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XXXIII.—WHAT CAN EDUCATED WOMEN DO?

"We should not omit to mention that the ordinary standard of female competency is not only not ignored in these speculations, but is actually regarded as of more immediate promise than talents of a higher kind. It is at this point, indeed, and this only, that the controversy we have been considering exhibits any symptom of radical innovation. Here, however, it has been asserted that, apart from all the contingent obligations of women, it is absolutely indispensable, as a measure of social reform, that woman's work should be called in and employed in certain departments of business. It is argued that women in workhouses, women in prisons, women in reformatories, and women in sickness, do imperatively require female attendance and supervision; that for lack of this superintendence rising female generations are viciously disposed, and that by excluding women from such places of trust and authority we not only deprive the sex of a remunerative occupation, but work infinite damage to the whole social body. We cannot enter into this argument more particularly at present. We do but allude to it not merely as indicating what has been called the 'great field of paid social labor,' but as showing what opinions are at work upon the question besides those which are concerned simply with female employment."—From the "Times" of Nov. 17.

So much discussion has lately been called forth upon the destitute condition of educated women who have to earn their bread, that I think the wisest step now open to us, is to discuss in detail the various possible distributions of their labor into new and more profitable channels, which I only alluded to last month.

The first point which strikes most thinkers is, that remunerative labor, not only in our charitable institutions, but in those under the control of the Poor Law Board, is eminently needed from the heads and hands of educated women, for the sake of the inmates of those institutions themselves; and as it is also calculated to draft off from the labor market the best intellects, and the most reliable moral natures among women, such remunerative labor deserves our first consideration.

And here I must claim the indulgence of my readers, when I pass in review those social institutions of which I am necessarily ignorant as regards their practical working. I know nothing personally of hospitals, reformatories, or prisons, beyond the casual chances of inspection afforded to most ladies in the present time. Of the interior of workhouses I know a little more; but not very much. I must

therefore appeal on these subjects to the judgments of women who *are* well informed, and who, by repeated visits, by diligent consultation of published works, and by active exertions within the walls of such institutions, are practically qualified to give a judgment on their condition. I allude to such thinkers and workers as Mrs. Jameson, Miss Nightingale, Miss Twining, and Miss Carpenter, with other less known but most useful ladies.

These all declare, and have enforced their opinion through the press and by daily exertions, that our social institutions stand in the utmost need of the introduction of educated women in almost every department, working with and working under men, for we will not dispute about the exact position they are to assume, it is quite a minor detail. Therefore I shall support every assertion I make on these points, by quoting freely the words of those who are so much better fitted to judge than I am, and I should be thankful to see separate articles appear one by one on the details of each kind of superintendence, from the pens of practical workers.

In her "Communion of Labor,"* Mrs. Jameson has classified our chief social institutions under these four heads :—Sanitary, Educational, Reformatory, and Penal; and the first in order which she introduces is the subject of

Hospitals.

I would ask any one who doubts the efficacy of educated female labor in these abodes of pain and disease to read what is here said of some of those numerous institutions under the foreign Sisters of Charity. It is of course almost impossible to illustrate the subject in any other way except by referring to Catholic Sisters, or to Protestant Deaconesses such as those of Kaiserswerth, Berlin, and Paris, for hospitals have never been regularly tended by educated women who did not live in community. The ladies of St. John's House, Westminster, are an example of Protestant action of this kind.

And as I am here discussing these topics, not from the benevolent, but from an *economical point of view*, I particularly wish my readers to take notice that communities relieve the labor market. It is very true that each individual worker is unpaid, and in that sense is a "volunteer;" but it is equally true that as, wherever the system is really organised, all the workers are fed, clothed, and supported in old age from the funds of the institution, they actually constitute a very important part of the paid labor of the country. Those who are rich bring or leave fortunes to the community, but excellent and valuable workers are taken in without money, and thus (regarding the question on its purely economical side) they give their labor for a permanent maintenance. When, therefore, we hear from Mrs. Jameson, of the Paris hospitals, including the Lariboissière, founded by a

* "Sisters of Charity and the Communion of Labor." Two lectures on the social employments of women, by Mrs. Jameson; to which is added a prefatory letter to the Right Hon. Lord John Russell, on the present condition and requirements of the women of England. Longman. 2s.

rich lady, and employing twenty-five Sisters of Charity; of the hospitals at Vienna; of the "*Spedale Maggiore*," at Milan, and the hospital of St. John, at Vercelli, and another at Turin, all under the superintendence of Sisters, and all benefiting in the most undeniable manner by such care, insomuch, that in one instance where they were expelled in 1848, they had to be recalled to save the hospital from almost cureless ruin, we must remember that there is an economical as well as a religious side to women's work in community, and that many of these Sisters represent a class equivalent to our wretched superannuated governesses.

The same thing is true of the Lutheran Deaconesses. Miss Nightingale wrote many years ago a touching account of those first collected and trained by Pastor Fleidner, at Kaiserswerth on the Rhine. I have myself seen the vast hospital under their care at Berlin, and the smaller but most interesting establishment at Paris. The sources of information on these communities are cheap and accessible, and they may even be examined in practical illustration under the German Protestant Deaconesses at Dalston; therefore I will not refer to them more fully in this place, but proceed to

Prisons.

Mrs. Jameson tells us that an Act of Parliament procured through Mrs. Fry's influence, ordered the appointment of matrons and female officers in all our prisons; but that no provision has been made for their proper training, nor are the qualifications at all defined.* They do not, therefore, in general fulfil the requisites, nor produce the effects of educated labor; while in Piedmont we find the general Report on the Condition of the Prisons, addressed to the Minister of the Interior, stating that "It is an indisputable fact that the prisons which are served by the Sisters are the best ordered, the most cleanly, and in all respects the best regulated in the country; hence it is to be desired that the number should be increased; and this is the more desirable, because where the Sisters are not established, the criminal women are under the charge of gaolers of the other sex, which ought not to be tolerated." To this is added the testimony of the Minister himself. A prison is also mentioned which is actually *governed* "chiefly by women, and the women, as well as the men who

* In some instances superior women have been introduced; I hear of them at Wandsworth and Horsemonger Lane Gaol; while in her letter to Lord John Russell, Mrs. Jameson says: "The Female Prison at Brixton, containing, when I saw it, upwards of six hundred convicts, is managed entirely by a Lady-superintendent, her deputy, and forty matrons. There is, of course, a staff of chaplains and medical officers, but the government and discipline are carried out by trained women. The intermediate female prison at Fulham, into which the reformed convicts are drafted before their release, and in which they must pass the last two years of their term of imprisonment, is in the same manner under the control of an intelligent lady, assisted by a deputy and nine matrons. These innovations, which will appear extraordinary to many 'practical' men, have been organised and carried out by Colonel Jebb."

direct it, are responsible only to the government, and not merely subordinates like the female officers in our prisons." This experiment at Neudorf had only had a three years' trial, but had so completely succeeded, that eleven other prisons were about to be organised on the same plan. It began by the efforts made by two humane ladies to found a reformatory for women. They sent to France for two Sisters, and after a while, government having noticed this small institution, it was "taken in hand, officially enlarged, and organised as a prison as well as a penitentiary; the original plan being strictly adhered to, and the same management retained." At the time of Mrs. Jameson's visit "the total number of criminals was more than two hundred, and others were expected the next day."

"To manage these unhappy, disordered, perverted creatures, there were twelve women, assisted by three chaplains, a surgeon, and a physician: none of the men resided in the house, but visited it every day. The soldiers and police officers, who had been sent in the first instance as guards and gaolers, had been dismissed. The dignity, good sense, patience, and tenderness of this female board of management were extraordinary. The ventilation and the cleanliness were perfect; while the food, beds, and furniture were of the very coarsest kind. The medical supervision was important, where there was as much disease—of frightful physical disease—as there was of moral disease, crime, and misery. There was a surgeon and physician, who visited daily. There was a dispensary, under the care of two Sisters, who acted as chief nurses and apothecaries. One of these was busy with the sick, the other went round with me. She was a little, active woman, not more than two or three and thirty, with a most cheerful face and bright, kind, dark eyes. She had been two years in the prison, and had previously received a careful training of five years; three years in the general duties of her vocation, and two years of medical training. She spoke with great intelligence of the differences of individual temperament requiring a different medical and moral treatment.

"We must bear in mind that here men and women were acting together; that in all the regulations, religious and sanitary, there was mutual aid, mutual respect, an interchange of experience; but the women were subordinate only to the chief civil and ecclesiastical authority; the internal administration rested with them.

"I hope it will be remembered here, and in other parts of this essay, that I am not arguing for any particular system of administration, or discipline, or kind or degree of punishment; but merely for this principle, that whatever be the system selected as the best, it should be carried out by a due admixture of female influence and management combined with the man's government."

So much for the action of women in foreign prisons, and for what might be expected from their introduction here. Also we have testimony from the sister kingdom.

Captain Crofton, who organised the new system of secondary

punishment and prison discipline in Ireland, has made great use of female officials, and has allowed that he could not have succeeded without them; and Lord Carlisle in his speech at the Liverpool meeting of the Association for the Promotion of Social Science, in 1858, bore the strongest testimony to the will and efficient working of these ladies.

Reformatories.

I find the following passages in Miss Carpenter's works illustrative of my position:—

"A yet more striking fact is derivable from a paper delivered into the Lords' Committee in 1847, by Mr. Chalmers, Governor of Aberdeen Prison. The per centage of female prisoners in all the prisons of Scotland is nearly one-half; of juvenile female prisoners under 17, between one-fifth and one-sixth; but the per centage of *re-commitments of juvenile female prisoners is greater by one-half* than that of males. This statistic fact would indicate that young girls are generally much less prone to crime than boys of the same age, but that their tendency to it rapidly increases with their age, and that when they have once embarked in a criminal career, they become more thoroughly hardened than the other sex. The correctness of these painful results is proved by the testimony of the Bishop of Tasmania before the Lords."

Now who is to stop young girls from embarking in a criminal career? Can men, however good and earnest, do all that is required, in the pulpit or the school-room; or must it be left to older and better educated members of their own sex? In Miss Carpenter's books, and in her various papers read before the Social Science Association, in different years, she makes constant appeal for help in the reformatory cause, one half of which help *must* obviously come from women; while in a paper sent by her in July, 1858, to this Journal, she puts this appeal in its more direct form. She calls on "Christian women" to devote themselves to the work. She says that "We must have in the school, a good matron, a good schoolmistress, and a good industrial teacher;" adding, "we have hitherto addressed women who have independent means, and who would gladly give voluntary and unpaid help. There may be, and doubtless are, many who are compelled to labor for their maintenance, but who, while doing so, would gladly give in addition, a zeal and devotion which cannot be bought with gold, and which are most precious. They would willingly encounter difficulties and privations in this work of Christ's. Such might with great advantage enter reformatories as matrons, school-mistresses, industrial teachers. The greatest difficulty is at present to find fit persons for these offices; they will be gladly welcomed."

I now come to the consideration of

Workhouses;

and have applied to Miss Louisa Twining for the results of her large experience in what Mrs. Jameson very naturally calls "an institution

peculiar to ourselves" as English people; adding that if "ever the combination of female with masculine supervision were imperatively needed it is in an English parish workhouse."

Miss Twining answers to my application by the following written statement:

"It has been asked in what way remunerative employment can be found for women in the management and superintendence of workhouses? There seem to be two ways in which both women and workhouses might be most materially benefited.

"The first means for raising the standard for matrons would be to offer better salaries, so that such women as we find engaged in prisons would be induced to fill these posts. At present the salaries of matrons are far below those of masters; while one is sometimes eighty pounds, the other (in the same workhouse) is forty pounds per annum, and so on in this proportion, the matron always being considered subordinate to the master. Surely this is a very strange arrangement when we consider how large a proportion of inmates are women and children, and of the men the chief part are sick and infirm.* Yet, if the matron does her work conscientiously, her post is hard enough; indeed, to fulfil all its duties as they ought to be fulfilled is an impossibility. Another most fatal and monstrous evil in thus substituting man's work for woman's is the supervision of the younger women in workhouses by *men*, "labor" or "task-masters," *often* young, and *always* unsuited to the office (one, alas! requiring the utmost skill and judgment of experienced women.) The utmost that can be expected of them is to keep the women at such work as hair or oakum picking by what means they can; the whole idea is revolting to common sense and judgment in every point of view. Were the *matron* made the chief person and head of the establishment, all this would be altered; a "labor-master" might of course be fitly kept to superintend such of the men as are able to work, and a clerk might be appointed to keep the accounts, the stores, etc., as in hospitals. If the present race of masters must continue as *heads*, no educated woman could of course act under them as subordinates. But no one *head*, whoever she might be, could be sufficient, and the question then arises, Will the guardians ever agree to pay as many persons as are required if our workhouses should become what they ought to be? There is then open the other way we alluded to by which women may be usefully and not ruinously employed in workhouses. This is by their being organised as bodies of workers, whether called deaconesses, or by any other name. Women of small means might club together and live in far greater comfort and economy than in separate lodgings; and such homes, in consideration of their usefulness, might lay claim to public support for the expenses necessary for maintaining a fund for pensions in sickness and old age, and for the support of

* On the 1st of January, 1858, there were of *indoor* poor, 42,414 women, 53,551 children, while of males only 38,092.

those women who, though willing to work, would not be able to pay, etc., with as much right and reason as many of the present appeals for help and charity. These women might then be employed in workhouses, either as visitors or residents, without expense to the parish. Indeed the two plans we have suggested would be compatible, as the more highly paid and educated matron would of course be the most likely to welcome and co-operate with such fellow-workers.

"Another opening for remunerative labor connected with workhouses, or at least *out-door* poor, is the work of the relieving officer, why should not *some* women take a part of it? Women attend entirely to the administration of relief at the Bureau de Bienfaisance in Paris, and why should they not here do just as well for visiting the sick and poor in their own homes? It would in fact be merely the extension of district visitors' work, and a co-operation between them and parish authorities for their mutual benefit."

Turning to

Educational Institutions.

Our needs on this vast subject are perhaps more clearly recognised than in other departments of our social life. But the immediate effect has been to throw the education of great numbers of girls of the middle class into the hands of men, through the colleges established in London and in our provincial towns. It is impossible to regret this; the instruction of the good and learned men who have undertaken the part of professors to all these "girl-graduates," is an invaluable gain to our generation. We have no women competent to instruct other women in the highest branches of knowledge, nor do I *ever* wish to see tuition handed over exclusively to our sex; it is a much better and more healthy thing that education should always continue to be a reciprocal thing: men teaching girls, and women teaching boys, in the departments in which the two sexes separately excel. But there are surely *some* parts of the great domain of education still closed to female teachers; in particular the office of inspector in girls' schools, and any share in the educational foundations, notably the grammar schools for the middle classes. Why should a distinguished poet, who also holds the office of school-inspector, be seen (as I have seen him) minutely examining the stitches in pocket-handkerchiefs and dusters? and why have we no grammar schools for our tradesmen's daughters? Charity schools do not supply their place. Still I thankfully admit that the training schools for certificated mistresses are an enormous step in the right direction.

Factories.

There is no subject on which I feel more deeply interested than in the due superintendence to be exercised over the immense aggregations of women now employed in factories. Without entering into the merits or demerits of the factory system as regards women—a

system which some most intelligent thinkers earnestly deprecate on sanitary and moral grounds—it is evident that, as thousands of women and children *are* working within factory walls at this very hour, it is most important that everything should be done, not only to improve their condition, but to prevent their actual deterioration. Now this cannot be done by schools alone. To educate the new generation aright is a great matter: but even for that which is now acting or working on earth there is much to be done and the mothers of the rising generation can be taught how to train their little ones in all that concerns the bodily health and the spiritual culture of the earliest years. A keen eye and a practised intellect are invaluable when brought to bear on the needs of the artisan, and in the thousand details of domestic life, a *woman's* eye, and a *woman's* intellect, are indisputably more available than a man's. Nobody, for instance, doubts that the clergyman's wife and the district visitor have a very distinct and important part to play in a parish; a part supplied in Catholic countries by the Sœurs de Charité. To whom will the woman of the working class come to tell a thousand petty troubles except to a woman? Who can judge whether the meat has been made the most of, or the stuff "cut to waste," except a woman; and who is likely to be told of the difficulties and disgraces which sooner or later touch every widely connected household, except a woman? To whom will a mother speak of her wandering daughter, or her scapegrace son, except a woman? I do not deny that the clergyman and the minister may do an immense work, nor that they combine many of the feminine with the masculine virtues by reason of their special training. But I think all my readers must acknowledge that a vast deal is still left to the woman's peculiar province; and that where hundreds of women are gathered together in any employ, it is very wise to introduce among them the missionary labor of their own sex. And though we all allow that "Bible women," and Christian workers of every class, however humble, may act beneficially on the population, we have not enough of them, and it is still evident to me, even with regard to them, that in no case is the superintending activity of educated women more urgently demanded.

I know of three cases in which it has been tried; perhaps my readers may be able to furnish other instances from their own memories. The first is at Halstead, in Essex, at the silk mill belonging to the Messrs. Courtauld, where a lady has been employed for the last ten years in visiting the homes of the workers, and in exercising a general superintendence over the schools.*

The second was at Birmingham, under totally different and far more unfavorable conditions: men and women are mixed together in the workshops of that town; the trades are in many instances very rough and dirty, and the lady who attempted to organise a factory-home there seems to have felt her attempt almost a failure, and

* See "Experience of Factory Life," by M. M. Sold at the Office of the "English Woman's Journal," price 6d.

the conditions of factory labor destructive in soul and body to the gentler sex. Still, if this be true, all the more need for her presence and inspection! The *third* experiment was commenced this very year, in a mill near Cheadle, and promises to be most successful.

That every factory employing the labor of women and children should thus afford remunerative employment to the *highest class* of working English women, is a practical suggestion, the importance of which can only be truly felt by those, who, like myself, have seen its results in operation.

Emigration.

Many other kinds of social work in which female workers might be most successfully started, are suggested to my mind by the various letters which reach me, some of which will be found printed in another part of this Journal. Take for instance, the emigration system; why are there no women to take up and carry out Mrs. Chisholm's work? There is a fearful disproportion of the sexes in our Australian colonies, which can only be redressed by persuading more women to emigrate from England. But it is not an easy thing for a single woman to emigrate; she is generally ignorant of business, she does not know where to go nor how to go, she is puzzled in what way to select a ship, and terrified at the unknown chances across the sea. A correspondent suggests that any two ladies who would devote themselves to seeking out female emigrants, and insuring a safe, comfortable, and reputable transit to one of our colonies, would confer great public benefit. Why cannot this be done on a regular plan, and in a professional way? isolated charity alone will not succeed to any great extent. It seems to me that in all such work we must either employ paid agency or women living in some sort of community, otherwise we shall fail for want of organisation. This matter rests partly with government, and partly with emigration companies. Again, if we succeed in sending out any number of female emigrants, they should be accompanied on their voyage by a good matron, and met on the other side of the sea by a female superintendent, so that they may be taken first to respectable lodgings, and thence drafted out to different kinds of service. I am aware that I am suggesting arrangements which have in various instances been well carried out already, but I am sure that there is a need among women of all classes for further assistance towards emigration, and I think it rests with educated women to see how it can be wisely and kindly met.

Training.

How we are to train the women who are so urgently needed in various departments of social labor, is a question of considerable difficulty. Protestants object to setting apart any class of women who shall be morally bound to lead a life of celibacy devoted to good works; yet unless they are to remain at their posts, where is the good of giving them an elaborate training? To this I can only

suggest two answers. Firstly, that the difficulty appears to have been turned or overcome in the case of teachers for certificated schools. They receive a competent training, they work for several years, and then they frequently marry; yet nobody argues that therefore it is foolish and expensive to train certificated female teachers. Secondly, the qualities required in the highest class of female superintendents are rather those which are matured by a life's experience than those which can be instilled into a woman by the efforts of others.

For the matron of a workhouse, or the superintendent of a factory, we do not want a clever girl, however well trained and certificated; we want a woman of mature age, whether single, married, or widowed; we want firmness, discretion, and experience of life. If a candidate possesses these she will soon learn the technicalities of her occupation; and if she do not possess them all technicalities will be but broken reeds. I am now speaking of the highest class of moral qualifications, of the rarest candidates for the most responsible social professions; for the subordinate branches of employment some similar system to the training school must be adopted, and certificates of ability bestowed. If these women marry (as it is to be hoped they will) they will carry into domestic life a very superior order of attainments and of qualities; as mothers of daughters they will exercise the best of influence over the next generation of their sex, and if they become widows, and if their husband's misfortunes (as in innumerable instances) compel them to work, they will form a sort of reserved fund for the filling of the highest posts of responsibility.

Upon the particular organisation of these necessary training institutions I do not feel competent to speak; while there are many ladies who possess all the requisite knowledge; but I consider it amply proved within the last half century that the want of the action of women in our English social institutions is a crying want of the age,—it must be supplied, and the way to supply it will be found if we look for it.

When I read over what I have written, I see plainly that it will appear to convey only the merest truisms to those who have been long engaged in philanthropic labors. It has all been said over and over again in the last twenty years. But that is no reason why it should not be reiterated, for the beneficent effects of educated female employment in social institutions, is yet far enough from being a popular creed with the English people. An idea may be broached in books and pamphlets, and obtain great hold over a select class of minds, long before it penetrates familiarly into the columns of the newspapers, and becomes really incorporated with our national thought. Therefore, by systematically urging these things in a monthly periodical, it is to be hoped that a new range of readers will be touched. And we must not forget that it is absolutely necessary to convince the middle class before any of these reforms can be carried out and paid for. Who control the workhouses? the guardians of each parish; chiefly tradesmen and shopkeepers.

Who manage hospitals? boards of officials who are little likely to have leisure for perusing the "comparative physiology" of hospitals at home and abroad. Where does the power in our prisons ultimately rest, except in the persons of members of the government and members of parliament, who are too busy to digest blue-books which do not bear on their own particular bills. And how are the active merchants and masters of factories, who are the sinews of our commerce, to be convinced of the benefits of certain changes, unless they are presented to them in the newspaper which they read on the railway, or in the speech which they hear at a public meeting? Therefore it is that I hope to see these subjects brought up again and again, in every cheap and accessible form, till the thoughts they embody are thoroughly leavened through the homes of England, making the men willing to admit female co-operation in the institutions they control, and the women themselves ready and ardent to enter the new sphere.

I propose to consider next month those commercial avocations, trades, and mechanical arts, in which it is to be hoped that women can engage with prudence and a fair chance of success.

(To be continued.)

XXXIV.—LA SŒUR ROSALIE.

(*Continued from page* 162.)

La Sœur Rosalie attached the utmost importance to all institutions destined for the care and instruction of the young, and a very large part of her benevolent energy flowed into these channels. God has made the feebleness and innocence of the new generation a perpetual well-spring of hope for the world. That which we have learned through faults and through repentance, through the bitter experience of long lives of struggle, we can to a certain extent secure as a capital for the young. If we cannot impart to them the force of conviction which we ourselves have bought so dearly, still we can imbue them with opinions, surround them with safeguards, and implant principles in their minds of which the seeds will develope in future years. If a perverse and brutal population repel the efforts of the Christian minister and the practical philanthropist, if they be depressed by its hard obstinacy, and hopeless of its ignorant dulness, let them remember that there are little children who repel no tenderness, who are not prejudiced against any one, who believe all that is told them, trust every promise which they hear, and offer their hearts to whoever opens loving arms for them. In the worst families these little ones are dropped as from heaven, and each child is one chance the more.

The opinions entertained by La Sœur Rosalie were of course those inevitable to a Catholic; she cared less for intellectual advance than for the moral training of the children in her schools, and she tried to apportion the kind and amount of instruction given to the requirements of the future career of her pupils. Her plan of education aimed at producing certain definite results, and in so far it differed very considerably from the ideal of education now existing among us in England, which aims at drawing out the whole powers of the mind, irrespective of their probable or possible direct application. We will, however, remind our readers how great a recoil has of late prevailed, even in England, towards the industrial education of the girls of the working classes. The advocates of education are beginning to feel that common sense requires them to limit their instruction to what may be called a professional end, and as working women *must* do house-work, as the health, comfort, and morality of the laborer's and mechanic's home must chiefly depend on the woman who is at the head of it, it is folly to call that efficient education, which sends a female child out into the world untrained for her peculiar and inevitable duties. Hence the constant current of press articles about industrial schools, cooking schools, sewing schools; hence the publication of such tracts as those issued by the Ladies' Sanitary Association, from "How to Manage a Baby," upwards.

La Sœur Rosalie therefore, being, as appears on every page of her memoir, eminently unspeculative and pre-eminently practical, and living, moreover, day by day amidst a population whose gross ignorance was only matched by its urgent practical needs, set herself to train up as many girls as possible in the way they should go, and she discouraged, or threw aside as useless, whatever did not recommend itself on the ground of practical utility. So we must not be surprised that she disapproved of drawing, history, and belles-lettres, as subjects of study in primary schools. In particular, she objected to the time given to singing in girls' schools. This was the view she took, which we leave to be disputed, as it probably will be by the majority of our readers. "Music," she said, "is perhaps suitable for boys destined to rough contact with their fellow-men, to work carried on amidst numbers, amidst the tumults of the external world; it may serve to soften the rough manners of the workman, and to substitute honest and peaceful amusement for the noisy orgies of the tavern. But for young girls it is dangerous; it invites their attendance in mixed places of amusement; it calls them away from the modest fulfilment of household duties to expose them to public curiosity and theatrical applause. Why should we seek to awake in our young girls of the working classes needs and tastes which are in contradiction to the conditions imposed on them by their birth, their purse, and their surroundings; drawing and music, and all similar surplus of instruction, only serves to disgust them with their needle, and to propagate that desire to rise in life *(ces idées de*

déclassement) which must one day be repressed, and which is the torment of our laboring class, for the trouble among our working people is that now-a-days nobody is contented to remain in her own station in life."

A great deal in this passage from the pen of La Sœur Rosalie is open to contrary argument, and our American readers will probably think it very absurd and wrong to wish to limit the upward aspirations of girls and boys, since to rise in life means, up to a certain point, better food, better clothes, more leisure, and purer moral surroundings of an external kind. And undoubtedly where there is ample virgin land to receive and sustain a surplus population, or where commerce is so rapidly expanding, or emigration becoming so cheap and easy, that room can be made for all who choose to "rise in life" without prejudice to their neighbours, there is no reason why being content with the station whereunto God called us in the first instance by birth, should be insisted upon as part of the character of a true Christian. But in our old countries, in many parts of England, and still more in very differently organised France, the rapid interchange carried on in New York and in Manchester between the social status of the master and that of the man, is practically impossible. It can only be by a sort of miracle that the agricultural laborer in Dorset and Essex can "rise in life," and the working people of Paris and London find themselves hemmed in by conditions most difficult of change. Now we freely admit that it is the business of the lawgiver and the politician to widen these conditions if possible; to free the energies of the people, and to bring social ease and intellectual culture within the reach of the greatest possible number. But we firmly submit that it is the immediate duty of practical philanthropists to make the best of *existing* conditions. The minister of Christ and the visitor among the poor has for immediate concern the making John and Jane, Thomas and Mary, lead good and useful lives on a sum ranging from ten to twenty shillings a week: a hard problem, but one not utterly impossible of solution, as has been proved by thousands of instances among the virtuous and industrious poor.

La Sœur Rosalie disliked applying the spur of rivalry to her schools, according to the plan by which the municipality of Paris paid every year a considerable sum for the apprenticing of young girls who carried off the suffrages in a competition open to all the *écoles communales.* She thus wrote to a friend interested in primary instruction. "My experience has shown me that grave evils result from the system of bestowed apprenticeship as a reward in competitive examinations. The struggle lies more between the mistresses of the different schools, who devote themselves to the pupils from whom they expect credit, to the detriment of the numbers who have a right to their care and instruction." The results obtained by the Sister in the schools under her immediate superintendence were remarkable for their good condition. She brought up her little girls

in habits of modesty and politeness which would have done honor to the highest ranks. If the Superior excluded the more intellectual class of studies, just as she would have excluded topknots and flounces, it was evident that piety and order reigned in the little assembly. In no school did the children read and write more correctly, nowhere did they know their prayers better, or possess neater habits and more intelligent open faces. Every day she visited them; the good children crowded round her, and if she saw a little one in the corner, she always went up to it, dried its tears, helped it through its lesson, and asked forgiveness for the penitent. In her old age she used often to say to her last pupils, "I taught your dear mother to read; how good and pleasant she was! She always knew her lessons, and you'll be like her, will you not?" The little girl would promise, and would go home, and tell them what La Sœur Rosalie had said of her mother, which naturally proved a strong stimulus to the child and delighted the household. If La Sœur met a child in the street, she used to ask where it went to school. If it went to none, she sent for the mother, reproved her for negligence, showed her that Christian education was the best safeguard a parent could possess for a child's obedience and respect, and the best incentive to filial care in declining years. Sometimes the mother was not to blame; the child had not been received at school for want of room, for, in spite of the munificence of the municipality of Paris towards the system of primary instruction, the schools were far from affording adequate provision for the wants of the population. Then she would take the little girl by the hand, and presenting her herself to the Sister who had charge of that particular school, she would say "Find me, I beg of you, a little room for this child." "But we are quite full, *ma mère*." "Look well, she is so slight; she will not take much room, and you will give me so much pleasure." At the voice of La Sœur Rosalie all the pupils pressed closer together, and made room for the new comer, for they dearly loved to please her. On her part, when she left the schoolroom she went to look at their luncheon baskets, and at the end of lesson time the lightest were found to have become the best filled!

She also busied herself in the founding of new institutions. She got together classes in the Rue Banquier, begging from people whom she knew to be devoted to the cause of Christian education, the sum necessary to secure their permanent foundation: exerting all the influences at her command, she persuaded the municipality to adopt the new school; a religious establishment was created there, and a workshop opened in connection with the classes, thus introducing the industrial element of instruction. Before long a system of visitation was begun, and the miserable population of the suburb outside the *Barrière d'Ivry* was brought in a measure under benevolent superintendence.

In 1844 La Sœur Rosalie organised a *crèche*, or place of recep-

tion for babies whose mothers went out to work. Objections were raised, to which, however, she did not pay attention, as it seemed to her unjust to reproach charity with tempting mothers to neglect their duties; since they were required to come several times a day to nurse the little ones, and were only allowed to leave them when obliged to do so by the imperative summons of necessary labor. La Sœur Rosalie asked the objectors why they reproached poor mothers with doing from necessity what rich mothers constantly do from choice. The rich mother in France often sends her nursling away to a foster-parent; the poor mother of the Faubourg Saint Marceau keeps hers at home, and watches by it in the nights which succeed laborious days; she does not part with it except during forced absences, and then she hands it over to an enlightened and womanly care. As to the danger of bringing together a number of children, and thus exposing them to catch infant maladies from each other, La Sœur Rosalie found by experience that her little guests had better health than those babies which remained at home, even taking this undeniable danger into account; she had them washed, and dressed in clean linen, and put into comfortable cradles; she made a pleasure and a pride of her nursery, and showed it to friends and strangers with delight in her leisure moments. When she entered, the little folks all began to stir; those who were old enough to walk, trotted up to be kissed, or rolled and crawled up to her feet and pulled her gown as babies will; she bent over the cradles of the younger infants, talking, laughing, coaxing, caressing, comforting all their little troubles, and cheering all their little hearts. One day she saw in her *crèche* a foundling just beginning to talk, whom the attendants were about to take to the Foundling Hospital. She kissed him as she kissed all the others; the wee fellow threw his arms round her neck, crying "Mamma, mamma," and would not let go his hold.

"He calls me Mamma, and I cannot forsake him," said La Sœur Rosalie, and he was not sent to the Foundling Hospital, and so long as she lived he never wanted a mother's care.

To the *crèche*, this indefatigable woman presently added an *asyle;* very much what we call an infant school. In a short time the municipality employed Sisters to manage it, and all the children of the quarter were taken from under the wheels and from out of the gutter, and kept good with little songs and exercises and games, instead of wandering in the streets at the risk of their lives and their morals.

We would fain say a few words about *crèches* in general, since they have been much discussed in England, and attempts have been made to establish them, which, so far as we know, have failed. Undoubtedly a young child *ought* to be with its mother, and the delicate brain of a baby is best suffered to develope in the quiet of family life. The whole question is, whether, having certain inevitable evils to contend with, such as the labor of married women

among the poor, it is not advisable to try and prevent the children being left with ignorant nurses, or with other children but little older than themselves, so that they fall into the water-butt, or over the fire, or down the stairs.

The success of any particular *crèche* will depend almost wholly on the person who manages it; and also on the disposition of the mothers. We know one instance where a *crèche* started in connection with a large factory failed, because the parents could not be permanently persuaded of its advantages. They asked at first what was the *object* of the nursery, as if some profit were about to result to the employers! Even when this was got over, they disliked the "extra trouble the mothers had in bringing their children to us, instead of having them fetched, as the other nurses would do;" and those who adopted the plan of hiring other children to look after their babies, had the convenience of little maids at home to light their fire, boil the kettle, or look after the other children; at any rate the attendance at the nursery diminished. But that some impression had been made was shown by the fact that in after years, mothers who had formerly brought their infants to be taken care of, expressed a wish that they could still have the same advantages for their younger children, but there has been no combination among them to request or to obtain them once more. With this not very encouraging result of one experiment, we will leave the subject of *crèches*, and return to the story of La Sœur Rosalie's exertions for the benefit of her older charges.

It may easily be supposed that after having taught and trained her little girls from infancy upwards, it cost this earnest heart great sorrow to let them go from under her care as soon as they were apprenticed in the shop or the workroom; yet without some regular system it was impossible to maintain any efficient influence over girls approaching womanhood when once they had quitted her schools. It is true, that if any of her young pupils went wrong in after years, when the fever of youth had cooled down, and they were weary of false pleasure, they would return to La Sœur Rosalie to be received and comforted like the prodigal child. But it was then too late; with broken health and ruined honor, and with their habits of work broken up by years of excitement, how could she counsel and restore except in relation to another life? She had often been advised to found one of those schools which receive female children at the age of seven or eight, keep them during the years of school and of apprenticeship, and only restore them to ordinary life as grown-up and instructed workwomen. But she never would carry out any such plan in connection with her own establishment; the expense it would have entailed was in her eyes the least objection; she feared to accustom the children of her poverty-stricken faubourg to the softening influences, the easy habits, the almost maternal cares with which an orphan asylum would surround them. She often said "It is unwise to transplant them from so rough a

neighbourhood." The open school, on the other hand, by developing the general intelligence of the scholars, elevates them as a whole, without separating them from their fellows. Neither did Sœur Rosalie like her young female pupils to begin their working career under more favorable conditions than their after-life would insure.

Bare rooms and hard beds, coarse food and household duties, these are the inevitable lot of the young workwoman at home; as an apprentice, she has to learn by inevitable friction with the characters of others, by the exactions of those in authority, and by the faults of her equals and companions. It is in such experience that a truly noble character is providentially developed, and she therefore wished to accept this natural discipline for all her young charges, while she devised some means by which their connection with the Sisters should not be violently snapped when they quitted the school.

The plan which she rapidly conceived and carried into effect with her accustomed energy and decision was admirably adapted to meet her ends. "It is a good work," said she, the first time the project was discussed with others, "God will cause it to succeed, and we will begin next Sunday." During the whole of that week she worked for the success of her scheme. She persuaded the mistresses of the workshops that "La Patronage" would make their apprentices industrious and obedient, she made the mothers understand that it would be a great help to their daughters' career in life, and her winning voice, which never made itself heard in vain, induced several ladies to enter into her wishes and to promise their attendance.

On the Sunday, a great number of young girls were by these means brought together at the Maison de la Rue de l'Epée-de-Bois; papers were given to them on which their mistresses were to note down their general conduct, and whether they were industrious. The ladies who had come to meet them made the acquaintance of each individually, by the special introduction of La Sœur Rosalie; took down their addresses, promised to visit their workshops, and to give them rewards at the end of the half year if they were deserved; and then they all mingled together in kindly intercourse, and sang hymns with the Sisters; and the *Patronage* was fairly started.

This example of the system, begun in the poorest of quarters, and under the least favorable of conditions, triumphed over all objections and hesitations. It was capable of being generally followed: the impulsion, once given by La Sœur Rosalie, spread on all sides, and was carried out in numerous parishes, to the benefit of many companies of young girls. Nor was this all; the apprentices made an active union among themselves, to search for, and bring back to the fold, any companions of their school-days who had been led astray; and brought in every Sunday stray lambs of the flock. As they grew older, and themselves became thoroughly instructed workwomen, and sometimes mistresses, La Sœur gathered the best of them into an association, which she christened "Du Bon-Conseil,"

and which she made auxiliary to the body of ladies before mentioned. She taught them how to visit and to succour the poor, and to render back to those beneath them the care and tenderness which the Sisters had bestowed upon themselves. Thus she carried the female child of the Faubourg Saint Marceau, formerly neglected in its infancy, and exposed to moral dangers in its youth, from the *crèche* into the *asile* and the school; while from the school it was received successively into the association of the *Patronage* and the *Bon-Conseil*, and thus preserved in the paths of religion and purity.

The last institution founded by La Sœur Rosalie of which we shall give account, was one for the benefit of the aged poor. She took deeply to heart the miserable condition of those who felt their strength failing day by day, until at length, no longer able to work, they knew not in the morning how to gain their daily bread, nor from week's end to week's end where they should find lodging, clothes, and food. Life which depends on the caprice of a passer by, or the good will of a neighbour, or the success of a petition addressed to a stranger, is an existence at the mercy of chance. She managed to collect a number of such old people in a house in the Rue Pascal, and there kept them warm and sheltered, surrounded by their own little articles of furniture, and their tools, by which they could still gain a little money for food and clothes; and here, in her old age, she would delight to go, seeing that they wanted for nothing. The expenses of this humble *ménage* did not mount up to any great yearly sum, but it possessed no fixed revenue, and the rent was wholly made up by voluntary contributions which never failed. At the end of each half year, hidden hands regularly brought the money required for the following one. But no engagement or promise had ever been made, and the uncertainty for the future made La Sœur Rosalie anxious. "I cannot die easy," she often said, "unless I can give a solid and durable character to this work, and insure that these poor old folks shall never be turned out of their house." During her last illness, though she did not foresee its fatal issue, she spoke more than once of this asylum; of her fears for its future, and her extreme desire to leave it to her old friends. This was the last thought, the last wish which she expressed. So far as she was permitted to know, this wish was not accomplished; she died without having been able to create a permanent foundation. But after her death, a house was bought to receive the aged poor of the twelfth *arrondissement;* the protégés of La Sœur Rosalie were installed therein on the 1st of October, 1856, and it was called after her patron saint. Thus the permanency of of this charitable work is secured, and a living monument erected to the benevolent piety of the dead.

(To be continued.)

XXXV.—SEAMSTRESSES AGAIN.

A STORY OF CHRISTMAS EVE.

EVERYBODY knows that November has a trick of plunging the city—houses, and steeples, and lamps, and all—into a sort of vapor bath. On such mornings, those who have plenty of money and nothing to do, make dismal grimaces as they quit their beds; and those who have plenty to do and little of money, shrug their shoulders as they creep along the streets, looking ruefully at the unlovely face of the sky: yes, for the sky has got the jaundice, and hasn't a pleasant look for anybody while the fit lasts.

But the gloomy month was past, and people congratulated themselves on having got rid of that uncomfortable washing-day sensation, for a little while at least. But November and December are nearly akin, and closely resemble each other in disposition; and so it was that on the twenty-fourth of the last-named month, London was over head and ears in a raw, chilly fog. It was one of those fitful, mocking fogs, which gather and disperse in three quarters of a minute; the sky was saffron and cerulean by turns, and seemed playing at bo-peep with the citizens, to the extreme disgust of the great majority, who have something else to do than play at anything.

Genteel reader, have you temerity enough to accompany me to the city on such a morning as this? You can drive in your carriage, of course, but we shall have to alight near St. Giles Without, Cripplegate, for the shoes of carriage horses never strike fire from the flinty pavement of those streets along which we must trudge on foot. Neither Mr. Hansom's cabs, nor anybody else's cabs, have any business here, Mr. Pickford's vehicles being eligible only. The streets seem to have been made with reference to their accommodation in single file, and you always see one or two standing as if rooted, while others are moving along with hearse-like precision. Should two or three pairs of horses happen to snort a sudden "How d'ye do" at some corner, well then there are ways and means of managing which we need not describe: the backing, and bawling, and swearing are all imagined, as is also the great reluctance usually evinced by sensible horses to anything like retrogression.

At such a corner it is that we now pause. The angle of a lofty building juts unreasonably forward, and is defended by short iron posts of prodigious strength, which are placed around the kerb. Some of these posts have a very lazy appearance, and show a decided inclination to lie down. There is nothing remarkable in this, for strength and laziness are generally allied, while feebleness and labor may not hope for a divorce.

A pair of folding doors swing dumbly on their hinges at this corner, and near to these is a sort of passage, or entry, by which

another warehouse is approached, and where the dull whirr of sewing machines comes monotonously on the ear.

On two or three days of the week this entry is crowded with women, who also swarm about the folding doors.

This is "taking-in day," and as the fog has cleared a little, you may see the motley company. Here are little children trembling with cold and clinging wistfully to the mother; and here are young girls, with pretty faces, whose eyes flash scorpions now and then at some gentleman who leers meaningly as he passes by, while others laugh carelessly as if about arrived at the conclusion that anything was as good as waistcoat making. And there are younger girls looking pale and sickly, and old women who seem tanned and toughened and dried, looking like animated mummies. These can scarcely be said to *live*, for love and hope and joy are all extinct, and they are moving on as a machine moves on a little while by the propulsion of a momentum which has ceased to be renewed.

But there was one woman standing by the door, who, though she had the same sort of bundle as the rest, was clearly not of the sisterhood. She was a neat, elderly, motherly body, and young eyes were fastened on the kindly face just as you stand before some exquisite Madonna, while a spell is being woven about the senses, and every thought is concentrated to a wondering admiration. Some shadow must have fallen athwart her path, or she had not been there; and yet there was no line on the plump, fair complexioned, benignant countenance that told of vicissitude: there was, indeed, a shade of sadness upon it, but it was evidently the reflex of outward objects merely, and arose not from within. She stood very patiently while first one and then another emerged from the warehouse with heightened color, or entered with frightened look. The cause for apprehension will be obvious when we explain that the work is taken in generally on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays; and if one worker has half a dozen waistcoats, and a single button-hole be condemned, she takes back the waistcoat to repair the fault, but can neither be paid for the work done, nor have more out till the next taking-in day.

At last it came to the turn of the good woman, whom we shall call Dorothy, to enter with her bundle. The gas was flaring extravagantly where stood the foreman, and at the upper end of the warehouse was a large fire, before which was sitting a pompous "gent" who was smoking a cigar and flinging his legs about as if it were a positive nuisance to have legs at all. Dorothy advanced to the foreman and submissively laid her waistcoats on the counter before him, there were but two.

"What's this?" said he, as on looking over the second his quick eye pounced on a toothstitch or something else of the kind in the closing. "It won't *do*," he added, emphasising the "do" in a most decisive manner, and he pushed back the offending waistcoat and gave the signal for somebody else to approach.

"I ask yer pardon, sir," said Dorothy, in much agitation, "but Mary White's very sorely. If you could send her a shillin' or two she'd be very thankful."

The foreman took not the least notice of this speech, but drew out his toothpick in an absent leisurely manner, while with his left hand he took up some waistcoats which a delicate, but very interesting girl had spread timidly before him.

"I wanted these here button ups," said he with careless gruffness.

"No, sir," said the girl, in amaze. "These is same as I took back for the inlinings. These belongs to the shippin' order."

"That order 's made up. I don't want no more o' these."

"But," said the girl, panting with excitement, "you know, sir," ———

The foreman interrupted her by taking the waistcoats and sweeping them to the other end of the counter, and again he gave the signal for another to come up.

"There's a God above, sir," said Dorothy, in a tone of quiet warning, as with trembling hands she retied her bundle.

"Ha, ha, *ha*," rejoined the foreman, withdrawing his toothpick and holding it at arm's-length. "Aye, and there's a devil too," he said, laughing still, "but I can't think what he's about. Wish he'd clear off a score or two o' the hands."

"Strikes me the devil don't like women," said the "gent" with the cigar. "'Sides a troop like yours is enough to scare him."

The foreman made no reply. An old woman stood before him.

Slowly the poor girl picked up the waistcoats which he had thrown upon the floor, and was endeavoring to collect her bundle, but her senses faltered. Every drop of blood had fled from her lips to aid the failing heart: a mist gathered before her eyes, and then the room, the lights, the foreman gave one quick swoop—she was sinking to the floor.

Dorothy hastened to succour her. "Let's try an' get outside, poor thing," she said, in a tone of commiseration. "Happen ye'll be better when ye get in the air. I'll tek yer bundle: there's a God above us all, my lovey. Ye mun look to Him, poor soul; there isn't nobody else that ye *can* look to." And the good creature led the poor thing tenderly out.

"Why, why," said the women in blank dismay, as Dorothy and the girl again appeared outside, "surely Fanny aint gotten them back *again!*"

"She has," said Dorothy sadly, as she re-pinned the bundle.

"Come along wi' us," said a rather ill-favored woman, in a tone of indescribable compassion. "We gotten rid of ours. She shall hev a drop o' gin, it'll muddle her a bit, poor dear!" and the poor drooping creature was half borne along between her kindly meaning companions.

Dorothy stood a moment or two as if bewildered. These scenes

were new to her. She had continued in respectable service in different branches of the same family for nearly forty years, but had accumulated little, a paralytic father having absorbed most of her savings. However, she had a weekly pension from the family she had served so faithfully and so long. In the house in which she occupied a comfortable apartment, lived one of Mr. Driver's unfortunate hands. But the woman was ill, and to carry her work to the warehouse was one of the many kind offices which Dorothy had undertaken for her relief. This was the first time she had ever trodden these dismal streets, and it seemed to her that she was in a strange land.

Now she met a couple of women bearing immense bags, full as long, and quite twice as wide as any sack she had ever seen, and she wondered in her simple soul whatever there could be inside. If she had inquired, anybody would have told her that the women were sweaters' factotums, and that the bags contained men's and women's felt or straw hats; and they would have informed her, perhaps, that owing to the peculiar mode in which it was necessary to carry these bags, in front, many women suffered severe internal injury. And then there passed by a bevy of French polishers, carrying large looking-glass frames, or small ones oddly strung together like garlands, which were carried in either hand. Dorothy looked even yet more pityingly on little girls and boys shouldering and lifting bundles of parasol sticks: these she judged quite truly had never had the gratification of stroking a doll's head or sending a top about its business. Sad and sick at heart, she hastened home.

Ere she proceeded to the second floor with the offending waistcoat, she turned the key in her own door, as, perhaps, her fire needed attention. It was a neat, cosy apartment, and the few articles of furniture it contained had evidently been used to good society. Not that they ever could have looked more contented, or ever have borne a higher polish. An old-fashioned arm-chair received Dorothy's comely form as welcomely as it had once done quaintly-apparelled dames, such as were your great-grandmother and mine. This chair had long been in disuse; like un upright chair as it was, it had refused to bend to the requirements of the age in which it had become fashionable to loll instead of sit. A carpet of quality, which had evidently been bereaved of its better half, still sufficed nearly to cover the floor, and though it had grown very bald, yet there were traces of former magnificence. On the chimney-piece were some old ornaments which had stood before costly mirrors a long time ago. There was the pasteboard man with the rabbits at his back, and there was the gipsy, and there were shells, actually *worn*, so long ago it was since they had enjoyed a briny bath. Above all these were ranged various likenesses in black and gold, which would do almost as well for one person as another, the difference being one of costume chiefly. Yet with what reverence did Dorothy regard these: how respectfully she dusted them, and how she would tell you that this was

the lady she first lived with, and that her eldest daughter who died of consumption; and that the boy with the book was Master Alfred, who went to Africa, etc., and then she would enumerate a list of excellences as long as a sea-serpent, as appertaining to the "family," till the corner of her apron was brought up to her eye.

"Oh," says one, "there are few such servants now-a-days." Perhaps this is true, and perhaps one reason may be that there are few such mistresses as were Dorothy's. Not one word against, or in disparagement of those schemes whose object is to render servants more efficient. The various departments of domestic service require to be learnt like other trades. Surely any one of these requires to be taught as much as does the art of making a dress. But what we desiderate chiefly, is a set of human beings without human weakness: for so long as weak-minded women (ladies I mean) are the rule, so long as the mind of a mistress is such a miserable shallow, that the murmur of the milkman's voice in momentary confab with the maid, or the fact that the cook has pinned the bow on her bonnet in imitation of her betters, is sufficient to excite its muddy turbulence, so long shall we hear that servants are the greatest plague in life. What can be more undignified than the conduct of those ladies who are perpetually chafing and complaining about their servants? Those who have undertaken to manufacture girls towards whom the exercise of patience, and forbearance, and consideration shall not be needed, have undertaken a rather difficult task: they had best set about it, and I'll square the circle in the meantime. One little bit of my mind with the adieu to this subject. If all the complaining mistresses, with all their grievances, were placed in one scale, and all the wicked servants, with all the surreptitious scraps and candle-ends, and Mr. Mayhew knows best what else, in the other, it is doubtful which elbow of the scales would rise.

After stirring her fire and arranging some little matters, Dorothy proceeded to the upper part of the house, and opened the door of a somewhat large, but poorly furnished and desolate looking attic. A little girl about four years of age, and a boy perhaps two years older, were in pettish altercation, and on a bed which was placed in a corner near to the fire, supported in an upright position by a bolster, behind which was placed some straw, was a young woman, on whose countenance mortal disease was visibly impressed.

"I gotten one of 'em back," said Dorothy, in a sorrowful tone.

The young woman's countenance fell. "I'm very much obliged to you," she said, or rather faltered. "I'm afraid you had to wait a long time."

"No matter for that if I'd got rid of 'em after all. Oh! that man! What he 'll hev to answer for, some day! Wring a body's heart-blood he would, if it was the last drop, an' joke time he was doin' it. But I s'll tell him my mind yet." And Dorothy spoke as if to "tell her mind" would be a very serious affair indeed.

"I do not think I can do it," said the invalid in a faint voice, as her kind friend pointed out the defect.

"Happen *I* could do it, wi' showin'," said Dorothy innocently.

"No, thank you," said the other, with a faint smile and a shake of the head.

"Ye seem very sorely," said Dorothy, scrutinising the pale countenance with alarm; "but ye don't seem to cough nothing to signify this last day or two."

"No, the cough is not so harassing, Dorothy."

Dorothy breathed a long sigh. "Well, I mun mend yer fire," she said; "why ye've no matter o' coals. I must tell Smith to bring ye a stone. I've got to go to Russell Square." And the good loquacious soul righted the invalid's bed, gave her "a cup of cold water," bade the children "be good an' not want snubbin';" and then went bustling out of the room.

As soon as she was gone, the children began anew their complaints, and the mother, who had an anguished consciousness of the true cause, was nearly exhausted with her efforts to soothe and quiet them. Annie wept much because Johnny wouldn't ride in the chair, and Johnny protested that Annie "always wanted to be the horse." After much persuasion she induced Johnny to ride, and then tied a string round Annie's waist and attached it to a chair. But "being the horse" didn't appear to yield the usual satisfaction, and Johnny's whip, contrary to usage, was seldom in operation. After going two or three rounds he suddenly dismounted, and going to his mother he inquired "Why they hadn't had their breakfast?"

"My dears," said the mother faintly, "I haven't got anything to eat for you yet: when father comes he'll perhaps give us some money, and then you shall go for some bread."

"But we *can't wait*, can we, Annie?"

"No, we can't."

"Well, but you know I haven't got anything, so don't tease, there's dears; I'm very bad indeed to-day."

"But didn't the waistcoat man send some money?"

"No, and so you must be patient till father comes."

"I don't like patient," said Johnny petulantly, as he returned to his coach.

Annie tugged and pulled a few moments, and then stepping peevishly out of the string, declared that she "didn't want to play," and sitting down upon the floor began to cry energetically.

What was now to be done was a question.

"Come to me," said the mother at last, "and I'll tell you a little tale if you'll be good. You make me so bad when you cry."

Both the children were at the bedside in an instant.

"Don't let it be about Joseph and Moses and all them," suggested Johnny. "Tell us something about lions, or giants, or something."

The mother pondered a moment and then commenced an original tale, slightly plagiaristic in some details, but combining the marvellous and the horrible in proportions undreamed of in any written story. For some time the children listened with bated breath, and

the mother, perceiving the success of the ruse, created tigers and Indians and elephants innumerable. But soon the listeners began to sigh and look out of the window, evincing other signs of weariness; and by-and-by Annie left Johnny alone to attend to the recital, and seating herself again on the floor, recommenced her lamentations.

"Oh don't, Annie," said Johnny, "just let mother finish this."

Annie replied by raising her wailing voice to a perfect scream.

"Now that's very naughty, Annie," said the mother.

"For shame!" said Johnny, but Annie regarded not, and answered to all and everything that was said, that she "wanted her breakfast;" and we are sorry to say that when she had exhausted herself in this way, she went so far as to protrude the end of her tongue at her brother, making at the same time all sorts of grimaces.

"Johnny," said the mother, "reach me that little handkerchief, I'll tie it over Annie's head, and you shall go to Mr. Willis's and see if he'll let you have half a pound of bread. Tell him you haven't had anything to eat to-day. Come here, Annie! you shouldn't be so naughty. You grieve your mother, and God won't love you if you're a passionate little girl."

"I'm sure Mr. Willis won't give us some," said Annie, "he always says we're to be off."

"Well, you can go and ask him; speak prettily, and say I'll send and pay to-night if I can."

"I know it isn't any use," said Johnny, as he and his sister departed on the doubtful errand.

When the sound of their little footsteps had died away, the suffering mother lifted her eyes to Him who had compassion on the multitude because they had nothing to eat, and in the words He himself taught she earnestly supplicated—"Give us this day our daily bread."

But the children were long ere they returned, and she began to feel considerable anxiety lest, impelled by hunger, they might be going farther; but just as these fears were assuming the form of certainty, her ears were saluted by the sound of Annie's merry laugh. "Thank God!" she exclaimed mentally, "they have got some food," and every maternal chord vibrated in the thrill of joy.

"I told you," said Johnny, as he came running in, "that Mr. Willis wouldn't give us any. I knew he wouldn't."

"But you've got something to eat though?"

"Yes. Dorothy was bringing a can of soup; she bought it for us. And then when we took the soup she went back; but, mother, Annie got a deal the most; and when I wanted some she nipped her teeth to the can, and squealed, and she drank it nearly all."

"That wasn't pretty."

"And then when we was coming in, Mrs. Morris gave us a cake. I've saved some for you, and Annie's saved you a bit; but, mother, when she'd broke a piece off for you, she bited it ever so many times."

Annie contended that she didn't "bite it ever so many times," she "only bited it a *few* times," and the charge was not proved, for at that moment a well-known footstep was heard upon the stairs.

"Oh that's father!" said Annie, in a half whisper, as she stretched her little neck in the direction of the door: snatching some oyster-shells, they retired with them into a corner to play.

"Now my girl!" said the husband, with a flourish of his hat, as he burst into the room. "How are ye?"

"I'm not nearly so well to-day," was the reply.

"How's that?" said he, coming towards the bed.

"I had a very harassing night; and the children have chafed me a good deal to-day. I hadn't anything for them to eat, and I've hardly known what to do with them."

"Do with 'em!" vociferated the father, as he seated himself in a chair which did not seem inclined to support his weight, "why ye should knock into 'em. You let 'em get upper hand o' ye."

The wife sighed.

"Now, Annie," he continued with a peculiar gesture. "You're the finest girl in Europe, but you're an—you're awfully—you're very foolish in that—in that—respect. Bring 'em up to *mind what you say*," he added, with a blow of his fist upon the table, which threatened utter destruction to that ricketty article.

"Well, don't break the table, Robert!" said the wife pleadingly. "I'll listen to you, but don't strike the table."

"Well then," said he, striking the table very moderately, "is'nt what I say—right—isn't it—according to—to *reason?*"

The wife looked hesitatingly at him, and answered "Yes."

"Very well then, why don't you bring 'em up different? It serves you jolly well right, that's the way to say it;" and the drunken man was fumbling uneasily in his waistcoat.

The wife, thinking no doubt that the subject might as well be waived at this point as anywhere else, inquired if had got his money.

"No," he replied, but on opening his snuff-box at this moment, he unluckily let fall some pieces of gold.

The wife gasped.

"What's the matter wi' you?" said he, laughing, as with much labor he picked up the money.

"You can give me some money though now," she said, panting with excitement.

"Well, I'll see. I'm goin' to get change."

"Oh no, no, no!" said the wife, understanding perfectly that it must be *now* or never.

"Where's all yer waistcoats?" said he, looking up with sudden intelligence. "I can't spare ye much. I owe it all—there's the—the skittle subscription, and nine or ten more things. How much d'ye want?"

"Well, I haven't had a particle of food to-day; and I've no shoes that the children can wear, nor anything hardly to put Annie on. And I haven't a bit of fuel, and it's December."

"Who asked ye what ye had an' what ye hadn't, or what year o' the month it was!" shouted the husband in anger. "Ye've money to buy oranges and such trumpery it seems, he added, as he observed the rind of an orange on the bed.

"No, I haven't had an orange for a very long time. That rind Johnny begged of somebody this morning. He'd heard me say I should so like one, and he thought I might like to smell a bit of the rind."

This was rather what the poor creature attempted to say than what she said. The husband heard not a word, but stood trying to adjust his hat, which misfitted wofully, and which was perhaps the twentieth that had been stuck on his head when he was not in a condition either to claim or disown it.

"Oh surely you'll give me some money, Robert!" she cried, extending her feeble voice to the utmost, as she saw him advance to the door. "Oh *surely* you will!"

"I'll not give you a ——— ha'penny."

"Then what am I to do?"

"Do as ye like—same as ye always do," and the wretch slammed the door, and went down singing a boisterous tune.

The poor sufferer pulled away the little bundles of straw from behind the bolster and lay down; and she drew the scanty covering over her shivering frame.

"Mother," said Johnny, approaching her bedside, "here's some cake I saved for you."

"My darling, I can't eat it."

"Yes do, mother, never mind father; when I get big I shall earn twenty hundred shillings, and I shall give you 'em all."

"Bless you," said the mother in a whisper.

"Are you going to sleep, mother?"

"May be: so play nice and still."

She did not sleep, however, and after some time she motioned her children to come near, and taking a little cold hand of each, she said, "Now then, I'm going to die; I'm going to leave you."

"No, mother," said Johnny, bursting into tears, "we don't want you to: *we* shouldn't like to be alive then."

"But I must: and I want you both to come to me when you die. And, Johnny, you must be very kind to Annie, because she's a little girl, and because she hasn't anybody to take care of her. You mustn't let her go out by herself, nor meddle with the fire. You must be patient with her—and—you must—love one another." Here the feeble voice became altogether inarticulate. Many of her words had not reached the ears of her little ones, who looked at each other now and then, as if not able to comprehend the matter. After sobbing a little while in company, they retired to their corner

and resumed their task of "making houses" of the oyster-shells.

The mother lay some time as if in a partial doze. The fire had died out in the grate, and the shadows of evening were beginning to deepen the gloom of the desolate apartment.

What was it that made those children suddenly cease their operations and look inquiringly around? Was it the rush of angels' wings? What was it that chased the languor from those weary eyes, and illumined the pallid countenance with an unwonted glow? Did they "whisper, 'Sister spirit! come away!'"

The children drew near instinctively, and gazed on the changed countenance in awe and in silence, looking wonderingly at each other. At that moment Dorothy entered, bearing a cup of tea. She is not there, Dorothy. She is at last where "they hunger no more, neither thirst any more."

"Where the hidden wound is heal'd,
Where the blighted life re-blooms,
Where the faded heart the freshness
Of its buoyant youth resumes."

As one suddenly recalled from dream-land, ere yet the real is wholly unveiled, Dorothy stood. But the truth became more and more distinct, and she saw that a moment ago Death had been there. As she gazed on the still features they appeared gradually to assume an expression of deeper repose and more perfect rest. It was as if some celestial spirit still hovered, erasing the lines which grief and suffering had traced, and recording a notice of the soul's complete manumission from the mortal tenement.

Tremblingly, and with eyes blinded with tears, Dorothy bound up the placid face and assisted to perform the last sad offices, and then the wearied frame was left to take its rest. And the moonbeams stole silently in, and rested on the settled face of Death; and kept watch and ward beside the moveless form in that still chamber. The merciful moon,—not wanted in scenes where woman is a thing of flounces and frippery, but how welcome to the sick, the desolate, and the captive. Oh! who might tell on what scenes its pale and steady light fell on that Christmas eve! And Night, with all her host of witnesses, looked down upon the city. She saw where Famine was making havoc, and where Avarice found her victims; saw where childhood sickened untended, and where age was tottering to the grave without its staff; but there was no speech nor language; and the oppressor pursued his fearless course, recking not that notes were being taken against the time of the inquisition.

One of the inmates kindly took charge of the little ones while Dorothy went in search of the father. Her way lay through one of those markets where refuse in the shape of human food is vended. There was nothing really wholesome, though, to be sure, the meat was gaily decked with holly, and consumptive geese had rosettes of many colored satin ribbon pinned on their breasts. She

paused as she came near, to listen to the Babel confusion. It came upon the ear like a deep, perpetual wail, in which the voice of childhood was distinctly recognised. Yes, there were children, little children, everywhere, standing beside baskets of onions or baskets of wood, or mingling their cries in the general din. Here a shivering morsel holds forth a sprig of mistletoe or a bunch of herbs, and tells you in a piteous tone, as you pass heedlessly by, that "It's *only a ha'penny*;" and there another child is struggling along with a pail of water for the fishwoman. And there, on the edge of a cabbage-stall, over against a tub of uneasy eels, lies a sleeping infant, and a little further on is another, a clear case of slow poisoning; but then we do not hang people for poisoning very little children, if they only observe a certain method.

It was with difficulty that Dorothy struggled through the crowd and emerged into a quieter street, but she could not get away from scenes which, to her woman's heart, were most harrowing. Here were children again; four or five of them ranged in order, motionless and mute as statues, beside somebody professing to be their father, who also held a young infant in his arms. Oh! there are terrible tragedies here. That infant is earning its living. It is like that the man has given sixpence a head for his children, who are to stand shivering dumbly for five or six hours, inciting charity for the wretch. Ah! legislation is powerless to alleviate much of the distress to which we have called attention in this Journal, but legislation is not powerless here; and we invoke the protection of the law in these cases in the name of our common humanity, and in the name of God.

It will be argued that the law cannot remove children from the parents, or interfere in their appointments. True, but parents are not suffered to commit outrages on their children. The law is punishing such cases every day, and whether it be an outrage to force a child of two years old to stand barefoot in the street for five hours on a bitter winter's night, let the impartial judge. In the multitude of their engagements let our rulers remember the authoritative injunction, "Let the children *first* be fed."

But this tendency to digression must be checked; we must draw our sketch to a close. Dorothy was unsuccessful in her search. She learnt that Robert had gone to a raffle which was being held for the benefit of one of his comrades who had lamed himself, and who, being in arrears, had lost the benefit of his club. With a heavy heart, heavy because she must bear other people's burdens, she returned home. Her mind was occupied solely with one thought; what would become of the motherless ones? Doubtless now they would remove from beneath her eye. *How* would they fare? Alas! none can answer that inquiry. None but the All-seeing knows *how* such hapless infants live.

You, Dorothy, have now but one resource. You have "done what you could;" and though the world knows nothing of your

self-denying contributions, yet your frequent biscuit, your nightly gruel, your "piece o' candle," and your "bit o' soap," are gifts far nobler in the Eye that seeth in secret, than are some of the thousands which are publicly presented at the shrine of humanity. Assuredly you will "have your reward." Your works will follow you, will cluster around you in your death hour, and your dying pillow shall be soft as the plumage of an angel's wing, and balmy as odours of paradise.

XXXVI.—A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

(OBERON LOQUITUR.)

ALAS! they have stolen my Fairy Princess,
And where they have hidden her I cannot guess.
But my life is so lonely without her I ride
Up by the mountain and down by the tide.
I've asked of her father, I've asked of her mother,
But they cannot tell, or they will not discover,
And men when I question them laugh me to scorn,
And no one has seen her since yesterday morn!
I went to the wood, and I asked of the Leaves;—
But they have a whispering way that deceives,
And the oak and the elm, when they will, can entwine,
The thickest of screens with the ivy and vine.
I went to the Wind,—who replied with a scoff
He had met her, 't was true; but a longish way off!
And then the wild fellow swept over the hill
And all in the wake of his bluster was still.
I went to the Water, who promised a vision,—
Then suddenly rippled in bursts of derision,
And asked if I thought he was likely to know
Who had looked in his mirror an hour ago!
(But ah! if one moment she smiled in my eyes,
Within them for ever the memory lies!)
I went to the Flowers;—but the secrets she knows
Are tightly curled up in the heart of the Rose,
And nothing that lovers can swear or forget,
Is ever betrayed by the dear Mignonette.
The pale Water-Lily lies open and bare,
So openly calm that no story is there;
The Hawthorn is busy in painting her bloom,
And shakes her frail head with a burst of perfume;
Not one of the flowers, alas! will confess
Whatever they know of my Fairy Princess.

Oh wonderful Nature! I know you have hidden
This delicate darling away from my sight,
I dread that you will not restore her unbidden
By spells which my tongue cannot conjure aright!
What is it you want? A fond heart? It is hers.
A life? All that duty allows is her own.

By the passionate longing which suddenly stirs
The depths of my heart,—do not leave me alone!
My past? it is thrilled by the sound of her voice—
My future? is what she will give me,—no more—
My present? alas, it can only rejoice
In the sight of a face which you will not restore!
Ah! moved by my pleading the merciful mother
Has spared me the longing that fearfully kills;
And shown me in dreaming, my love, and no other,
Where she lies fast asleep,—in the heart of the hills!

B. R. P.

XXXVII.—RAMBLES NORTHWARD.

(*Continued from page* 185.)

THE road from Melvich to Tongue skirts the coast the whole way, for the most part keeping the sea in view, though here and there it becomes lost to sight behind the bold and rocky headlands. It is a steep up and down road, and, beyond a succession of grand mountain and moor scenery, presented no particular object of interest till we arrived in the vicinity of Betty Hill Farr. Here we alighted, and, under the friendly guidance of one of the Duke of Sutherland's land agents, walked some mile and a half across the bold open cliff, whence the Orkneys were clearly visible, to what appeared the extreme edge, since so far as human eye could perceive nothing but the sea lay beyond.

We soon, however, found both our mistake and the object of which we were in quest, for the apparently abrupt verge of the cliff stood guard over a soft turfed slope, beyond which, on an isolated rock, some three hundred feet above the sea, and connected with the main land only by a narrow ledge, stand the remains of a castle, which must in its time have been a place of enormous strength. The rock is in itself an impregnable sea fortress, for no enemy, however active or determined, could hope to scale its precipitous sides from the water, while, situated at the mouth of a lovely and sheltered bay, the castle must have afforded complete protection to its own vessels and boats. This rock stands on a very curious and massive natural arch, through which the sea flows; on the day of our visit, the water lay crystal clear, of that fine liquid emerald green seen to perfection at Niagara, as the vast body of water curves over the Falls. The contrast of this color against the deep red granite rocks was inexpressibly beautiful; indeed, the coloring on these coasts of Scotland, so little known, is remarkably fine and vivid, while the clearness of the northern atmosphere, the buoyancy of the air, the high lift of the skies, which in England and

Wales seem to press upon and weigh one down, are more Italian than British; we found ourselves constantly lost in delighted amazement at the bright, rich loveliness of scenery, which, in our anticipations of this northern ramble, we had pictured as only grand, gray, and rugged. We could gather no local information as to the history of this castle, or the large battle-field a short distance from it, traces of which are visible in the thickly congregated tumuli that cover the ground for a considerable space around. Could the old walls speak they would doubtless tell many a tale of lawless violence and rapine, perchance avenged on that fatal field where heaps of slain to this day attest the sanguinary nature of the combat. The village of Betty Hill Farr, a mile or so distant, is finely situated high above Torrisdale Bay, and the neighbouring hills, abounding in rare wild flowers, are especially favorable for botanists.

The road from this point loses considerably in beauty and interest, until it reaches the immediate vicinity of Tongue, the approach to which lies through the extensive plantations of a lady proprietor, the banks affording for miles a golden glory of broom and furze, perfectly dazzling to behold: such a blaze of splendor cannot be imagined; add to it the clear deep blue sky above and the dark back-ground of trees, and this not in isolated patches, but for several miles in succession, and no one will wonder that the effect was magical. We felt as though transported into some fairy region, and the sudden appearance of Cinderella's coach or Aladdin's beautiful palace would scarcely have surprised us.

A long descent brought us into Tongue, situated amidst a semicircle of mountains, among which Ben Hope and Ben Royal proudly rear their heads. The deep indentations peculiar to the north and north-west coasts of Scotland, receive here for the first time the name of Kyle. Sutherlandshire, washed on three sides by the sea, abounds in water, salt and fresh, and it is said that from an eminence near Tongue no fewer than one hundred lochs can be seen at once. The Kyle of Tongue is a long arm of the sea, running inland between high hills, on one of which, in a fine romantic situation, is the ruin of an old watch tower, Caistil Varrich; its walls of enormous strength, rudely built with the coarse stone of the neighbourhood, are admirably adapted to resist the assaults of time and weather, a small portion of the top only being wanting in the present day. It was sunset as we stood by this relic of the past, looking over broad tracts of sand deserted by the receding tide, save where a deep and winding channel, the bed of the river which flows into the Kyle from the mountains above, gave back the glow of the western sky. Myriads of sea birds in quest of their evening meal, mingled their soft plaintive cries with the merry voices of children busily engaged on the sands below hunting for cockles, an edible for which this part of the coast is famous, "hot cockles" being the standing dish of Tongue, and the only "delicacy" we encountered on our rambles to which we were unable to do

justice; "haggis and singed head" having fairly established themselves in our favor. Cockles appear to form a large item in the daily food of the Tongue population; the road for a mile or so before we reached it being thickly strewed with the large white shell, while in all other directions we came upon traces of their universal consumption, some contemplative spirit having apparently climbed even to Caistil Varrich with his pocket full of hot cockles by way of refreshment!

It was at Tongue we were furnished with the ramshackle dog-cart and harness already mentioned. May "Sandy's" words have proved the words of truth, and may the traveller find the "new cart and harness" at his service, should he determine as we did to traverse the steep and somewhat perilous road which lies between Tongue and Durness, *via* Loch Erribol. The one great drawback to this route lies at its commencement: the broad ferry across the Kyle of Tongue, which is performed in an open flat-bottomed sail-boat, requiring fair weather and wind, if one would not start wet and uncomfortable on a long day's journey.

The morning of our departure from Tongue was gusty and threatening, and the negligent host, whose otherwise excellent establishment certainly does not shine in its posting arrangements, having neglected to give notice that the ferry boat would be required, we were kept waiting a considerable time while the boat was signalled for to the other side, and effected its sail across.

The ferry once crossed, we found ourselves upon a magnificent mountain road, which opens upon an extensive and highly elevated tract of boggy moorland, stretching from the base of Ben Hope and Ben Royal to the sea, across which a most excellent road has been constructed, affording striking views of these mountains in all their rugged grandeur; the most picturesque, however, is that from the ferry across the river Hope, where, looking up the narrow valley, Ben Hope is seen erecting his shaggy sides to the height of some three thousand feet, the waters of Loch Hope laving his base.

This is indeed a scene of surpassing grandeur and beauty, well worthy the song of poet or the pencil of artist, and presenting in its comparative novelty, a charm of which these geniuses must sadly feel the want as they roam in search of inspiration over the well-worn tracks of ordinary travel.

The scenery around Loch Erribol, which is in fact a sea bay, is for the most part mountainous, indeed the aspect of the iron-bound coast here would be savage in the extreme, were it not relieved here and there by soft patches of cultivated land, and even comfortable farm-houses, and fine sheep farms, nestled among the folds of the hills receding from the coast; while a few fields in high arable cultivation, here, as elsewhere, impress one alike with the thrift and daring of the Scotch farmer and the wonderful fertility of the soil.

Many a dreary mile of moorland did we also traverse, rendered all the more dreary by the inefficiency and suffering of the poor

beast already described. The afternoon closed in dark and drizzling, and the heavy clouds, for the first time since we had entered Scotland, gathered on the mountains and soon concealed the greater portion of them from view. Right glad were we when at last "the little inn of Durin" came in sight, whose cordial hospitalities were already known to my friend, and which since known to myself are among the pleasantest recollections of our rambles northward.

Durness is a small fishing hamlet, whose resources, like those of many other places on these coasts of Scotland, are altogether undeveloped. The inhabitants are a hardy thrifty race, simple in habits and tastes, content with their humble cabins, peat fires, oatmeal, milk and fish, and proud in the possession of a large wrapping cloak of stout dark cloth, the sign of well-being both with men and women. A pretty sight it is to see them wending their way on the Sabbath morning to church or chapel, the women with snow-white mutch or cap, over which is drawn the hood of the cloth cloak, the men in Scotch bonnets, the aged among them wearing beneath a white cotton night-cap drawn close over the ears. A Christian and neighbourly custom exists in several parts of these thinly populated northern districts; as age and its infirmities creep on, and certain old men of the scattered congregations find themselves unequal to the often long walk to and from church, they assemble in the houses of each other, when one among them officiates as minister, a white neckerchief distinguishing him from his fellows. A simple kindly people are they, and the excellent landlady of the "little inn," a clever, active, kind-hearted woman holds a high place in their affection and esteem, as indeed she does in the affection and esteem of all who know her.

A native of Tain, in Ross-shire, she came upon her marriage to the inn at Durin, where she has lived ever since, bringing up two sons and placing them out in the world, her husband having died early. Comparatively few strangers find their way so far north; the inn is small, but most thoroughly comfortable, and the visitors are not so many that they are treated *en masse* as so much money, as in the large railway and company hotels, where the convenience and comfort of the individual are ignored, and he must take what he can get, incivility and all, and be thankful for it. No, "the little inn at Durin" is the traveller's home, and, from the moment its hospitable hostess bids you welcome at its porch, your personal wants, and even your personal idiosyncracies, are studied and cared for, for Mrs. Ross is a shrewd, character-reading woman, full of genial sympathy, and if there be any kindness in your own nature, it must rise and kindle to hers, a fact which finds exemplification in the following anecdote.

A few years ago, during the bad winter weather, and towards the evening of a cold gloomy day, when all in those parts whose duties did not keep them abroad were safely housed for the night, and Mrs. Ross and her lassie were busying themselves in preparations

for their own cosy tea, a way-worn elderly man, presented himself at the inn-door for a night's lodging and shelter. So shabby and unprepossessing was his appearance, that the lassie who had followed her mistress to the door at the traveller's ring, pulled her vehemently by the skirt, and implored her not to risk their lives by giving the suspicious looking stranger entrance. Mrs. Ross herself hesitated for a moment, but a second glance at the thinly-clad and sad, patient figure before her, touched her woman's heart and judgment, and she not only admitted the traveller to the refuge he sought, but seated him in the warmest nook of her cheery bar, and gave him of her own tea and barley-scons which stood ready to be eaten.

Sadly troubled and fearsome was the poor lassie all that evening and night, for the bright glow of the fire had revealed more distinctly the poverty-stricken appearance of the visitor, and visions of throat-cutting and burglary haunted her mind. Nor was the hostess altogether free from anxiety. The appearance of any stranger in Durness during the dark winter months was almost an unprecedented event; and that one from the south, foot-sore and travel-stained, a pedestrian with a knapsack at his back, should arrive at this remote spot unheralded and unknown, was in truth a startling event. Nor did the manners of the man tend to re-assure them.

Taciturn and gloomy he took his seat, eat and drank what was placed before him, and seemingly oblivious of external circumstances sat silent and absorbed, till, suddenly unfastening the knapsack, he took from it a Bible, and assiduously applied himself to its perusal. Late into the night did he thus sit reading; the fears of the lassie ever on the increase, Mrs. Ross herself half perplexed and half amused, but, as she said, "something in the countenance of the man more and more re-assuring her;" till, at last, he took the bed-room candle prepared for him and retired to rest. Not much sleep did the lassie get that night, but it passed over without adventure; and the next day, and the next, and the next after that, the silent guest took his place by the fireside and board, unquestioned.

The lassie's fears of robbery and murder having subsided, others arose in their place, and as the stranger abode with them day after day, referring neither to his coming nor his going, conforming to their ways and habits while following his own pursuits, which consisted in long rambles and long readings, she endeavored to instil into the mind of her mistress the belief which had gained ground in her own, that the man had no money, and that she would find she had been keeping him for nothing.

Thus a week passed on, the stranger's innocent helpless ways had thoroughly enlisted Mrs. Ross's sympathies, and she had come to the conclusion in her own mind, that, money or no money, the stranger was a gentleman! However, the lassie's repeated warnings produced some effect, and in a short time the bill was made out and quietly placed before him. Whereupon the stranger as quietly took out his purse, and produced the requisite sum, adding thereto a present for the lassie!

Triumphant was the hostess, repentant and ashamed the lassie, and from that day forth the stranger was as one of the family, hostess and lassie vieing with each other in unobtrusive attention. Through the whole winter did he stay, his gentleness and simplicity endearing him to all who came in his way; and many was the friend a kind word and a kind act secured him among the peasantry of the neighbourhood for miles and miles around, and though he spoke little and gave no account of himself, it was easy to see that he was both a gentleman and a scholar. The knapsack contained other books beside the Bible, and over these he was wont to pore for hours and hours together, sitting up late into the night reading.

As time went on, the clothes, shabby at his arrival, wore into rags and tatters, the boots into great holes. Humoring the peculiarities of her guest, Mrs. Ross at last ventured upon replacing the old boots with a pair of new ones she had caused to be made, and placing them outside his door, waited the result with curiosity. Not a word or look, however, evinced her guest's knowledge that the boots had been exchanged, and when, in the next week's bill, their price was inserted, it was paid without a question. Thus encouraged, Mrs. Ross in like manner renewed his wardrobe, article by article, the bills being invariably paid without question or comment. Two or three months thus passed away, when one morning this taciturn guest announced his intention of going to ——— to get some money at the bankers, upon which mission he was absent several days, passing, with this exception, the whole of the winter and spring at Durness.

In the early summer he took his departure; "we missed him sorely," said Mrs. Ross, "for a quieter, kinder gentleman never lived." He went as unknown as he had come, and his many friends never looked to see him among them again; no sooner, however, did the following winter make its appearance than with it came the silent guest as before, dropping in as though just returned from an ordinary daily ramble. It proved a very long and severe winter, with many falls of snow and continued frost, and the long lonely rambles of her guest caused Mrs. Ross much uneasiness; but, gentle as he was, it was easy to see that any opposition to his mode of proceeding, however kindly meant, was unpalatable in the extreme. March came with its driving winds and snow, when one morning he announced his intention, as before, of visiting ——— to get some money. Alarmed at such a journey in such weather, Mrs. Ross did her best to prevent it; begged, entreated, all but commanded, reminding him of the long and lonely road, and particularly of a certain dreary moor, perilous in the extreme at such a season of the year, especially if fresh snow should fall. But her remonstrances were all in vain, and, anxious and grieved, she sent him forth on his dangerous journey, with every precaution she could devise. He had not long been gone ere the snow began to fall, and she looked anxiously for his return; but days

went on, and, her fears having subsided, she was preparing to welcome him back, when, late one night, some neighbours who had travelled the same road brought her intelligence of the discovery of his body in the snow, on the very moor concerning which she had cautioned him, and where it had evidently been lying some days! Her distress at this news was, as can easily be imagined, very great; but more than all, she told us, she seemed to feel the fact of the body being left to lie out by itself on the dreary moor. "A foolish feeling as I look back upon it, but full of pain at the time, and I could not rest till I had sent off some men with a cart to bring it home." Home it came, and a few days after was carried to its last resting-place in the wild and ancient churchyard of Durness, by the sea, followed and met by the country-people for miles round, their kind hearts yearning towards the stranger, whose lonely life had met so sad and lonely an end.

Subsequent inquiries, made through the bankers at ———, threw light upon the mystery. Studious and eccentric, this guest had from boyhood evinced a passion for solitary travel, and there were few parts of Europe into which he had not penetrated, generally on foot, and without affording to his family any other indication of his whereabouts than sufficed to insure remittances through a banker. It was rarely that he sojourned so long in any one place as at Durin inn; rarely, no doubt, that he found himself and his peculiarities so sympathised with and cared for. There are not many such hostesses in the world as the hostess of the little inn at Durin, not many inns where the money is the last thing thought of, the comfort and well-being of the guest the first.

A handsome granite monument to the memory of the unfortunate stranger marks the place where he lies, the erection of which, by his family, was the most gratifying recognition of her friendly deeds our excellent Mrs. Ross could receive.

It was in May, before the season, which is late in these districts, had commenced, that we arrived at Durin, and though we had given notice of our coming by a certain day, it so chanced that we arrived before. Now, in these northern and remote districts, where oatmeal, barley, milk, fish, and bacon form the staple consumption of the inhabitants, it is not possible without forethought and prevision to supply fresh meat and bread. Arriving unexpectedly, ere the orders given for our convenience could be fulfilled, we found ourselves thrown upon the native resources of barley-broth, fish, and a very delicious thin cake of a soft spongy texture, called barley-scon, and which stands in the place of bread to the Lowlander and of oat-cake to the Highlander. For be it observed, that Sutherlandshire, though north of Inverness, is not properly speaking the Highlands or its inhabitants Highlanders; be it also observed that the people of Sutherlandshire, in common with the Highlander, speak pure English, and that the Scotch dialect, so well known in the works of Burns, is peculiar to Lowlanders only. Excellent did

we find these native viands, and fresh meat and bread, when obtained, were fairly thrown into the background.

About a mile east of Durness, in the limestone rock of the coast, are the curious Caves of Smoo, objects of great wonder in the days of Sir Walter Scott, who describes his visit to them and the awful feelings they conjured up, in terms which it would take the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky to inspire now.

These caves, more curious than anything else, are situated at the head of a narrow gulley running back from the sea; along the bottom flows a small stream, which, finding its way from the heights above through a large orifice in the roof of the inner cave, thus forming a cascade of some eighty feet, here runs into the sea.

The Cave of Smoo has three chambers or compartments, the outer being entered from the beach through a natural arch of extensive span, and of fine and graceful proportions. The roof, sides, and flooring of this outer cave are in many parts covered with a delicate green plant and a species of red moss, which seen from the depths of the inner cave glow and glitter in the sunlight reflected from without with a shine as of emeralds and rubies.

On the west side of the outer cave, an opening in the rock, some twenty feet by eight, leads into the second cave or compartment, the access to which is over a high ledge of rock behind a deep pool formed by the oozing of the water brought down by the cascade.

It is only by means of a boat that this inner cave can be visited; the said boat being brought from the beach by the fishermen and launched npon the pool, serves in the first instance as a bridge to the ledge, where, disembarking and clinging to the side as he best can, the visitor waits the somewhat difficult hauling up of the boat, and its launching on the other side into the dark lake by the rough and ready crew, who, supplied with torches and candles, row across the cavernous waters to the foot of the cascade, and thence to the upper extremity of the cave, where a third cave or compartment, into which the light of day never penetrates, is revealed to sight.

The second cave, with its foaming cascade dashing into the dark waters of the subterranean lake, rippling and flecking the surface with snow-white flakes, has a gloomy charm of its own; but the outer cave, as seen from this cavernous depth, with its magical coloring of emerald and ruby, its groups of golden-haired, bare-footed "bairns," and rough picturesque fishermen, attracted by the stranger's visit to what is their every-day playground and haunt, was to our thought by far the most picturesque of the two.

The cliffs and rocks on this part of the coast abound with beautiful bays and creeks, till we near the dangerous headland of Cape Wrath, whose stupendous granite sides rise perpendicularly from the sea, a very wall of rock, against which the waves, even in their holiday mood, boom with a sullen and ominous roar, and where in storm, the angry waters lash and foam with inconceivable wildness and fury.

Cape Wrath, distant nearly fourteen miles from the inn at Durin, is somewhat difficult of access, the Kyle of Durness intervening, across which there is a ferry for man but not for beast; and, considering that the headland is eleven miles from the ferry, and that there are no inhabitants on the Cape Wrath side but a few shepherds and the lone dwellers in the lighthouse, this is an awkward fact for the traveller whose pedestrian powers are limited.

In our case, however, Mrs. Ross undertook to smooth the way, so starting early in the morning from her hospitable door, under the guidance of a "laddie," furnished with warm wraps and provisions, we walked the two miles and a half to the ferry, and, taking boat, found waiting our arrival on the other side, a shepherd's stiff little cart and a "sheltie," with shock mane and straight legs, innocent of bit or bridle, his only head-gear a halter. Sweet fresh hay and pillows in snow-white cases, provided by the ferryman's wife, rendered our primitive vehicle comfortable; and, with a sturdy old man for charioteer and guide, we set off at a foot pace for the eleven miles of hill and moor road to Cape Wrath.

It was a bright sparkling morning, beautiful to behold, but oh! the keen east wind that penetrated through plaid and blanket, flesh and bones, to one's very marrow, whistling its way through nose and ears to the brain, a glittering subtle wind that crisped and curled the nerves, and wilted and withered the vital energies; would that our experience that day had been the experience of Charles Kingsley, ere he indited that Ode to the North-East Wind which makes one shiver on a hot July day!

Spite of this bitter wind, however, the road offered so many beauties in the shape of sea, rock, and moor, that our necessarily slow peregrination was full of enjoyment, enhanced by scrambling "short cuts" on foot while the pony and cart wound slowly around the laborious ascent. The road follows the coast for a little while, bearing no small resemblance to the famous Cornice road; it then strikes inland for four or five miles across the high moor of the valley, over which the lofty mountains of Fashbein and Skrisbein stand guard, till, emerging again on the coast, and affording glimpses of curious isolated rocks, it finally brings the visitor in view of a vast expanse of ocean, and of what at first sight has the appearance of a fortification rather than of a lighthouse, the low square turretted buildings being surrounded by a strong wall. Well may the building which has to withstand the fierce gales of that exposed situation be low and strong and shielded on all sides by granite walls. Wild work do the elements make there, and wild work is it for the hardy men whose vocation it is, night by night, week by week, month by month, and year after year, while youth merges into manhood and manhood into age, to stand lone watchers at all the most dangerous and exposed points of the coast. Watchers, with whom a few moments' lapse of duty might consign souls innumerable and wealth untold to the hungry depths of ocean.

The keepers of Cape Wrath lighthouse have comfortable lodging; a good house, good rooms, stabling, cow sheds, poultry yard, all within the solid walls; a miniature farm, in fact, upon whose produce, animal and vegetable, they and their families are to a considerable extent dependent; for eleven miles of land and two of sea lie between them and other human habitations, save the scattered "bothies" among the hills and mountains, and for days and weeks together in the wild winter time communication is difficult, if not altogether impossible.

Grand and impressive are the scenes at Cape Wrath; whether standing upon the edge of the terrific precipice, red granite rocks in sheer steep declivities or in solid isolated grandeur meet the eye, while flocks of sea birds in their impregnable fortresses mew and chatter, regardless of the puny presence of human beings, mere spots or flecks amidst the stupendous scenery around,—or, gazing from the tower over miles and miles of heaving ocean, the eye traces in the far distance the tall Hoyhead of Orkney to the east, the distant Butt of Lewis to the west; ranging on a clear day over a distance of fifty miles, where in stormy weather

"The blinding mist comes pouring down,"

hiding breakers and rocks and beacon light as the doomed ship reels to its destruction, and the solitary warders of the lighthouse, impotent to save, can only echo the closing line of that touching song,—

"The sooner its over the sooner to sleep."

M. M. H.

XXXVIII.—THE RISE & PROGRESS OF TELEGRAPHS.

(*Continued from page* 202.)

THE next electric telegraph in order of date is that of Mr. Francis Ronalds, who in 1816 constructed one by which he was enabled to send signals with considerable rapidity through a distance of eight miles of insulated wire.

In 1823, Mr. Ronalds wrote to the Lords of the Admiralty, requesting an inspection of his electric telegraph, strongly recommending its adoption for government purposes; but, alas! the experiments of the philosopher were offered all in vain to that highly respectable body of intelligent men, and with its usual procrastination and supineness the English government could not be induced even to

try an electric telegraph. "Lord Melville was obliging enough," says Mr. Ronalds, "in reply to my application to him, to request Mr. Hay to *see me on the subject of my discovery;* but before the nature of it had been known, except to the late Lord Henniker, Dr. Rees, Mr. Brande, and a few friends, I received an intimation from Mr. Brande, to the effect '*that telegraphs of any kind were then wholly unnecessary, and that no other than the one then in use would be adopted.*' I felt very little disappointment," he continues, "and not a shadow of resentment on the occasion, because every one knows that telegraphs have long been great bores at the Admiralty. Should they *again* become *necessary*, however, perhaps electricity and electricians may be indulged by his lordship and Mr. Barrow with an opportunity of *proving* what they are capable of in that way.' In 1827, Harrison Grey Dyer, an American, constructed a telegraph at the race-course on Long Island, and supported his wires by glass insulators fixed on trees or poles. From that period to 1837, we have no less than eleven different telegraphs, and in 1837 six different arrangements of this instrument, exclusive of the one patented by Messrs. Cooke and Wheatstone in the June of the same year. The deflective telegraph was introduced into Russia in 1822 by Schilling; at Gottingen, by Gauss and Weber, in 1830; and into Munich in 1837 by Steenhul. In 1844 the registering telegraph of Professor Morse, employing the electro-magnet, was introduced between Baltimore and Washington. In America as far back as 1852 there were no less than fifteen thousand miles of wire erected and in constant use in that country, at which time we were using the old aerial telegraph on one line at least, viz., between Liverpool and Holyhead!

The first electric telegraph worked in England was on wires laid down between the Euston Square and Camden Town stations: and late in the evening of the 25th of July, 1837, in a dingy little room near the booking office at Euston Square, by the light of a flaring dip candle which simply made the darkness visible, sat Professor Wheatstone with a beating pulse and a heart full of hope. In an equally small room at the Camden Town station, where the wires terminated, sat the co-patentee, Mr. Cooke, together with Mr. now Sir Charles Fox and Mr. Stephenson.

These gentlemen listened with intense anxiety to the first word spelt by that trembling tongue of steel which will only cease to discourse with the extinction of man himself. Mr. Cooke in his turn touched the keys, and returned the answer. "Never did I feel such a tumultuous sensation before," said Professor Wheatstone, "as when all alone in the still room I heard the needles click; and as I spelt the words I felt all the magnitude of the invention, now proved to be practical beyond cavil or dispute." The telegraph thenceforward, so far as its mechanism was concerned, went on without a check; and the modifications of this instrument, which is still in use, have only been made for the purpose of rendering it more economi-

cal in its construction and working: two wires at present being employed, and in some cases only one.

After the successful working of the mile and a quarter line, the directors of the London and Birmingham Railway proposed to lay it down to the latter town, if the Birmingham and Liverpool directors would continue it on their line; but they objected, and the telegraph received notice to quit the ground it already occupied. Of course its sudden disappearance would have branded it as a failure in most men's minds, and in all probability the telegraph would have been put back many years, had not Mr. Brunel, to his honor, determined to adopt it on the Great Western. It was accordingly carried at first as far as West Drayton, *i.e.* thirteen miles: and afterwards to Slough, a distance of eighteen miles. The wires were not at this early date suspended upon posts, but insulated and encased in an iron tube which was placed beneath the ground.

The telegraph hitherto had been strictly confined to railway business, and in furtherance of this object, Brunel proposed to continue it to Bristol as soon as the line was opened. Here again the folly and blindness of railway proprietors threw obstacles in the way, which, however, led to an unlooked-for application of its powers to public purposes; for it is well to bear in mind that in England telegraphs are of two descriptions, viz., the commercial and the railway. The latter are used for the purpose of sending communications relative to railway matters, while the commercial are employed for the transmission of public or private messages at fixed rates or charges. They are mostly built near the railways, and in some cases a railway company will construct a line and give the use of it to a telegraph company, and as an equivalent the latter lends its aid to expedite their business. But sometimes the telegraph is laid down at the expense of the telegraph company, and that too at an expenditure which is only another instance of that economy, well understood in England, which knows how to make sacrifices bordering almost on prodigality in order to reap afterwards with usury the fruits of its advances.

At a general meeting of the proprietors of the Great Western Railway, in Bristol, a Mr Hayward of Manchester got up and denounced the invention as "a new-fangled scheme," and managed to pass a resolution repudiating the agreement entered into with the patentees. Thus, within a few years, we find the telegraph rejected by two of the most powerful railway companies, the persons who above all others ought to have welcomed it with acclamation.*

To keep the wires on the ground Mr. Cooke proposed to maintain it at his own expense, and was permitted by the directors to do so, on condition of sending their railway signals free of charge, and of extending the line to Slough. In return he was allowed to

* See "Quarterly Journal," for June, 1854.

transmit the messages of the public; and here commences the first popular use of the telegraph in England or in any other country. By the end of the year 1845 lines, exceeding five hundred miles in extent were in operation in England, working Messrs. Wheatstone and Cooke's patents, and in the following year the powerful Electric and International Telegraph Company sprang into existence. "Jammed in between lofty houses at the bottom of a narrow court in Lothbury, we see before us a stuccoed wall ornamented with an electric illuminated clock. Who would think that behind this narrow forehead lay the great brain—if we may so term it—of the nervous system of Great Britain; or that beneath the narrow pavement of the alley lies its spinal cord, composed of two hundred and twenty-four fibres, which transmits intelligence as imperceptibly as the *medulla oblongata* does beneath the skin? Emerging from this narrow channel the 'efferent' wires branch off beneath the different footpaths, ramify in certain plexuses within the metropolis, and then shoot out along the different lines of railways, until the shores of the island would seem to interpose a limit to their further progress. Not so, however, as is well known, for beneath the seas, beneath the heaving waves, down many a fathom deep in the still waters, the moving fire takes its darksome way, until it emerges on some foreign shore, once more to commence afresh its rapid and useful career over the wide expanse of the Continent."

The function of this central office is to receive and re-distribute communications. Of the manner in which these ends are accomplished little or nothing can be gained from a glance round the instrument rooms. You see no wires coming in, or emerging from them: you ask for a solution of the mystery, and one of the clerks leads you to the staircase and opens the door of what looks like a long wooden shoot placed perpendicularly against the wall. This is the great spinal cord of the establishment, consisting of a vast bundle of wires, insulated from each other by gutta percha. One set of these conveys the gathered up streams of intelligence from the remote ends of the Continent and the farthest shores of Britain, conducts them through London by the street lines underneath the thronging footsteps of the multitude, and ascends with its invisible despatches directly to the different instruments. Another set is composed of the wires that descend into the battery chamber. It is barely possible to realise the fact, by merely gazing upon this brown and dusty bundle of threads, that we are by them put into communication with no less than four thousand four hundred and nine miles of telegraph in England alone.

It must be remembered that, although we have only spoken of the Electric and International Telegraph Company, there are several other companies in the United Kingdom working different patents: and if it is a source of wonder to our readers that one company should virtually possess the monopoly of telegraphic communi-

cation in this country, it must not be forgotten that it was the first to enter the field, that it came forward with a large capital, speedily secured to itself the different lines of railway, and bought up, one after another, most of the patents that stood any chance of competing with its own.

From December, 1852, to the same month of the following year, no less than three hundred and fifty thousand five hundred messages were forwarded or received by this company, the receipts of which were £84,184 16s. 4d., thus paying the company dividends at the rate of seven per cent. per annum.

The telegraph company between London and Liverpool receives, or did receive a few years ago, a thousand pounds a year for doing the business of this railway company. The "Times" pays the same sum per annum for the transmission of a certain amount of daily news, paying in addition for all extra communications of importance.

The rate at which a commercial message is charged is a penny a mile for the first fifty miles, and a quarter of this charge for any distance under a hundred miles: some lines, the South-Eastern for instance, are even higher than this in their rates of charges.

There are two kinds of telegraph worked by the company, viz. the Needle Telegraph, which is preferable for all ordinary transactions, because it transmits its messages with the greatest rapidity, and Morse's Recording Telegraph. The latter instrument strikes the spectator more perhaps than the nimble working needle apparatus, but its action is equally simple, strips of variable length, representing letters, being punched upon a long strip of paper, called the message strip, which is placed between a revolving cylinder and a toothed spring. Such is the celerity with which the notation is transmitted by this method, that in an experiment performed by M. Le Verrier and Dr. Lardner before Committees of the Institute and the Legislative Assembly at Paris, despatches were sent one thousand miles at the rate of nearly twenty thousand words an hour. In ordinary practice, however, the speed is limited to the rate at which an expert clerk can punch out the holes, which is not above a hundred a minute. Where the object is to forward long documents, such as a speech, a number of persons can be employed simultaneously in punching different portions of the message, and thus the message strips can be supplied as fast as the machine can work.

The speed with which the attendants upon these instruments read off the signals made by the needles on the needle telegraph is really marvellous: they do not, in some cases, even wait to spell the words letter by letter, but jump at the sentence before it is concluded; and they have learned by practice, as Sir Francis Head says in "Stokers and Pokers," to recognise immediately who is telegraphing to them, by the peculiar *expression of the needles*,—the long drawn wires thus forming a kind of human antennæ by which indi-

vidual peculiarities of touch are projected to an infinite distance!

We had the pleasure of visiting the Electric and International Telegraph Office the other day, and rejoiced with a great rejoicing at the fact that the whole of the large and important business is carried on by women, with the exception of that part which belongs to the receipt of the messages, and the transmission of the same by the well known intelligent-faced messengers.

The history of the introduction of young women into this office is most instructive and interesting. It appears that about six years ago Mr. Ricardo, M.P., the then chairman of the company, heard of a young girl, the daughter of one of the railway station-masters, who had for three years carried on day by day the whole of the electric telegraph business for her father, and that too with great intelligence and correctness. The idea then suggested itself of training and employing women as clerks for the telegraph company, and on its being proposed to the committee the proposition was warmly advocated by General Wylde, who has proved a most untiring frìend to the cause. Opposition was of course naturally enough shown by the clerks of the establishment, but the experiment was permitted to proceed, and Mrs. Craig, the present intelligent matron, appointed to instruct in her own room eight pupils on two instruments. At first, the instruments in one room were worked by young men, and the instruments in the other by young women, and it seemed as though the directors were pitting them against each other, establishing a kind of industrial tournament, to see which description of laborer was worthiest. With what tact, perseverance, and success Mrs. Craig and her pupils worked, may be gathered from the fact that at Founders' Court alone upwards of ninety young women are now in active employment, the whole of the actual working of the instruments having fallen into their hands. The committee are now perfectly satisfied that the girls are not only more teachable, more attentive, and quicker-eyed than the men clerks formerly employed, but have also pronounced them more trustworthy, more easily managed, and, we may add, sooner satisfied with lower wages. So well pleased, indeed, are they with the result of their experiment, that about thirty more women are now employed at the branch offices, viz., eight at Charing Cross, two at Fleet Street, two at Knightsbridge, etc.; and eventually there is no doubt they will fill posts in all the branch offices in England. As you enter the long room where these young girls are working, the continual clicking of the needles immediately strikes the ear; and a little observation teaches us that in one corner London is holding conversation with Liverpool, while in another Manchester is receiving a long message from London; here Temple Bar is discoursing eloquently of deeds and parchment, there Yarmouth is telling about her fish and shipping. Two girls sit at each machine, the one spelling the words as rapidly as letter succeeds letter, and the other writing it down as

the word is pronounced. When the whole of the message is received, it is forwarded to another table, where it is entered, an abstract made, and its number registered; it is then passed on to another table, where another girl prices, seals, folds, and directs the paper, which is then delivered into the hands of the messenger and despatched to its ultimate destination.

The instrumental clerks earn from eight to eighteen shillings per week, and the superintending clerks from twenty to thirty shillings. These latter are responsible that no message is unnecessarily delayed, that the papers are properly filled in, and the words correctly spelt. The instrumental clerks are of course by far the more numerous; they are all young, none being received into the establishment after their twenty-third year, but they may enter as young as sixteen: for, quickness of perception and steadiness of vision being the two great requisites for this business, it will be readily understood that this training cannot commence too early in life. Six weeks is considered the average time for learning the fluctuations of the needle, etc., *after which period payment for service commences, nor is any fee required for instruction;* but if, at the end of two months, the pupil cannot conquer the movement of the hands, she is dismissed as incompetent to master the art.

As the office is obliged to be open twelve hours, there are three staffs, or "relief guards." The first works from eight to five, the second from nine to six, and the last from eleven to eight o'clock, thus allotting nine hours to each relay; a period which may be termed long, if considered positively, or short, when viewed comparatively with the twelve or fourteen hours of the miserable needlewoman or dressmaker. But though the hours these young women are on duty are long, we must not forget that the machines are not always in motion, and even when working are far from producing fatigue; we noticed many of the girls employing their spare minutes with knitting pins, light needlework, and books. The young girls now working at Lothbury are chiefly the daughters of small tradesmen, but several are the children of government clerks —Somerset House or Treasury-men—while three or four are the daughters of clergymen.

Should the proposed extension of female clerks to the branch offices be carried out, an inestimable boon will be presented to a very large and most deserving class of women, who, if not gifted with the power of imparting knowledge, have, as is too well known, no resource at present but their needle, for obtaining a livelihood. Other companies, the Magnetic and the London District Telegraph Companies for instance, (the offices of both which are in Threadneedle Street,) are following the steps of the International, and have already engaged a number of hands, who are now being duly instructed for their employment; but the honor and the credit of the movement is due to the Electric and International Company:

nor can we close our paper without offering our most grateful thanks to the committee of that company for the liberal manner and practical form in which they have viewed the important question of female labor.

All communications respecting employment may be addressed to Mrs. Craig, International Telegraph Company, Founders' Court, E.C.; or she may be seen there any Saturday, from two until four o'clock in the afternoon, by applicants desirous of being received into the establishment.

M. S. R.

XXXIX.—A RARE OLD LADY.

Among the curious and unexpected things which occasionally turn up in the course of one's life,—things which, among all the odd fancies one might chalk out to oneself as of possible occurrence, would never by any chance have come into one's head,—think of finding oneself in this year of grace, 1859, in the company of a lady, who had, in her younger days, the dangerous honor of inspiring a "*grande passion*" in the heart of Robespierre; a lady, then one of the most brilliant ornaments of the French stage, and now, at the age of ninety, not only in full possession of all her mental faculties, but able to declaim a scene from Racine or Molière, or to recite a fable from La Fontaine, with a grace, fire, pathos, and tenderness, that no *artiste* of our day could equal! Such a singular and interesting *rencontre*, a sort of folding back of a century, and a bringing of its two ends together, has just fallen to the lot of the writer of these lines, at a *soirée* lately given by the Countess G— de C— in honor of the antediluvian celebrity just referred to.

The lady in question is the widow of the illustrious Talma, now the Countess de Chalot, daughter of Vanhove, an actor of considerable repute in his day, who, for many years, belonged to the company of the *Théâtre Française*, then, as now, the first theatre of Paris. M. Vanhove performed the *rôle* of *Paterfamilias*, and was equally respected for his talent, his assiduity in the service of the theatre with which he was associated, and the probity and kindness which uniformly distinguished him in private life. His wife appears to have been a woman of more than ordinary talent, "devoted," as the French say, "to her interior," meaning thereby the fireside circle of her home. Their only child, a daughter, could never be induced to learn to read; but when M. Vanhove, then a resident in Brussels, and attached to the theatre of that city, was invited, in 1779, to Paris, the child manifested the most eager desire to see the brilliant metropolis, of which she had heard so much. Madame Vanhove adroitly seized this opportunity of inducing the lazy little Caroline to undertake the repugnant but necessary task, which she had hitherto succeeded in escaping.

"Ah! my little girl would like to see the beautiful city of Paris? But no little girls are allowed to go there unless they can read. So, if mamma's pet would like to go thither, she must begin to learn her letters directly; and when she can read nicely out of a book, she shall go to Paris with papa and mamma."

The appeal, so artfully made, was irresistible; and Caroline opened her first attack on the mysteries of the alphabet that very day. Fully persuaded she would be stopped at the gates of Paris, and sternly prevented from entering the city, unless able to read fluently on her arrival there, the child studied so diligently, that before the family reached their new home, she could not only read well, but had learned by heart several pages of prose and verse, which, young as she was, she recited with such purity of diction, and so much artistic feeling, that the passengers in the heavy slow-rolling *diligence* were all delighted with the child, and gave her the name of "*la petite Merveille.*" This unlooked for success decided the parents to bring her up for the theatrical career.

From that moment, the cultivation of her powers, with especial reference to their development upon the stage, was carefully attended to by both the child's parents; and at a very early age Caroline appeared on the boards of *la Comédie Française*, as the leading theatre of Paris was then styled, in various child-characters, which she sustained with universal approbation. The parts of *Louison* in the *Malade Imaginaire*, of the little girl in *la Fausse Agnes*, and of *Joas* in *Athalie*, were among those in which the youthful actress was most applauded. But when she reached the age of ten years, her parents considered it time to introduce her to *rôles* of greater importance. She no longer appeared in childish characters, but began to study with care and discrimination the characters of the various *chef d'œuvres* of the French stage. Strangely enough, however, Caroline Vanhove, at this period appears to have had but one desire, that of entering a convent and becoming a nun. But her parents resisted this wish on her part; and her artistic training was carried on with all diligence.

The actor, Dorival, whose frigidity of style was proverbial, but whose intonations were exceedingly pure, and whose diction was excellent, was chosen for her master in the art of declamation; and so rapid was her progress that she was admitted to make her *début*, when scarcely fourteen, in the *Iphigenia in Aulide*.

It is asserted by the critics of that day, that no *début* at once so precocious and so brilliant had ever taken place on the French stage! Bachaumont, in his famous *mémoires*, and various other contemporary writers, state that the young actress was equally successful in tragedy, comedy, and the drama; that her grace, pathos, and power, excited "general enthusiasm," that "all Paris flocked in crowds to admire her," and that, while she was on the stage, "the public applauded incessantly, and *bravos* and *bravissimos* were heard in every part of the house."

This successful commencement of her dramatic labors was followed by new and constant triumphs during the period of nearly thirty years, which she passed in the career chosen for her originally by her parents, but into which she threw herself with all the energy of her nature; a career which she quitted in the plenitude of her talent, and at the height of her popularity, compelled to this step by an affection of the larynx which defied the skill of all the physicians of that day. Despite the jealous bickerings and difficulties which appear to be inseparable from the histrionic career, and from which she seems to have had her full share of annoyance, few dramatic artists can boast of a career so uniformly successful as that of Caroline Vanhove, and in which she had the rare privilege of being associated with her father, whom she adored, and the great actor who subsequently became her husband, and who appears to have appreciated her equally as an artist and as a woman and popular actress. She was married by her friends to a man named Petit, for whom she does not seem to have had any predilection, and between whom and herself no sympathy ever existed. Not long after she had contracted this inauspicious union, she inspired a violent passion, not only in the savage breast of the redoubtable Dictator of the Reign of Terror, but also in the heart of the glorious dictator of a more peaceful stage. From Robespierre the charming young actress appears to have recoiled with instinctive horror, thereby attracting to herself the remorseless vengeance of the Man of Blood; a vengeance equally directed against the great actor who had dared to dispute the object of his dangerous partiality with the dreaded dictator. Happily, the downfall of the tyrant delivered the actress and her adorer from his power, at the very moment when the latter was being put forth for their destruction.

But though the homage of Robespierre had failed to touch either the heart or the ambition of the young actress, the affection of Talma—then in the prime of his talent and renown, and bent on inducing her to liberate herself, by means of a divorce from her inauspicious marriage, and to marry himself—found the fair *artiste* anything but indifferent; yet she steadily refused to seek for a divorce, and even, in her desire to cure the great tragedian of an attachment which she was not in a position to reciprocate, obtained a *congé* of several months from the director of the *Comédie Française*, and undertook an extensive round of provincial engagements, in the hope that her absence would suffice to cure her illustrious suitor of his passion.

This hope, however, was destined to prove illusory; and an incident which occurred soon after the actress's return to Paris, brought their mutual affection to a crisis.

One night, shortly after her re-appearance at the *Comédie Française*, Madame Petit Vanhove was acting in a play of Collot d'Herbois, in which the heroine is run away with, when the clumsy actor, who performed the part of the lover, in carrying off the lady, made

a false step, and fell to the ground with the heroine in his arms, not only bruising her sadly by his weight, but driving the entire length of a great pin into the bosom of the unfortunate actress, who was carried fainting from the stage. Doctors, surgeons, and friends clustered round her in the green-room; the pin was extracted, but the wound would not bleed. "The wound must be sucked!" cried one of the surgeons, in a loud voice; "it is the only way of escaping the danger of such a hurt." "Talma!" he continued, addressing the actor, who was hovering near the door in a state of mortal anxiety, "I fancy you will be able, without repugnance, to render us this service. But be quick about it, *mon ami;* it is the only means of saving her, and we have not a moment to lose!"

Talma, pale and agitated, hastened to render the service demanded. He saved the life of the woman he loved; and thus acquired, in her eyes, an imprescriptible right to the heart and hand for which he had sued in vain so long. The lady's scruples being thus vanquished at last, she sought and obtained the dissolution of her marriage with M. Petit; and on the 16th of June, 1802, François Joseph Talma, and Caroline Vanhove, were married, after eight years of hopeless affection, at the *mairie* of the tenth *arrondissement* of Paris.

For many years this brilliant couple, apparently so well assorted, were exceedingly happy, despite the incapacity of Talma to avoid running into debt. In high favor with the emperor, and his appearance hailed with enthusiasm wherever he showed himself, Talma was constantly in receipt of a very large income. His wife, whose salary was equal to her husband's, and whose engagements, in the provinces and in foreign capitals were paid at the same rate as his, exerted herself in vain to induce the great actor to moderate his expenditure. Not only did he throw away immense sums in furniture and costumes for the stage, keep open house and an ever-spread table for all his friends, and bestow aid on people in difficulty with royal generosity, but he was also a victim to the mania of building and re-building to an utterly ruinous extent.

Constantly in trouble through this unfortunate passion for bricks and mortar, Talma, on one occasion when Kemble was expected in Paris, announced to his wife his determination to give him what he termed "a suitable reception," to the great annoyance of Madame Talma, who foresaw, with terror, that this determination would lead to new and heavy expenses.

And so it proved, for Talma was bent on entirely re-modelling the apartment he occupied at Paris. "I intend," said he, "that the actor whom people style the first in France, shall worthily receive the first actor of England. I will not dishonor my nation! Kemble lives in splendid style at home; I must place myself on the same level. I am very sorry not to have a whole house to myself; but no matter, our apartment, done up as I mean it to be, will be noble, delightful! Here we will put in gilded panels; there we will have a picture-gallery, which can be easily managed by knocking

down this wall. We must have two drawing-rooms, one of which shall be decorated and furnished in the purest Roman style."

"But we have only one drawing-room," expostulated Madame Talma.

"Your bed-room can be turned into a second, *chère amie;* it is quite large enough. Besides, we will knock down the wall at the farther end of your room, and take in the corridor outside, which will give us ample space for the second drawing-room. Let me alone; I'll contrive it! But mind you don't persist in worrying me with your narrow calculations of expense, or I shall be really angry. And now let us set to work at once; we have not an hour to spare!"

The work of demolition was commenced forthwith, and in a couple of days the whole place was in utter confusion, every corner of the apartment being upside down with mortar and workmen. By carrying on the business of re-construction incessantly, day and night, and promising handsome *largesses* to the *ouvriers*, it was just possible that the re-modelling of the rooms occupied by the great artist might be completed in a couple of months from that time.

But Kemble did not wait so long; at the end of a week he made his appearance, and nothing could be done but to replace, with all possible haste, the woodwork that had been removed from the parlor, and to sweep out the mortar and shavings from the dining-room. The most celebrated authors and actors of the day were invited to the dinner thus hastily improvised in the midst of the demolitions; nor does the entertainment appear to have been the less brilliant and delightful for having been given amidst surroundings so different from those in which Talma's gorgeous imagination had pictured himself as receiving the guest whom he was so anxious to honor.

But all the domestic difficulties of this artistic couple unfortunately did not terminate as well as this one. Talma's wasteful expenditure was such that it not only absorbed the large income resulting from their joint efforts, but created a constantly increasing mass of debts that Madame Talma could not contemplate without dismay. Talma was not only, as we know, a man of a large, artistic, generous nature, impelling him both to create all manner of beautiful harmonious surroundings for himself, and to shower benefits with an equally lavish hand on all around him, but was, moreover, so utterly improvident, so incapable of making any calculation of the value of money, and of the relation between expenditure and income, that his pecuniary affairs necessarily fell into hopeless confusion. But to all considerations of prudence and economy he was utterly indifferent, and seemed, indeed, incapable of understanding them. One day, Madame Talma, after setting forth to him with all earnestness the enormity of his financial delinquencies, wound up her homily by remarking "You reproach me with being careful and anxious about money matters, but suppose that my ex-

penditure were on the same scale as yours, suppose that I insisted on purchasing everything that caught my fancy, and indulged every caprice that came into my head, what would become of us?"

"Well, my dear, if you did, we should have more debts," coolly replied her impracticable spouse.

But, sorely as Madame Talma's equanimity was tried by her husband's extravagant expenditure, other sources of annoyance, and of a yet more serious character, were not wanting to undermine the happiness of a union whose commencement had seemed so auspicious. Courted on every side, and exposed to the seductive manœuvres of the fairest and most captivating coquettes of his day, Talma's infidelities to his wife met with less tolerant forbearance on her part, than she had accorded to his pecuniary short-comings. The halcyon days that had followed their marriage were succeeded by storms and disasters; and at length they separated. They were reconciled, however, previous to the death of the great tragedian.

Madame Talma subsequently married the Comte de Chalot, whom she also survived, and has now been for many years again a widow.

She has written a work on the art of which she was formerly so distinguished a votary, abounding in useful advice to those who are studying for the stage, together with some interesting reminiscences of Talma, and a brief notice of the life and labors of her father, to whom, as already remarked, she was tenderly attached, and whose memory she cherishes with the utmost affection. Madame de Chalot is small, with regular features, and a complexion which must once have been very fine; her eyes are still bright, and her face, when animated, lights up with a vivacity of expression which at once takes thirty years from her appearance. She has all the ease and *aplomb* of a woman who has mingled widely with the world, and has been accustomed to receive the adulation and homage addressed, even more assiduously in the period of her prime than in our own day, to the "queens of the drawing-room;" her glance especially, so calm, piercing, "and wide-awake," would suffice to distinguish her as one who has played an active and authoritative part in the conventional sphere of social existence. Her voice, notwithstanding her great age, is clear, pure, and sonorous; her diction remarkably beautiful. Every word comes from her lips, simply without effort, yet so perfectly enunciated that it seems to present, as it were, a chiselled outline to the ear.

It was not without some persuasion, that the survivor of three generations was induced by our charming hostess to give us a specimen of her declamatory powers, but yielding at length to the united entreaties of all present, Madame de Chalot rose, and, resting slightly on the back of a chair, recited the famous scene between Arsinoe and Célimène, in the third act of Molière's "Misanthrope." The grace, meekness, irony, and earnestness of her delivery, and

the delicate shading which brought out every point in this subtle duel of words, were beyond praise, and elicited the warmest expressions of admiration from her auditory. La Fontaine's beautiful fable of "The Two Pigeons" was next recited by the old countess with wonderful dramatic power, yet with such apparent simplicity and spontaneousness, that, in listening to her, one could hardly believe that one could not do as much by simply opening one's mouth. After this Madame de Chalot gave us a tragic scene in which her marvellous power of word-painting was made, perhaps, more strikingly evident; her gestures, the expression of her features, and above all the flexibility and pathos of her voice—it was of this lady that the famous remark "She has tears in her voice," was first made—all conspiring to render visible to one's mental vision, both the passions she is pourtraying, and the scenery and objects suggested by the poet's words.

Once or twice only did the old lady's memory fail her for an instant; but speedily recovering the train of thought, she proceeded with the same admirable apparent simplicity of perfected art, to the conclusion of the scene.

To see her while inspired with the thoughts and emotions of her youth, one could not believe the old actress to be either old or feeble; yet it needed the exertions of four persons to lead her to and from her seat, and when tea was brought in, it was necessary to furnish her with a table, her hands being too weak to support the weight even of the delicate little porcelain cup before her.

Most striking were the comments on the frailty and mutability of mundane affairs afforded by the sight of this aged lady, who has outlived all the companions and associations of her youth and maturer days; who, after sharing the triumphs of the stage with its most distinguished ornaments, favored and flattered by emperor and king, and enjoying all that wealth, talent, and beauty can win for their possessors, is now ending her days in voluntary seclusion, forgotten by the world of which she was formerly the idol, and, having survived all her natural connections, tended by strangers, to whom, in default of other heirs, she will probably leave her fortune. It would, indeed, be difficult to imagine a more striking and impressive practical illustration of the "Sic Transit" so clearly written on human destinies and on earthly things.

A. B.

XL.—LETTERS ON THE EMPLOYMENT OF WOMEN.

We have received during the month so many able and suggestive communications on the subject of Employment for Women, that we have concluded to present our readers with some of them in place of the usual Notices of Books, and beg to commend them to their special consideration.—Eds. E. W. J.

63, Rutland Gate, London, S.W.
November 8th, 1859.

Madam,

Having been prevented from going to Bradford, I had not till yesterday the advantage of reading your paper on the education and employment of educated women.

I observe you suggest that the examinations of the Universities and other public bodies should be open to women as well as to men. I fear that there may be difficulties about opening to women the examinations instituted by Oxford and Cambridge: but if you will do me the favor to read the enclosed programme of the examinations of the Society of Arts for 1860, with the appendix, you will see that these examinations are open to women in all respects as readily as to men; and that some women obtained certificates at the examinations in May last. The same was also the case in 1859.

At page 7 of the programme you will see the subjects in which we examine. The following appear to me to be those of the twenty-five subjects which may be suitable to your sex. Arithmetic, Book-keeping, Algebra, Geometry, Astronomy, Botany, Political and Social Economy, Geography, English History and Literature, Latin and Roman History, French, German, and the Theory of Music.

A woman that had obtained from the Society of Arts a certificate of the first and second class in book-keeping, could scarcely fail to obtain employment as a book-keeper; and one cannot see why the wives and daughters and sisters of commercial men should not act as their book-keepers. You are of course aware that women are employed to a considerable extent in the offices of electric telegraphs.

I doubt whether they could be well engaged in the duty of inspecting schools, as it can scarcely be discharged efficiently over a very limited area; and an extent of area sufficient to afford the requisite experience proves very fatiguing to male inspectors. I cannot but think that many a lady would be more comfortably circumstanced if, instead of being a governess in a family, she were the mistress of a national school for girls. She would be more independent, have more time to herself, and be at least equally well employed.

The advantages of the peculiar mode of examination adopted by the Society of Arts would be appreciated by ladies. They would not have to go to a distance; and there would be no unpleasant excitement or display before the examiners.

The question which you propose to deal with, is, I think, simply a question of education, *i.e.*, if you can inprove the education of females, but not otherwise, you can improve the market for female labor, and one of the great wants of female education, is, I think, the want of some external standard such as the Society of Arts now supplies. .

I notice also that the statement of the Society for the Employment of Women speaks of servants, needleworkers, and governesses.

If, as is the case, female servants are too often recipients of parochial relief in old age, this result arises more frequently from their own improvidence or dishonesty, than from any essential condition of service. Those that receive very small wages, do not often receive less than they are worth, while a faithful and good servant has generally no difficulty in retaining her place and in laying up money in it. It is the bad or unfaithful servant who has constantly to change her place, and who goes downwards instead of upwards in the world: and many, who, being faithful and good, save money in their places, are tempted to give them up for marriage, or to enter upon business; and then, from their ignorance and inexperience of their new life, they become insolvent and die in the workhouse, classed there as domestic servants, though their failure has in fact come to them, not as servants, but as greengrocers, publicans, or lodging-house keepers. It should be added that servants are commonly very charitable, and spend on their destitute relations considerable sums, which, laid out at interest, might provide for themselves for life. I know of only one mode by which the condition of domestic servants can be effectually improved, and that mode is the improvement of the education of women, by which women may be made more useful, trustworthy, and provident than they are now.

As for needlewomen, their market being perfectly open, we may be sure that their work is remunerated at its real value in the market. Their employers cannot pay more for needlework, than the minimum which needleworkers in general are willing to receive. There is but one way by which the price of needlework, or of any other article, can be raised, and that is by a diminution of the number of workers in proportion to the demands for the work. Much of it is as rude and as bad as possible. You may teach some of the crowd to do a better and more remunerative work, and you may enable others to emigrate.

Under the head of "governesses" are included persons whose capacity and remuneration vary from the very low to the very high. A really valuable governess is generally well remunerated and well treated. A salary of from eighty pounds to one hundred pounds a year, or more, a good sitting-room and bed-room, excellent food, sufficient attendance, and considerate, often affectionate treatment, are commonly accorded to a governess of the first class, and it is easier for her to find such an appointment, than for an employer to find such a governess. When we burn with indignation at reports of mean and unworthy remuneration offered to young ladies who wish to be governesses, we may do well, perhaps, to consider how ill qualified some of them are for that important and sacred office.

From these observations you will infer that I think it of the gravest consequence to your society, that it should take up no views which are partial or exaggerated, or opposed to invincible economical laws; and that I regard the question which you desire to solve as simply and remarkably a question of the improved education of women.

As shall be the education of women, so shall be the remuneration of those women who labor to live.

You may think lightly of the objection taken by the "Saturday Review" that, if you increase woman's power of gaining her own livelihood, you diminish the number of marriages and so injure society, for you may reply that such a power, making her more valuable, in a pecuniary sense, as a wife, increases her opportunities of marriage, and that it is neither for her own good nor for the good of society, that she should marry for hunger instead of for love and esteem.

On the other hand, when you look with regretful longings on the more abundant facilities which France affords for the light and remunerative employment of women, it is well to remember that labor in general, and very heavy, ill-paid labor, devolves upon them there much more than here; and that is to

a considerable extent a result of that horrible military conscription which withdraws six hundred thousand males from their natural fields of labor.

Looking then at your object in the lights in which I have endeavored to place it, let us see what you can do.

The education of women of every class among us, is in urgent need of improvement. Much less has been done for girls' than for boys' schools. There is a great want of properly qualified school-mistresses; and those who have charge of the schools for the poor, are drawn commonly from the ranks of the poorest. Your society might suggest and promote the erection of many additional schools for female children, and of some normal schools for the preparation of governesses, of mistresses of middle schools, and of mistresses of schools for the poor. I repeat that I am strongly of opinion that ladies, not qualified to take the part of governesses of the first class, had much better be mistresses of national schools, than governesses of an inferior grade. I need not point out to you how greatly the education of our girls in the national schools would be improved, if educated ladies could be substituted for the excellent but sadly crammed young women who are now the mistresses. As there is already a great demand for more mistresses, ladies could take these places without displacing other people. There need be no loss of caste, and generally there would be a great increase of comfort. A certificated mistress might receive a salary of say sixty pounds a year; allowances of say twenty pounds a year for her certificate, and of say twelve pounds a year for her pupil teachers, and a comfortable house rent free. She would have more time to herself than a governess has, and her influence with the parents of the scholars would be invaluable. To qualify her for the post, she would have to be trained at a normal school, and to be taught to teach.

A normal school for one hundred ladies could not be erected for less than ten thousand pounds, half of which might be looked for from the Committee of Council on Education.

I advise your society rather to stimulate others to found and maintain schools, than to attempt to found and maintain them itself. You might, however, establish classes for the special instruction of young women who have left the school, with a view of qualifying them to act as book-keepers, clerks, etc. You may be sure, that well qualified women would immediately obtain employment, as their service (if equal in quality) would be very much cheaper than men's. I should advise you to begin with arithmetic and book-keeping; and to prepare your pupils for the examinations of the Society of Arts in the spring.

If anything occurs to you as within the means of the Society of Arts to do in furtherance of the object of your paper or that of the Society for the Employment of Women, I am sure that the council will gladly take into consideration any suggestion that you may be so good as to make.

I have the honor to be,
Very faithfully yours,
HARRY CHESTER.

A PRACTICAL PROPOSAL.

MADAM,

There is scarcely a considerable town in England that does not possess its foundation school. These schools exist under all kinds of names, blue-coat, grammar, and King Edward schools, and are to be found of all sorts, sizes, and dates, from the ancient building of mouldering stone surrounded by venerable trees, to the smart, new erection in modern gothic or Elizabethan architecture, perched by the side of the railroad, as if to advertise the founder's generosity.

And very valuable and useful these institutions are. Many an honest lad owes to them his start in life, having there received an education far superior to that which his parent's means could have afforded, had not the beneficence of some modern philanthropist, or ancient patron of learning, induced him to endow the institution he had founded with his own money or land.

We are acquainted with one of these noble foundations, (a blue-coat school,) in which the sons of poor widows are received, clothed, educated, and finally apprenticed to any trade they wish to learn; thus they start fair for the great race of life, and are as likely to prosper as other boys who have not lost their fathers.

In another, in the same county, boys receive an education which fits them for college, at so cheap a rate, that the sons of small farmers and little tradesmen can avail themselves of its advantages.

A third, only ten miles from the last mentioned, is about to be built where day scholars will for £4 a year be taught "religion, reading, writing, arithmetic, book-keeping, geography, history, English literature and composition, the Latin, Greek, and French languages, the principles of natural philosophy, mathematics, algebra, and also such other languages, arts, and sciences, as the trustees, with the consent of the dean and chapter, may from time to time deem expedient, so that the scholars may receive a sound, moral, religous, and liberal education." Pupils from a distance may be boarded and taught a part or the whole of this course of instruction for £20 a year.

Thus, in innumerable instances, the sons of the middle classes are provided, at a rate far below cost price, with a practical commercial education such as will enable them to maintain themselves hereafter.

If a boy thus taught does not succeed in life, it must be owing to his own misconduct. His education has given him the means of gaining an honest, comfortable maintenance by the exercise of his intelligence, and if he does not earn it, he must be answerable for his own failure; society has done its utmost to provide for him.

So excellent are these institutions, that one cannot help regretting that in one respect they are so limited, for, differ as they may in date, constitution, and the kind of education bestowed, there is one feature in which they all, all at least with which we are acquainted, resemble each other—*they are invariably for boys.*

We do not mean to say, however, that there exists no endowed charity schools for girls in England, for rows of children in high caps, red cloaks, and yellow mittens may sometimes be seen enlivening the gallery of a country church, who, upon inquiry, are found to receive their education gratis, on condition of wearing this uncomfortable costume on Sundays and other state occasions. What we mean is, that charity schools for girls are of a different and inferior nature and constitution from the foundations for boys, that they are generally intended for a different class, and that they are conducted on different principles and for opposite objects.

Compare the education given to the bonnetless little girl in the red cloak, with that afforded to the capless boy belonging to the blue-coat school spoken of at first, both the children of working parents, and standing in the same social scale? What does the education of the former fit her for? Why, to be a domestic servant or a seamstress; that is to say, it fits her to enter professions that are already so over-crowded, as to be scarcely remunerative; she is trained to enter on a course that must almost of necessity, unless she marry, end in the workhouse, for it is but too well known that a large proportion of the aged female inmates in these melancholy refuges, consist of worn out domestic servants. The boy, meanwhile, is prepared for a far higher walk in life; he receives a practical commercial education such as will enable him to earn a good livelihood, spend his life in comfort, and lay by a provision for his declining years.

It was most justly said lately by a leading organ of the press, that it is

the duty of all fathers of the middle class, either to lay by a provision for their female children, or to afford them such instruction as may enable them to maintain themselves, that his daughters may neither be left in want nor yet be forced to contract unhappy marriages to avoid destitution. But according to the present constitution of affairs it is not easy for a father to execute the last-mentioned duty.

If a little tradesman has six sons, he will probably be able to send one or two of them to a foundation school, (if he lives in some favored spots, he may secure for them all a capital education for a mere trifle,) and thus the burden on him is lightened; but if he has six daughters, Heaven help the man. His only educational resource for them is a "seminary for young ladies," where, at a considerable expense, they will receive a genteel educaction, and be taught crochet, worsted work, and to jingle a little on the pianoforte. When their course of education is concluded and they have returned home, he may, perhaps, wish to teach one of them his own business, with a view that she may succeed him at his death; and for this purpose he establishes her as cashier in his shop, when to his dismay he discovers that in spite of all the money spent on her schooling, she does not understand bookkeeping. If he gets another a place in the telegraph office, she is presently dismissed because her spelling is deficient, or because she understands none of the common business terms in use; for the chief difficulty in employing women in this branch of industry, is their ignorance on both these points. So at last in despair, he apprentices one or two to dress-makers, sends another out as a governess perhaps, though she is incapable of teaching anything but the aforesaid crochet, worsted work, and jingling on the piano, and trusts that Heaven in its mercy will provide the rest with husbands. His wife, the mother of these poor helpless girls, sees but too clearly the necessity of the case, and therefore courts the young men of her acquaintance, thus degrading herself, her daughters, and her whole sex; and yet the poor woman is not to blame, she is only trying to the best of her ability to provide for her daughters in the only way open to her.

It is universally acknowledged that prevention is better than cure, that it is better to prevent distress than to relieve it; it is therefore our sincere belief that the most effectual method of bestowing charity is the founding of schools for girls of the middle class, where they would receive a solid practical commercial education, which should fit them to be clerks, cashiers, saleswomen, to serve in telegraph offices, in railway ticket and post offices, and in the numberless other positions where intelligence is required rather than strength.

The progress of civilisation is every day opening new departments of employment to well educated persons. A scheme is at this moment under consideration, which, if carried out, will give remunerative occupation requiring the smallest possible amount of physical strength to some hundreds of good accountants. Mr. Sykes has drawn up a plan for increasing the number of government savings'-banks. He proposes to establish one in connection with every money-order office throughout England, and it appears that the number of these is one thousand five hundred. These banks are to receive the smallest sums, and to be open every day in order to afford the greatest possible facilities for the formation of provident and saving habits. No interest can, however, be given for the money thus invested; it will merely be kept safe, as the interest will be required to pay the expenses of the undertaking.

In places where the post-office clerk is not already fully occupied, he will be able to attend to the bank as well as to his other duties, but in many instances this will not be the case, and a new clerk will be required. Now why should not this clerk be a woman?

The objection commonly raised against employing women in any but the most unremunerative offices, viz., that they deprive men of employment, could not be raised here; no man would be turned out of work by the ad-

mittance of women to this department of labor, for all these offices will be freshly created.

If the report be true that Mr. Sykes' plan has been approved of by the post-office authorities, there can be little doubt that it will be carried through parliament during the next session, and be put into execution shortly afterwards.

We believe that at this moment there would be no little difficulty in finding a thousand good female arithmeticians and book-keepers, but some months will be allowed us to prepare them. Surely when so much distress and misery is now caused by the unemployed state of the female population, every exertion ought to be made to procure for them this new branch of easy and remunerative occupation, and the best means of securing it, is to provide them with such instruction as shall enable them to perform its duties with skill and despatch. One thing at least is certain, that if the necessary instruction be withheld, these situations must be closed against them.

Of course, endowed schools, to give the required education, cannot spring up like mushrooms in one night; foundations of this kind must be a work of time, money, and labor, but something might be done at once to forward this object. In every little town that boasts a money-order office (and with yet more reason in such as are considerable enough to possess several) evening classes for girls might be established. If the school-master was too busy for the purpose, instruction in accounts and book-keeping might be given by some retired clerk, and the means of paying him be raised by subscription; the cleverest girl of the class be chosen to fill the place of savings'-bank clerk, and little difficulty would be found in providing situations for the others if they had been well taught.

Meanwhile, all who have interest either with Mr. Sykes or with the post-office authorities, should exert themselves to obtain from them the promise that, if the proposed scheme be carried out, the preference shall be given to female candidates for the clerkships, if competent women can be found for the purpose. Thus some hundreds of respectable girls would be provided with a comfortable maintenance, while the advantage of a more practical course of education than that generally afforded to women would be strikingly exemplified.

Truly yours,

J. B.

On Printing.

There is no mechanical art in which I am more anxious to see women engaged than in printing; but it is so very desirable to lift the subject out of mere suggestion, that I will put the direct question, *Why* do not women print? I am sure that the true answer is that they have not yet shown the energy which is required to have and to practise a new trade.

I know that there is a strong feeling in this trade against employing female compositors. I am told that it even amounts to a *combination;* and I think it is not unlikely. But we need not struggle against this feeling. To mix men and women together in the printing offices would be very undesirable, unless the strictest superintendence were exercised. But, let me ask, what prevents women from gaining the necessary instruction and teaching themselves? I shall be told that it is a difficult art, requiring great pains and labor to acquire. I know that; but still it may be learnt in time by a woman of perfectly average intelligence. I shall be told that it is difficult to find a teacher. Yes! *difficult*, but not *impossible*. There are women now in England, who are good compositors. I know of one Lancashire firm

which employs them; and there are women in London who have seen enough of printing all their lives to teach other women who choose to learn.

The apparatus is expensive: yet it may be bought! We all know the little printing presses given to children; very beautiful toys, yet large enough to begin to practise on. I have seen a small printing press at a country school, where the boys and girls printed the hymns which they sang on Sunday, and other little songs besides. It was about the size of a small table capable of seating four people. After seeing this, nothing will ever convince me that two persevering women could not manage to learn to print, and gradually work up a business for themselves, even under all the manifold disadvantages of the art as now practised.

But this leads me to another part of my subject. *Why* should this art be practised under manifold disadvantages, when inventions have been made which reduce it to one of the greatest practical simplicity?

I spent a whole morning on the 23rd of November, in examining one department of Major Beniowski's patents, at his printing office, 8, Bow Street, Covent Garden, and it is a self-evident fact, which it requires no previous knowledge of the art to verify, that his inventions in the compositor's department alone, create an enormous saving of time and consequently of expense. The utmost speed to which the most accomplished compositor of ordinary types can ever attain, is to set up two thousand letters per hour; and I saw with my own eyes, a little boy under thirteen, setting them up at the rate of eight thousand one hundred and sixty per hour. I tested him by my watch, standing over him and watching the operation; and I saw the lines which he had set up, when they were struck off on a slip of paper.

I am sure that on this system, I could myself in a week's time become a tolerable compositor; and any one who has any acquaintaince with printers' bills, knows that the composition is by far the heaviest item of expense in the business as at present conducted; the striking off from the type when set up is a comparative trifle.

If any one doubts what I have said, on the ground that as I am not a printer I could not possibly judge of the practical nature of Major Beniowski's inventions, I shall be happy to give them a personal explanation of the reasons why I call the saving "self-evident," but I will not attempt it here, as it is difficult for an unlearned person to describe mechanical inventions on paper.

I will also add that I saw a young lady composing type with equal rapidity, and that the boys employed by Major Beniowski are under her management.

I hope my morning's work may help to bring the matter of the employment of women in printing to some practical issue.

BESSIE RAYNER PARKES.

MADAM,

Permit me to inquire the reason for your silence on that most important subject—Emigration? I have been long and painfully impressed with the idea that our colonial possessions are strangely neglected as markets for female labor, and the very little attention the subject has received at your hands strengthens me in my opinion.

I believe emigration has been overlooked chiefly from the two following reasons:—First, from the great ignorance that prevails on the subject, both amongst the poor and amongst those who generally act as their guides and directors; and secondly, from the want of organisation, without which no great work can ever be accomplished.

I see advertisements continually in the "Times" and other newspapers offering free passages to respectable women, and not unfrequently in the same papers that contain these advertisements, I have read histories of sorrow and shame, harrowing tales of work begun in despair and finished by death; and the reflection has over and over again been forced on me, if these over-wrought and over-tempted seamstresses, if these half-starved and utterly forlorn women had but known of the means of escape so freely offered, if some one had but told them that Canada, Australia, New Zealand wanted them, were stretching out their hands for them, were voting money to secure them free passages, and promised them an honest and a hearty welcome, surely we should not be pained and disgraced in the manner we now are, by deeds that pour a flood of contempt on the boasted progress of civilisation.

It is all very well for Charles Kingsley to be eloquent about the colonial possessions, but if the people either will not or cannot avail themselves of this new ground, surely we might just as well be without them. I am strongly inclined to believe that Ignorance is the great giant we must fight, it is he who is opposing us on this most important subject; and that people never think of emigration, simply because it has never been presented to them except in the vaguest possible manner. I believe that if you wish to influence the mass of the people on this question, you must take them by the hand and lead them yourself to the emigration office, put the knocker in their fist, the words in their mouths, pack up their trunks, and carry them on board the vessel, if ever you hope to see the work efficiently accomplished. Now the habitual visitors among the poor have, as a body, neither ability, time, nor power, to do all this; it requires tact, energy, and business habits, besides involving a heavy outlay, often a serious consideration to some of the best workers. The idea has struck me (and I give it but as an idea) that a plan something after the following fashion might be arranged and carried out with little expense, which might overcome some of the difficulties to which I have already alluded, and which I know exist. I would obtain two ladies, women of plain common-sense and judgment, who were accustomed to the habits and homes of the London poor, (for it is chiefly amongst them that destitution and over population is found,) and induce them to spend a month at least in visiting all the metropolitan emigration agents, and the government offices, and making themselves thoroughly conversant with all the details of the business, the leading features and peculiarities of each colony, the rates of wages, the prices of provisions, the average length of each voyage, the lowest cost which such a step would naturally and inevitably entail on each passenger, the locality of each of the docks, and the acquaintance and good-will of the principal clerks connected with the work. Having conquered these difficulties, I would then obtain for them an introduction to two clergymen at the opposite ends of the metropolis, where each should work separately and independently of the other. There is very little doubt that the clergy would only too gladly lend their school-rooms for any efficient lecturer and worker of this stamp, and would, through their district visitors, distribute an endless amount of papers calling attention to the lecture on some given night; the poor, led by their known friends, the district visitors, would at least attend and listen, and we cannot but believe that many would be induced to put down their names as candidates for emigration; a collection might be made in the room after the lecture, and further sums subsequently gathered by the clergy to assist in the outfit and other expenses incidental to such a work. We will suppose that our emigration missionary has chosen Westminster for her first field of labor, the lecture has been given, and several names entered as persons wishing for the benefit held out; we suppose next, that our friend has taken lodgings in the neighbourhood for a week, a fortnight, a month, as may seem necessary; she next arranges to meet these women at her own home once or twice a week, for the purpose of examining

their clothes, advising them about the stock of things necessary for a long voyage, and counselling them on those higher concerns, without which, all her labor will be in vain; her co-operators would of course be the clergy and the district visitors, and after seeing her charges safely on board, she would return to recommence the same work, not in the same parish, but in the next, or at least in another school, and under the auspices of another clergyman and a distinct staff of visitors. By this means the whole of Westminster might be canvassed, and when this was accomplished, Whitechapel, Bethnal Green, or Barbican might be exhausted; and by the time the whole field had been once reaped, another harvest would, no doubt, be ripe for the workers again in Westminster. Should it be objected that the sum required for such a work would be greater than could ever be again raised in this country for emigration, after the magnificent sum which was collected by Mr. Sydney Herbert for the same purpose, we reply that the money collected would be gathered in such small sums, and from so many quarters, that the real amount would never be imagined until the whole had been accomplished. The greatest drain would be the salaries of the missionaries, who, from their position and the nature of the work, ought each to be in receipt of £100 a year at the least. Were the salaries of two such women guaranteed by some wealthy person interested in the question, the work might commence to-morrow, and would be hailed by thousands as the greatest boon ever offered for their acceptance.

There are other points connected with this subject, upon which I should like to address you, but I fear I have already overstepped the limits you will care to allot to it; allow me to conclude by asking you, or any of your readers whether they can tell me if Mrs. Chisholm is still alive, if she is still working, and, if working, in what country and town, and with what success?

Believe me, yours faithfully,

R.

MADAM,

I am most desirous that the present movement to promote the employment of women, should be carried on without—if possible—provoking the opposition of working men, and for that reason that we should direct our first efforts to educate, and obtain work for women, in those occupations where "combination" is least to be apprehended.

It is not therefore with any wish to excite antagonistic feelings that I approach the vexed question of watch-making, but rather to show that even that trade, which is supposed to be guarded so jealously from women, is kept in the hands of men, by a merely local and temporary prejudice.

Thus we heard the other day of a watch-maker in Clerkenwell, who began to teach his daughter, simply that she might be useful to him and yet was warned that if he did not desist, no work would be given him in future. Many similar anecdotes will no doubt recur to your readers—but perhaps few of them are aware of the number of women who do already work at watch-making in England, quite unmolested, and even having a monopoly of one special branch of the trade.

I was lately staying near Christchurch and was asked to see one of the three factories where watch-making is carried on in that town. Not more than two or three men are employed in the factory I inspected, and merely to do the rougher part of the work. The number of women varies of course according to the state of the trade; but I found that as many as five hundred had been employed at a time by this factory. Of the other two factories one was larger, and the other smaller than the one I saw.

There are so many well grounded objections to the employment of women

in factories that I was rejoiced to hear that a *very* large proportion of them worked at home—and it is to those that I desire specially to refer. A good workwoman can make as much as sixteen shillings a week, "which is a very nice thing for her family" the foreman assured me, and considering the proverbially low wages of a Dorsetshire laborer, I thought it undoubtedly was a very nice thing indeed.

Some of the women live as far as twenty or thirty miles distant from Christchurch, though they have of course been originally trained in the factory. Twelve or sixteen is the age at which they generally enter, (receiving very low wages at the commencement,) but a woman as old as two or three and twenty has occasionally succeeded in learning the trade; under ordinary circumstances however she would not have much chance of becoming a proficient in the work, which requires great delicacy of touch and a practised accuracy of eye. The mistress said "Our girls get very fond of the work and they like to feel they are helping their families, so when they marry either laborers, or very often sailors, they generally come to me and say 'Please, ma'am, may I have my tools and work at home.'"

I saw several women who had been ten, twenty, thirty, and one who had been fifty years employed. Their eyesight did not seem affected, as only the aged wore spectacles.

The special branch of watch-making which they practise, is the manufacture of what is called the *chain*—which it appears is used in most watches and in all chronometers. The latter fact appeared to afford a special subject of pride to the foreman, who assured me the prosperity of England depended on her navy—the lives of seamen on the chronometer, and the accuracy of the chronometer upon its chain—and added that chains were made in no place in Great Britain, save Christchurch and its neighbourhood.

We saw thirty different processes gone through, beginning with the thick rusty iron wire, beaten and striped till it became a delicate steel ribbon; which ribbon was pierced with invisible holes; punched out into minute figures of eight—which we could only distinguish by means of a magnifying glass—; and then rivetted and polished till a beautiful jointed steel chain was produced; the finer ones being no thicker than a coarse silk thread.

Strange to say neither the foreman nor the mistress of the factory had ever heard that any objections had been raised against the employment of females in watch-work—and when I inquired whether they met with much opposition, they expended a great amount of needless energy in assuring me there could be no reason why women should not do it—and in fact that a girl required less training than a boy, as she was naturally more dexterous with her fingers, "and besides what a help to her husband!" was the conclusion which they reached breathlessly.

I hope those benevolent persons who shrink from the idea of the violent opposition which is likely to be excited by women invading some special trades, may be encouraged—not to injudicious partisanship or to premature and unwise effort—but to patience and hope, by seeing what is already successfully practised by women and accepted without opposition by men.

I am, Madam, your obedient Servant,

A. A. P.

The "Saturday Review."

Madam,

I think your readers will be pleased to know the worst that can be said against your views, and I trust, therefore, that you will reprint at length the article which appeared in the "Saturday Review" of November 12th, or, if you have not space for it, let me say a few words upon the subject, premising that I belong to the rougher sex.

The "Saturday Review" is angry because Miss Parkes maintains, that parents of the middle class ought both to teach their daughters some useful art, and to insure their lives for their daughters' benefit. It declares these duties to be alternative, not correlative: in plain English,—if one can leave a daughter a little capital, it would be absurd to teach her how to use it; if she has been taught some useful calling and could employ capital, it would be superfluous to leave her any. Here is the whole duty of fathers alternately arranged. "If all women in the reformed social state are to be self-supporting, (which is Miss Parkes' first position,) the motive and duty in parents to provide for them after death (which is her third) ceases. Given, all women trained to a useful art and capable of exercising it successfully, we cannot imagine any state of things which would more reasonably release parents from all solicitude as to their daughters. The very notion of life insurance implies making a provision for those who have no visible means or hopes of supporting themselves. The very notion of all women being trained to work implies that they have means, and hopes elevated to a certainty, of independence. And be it observed that Miss Parkes does not urge that these duties are alternative, but correlative. Make your daughters watchmakers and clerks, *and* leave them a provision out of your savings. She says that both duties are equally imperative and both equally neglected by parents."

This view of capital is interesting. Does the "Saturday Review" speak from experience? Its writers have useful pens, and have been trained to write smartly, unscrupulously, saleably; is their paper therefore independent of capital? I wish they may find it so.

But the "Saturday Review" has also peculiar views of political economy. Speaking as from a great height, as upon such matters it generally does, it reproves Miss Parkes for supposing that the supply of labor has any effect whatever upon the wages of labor. Miss Parkes naturally supposed that the salaries of governesses are low, not only because their education is sometimes deficient, but also by reason of the immense number of women seeking employment in this way. No such thing however: the "Saturday Review" knows that governesses are badly paid only because they teach badly. Their numbers have nothing to do with it. "*They need not be fewer!*" "To have better governesses, however, they need not be fewer, which is Miss Parkes' suggestion; but if all governesses were better, all would get better stipends, of which Miss Parkes does not seem to be aware. She seeks to raise the average standard of skill by limiting the number of workmen—an economical fallacy which she shares with the trades now on strike."

One wonders how the "Saturday Review" would speak of the wages of needlewomen. If numbers are of no consequence in the one case, they are of none in the other. "As to the point," we may fancy it saying, "that needlewomen are badly paid, and often get into difficulties, this is only an indirect mode of urging the proposition, which nobody disputes, that female sewing is very bad. Needlewomen get little because the shirts they sew are worthless. This is a mere matter of political economy, and it requires no social lectures, etc. If they had better stitching to sell they would get a better price for it. Their pay is next to nothing, because their services are next to nothing. They need not be fewer, which is the common suggestion, for if needlewomen were better, all would get better stipends, of which society does not seem to be aware."

It is, however, when the "Saturday Reviewer" rises from such less important matters to consider the question from a high moral point of view that his remarks are especially curious.

He lays it down that the greatest of social and political duties is to encourage marriage. "Married life is woman's profession; and to this life her training—that of dependence—is modelled. Of course by not getting a husband, or losing him, she may find that she is without resources. All

that can be said of her is, she has failed in business; and no social reform can prevent such failures."

He knows also (what does not a "Saturday Reviewer" know, and who is more competent to speak in the name of all mankind?) that "men do not like, and would not seek to mate with an independent factor, who at any time could quit," [his paraphrase for a woman brought up to maintain herself by some useful art] and "who at all times would be tempted to neglect, the tedious duties of training and bringing up children, and keeping the tradesmen's bills, and mending the linen, for the more lucrative returns of the desk and the counter."

Let women therefore be kept as dependent as possible upon marriage; especially let them have no taste of other than domestic employments, otherwise nothing—neither children, nor home, nor love, nor protection, nor leisure—will be able to restrain them from rushing back to such congenial occupations as those of "clerks, telegraph-workers, watchmakers, and book-keepers"!

The "Saturday Reviewer" would be sorry to express himself roughly, but his theory is this:—Women should be trained to marriage as the end of their being. It is true social policy only to encourage the existence of women who are entirely dependent on man, as well for subsistence as for protection and love. Married life is woman's profession, and if she does not get a husband, all that can be said of her is, that she has failed in business. She is to fall in love, *in order* to get married. In his mind's eye the reviewer sees, as in a vision, the whole sex at their proper work, scheming, flirting, ogling, angling for husbands,—no maiden too young or too pure to begin, no woman too old to leave off,—and he is satisfied, his soul is content,—business is being done. Men on their part, when hooked, as they will be, even with their eyes open, will sighingly console themselves with the dutiful reflection that "the greatest of social and political duties is to encourage marriage."

But the women who cannot marry; the distressed governesses and needlewomen, the widows left unprovided; how are their cases to be met? For them the reviewer is sorry; they are "social anomalies," they must go to the wall. What is important to society is this,—that the "Saturday Reviewer," and others of his taste, should be tempted to marry. They know what they would wish in a wife, and it is our duty to keep all women as far as possible down to their standard, to give them pick and choice enough.

True, this is only to be done at the expense of an amount of misery, and perhaps vice, terrible to think of; but for this there is no remedy,—yes, one —the "Saturday Review" will subscribe to the Governesses Benevolent Institution!

One word more. Is it not too bad to drag Mr. Tennyson two or three times into this article, as if his views were identical with the writer's? To my mind there is in this something almost sacrilegious. The "Saturday Review" cannot produce one line of the poet's to show that he shares its low views of woman's life and duties. Tennyson says distinctly that woman shall grow to be more of man; that she shall gain in mental breadth. Surely this means that she has as good a right to free and various development as men have; that she ought to be as free as man to choose her own path, whether that lead to the beautiful in art, or simply the useful, or to science, or trade, or instruction. Tennyson could never commit the mistake of supposing that women would be less good wives and mothers, because trained to something higher than "the business of getting husbands." Indeed, to contrast in the strongest possible manner Tennyson's ideal of marriage, with that of the "Saturday Review," one has but to continue the quotation with which the reviewer has had the temerity to conclude. It is refreshing to turn to the well-known lines:—

> "Yet in the long years liker must they grow;
> The man be more of woman, she of man;
> He gain in sweetness and in moral height,
> Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world;

She mental breadth, nor fail in childward care,
Nor lose the childlike in the larger mind;
Till at the last she set herself to man,
Like perfect music unto noble words;
And so these twain, upon the skirts of time,
Sit side by side, full-summ'd in all their powers,
Dispensing harvest, sowing the to-be,
Self-reverent each and reverencing each,
Distinct in individualities,
But like each other ev'n as those who love.
Then comes the statelier Eden back to men:
Then reign the world's great bridals, chaste and calm:
Then springs the crowning race of human-kind.
May these things be!"

I beg to remain, Madam,

Yours, etc.,

W. T. M.

XLI.—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,

I will endeavor to answer the queries of your correspondent "A Practical Mistress of a Household" with regard to Servants and Workhouse Girls.

It seems to me that there are several reasons why they are not received into the more respectable places as servants, the chief one of which is that comparatively few girls of the ages of fourteen or fifteen are wanted in the households of the upper classes, and these only as nursemaids. The great demand for such young servants is in the lower or tradespeople class, where there is generally such a young helper required, or in the country at farm-houses, and there is, I believe, no difficulty in procuring such situations in abundance. I have made inquiries relating to this point at many district and workhouse schools, and *never* have found that there was any want of occupation for the school-girls in the neighbourhood. And I own I do not see that we should be doing much good in diverting them from this channel into that of the upper classes, for bad as may be the place of many an over-worked girl in a tradesman's family or lodging house, I much fear the evils of the "servants' hall" and the "housekeeper's room" with their fine, idle footmen, would be still greater for poor friendless girls.

Of course it is the duty of the guardians to see that such do not go to places of obvious temptations, such as public-houses; but as tradesmen's families must have servants, and in most cases only a young one is wanted to assist the mistress in her household duties, I think they cannot be better supplied than from workhouse schools.

I most cordially agree in your correspondent's opinion that, even for such places, the training of these girls should be much better than it is now;

how it can ever be entirely satisfactory *in* a workhouse I do not see, as there is the inevitable communication with the adult women, many of whom are the most undesirable companions for girls; and it is almost impossible to teach them industrial work without this intermixture.

At the district schools, this part of their training is almost perfect, and all that is wanted in them is the introduction of voluntary interest and sympathy, which might be done by lady visitors, and a better system of supervision over the girls when they leave the schools. The want of this is in a great measure the root of much after evil, for it is not that there is any difficulty in *placing* the girls, it is *afterwards* that they fall into bad ways, and probably return to the workhouse. After that return it can be no cause for wonder that respectable families decline to take them; the shortest residence in the "adult ward" would render such an experiment a very rash one, and nothing but a purification and "reform," such as no workhouse training can give, can make us hope to be able to arrest their downward career.

With regard to tradesmen's families, I may be allowed to indulge a hope that the present interest that is awakened with regard to middle-class education, will ere long make such situations more desirable for poor friendless orphans than they are considered to be at present. When we remember that these girls almost universally belong to the *lowest class*, I think there is no reason to expect for them the *best places*, but both reason and economy demand that they should be well trained in the schools for the state of life to which it has pleased God to call them, as well as carefully protected when they first go out into the dangers and the temptations of an unknown world.

Yours truly,

November 3rd. L.

To the Editor of the English Woman's Journal.

MADAM,

I understand that you wish for information respecting Cottages and Homes for the Laboring Classes, with a view to their improvement. I have lately had some correspondence with a gentleman of property in the country who has much experience in the subject; I regret to say that it seems difficult to make any such dwellings a paying concern to their owners.

There are few laborers in the country who in a general way can earn more than eleven or twelve shillings per week. The great majority even less. And when the various expenses of a family are taken into consideration; food, clothing, boots and shoes, occasional illness, schooling for children, etc., it is hard to expect more than one shilling a week for lodgings, and indeed this is about the rent which the agricultural laborers in the commonest cottages generally do pay. Now a pair of decent cottages can hardly be erected of substantial materials under two hundred and twenty pounds, including the necessary adjuncts which comfort and decency require, viz., two bed-rooms, a separate washhouse, well, oven, pigstye, and outhouse. This, as a speculation, ought not to produce less than thirteen or fourteen pounds, or six per cent. in the gross, out of which expenses should be deducted; whereas the outside which can be extracted in the case of ordinary laborers, and it is the ordinary class whose condition it is desirable to ameliorate, does not amount to more than about five pounds for the double cottage. The consequence is, that, excepting in large properties where the landowner looks for no real profit from the cottages of his laborers, the poor people are either ground by heavy rents which they are unable to pay, or else their dwellings fall into a state of hopeless dilapidation and ruin, aggravating

their wretched condition, and making it impossible for them to live in respectability or comfort. The great mass of poor cottages in the country are either the property of small attorneys into whose hands they have fallen as seizures upon loans, whose high interest the owners have been unable to meet; or else they are cheaply purchased as small investments by persons who have saved a little money, such as gentlemen's servants and others, who of course can never afford to abate a farthing of rent, or to lay out any thing in repairs; so that the houses in the course of a short time become unfit to dwell in, while the scarcity of them compels the poor tenant to remain where he is. In the neighbourhood of towns, where wages are higher, and there is a greater choice of lodgings, higher rents and consequently better investments may be obtained in small buildings. But the cause of improvement in rural districts seems very hopeless, unless in the case of those proprietors who are more actuated by a desire to benefit the laborers, both physically and morally, than to secure an adequate return for their money.

I am told that there are some good schemes for cottages published by the "Society for the Improvement of the Laboring Classes," but I dare say you know these publications.

I beg once more to sign myself,

Yours very sincerely,

November, 1859. C. M. W.

To the Editor of the English Woman's Journal.

MADAM,

In reply to a request in a late number of the Journal for information respecting the building of Cottages for Agricultural Laborers, and the possibility of recovering due interest for the outlay, I beg to forward you a few facts which may perhaps be of service.

I know of two pairs of cottages, built for laborers by the owner of a Suffolk estate: they are of lath and plaster, with a brick basement, weather boarded gable ends and tiled roofs, they are sound, healthy dwellings; the single tenement contains a kitchen and backhouse with oven and copper, and two rooms above these, the largest of which has a fireplace; there is a garden of fourteen rods with a wood-shed, pump, and other conveniences. These double cottages were built in 1816, and cost between £150 and £160. For twenty-five years the repairs were insignificant, they now amount to about £2 10s. per annum on an average. They let for £4 10s. each tenement, that is to say the £18 per annum for the two pairs of cottages as interest on £300 spent gives just six per cent.

There is also on the same estate, a single cottage of substantial red brick, which has three rooms on the ground floor, three rooms over them, and attics for stowage, it has all other conveniences the same as the double cottages, and was intended for a market gardener. This was built in 1840, and cost nearly £120. The repairs have been about £1 annually, and the rent without the land £6 or £7 per annum.

These rents are about the same average as those paid for cottages of a very inferior description, deficient in size and comfort. The rents are paid up very regularly, so that this Michaelmas out of twenty-six occupiers there was not one defaulter. This is quite as much rent as an agricultural laborer can pay out of his extra harvest work or extra garden, and they pay quite as much for the leaky rickety tenements, whose owners never repair them but let them fall into ruin and then sell the materials, and which generally contain but two rooms, and have only a few yards of ground; one was sold to me for £11, which had been rented by the same man for twenty years at £5 per

annum; and lately there was a row of six cottages put up to auction, each of which paid £4 annual rent, the highest bid for the whole was under £90.

It seems therefore that the more accommodation you make for a tenant, the less interest does the rent pay the landlord: that it does not answer generally to build cottages without some other motive besides investment, but if building is determined upon, the proprietor should not build by order or contract, but buy of the builder when finished: that to avoid trouble a low rent must be charged or tenants will be likely to quit: that cottages under favorable circumstances, by judicious purchases, and good management *will* pay more interest than any other property *permanently invested*, but that they are attended with more trouble than any other kind of property. I think that these facts may be confidently relied upon as far as they go,

And beg to remain, Madam,

Yours truly,

November 12th, 1859. K. T.

To the Editor of the English Woman's Journal.

APROPOS OF THE GOVERNESS QUESTION.

DEAR MADAM,

A friend of mine who has had for many years to support herself, and to aid in supporting her family, has taken many different situations. She has been a shop-woman, a milliner, a housekeeper, teacher in several schools, and also a governess in a family, and her decided opinion is that the position of a governess is the hardest of all to bear. The fact is, the governess has no recognised position whatever, and my friend who from her experience is well qualified to give advice to young women, would earnestly dissuade them from entering that difficult, prickly, and uphill pathway. The other ways are hard, and, in a social point of view, humbler, but an independent and brave spirit will find that a happier life can be made in all probability as a teacher in a public school for working men's children, as a shop-woman, as a milliner, or as a housekeeper, than as a governess. This advice is addressed by a working woman to women going out to work.

Allow me to remark that it is not quite fair to lay all the blame of the hardships and discomforts under which governesses suffer upon their employers. A great part of the evil consists in the fact that not ten in a hundred governesses are at all fit for the work which they have undertaken, or rather which they are driven by dire necessity to undertake, and have therefore placed themselves in a false position, and are often treated with something like contempt, because they profess to teach what they do not know. Until women who go out to teach are trained for the work of teaching, and until there are fewer governesses in the market, governesses will be ill paid and ill treated.

People in general are consistently Christian or un-Christian, and they do not make a point of behaving worse to their governesses than to their other fellow-creatures, but a governess's position is worse than most positions. Probably most governesses if grown rich would treat their governesses just as they have been treated. We end where we began, by praying young women not to become governesses: by refraining from entering that *happy* profession they would benefit themselves and others.

I am, Madam, yours obediently,

B. L. S. BODICHON.

To the Editor of the English Woman's Journal.

POOR YOUNG GIRLS.

MADAM,

Will you permit me to point out an error, of some importance to my credit, in printing my last letter, page 69. Among the "excuses made with one accord" by parents and guardians for stint in female education, I am made to say "that mathematics and *German* are of no use to a lady." It was *Latin* that I intended. Does not everybody know that German *is the fashion?*

I hope and believe that the poor young girls' advocates are efficiently advancing their cause. To have an advocate at all is something new and in itself a great step gained. My letter bears testimony to the truth of A. S.'s statements, and when I, too, lamented the injustice done, and the partiality, injurious to both alike, shown to brothers above their sisters, and proclaimed the want of education among women of the middle classes to be the greatest evil of society, the remedy seemed to me obvious enough. When I quoted the very reasonable complaint of scores of "poor young girls" of the never-ending hindrances by their nearest relatives, of their trembling irregular efforts at self-culture, I did not mean "*un*reasonable complaints." "When I said the sun I did not mean the moon." Oh that those so hasty to comment would first read their text! Skimming it with half an eye, they snatch the pen and away away it goes; so wide of the mark that one cannot but wonder why they began, or what it is all about! Now, may I say with unfeigned respect and all possible kindly feeling, would it not be better for those who are now first "*learning* the *existence* of an evil," to wait awhile to give their faculties to observing, inquiring in every fitting mode and of all degrees of the middle classes. Beginning with the first lady, of any age, with whom they can secure a quiet half hour, (or perhaps with any gentleman,) and when the first crust of reticence and boasting is broken through, they will gain an insight they little dream of and that it were well to wait for. Let them carefully note all observation. In a few months time, if they take up the pen on the subject of "poor young girls," it will be with a changed heart; they will have felt too sadly and too deeply any more to mistake flippancy for wit, or slap-dash for reasoning. The very clever letter of A. S., page 428, vol. III, as well as part of a former letter, deserves to be got by heart by every English woman. I would implore every reader to study them well; and we shall hear in due time,—What can I do for these yoor young girls? I answer in advance, Help them to help themselves.

So much for the elders. To the helpless objects of our pity and sympathy I would say, Let any write to me at the English Woman's Journal Office, and the appeal shall not be made in vain.

I remain, Madam,

With great respect, etc.,

A GRAY-HAIRED LONDONER,
Or G. H. L.

To the Editor of the English Woman's Journal.

MADAM,

Now that so many educated women are wanting employment, may I venture to suggest to the younger portion of them that our National and British Schools offer a means of honorable independence in a field which is not yet overstocked? These schools being under government surpervision, it is necessary for those who wish to become mistresses to obtain a certificate of competency in one or other of the training schools. But I find upon personal

inquiry, that a young girl of nineteen or twenty, who has received a good solid English education, and who is determined to be industrious and to make the most of her opportunities, may by passing only one year at a normal school obtain a certificate which will fit her for becoming a candidate for any school where a vacancy may occur. Of course the salaries vary in different schools, but it is by no means uncommon for the mistresses to have forty pounds per annum, with two rooms rent free, besides firing and candles. It may at first sight appear that such a means of livelihood would be derogatory to those who had anticipated tuition among families in the higher walks of life, yet I think upon reflection it will not be found so. The teacher would not be mixed up with rude or vicious adults, but only with young children, upon whom her real refinement would exercise a beneficent influence. Were well educated women to devote themselves to these schools I have no doubt many ameliorating influences would result to themselves as well as to their pupils. But even as they are at present I think the opening well worthy of consideration.

I am, Madam, yours respectfully,
S. L.

XLII.—PASSING EVENTS.

THE November of 1859 goes to its grave with no better character than its long line of progenitors. Gloomy in itself its course has been marked by gloomy and disastrous events. Fierce gales, destructive to life and property, bringing in their train an inconceivable amount of sorrow and suffering, attended its commencement, while its close is marked by an act which imperils the lately acquired freedom of Italy, and bids fair to consign that unfortunate country to renewed slavery, or equally dangerous anarchy. Wicked and tortuous policy has woven its meshes around Italy, has tied the hands of Victor Emmanuel, and has forced the lion-hearted Garibaldi, a man "in whom there is no guile," to retire from a scene where spotless honor and integrity, and high minded patriotism, are dangerous if not fatal obstacles. Alas, for Italy, that her noblest son should feel himself obliged to renounce his proud position and retire into private life till chicanery and double dealing shall have done their work on king and people, and leave them free to conquer that position among nations which has been filched and wrested from them.

In home events, we have to note, as of immediate interest to this Journal and its supporters, the discussion which the employment of women has received in the columns of the press, both daily and weekly, a discussion which has rendered valuable service by promoting a more extended hearing of the cause we have been pleading for the last two years, and the establishment of a Society already formed, for the Employment of Women, which is in one way the practical embodiment of the views we have thus advocated.

A committee has, with reference to this society, been appointed by the Council of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science, to consider and report to the council on the best means which the association can adopt to assist the present movement for increasing the industrial employment of women. The members of this committee are the Right Hon. the Earl of Shaftesbury, the Hon. A. Kinnaird, M.P., Mr. E. Akroyd, Mr. Hastings, Mr. Horace Mann, Mr. W. S. Cookson, Mrs. Jameson, Miss Parkes, Miss Adelaide Procter, Miss Boucherett, Miss Faithfull, Miss Craig.

The Report of the Registrar-General shows an increase of population in England and Wales amounting on an average to six hundred and ninety-five daily!

Among the good works of the month is the new regulation as to flogging in the army, issued by the Duke of Cambridge. All men entering the army are to be placed in the first class, and will not, while there, except for aggravated mutinous conduct, be liable to corporal punishment. They will continue in this class until they incur degradation into the second by the commission of certain crimes specified, in which class they will be liable to corporal punishment for crimes of a serious description. Uninterrupted good conduct for a year will, however, restore the soldier from the second to the first class.

The eighteenth birthday of the heir to the throne was celebrated on November the 9th with due rejoicings, the Princess Royal visiting her family for the occasion. Pleasant was it to see chronicled in the court doings, *tête-à-tête* morning walks of the royal mother and daughter; happy omens for the future are ever circling outwards from the domestic life of the royal family, which draws to it the warm and affectionate sympathies of fathers, mothers, brothers, and sisters, over and above the loyal feelings of the subject.

We notice in the early part of this month, an application at the Hammersmith Court for the protection of the earnings of Elizabeth Royal, wife of that miscreant, George Frederick Royal, who was indicted at the Central Criminal Court for the murder of Zipporah Wright by poison, and was acquitted. The application was granted.

Mr. Gambart's private exhibition of cabinet pictures, sketches, and water colors, now open at the French Gallery, Pall Mall, is unusually level, and good in quality. The "starring" system in pictures finds here no admittance, and the result is an exhibition of higher average quality than is usually seen, one to which the visitor is tempted to return again and again.

Mr. Gale, whose "Girl and Doll" at the academy proved so attractive, exhibits a gem in "The Little Cardinal." This artist paints children as Landseer paints dogs—*con amore*—and wins as his reward the hearts of his spectators for the little creatures, whose ways and feelings he so well understands. Lady artists are well represented in this collection. Mrs. Harrison has several of her exquisitely painted groups of flowers, among which "Dark" and "Yellow Roses" shine pre-eminent. Miss Harrison's "Mulberries" is a charmingly executed little picture. Our limited space precludes mention of many pictures well worthy of note, but we must allude in passing to Mrs. T. H. Wells' "No joy the blowing season gives," a line from Tennyson, illustrated with poetry and feeling, and considerable breadth of execution. David Roberts' "Sketches in Spain," now on view at the German Gallery, Bond Street, are masterpieces which must delight all lovers of art.

The ranks of music, painting, and learning have been thinned this month by the deaths of Dr. Louis Spohr, Mr. James Ward, the oldest of the Royal Academicians, Frank Stone, and Professor George Wilson.

NOTICE.

On and after December 14th the office of the English Woman's Journal will be removed to No. 19, Langham Place, W., nearly opposite the Polytechnic.

The Ladies' Reading Room, established at 14a, Princes Street, will also be removed at the same time to larger and more convenient premises in the same house, No. 19, Langham Place, W., where a luncheon room, and a room for the reception of parcels for the accommodation of subscribers, will be opened in connection with it.