that wages for maids are now no higher than is just, but rather the contrary.

I am, Madam,
Yours faithfully,
J. E. B.

To the Editor of the English Woman's Journal.

THE MOTHER FROM HOME.

MADAM,

I have only just made acquaintance with a little work on "Factory Life," published two years ago by M. M., who has been devoting the best years of her life to the womanly task of civilising the girls employed in a large factory in Essex. It is pleasant to read of such efforts to improve the condition of our poorer neighbours, in opposition to the fearful system of using human beings as if they were so much machinery, set going for a certain number of hours, to effect a certain amount of marketable produce, and undergo a certain amount of wear and tear, which of course depreciates their value as workers. The owners of this Essex factory have recognised the immortality of their daily workers, the spirituality of these weaving machines.

There is no romance, no exaggeration in the little book, no "Open Sesame" at sound of which the gates of ignorance and prejudice give way. Fair progress was made by *hard work*, as alone all *real* progress can be made. Blessed be such workers.

The point in which this benevolent lady seems most to have failed is the establishment of a "*Nursery*" for the children deprived of their mothers' care by their working at the factory. Now I am so hard-hearted (being myself an anxious mother) as to rejoice at this failure. It ought not to succeed, because the system is directly opposed to nature. It is the effort to heal over the surface whilst the wound is festering deeply beneath. Such nurseries are common in France, where female labor abounds, from the old woman staggering beneath her load of Burgundian grapes, to the smart Parisian lady busying herself keeping the accounts of her husband's trade, whilst monsieur sips his iced lemonade at a fashionable café. But we do not go to Paris for our model development of social morality. There a mother swathes up her baby in swaddling clothes, which effectively preserve the poor little *bambin* from outward injury, inasmuch as it renders all movement impossible, and also affords a padded shell for the live creature. Well, this chrysalis is deposited amongst a dozen other such bundles, and all can be easily taken care of by one old woman, who has only to administer occasionally a little bread dipped in sugar and water, sometimes with the addition of a spoonful of the acid wine commonly used by laboring people. (No less a person than the famous Madame de Genlis was brought up on this wine and water diet, which she admits brought her to death's door, and no wonder.) She may then safely return to her knitting; the bundles will not stir, but what a life for a being formed for incessant activity, a moving, grasping, kicking, crowing, rolling animal! Depend upon it out of that chrysalis will issue no stalwart navvy such as excites Mr. Kingsley to such glowing eloquence on the English race. The only wonder is that a French baby ever should grow into a man at all.

Such schemes ought not to succeed in England, the "home" country *par excellence*. Instead of being relieved of her child, the mother ought to be encouraged to remain at home and take care of it herself, God having made her for that purpose, and having provided her with physical and moral helps to that end which no artificial system can possibly replace.

First then, mothers, both poor and rich, ought to remain at home and nurse their children, simply because it is their first duty. But I would have it demonstrated to the poor woman that it is, in the end, the cheapest plan. She thinks much of her money earned at factory or other labor, because it is there before her weekly in a tangible form; but if the counterbalancing evils of the week could in the same way be set before her in a lump, it would, I have no doubt, outweigh the silver. She must herself pay some one to wash for her family, nurse or take care of her children, make or mend the clothes, or these things must be neglected, which is an evident extravagance; the "stitch

in time" saving not only *nine*, but the actual garment itself, which would last twice as long with watchful care. Think, too, of the uncomfortable home for the husband, who, finding no cheerful hearth, no meal prepared at his arrival, saunters to the public-house, with a score of others similarly situated, and there probably consumes a pretty large proportion of the earnings of the day, besides imbibing with his adulterated beer an amount of moral evil which no figures could represent. It often happens that the wife follows her fellow-laborer and drinks with him, but we will take the system at its best and suppose that after her long day's toil, heat, noise, the factory woman returns virtuously to her home to try and remedy the evils of her long absence. Can any one imagine she can have strength or spirit to do so without such extreme fatigue as must tell on her health and life? Then, too, think of her children. If left at home alone, or under the care of some poor little elder sister, as is mostly the case, they play with matches, or make sparks with lighted paper, or quench their thirst from spouts of boiling tea-kettles. Look at coroners' inquests to see what they do, and then you will only know a tithe of the mischief, because for one who *dies* of such accidents, hundreds are maimed, injured, weakened for life, and consider how costly is weakness and ill-health to the laborer whose vigor stands him for daily bread! In the same way how much disease is engendered by improper food, administered to infants obliged to wait till the nursing mother can run home from the factory to give it a hasty meal, though it may be asleep or have recently been crammed with some mess to allay its hunger. The moral influence of the neglected home upon the children as they grow older would alone fill pages; but I hope I have said enough to prove that the small sum the mother covets for *immediate use*, only leads to greater requirements, and that the ladies who visit such homes would act kindly by setting plainly before her, that to economise her husband's earnings by working at home, nursing her children and teaching them their duty, attending to the "master's" comforts and keeping his home clean and cheerful, is a much more certain saving than earning a little money to spend a great deal. I am convinced that it could be proved from their own statements in actual figures, by keeping account of their expenditure for three months, under the two systems. Nor would this even be a fair test, as the benefits and evils of either course end neither in three nor in twelve months, nor in this life at all.

I remain, Madam,

Yours sincerely,

H. D.

To the Editor of the English Woman's Journal.

MADAM,

I fear the poor young girls' advocates are not advancing their cause. To proclaim an evil implies a belief that it is remediable, and a suggestion may rather be expected from those who have been first to perceive, than from those who are learning its existence. Yet the *third* letter merely asserts as the first. I believe both this party and the one respondent to bear true shields, though one exhibits the bright, the other the dark metal. I would fain rub up a little gleam on the latter. Whom shall we consider *poor* (pitiable) girls? I should say with A. S., those who do not even know that there is a more excellent way: yet, as they and their guardians are in accord, there is no point of leverage to move either. Then there are some *bookish* girls, who perhaps prefer reading to other pastime, or to any work, and have

books in their hands at times and places unreasonable enough to disgust "mamma or aunt," but they are not the *distressed* class. Cleared off the impracticable and the false, we come to students under difficulties. I argue with a "Londoner," these difficulties are not out-of-doors: every contemporary is proud and eager to aid a less priviliged friend, every older woman to bestow help upon a younger aspirant, of course in their own line; they can no more, and less they will not, as they know of no reasons for restraint. In families of affluence or competence there is seldom opposition to choice or extension of study, providing the prescribed course, which is not exhaustive, is also fulfilled; but in those of professional merit, the mother has too often to consider what in *her* opinion is indispensable for a young lady or what may be unproductive, and to require for family help the application of the remaining hours. Arrangement and self-denial will make time for the favorite pursuit, whilst an honest fulfilment of the required duty will win consideration and indulgence. Yet does it seem that much time is lost or misapplied in uncongenial and unsuccessful labor? Not so if our best educationists are right. One of them, at the opening of the Philosophical Institution at Edinburgh last year, explained "that no study imposed upon youth was for its own sake, but for the discipline of the understanding;" and, after speaking to a greater length as regarded young men, Dr. Hook proceeded, "Formerly when first the female mind was educated it was subjected to the same discipline as the mind of man. Queen Elizabeth, Lady Jane Grey, were distinguished scholars. But it was soon found, that because the female mind is not subjected to that narrowing process which is attendant upon professional pursuits, it did not require the same amount of discipline as is requisite in the other sex. And so by degrees, whilst philology, logic, and mathematics were omitted in their course of *mental discipline*, music was retained as the form under which a liberal education is conducted, of which the first aim is to form habits of fixed attention, and which is met if even *one* subject be studied in its depths and fulness. * * * It is through music that the female mind receives that education which the mind, as the mind, requires, distinct from any intrinsic value in the means employed, in order that it may be trained to exactness and vigor."

Does not this theory turn the stream of pity from the poor girls to their teachers and hearers! And let me mention in illustration of the argument, a case in point. Long years ago I knew of a young lady, one of the daughters of a country gentleman, who rose early every morning to secure three hours' practice in music before breakfast. Four hours in the course of the day was the recognised appointment, making in all seven hours. The father's affairs became embarrassed and he died bankrupt, and then this knowledge of music certainly did not profit directly, for, with a sister, this lady took a trade of fancy millinery and Berlin work at Brighton, and now, in advanced life, keeps a lodging-house on the skirts of Hyde Park. But the strength to work in one line had been acquired by exercise in another.

However, a good time is coming for all girls, for the cultivation of the intellect and the acquirement of exact knowledge have begun, and will extend and descend.

A few words from Lady Morgan, who had practised before she preached, may be commended both to young ladies and mammas.

"I desire to give *every* girl, no matter her rank, a trade,—a profession, if the word pleases you better. Cultivate what is necessary in the position she is born to; cultivate all things in moderation, but one thing in perfection, no matter what it is, for which she has a talent,—drawing, music, embroidery, or housekeeping even; give her a staff to lay hold of, let her feel 'This will carry me through life without dependencies.' I was independent at fourteen, and never went in debt."

Yours truly,

A. E.

XXI.—PASSING EVENTS.

With the exception of one tragical event we have not much to record this month of foreign affairs. The question of central Italy is still unsettled; the conferences at Zurich drag on from week to week. Austria and France seem unable to come to any permanent decision, while Tuscany, Parma, and Modena, having offered their allegiance to Victor Emmanuel, await his acceptance, their destinies suspended on a thread. But from China, from the far east, where English merchants and English ships have established a living vigorous root of England's commerce, we have received news of a fearful disaster. Several English vessels, under command of Admiral Hope, attempting to pass up the river Peiho, were fired on from some forts by the river's side. Enormously undervaluing the possible strength and garrison of these forts, eleven gunboats were sent to the attack, and three hundred and seventy men were landed to form a storming party. But the river banks were a mass of deep wet mud, across which our poor countrymen had to struggle under a heavy fire, and three ditches lay between them and the forts. The account reads like a piece of insane daring, for no sooner had they struggled up to within thirty-five yards, than the order to retreat was given, and our men retired to their boats with the same difficulty as they had advanced, *every officer* killed or wounded, and one hundred and seventy men *hors de combat.* One survivor, who wrote to the "Times," stated that he had been seven hours in the mud and water. England will now have a Chinese war on her hands, with probably France as an ally; and English families have been desolated by a skirmish, of which the only glory was that her sons obeyed the professional order which consigned them to die the death of dogs.

At home two events of intense national interest will ever mark the month of September, 1859. The first trip of the Great Eastern, and the final assurance of Sir John Franklin's fate. It was on Friday the 9th, that the Great Eastern, having steamed successfully down the Thames, was passing Hastings, when a funnel near the centre of the ship suddenly shot into the air and fell across the deck, destroying saloon, cabins, and everything contained in the compartment of the vessel in which it was inserted. No passengers lost their lives, but many of the men employed on the machinery below the funnel were dragged out to die. The fact of the Great Eastern being built in compartments saved it from destruction; and many argue that the fatal accident has but tested the remarkable safeguards guaranteed in a vessel of her size and construction, since if a similar accident had happened to the machinery of an ordinary ship, she would have been blown to atoms or rapidly consumed by the flames. Be that as it may, the country has rung with the catastrophe. The Great Eastern is at Weymouth, where the inquest has just been held, and a verdict of accidental death returned upon the bodies of those killed. The future course of the marine monster, and how far it will be affected by what has happened, are the subjects of unsettled conjecture, only less interesting than the still more unsettled question as to whom the blame really attaches, who was in charge of the machinery, and responsible for its safe conduct on the trial trip.

At length the great mystery of modern times is solved; we know exactly when and where Sir John Franklin died; the polar seas have given up the relics of their dead, and a voice has reached us from those who left this earth at least ten years ago.

On Wednesday the 20th instant, the Fox, a vessel sent to the Arctic regions at the expense of Lady Franklin, arrived off the Isle of Wight. Captain McClintock at once went on by train to London, taking with him two cases containing relics of the long missing expedition, and on the 23rd appeared in the morning papers that long record which stirred all hearts with its piteous details. Thus it began:—"At Point Victory, upon the N.W. coast of King

William Island, a record has been found, dated April 25th 1848, and signed by Captains Crozier and Fitzjames. By it we were informed that her Majesty's ships Erebus and Terror were abandoned on April 22nd, 1848, in the ice, five leagues to the N.N.W., and that the survivors, in all amounting to one hundred and five souls, under the command of Captain Crozier, were proceeding to the Great Fish River. Sir John Franklin had died on June 11th, 1847."

His wife thus at last obtains the melancholy but very profound consolation of knowing, that the great sailor whose fate the civilised world deplores, died in his cot, before the abandonment of the ships had consigned their unfortunate crews to the miseries of a lingering death. And let it not be forgotten that it was to her energy; her "hoping against hope," and to her imperilling of scanty means in solution of what was at once an intimate domestic mystery and a problem deeply interesting to the whole nation, that we owe this knowledge. Who can forget that it was the wife, now too surely the widow, of Franklin, whose commission the noble-hearted seaman bore who was destined to bring home the final message from the dead. It was "a feeling of entire devotion to the cause which Lady Franklin has so nobly sustained, and a firm determination to effect all that men could do," that led on Captain McClintock, his officers and crew, to add to our geographical knowledge eight hundred miles of coast line, as well as to soothe the wistful yearning of many aching hearts, by the certainty that years had passed since the death of those who could return no more.

Our home news this month chiefly consists of public meetings and speeches. The gathering of the British Association at Aberdeen, nobly addressed by Prince Albert, is, however, less immediately interesting to our readers than the words of the Bishop of Lincoln at the opening of the new National Schools, which have just been erected for the parish of St. Nicholas, Nottingham. The bishop entered on the vexed and most difficult question of female education in these schools. He finds the proportion of girls to boys, in the most considerable part of the schools of Nottingham, not more than one-third: he regards this fact as a "very sad and anxious one," and he enters at length on the wrong done by setting the little girls to work at so tender an age; stunting their growth, dwarfing their energies, sowing in them the seeds of future disease, and "preventing their minds from receiving that aid and culture, without which it is impossible to hope that they can become useful wives and mothers of another generation, or that they can fulfil that part which God's providence has allotted them in society." Of seamstresses, and of the surplus of single women, the bishop also spoke. But we must refer our readers to the "Daily News" or "Morning Post," of the 24th instant for the whole of this remarkable address.

The indefatigable Dowager Marchioness of Londonderry again gave her annual entertainment to the tenantry on her estate. A tenant farmer proposed her health in these terms: "May she live a thousand years, and may her shadow never grow less." Lady Londonderry, who was received with immense cheering, then made a long speech, in which she dwelt on her satisfaction in having been able herself to inspect the real state and condition of her people, by visiting personally most of those who were accessible from the road. She touches upon the reclaiming of land, the repairing of houses, the erection of the machinery, and on the building of improved dwellings. In one place a good crop of oats is raised where the heather blossomed two years ago. In another a harbour has been deepened and completed, lighters are no longer required to ship the limestones, and vessels can enter in all seasons. Public-houses are closing, manners and morals mending, and the truly noble woman, whose years are numbered with the century, may hope for many more in which to watch the gradual growth of her tenantry in all that makes a virtuous landlord's heart rejoice.

So many have been the deaths among notable people during the past month, that we can but indicate their names. Leigh Hunt, Isambard Brunel, and Professor Nichol have passed away to their rest.