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XXXV.—AN INTERESTING BLUE BOOK.*

To the generality of readers "an interesting Blue Book" may appear a contradiction in terms, yet the words apply, without any qualification, to one of the thickest and most voluminous of the season. John Stuart Mill has said that the national education existing in any political society is at once the principal source of its permanence and progressiveness: the former, by the extent to which that education operates as a system of restraining discipline; the latter, by the degree in which it calls forth and invigorates the active faculties. No view less large and liberal than this will suffice for the understanding of the present position of popular education in England.

The first volume of the Report of the Education Commission, issued nearly three years ago, is now before the public. That very limited public who ever see the inside of a Parliamentary Report may pronounce it pleasant as well as instructive reading; but there is very little hope of their tempting the bulk of readers to its perusal. Yet the information contained in it, vital to the interests of the entire community, vital to the moral, and social, and physical well-being of the whole nation, to its health, wealth, and happiness, will find its way abroad. Members of Parliament will scatter it through their speeches; newspaper editors will disseminate it through their leaders; and the good seed of educational improvement will thus be sown throughout the land.

To this end we desire to contribute our quota, and to popularize the contents of this able and valuable Report among a class who wield the highest educational influence in the country—the women of England. We shall best succeed in giving a resumé of its voluminous and varied matter, and in setting forth its chief points of interest, by following the lucid arrangements of the volume before us.

EDUCATION OF THE INDEPENDENT POOR.—At the beginning of the present century, the first efforts were made for esta-

* Report of the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the state of Popular Education in England.

blishing a general system of popular education. They resulted in the foundation of the National Society and of the British and Foreign School Society. In 1832 the Government began to take part in the education of the country. In 1839, and afterwards in 1846, it extended its operations, and has continued to extend them upon an increasing scale up to the present day. Nine central institutions, including the two above named, have for their object the promotion of education in England, besides many lesser Associations, all now in connexion with the system of public grants administered by the Privy Council. A sum of £20,000 was voted annually from 1832 to 1839, which was expended in the erection of school buildings. In 1839 it was increased to £30,000, and its administration given to the Committee of Privy Council on Education. From 1839 to 1860, the amount has gradually swelled, till it reached nearly £800,000 in the last year. The efforts of the Committee were at first confined to assisting in the erection of elementary and normal schools. In 1846 the pupil-teacher system was established. Its principle was, that if private individuals would provide a school of a certain degree of efficiency, the Government would pay, for five years, the salaries of a certain number of apprentices to the schoolmaster. Government supplies all deserving pupil-teachers with free admissions to such training colleges as they select, contributing about 75 per cent. of the whole expense to the support of thirty-five of these institutions. Grants are also given in augmentation of the teachers' salaries; and capitation grants, which are sums paid to school managers on account of every child who has attended school 176 days in the course of the preceding year. So much for the growth and extent of the present system of Government help to education in England.

INFANT SCHOOLS stand first among the institutions for the education of the independent poor, and they receive the unqualified commendation of the commissioners.

"In the family of a mechanic or day laborer," says the Report, "to say nothing of the ignorance of the parents, the father is usually at work from six in the morning to six at night. The mother has to perform personally all household operations;" (it is well if she is allowed to devote herself entirely to these;) "the house is not furnished with objects which awaken intelligence, nor has any one leisure to form the manners and temper of the child." In remote villages the Infant School is generally inefficient. The schoolroom, a cottage kitchen; the teacher employed in her domestic duties, and at intervals teaching the alphabet or easy words. Sometimes the room is offensive from overcrowding. "I have seen children," says one witness, "as closely packed as birds in a nest, and tumbling over one another like puppies in a kennel;" another saw, "at dinner, in the midst of the children, a collier, (the mistress's husband,) and two lodgers, fresh from the coal-pit, who after their meal would, in all probability, proceed to undress and wash them-

selves in the same place." Public Infant Schools, on the other hand, have a very high standard of attainment, and such is the value of the training they impart, that schoolmasters almost universally say that the children of Infant Schools exhibit a marked superiority both in intelligence and in manner. Their importance is again and again insisted on: they are cheap—they are free from the religious difficulty—they save time by securing the attendance of children before they can earn anything, and by turning them out *better scholars at an earlier age.*

EVENING SCHOOLS supply the deficiencies of early education. The instruction is chiefly elementary, and the pupils above the ordinary school age. In Dr. Hodgson's district, (mining,) out of a total of 3,109 scholars attending evening schools, 1,267 were females; and more than a fourth of the whole were above sixteen years of age—the female adults outnumbering the males. At Wells, Mr. Hare found the Bishop himself teaching a class of navvies to read and cipher. They had walked in clean smock frocks after work a distance of two miles to their studies. Every one had his reason for coming. All were animated by the desire to improve. "At a private evening school at Bristol," says one of the commissioners, "I had been conversing with the master for some time, which of course prevented him from attending to his business. Presently I heard a restless humming, and even symptoms of whistling. The master said, 'Do you understand that?' I said no. He replied, 'You see, these people come to work, they pay for coming here, and they don't mean to be curtailed of their rights.'" Mr. Winder, another commissioner, says—"On one occasion I was examining a class of young men at Rochdale when the hour for breaking up arrived. I was about to stop, when one of the scholars appealed to me as follows—'Go thou on; we want as much as we can get for our money.' In another school, at Bradford, I found a class learning reading and arithmetic at once. Each scholar had by his side a Bible and a slate; when his turn came, he read his verse, laid down his book as soon as it was finished, and then went on with the sum till the circuit was again complete." This, though a fine proof of zeal, is a questionable mode of learning either reading or arithmetic. We gladly quote on this subject a passage from Mr. Baker's Factory Report for 1860. He says:—

"There is in my district an increased number of night-schools for the working classes of both sexes. It is upon these that I place most reliance for the elementary teaching of the adolescents and adults of the present generation, and for the carrying on of that which is to succeed them. There is a vast amount of interest taken now, in the manufacturing districts, in female education, and especially in the giving that kind of knowledge which is to make the workman's home more attractive than it has hitherto been. In the school which has been established at Coventry for this purpose, taught entirely by ladies, between the months of November, 1859, and April, 1860, upwards of 400 garments were made by scholars, unaccustomed aforetime so to employ their fingers or their leisure, all of which, with nine exceptions, were paid for out of the earnings of those who made them. At the present time there are 140 scholars in regular attendance, and reading and

writing classes have been added. I cannot speak too highly of the perseverance, the earnestness, and the real love of doing good which has brought these ladies out in all weathers through the winter season to discharge their self-imposed task. There are many other kinds of night schools in existence in my district; but I will only additionally refer to that at Stockport. The average number of females present is seldom less than 672, who, in addition to the usual subjects of school instruction, are engaged during one night in the week in learning plain sewing, and the practical principles of domestic instruction. These pupils are all factory workers, engaged during the day in cotton mills, and there is to be observed amongst them, as at Coventry and Birmingham, besides a neat and cleanly appearance, an order and discipline which always becomes a marked feature in these establishments. Every year's experience, in fact, convinces me, from the clearest observation, and from opportunities of becoming acquainted with the habits of the working classes which have rarely been exceeded, that night-schools will have to be increased, and that all kinds of labor will have to be shortened that they may be filled."

Difficulties in the way of procuring teachers for the evening schools, and in the classification of the scholars, whose ages and attainments are extremely various, have to be overcome. Two suggestions are made to meet the former of these: either the attendance at the day-school might be shortened, so as to allow the day teacher to give a couple of hours for three or four evenings in the week to a night-school; or, an assistant might be engaged to take the place of the principal teacher in the afternoon school, and thus enable him to teach in the evening. A plan is proposed by Mr. Frazer, to suspend the day-school for the afternoons of four if not six winter months, and set free the whole staff of teachers, who would thus be made ready and available for two hours' work in the evening. We wish to draw particular attention to this, as it involves the adoption of what may be called the short time system of education. A considerable mass of evidence can be produced in favor of three hours' school instruction instead of five or six; in some instances the evidence proves that three hours go further than five in education. Mr. Frazer says that "the sacrifice in the real power of the day-school would be infinitesimal; that three hours well employed are enough for most purposes of ordinary instruction, and that the intellectual condition of schools would not retrograde if, for a third of the year, at any rate, all the instruction were condensed into the three hours from nine to twelve, (or, better still, from ten to one,) of the forenoon." Mr. Frazer is here thinking only of gaining a supply of teachers for the night-school, and before proceeding to still more important bearings of this half-time system, we may quote a few sentences of his evidence in favor of these schools:—

"The intellectual results," he says, "of education are somewhat lame and impotent, because the supply fails just too soon. I shall despair of seeing any considerable improvement till the night-school has assumed its proper position and due development. At present the adults who frequent it come either to repair the deficiencies of early education, or to recover what has been lost by want of practice, or through lapse of time. I start with the principle that the development of the night-school, the placing it on a

sound and permanent basis, the making it a place where the education, interrupted by the permanent claims of labor at ten, may be not only kept up, but pushed forward till the pupil is fifteen, is, or ought to be, the paramount object of those who desire to extend the elementary education of the people. I consider that it demands attention more urgently, and will repay attention more largely, even, than the day-school.

"It was a woman I found conducting the night-school of Nether Cerne. The young mistress at Mappowder had a private night-school of her own. The mistress at Donyatt another, attended by twenty-five pupils. Both said they found no difficulty in carrying them on, though in the latter case there were quite big lads, and even grown-up married men (who were the steadiest of the party) among the scholars."

The Vicar of Axminster says, "Evening schools are the most valuable of all schools. For boys of fifteen and upwards, and for men, especially for the rougher sort of men, I find the assistance of ladies very far more valuable than that of any men, even clergymen. It makes them *gentlemen*."

DAY-SCHOOLS for children above infancy form the next division, and these again are similarly divided into public and private. With regard to the first great difficulty in any national system—the religious difficulty—the evidence of the commissioners is conclusive, to the effect that parents select schools without reference to religious teaching; that the schools are attended by children of all denominations indifferently; and that parents prefer the best schools within their reach. It is with the school managers that the difficulty lies, though the Report very fairly points out that it is not in reality much lessened by this.

On the question of the possibility of shortening the hours of school, the conclusions of the Report, drawn from a mass of evidence, are these:—I. That for children under twelve, twenty-four hours a week is nearly the limit of mental labor that can be obtained, and is therefore the limit of profitable instruction.—II. That eighteen hours is often more productive.—III. That fifteen hours allowed to factory children is not insufficient.—IV. That in *two hours a day*, provided that those two hours be two fresh hours in the morning, much may be done.—V. That children who have been educated up to the age of seven in a good infant school can be taught in three years, in a school attendance of from fifteen to eighteen hours a week, to read well, to write well, and to understand and apply the common rules of arithmetic.

At seven or eight years of age the child of the agricultural laborer is employed at intervals. At ten he is generally at work continuously. At eight or nine a boy begins work at the potteries, and children under eight can earn four shillings a week at the northern foundries. An Act of last session prevented children under twelve from being employed in mines and collieries, unless they could produce a schoolmaster's certificate that they could read and write; but the nature of the collier's employment is alleged to be such that it can hardly be performed at all unless the children

are accustomed to it from a very early age. In the large towns miscellaneous employments absorb a vast number of boys at nine and ten, and very few indeed of the children of the independent poor remain at school till the age of twelve. In Wales, Mr. Jenkins found, in a district remarkable for the moral superiority of its population, in a school of seventy, only three above ten years of age. The children of our independent poor have thus but a short time for schooling, and surely that time should be made the most of. Then it will be said the best way is to keep them close at school for as many hours of the day as possible. But if it can be proved that four lessons of half an hour each are as much as a child of ten can receive in a day—that the rest of the instruction is useless—that the child's attention is exhausted, and that every effort to keep it up beyond that time is a waste of power—of power on the part both of the teacher and the scholar,—then long school hours are not only useless, they are positively hurtful. The physical strength on which the child of the poor man peculiarly depends, the nervous force on which the development of the brain itself depends, are weakened by the unnatural strain. If as much knowledge is acquired, and much more power of acquiring knowledge (which last is the all-important thing) is attained in two hours than in four or five, surely parents will be wise enough to appreciate the gain. The hours saved from schooling may be spent in working, and both the schooling and the working lightened thereby. All this seems to be proved by the evidence before the Commission. In giving the conclusions before mentioned, the Report notices a communication from Mr. Chadwick, embodying similar evidence to that on which they are based, pointing to the expediency of shortening the school hours generally, and employing the time thus set at liberty in drill, the invigorating effects of which, both on the body and the character, he has adduced considerable evidence to prove.

Mr. Chadwick, as a sanitarian, demands physical training. His admirable paper read before the British Association at Oxford, "On the Physiological as well as Psychological Limits to Mental Labor," demonstrates its necessity, as increasing the power and perfection of the instrument on which intellectual education depends—the human brain, whose vigor and clearness are impaired by whatever permanently decreases the bodily powers. Mr. Chadwick is right in insisting on the physical training as the groundwork of all. It is the very root of the matter. Our population must be strong and healthy first; educated afterwards. With their health and strength goes their means of subsistence; and, until the means of subsistence is procured, education cannot advance a single step. The loss of the means of subsistence is the loss of civilization. Three things are wanted, physical development, mental cultivation, and industrial power, and these three can all be obtained by the half-time system, and by no other.

This half-time system is not untried. It has been tried on factory children and on pauper children with the most satisfactory results; its highest fruits remain to be reaped by other classes of the community. Doubtless, its advantages will first be secured to the independent poor, and then ascend to the upper and middle classes; both, especially the girls, suffering from lengthened school hours. The languor and restlessness of the afternoon school, the lessons which made no impression and yielded no progress, will be exchanged for brisk out-door exercise or active work. We can fancy the universal jubilation of school-boys at the inauguration of such an epoch of holidays.

Everyone must have remarked that the girls of a first-rate National School, in spite of the afternoon hour devoted to needlework, are quite as far advanced in information and intelligence as the boys. What is to account for this? Simply the fact that their minds have been rested and refreshed by their work, and the succeeding lesson is more easily learnt in consequence. We have heard of an establishment for young ladies whose parents belong to a great Peace party (the Society of Friends) in which military drill is practised; but we believe no such violent measure need be in contemplation for our National School girls. Gymnastic exercises are already in practice in our infant schools, and only need the shortened hours to find a place in the upper schools. In another way the short hours would benefit the girls. They would be released for home duties, and learn something of domestic management before engaging in the non-domestic employments to which so many girls are destined. Girls are constantly kept at home to help in domestic matters; even boys are occasionally—Mary is wanted to mind baby; father is working at a distance, and must have his dinner sent, and she is kept at home day after day, and week after week, that she may render these services so necessary to the overtasked mother. But if only two hours of the little girl's time were wanted for daily lessons, and these served to make her an intelligent and useful handmaid of the house, few mothers would fail to secure them for her child.

Private Schools.—The first section of a chapter on *Teachers* is devoted to the important subject of private schools. The evidence very clearly proves that the majority of these are in the worst possible condition. Dr. Hodgson says—"None are too old, too poor, too ignorant, too feeble, too sickly, too unqualified in any or every way to regard themselves, and to be regarded by others as unfit for school keeping. Domestic servants out of place; discharged barmaids; vendors of toys or lollipops; keepers of small eating-houses; needlewomen; consumptive patients in an advanced stage; cripples almost bed-ridden; persons of at least doubtful temperance; out-door paupers, and men and women of seventy and eighty years of age." A single instance will suffice concerning the condition of the lowest class of private schools. A widow of seventy has seven

scholars paying threepence each weekly; one penny more than is paid at most National Schools. This is 1*s.* 9*d.*; she receives from the union 2*s.* 6*d.*, and this is her whole income. "She was very grateful," says Dr. Hodgson, "for the small donation of 1*s.* She complains of inability to buy meat, and without meat her strength fails."

There are of course private schools of a higher class, taught by highly respectable and even admirable teachers, but the want of special training for their work is apparent among even the best specimens of the class. The Commissioners recommend that an effort should be made to raise the character of private schools, in the direction of giving certificates to such teachers as are deserving, and extending to them a share of the grant.

PUPIL-TEACHERS.—Three defects of the Privy Council system are pointed out with regard to pupil-teachers: the insufficiency of their wages; the great labor imposed on them, especially on the girls; and the too mechanical nature of the training they receive. The charge of overwork seems to be the most serious, and we have reason to believe it is rather underrated in the Report. School duties for six hours a day, which means six hours of the severest strain on the mental and bodily powers; six hours' standing, speaking, commanding attention, and exercising authority is too great a tax on the health and strength of a young girl: add to this two hours for her own training, and the time required for preparation and study, and the anxiety caused by frequent examinations on which her future is made to depend, and we think it is apparent that the young pupil-teacher is terribly over-taxed. The Report states that the only remedy for this would be the shortening of school hours. In the succeeding section upon Training Colleges we find that the effects of this over-taxing appear. "Both Mr. Baker and Mr. Cook examined minutely into the subject in 1856 and 1857, and arrived at the result that a large proportion of the Queen's scholars were in weak health on their entrance into the Training Colleges."

We have dwelt at great length on the sanitary aspects of our subject, we hope from no undue estimate of their importance, and must now go on to other divisions, passing over those which can be simply presented in a few statistics at the close.

I. C.

(To be continued.)

XXXVI.—MADAME LUCE, OF ALGIERS.

FOR another month Madame Allix struggled on, paying her way with the greatest difficulty, and at length, on the 26th of January, she attacked another functionary, M. Fouches, the *Directeur Général*, in the following letter:—

Monsieur le Directeur Général,

For six months I have pursued an idea of the utmost value to civilization:—the education of young Mohammedan girls according to European principles and usages. I hardly know how to describe the way in which it first presented itself to my imagination; doubtless the circumstances of my private life contributed largely to its birth and development. I had long been practised in Arabic, and was admitted to intimate relations with many native families. I keenly felt what important changes in domestic life can be produced by the direction given to the education of women, changes extending to society at large; and without being rebuffed by difficulties hitherto judged insurmountable, I devoted myself entirely and without reserve to the success of the undertaking. It is unnecessary to add that I counted much on the help of the Algerine Government. It seemed to me fit and natural that as I was working not on my own account, but for the interests of civilization itself, and consequently for the interests of France in this country, I should be sustained by the authority which would profit by my efforts.

I have found certainly much sympathy among those persons to whom I have confided my plans; but unfortunately those very persons doubted of the result, and dared to encourage me by words alone. Thus *Monsieur le Directeur de l'Intérieur,* when he gave me an authorization to open my Moorish school, took care to add, that this experiment must be made *at my own risk and peril.*

I have passed even this limit. I felt in my conviction a moral force which sustained me against every discouragement. That which Government, according to M. le Comte Guyot, did not dare to do on its own responsibility, I attempted on my own personal resources; and what is still more remarkable, I have succeeded beyond my own hopes.

In November last I had got together ten pupils. A report was sent to the Minister (in Paris) on this subject, in which what is now an accomplished fact was only treated as an experiment. The Minister, however, none the less thought the subject worthy of serious examination, and referred it to the local government, that it might encourage with all its resources an undertaking which promised so much in the future. What did the local authority do to follow up the enlightened ideas of the Minister?

This is what it did.

On the 29th of December I had spent 2000 francs, (£80,) and I had thirteen pupils, without counting those which were offered to me from all quarters. Unhappily my resources were exhausted. I ought to have changed my house, owing to the small size of the one I was inhabiting, and I had not the money necessary to pay the first half-year's rent of the new dwelling. In this extremity I addressed myself to the *Direction de l'Intérieur,* and I wrote to M. le Comte Guyot a detailed report of my position. There was then no reasonable doubt to be entertained; the experiment

had been carried out, the result attained, and success was certain; an intelligent Administration had only one course to take, to accept the civilizing process which I had placed within its reach, and take into consideration the efforts and sacrifices which I had made up to that date.

They did not even deign to reply to one of my letters. The 1st of January came; I needed 700 francs,—I possessed 50. I went and knocked at door after door, and exhausted prayers for immediate assistance. *Nothing.* I had stooped to do that for the sake of saving my Institution from shipwreck which I had never done for myself, and returned home with a desperate conviction that I was deceived in having reckoned upon the local administration, and had to hope from it no other support than that of a wall which does not actually fall down and crush you.

If on that very day, at eight o'clock at night, a letter containing 2000 francs, which as yet was not really due to me, had not come from France by a special courier, the fruits of six months' labor would have been lost, and my Institution would be closed at the time I write.

Providence doubtless would not permit this. I profited by the help thus sent;—the school has increased with such rapidity that public opinion has begun to recognise it. On the 15th of January I counted thirty-eight pupils instead of thirteen. M. le Comte Guyot, and Monsieur Lepescheux, who on that day paid me the honor of a visit, can attest the truth of what I state, and have doubtless not forgotten the surprise which they felt at so marvellous a result. Why was not this visit followed up by some effective measures? Why has not the Council of Administration seized a clue so likely to lead to important results? These gentlemen must be thoroughly aware that no private fortune can be equal to the carrying out of such an enterprise. Will they wait until I am deadened to pain, overwhelmed with annoyances, suffering under the horrible despair of an embarrassed position, and a future without hope?

Three days ago M. Lepescheux asked me for an account of the money I had spent on the school, and I thought that at last some idea of helping me was entertained. I knew that at the *Bureau Arabe* a sum of about 16,000 francs (£640) was lying idle; I sent in the account, which was in total 5,089 francs, (about £203,) and I waited in expectation. And now, to-day, on this 24th of January, a letter from M. Lepescheux offers me 150 francs, *en attendant* the decision of the Minister! 150 francs! when I have spent 5000! when 1,500 (£50) a month are needful to sustain the school; and when 16,000 francs are lying idle! It would be incredible were it not also so absurd!

I replied to *M. le Directeur de l'Intérieur* that I could do nothing with 150 francs, set against the expenses of about six weeks, and I beg of you, *M. le Directeur Général*, to carry this matter through in

a worthier manner, one more level with my personal sacrifices; more efficacious for the work of regeneration which I have embraced.

The number of my pupils is to-day forty-six, all of whom I must feed and partly clothe. I have besides this, native sub-mistresses, one for the Arabic language, and two others for needlework. I employ, besides, two negresses for the kitchen and the service of the house. Twenty-five pupils begin to read and write both in Arabic and in French; and all exercise the needle on different kinds of work which I have put into their hands. Some native families of a high rank have made overtures to me regarding their daughters; and in one case I have even been asked to teach music. Assuredly this is progress sufficiently marked to make all hesitation cease, and of a sufficiently important nature for the State to feel justified in adopting it for its own. I need not say that I cannot any longer go on by myself; you know it already. But what will best convince you of the cowardliness of the Administration, in thus leaving me to support so heavy a burden, is the avowal which until now I have refrained from making, but which at last I must confide to you—that I am forced to raise money at usurious interest, for want of a sum of 2000 francs, which it would have been so easy to advance for the school!

I will add nothing to these last words. I have faith in your noble intelligence, and I anxiously await a decisive answer as to the fate reserved for me.

I have the honor to remain, &c.

I feel that my translation ill-represents the terse language and eloquent indignation of the remarkable woman who penned these and following letters. In the hands of Madame Luce the polite and elegant French language acquires a decisive ring which is quite extraordinary; and one wonders that the men who came and complimented her on her efforts, but would not give her any effectual aid, were not shamed out of their inactivity by her vivid and sonorous periods. The art of writing despatches is one of the qualifications of a great general, and in looking over a collection of papers referring to the commencement of this Moorish school, we find its foundress summing up her efforts and her requirements in such strong and simple words as prove that she possessed similar double powers. Hear her reply to M. Lepescheux, on his offer of the 150 francs:—

Monsieur,

The letter which you have done me the honor to write, clearly proves, either that I have ill-explained myself to the Algerine Administration, or else that that body is determined not to comprehend my position.

Whichever of these two hypotheses be correct, I cannot, *honorably speaking*, accept the 150 francs which *M. le Directeur de l'Intérieur*

offers me. If I had wished to receive alms, I should have asked for them long ago, and after fourteen years' sojourn in *l'Afrique* I should no longer have needed help from anybody, if I had so consulted my own position.

I thank you, however, Monsieur, for the promptitude with which you have informed me of this intended gift. It is a proof of interest which touches me, for which I shall retain a profound sense of gratitude. Only I beg of you to prove this interest still more efficaciously by pressing as far as may be the settlement of my business. I am about to write to my friends in Paris; I commend my cause to their good offices, and hoping that the central authority will understand, better than the Administration of Algiers, that in asking for the assistance of Government towards a measure of governmental importance, I did not ask for an indemnity of 150 francs. I remain, &c.

Finally, day after day having elapsed, she wrote on the 27th of January two notes, one to the Comte Guyot, the other to the *Directeur Général.*

M. le Comte,

It is with profound regret that I find myself forced to tell you, that from this day forth my exhausted purse will not enable me to continue the work so laboriously begun. In the hope that assistance would be given me while the *Ministre* was deciding what course to take, I have contracted ruinous obligations, which cannot be renewed without compromising the welfare of my own family—a last sacrifice, which it would be too cruel to exact from a mother.

I do not know, M. le Comte, what will be the effect of this determination on my part; what it has cost me to come to I cannot find words to express. But as I need, to cover debts whose payment is now pressing, an immediate sum of 2000 francs, I must warn you that if that amount is not paid to me within the next three days, the school will be closed on the 1st of February.

The interest which you have shown to me will doubtless dispose you, in the latter event, to accelerate as much as possible a ministerial decision, which I expect with impatience, and remain, &c.

To *Monsieur le Directeur Général.*

Monsicur,

I told you in a letter which I had the honor to address to you on the 24th of this month, that I was living upon money borrowed at usurious interest. This is doubtless a melancholy extremity. But what is more melancholy still is that this resource also fails me. I have passed a part of this day in seeking money to pay past debts, and give me the means of living while waiting the decision of the Minister; but all my efforts have been useless, the necessary sum of 2000 francs has almost entirely failed me; at all events, I could not procure it on any conditions of interest which a mother

could accept, and I find myself obliged to put an end to expenses which have already plunged me in mortal embarrassments.

I write this day to M. le Comte Guyot, that if these 2000 francs are not paid to me before the end of the month, I shall close my institution on the 1st of February. It is a very sad ending to six months of labor, of efforts, of sacrifices, and of exhausted private resources. But I cannot help it unless I consent to forfeit my whole future welfare, and, while bitterly regretting this frightful pecuniary necessity, I can only bow my head and submit.

But neither prayers nor rebukes, both of which were thus plentifully lavished upon the Administration, produced any appreciable effect. She could get no money, and forty pupils could not be housed, fed, and clothed without it, and so at last, on the 1st of February, 1846, the school was closed. On the 4th she received the following letter from the Administration.

Bureau de l'Intérieur et des Travaux Publiques
February 4th, 1846.

Madame,

By your letter of the 28th of January last, you informed me of your intention to close the school which you have recently opened for the education of young Moorish girls if the Administration did not at once come to your aid by allotting the sum of 2000 francs (£80.)

I deeply regret, Madame, to be obliged to inform you that it is quite impossible to dispose of so large a sum without the express authority of the Minister of War.

I have learnt your sudden determination with lively regrets. I saw in the beginning of your school the germ of a most valuable institution; to which I had already once called the benevolent attention of his Excellency; and I was about to make, in a short time, some special propositions in its favor to the *Conseil Supérieur d'Administration*.

Receive, Madame, the assurance of my profound respect, and believe me to remain, &c. &c.

THE DIRECTOR OF THE INTERIEUR.

On the back of the letter Madame Luce has endorsed the following note: "That which the Administration did not dare to attempt, with all the means at its disposal, I accomplished upon my private resources only, with faith and will that overcame all obstacles. To-day, this 12th of July, 1854, nine years after my foundation, the Government, which profits by the fruit of my labors, appropriates even my ideas and my very phrases, which they print in the *Moniteur* as their own! And that without any compensation, nay, even while diminishing my salary and restricting the sphere of my action. Oh, justice of men!

"The Administration which refused to accept the responsibility of

creating such an institution, because they did not believe in the possibility of its success; the Administration takes all the credit now to itself, without giving me any recompense whatever. They flatter the *Departemental Bureaux Arabes!* What a mockery! I am truly the rat in the fable."

Having thus been compelled by necessity to shut the door on her little pupils, the reader will perhaps conclude that the teacher was at last daunted. The local authorities would do nothing for her, and she was upwards of nine hundred miles from the Central Government, to reach which was a far longer, more difficult, and expensive journey than it is at present. Madame Luce was nearly destitute of money, and though, as we have seen, some of the officials at Algiers had offered her a small sum as indemnification to herself, she had absolutely refused it, saying it was not personal help she wanted, but support to an undertaking of great national importance.

What, then, did she do next? She pawned her plate, her jewels, even a gold thimble, the gift of a friend, and set off for Paris on the 15th of February, 1846, where she at once sent in to the Minister of War that memorial from which we have taken many of the preceding details.* She also visited in person most of

* EXPLANATORY MEMORANDUM RELATIVE TO THE INSTITUTION FOUNDED BY MADAME ALLIX; ADDRESSED TO THE MEMBERS OF THE CONSEIL SUPERIEUR D'ADMINISTRATION, ALGER, BY A FRIEND, WHILE SHE HERSELF WAS IN PARIS.

March, 1846.

Gentlemen,

A serious question will be presented, next Friday, to your conscientious examination.

This question is that of civilization itself, as capable of inoculation in *l'Afrique* by peaceful means. It is the question of the fusion of two races hitherto deemed to present an insoluble problem, but now resolved in the affirmative, through the action of a totally new institution. It also relates to a successful result, which is at once so unexpected and so decided, considered as a victory over native prejudices, that this first step being safely accomplished, every hope may reasonably and without presumption be entertained for the future.

Regarded thus, this question is immense. It touches the vital moral principle of our occupation of a part of Africa; it responds admirably to the generous instincts of civilization, and to the philanthropic requirements of the century; it is, besides, easy of immediate application; it can be progressively realized in all parts of Algeria;—and well understood and carried out, it may be the means of saving to the Government, before a long time has elapsed, a great part of the expenses which now weigh on the African budget.

This is the high point of view from which I venture to call your attention to the establishment founded by Madame Allix for the benefit of young Mussulman girls.

None among you, gentlemen, are ignorant of how many serious, powerful, nay invincible obstacles, opposed themselves to the development of our ideas and of our moral influence in Algeria. These obstacles are such, that all direct means yet employed to conquer them have hitherto been in vain. The *éclat* of the conquest, the grandeur of our measures, the magnificence of their results, the *prestige* of a hundred victories, added to the intellectual superiority of France—none of these things have been able to prevail against

the influential deputies, and endeavored to prepossess them in favor of her plans. In Paris she found the official mind more sympa-

the spirit of the native population; against that envelope of fanaticism, barbarism, and carelessness (*d'insouciance*) which during ten centuries has protected it from change. Even money, that last appeal to the Mussulman conscience, money itself, scattered abroad with chivalric profusion, has perhaps given us a few hypocritical friends, but has not advanced us by one step towards that contagious assimilation of which we have been dreaming for fifteen years.

Why is this, gentlemen? The reason is simple enough, and I find it in the very nature of the obstacles against which we are fighting.

Two distinct elements exist in every form of civilization; the *idea* and its accomplishment, (*l'idée et le fait.*) By the idea I understand the totality of political, religious, moral, and executive doctrines which obtain universal credence; and by the accomplishment, or fact, I mean the result of all these doctrines when worked out by human activity into forms capable of supplying all the needs of social life.

These elements being admitted to exist, it then follows that before one form of civilization can be substituted for another, the underlying idea must be easily capable of transmission from one mind to another, and the practical results worked naturally and without any abrupt transition (*solution de continuité*) into the customs of the new people whom it is required to transform.

Now, on a very slight acquaintance with the language and customs of the country, it is evident that on the one hand the Algerine idiom, considered as a vehicle for civilizing ideas, is absolutely worthless; and that on the other the impossibility of penetrating into Moorish family life renders all hope of fusion, produced by exterior contact with our European activity, a mere illusion.

Allow me to explain myself further on these two points:

First. The Arabic language is at this day the same as when, 1262 years ago, a man of the stamp of Abd-el-Kader poured it in that semi-religious, semi-political mould, which is called the Koran. The Arabic tongue at that date expressed all the ideas of the age, and even responded largely to the needs of the new social system, of which it became the organ. But since then, the thoughts, systems, and requirements of society have all changed; the face of the world has many times been renewed under the influence of new principles; all the European nations, and consequently all the languages spoken by these nations, have been thus subjected to successive and profound modifications. The Arab alone, though placed in a certain degree of contact with countries lying within the zone of this general movement, has remained stationary, and his language has remained stationary also. So that all the ideas which have blossomed on the earth during the last thousand years, all the formulas, all the dogmas, all the aspirations, and all the instincts which, taken together, make up modern civilization, have at the present day no possible means of expression in the idiom of the Koran.

This idiom is, moreover, so difficult of grammatical acquirement, that far from being able to serve as an instrument towards a rapid development of the faculties of a people, it actually impedes them by the length of study required before it can be really utilized intellectually.

Secondly. In the existing conditions of Arab society the family is everything, (the writer means to say that there is little or no public or social life, in any sense; what little there is being wholly confined to the male sex,) and over the threshold of the family we have never even been able as yet to cast our eyes. Thus our French civilization has glided over the surface of the native population, without ever being able to penetrate its midst. On this account we have made no real progress, no radical change, and that

thizing than in the military colony, and at last saw daylight begin to break. They gave her three thousand francs for the cost of her journey,

hostility is still kept up, which, secret, persuasive, and incessant, passes from the mother to the child, from generation to generation, and which will continue to nullify, day by day, all the effects of our exterior influence, so long as the family does not lend itself to our aid as a natural channel of communication.

From whence I draw this conclusion, which is also the opinion of all men specially devoted to the subject, that the two only methods of obtaining any real result in the work of assimilation which we are always trying to push forward in Algeria, are the absorption of the Arabic language by the French, and the progressive initiation of native families in such details of education as are compatible with their customs.

Now this, gentlemen, is precisely the double object which Madame Allix has proposed to herself in creating a Model Institution for young Mussulman girls.

Her programme is summed up in the following lines, which involve nothing short of a moral revolution, and towards which I specially invite your best attention :—

She desires to gather round her the greatest possible number of young native females, taken from every rank, and from every race inhabiting this country. She wishes to instruct them all in French and in Arabic, but more especially in French, which, moreover, they learn with much greater facility than their native language; (meaning, of course, not their colloquial dialect, but grammatical Arabic); and to give them the common elements of reading, writing, and arithmetic; to cultivate more completely any of the pupils whose intelligence may deserve and require the necessary pains, and to allow the study of music and drawing where these accomplishments are specially required by the relations. She will instruct them in the arts of the needle, of the household, and of the toilette, which properly belong to woman, and will give them that love of the beautiful and the good, that habit of neatness, that sentiment of virtue, that instinct of delicacy which their sex demands. Later, she will create, with the aid of these young girls when well taught in the duties of the mind and heart, real *ateliers* for sewing, embroidery, tapestry, and the making of clothes; and she will teach them to feel the value of labor in paying them, day by day, the price of the work of their fingers. She will thus rescue most of them from the paths of vice into which poverty almost infallibly leads the Moorish women, and will render them back to their grateful families as young women of industrious habits and good conduct, acquainted with all that is necessary for physical and moral well-being, embellished with the graces of health, neatness, and industry, and for these reasons desirable as wives to the men of their people, thus to become the natural medium of the civilization which has conquered them for its own, and the mothers of a new generation which will belong to us through their heads and hearts alike.

Such, gentlemen, is the true intention, such is the generous scope of the new project submitted to your debate. If the most unexpected success had not already crowned its beginning, you would perhaps have judged it impossible of realization. But now, the actual deeds have proved the success (*donnée gain de cause*) of Madame Allix, surely hesitation is no longer allowable. But it depends upon you to recompense worthily the courageous perseverance of the Foundress, by not drawing too tight a line around the circle of her action and of her power. Alone and unaided she has had the courage to remain true to her convictions, in spite of the most unfavorable prophecies. Sustained as she deserves by an enlightened Government, she will render so much the more service to the sacred cause which she defends, if she finds at once the realization of her most cherished wishes, partaken by all sincere friends of the colony, and likewise the just reward of her devotion.

Alger, *March* 5, 1846.

and she also came in for ten thousand francs from property which had belonged to M. Allix, whose death, occurring a short time previously, had removed the obstacle to her revisiting France. The authorities also urged her to return to Algiers and recommence operations, promising her further support. We have seen a mass of letters written to Madame Allix at this time from different persons in Paris, who were influential either from their connexion with Government or with the cause of education; and on the whole she seems to have been very successful in awakening interest in the metropolis; after which she went down to Montréchat to see her aged mother, and ask her consent to a second marriage which she then meditated with M. Luce, a professor of music at Algiers: this consent being obtained, the marriage was celebrated at Paris on the 19th of May.

Her business in France being concluded, so far as was at the time possible, and relying on the promised help to be afforded at a future time, Madame Luce set out on her way home, and reached Algiers once more on the 5th of June, 1846, when she reopened her school amidst great rejoicings from parents and children, and everything appeared propitious for her at length realizing her ardent desire—the creation of a good industrial institution. But here again came in the spirit of official delay, and seven more months elapsed before her work was fairly adopted by Government, with the allowance of a proper salary to herself, and a defrayal of all expenses. During these months the school kept rising in numbers, and she was put to the greatest shifts to keep it together. At this time the Abbé Pelletau, Curé of Algiers, showed her great sympathy, and gave her what small pecuniary aid he could muster, accompanied by pleasant little notes, which we think it worth while to translate, as showing the view of her labors taken by one so responsible for the welfare of the town.

The first note is dated on the 16th December, 1846, and runs thus:—

Madame,

When I visited your interesting establishment some months ago, I asked leave to send you my mite, as a help towards the great charity you lavish daily on your poor Mussulman children.

Permit me to-day to fulfil my promise.

I have the honor to be, Madame,

Votre très humble et obéissant serviteur,

PELLETAU.

On the 21st of May, 1847, the Abbé Pelletau writes to her from the

Cathedral Church.

Madame,

I am happy to be able to send you several yards of calico for your little girls.

Later I will myself send them in some work to be done for me; and I also hope in a short time to introduce to you some ladies capable of rendering

aid. I have some old, some very old things which have been given to me freely by the treasurer of the church. You can use them up for your children. Send some one from your house to fetch them.

Votre infiniment devoué et respectueux serviteur

PELLETAU,
Chanoine Honoraire.

The "things," by which we have rendered the French word *objets*, referred to certain old vestments which the good curé gave for the cause of charity.

Again, he writes with the same packet—

Madame,

To you I send my respectful salutation, to your children my kind regards.

May God cherish and protect them all!

Be so good as to receive for those among them who are the steadiest and the most industrious, the little packet which I have pleasure in sending.

[He then playfully signs in Arabic characters thus,]

May God protect your house.

PELLETAU.

Count Guyot also helped her from his own private purse, having always felt a great personal interest in the undertaking, though he seemed so unable to afford her the necessary official support during the previous winter. To him, when the necessities of the day pressed too heavily, she now sent one of her negresses, for she was obliged to keep two to attend to the house and to fetch and reconduct the pupils. Count Guyot would then send a small sum for her assistance. He also one day gave her a small bag of money left by the Duc d'Aumale, when Governor of Algeria, for the benefit of a journal which had by this time ceased to exist, telling her she might have whatever it contained. Madame Luce opened the bag, and found 250 francs, "and this money," said she, "appeared to me to come from Providence."

In November, 1846, she received letters from Queen Amelie, the wife of Louis Philippe. The Queen took the school under her patronage, and offered to pay for the schooling of several pupils, or, as it is called in France, "*payer la bourse*," but the gathering Revolution, which burst early in 1848, prevented any such arrangements from being carried into effect.

Among innumerable letters referring to this time of difficulty, we find one from a great man, Marshal Bugeaud, the Duc d'Isly, one of the military heroes of Africa. He writes thus :—

Alger, *January 22nd*, 1847.

Madame,

I greatly regret not being able to fulfil the request which you make to me. I have no funds at my disposal from which to advance the sum which you ask.

The sums which should be given you as a reimbursement of your expenses have not yet been procured from the Minister, but they will shortly be so. I do not think, therefore, that you will wait very long before receiving them;

and I think that you may, therefore, find yourself able, under the circumstances, to obtain credit sufficient to provide for the most pressing needs.

Recevez, Madame, l'assurance de mes sentiments distingués.

Le Gouverneur Général,
MARECHAL DUC D'ISLY.

Alas! *credit* was still necessary to the indefatigable Madame Luce, for we find Count Guyot guaranteeing her at the miller's!

Gradually, however, daylight began to break; while she was getting along from hand to mouth, with an increasing school, "Government" was "considering" her position. In February, 1847, the school was formally adopted, and received its first visit of official inspection, at which Count Guyot was present. The Inspector declared himself more than satisfied with the condition of the children, not thinking it possible that so much progress could have been made in instructing Moresques. On this occasion the gentlemen were received by thirty-two pupils, and the Arab submistresses *unveiled*, which was considered by Madame Luce to be a great moral triumph. She always worked from the first against the use of the veil, thinking, and truly thinking—as it seems to us—that it is far from conducive to true modesty of bearing, which should be simple and straightforward—of that purity which "thinketh no evil." One of these Arab mistresses had formerly been teacher in the family of Hussein Bey, and was a remarkable instance of native cultivation. She assisted in the instruction of the pupils, and superintended their religious exercises. Madame Luce was utterly unable to make any attempt towards instilling a single doctrine of Christianity. My readers must remember that in this matter she had absolutely no power of free action, as she would not have got a single child but for her sacredly pledged vow that she would not interfere with their religion; and as she considered that it would not do to leave them with none at all, she preferred their being regularly instructed in that of their parents, which contains at least some of the elements of Christian verity, inasmuch as it inculcates a profound belief in and reverence for one only God, and impresses a strong sense of moral responsibility in regard to some of the cardinal points of morality.

But though public recognition and sympathy were accorded to her in February, 1847, the money was a little longer on the road! It was not till the 9th of May that she received the following note:

Madame,

I have the honor to inform you that by the decision of the 20th of April, M. le Ministré de la Guerre grants you an indemnity of 3,666 francs [not quite £160] for the advances made by you to your establishment and to your pupils. M. le Directeur, by his letter of the 8th, charges me to announce that this sum will be paid to your credit as soon as his Excellency has given instructions to that effect.

Recevez, Madame, l'assurance de ma parfaite consideration, et de mes devouéments.

L'Inspecteur de l'Instruction Publique,
CAUTREL.

At last, therefore, Madame Luce was repaid, and the school placed on a footing similar to that of the boys' schools, on which money had been freely spent from the first. From 1847 to the present year, it has constantly pursued its path of usefulness, sending out hundreds of young girls trained to fulfil in some measure the duties of their simple lives. The letters and memoranda found among Madame Luce's papers tell the story from year to year. It will suffice to give a few extracts here and there.

(*To be continued.*)

XXXVII.—GLIMPSES INTO A RURAL HOUSE OF BONDAGE.

LETTER FROM A COUNTRY GENTLEMAN.

"The cry and agony of these oppressions rise up unto God in heaven; for the burthen thereof is heavy, and the peoples' hearts wax faint, for it is a sore tribulation, and grievous to be borne."

January, 1861, E—— N——shire.

A FEW Sunday evenings ago, the kitchen of a large Elizabethan farm-house at O——, a village belonging to this parish, was entered by a policeman, when the farmer, one of the church-wardens, hearing there some stir and loud voices, walked in, and, to his vexation, found that a servant girl, who had been with them only a few days, had just been captured for running away from a previous situation. "How is this?" queried the farmer; "I always thought the Sabbath exempt from the execution of this odious law."

"Sir," quoth the policeman, "we can take them on any day, or anywhere." So she was taken to the "lock-up" just as she would have been for robbery or murder, there to lie until the Wednesday following, then to be taken to the county magistrate's who had issued the warrant for her apprehension, when she would have the alternative of returning to her former slavery or to prison.

We owe this bad state of things to some vestiges of the "good old times," to the laws still in force regarding "statutes," or as they are called in some counties "hirings." At these "statutes," or as the country folks term them, "statits," hundreds of masters and servants meet, (or rather tyrants and slaves,) to enter year after year into annual compacts of slavery. Not so bad as American slavery; no, it is in great measure voluntary, yet not altogether so.

Servants must have situations, and country families must have servants, for as yet no Earl of Shaftesbury has inaugurated a great national system of general registry. What most assists the continuance of this vicious and grossly demoralizing system is, that to the young it is a day much looked forward to as a general holiday,

though its result is frequently bitter, unmitigated drudgery, and demoralizing slavery. There is annually a change, but it is often a change from bad to worse. Thither flock to our annual English slave-mart servants without characters, who can there get places without them; and heads of families, so well known in their own neighborhoods, that their only chance of obtaining servants at all is by going to statutes at a distance. The bait by which the silly slave is most attracted and hooked is what is called the "ernst," earnest, or "fastening penny." Sometimes two-and-sixpence or five shillings is thus obtained, and for this miserable sum they give up what Burns calls "nerves, sinews, mind, body, genius it may be, wit, conscience, manly and womanly free-will into bondage;" for it seems it was so in his day, and in Scotland also.

I have long since considered this vestige of the feudal ages as one of the most demoralizing of its dregs; for out of the tyranny and drudgery, its positive and natural results, rush the young into premature marriages, and young women into haunts of vice,

"Anywhere, anywhere,"

out of the hands of their domestic foes, into debauchery and crime, crowding with early wickedness our prisons and our union workhouses. What has brought this outrage on British rural liberty most home to me is the following circumstance:

A poor girl of this place, named Sarah A——, had hired herself at M——, not at the statutes, but on the market day; for such as do not get hired at the usual time go week after week, and such as do not get servants, go also in like manner. A "*gentleman*"—whom we will call Mr. Hardfist, and whose appearance pleased Sarah—hired her as kitchen-maid, to what he called "more a farm establishment than an inn," but with the inn she was to have nothing to do; her place was to be entirely in the kitchen, there being other servants, a cook and a barmaid. The family, besides the "*gentleman*" who would be her master, consisted of his son-in-law and his daughter-in-law, so of course she supposed that the latter were brother and sister. She was hired on the 6th of December, and on Saturday, the 8th, she went by the carrier, who passed the place of her destination on his way to N——. She went in high spirits, expecting that she was going to a good situation, and amongst people who, judging from her new master, she thought must prove agreeable. On the way, I think at O——, a person got into the cart, and the talk being about what was common just then—servants going to new places—it was mentioned where our heroine was going. The newcomer shook her head, and said "that she was very sorry to hear this, for the place was a wretched one, and that the characters of the people were only too well known far round their own neighborhood." Poor Sarah! this was discouraging; still she would try and do her best. On her arrival, she was surprised to find, in addition to the people she had heard of, a domi-

neering old washerwoman, five rude, untaught, and ill-behaved children, and four hopeful sons of libertine habits and the coarsest conversation, which, however, developed by degrees. The first thing she did on going up-stairs to put on a working-dress, was, invited by a fellow-servant, to peep into the mistress's bedroom, where the most disgusting scene presented itself.

"Has she been ill?" asked Sarah.

"Drunk," was the reply.

"Nay, surely not," exclaimed Sarah.

"You'll see it is so, and often enough," continued her new friend, holding at the same time a glass to her nose, which smelt unmistakeably of brandy.

It is smoothest, glassiest before the cataract. All went on pleasantly for a day or two. Then temper began to peep out, and petty acts of tyranny to take place, and annoyances first felt and then seen. Her manners did not please them, for she was clean-souled and free-spoken, but *her work did*, for she was a good worker.

She found too soon that the place would not do, that the place and herself did not suit each other, and she asked to be liberated. On this she and the two other servants, equally anxious for flight, were cautioned that if they left their places they would be fetched back, dragged before the magistrate, and put "where," as the master said frequently, "the rain would not fall on them." All three servants were watched with the most careful vigilance; and thrice in the week, on closing the windows next the road, Sarah looked about her to see whether she could inquire of a passing policeman how she was to get away. Invariably, however, each time the master appeared at the door.

At length, on the Saturday, after a weary week's experience of a new sort of misery, she caught a glimpse of the home-returning E—— carrier, and running hastily to him, said as hastily —"I can't endure it. Mother may expect me. I shall run it." "Where's my servant?" cried the master, hurriedly. "Here," said Sarah. "Oh! it's your carrier," he observed; "have you sent for your box?" "I'm sending mother word," she returned. "All right," added the master, supposing that the box was being sent for.

On the Monday there was to be a great horse fair at York, to which the master always went, and stayed a week from home. He would be up early on that morning and be driven by the eldest Hopeful to N——, for the train at five o'clock. "Now," thought Sarah, "I must try my luck; this is my only time for flight." She handed her great-coated master his whip, lest he should see her bundle ready beneath a chair, and was ready for starting herself. The mistress, however, always expecting such events, had gone from her own into the servants' room, and missed Sarah's clothes. She was down in a minute, and pounced on the bundle, and then, carrying it up-stairs, felt that in its possession she had sufficient security. Especially did she fancy this to be the case, since Sarah now could

have no bonnet, no shawl to escape in. But to a spirit like Sarah's what mattered such lack of garments? Out she rushed—in her every-day dress of the thinnest materials, bare arms, and with a thin bonnet concealed in her pocket—out into the dark and almost unknown road, in the morning of December the 17th, one of the bitterest mornings ever known, and ran on mile after mile in the thinnest shoes, on the rough road, amidst hail and sleet. By the time she reached O—— she felt perished with cold. On her way to O——, twice did Sarah hear rapidly approaching vehicles, and fearing that she was pursued, she scrambled through the hedge, and lay breathless beneath it until first one and then the other passed by.

Weary, wet, and miserable, she reached O——, where a poor woman, taking compassion upon her, invited her into her cottage, dried her clothes, made her warm herself by the fire, and set before her a comfortable breakfast. Overcome by the warmth and the soothing effects of the food after her exertions, she fell asleep, only, however, to start up in alarm, as she suddenly heard the quick tramp of a horse passing the house. She looked forth. It was young Hopeful, with a long whip, and a great rough dog, in pursuit of her. Feeling herself again secure, Sarah dropt once more to sleep, but young Hopeful sped on to E——, wondering where she was, and by what road she had fled, seeing that no one had observed her enter O——.

On Sarah's setting forth, the poor woman, her hospitable entertainer, although her guest was unknown to her, hung a shawl over her shoulders, saying, "I don't need it; and it don't matter much if I never see it again. It owes me nothing. I have others, and it will keep you warm." Truly as Wordsworth observes—

> "The poorest poor
> Long for some moments in a weary life
> When they can know and feel that they have been
> Themselves the authors and the dealers out
> Of some small blessings. Have been kind to such
> As needed kindness."

As Sarah had slept several hours, it was noon before she reached H——, about a mile from E——. As she passed the Plough Inn, she recognised young Hopeful's cob standing at the door. Himself, however, she saw nowhere, and if he had seen her pass, scarcely would he have recognised her, believing that she would appear without bonnet and shawl. Such, he told her mother, was her condition. He had been of course to seek for Sarah at her mother's cottage. To her mother the news that she had fled was no surprise, but the fact, and especially her non-arrival, filled her with the utmost anxiety.

At E——, however, the pursuer came across, if not Sarah, various persons who expressed their sentiments pretty freely; amongst others, an eccentric elderly gentleman, who asked him some curious,

and to him novel questions. "Whether, as they had not the common sense and humanity to secure a valuable servant whilst they had the opportunity, by making it pleasant to her to stay, they thought she had so little sense as ever to return? or whether, when the magistrates on the county-bench learned the unfeeling treatment with which Sarah had met, he thought that they would insist upon the continuation of such outrage upon domestic decency and humanity?"

Feb. 15.

P.S. It appears that nothing except evidence of bodily injury could release Sarah from her wretched master, who holds the slave whip over her. The clerk to the county-magistrate says that Sarah has lost her legal chance by absconding. Before absconding, if she had appealed to the magistrate, she might, for sufficient cause, have been liberated. This evidence no doubt means broken bones, or unmistakeable physical outrage. The whip of asps and scorpions applied to the mind, leaving no bodily evidence, would be counted by the magistrates as nothing. Another lawyer has confirmed this statement, and both agree that the employment of legal help would be thrown away.

Old Mr. Hardfist retains Sarah's clothes. Two carriers called for them in vain; her mother also made a fruitless journey to fetch them, but ten shillings, and two-and-sixpence earnest money are demanded before the delivery of them. The mother was told in one direction that she would have to put a value on the clothes—they are worth about £2—and to summon the master before the County Court. In another direction she was advised, and by a lawyer, too, that she had better go again to Hardfist, and make as good a bargain as she could with him; "for," said this gentleman, "he is rich, and you are the weakest, who must go to the wall."

Thus, Mr. Hardfist, through retaining Sarah's clothes, and keeping her in great uncertainty for a month, prevented her seeking a fresh service. At last, however, her mother, having bought her a few necessary articles of clothing, the poor girl has gone to a place. It has been decided that it is wisest not even to sue Hardfist in the County Court for her clothes, as the cause would be sure to be lost, and the expenses lost also; for her late master can have her up at any time until Martinmas next, the 26th November. On the day Sarah entered Mr. Hardfist's service the former servant left, going, poor creature, by an early carrier to N——. That very day the girl hired herself again to a place at P——, whither she went ill. The den she left has, it is expected, been the death of her. Two wretched months she has dragged on a sickly existence, and now, being unable to work, has returned home the picture of death. Some little time before she was freed from her miserable place, her mistress, in a drunken frenzy, ran after her with a carving-knife, but as Mary *was not intoxicated*, and rather too nimble, the woman threw the knife at her, which passed, however, harmlessly with a whizz close to her head. She ran into the yard, and the dame

fastened her out, and kept her out of doors in the cold, and being unfortunately very susceptible to the severe temperature, she is now enduring the miserable consequences of the occurrence.

Pretty pitfalls, indeed, are those old barbarous laws for the feet of the ignorant and thoughtless! We have a "Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals." Good! The noblest lady of our land is Patroness; but unfortunately young women do not come under the category of "animals," otherwise, as instances of cruelty are inquired after, I could furnish a few flagrant cases.

A young woman hires herself for a year, sells her personal liberty for that period, and puts herself into a position where she cannot defend her character from ruinous imputations, (in fact many do not escape ruin,) and, to shun the vilest contamination, is compelled, by "absconding from her situation," to run the following risks:—The loss of character, loss of wages—for no wages are due to her until either she has received physical injury, or her time of service is expired—loss of clothes, and last but not least, a warrant issued for her apprehension, as though she were a thief or murderer, with no alternative but that of returning to the old debasing slavery or prison.

Histories similar to that of Sarah and of her predecessor are not rare. Alas! quite the contrary. We have had three within our immediate neighborhood quite recently. In our local newspapers for this week I find the following advertisement—

"ABSCONDING FROM SERVICE.—*Mary Sothern*, a servant in husbandry, was charged with absconding from the service of Miss T——, at B—— J——, last Sunday afternoon. Defendant was hired up to Lady-day, and on the afternoon in question she went away without leave, and the following day hired herself to another person. Ordered to pay the expenses, 11*s.* 6*d.*, and to be discharged from her situation."

An old woman in the train on Wednesday week told me that in her youth she ran away from a hard place; that she was apprehended, (perhaps fifty years ago,) and although part of her food had been *dead cow beef with gentles in it*, she was obliged to employ a lawyer, and that it cost her £3, half of the previous year's wages, to get her out of her "awful fix." Another glimpse into the "penny wisdom" of this farm slave domestic-economy I gained the other day walking home from T——. It was given me by a grave old man, a walker by the way.

According to this history, servant girls become their own "executive" sometimes. Charlotte, the heroine, worn out with insults from her mistress, and at last stung by some remark, of the injustice of which she was only too conscious, in a sudden fit of exasperation caught up her mistress under one arm, and hurried with her into the yard, where she put her into the "swill-tub."

"Nay, nay, Charlotte, thou must not put her in there!" exclaimed her master, who was just then coming in from the fields to his tea. But in there Charlotte put her, and then, from a strong revulsion of

feeling, rushed back into the kitchen, and folding her head in her apron, as she dropt into a chair, wept passionately. Meanwhile the dame had escaped out of her tub, and disappeared to her bedroom, whence she sent down word that "the baggage should be paid her wages and instantly dismissed!" The old master, however, drank his tea very comfortably in much composure, saying every now and then, with a smile and shake of the head—"Charlotte, Charlotte, sad case, Charlotte; never take it so to heart, Charlotte; served her just right, Charlotte; she does not know when she has a good servant, but *I* do. *I* hired you, Charlotte; you're *my* servant. Never mind her, lass! There will be a storm, but it will blow over." And so it happened. But Charlotte stayed out her time!

The old man foretold exactly what came to pass, "that her mistress would let her alone for the rest of her time." Very often the old farmer smiled at even a casual mention of "the tub," saying "that was a sad affair, that tub affair. I urged the missis to have Charlotte up; but no! Had Charlotte struck her or pushed her about, why she would have had her up. But of all places, to be put into a *swill-tub*; no, it would not do to mention *that!*"

Could I have given the foregoing as I had it from the girl's relative, it would be comic enough, but I cannot. I have hesitated about giving publicity to this "Tale of a Tub," for Crabbe says

> "It is indeed a foolish thing to tell,
> A tale that shall be deemed improbable."

Yet another similar fact I know to be true. The arrogant and indignant treatment high-spirited girls endure, tempts reprisals, and thus mistresses at times are the victims of retributive poetical justice. A brother of Charlotte the next year hired himself to her master, she having pointed him out in the "statits."

"I'm near of kin to Charlotte," said Charley.

"If thee art, thee'rt a good wooled 'un, and a'll hire thee," returned the master.

He did so, and Charley stayed there four years with the best of masters and the very worst of mistresses that he ever knew.

A clergyman in Lincolnshire has made some stir about the vice and dissipation attending statutes, and a committee was formed at one of our chief towns to turn the tide of pleasure-seekers into the temperance channel. But the terrible mass of moral debasement, the crying wrongs, and the bitter retribution which we are paying, and must pay, is quite a new *terra incognita*. I am now wide awake as regards this domestic darkness in all its density, and will endeavor to startle others as I myself have been startled.

It is all very excellent to turn the stream of these pleasure-seekers of the British slave marts into more rational channels, thereby lessening the drunkenness and debauchery, the inseparable attendants upon such annual gatherings, but I have always myself felt that this was only like "flinging," as we say in the country, "their

caps against the wind." Nothing will do but going to the well-head of these abominations—the repeal of the old degrading laws.

None but rural residents, who dwell in the midst of these dark vestiges of a past age, know the vast mass of bitterest slavery which exists all the country over—a festering mass, tainting the whole moral atmosphere.

We have tried the experiment in our West Indian colonies of free instead of slave labor. Would that our legislators would try it here! Perhaps, however, we only perceive enormities from a distance. Our national and other schools are doing an immense work towards bettering our English future, but our rural districts loudly demand instant slave emancipation for the same purpose. True, it is but slavery for a year, or it may be from year to year, but call it voluntary, or by whatsoever name you will, still it is slavery.

It is lamentable to reflect that the announcement in our public journals of more than thirty thousand thieves, and nearly the same number of fallen women, in England and Wales, is only too favorable an estimate of our moral condition. It therefore certainly behoves our political economists, our wise Christian statesmen, to look narrowly into every source of these monstrous evils. White slavery in thousands of dark places, all England over, will be found one of the most prolific of these sources.

These old, antiquated, and corroding laws once abolished, other laws, without Government interference, will of necessity come into certain operation—the law of mutual forbearance, the law of kindness, the humanizing bonds of mutual obligation. Domestic inmates, virtues never known before in these rural homes, will enter freely, elevating the character of both employers and employed, and conferring incalculable benefit upon the whole community.

Surely at length this long age of darkness must be drawing to its close! These stifled, weary groans from thousands of so-called free men and women must surely reach the ears of a pitying and merciful legislature at last. Let us trustfully and hopefully believe this day is at hand, and believing this, let us work zealously towards it, for sorely indeed is the dawn of a brighter day needed by these poor, ignorant, and unprotected beings.

R. H.

XXXVIII.—IN SILENCE.

"Non ti lagnar, ma soffri, e taci."

Speak thou no word, shed thou no tear,
No token of thy woe appear,
No outward sign of inward fear.

No striving sharp with human ill,
No battling with the Highest Will:
Endure thy sorrow and be still!

In silence suffer, knowing well
A heavier grief thy Lord befell:
A woe more terrible to tell.

And what were life bereft of pain?
A waveless, changeless, tranquil main—
Thou soon wouldst seek the storm again.

Better to stem the raging deep,
Better thy ceaseless vigil keep,
Than sink in calm, ignoble sleep.

Thy pain is sharp; at ev'ry turn
Thou must some bitter lesson learn,
See hope go forth and not return.

Youth spurns the pain, and speaks of bliss,
Hails Pleasure with a greeting kiss;
Brooks not to hear of aught amiss.

Yet youth is learning all the while
Life's bitter meanings to beguile,
By hiding sorrow with a smile.

But still it stays; it will not go;
Thou must its presence feel and know
Then bear thy discipline of woe.

Complain not thou; in silence bear
The cross that He has bid thee wear,
Whose burden all the living share.

Thy whispered murmur will be praise,
Thy voice will Alleluias raise,
When God shall justify His ways.

L. F

XXXIX.—PRÉS D'UN BERCEAU.

Comme un pêcheur quand l'aube est près d'éclore,
Court épier le réveil de l'aurore,
Pour lire au ciel l'espoir d'un jour serein,
Ta mère, enfant, réve à ton beau destin;
Ange des cieux, que seras-tu sur terre,
Homme de paix, ou bien homme de guerre
Prêtre à l'autel, beau cavalier au bal,
Brillant poête, orateur, général?
En attendant, sur mes genoux,
Ange, aux yeux doux,
Endormez-vous!

Son œil le dit ; il est né pour la guerre,
De ses lauriers, comme je serai fière !
Il est soldat ! le voilà général !
Il court ! il vole ! il devient maréchal !
Le voyez-vous au sein de la bataille,
Le front radieux, traverser la mitraille !
L'enemi fuit ! tout cède à sa valeur !
Sonnez, clairons ! car mon fils est vainqueur !
En attendant, sur mes genoux,
Mon général ! endormez-vous !

Mais non, mon fils, ta mère en ses alarmes,
Craindrait pour toi le jeu sanglant des armes.
Coule plutôt tes jours dans le saint lieu,
Loin des périls, sous le regard de Dieu !
Sois cette lampe à l'autel allumée,
De la prière haleine parfumée !
Sois cet encens qu'offre le séraphin
A l'Eternel avec l'hymne divin !
En attendant, sur mes genoux,
Mon beau Lévite, endormez-vous !

Pardon, mon Dieu ! dans ma folle tendresse,
J'ai de vos lois méconnu la sagesse,
Si j'ai péché, n'en punissez que moi !
J'ai seul en vous, Seigneur ! manqué de foi !
Près d'un berceau, le rêve d'une mère
Devrait toujours n'être qu'une prière.
Daignez, mon Dieu, choisir pour mon enfant !
Vous voyez mieux, et vous l'aimez autant !
Et toi, mon ange, aux yeux si doux !
Repose en paix sur mes genoux !

XL.—THE PORTRAIT.

CHAPTER V.

It has been affirmed that a sick bed is the best place from which to form a just estimate of life. But this, like some other reputed wise saws, may be questioned. At best it is only a half truth; for were we to estimate the affairs of this world when in health as we do when helplessly sick, pronouncing the whole vain and worthless, we should sit with folded hands in passive contempt of earth and all its trivialities, and with lofty disdain spurn from us every work except such as we considered spiritual and of eternal importance. Now, it is not intended that while we are in this world we are to imagine ourselves denizens of a higher, and refuse to perform, it may be, an

ordinary mortal part: we must have a certain degree of interest in what seems measured out for us to do, else we labor not in a healthy, but in a sickly fashion: therefore I hold that although the interests of this life are as nothing when compared with those of eternity, yet, with reference to us and our life on earth, they *are* of importance, and ought to be energetically entered upon. Those moralists or religionists who make so desperate a gap and division between this life and the next are not wise, as such dislocation tends rather to depress than elevate the human being. If earth and heaven are so wide apart, how can the kingdom of the latter ever be within us?

My fever took with it, in its departure, all my grievances. With renewed health came renewed spirits, and a keen sense of the blessings given me made me accuse myself of ingratitude, because not having had precisely all I wished, I had murmured and been cast down. I wept tears of delight as once more I wandered by the river side, traversed the green meadow, and basked in the sunshine of another spring. "Ah!" I said, half reproachfully, "is this not a thousand times more charming than were even the gardens of the Tuilleries?"

"When do you think you will be able to go so far as Weston Park?" said kind Dr. Osmond to me one day, after he had pronounced me well enough to exert myself. "There is a friend of mine there at present who is anxious to make your acquaintance."

"Who may that be?" I asked, rather flurried at the thought of meeting a stranger; for small matters still agitated me.

"A very pleasant person, I assure you, and I shall take you to see her to-morrow."

The next day the Doctor took me with him to Weston Park, and there I was introduced to Mrs. Martyn.

In the appearance of this new friend of the Doctor there was nothing very striking or remarkable; nothing, in short, to warn weak-minded people that they looked on a woman of genius. Her eyes were neither veiled and dreamy, nor flashing light on the beholder, neither did they seem, when their owner was silent, much unlike the eyes of other people; nor did I remark the ample, lofty forehead insisted on as a mark of ultra wisdom. Such signs, as well as many others said to be indicative of high intellectual power, were not apparent in that first glance at the somewhat stout, neatly dressed, elderly lady who bore the plain name of Mrs. Martyn. Yet it turned out that Mrs. Martyn was a somebody, and of no small importance; a "femme célèbre" of the sound sense school, waging fierce war against those of her sex who were content to sip rose-water and affect a sentimentality and ultra softness not in them, simply to gratify the folly of mediocre, half-educated men, who prefer lisping baby women in white muslin and blue ribbons to self-sustaining and self-supporting ones, who perchance make them feel less certain of their dignity, strength of

mind, and infinite superiority. By the fraternity of gentle rose-bud-simplicity worshippers Mrs. Martyn was eyed askance; they could not affirm her to be a fool, neither was she learned nor pedantic; they therefore merely wondered how an otherwise sensible person could be so extremely foolish on some points. A second and a third visit passed, and then an overture was made, to which I heartily and gratefully assented. The proposal was that I should return to London with Mrs. Martyn in the capacity of an amanuensis.

I was once more busy preparing to leave home, once more on the point of going to London. Nearly two years had elapsed since my first visit to that world where I had expected to see much I did not see, but where, on the contrary, I had witnessed and experienced what I had not expected, and whence I had not returned, as our heroines in novels are made to do, purified and tried by trials and sufferings innumerable, to rest for the remainder of my days, provided as a matter of course with a husband. Alas, no! I had again to go forth, and with the feeling strong upon me that I was still merely on the threshold of life, and must expect both to suffer and endure. But I was full of hope, and cheerful in the knowledge that this time I had a veritable employment, and a wise employer, a far different companion from the one of my former journey. Naturally, too, I hoped to hear in London of Mr. Cleveland. My sharp illness had brought me to my senses, if the meaning of that phrase be to see persons and things in a less exaggerated light, and view matters in general calmly. This I now was enabled to do, but I craved to have the conduct of my artist friend explained, to have the cloud removed that seemed to darken his actions, and then, if I could perfectly exonerate him, I should be quite happy. So I reasoned. I believed in the fact of mortals being "quite happy," and I smile as I write, when I remember the fallacies by which in our younger years we are pleasantly deluded, and how one by one grim time exposes and dashes them to pieces. It seems like a paradox, but to be "quite happy" would simply mean to be unhappy: to have nothing to wish for or desire would be a doubtful sort of happiness. We complain of our *ifs* and *buts;* take them away, and see what would be left behind. Struggle, effort, is life and happiness such as befits humanity; passiveness and negation should be called *endurance*, but not happiness.

Well, never mind; I was deceived then about the meaning of the word happiness, as about various other words, and now I need not discuss the question.

Another element of satisfaction in my new prospects was the consciousness that my position in the household of Mrs. Martyn would be defined. I should be there not as an idle hanger-on, but as a necessary supplement to that lady, in the shape of a mechanical right hand. My services were stated, and so was the equivalent to be given in return; and this also was to my liking; therefore with a light heart I made ready to depart, leaving without regret my pupils to admire and to

copy as many towers after the model of the leaning one of Pisa as they felt inclined.

I was returning rather late one evening from Carrington, having made a few purchases previous to setting out on my journey, when I fell into a musing fit, and wandered back to Paris, Mrs. Bethune, and the dragon. I had not for months heard anything of my former friend. A few formal letters had passed between us, and then an unbroken silence had followed.

Musing on the past, and walking slowly in the deepening twilight, unless my imagination were playing me a trick, there right before me was Sarah herself, walking towards our cottage. If not Sarah Dermid, it was her wraith, her "Doppelgänger," scarlet gown and black mantle to boot, with shoes and antique head gear such as only our dragon would wear.

I rushed forward past the figure, and then turned full round to have a look at the face.

"Bless my soul, Miss Emily, is that you?" The familiar words and tone soon assured me it was Sarah in the body, and not her spectre. "I should rather ask," I replied, "is that you, Sarah Dermid? for who would have dreamt of meeting you here?"

"Ah! you may well say so, Miss Emily, but this is a world of change"—and the dragon uttered one of her old groans and looked very woful.

"Of course, you are here in search of me," I said. "Come with me, and you shall tell me all when you are rested. But are you alone, or is Mrs. Bethune with you?" I added, as it was possible they might be on their way to the North, Mrs. Bethune having frequently said she should much like to visit the mountains of Scotland, and sketch some of the wild scenery peculiar to that romantic region. Sarah shook her head despondingly, and muttered, "I am alone, quite alone." And as I perceived that her tale was not a pleasant one, at least for her, I asked no more questions, but hastened home with my unlooked-for companion.

Sarah had often hinted to me, when in an extra confidential mood, that her mistress would probably renounce the world and enter a convent, as she had expressed such an intention whenever a fit of low spirits came on. I paid no heed to such communications, feeling that such an idea might be in the brain of Sarah, but certainly not in that of her mistress as a genuine conviction. The dragon's story was to the effect that her mistress had declared her intention of going abroad to visit several convents, but, to the consternation and disappointment of Sarah, declined to take her with her. To make up for this cruel treatment, as Sarah called it, Mrs. Bethune had given her a pension of £30 per annum, and my old friend was now on her way to Scotland, to remain there, if she felt it agreeable.

"But you see, Miss Emily, I may feel like a stranger, even in my own country."

"And what of Master Edward?" I asked; "how is he employed?"

"Do you not know?" responded Sarah, looking rather disconcerted.

"How should I, when I have not heard from Mrs. Bethune for months?" was my answer.

"Ay, I forgot. Well, Miss Emily, since you would not have him, the chattering magpie he met in Paris will soon be Mrs. Mansfield. Indeed, I am sure he is just off to London to be married, and Mrs. Bethune with him, although they did not tell me." And Sarah looked very irate as she gave me the information.

"Never mind Master Edward," I said, to comfort her, "you shall come and live with me when I am married; if we have not a fine estate, I hope to have a merry hearth."

The question I most wished to ask seemed to stick in my throat. I had hoped that Sarah would have spoken of Mr. Cleveland, but she did not. One day, making a sudden effort, (it was the day before I intended to leave Carrington,) "How is it you have not told me anything of Mr. Cleveland?" I asked.

"Because I have nothing to tell," was the snappish answer.

"Did you not see him before you left London for Yorkshire?"

"Yes, I saw him and spoke to him, too, but only for a moment; I said, 'I hope you are well, sir,' and he passed on without answering me."

"Did he call only once to see Mrs. Bethune?"

"Only once," replied my tormenting companion; "and Mrs. Bethune thought he behaved very ungraciously."

Sarah closed her lips, and this was all I could draw from her. The puzzle was still to be a puzzle to me.

"God bless you, Miss Emily," said the dragon, as I bade her farewell; and forcing rather a grim smile, she added, "and remember, whether married or single, I will come and live with you, whenever you send for me."

Her face brightened as we shook hands, and again I was on the road to that great Malström of busy life, that whirlpool in which luxury and misery go hand in hand in their circling evolutions, and in which virtue and vice in perpetual strife chase each other. Who can think of our great city without myriads of startling visions rushing before the inward eye?

The husband of Mrs. Martyn professed among other good qualities the rare virtue of not only being aware of his wife's sense and powers of mind, but of actually acknowledging openly their existence, and this is an excellence seldom met with. He did not agree entirely with her opinions; but that was scarcely to be expected, as many of them ran counter to the popular voice, and there are few who care to be thought absurd or singular even in the eyes of their own circle; and still fewer who have the courage to oppose ancient follies if they continue to be upheld by the public at large. Nevertheless, difference of opinion did not in the case of Mr. and Mrs. Martyn diminish the respect and affection which each

felt for the other. They argued and disputed, defended and maintained the assailed points of difference, but never quarrelled about questions on which every one has a right to form his own judgment. Indeed, their debates usually ended in a good-humored laugh on the part of Mr. Martyn, who declared his wife to be too many stages before her age, while she persisted that he was blinded by the dust of masculine prejudices.

Mrs. Martyn found in me an ardent disciple; for the subjects on which she employed her pen were precisely those that were puzzling and irritating, and which gave me a miserable opinion of *justice* as seen in the dealings of man with man in the actual relations of life. And when I read as the judgment of many grave thinkers, that the more one sees of human nature the more despicable it appears, "that every man has his price, &c. &c., and that intense selfishness rules and sways the entire mass"—I should, had my nature not been against it, have decidedly become misanthropic, despaired of man as an individual, and consequently of the whole race. But as I could not bring myself to confess that I was so utterly low, base, and selfish, neither could I condemn others in that wholesale fashion, therefore I could not and would not give up my hope in the elevation of the race at large, any more than I could cease to hope and aspire for myself. Thus it chanced, happily for me, that while shown many hateful truths, I did not become desponding. Not many weeks elapsed until I found myself as one of the family, treated with uniform courtesy by Mr. Martyn, and with unostentatious kindness by his wife. The former was a collector of rare old prints, of which he had amassed I know not how many portfolios; he also was a bit of an antiquarian, a member of several societies founded for the express purpose of raking up, from amidst the rubbish of the past, anything and everything supposed to be valuable. Nothing came amiss to some of the learned seekers, from yellow faded parchments, old coins, old bones, old stones, down to rusty scraps of iron, and fragments of red (antique of course) earthenware. All that could throw light backwards was as religiously preserved by worthy Mr. Martyn as if it had been a relic of some favorite saint, and he a devout Catholic. He early perceived that my taste did not turn in that direction, indeed, that I had a distaste for, and did not value the contents of his museum of antiquities as he conceived I ought to have done; but for this indifference I made up and atoned by the eagerness I showed when he condescended to give me his rich and really beautiful collection of gems in art to examine. On this topic we got on admirably, and when, in the course of time, I ventured to ask his opinion of some of my own sketches, which he gave with the authority of an acknowledged connoisseur, and I received as such, our amicable relation towards each other was perfected. Unbroken harmony reigned, except when, now and then, a disputation occurred, brought on by some statement or assertion made by Mr. Martyn, with which my good friend could not altogether chime in.

CHAPTER VI.

It was the height of the London season, and the world of fashion was in its meridian splendour. Drawing-rooms, levées, the opera, fêtes, and exhibitions again divided the attention of the inhabitants of the West-end and of those strangers whose rank and opulence enabled them to participate in the gaiety. It was the custom of Mr. and Mrs. Martyn to have an evening reception once a fortnight, and with a natural curiosity to see the men and women whose works I had been reading, and of whom I was constantly hearing either good or evil —for even authors have their personal enemies—I availed myself of these opportunities. For a few evenings I enjoyed the novelty amazingly; afterwards I became wearied of hearing the same platitudes repeated, the same opinions reiterated, and found out that authors in public are not half so charming as in private, when we have them (in their books I mean) all to ourselves.

At one of those wholesale meetings, when the rooms appeared more crowded than usual, I had crept into a corner, after I had seen, as I supposed, everybody worth looking at. Mr. Martyn generally took care to inform me when any notabilities arrived hitherto unknown to me, or to point them out. Sometimes, when they chanced to belong to the art-circle, of which he was the centre, as his wife was of the literary one, he extended his kindness, and introduced me as a young person who "showed signs of artistic taste," and a few of those whose acquaintance was thus made proved exceedingly agreeable, and, what is more, we continued friends ever after. Sitting, then, in my corner, in which stood a small table covered with articles of antiquarian virtu, I perceived Mr. Martyn making his way towards me, accompanied by a gentleman. "A 'virtuoso' doubtless," I said to myself; "and now for a tiresome disquisition on Egyptian embalming, Etrurian remains, and such like." I could not for the crowd distinguish more than the height of the companion of Mr. Martyn; what, then, were my feelings when I beheld Arthur Cleveland close by my side? "A young friend of mine who"—Mr. Martyn was going on as usual about my signs of artistic taste, when, to his surprise, he was suddenly interrupted by Mr. Cleveland stammering out in a confused manner "that he had the pleasure of being acquainted with Miss Lindores." "Ah, then," said his intended introducer, not observing my changing color and equally confused look, "I shall leave you together to have a talk, for there is Mr. H—— waiting to have my opinion on his last picture. By the by, Mr. Cleveland, what have *you* in the Exhibition this year?" A sudden glow overspread the face of the artist; he did not immediately make any reply, and Mr. Martyn, not waiting for one, went away to join Mr. Waddington.

A painful pause ensued, which neither of us seemed to have the power to break. For my part I felt as if speech were an impossibility, and the longer the silence lasted the more crushing it became.

Cleveland took up one after another of the smaller objects which lay on the table, and pretended to examine them minutely, but his embarrassment could not be disguised, and I knew he scarcely saw the things he held in his hand. How strange, yet how real, are those clouds that interpose at times between two persons without any apparent cause, and how difficult it is to dispel them when once there. Why should I not have spoken openly and freely to Mr. Cleveland, and why should he have been so confused and embarrassed if he had nothing to conceal or be ashamed of?

There I sat, and there close beside me stood Mr. Cleveland, lifting up from the table one small article after another, and putting them again in their places with as much care as if he had been the curator of a museum and the table a cabinet of precious curiosities.

At length, as if starting from a reverie, he abruptly asked when I had seen Mrs. Bethune. Thankful that the awkward silence was at last broken, I answered, "Not since I left London, a year ago." "Indeed!" was the sole comment made, and again he began to handle small vases and cracked jars. How I longed to upset the table and scatter its contents on the floor. I could not endure the tantalizing scene an instant longer, so I resolved to put an end to it. I cleared my throat, and managed to say, "Mr. Cleveland, I regret that I had not the pleasure of seeing you before I left Paris, as I owed you perhaps an explanation."

"Do not speak of the past," said Cleveland, hurriedly interrupting me. "Forget the past, and tell me how your drawing gets on." He spoke in a forced, hard tone, and his lips were again firmly compressed. I felt angry and annoyed that he thus waived aside all allusion to our life in Paris. I called in the aid of pride, and made an attempt to speak of indifferent matters. Cleveland seemed absent; he either made no answer to what I said, or, when he did, it was far from the point.

He still lingered at the table, and still his altered manner continued. Mr. Martyn rejoined us, and I was enabled to abandon my lame attempts at keeping up a conversation in which I had all to do myself. I glided out of my corner and mingled with the crowd; shortly afterwards I saw Cleveland leave the room, without even coming to wish me good night. And this was the interview so ardently wished for!

Every one who has had any experience of social life knows that in nine cases out of ten the rending of friendly ties is caused by some trivial circumstance in the first instance; and misunderstanding following upon misunderstanding, the feelings become wounded and embittered by supposed injuries, till resentment takes possession of the mind, and reconcilement becomes difficult. So it was with me. Pondering over the conduct of Mr. Cleveland during the dark, silent hours of night, I came to the conclusion that his embarrassment arose from a desire to cancel the past, which, having still perhaps some feelings left for me, he found rather

troublesome to manage, and hence his evident confusion. It was with bitterness of heart that I conceived myself forced to accept this solution.

"He is false, unworthy of estimation; with all his high qualities, poor in integrity, facile in feeling, now and for ever I banish him from my heart." With this flourish of sentiment, I descended next morning to the breakfast room, to find myself late, and Mr. and Mrs. Martyn in full debate on the merits of the man on whom I had pronounced my ban of ostracism; to be, however, somewhat tormented by him, even as were the Greeks by their exiled heroes.

"I understand he has only one picture in the Exhibition, and that a mere portrait"—were the words that met my ear as I entered. Mrs. Martyn was the speaker.

"That may be, my dear," deprecatingly replied the ally of the artist; "but depend upon it, whatever it is, it will be the best picture there;" then adding with the authority and weight of an art critic from whose judgment there could be no appeal, "I assure you, and you may take my word for it, Cleveland is the prince of modern artists."

But Mrs. Martyn was not to be thus silenced, and she began anew the dispute—"He may be if he chooses to exert himself. But he is too dreamy and indolent to secure final success. In short, he is indifferent to fame, and without such an ingredient neither artists nor poets ever attain the highest point of excellence to which they are capable of rising."

"Nonsense," said Mr. Martyn, his face becoming rather flushed; "I have no faith in that theory of fame, and maintain that an artist who thinks of his art only, and never of what is called fame, stands the best chance of obtaining it. As to Cleveland being indolent, I think you are misinformed on that point. The imagination of the true artist requires intervals of rest and perfect repose, as well as the brain of the philosopher who spins thought; for the delicate wheels of the mind are not exactly like those of a mill, and you know that, my dear, as well as I do."

"Well, well," answered Mrs. Martyn, with a smile, as she saw her husband was getting hot on the subject of his favorite; "time will prove whether Cleveland fulfils his part, or falls short of it. I do not question his power, his exquisite, indeed faultless taste; it is his perseverance I doubt."

With this admission of the merits of his client, the connoisseur in art was satisfied, and proposed that we should go to the Exhibition and look at Cleveland's picture. Mrs. Martyn had an engagement, and could not go, but I made ready to accompany her husband, who all the way we went stoutly maintained the supremacy of his friend above every living artist.

We had reached the great pepper-box dignified by the name of National Gallery, and as we went in, a voice seemed to whisper that the picture called "a portrait" might be the Properzia he had said

he would paint to show me his conception of the beautiful sculptress of Bologna; and were it so, I was prepared to see a faint resemblance to myself, unless with change of feeling the artist had changed his idea. As I approached the spot indicated to me by Mr. Martyn as that where the picture hung, I could almost have heard the pulsation of my heart.

Before I had time to raise my eyes, for the picture was placed rather high, Mr. Martyn burst forth with "Too bad of you, Miss Lindores, not to let me into the secret. Well, to be sure, I never did see so remarkable a likeness."

Yes, there I was, standing erect in full stature, with a chisel in my hand, while rays of light seemed to stream over the entire picture, executed, I perceived at a glance, in the master's finest and purest style. As for the likeness, it was unmistakeable, but so highly idealized that I should have been vain beyond the vanity of men had I not acknowledged that the beauty was entirely owing to the rich imagination and the inimitable skill of the painter. Fortunately my companion was too busy to look at the original. I continued to gaze at what seemed my spirit-self until tears dimmed my sight, and then I turned in another direction to escape observation. I sauntered slowly on, seeing our studio in Paris, and Cleveland standing before my Properzia as I now had stood before his. If I sighed and drew my veil down, it was but a pardonable weakness; for it is so easy to say we are resolved to do this or that, the doing of which, at times, defies a thousand strong resolves; that moment my banishment of the artist was a mere figure of speech.

"Only think," said Mr. Martyn, when I rejoined him, "Cleveland absolutely refuses to sell that picture. What a fool he is, when Mr. Waddington offers him his own price. You know," he added with simplicity, "that he could easily get you to sit for another if he wanted your face in particular."

"He could doubtless easily paint another," I answered, "but I did not sit to Mr. Cleveland; probably the likeness is accidental."

"When I have an opportunity I shall not fail to ask him," was the reply; and we returned home.

I was sitting with flushed face and hair not yet arranged for a state occasion, (a dinner party,) when Wilton, Mrs. Martyn's maid, tapped at my door, to ask if she could assist me to dress. In answer to the question, what dress I meant to wear, (as she saw none at hand,) I hastily answered, "Oh, give me any, whatever comes uppermost;" and having this permission, she did as waiting-maids often do; that is, she brought me the prettiest one she could find, and having no time to dispute, it was soon transferred from the wardrobe to my person. The dinner-bell rang, and away I flew, Wilton screaming after me that my hair was not half dressed.

On our way home from the Exhibition, Mr. Martyn had requested, as a special favor, that I would not mention to his wife, as he

wished to give her a surprise, the wonderful resemblance that Mr. Cleveland's Properzia bore to me; and on my part I begged that he would not allude to the circumstance at all, as I should dislike exceedingly to be spoken of in conjunction with the picture.

"Very right, my dear," said Mr. Martyn, smiling; "were I to do so, the house would be besieged by curious people coming to look at you." Then, after a pause, as if he had been turning the matter over in his mind, he added—"But how can I prevent it being known when the likeness is so peculiarly striking?"

"Say that it is a strange coincidence," I answered with an attempt at a laugh; "or say the artist may have seen me in a dream. *Coincidence* is best, however; that convenient word will end all idle suppositions." Mr. Martyn laughed, and the subject was dropped.

Mr. Waddington was among the guests. He sat next Mr. Martyn, at the foot of the table, and I was seated as usual by the side of Mrs. Martyn, to assist her, her right hand being weak in consequence of a sprained wrist. I observed that the promoter and encourager of the fine arts seated at the foot of the table stared at me in a manner beyond that which the law of etiquette could justify. I felt the blood mount to my face, for I at once concluded he was thinking of the portrait. The more he stared the more I blushed, until after having whispered a few words to his neighbor, and being answered, seemingly to his satisfaction, he ceased to look in my direction. Before doing so, however, I imagined that he bent towards me a smiling, significant glance, as much as to say, "I know all about it, but will keep the secret."

My dress must have aided his recognition, for although not exactly that in which Properzia was draped, yet it resembled it. Cleveland, like a true artist, having a mortal aversion to modern fashions, had given Properzia a classic robe, such as was worn by Roman maidens—a white flowing dress, edged with purple; and mine chanced to be transparent white muslin, over a delicate violet-colored silk, simply made, and ornamented with ribbon of the like delicate shade. The coloring was therefore of the same hue, only a degree lighter.

I had scarcely recovered from this embarrassment, when a visitor, also an art-lover—the party chiefly consisting of friends of Mr. Martyn—said, "I half hoped to have met Cleveland here to-day."

"And so you would," answered Mr. Martyn, "had not an unforeseen circumstance occurred to prevent him. Perhaps he may come later in the evening."

"Have you seen his picture yet?" was asked by the same speaker, a young sculptor of rising eminence.

"No," replied our hostess; "have you seen it?"

"Not yet; I hear it is the portrait of a French girl who turned his head while he was in Paris last year."

"Very likely, as artists, like poets, cannot exist without a love affair," said Mrs. Martyn.

I felt excessively uncomfortable, for I saw Mr. Waddington and Mr. Martyn exchange significant looks; and the former, with a sly smile playing at the corners of his mouth, asked Mr. Carey, the young sculptor, if he believed the report to be true.

"I am sure I cannot tell; I only know that his friends had sad work to get him to exhibit it; but being the only thing he had finished, they insisted upon it. Indeed, they almost took it away by force, and it is said to be a beautiful painting. It was Howard who told me, and they are intimate, so he should know something of the matter."

"It is a beautiful picture," chimed in Mr. Martyn, "but there is nothing French in it. I have just been to see it, and pronounce it a *chef d'œuvre*."

"You are right," said a lady, sitting near Mr. Martyn, "it is a good picture; the figure is a copy from a painting in the Pope's palace."

"A copy of what?" grinned, rather than said Mr. Waddington, who was a bit of a wag, and had, I knew, a positive dislike to Mrs. Bullen, with her round black eyes, bullet-shaped head, fat cheeks, and vulgarity.

"A copy of St. John, to be sure," snappishly answered the lady.

"Well, I never knew before that St. John was a sculptor; but are you sure the original is in the Vatican?" asked the mischievous Mr. Waddington.

"Perfectly sure," replied Mrs. Bullen, "for the artist told me so himself, and I wonder how you can doubt the fact," she added, with an air of superior knowledge of the contents of the palace of his holiness.

"Excuse me, madam," began a benevolent clergyman, who chanced to be next her, "you are confusing the picture of Mr. Clelland with that of Mr. Cleveland, which is now the subject of conversation."

"La!" exclaimed the enlightened admirer of Mr. Clelland, (a popular portrait painter,) "none of you gentlemen, surely, can admire the pictures of Mr. Cleveland. I never imagined for a moment you were speaking of him. I gave a glance," she continued, "at what my friend Mr. Clelland pointed out to me as an 'idear of prosperity,' I think he called it, but really Mr. Cleveland has a poor idear of his subject if he fancies a young woman in a white pinafore a fit representative of the idear of prosperity," as she interpreted the ideal Properzia.

Mr. Waddington so far infringed upon the established law of politeness as to permit his risibility to master him. Mrs. Bullen thought of course he laughed at her bright wit, and heartily responded to it. Any one daring to laugh at herself would have been to that invincible impersonation of conceit "an idear," as she elegantly pronounced that word, inconceivable.

"Only fancy such a picture hung up in the Goldsmiths' Hall as an emblem of prosperity."

"Or in the Fishmongers', my dear madam," said Mr. Waddington, half convulsed, for he was a great laugher; while the rest of the patrons of art joined in the merriment.

I trembled lest the odious Mrs. Bullen might turn her black bead eyes on me, and find out that I resembled the young woman in the white pinafore.

Clelland, however, and not Cleveland, became now the hero of her discourse. The former was painting her portrait, and we heard of its merits in contradistinction to the demerits of the classic Properzia. She had it all her own way, as no one considered her worth contradicting.

Mrs. Martyn rising as soon as she possibly could, we ladies ascended to the drawing-room; and no sooner was that female sanctuary reached, than the indomitable Mrs. Bullen—who frequently boasted that she was never beat in argument—having, as she supposed, victoriously defeated the friends of Cleveland, and demolished him as an artist, began vigorously to assail his private character.

"I never heard anything against his character," answered an elderly friend of Mrs. Martyn's; (the latter had turned away her head, and seemed too angry to speak;) on the contrary, I have always understood that his principles were lofty, and his morals unexceptionable."

"Oh, you know nothing about him," rudely exclaimed the other. "Did you never hear that story of his duel with an excellent man in Paris?"

"Never!" replied Miss B——, "and I do not believe it. I consider it absurd to give credence to every evil report afloat about our acquaintances."

"This is not a mere report," continued the pertinacious accuser, with an increasing sharpness in her voice and redness in her face; "I had it from the best authority—a friend of mine."

The last word was yet on her lips, and I was standing transfixed to the spot by her insolent assurance, when the door was thrown open, and Mr. Cleveland announced. For a moment a dead silence ensued. The "rich bear," as some of her acquaintances designated Mrs. Bullen, gathering up a blond scarf which seemed at enmity with her shoulders, walked in grand style across the room, and took up a position as far removed from the "bad fellow" who had come into her august presence as the limits of the four walls permitted.

"Now, dear Miss Lindores," whispered a pretty, mirthful girl, who had kept close to my side, "we shall see how sublime the bear looks when sulking in her corner;" and then she exclaimed aloud, "Do come here, Mr. Cleveland; there has been a regular fight about you and your picture," and she turned a bouquet she held in her hand in the direction of the fiery Mrs. Bullen.

This thoughtless speech, I saw, embarrassed Cleveland, as, with

rather a forced smile, he obeyed the command of my young companion, who chanced to be an intimate friend of his. She began to give him so ludicrous an account of the dinner scene, asking him why he had not selected Mrs. Bullen for his "idear of prosperity," that he could not refrain from laughing. "You see what it is to refuse to paint a 'rich bear' with gold chains round its neck as thick as the ropes of a ship, and armlets to correspond. I told you you would catch it."

"Be quiet, Caroline; what if Mrs. Bullen hears you?"

"So much the better," said the careless girl; "it may teach her that bears are not competent to discuss art, or the merits of artists." Finding that I did not respond to her merriment, she suddenly paused, then turning again to Cleveland, whispered, "I believe that horrid Mrs. Bullen has made Miss Lindores ill; she looks as pale as a ghost."

"I trust Miss Lindores is not too ill to listen to an apology which I have come expressly to make?"

"It is only Caroline's nonsense," I replied; "heated rooms always make me pale." I could not help remembering the night of the ambassador's ball, when in the cool verandah we stood together by the side of the fountain looking out at the starry sky. Had Cleveland forgotten it?

"You will, I hope, do me the justice to believe," he went on to say, "that, had I known you were in London, nothing would have induced me to exhibit a picture whose successful handling is entirely due to you, without first asking and obtaining your permission. If you are angry, pray be so no longer. The picture was taken away almost by force. But," he added more rapidly, "you must now admit that my Properzia outrivals yours." A shadow of a smile passed across his countenance as he uttered the last words. "He has not forgotten the fountain and the stars," I thought to myself. As coldly as politeness warranted, I replied, "that as a work of art no one could dispute the point, and it was a matter of little consequence to me having my likeness exhibited, as from my obscure position few persons knew me."

Cleveland looked hurt and disappointed. "I thought we might at least remain friends," he replied in a lower tone; "but you seem to will otherwise."

"I trust, Mr. Cleveland, we *shall* remain friends, although your Properzia is in the Exhibition, and mine, I presume, in a lumber room," I forced myself to say with an assumed gaiety. Several of his friends now joined us, and the party soon after broke up. I retired to my room to renew my meditations on the inconsistency of people in general, and of Mr. Cleveland in particular.

(To be continued.)

XLI.—FRUITS IN THEIR SEASON.

VIII.—OLD GOOSEBERRY AND HIS CURRANT RELATIONS.

WHILE every bright-tinted blossom still slept within its bark-built cell, and only the first faint streaks of spring green were yet dawning over the dark bare boughs of winter, from among the earliest of leaves crept forth one of the earliest of flowers; but flaunting no brilliant hues to mark it out amid the universal verdure, this hardy little pioneer was attired on true rifle brigade principles, in a garb assimilating closely with its surroundings. Possessed of neither beauty nor fragrance, it lived out its little life unnoticed, perhaps, by one eye out of a hundred, among the many eagerly watching for the bloom of spring, but connecting that idea solely with the snowy vestures of the cherry and the pear tree, or the richer glories of the almond and apple. With the advancing season, however, the outgrowth of those humble blossoms soon becomes apparent, and being endowed, while yet green and immature, with virtues beyond those of any of our other fruits in a similar stage of progress, though not yet fit for the dessert, they grace the dinner table at least with a charm that has been long absent, and our English feast of first-fruits is therefore always a feast of gooseberries.

The botanical name *ribes*, shared in common by both gooseberries and currants, is an Arabic title originally bestowed on them through a mistake; for the description given by Arab botanists of the plant to which they had given this appellation, seemed to apply so well to our fruits that they were classed with it, and as the Europeans had not seen the real ribes, and the Arabians never came in contact with the gooseberry or currant, neither party discovered the error that had been fallen into until it had continued too long for the name to be altered, though the distinct nature of the respective plants has been long since ascertained, and even a cook-maid would hardly now suspect that rhubarb (the Arab ribes) had anything in common with the gooseberry beyond the similarity of flavor in the tarts made from them. The surname of the latter species—*grossularia*—is said to be derived from the resemblance of the fruit to little unripe figs, called *grossuli*, whence, too, comes the French *groseille*, the Scotch *grozer* or *grozet*, and, according to some, our name *gooseberry* also, though the latter is more generally considered to have been corrupted from *gorse*-berry, on account of the prickly bush on which they grow, while some gardeners believe that it alludes to the *gross* or thick skin of the fruit, and others again trace its etymology in the fact of its having been formerly much used as a spring sauce for the goose. In some counties it bears the name of feaberry, contracted from feverberry, the juice having been considered beneficial in fever.

Before it has opened, the blossom of the gooseberry in size, shape,

and color very nearly resembles a grape-stone. When fully blown it is seen to consist of a green calyx, slightly tinged perhaps with dull red, and divided at the edge into five sepals; at the base of these rise five tiny colorless scales, which represent petals, and between these are the five stamens; the whole arranged upon a central ovary, situate below the floral part, and looking like a sudden swelling of the flower-stalk. Ere long this ovary swells more and more; it is soon traceable that there are little seeds within it, arranged in two groups, and attached to its sides by threads, and when eventually it has become a large juicy berry, these seeds are still fettered to its walls and sustained amid the pulp by the same soft but firm ligatures. And though the blossom has long since withered, its principal part, the calyx, has not disappeared, but merely dried up, and now, brown and shrivelled, still clings to the object which has so distended beneath it, and keeps the same place to the last upon the great berry which it did at first upon the little ovary—a relic of humble origin retained by the expanded fruit, like the apron preserved by the ex-blacksmith of Persia in all the exaltation of royal grandeur.

Even at its best estate this blossom of the gooseberry had been so small and insignificant, making little more show while unopened than a leaf bud, and scarcely distinguishable in its lair among the leaves even when full blown, that, comparing it with the great and gorgeous flowers which kindle the cactus into stars of flame, it might appear as reasonable for a linnet to claim cousinship with a peacock as for these most opposite seeming products of the vegetable kingdom to put in a plea of relationship. Yet it is a botanical fact that the plants are closely allied, and the cactæ are considered as the tropical representatives of the grossulariæ of cold climates. Careful inspection will show many points of similarity, for though the gooseberry has leaves and the cactus has none, consisting entirely of succulent stems, the latter shoots forth many appendages, which are affirmed to be foliage in state of abortion, and therefore tending to disappearance, the "very sharpe, cruell, crooked (?) thorns, which no man's hand can well avoid that doth handle them," spoken of thus plaintively by an old botanist, being now looked on as mere mid-ribs without any expansion of fleshy substance to form them into leaves, and which therefore harden into mere prickly spines. The ovary, too, swelling as it does directly out of the stalk, is another feature in common, and in the matured fruit the resemblance is far more obvious; indeed, so much so, that one species of cactus bears the name of the West Indian gooseberry. An ornamental species of grossularia, a native of California and the west coast of America, introduced here in 1829, and now not uncommon, shows a taste more in affinity with its gaily-dressing tropical relatives, by assuming a rich robe of crimson, the calyx of the blossom being large and highly-colored like a fuchsia, making it a very desirable acquisition in the flower garden. In Siberia are

several species of ribes which have the prickles of the gooseberry, yet bear fruit resembling currants, being indeed the connecting link between the two. These are not easy for a botanist to class, for the presence or absence of prickles is the one feature by which the plants are commonly distinguished from each other, it being a singular fact, considering how different are the respective fruits into which the blossoms develop, that the organs of fructification are so similar as to offer nothing on which a distinction of genera can be founded. The currant has more numerous blossoms, it is true, but the gooseberry produces several in a group, one or two mostly proving abortive, and in each case they are arranged on a common stalk, each with its appended bract, while the flowers are formed of exactly the same number of parts, disposed in an exactly similar manner. Linnæus attempted to trace a distinction in the presence or absence of hair on the fruit, and were all gooseberries like the little red Esau selected by housekeepers as making the best preserve, the difference from the currant would be obvious enough; but among the former family are to be found Jacobs also, as smooth-skinned as the subtle supplanter of old, and trust in this characteristic would therefore by no means prevent confusion of the tribes, but, on the contrary, only prove as misleading as it did in the days of the patriarch. At a loss, then, for some better family cognizance, Tournefort speaks only of thorny and thornless "groseilles," and modern science has been unable to improve on the classification.

The thornless gooseberries, then, if so we must designate our currant friends, are a widely flourishing race, native to many parts of Europe, venturing in America to the very borders of the Arctic circle, and calling up a vision of cooler climes amid oriental surroundings in many places in Asia. There is no evidence of the ancients having been acquainted with any of the tribe, but Loudon thinks it hardly probable that they could have been unknown, though we may be unable to identify them with any of the plants mentioned by the Greeks and Romans. It is not noticed, however, by our own oldest botanical writer, Gerard, nor does its title imply any very ancient origin, for it derives the name currant from its resemblance to the imported dried fruit which our forefathers called Corinthes, or currants, because they were brought from Greece, and with which therefore they must have been familiar before making acquaintance with their now naturalized namesake.

Foremost of this branch of the family stands the universally admired *ribes rubrum*, or red currant, the flowers and fruit of which grow in *racemes*, *i.e.*, on little stalklets proceeding from the main stalk, and each supporting but a single berry, instead of branching so as to bear several, as in the case of the stalklets of a cluster of grapes. When found growing wild among rocks or in mountains, situations where it often springs up from bird-sown seeds, even in countries where, as in Britain, it is not indigenous, it is a small-leaved bush scarcely a foot high, but under cultivation attains four

or five times that height, the leaves, too, becoming at least twice as large. The fruit would seem to attain its greatest size in the north, for in Anderson's "Sketches of the Russian Empire," it is affirmed that on the Altaian Mountains the red currants grow to the size of an ordinary cherry. In the south of Europe it is little known, nor does it seem to have been originally a native of France, the name by which it was formerly known there, *groseille d'outre-mer*, evidently indicating a foreign introduction. At the present day, however, the fruit occupies a very important position in Paris, less, however, as a fruit than as furnishing the popular *sirop de groseille* which supplies the lady's *petit verre*, and admits her to a privilege unknown to her sister in London—that of finding in any place of refreshment she may visit wherewith to slake her thirst at trifling cost and with an innocent and delicious beverage. Besides its cooling influence, currant juice has also the property of diminishing the secretion of bile. Wherever may have been its birthplace, it appears to have been in Holland that attention was first devoted to its improvement, and it is thence that our principal varieties have been procured, the English market continuing, too, to be largely supplied with Dutch currants ready grown and gathered. The plant, however, thrives here as well as anywhere, and is seen as often as anywhere trained against a cottage wall, its handsome lobed leaves of rich green and jewelled clusters of ruby drops beautifying the poor man's lowly dwelling while presenting him with a feast wholesome as refreshing. And though the banquet it spreads endures but for a short period, if left entirely to Nature, yet by choosing a northern aspect, and covering the bushes with matting, the gathering season may be prolonged from July even until December.

The white currant is only a variety of the red produced by cultivation, and offering no further peculiarity than the color of the fruit, for the flavor varies according to the situation in which it is grown, sometimes being less sometimes more acid than its ruddy relative. A pink variety is also sometimes grown, and there is a sort cultivated in Austria which is marked with alternate stripes of white and red. The black currant is much more decidedly distinct. It has the same geographical range as the red, but is more abundant than the latter in the north, and comparatively scarcer in southern latitudes, though a few species of ribes even in India and South America have black fruit; and though sometimes found in British woods and hedges, is not known to be truly indigenous to this country. The taste for it, too, seems to be developed progressively northwards. Du Hamel speaks of it as simply medicinal, though the virtues he enumerates as appertaining to it might well induce his countrymen to endeavor to acquire a relish for it. Among ourselves, though one of our old botanists spoke of the fruit as being "of a stinking and somewhat loathing savour," and many still dislike it, this is perhaps compensated for by its friends being usually passionately fond of it, for it is one of those strongly

marked characters which can hardly be regarded with indifference. It is a significant fact, too, that it usually fetches a higher price in the London market than currants of any other color. In Scotland it is yet more esteemed than with us, and the jelly is considered there to give an additional charm to whisky and water, as lemon is added to their grog by south Britons. In the north of Russia, where it grows wild abundantly, the love for it is shared by even the bears, who devour it greedily, large quantities being also gathered by the inhabitants, and dried in the sun or in ovens to preserve it for winter use, either in tarts or medicinally. On reaching the utmost extremity of its Pole-pointing tendency in Siberia, it supplies drink as well as food, the berries being fermented with honey, and a powerful spirit distilled from them, while the leaves form a principal ingredient in the beverage known by the name of *quass*, and are also put into white spirit to give it a brown brandy tint. The efficacy of black currant jam or jelly in affections of the throat is almost universally known and taken advantage of, though its virtues are in England too often greatly diminished by the use of more sugar than is fitting in making the preserve. The leaves of the black currant, when dried, are sometimes used in England and Scotland instead of green tea, two or three of them imparting an additional zest to the ordinary Souchong scarcely to be distinguished, as some say, from real Hyson, and only needing a Celestial name to be esteemed equal to any import from the Flowery Land. It is in the transparent yellow dots at the back of the leaves that the strong and peculiar odour of the plant resides. The flowers vary very slightly from those of the red species, being greenish-yellow in color, sometimes tipped with red, and closely resembling in formation those of the gooseberry, but grouped in greater numbers into *racemes*. One of its varieties, too, furnishes that brightest ornament of early Spring, the Ribes Sanguinum, which, though only introduced here from the north-west coast of America in 1826, is now seen almost everywhere, drooping its elegant clusters of rosy blossoms, varying from pale pink to deep red among its leaves of vivid green, long before the pale tints of our forefathers' lilacs and laburnums have unfolded their more delicate beauties. The seeds grow freely in this country, producing new varieties, but in all of them it is the flower alone for which they are valued, all the resources of the plant seeming to be expended in decorating itself with these showy blossoms, for the fruit which succeeds them is an insipid bluish-black berry, more similar to a bilberry than either to a currant or a gooseberry, and as a fruit quite worthless. Having thus glanced at its kindred, whether among useful or ornamental plants, we turn once more to the head of the ribes family, the gooseberry, our own, our native plant, for we may call it so on double grounds, being not only indigenous to our island, but, in its best estate, at least, almost peculiar to it. It is true that it is a native of other countries; the picturesque Vierlander offers it to her Hamburg customers; its bushes

may be seen mantling "the castled crag of Drachenfels," and flourishing on the flat coasts of the Baltic, but the best berries brought to market throughout Germany bear about the same relation to our fruit as a Shetland pony does to a Barclay's dray-horse. Though unmentioned by ancient French botanists, it grows wild, too, in various parts of France, but the contemptuous notice of it in the "Nouveau Du Hamel," sums up as the amount of its usefulness that "the bushes make hedges in the country, the green fruits serve instead of verjuice to season mackerel, (whence its common French name of *groseille aux maquereaux,*) and the best are eaten when ripe, the red and green sorts being mixed by the fruiterers and sold to children and persons who like such things by measure. The English make tarts and preserves of them, 'and,' says M. Laundy, 'a wine which is very tolerable, or at least very renowned amongst them.'" Shade of Goldsmith! is it thus that a frog-eating Frenchman dares to speak of "our own gooseberry," that sparkling native nectar on which the virtues of the immortal Vicar were nurtured, and with which he was wont to cheer the hearts of Wakefield's most honored guests? On what trivial grounds the fastidious French may found a dislike, may be judged by the further intimation respecting the fruit, that "on the best sort, the hairy yellow, the hairs are soft, and cannot produce a disagreeable impression on the most delicate lips." On the most hirsute kind they would probably be softer than those which are wont to bristle on a Frenchman's physiognomy, yet which certainly he would never think it possible could cause a "disagreeable impression." But it is the partiality manifested by perfidious Albion for the poor gooseberry which evidently excites this Gallic scorn of it, and induced the editors of so elaborate a work thus to mingle the splenetic with the scientific. The writer continues: "It would seem that the English particularly love the gooseberry, or else that they chose it as specially fit to show the infinite power of Nature in the modification of matter, for they have established societies to give prizes for new or improved sorts. M. Forsyth devotes so much space and care to it in his treatise, that it would appear they think as much of its culture as we do of that of the peach; but as it is probable it will with us always hold the very last place on the list of cultivated fruits, we will not give it more importance than it merits, as being allowed to occupy a few feet of soil in our gardens, in order to supply us with fish-sauce; though it must be confessed that, thanks to the English, a few sorts are worthy to grace any table. There is, however, no French nomenclature to them, and we will not adopt the English, not from pretension or conservatism, but because to call one sort Le Roi Georges, another M. Smith, and another Madame Yong, all names very good and very beautiful no doubt in English, would in French be simply ridiculous." It would certainly be no easy matter for a foreigner to render the titles often given to prize gooseberries; for "Jolly Angler," "Lancashire Witch," "Crown Bob," &c. &c., would be

rather puzzling to translate, and can scarcely claim to be, even in English, "very good and very beautiful;" indeed, the practice of choosing such slang-like denominations as figure not unfrequently among the three hundred varieties recognised by English growers, has been condemned by the better class of our gardeners; but even an ill-chosen name is better than none at all, and in France the hapless fruit has found no kind sponsor to bestow upon it any distinctive appellation, and must be content to share with the currant the common term *groseille*. Considering the fruit is so decidedly anti-Gallican, it is rather curious to find that our favorite dish, gooseberry fool, must seek its etymology on the other side of the Channel, the latter word being derived from *fouler*, to press or crush.

It is most probable that the French judgment of gooseberries is influenced in some measure by the same cause which led the fox to his well-known conclusion concerning another fruit; for in the native specimens, the *magnum* and the *bonum* seem never to be found in combination; the one figured in Du Hamel as the largest, though in size but little exceeding a cherry, is so insipid that it is only brought to table to please the eye, while the one which is described as the best flavored, the "mignone," is also the very smallest, and a mere dark, slightly lobed little pigmy, less in size than a good black currant, and burdened with an appendage of shrivelled calyx twice as long as itself. Nor is indifference or contempt for this fruit confined to the French, for a Piedmontese botanist describes it as being "eatable, but somewhat astringent," and in Spain and Italy it is hardly known, the latter having no better name for it than *uva spina*, or the prickly grape; a term poetically elevated at Geneva into *Raisin de Mars*. As it is always found, too, that the fruit soon degenerates unless constant attention be bestowed on the plant, it is hardly likely that sufficient care will ever be taken to develop its capabilities in climates where abundance of fruit, equal or superior to it, can be obtained from the vine, fig, or pear tree, at the cost of far less trouble. Nor, indeed, might any amount of care be fully successful, for this "cold beauty of the North" does not thrive well in warm countries, a low temperature seeming necessary to brace it to perfection; and indeed so long as there be just sufficient sunshine to ripen it, the colder the climate in which it grows the better is its quality; so that, other things being equal, its flavor will be found finer in Yorkshire than in Devonshire; bleaker Scotland outrivals either, and even there Inverness surpasses Edinburgh. It does not even succeed well in the United States, notwithstanding great pains have been taken to introduce it there, the heat of the summers proving too great for it; and Mrs. Trollope records that at Cincinnati she found "gooseberries very few, and quite uneatable." In the countries of Northern Europe, however, there is no reason why a fruit which so amply repays any care that may be devoted to it in a suitable

climate should not be brought to all the perfection of which it is capable; and the Danish Government at least are so sensible of its merits, that gooseberry bushes are supplied to gardeners from the national nurseries in Denmark at a cost of little more than a half-penny per plant, in order to encourage its culture. In our own country it must have come under cultivation as early as the sixteenth century, for Tusser, in 1557, writes:—

> "The barberry, respis, and gooseberry too,
> Look now to be planted as other things do;"

but does not appear to have been held in very high esteem, for Gerard, in 1597, after mentioning that the tender leaves are good for salad—information of some value to those who could not, like Queen Catherine, send to Holland when they needed herbs for that purpose—and commending the berries as useful in various culinary compounds, yet adds that, "if eaten by themselves, they engender raw and cold blood." Parkinson, however, by 1624, had learnt to know better than this, and of the five kinds, "three red, a blue, and a green," which were all that were known in his time, says that "all of them have a pleasant winie taste, acceptable to the stomach of anie, and none have been distempered by the eating of them that ever I could hear of." Still, they were considered inferior to almost any other fruit, and perhaps justly so, for they had made but little progress in the hands of the gardeners; nor were our gooseberries equal to some continental ones, for a writer in 1750 says, "they are nowhere so good as in Holland;" when, about the end of last or the beginning of this century, the plant was adopted as the special favorite of a class of men who devoted to its culture all the enthusiasm for which their ordinary occupation afforded no scope, and under the amateur care of Lancashire weavers the despised berry, which had been left to rustics and children, was fitted to take its place at the most aristocratic tables, and earned the character it now bears, as being "one of our most valuable table and culinary fruits." Its intrinsic excellence is doubtless enhanced by the fact of its being the first to greet us in spring, as well as one of the last to leave us in autumn; for the green gooseberry is in season from the beginning of May till the middle of July, when the ripe one succeeds it, and lasts till the end of August, and some kinds will even, when kept shaded, prolong the supply till November, or, in a dry season, till Christmas. Of the various hues assumed by this grape of the North, the amber color is, according to Rhind, accompanied by the richest vinous flavor, as is the case with the more legitimate, or at least older offspring of Bacchus; the green is specially noted for sweetness, as is also the greengage among plums; the white are most insipid, and in the red, acidity is more predominant than in any of the others—a fact in accordance with the property possessed by acids of changing vegetable blues to red. Though only a bush by nature, the gooseberry sometimes attains almost arboreal

dimensions, for one at Duffield, known to be at least forty-six years old, measured twelve yards in circumference, and two plants trained against a wall in the garden of Sir Joseph Banks in Chesterfield, each extended upwards of fifty feet from one extremity to the other, and afforded several pecks of fruit annually.

It is to the attainment of the utmost possible corpulence in a few chosen berries that everything else is sacrificed by a Lancashire gooseberry-grower. Every shoot not absolutely necessary is pruned away; every fruit removed but the three or four carefully selected as the most promising; and besides "suckling" the plant with copious libations of liquid manure poured at its roots, the "fancy" partially submerge each berry in a shallow vessel of water placed immediately beneath it, thus compelling a continual absorption of moisture, until, under this hydropathic treatment, the most dropsical dimensions are attained. Screens of paper or canvas are kept, too, in constant readiness, to be put on or off according to the degree of sunshine that may be required, and the most watchful care shown lest the slightest injury should befal the tenderly fostered darling.

"Lest the sun be glaring,
Or the wind too daring,
What fond fears are shown;
For its welfare caring
Far more than for their own."

Of course the "beauty" is not intended to "blush unseen" when the perfection so assiduously striven for shall at length have been attained, and each owner of promising fruit therefore enters his name as an intending competitor at some neighboring "Show," and subscribes a small amount weekly towards the providing of the silver sugar-tongs, or copper tea-kettle, or sum of money which will be adjudged to the grower of the most gigantic of all the fructal giants that may be produced; each fruit, however, only competing with others of its own complexion, red with red, yellow with yellow, &c. &c., and the rank of the respective rivals being determined by their weight. Seventy or eighty years ago it was thought a grand thing for a gooseberry to outweigh a guinea, while now a berry would hardly presume to enter the lists at an exhibition if it could not make at least five sovereigns kick the beam; and in 1852, the hero of the day at Manchester was a red-skinned mammoth, (for the red fruit always exceed in size any other,) weighing no less than 37 dwts. 7 grs. The parent plant, too, comes in for a share of the honors achieved by its offspring, and brings sometimes no small profit to its owner; for cuttings from plants of reputation are in great request: and thus the division of a single bush not unfrequently secures a sum of 20 guineas, and one has been known to produce, when sold in lots, as much as £32. Greater profit, though, than can be summed up in pounds or guineas of any amount must accrue to the worthy weaver whose monotonous loom-labors are enlivened with verdant visions of a favorite

plant; who devotes his leisure to a recreation necessitating the study of vegetable life and its laws, and who, leaving cruel or debasing sports to workmen of lower tastes, only vies with his fellows in the innocent and useful rivalry as to which can bring to greatest perfection one of the products of their native land. All honor, then, to the fair fruit whose charms have proved so powerful an attraction to this class of the community, and exercised so beneficial an influence upon them. It has called forth, too, a literature of its own, and besides occupying a large share of various gardening publications and local newspapers, a work especially devoted to it appears every year, the "Gooseberry Book," being one of the regular Manchester "annuals." Nor is the taste for gooseberry growing confined to a single county, but has spread, in company with the weavers, over a large tract of country, and zealous cultivators may be found throughout Lancashire, Yorkshire, and Cheshire. And though weight alone is the all-important desideratum with these northern amateurs, and the greatest bulk is hardly compatible with fulness of flavor, their efforts have shown the capabilities of the fruit. Through their partiality the attention of others has been drawn to it, and those who have been willing to sacrifice a little of its bulk in order to attain excellence in other particulars, have succeeded in combining greatness with goodness, and produced that fruit, desirable in every respect, which now adorns our summer dessert, and the enjoyment of which may therefore be enhanced by the consideration that, comparing it with feeble foreign growths, the Englishman may point to his gooseberry as he does to his Government, and exclaim with honest pride, "I have made it what it is!" And if any proud spirit should think scorn of the work, and deem the object too petty for attention, the words of the poet may convey to such a lesson of much needed wisdom, for though not written with that special intention, to no plant do they apply more appropriately than to the gooseberry.

"If we would open and intend our eye,
We all, like Moses, should espy
Ev'n in a bush the radiant Deity;
But we despise these His inferior ways,
Though no less full of miracle and praise.

"Upon the flowers of Heaven we gaze,
The stars of Earth no wonder in us raise,
Though these perhaps do more than they
The life of mankind sway.

"Although no part of mighty Nature be
More stored with beauty, power, and majesty,
Yet to encourage human industry
God has so ordered that no other part
Such space and such dominion leave for Art."

XLII.—A COLORED LADY LECTURER.

In the month of February we acknowledged, among our short notices, the receipt of a book which, however, deserves that we should return to it, and devote more space than was then at our command to its very interesting contents. "Our Exemplars" * likewise demands a peculiarly grateful notice at our hands, inasmuch as Lord Brougham, in the preface from his pen which is attached to the volume, was pleased to allude to the English Woman's Journal. Lord Brougham, mentioning two biographical works, "The Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties," by Professor Craik, and "Self-Help," by Dr. Smiles, observes of the latter—"Notices of self-made women, however, are rare in his book—an omission which is disappointing, and which assuredly does not arise from any scarcity of materials. Professor Craik added a supplementary volume to his work, consisting entirely of female examples. For some reason unknown to me his last edition is deprived of this volume—a void which makes the 'Lives of Distinguished Women,' appearing from month to month in the English Woman's Journal, all the more acceptable."

In "Our Exemplars" ten out of the twenty-eight lives selected are female, as follows:—Bridget Burke, Sister Nathalie, Rosa Governo, Françoise Caysac, Louisa Schepler, Harriet Ryan, Catherine Wilkinson, Sarah P. Remond, Sarah Martin, and Lady Byron. From these we have selected a short autobiography, that of a colored lady, Miss Remond, to give to our readers, because it possesses a special interest just now that all eyes are turned towards America, and to the great struggle which had its origin in the efforts made to liberate colored people. The reader will, however, find many of the other biographies full of new and interesting matter. "Our Exemplars" is a book exactly suited for popular libraries, for school prizes, for young people as well as for adults, for it is extremely interesting as well as instructive.

We will now let Miss Remond tell her own tale, only observing that she is probably personally known to many of our readers, having during her present stay in England made a tour as an anti-slavery lecturer through some of our principal towns, where her spontaneous appeals were listened to with respect and even with admiration.

"I was born at Salem, Massachusetts, the youngest but one of ten children of John and Nancy Remond. Salem is fourteen miles from Boston, and is one of the most healthy and pleasant of New England towns. It contains about 25,000 inhabitants, who are characterized by general intelligence, industry, and enterprise; and few towns in the States can boast of more wealth and refinement than Salem. My mother was born at Newton, seven miles from Boston, and her immediate ancestors were natives of that vicinity.

* Published by Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.

Nancy Remond is a woman possessing every characteristic which can adorn or ennoble womanhood, combined with the most indomitable energy. We were all trained to habits of industry, with a thorough knowledge of those domestic duties which particularly mark the genuine New England woman. With no private means, it was also most necessary. We were taught to knit and sew, and to cook every article of food placed upon the table. The most trifling affair was obliged to be well done. Her aim seemed to be to guard, and at the same time strengthen her children, not only for the trials and duties of life, but also to enable them to meet the terrible pressure which prejudice against color would force upon them. Our home discipline was what we needed, but it did not—could not, fit us for the scorn and contempt which met us on every hand when face to face with the world, where we met a community who hated all who were identified with an enslaved race. While our mother never excused those who unjustly persecuted those whose only crime was a dark complexion, her discipline taught us to gather strength from our own souls; and we felt the full force of the fact, that to be black was no crime, but an accident of birth.

"My strongest desire through life has been to be educated. We had from time to time been taught to read and write a little, but had received no regular instruction. I found the most exquisite pleasure in reading, and as we had no library, I read every book which came in my way, and, like Oliver Twist, I longed for more. Again and again mother would endeavor to have us placed in some private school, but being colored we were refused. We soon knew the real reason, and the most bitter and indignant feelings were cherished by me against those who deprived me of the opportunity of gaining knowledge. My eldest brother had been admitted to one of the public schools, and at a much later period the three youngest children, including myself, were admitted to one of the public primary schools. All went on well for a time, and the children generally treated us kindly, although we were very frequently made to feel that prejudice had taken root in their hearts. We remained in this school a very short time, passed the examination, and entered the high school for girls. In the primary school we had been taught by a lady; the principal of the high school was a gentleman. Both teachers always treated us with kindness. We had been in this school a very short time, when we were informed that the school committee contemplated founding a school exclusively for colored children. The public schools of Salem are located in the different districts, and the established rule was, that children can only be admitted to the school in the district of their residence, and we were in the school of the district where we resided.

"The schools were then divided into separate ones for the boys and girls. These schools were also arranged according to age and capacity. Now, they intended to found a school for young and old, advanced pupils and those less advanced; boys and girls were all to

occupy but one room. The many disadvantages can be seen at a glance. It did not matter to this committee, who merely reflected the public sentiment of the community, in what district a colored child might live; it must walk in the heat of summer, and the cold of winter, to this one school. But more than all this, it was publicly branding us with degradation. The child of every foreigner could enter any public school, while the children of native-born parents were to be thus insulted and robbed of their personal rights. My father waited upon the school committee, and most earnestly protested against their proposed plan. We still continued to attend the school, but felt much anxiety. One morning, about an hour before the usual time for dismissing the pupils, the teacher informed us that we could no longer be permitted to attend the school, that he had received orders from the committee to give us this information, and added, 'I wish to accompany you home, as I wish to converse with your parents upon the matter.' Some of the pupils seemed indignant, and two expressed much sympathy. I had no words for any one; I only wept bitter tears; then, in a few minutes, I thought of the great injustice practised upon me, and longed for some power to help me to crush those who thus robbed me of my personal rights.

"Years have elapsed since this occurred, but the memory of it is as fresh as ever in my mind, and, like the scarlet letter of Hester, is engraven on my heart. We had been expelled from the school on the sole ground of our complexion. The teacher walked home with us, held a long conversation with our parents, said he was pained by the course taken by the school committee, but added it was owing to the prejudice against color which existed in the community. He also said we were among his best pupils, for good lessons, punctuality, &c., add to this the fact that my father was a tax-payer for years before I was born, and it will need no extra clear vision to perceive that American prejudice against free-born men and women is as deep-rooted as it is hateful and cruel.

"In such a community it is always easy to call forth this feeling as the occasion may require. It is always to be felt in a greater or less degree. Our parents decided we should not enter an inferior exclusive public school, and in a short time our whole family removed to Newport, Rhode Island. Here we met the same difficulty. The schools would not receive colored pupils. Large fortunes were formerly made by the foreign slave trade in this town, and, if report was true, the chains worn by some of the wretched victims of that inhuman traffic could still be seen in the cellars of some of the houses of the elder citizens. Be this as it may, the spirit of prejudice was exceedingly bitter in Newport. A private school was established by a few of the more influential of the colored citizens, and for a time I was a pupil. Thus ended my school days, and the limited teaching I had; and its desultory character was not its only disadvantage.

"Separate churches and schools for colored persons are an immense disadvantage to the descendants of the African race, and a great drawback to their elevation. They are based completely on prejudice against color, the legitimate offspring of American slavery, and it is to be regretted that many well-wishers to the colored race assist in sustaining them. I never knew a pro-slavery man or woman who did not do all they could to encourage and keep up separate schools and churches, enforcing at the same time the idea that God intended such distinction to be made. There is a refinement of cruelty in the treatment of this class of persons, rather difficult to describe to those who have never seen the working of prejudice against color. The more intelligence and refinement they possess, the more liable they are to insult. The chivalry of America seems to take immense satisfaction in insulting those who will feel it the most keenly. It is, in fact, considered presuming for any colored man or woman to demand their just rights. In New York, Philadelphia, and other cities, they are excluded from public hotels, and are not allowed to ride in an omnibus. In Philadelphia the managers of one of the finest halls have an established rule that on no public occasion shall any colored person be admitted. Men, women, and children have been obliged to remain on the decks of steam-boats all night travelling from Newport and Providence to New York, the coldest nights in winter; and an intimate personal friend of mine took cold on one of these boats, and was the victim of consumption in consequence. Again and again persons have been ordered from places of amusement, and in some instances forcibly taken out. I was myself forcibly removed from the Howard Athenæum, in the city of Boston, and my arm injured; and after this, on the public bills could be seen announced that colored persons could only be admitted to a particular part of the house. The press of Boston, as a rule, encouraged this proscription, and one of the leading papers put forth an elaborate article, in every way worthy of the spirit of hatred, against a race guilty of no crime, but having a complexion which identifies them with a proscribed race.

"In the meantime we had returned to our native town. I had now reached an age when my services were more required at home, as every member of the family was expected to contribute a share towards the general whole. We left Newport with some regret. The colored population was of an elevated character, and for industry, morality, and native intellect, would compare favorably with any class in the community. Our social relations had been pleasant, and the natural beauties of Newport were most enchanting. Although I had few leisure hours, I read more or less daily. Our home was constantly supplied with the best daily and weekly newspapers, and I could obtain from public libraries, and often from the private libraries of friends, some of the best English and American literature. These were resources of which *even* pre-

judice could not deprive me. A book once obtained, I could peruse it with pleasure and profit. When some friend would play on some favorite musical instrument, or sing a song, no negro hater could rob me of the pleasure I enjoyed. When some abolitionist who had buried all prejudice against color which education and habit had taught—whose wealth of intellect and accumulated knowledge was the admiration of even those who placed no value on the principles of justice and humanity which the abolitionists of the States have ever inculcated—when such a one was the guest of my parents, I treasured up in the storehouse of memory the information derived from conversations in the society of some of the most gifted of the sons and daughters of America, and whose genius and disinterested devotion to the cause of the American slave have stamped themselves indelibly upon the age in which they live. These opportunities were not frequent, but they were valuable. Reading was the staple and never-failing resource.

"My statements thus far have been made in reference to the colored population of the Free States. In the Southern Slave States quite a different order of things prevails, and the laws in reference to the colored race, whether bond or free, are cruel in the extreme. And although in some of the Free States the treatment (in some instances) of the colored people has been much improved by the efforts of the abolitionists, still the laws which emanate from the compromises of the constitution, as the Fugitive Slave Law, and the Dred Scott decision, are most keenly felt by all the colored race;—the Fugitive Slave Law which returns into bondage every slave who seeks an asylum in a free State from the slave hunters and their bloodhounds, who in many instances have kidnapped free persons of color; the Dred Scott decision which declares that 'black men and women have no rights which white men are bound to respect,' completely annihilating the citizenship of every colored American; also the inhuman slave laws of the Slave States, which place every slave at the complete mercy of the master,—laws which prevent any black person from giving testimony in a court of justice against a white person, no matter what outrage may have been committed upon the victim, and who consequently can make no appeal to the laws of the land.

"Previous to the year 1829, no decided effort had been made in behalf of the slave population. Now, a young man, a native of the State of Massachusetts, essentially a man of the people, demands the immediate emancipation of every slave, as the right of the victim, and the duty of the master. His clarion voice is heard, and the nation wonders. What? the negro a man! The American people had never dreamed that the slaves had rights in common with themselves, and a demand based upon justice filled the people with consternation! They considered the colored race as so many beasts of burthen. My mother hailed the advent of this young and noble *apostle of liberty* with enthusiasm, and among my earliest impressions is

mingled the name of that now venerated friend of the oppressed, William L. Garrison. As years rolled on, I became more and more interested in every effort made in behalf of the enslaved. The germ of a glorious reform was now planted, and had taken root; the American Anti-Slavery Society was founded, based upon principles which in every age had broken the bonds of the oppressor, and elevated humanity. Auxiliary societies were formed in different localities of the Free States, and a nucleus formed, around which the friends of freedom have rallied. Although mobocracy and various kinds of persecution met them on every hand, all who had counted the cost, and were in earnest, still pursued their way, trusting in the justice of their cause. My eldest brother, early in the conflict, publicly advocated the cause of his enslaved countrymen, and from my earliest days, until I left the States, fifteen months since, I have attended the public meetings of the abolitionists. I am grateful beyond expression for the many influences which led me to become familiar with the principles and mode of action destined to completely upset that vile system of American chattel slavery, which is, at the present time, demoralising the various ramifications of the country.

"As time rolled on, the antagonism between freedom and slavery became more and more conflicting. I was led to investigate, to the best of my ability, the causes from which sprang such conflicting principles. At the same time, convinced that the anti-slavery element was the only source of hope for the slave, I also endeavored to acquaint myself with the operations of the friends of freedom, whose principles will finally emancipate the bondmen.

"In 1857 I was urged by a few friends to speak in public. A defective education, and a pro-slavery atmosphere, are not the best incentives for such a purpose. After much consideration, and encouraged by one of the noblest women of my native State, one who had made many sacrifices, and spent the best years of her life in publicly advocating the cause of the slave, I started on my first anti-slavery tour, in company with my brother, Charles L. Remond. We travelled in the State of New York. Upon the obstacles which met me after this determination I do not think it necessary to dwell. I was quite determined to persevere. I was always kindly and warmly welcomed by the most earnest friends of the slave. From 1857 until within one week of my sailing for England, December 29th, 1858, from time to time, I continued to speak in public. I had an intense desire to visit England, that I might for a time enjoy freedom, and I hoped to serve the anti-slavery cause at the same time."

Miss Remond has a sister, Mrs. Putnam, who came to England as a first-class passenger in an English steam-vessel, highly subsidized by the British Government for the transport of the mails. The captain, with the concurrence of the owners, subjected this lady and her family to the indignity of being refused places at the

public table, merely on the ground that American passengers objected to associate with persons of color. This unworthy submission to foreign prejudice was denounced by Lord Brougham in Parliament, and was the subject of indignant comment in many of our journals. We are glad to record that on her return, in a mail-packet belonging to the Company by which she had been thus treated, Mrs. Putnam was permitted to take her place at table without objection, although American slaveowners were among the passengers. An auspicious omen!

Miss Remond is now (May, 1861) a student at the Ladies' College in Bedford Square, London, availing herself with ardor of her long-sought opportunity for reaping the advantages of a liberal education. She intends lecturing upon slavery as often as opportunity presents itself during her remaining stay in England.

XLIII.—NOTICES OF BOOKS.

A SUMMARY OF BOOKS, PAMPHLETS, AND REPORTS.

Self-Culture. A Practical Answer to the Questions—"What to Learn? "How to Learn?" "When to Learn?" By John R. Beard, D.D. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

THIS is the first volume of Dr. Beard's manuals for the self-taught, and is full of genial advice and practical suggestions as to the ways and means of learning, and the different studies to be pursued. The just and liberal views of the author are clearly established in the following extract from Section VII.

"As yet I have said nothing specifically of the education of women. My reason is that I do not like factitious distinctions between the sexes. Man and woman have one human nature in common. That nature has certain general aptitudes and wants, which vary very little whether their possessor is male or female. There are often greater differences between male and male than between male and female. On the ground of a common nature the two ought to receive a common educational discipline. What is good for the one is good for the other. Consequently that which boys learn should also be taught to girls. The general course of instruction and mental discipline ought to be open as much to the one as the other. Is a knowledge of their own frame and faculties desirable for young men? not less desirable is it for young women. Would you strengthen the mind of your son by mathematical reading? confer the same benefit on the mind of your daughter. In general let the whole of what I have said be understood as applicable to females as well as males. It will hence appear that I have no word of commendation for the practice of some parents, who, while anxious to give their boys the best educational advantages they can command, are satisfied with something quite inferior for their girls. The feeling is a relic of a semi-barbarous age. It is one of the last reverberations of that contempt for woman which heathenism bequeathed to the Church, and which the Church, even with the aid of its Head, has not yet had self-denial enough to part with and cast away. 'Good enough for a girl,' as the phrase is. Not unless it be also good enough for a boy. Boy and girl need the best educa-

tion you can procure. When the opportunity exists, girls should be conducted through all the discipline of the highest university learning no less than boys."

And again:—

"Lamentable are our social deficiencies in regard to female education. In schools a little is done, but for those who have not been at school what is done? For the young women who work in our factories, what is done? For those who are training to get their bread by the needle, what is done? For our domestic servants, what is done? Nothing, literally nothing. And what is worse, no one thinks of doing anything, or talks of doing anything for the mental and moral improvement of these thousands and tens of thousands. There is a dead silence on the subject, almost as if they had no higher wants than food and clothing, and as if we were under no obligation to consider their personal elevation. The indifference of society on this head is as unaccountable as it is blameworthy. The sap and marrow of our national strength are concerned in the issue. Educate your daughters, and your sons will educate themselves. To educate a mother is to educate a family, and the education of families is the education of the race. One grain of wheat cast into a good soil will, in time, feed a household, a city, a nation. Equally prolific is the seed which you sow in the mind of the woman."

The Philosophy of Progress in Human Affairs. By Henry James Slack, F.G.S., Chapman and Hall, Piccadilly.

A CLEAR and ingenious reflex of other minds condensed and popularized. Lord Bacon, Comte, and John Stuart Mill are the presiding influences. The tendencies of the writer's mind are shown in the following extracts from a chapter on the "Position of Woman":—

"The cry about woman's inferiority is never raised by those who are willing that she should have a liberal education, and choose her own pursuits: it proceeds exclusively from those who desire to make her merely an ornamental and serviceable appendage to man. . . . One thing, however, is certain, and that is, the men most renowned for enduring intellectual work have been those most influenced by the minds and aspirations of women. . . . The condition of the man is inseparably connected with that of the woman; her degree of development always measures and determines his. If a man therefore obstructs the cultivation of his wife or daughters, he obstructs his own also, and if he condemns them to some condition of incomplete and morbid growth, conformable to his own perverted views, he condemns himself to analogous imperfection and distortion. . . . . The more the question is thought over, the more it will appear that woman is an integral portion of society, and not a mere appendage to man; and physiology revenges her wrongs upon succeeding generations, as much of the folly, crime, and suffering, entailed upon the men of to-day is inherited from mothers whom society decided to bring up as frivolous, weak, imperfect beings."

The Pioneer of Progress, or the Early Closing Movement in relation to the Saturday Half-holiday Movement and the Early Payment of Wages. By John Dennis. Hamilton, Adams, and Co., Paternoster Row.

THIS is an admirable essay in favor of early closing and early payment of wages, based as much upon economical and sanitary views as upon spiritual and religious. Its arguments are sound and unanswerable, backed by the experience of many large firms, such as

Spottiswoodes, the well known printers, Hitchcock of St. Paul's Churchyard, Barclay, Perkins, and Co., and others who have in some instances for ten years past given their men the Saturday half-holiday with advantage to employers and employed.

Mr. George Spottiswoode states as follows :—

"We close at two o'clock in summer, and at a later hour in winter, and we have always found the plan to answer well. We thought we would try whether, by giving the men a few hours, the firm actually lost by it; and we found so far from that being the case, that the same amount of work was got through. The secret of it was, that a less amount of time was wasted. Everybody went to work, especially on Saturday, with very great eagerness. In fact, our office on the Saturday is quite a sight to see, so anxious are the men to get through all the work, so as to be able to get away early."

Mr. Robert Hanbury, of the firm of Truman, Hanbury, and Buxton, says :—

"We now complete in five days and a half that which formerly occupied six days to do, and this is without any inconvenience, and in the long run I believe we are gainers. Our men are decidedly improved, and yet better servants, and the work is done more heartily."

Messrs. Barclay give the same favorable testimony :—

"The plan has occasioned no inconvenience or obstacle to the due execution of our regular work; on the contrary, it has resulted in greater convenience to all concerned."

As Lord Shaftesbury observes in a letter to the *Times* on this subject, in May, 1856 :—"In these days of unprecedented physical and mental excitement, the periodical relaxation we seek is indispensable to all classes;" and when we find by unanswerable testimony, such as that quoted above, that the same amount of work is performed, with even greater satisfaction to the employer, in five hours and a half than formerly in six, the economical expediency of the question must be considered as finally settled. The value of this essay is, that it deals with the facts of the case, and pleads for no more than has been already conceded in individual instances to the satisfaction of all concerned. The advantages of the early payment of wages to the workman and his family are set forth in the same lucid manner, and corroborated by even more extensive experience, proving that by payment on the Friday night the wages are one or two shillings a week better than when paid late on the Saturday, and this for self-evident reasons. With the Saturday's work before him, the workman overcomes the temptation to dissipate his earnings at the public-house, and carries his wages home to his wife, who finds on the Saturday a better and cheaper market than that of the Sunday. Many large firms have for some years adopted this plan with the most satisfactory results. Mr. Dennis gives his testimony, and adds :—

"It will be seen from these statements, made by men who are themselves engaged in business, and have witnessed the working of both systems, that the early payment not only wards off an evil by which the working man might otherwise be ruined, but that it also tends in a direct manner to

advance his moral and temporal interests, to make him a better and happier member of society, and to add a considerable percentage to his limited means."

We heartily commend this essay to general perusal. It rescues the movement from the commercial prejudice which usually surrounds it, and advances sound religious and economical arguments in behalf of early closing and early payment of wages.

Mysteries of Life, Death, and Futurity. Illustrated from the best and latest authorities. By Horace Walby. Kent and Co., Paternoster Row.

A BOOK of shreds and patches, made up chiefly of extracts from modern writers, woven into a whole, which, as the Preface says, is intended "to concentrate within its focus the views and opinions of some of the leading writers of the present day, placing them before the reader in so popular a form and setting as to adapt them for a larger class than would be likely to consult the authorities themselves whence the substance of the volume has been derived."

As might be expected, there is much curious reading and not a little interesting matter.

The Cottage History of England. By the Author of "Mary Powell." Hall, Virtue, and Co., Paternoster Row.

A CHARMINGLY written historical narrative from the days of the early Britons to the end of the late Chinese War, compressed into 174 small pages, a fitting companion for "The History of France from the Conquest of Gaul by the Romans to the Peace of 1856," in 188 pages, by Amelia B. Edwards. We commend both as books of reference for leading historical events, and as clear, rapid, and interesting summaries of the histories of England and France.

The Near and the Heavenly Horizons. By Madame de Gasparin. Strahan and Co., Edinburgh. Hamilton, Adams, and Co., London.

THIS is a book which we can cordially recommend as a store of tender delicate thought and deep earnest feeling; we wish one half the volumes of poetry so called of the present day contained as much true poetry as this does; we wish many of our landscape painters had one half the power with which Madame de Gasparin can render the different aspects of nature, and we wish still more, that one half the sermons which are preached had the same gift of clear, true, tender piety which her words possess. It is in every sense a good book, and Christians of every shade of opinion may read and value it. It is not meant either for amusement or instruction, but it has a singular charm about it which will make it to many a friend, a companion, and a comforter. It is not gay and it is not melancholy, but it breathes the infinite pathos and the perfect joy which every heart holds, yet which are only stirred and awakened in the truest life, the highest love, and the deepest suffering.

The Pearl of Orr's Island. By Mrs. Beecher Stowe.

INTENSE as was the interest and pathetic as was the story of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," the remembrance of the pain and the wrong which it so vividly depicted has made us shrink from its reperusal, almost from its recollection; and though "The Minister's Wooing" was in many ways a charming story charmingly related, and though it was free from the shadow of that one terrible wrong, still over its pretty home picture lay the blight of a soul slavery even more accursed still, and which marred our pleasure in reading it all the more that it was so well rendered.

"The Pearl of Orr's Island" has all the merit of "The Minister's Wooing," and without this one drawback. As yet the hero and heroine are described, and are left, mere children, but no one can close the volume without longing for the promised continuation. The comic and pathetic are blended as Mrs. Stowe can blend them, and Aunt Rosy and Aunt Ruey, and Captain Kittridge and Sally will take their places among the real people who have lived for us in books with a more distinctive individuality than many a breathing acquaintance can ever do. The little blue and gold butterfly will nestle in the hearts of all who read this story, and how her pretty wings are to be singed—as surely they must be—is a problem which we hope Mrs. Beecher Stowe will not leave long in doubt.

Give Bread—Gain Love. By Eliza Meteyard (Silverpen). William Tegg, London.

MISS METEYARD'S children's books are so well known and so much liked that we need only say this is quite worthy of her pen, and that the adventures of little Jane and her Donkey will prove interesting to many young readers from the first page to the last.

Little Sunshine. A Tale for Very Young Children. By the Author of "A Trap to Catch a Sunbeam," &c. Lockwood and Co.

WE hope many mammas and nurses and elder sisters will read this story to eager little listeners, and we do not doubt that they will be called upon to read it many times over, till "Little Sunshine" grows a household friend and example. It is very prettily got up and illustrated, and printed in large type suitable for the youngest eyes.

On Food. By Edwin Lankester, M.D., F.R.S. First Course. Price 1*s*.

THESE lectures, delivered at the South Kensington Museum, exhibit "in a popular form the scientific principles by which the supply of food to the human system is regulated." Dr. Lankester in the lecture on "Animal Food" endorses Mrs. Baines's opinion, as set forth in a paper on the "Comparative Properties of Human and Animal Milks," that where children cannot obtain mother's milk, the best substitute is cow's milk mixed with a certain quantity of

farinaceous food. The *Lancet* for January 12th, 1861, has a long letter on "Infant Alimentation," by this lady, to which we refer those among our readers interested in the subject.

On the Natural Period of Suckling, and on the Mode of Rearing Infants by Artificial Suckling. By Frederick J. Brown, M.D.

Dr. Brown, like Mrs. Baines, recommends the substitution of good cow's milk for breast milk, in all cases where the mother is unable to suckle her child, with the addition of white sugar or barley-water until the child arrives at the age of three or four months, when scalded white bread may be added with advantage. Dr. Brown deprecates spoon-feeding, and insists upon suction by breast or bottle for the first nine months. His little pamphlet contains some valuable information on points where much ignorance prevails, and we therefore commend it to wives and mothers.

The Medical Profession; its Aims and Objects. By a Surgeon. Newby, Welbeck Street, Cavendish Square.

The Medical Register Act of 1858, and the fashionable and, as Dr. Wilkes truly says, "abominable specialties by which the profession is placed in the hands of a few men having one solitary idea," are the objects of the author's anathema. The view taken of the profession generally is liberal and ennobling.

Seventh Annual Report of the New York Infirmary for Indigent Women and Children for the Year 1860.

This Report shows great progress, and opens by announcing that a larger and less expensive house than that hitherto occupied has been secured to the Institute in an excellent and healthy situation.

The objects of the Infirmary are—

1st. To provide for poor women the medical advice of competent physicians of their own sex.

2nd. To assist educated women in the practical study of medicine.

3rd. To train nurses in the care of the sick.

Marked success has attended all these endeavors, under the able superintendence of Drs. Elizabeth and Emily Blackwell. But in New York as here at the Sick Child's Hospital in Great Ormond Street, where arrangements are made for training nurses, "much difficulty has been experienced in procuring suitable persons. . . . There are constant applications made to the Infirmary for nurses, and the supply is quite inadequate to the demand." The total number of patients, indoor and out, treated in the year, amounts to 3,343.

Origin, Progress, and Annual Report for 1860 *of the Infirmary for Consumption and Diseases of the Chest,* 26, *Margaret Street, Cavendish Square.* Instituted 1847.

THE great need of this Infirmary is shown by the simple fact that the attendances during the year amounted to 8,840. It was established in 1847, upon the completion of the Consumption Hospital at Brompton, when the out-patients' branch of that Institution, until then located in Great Marlborough Street, was given up. The whole income of the Infirmary depends upon voluntary contributions, and great efforts are now being made to place it on a firmer basis by the raising of a Reserve Fund. The appeals for help are based upon and seconded by the well-known fatality of consumption in this country.

The Authorized Report of the Conference held at Birmingham, January 23, 1861. Longman and Co.

HAVING already referred to the Conference itself in a former number of the Journal, we content ourselves here by announcing the Authorized Report of it as above.

Reports of the Liverpool Domestic Mission Society. Whitfield, Strand.

REPORTS from various Ministers on the important question for the promotion of which the Domestic Mission Society exists.

Parochial Mission Women. First Report. 1860.

A MISSION which sprung into existence under the management of four ladies, incited to the good work by the account in "The Missing Link" of what the "Bible women" had done. This mission was but six months old when the Report at the close of the year was drawn out. It is under the direction of the parochial clergy, and in distinct connexion with the Church. The mission women are, like the Bible women, exclusively drawn from the lower classes, and both they and the lady superintendents are under the control of the incumbent of the parish or district, and in many cases selected by the clergyman himself. Great success appears to have attended their early efforts, and we heartily wish them, and all true laborers in so righteous a cause as the redemption of the poor from physical and spiritual deterioration, God speed.

Twenty-seventh Annual Report of the Philadelphia Female Anti-Slavery Society.

ALL the officers of this society are women, consequently we may infer that the Report is also the production of a woman. We can but regret the bad taste which at the very moment of the dissolution of the United States, finds expression in stilted and bombastic self-gratulation. As Nero fiddled with Rome in flames, the Philadelphia Female Anti-Slavery Society exultingly congratulates itself upon the fufilment of its sagacious predictions, "that a collision between the

Free States and the Slave-holding States would be inevitable." These crowing champions burk altogether the fact that it is the South which has cast off the North, and that principle has little to do with the matter on either side.

Secession, Concession, and Self-possession. Which? Walker, Wise, and Co., Boston, Massachusetts.

Of a far different nature is this pamphlet, put forth in the early days of secession. Logical and temperate, it may be taken as the expression of opinion among the most enlightened abolitionists of the North. Its manly, honest simplicity and straightforwardness, lend strength to its arguments, and confer a dignity on a cause which suffers not a little from the handling of many of its advocates.

XLIV.—OPEN COUNCIL.

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

To the Editors of the English Woman's Journal.

Ladies,

Much surprise has been occasionally expressed that among the many women who would enjoy entering the medical profession, and the many more who wish for female physicians, the movement is making way so slowly—so few women having volunteered to make the first attempt.

I believe this hesitation is chiefly due to an exaggerated idea of the difficulties in the way. I allude now to the social or external difficulties resulting from the prejudices of society and the medical profession, and from the low tone of manners popularly ascribed to medical students. These obstacles have naturally much more power in keeping women back than the internal difficulties which are shared by all students, and which well-educated women would be at least as well fitted to meet as most young men. In reference to these social hindrances, it has been suggested to me that perhaps the testimony of one who is now meeting them may have some weight with those who are considering the question.

I should not, however, venture to give any public testimony upon this subject if I had not the strongest conviction that my experience cannot be taken as exceptional; such as it is, any earnest and sensible woman could share it, and many with special aptitude for scientific study would have far more striking success to record.

Perhaps a short narrative of my life as a student will be the readiest way of making its experience so far useful to others.

It is now nearly two years since I determined to enter upon the study of medicine, and the decision was arrived at more from a sense of the fitness of the profession for women than from any strong personal bias towards it or any other science. Probably a large majority of women would be more ready for the study than I was. The first year was spent at home in the study of Latin and the rudiments of Greek; and then, to test my nerves and physical fitness, I entered a London hospital as a probationary nurse in a surgical ward. Here the duties were light and almost nominal, but the opportunity of learning, by watching the nurses, was very valuable. It was still more valuable to get a footing in the hospital, and make the acquaintance of the physicians and surgeons. I was soon delighted to find that both personal and

social difficulties had been overstated. The work was not too much for any moderately healthy person. Some of the doctors were friendly, none offered opposition, and the students were willing to treat me with respect and courtesy. After three months spent in nursing—during which time I went into both surgical and medical wards, and had in the latter some experience in night nursing—I entered more directly upon the studies of the first winter session, under the direction of one of the resident medical officers, who kindly volunteered to give me private instruction. At the same time a room in the hospital, not often wanted, was lent to me as a study, and permission was given me to be as much in the wards as I liked, to be present at surgical operations, to study practical dispensing under the resident apothecary, and generally to make all the use of the hospital I could. These privileges were gratefully accepted; and at this time no application was made for admission as a student, as it was felt to be most necessary to avoid establishing a precedent of refusal, and it was also expected that many objections would be gradually removed by no uncomfortable results being found to arise from a woman's studying (though only partially) with the other students. The event has fully justified these expectations, and I believe that were the question of admitting women students raised there now, several members of the medical committee would allow that it could be done safely.

Towards the close of the last session I was invited by the Lecturer on Chemistry to join his class, and I found my fellow-students as courteous in the lecture-room as they had been in all our other intercourse. The Lecturer on Practical Chemistry is also cordially ready to receive women into his class, and my belief is that very little difficulty will be raised by any of the lecturers. The point where all hesitate is in admitting women into the dissecting-room. After studying anatomy six months from books and plates, practical dissection becomes absolutely necessary, and considerable efforts have been made by me to be allowed to work with the other students. After some consideration on the part of the gentleman managing this department, (of whose kindness and liberality I cannot speak too warmly,) he has decided against allowing me to do this, though he would wish every facility, such as a separate dissecting-room, &c., to be offered to women, and that they should share all the examinations of the other students. This is all women want, and it removes a difficulty every one would have felt more or less, though, for the sake of the cause, it would have been ignored or conquered.

I do not intend to speak of the studies. Each woman must decide for herself if she can grow into an enjoyment of them; and even to those who have been "exceedingly interested from the first" there will probably be moments or days of despondency to be gone through, when all confidence in the possibility of success will seem to have departed, and the sense of incompetency alone will remain. But this is no proof of actual unfitness. If you will only hold on, every month's advance will make all future work more interesting; and after all, we do not want to prove that rare women can do wonderful things, but that the lives of ordinary women may be more useful and more happy than they usually are now. I have enjoyed the work and the fulness of life it has brought exceedingly, and thousands of women would have less difficulty than I have.'

In conclusion, I wish only to say that any one seriously wishing to study medicine may hear more particulars by writing to A. M. S. English Woman's Journal Office, 19, Langham Place, W.

I remain, Ladies, your obedient servant,

A. M. S.

To the Editors of the English Woman's Journal.

LADIES,

Permit me to make a few remarks on the subject of a letter in your Journal for May, namely, the Medical Diaconate.

The medical profession are agreeable to the employment o medica missionaries as well in England as in foreign countries.

Furthermore, they do not object to the practice of two professions by one individual, provided that each profession be learned *thoroughly*, and diplomas or testimonial letters be received in each profession.

The teachings of history and daily experience testify to the injury inflicted upon the public by half-educated individuals; and, now more than ever, the necessity of *thorough training* is recognised. Ignorant or conceited nurses are not tolerated at the present day. Shall we, then, return to ignorance and conceit in the practice of medicine?

I am, Ladies, yours truly,

F. J. B., M.D.

Rochester, Kent, 3rd May, 1861.

To the Editors of the English Woman's Journal.

LADIES,

I have been much interested in a number of your Journal that has just fallen in my way.

You evidently *perceive* the simple fact that many a woman *feels* that what we often need is not work but money. Some one has compared money to the grease that lubricates the wheels of a carriage. If you have sufficient, the journey is comfortable, if not, the squeaking, and screeching, and jarring of the wheels cause constant discomfort.

Now, I am going to propose a plan by which it seems to me we women might, by uniting, procure for ourselves a little of the golden oil that would make the journey of life somewhat easier. My plan would be this:—That there should be a society formed, called "The Woman's Co-operative Annuity Society;" the subscription to be £1 1*s*. a year; and that every year as many annuities as the funds would allow should be drawn for, as the Art Union prizes are. These annuities to be purchased on each individual life at "The Tontine," and the money to be paid annually by that office to the annuitant. A person to be allowed to possess as many annuities as they draw prizes. Should a person for five successive years gain no annuity, I would propose their having two numbers given them; and after ten unsuccessful years three, and so on, one being added for each unsuccessful period of five years. Hoping that this may meet the eye of some one who may be willing and able to start a scheme that would, I feel, be a help to many women,

I remain, Ladies, yours,

April 30th, 1861. G. O.

To the Editors of the English Woman's Journal.

LADIES,

Every lady who pays her tradespeople promptly, and takes some interest in their welfare and affairs, must be struck with the amount of misery inflicted by the non-payment of accounts by so-called fine ladies and gentlemen, and other persons of all classes, who order goods without either the power or the intention of paying for them.

Very often this evil is caused by mere ignorance or thoughtlessness; in other cases by extravagance in dress and pleasure carried to a sinful excess; while in very many instances, those who do not pay their bills are not devoid of the will, but prevented doing so because equally unpaid by those on whom they are dependent. This is especially the case with wives who have no settled pin-money, governesses, tutors, and the keepers of schools.

Much of the distress which dwellers in London had so forcibly brought under their notice in the bygone winter was occasioned by the dishonesty of

ladies and gentlemen, who, forgetting the old proverb, "Be just before you're generous," lavished their money either on the clamorous beggars who offended their eyes and ears by their importunity, or on their own indulgences, forgetting or neglecting to pay their just debts.

So many instances of this have come under my own notice, that I beg to draw the attention of your readers to it, and to urge them both to pay promptly themselves, and also to influence all with whom they have authority to do the same.

A frequent cause of non-payment is the prevailing custom of trusting the paying of bills, &c., entirely to servants and agents. Not alone does this lead to deception, but to an inattention on the part of employers to their own affairs. Few keep accurate accounts, and very many hardly know the value of anything, or whether their bills are paid or unpaid.

Modern education, though striving so much after the development of the gifts of the mind, too often neglects these first elements of practical sense and justice which can only be cultivated by daily attention to the simple and obvious duties which Providence has placed before every one who has purchases to make or households to regulate.

The very fact of the continual return in a sufficient variety of these necessary transactions ought to be a proof of their importance, and to point out that they demand the fullest attention.

I am, Ladies, yours faithfully,

J. S.

To the Editors of the English Woman's Journal.

LADIES,

I beg to inform your readers that a plan has been started for founding two annuities in the Governesses' Benevolent Institution in memory of the late Rev. David Laing; one to be filled by a blind, the other by a deaf lady, selected from the list of candidates for the annuities of the Institution. Those who best knew Mr. Laing, and his unwearied and most useful labors in the cause of governesses, felt that no memorial could be more suitable, and it is gratifying to find that this is generally acknowledged. A considerable amount of donations has already been received, but more are needed, and may be paid to J. W. Hale, Esq., Albion Villas, Tollington Park, N.; C. W. Klugh, Esq., Secretary to the Governesses' Institution, 32, Sackville Street, London, W.; Lady Kay Shuttleworth, 7, Grand Parade, Eastbourne; or to the Bankers of the Institution, Sir S. Scott and Co., 1, Cavendish Square, London, W.—There are many other receivers, but a few names suffice.

I remain, Ladies, yours obediently,

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.

XLV.—PASSING EVENTS.

PUBLIC AND POLITICAL.

THE civil war in America has begun in earnest. The Free States have voted millions of dollars, and sent forth thousands of soldiers amid tumults of applause. The State of New York has 25,000 men in movement, besides a home guard of 20,000. The northern papers speak confidently of an army of 100,000 to be ready by the 1st of June. The friends of liberty and free institutions throughout the world are looking on with sorrow at these gigantic preparations, well knowing that their enemies will take occasion to triumph whatever may be the issue of this disastrous quarrel.

The *Gazette* of the 14th of May contained the "Proclamation of Neutrality," whereby all British subjects are placed under penalties if they join either of the contending parties in the American war.

The usual May meetings have been held during the past month, and have given an account of the stewardship of their princely revenues. The London City Mission employed 389 missionaries, who paid 1,815,332 visits, of which 237,799 were to sick and dying. Of these last, 7,383 died, and nearly 2000 of these deathbeds in the dark places of the city were unvisited by any but the missionary. This is but a small part of the work of this valuable agency: upwards of 10,000 children have been, during the past year, sent to school by its means.

The betrothal of the Princess Alice to Prince Louis of Hesse was communicated by the Queen to the House of Lords on Friday, the 3rd of May.

SOCIAL AND INDUSTRIAL.

Employment of Women.—Viscount Raynham asked the Chancellor of the Exchequer whether, in order to extend the useful employment of women, it would, in his opinion, be advisable to levy a tax upon all men employed in linendrapers', and other shops of that description?—The Chancellor of the Exchequer:—Sir, I do not at all keep out of sight that the distribution of employment—as between men and women—is one of the most important of all social questions, and especially because of the measures that are unfortunately taken by some portion of the operative classes to keep women out of their fair share of employment in the market. But although I hold that opinion very strongly, and think the matter of the greatest moment, yet I confess that I do not see that it would be expedient to use taxation as an instrument for determining the mode of distributing such employment. [In the opinion expressed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer we cordially agree. All that the true friends of social improvement desire to effect in the direction of the employment of women is to remove the obstructions which have hitherto prevented that employment from following the natural laws of supply and demand.]

Emigration.—On Wednesday some 200 emigrants, principally farm servants of both sexes, and all exhibiting an appearance of comfort, left Tralee by rail for Queenstown, bound for America. Among this hardy band were no less than 100 young women. This large body of emigrants were principally from Dingle, Tarbert, Listowel, and the neighborhood of Tralee.

It appears from a letter to the *Times*, by the Rev. Robert Gregory, the perpetual curate of St. Mary-the-Less, Lambeth, that there is a large number of needlewomen in that parish who are out of work, and suffering much. Some of them, it seems, are very good workwomen. Mr. Gregory announces that he and those who are acting with him will be happy to guarantee the safe return and the proper execution of any work that may be entrusted to them.

A Bequest in Support of Female Medical Education.—The late Hon. John Wade, of Woburn, America, has left over 20,000 dollars in value to the Female Medical College of Philadelphia.

Orphans and Destitute Children in London.—Several thousands of the working classes of London have for some time been combined in a charitable association for the purpose of supporting and educating, out of their small earnings, as many as possible of the 20,000 orphan and friendless Catholic children of London, who, for want of protection, are given over to early corruption and vice. The Catholic nobility and gentry, justly admiring this praiseworthy effort, set on foot a bazaar, in which effort they have received the co-operation of their fellow-countrymen of all classes. The poorer members of the Catholic population of London are, from the nature of their employment, peculiarly exposed to those accidents which make homes desolate and children orphans, and their numbers and needs are in consequence out of all proportion to the resources of the general body of Catholics; and they are, moreover, necessarily excluded from many of those asylums which tell of the charity and munificence of the nation. The bazaar was held in St. James's Hall on the 14th, 15th, and 16th of May. It proved a brilliant success, and realized the large sum of £5,600.

A *conversazione* was held recently at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Alers Hankey, in Harley Street, in aid of the Institution for the Employment of Needlewomen, which was set on foot about a year ago in Lamb's Conduit Street, and has now its head-quarters in a more commodious building in Hinde Street, Manchester Square. The company, principally ladies, numbering between 200 and 300, included several members of the nobility and many persons of influence. The Earl of Shaftesbury, the Bishops of London and Oxford, Miss Burdett Coutts, Lady Londonderry, Lady Glasgow, Lady Ducie, the Hon. H. Byng, Colonel Daubeny, and several members of Parliament, and many of the metropolitan clergy, were present.

Social Science Association.—On Saturday evening the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science held a *conversazione* for their members and friends at the South Kensington Museum. Upwards of 1000 guests of social, literary, and artistic distinction were present. Among the company present were Lord Brougham, the Marquis and Marchioness of Londonderry, the Earl and Countess of Shaftesbury, the Earl and Countess Ducie, the Dowager Countess of Ducie and the Ladies Moreton, the Bishops of Durham and Winchester, the Baron and Baroness Meyer de Rothschild, the Hon. Arthur and Mrs. Kinnaird, the Hon. Mrs. Norton, the Solicitor-General and Lady Atherton, Col. Sir Thomas and Lady Trowbridge, the Recorder of London and Mrs. Gurney, Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Hastings. Numerous members of Parliament attended. Most of the ladies connected with the Association were present. Among them were Miss Mary Carpenter, Miss Twining, Miss Bessie R. Parkes, Miss Isa Craig, and Miss Emily Faithfull.

The Co-operative principle at Oldham.—On Saturday afternoon, the corner-stone of the new co-operative mill which is in course of erection in Peel Street, Middleton Road, Oldham, was laid in the presence of a large concourse of spectators. The mill is being erected by the Oldham Building and Manufacturing Company, (Limited,) and will be one of the largest, if not the largest, in Oldham. It will be 100ft. by 280ft. inside measurement, five storeys high, and capable of holding 60,000 spindles.

Population of Marylebone.—At a meeting of the directors and guardians of the poor of St. Marylebone, held at the board-room of the workhouse, an interesting statement was made of the census returns as regards this parish, obtained from official sources. The total population was 161,609. The male population amounted to 70,121, and the female to 91,488, showing an excess of females to the no inconsiderable extent of upwards of 21,000.

The Census of Glasgow.—The analysis of the census of the city of Glasgow has been published. The population of the "ancient burg" of Glasgow amounts to 403,142, of whom 189,220 are males, and 213,922 are females. The population of the district known as the "ancient burg" and the suburbs is 446,395, of whom 209,999 are males, and 236,396 are females. The number of males between the ages of 5 and 15 amounts to 40,694, with 40,118 females, and of this number 16,868 males, and 16,214 females, were not, at the taking of the census, at school. The number of domestic servants within the city was 218 males, and 12,856 females; total, 13,074.

In Clifton the census last month found 13,603 females, and only 7,772 males, so that in 100 persons there are 64 women and only 36 men.

Ministrations of Women in Connexion with the Church of England.—The Bishop of Salisbury has requested the Rural Deans of his Diocese to hold meetings of the Clergy of their Deaneries, and after submitting to them the following subjects for their consideration, to forward him a report of their deliberations:—

1. Is it desirable to give a more defined place in the system of the Church to the ministrations of women in works of Christian charity, and, if so, under what restrictions should such functions be exercised? 2. Is it expedient to alter the Twenty-ninth Canon, and, if so, what alterations should be made in it?

With regard to the first question, the Bishop refers them for information to "Bingham," and to an article on Deaconesses in a late number of the *Quarterly Review*. With regard to the second, his Lordship suggests the following points :—

1. The origin of the present restriction. 2. The distinction between the natural and spiritual birth. 3. Church precedents. 4. The difference between strict conformity to the enactments of a new law and those of an old law. 5. The questions—(*a*) Whether, unless the standard of qualification is altered, the proposed change would much lessen practical difficulties. (*b*) Whether the Church is not bound to maintain the standard of qualifications.

LITERARY, ARTISTIC, AND SCIENTIFIC.

French Gallery, Pall Mall.—Mr. Gambart has on view at the French Gallery fine portraits of Her Majesty the Queen and his Royal Highness the Prince Consort, painted by Winterhalter. Both the pictures are of the size of life, and good likenesses. In addition to these portraits, Mr. Gambart has also on view the well-known picture of the Marriage of the Princess Royal, by Phillips, R.A. The three pictures are to be engraved in the best line manner by Blanchard. There is also exhibited a small whole-length portrait of her Royal Highness the Princess Beatrice, by Phillips, R.A. It has been lithographed by Sirouy.

The literary world has occasion to regret the loss of a liberal and distinguished patroness in the death of Miss Richardson Cuner. For more than fifty years she was engaged in the formation of a library at Eshton, which at her death numbered some 27,000 volumes, among them many rare editions of the Holy Scriptures, Magna Charta, the Hopkinson MS., &c., and said to be by far the best private collection in the kingdom. The catalogue, of which a few copies were printed for private circulation, is a work of intrinsic value. After a long life of charity and extended benevolence, she is succeeded in this valuable possession and her large landed estates by her brother, Mr. Matthew Wilson of Eshton, formerly M.P. for Clitheroe.

An interesting exhibition will be opened on the 1st of June, in the room of the Society of Arts. It is to be an exhibition of water-colour paintings, obtained from private collections, illustrative of the history of art, and of works of students of the Female School of Art, showing the course of instruction in that society.

An interesting picture of Mrs. Fry reading to the prisoners in Newgate, by Mr. Jerry Barrett, is on exhibition at the gallery, 19, Piccadilly.

Death of Mrs. Agnes Baillie.—Mrs. Agnes Baillie, the sister of Joanna and Dr. Baillie, is dead at the age of 100. A letter of Mrs. Barbauld, dated in 1800, tells of the outburst of Joanna's fame, a year or two after the anonymous publication of her "Plays on the Passions":—"A young lady of Hampstead who came to Mrs. Barbauld's meeting with as innocent a face as if she had never written a line." A quarter of a century since Joanna and Agnes had settled their affairs precisely alike, and arranged everything, each for the other, wondering how the survivor could live alone. They lived on together till long past eighty; yet Agnes has been the solitary survivor of her family for so many years that it was a relief—though still a reluctant one—to hear that she was gone. With those women—simple, sensible, amiable, and gay in temper, and of admirable cultivation, apart from Joanna's genius—a period of our literature seems to close; and we are all weak enough to sigh at times over what is inevitable.—*Once a Week.*

The new comedy which is advertised to be given for the benefit of Mr. and Mrs. Wigan, on Monday next, at the St. James's Theatre, is said to be from the pen of Lady Dufferin.

Mrs. Bessie Inglis gave "Readings from some of the Living Women Poets," at the Marylebone Institution, on Thursday evening, May 23rd.

It is said that the author of "Adam Bede" has received £2,500 from the Messrs. Blackwood for her one-volumed novel of "Silas Marner."