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LVI.—M. MAITRE AND HIS WORKSHOPS.

"IF you stop at Dijon, be sure and see the *ateliers* of Monsieur Maitre; *c'est tout ce qu'il y a de mieux organisé*," was an injunction forcibly delivered to a traveller parting for France. For which reason, among others, I alighted from the express-train which whirls twice in every four-and-twenty hours past the ancient capital of Burgundy.

One who enters the gates of Dijon seems to pass through the magic portal of the Middle Ages. Never, surely, did any old town continue to turn up so many pointed roofs in contemptuous objection to the things that be! It is not a house, or even a street here and there nestling within its venerable precincts, but the whole town in which the people of to-day are living and working, which bears the *cachet* of the past. It did not even become an integral part of the kingdom of France until the reign of the sly King Louis the Eleventh, who got it from the Princess Marie, daughter of Charles the Bold of Burgundy, by a process which appears to have been evenly compounded of begging, borrowing, and stealing. That was the Duke Charles who plays so important a part in "Quentin Durward," to which novel, and to the drama so ably sustained by Mr. Charles Kean, I refer my readers who may wish to refresh their memories on the amiable monarch who possessed himself of this good town.

Dijon, clustered thickly round its churches and convents, with the Cathedral of St. Benigne standing out in the foreground to welcome the traveller, appears to disdain any architecture more modern than that of the time of Louis the Fourteenth. The principal street is the Rue Condé; the churches date from the eleventh century; St. Benigne is said to have preached the gospel and suffered martyrdom in the year of our Lord 178. My readers will perceive that there is nothing of the "spirit of the age" in the appearance of the place, yet here is located one of the most remarkable establishments of manufacturing France, which possesses a double interest, as showing on a comparatively small and singularly distinct scale, the progress of that idea of organization which is invading (for good or for evil?) every department of human industry. I ask the

question "for good or for evil," because in this point of industrial organization are involved consequences of the most momentous importance to our race, far exceeding the sphere of a single master, a single town, or even a single branch of trade or manufacture.

Passing through the ancient town of Dijon, from the railway station on one side, to the moat and ramparts beyond the *Porte Neuve* on the other, the pedestrian (for there are no *fiacres* in the streets even during the rainiest weather) finds himself before a large new building, standing back in a vast court. It is not very high, and is lighted by large handsome windows, and over the door, in gilt letters, is inscribed "Ateliers d'Antoine Maitre." A large shining new clock, with a face so clean that it looks as if newly washed with soap and water, strikes the hours with a clear metallic ring, which assures the ears that it, at least, never loses a minute.

I arrivéd at half-past three, at which hour all the workpeople are absent at dinner, and I had to wait in the porter's lodge for half an hour, whence I watched the workpeople slowly assembling: boys in blue blouses talking and playing in groups; women in neat white caps with plaited frills, coming in twos and threes; and men very respectably clothed, some in coats, some in blouses. Presently a little carriage drove into the court, wherein sat a stout, good-tempered gentleman, and a much younger lady, with just the same type of face, broad, intelligent, and smiling. These were the master, Monsieur Antoine Maitre, and his married daughter, Madame Leclerc. Her husband and her little boy were also of the party. I presented my letter, and was cordially welcomed, and shown over the whole establishment, benefiting likewise by a very long conversation with Madame Leclerc on the state of the working classes; than whom no woman is more competent to give an opinion, so far as relates to France.

Monsieur Antoine Maitre is a master binder; a maker of portfolios, *porte monnaies*, pocket-books, writing-cases and albums, and the proprietor of large editions of standard religious works, such as the prayer-books used by hundreds of thousands in France, which he binds in various leathers, and with the most beautiful and elegant designs. He supplies Paris and the provinces, and even sends largely to London. His works have been created entirely by himself; he has developed the art of binding into a manufacture, according to what he himself terms "le progrès de l'industrie," and he has accomplished his purpose with consummate success.

Monsieur Maitre began life as a journeyman binder, working in a small way for a master employing a few hands, as is customary in this trade. He married early, and presently obtained a workshop of his own. Madame Maitre was also engaged in the business, and worked regularly with her husband. He took in "jobs" of all kinds; re-binding a lady's prayer-book, making purses, mending writing-cases, and was in all respects one of the working classes.

The work of his hands prospered, and he thought it would be a good idea to buy up an edition of some standard religious book, such as are in universal use; whether the ordinary prayer-book, a "*Parroissien*," or a collection of prayers, hymns, or meditations. This edition he would bind according to his own taste, and sell as his own. He did so, and his experiments answered; he then bought another and another, until at length he had a printer whose establishment was wholly taken up in working for him. At the same time his trade in articles made of ornamental leather increased; and Monsieur Maitre went on adding to the number of his workpeople, and hiring additional workshops. After nearly thirty years of labour he found himself proprietor of an atelier which sent its goods to all parts of France, which employed two hundred workpeople, and was very uncomfortably lodged in eight different buildings belonging to different owners, near the railway station of Dijon. The workshops were located up stairs and down, in such an irregular manner as to render the due organization of the work a very difficult matter, and M. Antoine Maitre, being what the business world calls "very comfortable," determined to build.

He fixed on a site outside the city walls, quite on the other side of the town—the side on which the Swiss attacked Dijon in the dreadful siege of 1513—and there he erected the peaceful building which stretches its broad front parallel with the road, and bears the date of 1858. Here he employs 300 workpeople, of whom 100 are women; here he spends all his time from morning till night, "doing the work of two men;" and here he means to build himself a large new dwelling-house, of which the foundations are already dug. The air of unsurpassed neatness visible in every corner of the atelier is only matched by his own Dutch propriety of costume; his burly person clothed in dark chocolate-colored cloth, his massive head and grey hair surmounted by a black velvet cap. M. Maitre is in his person and in his character a sort of cross between the modern manufacturer and the ancient burgomaster.

It is difficult to describe any industry, in writing, without being intolerably dull. I know that it used to be impossible to persuade children twenty years ago to read a certain "Book of Trades," even though it was amply illustrated by prints, in which industrious apprentices were working as if their lives depended on the angle of their elbows. I must, however, say a few words on the mechanical processes of this atelier, as the distribution and the wages of the workpeople are involved therein.

Of course the establishment is based on the opinion entertained by the proverbial shoemaker, namely, that there is nothing like leather. Vast quantities must yearly be stored in the great crypts beneath the workshops. I saw the smooth sheepskin, the rough and more expensive *peau de chagrin* taken from the goat; and the scented hide of the Russian cow. All these are brought ready dyed to Monsieur Maitre, and are of every hue—green, brown,

marone, and the brightest scarlet. The basement story also contains huge stacks of paper for the insides of pocket-books, sketch-books, &c., and also the printed sheets of editions of books ready for the binder's hand. These several stacks are wrapped in paper covers of different hues, so that the eye may in a moment distinguish which is which. In this part of the building are also six great furnaces, by means of which the different stories are thoroughly supplied with warm air.

The first process is that of cutting out the leather into the required shapes. The material is so expensive as to render it of the utmost importance that there should be absolutely no waste. One of the most important workpeople in the establishment is a woman, who is a remarkably clever cutter, and who is the only woman who earns as much as the men, namely, three francs a day. Each shape when cut out is neatly pared round the inside edge, so as to enable it to be turned down with ease; hemmed, as it were, upon the frame of wood or paper which constitutes the case of an article. We will take for example an ornamented prayer-book with gilt edges, such as Monsieur Maitre sends out by the thousand, and follow its stages. First, the leather is cut to the required shape; then it is stamped with a design by means of pressure between plates of hot metal, which turns out the neatest and most beautiful forms. The lines of this design are then usually traced in varnish. This operation is performed by young girls with a delicate camel-hair brush, and is very clean and easy work. It is then stitched to the printed sheets of the book, and lined with paper or with silk. The printed sheets have previously been cut perfectly even by machinery, and a thin flake of gold laid on their edges. I saw a woman laying on the gold with the utmost dexterity; but wonderful to relate, these gilt edges are afterwards polished by hand-rubbing with agate, a process which requires the whole strength of a man. If gilding is put on the cover, it is fixed with instantaneous rapidity by means of a stamp; a flake having previously been laid over the required spot. The shreds of gold which are brushed off in the process are carefully collected, sent to be melted into ingots, and then again to be rolled into flakes. All these various operations are performed by men and women sitting at spacious counters, with a distance of some feet between each, so as to allow ample room for delicate work, requiring steadiness of eye and hand. The division of labour is completely carried out, and each person only executes one process. Nothing is thus allowed for individual taste; and the "art" of binding has become a "manufacture."

The articles when completed are all brought to one spot, and separately inspected by M. Maitre. The slightest spot or imperfection causes them to be thrown on one side and sold as damaged goods. From the workshops they are carried into a vast magazine, and ranged on wide shelves. Seeing in some places a heap of

different sized articles with a list attached to each heap, I asked the meaning, and found that they represented orders sent to the manufactory by different commercial houses. When the list is completely filled up according to order, the heap is removed to a separate room to be packed in a wooden case, and thence slides down an inclined plane to the basement story, where a cart awaits it in the yard. Just at this moment, and for some months past, the great demand has been for albums in which to insert the portrait *cartes des visites* so much in fashion; and M. Maitre cannot keep pace with the orders he receives. All the shreds of paper used in packing, or left when cutting out the perforated leaves of these albums, are saved up and collected together in sacks and sent to the paper maker to be re-made in sheets. Of the stacks upon stacks of religious books, Madame Leclerc remarked, smiling, that if the people of Dijon became infected with *mauvaises idées* it certainly would not be the fault of her father's establishment. Many of these are illustrated with beautiful little engravings, and are quite *articles de luxe*.

The ateliers are large, lofty, well lighted, and thoroughly warmed with hot air. In one compartment only did I perceive anything like closeness; it was one in which several men were working together, polishing the gilding, and was a sort of glass cage enclosed in the atelier. In each salle there is a large basin with a cock, which turns on the excellent water of Dijon, and a metal goblet for drinking. Most of the workpeople are seated on convenient stools. The men and women work in the same salle, but there is a foreman in each, and perfect order and silence are preserved. The distance of the seats is, moreover, quite sufficient to discourage gossiping. The dress of both men and women is extremely neat. *All* the latter, young and old, wear white caps; many of them are pretty, and they have universally a healthy and cheerful appearance.

Having thus told the reader what I saw, I will now detail my conversation with Madame Leclerc, in the course of which I asked her numerous questions, to which she gave me full and lucid answers, being a woman of strong and clear intelligence, who has evidently thought out many of the social problems connected with the manufacturing system.

Firstly, the hours of work are decidedly too long, according to our English feelings; but we must remember that it is not very long since Lord Shaftesbury gained his great battle, and reduced our working hours to ten. In France the rule appears to be twelve clear hours of labour. At this establishment the workpeople come at six in the morning and remain till ten, when they leave for the *déjeûner*, which is the great morning meal all over the Continent. They return at eleven, and work till three, when they again leave for dinner; the remaining hours are from four to eight. The day is thus evenly divided into thirds of four hours each, with one hour of intermission twice a day. In summer they come at five, and the

atelier shuts at seven. Madame Leclerc assured me that the work never proved too much for the apprentices; and that sickly young people, accustomed to close, small rooms at home, often got healthy and blooming after a few weeks of regular work in these large airy *salles*.

The workmen, of whom there are 200, earn when out of their apprenticeship three francs a day. The workwomen, of whom there are 100, earn only half that sum. I asked the cause of the great difference, on which Monsieur Maitre said the labour of the men was really harder, but Madame Leclerc laughed, and said she thought it was custom more than any other cause which universally depressed the wages of women.

I asked if most of the women were married; she said yes, and that in the majority of instances the husbands were also in the atelier. If a man married he usually asked work for his wife, and if any of the young women took a husband even from one of the neighboring villages, it usually ended in his following her example and entering the atelier of Monsieur Maitre. No workman or workwoman leading an immoral life is allowed to enter, and any culprit is immediately dismissed. Madame Leclerc spoke with the utmost decision on this point, and said that the moral condition of an atelier entirely depended on the conduct and firmness of the master. No apprentice, boy or girl, is received until after they have made their *première communion*, and received a certificate that they can both read and write. The workpeople are thus of a respectable class.

I asked about the effect, upon the home, of the employment of the married women. Madame Leclerc answered that the young children were either sent out to nurse in the country, according to the very common custom of France, or else the married pair formed one household with the grandparents. She spoke of the latter arrangement as being of very general occurrence. *Toutefois* it was so managed that there was neither disorder nor discomfort at home. To which I could only reply that they must be extraordinarily indebted to the genius of management possessed by the French people; to whom what we call "hugger mugger" is apparently almost unknown. Madame Leclerc herself, though the mother of four children, regularly works with her father. Her husband was seated at a desk, which we passed in the course of our investigations, and her eldest little boy, of eight years old, leant against his mother's knee while she was talking to me. They live with Monsieur and Madame Maitre, the latter being now entirely out of the business, and devoted to the care of the household. The family of the *Patron* thus exemplifies the arrangement carried out by a majority of his workpeople.

I think my readers will be interested in the printed rules of apprenticeship, which I translate as follows:—

"*Article* I.—Young people are admitted on the presentation of

their relations, or, in default of these, by the persons who have adopted and are responsible for them.

"*Article* II.—They should be from thirteen to fifteen years of age; above and below this term the time of apprenticeship varies. In the first case it is longer, in the second shorter.

"*Article* III.—They will be required to prove, firstly, that they have received elementary instruction; secondly, that they have finished their religious education, and made their *première communion;* thirdly, they must be furnished with a medical certificate of vaccination.

"*Article* IV.—They will be admitted on trial for a fortnight;—this time having elapsed, and without any other contract being drawn up, they will undertake, as also their relations or their guarantees, to execute with loyalty all the conditions stipulated, as follows:—

"TERMS OF ENGAGEMENT.

"*Article* V.—Young people from thirteen to fifteen years of age engage to remain two years and a half in the ateliers as apprentices. This time expired, a remission will be given them, and they will continue to be employed as workmen for as long as they may desire.

"*Article* VI.—If they wish to quit the ateliers, they must conform to the rule which requires them to give three months' warning before leaving; in consequence, any one who wishes to quit at the expiration of his apprenticeship, ought to give notice three months beforehand; and if they only do so on the day when the contract of apprenticeship expires, they will be obliged to work three months as workmen for wages before obtaining leave to quit.

"*Article* VII.—They will each receive, as a mark of encouragement, the sum of 425 francs, (not quite £20,) thus spread over the period:—

	f.	*c.*
"During the first half year.....	52	
" ,, second ,, ...	58	50
,, third ,, ...	65	
,, fourth ,, ...	71	50
,, fifth ,, ...	78	
And at the expiration of the whole time	100	
Total.....	425	0

"*Article* VIII.—Only the time actually passed in the atelier will be counted; thus any period lost by illness or any other cause of absence will not be reckoned, and they must complete the full two years and a half of apprenticeship.

"*Article* IX.—The apprentices must keep time exactly, and can absent themselves only after having obtained the authorization of the foreman (*Contre-maître*) of their atelier. They are required to

obey the latter, as well as the workman specially charged with their instruction.

"*Article* X.—The apprentices who without authority shall leave the atelier before the expiration of their indentures, will be obliged to refund the following sums, namely :—the whole sum received during the first half year ; half of that received during the second half year ; and a third of that received during the third half year. For the remaining period they will not be required to refund.

"*Article* XI.—Apprentices sent away for misconduct will be required to refund the same amounts.

"*Article* XII.—In case of application of the two preceding articles, X. and XI., the parents or guardians of the young people will remain responsible for them, without prejudice to the responsibility incurred according to the law of the 4th of March, 1851, by the masters who may have consented to receive such apprentices into their ateliers.*

"GENERAL CONSIDERATIONS.

"The apprentices only enter the atelier to practise the different parts of the trade which they have adopted.

"These ateliers fulfil all the conditions desirable for guaranteeing the health of the young people; they are large, well kept, and possess light and air in abundance.

"The moral principles imposed by a firm exercise of authority, and recommended to them by good examples, are the surest warrant for the conduct of the apprentices.

"Their professional instruction will be carried out by initiation in good methods of work. In large and numerous *ateliers* neither lessons nor models can be wanting. They will be subjected to the happy influence of emulation, which will make them skilful and intelligent workpeople.

"Finally, they will not want for protection and paternal counsel; they will find both in their master, who will be always ready to encourage their efforts, and will have no other object than to form workmen able to make a position for themselves, and to do honor to his atelier. "ANTOINE MAITRE."

I will conclude by the description of the *Fête de l'Etablissement*, given me by Madame Leclerc with much enthusiasm. It is touching to see how completely her heart is in her work and in the welfare of the people. On the 6th of May, the whole body of workpeople, accompanied by the Patron and his family, were accustomed to go to Church together in the morning, returning to the atelier for a feast and a dance. They went *pêle-mêle* from their different houses, and were only imposing by their number; but two years ago Madame Leclerc, seized with the desire of making something

* "The law of the 4th of March, 1851, is to the effect that every master or workman convicted of having hired an apprentice from his employer shall be chargeable for the whole or a part of the damages awarded to the master thus abandoned."

pretty, and producing "*un bel effet*," felt herself inspired with a bright idea, and said, "Father, why should we not go in procession!!!" So it was arranged. They placed the apprentices, boys and girls, first in order; who walked two and two. After these came the married couples arm in arm, accompanied by such of their children as were able to walk. The rear was brought up by Monsieur and Madame Maitre and their two young daughters, and Monsieur and Madame Leclerc with their children also. "Three hundred people walking to St. Benigne in procession! Ah! it was truly a beautiful sight!" said Madame Leclerc.

As I passed with her through the immense new *salles*, marvelling at the perfect order and organization of the whole, I asked if she thought 3000 workpeople could be as well organized and cared for as 300. She replied that she would not fear to undertake 3000, and that the condition of an atelier wholly depended on the masters; adding also that where women were employed it was imperative to have a woman in some way employed in surveillance. She expressed the utmost astonishment that a lady could travel alone in a foreign country; and said she should be "quite bewildered," but laughed when I replied, "And I, Madam, should be quite bewildered if I were responsible for 300 workpeople and the organization of an establishment such as this."

"*Oh!*" said she, "*c'est l'habitude, voilà tout!*"

B. R. P.

LVII.—ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

THERE are few homes in England where the announcement of the death of Elizabeth Barrett Browning will not have roused a feeling of regret for the departed, and sympathy for those who are left to mourn her, far deeper than the ordinary transient sensation which is excited when a remarkable or gifted person is called away.

Many will look back with grateful remembrance to the lessons she has taught, the comfort she has given, and the aspirations which she has led away from the false beacon lights of this world, and guided towards the holy and steadfast shining of the purest faith and the loftiest resolve. Many who never looked upon her face will feel that a friend and counsellor has been taken from them. For she was indeed faithful to the true poetic mission. She was called, as every real poet is called, to be prophet, philosopher, and priest. To warn—to scourge, if need be—the errors and the error-seekers among mankind; to hallow the emotions of every day with the radiance of poetic light; to raise what the commonplace call commonplace, into the region of the sacred and symbolic, and, on the other hand, to draw down the sublimest teachings of philosophy into tender cadences which touch the simplest hearts.

Prophet and philosopher truly, and yet a priest also should be every true poet; to "offer sacrifice for the people," to be martyr or witness to the holiness of suffering, even if they have to "learn in suffering" itself, the glorious lessons which it is their mission to "teach in song."

There has been no woman in this country—we think we may say in any country—who has possessed, not only the poetic faculty, but the true poetic consecration, so fully and so entirely as Elizabeth Barrett Browning. The reverence for what is high, and the scorn for what is base, have seldom rung and echoed in grander strains than came from her pen.

If we look back at the events of her life, it is with no prying or morbid curiosity, but rather to trace, in the slender thread of external circumstances so much of the influence which made her what she was, as can ever be seen in that smallest and slightest part of God's dealing with a soul which we are apt to call "their life." From various sources we quote a short relation of facts, all of which she has indeed in a manner recorded herself; because all together have had their influence, and left their trace in her writings, and have been indeed turned to "divinest uses" both for herself and for others.

Miss Mitford, an old and valued friend of hers, wrote in 1852:—

"My first acquaintance with Elizabeth Barrett commenced fifteen years ago, and she was then certainly one of the most interesting persons I had ever seen. Of a slight, delicate figure, with a shower of dark curls falling on either side of a most expressive face—large, tender eyes, fringed with dark lashes—a smile like a sunbeam, and such a look of youthfulness, that I had some difficulty in persuading a friend that the translatress of the 'Prometheus' of Æschylus, the author of the 'Essay on Mind,' was, in technical language, 'out.' * * * * The next year was a painful one to herself and all who loved her; she broke a blood-vessel in the lungs. If there had been consumption in the family, that disease would have supervened; but, happily, she escaped this fatal English malady. The vessel, however, refused to heal; and after attending her for a year at her father's house in Wimpole Street, Dr. Chambers, on the approach of winter, ordered her to a milder climate. Her eldest brother—a brother in heart and talent worthy of such a sister—together with other affectionate relatives, accompanied her to Torquay; and there occurred that fatal event which saddened her bloom of youth, and gave a deeper hue of thought and feeling to her poetry. Nearly a year had passed, and the invalid, still attended by her companions, had derived much benefit from the mild sea-breezes of Devonshire. One fine summer morning, her favorite brother, together with two other fine young men, his friends, embarked on board a small sailing vessel for a trip of a few hours. Excellent sailors all, and familiar with the coast, they sent back the boatmen, and undertook themselves the management of their

little craft. Danger was not dreamt of by any one—indeed, after the catastrophe no one could divine the cause; but in a few minutes after their embarkation, and in sight of their very windows, and just as they were crossing the bar, the boat went down, and all who were in her perished. Even the bodies were never found.

"This tragedy nearly killed Miss Barrett; she was utterly prostrated by the horror and grief, and a natural, but most unjust feeling, that she had been in some sort the cause of this great misery. It was not until the following year that she could be removed in an invalid carriage, and by journeys of twenty miles a day, to her afflicted family and her London home. On her return began the life which she continued for so many years—confined to one large and commodious, but darkened chamber, to which only her own family and a few devoted friends were admitted. Reading, meanwhile, almost every book worth reading, in almost every language; studying with ever-fresh delight the great classic authors in the original; and giving herself heart and soul to that poetry of which she seemed born to be the priestess. Miss Barrett's vocation had displayed itself very early in life; she wrote largely at ten years old, and well at fifteen. Her first important essay in authorship was a translation of the 'Prometheus' of Æschylus, published anonymously in 1833; her own maturer judgment pronounced this attempt a failure, and it was, therefore, replaced in the collected edition of her works by an entirely new version. Five years later appeared 'The Seraphim,'—a poem, holding, as it were, an intermediate position between an ancient Greek tragedy and a Christian mystery; the idea of which had suggested itself during the progress of her labors on the 'Prometheus Bound.' With it were associated some miscellaneous poems, a portion of which had already appeared in the pages of periodicals, where they had won (in spite of some obscurity of manner and expression) high appreciation for their poetic beauty and earnest tone of feeling. Though chiefly known to the multitude by these productions, Miss Barrett also wrote many admirable and erudite prose articles on the Greek Christian Poets, and other subjects, which were considered to afford evidence of unusually keen insight, and extended intellectual attainments.

"After a long continuance of her secluded life, a gradual though slight improvement took place, and in 1846 she became the wife of Robert Browning, the poet, and immediately after her marriage accompanied him to Pisa. They subsequently removed to Florence, which has continued to be their permanent home, although occasional visits to England have afforded opportunity to Mrs. Browning's friends of rejoicing with her in a somewhat renewed measure of health and strength. The publication in 1850 of her collected poems, in two volumes, gave a great impetus to her reputation, and obtained very general acknowledgment of her title to rank, in many points of view, as the first female poet of the age. A small number of unpublished poems appeared in this edition.

"In 1851 appeared 'Casa Guidi Windows,' a poem, the theme of which was the repeated struggle for liberty which she had opportunities of witnessing from the windows of the Casa Guidi, her own residence. In 1856 appeared 'Aurora Leigh;' and still more lately a volume entitled 'Poems before Congress.'"

We quote a vivid and true testimony which has been given within these last days to the excellence of her mind and character. After calling her, as she indeed deserved to be called, "the profound scholar, the original thinker, the courageous social reformer, the keen satirist, the advocate of oppressed and suffering humanity, the wise Christian moralist," the writer goes on thus:—

"When it is borne in mind that few beings have ever been sent into this world with deeper and stronger affections than Elizabeth Barrett—that her life was eminently a life of the heart—our readers will be able to appreciate the truth of the assertion, that smooth as the outward course of her career might seem, it was nevertheless one of great vicissitudes. Her father, like other West Indian proprietors, saw his fortune reduced from almost princely proportions to, not indeed the straitened means of other Jamaica planters, but still to something very different from his former affluence. Her favorite brother was drowned, almost before her eyes, in the waters of Torquay. Her hale and happy girlhood was succeeded by long years of physical and moral suffering, and she whose sympathies embraced every flower, and bird, and insect, was condemned to remain for years a prisoner in her room, confined as closely as if she had been sentenced to a felon's cell. When, with partially restored health, she bestowed her hand on a man in all respects worthy of such a woman, this union, opening up to her the purest domestic happiness, brought with it its sore sad trial in the total estrangement from her father's heart and home; and this from no fault of hers; but for what? In charity to him and justice to her, who are both gone, we may most mildly designate it as a strange monomania. The revolution in her own life by which she thus became removed from a quiet mansion in Wimpole Street to the Athens of Italy, to Florence, with all its glorious traditions of mediæval letters and art, of resuscitated learning and republican energy, suddenly brought her face to face with the nascent revolution of the Italian people, and kindled in her breast the deep sympathy with that people's sufferings and sorrows, the passionate aspiration for their speedy deliverance, and a sincere gratitude towards the imperial ally by whose aid that deliverance had been wrought out, of which the traces are so indelibly stamped in her later writings.

"Mrs. Browning was one of the most learned women our country ever has produced. She was equally at home in Oriental, and Greek, and Roman letters; and it would have been difficult to have mentioned any remarkable work either in prose or poetry, in our own literature or that of France, which had not, at some period or other of her life, formed the subject of her inquiry. But her

prodigious erudition was altogether subordinated and subservient to her testing and analysing intellect, and to her practice of Christian ethics."

Mrs. Browning's health had always required extreme care, yet had not given more than usual cause for anxiety since she left Rome and returned to Florence about six weeks ago, till a cold, which at first seemed slight, fastened upon her lungs; and after a vain struggle of a week with the disease, her strength becoming gradually exhausted, she passed away on the morning of Saturday, the 29th of June, "one hour after dawn," conscious, and calm and resigned, and with words on her lips of the love she was leaving and the glory to which she was passing.

She leaves a son thirteen years of age.

Such are the facts which the world knows of Elizabeth Barrett Browning's life; and all this and more can be read in her poerty. Her early initiation, both into the world of ancient lore and into the world of ever-old and ever-new sorrow, can be traced in many of her verses; her friendship with men of taste and learning is beautifully embalmed by herself in her verses to Hugh Stuart Boyd, the blind scholar, and in her dedications to her cousin and friend John Kenyon; her filial affection and respect are touchingly recorded in the preface to her two volumes, which preface, when repeated in later editions, came with a sad pleading significance to all who knew how bitterly and unavailingly she deplored her estrangement from her old home. Her strong and clinging womanly hold on domestic associations and memories lives in every line of her earlier verses; and the record of her devotion as wife and mother is made immortal as the love itself, in a flood of tender and harmonious words which are even now stirring pain in many hearts and bringing tears to many eyes. For they reveal what the desolation must be in the household where such a heart was so lately beating, and is now cold and still for ever.

But over this threshold we have no right to intrude, save as uniting with the sympathy which goes silently out to the husband and child in their Florentine home, and which will not be importunate or ineffectual, just because it is itself homage and respect to her they have lost.

It is strange to see how many of the lines and words in her volumes have gained a newer and more sacred meaning to us since we know the voice that spoke them is silent. And, in like manner, the faintest allusions and dimmest revelations of home-life which we trace through the later verses of her husband have a sadder and even deeper interest than they had before. "The great brow and the spirit-small hand propping it," rise before us as we write, and while we hear some of her own words speaking to us with even more solemn sweetness than of old.

She did not, to use her own words—

" . . . . pursue
A sublime art frivolously"—

and even politician and philanthropist may remember wise counsel of her giving.

We may be pardoned if we make a special reference to the courage which led her, for at that time it needed courage, to sign the petition which was sent up with regard to the property of married women.* Her name came with an added force from her retired life, which had so entirely kept aloof from the external social struggles of the time; came with an added weight just because of the happy home where no shield of law or justice was needed, and where "division of interest" could not be.

In the same manner the scattered words and lines of hers which touch upon the question to which our pages are devoted have a double value, because she shrank, even fastidiously, from anything which might risk placing woman apart, or looking at her claims separately from the general claims of our common humanity. Yet her consciousness of the danger of this possible extreme, did not prevent her using courageous words when they were needed—did not prevent her showing sympathy for women—

> "Who speak and claim their portion—by no means
> Of the soil,—but of the sweat in tilling it,
> Since this is now-a-days turned privilege,
> To have only God's curse on us, and not man's." †

We need remind no one of the deep and earnest piety which is the very soul of all her poems, and which, whether as aspiration for the future, or consolation for the past, shines out from the first page to the last.

Although her fragile constitution, with its slight hold on this world, may be traced in the keen susceptibility, and intensely delicate apprehension with which she felt and rendered the subtlest influences of life, there is no shadow of morbid thought or feeling: the sadness is of a healthy soul, though it may have been made keener by the frail health and shattered frame.

With such an ear for the harmony of rhythm, it is strange to note the singularly careless rhyming in many of her poems. Her poetical facility was so great that it is a continual marvel that she would leave a jarring rhyme which to many ears entirely mars the flow of her verse. To some this is an unimportant fault, while others, though loving and repeating her verses constantly, can never get reconciled to the word which is mated with so imperfect an echo. While there have been few poets so great as herself, there are yet fewer still amongst them who are so entirely devoid of the dramatic faculty. The thoughts she gives us are her thoughts; the feelings, her feelings; and whereas, in Robert Browning's poems we have a gallery of varied characters, each revealing the power of him who conceived them, and yet not

* Presented by Lord Brougham and Sir Erskine Perry to the Houses of Lords and Commons respectively in 1856.

† Aurora Leigh.

one line which is the personal expression of any feeling of his own; in Mrs. Browning's volumes there is nothing scarcely but the expression of her own thought. Of Robert Browning's character and experience we can guess nothing from his writings, save his deep insight into the workings of human nature, and his marvellous power of personifying the most complex and minute traits of other souls. In her volumes every line is a revelation of herself, a message from her own heart to the reader. Through the slender veil of Romney, or Aurora Leigh, or Marion Erle, or Bertha, or Isobel, too slender a veil to be called a separate character, we read her own individuality; as such, doubtless higher than any one separate creation might be, yet eminently one-sided—a reflection of herself and of religion, humanity and nature in herself, but she has not the many-sided genius which, reflecting the innumerable possibilities it conceives, leaves its own to be guessed at, while divining other natures. But we mean by this distinction to classify, not to lower, her special genius.

Her enthusiasm for liberty burns through her later volumes with an intense fire; so absorbing was her faith in a glorious future of freedom for Italy, that leading her to "believe all things," it let her place a crown of splendour and of truth upon a name which she chose to look upon as the herald and harbinger of her hopes. In her "Poems before Congress," we can but deplore what we feel a mistaken belief, and fear that the noble purpose in which she trusted was but the fruit of her own noble imagination and earnest desire.

But doubtless our readers have also, as we have, turned over the well-known pages of her poems, and the words they knew by heart have found a new soul in their utterance and a deeper depth in ours to move.

The thought of death, which was we know for many years to her as a dear and familiar expectation, seems to come before us now out of her poems with a repetition we had hardly noticed before; and, as we have already said, with a newer and more sacred meaning.

Many hearts will now repeat her own words, and feel them truly as the fittest to be uttered over her grave.

"And friends, dear friends, when it shall be
That this low breath is gone from me,
And round my bier ye come to weep,
Let one most loving of you all,
Say, Not a tear must o'er her fall—
He giveth His beloved sleep."

They will not look with an unreasoning pity upon the trials of her life, or a blind regret upon her grave, but rather say, and remember, and feel, that

"Knowledge by suffering entereth,
And Life is perfected by Death."

LVIII.—AN INTERESTING BLUE BOOK.

(*Continued from page* 224.)

FACTORY EDUCATION is one of the most important educational questions of the day. On the one hand it is pronounced a failure; on the other its extension is eagerly demanded. There is no doubt that the Act of 1833, as altered in the House of Lords, and passed, though one of the most beneficent Acts of modern legislation, did not provide for the efficient teaching of the children subjected to its provisions. The consequence was, that they attended merely nominal schools: it must be added, that in many cases there were no others open to receive them. Their education was a mere mockery; a worker disabled at the mill was set over a room or cellar full of children, noisy, disorderly, and for the most part unoccupied, or occupied to very little advantage with a few tattered books. But this is not factory education, so much as the neglect and abuse of it, arising from a deficiency, which might be remedied easily and entirely. Where the schools are efficient, the half-time system has produced the most satisfactory results. Six of her Majesty's Inspectors have memorialized Government in favor of one general law for securing a certain amount of schooling to all children employed in mines and manufactures. The people themselves desire it. The pitmen of Durham and Northumberland petitioned that from ten to fourteen no boy should work down the pit more than six hours a day, that he might go to school the other half of it.

The influence of mill-owners and other large employers of labor can do more for the improvement of factory education, through the Legislature and otherwise, than any other class in the community. There is evidence that throughout the country they are becoming aware of the responsibility which such an influence involves. The Commissioners met with many instances in which great and successful efforts had been made by employers to secure the education of their workpeople. They quote the remarkable instance of the London Lead Company. The account of their system reads like a chapter from some Utopia. Ten thousand people, scattered over an area thirty miles long and ten broad, are dependent on the Company. They require every boy to go to school from six to twelve, every girl from six to fourteen, if she remain so long at home. The parents pay 1*s.* a quarter for each child, and for instruction of first-rate quality — the elder girls acting as monitors. Of the adult population, ninety-four per cent. can read; eighty-one can write also, leaving only six who can do neither. A race of young mothers has grown up "educated, religious, sensible, orderly in their domestic arrangements, and able to give assistance in the preparation of lessons at home." The following quotation gives a picture of these homes, which every lover of England and the life of her people must rejoice to read:—

"I prosecuted," says Mr. Foster, "a pretty extensive house-to-house visitation, found everything clean, whole, and in its place; no trumpery little ornaments, as in the colliers' cottages: where there is a picture, it is that of some favorite minister, such as Wesley, or a copy of 'The Cotter's Saturday Night.' There are in almost every cottage some select Sunday books beside the Bible and hymn-book, an occasional volume of poetry, such as Cowper, Milton, or Burns, or some favorite local author, and not unfrequently some of the expensive illustrated books published by Fullerton, Black, or Blackie. I reckoned nineteen copies of the Imperial Dictionary. Here were no cheap periodicals or 'People's editions;' they are reckoned '*no canny*.' The miners like everything good of its kind. Many of them have cows, and not a few a pony also to draw coals from the 'west country.' The remarkable personal beauty of the children could be attributed to nothing but the transmitted and reflected intelligence and refinement which have resulted to the parents from mental, moral, and religious cultivation. I saw nothing like the appearance of a neglected brat, no dirty, undarned stockings, unblacked clogs, or unwashed faces."

The schoolmaster had been twenty-five years at his post; the policeman had held a sinecure nearly ten; and an old man expressed his opinion that "*In thez dall t'oonedicated wull seen be coosaithered looniteeks.*"

There are three parties concerned in the question of education, and their relative positions may be very clearly brought out at this point. Wherever labor and education meet and put in their claims, the child, the parent, and the public are distinctly represented; and the problem presented for solution is the reconciliation of their conflicting interests. On behalf of the parents it may be argued thus:—The exigencies of the family life must be met; and the wages of the children at and even under ten years of age are necessary to enable them to meet them. Mr. Frazer says, "In Hereford there are no fewer than six annual harvests, in each of which children are largely employed; 1, bark-peeling; 2, hay; 3, corn; 4, hops; 5, potatoes; 6, apples; 7, acorns. Add to these, bird-keeping in autumn, and spring potato-setting, and hop-tying, and the incidental duties of baby-nursing and errand-going. When it is remembered that agricultural wages range from nine shillings to fourteen shillings or sixteen shillings a week, and that children in these occupations can add to this sum sometimes as much as four shillings or five shillings, and generally two shillings and sixpence, the importance of their earnings to their parents becomes sufficiently apparent." In manufacturing districts, the wages of children form an item in the family earnings nearly as important.

It may be further stated in the case between parent and child, that the former is bound to put the latter in the way of obtaining the means of subsistence through life, and early adaptation to labor is the only way in which the obligation can be met by a laboring man.

"No system of industrial training can give boys that handiness which they acquire in real work," says Mr. Hedley. The child has to enter in after life into a competition of industry and skill with the laborers in the line he has chosen; nothing but early initiation

can, in the great majority of cases, enable him to keep up with the demands of his work. The agricultural laborer must be inured to weather and to the life of the field; the factory worker must acquire his dexterity when the fingers are most supple. In the evidence contained in Mr. Tremenhere's Report on the Lace Factories it is more than once urged—"Threaders make the best weavers." The children brought up to the craft are the most efficient workpeople. It then becomes the parent's duty, as it appears the interest of the child, to withdraw his boys or girls from school that the work by which they are to live may not be hindered. And it ought to be remembered that efficiency in work has not only an educational, it has a high moral value.

But the mournful fact cannot be forgotten, that the children have required protection against their parents. The whole course of factory legislation has been an assertion on the part of the public of the rights of the children, a recognition that the public interests and those of the children are one. It was the interest of the employers to obtain labor cheaply and plentifully. They resisted the Factory Acts as long as possible, blind to the fact that health and strength and industrious habits are the instruments of labor, and that the destruction of these in the youthful population was the destruction of the elements of industrial success. The employers are now nearly at one with the most enlightened portion of the public on this point. But when they were the instruments of the direst oppression, the primary moral responsibility rested not with them but with the parents. This cannot be sufficiently insisted on, for, though the abuse of parental power may be prevented, the use of it for good cannot be enforced by any legislative act or outward authority whatever.

The welfare of the State depends on the welfare of the people: that welfare it is the principal function of the State to secure by preserving the just balance between liberty and law, between freedom and control. The parents forfeited their right to the control, by altogether neglecting the welfare, of the beings they had brought into the world. The children were sold into a bondage from which they had no escape. Tender infants were sent to toil in factories or crawl along the dark passages of pits, to be made into helpless cripples for whom the public must provide. The moral tie between child and parent was dissolved. No respect, no attachment, could exist between oppressor and oppressed. Boy and girl despised parental control, married, and, bound by still stronger necessities than their parents, acted in the same way towards their enfeebled offspring. The population visibly deteriorated, and the State stepped in to arrest its own destruction through the destruction of its people's life. The law existed for the protection of life, and therefore, did not go beyond the limits of its just authority, in preventing a manifest and murderous waste of it. But it existed also for the preservation of

order. A population morally crippled and enfeebled was even more dangerous to public interests than one physically so. Thence the next step in factory legislation—the educational provisions. Fairly worked, these have been fairly successful; where the employer has co-operated, as nearly as possible completely so. There is one point only at which legislation fails; that is, in securing the co-operation of the parents. In a vast number of cases parents refuse, or neglect, to send their children to school until they have begun to work, and are therefore forced to send them. With the increased intelligence of another generation this may pass away. The physical improvement of our factory workers has been considerable, and this of itself gives release from terribly selfish necessities. But the direction in which improvement must be wrought is very apparent, clearly indicated by existing evils. What we want is a generation of working men and women who shall accept the *moral responsibilities* of parentage, who shall not be fettered by the lowest physical necessities to put a price upon the souls and bodies of their children and enslave them to ignorance and disease. The nation that permits such a state of things shares the guilt and the punishment. We are but beginning to work clear of both, and every extension of the principles of factory legislation is a step in the right direction. The physical evil, the waste of life and of labor power, was the first thing to which a remedy was applied. Then it was acknowledged that the physical evil had its source in moral wrong, and the aid of enlightenment was called in to rouse the human conscience which alone could counteract it. The petition of the pitmen indicates the point at which we have arrived, where the parents desire the co-operation of the public in an act of free discipline. It is on the spread of this spirit that the further progress of the people depends.

Industrial Education has lately been much insisted on as a remedy for various social evils of no light order. It seems to have proved very nearly a complete failure. The instances in which it has partially succeeded have been in boys' schools and among the children of reformatories. In the former it has acted as a recreative, being chiefly confined to outdoor work, and has trained the boys to alertness and strength as athletic games might have done. In the latter, it has taken the place of home training. When it has been introduced into schools for girls, it has given dissatisfaction to all parties. The teacher has been discontented, the parents have disapproved, and the children have made little progress. Yet the evils it was meant to remedy are very pressing. The want of domestic management not only seriously inconveniences the working man, but to it can be traced a great amount of intemperance, improvidence and misery, and no small amount of pauperism and disease. The tidy house and well-prepared meal keep the husband from the public-house, enable him to join the friendly society or to invest in the savings bank, and so to meet the turns of trade from his own

resources, and to obtain rest and medicine in time to prevent temporary illness from further and fatal inroads on his frame. A generation has grown up without learning domestic management where alone it can be rightly learned—at home; and the evil once begun must continue unless some remedy intervenes, for how are mothers to teach that which they cannot practise? Yet the school is not the place in which it can be practically taught. The intelligence which can adapt the arrangements of school-cooking to a poor man's home, could apply them from simple theoretical teaching.

A mischievous notion has of late prevailed that there is nothing to be done except by what is called practical means; that the inculcation of a principle however great is valueless, in comparison with the accomplishment of a fact however small. This fallacy is at the root of the system pursued with regard to industrial training in schools. It is never contemplated to teach how a thing may best be done: the school-girl must be made to do it. No doubt it is important that the girl should really do household work, but it must be in the household under mother or mistress. This rage for the practical rose in opposition to the inculcation of mere fruitless maxims; but it should never be forgotten that the ideal is the root of the actual, and that to plant firmly in any mind any leading idea, especially if that idea be a moral one, will not fail of securing the product in living fact. The idea of order, the idea of economy, and, deeper still, the idea of duty, rooted in a mind whose intelligence has been thoroughly awakened and whose energies have been directed to right sources of instruction, will do all that is necessary for domestic management, or any other object in view. If a girl's schooltime is occupied in scrubbing the schoolroom floors and other drudgery, while she might be gaining in intelligence, it seems to us the parents are right in their complaints that they might as well be scrubbing the floors at home, which very likely stand greatly in need of the operation. Industrial practice in schools is an attempt to mix up two things which are quite distinct, to carry on two different trades under one management, and so to lead to the mismanagement of both. The school for lessons, the house for domestic work, appears to us the true principle. The lessons of a girl's school ought to have reference to domestic management, so as to teach on what principle a household should be conducted. The girl's arithmetic should show her how far a working-man's wages will go towards the supply of the necessities of a family. Her reading lesson, instead of dealing with the action of gravitation, or describing the habits of a Megatherium, might and ought to give her a knowledge of the nature and uses of common things directly applicable to the purposes of life. The discipline of every good school enforces personal neatness and cleanliness. The "everything in its proper time and everything in its proper place" of the school might easily be made, by a little judicious theoretical explanation and enforcement, the foundation of order in everything. A row of books put in their

places do not differ much, for purposes of arrangement, from a row of dishes or of anything else; the same tidiness which is exemplified in the smoothly folded seam and neatly filled work-basket is ready to be applied to the family garments. Moreover, the sanitary benefits, and the moral duty, of cleanliness of person and dress, which must extend to everything within a house, might readily be inculcated. Food and its ordinary preparations might form another subject for lessons. Habits of observation directed to these objects would, it appears to us, do more to teach household economy than school-scrubbing and cooking.

A great deal has been said and something written about the absurdity and folly of over-educating the children of the poor. Those who have thus spoken and written appear to have detected an evil, but neither to have traced it to its true source, nor yet to have pointed out the proper remedy. What they term over-education is in reality under-education. Instead of its being too intellectual, it is not intellectual enough. The system to which they are opposed is that of attempting to force upon the children of the poor, who necessarily leave school at a very early age, as wide a range of subjects as would go to form the foundation of the highest education. In such an attempt no really solid result can be obtained. It is like building a house with limited materials and making these cover a wide area, while the walls can only be raised half-high and the structure must remain a crumbling fragment, not a habitable dwelling. The aim of the teacher has been to give as much positive knowledge as could be crammed into the memory, on as great a variety of subjects as could be crowded into the time, but this process does not contribute to the cultivation of the mind much more than sticking flowers into a sand-hill will contribute to form a garden. The product of some schools is an imperfect knowledge of everything—nothing is rooted. A fair show enough may be made on examination day—the sand-hill may be well stuck over with the rootless blossoms, but they wither at once when the work-day of life begins. There is nothing to sustain them there. A wide range of culture requires a home atmosphere suited to it; it is not out of place in the highest walks of life; and the time may come—we would rejoice to see it—when it would not be out of place in the humblest. If we had an educated race of men and women to begin with, then we might enlarge our programme of instruction, but we must educate first, and education does not consist in enumerating the Monarchs of England from Arthur to Victoria; or the cities of the Holy Land from Dan to Beersheba. It does however consist in the power to do both. "But if the thing is done you have the power to do it." That does not by any means follow. Memory, the unintellectual power of acquiring knowledge mechanically, comes in, and information may be transferred from the teacher's mind to that of the scholars, without having called out in the latter any principle of mental growth. The development of the powers to acquire, and

to assimilate knowledge, is alone education. These powers may be called forth most readily, and can be tested best, by thorough elementary teaching—intelligent reading and spelling and numbering. Nothing whatever ought to be attempted till a child can read, and read so as to understand and enjoy the exercise. Anything which there is time for may be added after this. The child may never get beyond this, but without it all else is simply useless; with it, easily attainable.

But what we want, say the class of objectors we have referred to, (and here the true friends of education must part company with them,) is good domestic servants. The answer to this is simply that the National Schools were not intended to supply that want. Has it never occurred to those who repeat this cry, that good mistresses make good servants? In the intelligent school-girl the good mistress has the raw material of a good servant put into her hands. There is a dearth of good servants, for everybody expects to find them and nobody will take the trouble to make them, but in the lack of mistresses who really undertake this duty, so beneficial to themselves and to society, it seems wonderful that there are so many. Why should the employers of domestic service be a privileged class, for whose behoof National schoolmistresses are to labor and the public to pay? The young servant ought to be trained in the family of the employer. If most of our young servants are trained in the inferior families, (we write inferior only to express fewer domestic resources,) the superior have no right to complain; let them train domestics for themselves, under the example of their experienced servants and to the command of their superior resources. The wife of the working-man must learn from her mother to command and economize the much smaller and more simple resources of a workman's home; if she cannot and does not learn there, intelligence duly cultivated will lead her to experiment for herself, and guide her to sufficient success. Womanly instincts of order and grace are not so rare but that they will flourish if only the soil and the seed be there. They do not need the forcing of the industrial school. The soil must be an open, intelligent mind; the seed the simple idea of duty making fast, by the power of conscience and the sanction of religion, the obligation to carry out in practice what has been clearly comprehended as the right rule of life.*

* I am unwilling to let this expression of opinion in regard to industrial schools go forth without expressing my partial dissent, though well aware that the writer is supported by many of the most active and intelligent educationalists of the day. If mothers and mistresses did their duty, it would doubtless be a saving of time and expense to make the school a place of merely intellectual training, more especially as it is exceedingly difficult in practice to combine any other object with that one. But unfortunately no such division of labor is carried out; the household arts are generally said to be declining in England, and the real question is whether it is rational to expend such an immense fund of money, energy, and benevolence in promoting

ATTENDANCE AT SCHOOL.—The amount of attendance which the Commissioners consider satisfactory, and which, under present circumstances, might be attained, is reached when children go to the infant school at the age of three, and from the infant school to the day school at the age of six or seven, and remain in the day school till ten, eleven, or twelve, according to the circumstances of their parents and the calling to which they are destined; provided that they attend while on the school-books not less than four hours a day regularly. The exact amount and regularity of attendance cannot be stated in numbers, but it is pronounced to be encouraging. The number of children whose names ought to have been on the school-books, according to an estimate made in 1858, is put down at 2,655,767. The number actually on the books was 2,535,462, leaving 120,305 children without any instruction. The proportion under education is a very large one. We stand better than we expected; not quite so high as Prussia, where education is compulsory, but much higher than any other country of Europe. In 1803, one out of every seventeen of the population was at school; in 1858, the proportion was about one in seven.

The number of the children of the independent poor at present under education is 2,213,694; of the 120,305 who were not receiving instruction when the Commissioners took their educational census, some would be educated at home, others disabled by bodily infirmity, and the remaining number would appear to be the children of dissipated parents—fit subjects for the Ragged School and the Reformatory—idling, playing, or begging on the streets. As a general conclusion it may be stated that the independent poor of this country do not neglect the education of their children, but avail themselves, so far as their circumstances allow, of the opportunities of instruction within their reach.

The system pursued by the Government of England has to a great extent afforded opportunities. It has promoted the erection of numerous and good schools, it has provided a class of teachers of high moral and educational qualifications, sending out from the Training Colleges 1500 teachers yearly: the number wanted for the whole country being about 33,000. But this aid is not universal. All

intellectual education, without trying also, in spite of difficulties, to redress the lost balance between the *brain* and the *habits*. For there is a wide gulf between writing copies to the effect that there is a place for everything, and even putting the scanty furniture and appliance of the schoolroom *in* their place, much more dealing successfully with the innumerable odds and ends of household work. I do not underrate the practical difficulties, nor the disheartening experience of Miss Martineau's effort towards industrial education at Norwich; but it seems to me, that if our benevolent workers in the cause of education confess themselves beaten on the point of industrial training, and give it up altogether, we shall sow fresh seeds of mischief, and increase that "disorganization of the family" of which modern writers, both French and English, complain so bitterly, as resulting from factory labor and various other causes.—B. R. P.

private schools are passed over. Only 6,897 schools were in receipt of Government assistance in 1858, leaving nearly 19,000 unassisted. Much therefore remains to be accomplished. The badness of the private schools, the irregular attendance of the children, and the early age at which they are withdrawn, must all be taken into consideration to prevent us from forming too favorable an estimate, and so lead to a relaxation of effort for improvement. Instances such as that of the London Lead Company, which might have been multiplied, serve to show what it is possible to achieve, and enough has been said to prove that we are as yet far off from any result approaching to that achievement.

We have noticed the chief points of interest in the education of the independent poor, but we have by no means exhausted the subjects of interest contained in the Report. Two important divisions, viz., the education of paupers and criminals, we have left untouched; and on the plans which the Commissioners bring forward for future Legislative action we have not entered. Whoever desires to study any branch of the great question of Education, we refer to the Report itself, which, except in its treatment of ragged schools and the disagreeable tone which it assumes in animadverting on the faults of teachers, is equally full and clear, fair in statement, and reasonable in deduction. I. C.

LIX.—CROWN AND CROSS.

It seemed a crown of cruel thorn,
It seemed a cross of bitter scorn,
I bent my suffering brow to wear,
I raised my feeble arms to bear.

I might have cast away the crown,
But hands I loved had crushed it down,
And pressed its stinging points of pain,
Through quivering nerve, and bursting vein.

I might have shunned the cross to bear,
But One—the Master—placed it there;
And failing the appointed task
No other service I might ask.

As on my weary way I passed,
Ready to faint and fail at last,
The burden under which I bent
Became the staff on which I leant;

And blossoms for the thorns had place,
Upon my head a crowning grace,

That brought me through the burning hours,
The cool and healing touch of flowers.

* * * * * *

My crown was love, maintained through loss,
And truth upheld through scorn my cross.

ISA CRAIG.

LX.—LE PÊCHEUR DE SORRENTE.

SORRENTE, doux rivage,
Espoir des matelots,
Les parfums de ta plage
Nous guident sur les flots.

Consultez les étoiles,
Vous qu'attend le danger ;
Moi, je guide mes voiles
Où fleurit l'oranger.

Ici mon toit de chaume
A pour moi plus d'attraits
Que le superbe dôme
Du plus riche palais.

Pour la fleur du courage
Va combattre, guerrier ;
Ma cabane l'ombrage
D'un paisible laurier.

Que Nisida m'enchante !
Qu'elle est blanche, sa main !
Que sa voix est touchante
Quand elle dit : "Demain !"

Chacun cherche à lui plaire ;
Moi seul suis écouté :
Tous craignent sa colère ;
Je ris de sa fierté.

Les filles de Sorrente
Imitent ses atours,
Son corsage amarante
Aux lacets de velours.

Les bandeaux d'une reine
Sont bien moins enviés
Que les nattes d'ébène
Qui tombent à ses pieds.

L'éclat d'une couronne
Tenterait moins mes vœux
Qu'un bouton d'anémone
Caché dans ses cheveux.

Tous ces mets qu'on arrange
Pour la table des rois
Valent-ils une orange
Que partagent ses doigts ?

Rien ne me fait envie ;
Tout réjouit mon cœur,
Et j'ai fait de la vie
Un long jour de bonheur.

Jamais je ne prolonge
Les heures du sommeil ;
Il n'est point d'heureux songe
Qui vaille mon réveil.

Je prie, et Dieu m'envoie
Ce que j'ai désiré,
Et c'est encore de joie
Qu'un seul jour j'ai pleuré.

Ah ! si Dieu, que j'adore,
Au ciel m'a destiné,
J'y veux choisir encore
Tout ce qu'il m'a donné.

MADAME EMILE DE GIRARDIN.

LXI.—THE PORTRAIT.

(*Concluded from page* 327.)

CHAPTER IX.

DURING that pause, in which the unquiet pulsation of my heart made itself felt to pain, I heard Cleveland say in a low voice, yet clearly and distinctly, "*This* no one can wrest from me; this at least I may call mine." And he continued to gaze on the dimly seen picture, as if rapt in thought. Softly as I had approached him, still more soundless was my tread as I glided into the back drawing-room. The words spoken were not meant to be heard, and of all listeners I should have been the last. They were spoken not for me to hear, but addressed to the mute and deaf Properzia who stood within the gilded frame. Why, like her, could I not be passive, pulseless, motionless? Better to be that cherished picture, looked at lovingly by those earnest eyes, than to live and breathe and be

for ever banished from their light! was the stifled cry of my heart as I passed into the ante-room.

No sooner there and alone, than by a sudden transition a new train of ideas presented themselves:—"I will go and speak to him as a sister. Why should we all be unhappy? He too suffers, it is evident. I will be brave, heroic—keep my secret, and teach him fortitude. He has duties to perform; his poor young wife must know nothing about all this misery: let us not make circumstances worse by unavailing regret." The words I had heard took the sting from my sorrow, for they proved that Cleveland had loved me and still remembered me; they told that he also was grieved, and in consideration of *his* fate, I endeavored to forget my own. I was free, and this I felt to be a boon; he was bound to another, and the happiness of that other ought not to be tarnished by such remembrances as seemed yet to darken his path. I would try and brighten it—And with these feelings I re-entered the drawing-room by another door.

I was close beside him before he was aware who had interrupted his reverie. From the startled look with which he regarded me, it seemed as if he imagined I had stepped out of the canvas.

To think a part is so much more easy than to act it, that I almost wished I had not thus rashly undertaken one I did not appear peculiarly fitted to carry out. The agitation of Cleveland was infectious, and words did not come readily to my aid.

"I am sorry Mrs. Martyn is not at home, but I expect Mr. Martyn will be here immediately," I stammered out by way of a beginning. How strangely those commonplaces sounded, when the lips that uttered them were blanched with emotion, and the person to whom they were addressed was scarcely conscious of their import! "Thank you," he replied, taking a chair as if I had asked him to be seated, "I am very fatigued, having had a long walk;" and he threw himself into it, leant back, and shut his eyes. I was at a loss what next to say. He had walked towards the window on hearing the door open at my entrance, and as the lounging chair in which he had seated himself stood by the side of it, all the light there was fell full on his face. He looked, as he said, weary and exhausted. "Can I order anything to refresh you?" I asked in a gentle tone, feeling that he needed kind words. "Nothing, thank you," was again the laconic answer as he slowly re-opened his eyes; then rousing himself, apparently by a strong effort of will, he abruptly said,—

"Is Captain Hamilton in town?" I tried to remember if I knew any one of that name then in London; but failing, I replied, that "I could not tell."

"I may have mistaken the name, but I mean your husband—the gentleman to whom you were so long engaged." My look of astonishment made him lean forward, whilst an expression difficult to define passed over his face and literally made me afraid. I began to fear his mind was wandering—that he was confusing persons and

events. "I am not married; I *never* was engaged to any one: you must be thinking of some other lady," I answered without consideration.

"No!" he exclaimed, starting to his feet and coming nearer to me, "a friend of yours told me that she saw the announcement of your marriage in a newspaper." And he waited for me to speak. What a moment of trial! I pretended to be carelessly plucking off the withered leaves from some geraniums that stood in vases at the window; and, without raising my eyes, I replied in a quick light manner, (desirous of bringing this part of the conversation to a conclusion,) "I can easily tell you how that mistake originated. A cousin of mine was married to a gentleman of that name, and it would be her marriage your friend saw announced. At all events it was not mine: so this point being settled, come and tell me about your pretty young Italian wife, for I suppose there is no mistake in your being married?" and I tried to laugh. I had plucked off the last of the withered leaves, the shades of night were fast falling, and I thought I might, without risk of being observed, take a look at Cleveland. The expression of the troubled countenance that met my furtive glance made me lay aside my jesting tone, and instinctively I felt that the threads of the misty net which had been woven round me would soon be unravelled.

"You cannot surely imagine that I seek to give you pain," I said; "if remembrance of the past has anything unpleasant in it, let us not speak of it. You know I have always been your friend, and hope to remain so." I spoke caressingly—he looked so sad, so wretched, so much in need of soothing.

"Do not speak of friends," he cried fiercely. "Friends are those who steal into our confidence, turn out serpents, and lead us to misery. I want no friends."

"Mr. Cleveland, what do you mean?" I exclaimed, stepping back, with a foreboding dread of something yet greater of evil to come.

A flush passed over his face, only to leave it more pallid and stern looking, as he hoarsely and slowly said, as if each word were a drop of agony: "Miss Lindores, were you informed that, the morning after the Ambassador's ball in Paris, I came and requested an interview with you; were you or were you not informed of the offer I made through Mrs. Bethune, the answer to which was, that you were already engaged? Have you regarded me as a man of honor, or as a cold-blooded trifler? A veil seems to be falling from my eyes. I now comprehend why you were so reserved, so cold; too late for my own happiness has that veil been raised, but not too late to clear myself in your opinion—the only one I ever valued. Now you hear the truth, and as you would not make me more wretched, speak! answer me, I beseech you, and do not think me mad." He seized my hand, and seeing that I answered not, continued with torrent-like impetuosity to say,—I knew not what,—for

I felt as if changing into stone. My eyes were riveted on those of Cleveland. I had lost the power to withdraw them. My hand convulsively grasped his; and thus I stood and listened until all grew dark; the room swam round, and in the darkness and in the whirl I only saw the burning eyes, and heard strange wild words from the husband of Mrs. Bethune!

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"How deucedly fond Cleveland must be of his wife!" was the exclamation which recalled me to a conscious sense of where I was and what had passed, uttered by Mr. Martyn in a pettish tone as he wiped the perspiration from his forehead, and threw back the collar of his coat. "I met him flying along," he continued, "as if anxious to annihilate both time and space; in fact, he very nearly knocked me over: and had he not turned round to apologise, I should not have recognised him in the dusk. Nothing would induce him to come back with me, although I wanted very much to have a talk with him. I wish his love may not be too hot to last."

This was the inference drawn from the unhappy Cleveland's non-acceptance of the invitation to "have a talk;" proving the truth of how little one man knows what is passing in the mind of another. I was next assailed by a host of questions, to which I returned such incoherent answers, that the patience of the interrogator finally became exhausted, his temper more ruffled, and at an earlier hour than usual he retired, and I was alone with my misery. I now found my previous discipline of incalculable service, that discipline which women have so constantly to undergo; I mean, the being required to wear a tranquil seeming even when the spirit is in torture and the heart throbbing with pain. For Cleveland's sake as well as my own, I knew that the sooner I could sustain the calmness requisite under the circumstances, the sooner would the conflict be over. I was anxious for another interview, to efface as far as possible from his mind the painful remembrance of that our first meeting; to put him at ease, by concealing how much suffering the mistake had cost me, for on reflection I concluded that, absorbed in his own passionate sorrow, he had not dreamt that I too was wounded by the same sharp arrow. To soften his trial, to aid him to perform duties he had vowed to fulfil, must now be my task. The armour of self-control had again to be put on. Again the calmness of a tranquil friendship must be assumed, to be realized, I hoped, at no far-off period. And more than this had to be done, and done by me alone, for none other had the power. And this was, to clear Mrs. Bethune in the eyes of her husband from premeditated deception, otherwise her happiness would suffer shipwreck. How best to effect this, cost me anxious hours of thought. I had, yes, I was forced to confess, that I had my misgivings of the conduct of Mrs. Bethune. The keen edge of her conscience must have become blunted, and her love have blinded her in more ways than one. It was now clear to me

that even in Paris she must have set up Cleveland as her idol; and never knowing opposition to her wishes, she could still less brook it here, and circumstances had aided her in gaining her point.

CHAPTER X.

I LOOKED forward rather nervously to a second visit from Cleveland, when my resolved-upon duty was to be performed, and I was sooner called to its performance than I had anticipated.

It was Sunday, and Mr. Martyn, immediately after the morning service, had gone to Kew, where his wife was staying with her sick friend, when I heard a rap at the street door, and, in a few minutes after, Mr. Cleveland was announced. A momentary agitation ensued, and then with the quiet desperation of one who knowing his hour is come, walks with firm tread to the scaffold, I armed myself for my task. Suffice it to say, that I accomplished my purpose so far as the power was in my own hands.

Cleveland, with ashy lips and rigid face, looked calm certainly, but it was a calmness oppressive to witness; and I would rather have listened to the wild passionate outbreaks of the previous night, than have been compelled to gaze on that marble grief, fixed, immovable and stern. I did not give myself time to look at him, but in violent contrast to his profound seriousness I talked in a light jesting manner. In fact this was the only method I could adopt as likely to insure success. I was in the condition of a traveller who has a bog to cross, and who if wise tries to trip across it rapidly, as a pause might prove fatal to his enterprise. Cleveland once or twice looked at me in a way that seemed to say, "Is it possible? Can she really be so heartless, so careless?" But I paid no heed, as I spoke of "singular changes taking place—of Mrs. Cleveland"—Ah! had he known what an effort it cost to pronounce that name, "Of her being under the impression that I was engaged from my once having hinted as much—Of wisdom coming with years"—and so forth.

"Miss Lindores, pardon me," said Cleveland, interrupting one of my rather discursive speeches, "and permit me to ask again one question: Were you engaged when in Paris? I must have misunderstood you the other evening, for the impression left on my mind was to the contrary."

I blushed, because I had to depart slightly from the truth, and Cleveland thought I blushed because I referred to my engagement: I was forced to permit him so to think, otherwise all would be undone. The precise words I used I scarcely remember; it was the fact I wished to imprint on his memory; the fact that Mrs. Bethune considered me engaged at that time.

"I am bound in honor to believe all you say, and it is my duty now and for ever to be silent, but," continued Cleveland, "I would fain ask a few more questions." He spoke entreatingly.

"No, no," I exclaimed hurriedly, (what torture I endured!)

"you must not hear all my secrets: when I marry I shall send you cards," and I tried to smile. Cleveland made no answer. Whether he really believed or still doubted, I could not tell; anyhow, I had acted in accordance with the dictates of my conscience. My impulse was to rush out of the room the instant I had finished speaking; but I mastered the wish, and began to talk of the state of art in Italy. The answers of Cleveland were given as if by one in a dream. Nevertheless I persevered, for silence was intolerable. Cleveland at last roused himself, offered a thousand apologies for intruding on me, inquired when Mrs. Martyn was expected home—and then abruptly took leave. A week after these events Mrs. Martyn came back to Russell Square, and I left to pay my annual visit to my aunt Mrs. Richards. I did not wish to meet either Cleveland or his wife. There was no necessity for such a meeting, therefore I avoided it. I never thought that I had a special vocation for continual martyrdom, as some self-sacrificing mortals appear to consider themselves called upon to believe; on the contrary, I ever feel a readiness to shun suffering rather than to invite it, and only in cases where I deemed it absolutely imperative was I willing to accept trials. The apparent self-sacrificers are usually those whose pathway in life is velvet smooth, whose onward march is not obstructed by brambles and thorns, and who never by any chance wound hands or feet in a struggle for common life, for daily wants—well-gloved and well-shod pedestrians, who attach no meaning to the words, hunger, thirst or nakedness, are those who harangue most about the trials they endure, the afflictions that beset them; while the foot-weary and heart-worn—the wounded and the grief-laden, have no time to spare for idle lamentation, no hours to lose in the luxury of complaining. Slaves, whose taskmaster is Necessity, never prate of self-denial. What they do they *must* do, and think the while that their sufferings need no addition of their own inflicting. Like them, I conceived the world hard enough. I had met with thorns and was wounded; and instead of courting further pain, my heart murmured against what it had already endured.

"How chanced it that I had been made to suffer in order that Mrs. Bethune might obtain her wishes?" was the rebellious whisper. "She the pampered child of fortune now as before, I the lonely one working for my bread."

"Poetical justice is a dream. Happy endings are only in novels, seldom in real life,"—answered another whispering voice: "besides, to obtain our blind wishes, is often to clutch misery as a companion. Murmur not, lest a worse thing happen to you." I tossed my aching head upon my pillow and murmured on.

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I must now ask the reader to take a leap over an interval of years; years during which I had become reasonable and ceased to repine at those mists and clouds which had overshadowed my earlier life; years in which I worked hard, and learned lessons of

worldly wisdom, at the sad price we have all to pay for such knowledge. If I became less impetuous, less confiding, and made fewer outward demonstrations, my feelings seemed only to gather strength and to have a deeper glow for those I truly esteemed. My heart—I thanked Heaven for the gracious boon—had not been chilled and made cold by the experiences of human folly and human weakness: it had merely grown wiser.

"*Le cœur*," says Pascal, "*a ses raisons;*" and there is sound philosophy in the assertion, for not alone by logic of the brain are we governed.

Ten times had our three hundred and sixty-five days been numbered, since I stood with Cleveland looking at the midnight sky among the orange-trees in the verandah of the Ambassador's Hotel in Paris, and the events just narrated were left far behind, softened by the mellow tints of those past-away years. I had ceased to ask the weary question which my foolish heart had a thousand times sighed to the winds:—Why did Cleveland marry Mrs. Bethune, when he did not love her?—Intercourse with the world had shown me that such events were of too common occurrence, and I could smile when I remembered the remark of the merry Caroline as she shook her golden curls, and in mimic sorrow said that "no one had any chance with a widow endowed with riches; and if the widow happened besides to be beautiful, then the case was hopeless." I had time to find out that the laughing speaker spoke truly, and that few men are proof against the three-fold temptations, of beauty, riches, and adulation. Cleveland was, after all, only mortal, and I freely exonerated him.

I had been enabled by steady perseverance and energy to accomplish, aided by the kindness of my never-failing friend Mr. Martyn, even more than I had dared to hope for. Mrs. Richards had been spared to see me successful in my labors, and to rejoice that by my own efforts I had earned a position, not brilliant by any means, but secure, and that was all I coveted. Somehow my friend the dragon had taken a strong fancy to dear old-fashioned Carrington, that quaint, primitive place, more especially when she learned that on an ancient site where once had stood an abbey, a Catholic chapel was in process of erection. She had returned from Ireland, finding herself there as a stranger; some of her friends scattered, and many dead. When we first met after the marriage of her mistress, she studiously avoided the subject; neither did I allude to it, for I knew her way, and waited until she was willing to converse on what, to her, as well as to me, was rather a harsh topic. At that period my resignation to fate was not perfect, neither had I ceased altogether my vain questionings about moral justice, therefore I was not sorry to remain silent. One day, however, Sarah startled me by saying she was going to see her mistress,—never by any chance did she call her Mrs. Cleveland. She said that she had received a letter from her, stating that she was not in good health, and wished the dragon, if she felt disposed, to resume her services.

"Now that she needs me, I will go at once," said the faithful creature. "Oh, Miss Emily, I knew how it would be. Her second trial is no better than her first. Why was she not warned? Why did she choose the world rather than the convent?"

"Why, indeed!" I thought, but said nothing. Sarah went, and I never saw her again. I heard that she accompanied her mistress abroad. Whether Cleveland went with them I knew not.

Mr. Martyn seemed never to recover from the surprise caused him by finding that, instead of a lovely young Italian girl—how the report of the foreign bride had arisen we never knew—his favorite had married a rich widow older than himself. From the hour of that discovery, the artist did not stand so high in the estimation of his patron, although with the Properzia in his possession, —another surprise why it was not asked for—he never failed to extol him as the first of English painters. Even from my best of friends, Mrs. Martyn, I kept the secret of Cleveland, and defended him from the false charge of having married for money, that basest of motives.

The world at large is famed for passing unjust judgments, and even our friends at times wrongfully interpret our actions. So it fared with Cleveland, and it was to little purpose I attempted his justification. The facts, as they were called, were held up in opposition to all I could argue. Then came unpleasant rumors, that he and his rich wife were unsuited to each other; in short, that they did not agree, and were seldom, if ever, in the same place at the same time. These floating fragments of gossip came across me when on a visit to Russell Square; for although I had pitched my tent near Carrington, on the slope of a hill whence a far stretching landscape greeted my sight, yet every year I spent some weeks in London.

If the inflexibly honorable Cleveland failed in being able to give his wife the entire devotion her nature demanded, he failed involuntarily; and had she been content to accept a tranquil affection, she might, in course of time, have obtained it and have been at peace. Surely, during ten years, much might have been effected by prudence and patience, those best of guardian angels.

Ten years then had been dissolved in the great ocean of time. Cleveland and his wife were—I knew not where. I was at Carrington happy, and busy with my pictures, my friends, my small but merry household, my garden, and my beautiful flowers.

It was autumn—brilliant autumn, Sultana of the seasons, who comes, not with the airy step of spring, but sits in regal splendor; her deep green robe, fringed with burnished gold, her brow encircled with vines, her lap full of summer's riches. The yellow grain waved no longer in the fields. The harvest had been gathered, and the earth seemed, alike with the husbandman, to repose for a brief space. The serene peace of fruition breathed a mysterious stillness over the whole landscape; a profound silence

hung over the brown wood, and the purple-tinted water—purple-tinted, because it was evening—and a violet-colored haze, filled the valley and marked the river's course. Not a leaf stirred, on tree or bush; the winds were asleep; no sounds disturbed the air, the sereneness of nature was perfect. The solemnity of the hour was upon me, and a deep earnest sense of gratitude penetrated my entire being.

I was sitting within the porch of my unostentatious dwelling, watching the varying forms and changing hues of the clouds as in slow procession they gathered themselves into one glowing mass, whereon to pillow the sinking sun. Softly he descended, leaving behind a glorious blaze of crimsoned light, bright herald of as bright a morrow. The spell of the majesty and beauty of creation was over all. In the universal hush I seemed to hear the rustling of the wings of the spirit of peace. Like the outer world, my soul was wrapt in repose. The past was not regretted, the future not feared. The present at that moment was beautiful, and the present alone was mine. What though the scent of the hawthorn was gone; roses had come in its stead. And what if the roses had withered and were dead, the fragrance of other flowers perfumed the night air. I was satisfied, and at rest.

"Emily!" cried Mrs. Richards, who was seated at an open window not far from me, "the dews are falling: come in; of what are you dreaming?"

"Of nothing," I answered, starting up at the sound of her voice.

"I thought I saw some one at the gate," she added.

I turned round and looked in the direction of the entrance; and in the winding walk dignified by the name of avenue, I certainly perceived an approaching visitor.

"It is Dr. Osmond, or my brother Charles," I carelessly replied, and advanced to meet the coming one.

The interval of years became as many hours. It was only as the night succeeding that autumn evening in Russell Square, when the poor Italian passed with his organ, when the trees had looked parched, and all looked mournful, when the last rose of hope had been rudely torn from its stem. Now the landscape was flooded with gorgeous light. A voice whispered "Emily." One moment more—the hand of Cleveland was clasped in mine. The past fled like a troubled dream in the morning light. Time was, for the moment, annihilated. The stars were shining above us as in former years, the same cool air fanned my cheek, and the same earnest eyes were looking into mine.

Words were not needed to tell me why he was come—for what purpose, on what errand? My heart divined it all; and there as I stood with Cleveland in that solemn hour of our re-union, beneath that glowing autumn sky, I felt that our happiness was more perfect, our love more hallowed, than if we had not suffered. A sombre messenger from another world had rent

asunder the tie by which he had been bound, and we forgot not, even then in that moment of glad meeting, that joy and sorrow are twin sisters, that life and death go hand in hand.

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A.R.L.

LXII.—FRUITS IN THEIR SEASON.

X.—A POTTLE OF STRAWBERRIES.

ADOPTING the style of Baron Cuvier in his famous criticism on the French Academy's definition of the crab, it may be said that there are but two objections to the title of the Strawberry; the one being, that it is not a berry, and the other, that it has nothing to do with straw: the theory of botanists establishing the former fact, and the practice of gardeners deciding the latter. It is true that some deduce the etymology of the first syllable not, as it is generally traced, from the custom formerly adopted of laying straw beneath the fruit to protect it from sullying contact with the soil, but rather from the spreading nature of the plant causing it to seem strewn or *strawed* upon the ground, but in this case the name is founded on a word now obsolete, or again on a corrupted one, if, as is thought by others who adopt this cause of the derivation, the title was originally *Stray*-berry. As regards the "berry" clause, whatever dates thus ignorantly from days of ignorance, must at least be in itself a proof of antiquity, and who that rejoices in "blue blood" can doubt the superiority of any misnomer, indubitably ancient, over the most correct appellation bearing yet on its face the evidence of having been bestowed but yesterday! The strawberry, however, has something more to vaunt than an English genealogy, however remote, for the present Latin title of the species, *fragaria*, derived from its *fragrant* perfume, identifies it with the "*fraga*" enumerated among the field beauties with which Virgil twines the verses of his third Eclogue; and Ovid's huge Polypheme too, recounting the advantages which the fair Galatea would derive from a matrimonial alliance with his giantship, does not omit to adduce as one part of the "settlement" he is anxious to make; "With thine own hands thou shalt thyself gather the soft strawberries growing beneath the woodland shade;" though the immediate addition, "Nor I, being thy husband, will there be wanting to thee the fruit of the arbute-tree," considerably qualifies the compliment to the first-named fruit, in attributing to the latter any comparative power of attraction. It could hardly, however, be expected that the taste which could enjoy supping off shipwrecked mariner *au naturel* could safely be trusted in the selection of a dessert; and at least the Cyclop was not singular in mentioning these two productions in conjunction, for

the philosopher Pliny also confuses them, only distinguishing the one as the tree and the other as the ground strawberry, and citing it as the only instance in which we find a similar fruit growing upon a tree and also upon a creeping plant, thus strangely suffering the fact of the two fruits being not very unequal in size, and being both red and round, to outweigh the most palpable differences in every other respect; for neither in foliage, in blossom, nor indeed in its tasteless fruit, except in the particulars just named, does the arbutus show the least likeness to the *fragaria*, though to this day it commonly bears the name of the Strawberry-tree. The ancient botanist does not seem, however, to have been very familiar with the real strawberry, only speaking of it as a natural production of Italy, but making no mention of its being cultivated, or of the fruit being brought to table; but we may receive the testimony of Soyer, whose researches into antiquity were naturally directed specially with a view to gaining information on points of this kind, as to the fact of its having been tended in the gardens of Greece and Rome, and its produce figuring at the banquets of both nations.

Indigenous almost throughout Europe, and indeed in most parts of the world where a temperate climate is enjoyed, the type of the race, the wild wood strawberry, was accepted probably from the earliest times as a favorite of Nature, needing no culture because already endowed with every charm that could delight the senses. No dye could outblush its crimson glow, no preparation of the perfumer rival its powerful yet delicate scent, no inventions of Apicius surpass its exquisite flavor; and if all this excellence were compressed within an object of very small dimensions, its abundance amply permitted numerical aggregation to compensate for individual littleness. In France, at least, it was found that by transferring the plants to gardens, though the richer soil caused the fruit to attain double size, the fine flavor was diminished in proportion, and for centuries therefore not only was this the only kind known, but the preference continued to be given to the little rustics when just fresh from their native wilds. At length, however, appeared the Montreuil strawberry, in which for the first time a spirit of equal excellence was found embodied in a larger frame. The scene of its manifestation was Ville du Bois, a place about six leagues from Paris, and a part of the country which had been formerly covered with woods, beneath the shade of which the fair little *fragaria* had flourished from time immemorial. But the day was approaching when the spear of the hunter, at least, was to be beaten into the pruning-hook; the trees were felled, and the forest became a plain; but the strawberries were still preserved, for a village had sprung up in the space cleared by the axe, and many of its inhabitants had devoted themselves to the culture of fruit. Nor had the occupation been adopted without a special incentive. Wood-cutting had naturally been accompanied by charcoal-burning, and near the furnaces used for this purpose it has often been observed that plants

grow much finer than elsewhere, and new kinds which had never been noticed before not unfrequently manifest themselves, owing perhaps to the soil being stimulated by the salts contained in the ashes scattered upon it. In such a neighborhood then was developed a strawberry much larger than the ordinary one, yet scarcely, if at all, inferior to it in any other respect, and in order to perpetuate this improvement and turn it to the best account, the village of Ville du Bois became a village of strawberry-growers. Such is the received tradition concerning the affair, and all that could be elicited, when, at the request of Monsieur Duchesne, the author of the elaborate "*Histoire Naturelle du Fraisier*," the curé of the place went through every canton questioning all the oldest inhabitants as to the particulars; for as to the exact epoch when, or locality where the plant originated, nothing positive could be ascertained, a fact not much to be wondered at, seeing that the event took place about two hundred and fifty years before. The villagers remained constant to their first love for nearly a century, but in 1780 abandoned it, and turned their attention to the vine, to which they have ever since devoted themselves. A taste for strawberry culture had however by this time spread through the neighborhood; adjacent villages adopted the poor plants when thus cast out from their natal place, and it is still to the nurseries in this vicinity that gardeners repair to supply themselves with the finest plants. The demand for them is continual; for although all old plants are destroyed every third year and replaced by their own runners, even these, too, being always transplanted to a different spot, yet in the ninth, or even sometimes in the sixth, year, it is found necessary to clear out every root and branch and bring in an entirely new stock, fresh from the original head-quarters of the race. It is at Montreuil principally that fruit of this kind is grown to supply the Paris market, and it is therefore from this place that its best known name is derived, for the system of "Every Gardener his own Sponsor" has been carried in this instance to such an extent that Du Hamel says the number of synonymes for this variety is "terrible;" but the Parisian, who knows that the best strawberry he buys has been brought thence, simply settles the matter by calling it the Montreuil strawberry. The largest, figured in the *Nouveau Du Hamel*, measures little more than an inch and a half in diameter.

The lineage of the next notable French strawberry is less involved in obscurity, for it was not, like that of Montreuil, an ennobled native gradually risen above its fellows, but a distinguished foreigner, born of an aristocratic race, and arriving in France in 1712, in full-blown honors, and with the additional *éclat* of having survived a long and perilous voyage. The introducer was a most appropriately-named M. Frezier, an engineer who had been sent to America by the King of France, and who had been particularly struck, when in Chili, with the beauty of the strawberries cultivated at the foot of the Cordilleras, which, he said,

usually equalled a walnut, and often even a hen's egg, in size. He determined to make an attempt at least to take some of these plants with him when he returned to Europe, and five roots were accordingly selected; but alas! there were at that time no ingenious Wardian cases in which such delicate passengers could find a safe and easy berth when on a voyage, and during six weary months, and a passage through the torrid zone, fresh water was a limited treasure not to be lightly spent in quenching any less than human thirst, and the poor parched *fragarias* would soon have perished had not the kind supercargo taken pity on them, and allowed M. Frezier a few precious drops daily as an extra allowance to bestow upon his plants. On their arrival, two of the rescued five were presented to their preserver, as a meed of gratitude from the owner: of these the fate remained unknown, but of the three which were landed with M. Frezier at Marseilles, one was sent to the Minister, Souzy, of which also no record remains, and another given to Jussieu, and planted by him in the Jardin du Roi; but bearing only female, or exclusively pistilliferous blossoms, and this peculiarity not being then fully understood, its flowers were left "withering on the virgin stem," and the unappreciated plant soon died. But the fifth of this little family of pilgrims still remained in M. Frezier's own hands, and destiny, stern sometimes to strawberries as to men, sated perhaps with its four victims, spared the last of the race, the Ulysses of a Fragarian Odyssey, and when planted by its owner at Brest, where he resided, it blossomed and bore and multiplied prodigiously, and was introduced thence to other parts of Europe, besides establishing itself throughout the West coast of France, where it succeeds better than in any other locality. How this came to pass is not known, for the orginal hero, or rather perhaps it should be said heroine, was also what is called a female plant, bearing imperfect blossoms, and M. Frezier was no botanist to discover this fact himself, or to notice with what other kinds it was planted, or whence the fructifying pollen was supplied to its pistils. Though hardly known in or near Paris, it continues to be *the* strawberry, *par excellence*, in many other parts of France. The color is pale red, the shape often deformed, and it is said that it has been grown at Cherbourg so large as to be seven inches and a half in circumference.

Another French *fragaria*, the date and place of whose origin is chronicled with minute exactitude in the volume of Duchesne, is noted for blazoning on its scutcheon of pretence but a simple single leaf, instead of the ordinary triple one; but as this is its chief or only peculiarity, it need not be further adverted to, for though our own fruit may not be able thus to boast a series of biographies, the race has at least a history, and one sufficiently interesting to claim some space for consideration.

That "Strabery rype" was one of the common cries of London, at least as early as in the days of Henry VI., we learn from the verses of Lydgate,' who died in 1483, and that it needed no

"Society" in those early times to mark out its culture as a fitting part of the "Employment of Women" is shown by the directions issued by Tusser's farmer to his dame:—

> "Wife, into the garden, and set me a plot
> With strawberry roots, of the best to be got;
> Such growing abroad, among thorns of the wood
> Well chosen and picked, prove excellent good."

Though it may be true enough that in its wild state

> "The strawberry grows underneath the nettle,"—

yet, since among all the hypotheses as to his original occupation, it has at least not yet been advanced that our greatest poet was a gardener by profession, we may be permitted to doubt whether the conclusion thence drawn be not somewhat questionable, that—

> " . . . wholesome berries thrive and ripen best,
> Neighbor'd by fruits of baser quality."

At least, we find that when removed by the farmer's wife, probably rather for convenience sake in being nearer at hand than with any view to cultivation, then little thought of, it was in far other company that they grew; for speaking of their arrangement when thus transplanted to the garden, Tusser says that:—

> "The gooseberry, respis, and roses all three,
> With strawberries under them fitly agree."

And when we reach those most famous fruits, preserved even unto immortality by Shakespeare in the scene taken almost literally from the chronicle of Hollingshead, wherein the despotic usurper Richard tells the bishop,—

> "My Lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn,
> I saw good strawberries in your garden there,"

we find that at least the loveliest of the three companions assigned them by Tusser was still associated with them, for this said garden at Ely Place was famed for its roses as for its strawberries.

In 1593, Thomas Hyle informs us that strawberries "be much eaten at all men's tables in the summer, and they grow in gardens unto the bigness of a mulberry;" nor was open garden cultivation found in England to deteriorate their quality, while thus materially increasing their magnitude, from the mere currant-sized growth of the shady woods. A naturally larger kind too was introduced before long, for Parkinson, in 1624, speaks of the "scarlet," the native wild strawberry of North America, then already common in this country, and still valued by gardeners as being the earliest to bear fruit unforced, and by confectioners as making the finest carmine-colored preserve. He mentions also, as the only other kind then known, a "Bohemian" strawberry, considered to be identical with the "Hautbois" of the present day, which is believed to have been originally a native of the mountains of Bohemia, first improved by cultivation in France, whence, as its name would lead us to imagine, it was brought to us, though in that country it is

now called the *Capiton*, and its fruit, which is not much esteemed, the *Capron*. The characteristic from which it derives its "high-wood" title, is the peculiarly lengthy stem, which lifts the fruit above even the long-stalked leaves. Its flowers, like those of the Chili, are considered to be of different sexes, for though it is believed that few if any are quite imperfect, some have so few stamens, and others so few pistils, that unless great care be taken to balance the different kinds many blossoms wither away unproductively, and scanty crops inevitably result. In days when this kind of floral structure was less understood than at present, the *hautbois* soon gained a bad character as a scanty bearer, and fell irrevocably into disrepute, except so far as its name is concerned, and that at least is as regularly appended, in the street-cries, to strawberries of any and every kind as the title of "St. Michael's" is indiscriminately applied by the same popular authorities to all varieties of oranges. The real *hautbois*, the first of our larger varieties, is of very high flavor, has particularly solid flesh, with no central cavity, and adheres firmly to the calyx.

In 1766, the Alpine or everlasting strawberry had been cultivated for three or four years past near London, and it was believed that the King of England had received the seeds first from Turin. Though sold at a guinea a pinch, many purchasers were found anxious to obtain the novelty, and it soon spread so prodigiously that in the course of a few years beds of it were to be seen in almost every garden, and went from our shores to Holland, and thence to France, where, to this day, it is preferred on the whole to all other kinds. The royal table was always furnished with it from Versailles kitchen garden, from June to October, and during the greater part of the rest of the year from hotbeds; but this hardy and indefatigable bearer, even in the open garden, never stops yielding an ever-renewed harvest until actual frost, with a voice that must be obeyed, cries sternly, "Hold, enough!" The reason is to be traced in the fact of its runners taking root, and then at once blossoming and bearing fruit even more freely than the parent plants, whereas, in other kinds, this usually does not take place until the next year after that in which they were put forth.

It was about the close of the last century that the latest and best of all our foreign settlers, the Pine Strawberry, made its appearance. Some affirm that it came originally from Virginia, some from Louisiana, and Miller received some plants of it from "a curious gentleman of Amsterdam," who assured him they were sent from Surinam; but it is not to be found among Madame Mérian's famous illustrations of the natural history of that place; and Stedman, in his account of Surinam, distinctly affirms, "It is well known that no thin-skinned fruit can ever come to perfection in a tropical climate, such as grapes, cherries, *strawberries*, &c." But whencesoever it may have been brought, no fruit could better deserve a welcome, or be more worthy of the proud title it bears, named as it is after the

royal pine apple, not only on account of its conical shape, but from a degree of similarity to that fruit both in its taste and perfume. Although up to the beginning of the present century there were still but few varieties of strawberries, and no very vast improvement had been effected in any of them, since that time great attention has been devoted to the fruit, and great results attained: about sixty good varieties are now in cultivation, besides many of lesser worth. Yet, among them all, the pine stands unquestionably pre-eminent, not, it is true, in the state in which it originally came to us, but as it appears after the careful education it has received at the hands of British gardeners, in the perfected form of "Myatt's British Queen," of which it may be fairly said, that—

"All that's rich, and all that's bright,
Meets in her flavor and her form."

Neither tantalizing the appetite by concentrating its excellence within atomic dimensions, nor yet deceiving and disappointing it by presenting fair proportions and proving a mere mass of watery distension, this delicious strawberry offers all that is exquisite in taste, while in magnitude often reaching to seven inches in circumference, and weighing at least two ounces. Not that this is the greatest bulk that the strawberry can attain, for Myatt's Mammoth has been known to weigh nearly twice as much, but then this overgrown giant is so greatly inferior in other respects as not to admit of comparison with the former; and the "British Queen," therefore, characterized by the further virtue of being an immense bearer, reigns still, unrivalled as her namesake. High-bred fruit like this, however, compares with the original kinds much as the high-bred cattle of scientific farmers do with the hardy little herds of the Welsh or Scottish mountains, depending little on human care, and thriving almost spontaneously; for the creatures, whether animal or vegetable, which have once been fostered to an extraordinary degree of perfection, require a continuance of the most unremitting attention in order to maintain not merely their excellence, but almost their existence. The little rustic of the woods is therefore by no means superseded by these pampered aristocrats of the garden; and though not the handsomest, is still, says Rhind, far from being the worst of the sorts now cultivated, while it will flourish under circumstances which would be fatal to more delicate kinds; and nurtured by richer soil and a sunnier situation matures not only larger but better berries than can be found in forest growths, for sunshine seems essential to sweetness, and fruit grown in the shade is generally acid.

Had we never known the luscious outgrowth which follows them, the strawberry might still have been welcomed in our gardens, were it only for the sake of the fair flowers which so profusely adorn it. Rising from within a pale green ten-cleft calyx, its five white petals and ring of numerous stamens—numbering three or four to each

petal in European kinds, and five or six in those of America—surrounding a little central mound formed by the ovaries, it presents an appearance very similar to that of the common buttercup, but on examination proves to differ from it in the circumstance of the stamens not rising directly from the receptacle beneath the ovaries, but seeming rather to grow out of the sides of the calyx, a fact which distinguishes it from the often poisonous Polyandria of Linnæus and Ranunculaceæ of Lindley, and classes it with the ever-wholesome Linnæan Icosandria and Lindleyan Rosaceæ, or rose-like flowers. The little convexity occupying the centre consists of a number of distinct ovaries, sometimes amounting to a hundred, and Duchesne had even counted as many as three hundred, not adhering, but pressed into close proximity, and all inserted into a common receptacle. When the snowy petals have fallen off, and the stamens shrivelled away, the nest-like calyx closes round this cluster of tender fledglings, while the receptacle on which they are pillowed begins to swell beneath them, gradually bearing them up and apart, wider and wider as it distends, till they lie scattered in the form of seeds all over the surface of what has now become a soft, crimson, juicy mass, like a band of brethren carried by the force of changing circumstances far from the common house of their infancy, and severed to meet no more till the whole fabric of their world shall dissolve. The pressure of a human lip can re-unite them, and who can say that the fulfiller of the tender office is not "twice bless'd"? Though termed in common parlance a "berry," the strawberry therefore, botanically speaking, is merely "a fleshy receptacle studded with seeds," the green calyx still remaining at the base, at once an ornament and protection to the fruit, which, bending downwards with its own weight, finds the same leafy cover stretched above it as a shelter, which was spread beneath the light upward turned flower as a support. The pulpy mass into which this receptacle has grown, is covered with a thin epidermis or skin, pierced under each ovary to afford a passage to the vessels which nourish it, and which stretches as the fruit enlarges; but as the vessels do not elongate in proportion, the seeds lie each embedded in a little niche, with the soft substance of the voluptuous cushion on which they repose swelling up between and around them. These seeds (as they are commonly called, though really seed-vessels) are irregular oval grains, enveloped in two skins, and divided vertically into two lobes, between which, at the point, is the embryo, in a reversed position, with the radicle, or future root, pointing upwards, and the plantule, or future stem, downwards.

The above description refers of course to the perfect flower, in which every part essential to fructification is fully developed, but, as has been mentioned before, in some tribes the blossoms are of different sexes upon different plants. They are not considered to be so decidedly distinct as in the case of the palms, a careful study showing that one part of the organization in the respective flowers

is only rudimentary or imperfectly developed, rather than entirely absent, though the practical result is the same as though there were complete deficiency, and it is easily to be distinguished by an ordinary observer that some blossoms present a numerous assemblage of long, yellow, pollen-bearing stamens, but without the appearance of ovaries in the centre to be fecundated by them, while in others a cluster of ovaries, looking like a minute green strawberry, is seen in the middle, with no surrounding stamens to shed upon them the golden dust of fertilization. The growers of Cincinnati, according to Downing, divide all strawberries into three classes, the male or staminate, in the blossoms of which the stamens are chiefly developed; the female or pistillate, in which the ovaries form the principal feature; and the hermaphrodite, in which the blossoms are perfect. The latter are given up to those who are content with a supply of inferior fruit at the cost of little care or skill in culture. The first class, to which belongs Myatt's British Queen, usually in that climate bears very uncertain crops, only a portion of the blossoms developing into perfect fruit; while the pistillate kind do not set fruit at all when planted by themselves, but when grown near a proper number of staminate plants, so as to be duly fertilized by their pollen, bear larger crops of much finer berries than can be there produced in any other way. That this is no mere theory is proved by the fact that the market of Cincinnati, where a few years ago Mrs. Trollope specially noted the poor condition of the strawberries, but in which 6000 bushels of that fruit are now yearly sold, is supplied with them more regularly and in greater abundance than perhaps any other in the world, except our own hydra-mouthed London, and such a result could only be obtained by this mode of culture.

In our own country the largest quantities and finest sorts are grown in the neighborhood of Isleworth and Twickenham, an enduring memorial of this being their chosen haunt remaining in the name of Horace Walpole's far-famed Strawberry Hill. Our consumption of them may be judged by the circumstance mentioned in the *Gardener's Magazine* for 1850, of one market gardener at Enfield having been known to send out 1,200 quarter-sieves, equal to 1,200 gallons, of one kind alone, the Elton Pine, every morning through the season.

The strawberry belongs properly to cold climates, and though well known is comparatively little valued in the south of Europe; indeed, if soil and situation be properly adapted to it, the more cold, or even bleak, the climate, the more delicious is the berry. It has one quality, however, which tends to give it a wide geographical range, namely, a great power of adapting itself to circumstances, and we find it accordingly spread over a great proportion of the globe, languidly existing where other fruits are most abundant, and luxuriating in healthy vigor where it reigns almost unrivalled, its hardihood being so great as to brave even Arctic temperature,

and furnish a rosy fragrant dessert even amid the snows of Lapland, the chief fructal blessing left in Nature's cornucopia when nearly all the rest have dropped out of it as she has passed on her way to the barren Pole. They are much eaten there fresh, as a part of the frugal fare of the inhabitants, and enter also into the composition of "Kappatialmas," which, as the national dainty, may be called the plum-pudding of the Polar regions.

If strawberries be laid in a heap and left to themselves, it is found that they decompose and pass through the various stages of decay without undergoing the acetous fermentation, nor can their kindly temperament be soured even by exposure to the more powerful action of the stomach, where, being composed almost entirely of peculiarly soluble matter, they dissolve, and "leave not a wreck behind" to cause internal commotion or hinder digestion. There are few conditions, therefore, of the human frame in which they are not positively salutary; fewer still in which they can possibly produce any evil effect. They promote perspiration and temper hot blood in the healthy, and offer such advantages to the diseased that it is almost wonderful there has been no system of Fragariopathy yet established, or that they should not at least have had such a "tide in their affairs" as bore nauseous brandy and salt, or yet viler tar-water, on the flood of public favor for a time, as universally-tried specifics. Taken internally they relieve the agonies of gout, and prevent it also, for Linnæus kept himself almost free from his "old enemy," by always eating plentifully of this fruit whenever it was in season. From their action on calcareous secretions, they are likewise beneficial to patients suffering from stone; and finally, Abercrombie bears witness that "Hoffman has known consumptive people cured by them," and assuredly the process must have been vastly pleasanter than a course of cod-liver oil. Nor are they less potent as a cosmetic than as a medicine, for it is a well-known fact that they are a natural dentifrice, dissolving the tartareous incrustations of the teeth and sweetening the breath, while Du Hamel affirms that their distilled water clears and embellishes the skin. It is evident, therefore, that they only need some enterprising individual to bring them properly before the public, by a due amount of advertising, in order to supersede half the nostrums now in vogue; and make at once the pills of Parr, the oil of Cabburn, and the Odonto and Kalydor of Rowland, hide their diminished heads before the glories of all-healing, all-beautifying strawberries. Fortunately, the fruit is sufficiently attractive to need no knowledge of its more occult virtues to recommend it to all within whose reach it may come.

Even the leaves of the plant have not passed unhonored, having been chosen to adorn the coronets of our own highest nobles, yea, even to figure on the royal crown of Spain and the diadem of the once mighty empire of Germany. The reason, if any there were, why this leaf in particular was advanced to such dignity, the

heralds have not vouchsafed to inform us, but the ornament is not the less prized by its possessors from ignorance of its derivation, and the lower ten million whose ignobler heads it can never wreathe may console themselves for the deprivation by the reflection that none who can eat the fruit need envy those who wear the leaves.

LXIII.—THE LADIES' EVIDENCE. POOR RELIEF.)

THE very sound principle that woman has been divinely commissioned to do woman's work, and that her opinion has a right to be consulted whenever the subject under consideration refers to wise and kindly dealing with the domestic interests of the great human family, just as she is joint ruler and equal counsellor in the little world of each narrow household, met with a frank and well-timed recognition in the course of the parliamentary session now fast drawing to a close.

During the sittings of the Select Committees appointed to consider and report on the subject of Poor Relief in England and Ireland, three ladies were severally summoned to give evidence, and were examined at considerable length, upon the condition of women and children either brought up from infancy or temporarily relieved in workhouses; the causes of those distinct and repulsive characteristics which mark off the female portion of the pauper population from the living mass around them; and the course which womanly intelligence and experience would suggest as a means of counteracting evil conditions, whether arising from defective legislation or corrupt administration of law, which have nurtured a growth of misery our charitable organization cannot reach, and matured a crop of vagrancy, profligacy, and crime, which it takes our whole expensive machinery of reformatory and prison discipline to act upon even repressively.

The appearance of those ladies then and there—the calling them into council, as it were, when the important question of legal provision for the destitute came to be gravely discussed, marks an epoch in social history, we had almost said in statesmanship, too momentous to be passed over without a word of comment in our pages. More fitting representatives could not have been selected than the ladies who thus came forward to state unprejudiced opinion, plead the cause of dumb, suffering multitudes, and urge the adoption of a remedy for preventible but deadly evils. Each lady who upon this occasion with such quiet dignity took her place in the witness chair, appeared with the indisputable claim to be heard which devotion to a noble cause, and a life spent in earnest though perhaps at times inglorious work, can alone confer. Intelligence, social

position, wide experience, were superadded; so that nothing was wanting to impress upon their testimony the stamp of unquestionable authority.

In fact, as a very sensible man remarked, on hearing the evidence so clearly and forcibly given by these ladies:—"This goes farther towards a free and just expression of public opinion regarding our workhouse system than any examination we have listened to as yet." And he was right. They have amply tested what others have only vaguely surmised; they really know what the fate is of pauper-reared children, and women upon whom the workhouse has set the seal of degradation; they are in no way trammeled by conflicting interests, personal or remote. Clearly they are entirely free from the natural embarrassment of Commissioners, responsible in the eyes of the country for the administration of the law, and emulous to prove that all was right when all was wholly wrong; free alike from the nervous solicitude of Guardians, suspected too often of having stood in anything rather than *in loco parentis* towards the orphan and abandoned; free, pre-eminently, from the shuddering apprehension of hired officers, in whose case admissions too largely made would inevitably entail disgrace or bar promotion.

Possibly a summons which implied the necessity of crossing the lobby of the House of Commons, confronting the chairman, answering methodically the interrogatories of the honorable gentleman who undertook to conduct the inquiry, and withstanding the shock of a cross-examination by members on the "other side," may have been received with a feeling more or less akin to a natural feminine shrinking from the obligation of occupying a too conspicuous position. Such a sense of uneasiness, however, if it did exist, must have been speedily dissipated by the manner in which the inquiry was conducted by the Committee. And after all, what should any earnest-minded man or woman desire more than the privilege of giving utterance to deeply-considered truths on an occasion when every spoken word would have the value of an accomplished deed elsewhere?

The official report of the evidence given by Miss Carpenter, Miss Louisa Twining, and Mrs. Woodlock, can be found only in Blue Books to which the public have not yet had access. The meagre newspaper accounts and our own memory could not be relied on to give a satisfactory idea of the line taken by each witness. A rapid sketch in outline is all we can attempt.

Miss Louisa Twining, the Honorary Secretary to the Workhouse Visiting Society, of which she was the founder, and continues to be the main stay, has for many years devoted her pen as well as her social influence to the task of directing attention to the lamentable condition of women and children, and the sick generally, in our workhouses. Subsequently, opinion thus aroused, led to a practical result, and the Workhouse Visiting Society, which has been affiliated to the Social Science Association, has

obtained admission, through means of Committees established in different parts of the country, into about one hundred workhouses in England. The object of the Society, as explained to the Committee by Miss Twining, is to assist in general religious instruction to women and children in workhouses, to provide situations for deserving young female paupers between the ages of fifteen and twenty-five, and to look after them when they go to service. An Industrial Home has been opened in New Ormond Street for the special training of young women either taken from, or about to enter, workhouses, in which establishments they would be exposed to all the evils resulting from want of classification, suitable occupation, and adequate supervision. In many unions, too, a proposal made by the Workhouse Visiting Society to the Guardians, on behalf of destitute incurables, has been favorably received; and the result is, that those wretched beings who are fated to be life-long inmates of the sick wards have been separated from the class of casual patients, enjoy many comforts provided by the visitors, and are secured kindly and Christian care.

Miss Twining's intimate connexion with these various branch societies, by means of which some freshening influence has swept at last across that tideless sea of misery, and the large experience necessarily acquired in such a wide field of operation, were well calculated to give weight to the opinions she expressed in the course of her examination. Pending the publication of the Report of the Committee, our readers are referred to the current number of the *Journal of the Workhouse Visiting Society* for Miss Twining's "Answer to the Questions of the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the state of Popular Education in England." In this paper Miss Twining's views are strongly put with regard to the training children receive in workhouses; and remedial measures are distinctly pointed out, and very forcibly urged upon the authorities.

Miss Carpenter's name is in itself sufficient to remind one of the long files of miserable beings she has rescued from the grasp of the Evil one, and cared and tended, and strengthened and saved, and set upon the right road with a marvellous love and a more than earthly wisdom, which will never gain full measure of acknowledgment until the day of great awards has dawned. Every shape of human wretchedness, every phase of youthful delinquency, has come under the observation of this admirable woman. Into her life has been crushed the experience of many lives. She has sifted the grounds of criminality, watched the progress of its growth, and tested with minute precision the plans which have been devised for counteracting the warp of early depravity. Naturally, therefore, her opinion carries with it enormous weight whenever the subject under consideration refers to the condition, training, and education of the children of the poor.

In her evidence before the Poor Law Committee Miss Carpenter

stated that she had paid particular attention to the condition of pauper children in workhouses, infirmaries, and district schools. With reference to girls brought up in workhouses, it is emphatically declared that they can never, so long as they remain inmates of these huge establishments, have means of learning any domestic duties to fit them for future life. Everything is done by steam, even the potatoes cooked by machinery. In the humblest homes outside the workhouse a girl acquires much useful knowledge, and at least learns the value of property. The majority of girls of the latter class who go out to service, get on well through means of this experience of common life, though they may never have got regular training for domestic service; while, on the contrary, tradespeople complain that workhouse girls are of no use to them, and are perfectly helpless. The necessity of minute classification, and the prevention of any association between the young girls and the adult females, were forcibly dwelt upon; and the instance cited of the Norwich Homes, wherein the children are not brought up as paupers, but retain their self-respect, feel no degradation at being inmates of the home, and turn out in such a way as to prove the experiment to be completely successful.

Religious influence, as distinguished from religious teaching—for Miss Carpenter remarks that a child may be very well taught in its Catechism and yet be very wicked—is altogether wanting in the general workhouse system. Without an infusion of the voluntary element pauper children cannot be instructed, and individual care cannot be given to them. The literary instruction in workhouses is as good as need be, but the children get no industrial training to fit them for getting through the world when they leave the workhouse. "From my experience," adds Miss Carpenter, "*I would rather have to deal with a dozen youthful thieves than a similar number of pauper children!*"

Mrs. Woodlock was examined on the condition of girls in Irish workhouses, the manner in which they turn out when they leave, the inadequacy of the system of poor relief to meet the wants of the country, and the light in which such relief is regarded by the poor themselves. This lady can speak from experience of no common kind. For many years she has devoted time and thought to the promotion and management of industrial schools in her own country, and has been actively and personally engaged in co-operation with charitable associations, both at home and in France, organized for the relief of the poor and the education of the young. By means of one of her schools alone, eighty girls were at one time rescued from the workhouse, taught to earn a livelihood, and permanently provided for. Particular attention was directed to the case of some fifteen girls who were not long since taken out of the workhouse and received into St. Joseph's Industrial Institute, of which Mrs. Woodlock is the manager. The object in undertaking the support of these girls was to save them from the adult wards

into which the law directs girls to be removed at fifteen years of age, and cast without protection among the herd of profligate women who frequent these wards. It was contemplated to teach them to be self-supporting, and train them to become respectable members of society. The girls, however, though selected with care, (ten out of the fifteen having been monitresses in the union school,) were so imbued with the vices peculiar to the class of pauper children, that it was found a matter of great difficulty to deal with them. They were so indolent and apathetic, so devoid of any feeling of independence, so violent or so sulky, so utterly ignorant of the ordinary things of life, not knowing even the names of common objects and household utensils, in a word, so useless and intractable, as to lead to the conclusion that very little good can be expected from girls brought up to fifteen or sixteen years of age in a workhouse. The contrast between these girls and the general run of children reared in families outside, was forcibly illustrated by the witness. Children, it was shown, get no training at all in workhouses for useful habits; cannot possibly receive religious and moral care, collected as they are in masses, without sufficient supervision; are by their position deprived of the ordinary means by which character is developed; and are subjected neither to the usual religious influences nor to the check of public opinion, nor to the effect of family ties. The tendency of Mrs. Woodlock's evidence was to show that children should be reared entirely apart from the workhouse; that a very high order of female supervision should be employed in establishments for pauper children; and that the voluntary system, as represented in the co-operation of lady visitors with guardians and officers, should be extensively adopted. Minute moral classification of workhouse inmates was insisted upon strongly; and in answer to a remark that there would be difficulty in carrying out such a plan, Mrs. Woodlock observed, that, *considerations of expense should not weigh against the demoralisation of a country.*

The evidence of these ladies was strikingly corroborated by the testimony of some of the guardians who appeared as witnesses; but into this we shall not enter at present. Surely the high reflected light cast by these investigations upon the condition of workhouse life, must impress all thoughtful minds with the necessity of a radical change in the entire system.* Henceforth, ignorance of facts can no longer hold as an excuse for inaction. Legislation and individual effort must work conjointly, until a thoroughly humane mode of dealing with the poor becomes the rule of legal as well as private charity. We think women have much to do with this. Eventually, a wider scope must be allowed for woman in the appointed and chosen sphere of her charitable ministrations—in the nursing of the children the State has charge

* A masterly hand has sketched the daily scenes of workhouse life in *Macmillan's Magazine* for April, 1861.

of, in their schoolroom; by the side of the suffering or the erring, whose only *home* is the workhouse; by the sick-bed of the wretched pauper, whose soul a whispered prayer, a remembrance of the Saviour's love, may send with a heritage of hope upon that dark river which floats our life into the great eternity. R.

LXIV.—FATHERS AND DAUGHTERS.

THE appearance in the *Daily News* of July 6th of an excellent letter signed "Rachel" affords us an opportunity of referring to certain correspondence lately carried on in the *Times* newspaper which might otherwise appear to lie beyond the limits which the Editors of this Journal rigorously impose upon all communications addressed to its pages. With letters so obviously fictitious in character, so low in moral tone, and so painfully insulting to women, both young and old, in the aristocratic classes of English society, we could upon their own merits have nothing to do. For obvious reasons we permit less of an aggressive tone than would be perfectly harmless in any other periodical, while on some points of morality, of profoundly vital import to our sex and to the people at large, the ENGLISH WOMAN'S JOURNAL is habitually and intentionally silent. It was the opinion of one who was in life our best friend and adviser, Mrs. Jameson, that the work immediately in hand required to be dealt with in a mode which would allow of the youngest readers entering profitably on the problems we desire to solve; and therefore we repeat, that the extraordinary letters in the *Times* purporting to be signed by Belgravian mothers and fathers, being, as Rachel observes, "degrading in themselves, and insulting to all feelings of morality," lie beyond our boundaries of discussion.

There is, however, one point, the seeking after mercenary marriages, which is fairly open to us, and on which Rachel thus comments, and we would remark in passing, that *her* letter at least bears unmistakeable internal evidence of being from a woman's pen, and is no fictitious expression of such opinions and observations as we may fairly believe no woman ever held or made. She observes in continuation—"But there is something to be said, not in vindication, but in extenuation, of 'Belgravian mothers,' if such is to be the accepted appellation of mothers who consent to sell their daughters in marriage to the highest bidders. I say consent, for I do not ignore, as it is so convenient to do when mothers are to be censured, the 'Belgravian' fathers, on the contrary, as the 'lords and masters,' it is easy to know they are at the root of this hideous evil. It cannot be overlooked that the settlements made on daughters are always computed by the prospective provision which they are to get by marriage, as those of younger sons are

computed by the prospective honorable profession; they are therefore in most cases insufficiently provided for, if any provision at all is made, and it is scarcely ever such as to support them, when losing the shelter of the paternal roof, in the habits given to them, from their cradles, by both parents alike. These daughters stand thus in a worse position than those of the lower classes of society, bad as that is, in regard to obtaining sustenance whereby to live. For with no provision, or that which is inadequate, out of the patrimonial wealth, neither are they permitted the privilege of gaining bread by labor; and I ask, with these facts clearly before the eyes of mothers, are they to blame in seeking marriages for daughters—alliances with those on whom the wealth is conferred, or to whom the means of gaining bread are permitted? Now, I affirm that it is fathers, and not mothers, who decree that their daughters shall not be independent of marriage, by opposing all measures to render them so, and consigning them to penury without it. What but marriage for her daughter is the mother to look for?"

In quoting these remarks from Rachel's letter, we do not ignore the difficulties and complications of the question. Fathers will say, with justice, that the women of the aristocratic classes have various duties to perform to society which would render it a real misfortune for them to be trained to money getting; they will say that unless we mean to beat the air with vain and utopian discussions, we must accept the theory of life which obtains in all countries under monarchical government, and regard lords and ladies as the balance wheels of the commonwealth; and the latter especially as the *dispensers* of a certain fund of money, intellect, and refinement, possessed by England at any given moment. They will ask whether Her Majesty Queen Victoria and her Grace the Duchess of Sutherland do not perform higher uses for humanity in their conspicuous positions as types of the honor paid to womanhood in a Christian and civilized country, than any two ladies absorbed in the struggle of life, and whether what evidently holds good in regard to the distinguished personages above named does not also hold good of the class of which they are the highest types and symbols. It is pretty well proved by experience, that every society which does not possess an aristocracy of *rank* sets up for itself one of *wealth*, and whether, (ask these Belgravian fathers,) would you prefer, our high-born titled wives and daughters, women on the whole widely cultured, kindly bred, and possessing in innumerable instances a most true and profound sense of religious responsibility in regard to those beneath them, or the more idle, more expensive, and what we are apt fairly to consider extremely inferior, "upper ten thousand" of mercantile and democratic cities such as New York? Ladies Ethelred and Fredegonde, brought up by "Belgravian" parents in a certain subordination to the time honored doctrine that "*noblesse oblige*," or "Mrs.

Washington Potts," consigning her children to French nurses, and her frail personality to the sofa, and measuring all her acquaintances by the "almighty dollar."

Belgravian fathers will likewise urge a second point in self-vindication. They will say that as, on the one hand, they cannot reasonably be expected to train up Ladies Ethelred and Fredegonde to a profession, neither, on the other, is it possible to leave them an income which will enable them to keep up the parental *mènage;* that £20,000 a year is not possessed of any mysterious power of self-multiplication, whereby at the death of the life-owner it can provide equivalent incomes for the heir, a couple of "detrimentals," and four young ladies. We take care to forestall these obvious answers very clearly, or it would be of little use to expend printers' ink on an appeal which would instantly be met by such upon the threshold.

The real question is one of *degree.* Supposing that Belgravian daughters will possibly and probably marry into wealthy households without any particular strain upon their natural womanly inclinations; and taking for granted that Belgravian fortunes cannot be so subdivided as to make the part equal to the whole, do Belgravian fathers take *sufficient reasonable* care of their daughters in regard to money; do they leave them as well provided for as they might do; do they give them, taking into honest consideration all the circumstances of the case—all the interests, habits, and second-nature necessities of an aristocracy—a fair measure of happy independence of a marriage for money? We are convinced that in respect to Belgravia, *English* Belgravia, the answer must be an emphatic *No.* A dowry of £5000 bears about as much proportion to a paternal income of £20,000 a year as the remarkable measure of distance between "one o'clock and London Bridge."

The paternal expenditure in those families where daughter after daughter comes to the domestic hearth ought surely to be strictly regulated by the bounden duty of saving or insuring for a certain reasonable competence for each child. If she marries, let her take it into her husband's home, where it will give her accession of dignity and influence in her husband's family; if she remains single, it will support her, not in the luxury of her father's house, but without strain or narrowness. Abroad this is done in one shape or another; look at the German *stifts;* foundations like secular convents, where the daughters of the nobility can dwell in peace and honor according to their quality; establishments founded in many cases by noble families for their female descendants of every degree; varying it may be in comfort and in the wisdom of their regulations and respective freedoms, yet embodying a *principle* of the most excellent kind. Look again at the French *dots,* and at the care taken (whatever the other defects of the system) to leave a daughter in all outward comfort and respectability. In no country are women freer and more honored individually than in

England, in no country are they so neglected, left to shift for themselves to a degree which the other customs of social life are very far from warranting.

It is not possible to lay down prescriptions wholesale, the conditions of family life are too subtle, too diverse, to be included under certain stiff rules; the one thing that wants mending is the habit of mind in which English fathers exist with regard to their girls. *Somehow* they are morally bound to provide for them; if it be practically useless and hurtful to attempt to make "breadwinners" of the fair and dainty maidens nurtured in peace and honor in their ancestral halls, let them have secured them in every case a life of honorable independence in regard to money; let them be spared the public insult of such discussions as have recently sullied the London press, and let us say with Rachel, that "under the pressure of such facts so clearly at this time brought before their eyes, we cannot but pity the 'Belgravian mother,' however great her sins may be, and would entreat that she lose no time in doing whatever lays in her power to avert from her innocent children the sorrows attending upon a life of dependence upon marriage for existence."

LXV.—THE NIGHTINGALE FUND.

THE Committee of the Council of the Nightingale Fund desire to make the following report of their proceedings to the Council:—

The Committee was appointed at a meeting of the Council held on the 19th December, 1859, and at the same time Mr. Arthur Hugh Clough was appointed Secretary to the Council.

In accordance with the desire of Miss Nightingale, which was then communicated to the Council, the Committee shortly afterwards put themselves into communication with the President, Treasurer, and Governors of St. Thomas's Hospital, and ultimately entered into an agreement with them relative to a plan for training Nurses in that Hospital.

Under this agreement it is provided that a certain number, (at first fifteen,) probationer Nurses shall be received into the Hospital, all extra expenses thereby caused being charged to the Fund, that the Probationers shall be provided with board and separate lodging in the Hospital, under the charge of a Sister, and shall receive instruction in the wards from the superintending Sisters, the Matron, and the Resident Medical Officer, all of whom are to be allowed to receive remuneration from the Fund for so doing.

The agreement was to remain in force for two years, and be terminable at six months' notice.

The following regulations were laid down by the Committee as to the admission and training of the Probationers:—

1. The Committee of the Nightingale Fund have made arrangements with the authorities of St. Thomas's Hospital for giving a year's training to women desirous of working as Hospital Nurses.

2. Women desirous of receiving this course of training should apply to Mrs. Wardroper, the Matron, at St. Thomas's Hospital, subject to whose selection they will be received into the Hospital as Probationers. The age considered desirable for Probationers is from 25 to 35; a certificate of age and a testimonial of character, according to a form which will be supplied by Mrs. Wardroper, will be required, also the name and address of medical attendant.

3. The Probationers will be under the authority of the Matron of the Hospital, and will be subject to the rules of the Hospital.

4. They will be supplied at the cost of the Nightingale Fund, with separate lodging in the Hospital and with board, including tea and sugar, and with their washing; and they will be furnished with a certain quantity of outer clothing. They will serve as assistant-nurses in the wards of the Hospital.

5. They will receive instruction from the Sisters and the Resident Medical Officer. They will be paid, at the end of the first quarter, a sum of £2; at the end of the second quarter, £2 10*s.*; at the end of the third quarter, £2 10*s.*; and at the end of the fourth quarter, £3.

6. At the close of a year, their training will be considered complete, and they will be expected to enter into service as Hospital Nurses in such situations as may be offered to them.

7. The names of the Probationers will be entered in a Register, in which a record will be kept of their conduct and qualifications. This will be submitted at the end of every month to the Committee of the Nightingale Fund. At the end of a year those whom the Committee find to have passed satisfactorily through the course of instruction and training, will be entered in the Register as certificated Nurses, and will be recommended for employment accordingly.

8. The term of a Probationer's service is a complete year, and they will be received on the distinct understanding that they will remain for that length of time. They may, however, be allowed to withdraw upon grounds to be approved by the Committee, upon three months' notice. They will be subject to be discharged at any time by the Matron, in case of misconduct, or should she consider them inefficient or negligent of their duties. They will be eligible, upon proof of competency, during their year of training, or at its close, to permanent appointments as extra nurses in St. Thomas's Hospital. The Committee look forward with confidence to being able to find situations for their certificated Nurses either in St. Thomas's or some other Hospital.

9. The Committee will allow gratuities of £5 and £3, according to two classes of efficiency, to all their certificated Nurses, on receiving evidence of their having served satisfactorily in a Hospital during one entire year succeeding that of their training.

The upper floor of the new wing of St. Thomas's Hospital has been fitted up in a very complete manner for the accommodation of the Probationers, so as to provide a separate bedroom for each, a common sitting-room, and two rooms for the Sister in charge.

In May, 1860, advertisements were inserted in the public papers inviting candidates for admission, and on the 24th of June, fifteen Probationers were admitted. Of these fifteen, during the course of the year, three were dismissed, one retired from ill health, and two were appointed as extra nurses in St. Thomas's Hospital. The six vacancies were filled up by additional Probationers, one of whom has since been dismissed. Thirteen Probationers, including the two extra nurses, completed their year's course on the 24th June.

Of these, four more have been received as nurses into St. Thomas's Hospital, making six so received altogether. One has been appointed nurse to the Union Workhouse at Stockton-on-Tees, one to the Union Workhouse at Warrington, and applications are now under consideration respecting places for two others. The remaining three have returned to their homes for the present.

Eleven Probationers have been placed on the Register as certificated nurses; seven in the first class, and four in the second.

The course of training given to the Probationers is almost exclusively of a practical kind, and comprehends all that a nurse is required to know, and to do, at the bed-side of the sick.

The regulations show what means are adopted for ascertaining precisely the progress made by each Probationer, and the Committee is kept fully informed on the subject.

The details of the qualifications expected are contained in the following memorandum:—

DUTIES OF PROBATIONERS UNDER THE "NIGHTINGALE FUND."

You are required to be

SOBER.	PUNCTUAL.
HONEST.	QUIET AND ORDERLY.
TRUTHFUL.	CLEANLY AND NEAT.
TRUSTWORTHY.	

You are expected to become skilful—

1. In the dressing of blisters, burns, sores, wounds, and in applying fomentations, poultices, and minor dressings.
2. In the application of leeches, externally and internally.
3. In the administration of enemas for men and women.
4. In the management of trusses, and appliances in uterine complaints.
5. In the best method of friction to the body and extremities.
6. In the management of helpless Patients, *i.e.* moving, changing, personal cleanliness, of feeding, keeping warm, (or cool,) preventing and dressing bed sores, managing position of.
7. In bandaging, making bandages and rollers, lining of splints, &c.
8. In making the beds of the Patients, and removal of sheets whilst Patient is in bed.
9. You are required to attend at operations.
10. To be competent to cook gruel, arrowroot, egg flip, puddings, drinks, for the sick.
11. To understand ventilation, or keeping the Ward fresh by night as well as by day; you are to be careful that great cleanliness is observed in all the utensils; those used for the secretions as well as those required for cooking.
12. To make strict observations of the sick in the following particulars:—
The state of secretions, expectoration, pulse, skin, appetite; intelligence, as delirium or stupor; breathing, sleep, state of wounds, eruptions, formation of matter, effect of diet or of stimulants, and of medicines.
13. And to learn the management of convalescents.

During the year a number of lectures of a practical character have been kindly given to the Probationers by several of the members of the Medical Staff of the Hospital, viz.:—Dr. Bernays, Dr. Brinton and Mr. Le Gros Clark, as well as by Mr. Whitfield, the Resident Medical Officer. The Chaplain has also twice a week kindly given a short lecture on a religious subject.

The Matron, Mrs. Wardroper, and Mr. Whitfield, under whose immediate superintendence the Probationers are placed, have reported their approval of their general conduct and proficiency; while on the other hand, all the Probationers who have completed their course have expressed their gratitude for the benefits they have derived, and the kind manner in which they have been treated.

The Committee have much gratification in recording their entire satisfaction at the manner in which the Matron and Resident Medical Officer have performed the duties undertaken by them.

The Committee consider that the result of the first year's trial affords sufficient evidence that the plan pursued has been attended with success, but they consider it would be prudent to defer any extension of it for the present. Twelve new Probationers will be admitted at the beginning of next month to fill the existing vacancies.

In conclusion the Committee beg to state that all their proceedings have been taken with the sanction of Miss Nightingale, and that in fact all important details for the working of the plan have been suggested by her.

Annexed is the account of the expenditure of the Committee up to the 24th June, 1861, and the names of the Probationers who have been placed upon the Register as certificated nurses. The net income of the Fund for the past year amounted to £1,426.

J. JEBB, *Chairman.*

ACCOUNT OF EXPENDITURE.

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
1. Payments to Hospital, viz.:—									
Interest on outlay, viz. 10 per cent. on £562 6*s.* 7*d.* ...	56	4	7						
Salaries of Probationers ...	131	4	8						
Board of Probationers ...	293	10	0						
Salaries of Matron, Medical Officer, and Sisters ...	200	0	0						
Wages of Attendant... ...	13	0	0						
				693	19	3			
2. Extra Payments on account of Probationers, viz.:—									
Grocer	35	18	5½						
Washing	45	0	6						
Clothing	63	11	6½						
Printing and Stationery ...	12	11	8						
				157	2	2			
							851	1	5
3. Advertisements (1860) ...				51	0	6			
4. Secretary (one year) ...				100	0	0			
5. Petty Cash				7	10	7			
							158	10	7
Total for one year...							1,009	12	0

Brought forward			£1,009	12 0
6. And Secretary Half-year to 24th June, 1860... ...	£50	0 0		
Advertisements (1861) ...	11	8 0		
			61	8 0
Grand Total			£1,071	0 0

FIRST CLASS.

MARY BARKER.
JANE ELIZABETH COUCHMAN.
ANNIE LEES.
CHARLOTTE NIXON.
HARRIET PARKER.
GEORGINA H. PIKE.
FANNY WILDE.

SECOND CLASS.

EMILY MEDHURST.
MARY ANN PHILLIPS.
CAROLINE STONE.
EMMA WHITLOCK.

N.B.—The names are placed alphabetically.

LXVI.—NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Egyptian Sepulchres and Syrian Shrines, including some stay in the Lebanon, at Palmyra, and in Western Turkey. With a Map, and Illustrations in Chromo-Lithography and on Wood, from Sketches by the Author, Emily A. Beaufort. Two Vols. Longman and Co.

So pleasant a book of travels it is not often one's good fortune to meet with. Graphic and picturesque, it leads the reader on from scene to scene with unwearied interest, leaving him at last with a feeling that he too has been to the East and knows somewhat of the pleasures and perils of Eastern travel. Possessing the eye and hand of a true artist, whether wielding the pen or the pencil, Miss Beaufort manages to present the salient point of every scene and event, and that many of these are stirring and exciting a rapid glance at the book suffices to show. For instance, Chap. IV. Vol. I., headed, "Cataract and Flame," gives us in a few vigorous pages the shooting of the formidable Cataract at Mahatta—to which the falls of the St. Lawrence and the Sault St. Marie would appear to be a joke—and the burning of their Nile-boat, the *Wandering Maiden*, which left our traveller and her sister standing—

"Upon the bank, absolutely bereft of everything; without home, food, clothes, or money, among a strange and savage people, three thousand miles away from home, and at some five hundred miles from the nearest spot where any of our wants could be supplied, with no means of getting there, apparently without friends or help."

Both these adventures are excellently well told, and the pluck and resolution with which the *désagremens* of the situation are overcome start the reader on a friendly footing with the author, whose

"Modern Exodus in Haste," from the corruption of Arab Courts in Cairo, shows a state of things from which every European traveller would, like these ladies, be only too thankful to escape by flight.

A couple of chapters on "Old Phœnicians and Modern Druses," and "The Battle," give an insight into the recent bloody and disastrous affrays in Syria, and are well worth consideration. We extract a few of the more remarkable passages.

"The Maronites have a strong belief, that as they are now under the protection of France, they will one day be openly ruled by her; time will show how near this idea is to the truth. But there are plenty of facts which appear very like it; one thing is quite certain,—and that is, that gradually, cautiously, and silently the French have obtained a footing, a *pied-à-terre*, throughout the Lebanon, and nearly throughout Syria; there is scarcely a single large village in the whole of the Lebanon without a mission of one, two, or three monks, and a school taught by Lazaristes; and these are all Frenchmen; they have also missions and schools scattered throughout Syria, especially in the country round Jaffa and Jerusalem; and the Lazaristes teach so well and work their missions so thoroughly, that they are not only an immense example to us, but they are sure ultimately of success; for the Arab appreciates education,—that is to say, they love money with all their hearts, and even the poorest mountain peasant is therefore glad to have his sons taught to count and to add up piasters, and to read and write; accomplishments which they acquire with remarkable facility. In the towns they teach French also, which is gladly enough learned to aid them in commerce, and to enable them to become dragomans. Unfortunately their French education usually renders the town Arab pretentious and impertinent; the best example of which are the people of Zah'leh, where this education has been in full force for very many years, and of whom Mr. Porter says, they 'are notorious for their pride, insolence, and turbulence. Family broils are incessant, and scarce a month passes without bloodshed.'*

"The French have also found another method of gaining substantial influence in Syria. Wherever their Lazaristes tell them of an unusually intelligent Sheikh or person of influence, they send him letters of naturalization, and make him an *honorary* French subject: of course this includes, or would be found to include, the peasantry of whom each Sheikh is chief whenever the occasion needed. We learned also, on good authority, that the French Consuls along the coast have an ingenious way of recommending the crews of boats to *buy* a flag, bearing the Jerusalem Cross, which is blessed by the Superior of the French Convent of the Terre Sainte, the Guardian of the Holy Sepulchre; under which they sail in double security, both spiritual as well as temporal. France then claims them as *her subjects*, though of course they are in reality only Turkish subjects, and though all Consuls are forbidden to protect any but their own lawful countrymen; and when France requires them they will be found all ready for her service; our informant mentioned sixty-four well-manned boats whom he himself knew who had done this. * * * *

"It was not only in Beyrout, where it is more difficult than in most other places to separate gossip and *canards* from truth and facts, that we learned how completely the Druzes were favored by the Government; the unfortunate Christians were seized, imprisoned, fined, when they attempted to obtain arms for themselves, while, as I have said, the Druzes notoriously purchased largely; the Christian mountaineers wherever we went were provided only with common old muskets—while the Druzes had rifles in great numbers, and many of their Sheikhs had revolvers—only a very few of the Chris-

* Handbook for Syria and Palestine, vol. ii.

tians, and those only Emirs, had ever seen any of the latter; even the Emir of Beit Miry, but three hours from so large a European town as Beyrout, was astonished out of all Arab gravity at a silver mounted six-barrelled revolver, with which I was one day practising at a mark on one of the trees near his house. He implored me with clasped hands to wait while he fetched a beautiful little boy, his son and heir, to see the sight, and then when I had refired it for his edification he solemnly applauded his little son's question, as to whether the weapon came from Sheitân? I am convinced that the Emir himself believed that Satan reloaded it for me *ad infinitum*.

"It is an unquestionable fact that the Turks do, and have always encouraged the Druzes against the Christians: they hate both equally: but their object is plain,—the Druzes are exceedingly warlike and dexterous in fighting,—the Christians are weak in war but strong in numbers—and they therefore try to make use of the Druzes to exterminate the Christians—and when they have done the hard work for them they will come in with a strong hand and get the small body of Druzes into their power. I believe that at least some of the Druzes understand their game perfectly, and see through it; they are quite willing to be assisted into getting rid of their hereditary enemies, whom the Turks are always representing as the authors of all ill against them, and they think they will take care of themselves afterwards: it will not be a very easy thing to exterminate the Druzes."

To the land of David and Saul, to the wilderness of Judea, and to the supposed cave of Adullam itself we are led:—

"It is scarcely worth encountering the peril of the way to see the cave, except for the association of David and his mighty men with it. Adullam is said to mean—'to quit the true road,' and certainly, if this is Adullam, there is no road at all to it. When we had made our way back to the horses, another Bedoueen joined us, demanding baksheesh as well as those who had helped in getting us to the cave and had held the horses, &c.; this we refused, and rode off a few paces, when the disappointed Arab rode, wrenched a bag from our maid's saddle, and ran down the ravine with it; the other Bedoueens pursued him, the dragoman succeeded in knocking him down, and the others gave him a drubbing; while, to impress them with a sense of our power, I fired three shots over their heads, and told Sheepskin when he came back that I could fire six shots all at once at bad men; he looked grave and astounded, as well he might, for I soon remembered I had told him *sixty* instead of *six* in my bad Arabic, and doubtless he thought my little revolver a gift from Sheitân (Satan) himself."

Difficulties were not allowed to stand in the way of any object to be attained, as witness the ascent of Masada, the stronghold of Simon Maccabæus.

"We met a couple of goatherds, whose shining bodies were nearly black, and almost naked: they were overwhelmed with astonishment, not merely at the unusual sight of travellers, but at their being ladies! Sheikh Hamzeh engaged one of them as guide, and he led us to a little spring at the foot of the mountain, now called Sebbeh, once crowned with the famous Jewish fortress of Masada. He told the goatherd to show us the way up, but for some time the only answer he got was that woman's foot could never mount that rock! It certainly looked rather appalling.

"The rock on which Masada stands is a perpendicular of 1,500 feet high, facing the sea—it projects from the line of cliffs, and would be entirely separated from them by the deep chasm which runs behind it, but for a narrow connecting neck of smooth sloping rock—up this neck we were to climb. Sheikh Hamzeh and the Bedoueens took off their sandals and abbahs, and we pinned up our riding habits closely around us—(they were, nevertheless, in rags when we descended)—and then we slowly crept up the

slope: above this there was about fifty feet of naked rock *wall* to be got up somehow—once there was but a ledge of some three inches wide to stand on, whilst Abou Dahouk scrambled up the smooth face seven or eight feet higher, and then, leaning over, pulled us up by main force! one false step and we should have gone to the bottom of the chasm!"

We find so many passages marked for extract in this charming book of Eastern travel, that the difficulty is to decide what to give within the limits of our short space. "A Druse Wedding and Funeral," "A Visit to a Druse Settlement," "A View of, and Entrance to, Jerusalem," "Climate of Jerusalem," "Easter Eve," &c. &c., invite our special attention; but we must pass them over, and present our readers with the following very graphic account of—

A Dip in the Dead Sea and the Jordan.

"Deceived by the clearness of the atmosphere and the level plain, the Dead Sea appeared so near to us that we expected to reach it in half an hour: it was, however, a ride of two hours and a half, before we had arrived at the shore, passing over low undulations, covered with sharp cones, little queerly-shaped peaks, and much sandy mud: the shadeless plain was very hot under the mid-day sun, and the horses occasionally sank so much in the mud that our progress was slow; but the view was interesting: we soon recognised the headland of 'Ain Jidi, and the well-known cliff of Sebbeh, with Jebel Usdoum behind it, apparently forming the end of the Sea—on the left the wreath of warm vapor showed the ravine of Calirrhoe, and one point of the mountain range, which appeared to be higher than the rest, we chose to fancy must be Pisgah. While we looked at the view our dragoman built us a grand little tent with driftwood and shawls, under which we spread our carpet, and made our toilets preparatory to bathing in the Lake: the water was as cool and refreshing as its clearness had looked inviting, and very pleasant it was to float upon the strangely buoyant water: the taste is quite indescribable—the first sensation is of the saltness of brine, very naturally, for, whereas there is four per cent. of salt in the ocean, there is twenty-six per cent. in the water of the Dead Sea; the next is of a sickening, greasy bitter, which is most disgusting: of the many descriptions of it, M. de Saulcy's is much the best—'a mixture of salt, colocinth, and oil.' The strangest part is the sensation on the skin afterwards: without any touch of towel one was instantly dry all over—literally 'dry as a bone'—drier than anything one could think of, and yet greasy withal—not exactly sticky, but oily—the most disagreeable feeling inside one's clothes and gloves. The salt dried on one's hair and clothes visibly, just as it lies on all the driftwood on the shore, but a touch brushed it away. We picked up a small fish quite dead, and a number of very tiny black shells, similar to some we had found in the Lake of Galilee, with indubitably *living* fish in them; I have it noted in my journal that they were still alive thirty hours after: but the Bedoueens said these had been only lately washed in from the Jordan, and that they could not live long in the Dead Sea water. Châteaubriand relates that he heard a murmur in the water which his guides told him arose from millions of little fish rushing into the lake—I conclude he means that they were singing their little death songs: certainly all the shells that we picked up on the shore at 'Ain Jidi contained only dead fish: probably some current washing round from the mouth of the Jordan along the curves of the northern end, enables the fish to live in that particular spot: those we picked up were stationary, sticking to the stones. About twenty feet from the shore there is an islet of mud, which is said to be covered with ruins of great antiquity—but we saw none from where we stood. We gathered also great bunches of tiny pink flowers—something like heath—very dry and very pretty; they made the shore quite gay, and we put bowers of them on our horses' heads in the hot ride of two hours more to the bank

of the Jordan, where we were glad to undress again, under the shade of a friendly tree, and wash off the uncomfortable feeling of the 'bad water;' the Jordan did not *look* as inviting as the Dead Sea. It is muddy and of a dark leaden color, and we found the water very cold, but it was refreshing and pleasant."

In conclusion, we have only to add that the illustrations and map are worthy of the text, and that there are few personally unacquainted with Egypt and Syria who will not find both pleasure and profit in the perusal of these delightful volumes.

The Past and Present Life of the Globe. By David Page. Published by William Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh and London.

In this book Mr. Page proves himself a skilful compiler, in some parts an eloquent writer, and on the whole a man acquainted with the highest ideas of geological science.

Palæontology, or the science of extinct life, is not a theme merely for the gratification of idle curiosity. It leads to sounder and more ennobling views of our relationship to God and creation. It shows irrefragible proofs of the unity of plan and design throughout creation, enlarging in the mind of man his conception of Deity, and increasing his reverence toward Him. We would note for the geological scholar the chapters entitled the Present, the Record, the Far Past, and the Middle Past, and for the ordinary reader the chapters entitled the Recent, the Law, and the Conclusion.

Wisely he does not precise how and by what means this earth became the procreant cradle of organized existences. Was it by a direct action, by a *fiat* of the Creator, or by causation inherent in the vital organism? He does not admit the transubstantiation of species, but their gradation and progress; and with respect to the human race or primeval man, who hunted the Irish deer and speared the mammoths, of whom we are the successors, even as after us we shall have also successors of a higher type than we are ourselves; for as Nature offers no symptom of decay, so we cannot admit the idea of cessation in creation, but on the contrary, the advent of new races, and new creatures to replace those which shall have become extinct. According to the author, the term of the human race, as well as of those domesticated animals on which the race so much relies, will be brief, but during its sojourn its influence on the world's onward progress will be remarkable. It will become a reasoning instrument in the hand of the Creator to effect most important changes in the vitality of the globe, to add the mentality of the future to the materialism and mechanism of the past, in the fulfilment of the great law of natural progress. The inferior races are and will be vanishing before the higher. Their continuance would only retard the divine scheme of advancement, to which everything above, beneath, and around us, has ever been incessantly tending.

To sum up our opinion of Mr. Page's book, we shall say that few of his ideas are controvertible, many of them will be repeated in books of advanced philosophical knowledge, while the pages on "*Function*" may be cited as a model of eloquence.

"As to function; earth, air, and water ever seem to have had their varied tenantry. Burrowers, creepers, runners, leapers, floaters, and swimmers, make their appearance in every epoch. Simple and lowly they may be, yet still in their respective grades perfect, and fitted by the nicest organic adjustments at once for the functions they had to discharge and the element they were destined to inhabit. From these organs we also clearly perceive, that some families were designed to feed on vegetables, others to prey on flesh; that some were formed to roam at large for their food, others to find it by parasitic attachment; while many, like the crustacea of the lower old red, the sauroid fishes of the coal period, and the reptiles of the lias, became the scavengers of their respective times, and lived on the decaying garbage of the river-bank and the muddy sea-shore. The functional performance of each great class, as well as of the life of each geological epoch, has ever been, within its own limits, a complete and independent system. A world of shell-fish—littoral and deep-sea, sedentary and vagrant, phytophagous and carnivorous—existed in the earliest waters. The gigantic sauroid fishes of the palæozoic were the functional representatives of the secondary reptiles; the secondary reptiles, in their marine ichthyosaurs and plesiosaurs, their estuarine teleosaurs and steneosaurs, their terrestrial hylæosaurs and megalosaurs, and their aërial pterosaurs, were respectively the whales and dolphins, the crocodiles and gavials, the elephants and tigers, the bats and the birds, of their period. At every stage of time, and under every type of life, analogous functions have been unerringly discharged. Herbivorous, insectivorous, carnivorous, and omnivorous, are attributes alike of the fish, the reptile, the bird, and the mammal; walkers, swimmers, and fliers, with powers more or less restricted, have ever occurred within the same great classes.

"In the interdependencies of existence demand has ever pressed on supply, decay trodden closely in the wake of reproduction, and suffering been commensurate with enjoyment. An ideal Cosmos of painless beatitude is a dream and delusion. Pain and death are stamped on the earliest records of life. From the beginning the flesh-eater has preyed on the plant-eater and the weak have ever succumbed to the strong, even as they do now. The struggle for existence commenced with its gift; and the reign of death was inaugurated by the enjoyment of life. Constructed as Nature is, this seems part and parcel of her plan, and the means by which the equipoise and balance of vitality is maintained. The larger and more abundant plant-feeders, ever pressing on the means of subsistence, are held in check by the comparatively smaller and scantier flesh-eaters; and, so far as man can comprehend, it is only by some such compensatory system that the greatest happiness of the greatest numbers can be maintained. Besides, subjected as life is to the inevitable laws of a material world, it must, for its own comfort, learn to accommodate itself to the circumstances by which it is surrounded; and so, under this view, the accident and reminiscence of pain become an institution for the animal's own benefit and protection. What pleases will be pursued, what pains will be avoided; while the excess of force which destroys is, for the most part, mercifully accompanied by insensibility and unconsciousness. Life, like the world it inhabits, is after all but a system of re-agency and compensation; and in all our reasonings on the question of Pain and Death we should ever remember that 'He who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb' may have so ordained, that to the various grades of organisation suffering and the terror of death should be merely comparative, and that their intensity should be felt only where pain

becomes the penalty of the infringement of the eternal law of right and wrong."

The Proper Names of the Old Testament, arranged alphabetically from the original text, with Historical and Geographical Illustrations, for the use of Hebrew Students, Schoolmasters, and Teachers, with an Appendix of the Hebrew and Aramaic Names in the New Testament. Williams and Norgate, London and Edinburgh.

We are not learned enough to review this work from a lady's pen as learnedly as it deserves, but every reader with a share of poetical imagination will find in it the germ of many poems. The authoress has given the derivation of the Biblical names of men, women, countries, cities, mountains, and rivers, (where it is possible to give their etymology,) together with Bible references and historical and geographical notes. Many of the latter are derived from the Rev. A. P. Stanley's work on Sinai and Palestine. The authoress was assisted by Baron von Bunsen and some of his learned German friends in the explanation of the most difficult words, such as the proper names of foreign origin, Egyptian, Assyrian, and Babylonian, and lays before us the results of the latest discoveries.

As we turn over the pages it is wonderful and curious to see how every name has its pictorial or spiritual meaning. Such as Salem, peace, from the Hebrew verb to be peaceful. Samaria, a watch mountain; Samson, splendid son; Samuel, heard of God, because his mother "*asked him of the Lord.*" In like manner, Reuben means "behold a son," the first-born of Jacob being so called by Leah his mother; Rebekah is "engaging, enchaining," so called on account of her beauty; David is "beloved," from the Hebrew verb to love; Jonathan means "the Lord is a giver," much as the French sometimes christen their children *Dieu donné;* Jordan is "the descender."

"A striking illustration is contained in Joshua iii. 16, where the word for the 'coming down' of the waters of the Jordan is precisely the same as that used in the singular for the river itself. The streams of Jordan are first received into the high lake of Merom, out of which the collected volume of water descends with increased rapidity downwards for *three hundred feet*, into the sea of Galilee—again it plunges through twenty-seven rapids, through a fall of a *thousand feet* into its last receptacle, the Dead Sea. It has thus three distinct stages—the first ending in the Lake Merom; the second in the sea of Galilee; and the third in the Dead Sea. The third stage presents the unparalleled spectacle of a course only sixty miles in actual length, increased to two hundred by the infinite multiplication of its windings. It is called the 'Ghor,' or 'sunken plain,' by the modern Arabs, on account of its great depression, being no less than *three thousand feet* below the mountains of Judæa. As seen from the adjacent heights the Jordan appears 'a gigantic green serpent' threading its tortuous way through its tropical jungle —the haunt of the lions, who, from the neighboring Desert, sheltered themselves in the reedy covert." (Stanley.)

Joseph means increase, addition; the first-born of Rachel was so named because she said "the Lord shall *add* to me another son."

Hebron is confederate, from the Hebrew verb to associate. Mr. Stanley says, "Hebron, according to Jewish tradition, was the primeval seat of the vine; it was also the earliest seat of civilized life, not only of Judah, but of Palestine. Its very name indicates "community or society." It was the first home of the patriarchs; their one permanent resting-place, when they were gradually exchanging the pastoral for the agricultural life."

Hebrew means, "he who comes from beyond," *i.e.* has passed the river, from the verb to pass over; Heber, the ancestor of Abram, having passed the Tigris. Adam is "red clay, reddish," from the verb to be red. In the rich Hebrew tongue there are two other titles for man; one signifies "*nobleman*," or strong man, and the other *mortal* man. A similar difference exists between *vir* and *homo* in Latin; *vir* from *vis*, which means strength, vigor, hence also *virtus* and our English word virtue. The Latin word *homo*, from *homus*, the ground, answers to the Hebrew word Adam. Beer means well; thus, "Beerah" is "excavator," Beer-Elim is the well of the mighty ones; and Beersheba is well of the oath, so called from the covenant between Abraham and Abimelech. Benjamin is "son of the right hand." Baal is "lord," *i.e.* possessor, from the verb to rule; and all compounds of Baal express this idea. The names both of cities and of individuals were often compounded of Baal, as "Hasden*bal*, (help of Baal,)" "Hanni*bal*, (grace of Baal,)" "Jerru*bal*, (Baal will behold.)" These compound names show their Punic origin. Cain is "possession, acquisition," from the verb to possess. When Eve brought him forth, she exclaimed, "I have *gotten* a man from the Lord." Abel is "breath, vanity," from the verb to fade away. Rachel means a "ewe," and the word is derived from the verb to be gentle Sarah is "princess," from the verb to rule, to fight. Seraphim, "fiery serpents," from the verb to burn. "Continual adoration is the expression of the glowing love of the seraphim, while contemplation is the proper character of the Cherubim."

In the New Testament the names are equally poetic and suggestive. Cana in Galilee is "reedy," from the abundance of weeds which grew in its vicinity; Capernaum is "pretty village;" Bethlehem, the "house of bread;" Gethsemane is "*oil-press*," being a garden at the foot of the Mount of *Olives*; John is "grace," from the verb to be gracious; Nazareth, "branch or flower;" Susanna, "a lily."

We have quoted enough to show what a rich mine of poetical illustration lies in this book. Dean Trench has made familiar to us the interest and significance of the study of language in a philological sense; has shown us how the history of a people lies embedded in its dialects, and how the letter is often transfused by the spirit, which it at once expresses and preserves. And in this varied and exquisitely poetical nomenclature of the people of Israel "the prince," of Judea the "land of praise," we all have our inheritance. It is

truly the tongue of our adoption; many of its names, symbols, and fond associations are gathered into our daily living, and are actually "familiar in our mouths as household words."

Nurses for the Sick. With a Letter to Young Women. By Louisa Twining. Price One Penny. Longman & Co.

THIS is an excellent little pamphlet; an earnest appeal by an experienced worker, who knows what is wanted in nurses both for private families and public institutions; the difficulties which stand in the way of this demand being supplied; and the best means to remove them. Ignorance of the existence and nature of the demand, of the facilities already afforded for the necessary training, and of the opening thus offered to hundreds of young women now struggling for the means of existence in a few overtasked branches of female employment, is to a great extent at the root of the evil. The wide dissemination of this pamphlet will go far towards removing it; and we cannot too strongly recommend it for gratuitous distribution to those interested in promoting the welfare of young women.

We extract a few paragraphs, which give the scope and design of the whole.

"On all sides there is a cry for 'employment for women.' The old and very comfortable and convenient doctrine that they are, and must be, and ought to be, supported by some male relative, is, or I should hope will be soon, exploded, because it is a wrong, cruel, and utterly false statement. Those who make it must be aware that there are thousands among the half million of women said to be in excess of the male population of England who cannot, and never will, be supported by relations of any kind, and who have no earthly support to look to but that of their own clever brains, or stout and willing hands. I say it is a cruel statement for any one to make; cruel when said by men, who must wilfully shut their eyes and ears to the common facts of daily life around them, though they may be able of their abundant means of remunerative work or business to provide for those who make their homes blest and happy; still more cruel when asserted by women, who thus sheltered and caressed, with every luxury brought to their homes without thought or care on their part, express so selfish and thoughtless a theory about their less favored sisters.

"Now there is one calling and profession that is far from being over-stocked. It is a noble, honorable, and remunerative one,—one essentially belonging to *women*, and yet I believe it is little known or thought of by the class of persons who might fill it so advantageously. Nurses, *good* nurses, are wanted everywhere, in private families, in hospitals and institutions without number; everywhere physicians are saying, 'Send us good nurses, instead of the drunken women who take the wine and nourishment we order for our patients;' but they are not to be had. In one institution, sixty applications for nurses were refused in a fortnight, and every week demands have to be rejected at the training institution of St. John's House. Surely these facts cannot be known, or such a want in our social life would not be unsupplied. Young women who are toiling in needlework, (whether plain work or dress-making,) sacrificing health and strength and eyesight to the labors of the short London season, and then are in miserable inactivity and poverty during many months of the year, will not shrink from the work of a nurse because of its hardships and fatigues and trials; and there is really much to recommend it to them as an occupation. A safe home and shelter are some of the

advantages which are not to be despised, when we think of the fearful dangers and temptations which beset young women who go out to their daily work in great cities; and these, at least, are offered to nurses." * * *

"In conclusion, let me mention where it is that nurses for the sick are chiefly wanted, and also where they can be taught their profession.

"(1) In all the great and numerous hospitals of London.

"(2) In all the county and other hospitals and infirmaries in the country.

"(3) In many infirmaries of Workhouses, both in London and in the country.

"(4) In various smaller institutions, or homes for the sick, now beginning to be opened in various places." * * * * *

"(1) Beside the training provided at the usual hospitals, there are special provisions made for it by the Nightingale Fund, by which young women are received and educated for a year at St. Thomas's Hospital, and then sent out with certificates of proficiency.

"(2) The Training Institution of St. John's House, 7 and 8, Norfolk Street, Strand, from whence nurses are provided for private families and for King's College Hospital. For this institution persons must be members of the Church of England, and not under twenty-five years of age.

"(3) The Institution of Nursing Sisters, 4, Devonshire Square, City, for nurses for private families; and here Dissenters are admitted.

"(4) Pupil-nurses are received at the Hospital for Sick Children, 49, Great Ormond Street, where, after a short training, certificates and recommendations are given which will ensure good places as nurses for children in private families."

The Illustrated Girl's Own Treasury. Ward and Lock, Fleet Street.

A HANDBOOK of information and amusement, prettily illustrated and well got up, and which we can conscientiously recommend as a suitable present for young girls.

Pictures of Dogs. The People of Europe. Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

WE have already noticed this excellent series of illustrations. They are well drawn and effectively colored, and being on strong cardboard, and safely enclosed in a case, will last as long as any juvenile possession is likely to do.

LXVII.—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,

I have lately been reading the prize essay on the distress at Coventry, written last winter by a weaver. It is a clever pamphlet, and curious, as it shows the views of the most intelligent workmen of that class. The writer begins by giving a history of the trade. It seems that during the war with France there was a great demand for Coventry ribbons, and the trade was in a most flourishing condition, the demand for weavers being greater than the supply. Of this they took advantage to exact terms favorable to themselves from the master manufacturers; one of these conditions was, that no woman

was to be employed in any kind of weaving but one which was peculiarly unremunerative; all the well-paid branches being reserved to the men exclusively. In 1815, when the peace came, French ribbons were sent over in large quantities: there was little demand for those from Coventry, and large numbers of weavers were turned out of work and took to other means of earning their bread. The workmen's combination was thus broken up, the terms ceased to be observed, and women were once more freely employed in every branch of the trade. This the writer evidently regrets. He then continues the history down to the present time, during all which years women have continued to work on the same footing as men, and when paid by the piece earning the same wages. One of the objects of the essay is to show, that though the distress at Coventry has arisen from other causes, it has been aggravated, and the trade for many years much injured, by the frequent disputes between the masters and the operatives, leading to oppressive conduct on the part of the former during times of depression, and to insolence on the part of the latter during times of prosperity. He proposes to remedy this evil by the establishment of a board of arbitration, to decide all future disputes, for the author writes in a hopeful spirit. He is not one of those who think the trade in English ribbons irretrievably ruined, but deems that in time, by the aid of improved machinery and general better management, it may again revive, and that, after some years of suffering, Coventry will be able to compete successfully with Lyons. This board of arbitration is to consist of twelve master manufacturers and twelve working weavers, who are to determine on the rate of wages, the prices for piecework, and decide all disputed points. The weaver deputies are to be elected by the other weavers, every skilled workman who has been a certain length of time in the trade is to have a vote, but *no women* are to vote.

Now what is the reason of this intended exclusion? Large numbers of single women up to last winter supported themselves by weaving; many widows maintained their families, and if the trade revives will do so again. Why, when they are skilled workmen, and have served the requisite length of time, should women be invidiously excluded from the right of electing the weaver deputies? The reason is but too evident. They are to be deprived of their votes in order that when a favorable opportunity occurs the condition made previous to 1815 may be re-established. They are to be rendered powerless, that they may be deprived of the means of earning their bread whenever a chance of so doing arises. I think that this intention on the part of the weavers calls for the attention of all who take interest in the "strike" question, or in boards of arbitration.

It may perhaps be assumed as a general principle in trades in which men and women are alike employed, that the same rules ought to apply to both, and that when a woman has fulfilled the conditions which would entitle her to a vote if she were a man, it is unjust to deprive her of it. Exceptions might perhaps be made to married women, but single women and widows ought surely not to be prevented from protecting themselves. Whenever this exclusion is attempted, it is probably done with the ulterior view of excluding them from the trade. Master manufacturers should look to this for their own interests, and humane men should look to it out of regard to the interests of humanity, for nothing is so helpless as a female weaver out of employment. She is unused to household work, so cannot become a servant. If not allowed to use her loom she must live on charity or starve. If another war with France should break out (and who can say that it is impossible) the men weavers at Coventry would at once be in a condition, if the board of arbitration is established as proposed, to turn the women out of the trade, to the great injury of the masters and to the benefit of nothing but the alehouses.

Yours truly,
J. B.

To the Editors of the English Woman's Journal.

July 5th, 1861.

LADIES,

There are some striking proofs of the injustice and unreasonableness of paying women lower wages than men receive for the same kind of work to which I should wish to call the attention of your readers.

Of schoolmasters who hold Government certificates, those who stand highest, get money value £30; for the lowest degree £15; if the master be not provided with a furnished house by the school-managers, he is to be paid £10 for that purpose, and their ordinary salaries vary from £50 to £120. Now, as pupil-teachers, the girls work quite as hard as the boys; they study as many hours and as assiduously in the Training Colleges, and as mistresses they are found to be quite as influential, conscientious, and persevering as the men. Their subjects of study differ somewhat; but surely a thorough knowledge of the various kinds of needlework, including the "art of cutting out," and an acquaintance of the multifarious branches of "domestic economy," as required among the attainments of mistresses, are equivalent to, and quite as useful as, the scraps of Euclid, algebra, and the superficial knowledge of chemistry, &c., as learned by the men. Why then are not the former as well remunerated as the latter? Instead of this being the case, we find that for having obtained the highest degree of certificate, a mistress gets from the Council Office £20; for the lowest £10; in lieu of furnished apartments, £5 or £6 is deemed sufficient; and their salaries vary from £20 to £50. Lodgings are not let at a cheaper rate, nor are provisions sold at a lower price to women than to men.

I submit these points to your readers' notice, and I know that many of my sister schoolmistresses, like myself, would be glad to know the solution of them, and to learn where the fault lies.

I am, ladies, your obedient servant,

S. N.

To the Editors of the English Woman's Journal.

Worthing, Sussex, 13th July, 1861.

LADIES,

I have been much, I should rather say *intensely*, pained by the paper in your last number (July, 1861,) on "Emerald Green." I had no idea that green wreaths were procured at such a fearful price of child-suffering as is there described, nor can I think, as the writer infers in the closing passage, that ladies will continue to desire green wreaths if these ornaments are to be manufactured at the risk of health and life to the juvenile makers. It is scarcely just to the purchasers to suspect or accuse them of an indifference to such results as few, if any, are aware of. I speak from my own experience. I did not know, and multitudes beside me do not know, that any deleterious powder was used in procuring the color imparted to the leaves. Your correspondent is quite right in setting forth the truth with regard to the highly poisonous nature of the substance used, but not right in saying, "will not health and life weigh against the whims of ladies who admire green wreaths? We have little hope that they will!" Why should such a conclution be drawn? To admire green wreaths is not a "*whim*," it is a matter of saste, and even often of very good taste, but it would augur the *worst* feeling if the manufacture of green wreaths were insisted on when it is proved to entail such intense suffering as "M. N." has brought before your readers. It should be put down by Act of Parliament, as illegal, if the wearers of wreaths are found deaf to the voice of humanity, but this I cannot think they will be.

I am, Ladies, yours faithfully,

S. E. M.

LXVIII—PASSING EVENTS.

PUBLIC AND POLITICAL.

THE NEW SULTAN.—In reference to the Sultan's determination to have but one wife, the *Levant Herald* says:—"Auspiciously novel and singular as is this resolution of his Majesty, an incident of his late domestic life was brought to light on the day of his accession which adds to it the interest of a small imperial romance. Oriental policy and usage have, as is well known, long compelled the practice of male infanticide in the families of heirs-apparent to the throne; daughters are permitted to live, but sons are sacrificed to the sovereign jealousy at the moment of their birth. Four years ago, however, a son was born to Abdul Aziz, and, by the aid of a devoted nurse, was spirited away to Eyoub, where he lived unknown till last week. On Tuesday his Majesty produced this child, who bears the name of Youssuf-Selan-eddin Effendi, and presented him to the Grand Vizier and other Ministers as his first-born. When to this relative incident we add that his Majesty is personally a rigid teetotaller, smokes neither pipe nor narghille, is a capital pianist, an excellent shot, as good an angler, and farmer enough to take a degree in the Lothians, we have said sufficient to state the difference between himself and his predecessor. Her Highness the Validé Sultana has declined the usual allowance of 500,000 piastres a month, long prescriptively received by the Sovereign's mother, and has, almost on compulsion by the government, consented to draw 50,000 instead. Besides the immense reduction in the human *personnel* of the palace establishment, his Majesty has sent no fewer than 400 horses from the imperial stables to be employed in the artillery.

The *Levant Herald* also says that the Validé Sultana intends to found a school and civil hospital at Scutari. The latter building will contain accommodation for four hundred patients, the half of whom will be females. This feature of the establishment will be a novelty in Turkey, and will be of immense value to the large class of poor in the quarter in which the new building is to be situated.

THE American President's message invites Congress to provide the legal means to make the impending contest short and decisive, and shows the same clear appreciation of the point at issue and the same tenacity of purpose which has characterized Mr. Lincoln's manifestoes.

In regard to nurses for the army the following communication has been made to the Surgeon-General of the Army by the Secretary of War:—

"During the present war, the forces being made up chiefly of Volunteers, the public sentiment and the humanity of the age require that the service of women as nurses should be made available in the general hospitals, where, except in a very humble apartment, they have been excluded. As many carefully selected women are in training in the cities of the loyal states, it is the order and wish of the Department that women be adopted or substituted for the men now in the general hospitals whenever it can be effected, and that only such women as have received previous training for the purpose be accepted as nurses, except when those can no longer be had. And it is ordered that none be received except those who have presented their applications to a lady appointed by the Department to preside over the volunteer women nurses, and who shall have sole authority to select and accept nurses, who are required to be above the age of thirty-five, with certificates of character and capacity.

"Miss Dix has been appointed Superintendent of the women nurses, with the exclusive charge of accepting such as she may deem properly fitted for the service. The transportation, subsistence, and wages of such nurses as may be accepted by her to be paid from such moneys as would be expended in the wages and support of men nurses, or are derived from the usual recourses of hospital service.

SOCIAL AND INDUSTRIAL.

THE annual examination of the wards educated in the Adult Orphan Institution, St. Andrew's Place, Regent's Park, took place on Wednesday, the 3rd instant. The Institution has for its object the education of the orphan daughters of clergymen and officers in the army and navy who having been born in the upper classes of society, and left by the early death of a father helpless and unfriended, are reduced to the necessity of providing for themselves by their own exertions. The young ladies are admitted after the age of fourteen, are maintained, with the exception of a small annual contribution of £13 6*s.* 0*d.*, and educated till the age of twenty-one. The Committee recommend them to situations as governesses, and keep their names on the books as "senior wards." The pupils were examined by different gentlemen in theology and Scripture history, in history, in French and German Literature, and in Latin. In history, the young ladies were tested by Mr. Abbot, head master of the Philological School, and the answers given, with no previous special preparation or knowledge of the selection of subject made by the examiner, were such as would have done credit to the more advanced students in the Universities.

THE Marchioness of Northampton has laid the foundation stone for the new schools in Clerkenwell.

QUEEN'S COLLEGE (FOR LADIES.)—The annual meeting was held on Thursday, at the College, in Harley Street. The Right Hon. W. Cowper, M.P., presided; and there were present the Rev. E. H. Plumptre, (dean of the college,) Professor Maurice, the Rev. T. Jackson, several other clergymen, and a large number of the young lady pupils and their friends. The report stated that the balance-sheet for 1860 showed the same satisfactory result as that for 1859, and enabled the council to add £246 to the reserve or endowment fund.

LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC AND ARTISTIC.

MADAME GEORGE SAND.—This lady writes as follows to a friend respecting the rumour current in Paris that she had accepted 20,000 f. sent her by the Emperor, as a compensation for the prize which the Academy declined to award her:—"My friend,—There is an *on dit* which I authorize you to contradict. It is quite true that gracious offers have been made me: but I have thought it my duty to accept none of them, having neither desire nor need of any recompense, or any distinction from any government whatsoever.—Yours cordially, GEORGE SAND."

A LETTER from Weimar announces the approaching marriage of Listz, the pianist, to the Princess Witgenstein, a match which has been already spoken of.

MRS. THORNYCROFT has been honored with sittings for two medallions by Her Royal Highness Princess Alice and His Grand Ducal Highness Prince Louis of Hesse.

THE Royal Society of Female Musicians had its annual meeting at the Hanover Square Rooms on the 2nd inst. The Society, which was established in 1839, is managed by a committee of ladies, eminent members of the musical profession, and is one of the most praiseworthy benevolent institutions of the Metropolis.

THE Report of the examiners of the works sent from the various schools of art in competition for the national medallions awarded by the Departments of Science and Art lies before us. As relates to the Art department, 503 works were sent in, an advance on last year both in number and quality. Among the winners of medallions who have been trained in provincial schools, the names of twenty ladies are recorded. Birmingham, Miss M. A. Preston; Aberdeen, Mrs. J. Booth and Miss Campbell; Liverpool, Miss S. Collins, Miss E. Gammage, (once before rewarded,) and Miss M. Pow; Dublin, Miss H. E. Harman (once before rewarded); Waterford, Miss E. Jones, (twice before rewarded,) Miss M. Moore, Miss Elizabeth Smith, and Miss

Emily Smith; Cambridge, Miss A. Lenton; Bolton, Miss P. Taylor, (once before rewarded); Exeter, Miss A. Westmacott; Edinburgh, Miss A. Young; South Kensington Female School, Miss H. Bradford, Miss C. Edwards, Miss C. M. Hull, Miss L. K. Humphreys, Miss H. J. A. Miles, and Miss A. Rowley.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A HEROINE.—The following account of the heroic conduct of a woman in saving the life of a girl on the Irish coast has been forwarded for the consideration of the National Lifeboat Institution by its Wicklow branch, where that society has an excellent lifeboat establishment: Mrs. Brownrigg, wife of the rector, whose daughter witnessed the woman's noble services, states that on Monday, the 1st inst., the girl, who was bathing, suddenly disappeared. E. Byrne, who was at the time at some distance from the scene of danger, without a moment's hesitation, rushed to the spot, tied a rope round her waist, the end of which she gave to another woman to hold, and with all her clothes on, dashed in, and diving, found the body of the girl at the bottom. Seizing her by the hair, Byrne providentially succeeded in bringing her to land before the vital spark had fled. This is the third life that this brave woman has saved, but whose services have never been previously made public.

A GOOD WORD FOR CRINOLINE.—The *Sentinelle* of Toulon states that, three evenings back, in the Rue des Savonnières, in that town, a girl about seventeen years of age, after some angry words from her mother, threw herself out of a third floor window into the street. She fell on the pavement close to some persons who were sitting out to enjoy the fresh air. They hastened to take up what they supposed must be a dead body, but, owing to the young person's ample crinoline, which had acted as a parachute, she had received neither fracture nor wound, though she was rather severely bruised and greatly shaken.

THE *Pays* gives the following curious information:—"A fact but little known, although perfectly authentic, is the relationship which existed between the late Sultan Abdul-Medjid and the Emperor Napoleon III. The grandmother of the former was Mdme. Aimée Dubuc de Rivery, a relative of Joséphine de la Pagerie, maternal ancestor of the Emperor of the French."

WE omitted to mention last month that the library of the late Mrs. Jameson, including her extensive series of catalogues of works of art, galleries, &c., were sold by Messrs. Puttick & Simpson on the 18th of June and four following days.

THE *Athenæum* mentions the death of a lady known to many of our readers in the following terms of high appreciation: "Almost every visitor to the current Exhibition of the Royal Academy will share our regret to learn the death of Mrs. Wells, who was known as the most promising of our female artists. An artist she was, in the best sense of the term, gifted with a rare power of execution and knowledge of practical art such as we feel safe in saying has not been possessed by any English lady. Beyond this, her works evinced feelings for design which were superior to the average gifts of many painters of high note. Notwithstanding certain faults of drawing observable in the picture now in Trafalgar Square, entitled "Bo-peep," the breadth and vigor of the manipulation are enough to sustain a claim to a high artistic position, even if its remarkable qualities of expression were not considered. As a young, and consequently incompletely practised artist, Mrs. Wells's works erred rather in excess of strength than the common fault of feminine tameness. Her "Veneziana," also now at the Academy, is an example of this. Her "Elvina," a head, is remembered by every artist who saw it, at the same gallery, six years ago. Her death followed on the 15th instant upon gastric fever superadded to childbirth. Her personal character was most amiable, and both as friend and artist she will be long remembered.

ON Saturday and Monday a fancy fair and general fête in aid of the funds of the Royal Dramatic College was held at the Crystal Palace. Mrs. Stirling,

Miss Amy Sedgwick, Miss Kelly, Mrs. Mellon, and a score of other ladies known to the dramatic world, presided over the stalls, and the affair is described as most successful in all respects.

The Female Servants' Home Society.—The annual meeting of this institution was held on Wednesday, the 26th ult., in the Lecture Hall of Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle, Newington. This institution, which was established in 1836, has already four homes, and its object is to provide a safe home for female servants out of place, and a registry which affords facilities to employers for engaging servants. Joseph Payne, Esq., presided. After a plentiful repast of tea, &c., at which between 200 and 300 sat down, prizes were given to servants who had remained in their situations two and five years, of handsomely-bound Bibles and certificated testimonials, and to three who had remained in their situations eleven, fifteen, and sixteen years, one silver and two gold medals.

Tasmanian Emigration.—The *Antipodes*, Captain G. Croot, left Gravesend on Friday evening last, with eighty-five single women, selected by the Tasmanian Emigration Agency. The emigrants were under the medical charge of George Dinham, Esq., with Miss Louisa Dawes, as matron, assisted by two sub-matrons. The ship was visited by Mr. Philip T. Smith and Mr. James A. Youl, accompanied by Mr. Thomas B. Parker, secretary to the agency. We understand that 100 more single females, accustomed to domestic service, will be forwarded to Tasmania in September next, being the last shipment for the present year.

—On Saturday the 20th a very important meeting was held at the Mansion House for the purpose of supplying partially what we regard as one of the greatest deficiencies of English social arrangements, an institution for the reception of incurables. The Lord Mayor was in the chair, and a numerous company of well-known gentlemen attended. A carefully selected board of management for the new home was appointed, and large subscriptions and donations paid in on the spot. In the course of the proceedings allusion was made to the excellent aid rendered to incurables by the Workhouse Visiting Society.

"SUCH ANGELS."

ON READING THE LAST PUBLISHED POEM OF MRS. BROWNING IN THE "CORNHILL MAGAZINE."

And thou art with them,—with the dead to-day
And, knowing all that can be known, dost know
What to "such Angels" we on earth may owe—
What heaven itself owes—We had bid thee stay,
Amid our doubt and anguish and dismay,
That we unto thy living lips might look
For word of power and prophet-like rebuke,
And tender comfort. In that angel sphere,
They cannot need thee as we need thee here!
Though Christ thy babe upon her breast doth lay,
O moaning Mother! doth it comfort prove?
Doth Heaven's gain make less earth's loss? Twice yea,
Do not "such angels" beckon us that way,
When flaming-sworded Michael might not move?

Isa Craig.