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XI.—OUTLINE OF A PLAN FOR THE FORMATION OF INDUSTRIAL ASSOCIATIONS AMONGST WORKWOMEN.

AMONGST the laboring population, none are more to be pitied than young women employed in needlework. The conditions of life under which they exist are unfavorable both to health and to morality.

Living in an unhealthy atmosphere, confined to a sedentary occupation, working long hours without proper rest or nourishment, their health soon gives way, and the temptations to which they are exposed from insufficient pay, from association with immoral companions, and the necessity of returning alone and at late hours to their homes, exercise an equally pernicious influence on their conduct.

It is therefore with the view of endeavoring to ameliorate their temporal and spiritual condition that the following suggestions are offered.

The disproportionate gains of capital, as compared with the miserable payment of labor, is a fertile theme of animadversion by socialist writers. These persons not having the slightest conception of the true principles on which trade ought to be conducted, advocate the most absurd theories; with a view, it is to be feared, in too many instances, of exciting the laboring population against their employers, and causing discontent and disorder.

Now, it is certain, that so long as capital is concentrated in the hands of employers, so long will labor (if abundant) be badly paid. It is therefore worth inquiry, if it may not be possible to render laborers in some measure independent of capitalists, by inducing them to combine for a common object—that object being the establishment of *ateliers*, in which each individual should be at the same time both laborer and capitalist.

Such a plan would be well suited to sedentary trades, more especially so to those not requiring a great outlay of capital to commence with.

Let us inquire if it might not be applied to the trades in which women are principally engaged.

The trade of a dressmaker, who makes up the materials furnished to her, scarcely requires any capital, and is perhaps one of the most favorable for experiment.

The object in view is not to confer *charity*, but to render the working class of women independent of it; by making their labor sufficiently remunerative to enable them not only to live in decency and comfort, but lay up a fund for sickness, or compulsory idleness from inability to procure employment.

Should the plan of association we are about to propose be found to answer, it is intended that each little Society should supply its own funds; but in the commencement it would be necessary to defray the first expenses of all the "model" establishments.

The plan is as follows:—

That a house should be rented for a certain number of young women (say twenty) to be employed in the various branches of dress-making, under the superintendence of a woman of middle age, who should be considered their mistress, who would regulate the household affairs, and keep order amongst the workwomen. This woman should be assisted by two others, whose occupation would be entirely in the workrooms, who would cut out dresses, fit them on, and arrange the work.

It would be necessary before the establishment was formed, that a sum of money should be raised, either by borrowing it at interest, by contributions from associates (for which theyshould receive interest), or by gifts from wealthy persons, sufficient for the following purposes:—

1. To furnish the house.
2. To lay in a small stock of the common materials used in needlework.
3. To provide subsistence for six months, until the establishment became known.
4. To provide for one year's rent and taxes.
5. To provide for one year's interest due on money borrowed.

The two latter sums should be placed in a savings' bank, as a guarantee fund; because, if the establishment proved successful, a proportion of the cost of interest, rent, &c., should be deducted each week from the profits.

The house after being furnished would require to be organized, and the following scheme is proposed.

1. That none but girls of good character should be admitted.
2. That the workwomen should be bound to obey the orders of the mistress and her assistants.
3. That the sleeping-rooms and workrooms should be kept thoroughly clean and airy.
4. That the rooms should be kept in order by the workwomen themselves, who should, in turns, be required to assist for one or two hours each day in all other household duties which would not spoil their hands and render them unfit to do fine work. This regulation would be beneficial to health, and would also teach them to fulfil their duties as wives and mistresses of families when they marry.
5. That ten hours be the limit of work.

6. That no needlework be done on Sundays and great festivals.

7. That all expenses be paid each week before any wages are paid, viz., house-rent (proportion for a week), coals and candles (ditto), washing (ditto), interest (ditto), taxes (ditto), a small sum for medical attendance and replacement of furniture, &c. (which sum should be placed in a savings' bank), also the cost of subsistence, *i.e.* bread, meat, &c.

8. That the workwomen be divided into classes, receiving different wages according to ability. That the mistress and her assistants should each receive a fixed salary, and that after the above-named payments have been made, the surplus should be paid over to the associates in equal proportions.

9. That no credit be given.

I have made a calculation of profits, and I believe, from what I know of the prices paid to dressmakers in London and Paris, that an establishment of twenty-two workwomen of tried ability would be sufficient to provide the entire cost of house-rent, living, &c. &c., and to allow to each of the workers 10*s.* (at least) per week, and if such were the case, a portion of that sum ought to be deducted, and placed each week in a savings' bank for their benefit.

The mistress would be charged with the moral and religious instruction of the girls. They ought to have prayers every day, be conducted to church on Sundays and great festivals (on which account it would be desirable, *if possible*, that all the community should belong to one religious denomination); as they would have leisure for improvement, they would be expected to read, or hear reading, during a portion of each evening.

It would be necessary to allow them some recreation; but unfortunately the recreations enjoyed by girls of the working classes generally lead to evil, as they go to them alone, or in improper company.

To remedy this evil, it is to be desired that the mistress or her assistants should at convenient opportunities accompany the young girls on cheap excursions into the country, or to the parks, if in London, where they might spend several hours very profitably in exercise, or other innocent amusements. They might also visit picture-galleries and museums.

The great design of such an association as that now sketched out is to elevate the character of the working classes, and to enable the young women when they marry to become useful members of society, and the means of still further improving and refining the manners and morals of the generation which is to succeed them.

In addition to these independent industrial associations, others affiliated to them might be formed.

1. A training school for workers, supported by contributions from persons not belonging to the working class.

2. An infirmary for sick members of the industrial associations.

3. An office of registration for women in want of employment,

where extra help might be obtaiden when a pressure of business required it, and where those who wanted work might apply.

M. A.

This plan, which is susceptible of various modifications in practice, exemplifies the principles of co-operation among women to which we referred last month in the article on the "Opinions of John Stuart Mill," of which a continuation will appear in November. The rules, the amount of wages, and the amount of reserved fund are all questions for discussion; but Mr. Mill's opinion is strongly favorable to the formation of co-operative or joint-stock companies as soon as the artisans of any trade are sufficiently advanced in education and self-control to be capable of working well in combination. The success of the Rochdale Mill in Yorkshire affords a splendid instance of such combination.

XII.—MADAME DE GIRARDIN.

(*Concluded from page* 20.)

In the following year, Madame de Girardin, as we must now call her, published two novels, entitled "The Opera-Glass," and "An Old Maid's Tales to her Nephews;" in 1833, "Napoline," generally regarded as the best of her poems; in 1835, another novel, "*Monsieur le Marquis de Pontanges*," and, in 1836, a fourth novel, "The Cane of Monsieur de Balzac."

Of these novels we select the Opera Glass, "Le Lorgnon," through which to take a glance at the authoress's powers in prose fiction. Her preface is as follows, and its lively style conveys a satire in every line. How different (need we remark?) to anything an English novelist would indite. "This preface," writes Madame de Girardin, "is not in the fashion; the author does not deceive himself. In the first place, it proceeds from his own pen, a grave mistake which is never committed now-a-days; secondly, it is not longer than the work itself, and does not insist on its being very good; it is not threatening, and does not announce half a dozen books of the same stamp as 'in the press'; it does not insult any government, past, present, or to come; it does not fix the merit of contemporary authors, immolating every one who got any credit before our generation came on the scene. The author does not prove herein that nobody but his own friends know how to write—that they only possess talent and originality—not by any means that he is deficient in clever friends, or that he does not appreciate their talents; but, unhappily for him, they are of themselves so famous, by reason of their sublime verses, or their eloquent and poetic prose, that he cannot pretend to establish, any more than to add to their reputation. Thus the great quackery of introducing proper names

will not form the interest of this preface; it won't even contain the eulogium of those who will have to review it in the papers; nobody's vanity is tickled, nor anybody's pet aversion flattered; nor is the ill-will of any coterie petted herein; all of which sufficiently suggests that it will be as insignificant as the book which it precedes.

"Neither is the aim of this preface to reveal a grand, sublime, philosophical after-thought, which the writer forgot to infuse into the body of the book. He does not set up as a schoolmaster, nor to invent a style of composition, nor to demonstrate great moral, political, or literary truths; he does not want to prove anything, nor yet to describe anything; his manner does not indicate a system; his personages are not portraits. He has made no pretence of mending society; on the contrary, he would be quite '*désolé*' if it altered its ways, for it pleases him just as it is; it amuses him, it inspires him, he cherishes every absurdity he discovers it to possess, because every such absurdity re-assures him on the score of his own oddities, and authorizes him to pursue them in peace, since he laughs at them also as soon as he finds them out. As he writes without pretension, so he desires that other people should treat him without ceremony. The end and aim of this preface is, in fact, to declare that he wrote the following pages for himself, to amuse himself, and without intention of publishing them, without thinking that anybody ought to read them, and without attaching the slightest importance to them. This is the whole amount of his quackery, and the only originality on which he in the least prides himself.

"Thus, then, may those serious people who can only see in a new book an author on whom to pass judgment, and who gravely hold their ivory knives suspended over his work like a sword over the head of a victim; may such, I repeat, be so kind as to let this book alone—it was not written for them, and they will not take it in. It only appeals to those lazy imaginations who follow with pleasure the reveries of the poet, the marvels of the fairy tale; who do not analyse that which excites their laughter, nor make it a cause of remorse to have comprehended a sentence which the Dictionary of the Academy has not sanctioned; who will be amiably pleased with one for publishing a novelet which sets up for nothing, and for laying no claim to the dignities of authorship on that account; in fact, without even revising it, just as one sends off to a friend a letter written in haste, which one has not even taken the pains to re-read or to sign.

"Finally, this book addresses itself to those *spirituels* and indulgent readers who always feel a little gratitude to that which has wiled away an hour of waiting, an interval elapsing between a matter of consequence and an affair of pleasure—between a farewell and a return. This category includes all men who are bored, and all women who love—do not these two together make up nearly half the world?"

The plot of the novel thus whimsically introduced is a strange mixture of the conventional and the supernatural; the hero, Edgar de Lorville, is of the approved Parisian type, and is discovered walking in the Tuileries Gardens with an air of profound and abstracted melancholy, and carrying an opera-glass, "as shabby as an opera-glass in a vaudeville." We are frankly informed, and quietly asked to believe, in page 13, that Edgar, travelling in Bohemia (perhaps in that famous town of Bohemia *by the sea*, mentioned by Shakespere), has met with "a philosopher unknown to the world, and so much the more learned, for he had spent in acquiring learning the time which philosophers usually devote to spreading their own reputations." This "astonishing man," after studying crystals and the science of optics, and more than once consulting *Gall and Lavater*, through years of toil and vigil, contrives at last to construct a lens so "perfectly harmonized with the visual rays, which reproduced so faithfully the slightest expressions of the human physiognomy, which showed in such a marvellous manner those imperceptible details, those fugitive contractions of our features caused by the different movements of the soul, that the eye, aided by this torch, penetrated the deepest thought, and translated, as it were, the most intimate deceits." The long and the short of which was, that he who looked through this eye-glass knew exactly what every one was thinking about; and the knowledge was apt, as we shall see, to prove a little uncomfortable. One of M. de Lorville's fancies consisted in taking his opera-glass to the play, where he amused himself in reading the absurd discrepancy between the sublime speeches of the *dramatis personæ* and the private thoughts of the actors; between Charlotte Corday stabbing Marat, and musing upon the effect of her costume, and the pretty bonnets in the boxes at which that heroine was staring at the moment when she received sentence of death. Well would it have been for him if he would have continued to use it only on such occasions. But the unhappy young man goes to a great ball at the house of the Ambassador of ——, and there he meets and dances with a charming young lady, a "ravishing blonde" with two great black eyes, softly veiled by long eyelashes, an *unfinished smile*, and an air of complaisance as if she lent herself to the pleasures of others, though herself she felt far removed from them—nay, "an attitude of languor and even of suffering bestowed an inexpressible charm upon her whole person." He engages this lovely young lady for the next *contre danse;* she pouts a little, and Edgar, seizing the opportunity of glancing at her through the eye-glass, is aware that she is thinking, "It is very tiresome to dance with people one does not know." He is enchanted with this testimony to her freedom from a desire after new conquests; but when he comes to claim her, he finds she has grown quite lively, and he finds her more and more delightful every moment, and ends by falling head over ears in love before the country dance is ended. Meanwhile, Mdlle. d'Armilly throws

softness into her glance, and "chooses the tenderest accents of her voice in which to reply to him." Never had he experienced so seductive an emotion. The country dance finishes; he conducts her back to her mamma, and slips into the recess of a window whence he may read her tender heart! Seeing his eye-glass raised, she droops her head modestly, and he sees in the flash of a moment that she is thinking quietly, "*He is the son of the Duc de Lorville, and when he marries he'll have two thousand five hundred a year*" (and not any great sum either, according to our English notions!). Edgar thereupon, in a very ungentlemanly manner, sets to work to snub Mdlle. d'Armilly for the rest of the evening; and on seeing her looking far from surprised and indeed "resigned," he finds she is thinking, "They've just told him I have not got any *dot*." Exceedingly disgusted to discover that all the emotions of the "ravishing blonde" were based upon money, Edgar next seeks a home for his heart in the domestic circle of his childhood's friend, M. de Fontvenel. The Fontvenels were late in their habits, for it was ten o'clock one evening when he accompanied his friend to his mother's fireside, and finds there the beautiful Stéphanie whom he had "thee and thou'd" a few years before. He frequents her society; he reminds her that she used to call him her "little husband," and this time he is very serious in his intention of winning his friend's sister for his bride; mother and brother being naturally only too glad. But he takes a sly glance with his eye-glass, merely for the sake of pleasing himself by making assurance doubly sure; when lo! "*le cœur de Stéphanie n'est plus libre;*" and in it is enshrined, not himself, but the "*jeune officier*" whom he had not even remarked in the room. Poor Edgar, almost in despair, is now led by fate into the presence of a third lovely lady, Valentine by name; but he is cured by this time of any hankering after unlucky discoveries; and during the progress of this acquaintance he locks his opera-glass away in a drawer, and feels "as if he had got rid of an importunate friend." In fact, he has come to the conclusion that—

"Where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise."

Valentine is the orphan daughter of "*une femme supérieure;*" and Madame de Girardin draws the following picture of superior women as they exist in France.

"Her mother, like all superior women, had enemies, and also friends, who feared her eagle glance. They knew they could not hide from her their weakness, their ingratitude; and they avenged themselves by talking ill of her for the empire she exercised over them, and from which, partly through *entraînement*, and partly through affection, they could not withdraw themselves. The principal trait in her character was a loyalty of impression which often did her harm. She had not that hypocritical indulgence shown by people to whom everything is indifferent. Falseness, plotting, and meanness inspired her with a noble indignation, which she did not dis-

semble. In her just disdain her passionate spirit revolted, and words the most *spirituels*, pleasantries the most *piquantes*, escaped from her eloquent lips. Fools were not wanting to pick up the crumbs which dropped from her table, and her witticisms were soon hawked about from one drawing-room to another, altered and twisted by malice, and above all divested of the generous sentiment which had inspired them, for when she employed these weapons it was always to defend a friend, to clear an innocent person from an imputation which rightly belonged to another; no personal sentiment ever awoke her malignity. But unfortunately her jests were telling; they were impressed, so to speak, with that poetry of mirth which colors and makes it living; they remained by those on whom they were flung; they struck and could not be turned aside; and so it was that Madame de Clairange passed for an ill-natured woman, whom people were wise to fear. Ah! in truth, it was well to fear and to fly her, if people lived on wickedness or boasted of vice.

"Valentine fretted at this injustice shown by the world to her mother, and still more at the reputation of angelic kindness with which this same world, always dupe and lover of mediocrity, endowed the second Madame de Clairange (her stepmother). How often Valentine compared this artificial and sterile kindness with the noble and sincere generosity of her mother; with that devotion without bounds, that enlightened zeal of lively friendship which is not hindered in its impulses by the fear of injuring itself or displeasing another. Valentine recalled to herself with what warmth her mother was accustomed to show off to advantage the wit and the good qualities of her friends; how eagerly she sought to serve them; how many aged relatives were supported by her generosity; how many misfortunes she had prevented by her kindly skill; how many families she had reconciled; how many enemies she had brought together; what efficacious counsels she had given against her own interest; how many women whom suspicion had blasted had been restored to their position and fair repute through her exertions; how many children cast aside by their parents for whose career she had cared; and talents long buried in the shade, which now owed their prominence to her praises. Valentine remembered also how well this woman, herself so gay, knew where to find words of consolation for the griefs of others; and she asked herself if such active kindness, guided by such delicate insight, this generosity of a lifetime, was not worth more than the studied benevolence of her stepmother, her useless and tiresome condolences, and the indifferent food which she sent on certain fixed days to a few unknown 'poor people.'"

Something in this portrait of Valentine's mother gives the reader an impression that Madame de Girardin was somewhat bitterly, though almost unconsciously, pleading her own cause against gossiping enemies; that the second Madame de Clairange stands for some mediocrity of the *salons* who had gained a cheap reputation by treading in a track which all the world could follow, while

Delphine, the "superior woman," occasionally found her crown of laurels intermixed with thorns. It is at any rate a well-drawn portrait of a female citizen of the gay world; of that world, half literary, half fashionable, in which she herself "delighted to dwell," in which she played so conspicuous a part, and of which she certainly reaped the richest fruits in ample measure.

The rest of the story of "Le Lorgnon," how Edgar courted Valentine, and what came of it, we will leave to our readers to find out without divulging it here. It is a pretty tale, and suited for "family reading," which is in itself a remarkable testimony to a French *novelette*.

In the course of the same year, 1836, her husband having founded *La Presse*, a daily newspaper, she began writing in that journal a series of weekly letters, which she continued until 1848, and in which, under the *pseudonym* of the "Vicomte de Launay," she recounted the various incidents of the preceding week; describes the Promenade of Longchamps, the procession of the Bœuf Gras, a Mass in Music at St. Roch or the Madeleine; reports the latest gossip touching M. Guizot, the Duc de Bordeaux, the old names of the Faubourg St. Germain, and the new ones of the Chaussée d'Antin; discusses the last sermon of the Abbé de Ravignan, the newest *rôle* of Frederick Lemaitre, the arrival of some fresh monster at the *Jardin des Plantes*, the races, the fashions, the last ball; the doings of the Legislative Chambers, and the policy of the Citizen King, for whom she seems not to have professed much affection or respect. This review of the various topics of the moment, in which, though the lighter elements predominated, more serious subjects were not wanting, abounding alike in vivid pictures, shrewd observation, and good-humored criticism, written in a lively, graceful, brilliant style, sometimes caustic, often witty, always in good taste, was read with avidity by the public of Paris, constantly on the *qui vive* for amusing gossip; and so greatly was the popularity of the *Presse* increased by the contributions of the elegant "Vicomte," that the shareholders of the journal, at a meeting convened for that purpose, decided that, for each of these letters, the sum of £20 should be paid to their author.

It was in 1839 that Madame de Girardin made her first appearance in the character of a dramatist; her "School for Journalists," a comedy in five acts, and in verse, having been received without a dissenting voice by the autocratic Committee of the *Théatre Français*. The success of this play was very slight; but having formed an intimate friendship with Rachel, Madame de Girardin next wrote two tragedies, "Judith" and "Cleopatra," which were brought out respectively in 1843 and 1847. But though written with much elegance, and containing passages of unquestionable merit, both are so deficient in scenic interest that not even the magnificent acting of the greatest of modern tragedians could save them from failure.

The sympathies of Madame de Girardin, but slightly enlisted on behalf of the Constitutional Government of July, were still less favorable to the Republic which succeeded its overthrow. During the political disturbances that followed the revolution of 1848, she wrote much and angrily on the conflicting interests and opinions of the time; to the great disappointment of her friends, who regretted the employment of so charming and brilliant a talent in the barren field of party strife. But the course of events, subsequent to 1852, having been unfavorable to the line of political action advocated by her husband, Madame de Girardin gradually relinquished the share she had previously taken in the editorship of the *Presse*, and returned to the more congenial sphere of purely literary creation.

Unfortunate as had been her first attempts at dramatic writing, Madame de Girardin was unable to renounce the hope of achieving ultimate success in this species of composition. She had produced, in 1851 a one-act comedy, in verse, called "'Tis the Husband's Fault," which had met with a far better reception on the part of the public than the more ambitious attempts which had preceded it; and in 1853, a second comedy, called "Lady Tartuffe," obtained a decided success. "Lady Tartuffe" was followed, in the same year, by the appearance of two novels, "Marguerite, or the Two Loves," and "We must not trifle with Sorrow;" which rank among the best of her productions. In 1854, Madame de Girardin brought out her well-known prose comedy, "Joy has its Dangers," which took the sympathies of Paris by storm, and won for its author the most brilliant of her successes; and also "The Clockmaker's Hat," a one-act farce, as humorous as original, and which keeps the audience in a roar of laughter from the first scene to the last: a double triumph, which amply compensated for the disappointments that had followed her first attempts at dramatic writing, and raised her to the highest rank among the playwrights of the day.

The talent of Madame de Girardin was now in its plenitude. Her later works had so utterly eclipsed in solid and enduring merit the highly-vaunted but far inferior productions of her youth, that her admirers felt fully justified in anticipating a long line of brilliant successes from her maturer powers. But a fatal malady, cancer of the stomach, was already undermining her existence. The resources of medical science and the affectionate devotion of her friends were alike powerless to arrest the progress of the disease; and she died on the 29th of June, 1855, within a year after the achievement of her most brilliant literary triumph.

The early death of Madame de Girardin has left a void in Parisian society that will not easily be filled. Her grace, elegance, and ready wit, her large and generous intelligence, her unwavering attachment to old friends, and her liberal welcome to new ones, with her remarkable social aptitudes, and the rare tact with which she did the honors of her drawing-room, all conspired to render her house the most popular *rendezvous* of the capital. It may indeed be said that her

drawing-room was the last representative of the traditional Parisian *salon*, such as it was in the few last generations preceding our own; for the art of "holding a saloon," possessed in such perfection by the Geoffrins, de l'Espinasses, Rolands, de Montcalms, du Caylas, Duras, and Récamiers of former days, seems to be dying out from among the Frenchwomen of the present, and with it the correlative "art of conversation," which probably depends, more intimately than is generally imagined, upon it.

It is evident that the crowded assemblages now so much in vogue must be unfavorable to the development of conversation; in the first place, because the people thus assembled are, for the most part, little known to one another, and in the second place (and this point is perhaps the more important of the two) because they usually so far outnumber the seats provided for them. These seats being given up almost wholly to the "weaker sex," the ladies are thus made to form a circle, more or less formal, from which the gentlemen are practically excluded, and are consequently reduced to the necessity, if they talk at all, of talking to one another; while the gentlemen lean against the walls, or form groups in corners and about the doors, reduced, like the ladies, to remain silent, or to talk among themselves;—a separation necessarily fatal to conversation, properly so called. Nothing is more common, now-a-days, in Paris, than the lamentations of house-mistresses over the separation between the sexes so generally to be seen at evening-parties, and the decline of conversational talent. But if, instead of confining themselves to idle complaints of the stiffness and vapidity of their last *soirée*, these ladies would give themselves the trouble of reflecting upon the probable causes of the general dulness of evening-parties unrelieved by dancing, they might possibly not find it so difficult as they imagine to restore to these assemblies something of the charm which they have undoubtedly lost of late. For who has not been conscious, on the entering a drawing-room, of the subtle but most powerful influence exerted on his feelings, and even on his intellectual condition, by the appearance and the disposition of the room? Who, for instance, has not found himself agreeably predisposed to the exercise of his powers of speech by the sight of cosy little groups of comfortable-looking seats? And who, on the contrary, has not felt both brain and tongue becoming paralysed at the sight of a formidable circle of wide-spreading gowns and outstanding masses of black broadcloth, forming two distinct camps, between which any attempt at parley seems impossible?

Listen to what Madame de Girardin, a sovereign authority on this matter, once replied to a complaining lady friend, whom she was trying to convince that, if people no longer converse at evening-parties with the animation and pleasure of other times, this change has resulted in great measure from the fact that, in most modern drawing-rooms, the seats are injudiciously placed.

"The arrangement of a drawing-room," said Madame de Girardin

to this complaining friend, "is like a piece of landscape-gardening; its apparent disorder is not the result of neglect, nor of chance, but is, on the contrary, the highest achievement of art, the result of the most skilful combination. There should be, in the drawing-room, clumps of chairs and sofas, as there are in the garden clumps of trees and shrubs. Don't turn your garden into a formal *parterre*; but make of it a landscape-garden, in the English style. If the seats in your drawing-room be symmetrically arranged, the first hours of your party will be unbearably dull; for just so long as the chairs remain in regular order, all attempts at conversation will be cold and languishing. It is only towards the end of the evening, when the symmetrical arrangement of the seats has been broken up, when chairs and sofas have yielded to the necessities and interests of the company, that conversations can spring up among the guests, and their meeting can become agreeable. And it is just when they are thus beginning to enjoy themselves, that they will be compelled, by the lateness of the hour, to go away! Do you wish to know what you must do in order to make your parties pleasant? You must study the disorder in which your drawing-room is left when your guests have retired. This disorder is most eloquent; listen to its teachings. Look at the chairs. See how they are grouped in the way most convenient for conversation. The different groups seem really to have remained where they are in order to enjoy a little chat among themselves after the guests have gone away. Instead of putting them back stiffly into their places, respect their ingenious grouping; and let the disorder of their position at the end of a *soirée* be a lesson to you how to place them before your next party, ready for your guests."

With the art of arranging sympathetically one's drawing-room chairs, that of choosing and harmonising the guests who are to occupy them should, of course, be combined; and this double talent was possessed by Madame de Girardin in a pre-eminent degree. Her voice was clear; her enunciation graceful, rapid, and prompt; her conversation sparkling, lively, and striking; and she had the art of always saying the right thing at the right time. She had a merry, hearty laugh; and a kindly way of bringing out to the best advantage the talents of those around her, and of putting them at their ease.

On passing into womanhood, her girlish beauty had ripened and improved. Her features, somewhat two sharply defined during her girlhood, were softened and harmonised by the fuller development of maturity. She was tall and large in person; the proportions of her figure being rather majestic than elegant. That she rejoiced in the conscious possession of beauty she has candidly confessed in many of her earlier poems, and it was probably true of her in after life; for the love of beauty, elegance, refinement, was one of her distinguishing characteristics. But she was certainly neither proud nor vain of her personal charms, and appears to have prized them

all rather as being good and agreeable in themselves than as matter for personal glorification. Her grace of movement was enhanced by a dignity which seemed perfectly natural and unaffected; and a certain simplicity and severity both of dress and of manner imparted an additional charm to the richness which, in after life, she liked to display in the one, and the habitual animation and spontaneousness which characterized the other.

Equally fond of writing and of society, no one ever saw her with a pen in her hand, nor did the earliest visitor ever catch her in dishabille. Like Mozart, she invariably made her toilet before beginning to write; and even when most deeply busied in the creation of a novel or a play, she was always elegantly dressed, and ready, at any moment, to receive and enjoy a visit. Those who saw her most frequently, affirm that she never showed a trace either of ink or of pre-occupation; and that, while devoting a considerable portion of her time to writing, she never seemed to have anything to do.

The most distinguished writers and artists of the day were her constant associates and admirers; the one thing on which she seems to have prided herself being her wide circle of brilliant and affectionate friends, among whom were included Soulié, De Balzac, George Sand, Lamartine, Victor Hugo, De Musset, De Vigny, Méry, D'Orsay, Cabarrus, Chassérieux, Gérard de Nerval, and a host of local celebrities. Several of these, besides attending assiduously her regular *soirées*, had formed a habit of calling upon her on their way home from the theatre or other scene of the evening's amusement, and were received by her in her bedroom—tastefully furnished as a parlor, and the bed concealed in an alcove, as is the fashion in France—where a dozen luxurious arm-chairs were always placed round a blazing fire, ready for these extemporised visits, which, commencing about midnight, were often prolonged until two or three o'clock in the morning. These unceremonious midnight visits of her most intimate friends, during which the guests discussed with the hostess the news of the day, talked of their own works and projects and those of their neighbours, struck out new ideas or compared notes upon old ones, seem to have constituted Madame de Girardin's most valued social pleasure.

Keenly alive as was Madame de Girardin to the satisfactions of social enjoyment and intellectual companionship, and brilliantly as she played her part in the sphere which she had created for herself, it is nevertheless to be regretted that she should have allowed her existence to be so exclusively moulded by the peculiar forms of Parisian life. Fêted and flattered from her earliest years, her native goodness of heart preserved her, to a great degree, from the injurious effects which such a diet of sweetmeats and syllabub must have produced in the case of a mental and moral temperament less healthily constituted than her own; but it is probable that she possessed capabilities for work of a much higher order than anything she actually accomplished, and that these remained dormant for want of a nearer

acquaintance with the serious realities and aspirations which lie beyond the ephemeral interests of the drawing-room region in which she passed her life, and from which her inspirations—even in her best and maturest efforts—were principally drawn.

But while regretting the somewhat superficial character of her productions, it must be admitted that her last works are so greatly superior, both in pathos and in power, to their predecessors, as to warrant the belief that, had her life been prolonged, she would have left behind her the elements of a solid and lasting fame.

Her early poetic compositions, notwithstanding the success they met with on their first appearance, are, as already remarked, altogether inferior to her prose, and would probably be voted unreadable by most people. The general style of these pieces may be inferred from the opening couplet of the first of them, which obtained the honors of Academic approval :—

> "Ye blessèd seraphim, celestial throngs,
> Suspend, one moment, your delicious songs!"

The most pretentious of her rhyming compositions are the unsuccessful tragedies which she wrote for Rachel, and which undoubtedly contain many passages of neat and clever writing; while the most poetic is perhaps the one entitled "To the Night."

The profound sadness and weariness of life, the moral gloom and hopelessness, so eloquently expressed in the verses just mentioned, seem to have constituted a mental mood with which, amidst the social and intellectual excitement that surrounded her, Madame de Girardin was not unfamiliar; and this state of despondency appears to have deepened with the progress of her malady, until the intensity of her yearning for some conclusive proof of the continuance of our existence beyond the grave, led her to throw herself with feverish ardour into the practice of "table-rapping" and its kindred exercises. During the last year of her life, she passed several hours daily in conversing with the unseen intelligences with whom she believed herself to be thus brought into communication.

Through the severe suffering of the last stage of her illness, she retained full possession of all her faculties, and was able to receive her more intimate friends until a very short period before its termination. The gifts which some fairy godmother seemed to have showered around her in her cradle, retained their charm to the close of her career. Graceful, elegant, and keenly alive to external impressions to the last, her thoughts were so clear, her conversation so vivid and energetic, even in her latest moments, that the few who were admitted to her presence, knowing that her hours were numbered, always quitted her sofa with as much admiration as regret.

One of her last wishes was, that her life might be prolonged until she could have heard the musical plash of a fountain which she was having made under a fine old horse-chestnut tree outside her window, under which she had been fond of sitting. The idea of this fountain had been in her mind for years, as a thing to be placed under her

favorite tree some time or other; and when she found that her earthly existence was drawing towards its close, she pressed forward the execution of this project with all the eagerness of a dying wish. But it was too late. Before the much-desired fountain could be got ready to play, the spirit that had summoned it into existence had departed.

Excessively fond of flowers, she requested, in the brief and touching will she drew up shortly before her death, that "if she died in the spring, a few flowers might be laid upon her grave," and those who were with her when she died, remember that, with almost her latest breath, she spoke of flowers.

Leaving out of view certain obscure particulars of her private history, of which it would be difficult for those who did not know her personally to arrive at a just appreciation, and which, moreover, do not fall within the legitimate scope of the public eye, such was the life, and such the death, of the distinguished woman who was for so many years the centre of the most brilliant literary circle of the French capital.

In obedience to her often-expressed desire, the obsequies of Madame de Girardin were performed with the *utmost simplicity*; but so general was the regret excited by her death, and so great was the concourse assembled at her funeral, that it may be said, almost without exaggeration, that all Paris followed her mortal remains to the grave.

A. B. *Paris.*

XIII.—FRUITS IN THEIR SEASON.

ALL ABOUT APPLES.

If ancient and honorable be necessarily connected terms, then truly to the apple among all fruits the place of honor must surely be assigned; for does not the very sound of the name seem an echo of Eden and the first age? True is it that in these days of enlightenment, the sapient "school-boy," unless he be of the smallest of his kind, has probably read enough of Scriptural illustration or Syrian travel, or seen enough in the shop-windows of enterprising fruiterers, not to exactly identify the pippin in his pocket with that fatal first experiment in practical pomology which once took place in Paradise. Yet still the name of our favorite fruit has been so long associated with "the tree in the midst of the garden," and its form has for so many ages been carved and painted in illustration thereof, that our own ordinary every-day apple still holds its place against all rivals as the popular symbol of temptation; and the allegory would have somewhat lost its force if Holman Hunt, for instance, had introduced a citron, or shaddock, or pommeloe in "The Light of the World," instead of the common orchard produce he has pictured there. And however its right may be disputed to personate the subjects of

Eastern or classical story, yet when we come to the cold Norse regions, far from "the land where the citron blows," we can have no doubts as to the real pippinism of those apples of immortality kept by the fair Iduna, and by regaling on which the gods of the Edda were wont to renew their youth, until the wicked Loke stole and hid away both the maiden and her fruit, leaving the bereaved divinities to pine away, losing their vigor both of mind and body, and neglecting the affairs of heaven and earth, until mortals, deprived of celestial supervision, fell into all manner of evil, and it almost happened that for want of an apple the world was lost. Well was it that at last, summoning all that remained of their expiring energies, they succeeded in forcing the robber to restore those precious pomes on which the welfare of both realms depended!

The tree connected with so many legends of remote antiquity belongs to the genus Pomeæ of the great natural order Rosaceæ, of which the rose is the type or head of the family, and the chief characteristic of which is that the ovary, or part which contains the future seed, the hip of the rose or apple of the apple-tree, is situate below the flower, seeming like an enlargement of the stalk where it meets the calyx. In most flowers of this order the numerous stamens remain for a time after the petals have fallen, and the traces of the calyx are still to be seen upon the summit of the fruit even when it has reached maturity. The family likeness to the plant from which the order is named is most apparent in the loveliest blossom of the apple tribe, the Chinese Crab, which may rival in beauty the very Queen of Flowers, when, in early spring, it puts forth its deep-red buds and large semi-double flowers, of tenderest texture and flushed with a tint of pure though pale carmine, the charm of its rosy clusters all enhanced by their setting of fresh vernal green. And even the ordinary apple blossom is indeed of no mean beauty. The pear may boast of nobler form and loftier growth as a tree, but its white and scentless bloom cannot compare with that which glorifies the crooked stem and irregularly jutting branches of its orchard neighbor with such delicate fragrance and tender hue, "less than that of roses and more than that of violets," as Dante describes it, and which won from the keenest living observer of nature's varying beauties the testimony, that "of all the lovely things which grace the spring time in this our fair temperate zone, I am not sure but this blossoming of the apple-tree is the fairest." It was said, too, that a remark of the same high authority to the effect that this beautiful appearance had never yet been done justice to upon canvas, had some effect in planting so many orchards last year upon the walls of the Royal Academy.

Nearly related as is the blossom to the loveliest of flowers, that which succeeds it is undoubtedly the most useful of fruits. This *pome*, as it is called by botanists, consists of a succulent fleshy pulp enclosed in a thin outer skin, and surrounding the cells, in which, protected by inner walls of cartilage, the seeds of future trees lie

ensconced. It is well that they are thus entrenched, for "Somehow or other," writes an author in the *Entomological Magazine*, "the pips of an apple are connected with its growth, as the heart of an animal with its life: injure the heart, an animal dies; injure the pips, an apple falls;" and thus, whenever any of its insect foes do succeed in piercing through all these strongholds and storming the kernels in their inmost citadel, the poor fruit, a living thing no longer, drops down at once to seek a grave in the earth. An unimportant event truly!—and yet, once at least in the world's history, the fall of an apple proved of greater import than the fall of a kingdom; when, in the quiet garden at Woolsthorpe, a busily devouring grub penetrated to the centre of the codlin he was consuming, snapped its connexion with the parent branch, and brought it to the feet of the sage, whose resulting speculations on "why an apple falls," resolved the question of how worlds are sustained. But this was an accident in apple life; and it was doubtless for humbler purposes and more direct uses than to furnish philosophers with food for reflection, that the Pomeæ are scattered over the world. Growing spontaneously throughout Europe, and in most other temperate climes, the tree asks for little depth of earth, for having no tap root, a single foot of soil will suffice it, and twice this quantity gives it ample scope; but it is necessary that this little should be of a certain quality, so that its appearance may always be looked on as a mark of at least a tolerably good soil. Like most fruit-trees, it prefers calcareous earth, and geologists have noticed that the orchard counties of England follow the track of the red sandstone. Its shade is so kindly, that, in the Surrey nurseries, tender evergreens which would be injured by spring frosts, are always planted under its protecting branches. In the wild state, it is seldom more than twenty feet high, besides being very crooked and small-leaved; but cultivation not only improves the fruit, changing the crab into the apple, in all its numerous varieties, but causes the leaves to become larger, thicker, and more downy, while the tree itself assumes a more regular form, and attains a loftier height. In Scotland, twenty-five feet is considered high; near London, thirty feet is a fair standard; in Herefordshire forty feet, and in North America, where it attains its greatest perfection, a famous pearmain in Roumey, in Virginia, is described as being forty-five feet high, and the trunk upwards of three feet in diameter, while the produce in one year amounted to no less than 200 bushels, whereas the greatest amount on record in England, as having been gathered from one tree, is but 100 pecks. This American giant was a seedling, and though forty years old was still continuing to increase in magnitude. In the same country individual fruits likewise sometimes attain enormous size; and according to Downing, the "Beauty of Kent" is to be found there "frequently measuring sixteen or eighteen inches in circumference."

In Siberia, the apple reaches its opposite limit of smallness, and the tiny cherry-like crab, named after its native land, is found

widely distributed. Several varieties are peculiar to Russia, the most noteworthy being the White Astracan, which is distinguished by the singular circumstance of not only becoming almost transparent when ripe, but of being covered with a copious and delicate bloom, exactly similar to that waxy secretion which clouds the plum or grape with its beautiful azure mist. The tree is likewise found in some parts of India, and an attempt was made some years ago to introduce it into the northern part of that continent, when a single tree, in consequence of being the only one which survived, cost upwards of seventy pounds before it was planted in the nursery at Mossuree.

Leaving out of question the fruits figuring in ancient history or fable, for which the modern equivalents cannot be exactly ascertained, it is held to be proved that the common apple was known to very remote ages, and is mentioned by Theophrastus and Herodotus. Among the Thebans it was offered to Hercules, a custom derived from the circumstance of a river having once so overflowed its ordinary limits as to prevent a sheep being carried across it for a sacrifice to the labor-loving God, when some youths, on the strength of the Greek word *melon* signifying both a sheep and an apple, stuck four wooden pegs into the fruit to represent legs, and brought the vegetable quadruped thus extemporised as a substitute for the usual offering, after which the apple was always looked on as specially devoted to Hercules. It is, of course, descanted on by Pliny: "Of apples," says he, "that is to say, of fruits that have tender skins to be pared off, there be many sorts," and many indeed we might expect, if so liberal a definition of the name were accepted. Concerning the crab, he continues, "This gift they have for their harsh sourness, that they have many a foul word and shrewd curse given them;" affording us no very dignified view of Roman equanimity, if the flavor of a fruit could so violently disturb it.—After giving a list of the fruits known in his day, the varieties of apples amounting to about twenty, he adds, "So as in this point verily the world is growne alreadie to the highest pitch, insomuch as there is not a fruit but men have made trial and many experiments, for even in Virgil's days the devise of graffing strange fruits was very rife; considering that he speaks of the arbute-tree graffed on nut-trees, the plane upon apple-trees, and the elm upon cherry-stocks. In such sort as I see not how men can devise to proceed farther. And certes for this long time there hath not been a new kind of apple or of other fruit heard of." Pomology, nevertheless, has progressed somewhat since those Plinian days of "highest pitch," seeing that some thirty years ago no less than fourteen hundred varieties of apples were enumerated in the catalogue of the Horticultural Society.

As the tree grows wild throughout almost the whole of Britain, and as the name apple (in Celtic, *Abhal*) is considered by the best authorities to be derived from the pure Celtic *Ball*, signifying a round body, it is more probable that it is indigenous to this country than

that it was introduced, as some have thought, by the Romans. It was adopted as the badge of one of the highland clans, and a branch of apple was the mark of distinction conferred on the Welsh bards who most excelled in minstrelsy. It must have been early set apart for special culture, since in a charter of King John, granting property to a priory, mention is made of "twelve acres of land and an *orchard*," and the same word has even been found in yet older documents. Varieties were probably introduced from Normandy and other parts of the continent, though little information about them is to be gathered from early writers on fruit cultivation, one in particular giving an account of apples almost as long and as interesting as the famous chapter on the snakes of Ireland, since he simply remarks in reference to the subject, "I nede not to describe thys tree, because it is knowne well enough in all countries." The oldest existing variety on record in England is that which Phillips apostrophizes as—

"the fair Pearmaine,
Tempered like comeliest nymph with white and red"—

it being noticed as an article of cultivation in Norfolk as early as the year 1200, a tenure in that county having been held by the yearly payments of "two-hundred pearmaines, and four hogsheads of pearmaine cyder." The derivation of the name, according to Hogg, is similar to that of Charlemagne, sometimes written Charlemaine, and which meaning Carolus Magnus, the former may be taken as meaning Pyrus Magnus, or the great pear-apple, the shape bearing some resemblance to that of a pear. In the time of Charles I. "orcharding," as it was called, became general throughout this country, and the seventeenth century may be looked on as the golden age of apples. Evelyn published an appendix to his "Sylva" under the title of "Pomona," which did much to bring the subject under public attention, and, by the exertions of the first Lord Scudamore, Herefordshire in particular became, as it has been expressed, "one entire orchard." This gentleman, the son of Sir James Scudamore, from whom Spenser is said to have drawn the character of Sir Scudamore in the Faerie Queen, was in the company of the Duke of Buckingham when he was assassinated by Felton at Portsmouth, and received such a shock from witnessing this catastrophe that he retired into private life, and devoted all his energies to the culture of fruit. That kind to which he gave most attention was a variety which is believed to have originated during this century, and which was at first called the Scudamore Crab, but afterwards known as the Red-streak. It was Evelyn's favorite also, and indeed a modern author —leaving out of view probably the fatal gifts of Paris, and all that grew therefrom—remarks concerning it, that "perhaps there is no apple which at any period created such a sensation," so much having been said and written about it during the seventeenth century. Phillips, of "Splendid Shilling" celebrity, who wrote an entire poem in Virgilian measure upon "cyder," which had also the

honor of being translated into Italian, in this very apotheosis of apples thus exalts this idol of the day:—

"Let every tree in every garden own
The Redstreak as supreme, whose pulpous fruit
With gold irradiate and vermilion shines,
Tempting, not fatal, as the birth of that
Primeval interdicted plant that won
Fond Eve in hapless hour to taste and die.
This, of more bounteous influence, inspires
Poetic raptures, and the lowly muse
Kindles to loftier strains; even I perceive
Her sacred virtue. See! the numbers flow
Easy, whilst cheer'd with her nectareous juice
Hers and my country's praises I exalt."

Alas for the power of fashion, even in the matter of apples—the redstreak is now held but in slight esteem!

After this period, pomology declined, until some years ago a new impetus was given to it by the first President of the London Horticultural Society, T. A. Knight, Esq., who first practically and systematically applied the discovery of the sexes of plants, and by hybridization, or transferring the pollen of one kind of blossom to the stigmas of another, was the means of producing many new and valuable varieties. It is a singular fact, however, that all attempts have failed to fecundate an apple by a pear tree, it being found that they will not produce a hybrid.

Perhaps the best known of all our apples at the present day is the universally admired Ribstone Pippin, the genealogy of which has been a subject of much discussion. In an interesting statement furnished to the Horticultural Society by Sir H. Goodriche, on whose estate at Ribstone, in Yorkshire, the original tree was discovered growing, he states, that "traditionary accounts are all we have to guide us in the history of this tree. It is said that some apple pips were brought from Rouen, in Normandy, about 130 years ago; that they were sown at Ribstone; that five of the pips grew, two of them proving crabs and the other three apples. One of these latter was the now famous Ribstone Pippin. It had been suspected that the fruits might after all have been produced by grafting (though the name would then have been a misnomer, the word pippin implying that the tree has grown from a seed or pip); and to determine this, some suckers were taken from the old root and planted in the gardens at Chiswick, when all doubts were dissipated, by their growing and producing fruit exactly similar to that of the parent tree. That nothing like it has ever been discovered among all the foreign specimens of apples received by the Society also tends to prove that the variety is of native growth. The original tree, supposed to have been planted in 1688, stood till 1810, when it was blown down by a violent gale of wind, but, being supported by stakes in a horizontal position, continued to produce fruits until 1835, when it lingered and died." "Since then," says Mr. Hogg, writing in 1851, "a young shoot has been produced about four inches below the

surface of the ground, which with proper care may become a tree, and thereby preserve the original of this favorite old dessert apple."

Another variety which has been very popular of late years is the pretty little Lady Apple, or Api, which is usually seen in Covent Garden tricked out in a gay vestment of colored tissue paper. Of very ancient family are these little Ladies, for it is said that they were brought from Peloponnesus to Rome by Appius Claudius, and they are mentioned by the oldest writers on such subjects as well-known fruits. Worlidge, in 1676, notices "the Pomme Appease, a curious apple lately propagated; the fruit is small and pleasant, which the Madams of France carry in their pockets, by reason they yield no unpleasant scent." Lister, in 1698, speaking of its being served up in a dessert at Paris, describes it as "very beautiful, and very red on one side, and pale or white on the other, and may serve the ladies at their toilets as a pattern to paint by;" a remark worthy to have been inspired by a Parisian atmosphere. The susceptibility to light and shade, shown by this contrasted complexion, may be taken advantage of to form devices on the fruit before it has attained its full depth of rosiness, by affixing pieces of paper, cut in the form required, to the side exposed to the sun, when the parts thus covered will remain of a pale tint. It is grown now to a large extent in the United States, and imported here with much profit to those concerned, as it always bears a higher price than any other fancy apple in the market, justifying the title bestowed on it by De Quintinye, of the "Pomme des Damoiselles et de bonne compagnie." It should be eaten without paring, as it is in the skin that the perfume resides.

Wholesome and pleasant as is the apple in its natural state, the field of its usefulness becomes greatly enlarged when it is subjected to the processes of cookery. Ellis, in the "Modern Husbandman," particularizes the Catshead as "a very useful apple to the farmer, because one of them pared and wrapped up in dough, serves, with little trouble, for making an apple dumpling, so much in request with the Kentish farmer, for being part of a ready meal that in the cheapest manner satiates the keen appetite of the hungry ploughman, both in the field and at home, and therefore has now got into such reputation in Hertfordshire and some other counties, that it is become the most common food, with a piece of bacon, or pickled pork, for families." Dr. Johnson mentions having known a clergyman of small income who brought up a family very respectably, which he chiefly fed upon apple dumplings; and it is to be hoped they kept some relish for the fare in after days, if there be any truth in the dictum of Coleridge, that "no man has lost all simplicity of character who retains a fondness for apple dumplings." Our forefathers, however, believed that the fruit was good for something more than either to fill hungry stomachs or to please the palate. "Being roasted and eaten with rose-water and sugar," saith Coles, in his "Adam in Eden," published in 1657, "those

of the pleasanter kinds, as pippins and pearmaines, are helpful to dissolve melancholly humours, and to expel heaviness and promote mirth." It is less remarkable that, as he further observes, "The distilled water of good sound apples is of speciall good use to expell melancholly," since distillation is a process very apt to educe potency of this kind.

While the dumpling is the staple form of apple cookery in this land of solids, on the other side of the Channel our lighter neighbors delight in a peculiar preparation called Raisiné, consisting of apples boiled in grape juice or new wine, which is much used by all classes, and is indeed in France what marmalade is in Scotland. The fruit is also dried whole, in the form so familiar to us under the name of Normandy Pippins, while in America it is yet more used in the dried state; there, however, being first pared and cut into quarters. It is, however, when it appears as a drink that the apple reaches its climax of celebrity, and is more largely consumed perhaps than even as food, at least in England, for though cyder was made in Normandy before it was known in our own country, that is the only part of the Continent where it is now a staple article of commerce. It is supposed to have been known to the Hebrews, the strong drink from which the Nazarite was to abstain being expressed by a word which, according to St. Jerome, signified inebriating liquor of any kind, whether made of corn, *the juice of apples*, or any other fruit; and in Wickliffe's translation of the Bible it is said of John the Baptist, that "he schal not drinke wyn ne sydyr." It is mentioned by Virgil in the Georgics, and is thought to have been made in Africa and introduced by the Carthaginians into Biscay, which was long celebrated for its production. It was thence received by the Normans, who in turn taught the manufacture to the English, with whom in the course of time it has found such acceptance that throughout a large tract of this country it is the ordinary beverage of the whole population, and the manufacture, though almost entirely in the hands of farmers, unaided by the refinements of machinery, has reached such perfection that whereas the inferior sort of French cyder requires to be drunk as soon as it is made, and the strongest keeps good but for five or six years, the best Herefordshire may be kept for twenty or thirty years, and a single glass of it will almost suffice to intoxicate. This quality is mainly derived from the source from which it might least have been expected, for an experiment having been made in order to ascertain which part of the fruit contributed most to the goodness of cyder, one hogshead being manufactured entirely from the cores and parings of apples and another entirely from the pulp, "the first was found of extraordinary strengeth and flavor, while the latter was sweet and insipid." This being the case, small apples are of course preferable to large ones for pressing. In Ireland, where much cider is drunk, the popular taste approves of an unusual degree of acidity, and crabs are therefore largely intermixed with the fruit of which it is made.

In these days of abolition of Custom-house duties, when the only invasion to which we agree to submit is that of French wines, and when so much is hoped for from the introduction of the produce of foreign vineyards to replace native drinks, it is curious to read how seventeenth-century enthusiasm once prognosticated that—

"Wher'er the British spread
Triumphant banners, or their fame has reached,
Diffusive to the utmost bounds of this
Wide universe, Silurian cider borne
Shall please all tastes, and triumph o'er the vine."

XIV.—IVY LEAVES.

I GATHERED from a grave
Where, plucked from mine, death cast
A fair green life,—long years
Had healed the pain at last,—
Two dark and glossy ivy leaves, that grew
Where once my vain tears fell as thick as dew.

To keep my ivy leaves
From a too swift decay,
I set their slender stalks
In water, day by day
Renewed, and for the love I bore to them,
Spring's brightest blossoms faded on the stem.

I looked that they should die,
And with a gladdened thrill
Of wonder saw them keep
This faultless freshness; still
A little paler grew the glossy green,
And light threads floating from each stem were seen.

And as the filmy threads
To rootlets spread, I knew
My ivy leaves would live,
Since severed still they grew.
From life's sweet workings thus rebuke I got
For loveless heart and long-lamented lot.

ISA CRAIG.

XV.—SOCIETY IN ALGIERS.

SECOND ARTICLE.

ATTEMPTS against person and property have been as common in Algeria as in California and Australia, but the facts have been less known than in the American and English colonies, because the press has never been free in Africa, and everything which was disagreeable to the Government has been hidden with the greatest care, whether crimes committed by the military authorities

against the Arabs, or dangers run by European colonists coming to Algeria. There is something in the air of Africa which excites the nervous system and predisposes to deeds of violence. Perhaps, too, the intermingling of so many different races is the cause of frequent quarrels and assassinations. Each of these nations has its particular manner of killing, and an experienced physician can tell by inspecting the wound by what hands it was probably inflicted, without asking any questions whatever. The Italians habitually use the stiletto, or a poignard with a straight sharp blade; the Spaniards the common knife, rarely ever fire-arms; the Arabs use guns, knives, but chiefly a large stick, which they handle with amazing dexterity. The number of suicides in Algiers has been prodigious, sometimes two or three in one day. I have remarked that when the wind blows from the south, which wind is here called the sirocco, the increase in the number of crimes is very remarkable; not only are men inclined to commit suicide, but all animals are also more irritable and more inclined to acts of violence. The most usual motive for suicide is disappointment in love; and it is a curious fact, that women rarely commit the crime from this motive; in twenty-five years of experience we have only known of two cases. One of the most curious characteristics of the European population is the great delight which the people seem to take in inventing and spreading abroad false news. If a vessel is delayed, and does not arrive at the time expected, it will certainly be said that the vessel has been lost, and all its passengers have perished. It is very common to hear that the commander-in-chief has been assassinated, and that the Arab tribes have risen, or that there is â revolution in France and a new government proclaimed, or that a European village has been attacked and destroyed by the Arabs, or that the cholera has killed half the troops stationed at such or such a place. The tendency to lieing and exaggeration is one of the attributes of the people of the South, and from the peculiar circumstances of the climate and life in Algiers, this disposition has increased; the people see with their minds rather than with their eyes, and by thinking aloud give vent in words to every caprice of the imagination, founded sometimes upon an almost invisible atom of reality. A great proportion of the population of a new country is always made up of those who are not wanted in the old countries, and this has been *par excellence* the case with Algeria. An immense number of people usurping false titles and qualifications have made their appearance in the colony, and generally have been very successful, and have often been appointed by Government to posts of responsibility. Some were convicts who had escaped from the French galleys, and a great many from the Spanish and Italian prisons. We remember one who pretended to be a professor from a university, when he had only been the porter; another, who proclaimed himself a physican, having only been a student for some months; another offered himself as a captain, only having served as a common soldier; another proclaimed himself as

an officer in the royal navy, when he had only been a cook on board a man-of-war.

In 1844 a man assuming the noble prefix of De la—, was appointed by Government medical inspector of the newly-settled villages in the neighborhood of Algiers, and was warmly received by the highest authorities. Everything went well with him for several years, until he became eaten up with the desire of being one of the Légion d'Honneur. He systematically set to work to make himself out a martyr to duty. He complained bitterly of being disliked by the settlers, who asked him for expensive medicines, which he was obliged to refuse to save expense to the Government; he also said it was very dangerous to fulfil the office of inspector among the outlaws and depraved people who formed the most part of the new settlers; having prepared the way by such-like complaints, one evening he abruptly entered the house of Mr. ——, near the ancient palace of the Hydra, and there appeared to faint away; after assistance had been rendered him, and he appeared to recover, he related that he had just been the victim of a most cruel and outrageous assassination, and baring his left arm and leg showed them both stained with blood. Three days after he came to my home, and requested an examination and a written account of his wounds, to lay with his own complaint before the procureur. He affirmed that he was quietly riding home from his round of visits, when a man who was waiting behind a bush fired at him, but without any effect, and immediately afterwards another man, springing at him, seized him and struck him with a poignard, and inflicted the wounds which he showed me. I examined them; they were superficial, quite clean at the edges, indicating that they had been made very cautiously by an experienced hand, a hand certainly in no haste, and rather by a bistory than any other weapon. I said, "Your aggressor certainly had no very strong intention to hurt you; and having struck you twice, it is strange that he has made exactly the same wound; it is extraordinary that a man on foot who attacks a man on horseback should inflict two such wounds as these you have received on the leg and on the arm. If the procureur demands my examination, I shall give it him, but I warn you beforehand, that I must say your wounds appear to me to have been made by a friendly hand."

The inquiries of the police proved that no gunshot had been heard near the spot indicated by the doctor; and the settlers accused him of having made the wounds himself, which I myself believe to have been the case. Some years after, it was found out that he was no physician at all. Instead of being prosecuted by the authorities, he was only compelled to resign his post, and his numerous protectors found him another. We must remark, that the French Government is not very fortunate in choosing its *protégés*. It often happens when it has conferred a decoration on a merchant, that he becomes bankrupt; and many of its most petted *employés* magistrates, notaries, directors of prisons, hospitals, and *monts de piété*,

and in other public positions, have been condemned as swindlers, forgers, and for other crimes.

We remember that we had at Algiers for ten years an Inspector of Police who always wore at his button-hole a very large ribbon, twice as large as is usually worn by the members of the Légion d'Honneur. He was held in great esteem by the authorities; but at length it was found out that he had no right to the red ribbon. He was tried, and with many other false bearers of the decoration, was condemned to two years' imprisonment. But the most remarkable instance of the assumption of a false title which we have come across in all our experience is the story of the false Marquis of St. Amand. In 1840, the Marquis of St. Amand was introduced to our mess-room, and well received by our society, many of whom were very distinguished and learned men, and others occupied very high positions in the army and in the civil administrations. He was about thirty years old. His frank and open manners, his gentlemanly appearance, his intelligence, and his witty conversation, soon gained our confidence and friendship. He had just been appointed clerk to the Treasury at Algiers. When asked why he came to the colony, he answered, that two years before he was a resident at ——, near Auxerre; that a gentleman named the Baron V. had asked his sister in marriage, and being refused, he out of revenge bribed her waiting-maid, and by this means one night entered the room where the young lady was sleeping. The fright which this cowardly outrage caused her brought on a disease of the brain, of which she soon after died. The Marquis of St. Amand challenged the Baron, and in a duel received a sabre cut which disabled him; he then resolved to take his revenge or die. He assured us that every day he had practised pistol-shooting until he became very skilful; he then again challenged the Baron, and had the satisfaction of killing the murderer of his sister. To avoid prosecution, he said, he had taken refuge in Algiers; he added, "I have given my name to the Minister of Justice, but it is agreed that I shall not be prosecuted if I consent to remain in Algeria for several years." And as about this time we saw in the public journals an account of the duel between the Marquis of St. A. and the Baron V., we made no doubt that this interesting young man was he of whom the newspapers had spoken, and what he himself pretended to be. He was very open about his affairs, and often showed his friends letters which he had received from the family of St. A. With one of his aunts, whom he loved very much, he kept up a continual interchange of letters; he had also several correspondents among députés, and persons high in office about the court. In 1842, by his influence, combined with his good conduct, his intelligence, and his assiduity in his work, he was appointed to be Treasurer at Medea; here, as at Algiers, he made the acquaintance of all the officers of the Government and army, and won all hearts by his pleasant manners and his willingness to serve his friends.

When the Duc d'Aumale was governor of the province of Medea, St. Amand enjoyed his friendship, and no dinner or ball at the prince's residence took place without his being invited. When distinguished persons, generals, artists, or learned men arrived at Medea, St. Amand received them in his house. Very often the Duc d'Aumale sent guests with letters of recommendation to him. He was beloved by the whole population among whom he lived for his kindness and his charity, and those who only saw him once, thought it a happiness to shake hands with him, so delightful and fascinating were his manners. Among the several hundreds who were well acquainted with him, and the several thousands who knew him, none ever reproached him for anything. We confess that we, like the rest, regarded him as a model of probity and good conduct in every relation of life. The Duc d'Aumale had so great a friendship for him, that he proposed a marriage to him with the daughter of a noble family. When his highness returned in 1847, as Governor-General of Algeria, St. Amand often went to visit him, and to dine with him. About four weeks after the revolution of February, 1848, we learnt that St. Amand had just died. His successor to the Treasury, Mr. Haupier, requested an examination to be made, and a new inventory to be given him. When this was done, it was found that six thousand five hundred pounds had been robbed from the Treasury. M. Pierrey, a magistrate of the superior Court of Algiers, was instantly despatched to make inquiries into the extraordinary events which it was said had taken place at Medea. Various rumors reached Algiers of the death and robberies of St. Amand; but we in Algiers, who had known him so well, would not believe any stories to his discredit.

In April, 1848, the judicial proceedings being finished, I met M. Pierrey, who said to me, "Well, Doctor ——, you were, I believe, one of the friends of the late Treasurer of Medea?" "Yes," answered I, "and his death is a great loss to me, for he was a noble-hearted man." "Do not regret him, doctor," replied M. Pierrey; "that man was a forger, a convict, a robber, and most probably a murderer; his true name was Jeremy Varney; he was born in the neighborhood of Lyons; he was a notary's clerk, and was proved guilty of forgery at the court at Montbresson; he escaped from the prison in which he was confined, and came to Algiers, under the title of the Marquis of St. Amand." All this turned out to be quite true; but now, here was the difficult question to answer, how had he succeeded in taking the name and identity of the true Marquis, who was well known, and belonged to a distinguished family?

The police, after the most diligent search, could arrive at no certain conclusions; so we were left to conjecture. It seems most probable that Jeremy Varney became acquainted with the Marquis of St. Amand, then murdered him, hid his body where it had never been found, had taken possession of all his family papers, and with marvellous ability had identified himself so entirely with the life of

the dead man as to be able to replace him, and act his part in the world. So complete was this identification that the family of St. Amand, Ministers of State, the Duc d'Aumale, bishops, generals and magistrates, never had a doubt but that he was the true Marquis. To rob the Treasury, he used the following ingenious method. The boxes containing the money are sent from France, fastened and stamped in a peculiar manner; they all weigh exactly the same, and each contains exactly the same sum of money. Every year an inspector examines the cash-boxes in the public treasuries; the previous year the inspection had been delegated to an inferior officer. The false Marquis showed him some of the boxes filled with money. They were carefully inspected, and their contents acknowledged to be exact. The remaining boxes were only weighed without being opened. When Mr. Haupier requested the inventory, every box was opened, and only one was found to contain money, the other six were filled with small lead shot; the exterior of the boxes, cords, leaden stamps, &c., were *en règle*. Jeremy Varney must have been a great genius perverted; he was as dextrous with his hands as he was cunning with his head; his mind and body were in perfect unison; he was very clever in all out-door sports, and an excellent rider. He could imitate any handwriting he wished, and was a good joiner, locksmith, and engraver. To take the money out of the boxes he wetted the cords, pulled them off the boxes, and cut with a fine saw the exterior hoops; then carefully extracted the nails, and having taken the money, he filled up the boxes with small shot, carefully replacing the same cords, hoops, and nails, giving them exactly the same appearance, and the same weight to a grain; in short, it was utterly impossible to discover the robbery without opening the boxes. The following instances will give some idea of his wonderful power of disguising himself. One day, while living at Medea, he had some friends to breakfast; in the middle of the entertainment he suddenly told them that he was wanted for some important business at Algiers. One of his guests objected, that if he were seen by his chief, or by any person who knew him at Algiers, he would certainly be dismissed from his office, not being authorized to absent himself; he replied, "It is absolutely necessary for me to go," and he left the table immediately. He had light brown hair, moustache and whiskers of the same color. Soon after he had left the room, a gentleman with black hair and whiskers entered it, and inquired for the Marquis of St. Amand. The guests invited him to sit down, and told him that the Marquis would return in a few moments; they entered into conversation with him for some time. At length the strange gentleman got up, and said, "Well, do you believe that any one at Algiers will recognise me?" It was the Marquis, or rather Jeremy Varney, himself. He exercised a strange kind of fascination upon every one who came in contact with him. A gentleman, who had been a schoolfellow of the real Marquis of St. Amand, hearing that he was at Medea, pre-

sented himself to Jeremy Varney, and after the first interview he declared that he was not the true Marquis. A second time when he saw him, Jeremy Varney recalled to his recollection many circumstances of their school days together, and was so precise in detailing the particulars of his whole life and of his family, that this gentleman was obliged to confess, while in his presence, that he was really the Marquis; however, when he had left him he declared that it was not the Marquis, but some one exactly resembling him. He said, "It is a strange mystery which I cannot explain." Many times this gentleman visited Jeremy Varney, and always admitted when in his presence, and under his influence, that he was the true Marquis, but as soon as he was alone his doubts returned.

One day, Jeremy Varney's clerk lost the key of the cash-box, and came to tell him of the misfortune; these cash-boxes are very strong and very difficult to open, it requires a very skilful locksmith to break them open; but Jeremy Varney simply said, "Don't trouble yourself about this accident," and taking some strong wire he forced the lock in the twinkling of an eye.

After his disappearance, various kinds of false keys, saws, hammers, and wax impressions were found in his house. It is inconceivable that a man living so openly in a public office, visited by thousands of people from every part of France, could during eight years escape detection. Of more than twenty thousand people who had seen him, only one recognised him as the convict Jeremy Varney. In 1847, a gendarme was walking with a comrade in the public square of Medea, and saw Jeremy Varney in the full costume of Treasurer; he looked at him very attentively, and then turned to his comrade and said, "Do you know who that man is?" "Certainly," said the other; "he is our Treasurer, the Marquis of St. Amand." The gendarme replied, "I assure you that man is Jeremy Varney, a convict of Montbresson; I myself with my own hands took him from prison to the tribunal, and from the tribunal back again to the prison." "You rave," said his comrade, "this is the Marquis of St. Amand, and he is well known to everybody here; he is the friend of the Duc d'Aumale, and esteemed by all the population." The gendarme was laughed at during the whole day, yet he persisted in affirming that he was not mistaken; and to quiet his conscience he asked an interview of the General Marey, at that time the governor of the province. On being admitted to the General's presence, he said, "A man whom I put into prison, named Jeremy Varney, is in this town; he is a convict escaped from the gaol of Montbresson." "Then you must arrest him," answered the General. "But," said the gendarme, "this is a most difficult matter, my General, this man is the Treasurer here in Medea, and he bears the name and title of the Marquis of St. Amand." "What! do you dare to say," exclaimed the General in an indignant tone, "Monsieur le Marquis de St. Amand is Jeremy Varney—is an escaped convict? We have all known him here for more than seven years. Do not pester me with

your idle dreams; you are the dupe of a false likeness; take care how you speak of an honorable man in this manner again; go away." The gendarme from that time did not dare to open his lips.

What did Jeremy Varney do with the sums of money he stole? This the police were never able to ascertain. Of £6,500 stolen, it was found that £400 was lent to a Legitimist député under Louis Philippe, a Monsieur D——, and about the same sum had been expended in his household. It is supposed that he invested about £5000 in some foreign country. Jeremy Varney must certainly have thought that sooner or later his theft would be discovered; and no doubt he always intended to escape from Algiers when some good opportunity offered. He was a married man, and had a wife and three children at Paris, but it is certain that they received but small sums of money from him. It is very difficult to make the populace believe in the death of any very remarkable man, and Jeremy Varney is still supposed to be living by the mass of the people in Algeria; they assert that he simulated death by drinking a narcotic. Several persons inhabiting Medea affirm, that the very day of his pretended burial, they saw him and spoke with him, in the copper mine Mouzaia; and as he was much beloved by the population, and because they thought he had taken the money to give it the Duc d'Aumale when he left Algiers, they would not mention this meeting to the police.

Several natives who returned from Medea on a pilgrimage affirm that they saw him in Egypt; it is very difficult to decide, with so much conflicting evidence, whether he is alive or dead.

He had so entirely identified himself with the life and character of the true Marquis, that when he related to us the melancholy death of his sister, we perceived tears standing in his eyes, and when he spoke of the first duel, an expression of hatred,—an expression of pain when he spoke of his wound,—an expression of joy and triumph when he told us how he had accomplished a fraternal duty, and had killed his adversary! We could never perceive the smallest intention to disguise his life; he was not afraid to drink almost to the verge of intoxication, or to go to balls, dinners, or public meetings, where he was sure to encounter a crowd.

How much money he had obtained from the family of St. Amand we do not know; but no doubt he made good use of the perfect faith which they had in him, and received at least the regular income which belonged to the dead Marquis.

Here is a history on which novel writers might found three intensely interesting volumes, filling up the gaps with delineations of the motives and passions which were the springs of these curious events of which I have given a brief sketch.

If I were to go on to relate all the curious crimes which I have known to be committed in Algiers and its neighborhood, I should never have finished. It often seems as if the alleged motive had little or nothing to do with the act committed; and often for the

real cause of a determined suicide or horrible murder, one must examine the state of health of the criminal or patient, the state of the atmosphere, or the changes of the wind. For instance, what is one to think when a man deliberately hangs himself in his own house, behind his own door, coolly kicking away the chair by which he mounted to put his head in the rope noose, because his wife refused to cook him a starling for supper which he had shot and set his heart on eating that evening? I had to examine this case, and there was no other motive to be found on most careful investigation into his life and the events of the day. This man was a German, and I certainly do not believe he would have committed this act if he had stayed in his own country; probably, at home, he would have consoled himself very easily with lager beer, and thought nothing of his disappointment.

Sometimes, when the wind blows from the desert, men are seized with a sudden fury, and will rush out into the public ways and kill the first person whom they meet.

Some places predispose to suicide. We believe they are those which are particularly exposed to the wind. Several Custom-house officers have committed suicide, within my memory, in the fort on Point Pescade. This fort is situated on a most melancholy and desolate place, on a rock out in the sea, under which runs a vast cavern, thought by the natives to be haunted by djins, or evil spirits. Probably, the noise of the sea rushing into the cave, and the strange look of the seals when they lift their heads above the water in the twilight, and utter their melancholy bark, combined with the solitude and the roaring of the wind, affects the imagination, and produces some kind of superstitious terror approaching to insanity.

In one of the corridors of the new barracks above the Casbah, we remember that a number of soldiers were seized with an unaccountable mania to commit suicide. Some succeeded in the attempt, and the commander of the garrison applied to me for advice. I examined it, and found that the wind blew down the corridor in a way to give dizziness in the head, particularly when it came from the desert. It seemed as if a number of strange and unknown voices were calling you, and it was not astonishing that these poor soldiers, transported from their own country into a strange land, should be seized with melancholy, and inclined to commit suicide. The commander ordered that this room should never be used again. Very often men in Algiers have chosen the slowest and most painful method of putting an end to their lives: some have killed themselves by mutilating their bodies and cutting themselves up (so to speak) in pieces. Among other cases, I remember a Custom-house officer in the fort on the Point Pescade, who first of all cut his throat with a razor, then broke the blade of a penknife in his stomach, and struck himself in the same place with a large knife. After having tried again to kill himself by these means, and not suc-

ceeding, he took his gun and shot himself, but was not even then altogether successful. He presented a most horrible spectacle, having at least a dozen wounds inflicted by himself. Generally speaking, the officers and soldiers who commit suicide shoot themselves. This may be said also of the French population usually. Moors and Jews seem particularly to delight in hanging themselves. Suffocation by charcoal is a method never chosen, excepting by the French. Poisoning and drowning are means of getting rid of life used by all races, whether native or European. The commonest way of women committing suicide is by throwing themselves from off the flat roofs of the houses into the streets. It often happens that a passing mania to commit suicide attacks people who, when saved, live happily, and are thankful to escape death. There is no doubt that a disposition to suicide is sometimes hereditary. There were two brothers (both bankers) living in Algeria, one at Oran and one in the town of Algiers, both of them were rich and prosperous, but both of them destroyed themselves when they arrived at a certain age.

Among the priests we have known of some strange suicides and eccentric crimes, the details and causes of which we cannot enter upon here; it is enough to say, that the priesthood, from the bishop downwards, do not bear a character for the greatest purity and devotion. The sisters of charity and the curés have often, nevertheless, shown the most heroic courage and self-abnegation in times of pestilence, of war, and other dangers and troubles with which the settlers have had to combat.

It must not be thought that there is no bright side to the black picture we have drawn; this is very far from being the case; but it is certain that for fantastic crimes and for eccentric characters the student of human nature may travel far without finding such a rich mine as in this French colony of Algeria.

When we search for noble acts, we cannot say they are so easily to be found, and yet we know of many acts of impulsive self-devotion, and proofs of fidelity to love and friendship, not to be paralleled in the history of any country. It is much commoner here than in France or England to find men willing to risk their lives to save others from fire, or from drowning, or other perils. On the pier at Algiers is a monument erected to the memory of an officer who during his life had saved many people from drowning, and who lost his life at last in a daring attempt of the same nature. This case is not unusual; and in fires, the readiness with which men are found ready to dart into the flames, not only to save men, women, and children, but furniture, clothes, and other property, is very remarkable; it shows a carelessness of life and an impulsiveness which goes to make both the virtues and vices to be found in the Algerian character.

The love of gain is not strongly developed here, as a general rule, or anywhere in the south, and the laws of political economy, which are but empirical, cannot be applied here; the same motives

which would make a man work in England, do not to the same extent affect the mind of the people; so that a rigid political economist coming to this colony is apt to be out in all his calculations. There are many occasions on which the highest wages will not induce men to work.

Many instances of heroic determination have come under our notice. The following occurs to me on looking back on our Algerian life. Fourteen years ago, the Arabs made continual attacks on the houses within six or seven miles of Algiers. On one occasion they made a more than usually desperate attempt, near the tobacco manufactory, on the road to the Maison Carré. The house of a Spaniard was the point of attack. He defended his dwelling most gallantly, and killed four Arabs, but the rest succeeded in breaking in and seizing his wife; one of them placed her on his horse and galloped off with her; she caught sight of her husband, and screamed to him to shoot her rather than let her be taken captive. The Spaniard, with a profound prayer in his heart, took his gun and fired at the Arab's head; the bullet grazed through the hair of his wife, but carried its commission; and the Arab fell dead from his horse, while the heroic woman instantly seized the reins and galloped back to her husband! The same day the same band of Arabs, numbering about four hundred, made an attack on one man (a Frenchman), who was in the guard-house alone; they probably thought there would be no difficulty whatever in taking possession of the arms and ammunition, but they counted without their host. The Frenchman had twelve loaded guns, and he allowed the attacking Arabs to come quite close up to him, and then fired at them through the loopholes of the guard-house. He killed five, and wounded it cannot be known how many. The Arabs were so astonished at this unexpected reception, that they retreated. I was sent to examine the bodies, and found one Arab with his head blown quite off his body, and lying at a considerable distance, showing how close he must have been to the muzzle of the gun. But in telling something of the conquest and the state of the army, we will relate more instances of this kind. At present, we must confine ourselves to contemplating the not very pleasant picture of society in Algiers.

The conversation in the drawing-rooms of the ladies of Algiers is of the most curious description; there is hardly any crime, however unnatural and hideous, which is not imputed to some of the friends of persons present. Stories of threats of murder, intrigues, debts of honor, love-suicide in every combination, are the stock subjects of conversation. Of course, there *are* quiet, intelligent ladies, and hardworking, well-educated men; and we know a few of the citizens of Algiers who are equal to any men and women in the world. But of the mass we can say but little good. The French officials lead society, and the tone is given entirely by them; and when we consider the characters of the men who have governed

Algeria, the depraved state of the society which follows the fashion in all things is not to be wondered at. In the time of General Randon there was much agreeable dissipation for those who liked on a small scale the life of the Court at Paris; but since Algeria has been deprived of a governor, there is nothing resembling a centre of society in Algiers.

Of course, in all colonies there is a scarcity of women, and this leads to certain evils, the least of which is, that often the wives of men high in office, and men of superior acquirements and character, are women of very inferior rank, and often not of the best character. We remember the wife of a judge of the —— Courts in Algiers being condemned to one year's imprisonment for writing anonymous letters of the worst description to numbers of people in Algiers, to her friends, to the friends of her husband, to the wife of the Governor, and to people of all descriptions. She produced an extraordinary amount of doubt, distrust, and evil feeling in the town, scarcely any one of any standing but received letters, telling him or her of some evil done towards them behind their backs, or accusing them of some baseness. This lady went into the best society of Algiers, and often visited at houses and talked over these letters, and then, on leaving her friends, dropped letters to them or against them into the post. She actually employed her own daughter (a beautiful young girl of seventeen years old) to write them. At last it was found out, and both were condemned to prison; the daughter escaped with three months.

Finally, the extravagance in dress of the Algerian ladies is quite proverbial, and many of the most outrageous fashions of the French empire have been introduced by the wives of the powerful generals of the African army, who, as might be expected, are ladies of considerable influence at the Court of the Emperor.

The general ignorance of Algerian society, as compared with that of France or England, is very striking. Few books are to be seen in the shops at Algiers, and the libraries are very poorly supplied with current literature. A French lady assured us that many men never read anything but the daily papers and their account-books, and their wives nothing but their mass-books. The education which the young ladies and young men receive is much the same as in France; but as soon as they leave their schools and colleges they are exposed to the bad influences of Algerian society, and certainly do not form a very promising mass of young people to mould the destinies of their new country.

B. *M. D.*

XVI.—FRIENDLY SOCIETIES.

Life Assurance has long since become an established mode of provision against the contingencies of life, among the upper and middle classes. But with one or two recent exceptions, Assurance offices have confined their business to amounts quite beyond the reach of the humbler classes. Still for even a longer period, another form of life assurance has been a favorite mode of provision for the future among the industrious poor. Working men have established Societies among themselves, which, though numerous instances of failure testify to the bad principles on which they were conducted, or the bad management with which they met, still succeeded so far as to confer great benefits on numerous districts, and to leave unshaken the faith of working men in their efficacy. In every town and in almost every village in the kingdom, such associations are to be found. They are but too frequently conducted in the public-house or one of the public-houses of the district, the owner of which allows their weekly meetings to take place under his roof, in consideration of the drink which is likely to be consumed in the course of the proceedings. Nor unfortunately does his speculation prove a barren one. To this fact might be traced many of the disasters that have overtaken these Societies. The landlord, if an unprincipled man, plays into the hands of some unscrupulous good customer, who gets the management of the affairs, is entrusted with the money, and finally decamps with it.

A Friendly Society is formed on the principle of Mutual Assurance; each member contributes a certain subscription per week or month, as may be agreed upon, in return for which the Society undertakes to pay him a certain sum weekly in sickness, or on attaining old age. In addition to this, it generally allows what is called "Burial Money," a certain sum paid to the member's family at his death.

The causes that effect the failure or secure the success of these valuable Societies form a most interesting and important branch of inquiry. The failure of institutions widely enlisting the sympathies and energies of working men, and calling forth their independence and forethought, is matter for serious regret. Their success calls for real congratulation; and he who by inquiry, skill in calculation, and knowledge of those laws which affect the subject, contributes to their future stability and progress, confers an incalculable benefit upon society. Incalculable, inasmuch as the forethought of the parent tells on the training and education of the child, and gives steadiness and strength to the very basis of the community.

The first defect, the most frequent cause of failure in these Societies, has been the inadequacy of the rates of contribution demanded from members. It is manifest that if the members of a Society pay twopence a week for mutual assurance, against a risk which to each is of the value of fourpence, bankruptcy will be the

result. Yet such a risk has been incurred on such terms over and over again. The problem of the proper rate of contribution is a work of labor to the qualified actuary; is it to be wondered at if it proved an insoluble riddle to working men? They could not avail themselves of the expensive services of the actuary, perhaps did not know that his services were available in the case. Then the Societies vary indefinitely in their constitution, and a table of rates drawn up for one would utterly mislead and ruin another.

The rates, moreover, have been inequitable as well as inadequate. It has been and still is a common practice to admit as members of Friendly Societies all persons between some specified ages—we have known one of which the range was as wide as from 16 to 60—and to charge them all alike. Now, after a certain age, the liability to sickness and to death increases every year. Other things being equal, a man is more liable to fall sick or to die at 50 than at 20. It is therefore unfair to admit the man of 50 on the same terms as the man of 20. Take a case in illustration. A Society starts with 300 members, all between the ages of 20 and 45, and all contributing the same sum per month—calculated after the *lowest possible tariff*—for the sake of the same benefits. For the first few years all goes on well enough, but in progress of time there is a cessation in the influx of new members. In the meanwhile all the members have become older, and their numbers diminished by death or removal. The Society, under such circumstances, presents but little attraction, and certainly offers no security to a young man contemplating the future. He perceives that the average is against him, and accordingly inquires for a Society composed of persons more nearly of his own age, even though it proceed on the same erroneous principle of making a fixed charge for members at whatever period of life they may be. He joins a younger Society; should this be a prosperous one, the members of the older Society who happen not to be above the maximum age transfer their membership to it, leaving their more aged associates to shift for themselves. These poor persons, staggering under the weight of years, struggle on for a time; but the claims of the sick increase, the funds diminish, the contributions daily becoming smaller, and the disbursements greater, and at length, finding it hopeless to attempt to carry it on, the Society is abandoned, and those who trusted to it for relief in their declining days are entirely disappointed.

One element of success is often entirely lost sight of by the founders of Friendly Benefit Societies, the element of number. It is impossible to secure a just average without a large body of members. No Society with a small number of members can be looked upon as safe, even though its tables may be founded on the most perfect law, or on the most scientific data of the statistical actuary; for should its experience turn out worse than the average, its fate is sealed.

Bad management has been another very active cause of the failure of these institutions; the books have been badly kept, the funds improperly invested, or their investment delayed, and little or no interest realized, so that the calculations are falsified, for all tables presuppose that a moderate rate of interest will be continuously realized upon the subscriptions. Add to this source of fallacious calculation, the facility afforded by careless management to fraud; the sick yield to the temptation of idleness, and remain longer than is necessary a burden on the funds, and the idle lay themselves up when there is very little the matter with them. That this is frequently the case is apparent from the fact, that the rates of sickness are higher among a given number of the members of these Societies than among an equal number of persons of the same age and occupation who are unconnected with them.

It seems desirable before proceeding with the more special object of this paper, which is to deal with Friendly Societies as a mode of investment and assurance for women, to give a short account of the state of the law with regard to them; and for this, as well as for the foregoing particulars, we are largely indebted to Mr. Scratchley's volume "on Associations for Provident Investment."

The Friendly Societies' Bills of two recent sessions have had for their object the consolidation of the laws relating to Friendly Societies, and the introduction of such improvements as experience had proved needful. Mr. Scratchley says, "There have been Acts to *consolidate*, Acts to *amend*, Acts to *explain*, Acts to *continue*, and Acts to do we know not what else; and these various Acts have all contradicted each other in the most remarkable manner." The following are the more important provisions of the Act 18 and 19 Vic. c. 63 :—

1. Acts repealed.

2. 3. 4. Societies under former Acts to continue, and their rules, bonds, and contracts to continue in force.

IX. It shall be lawful for any number of persons to form and establish a Friendly Society, under the provisions of this Act, for the purpose of raising by voluntary subscriptions of the members thereof, with or without the aid of donations, a fund for any of the following objects; (that is to say,)

1. For insuring a sum of money to be paid on the birth of a member's child, or on the death of a member, or for the funeral expenses of the wife or child of a member:
2. For the relief or maintenance of the members, their husbands, wives, children, brothers or sisters, nephews or nieces, in old age, sickness, or widowhood, or the endowment of members or nominees of members at any age:
3. For any purpose which shall be authorized by one of her Majesty's principal Secretaries of State, or in *Scotland* by the Lord Advocate, as a purpose to which the powers and facilities of this Act ought to be extended:

Provided, that no member shall subscribe or contract for an annuity exceeding thirty pounds *per annum*, or a sum payable on death, or on any other contingency, exceeding two hundred pounds:

And if such persons so intending to form and establish such Society shall transmit rules for the government, guidance, and regulation of the same, to the registrar aforesaid, and shall obtain his certificate that the same are in conformity with law as hereinafter mentioned, then the said Society shall be deemed to be fully formed and established from the date of the said certificate.

X. In any Society in which a sum of money may be insured payable on the death of a child under ten years of age, it shall not be lawful to pay any sum for the funeral expenses of such child, except upon production of a copy of the entry in the register of deaths, signed by the registrar of the district in which the child shall have died; and if such entry shall not state that the cause of death has been certified by a qualified medical practitioner, or by a coroner, a certificate signed by a qualified medical practitioner, stating the probable cause of death, shall be required, and it shall not be lawful in that case to pay any sum without such certificate; and no trustee or officer of any Society upon an insurance of a sum payable for the funeral expenses of any such child, made after the passing of this Act, shall knowingly pay a sum which shall raise the whole amount receivable from one or more than one Society for the funeral expenses of a child under the age of five years to a sum exceeding six pounds, or of a child between five and ten years to a sum exceeding ten pounds; and any such trustee or officer who shall make any such payment otherwise than as aforesaid, or who shall pay any sum without endorsing the amount which he shall pay on the back or at the foot of the copy of entry signed by the said registrar, shall be liable to a penalty not exceeding five pounds for every such offence, upon conviction thereof before two justices of the county or borough in which such death shall have taken place: The said registrar shall be entitled to receive, upon delivery of such copy of entry, for the purpose of receiving money from a Friendly Society, a fee of one shilling, and it shall not be lawful for him to deliver more than one such copy for such purpose, except by the order of a justice of the peace.

XI. And whereas many provident, benevolent, and charitable institutions and Societies are formed and may be formed for the purpose of relieving the physical wants and necessities of persons in poor circumstances, or for improving the dwellings of the laboring classes, or for granting pensions, or for providing habitations for the members or other persons elected by them, and it is expedient to afford protection to the funds thereof: be it enacted, that if two copies of the rules of any such institution or Society, and from time to time the like copies of any alterations or amendments made in the same, signed by three members and the Secretary thereof, shall be transmitted to the registrar aforesaid, such registrar shall,

if he shall find that the same are not repugnant to law, give a certificate to that effect; and thereupon the following sections of this Act, that is to say, the seventeenth, eighteenth, nineteenth, twentieth, twenty-first, and twenty-second, fortieth, forty-first, forty-second, and forty-third, shall extend and be applicable to the said institution and Society, as fully as if the same were a Society established under this Act.

The sections enumerated in clause XI. may be thus briefly stated.

XVII. Friendly Societies under the Act to appoint Trustees, and give notice of their appointment to the Registrar.

XVIII. The property of the Society to be vested in such Trustees.

XIX. Actions to be brought by or against them.

XX. Limitations of their responsibility provided nevertheless, that no Trustee or Trustees of any such Society shall be liable to make good any deficiency which may arise or happen in the funds of such Society, but shall be liable only for the moneys which shall be actually received by him on account of such Society.

XXI. Treasurer to give security.

XXII. To render just account of the moneys.

XL. Disputes decided by the rules of the Society, which are made binding, and without appeal.

XLI. In cases where no arbitrators have been appointed, if no decision shall be made by the said arbitrators within forty days after application has been made by the member or person claiming through or under a member or under the rules of the Society, it shall be made to the County Court of the district within which the usual or principal place of business of the Society shall be situate; and such Court shall, upon the application of any person interested in the matter, entertain such application, and give such relief, and make such orders and directions in relation to the matter of such application, as hereinafter mentioned, or as may now be given or made by the Court of Chancery in respect either of its ordinary or its special or statutory jurisdiction; and the decision of such County Court upon and in relation to such application as aforesaid shall not be subject to any appeal; provided always, that in *Scotland* the sheriff within his county, and in *Ireland* the assistant barrister within his district, shall have the same jurisdiction as is hereby given to the Judge of a County Court.

XLII. In all cases where the order of such County Court shall be for the payment of money, the same may be enforced in the same manner as the ordinary judgments of such Court are enforced; but where the order of the said Court shall be for the doing of some act, not being for the payment of money, it shall be lawful for the Judge of such County Court in his said order to order the party to do such act, or that in default of his doing it he shall pay a certain sum of money; and in case he refuse or neglect to do the act required, upon demand in that behalf, the sum of money or penalty in the said order may then be recovered in the same manner as a judgment for debt or damages in such Court.

We have thus given our readers a statement of the legal form under which all Friendly Societies must be created. Although they may prove two pages of very dry reading, they will nevertheless assist those who are interested in such Societies, and anxious to establish them, in estimating the necessary precautions and preliminary steps. The framing of Friendly Societies in such a manner as that women can be participators in their benefits requires special consideration, which must be deferred to a future number. The reason of this is evident from the following anecdote. In the month of June last, we happened to be staying in a factory town where women were largely employed. Hearing some talk of a new Friendly Society for men, about which a grocer in the town was taking much interest, we went to his shop to inquire details. We found that he had just received the printed provisions of the Act from London, and was carefully drawing up the regulations in accordance with them. We asked him why he did not include women among the members, since, in a town whose staple industry was conducted almost entirely by them, they must be considered as independent members of the working class, and it was very desirable that they should be able to appropriate part of their earnings to a provision for sickness. "Oh," said the grocer, "we cannot have women in our Friendly Societies under the same rules as the men; why, they are so different—they would be always on our list of payments. A man does not stay away from his work unless he has a fever or a broken leg; *but if a mother is knocked up with sitting up all night with a sick baby, she can't go to the factory, and so she gets 'thrown out of work.'*"

The grocer thus pointed out in vernacular the distinctions which exist between men and women as subjects for assurance. We will add that the balance does not invariably turn against the latter. Women *live* rather longer, on the average, than men, though they are more liable to be "thrown out of work." We shall return to this subject, and endeavor to suggest the practical rules deducible from these facts.

(*To be continued.*)

XVII.—A YEAR'S EXPERIENCE IN WOMAN'S WORK.

A PAPER READ AT THE MEETING OF THE ASSOCIATION FOR THE PROMOTION OF SOCIAL SCIENCE, GLASGOW, 1860.

NEARLY a year has now passed since, through the means of the last meeting of the Association for the Promotion of Social Science, public attention in England was largely drawn to the subject of female industry. Nor was it in England alone that this vexed question came under discussion; France also contributed her thoughts; and two elaborate articles in the *Révue des deux Mondes,*

and other papers in less important periodicals, testified that our difficulties are also felt, although under somewhat modified conditions, on the other side of the Channel.

My title to again introduce this topic to the notice of the Association is simple and direct—that of having experience to communicate in regard to remedial measures undertaken against the evils which were deplored last year—experiments limited, it is true, to one circle of people, and in the main, to one centre of action; yet none the less valuable, because they afford us certain definite lessons which a less concentrated sphere might less clearly bestow.

In November, 1859, the ENGLISH WOMAN'S JOURNAL had already been dealing with the various questions of woman's industry for not quite two years. The Society for Promoting the Employment of Women was as yet inchoate, but maturing its plans, and asking for affiliation to this Association. A Reading-room for ladies, and a Register for noting applications for the more intellectual and responsible departments of female labor, had just been brought into existence. Such was the beginning of our present organization, a year ago. Last winter every department received a great accession of funds and of activity. The Journal greatly increased in circulation; the Society was absorbed into one created by and dependent on this Association, with a committee of twelve ladies and twelve gentlemen, which immediately began to consider the formation of model industrial classes; the Reading-room was removed to large and excellent premises in a central situation; and, as a natural consequence of these improvements, to which a wide publicity was given by the press, the Register was literally deluged with applicants. It is not my province here to give an account of these separate departments of exertion towards bettering the condition of women. The report of the Society will be read in due time and place, and details regarding the successful establishment of a law-copying business will be given therein; the Victoria Press will tell its own story of the introduction of women into the printing trade. That of which I desire to speak to you here is the action of the Register, to which I alluded above, not so much of the little it has been able to effect, as of the much it has taught us regarding the real supply of educated labor in England.

When first this Register was opened, it was merely intended to act in a limited way among the ladies at that time subscribing to the ENGLISH WOMAN'S JOURNAL, who, in those days of its infancy, numbered a few hundreds. Many of these ladies were actively concerned in charity; and had founded, or supported, or visited, industrial schools, and small hospitals, homes for invalids, and refuges of different kinds—institutions, in fact, requiring female officers. We thought that by opening a register which should act merely among our subscribers, we might occasionally find opportunities of putting the right woman into the right place; that Mrs. A. might recommend an excellent matron or school teacher, and Mrs. B.

hear of her through our simple plan, combining an entry in a register book and an advertisement in the Journal for the current month. If in this way we get two really good and well-trained officials placed in a month, it would compensate for the little extra trouble. Being thus, as it were, a plan private to the circulation of the Journal, it was not otherwise advertised, nor was any publicity then sought for it. But when the whole question started into life, the advertisements put forth by the Society appear to have aroused the attention of women in all parts of the country; and as the Society and the Journal now had contiguous offices in the same house, no practical distinction could be made, and the secretaries of either were literally deluged with applications for employment. We had no sooner explained to the ladies who came on Thursday that the formation by the Society of model classes or businesses for a select number did not imply an ability on our part to find remunerative work for indiscriminate applicants, than the same task had to be gone over again on Friday. Indeed, I remember one Friday, in the month of March, when twenty women applied at our counter for work whereby they could gain a livelihood—all of them more or less educated—all of them with some claim to the title of a lady.

Although not professing personally to enter into these applications, the replies to which devolved on the secretaries, I was very constantly in the office of the Journal when they were made, and entered into conversation with the ladies; in many cases, indeed, they came with notes of introduction to me or to my co-editor, and I had to ask them what kind of work they wanted, and, indeed, a more important question, for what kind of work they were fitted. In this way we may certainly lay claim to have heard more of women's wants during the last year than any other people in the kingdom; and that, just because the demands were so indefinite—the ladies did *not* want to be governesses, they wanted to be something else, and we were to advise them. In this way I have conversed with ladies of all ages and conditions: with young girls of seventeen finding it necessary to start in life; with single women who found teaching unendurable as life advanced; with married ladies whose husbands were invalided or not forthcoming; with widows who had children to support; with tradesmen's daughters, and with people of condition fallen into low estate.

To find them work through the Journal Register was a sheer impossibility. Not only were they far more numerous than one had ever contemplated; but they were of a different class. I had hoped to hear of and to supply a few well-trained picked women to places of trust among our subscribers; but here were literally hundreds of women neither well-trained nor picked; outnumbering any demand by ninety-nine per cent. The Victoria Press and the Law-Copying Class got into work, and employed from ten to twenty girls and women each; but it stands to reason that more could not be drafted into either establishment during the first year of its existence, with-

out ruining the enterprise; while some time must be allowed to elapse before the idea involved in these model experiments could be expected to be seized by the commercial public, and an entrance be effected by women into either trade at large.

Since, therefore, we possessed but small power to aid numbers through the medium of our own organization, it remained to be seen whether we could form a link between our Register and, 1stly, the semi-mechanical occupations to which women have acquired, or might acquire, a title; and, 2ndly, the benevolent institutions of the country; so as to supply workers to the one, and matrons and female officials to the other.

To this end we adopted an idea struck out by a friend, and printed long slips for distribution, containing, besides the addresses of the Victoria Press and Law-Copying Class (in case any vacancy might occur, or more hands be wanted), the addresses of the two chief offices of the Electric Telegraph in London, in both of which women are largely employed; and also the addresses of the two chief institutions for training and employing nurses; also of Mrs. Lushington's cooking school, &c., intending to add to the list whenever we heard of any new institutions which would be regarded as centres of women's work. At the bottom of this list we notified that we ourselves kept a limited register for really competent matrons, clerks, and secretaries.

Now, in regard to what I have termed semi-mechanical occupations, I will dismiss them with a few remarks, to which I earnestly request your consideration. I am in this paper considering the needs of educated women;—of women who have been born and bred ladies;—it is a real distinction from which, even in America, the most earnest democrats cannot escape, and which in England, however much the strict edges of the lines of demarcation between class and class may be rubbing off, still exists in full force. Looking at it from one point of view, we are sometimes tempted to regret the false notions of gentility which prevent women working bravely at whatever comes nearest to hand; but, in considering a whole class at large, an honest observer must feel that there is something noble—something beyond a mere effort after "gentility," in the struggle to preserve the habits, the dress, and the countless moral and material associations of the rank to which they were born. A good and a refined education is a very valuable thing; and if educated women are to work at all for money, and I see no escape for a certain number being obliged in our country to do so, that education ought to secure them something more than a mere pittance.

Now the semi-mechanical occupation of the telegraph, and I believe it will be found to be the same with all semi-mechanical occupations, does not (except in the department of overseers) supply the needs of an educated woman, unless she be quite alone in the world, having neither parent nor child to support; and even then the wages

hardly allow her to "look like a lady," much less to live like one. Say that a woman in such a business earns a pound, or possibly, though I imagine rarely, 30*s.* a week;—in the one case £50, in the other £75 a year;—such a salary may keep a young, single, and perfectly unencumbered woman of the rank of a lady in food, and decent dress and lodging; but it does not constitute a sufficiency for an older woman, for one who may have claims upon her, or who feels she must begin to lay by for old age. I am quite aware that there are daily governesses who go out for less than £50 a year; their proportion is roughly estimated by the matron of the Governesses' Benevolent Institution as about one-third of the whole number of daily governesses. But many of these are not what we mean by ladies; they belong to tradesmen's families, and teach in the same; others again are quite young, and living with their parents, can afford to go out and teach for any sum they fancy pays them, and at a much cheaper rate than they could do if they actually supported themselves on their earnings. Others again are inferior in education, and so are driven down to offer their services at a low rate from being destitute of accomplishments. Custom does not shield the governess as it shields the physician, with his definite standard of acquirement guaranteed by his diploma, and his one guinea as a fixed recognition thereof; and therefore women will be found classed under the general head of "daily governesses" who are very unequal in their qualifications and in the amount of salary they require and receive.

But it is none the less true, that really educated women, possessed of a certain skill in music, drawing, and in modern languages—ladies such as teach ladies in the professional and merchant classes—ask and get more than £50 a year as a general rule. The conclusion, therefore, to which I have come is, that it is chiefly for young people living at home with their parents, and for single women not possessing a high stamp of education, and having only themselves to support, that the semi-mechanical arts—such as that of working the telegraph, printing, law-copying, managing sewing-machines, &c.—are profitable, and will supply with bread and meat and clothes; and that it is highly desirable to extend and encourage such occupation in every way, taking great care in the formation of model classes, or new businesses, to harmonize them as much as possible with the physical and moral conditions of female workers. The Society for Promoting the Employment of Women devotes its energies to increasing this kind of occupation, and deserves the active support of the public for its exertions, so that it may gradually be enabled to extend them in new directions, and offer fresh examples of the introduction of women into hitherto unaccustomed businesses and trades.

But for older and for highly-educated women—for those to whom the keeping up of a social position has become a moral necessity, and for those who have others dependent on them—we surely ought

to seek some employment which will secure them a fair income, and not consign them to simple trades, which, let them be ever so extended over numbers, cannot be parallel to the professions which gentlemen require, or to the commercial enterprise which they carry on on a large scale.

Now there is work which really clever and energetic women are wanted to perform, and which people are everywhere beginning to say they ought to perform; all work involving *moral superintendence* over women, and physical care of the sick and infirm of both sexes. Mrs. Jameson dwelt constantly of late years on this whole subject, in her writings and in her private conversation; and Miss Nightingale has begun to organize the training of women for the latter purpose, and nurses are also educated at several institutions under lay or Church influence. But as to placing educated women to act as officials in charitable, industrial, penal, or reformatory establishments, I really think I may say that nothing is done or doing. We keep reiterating the need of them in each and all; but I do not see that we are nearer the realization of our wish than we were five years ago.

Now, why is this?—I can supply one part of the answer from our own experience of the last year; because the women who from natural ability might be disposed and competent to undertake such posts with advantage to themselves and others, do not ask for them, have little idea of the kind of work, and little desire for it, and would probably fail in doing it if they tried; *because they have had no training.*

Although I have seen many highly educated and refined women in want of employment during the last year, I have not seen half a dozen who were competent, by their own conviction, to take the responsibility of management on a large scale; the matronship of female emigrant ships, the control of a wild troop of reformatory girls, the overseership of female factory operatives, or the female wards of a workhouse.

Now, Sisters of Charity abroad do all these things. The popular notion of a Sister of Charity in England is, that she is always nursing the sick, or searching on a field of battle for wounded men with a vestige of life in them, or visiting the poor at their own houses—poetical and somewhat shadowy Evangelines, with baskets on their arms. But, in good truth, these are but a small part of their multifarious duties. They get through in separate divisions nearly all the work performed (or unperformed) in our workhouses;—they take, feed, clothe, and teach orphan and destitute children, and bring up the girls for service;—they take bodily possession of the old people and the cripples, and tend them in other establishments;—they distribute medicines, and manage most of the casual relief funds of foreign cities. They also—and let me particularly draw your attention to this point—undertake the care of criminal and vagrant children. I saw in the month of April last the great

Reformatory in the Rue de Vanguard, in Paris, where 100 girls of the lowest class—the majority actually prisoners and consigned there by Government—are under the care of the Sisters of Marie-Joseph. This establishment was founded partly in consequence of the exertions of Madame de Lamartine, and it was shown to me by Madame Lechevalier, who actually holds the salaried post of Government inspectress of the female prisons of France. Why have not we also an inspectress for our female prisons? Madame Lechevalier has often knocked up a prison at eleven o'clock at night when she suspected anything wrong; and I saw enough of her power of character, even during the few hours I spent with her, to convince me that she was a woman to hold a legion of female prisoners in awe.

Sisters of Charity are also now in France trying to make head against the evils of the factory system. I had not time, when in Lyons last year, to travel forty miles by railway to see M. Bonnart's factory, where they superintend the female workers; but in the *Révue des deux Mondes* for last February is to be found a very interesting account of three establishments where the young girls are engaged in manufactures under the care of sisters;—one at Jujurieux, for taffetas; another at Tatare, for plush; and the third at La Seauve, for ribbons. Young girls on entering sign an engagement for three years, and a month's trial is also required. Workwomen are also received, who enter into an engagement for eighteen months.

But all these duties require something more for their wise fulfilment than love and patience; they require energy, foresight, prudence, economy, the habit of working in concert and subordination; and accordingly we find the women who are to fulfil them subjected to a severe and methodical training. The *Maison Mère* of the Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul, in the Rue de Bac at Paris, sends out five hundred trained women every year to all parts of the world.

And we, if we wish to employ women successfully in works of benevolence and social economy, must find some way of training them for their duties, or we shall never achieve our wished-for results. Here and there we may find one specially gifted, to whom order and activity come by right divine; but if you take the few women who are *even now* filling marked positions of public importance, you will generally find they have received regular training in some way. Every one knows the severity of Miss Nightingale's preliminary studies, and the ordeal she passed through in hospitals abroad. Miss Carpenter had concluded a long and honored career as a teacher before she devoted herself to criminal children. Elizabeth Blackwell is hardly a case in point, as her possession of a degree involved her career as a student; and (I believe) Miss Dix and Mrs. Fry forced their way by unusual energy, graduated themselves, so to speak; but all the institutions for nurses presuppose prelimi-

nary training; Miss Dence, the mistress of one of the best private asylums in England, was regularly educated under the leading physician who has devoted himself to ameliorating the condition of the insane; and there are now several establishments under the direct sanction of the Church of England, in which ladies are conducting refuges for their own sex, each undergoing a certain probationary discipline.

Thus we find in every department of benevolent exertions the want of efficient machinery for teaching those who are to help others. And this knowledge is necessarily of two kinds—intellectual and practical. Books alone will not give it, nor will books and oral instruction combined suffice. Not only must the mind of the worker be furnished with all necessary knowledge, but the habits of the worker must be trained in activity, prudence, and control. Such workers can only be trained *in* the works they are eventually to perform, just as the swimmer can only be taught in water. In religious communities this is effected by receiving beginners into the life of community;—among us it can only be effected by receiving female pupil-teachers, as it were, into all our institutions, and this can only be done by the consent and co-operation, in many cases of Government, in all cases of the men who control all our institutions in England.

The pressure may "come from without;" it *has* come from without, and it only needs to give it a right direction. Moreover, almost all the best men who are working in philanthropic reform say that they want female help to carry out their purposes properly; but it will be of little good to ourselves, or to them, or to the poor, the ignorant, the sick, or the criminal objects of their solicitude, if it be desultory and untrained. We must appeal to men to give us the necessary opportunity of learning;—in fact, to help us to help *them*.

On one more subject I desire to suggest attention.

In enumerating the women who have achieved useful careers, Mrs. Chisholm must not be forgotten; and in this connexion she is doubly to be remembered. While endeavoring to relieve the strain of female necessities, we must not forget that our colonies are eminently in want of women of every rank, and that they are the natural destination of the great surplus which exists in England. If it were possible to plant those who are suffering and struggling at home (with problems which at the best are very hard for most women to solve practically), in useful independence or happy marriage over the broad fields of Australia and New Zealand, who among us but would say that it was by far the best solution of our difficulty?

But before educated women will emigrate in any number, the way must be made safe and respectable. They must find shelter and assistance on the other side of the ocean; a regular organization must be created, and competent female officials appointed

to the emigrant ships in which they are to sail, and others be ready to receive them on landing. We have tried this year to induce several ladies to take advantage of the assisted passages granted to Canterbury, in New Zealand, the only place to which assisted passages are granted for educated women. But we found none willing to start, even of those who would otherwise have liked to emigrate, because of the vague uncertainty which awaited them on the other side; no committee to put them into decent lodgings and assist them in looking out for situations such as are described by residents as actually vacant; nobody to whom to apply in case of illness; nobody to do what Mrs. Chisholm did, when she made herself the mother of the female emigrant of a lower class. In fact, no progress will be made in this most necessary exodus, until a few carefully selected women, trained in all the necessary knowledge, are sent out from England, with a small fund and the best introductions to our chief colonial ports, and there instructed how to form local committees and *dépôts* for the reception of governesses, or any other educated ladies who desire to try the fortunes of a new world. If such a plan were carefully inaugurated, I believe that a few years would see a very sensible diminution of the strain at home; and I believe that the Society for Promoting the Employment of Women might very wisely lay the foundation of such a plan by selecting, instructing, and sending out the first officers, if the necessary funds could be provided for that purpose.

I will sum up, in a few words, thus, the meaning of this paper, and the results of the past year's experience as it has affected my mind. All the semi-mechanical arts are eminently suited for young people, and it greatly behoves fathers to train their daughters to the possession of some such means of gaining independent bread, in the morning of life, while health and spirits are, or ought to be, strong, so that while living under the parental roof they may secure themselves against a rainy day, when it may no longer shelter them. But there are many, many women to whom, by reason of age, health, or social responsibilities, the semi-mechanical arts are not applicable; women also whose capacities deserve and require a wider field of intellectual and moral exertion than the compositor's case or the law-copyist's desk can afford; and seeing, as I do daily, how great is the comparative delicacy both in brain and in the bodily frames of women of the middle and upper class;—of the bad effect upon many of them of long hours of sedentary toil, and the supreme difficulty of introducing them in great numbers into the fields of competitive employment, the more anxious I become to see the immense surplus of the sex in England lightened by judicious, well-conducted, and morally guarded emigration to our colonies, *where the disproportion is equally enormous, and where they are wanted in every social capacity;* and to see a large number of those that remain, the single or otherwise self-dependent women, who must exist in every highly civilized and thickly populated country like

ours, well and carefully trained in all those functions of administrative benevolence, which are in fact but a development of household qualities; the larger, the more generous, and equally distinctive part of woman's work in the world.

BESSIE RAYNER PARKES.

XVIII.—VICTORIA PRESS.

A PAPER READ AT THE GLASGOW MEETING OF THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR THE PROMOTION OF SOCIAL SCIENCE, 1860.

WHEN we remember the impetus given to the question of female employment by the discussion which took place at the meeting of this Association, at Bradford, last year, it seems but natural to suppose that one of the practical results of that discussion will be a matter of great interest to the present audience, on which account I venture to bring before your notice the origin and progress of the Victoria Press.

It has often been urged against this Association that it does "nothing but talk;" but those who fail to see the connexion existing between the promotion of social science and the development of that science in spheres of practical exertion, must acknowledge that if all discussions led to as much action as followed that which took place upon the employment of women, the accusation would fall to the ground. A thorough ventilation of the question of the necessity for extending the field of woman's employment, was at that time imperatively needed. The April number of the *Edinburgh Review* for 1859 had contained a fuller account of the actual state of female industry in this country than perhaps had ever been previously brought before the notice of the public. The question had begun to weigh upon thoughtful minds, and even to force itself upon unwilling ones, and the notion that the destitution of women was a rare and exceptional phenomenon, was swept away, as the *Times* observed, when Miss Parkes, addressing this Association at Bradford, did not hesitate to ask whether there was a single man in the company who had not, at that moment, among his own connexions, an instance of the distress to which her paper referred. The discussion which followed operated in a most beneficial manner; it forced the public to put prejudice aside, and to test the theory hitherto so jealously maintained, that women were, as a general rule, supported in comfort and independence by their male relatives. The press then took up the question, and, with but few exceptions, dealt by it with a zeal and honesty which aided considerably in the partial solution of a problem in which is bound up so much of the welfare and happiness of English homes during this and future generations.

One by one the arguments for and against female employment,

apart from the domestic sphere, were brought forward and examined; and where objections arising from feeling could not be vanquished by argument, the simple fact of women being constantly thrown upon the world to get their daily bread by their own exertions, left the stoutest maintainers of the propriety of woman's entire pecuniary dependence upon man, without an answer.

In the November following the Bradford meeting, the council of this Association appointed a committee to consider and report on the best means which could be adopted for increasing the industrial employments of women; in the course of the investigation set on foot by this committee, of which I was a member, we received information of several attempts made to introduce women into the printing trade, and of the suitableness of the same as a branch of female industry. A small press, and type sufficient for an experiment, were purchased by Miss Parkes, who was anxious to test by personal observation, the information thus received. This press was put up in a private room placed at her disposal by the kindness of a member of this Association. A printer consented to give her instruction, and she invited me to share in the trial. A short time sufficed to convince us that if women were properly trained, their physical powers would be singularly adapted to fit them for becoming compositors, though there were other parts of the printing trade—such as the lifting of the iron chases in which the pages are imposed, the carrying of the cases of weighty type from the rack to the frame, and the whole of the presswork (that is the actual striking off of the sheets), entailing, particularly in the latter department, an amount of continuous bodily exertion far beyond average female strength.

Having ascertained this, the next step was to open an office on a sufficiently large scale to give the experiment a fair opportunity of success. The machinery and type, and all that is involved in a printer's plant, are so expensive, that the outlay would never be covered unless they were kept in constant use. The pressure of work, the sudden influx of which is often entirely beyond the printer's control, requires the possession of extra type in stock, these and other economical reasons which will be easily understood by all commercial men, necessitate the outlay of a considerable amount of capital on the part of any one who wishes to turn out first-class printing. A gentleman, well known for his public efforts in promoting the social and industrial welfare of women, determined to embark with me in the enterprise of establishing a printing business in which female compositors should be employed. A house was taken in Great Coram Street, Russell Square, which, by judicious expenditure, was rendered fit for printing purposes; I name the locality because we were anxious it should be in a light and airy situation, and in a quiet respectable neighborhood. We ventured to call it the Victoria Press, after the Sovereign to whose influence English women owe so large a debt of gratitude, and in the hope also that

the name would prove a happy augury of victory. I have recently had the gratification of receiving an assurance of Her Majesty's interest in the office, and the kind expression of Her approbation of all such really useful and practical steps for the opening of new branches of industry for women. The opening of the office was accomplished on the 25th of last March. The Society for Promoting the Employment of Women apprenticed five girls to me at premiums of £10 each; others were apprenticed by relatives and friends, and we soon found ourselves in the thick of the struggle, for such I do not hesitate to call it; and when you remember that there was not one skilled compositor in the office, you will readily understand the difficulties we encountered. Work came in immediately, from the earliest day. In April we commenced our first book, and began practically to test all the difficulties of the trade. I had previously ascertained that in most printing offices the compositors work in companies of four and five, appointing one of the number to click for the rest, that is, to make up and impose the matter, and carry the forms to the press-room. The imposition requires more experience than strength, and no untrained compositor could attempt it, and I therefore engaged intelligent, respectable workmen, who undertook to perform this duty for the female compositors at the Victoria Press.

I have at this time sixteen female compositors, and their gradual reception into the office deserves some mention. In the month of April, when work was coming in freely, I was fortunate enough to secure a skilled hand from Limerick. She had been trained as a printer by her father, and had worked under him for twelve years. At his death she had carried on the office, which she was after some time obliged to relinquish, owing to domestic circumstances. Seeing in a country paper that an opening for female compositors had occurred in London, she determined on taking the long journey from Ireland to seek employment in a business for which she was well competent. She came straight to my office, bringing with her a letter from the editor of a Limerick paper, who assured me that I should find her a great assistance in my enterprise. I engaged her there and then; she came to work the very next day, and has proved herself most valuable.

I have now also three other hands who have received some measure of training in their fathers' offices, having been taught by them in order to afford help in any time of pressure, or in case any opening should present itself in the trade, of which a vague hope seemed present to their mind. From letters which I have received from various parts of the country, I find that the introduction of women into the trade has been contemplated by many printers. Intelligent workmen do not view this movement with distrust, they feel very strongly woman's cause is man's; and they anxiously look for some opening for the employment of those otherwise solely dependent on them.

Four of the other compositors are very young, being under fifteen years of age; of the remaining eight, some were apprenticed by the Society for Promoting the Employment of Women, having heard of the Victoria Press through the register kept at Langham Place; and others through private channels. They are of all ages, and have devoted themselves to their new occupation with great industry and perseverance, and have accomplished an amount of work which I did not expect untrained hands could perform in the time. I was also induced to try the experiment of training a little deaf and dumb girl, one of the youngest above mentioned; she was apprenticed to me by the Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb, in the Old Kent Road, at the instance of a blind gentleman, Mr. John Bird, who called on me soon after the office was opened. This child will make a very good compositor in time, her attention being naturally undistracted from her work, though the difficulty of teaching her is very considerable, and the process of learning takes a longer time.

Having given you a general description of my compositors, I will only add, that the hours of work are from nine till one and from two till six. Those who live near, go home to dinner between one and two; others have the use of a room in the house, some bringing their own dinners ready cooked, and some preparing it on the spot. When they work overtime, as is occasionally unavoidable, for which of course they receive extra pay per hour, they have tea at half-past five, so as to break the time.

It has been urged that printing is an unhealthy occupation. The mortality known to exist among printers had led people to this conclusion, but when we consider the principal causes producing this result, we find it arises in a great measure from removable evils. For instance, the imperfect ventilation, the impurity of the air being increased by the quantity and bad quality of the gas consumed, and not *least* by the gin, rum, and brandy, so freely imbibed by printers. The chief offices being situated in the most unwholesome localities, are dark and close, and thus become hot beds for the propagation of phthisis.

In the annual reports for the last ten years of the Widows' Metropolitan Typographical Fund, we find the average age of the death of printers was forty-eight years. The number of deaths caused by phthisis and other diseases of that class, among the members in the ten years ending December 31, 1859, was 101 out of a total number of 173, being fifty-eight three-fourths per cent. of the whole.

It is too early yet to judge of the effect of this employment upon the health of women, even under careful sanitary arrangements; but I may state that one of my compositors, whom I hesitated to receive on account of the extreme delicacy of her health (inducing a fear of immediate consumption, for which she was receiving medical treatment) has, since she undertook her new occupation become quite strong, and her visits to her doctor have entirely ceased.

The inhalation of dust from the types, which are composed of antimony and lead, is an evil less capable of remedy. The type when heated emits a noxious fume, injurious to respiration, which in course of years occasionally produces a partial palsy of the hands. The sight of the compositor is frequently very much injured, apparently by close application to minute type, but probably, as Mr. H. W. Porter remarks in his paper read before the Institute of Actuaries, from the quantity of snuff they take, which cannot fail to be prejudicial. This habit, at all events, is one from which we cannot suppose that the compositors of the Victoria Press will suffer.

It has also been urged that the digestive functions may suffer from the long-continued standing position which the compositor practises at case. This, I believe, nothing but habit has necessitated. Each compositor at the Victoria Press is provided with a high stool, seated on which she can work as quickly as when standing.

There is one branch of printing which, if pursued by the most cultivated class of women, would suffice to give them an independence,—namely, reading and correcting for the press. Men who undertake this department earn two guineas a week; classical readers, capable of correcting the dead languages, and those conversant with German and Italian, receive more than this. But before the office of reader can be properly undertaken, a regular apprenticeship to printing must have been worked out; accuracy, quickness of eye, and a thorough knowledge of punctuation and grammar, are not sufficient qualifications for a reader in a printing office; she must have practically learnt the technicalities of the trade. And I would urge a few educated women of a higher class to resolutely enter upon an apprenticeship for this purpose.

But for compositorship it is most desirable that girls should be apprenticed early in life, as they cannot earn enough to support themselves under three or four years, and should, therefore, commence learning the trade while living under their father's roof. Boys are always apprenticed early in life, at the age of fourteen; and if women are to be introduced into the mechanical arts, it must be under the same conditions. I can hardly lay enough stress upon this point; so convinced am I of its truth, that I now receive no new hands over eighteen years of age.

Many applications have been made to me to receive girls from the country; but the want of proper accommodation for lodging them under the necessary influence, has hitherto prevented me from accepting them, but I have now formed a plan for this purpose, and when I am assured of six girls from a distance, I shall be able to provide for their being safely lodged and cared for.

In conclusion, I will only attract your attention to the proof of our work; for, while I am unable to produce the numerous circulars, prospectuses, and reports of societies which have been accomplished and sent away during these six months in which we have been at

work, I can point to copies of the ENGLISH WOMAN'S JOURNAL, a monthly periodical now printed at the Victoria Press, and also to a volume printed for this Association, both of which can be obtained in the reception room, and which will, I think, be allowed to be sufficient proof of the fact that printing can be successfully undertaken by women.

EMILY FAITHFULL.

XIX.—FACTS AND SCRAPS.

THE SEWING-MACHINE IN AMERICA.

THE following particulars regarding the employment of the sewing-machine in the United States, and the effect it produces on domestic life there, have been communicated to us by an American lady. It appears to be much more largely used in families on the other side of the Atlantic than is yet the case among us :—

"Machinery as a substitute for hand labor, you are aware, for obvious reasons, always meets with opposition, more or less violent, when first introduced. This was the case in the United States with the sewing-machine. The opposition was more moderate, however, with us than it would probably be with you, where the avenues to employment are so crowded.

"Our country, you know, is the great field for enterprise and experiment; novelties are welcomed, and always meet with a fair trial. The restlessness peculiar to a new country, where people are not accustomed to move in long-established grooves, rendering it easy to turn from one mode of employment to another. The objection usually made, that these machines doing a week's work in a few hours, would throw many deserving women out of employment, it is my impression has not been confirmed. A few, no doubt, have suffered among the elderly, the infirm, or unenterprising, who could not, or would not, change their habits. Since the introduction of this invention, large establishments have grown up at the principal agencies in our great cities, where, in commodious apartments, the purchasers of machines are instructed in their use. An intelligent woman is at the head of such an establishment, and under her supervision the whole business goes on. In other apartments, numbers of women and girls are employed, some sewing upon the machines, others preparing the work, which is sent here by private families, by those who deal in ready-made linen, and by tailors, for whose work it is peculiarly adapted. It should be remembered by those who oppose the sewing machine, that women *must* be employed in their use. A great proportion of the work in every garment must be done by the hand, beside the necessary fitting and preparation.

"My own opinion is, that these machines are a Providential invention in behalf of our sex. Any one who has reflected upon the subject,—any one, indeed, who has read Hood's 'Song of the Shirt,'—must be thankful that there is growing up in the world a remedy for that terrible waste of labor, health, and eyesight, which the use of the needle has caused in woman.

"Another argument in their favor is, that they remove the burden of labor from the woman,—whose proper employment is the training of children, the charge of the aged, and the care of the household,—to the man. In the increased demand for machinery, and in the employment thus afforded to men, the income formerly supplied by the wife, mother, or sister, can be derived from the legitimate source, giving each their proper sphere, and sparing woman that expenditure of physical energy which Providence has not fitted her to endure.

"There are in the United States a dozen or twenty different patented machines, some of them very cheap, the most approved are the most expensive, and have the readiest sale. I have understood that at least a hundred thousand are sold in America in a year. When you reflect that the best sort cost from seventy-five dollars to one hundred and twenty, you may imagine the amount of capital invested in this manufacture.

"One of the modes by which women in the United States obtain a livelihood, is by going out to sew by the day in families. If they possess a good machine, they can find constant employment. The work is fitted and prepared for them previously, and in a day the work which it has required a good manager many days to prepare, can be passed through the machine.

"Families who own a machine, and wish to employ a person occasionally to work it, obtain a woman from the agency; her wages are a dollar and three-quarters a day. The wages of a woman who brings her own machine, are two dollars a day, with the cost of transporting it added. In both cases they are provided with their meals by their employers.

"Of course the woman who labors all day over a sewing-machine, works as hard as one who does it with the needle, but she will receive nearly as much in one day as she could make by her needle in a week, with this advantage, that her mind is not depressed by the weary consciousness that her labor is only advancing by the slow progress of inches.

"One of the results of the introduction of the sewing-machine with us is, the increased comfort and ease of persons in moderate circumstances. For a small sum a greater number of garments can be provided for a family; the mother has her press full of linen, which heretofore she has not had time to make, and could not afford to have made; the children are stocked with a plentiful supply of clothing at a small cost; the mother no longer feels bound to mend old clothes; she has increased rest, and the poor

profit by the cast off garments. Greater comfort is diffused through the family, greater cleanliness, and, consequently, increased means of health. The families of country clergymen with small salaries profit much by the use of these machines, which are always sold to them at a reduced price. I will venture to say that the consumption of our domestic manufactures has been increased by the use of this invention very much, and I doubt whether our people would willingly go back to the days of hard sewing, any more than they would endure to live in the costly twilight of lamps and candles after enjoying the brilliant blaze of gas."

ANTIOCH COLLEGE, OHIO.

We find in the *Home Journal* a pleasant account of a visit to Antioch College, by N. P. Willis, one of its editors.

"It is interesting to see the spacious buildings and towering cupola of the great College of the West where no sex is recognised in the intellect—men and women educated together and equally free to take degrees as 'Bachelors of Arts.' As we left the cars, at Yellow Springs, I looked on the tall structure of 'Antioch College,' near by, with no little curiosity. Yet it is perhaps the best tribute that I could pay to the success of the system—the finding that I have so little to record which would differ materially from a report of other institutions of learning. The largely published accounts of the recent commencement have probably so freshened the principles and progress of the College in the minds of our readers, that they need not here be referred to.

"Our first day in the neighborhood being a Sunday, we attended service in the College chapel, and thus had an opportunity of seeing the students together. The sermon turned out to be a most earnest and large-thoughted exhortation to the duties of Christian friendship and charity; and pronounced as it was by a man of most Apostolic character of face—the very type of humility and wisdom,—it was to such an audience most suggestive. I learned, afterwards, that Dr. Hill had first delivered this beautiful discourse as one of the 'Lowell Lectures' at Cambridge; he resided then at Waltham, Massachusetts, whence he was called to his present very arduous and critically responsible office, at the death of Horace Mann. The friends of the College, I found, are rejoicing very much in having thus secured to its service one of the fittest men *for the moulding and influencing of personal character* as well as one of the leading intellects of New England; and it certainly seemed to me no slight advantage, for such an institution, that its president was one in whose mere countenance there was so winning and elevating a lesson of the presence and look of goodness.

"Our visit being to friends residing in the neighborhood, conversation turned naturally upon the social habits and standards of the College, and we learned much in favor of the educational

amalgam. The influence of each sex upon the manners and habits of the other is found to be refining, as well as stimulative of the higher ambitions; though, naturally, the effect is stronger upon the older than upon the younger students. No restraint, beyond that of absolute propriety, is put upon their intercourse. The recitations and lectures are of course in common; but so also are the meals,—the refectory being arranged with small tables, at which they form their own parties of four or six, eating and conversing together with the freedom of acquaintances at a restaurant. Out of study hours they associate as they please, often forming picnics and finding amusement in the beautiful scenery of the neighborhood and mingling much with the society around. Preferences and attachments are inevitable, of course; but these, honorably pursued, are not discouraged or interfered with; and, though undergraduate marriages are not common (particularly while the lady is a 'Freshman'), one instance, I understood, had occurred of husband and wife taking their degrees as 'Bachelors of Arts' at the same commencement. One couple of 'best scholars,' who had become attached while 'Seniors,' and married after graduating, returned to the College to become each a professor. It should be mentioned, perhaps, that the gentle sex has one especial officer—a 'matron,' who regulates personal habits by presiding over the 'dormitory,' or separate college building where the female students lodge,—and that the present incumbent of this office, Mrs. Paine, a New England matron, is exercising a marked influence on the College by her singular efficiency and good judgment. The great purpose,—*to give the mothers of the West a liberal education*,—is thus prevented from having the possible drawback of 'scholarly slovenliness.'

"The well-known fact that this is the *cheapest* place of education in the world suggests its advantages, as within reach, to a class humbler in life, but with its share of noble natures; and, among these last mentioned, I should certainly number one young woman who is at present successfully pursuing her studies at the College, but who came there without means, and soon found a way to support herself by hiring as cook to a family in the neighborhood. There is a Spartan quality in this, which tells well as an incident at the '*Alma Mater*' of a new country! I heard, however, of one rather droll instance of pioneer adaptability—a clergyman 'out West' having written to the Faculty to say that he had quite a family of boys and girls whom he should like to have educated, and wishing to know 'whether he couldn't get a job of preaching round there to pay their expenses.'"

A PROFESSIONAL SILVER WEDDING.

Dr. Harriot K. Hunt, of Boston, on the 27th of June, celebrated her professional "silver wedding," that is, the twenty-fifth anniversary of the date when she commenced the practice of medicine. Her

house was ornamented with flowers, evergreens, pictures, and statues, with appropriate mottoes, on every spot. Her bedchamber—furnished with the same old chairs, couch, bed, even to the sheets and pillowcases, as at the period of her birth—was adorned with appropriate emblems and mottoes. One small room was sacred to her friends in the spirit land—and portraits, wreaths, or vases of flowers, pressed leaves of grasses, and mottoes with affectionate sentiments, told the story of loving remembrance. A ring of gold was presented from the managers of the Hospital for Women and Children. In the evening there was tea, dancing, and reading of correspondence. Miss Harriet Hosmer, the sculptor, was present.

AN INDIAN ENVOY TO ENGLAND.

We read in the *New York Courier* for the month of May—"A few days since, a lone daughter of the forest, Nah-nee-bahwe-qua, which in English means an upright woman, highly gifted by nature and improved by a liberal education, arrived here on her way to England, on a mission to the Queen of Great Britain, to appear in person before Her Majesty, and state the sufferings of her people. Her people are the Ojibwas, residing within the boundaries of the province of Upper Canada; they number about one thousand souls, and occupy three little villages. Their home is at Owen's Sound, on the northern shore of Lake Huron. These people have embraced Christianity, have become civilized, have devoted their lives to labor, have good farms well cultivated, good houses and pleasant homes. These pleasant homes are about being taken from them by the ruthless hand of power, and these poor Ojibwas are to be driven into the wilderness, upon a barren waste, to suffer, to starve, to die. Nah-nee-bahwe-qua, on Sabbath last, attended Friends' meeting, and there offered up a fervent prayer, after which she addressed the meeting, and the recital of the sufferings of her people brought tears in the eyes of Friends. She is a member of the Methodist Church, and has with her the credentials of her membership and good standing, together with a letter of authority, signed by the chiefs of her nation, to appear as their representative to the Queen. It is to be hoped that the Society of Friends in England will interest themselves with the Queen in behalf of the suffering Ojibwas."

We quote from *The Friend*, a Quaker newspaper, the following particulars:—"That she is the wife of William Sutton, of Owen Sound, Upper Canada, an Englishman; that she is herself a full-blood Indian, of the Ojibway tribe, who inhabit the shores of Lake Huron, the niece and adopted daughter of the late Peter Jones, the converted Indian chief, who was so eminently useful as a missionary, and who visited this country about twenty years since. Bearing with her 'the vellum of her pedigree, a tawny skin,' of pleasing aspect, and most gentle manners, refined by Christianity, and gifted with the simple eloquence of nature, she was chosen at a general Indian council,

held last summer, to make known to the Government and to the Queen the hard case of the poor Indian.

"Alone and unfriended, this heroic woman left her husband and five children, her forest home still bound up in ice and snow, resigning herself to encounter unknown difficulties and perils, to prevent, if possible, the extinction of the few scattered remnants of a noble race of people. Her faith in God and her righteous cause have raised her up friends from place to place, and at length enabled her to reach the presence of 'The Great Mother,' and to spread before their Sovereign the loyal and touching appeal of her chiefs and people, beseeching her, as their last resource, to interpose for their help, so that they may not be driven from their homes, their farms, and cultivated lands, by the cupidity of the white man.

"The Memorial which she presented to the Duke of Newcastle clearly illustrates her case; and shows that, according to existing laws and usages the lands of the Indians are held by tribal, and not by individual tenure; so that if the chiefs and a few of the people can be gained over, by whatever means, the whole of the lands reserved as a home for their tribe may be taken from under the feet, even of those who do not consent. This, in many instances, has actually taken place; and as the Indians are, in law, held to be '*minors*' (the law for their enfranchisement being practically inoperative), they have no power of action. Thus, when, to save themselves, they purchased their own lots, at the sale of Indian lands, their money was refused, and it was stated that 'those lots could not be sold to Indians.'

A private letter states that friends in England who took a vivid interest in Nah-nee-bahwe-qua, had had interviews first with the Duke of Newcastle, and through him with the Queen; both satisfactory, although we do not yet know what will be the result; and since then they have also seen General Bruce, who as well as the Duke of Newcastle is going to Canada with the Prince of Wales. We can but hope all this will be availing, but it is difficult to meet the hand of power. The Goverment in this country is well disposed, but it is to be feared that the Colonial Goverment is sufficiently independent to act in this case without control. However, we hope much from the interest the Queen has taken in the affair.

XX.—NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Lucile. By Owen Meredith. Chapman and Hall.

If it be necessary in these railroad days to apologize for reviewing a book which is already six months old, or rather, let us say, to apologize for *not* having reviewed it before, a writer in this Journal might fitly allege that its province is not merely to review current literature as such;—and that a thoughtful poem which it must in-

deed have taken many months to write, may well be allowed also many months in which to circulate, receiving its tribute of ordinary praise and criticism from the press, and its measure of discussion from the mouths of numerous readers, before those who study it with a *special* interest and curiosity like ours, ask what effect it is likely to produce:—

Lucile is a romance in verse;—a rapid passionate story, which ends far more seriously than it begins, a compromise between a French novel and Evangeline, or Aurora Leigh. The double element is most curious;—the world of wealth and fashion and sentiment touching on what people are now wont to call "the problems of the age";—though we suspect they have been very much the problems of every age; only we in England in this nineteenth century are apt to consider that we possess a monoply of the "earnestness" of the last two thousand years; Owen Meredith touches whimsically enough on this very topic in the following lines; yet he hardly does himself and his aims justice; for he becomes very serious and even philanthropic in the latter half of his poem.

> And the erudite ladies who take, now and then,
> Tea and toast, with æsthetics, precisely at ten,
> Have avouch'd that my song is not earnest because
> Model schools, lodging-houses for paupers, poor laws,
> The progress of woman, the great working classes,
> All the age is concern'd in, unnoticed it passes.
> And Miss Tilburina, who sings, and not badly
> My earlier verses, sighs "Commonplace sadly!"
> Tell them, tell them, my song is as old as 'tis new,
> And aver that 'tis earnest because it is true.
> Strip from Fashion the garment she wears: what remains
> But the old human heart, with its joys and its pains?

Owen Meredith, in the latter half of his poem is, with or without his own consent, "brought to book" upon the serious and prosy questions he disclaims. How, indeed, shall he redeem his hero, in these latter days, without giving him a tinge of the philanthropic dye? And one of the finest and most forcible passages in the work is that wherein is described the many-acred and long-descended country gentleman plodding out the sunshiny months on wearisome parliamentary committees; uncheered by interest, for he takes none in their doings; untempted by ambition, for he desires no peerage; unstimulated by ambition, for his common sense assures him he has no genius for politics. Yet contentedly leaving his country sports, his simple home pleasures, his dignity of the great man of his district, to merge himself in a crowd where he counts only as "a vote," simply because it is his *duty* to represent his county.

The plot of Lucile is laid in the highest realms of fashion. A duke, and a lord, and a countess are the prominent *dramatis personæ*. The scene is laid firstly in the Pyrenees, at the small towns where idlers resort for the air and the water; secondly, at Ems; thirdly, before Sebastopol. The story is painful in its insight, in its intensity, and in the continuous tension of the deepest feelings from first to last;

fortunately for the actors it is spread over the space of some years. The reader is apt sometimes to gasp for air and sunlight and the common meed of common days. Such life, such love, such grief, would surely wear this mortal frame away, was what we thought in reading Lucile. We learn from a retrospective conversation that the young Comtesse de Nevers, half French and half East Indian by birth, had been betrothed when quite a girl to Lord Alfred Vargrave, the younger son of an English noble house. But she is too fond and he too fickle, and they part thus:—

Oh, the tale is soon spoken.
She bored me. I show'd it. She saw it. What next?
She reproach'd. I retorted. Of course she was vex'd.
I was vex'd that she was so. She sulk'd. So did I.
If I ask'd her to sing, she look'd ready to cry.
I was contrite, submissive. She soften'd. I harden'd.
At noon I was banish'd. At eve I was pardon'd.
She said I had no heart. I said she had no reason.
I swore she talk'd nonsense. She sobb'd I talk'd treason.
In short, my dear fellow, 'twas time, as you see,
Things should come to a crisis, and finish. 'Twas she
By whom to that crisis the matter was brought.
She released me. I linger'd. I linger'd, she thought,
With too sullen an aspect. This gave me, of course,
The occasion to fly in a rage, mount my horse,
And declare myself uncomprehended. And so
We parted. The rest of the story you know.

COUSIN JOHN.

No, indeed.

LORD ALFRED.

Well, we parted. Of course we could not
Continue to meet, as before, in one spot.
You conceive it was awkward? Even Don Ferdinando
Can do, you remember, no more than he can do.
I think that I acted exceedingly well,
Considering the time when this rupture befel,
For Paris was charming just then. I deranged
All my plans for the winter. I ask'd to be changed—
Wrote for Naples, then vacant—obtain'd it—and so
Join'd my new post at once; but scarce reach'd it—when lo!
My first news from Paris informs me Lucile
Is ill, and in danger. Conceive what I feel.
I fly back. I find her recover'd, but yet
Looking pale. I am seized with a contrite regret.
I ask to renew the engagement.

COUSIN JOHN.

And she?

LORD ALFRED.

Reflects, but declines. We part, swearing to be
Friends ever, friends only. All that sort of thing!
We each keep our letters. . . . a portrait . . . a ring . . .
With a pledge to return them whenever the one
Or the other shall call for them back.

Ten years later, Lord Alfred is on the verge of marriage with Matilda Darcy, when Lucile hearing of his engagement by chance, desires to restore to him these letters, and to receive from him a

similar packet. He rides over to the village where she is staying, and finds that what he once despised has become the most charming and delightful of unattainable treasures. The passionate undisciplined girl, who loved him too much to retain him, has become the self-possessed and fascinating woman, who loves him still. So much he discovers ere they part; and he offers to throw over Miss Darcy, and to fling himself once more at the feet of Lucile; but, to his amazement, she rejects him, and bids him fulfil his engagement. Yet, we are led to suppose, he would have persevered and won her, but for the machinations of the bad duke, a disappointed lover of Lucile's. Lord Alfred is separated from Lucile by *a look*. It is curious that this is the second novel of this year in which the plot hinges on a look. In Hawthorn's "Transformation," the murder on the Tarpeian Rock is represented as born in Miriam's eyes ere it is realized by her lover Donatello's hands. Let human feeling only be sufficiently acute to perceive, and it is no fiction that one glance may turn the current of a life.

We give a long extract describing Lucile at the moment when Lord Alfred renews the intercourse between them. She is supposed to be nearer thirty than twenty years of age. The bitter trial of her youth has left her what the poet thus paints in vigorous and beautiful verse :—

> Lucile de Nevers (if her riddle I read)
> Was a woman of genius: not genius, indeed,
> In the abstract, nor yet in the abstract mere woman:
> But THE WOMAN OF GENIUS, essentially human,
> Yet for ever at war with her own human nature;
> The genius, now fused in the woman, gave stature
> And strength to her sex; now the woman, at war
> With the genius, impeded its flight to the star.
> As it is with all genius, the essence and soul
> Of her nature was truth. When she sought to control,
> Or to stifle, or palter in aught with that truth,
> 'Twas when life seem'd to grant it no issues.
>
> Her youth
> One occasion had known, when, if fused in another,
> That tumult of soul, which she now sought to smother,
> Finding scope within man's larger life, and controll'd
> By man's clearer judgment perchance might have roll'd
> Into channels enriching the troubled existence
> Which it now only vex'd with an inward resistance.
> But that chance fell too soon, when the crude sense of power
> Which had been to her nature so fatal a dower,
> Was too fierce and unfashion'd to fuse itself yet
> In the life of another, and served but to fret
> And to startle the man it yet haunted and thrall'd;
> And that moment, once lost, had been never recall'd.
> But it left her heart sore; and to shelter her heart
> From approach, she then sought, in that delicate art
> Of concealment, those thousand adroit strategies
> Of feminine wit, which repel while they please,
> A weapon, at once, and a shield, to conceal
> And defend all that woman can earnestly feel.

Thus, striving her instincts to hide and repress,
She felt frighten'd at times by her very success;
She pined for the hill-tops, the clouds, and the stars:
Golden wires may annoy us as much as steel bars
If they keep us behind prison-windows: impassion'd
Her heart rose and burst the light cage she had fashion'd
Out of glittering trifles around it, unfurl'd
Wings of desolate flight, and soar'd up from the world.
In this dual identity possibly lay
The secret and charm of her singular sway
Over men of the world. 'Twas the genius, all warm
With the woman, that gave to the woman a charm
Indescribably strange; there appear'd in her life
A puzzle, a mystery—something at strife
With such men, which yet thrall'd and enchain'd them in part,
And, perplexing the fancy, still haunted the heart.
That intensity, earnestness, depth, or veracity,
Which starward impell'd her with such pertinacity
As turns to the loadstar the needle, reflected
Itself upon others: she therefore affected,
Unconsciously, those amongst whom she was thrown,
As the magnet the metals it neighbors.
Unknown
To herself, all her instincts, without hesitation,
Embraced the idea of self-immolation.
Unlike man's stern intellect, which, while it stands
Aloof from the minds that it sways and commands
By a power wrench'd from labor, sublimely compels
All around and beneath the high sphere where it dwells
To its fix'd and imperial purpose; in her
The soft spirit of woman that seeks to confer
Its sweet self on the loved, had her life but been blended
With some man's whose heart had her own comprehended,
All its wealth at his feet would have lavishly thrown.
For him she had then been ambitious alone:
For him had aspired; in him had transfused
All the gladness and grace of her nature; and used
For him only the spells of its delicate power:
Like the ministering fairy that brings from her bower
To some mage all the treasures, whose use the fond elf,
More enrich'd by her love, disregards for herself.
But standing apart, as she ever had done,
And her genius, which needed a vent, finding none
In the broad fields of action thrown wide to man's power,
She unconsciously made it her bulwark and tower,
And built in it her refuge, whence lightly she hurl'd
Her contempt at the fashions and forms of the world.

And, indeed, her chief fault was this unconscious scorn
Of the world, to whose usages woman is born.
Not the WORLD, where that word implies all human nature,
The Creator's great gift to the needs of the creature:
That large heart, with its sorrow to solace, its care
To assuage, and its grand aspirations to share:
But the world, with encroachments that chafe and perplex,
With its men against man, and its sex against sex.
"*Ah, what will the world say?*" with her was a query
Never utter'd, or utter'd alone with a dreary
Rejection in thought of the answer before

It was heard: hence the thing which she sought to ignore
And escape from in thought, she encounter'd in act
By the blindness with which she opposed it.
In fact,
Had Lucile found in life that communion which links
All that woman but dreams, feels, conceives of, and thinks,
With what man acts and is,—concentrating the strength
Of her genius within her affections, at length
Finding woman's full use through man's life, by man's skill
Readapted to forms fix'd for life, the strong will
And high heart which the world's creeds now recklessly braved,
From the world's crimes the man of the world would have saved;
Reconciled, as it were, the divine with the human,
And, exalting the man, have completed the woman.

But the permanent cause why she now miss'd and fail'd
That firm hold upon life she so keenly assail'd,
Was, in all those diurnal occasions that place
The world and the woman opposed face to face,
Where the woman must yield, she, refusing to stir,
Offended the world, which in turn wounded her.

For the world is a nettle; disturb it, it stings:
Grasp it firmly, it stings not. On one of two things,
If you would not be stung, it behoves you to settle:
Avoid it, or crush it. She crush'd not the nettle;
For she could not; nor would she avoid it: she tried
With the weak hand of woman to thrust it aside,
And it stung her. A woman is too slight a thing
To trample the world without feeling its sting.

Such is the woman whose life is a second time made desolate. She returns to India, "once more to the palm and the fountain," and there lingers for three years, at the end of which time the scene of the romance again unfolds at Ems, where all the actors are gathered upon the scene. Lord Alfred is there with his beautiful English wife.

Love, roaming, shall meet
But rarely a nature more sound or more sweet,
Eyes brighter, brows whiter, a figure more fair,
Or lovelier lengths of more radiant hair,
Than thine, Lady Alfred!

Yet she does not satisfy the needs of his heart.

Lord Alfred missed something he sought for; indeed,
The more that he missed it, the greater the need;
Till it seemed to himself he could willingly spare
All the charms that he found for the one charm not there.

And so it comes to pass, that he yearns more and more to Lucile, whom he meets at *roulette*.

Ah, well that pale woman a phantom might seem,
Who appeared to herself but the dream of a dream!

* * * * * * * * * *

The brief morn of beauty was passing away,
And the chill of the twilight fell, silent and grey,
O'er that deep, self-perceived isolation of soul,
And now, as all round her the dim evening stole,

With its weird desolations, she inwardly grieved
For the want of that tender assurance received
From the warmth of a whisper, the glance of an eye,
Which should say, or should look, 'Fear thou nought—*I* am by.'"

All this while the "bad duke," bitterly smarting from his rejection by Lucile three years before, revenges himself on Lord Alfred by flirting with Matilda. We have thus an entanglement growing thicker and thicker every day, till it is cut through by the sweet and noble decision of Lucile, who takes advantage of her power to unite the husband and wife, and to convert the bad duke; disappearing herself into a mysterious obscurity, whence she emerges before Sebastopol in the garb of a Sister of Charity.

The poem is written in light lively verse, which often rises into the sublime. There is an ease and vigor about it which reminds one often of Byron. Owen Meredith sports with his language, and constrains it to do his bidding. Yet hear his confession; *English* is not his favorite tongue:—

But the language of languages dearest to me
Is that in which once, *O ma toute chérie*,
When, together, we bent o'er your nosegay for hours,
You explain'd what was silently said by the flowers,
And, selecting the sweetest of all, sent a flame
Through my heart, as, in laughing, you murmur'd *je t'aime*.
* * * * * * * * * * *
But, by Belus and Babel! I never have heard,
And I never shall hear (I well know it), one word
Of that delicate idiom of Paris without
Feeling morally sure, beyond question or doubt,
By the wild way in which my heart inwardly flutter'd,
That my heart's native tongue to my heart had been utter'd."

Scarsdale; or, Life on the Lancashire and Yorkshire Border Thirty Years Ago. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

We do not intend to draw attention to this work as a first-rate novel. It has no happily constructed and deeply interesting plot such as a Wilkie Collins invents for the allurement of his readers, and its digressions into regions unfrequented by writers of fiction are numerous and lengthy. Nevertheless it is to these very digressions that we would chiefly direct our readers. The novel has become the vehicle for popular instruction to such an extent in these days, that it is excusable for even the grave philosopher to inculcate his principles by its means. We are not sure that it is as expedient and profitable as it is excusable, nor that it is so easy as is supposed. There is some danger of the non-amalgamation of the different materials. And even if they do amalgamate, there is the still greater danger of their failing to accommodate the taste of those for whom they are written. The novel reader prefers his entertainment unmixed with instruction, and those who really desire the instruction generally seek it in its more direct form. While there is a good deal to be said against novels with a philosophical and moral pur-

pose, there is also this to be said for them, that they often influence and rouse a portion of the public not otherwise to be got at, and attract their attention to matters which can only be pursued by graver study. The title of one of the chapters in the interesting and truly instructive book to which these remarks apply will serve to show the class of subjects to which it is devoted: "Scenes in Travel, with Conversations on Social Polity," forming the second chapter of the second volume of the orthodox three, when the plot should be at its thickest and the narrative at its highest point of interest, will no doubt tempt many a reader to skip; but it furnishes the following extracts on subjects of the widest and deepest importance, and which cannot fail to interest the thoughtful and the earnest.

Brotherhoods.

They had spent the day in a monastery.

"I have no sympathy," said Malvoisin, "with asceticism. It is an eastern doctrine, requiring an Asiatic instinct. The penitence of the unmixed races of the western world seeks something beyond fruitless fasts, vigils, maceration, and seclusion."

There are orders in the Latin Church not purely ascetic. All engaged in some act of the imitation of Christ: in ministering to the sick; in rescuing the helpless and forlorn; in raising the fallen by penitence to a regenerate life; in the care of the young.

"These last two emerge from the palliative charity which assuages suffering, to the remedial or reconstructive power which creates a new life."

"You have exactly expressed my thought," said Malvoisin. "Both the Eastern and Western Churches have rested too much in the palliative charity. The revival of letters has indeed owed much to the Latin Church and the restoration of the Greek philosophy and poetry, and of the history of the arts, civilization, law, and polity of Greece and Rome, is a mighty gift to mankind, the benefits of which have long ago, in some degree, reached even the vulgar and unlettered."

"But I understand you to refer to all those acts of a constructive Christian charity which directly tend to better the moral and physical state of the mass of mankind."

"Yes; and in this respect even Latin Christianity has not kept pace with the advance of civilization. The revival of letters brought no boon capable of immediate communication to the vulgar. But the discoveries of physical science render the illumination of the people inevitable, and this ought to be the work of a people and laity as well read in the book of nature as in that of revelation."

"The education of the clergy is still too generally limited to ecclesiastical learning, and, in the Romish Church conducted in separate seminaries. The clergy should be the best educated citizens, even in a civil sense, as well as the best examples of a Christian life."

"Such an education would prevent the revival of the conflict between philosophy and religion which took place at the close of the last century. Masters of colleges and bishops should be Christian philosophers; the clergy then would be engaged in the work of teaching the eternity of law and order in nature, as well as the revelation of the spiritual destiny of man in the region of faith." . . .

"The Latin Churches should create a new order. They should call the *Order of the Brothers of Goodwill.* This order should be charged with the reconciliation of religion and philosophy—of liberty with equality—of democracy with law and order. Obviously one of its first duties would be the

training of children and youth of the middling and lower classes. Not second to this would be the dissemination of sound economical principles; but also the tempering of the abstract in these principles, not merely by a sentimental and palliative charity, but by struggling with statesmen and governments, of minorities, and to mitigate the crushing effects of those vast operations of capital, which, like natural storms, desolate while they renovate."

"A large part, however, of what you describe has no necessary connexion with an ecclesiastical system."

"No; but if the clergy were really Christian philosophers this would be their function in this century, and your discernment that others are as fit or more capable of discharging it is a proof that their education has been too limited. I would have the order *secular;* but I would endeavor to embrace the ministers of every communion in its ranks.''

A Frenchman on Democracy in France and England.

"The French Revolution has destroyed feudalism, and disseminated the idea of equality over two-thirds of Europe. Constitutional liberty is of much slower growth. A century of struggles will perhaps enable it to take root. The chief danger arises from the condition of the working classes. A democracy is at present impossible. It will at once pass through anarchy to a military tyranny. The middle classes, except in Holland and England, have not been trained in self-government. Aristocracy has too generally been bigoted, selfish, and possessed by effete traditions; and it has been robbed of power and possessions which it had misused. Time only can correct these evils, and produce that balance of constitutional powers, without which there is no freedom such as you possess in England."

"But we also are on the verge of social changes leading to some introduction of democratic power."

"You will make, as education advances, successive democratic changes; and if they do not exceed the capacity of the working class for government, each change will be succeeded by salutary improvements. *If you make such a change every thirty years, and in each interval bend all the powers of the State to raise the condition of the classes supported by manual labor, your constitutional government will be strengthened at the end of the century.*"

Still more noteworthy are the pictures of "Life on the Lancashire and Yorkshire Borders Thirty Years Ago." They are taken from one end of the social scale to the other, and are pervaded by a reality seldom equalled. The scenes from humble life are particularly remarkable for their fidelity and for their beauty and pathos. The rising of the north country weavers consequent on the introduction of the power-loom, furnishes the crisis of the tale. One poor fellow has been wounded at the attack of a mill, and is raving in his delirium of the wrong he has done to his sweetheart by forcing her into a private and illegal marriage. "Who ar't tha?" he says, as the Doctor approaches him. "Art' t' parson? Banns is a reet. Art' t' parson? Art' coom to wed us?" He turned his head to the other side of the bed with a placid smile. "Here hoo is. Here's Nancy, bonny wench. Wed us an' oill dee." The tears streamed down his cheeks. He sobbed bitterly. Wrung his hands again, but more gently, and in a lower, gentler tone, said, "Or'm a big blackguard—a big—big—blackguard. Such a pretty wench—such a good wench! Nancy, wench, coom an' wed me, an oill dee." Nancy is fetched to her wounded lover and husband, and Barnabas, a poor conventicle preacher, and one of the finest characters in the book, undertakes to bring the vicar to the little wayside

tavern for the comfort of the unhappy pair. The good vicar obeys the summons, and is soon standing by the bed of his penitent.

"Thou hast a sense of wrong on thy conscience, Robert, and it is the privilege and duty of the ministers of God's Word to help true penitents with counsel, and to pray with them for the aid of the 'Power from on high.'"

"Oi'm fain, your worship, to year yo spake so koindly to a poor lad. Oi'd raythe dee nur wrang Nancy; an' hoo's welly brokken hearted-as we're noan gradely wed."

"She has told me your story; you were led away more and more from home, your father and mother, and your quiet work at the loom, by these foot races."

"True as gospel, yore worship; but for Nancy an' Barnabas, oi 'st a gooan o wrang. Oi wur made Cock o' Rossendale; an' nowt ud fit t' wavers o' Whitworth an' Ratchda; bur I mun sit in a cheer loike a king, wi' a creawn on my yead, in t' Gad-about io th' Gank nigh th' church steps, woile tey danced an' sang an' made o' mack o' marlocks, till I wur fair drunk."

"Thou hadst been more or less overtaken in drink before, Robert."

"Oi winnot deny it. An' Nancy, good wench, took it mich to heart. Oi towd her if hoo'd wed me reet on end, oi'd tak' teatotal pledge, and never run again."

"But why did you grieve her by being married by Parson Golightly?"

"Oh, Lord forgie me for a fawse sinner as oi' wur. Afore hoo fun me in t' Gadabout i' th' Gank drunk as a king, oi'd gone my own gate, and gien notice an' o that ut we moit be wed by Golightly."

"Had you told Nancy of this?"

"Not oi; oi wur o wrang unsattled loike; oi lost my yead, wur as wilfu' as a young cowlt; an' oi wur fur maying her wed me willy nilly."

"Seest thou not, poor lad, what snares the devil had laid for thy soul?"

"Nancy made it o' as clear as dayleet to me, bur I wur in a fearfu' state wi drink, so oi towd her oi'd run me country if hoo'd noan be wed by Golightly. Hoo'd be wed no wheer bur i' th' church, and by parson Hollingsworth; but hoo were as gentle as a doo, an' oi wur as hard as a millstone. So hoo towd me, if oi'd tak' t' pledge, and gie up t' race running, an' wed her gradely at after, hoo'd be moi woife i' moi wilfu' fashion."

"Didst thou force her conscience to yield this to thee?"

"Oi wur mad wi love o' Nancy, an' wi' nobbut headstrong selfishness oi did—an' may God in his marcy forgie me."

"Amen," said the vicar, solemnly. "Nancy has told me that you were married by Parson Golightly, and here is a copy of the certificate; but it is irregular, neither banns nor licence were obtained."

"Are we gradely mon and woife, parson?"

"Yes, if not by man's law, yet in the eye of God you are man and wife; but in thy headstrong haste thou hast done a wrong to thy pretty wife, Robert, which if thou wouldst have her happy, I counsel thee to repair."

"O but oi'n scarce slept sin oi fun how Nancy took it. Hoo thowt hoo'd gien her soul to th' now't for me. We'n had t' banns read twice, parson, and we wur fur to be wed o' Monday next, when oi leet o' this misfortune."

"Dost thou repent thee then of this violence to thy loving wife?"

"Wi' o me heart oi repent."

"Dost thou desire to make her amends by thy kindness all thy life?"

"Oi'd dee for her, parson, an' oi'll do owt as a mon con do to content her."

"If you are of that mind we will have your wife here, and I will make known to all what you have concealed, that you are man and wife, but that you seek more fully the sanction of the Holy Church to your marriage vows."

So saying, the vicar walked to the head of the stairs, and calling Nancy, led her into the room, saying,—

"Here, Robert, I bring thy wife to thee, wedded to thee, perhaps even by man's law, but surely wedded in the eye of God which saw the contract; wedded also to thee in heart, to be the mother of thy children, but with a tender conscience that would have the blessing of the Church to this wedlock, and would again speak its vows in the words made sacred by saintly sanction and long usage."

The vicar joined their hands together, and holding them locked in his own, he lifted his right hand and said,—

"Robert and Nancy, ye are man and wife. Whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder, but in obedience to the ordinances of the Holy Church, for the relief of your oppressed consciences, and to give a more solemn sanction to your marriage vows, you promise before God, in whose presence you stand, that, as soon as maybe, you will be again married in the Church in which your banns have been published. So help you God in your utmost need! What sayst thou, Robert?"

"Oi promise fro' t' bottom o' my heart."

"Oi promise," said Nancy, falling on her husband's neck, and kissing him with a gentle, loving earnestness.

After a pause of a few minutes, during which the vicar paced about the chamber, he summoned all the family into the room.

When they were assembled, the vicar, standing at the bedside, and holding on either side the hand of Robert and Nancy, said:—

"My brethren and sisters, in my office of minister of Christ's Holy Gospel, Nancy and Robert have told me, what they have withheld from their neighbours, that they are man and wife. They are so wedded, perhaps, by man's law, certainly in the eye of God. Let no man put them asunder. But they desire also to be married again in the Church, and I purpose, therefore, God willing, myself to marry them in Assheton Church next week, and to ask the blessing of Heaven on this act of conscience."

The vicar then sank on his knees, and silently prayed, as did all present. Rising presently he shook all by the hands, and left the tavern with Oliver without speaking another word.

This passage speaks for itself; it is one among many such contained in these volumes, depicting with the truth of nature the incidents, joyous as well as sorrowful, of humble life. We have indicated two very different phases of life and thought presented to us in Scarsdale, and it affords others as deeply interesting, and as widely diversified; indeed, it is the chief blemish of the book, as a novel, that it both attempts and fulfils too much, has too many characters, too many incidents, and too many interests, has, in short absorbed the materials of several novels, and also of a treatise on Social Science.

XXI.—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,

As I understand that your Journal penetrates as far as New Zealand, I take advantage of it to offer a few observations in reply to an article in a New Zealand newspaper, reproaching the Society for Promoting the Employment of Women, for seeking to enlarge the sphere of female occupations in

England, instead of sending more women out to the colonies, where, and especially in New Zealand, they are much wanted. I quite agree that to do this comes within the scope of the Society, but the writer of the article must remember, that the information received on the subject of the want of women in the colonies, is most uncertain and contradictory; sometimes it is stated that the utmost inconvenience is occasioned by the scarcity of women; then again it is said that the seaport towns are overcrowded with them, and that they wander about unable to get work and exposed to the greatest privations.

Under these circumstances I am sure no one can blame us, if we hesitate to send out women, until some definite arrangement for providing for them on their arrival has been made.

If a committee of ladies and gentlemen (containing in the list the names of some well-known persons, clergymen, &c.) would form themselves, in any seaport town of New Zealand, and positively guarantee that the women we send out shall be respectably and comfortably maintained till they are disposed of either in marriage or by finding situations, I have little doubt that the Committee of the Society for Promoting the Employment of Women would willingly send out a dozen or so as an experiment, and if it answered would increase the number afterwards.

I fear, however, that the exact description of persons required in the colonies will not be among those sent, if, at least, it is true, that the demand is for strong healthy maid servants, able and willing to do a great deal of hard rough work.

These seldom, if ever, apply at our office, as there is a demand for them in England, and they are able to find work for themselves.

The applicants are either maidservants whose health will no longer enable them to do hard work, and who therefore seek some less laborious employment than service, or else they are women of altogether a different class, tradesmen's daughters and others belonging to the middle ranks, whose fathers have been ruined, or have died and left them unprovided for.

If persons of this description are required in New Zealand, and a committee will undertake to provide for them on their arrival, I have as I said, little doubt that the Society for Promoting the Employment of Women would gladly send a few as an experiment; but if the colonists will pay the passage of these women, then there can be no doubt at all that the Society will gladly collect and send them. A want of funds might otherwise prove an impediment to any exertions in that direction, as the engagements into which the Society has already entered fully consume its income.

The women thus sent would be useful as nursery governesses, saleswomen, and in any other employments that require but little education and strength. As I am in no way authorized to act for the Society, I have of course no right, or power to pledge it to any course of action; still I may venture to state my personal conviction that if such a committee were formed in New Zealand, and would send the necessary funds, it would meet with ready co-operation from the Society in England.

I am, Madam,
Yours faithfully,

ONE OF THE COMMITTEE OF THE SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING THE EMPLOYMENT OF WOMEN.

To the Editor of the English Woman's Journal.

MADAM,

I was interested in reading a letter from "C. D.," which appeared in the August number of your Journal. I hope that the subject of insanity among females will receive the attention in your pages which it certainly deserves. It is one on which very little is known by the public at large. The number

of insane women in the kingdom, their rank in life, their previous occupations, and the treatment they receive whether in public or private asylums, are all questions of the greatest moment.

Can any of your correspondents inform me of the plan pursued in foreign asylums? Are the female insane in any case tended by Sisters of Charity? Do they share in this respect in the privileges of those who are suffering from physical maladies? If so, what is the proportion of cures among such patients? Again, can you tell me whether insanity among women is more rife in England than in France?—and what is the proportion compared with America? Are married or single women most liable to the inroads of this terrible affliction?—and between what ages is it more to be feared.

I observe that your correspondent says that many, *from utter ignorance of the laws of health*, have sunk from a state of ordinary weakness to one of incurable debility and fatuity. We might, therefore, hope much from the extensive diffusion of sanitary knowledge, say radical improvement in the state of a neighborhood, or the habits of a class might be supposed to diminish the number of the insane.

She also observes, that the Commissioners in Lunacy might be inclined to license houses for the care of females to women, provided those of superior intelligence and character presented themselves; and that such women might pass through an examination as to intellectual and moral fitness for becoming proprietors of asylums for their own sex, provided they had first received some suitable training. How are women to be trained for managing insane patients? Is there any plan now existing in our chief public asylums by which educated ladies can acquire the necessary experience?

I am asking numerous questions, but I doubt not that some of your correspondents will supply me with answers, and that the whole subject will receive a thorough ventilation.

I remain, Madam,

York, Sept. 21, 1860. Yours truly, Z.

XXII.—PASSING EVENTS.

GARIBALDI's entrance into Naples on the 8th September has been followed by uninterrupted success. General Lamoriciere has sustained a severe defeat at Ancona, which is besieged by the Sardinians, who have now openly declared for Garibaldi—a Sardinian army of fifty thousand men in the Papal states, and the surrender of two cities to a Sardinian general being the tangible proofs of co-operation; though Garibaldi is said to be much prejudiced against Count Cavour.

The Prince of Wales is now in Upper Canada. On the 25th of August he was engaged in by far the most inportant transaction of his visit: hammering the finishing rivet of the stupendous iron tubular bridge erected by the Grand Trunk Railway Company over the river St. Lawrence. This bridge is two miles long. A splendid bronze medal, with appropriate devices and inscriptions has been prepared by the workmen on the Grand Trunk Railway for the Queen, and given to the prince for that purpose In commemoration of the inauguration of the bridge by the prince, a gold medal has been struck, which is a beautiful specimen of art. It bears on it face a representation of a train of cars just emerging from the bridge, while in the foreground are visible a steamer ascending and a raft coming down the river. Above the bridge are the armorial bearings of the Canadian provinces the figures in bold relief. The inscription is as follows:—"The Victoria Bridge medal. The Victoria Bridge of Montreal; the greatest work of engineering skill in the world. Publicly inaugurated and opened in 1860. Grand Trunk Railway of Canada." Attached to the arms are the names of

Ross and Stephenson, the engineers. Three circular medallions on the reverse of the medal contain the busts of the Queen, Prince Albert, and the Prince of Wales, all well delineated. The city of Montreal was illuminated in the evening, and there were festivities of every sort.

The first line of street railway has been formally inaugurated at Birkenhead. Throughout the day the town was in a state of enthusiasm, and the people turned out in immense numbers to witness the novel and interesting experiment. As early as ten o'clock in the morning vast crowds were congregated in the vicinity of Woodside ferry to witness the first trial of the new railway. The total number was upwards of three hundred, nearly all of whom took part in a trial trip along the line as far as Birkenhead Park and back to the *dépôt* in Chatham Street. There were four carriages, each containing about seventy passengers, and each drawn by two horses. The "cars" moved along the line as easy and as smoothly as any first-class railway carriage. Each carriage was fitted before and behind with "sweepers" —miniature cow catchers—which kept the rail clear of stones, &c., thus rendering the passage of the vehicles smooth. Each car is 24ft. in length over all, and 7ft. wide, with a height of 7ft. from the floor to the roof. The plan on which they are constructed is exceedingly well adapted for street traffic. In the inside there is accommodation for twenty-two persons, whilst from the great width of the vehicle, standing room is left for a similar number. On the outside of the cars there is also sitting room for twenty-two persons, for whose protection a handrail is fixed round the top. It will be thus seen that accommodation is afforded for sixty or seventy individuals in each. In the fitting up, every attention has been paid to the comfort and safety of the passengers.

Madame Clara Novello.—Among the female vocalists whose talents have given lustre to their art, and drawn forth the acknowledgments of continental Europe, and of their native country, no one has reached a higher pinnacle of fame, and no one has more richly merited her elevation, than Madame Clara Novello. If there be one style of music to which, more than another, the fine voice and grand classic manner of this *artiste* are adapted, it is the sacred style; and to her achievements in this lofty department of art, her great celebrity (in this country at least) is mainly attributed. "As *prima donna assoluta*" of the oratorios of Handel, Haydn, Mendelssohn, and Spohr, Madame Clara Novello has long been well known in the English concert room; great provincal towns, no less than the metropolis, have paid homage to her genius, and confirmed year after year the favorable verdict so unanimously pronounced upon the earliest exhibition of her powers. By the retirement of Madame Clara Novello, we shall be deprived of one of the greatest singers to whom England has given birth. On comparing her genius, her attainments, and her powers, with those of the most famous of her countrywomen of previous days, we do not find one who is entitled to a higher place in the annals of English music. In connexion with the farewell of Madame Clara Novello, arrangements have been made for two great festival performances ("Messiah," and "Creation"), on a scale worthy of the last appearance of the celebrated English soprano, at the Crystal Palace.

The Government is paying much attention to the Volunteer movement, and with a view to advance the various corps in efficiency, an order has recently been issued, for holding county and district reviews, under the direction of fields officers of rank.

The Melbourne and Sydney journals received in advance of the Overland Mail, bring news of a very painful and disastrous character from New Zealand. An advance upon the rebel pah at Waitara had been made, and, after fighting for more than three hours, with great gallantry, against large numbers of natives, covered by their entrenchments, our forces were obliged to retreat, leaving 29 dead and 33 wounded on the field.