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XIII.—REPORT OF THE SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING THE EMPLOYMENT OF WOMEN.

In stating the progress of the Society during the second year of its work, the Committee feel that while many of its results may be definitely set forth in employments provided and instruction given, even more has been effected in the general moral influence it has brought to bear, both upon the press, and upon the opinions of numerous circles in various parts of the kingdom; because this moral influence tends to induce parents to give a more practical education to their daughters, and leads to efforts being made in many provincial communities to carry out local plans for training and employment.

The Committee have to report a marked advance in the usefulness of their office at Langham Place, as a centre for inquiry and information, as well as in better means of assisting those who apply. A principal feature has been the large increase of work in the register department, though the applications from employers are still insufficient to meet the demands of the educated class.

To aid those who from various causes must have work at home, or for only some hours of the day, the Committee have associated themselves with a plan which has been organized by a lady, for obtaining Government needlework, the remuneration for which is better than in most occupations learnt with equal facility. This will meet the requirements of many who have moved in a higher station, but who are unfitted for teaching, and incapable of supporting themselves in any other way.

The Committee, convinced of the advisability of emigration in many of the cases which come before their notice, are now organizing a plan for the emigration of educated women. A special fund is opened for this purpose, and contributions are earnestly requested.

It has been ascertained that educated women are required in the colonies as teachers in public schools, schoolmistresses, and private governesses, and to supply these is part of the object the Society has in view.

It proposes to establish in the different colonies, such as Adelaide, Sydney, Melbourne, Natal, Canterbury, and Vancouver, local

committees to work with the Central Committee in London, to forward instructions as to the kind and number of educated women required, the situations vacant, or likely soon to become vacant, together with all such information as may assist the Home Committee, and promote, most advantageously to both countries, the objects in view.

The local committees, or agents appointed by and responsible to them, to receive the ladies on their arrival, to direct them to safe and respectable lodgings when necessary, and, in all cases, to protect and assist them while character and conduct remain unimpeachable.

The Committee may mention that among those who in the meantime have already been sent out by the Society, was one of 250 candidates who applied for a London situation of twelve pounds a year. She is now proceeding to Murray River to take a situation of sixty pounds a year. Fourteen others have been assisted to emigrate, viz. six to Sydney, one to Otago, one to Madras, three to Melbourne, two to Natal, and one to Canada.

Arrangements have been made to transfer the working of this branch to a member of the Committee acting under the Society. It will thus be capable of much greater extension than if included among the ordinary work at the office.

The Committee have made inquiries as to the possibility of introducing women into the music-printing and music-engraving trades; but owing to the great expense of individual experiments, they are obliged to wait for a better opening.

Besides incidental help towards employment in wood-engraving and print-coloring, &c., several situations under photographers have been found through the Society. Inquiries were made about the prospects for women in lithography, but except in one or two individual cases it was not found possible to forward these. It having been ascertained that girls would not be received as apprentices in hairdressers' shops, a class was formed for instruction.

Two pupils were apprenticed to the dial-painting * trade, and their progress is satisfactory.

The Committee would take this opportunity of pointing out how much it is in the power of ladies to encourage the employment of women in the trades by which their requirements are supplied. The reply made by a well-known London tradesman to an application to him to take a woman as assistant, was, "Ladies have the matter in their own hands: if every lady as she came into my shop were to ask to be waited on by a woman, we should be obliged to supply one."

An address to the tradesmen of London concerning the further employment of women in shops has been signed by upwards of two hundred ladies of influence, and circulated in the newspapers.

* Painting the figures, &c., on the dials of clocks and watches.

The adult class at Miss Boucherett's school averages twenty-three pupils, who are receiving a good education in arithmetic, book-keeping, and clerk-like handwriting, with such other knowledge as may fit them for a business life. When examined and certificated, their names are placed on a register kept at the school, which may be consulted by employers. Besides those who are trained from the beginning, women sometimes come to learn to keep their husbands' accounts, or for general improvement in the essentials of a plain English education.

The superintendent of the law-copying office reports favorably of the amount of business carried on during the past nine months, and of the encouragement now held out to her, both by the profession and the trade. Of the established success of the Victoria Press, to which the first compositors were apprenticed by the Society, the Committee do not need to speak.

After the meeting of the National Association at Glasgow last year, a committee for promoting the employment of women was formed at Edinburgh, which is in correspondence with the London Society. Branch committees were also established at Newcastle-on-Tyne in the October of last year, and at Leicester and Nottingham, respectively, in May last. The Committee are also in correspondence with a Society established at Aberdeen.

The Committee would recommend to the notice of those who have the management of charitable or other institutions, the claims of some among the better educated class of governesses, who, though still capable of good work, are obliged after some years to withdraw from teaching. These have occasionally well filled such posts as those occupied by assistant secretaries to literary or scientific societies, and secretaries to private persons, and (with some previous training) superintendents of charitable organizations of various kinds, and the Committee cannot but think there is room for many more in similar capacities.

In conclusion, the Committee, while they acknowledge the ground gained, feel how much lies before them. Each day's experience, gathered both from the personal applications made at the office, and those which come from all parts of the country, reveals that the need which exists for well-directed effort in this cause, is even beyond what they at first conceived. At their best, they feel it impossible to keep pace with the necessities which daily open before them; and they would earnestly remind the public, that each individual influence is of value, and that it can be ill spared while the suffering and privation which the society aims to relieve are at their present height. For the suffering which is caused by want of suitable employment is privation from a life of usefulness and self-respect, as well as from the means of living; and the assistance wanted is not the charity which is mere almsgiving, but the charity of justice, in cordially welcoming those who ask "leave to toil" to a better vantage ground in the struggle of life.

XIV.—MARGARET BEAUFORT.

(*Concluded from page* 19.)

HENRY of Richmond was crowned King of England, and we now enter upon a new phase in the life of Margaret Beaufort—one which is to us the most interesting, since we are viewing her as the great patroness of learning, in an age when women had but little knowledge and used that little still less. In her schemes of usefulness, Margaret had now an efficient supporter in the person of her daughter-in-law. Before the marriage of Elizabeth of York with Henry VII. the Countess of Richmond had become much attached to that princess, who was left by her father in the guardianship of Lord Stanley, and consequently resided much with him and the Lady Margaret at Derby House. And now Elizabeth was her son's queen, and, according to the quaint phraseology of Fuller, "his hand held the sweet posie wherein the white and red roses were first tied together;" henceforth Elizabeth of York and Margaret of Lancaster worked side by side for the good of religion and the benefit of their country. They were rarely separated; whenever the Queen publicly appeared in state Margaret stood by her side in the most honorable place; wherever we read of Elizabeth we find it also mentioned that she was "with my lady the King's moder." But we must pass rapidly over succeeding events. Margaret's early life had been clouded with stormy trials, her later years were to be gilded with the sunshine of domestic happiness and peace. On the 20th of September, 1486, Prince Arthur, Margaret's first grandchild, was born. It was on this occasion that she wrote her "ordinances" prescribing the etiquette to be observed at the birth and christening of a king's child. They are very curious in their details, and show that the Countess of Richmond, although she was in all that regarded herself most humble of heart, had a love and perhaps a little weakness for state and form where royalty was concerned. The King created Lord Stanley Earl of Derby, and made him Lord High Constable of all England, in consideration of the services he had rendered, and the relation in which he stood to him. This nobleman died in 1504.

There is one peculiar trait in Margaret's character which we have not yet noticed. Great happiness or good fortune never seemed to elate her. Cardinal Fisher tells of her that "when the king, her son, was crowned, in all that great triumph and glory she wept marvellously, and likewise at the great triumph of the marriage of Prince Arthur and at the last coronation" (Henry VIII.).

Much discontent now began to arise because the Queen had never been solemnly crowned. To propitiate the Yorkists, Henry gave orders that the ceremony should take place with every pomp and solemnity. With consummate tact he resolved that all the honors of the day should be given alone to Elizabeth; he therefore watched

the proceedings with his mother in a private box in Westminster Abbey, and remained *perdue* during the whole ceremony. But Lady Margaret accompanied the Queen from Greenwich, and only left her when she was met by the state barges.

We may judge of the honor in which the Queen held her mother-in-law when we read that, on St. George's-day, 1488, whilst they were keeping the feast in royal state at Windsor, the Countess of Richmond, habited in the robe of the Order of the Garter, *drove with her Majesty* in a rich car drawn by six horses, while the Princess Anne, Elizabeth's own sister, only followed on horseback with the other ladies.

In the following November Margaret's first little grand-daughter was born, and was named after her. She presented her god-daughter with a small box of silver gilt filled with gold pieces. She afterwards had much to do with bringing up the little Margaret, but it does not seem that she was able to impart much of her own learning to the young princess, who, it is said, was not naturally inclined to study, and much spoiled by her father.

We must now introduce one who was destined by Providence to influence most importantly the Lady Margaret's declining years, and whose connexion with her is one of the most interesting features in her life. In 1497, John Fisher, senior proctor of the University of Cambridge, was sent to court on college business, and for the first time met the Countess of Richmond. This eminent divine, who had already gained much public esteem for his learning and sanctity, was the son of a merchant at Beverley, and lost his father at a very early age; but thanks to his mother, his education was well cared for, and he was sent to a good school in his native town. Fisher was admitted at Michael House, Cambridge, and took his degrees in 1488, and 1491; soon after, he was, though very young, elected fellow of his college and proctor of the University. In 1495, he was made master of Michael House and took holy orders. The degree of D.D. was conferred upon him in 1501, when he was also chosen chancellor of the University. In 1504, the See of Rochester being vacant, Henry VII. gave it to Dr. Fisher. He would never exchange this bishopric, which was the least lucrative in England, though repeatedly urged by the King to do so, but used to say that he "would not exchange his little old wife, to whom he had been so long married, for a wealthier." Such was the man whom Lady Margaret chose for her spiritual guide, and who was to be associated with her in works that were "to follow them" long centuries after they were gone to their eternal rest. In the epistles written by Fisher to Bishop Fox, he speaks of her in terms of affectionate esteem, and styles her, "an excellent and indeed incomparable woman, and to him a mistress most dear." He tells of how she loved him with "great and uncommon love, very sincerely."

It was as though she only needed the direction and guidance of a mind like his to enable her to crown her life with the noble monu-

ments of beneficence and charity she has left. The first of these, created at his suggestion, was the foundation at Oxford of a theological lecture to continue for ever, and which is known at the present day as the Margaret Professorship. She also maintained several scholars, too poor to pay for their learning, and kept them at Oxford under the tuition of Maurice Westbury. A similar Lectureship was founded by her at Cambridge in 1503, and Dr. Fisher appointed the first reader. We next come to one of those two great institutions which have immortalized her name: the foundation of Christ's College, Cambridge. The Lady Margaret had wished to settle a large estate upon Westminster to obtain prayers and requiems for the repose of her soul after death; but Fisher represented to her that the Abbey was the richest religious house in England, whereas the two universities, and especially that of Cambridge, were but meanly endowed; that the colleges were yet wanting the wherewithal for their livings; the professors and scholars ill-provided for. He counselled her to use her charity in remedying these evils and thus contribute to the support and encouragement of learning. She made the sacrifice of her inclination with generous liberality. Nor was it unrewarded. Many and many a poor scholar said the prayers for her she so earnestly desired; their hearts warmed with grateful remembrance of her benefactions. In these more worldly days is she ever gratefully remembered by those who drink at the fountains of knowledge she opened for them! *Qui sait?* There was, however, a difficulty to be surmounted ere Margaret could follow Fisher's advice. She had promised her son that she would settle the money in question upon the Abbey of Westminster. The doctor persuaded her to write for leave to change her plans, and he himself delivered the letter. This document is not extant, but the king's answer is printed, in which he gives consent, couched in the most affectionate terms. "Not only," he says, "in this but in all other things that I may know should be to your honor and pleasure and the weal of your soul; I shall be as glad to please you as your heart can desire it." This obstacle overcome, she commissioned Dr. Fisher, who was now a bishop, to take measures for founding and endowing a college within the sacred precincts of Alma Mater. In the reign of Henry VI., 1442, William Bingham, priest of the Church of St. John Zachary in London, in consideration of the low state of grammatical learning then in England, gave a house, known by the name of God's House, near Clare Hall College, for the support of certain grammar scholars. When Henry VI. founded King's College, it was thought expedient to take God's House into the projected site, and Bingham's College was removed to the site of what is now Christ's College, where the king gave them two cottages, formerly belonging to the Abbey of St. Tilsey, and various revenues. But this was a downfall for the college; and to compensate for the loss and inconvenience it had sustained, Henry formed the intention of

increasing the number of scholars and endowing it more largely. But the civil wars and his consequent misfortunes stopped the execution of these good designs. The work was reserved for the Lady Margaret; and when Bishop Fisher sought about for a fitting place where to commence the new foundation, he wisely suggested that what was already begun should be perfected. The name of the college was changed, and property settled upon it sufficient to maintain a master, twelve fellows, and forty-seven scholars. The Lady Margaret took peculiar delight and interest in this work. She went to Cambridge whilst her new college was being fitted up, and a pretty anecdote is related about that visit. Once when she was looking out of window she saw the dean summoning a scholar who had committed some fault to receive correction. Her heart was touched for the offender in the hands of his angry superior; "Lente, lente!" she cried out to the dean. This politic display of her classical lore so pleased the college authorities, that they pardoned the young scholar for her sake.

To grace the opening of Christ College the King and Prince Arthur accompanied Lady Margaret to Cambridge, and made very handsome presents to the college.

Another work of equal importance at this time occupied the minds of Lady Margaret and Bishop Fisher, and this was the foundation of a public preachership at Cambridge. Erasmus says that the bishop by no means liked the preaching of that time, which consisted of cavils about words and dull sophistry, and he wished that there should be a class of men trained who should preach God's word "gravely and with an evangelical spirit," while at the same time they should be capable of impressing the learned by an "efficacious eloquence." He communicated his wishes to the Lady Margaret, and she, ever prompt to do good, gave him the means of supporting a public preacher, who was to preach at least six sermons every year in different churches. The stipend was to be £70 per annum.

The life of the "venerable Margaret" is drawing to a close. She had been long dead to the world, or, rather, the world was dead to her. She had vowed her remaining years to charity, prayer, and penance, and yet she had one more work to do, one more gem to add to her crown, but which was never destined to glitter there on earth.* This was the foundation of a still larger college at Cambridge than the one she had previously endowed. She was destined not to see her design completed, but her wishes were faithfully interpreted and carried out by Fisher in spite of great difficulties and opposition; and St. John's College looks up to the Lady Margaret as its mother and foundress. When King Henry died, all the charm of life for Margaret died also. She was attended in her last hours by her faithful friend and guide, who after leading her in the way of holiness and good deeds on earth,

* "God," says Erasmus, who was her great admirer, "inspired that woman with a thought by no means a womanish one."

now strengthened her soul in its last hours of earthly captivity. She suffered very much. "Her cries," says Bishop Fisher, "were piteous to hear;" but he tells also of her patience, and faith, and love. So she passed away—the great, the good, the learned—passed away from the sight of man, and went to her eternal rest; but her memory for ever remains cherished by England's sons; and to England's daughters she is a bright example, to encourage them in the road to what is good and great, noble and true.

We must not close this little sketch without briefly glancing at her literary remains. Of letters there are scarcely any extant; however, the two following show how her heart was bound up in her son and his family, and are written with much unaffected *naïveté*. The first is dated from Calais; but we can only guess at the reason which took her there, from the tenor of her letter. There is no written authority for saying so, but she must have gone thither to recover certain dues owed her by the French king. The second prettily expresses her affection for the Queen, and, we must own, it also manifests a little pardonable piece of vanity about the small proportions of her hand. It is *à-propos* here to mention that we learn from the bishop that she was small of stature, but there is no description given of her features or appearance by any of her biographers. Her portraits represent her of pleasing countenance, but certainly not beautiful. She is always in the habit of a nun, doubtless from her having taken the vow of chastity, which vow is kept in the archives of St. John's College, Cambridge.

MARGARET TO HENRY VII.

MY DEAREST AND ONLY DESIRED JOY IN THIS WORLD,—With most hearty loving blessing and humble commendations, I pray our Lord to reward and thank your Grace for that it hath pleased yr. Highness so kindly and lovingly to be content to write your letter of thanks to the French King, for my great matter that so long hath been in suit; as Master Wilby hath shewn me yr. bounteous goodness is pleased. I wish my dear heart and my fortune be to recover it. I trust ye shall well perceive I shall deal towards you as a kind, loving mother; and if I should never have it, yet your kind dealing is to me a thousand times more than all that good I can recover, and all the French kings might be mine withal. My dear heart, and it may please your highness to licence Master Whytstonges for this time, to present your honorable letters, and begin the process of my cause, for that he so well knoweth the matter, and also brought me the writing from the said French King, with his other letters to his parliament at Paris; it should be greatly to my help, as I think, but all will I remit to your pleasure; and if I be too bold in this or any of my desires, I humbly beseech your grace of pardon, and that your highness take no displeasure.

My good king, I have now sent a servant of mine unto Kendal,

to receive such annuities as be yet hanging upon the account of Sir William Wall, my Lord's chaplain, whom I have clearly discharged; and if it will please your majesty's own heart, at your leisure to send me a letter, and command me that I suffer none of my tenants be retained with no man, but that they be kept for my Lord of York, your fair sweet son, for whom they be most mete, it shall be a good excuse for me to my lord and husband: and then I may well and without displeasure cause them all to be sworn, the which shall not after be long undone. And where your grace showed your pleasure for ——, the bastard of King Edward, sir, there is neither that nor any other thing I may do by your commandment, but I shall be glad to fulfill to my little power, with God's grace. And, my sweet king, Fielding, this bearer, hath prayed me to beseech you to be his good lord in a matter he sueth for to the Bp. of Ely, now (as we hear) elect, for a little offence nigh to London. Verily, my king, he is a good, and wise, and well-ruled gentleman, and full truly hath served you well, accompanied as well at your first as all other occasions, and that causeth us to be the more bold and gladder also to speak for him; howbeit, my lord marquis hath been very low to him in times past by cause he would not be retained with him; and truly, my good king, he helpeth me right well in such matters as I have business within these parties. And, my dear heart, I now beseech of you pardon of my long and tedious writing, and pray Almighty God to give you as long, good, and prosperous life as ever had prince, and as hearty blessings as I can ask of God.

At Calais town, this day of Saint Anne, that I did bring into this world my good and gracious prince, king, and only beloved son; by

Your humble servant, bede woman, and mother,

MARGARET R.

LETTER ADDRESSED TO THE EARL OF ORMOND, THE QUEEN'S CHAMBERLAIN.

MY LORD CHAMBERLAIN,—I thank you heartily that ye list so soon remember me with my gloves, the which were right good, save that they were too much for my hand. I think the ladies in that part be great ladies all, and according to their great estate they have great personages. As for news here I am sure ye shall have more surely than I can send you. Blessed be God, the King, the Queen, and our sweet children be in good health. The Queen hath been a little crazed but now she is well, God be thanked. Her sickness is not so good as I would, but I trust hastily it shall, with God's grace, whom I pray give you good speed in your great matters, and bring you well, and soon home.

Written at Shene, the 25th day of April, 1496.

M. RYCHEMOND.

The first book she had printed was "The Mirroure of Golde to the Sinfull Soule," which she translated from a French copy of a rare old Latin work called "Speculum aurum Peccatorum." This was imprinted by Wynkyn de Worde, Caxton's Dutch printer, in 1502. A copy of later date, 1522, exists in the British Museum. The other addition made by her to the literature of that age was a translation of the fourth book of the "Imitation of Christ," that most celebrated work, about whose authorship there has been such prolonged disputation. Of the identical copy of which we speak, there is a curious fact worth mentioning. Some authorities hold that the "Imitation, or Following of Christ," was written by Gerson, others that Thomas à Kempis was the author. Now it is worthy of note, that the French copy from which the Lady Margaret made her translation, must have been one of the earliest in type after the book became first known, and it bears the name of John Gerson. The proëm runs thus, "A full devout and godly treatise . . . Compiled in Latin, by the right worshipful master Dr. John Gerson." The three first books of the "Imitation" were translated at the Lady Margaret's request, by Dr. William Atkinson, from the Latin. Gerson's name is prefixed to *the whole,* so that the original Latin copy must have been attributed to his authorship, and would naturally be of older date than the French translation used by Lady Margaret. The "Following of Christ" is so widely known, so generally read, so universally esteemed, that the above remarks are of interest.

Two more books were translated and printed by command of the Lady Margaret, and shortly before her death she desired Bishop Fisher to print the sermons he had preached before her on the seven Penitential Psalms, which were published. He mentions in the prologue that it was at Lady Margaret's request they were printed, and that "the said good and singular lady much delighted in them." Now in these days, when it is the fashion for authors to multiply their productions by twelve within the first year that they see themselves in print, these literary labours of Margaret Beaufort will seem little. But the period is to be considered, the difficulties we have already spoken of, the worth of the matter, the manner of execution.

And amidst her great and glorious deeds of munificence, humbler works of charity were not forgotten by the Lady Margaret. She devoted much time to the poor, the sick, and the afflicted. At one time she sheltered under her own roof twelve poor women whom misfortune had reduced in circumstances, and these she fed and tended with her own hand, nursing them in their sickness. Afterwards they were removed to an almshouse near Westminster, which she endowed. She founded a similar establishment at Hatfield. We have mentioned her ordinances written at the time of Henry VIII.'s birth; at the king's request she also wrote others relative to the attire of women of rank, in consequence of the adoption by the

lower class of the costume then exclusively appropriated to persons of quality.

The remains of the Lady Margaret were deposited in the Chapel built by her son in Westminster Abbey, and a magnificent tomb designed by Torregiano erected over her. Erasmus, at Bishop Fisher's request, wrote her simple epitaph:—

"To Margaret Richmond, the mother of Henry VII. and grandmother of Henry VIII. who founded salaries for three monks in this convent, for a grammar school at Wymborne and a preacher of God's word throughout England, and also for two divinity lecturers, one at Oxford, the other at Cambridge, in which last place she likewise built two colleges in honor of Christ and his disciple St. John. She died in the year of our Lord 1509, June 29th."

On a brass plate close by, the panegyric of Skelton, the poet laureate, is engraven.

M. G. S.

XV.—THE BLACK COUNTRY.

We have no objection to ours being called "The Black Country," like the young lady who declared that she would either marry a very handsome *or* a very ugly man, in order that her husband should be remarkable for something. We like being distinguished, and are rather proud than otherwise of our appellation.

If we cannot show the traveller scenery on which his eye rests with delight, we can at least show him that on which he gazes with wonder. Our mountains are huge cinder heaps, our rivers are the fiery streams of that precious metal which supplies our railways and keeps the machinery of this world-famous England in its beauteous order, the fierce flames of our furnaces by night pale the very stars of heaven, and, alas! we must also admit that their smoke by day too often dims the blue sky above us, and hides its trembling tenderness from our sight. But shut out as are the people of the black country from natural beauty, surrounded by all that is coarse, rough, and debasing, it is in these districts that some of the best feelings of human nature are brought most frequently into play, and thus the lie is given to that shallow old calumny that the heart grows accustomed to suffering and hardens at the frequent sight of it. Here, the shattered limb, the scorched body, the disfigured countenance, and the blackened and dismembered corpse, are matters of weekly—nay, daily—occurrence; yet not the less is sympathy at hand to console the mourners and help the suffering. Rough men and women grow gentle by the bed of anguish, heavy hands smooth the pillow with the tenderness born of love, the little ones of the sorrowing household are cared for by the large-hearted motherly neighbor; everything that charity can suggest, and sacrifice can

supply, is yielded to distress with cheerful readiness; for thoughtless and improvident as are the majority of our laboring population, spending in animal gratification their hardly earned money, no class are more ready to help and support each other in times of trial and need.

It is not an isolated case to find, as the writer has done, the parents of a large family, who, if a time of bad trade came, would not know how to get bread for their own little ones, voluntarily taking charge of one or two orphans, left to the world's mercy by the desolating "typhus" which locates perpetually in many of the close courts and alleys of the mining towns, or, as is frequently the case, deprived of their remaining parent by one of the fearful accidents to which their labor renders them daily and hourly liable.

The "big house" is dreaded, not only for its restraints and discomforts, but is considered in some sort as a disgraceful refuge, only to be endured when life has no other hope left; and there is great pride taken in the fact that, so far as possible, the orphan children of the colliers are saved from its grim walls by their own people.

Yet these same people, with an amount of self-sacrifice, not perhaps equalled, certainly not surpassed by any other class, have little or no self-control; and with few helps or incentives to other than immediate gratification of the senses and feelings, it is little to be wondered at, that the miner, exhausted with his hard work, often for a week together never seeing the blessed light of heaven, takes no thought for aught beside food, sleep, and labor.

Much has been done of late years for the colliery districts—lectures, mechanics' institutes, night schools, &c., have in many instances sown the seeds, and given a taste for better things—but much remains to be done, and that of another kind than has yet been attempted save in one or two instances.

Four or five days out of seven, the collier's home is a scene of dirt, confusion, and disorder; squalid, noisy children, an unswept hearth, and an untidy wife, are little inducements to the husband to spend his evenings at home; and the clear bright fire of the neighboring tap-room, the spruce barmaid, the cheerful company, and the tempting glass, gain greatly by comparison, and are hard to be resisted. It is the *women* of the black country who most need the aid of the philanthropist and the thoughtful help of their better-taught sisters: these, when children, as soon as they can possibly be trusted out alone, are sent to and fro to the pits with "dinners" for their fathers or brothers employed there; one meets them regularly at the same hour each morning, plodding along the black dusty roads, not daring even to stop to pick the yellow crow-foot or some kindly disposed daisy which has ventured to open its eye in our murky atmosphere, for "mother" was late in getting the said dinner ready, and unless the little ones are quick they will not reach the pit-mouth at the proper time.

From these and similar causes, their attendance at school is only at distant and fitful intervals in their extreme childhood; that season passed, they are employed on the pit-banks, and in such work as women may do about the blast furnaces. On the bank they assist in bringing the "skip" (or iron basket in which the coal is drawn up) to land, help to unload it, and also load carts and wagons waiting to be supplied, or stack the coal until wanted: at canal wharfs they are similarly employed in loading boats; they carry the "pikes" to and fro which want repairs; candles, of which great quantities are consumed, and the "pit drink." Of this last, one woman will often carry thirty quarts at a time. At the blast furnaces they are employed in riddling the refuse calcined iron, carrying water and attending to the coke fires; they also wash the ashes from the puddling furnaces, or, as they are technically called, "brays." The majority of females so occupied are young single girls, and in an area of five miles from 500 to 600 women are thus employed. The coal mines "dip" to the south, and in the thick coal-fields no women are employed. For these services their wages vary from 1*s.* 3*d.* to 1*s.* 8*d.* per day; for the same work a man would be paid 3*s.* 3*d.* per day; and it is calculated that five women do the work of four men, so that by employing women a considerable saving is effected. We cannot wonder if the young girl, shut out from the holy influences and quiet teaching of home, her strength in many instances taxed beyond its power, seeing nothing better than the coarse associations of the pit-bank and the furnace-yard, her ears polluted from her cradle with fierce oaths and rude language, accustomed to no higher enjoyments than those of the senses, should seek her pleasures only in those things that she knows; nor can we wonder that in such an atmosphere the blessed buoyancy of spirit so hard to kill in youth, so strong to hope, and strive, and believe, should run riot, and lead its possessor into unwomanly and unbecoming levity of speech and conduct.

An early marriage, with its new responsibilities of which she is utterly ignorant, finishes her girlish career, and the slatternly wasteful wife, too often the mate of a drunken improvident husband, *drags up* (for one cannot say brings up) a family in the only way of which she has any knowledge, and thus the evil is widened and increased.

The use of stimulants is a fearful evil of these districts, and is as much a custom among women as men—the child sent to the gin-shop to coax home her drunken father has the poisoned cup placed to her lips in maudlin kindness; she is from infancy familiar with such places: a few years, and she enters unabashed the gin-palace with her lover, for the glass which is the accustomed indulgence of the holiday hour: married, she has to fetch her husband often nightly from his haunts; waiting for him she takes the tempting liquid which raises her weary spirits, and makes her for a time forget her troubles—the craving for the false strength of excitement increases, the fatal habit is irrevocably formed, and of its effects our

police-courts give too frequent and saddening proofs. We would by no means say that this picture has no reverse, but in serious sadness we believe its opposite is the exception, not the rule; and this belief is founded upon years of observation.

If the collier's wife knew how to regulate and keep her home neat and tidy, if she understood that a grand scrubbing and swilling process at times does not absolve her from the thousand little habits of care and nicety without which any home, large or small, will be found in a perpetual muddle; if also she felt the value of "the stitch in time," she would find it the best economy to "look well to the ways of her household," and to teach her daughters the same, rather than send them, while mere children, to the pit-bank and the furnace-yard.

They are a difficult class to deal with, the independent spirit, which is the germ of much that is noble, prompting them to resist all attempts to influence their homes, such attempts being looked upon as undue interference. The schools in these districts are generally well attended in point of numbers, but the pupils change frequently. The miner requires little for his occupation beyond physical strength and endurance; and education does not help these, therefore it is not surprising if it is a hard matter to convince him of the importance of a thing the results of which he cannot understand. And the education wanted in these districts is not so much that of the head as of the heart and hands, and this is especially the case as regards the women of the black country. To teach a girl who will be the wife of a miner, and whose hands must scrub the floors, wash the linen, cook the meals, and nurse a large family of children, the exact dimensions of the bedstead of Og, the King of Bashan, the names and order of the Judges of Israel, the heights of the various mountain ranges in the world, to demonstrate to her that the earth is an oblate spheroid, and require her to be able to describe the social condition of the Japanese, is a simple absurdity; yet these are a sample of the questions asked in our schools.

It is computed that the time children remain at our national schools averages two years. Two years! to cram the little brain with a smattering of so many things—Scripture facts, geography, history, grammar, natural history, reading, writing, and arithmetic. No wonder that the mistress of the national school stands aghast with terror, on examination days, lest the Nile should figure as one of the chief rivers of England, &c.

Among the better taught of us, how many years are given to school, how patiently are we trained to habits of thought, and how little we retain at last; yet we expect names, dates, and facts, to sink into minds that have frequently less capacity, and always less leisure to develop that capa ity. Better that in the two years of school life which these children get, we taught, as an old gentleman more remarkable for his hearty common sense than for his ortho-

graphy used to advise, *the three r's* tolerably, than attempt so much and do so little. To give children a knowledge of religious truth, to lead them to wonder at and trust to God's care and love, to reverence His name, His house, and His day; to make them familiar with the Saviour's life and teaching, to show them how surely sorrow follows sin, is of more importance than to load their memories with facts which can only be lodged there by a cramming process that places the Bible on the level of a common lesson book. If, instead of teaching these girls the nine parts of speech, we taught them how to cook a dinner, the *method* required even in sweeping and dusting a room, the necessary care for health, the value of proper ventilation, the importance of cleanliness, personal and household, the constant and inevitable discomfort of the home where the wife is slovenly and untidy, the necessity for the stitch in time, showing them how the small hole left undarned in the stocking is soon past repair; the advantage of keeping everything to its proper use; soiled linen being put carefully away for the weekly wash, no dirty aprons being used for dusters or kitchen towels, (a process by no means uncommon in slatternly households,) if we taught these things, instead of leaving them to the instinct which all women are supposed to possess for household matters, surely we should see happier results than at present; and ignoble as such things may appear in detail, it is the want of knowledge on these and similar subjects which leads to so much discomfort, nay, to positive misery.

England has reason to be proud of her institutions for the helpless and the ignorant, for they are almost numberless, but in this Black Country, with its enormous population, we have but one solitary Training Home for Girls. We have our hospitals, our national and other schools, one orphanage struggling against insufficient funds, and one home where girls are trained for domestic service. In this latter institution, since its opening in April, 1857, ninety-five young girls have been received—eighty-one fitted for service, fourteen still remain in the Home; connected with it is also an industrial school for boys. One or two more such homes in our densely crowded districts might save many of our young sisters from the evils attendant upon the coarse associations around them.

With strong and willing hands, brave and affectionate hearts, and energies which only need guidance and direction, the people of the Black Country, in the eloquent words of one who has "done what she could" for them, "exposed to all the temptations of crowded dwellings, exhausting labor, and its attendant snares, afford a field of exertion not to be surpassed in interest and importance by any sphere of missionary labor."

XVI.—CHILD AND MOTHER.

Little Clara stands beside
  The old-fashioned oak-wood panels,
With an idle hand she traces
Roads and rivers, forms and faces,
  In the veined and crossing channels.

All her toys are fine and costly,
  And each one should be a treasure;
Yet, you see, she does not heed them,
Has forgot, or does not need them,
  She is weary of her pleasure.

Weary of her gorgeous pictures,
  And her gilded cup and ball;
Weary of the tales and verses
Read by governess and nurses
  Till she knows them all.

Almost all the pictured pages,
  Almost all the printed leaves,
Tell her still, among all change,
Of something very sweet and strange,
  That with child-life interweaves.

Does she wonder, standing there,
  Why she stands there all alone?
Why no mother-love can reach her,
Why these hirelings tend and teach her,—
  Lonely little one?

Nay, I think not. Children never
  Reason out, as we might do;
Only intuitions, stirring
In their hearts, and sometimes warring
  With their outer life, shine through.

Little Clara only feels
  That a something may be wanted;
Mother's love and mother's kisses,
Never known, she scarcely misses,
  Is by no remembrance haunted.

So she stands there, somewhat weary
  Of her playthings, as I said,
Yet not conscious that upon her
Rests a shadow of dishonor,
  Very dark and dread.

Many waters quench not love,
  Through our sin we own its power,
And outside the bolted gates
Very patiently there waits
  A pale stranger, hour by hour.

And their words shrink back to silence,
  Ere they question, "Who is this?"
Recollection might have faltered,
For her face is worn and altered,
  But her voice tells who it is.

And they say, "He stays till evening,"
  And they whisper, "Let her come;"
And with hand stretched out to guide her,
Half in fear, they walk beside her
  Through what was her home.

She will only look at Clara,
  And then go away;
Stand but for a moment near her,
Only see her, only hear her,
  At her noontide play.

For the little child must never
  Know of that sad stain:
Once they looked on one another,—
Never more the child and mother
  Met on earth again.

ARIELL THORN.

XVII.—LE NID DE FAUVETTE.

JE le tiens, ce nid de fauvette;
  Ils sont deux, trois, quatre petits.
Depuis si long temps je vous guette;
  Pauvres oiseaux, vous voilà pris.

Criez, sifflez, petits rebelles:
  Debattez-vous: Oh! c'est en vain.
Vous n'avez pas encore vos ailes;
  Comment vous sauvez de ma main?

Mais quoi! N'entends-je point leur mère
  Qui pousse des cris douloureux?
Oui, je le vois, oui, c'est leur père
  Qui vient voltiger autour d'eux.

Ah! pourrais je causer leur peine,
Moi qui, l'été, dans ces vallons,
Venais m'endormir sous un chêne,
Au bruit de leurs douces chansons?

Hélas! si du sein de ma mère
Un méchant venait me ravir
Je le sens biens, dans sa misère,
Elle n'aurait plus qu'à mourir.

Et je serais assez barbare
Pour vous arracher vos enfants;
Non, non, que rien ne vous sépare:
Non, les voici, je vous les rends.

Apprenez leur dans le bocage
A voltiger auprès de vous;
Qu'ils écoutent votre ramage,
Pour former des sons aussi doux.

Et moi, dans la saison prochaine
Je reviendrai dans ces vallons,—
Dormir quelque fois sous un chêne
Au bruit de leur jeunes chansons.

BERQUIN.

XVIII.—ALGERINE NOTES.

PART II.—ALGERINE ANIMALS.

THE JACKAL.

JACKALS are very numerous, notwithstanding their constant destruction by snares or guns; Government pays 1*s.* 3*d.* for each one killed. When they are gathered together in bands they will sometimes attack a wounded ox, cow, or donkey, if they find it in the field unguarded. I saw more than once a full-grown hog, and once a cow with a broken leg, devoured by them. An Arab who was shot near a model farm was entirely devoured in a single night, in 1839, but since then, save under exceptional circumstances, they have limited their havoc to fruits, poultry, lambs, kids, or goats. In February and March, when the kids and lambs are in the fields, hyænas often spring at the flocks and endeavor to frighten away the parents and catch the young ones. They breed with the Arabian dogs, and these cross breeds become the greatest enemy to the jackal race. The jackals, when they are domesticated, learn to bark louder than in the savage state, and reared with dogs they become gentle and sociable. I had one which carried objects in its mouth, when it saw a setter doing the same thing; it lived

afterwards more than fifteen years at the Jardin des Plantes in Paris. Jackals are able to eat a great deal of meat; mine, when it weighed four pounds, many times ate five pounds of tripe a day.

The jackal, instead of being the lion's provider, is provided for by the lion. When the lion has slain and partaken of a large quadruped, as a camel or a horse, it leaves remains upon which jackals or other small carnivorous animals can live. When a panther has taken and eaten its full of any large animal, it does not abandon it as the lion does, for it dislikes the jackal, so lies in wait near its prey and kills every imprudent creature coming to eat the remains. Thus Mr. Bombonnel, the panther slayer, many times found dead jackals near the prey of the panther; now and then you see jackals, Arabian dogs, vultures, and ichneumons eating together amicably a dead horse or ox. When the prey is scarce, struggles arise between them. One of my acquaintances was witness of the following fight between a jackal and a vulture in broad day, near the bridge of Chevalid:—The bird and the quadruped pulled at the leg of a horse during some minutes. The vulture, to become master, rose some feet and struck with its beak and wings at the jackal, and succeeded in carrying off the leg. The jackal called a fellow to its rescue, pursued the vulture, retook the leg, gave it to its fellow, who hid it in a bush, and then fought against the enemy: afterwards they both entered the bush to partake of the fruit of the victory, while the vulture soared over the bush without daring to descend upon it.

THE ANTIPATHY OF ANIMALS.

Several facts prove to me that animals, whatever they may be, have their natural enemies, their antipathies, and also undergo a certain fascination from their enemy. Lions become fearful at the presence of a snake; a rabbit or a hare shrinks before a ferret; a hedgehog or a snake before an ichneumon. I will relate some facts I have myself witnessed. At Algiers, in 1836, a lion quivered fearfully when a lizard or snake was cast into its cage. A lioness at Phillippe-ville, in 1843, endeavored to bite, or to strike with her claw, every person approaching her. When a tarred cord was drawn along the ground before her, she immediately became timid; she crouched down at the bottom of the cage, and remained motionless, scarcely daring to look at the cord.

From 1839 to 1844 I had an ichneumon which had never seen other prey than rats or mice. A cohiber, five feet long, was brought home; it was very wicked, sprang at and bit every person and animal within its reach. I introduced the ichneumon into its room. As soon as it saw the quadruped it rolled over and over, and became motionless. The ichneumon, without hesitation, rushed at it, seized it by the neck; killed, and devoured it. After seizing it, the ichneumon shook it and rolled itself upon the floor several times, being led instinctively to roll rapidly to avoid the twining of the snake.

Another day a hedgehog was placed before the same ichneumon, and was attacked immediately. Instead of flying or defending itself it burst out into piercing screams, and continued to do so long after it was separated from its enemy. I frequently placed these animals together, and the hedgehog always uttered the same piercing screams at the sight alone of the ichneumon. The hedgehog's cries have some likeness to the mewings of a cat and the wailings of an infant, but are much more piercing. I often heard them in my nocturnal wanderings, and I could not explain them before seeing the struggle between these two animals. Does the hedgehog cry only when it is attacked by the ichneumon? I am inclined to believe so. I saw a great many of them in Europe and Africa seized and killed by dogs, and I never heard them cry in this peculiar manner; they only uttered a few grunts. Snakes do not fascinate their prey by their aspect; they fascinate it by their will, and by putting forth a kind of magnetic fluid, but above all by staring at it, and by certain movements of the neck and body. I saw, near Constantine, in 1843, a tomtit flutter for some minutes, and then fly into the mouth of a cohiber. At the very same time some storks hovered hard by. I wished to render the snake harmless; I therefore broke its spine, and left it upon a stone. A young stork came and looked at it without daring to seize it. She flew to the town and came back again accompanied by a larger one, probably her father or mother; this last stooped over the cohiber and carried it off towards its own nest, upon a house in the town. The snake did not attempt to defend itself. Every snake, whether venomous or not, taken by a stork, appears to lose its volition, and does not try to bite.

* SMALL GAME.

The Arabs employ a curious method of hunting partridges, hares, and starlings. Besides the gun, they use small heavy sticks, which either on horseback or on foot they cast at the partridges or hares as they fly. They are very skilful, and a single blow is always sufficient to bring down the game. In the neighborhood of the Sahara, good horsemen pursue the hare at full gallop, and endeavor to place it between the horse's legs; then suddenly throwing themselves from the horse to the ground and extending their burnous, they catch the hare. Some years ago I saw the hunters of the tribe of Drariak hunting partridges in the following manner:—They had a large piece of calico fixed with two poles upon the ground; on this calico was painted some red color, or the portrait of a donkey or a panther. A hole was made through the calico. The hunter passed his gun through the hole and waited. A fellow-hunter caused the partridges to rise. Then the birds, seeing the calico, came near it, looking at it with a kind of fascination, and the man concealed behind his screen fired without stirring. The partridges flew to some distance and returned to the same place till the whole covey was slain, then the man folded his screen and picked up his

game. During the winter, starlings arrive in the neighborhood of Algiers in innumerable flocks; they rest at night on reeds or bushes. The Arabs approach them, bearing large vessels filled with hot tar, which by means of long brooms they sprinkle over the birds, which fall unable to fly. The next morning the hunters gather them up in large numbers, and sometimes several hundreds are caught. At Lake Alloula the hunters kindle a fire in a boat at some distance from the land, others on shore awake the starlings perched up on the reeds and bushes. The flocks fly directly forward to the light of the boat, then the men in the boat blow out the fire, and the birds suddenly deprived of light fall into the water and are drowned. For such sport it is necessary that the night be obscure.

There is little to say about the storks, unless that they are respected by the Arabs on account of their utility, and because they believe those birds are sometimes animated by the souls of their ancestors. The storks permit the Arabs to approach them within some paces, but are more cautious before the Europeans. Their nests become now and then an inconvenience to the neighborhood, for the snakes which they carry to their young ones run away and enter the houses; also the incessant clapping of their bills produces a very disagreeable noise. At Medea, in 1842, large flocks of these birds hovered for several hours over the town. On a sudden, two of them rushed at a third, struck it with their beaks, and dashed it down into the yard of a house inhabited by a military chemist. It had its wing broken—its executioners pursued it into the very yard, but were prevented from killing it by the master of the house. The gentleman took care of the wounded bird and put it in a gallery. Then the executioners, during three days, while their fellows continued their migrations towards the south, actually remained at Medea, attempting to enter the yard and to strike the victim. I saw the wounded bird: it became tame, and lived many years.

The ichneumon is perhaps the most courageous of all carnivorous animals. It does not heed the size or kind of its adversary. In domesticity it makes itself respected by dogs and cats. In the savage life it fights against jackals and foxes: it catches hares, rabbits, snakes, lizards, rats, hedgehogs, and birds. It would be more useful in a house than a cat. Many cats are indifferent to mice and rats: the ichneumons never. In Martinique and St. Lucy, and the Antillas, they would be very valuable against venomous snakes. When they wish to watch their prey they rise upon their hind legs, and can stand in that position like a bear or a kangaroo. When they have to pass through a bushy hedge, they push aside the branches with the fore legs, and pass through such a small space that it is almost impossible for a dog or any quadruped to follow them. The sharpened form of their head enables them to pursue lizards and snakes into their holes.

OXEN DISCOVERING MURDERERS.

In 1847, an Arab shepherd drove his cattle one morning to their usual pasture ground, about two miles from the village of Fondouk, towards the village of L'Arba. Some time after their arrival an old ox showed signs of uneasiness. It bellowed, called its fellows to come, and together they ran towards some bushes, then towards the shepherd, then returned again to the bushes, then again to the man. The latter thought that some extraordinary thing must be there; he shouted for another shepherd, and, following the oxen, they found spots of blood, pieces of garments, and in the bushes the corpse of a young Arab with his skull broken and his throat cut. So long as the corpse was lying there the oxen refused to feed.

The next morning, when I went with the officers of justice to verify this assassination, I ascertained that the oxen had not trodden upon the trace of blood; they ran near it, making a footpath parallel to the trace. They feel an instinctive aversion to blood. They often discover corpses of men, as I have many times seen myself. In this instance the assassins remained undiscovered. In another case, which I remember, oxen caused the arrest of an assassin. It was in 1852. I had to examine an Arab to ascertain if he was insane. Being shepherd to the chief of the tribe of Krachna, he let his cattle run across a corn-field. The landlord complained of this invasion, which he attributed to negligence, and the chief ordered fifty blows of a stick to be administered. The shepherd thought that the punishment was unjust, and resolved to have a true Arabian revenge on his master. He fed the cattle in company with a son and a nephew of the chief, boys sixteen and eighteen years of age. He proposed to them to try their strength, and to tie each other with cords. The trial was accepted. Having joked with the boys for some time he tied them with cords, all the party being in apparent good humor, and laughing heartily. When he saw them unable to move and to defend themselves, he suddenly drew his knife and cut their throats; then fled to Kabylia. The oxen came back to the tribe. Some men, seeing in these animals signs of trouble and terror, went to the spot and found the two murdered boys. Horsemen were sent in pursuit of the assassin, and he was arrested the same day. Such an assassination induced the belief that he was laboring under some involuntary murderous propensity, and for this reason I was requested by the justice to examine him. These are his answers to my interrogations:—

Q. Why didst thou kill the boys?

A. To revenge myself on their father and uncle. I had been unjustly beaten. I could not prevent the oxen from running across the corn-field, for they were attacked by the bull-flies, and the chief knows well that when this happens it becomes impossible for the shepherd to command them. God alone can do so.

Q. If the chief has punished thee unjustly, thou oughtest to slay

him, and not his son and nephew, who are innocent of his deed, and who were thy fellows.

A. The chief is old now, he is no longer able to beget children. By killing his only son and his nephew I destroy his whole family. All the days of his life will be filled with sorrow. He is much more punished than if I had killed him. He will die slowly with grief.

Q. Hadst thou any animosity against the boys?

A. No, I loved them much.

Q. Did the boys cry and implore thy pity when they perceived thou didst wish to slay them?

A. No, nobody could hear them; and they perceived by my face that I was determined to murder them.

Q. Hadst thou killed men before?

A. Yes, several when I was a soldier in the Turcos, (the native Algerian Infantry.)

Q. Hadst thou any pleasure in killing men?

A. When I killed them with a gun I had no pleasure; but I was fond of killing them with a bayonet.

So speaking, he shook his hands, imitating the movements of a soldier with a bayonet.

Q. Hadst thou any remorse after killing the boys?

A. Some hours after I had great remorse. I could neither eat nor drink. I thought that the devil soared over my head like a large vulture. Were I not arrested I should have surrendered myself to be slain.

At these words he bowed his head before me, and stood motionless. He thought I was the executioner, and that I should cut off his head. The interpreter explained that I was only a physician.

This man was perfectly sane. He was only twenty-five years old. At the trial he avowed all his doings. He was condemned to death, and beheaded at Algiers.

Unless the oxen had witnessed against him, probably he would have had time to escape into the mountains.

THE WATER-DOG AND ITS MASTER.

In 1842 I went with a commissary of police and several policemen into a room occupied by a young workman who had not been out for two days. The door was locked inside, so that we were obliged to have the lock forced by a locksmith. Upon a bed was lying the man, and upon his breast a water-dog. When we approached the bed, it barked furiously, and rushed against us as if to defend its master. During about two minutes it did not understand what we were doing, and maintained a hostile and angry attitude. It alternately licked the face of its master, looked at us, scolded us, and licked again. When it understood that we were administering succour it became thankful, and many times licked my hands. The man had been dead two days. The dog followed the corpse to the hospital, where we had to proceed to a *post-mortem* examination.

It remained here till the morning, followed its master to the cemetery, and lay down on the grave. During eight days it refused any food; when turned out of the cemetery it came and lay again upon the tomb. Sometimes it scratched the ground, put its mouth to it, howled as if to call the deceased, and, repelling every consolation, died upon the very grave.

A MONKEY AND ITS MASTER.

During several years, a large monkey lived at an innkeeper's near the Place d'Isly. The man and the beast were very friendly. If anybody feigned to strike the man, the animal grew angry, and endeavored to defend him. It did not permit a dog to fawn on its master, yet one day itself bit him on the hand. Erysipelas was the consequence of the bite, which soon took a dangerous character. During the illness the monkey refused to abandon the bed of its master. The latter showing his swollen arm, said to it, "Look, Jaka, thou art the cause of my death." The monkey seemed to understand these words and what it had done, for it became more and more sorrowful, seemed also to feel remorse, and died some days after the burial of its master. We have in our recollection several other examples of animals, dogs, horses, parrots, &c., which died of sorrow for having lost their masters; also some examples of real suicides by animals. But we must bring this fertile and interesting subject to a close, assuring the traveller that Algiers possesses many attractions to the naturalist and man of science. B., *M.D.*

XIX.—FRUITS IN THEIR SEASON.

(Conclusion of the Series.)

XII.—THE PLUM.

From the wave-hollowed cavern in the cliff, to the Cathedral of St. Peter's; from the wild gorilla of the woods, to the thorough English gentleman; such are the analogues that present themselves when we would think of illustrations of progress equivalent to the stride from the sloe to the greengage—from Nature's thorny stunted bush, with its puny leaves and harsh, insignificant, berry-like produce, to Art's shapely tree, with broad ample foliage and large luscious fruit, fair child of human care and culture. Yet, the Adam of the race, the sloe,—without which, if the theory of development be true, we should have had no greengage,—claims the first attention in a notice of this tribe, the first favorites of autumn, whose fleshy drupes form so nicely graduated a link between the juicy berries of summer, and those substantial pommes which accompany us into winter. The plums, as a family, are native to the greater part of Europe, and some parts of Asia, Africa, and America; but the only member

indigenous to England is the sloe, (the *Prunus spinosa*, or thorny plum,) which is very commonly found wild in our hedges, usually not further north than Wales, though, as it will endure a moister climate, it is sometimes found in Highland valleys, where the more fastidious furze-bush refuses to grow. Grown in open parks as a single tree, it may be reared to a height of even thirty feet, but in hedges is rarely seen more than twenty feet high; in France, never above fifteen feet; and it is generally far below that altitude. Its creeping root throws up such numerous suckers that, if left undisturbed, a single plant would, in the course of a few years, spread over an acre of ground—a peculiarity which has led the French to bestow upon it the title of "*Mère du Bois*," for not only does it thus multiply itself to an enormous extent, but its suckers affording shelter to any seeds of timber trees that may be dropped among them by birds, these too thrive unusually, and thus, under the direct and indirect influence of the sloe, the field, in the course of a few years, becomes a forest. This encroaching disposition makes the plant very unsuitable for boundary hedges, as the limits of neighboring property may be indefinitely varied by its growth; and when once established it is no easy task effectually to serve an ejectment upon it, since, even when grubbed up by the roots, every fibril left in the soil will spring up again and become a separate plant, making the very measure taken to extirpate it only a new means of multiplication. The only sure method of making head against such pertinacious power of vegetation is to oppose to it the force of animal voracity; and as all cattle, and especially sheep and goats, are fond of the leaves of the sloe, whether fresh or dried, by calling in their aid the stems are gnawed down even to the quick, the shoots rise next year very feebly, and, again consumed, give up the contest in despair, seldom appearing again at all in the third year.

The taste for sloe leaves is shared in also by beings of higher nature, though the pleasure they impart is mostly partaken of in unconsciousness of its source, they being more often used as an adulteration than avowedly as a substitute, but really taking the place of tea better than any other European plant yet known, having a peculiar aromatic flavor, (shared in by the meadow-sweet and some other plants,) which offers some resemblance to the delicate perfume of China's peerless leaf. Besides its leaves, the branches are thickly armed with sharp thorns, the wound from which is so much less easy to heal than those made by the hawthorn, that Withering suspects their action is chemical as well as mechanical, and that there must be something poisonous in their nature. During the bleak days of March, before any other fruit-tree has blossomed, and often even before its own leaves have appeared, the sloe unfolds its small white flowers, solitary, so far as that implies that they do not grow in clusters, but thickly strewn over the branches, and consisting of five petals, from twenty to thirty stamens, with orange-colored anthers, and generally one, but sometimes two central styles. Balfour says

that fruits formed like these, by the ovaries alone, are more liable to drop off and to suffer from unfavorable weather than those in which the calyx is retained to enter into their composition, as is the case in the gooseberry, apple, and most other tribes; but, when their course does run smooth, by September these blossoms have matured into little violet-skinned azure-bloomed balls scarcely larger than a fine black currant, so austere that they can scarcely be eaten until somewhat mellowed by frost, and held in so little esteem even by omnivorous children, that it is only by courtesy they can be allowed to rank upon the list of fruits. In France they are pickled, while unripe, in salt and vinegar, as a substitute for olives; and when ripe are fermented with water, to form a beverage much drunk by the lower classes, though by no means wholesome to be taken habitually, its acid astringent qualities causing internal obstructions. Properly fermented, the sloe makes a wine not unlike new port, and contributes occasionally to the adulteration of that much mystified compound; while the *schnaps*-loving Germans and Russians put it to the same use to which they devote almost everything of a fruity nature which comes in their way, and contrive to distil a spirit from it. Its juice may further be used as a marking-ink, for it gives a stain to linen or woollen which cannot be washed out; and though the plum tribe are often looked on with terror as the fruitful source of autumnal diarrhœa, this head of the family is so eminently famed for the contrary effect, that its expressed juice is used in pharmacy, and its bottled fruit in domestic practice, as almost a specific against that complaint. The essential properties of the plant vary strangely at different stages of growth, for the flowers are moderately purgative; the fruit, when first ripe, extremely astringent, yet soon lose that character, and when very fully ripe become decidedly laxative. The bark is used in tanning; it affords, in conjunction with alkali, a yellow dye, and with sulphate of iron a fine black ink, and is also employed in intermittent fevers as a tolerably efficient substitute for Peruvian bark. The upright branchless shoots of the sloe are more used throughout Europe than any other wood for walking sticks, the glossy, horse-chestnut colored bark needing no polish, and the bases of the thorns variegating it with a beautiful appearance as of knots.

One sloe, the double-flowering variety, is exalted above all others to a well-merited place in the garden, for in its blossoming season in May it is scarcely surpassed in beauty by any vernal blooming shrub, its slender shoots, ten or twelve feet high, being thickly covered with charming little white double-blossoms about the size of a sixpence, and resembling miniature roses. It is a special favorite in China, and according to Kœmpfer, is cultivated in Japan, on account of its flowers, with such success, that they acquire the size of a large double rose, and are so abundant as to cover the whole tree with a surface of snowy whiteness speckled with blood-red. "These trees," says he, "are the finest of their ornaments;

they are planted in preference around their temples, and are also cultivated in pots or boxes for private houses, as orange-trees are in Europe." The beauty of this sloe is the more remarkable as the plum tribe in general present no very ornamental appearance, the double-blossoming plum, though sometimes bearing a large handsome white flower, being very prone to degenerate and become single, and it is always inferior in effect to the former plant.

The next step in plum progress is the bullace, also a wild growth in England, Germany, and France, which, like the sloe, is armed with spines, and bears a fruit which is globular in shape, but larger and varied in color, being sometimes black, sometimes yellowish, tinged with red, or occasionally quite red, and, a matter of more importance, it is much less austere, forming very fair pies and other culinary preparations. When cooked they are not very attractive, as may be judged by their having earned in Provence the name of *Prunes sibarelles*, because from their sourness it is impossible to whistle just after having eaten them.

From the bullace we rise to the *Prunes domestica*, the spineless species, including all the numerous varieties which furnish our autumnal feasts, none of which are found truly wild in Britain. There is, however, little record of their introduction, except a mention by Hakbergh, in 1582, of the plum called the Perdigwend (now Perdrigone) being "brought from Italy, with two kinds more, by Lord Cromwell after his travel;" but Tusser, in 1573, had already enumerated ten sorts; and Johnson, in 1633, says, "To write of plums particularly would require a peculiar volume, and yet the end not to be attained unto nor the stocke or kindred perfectly known, neither to be distinguished apart. The number of the sorts are not known to any one country; every climate hath his own fruit far different from that of other countries. Myself have three score sorts in my garden, and all strange and rare: there be in other places many more common, and yet yearely cometh to our hands others not before known." The multiplication of new sorts having begun so early, it is not surprising to find that the third edition of the Horticultural Society's fruit catalogue contained 127 varieties, to which about twenty more may now be added, besides fresh American originations. The tree will grow in almost any soil, though it thrives best in a strong rich one; for in sand it is specially liable to become a prey to insects, and in clay the fruit is insipid; and its shade is considered rather favorable than otherwise to grass growing beneath it. It begins to bear in its sixth or seventh year, increasing in productiveness till the twelfth year, after which it continues to bear good crops in favorable seasons until decrepitude comes on—a period which varies much in different varieties and according to soil and circumstances—though it is very rare to see a plum-tree more than 150 years old. The height varies from six feet to thirty feet; but as the larger the tree becomes, the less fruit it bears, in proportion to its size and the space occupied, and the

worse in point of quality, besides the greater difficulty of gathering it, magnitude is by no means desired. Pruning of the roots as well as the branches is resorted to to check its natural luxuriance, and the suckers, which it sends forth more freely than any other fruit tree, must be removed as soon as they appear—*i. e.*, five or six times in the course of the summer—or not only will the harvest be deficient, but even the life of the tree will be endangered. Sometimes the trees begin to decay internally even when quite young, yet still continue to bear fruit as abundantly as those of more healthy appearance. The different varieties are distinguished partly by the surface of the young woods, which in some is smooth, in some downy or covered with soft hairs; partly by the fruit being divided, like peaches, into those in which the stone adheres firmly to the flesh, and those in which it parts freely; and another very decided mark of difference is seen in the suture or furrow which deeply indents one side of many plums, while in others it is scarcely visible. Some varieties, however, have features so individually characteristic as to be recognised at a glance; and among these may be classed the universally familiar damson, valued by the poor for its abundance as much as the greengage is by the wealthy for its delicacy, growing as it does in every cottage garden, and bringing often enormous crops, and lingering later than any other plum. It is mentioned by Pliny as the Damascene plum, so called from Damascus in Syria, but introduced long since into Italy; and he remarks further, that the stone of this fruit is larger than usual and the flesh smaller in quality, yet it will never dry so far as to wrinkle, the sun of its native country being needed to produce this effect. We have no quarrel with it on this ground, and are satisfied to dispense with its drying while it maintains the character of being our best baking plum, thousands of bushels being sold annually both here and in America, to be made into winter preserve. The muscle is also a well-known good kind for culinary purposes, and the Orleans was formerly a favorite, but has been almost superseded of late years by newer sorts. It is, however, in the greengage that the acme of plum perfection is reached, this famous fruit being admitted, even by the Americans, to surpass every other kind that has been produced in any country. No account seems to have been preserved of how or where it originated, but it is said to have been introduced into France by Queen Claude, wife of Francis I., and is generally known in that country as the "Reine Claude," though in some parts bearing local epithets, mostly complimentary, such as "*abricot verd*" at Tours, and "*la verte bonne*" at Rouen. Its English title is derived from the Gage family, a member of which, some time during last century, procured a collection of trees from the Chartreuse monastery at Paris, on the arrival of which all were found duly marked with names except the specimen of Reine Claude, from which the label had been omitted or lost, whereupon the gardener, assuming the sponsorial office, dutifully bestowed upon it the name of his

employer, in addition to the adjective denoting its unusual color. It sometimes reproduces itself from its stones, the planting of which, however, have also given rise to numerous varieties, some colored like their parent, while others, under the name of red or yellow "gages" have striven vainly to rival their peerless verdant progenitor; while one base counterfeit, strikingly like the green-gage in appearance, mocks the eater in being only remarkable, in point of flavor, for its utter insipidity. Vigorous, but never very tall, the tree both in France and England mostly requires to be grown against the wall; and the fruit is always specially prone to burst its tender skin and form splits, which, however, do not impair its quality any further than that busy insects are ever found ready to avail themselves of the opening, and soon consume the dainty when once thus laid bare to them.

But if, among all that are commonly called plums, the green-gage be pre-eminent, there is one member of the *Prunus* family, a distinct species, and bearing in common parlance quite a distinct name, in which the plum seems to have risen above itself; for in the apricot it seems as though Nature had "tried her 'prentice hand" before she formed the peach, as if wishing to see on a small scale the effect of a velvet-like suit before assigning it as the livery of a new tribe. In spite, however, of its woolly disguise, it is recognised as really a plum by its white blossom and smooth stone, though the latter has the peculiarity of being pointed at but one end, whereas in the rest of the race it is found sharp at each end. It is botanically distinguished as *Prunus Armeniaca*, the latter title derived from its having been supposed to have come originally from Armenia, but there is little authority for the notion, since, though it covers the slopes of the Caucasus almost to the margin of the snow, it has never yet been found growing wild there. A French traveller, too, quoted by Mr. Phillips, says, "I was struck with its mode of growth in Egypt, where it was anciently brought from latitudes still more south; its leaves have scarcely fallen off before the blossoms appear again. The name of *berikokka*, first given to it in Greece, approaches very near to its Arabian name of *berkach* or *berikach*. The inhabitants of the fertile parts of the deserts, called oases, gather and dry large quantities of apricots, which they bring down to Egypt for sale. The result of every inquiry I made was, that the apricot-tree grows there spontaneously, almost without cultivation; and as it is not known to grow in the natural state in any part of Armenia, we may very justly conclude that it is an Arabian fruit." In Siberia one sort of apricot is found showing little affinity with that of Armenia, and Allioria asserts that it grows naturally in the woods of Montserrat. It cannot be certainly identified with any of the fruits mentioned by the ancients, though we may probably refer to it what is said by Pliny of an "early [*præcocia*] kind of peach, ripe in the summer," which had only been introduced about thirty years before he wrote, and which was originally sold only at the price of a denarius (7¾*d.*)

apiece, and could be found only at the first-rate fruiterers' shops. It appears that it was known in Italy in the time of Dioscorides under the name of *præcocia;* and it has been suggested that, when first introduced here, it was probably called in Latin a *præcox,* and that word being taken by the ignorant for the plural and the article becoming confounded with it the word Aprecockes arose, making in the singular Aprecocke, the very form in which it appears in Gerard and other early English horticultural writers, and really its original Anglicized appellation, the present genteeler "apricot," being actually the corruption. Evelyn, writing in 1658, mentions it by the name adopted by the French, *abricot,* their term for the tree being *abricotier,* which gave rise to this clever pun, recorded by Madame de Genlis, of Cotier, head physician to Louis XI., who, after the death of that monarch, falling into disgrace under the new regency of Madame de Beaujeu, withdrew from the court, and had an apricot-tree sculptured over the door of his house with the inscription "*à l'abrie Cotier.*"

Some varieties of this fruit are exceedingly delicious, and the best found in Persia, the apricots of Iran, have won for themselves the glowing title of "Seed of the Sun." In Japan the tree attains very large size, but by the Chinese the double-blossoming kind is reduced to a dwarf, and grown in pots as a favorite ornament for their rooms in spring. One sort, too, which has little pulp, is cultivated only on account of its kernel, which is very large, sweet, and nut-like. The wild apricot in that country, though admitted into a corner of even the Emperor's garden, needs no culture, will grow in the worst of soil, and flowers so late in spring as to be in no danger from frost. The otherwise barren mountains which lie to the west of Pekin are covered with these trees, and "what, perhaps," says Grosier, "will be hardly believed, is, that the crops produced by them, and the oil extracted from their kernels, render the peasants who inhabit these mountains as rich as those who live in the low-lands. The oil is superior to that from walnuts, is burnt in lamps and used at table; the peasants warm their stoves with what remains of the stones, and collect the cinders to manure their land." In China, too, apricots are generally the earliest fruit of summer. When fully ripe the Chinese preserve them in a conserve, and also take out the stone, dip them several times in some of their own expressed juice, and then dry them in the sun to eat during winter, stewed; or if boiled till quite dissolved and honey and vinegar added to the water, they afford a wholesome and most refreshing drink, used by all classes. Their expressed juice, too, is formed into lozenges, also sometimes dissolved in water to make a beverage.

Gough records, in his "Topographical Anecdotes," that the apricot was first brought to England by Wolf, head gardener to Henry VIII.; and there are now about twenty good English sorts besides the peach-apricot, supposed to be a hybrid between these two fruits, while from time to time new kinds still appear. The black apricot,

a very dark kind, but more curious than excellent, is believed to have arisen from the foundation of an apricot-tree with the pollen of the Myrobalanus, or cherry-plum, which, in buds, leaves, and blossoms, greatly resembles the former tree; and indeed, as Loudon observes, "there can be no doubt but that an endless number of hybrids, varying in their leaves, blossoms, and fruits, might be produced by fecundating the blossom of the plum with the pollen of the almond, peach, apricot, and cherry; and though some may be disposed to assign little value to these kinds of productions, yet it must not be forgotten that almost all the cultivated plants of most value to man have been produced by some kind of artificial process. Experiments of this kind, therefore, ought never to be discouraged. What culture has done we know; but what it may yet accomplish is concealed in the womb of time."

The plum appears always to have existed in France, but, unlike the cherry, it is a tree not of the forest but of the field, and Duhamel disputes the paternity of the sloe as contrary to analogy, considering that such of the domestic kinds as have not been imported from abroad are more likely to have originated from the black or white damask plum* or from the "cerisette," all of which are indigenous to that country, than from the one which we admit as the type of the race. The two former are rather larger and rounder than our damson, and of a sweeter but more insipid taste; and the latter, being small, nearly round, and of a pale violet red, bears a strong resemblance to a cherry, in which respect, however, it is surpassed by the Canadian plum, brought from Canada to France in 1750, and which has yellow flesh and a fiery red skin, quite free from bloom, thus forming as decided a link between the plum and the cherry as the downy-coated apricot does between the plum and the peach, the drupaceous fruits being thus all specially found in a common bond of brotherhood.

In France the plum is looked on far less as an article for immediate consumption than as a provision for winter—a fact so thoroughly acknowledged here that the very term "French plum" seems necessarily to imply a dried fruit. The most *récherché* preparation which comes to us under that title is that made from the large yellow Brignole plums, grown chiefly near the town of that name in Provence. When these are fully ripe the trees are slightly shaken, and the rich produce gently descends, Jupiter-like, in a shower of gold, upon cloths spread to receive it, and is set aside in a dry place until the next day, when the victims are condemned to be deprived of their skins. As it is recorded that one of the champions of Christendom meekly accepted his doom of death on condition that it should be inflicted by the hands of a virgin, we may suppose that if the fate of Marsyas can possibly be made acceptable, it may be so to these martyrs of Brignole, when it is ordained that they are to

* The title *damas*, or damask, is given by the French to plums which split easily, and the flesh of which separates freely from the stone.

be flayed solely by the nails of women, who keep constantly dipping their hands in water in order that they may perform the operation quite coolly, for as the rude touch of any iron weapon would mar their delicate color and transparency, the use of any such is strictly forbidden. After being left skinless in the sun for several days, they are then impaled on pointed osier rods, and exposed for several successive days to warmth and air, all damp being carefully guarded against; their stones are then extracted, they are pressed into rounded shape, and put away covered with woollen cloths until required for sale, when they are duly coffined in little round flat boxes made of willow, and lined with a shroud of white paper cut at the edges, having through manifold inflictions become refined into a most super-excellent sweetmeat. The more common, but still very superior ordinary "French plum," is also mostly prepared from Provence plums, which, as being the most fleshy and bearing the most bloom, are the finest for the purpose; and the Perdrigone, the *Prune d'Ast*, a long violet-colored one, or the St. Catherine, a yellowish sort, are the kinds most usually employed. In order that the beautiful bloom may be retained even in their dried state, they are gathered very carefully before sunrise by taking hold of their stalks without touching the fruit, and laid one by one, and free from contact with each other, on vine leaves placed in baskets, being left thus for two or three days, when they are submitted to the same process as the humbler "prunes." The latter are made in very many places, but those from the neighborhood of Tours are considered the best; and various kinds are employed; but a nearly black sort, called the *Prune d'Agen*, is one of the commonest. When shaken from the trees, the first which fall are rejected as being probably worm-eaten; the rest are placed in an oven slightly heated and shut close for twenty-four hours, then taken out, and the next day put in again, the oven having been heated this time to eighty degrees. After another cooking interval, they are exposed to a temperature of one hundred degrees; then taken out and left till cold, when, in the case of some sorts, they are rounded by turning the stone without breaking the skin, and, after this process, are replaced in the oven, the heat of which is again reduced to eighty degrees; and this time not only is the door closed, but every crevice is stopped with clay, or dried grass. After an hour of this close confinement they are released, and a cup of cold water being put into the oven, by the time that this is just as warm as a finger put into it can bear, they are once more exposed to the fiery ordeal for another twenty-four hours, at the end of which period that white dustiness manifests itself, which is to them what the bloom is to the growing fruit, and should they now require any more drying they must receive it at once, for this delicate efflorescence is lost if they are now reheated after having once been suffered to cool; an artificial bloom, produced by means of indigo, being then sometimes substituted by the unprincipled. Those employed judge when the drying process is complete by the look of the fruit, and

seldom are mistaken—a matter of some importance, since if insufficiently dried the fruit would not keep, and if left too long becomes hard, and is then little esteemed. In some villages an oven for prune-drying is dug in the earth, which, for one season at least, does as well as a built one.

What are known as "German plums" are made from the "*Quetsche*," a variety largely cultivated in Germany, Belgium, Switzerland, and the North of France, for the purpose of drying; for though less sweet, and therefore less fit for this use, than many other kinds, it has the advantage of coming to perfection at a convenient season, when people are tired of the fresh fruit, and when cultivators have little else to attend to: besides that, it will flourish in colder climates, and is less liable to fail than almost any other sort. In Lorraine, an orchard of these plums brings four times more profit to the owner, according to Bosc, than could be derived from any other crop on the same amount of land; and the same author bemoans the ignorance or carelessness of his countrymen in not planting this kind of plum throughout the length and breadth of France, so that prunes might become a hundred-fold more plentiful than they are at present, since he considers that the sun alone would suffice to dry them in warm provinces, and in others, four days of care such as the children of a household could in great part assist in rendering would suffice to lay in a large stock of wholesome and pleasant provision for the winter. M'Intosh, too, laments that his Scotch compatriots make no efforts in this direction, plums being little used now by the poor, even for ordinary preserving; whereas drying sorts fit to be made into prunes for home use could be well grown in Scotland, in hedgerows and on banks not available for anything else, and their produce thus become an article of common consumption.

There are three species of wild plums indigenous to America, from none of which, however, has any cultivated kind been reared; but our *prunus domestica*, early introduced there, found that country so congenial an abiding-place that it soon became naturalized, and in the Middle States grows almost spontaneously, sporting continually into new and fine varieties. Among these, the magnificent Washington plum holds a pre-eminent place, yielding, it is true, to the greengage in point of flavor, but surpassing in size and beauty every plum that has ever been grown. The parent tree of the "Washington" grew on a farm near New York, but being used as a mere stock and grafted with another kind, escaped notice, until a sucker from it was sold by a market woman to Mr. Bolmer, a merchant, in whose garden it came into bearing in 1818, and attracted universal attention. One of its descendants was soon after sent to the Horticultural Society of London, and it is now known throughout Europe, and registered A 1 in all collections. This tree has large broad glossy foliage quite unlike any other kind, and the fruit is of a roundish oval form, about $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches

diameter by $2\frac{1}{8}$, with the furrow very slightly marked except just near the stalk; and in color, when fully ripe, is deep yellow, relieved with pale crimson, either suffused in a blush on the sunny side, or scattered in dots upon the cheek. The stalk, which is a little downy, is scarcely a quarter of an inch long; and on the whole the fruit is not unlike in appearance to its pomal compatriots, the little American lady apples. It ripens in August, and the flesh is yellow, firm, and very sweet and luscious.

The same influences, however, which foster vegetative luxuriance act with equal power upon its great antagonism, insect life; and the ardent American sun, which mellows the fruit to unusual size and savor, also warms into existence more determined foes than have ever attacked it in our cooler clime. The two great obstacles to plum culture in the United States, and which prevail in some districts to so great a degree as almost to destroy the value of the tree, are the "knots," a disease which appears in the form of tumors on the bark, and the cause of which is not yet satisfactorily ascertained; and the far more deadly "curculis," scientifically termed the Rhynchœmus Nenuphar, or plum weevil, an insect which is the special bane of all smooth stone fruit in America. A week or two after the blossom has fallen, the small newly-formed fruit begins to show the little half-moon-shaped mark which denotes that the destroyer has marked it for his own, and, if the tree be then struck, down falls a shower of the insects drawn up as if dead, the frightened dissimulators looking, while in this state of collapse, merely like a number of hemp-seeds, but on recovering their natural appearance, they are seen to be little dark-brown spotted beetles, scarcely one-third of an inch long, with two camel-like humps on their backs; a long curved snout which when at rest is bent between their fore legs, and a pair of wings. These devastators have been employed in depositing their eggs, one in each plum, from which a progeny of grubs are hatched, which begin to eat their way to the stone; and as soon as this is reached—that is to say, early in July—the cultivator, who has watched the trees blossom well and the fruit set in abundance and become half-grown, has the mortification of seeing it nearly all fall to the ground spoiled and useless; while the grub enters the soil and hides there in safety till ready to emerge again, transformed, and recommence its attacks. Finding an easy passage through light sandy soils, it is in such localities that it chiefly abounds, and being found rarely troublesome in heavy ground, and scarcely seen in the case of trees planted in well-trodden places, the plan was tried of paving or spreading hard cement under the trees, an expedient which proved highly successful. It is then only necessary to turn a few swine into the orchard to dispose at once of the fallen fruit before its uninvited tenant quits possession, so that no insects may survive to renew the campaign next year, and the victory is complete, and the cultivator once more "worth a plum."

XX.—DUBLIN FACTORIES.

The following extracts from a paper read during the recent Congress of the Social Science Association at Dublin are valuable, as affording exact statistics of employment in Ireland. The paper was contributed by Mrs. Jellicoe, a member of the Society of Friends in Dublin, and was entitled "The Condition and Prospects of Girls employed in Manufactories in Dublin":—

The influence of factory life on the social condition of the workwomen of Dublin is, doubtless, of small extent, if compared to its effects on the crowded population of the great manufacturing towns of England. Yet it will be found that a very considerable number of young women are engaged in manufactories in this city—a number likely to be increased as the industrial resources of the country become thoroughly developed.

More than three hundred years ago, the poet Spenser, in his treatise concerning the state of Ireland, notices, what is now a universally acknowledged fact, that the nature of children is powerfully affected for good or evil by, as he says, "the conditions of the mothers; for by them they are framed and fashioned, so as what they receive from them they will hardly ever after forego." It is, therefore, important to inquire into the condition of those young women who must be regarded as the future wives and mothers of our humbler citizens, and to endeavor to ascertain what are the impediments that lie in the way of their progress.

Although factory life here is free from some of the deeper shadows which rest upon it in the sister island, it cannot be denied that there is large room for improvement and reform. In the absence of any accessible centre of information, an estimate of the numbers employed and the rate of wages paid has been carefully prepared from personal observation and inquiry.

The principal employments open to the humbler class of women may be divided into two sections,—the trades which are guarded from general intrusion by the jealousies of "craft," and those occupations to which the great army of "toilers and spinsters" have free access. To the first division belong the winding of silk, the weaving of carriage lace; hat, cap, and bonnet making, tailoring, boot-closing, brush and pin making, bookbinding, &c. In the second group are included the weaving of linen, cotton, and frieze, the making up of various articles of clothing, and the paper trade in most of its branches. In all of these employments, unless specially noticed, the wages average 6*s.* per week of ten hours per day. The trade of "silkwoman," which is on record as the earliest paid branch of female industry in England, affords employment to about one hundred young women as winders and pickers of silk, in the peculiarly Irish art of poplin-weaving. The winders take apprentices of twelve years of age and upwards, and receive part of the payment for the work done by them. The men employed at the

looms can earn £2 to £2 10*s.* per week, but cannot be induced to make provision for a "rainy day," and many families are now suffering severely from the depression of trade caused by the civil war in the United States. The weaving of carriage lace, fringe, &c., employs, in good times, from sixty to eighty young women. Over one hundred not very healthy-looking women are occupied in the finishing, &c., of hats. The apprentices give one year of their time without receiving wages.

Most of the employers in the above-mentioned trades are interested in the moral instruction of the young women, who are a decent, orderly class. A knowledge of these callings is generally handed down from one family to another, and mental education is not so much needed as the handiness acquired by early acquaintance with the art.

In the cap-making there is a want of skilled industrious women, who may earn 6*s.* to 8*s.* per week. The sewing-machine has been introduced in this branch of industry, but only for ornamental stitching, as the regular cap-makers will not work at the machine. The making of straw bonnets afforded employment at one time to a very large number of women, but is now carried on merely in a private way.

Of the handicraft trades, bookbinding employs by far the largest number of girls, principally in stitching, folding, &c. Some employers see no objection to women taking a higher position in the art; and in one respectable house, a woman successfully manages a machine which was previously attended to by a man. The wages range from 4*s.* to 16*s.* per week. The operatives take apprentices from the age of twelve, who must give one year or more of their time without wages, according to their need of instruction. Though not required to read or write while occupied in the lower departments, education greatly facilitates their rise in the trade. In one or two houses girls are engaged at very low wages in routine work, which has the effect of afterwards lessening their value as intelligent artisans.

The women occupied in marine stores must not be passed without notice. Their trade of picking and sorting rags, though dirty and repulsive-looking, is easy, and they are sometimes able to earn 8*s.* a week. Large numbers are employed in this way; and, though generally illiterate, their employers give them a high character for honesty. These women must not be confused with the miserable creatures who frequent by-lanes, carrying baskets of rude toys and sweet stuff, which they barter with the street children for rags, in some instances torn from their already tattered garments.

The introduction of sewing machines has, within the last two years, given rise to a new order of factories, which bring together in large work-rooms artisans whose callings had previously been carried on in their own dwellings. Of these occupations nearly 500 girls are employed in boot-closing in eight of the largest establishments

in the city; they earn an average of 8*s.* per week of nine hours per day, the cutters-out, machine-workers, &c., earning the largest proportion of wages.

Tailoring is another of the trades now in a state of transition from that of a handicraft to machine labor. English-made goods are coming over at a price only to be met by the use of machinery, yet an outcry has been raised against the sewing-machine, on the ground that greater numbers of women and children can by its adoption be admitted to the trade. The making of waistcoats is a remunerative occupation for women; good workers can earn fully 10*s.* per week by hand sewing. It is difficult to get clever workers in this as in many other trades, and they often object to the restraint of the work-room. The nature of the two last-named occupations, hitherto carried on day and night in stifling rooms, where fresh air was rarely permitted to enter, induced such habits amongst this class of tradespeople that many manufacturers have welcomed as a boon the use of machinery, by which punctuality, order, and industry are rendered compulsory.

There are three pin manufactories in the suburbs which give employment to a number of females both in the factories and in rooms in the city, in sorting, making up, &c., of pins; all the actual process of manufacture being now done by machinery. Those at work in the city can earn, "even allowing them Monday," said one employer, "seven or eight shillings per week." Many of these women are of very low class, and there is great difficulty in getting the work promptly executed. This idle habit of taking a holiday on Monday is not confined to the working classes, but prevails even among children at infant and other schools.

Linen, cotton, and woollen factories afford the class of employment in which apprenticeship is not required. The older hands instruct beginners, and receive some payment out of the work of their pupils. About a thousand young women, principally the daughters of the poorer class of tradesmen, are occupied in these mills. A few are clean and tidy, but the majority, though quick-witted in many ways, are far inferior in appearance, manners, and habits, to what, with a little care, they might become.

The culture of the flax plant, a product so exactly suited to the climate of Ireland, is very little attempted, except in the province of Ulster: there it has taken such deep root, and attained so flourishing a growth, that in the county Antrim alone (independently of the preparing processes) over 660,000 spindles are at work, twisting its fibres into thread, whilst 4000 power looms are occupied weaving it into linen. In the neighborhood of Dublin we have one factory employing about 400 women and girls, who earn from 3*s.* to 7*s.* per week, according to their aptitude and industry. The girls are all above the age of thirteen in this as well as in most other manufactories; so that schools are not demanded by law for their instruction. In one department a

respectable woman acts as overseer, a plan which, if adopted in all work-rooms where girls are employed, would be attended with incalcuable benefit, both in the moral training of the young women and as affording a healthy stimulus to their exertions to improve themselves, so as to be able to fill such situations. The manager of this factory is anxious to promote the welfare of the operatives, but finds that any improvement they gain is counteracted by the state of their dwellings and the habits they have acquired there. A considerable number of women of a similar class to those just mentioned are employed in paper mills, of which there are several near Dublin. The paper trade in its higher branches of cutting, stamping, edging, and making up of the paper into the numerous forms required for business purposes, affords a very suitable occupation to young women. The appearance of the girls so engaged presents a striking contrast to that of the great proportion employed in other manufacturing operations, these being tidy, intelligent-looking, and generally knowing how to read and write.

An employment which remains to be noticed is that of the needle-woman. In this department the sewing-machine reigns supreme, and its busy whirr will soon be heard in every street. The females who are counted by hundreds in other trades may in this be reckoned by thousands, and, on account of the present dulness in the majority of manufacturing employments, fresh recruits of every age and grade,—from the tradesman's daughter, anxious to earn a few shillings for the purchase of dress, to the reduced gentlewoman, striving to eke out a meagre existence,—are now pressing into this, the woman's great resource.

The exercise of a judicious and benevolent oversight is here most especially needed. In each of the larger manufactories there are from fifty to two hundred women employed, who earn from 2*s.* to 6*s.* per week by working from nine A.M. till seven P.M., with an hour's interval. The preparing, finishing, &c., of the work for each machine occupies two, three, or five girls, according to the nature of the garment and the dexterity of the machine-worker, who can earn from 7*s.* to 15*s.* per week. "This young lady," said one overseer, "could keep a dozen going." One, two, or three cutters-out are also employed in every work-room, as well as an overseer, whose business it is to keep the workers from idling. In a few houses girls are taught to sew and use the machine, and for this instruction they pay in either time or money. One of the workmasters said that he could find employment for double the number of hands but for the difficulty of managing the sewers, many of whom do not know how to hold a needle when they come to the factory, and often leave in disgust after a few days to seek some easier and more remunerative employment. Very many are quite satisfied with earning a few shillings a week, and will not exert themselves to obtain more wages. In most establishments trained hands only are engaged, as employers cannot afford to give

time or room to the incapable, many of whom offer their services, and are refused, though skilful workers are in demand. One manufacturer, who has had large experience in the "sewed muslin" trade, (now nearly extinct in Dublin,) is about to send to Belfast for young women to manage the sewing-machines in a millinery establishment. There is reason to expect an increased demand for labor in this branch of industry, but it is difficult to convince the sempstresses of this. When flax-spinning by steam-power was introduced into the North, few of the laboring classes could have thought it likely that in thirty years a female operative in a spinning mill would be able to earn double the amount of wages which could then be obtained by the girl at her wheel. In some houses the goods, partly sewed by the machine, are given out to women who can pay a deposit; some of these earn a subsistence by collecting their poorer neighbors to sew at low wages, or give out the work to those who have not courage (and too often not clothing) to go to business houses in search of it.

This last-mentioned difficulty has been, in one instance, overcome by the efforts of a few ladies, who, having obtained an army contract for shirt-making, have established the Crimean Home, where the relatives of deceased soldiers can procure work to the extent of twelve shirts a week, for which they receive 6*s*. Machines are not used here, and the institution is self-supporting, paying salaries, rent, &c., and furnishing 170 poor women with the means of subsistence, besides giving them out of the profit of their own work a supply of blankets and coals at Christmas.

XXI.—SLAVERY IN THE SOUTH.

THE following extracts from the diary and letters of an English traveller are inserted just as they were written three years ago, without any attempt to reduce them to a literary form, which would inevitably impair their accuracy.—EDS. E. W. J.

New Orleans, January, 1858.—I have talked to the Colonel of Police, and he says "M. P.* is an old idiot; he ought to shut up all the churches where black men preach. Last year, 1857, a law was passed, forbidding any colored person, free or slave, to preach; and I ought to take that fellow Benjamin up."† In answer to my questions about the schools, he says they are against the law, and that he puts teachers and pupils all in prison when he finds them. "A few months ago I found one of your dear Yankees, (and a pretty woman too,) who had got a school here, and thirty scholars, almost all slaves. I took them all up, and put them in the lock-up house,

* An officer of the law. † The colored pastor of a negro church.

and gave her a night of it, with only a pine board and a blanket, to cool her psalm-singing humbug. She had to pay fifty dollars for the first offence—it won't be so easy next time—and I gave her a bit of my mind: I told her what I thought of her."

"Well, what did you think?"

"I told her I knew she had a nigger for a husband!"

You may imagine I was in a state of fear, for having reported what I had seen; but how could I suspect that what I had seen so openly done under the officer of the law *was against the law!* How impossible it is for all these regulations to be carried out, and how very brutal and absurd they are! Last year all the negro churches were shut up, "because they were poisoned with abolition by a black bishop from Illinois." This bishop was well pounded by the colonel before the whole congregation one Sunday, and then sent out of New Orleans.

The colonel and I are good friends, but if I stayed here much longer, I think I should have the pleasure of seeing the "lodgings" he has "down town," which he alludes to frequently in my presence. About churches, you must remember that the negroes can attend any white church, and do so in great numbers; but none seem to answer the need in their souls of sympathy, and the desire they have to aid in worship, except the Catholic churches. I know that negro slaves do go to school here, and I have the clue to some of the schools, but it is almost impossible for me to follow it up, without getting myself or the teachers into a scrape. Four years ago a poor old Englishman who had sixty slave scholars was sent to prison for eleven months, and died from the effects of the imprisonment. Two other schools I have heard of as having been shut up quite lately. I have also come across an Englishwoman (a simpleton) who was very nearly becoming a teacher to slaves, for the sake of the high wages promised; but a *placée* wife (a lady whom I knew) warned her and saved her from getting into a scrape. The slaves do learn to read, in spite of the law, more and more every year, but they learn also to be secret in their dealings and to co-operate wonderfully to deceive the whites. These laws are utterly useless to protect the whites against the risings of the slaves; I believe they only increase the danger, by making the slaves adepts at conspiracy. *The little children of seven or eight who go to school hide the fact, and deny it if they are asked.* It is very difficult to get at truth here. I get generally opposite statements, if I ask people a question; therefore I am very careful not to report the strange stories I hear, unless I can ascertain their truth. The whites are more corrupted by slavery than the blacks. The negroes suffer little physically, but the white ladies are ruined in health by the horror they have of all work and all exertion. Walking, even, is not *comme il faut* for a lady who can send twelve slaves for anything she wants. I do not believe it is the climate so much as the system which has ruined their health, for I see

German and Irish women hearty and stout, but all the American ladies are sickly.

Jan. 21.—The last few days we have seen a few people, but nothing curious. Heard more stories like the above. I am astonished more and more at the stupid extravagance of the women. Mrs. H——, who gains her living by keeping a boarding house, has spent, she says, at least £60 on hair dyes in the last ten years. All the ladies, even little girls, wear white powder on their faces, and many rouge; all wear silk dresses in the street, and my carmelites and grey linen dresses are so singular here that many ladies would refuse to walk with me. Fashion rules so absolutely that to wear a hat requires the courage of Van Amburgh, or George Fox. Leather boots for ladies are considered monstrous. I never saw such utter astonishment as is depicted on the faces of the populace when I return from a sketching excursion; I do not like to come back alone, so X—— always comes for me. The people in the house would lend me any amount of flower-garden bonnets, if I would but go out in them. This is so like the Americans; they are generous and kind, but will not let you go your own way in the world. My little plain bonnet and plaid ribbon is despised, all my wardrobe considered shabby and *triste*. I never saw people dress so much, and I must confess, too, with a certain taste, which is caught from the French.

February 3.—Dined at the O——s'; had a long talk about free negroes; Mr. O—— thinks they work well for wages. He had a footman who was first a slave and then a freedman, and he did his work just as well as in slavery, but not any better. He says the greater part of the mulatto population of the town is free, and forms a very respectable class. He says some of the colored people are excellent mechanics, and quite distinguished for learning; he knows of one judge, one professor, and some few others, who are very remarkable. Many of the free colored people are extremely poor, and efforts have been made lately to employ them in factories; many are working at the sewing-machines, making clothes for the negroes. In Barbadoes, he says, all the land is in cultivation, and the negroes must work or starve; and they do work, and the masters have less trouble with them than they had when they were slaves. In Jamaica there is still uncultivated land, where the negroes can live without work, and they prefer that, but when they must work they do work. Mr. O—— said this town has much changed for the worse in forty years. When it was all French, it was orderly and sober; now it is disorderly, and the most drunken place in the earth. But the Irish and Germans improve after they have been here some time. Mr. O—— agrees with X—— in thinking, that when the vine is cultivated and wine is cheap, the people will be much improved in sobriety and, in consequence, higher in morals. The cheap whisky ruins them.

He told me a curious fact about snakes, that a few years ago,

when the Levee gave way, and the upper part of the city was flooded, the snakes took possession of the houses, and drove the inhabitants out. Indeed, since we have been here a poisonous water-snake was found close by our street. While I was talking to Mr. O—— a "young tornado" began to blow, and the rain to fall in a torrent. These storms are not common so far up, but on the coast are of frequent occurrence, and do great mischief. Mrs. F—— said that the island where she and her children had visited as a summer watering-place, had been absolutely submerged in one of these storms—not one house left, and many hundred people drowned.

* * * * *

There goes the gun—the eight o'clock gun, to send in the negroes. No one can be out now without a pass, or, if he is, the watchman nabs him, and sends him to jail right away. Did I tell you that I went with Mrs. S—— to one of the astrologers?—there are three near us. I only waited in the outer room to see the people, while Mrs. S—— went in, and asked if she might take lessons in the art! There were nine or ten ladies coming and going while I was there. I begin to think there are few ladies here who have not consulted some of these people. The old Africans are supposed to be especially gifted in magic, and they practise the same conjurations here that they do in Algiers, and many believe in the Great Serpent, even when professing Christianity. As soon as the weather is fine I go down to the plantation.

New Orleans, Feb. 10th, 1858.—We have stayed here a week for nothing—that is, the visit to the plantation has come to nothing. The L——'s children are ill, and this cold air is considered too severe for them out of town, so the family stay in New Orleans, and I do not see the estate, which I am very sorry for, as it is one of the finest sugar plantations in Louisiana, and I should have seen a new phase of negro life, which would have been a good letter for you. This week the air has been chilly, but healthy, and the skies cloudy and beautiful. I have only painted in-doors, and have walked about studying life in various forms here in the town. I went to see a refuge and school the Government has established for girls found idling about the streets, orphans, or girls with bad parents. It is a well-managed place, and the matron well chosen. Sometimes there are sixty, sometimes only sixteen, inmates of the refuge. It was the chief of the police who took us there, and he showed us as we went a street, called Battle Row, because the inhabitants are always quarrelling and fighting one another there. Four years ago, two men murdered five others for an old grudge about Irish politics. In the workhouse, which is a prison for small offences, as well as a refuge for destitutes, I saw again Irish, most of them in for drink. The men work at their trades, and one year—last year, I think—paid the expenses of

the prison and 800 dollars over. I was astonished at the few precautions taken to keep them in security. When I was there, there were about 200 prisoners in the place, wandering about the vast court at their different trades, and only one watchman, and he went about with me as showman. He said they often did escape, by putting long planks, used in the carpenters' room, against the wall and running up. I wonder they did not all escape. I could not make the man say how many did so, but I suspect he did not care. It is curious to see everywhere the want of officials; in Europe there are too many, in America every man is his own official, and in this prison every man seemed to be his own gaoler! I spent the other evening with some free colored people, and had a most interesting conversation about slavery. Generally the conversation begins as this did, by, "Have you read Uncle Tom?" Then it is called exaggerated; then (as last night) I say, "I suppose you know no cases like Legree's cruelty." "*Oh! but we do quite as bad!*" and last night the lady told me that, next door to her, this very week, the mistress had run a fork into the palm of the hand of one of her slaves, and there it had stuck, until it was drawn out. This mistress is very cruel; she is a German Jew. French, German, and Irish, are considered more cruel than creoles; free blacks are also cruel sometimes. The worst case Mr. V—— knew was that of Mr. S. of Natchez, who had more than 1000 slaves, and exercised cruelties upon them too dreadful to tell, and yet was allowed to go on till he died. M. D—— (friend of X——'s) knows a planter, who when he wants to make a slave confess, tortures him by having his teeth pulled out. This planter is alive and flourishing. I heard a planter last night (known to M. M.) abused as very cruel because he allowed only a pound and a half of meat to his slaves daily, and never had a doctor for them when ill.

Mrs. V—— told me that Mr. H—— (a planter she knows) would give all his four hundred slaves their freedom if he knew what to do with them, but they could not stay here. Liberia is a failure, and in the North they would be too harshly treated; so he stays in his plantation, although he has very strong reasons for going to England or France. He has a family whom he acknowledges, by a woman of color, and these children cannot get any education here, except of the worst description, and are excluded from all society, unless it is the placée quadroon, which he does not wish them to enter. Mrs. V——, I told you, is a woman of color, a creole of Louisiana; now you know no free person of color has a right to live here, unless born here, and she was supposed, by the police, not to be of this state, and served with a warrant, taken before the mayor, and had all the bother of proving herself a creole. You see the power of bother the police have. Every year the regulations concerning the free negroes are more annoying. No sailors, or cooks, and, if free, no colored people, can land from the vessels unless by a pass from the mayor,

and security from the captain. No freed negro can stay in the state unless born here, and no free colored people can enter; so that the free colored population can only increase by births. I enclose a letter from Virginia, which shows you the tendency of things, and the fears of the owners. It is a most unnatural state of affairs! I never was in a country where law interfered so wickedly with right; and I never was in a country where law was so little administered as here. I have given you a few instances; many more come before us, which I do not write, because there is often some hitch in the stories. Mrs. V—— told me not to tell the chief of police that I visited her, or that I went to black churches!

Madame B—— is a fair specimen of an elegant American—very pretty, very musical, very kind and cordial. Her dress is exquisite—her manner French. I saw her in England years ago, and thought her *maiénré;* but here she does not seem so, the whole tone is so different. Madame B—— prides herself on wearing false hair, (almost every lady does,) and takes immense pains to have it becomingly arranged. The woman who has dressed Madame B——'s hair for years is the slave of one of her friends, and this is her history:—Her mother was a full-blooded African slave of M——'s. She was married to another of his slaves, and had a large family. M——'s wife died, he took this black woman to be his wife and to suckle his infant son, at the same time freeing all her children, and promising her her freedom. She had a second family by M——. He always promising her and her second family their freedom, she was content. But, unfortunately, he died suddenly, without leaving them free. The slave was a faithful woman, and had devoted herself to the son—was indeed the only mother he knew—but, when he was twenty-one, he sold her and all his brothers and sisters, though he knew his father's intentions! He tried also to claim the first family. This was told as nothing outrageous, and received with no exclamations excepting mine. I hear many such stories here from those who uphold the system. Madame B—— has slaves, and thinks it a good institution. Madame B—— has had three husbands—first dead, second was divorced and went to the Mormons, third was blown up in a steamboat. This is a characteristic of America. Every third woman I meet seems to have been divorced. In the courts of Philadelphia, in ten years, about 2,700 divorces have been granted: suits of this nature are increasing in frequency. Next door to Madame B—— lives a widow whose means of subsistence consist of two small houses and a negress, whom she sends out to dress hair. This negress has a family of children by a white man, but the widow owns them, and of course will sell them; and the father does not think about buying them, nor did it enter the heads of either Madame B—— or Mrs. S—— to suggest it as humane, in our conversation—no, they are the property of the widow. The negress, Madame B—— says, is a good-for-nothing woman. Madame B——'s Amy (a slave)

told her that this negress seized the widow and shook her, because the widow called one of her children a good-for-nothing hussey. The negress seized her mistress and said, "You dare ill-treat my children when I go out in all weathers to get you your living, and bring back all I can to you." This is considered outrageous. It is impossible, almost, for you to conceive the utter depravity in all ideas of justice caused by slavery; I still think the whites suffer most, spiritually and physically.

New Orleans, February 11th, 1858.—I know very well that to call on a colored lady is an unpardonable offence against the social though not against the legal code. I have read to-night nearly all Miss M——'s book, which has not any opinions or facts about slavery; lately also I have read Miss B——'s, and not long ago Stirling, Sir C. Lyell, and Dickens's "Notes," and all seem to me to be very poor books on a rich subject. The two ladies lived with ladies and polite gentlemen, and saw nothing of the life of the lowly. I have seen, during my nine weeks in New Orleans, far more of the real facts of slavery than those two ladies, and yet I could not dare to give my opinions, except to say theirs are founded on very insufficient data, *and that the evils I see here are immense, and the corrupting influence of this system so bad, so deep, that it seems almost impossible to exaggerate it.* To know the real character of the African, you must not see him or her in rich families, where you are a guest, because they will always say just what the masters or mistresses like. Miss M——'s experience of New Orleans is utterly insignificant, and unworthy attention. Read Olmsted's if you wish to know something of the truth; he saw a great deal, though he never seems to have become intimately acquainted with any negro or colored person. I have been in the house of Mrs. M——, the wife of a rich planter, (when I say wife, of course you are aware that the Southern law will not legalize a union with a colored woman.) Her three daughters and I are quite friendly; the eldest is more than friendly with me—quite affectionate. I have said little about them, because I have come so suddenly into their secrets, that I felt uncertain about many things concerning them. Now I understand them, but shall not give you their history, as I hope you will see them one day. My acquaintance with them has shown me much of African and New Orleans life—what no English lady ever saw before. Mrs. Dr. C—— came this morning to take me to one of the public school examinations at Franklin School; she has a daughter there. I was amused, as we walked down, at her telling me she wished so much to give her little girl (nine years) a taste for anatomy; but the child hated it, and loved the outside of things, forms, colors—all trifling things—better than anatomy! Nature is stronger than mothers. These women's rights women are all on the same tack, longing to make fac-similes of themselves. I tell them all they are wrong and absurd; leave the children to grow up as they will. The school examination was very unsatis-

factory and uninteresting, so I came away. When it was dusk I went in to see Mrs. M——, the colored lady, because Anna M—— is ill. I told her where I had been in the morning, whereupon she stormily, bitterly expressed her opinion, that the schools were bragged up, but that the girls learnt nothing but to call folks "dirty niggers." That they do call all colored people so is true, but Mrs. B——, the principal, does not teach it.

(*To be continued.*)

XXII.—HELPS TO THE DOCTOR.

I THINK it will be readily admitted by most thoughtful persons who have any knowledge of human nature, that women are in general more susceptible of generous emotions than men, and that their sympathies and their co-operation are more easily enlisted on behalf of any purely benevolent object than those of the sterner sex. It is not now my business to inquire into the causes of this fact, but rather to consider certain results which may be wrought out of it for the advantage of both men and women. To those who regard this peculiarity of character as essentially connected with some kind of weakness, and consequently as deserving of some measure of contempt, I have nothing to say at this moment.

The present movement for the general employment of women in lucrative pursuits is deserving of zealous support from every right-minded person, but there is nevertheless a large class of women whose condition will not be in any wise affected by such an arrangement. Their livelihood is secured to them in some manner which is perfectly satisfactory to them, and the prospect of an increased income would not afford them a sufficient inducement to alter their present habits and modes of life. Upon the dependent position of many of these women I make no comment further than this:—that their dependence is not in all cases felt to be irksome, that it would not necessarily impede the carrying into effect of the ideas I am about to set forth, and that my suggestions if carried out would not in any way aggravate the burden of such dependence. There are many women whose means of sustenance and whose position in society is secured to them, and whose time is very much at their own disposal, but who are subject to one great and pressing want,—that of *occupation*. This is more generally true than ladies will be commonly disposed to admit. There are few persons who will be content to acknowledge that their time is absolutely valueless, there are many who will get up an elaborate affectation of industry in order to escape the disgrace and the self-reproach of absolute idleness. I feel certain that many of the fanciful occupa-

tions with which women of leisure fill up their time are only tolerated as an escape from utter vacuity. I would not speak contemptuously of the innocent pursuits in which so many of our dear friends pass a considerable share of their time. The diversified mysteries of crochet patterns are doubtless well worthy the attention of those who have *absolutely nothing better* to occupy them, but it may yet be worth while to inquire whether *there can be found* nothing better.

We have observed that it is easier to arouse into activity the generous sentiment in women than in men. Every provincial town, every rural neighborhood, bears witness of this fact by its Dorcas societies, its clothing funds, its tract distributors, and its charitable proceedings generally. Almost every voluntary organization for the temporal relief of the poor is worked mainly through woman's influence. I have no wish to undervalue the organizations for charitable purposes which we now possess, but I cannot help feeling that their value mainly consists in the promise they afford of something better. We have doubtless many valuable institutions of this kind, but they seem for the most part constructed on the principle of doing as little as possible. But the circumstance which we have now most in view is, that our charitable institutions do not extensively afford occupation to that class of women who would gladly spend their leisure in pursuits worthy of a Christian Englishwoman.

I cannot enumerate the many forms of organization which might afford a field for the benevolent activity of our women at leisure. My object is to call attention to one particular class of organization for the establishment of which among our fellow-countrywomen the present day, I think, affords especial opportunity. There is no form of active benevolence which falls so especially within the sphere of woman, and in which she so decidedly excels the other sex, as the tending of the sick. This occupation, while it is fully worthy the devotion of the most cultivated mind, at the same time falls entirely within the reach of a person of ordinary capacity, if qualified by the necessary training; I cannot imagine any pursuit in which persons of all classes and of all varieties of disposition—granting only this characteristic in common, an earnest self-denying spirit—could unite with such hearty good will as in the care of the sick. The qualifications required for an efficient *tract distributor* are really more rare and more difficult of acquirement than those which are required for a good nurse. I myself, bungler as I should prove both in one and the other capacity, should feel far less hesitation in volunteering to watch by a sick man's couch, than in thrusting myself into a poor man's cottage, and presuming upon my social superiority to prescribe for his soul's cure.

To those who can but overcome their aversion to everything new *which they have not started themselves*, there will appear nothing wildly extravagant in the project of instituting throughout our towns

and villages associations of women who shall devote themselves, as far as their engagements may permit, to the nursing of the sick poor in their neighborhood. A self-denying work of course this will be, but I do not speak without knowledge when I affirm, that if *prejudice* could be removed there is abundant generosity and power of self-sacrifice among our middle-class women to furnish forth a society of nurses for every town and village in this country. It may seem strange that prejudice should be supposed to present an obstacle to such a manifestly good work, but strange though it be, it is no less true than strange. Have we not all of us, both men and women, been taught selfishness from our mothers' breasts? Do not the whole arrangements of society, with some trifling exception, illustrate and exemplify this one maxim—Each one for himself, for his own stomach, and his own pocket? Is not success in the pursuit of self-interest set forth by example especially, but also even by precept, as the one great claim to the admiration of mankind? It is well known that nothing can be less tolerated by persons of ordinary character and habits than the open and avowed exercise of a virtue higher than their own, and I can easily imagine a group of well-meaning persons being scared from the attempt at such an undertaking as I propose by the bitter persecution they would encounter at the outset. But we need not dilate upon the obstacles to be overcome until we have made out something like a *primâ facie* case in favor of our scheme.

It is certain that many patients die for want of good nursing, that many who partially recover suffer their life long for want of the proper treatment, and that many children either perish in their infancy or sustain permanent injury for want of the necessary attention to themselves and to their mothers at the time of their entrance into life. And again, the burden of the care of a sick patient will often fall with overwhelming weight on one or two relatives who, perhaps, are none of the strongest, and whose health may be finally ruined by the trial. It is perhaps a light matter that the life of a patient should be saved, and that his sojourn in this world of sorrow should be prolonged, but it is no light matter that those who have to live should be possessed of sound health, that the physical conditions of the race should be made the best of, and that the seeds of disease should, as far as possible, be utterly rooted out. *For the general interests of the human race* it is highly expedient that the sick should be cared for in the best manner.

But it is no less for the sake of those to be engaged in the work than for those to be immediately benefited by it that I would urge this matter. I am quite certain that there are many women to be found whose life would acquire a dignity and a charm altogether new, who would gain a solid self-respect and self-reliance now wholly unknown to them, if such an opportunity of active benevolence were presented to them as I project. It may be asked, "What is there now to hinder them from employing themselves in such a

manner?" This question will be readily answered by those who have reflected upon the vast increase of power which we gain through *co-operation;* there are many difficulties insuperable—or what is practically the same thing, *apparently* insuperable—to an isolated individual, which altogether vanish before a well-organized band.

We will suppose that some dozen or score of young and middle-aged women, some few being childless wives, some confirmed spinsters, others marriageable maidens, with perhaps an occasional matron, either stimulated by the fame of Miss Nightingale, or urged on by the exigencies of an epidemic, or influenced by some other motives, form themselves into an organization for the care of the sick. Some of them will doubtless have had experience in the business—theirs of course will be the care of the more serious and difficult cases—while inexperienced members will make it their business to acquire experience as speedily as possible, but without allowing their unskilfulness to subject the patient to danger. This would be a matter of no great difficulty. A case being before the society which required constant attention but not *constant exercise of skill,* two or three of the junior members would relieve each other in the mere watching, while the occasional attention of the experienced nurse, two or three times each day, would insure the application of the proper treatment. A young woman would soon show how far she could be relied on for the accurate fulfilment of specific directions. If these ladies had but an average share of intelligence and information, and if they were possessed of *the true spirit of co-operation,* which implies, above all things, an entire absence of *jealousy,* they would soon form themselves into a gradation of ranks—from the experienced nurse, who could supply the doctor's place at a pinch, down to the mere novice—and the members of each rank would soon find their appropriate work.

For those members who took upon themselves their full share of work, robust health would be above all things necessary; and though their engagements might sometimes be severely trying even to a vigorous constitution, yet I confidently believe that the energetic occupation of the mind, and the open air exercise which would be necessitated by the discharge of their duties, would render this manner of life more healthful to them than the ordinary sedentary habits of women. At the same time, it will not be necessary actually to exclude from the organization persons of weak health, as they will be able to discharge the lighter departments of the duty.

Finally, I would observe that the study of medicine would almost necessarily find its way to some extent amongst the members of such societies, and probably, in course of time, a certain knowledge of the science would become a condition of admission to full membership. It would also be an almost necessary consequence that a more or less numerous class of *female practitioners* would, in process

of time, come into existence. And a few such organizations scattered throughout the country might soon gain sufficient influence to break down the barriers which now exclude women from the regular practice of medicine.*

Q.

XXIII.—OUR FRENCH CORRESPONDENT.

Paris, *September* 19, 1861.

LADIES,

You have requested that from time to time I should make you *au courant* with what is going on at Paris among that portion of humanity to remedy the wants and forward the social progress of which the ENGLISH WOMAN'S JOURNAL is especially devoted.

In trying to comply with your desire, I now must premise by saying, that for the present, and indeed until the fine weather ceases, the *élite* of Parisian women, or, as they are sometimes called, *les femmes d'une grande mérite*, may be said to be engaged rather in planning works of general utility or individual improvement than in executing them. Amongst the former, the projected enterprise, for such it may well be termed, of two ladies whose intellect and enlightenment are worthy of each other, deserves the first place in this letter, not only on account of the benevolent spirit that first originated it, and the difficulties that were overcome in getting the question well ventilated, and put in a fair way of being practically carried out, but on account of the great amelioration which it is likely to effect in the lives of many neglected and uneducated workwomen. The ladies in question, Madame Sauvestre and Madame Guéroult, the wives of the *gérant* and *redacteur en chef* of the *Opinion Nationale*, have made arrangements to open next winter, in every arrondissement of the city, an adult evening female school. The authorities have promised to provide the *locale*, and these ladies have organized a corps of persons, whose principal occupation has been teaching, to give their aid gratuitously in trying to instruct such females as are desirous of repairing the effects of early neglect or idleness. These devoted assistants are not confined to the female sex; many gentlemen have also volunteered to second the efforts of those who first suggested this truly useful work; and several distinguished *professeurs* belonging to the learned bodies at Paris have set before them the task of bringing down the different branches of instruc-

* The efficacy of any such plan as that proposed in this paper, would, it appears to us, entirely depend on the degree to which such volunteer nurses could be trained, and the degree of subordination to the doctor in which they could be held. If something like instruction in a hospital could enter into every "liberal education" given to a woman, it would obviate any dangers.—EDS. E. W. J.

tion to the comprehension of minds that, from a want of previous culture, it is to be apprehended, will find no little difficulty in acquiring a knowledge of them. Madame Sauvestre has also been for nearly twenty years the *directrice* of an educational establishment. She belongs to several societies that were formed for the purpose of inducing parents to allow their children to remain at school at least till they had mastered the most essential parts of French primary instruction, and for effecting some radical reform in the custom that condemns the French child, from the moment of its birth till the time it leaves the *pension*, to pass into the hands of strangers, instead of letting it grow up and develop under a mother's ever-watchful care and vitalizing love. She is now attempting to extend her basis of operations, and trying to enable young French women to fulfil the various duties of every-day life in a better manner than they have in so many cases hitherto accomplished them. Her expectations concerning the success of this experiment are very sanguine, as she is of opinion that, owing to the mental activity of the French *ouvrière*, she earnestly desires instruction, and, when she has acquired it, delights in intellectual occupation. Reading classes are also included in the programme, if such a term can be applied to a number of persons listening to a lady or gentleman who endeavors, by the aid of appropriate inflections, and that tact which lays the right emphasis in the right place, when reading a touching story, or a fine poem, to give without the tedium of any explanatory comment the best interpretation of the author.

Mdlle. Marchef Girard has left town for Burgundy, but the *Siècle* announces that her *cours organisés* will be opened on the 6th of October. The leading idea in her institution is to place some definite aim before young girls who are in sufficiently good circumstances to obtain a liberal education, and to cultivate most their strongest intellectual faculties, so that they may be placed in a position to adopt some calling for which they are peculiarly suited.

The result of the biennial exhibitions and the exhibition of paintings at the Palais des Beaux Arts fully justifies that ambition of the French woman which prompts her to distinguish herself in the arts and literature. Rosa Bonheur did not adorn with her paintings the galleries of the Palais de l'Industrie. It is said that she would have contributed some of her masterly pictures had she not been held back by a dislike to enter into competition with her brother Auguste, who paints, but in an inferior manner, in the *genre* she does herself. The Visit to a Turkish Harem, by Henrietta Brown, is already reproduced in perfect shoals of engravings and photographs, that may be seen in the windows of every respectable print-seller in Paris. She was second on a list of a hundred and twenty, who, out of about one thousand nine hundred contributors, obtained prizes; nor was she alone in winning laurels from the hands of the Minister of State. The female artists who exhibited did not amount to more than one per cent., and out of

the number of prizes awarded they won fourteen. Men of liberal ideas, such as M. Arsene Houssaye, have warmly condemned the traditions which, even in this lately reorganized land, do not permit the Rosa Bonheurs and Henrietta Browns of France to wear the red ribbon on their breasts, or to participate in the good things which fall to the lot of chevaliers of the legion of honor, many of whom are, in point of industry and genius, greatly inferior to the ladies who have been honored by gold medals and honorable mentions at the Fine Arts Exhibitions that took place this year. Rosa Bonheur does not, however, allow such considerations to interfere with her happiness; she is thoroughly enjoying herself at a country seat which she has lately purchased near Fontainebleau. Her house and grounds overlook one of the rocky dells in the forest, and in their antique beauty are fully as picturesque as anything in the surrounding country. She has added to the house, which has a pleasing time-worn look, as if the ages through which it existed had not dealt more unkindly with it than with some of the old oaks in the dingle close by. The repairs and additions are not like what are generally called "architectural improvements," but are made with all the harmony and good judgment that would be expected from the proprietor, who luxuriates in a wainscoted studio, of which the carved oak panelling bears evidence that its presiding genius is inclined to disburse largely on works of art the golden store that her cattle pieces and farm scenes bring in to her.

It used to be complained of Mademoiselle Bonheur, that overwork made her reserved and unsociable; but the vitalizing effects of a residence in the country, where she has an opportunity of restoring the equilibrium both of the mental and physical organization, are making her the brightest, happiest, and most agreeable of human beings. She dispenses, when at Bey, her hospitalities to her friends and acquaintances with the most bewitching grace and genial kindness; and when not working in her studio or superintending the cultivation of her vines and flowers, this rival of Sir Edwin Landseer drives about, in a little pony chaise of wicker-work, through the neighboring forest. Her dress on these occasions is of a rather peculiar kind, and a description of it may perhaps cause some of the readers of the ENGLISH WOMAN'S JOURNAL to smile. It consists of buff *piqué*, made something in the style of the uniforms of the Chasseurs de Vincennes—that is to say, a loose jacket falling over the hips, no petticoats, loose trousers gathered in under a garter, and terminated by the most charming pair of boots, which, to borrow a very tradesmanlike phrase, combine the apparently incompatible qualities of strength and lightness. Mdlle. Bonheur is very dainty about her cuffs; at least, when in this costume, they seem to be of the finest cumbric, and are closed at her wrist by a pair of diamond studs, another of which fastens an equally delicate-looking collar. The short curling hair of the artist and her clearly cut features are not seen to disadvantage under a little hat, which becomes the rest of

the dress as much as it does the wearer, who never for a moment gives the impression of what we are in the habit of styling a fast woman or of affecting anything that is masculine.

M. Guillaumin is preparing for immediate publication a work by Mademoiselle Royer on direct taxation. It argues on the affirmative side of the knotty question, I am told, with an ability that might do honor to M. Michel Chevalier, and which would certainly enchant the Manchester school of politicians. This young lady was educated to be a teacher, or at least prepared herself so well for that profession, that before her nineteenth year she passed the difficult examination necessary to obtain the superior *brevet.* Not, however, feeling herself sufficiently educated, she proceeded to Lausanne, and there applied herself with the greatest assiduity to ancient languages, *belles lettres,* and philosophy. Her industry was rewarded with a commensurate degree of success, and her progress became a matter of wonder to the professors under whom she placed herself. When she was on the eve of leaving Switzerland, the University of Lausanne offered a prize to the best essay that should be written on some philosophical subject; and as it was open to the competition of those who did not belong to the University as well to those who did, Mademoiselle Royer secretly determined to test her powers in trying to obtain the prize, which, independent of the honor, would be of some pecuniary value. The essays were, according to the regulation, all sent in signed by fictitious names, and on the day appointed, when the successful competitor would be publicly declared in the amphitheatre of the University, she attended with a few other ladies, who went with the expectation of hearing some of their male relatives' assumed signatures called out; but to their astonishment, when the President repeated twice the Greek letter signing the successful essay, their companion rose, answered to it, and was that day the first woman who had been ever crowned by the University of Lausanne. Subsequently, she has measured herself side by side with the most brilliant lecturers and *litterateurs* at the *entretiens* and *lectures* in the Rue de la Paix. The night before she lectured, M. Louis Jourdan spoke on Woman, reviewed her present state, and the future to which it will probably lead the fairer sex. Mademoiselle Royer selected the women of antiquity, and attempted to justify the Aspasias and others celebrated in Grecian and Roman history, whom she said were not what posterity imagines, but merely those who rebelled against the domestic servitude to which women of that age were subjected. The fair speaker, to whom this term may be applied in many senses, pleaded eloquently for those of her sex who, whatever their shortcomings may have been, when judged by the high standard of a Christian morality then unknown, must still be counted amongst the illustrious of that glorious republic which thirsted so ardently after the human perfectibility which the pen of Plato and the chisel of Phidias almost seemed to call into being. Those who listened to Mademoiselle Royer were

as much struck with her skill in argument as with the delicacy with which she treated the difficult subject selected for her lecture; and on concluding she was warmly applauded by her numerous and highly cultivated audience.

All Paris has been turning out to-day to see another celebrity in a totally different sphere. No less than fifteen thousand persons were admitted yesterday, although the prices were doubled for the occasion, to witness the performance on the tight rope of a woman who is entering her eighty-fifth year. The venerable *danseuse* displayed as much agility as when she skipped as an infant prodigy before the leaders of the Jacobins, in the *café* to which Robespierre, Barras, Sieyes, and Danton, used to betake themselves in the evening after the stormy scenes of the day which they principally inaugurated. She was the Fanny Elsler of the Consulate, and figured through the Empire and Restoration; was supposed to be in full vigor when the allies entered Paris, and retired wealthy into private life after the exile of Charles X. The old lady's history might probably have been waived, and she too would have died in the oblivion into which she sank for more than thirty years, had not a speculation fever taken hold of her, and after losing all her fortune in gambling on the Bourse, she, finding her step as elastic as it ever had been, applied to the managers of the Hippodrome and Cirque de l'Impératrice for a new engagement. The former accepted the offer, and Madame Blanche Saqui has been dancing before several consecutive audiences from twelve o'clock at noon till a very late hour in the afternoon.

That class of reformers who are represented by M. Jules Simon are quite in consternation at the social action effected by the steam-engine on account of the large amount of employment its introduction into factories throws open to female hands. But it is useless to argue that home is a happier place for women than the noisy mill, when they have no means of providing the barest necessaries of life were they to follow the example of their grandmothers and never leave their houses. At Mulhouse everything has been done that could be devised for placing the workman in a position to enable him to keep his wife within doors; but the success has not been very signal. As the girls grow up they invariably have recourse to the mill owners for employment, in order to have the means of satisfying a great many wants and desires; and those who think with M. Jules Simon, and who would preserve the discordant elements of modern society from falling to pieces by inculcating the idea, and insisting on the practice, of domestic life for women, are loud in their exclamations against "that monster steam," because, say they, it places within the reach of the workman's daughter the means of standing on an independent footing, which makes her unfit for married life by destroying the capacity for being happy when dependent.

Others are for following the tide which industrial causes are

turning in a direction contrary to all the ideas and habits of past generations, and since stemming it is impossible, to try and see what social science can do by transforming society so as to be in harmony with the manifest tendencies of the age.

Government has just put forward a plan which would make Mr. Robert Owen rejoice were he yet living. It is for the construction of a vast *caserne* in the Faubourg St. Antoine, to serve as a habitation for the artisans, mechanics, and workmen of Paris, with or without families. This *cité ouvrière* is to cover a superficies of 20,000 metres; the front façade to be a vast pile of lodgings for single men, who will there find a well-ventilated room furnished with a bed, a table, and two chairs, at 10 francs per month. Families are to be domiciled at the rear, and each *caserne* will afford shelter at a very cheap rate to 4000 souls; and common kitchens, baths, wash-houses, bake-houses, schools, nurseries, and reading-rooms, are to be provided. Like all the works executed or projected by the French Government, this is likely to have a highly beneficial effect on the material welfare of the *classe ouvrière*. In conclusion, I hope in my next letter to make you acquainted with the details of some private philanthropic as well as governmental plans for the amelioration of the condition of the working classes, and of the efforts which several women are now making to obtain the right of admittance to several of the liberal professions. In doing so, I beg to subscribe myself,

Yours faithfully,

EMILY JOHNSTONE.

XXIV.—NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The Story of Burnt Njal. Translated from the Icelandic by Dr. Dasent.

AT the present day, when a growing interest is taken in everything connected with Iceland, and when strenuous exertions are being made by the Alpine Club to explore all its hitherto unknown regions, it is matter of congratulation that we have an opportunity of reading two volumes so replete with interest and research, both topographical and historical, as those now before us, entitled "The Story of Burnt Njal," a genuine tale of Icelandic life in the latter part of the tenth and beginning of the eleventh century. It is admirably translated by Dr. Dasent, who, in a long and careful introduction and appendix, has given a full description of the physical features of the island, and the mode of life and general bearing of the early inhabitants. He has by this method given an historical interest to many scenes in the story which otherwise, from their quaintness and peculiarity, would have been unattractive. The prominent feature in the book, and one which commands the attention of all classes of readers, is

the fact that these people, whose early history we are now enabled to study, have nearly the same origin as ourselves; that is, they are evidently the blood relations, and very near kindred, of our ancestors the Danes, who form probably the largest element in our mingled population—very decidedly so, at least, in the northern part of our island—where the names, both personal and local, have a marked similarity to those mentioned in the story; and we cannot but feel that in the vivid picture of early Icelandic life, which Dr. Dasent has so nicely clothed in English garb, we are looking back upon a more faithful description of many of the daily occurrences on our own shores about the same period than any which has been preserved in our language.

In a work written by Dicuilus, an Irish monk, in the ninth century, entitled "De Mensura Orbis," mention is made of the first settlers on this island—the Culdee anchorites—who, as they sought solitude for prayer and meditation, and were no lovers of women, soon died out, leaving, however, traces behind them in their cells and church furniture, which were recognised afterwards by the early Icelanders themselves, as having been the handiwork of Christian men.

These pious monks were Irishmen, some of those who had followed St. Columban to Iona and the Orkneys, travelling even to these distant regions that they might worship God in peace.

It was not till nearly half a century later, towards the end of the ninth century, that Iceland was colonised by Norsemen. Many of them came direct from their own northern shores, and many more from the coast of Britain, where they were known by the general name of Danes, and where, from the unsettled state of the country, they had failed to find that peaceful home and sure refuge from the tyranny of their king, Harold Fairhair, which they sought.

For proofs of the authenticity of "The Story of Burnt Njal," we shall quote from the preface, where we first get a description of a saga:—

"A saga is a story or telling in prose, mixed with verse. There are many kinds of sagas of all degrees of truth. There are the mythical sagas, in which the wondrous deeds of heroes of old times—half-gods half-men, as Sigural and Ragnar—are told as they were handed down from father to son in the traditions of the northern race. Then there are sagas recounting the history of the kings of Norway and other countries, of the great line of Orkney Zarls, and of the chiefs who ruled in Faroe. These are all more or less trustworthy, and in general far worthier of belief than much that passes for the early history of other races.

"Again, there are sagas relating to Iceland, narrating the lives, and feuds, and ends of mighty chiefs, the heads of the great families which dwelt in this or that district of the island. These were told by men who lived on the very spot, and told with a minuteness and exactness, as to time and place, that will bear the strictest examination.

"The saga Njala was not written down till about one hundred years after the events which are described in it happened, but we may be sure that as each event recorded in the saga occurred, it was told and talked about as matter of history, and when at last the whole story was unfolded, and took

shape, and centred round Njal, that it was handed down from father to son as truthfully, and faithfully, as could ever be the case with any public or notorious matter of local history. But it is not on Njala alone that we have to rely for our evidence of its genuineness. There are many other sagas relating to the same period, and handed down in like manner, in which the actors in our saga are incidentally mentioned by name, and in which the deeds recorded of them are corroborated. They are mentioned also in songs and annals, the latter being the earliest written records which belong to the history of the island, while the former were more easily remembered from the construction of the verse. Much passes for history in other lands on far slighter grounds, and many a story in Thucydides, or Tacitus, or even in Clarendon, or Hume, is believed on evidence not one-tenth part so trustworthy as that which supports the narratives of these Icelandic story-tellers of the eleventh century."

So much, then, for the truthfulness of the story, none the less probable because so utterly unlike anything we can conceive in the present day, and dealing so largely in the cruelties and superstitions of the age. The story itself is of two family feuds, arising the one out of the other, and intricately interwoven with a number of minor ones all ending in bloodshed and violence, but evidently founded on one perverted principle of justice—the principle of revenge for a murdered relative—existing, as it does more or less, in all patriarchal states of society, and dating from the decree, "Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed;" and when contemplating the deadly vengeance which ever pursued the manslayer, we cannot but admire the wisdom and mercy of the arrangement made by Him who had passed the decree, that in the Levitical dispensation there should be cities of refuge appointed for him "who slew his brother unawares."

This story deals with the period at which Christianity was introduced into the island; and a very curious account is given of the way which it was first brought in, each side having a champion, who, after fighting for the right, and testing it by ordeal, finally decided to refer it to the old speaker of the law—a heathen priest named Thorgeir—which (to quote from the saga) "was most hazardous counsel, since he was an heathen. Thorgeir lay all that day on the ground and spread a cloak over his head so that no man spoke with him; but the day after men went to the Hill of Laws, and Thorgeir bade them be silent and listen, and spoke thus: 'It seems to me as though our matters were come to a dead lock, if we are not all to have one and the same law; for if there be a sundering of the laws there will be a sundering of the peace, and we shall never be able to live in the land. Now, I will ask both Christian men and heathens whether they will hold to those laws which I utter?' They all said they would. He said he wished to take an oath of them, and pledges that they would hold to them, and they all said 'Yea' to that; so he took pledges from them. 'This is the beginning of our laws,' he said, 'that all men shall be Christians here in the land, and believe in one God—the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost—leave off all idol worship, not expose children to

perish, and not eat horseflesh. It shall be outlawry if such things are proved against any man; but if these things are done by stealth, then it shall be blameless.' But all this heathendom was done away with within a few years' space, so that those things were not allowed to be done either by stealth or openly. Thorgeir then uttered the law as to keeping the Lord's-day and fast days, Yule-tide and Easter, and all the greatest high days and holidays. The heathen men thought they had been greatly cheated, but still the true faith was brought into the land, and so all men became Christian." Little mention, however, is made of the progress of the doctrines of Christianity, or in allusion to its outward symbols, when compared with the minuteness of all secular details whether social, domestic, or political; but it is interesting to observe the spirit of the system at work in such characters as those of Njal, Hauskuld, and Hall, whose forbearance and gentleness in such a revengeful age form a bright contrast to the bloodthirsty groups around them; for the pure doctrines of Christianity were possessed by few, whilst the multitude blended in their belief the wildest superstitions of both faiths: but this is not surprising, for it was written at a time when the struggle between light and darkness was still raging with doubtful issue in the North. One peculiar feature in this remarkable book is the vividness with which each character is drawn and the way in which the individuality of each is maintained—no mere work of fiction could bring out every touch so sharply, and enable us to detect the name of the speaker before his sentence is complete. For matchless beauty of person and depravity of nature, we may seek in vain for a woman to be compared with Hallgerda, who, without a shadow of compunction, was the abettor and instigator of so many crimes, that one can only look upon her as an impersonation of evil—a *spirit* of darkness clothed in light. We might also call particular attention to the manly Gunnar, the gentle and loving Bergthora, and the slanderous Mord, as among the more prominent of the numerous characters brought before our notice.

In recommending "The Story of Burnt Njal" to the reading public, we conceive that only one class of persons will be dissatisfied. We allude to the mere pleasure-seekers, who read for amusement only, and serve for nothing but the unravelling of a clever and intricate plot. Those, however, who desire instruction will find a few hours well spent in the perusal of this book, conveying as it does in a portable and attractive form more information on the physical features of Iceland and the life of the Icelander in the eleventh century than can be obtained elsewhere. Much assistance also is rendered by the neatly-executed maps and plans interspersed in the two volumes, which will bear careful study. The judicial system of the Icelanders, too, as explained in these volumes, is deeply interesting. That system appears to have attained to a high degree of excellence and to have had an amazing influence over the minds of

the people. Instances of its working are supplied in lengthy descriptions of the Thing-valla, Thing-feild, or Althing, as their law court or Parliament was variously called.

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1. *Poems.* By the Author of "The Patience of Hope." Alex. Strahan and Co., Edinburgh.
2. *Lyrics and Idylls.* By Gerda Fay. Bell and Daldy.

A NEW public has arisen in this generation which must be fed by verse, and which will not be satisfied unless the verse is tolerably good—good in rhythm and construction, and, above all, expressing some good sentiment, and dealing with the inner springs of thought. And as there is a public to demand this, so is there an unfailing supply. The critic, meanwhile, has neither to sneer, nor to condemn the writers or the readers, but simply to watch that the kind of food offered and accepted does not pander to the diseases of the age. The danger in these present times does not lie towards the morbid love of singularity, or the tendency to rash speculation and sceptical profession, which was so especially attractive some fifty years ago; it is rather to a kind of morbid introspection—none the less self-complacent, because self-condemning—to a minute hair-splitting of motives and meanings, and to an idealization and sanctification of every passing emotion, till it is exalted into utterly disproportionate importance with the outer active life of reality and duty—a seemingly amiable and innocent form of moral disease, truly, and one which it is consolatory to think is very likely to appear only in the juvenile subject and, if the constitution be healthy, to be outgrown, leaving, let us hope, something of the sensitiveness of conscience and the delicacy of perception which form its attraction and its excuse.

Considering that poetry is a very suitable vehicle for all the failings we have noted, it must be confessed that while certain prose writers of the day aid and abet them to any extent, the poets even, though minor in both senses, have kept singularly clear of this unhealthy tone. There are multitudes of books appearing yearly which do not take a very high place in literature, and yet which, from their absence of pretension, real earnest feeling, and careful form, are admirably well suited to supply the want of the age. They chime in with the reverent feelings and the noble purpose which (whether to bear fruit or not, time will show,) is running through and beneath the young lives of the present day.

Now and then we come across a volume which has some originality claiming special note, and though not rising from the valley of verse into the grander regions of poetry, is yet deserving of being set apart and remembered. The two volumes before us are of this class; and before going on to consider them, the care and finish which they both exhibit must be commended.

If they fail, it is not for want of time and thought on the part of

the writers; and no delight at their own ideas has led them into the fatal error of disregarding how, and in what form, it is conveyed.

The volume of poems by the author of "The Patience of Hope" contains many very pretty verses and, here and there, some lines that linger in one's memory as familiar thoughts happily put—such as—

> "Moments make
> Their way to hours, as slowly day by day
> Creeps lagging on, as if before them lay
> Some evil thing they feared to overtake;"

and,

> "Our waking hours write bitter things
> Against us on Life's wall;
> But Sleep her small soft finger brings,
> And draws it through them all;"

and,

> "So doth life—our field
> Redeemed for us—but slowly, slowly yield
> The treasure hid within it!"

and,

> "So spake she fervent: 'I have learned by knocking at Heaven's gate
> The meaning of one golden word that shines above it—"WAIT!"
> For with the Master whom to serve is not to ride or run,
> But only to abide His Will, "WELL WAITED IS WELL DONE." '"

The following is a good specimen of the author:—

"WHEN THE NIGHT AND MORNING MEET.

> "IN the dark and narrow street,
> Into a world of woe,
> Where the tread of many feet
> Went trampling to and fro,
> A child was born—speak low!
> When the night and morning meet.
>
> "Full seventy summers back
> Was this; so long ago,
> The feet that wore the track
> Are lying straight and low,—
> Yet hath there been no lack
> Of passers to and fro.
>
> "Within the narrow street
> This childhood ever played;
> Beyond the narrow street
> This manhood never strayed;
> This age sat still and prayed
> Anear the trampling feet.
>
> "The tread of ceaseless feet
> Flowed through his life, unstirred
> By waters' fall, or fleet
> Wind music, or the bird
> Of morn,—these sounds are sweet,
> But they were still unheard.

"Within the narrow street
I stood beside a bed—
I held a dying head
When the night and morning meet;
And every word was sweet,
Though few the words we said.

"And as we talked, dawn drew
To day—the world was fair
In fields afar, I knew;
Yet spoke not to him there
Of how the grasses grew,
Besprent with dew-drops rare.

"We spoke not of the sun,
Nor of this green earth fair;
This soul, whose day was done,
Had never claimed its share
In these, and yet its rare
Rich heritage had won.

"From the dark and narrow street
Into a world of love
A child was born,—speak low,
Speak reverent, for we know
Not how they speak above,
When the night and morning meet."

Gerda Fay's poems are more unequal, but have evidence of skill, power, and tenderness. "Daisies" is a very complete little poem. We have no space to do more than recommend them to our readers and give one as a specimen:—

"The Nightingale throng
The whole night long
Smote and silenced my heart with song;

"Nor prayer, nor dream
Might stem the stream
That sovereign harmony reigned supreme:

"All, all was hushed
As the torrent gushed,
And through worlds of silvery Silence rushed,

"And in such wild way
This wondrous day
Was borne to the birth o'er the woods of May!"

Post Office Savings' Banks: A Few Plain Words concerning them. Printed and published by Emily Faithfull & Co. Price 1*d.*, 5*s.* per 100.

THIS little pamphlet, of which the twenty-fifth thousand is circulating while we write, explains the chief advantages of the new system of Post Office Savings' Banks. Employers of labor, and all who are working among the lower classes in paths of religious or secular usefulness, will find it completely adapted for extensive distribution among the people.

It is especially to be noticed that parents may deposit for their

children, children for themselves, and *women, whether married or single, may deposit on their own account.*

Everything has been done to make the new system easy, safe, and just; and this little pamphlet makes its provisions perfectly clear.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

AMONG the scanty publications of the past month of September are few which can be considered to rank among our special subjects. In biography, Mr. Moy Thomas has published a second volume of the "Letters and Works of Lady M. W. Montagu." (Bohn.) "The Literary Women of England," by Jane Williams, includes a biographical epitome of all the most eminent in the year 1700, and sketches of the poetesses to the year 1850, with extracts from their works. (Saunders and Otley.) A cheap edition is at last out of Margaret Fuller Orsoli's "Summer on the Lakes," with the autobiography and memoirs by Emerson, Channing, Greeley, &c., a great boon to readers who cannot afford 30*s.* for three volumes of a favorite work. (Ward and Lock.) "The Secret History of the Court of France under Louis XV." is curious, as containing an earnest vindication of the political career and influence of Madame de Pompadour. (Hurst and Blackett.) The numerous ladies in England who are connected with the anti-slavery movement will note the appearance of the "Life and Letters of Captain John Brown," edited by Richard D. Webb. (Smith and Elder.)

In matters referring to social and benevolent work, we find that Mrs. Bayley has published another little book, called "Mended Homes, and how they were repaired."

A volume entitled "Social Science," contains selections from John Cassell's Prize Essays by Working Men and Women. (Cassell.)

We have received the "Second Report of the Certified Industrial School, Park Row, Bristol," from which we extract the following observations by Miss Carpenter :—

"The second year of the establishment of the Certified Industrial School closes with the evidence from results that such a school is greatly needed, and that young boys who without proper control were a nuisance to society, and preparing to become criminals, may be made, under ordinarily good management, useful, hard-working, and trustworthy boys, prepared to gain an honest livelihood.

"The number of boys in the School, December 31st, 1859, were—

Under magisterial sentence	7	
Volunteers	8	
Admitted under sentence to December 31st, 1860 ...	10	
Volunteers	10	—35
Volunteers withdrawn by parents		2
Number in the School, December 31, 1860		33

"The Certified Industrial School occupies a very important place in the system adopted in this country to prevent crime and to reform criminals,

both as regards the individual and the community. It takes hold of those children who resist all voluntary action, who will not yield to simple educational measures, and who present symptoms of criminal propensities which, if not arrested, must certainly ripen into crime. Legal authority is needed to arrest such children in their career, but no stigma is attached to them, for they may be regarded as erring from want of the control and training needed for childhood. If they yield to the discipline of the school they are saved from the pauper or criminal class, each of which affixes a distinct stigma on the individual, and enabled to take an honorable, because self-supporting, position in society. Now it is evident, without here taking the religious view of the case, without entering on what have been called 'immortal statistics,' that it is infinitely better for society that the pauper and criminal class should be diminished as far as possible. Hence it is important that these schools should be enabled, both by legislative enactment and voluntary effort, to carry out the object intended. In a pecuniary point of view, also, it would be beneficial to the country. If *good* Ragged or Free Day Schools were generally established and aided from the Committee of Council on Education to the amount of £1 *per annum for each scholar*, there can be no doubt that a class would be acted on who now swarm in our workhouses, and the need for the Industrial Schools would be greatly diminished. Still there will be always some refractory and ill-managed children who must be sent to them; the expense will now be £13 per annum for each child, but in most cases this need not be continued for many years as he will not have been hardened in crime, and he will go out into the world without a stain upon him. If the child has been left to be confirmed in crime, he will commit some serious injury to society, and then be branded by the prison and sent into the world as a marked member of the criminal class, or placed under the stricter discipline of the Reformatory, where the expense to the public will be from £14 to £20 per annum, or more. But this will be a great saving if he is sent forth reformed; for if he is allowed, after frequent imprisonments and whippings, to harden in crime, then he will be supported in a convict prison for several years at an expense to the public of more than £40 per annum, to come forth into society too often unreformed, prepared for daring robbery, burglary, or even murder.

"It cannot be doubted that our utmost efforts should be directed to prevent crime while in the young it is possible and comparatively easy, and thus to prepare for the next generation a better heritage than we have received from our fathers.

"MARY CARPENTER.

"*Red Lodge House, Bristol*, 1861."

Among numerous works for children, we notice Dean and Co.'s "Movable Book," with large colored pictures, being "Blondin's astounding Feats at the Crystal Palace and elsewhere," managed with much mechanical ingenuity to produce the required effect.

XXV.—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,

IT has often struck me that the pages of your Open Council, which, so far as I know, are the only pages in the periodical press thus laid open to

ladies for discussion upon their own subjects, are far too little made use of considering the number of thoroughly intelligent women whom I know to take your Journal. When I turn over the leaves of some extremely second-rate magazine, my eye is invariably caught by the long column of the correspondence department, and I have often been tempted to wonder if it is purely fictitious, got up in the editor's room, and paid for at so much a slip! Is Mary Jane really bent on the perpetual inquiry, how cold cream may best be made? And is she for ever receiving a *bonâ fide* answer that it is composed of "almond wax, one pound; rose water, one pound; (*sic*;) white wax, one ounce; spermaceti, one ounce; and otto of roses, half a drachm?" Does Richard truly want to know how he and Susan can get married before a registrar? and does the editor constantly inform him of the legal particulars, throwing in a strong injunction to consult the clergyman as well? Is there an agriculturist always seeking to know when mangel-wurzel was first introduced into the United Kingdom? and a mother inquiring at what age her daughter Lavinia ought to begin to learn her scales?

Inquiries of a much more tender and domestic nature are likewise apparently confided to the editorial ear. Chloe wants to know if Damon "means anything," and the editor always replies oracularly that he possibly may, but probably does not, so as not to commit himself either way; while Damon tears the editorial heart with lamentations over Chloe's coldness, and wants to know if her refusing to accept his nosegay of hollyhocks and sunflowers is really a token that she will never be his? Then Lucy dreamt she saw the date of her own death on a tombstone, only luckily it was for a certain day in *last* year; and Robert cannot sleep in his bed till he knows whether Helen of Troy has an authentic tomb; and Politico inquires where he can get a complete edition of Louis Blanc's works; and Theologicus wants to be sure where the Bishop of Oxford was born, and when. An Anxious Inquirer is told that it's no use going to law about a lapsed life insurance policy; and Heliogabalus is warned that it is unsafe to eat oysters unless there is a letter *r* in the name of the month. And all these notes and queries inform somebody, amuse somebody, are eagerly sought by somebody, and this mythical individual is moreover apparently a well-disposed and Christian personage; for be it observed that such columns, albeit a little vulgar, never exceed the bounds of real domestic decorum, and are totally different in character from the unreadable rubbish of the low French press. I must confess, for my part, (and I have just heard a highly intellectual lady friend say the same thing,) that there is something in the simple homely life thus revealed in the popular whim of correspondence which I cannot help sympathising with, and that I have often bought a penny periodical at the door of a railway carriage, that I might see exactly what Richard and Mary Jane were about, whether the cold cream had got any recommendable new ingredient, or poor little Lavinia was permitted to be free of her scales for a year or two longer.

In fact, it does not much matter for my present purpose whether the correspondence is fictitious or not, since it evidently fits its market, and might, may, could, would, and even should be true!

Now, my dear unknown friend and fellow-reader of the ENGLISH WOMAN'S JOURNAL, have you really, with all your ideas, wealth, culture, and refinement, no question to ask, no suggestions to make, no experience to communicate, nay, *faute de mieux*, no recipe to recommend?

Indeed, there are recipes in the moral, as well as in the physical creation, and I can say for my own part, that I never go amongst a fresh set of people —a fresh set of *workers*, I believe I ought to say, for my experience is chiefly among such—without hearing suggestions, reminiscences, and irresistible jokes, enough to set a dozen monthly pages of correspondence on fire with wit and knowledge of a truly refined kind.

Having thus thrown down my gauntlet, I appeal to your readers in England, Scotland, and Ireland, to those for their sterling common sense, to

the others for their shrewd mother wit, or gallant genial grace of mind, to take it and open the lists for the sake of all the good thought and gay imaginings which only demand a field, and remain, Ladies,

Your obedient servant and constant reader,

A POLITE LETTER-WRITER.

To the Editors of the English Woman's Journal.

LADIES,

The idea has often come to my mind, that it would be good and useful to have lectures given by women to women, and I venture to suggest a plan for your consideration. Since becoming acquainted with the practical working of your Institute, I have seen how much you must have to contend with against the erroneous views which women themselves entertain about the ways and means of female employment; and it seems to me that if any of those ladies who have devoted so much time and labor to the study and elucidation of the question would gather round them in social meeting those who are either aiding or receiving aid from the Society, they might very profitably speak to them on different subjects and matters of thought, which are as yet but partially comprehended, if indeed understood at all. Many points of judgment might be made clear, many wrong views combated, whilst the very meeting together for mutual interest would promote a genial feeling and tend towards that great power which co-operation gives. The plan I would suggest is this :—That once a fortnight, or once a month, the heads of this Society should assemble those women who are in direct communication with t, or who have received employment through its means, and that one lady should address them on some practical subject bearing upon their work or pòsition. Amongst the topics that might be treated of, that of Printing ranks first. There is no doubt that women engaged in the Press are inclined to look upon it too much as a mere mechanical employment, in which there is no need for exercise of the brain or the understanding. Let one—we will not name *the* one to whom we most naturally turn—speak to the body of women daily working in the printing office of the noble art in which they are engaged, sketching its history and setting it forth in all its grand development and wonderful results. Show them that they are doing a work that was worth the ambition of famous and clever men to engage in, and depend upon it those women will return to their labors on the morrow with a new interest in their minds, a fresh vigor stimulating them to do their work and to do it well. Again, in a lesser degree, the same might be said of the Electric Telegraph; there is very much that might be said to those who are employed in that branch of employment, and which nine out of ten ignore, getting through the mechanical drudgery as quickly and grudgingly as possible, and doing the work in a senseless, meaningless manner, all for the want of having their understandings aroused and their minds interested.

For those engaged in copying manuscripts a very interesting lecture might be given on caligraphy, its rise and progress, and much historical information imparted. And going from particular to general subjects connected with women and women's work, what a field of matter there lies hitherto unexplored by many a woman, who withal is a thinking woman, but who holds views and ideas tending to raise the standard of women in general, and who has had no opportunity for freely broaching or setting them in order. Let women, then, be got to spend an evening together once a month or oftener, when one of their own body shall address them on some topic of immediate interest, and after the lecture has concluded let there be free leave given for any public remarks or questions which any may feel inclined to make.

The lectures ought not to be dry; pleasant familiar addresses interspersed with anecdote, which shall amuse the younger, as well as instruct and interest the older and more thoughtful auditors.

I think these meetings might be the means of promoting that *esprit de corps* so much wanted amongst us, as also the kindly cordiality which we ought to feel one for another, sisters in the same work, laborers in the same cause, bearing the same burdens, passing through the same trials, having one common hope.

Should these few words put into the minds of any the desire of beginning what I earnestly believe would be a good work, they will of course have to form a more definite plan as to arrangement, &c., than what is here suggested, the bare outline of which is only sketched.

I am, Ladies, your very faithful servant,

M. G. S.

To the Editors of the English Woman's Journal.

Ladies,

A few notes on Frau de Fellenberg seem an appropriate appendix to the interesting article on the Institutions of Hofwyl in the September number of the English Woman's Journal.

Her maternal devotion and instructions have already been touched upon, and the influence with which this noble woman led her son's attention to philanthropical objects.

When scarcely five years old, Emanuel amused himself with a wagon, and drew it down a steep hill; it soon began to roll so fast that it was beyond the control of the boy, who was dragged along with it, and in great danger. The mother seeing it, but powerless to stop the vehicle, at once hung to it to retard its motion, was dragged over the sharp stones, and bled for her son. Such a sacrifice of maternal love was never forgotten, and the remembrance of it often induced the son to deeds of sacrificing charity. Great mothers, great sons! Good mothers, good sons!

To many such an anecdote may seem perfectly natural and not worth mentioning. "What mother," they may say, "would not do the same?" But it is worth quoting, because of the contrast of the child's lasting feeling to the cold indifference with which children of our generation often receive all the sacrifices of parents and teachers, as a matter of course. Does the difference lie in the noble mind of the boy, or the judicious management of the mother?

Once the boy came joyfully from his play and found his mother in great sorrow, with a newspaper in hand, trying hard to keep back the tears. The boy clung to her, begging her to tell him the cause of her grief. "Be quiet," said the mother, "you cannot understand it." But the little fellow begged more imploringly and caressingly; at last the mother said, "The North Americans are beaten." Free mothers, free sons!

This proved powerful seed in the heart afterwards working so successfully to set free those that were oppressed and in bondage.

One of her most earnest exhortations was: "The rich are seldom in want of help; assist the poor and forsaken." And so well the son obeyed and remembered his mother's words, that in after years he gave it as most precious dowry to his daughters on the eve of their marriage.

Yours obediently,

A Swiss Reader.

To the Editors of the English Woman's Journal.

Rochester, 17*th September*, 1861.

Ladies,

The article on the Institutions of Hofwyl is interesting.

It appears to me that it would be instructive to inquire into the subsequent career of the pupils of Hofwyl. If the career of the princes and nobles edu-

cated at the Institutions could be learned, we might compare such men with those who have been educated elsewhere. It appears to be doubtful whether it be a good plan to bring up our children in utter ignorance of evil. We must choose the good and refuse the evil, each one for himself.

The experience of Hofwyl would be instructive on this subject.

I am, Ladies, yours truly,

FREDK. J. BROWN, M.D.

To the Editors of the English Woman's Journal.

LADIES,

I am continually amazed, being an old-fashioned person, at the noisy cries I hear about want of employment for women. Permit me to deny entirely this want of employment. It cannot be ascertained that at any time in the social history of our beloved country, women's work was better paid or more in demand.

Now allow me (as an old woman, and one of old-fashioned notions) to pass by without notice all *democratic* and *low arguments* about *ladies* working. My opinion is this, that if a woman is obliged to work, at once, she (although she may be Christian and well bred) loses that peculiar position which the word *lady* conventionally designates; and having once been obliged to step from drawing-room dignity, she need not hesitate as to where she steps down. It is evident to all refined and logical people that there is no *real intrinsic* difference between artists and other workers for money, high or low. All are on the same level—*most* honorable positions all, but not that of ladies. It is the misfortune of our age to confound terms and strive to attain a *revolutionary equality*, altering the use and meaning of words. Servants use the word "lady" among themselves, and are therefore obliged to say, when speaking of a woman of rank and fortune, "*a real* lady." This is an instance of my meaning.

Now if women find, by the accidents of fate, they cannot be ladies and live the drawing-room life, let them at once abandon their pretensions and seek such positions as their natures fit them for. Service, domestic service, is evidently the proper sphere for woman, and there, let me assure you, she will find employment, and no stinted remuneration.

I myself am begging a nurse to come to me for £25 a year and board and lodging, imploring a housemaid to be contented with £18 and not to grumble at cold mutton for dinner once a week. I myself find servants are so rare and so precious, that I am obliged to curb my natural and free manner of speaking to my own, and address them with a strange unnatural politeness which I internally feel is utterly unworthy of my *position* and *character*. To such a pass have we come! therefore, my dear Ladies, let us not hear any more nonsense about the *distress of women*, the *want of work*, &c. Let those who have such silly senseless pride *starve*, for certainly, if they will not be contented with any position Providence may call them to, they are in the estimation of your correspondent utterly unfit to live.

I am, Ladies, yours truly,

A WEST-END HOUSEKEEPER.

To the Editors of the English Woman's Journal.

LADIES,

I have observed in the several public papers, notices differing in character, but all of them sufficiently suggestive, of the recent Social Science meeting held in Dublin under the venerable presidency of Lord Brougham. All the subjects treated of at that impressive Congress are *nationally* important, but surely none more so than that of the pauper children of this Christian country! "*What is* to be done with them?" is the title of one of the essays

which were read, and listened to so earnestly—a most impressive title too! Every morning and night I seem to hear it repeated—What *is* to be done with them? Something must be done or the Social Science of England will become a subject for ridicule, as much as for discussion.

Can no one devise a plan by which the barefooted boys and girls, of *London* at least, can be taken out of those wealth and fashion-thronged streets which they so dishonor by the fearful contrast of their rags and abject destitution? There should be an asylum for boys out of the bequest of the Protestant boy-king, Edward VI.—the Bluecoat School should be *their* asylum, but it is otherwise occupied—its revenues are diverted from their original intent, and there is little hope of their being restored to their legitimate purpose; but the parents of those who enjoy the privilege of being *gratuitously* educated in that far-famed seminary should recollect the existence of the asylum for destitute lads, established by the charity of Mr. Bell, in the New Road, and *should* contribute at least £1 a year *each* to its support. The asylum languishes for want of regular income, which might thus be readily supplied.

Then should not the young men educated in that celebrated school, and now occupying favorable positions in life, tax themselves to the same amount for the same purpose, and thus repay a little of what they owe to the institutions of their country? Indeed, it astonishes me that young men educated at the Bluecoat School *can* show themselves so negligent of the history of its foundation as to manifest no sympathy for the ignorance and homelessness of those of whom they have, however unintentionally, usurped the place in a national charity.

I will in a future letter, with your permission, suggest what might be done for the girls.

Remaining, with the deepest sense of the importance of the subject, Ladies,

Your, and truly, very faithful servant,

S. E. Miles.

P.S.—A little of the "*Salt*" collected at the anniversaries by the more distinguished scholars would be thus gracefully and properly applied to preserve some important members of the body-politic from decay.

[We think that the following letter from a young emigrant will interest our readers.—Eds.]

On Board the ship *Wansfell*,
The Downs, July 28th, 1861.

Dear Father,

Here we are in the Downs, sitting comfortably below, as there has been a little squall and the deck is too wet. We seem to have put to sea in earnest and are enjoying it much. We sailed at four o'clock this morning. A. and I slept soundly all through the noise and bustle of getting off, but H., R., and P. were up assisting the sailors. I think we shall all be able to mess together. We shall have a double mess of twelve, six gentlemen and six ladies.

The young men consist of our own four, one who is going out in some governmental capacity, and another. The first of these and H. are going to study the art of measuring timber together on the voyage. The young women who have joined us are also very pleasant messmates, so we are well off for companions. We have a table to ourselves in a comfortable part of the ship, and if present arrangements are continued we shall quite enjoy the voyage, I think. The provisions are served out cooked, so we have divided the task of fetching them. R. is Aquarius and has charge of the water, besides assisting to wash the platters; P. is appointed to receive all from the cook's gallery; and H. will take the bread and grocery from the store, where they are dealt out once a week. A. and I have to take charge of all the platters,

and set out the meals. Two women who took berths in our cabin did not come, so we have ample room to stow away things and make ourselves comfortable, which we mean to do. Our things are settled in now and all the boxes are safe. * * * * * * * *

It will be very much like a continual pic-nic, we think, when the weather is fair.

A few of the people have begun to be sea-sick, but all our mess are all right and have only felt a very slight giddiness at present.

We had a few sharp peals of thunder this afternoon, and such a hailstorm as I never saw before. The noise and excitement were very exhilarating. The ship pitched from side to side a little and the loopholes had to be closed, and the sails reefed, but we are now lying at anchor.

The pilot goes ashore to-morrow, and will take the last letters we shall be able to send for some time.

I have spoken to the doctor to-day, and like him. He asked me if I was a Quakeress, and wanted to know what I should do in Brisbane as there are no Quakers there.

We attended Church service this morning on board, but we did not like it very much; so we are going to ask W. to read us a chapter after breakfast, and we believe he and the others will all like the plan. Mr. Jordan came on board yesterday and gave a sensible and very encouraging lecture on Queensland to the emigrants. The advice and practical experience of such a man is very valuable. I am glad to say he tried to impress the people with the necessity of temperance. He had been in Australia five years and drank nothing but water, which he assured them was all they required. He means to return to Australia in three years and expects to find us all prospering.

With love from all to yourself and friends,

I remain yours affectionately,

R——.

XXVI.—PASSING EVENTS.

PUBLIC AND POLITICAL.

The American war progresses steadily. A movement upon Washington has been expected during the whole of the month. It is understood that Garibaldi distinctly declines to proceed to America to assist the Northern party, as was at one time anticipated.

Victor Emmanuel reached Florence on Saturday, the 14th, and opened the Exhibition of Italian Industry on Sunday, the 15th.

In future, no passport will be required from any subject of Great Britain passing through Holland, and it is understood that the Parliaments of Sweden and Norway contemplate following, in this respect, the example of the other constitutional States of Europe.

The Prince of Tuscany was married at Rome, on the 19th, to one of the sisters of the ex-King of Naples.

SOCIAL AND INDUSTRIAL.

Teachers' Meeting.—A crowded and animated meeting of metropolitan teachers, male and female, was held, on the 21st, at the Whittington Club, for the purpose of taking into consideration the new minutes of the Committee of Council on Education, which, it was stated by the Chairman, would tend to reduce the income of teachers by one-fourth. The female teachers do not appear to have taken any active part in the discussion.

THE EARLY CLOSING MOVEMENT.—A well-attended meeting, of assistants of both sexes engaged in the drapery and millinery establishments of the western London suburbs, was held on the evening of the 18th, in Sloane Street, and a local committee was appointed to further the early closing movement.

POST OFFICE SAVINGS' BANKS.—The amount of business transacted since Monday, the 16th, at the new Post Office Savings' Banks, far exceeds the most sanguine expectations of those who arranged the details of the scheme; a very large number of persons, male and female, of all ages and classes, having become depositors. The money collected has already been invested by Government.

AUSTRALIA.—The Registrar-General has published an abstract of the population as exhibited by the late census. The excess of males is still very great, being 328,651 males to 211,651 females.

FEMALE EDUCATION IN INDIA.—The report which has been issued by the Government on the progress and condition of the Bengal Presidency, states that little has as yet been done in regard to female education, and there are but ten schools in operation, attended by somewhat over 367 children. As a general rule, the people are opposed to female education, and it must, it is feared, be a work of very slow development, because of there not being that direct and tangible benefit to be derived from the education of daughters which follows from the education of sons. In a country where the girls marry at the age of four or five, and are mothers at thirteen or fourteen, it is not from schools that any great success in this direction can be anticipated; female education must be brought within the penetralia of home. There is reason to believe that it has at length gained entrance there, and takes the form of yenana teaching. The report acknowledges that it is impossible to obtain statistics of this mode of education, but it is stated to be quite certain that it is spreading.

OVERPLUS OF THE FEMALE POPULATION OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.—The completed returns show that the population found in the United Kingdom at the recent census, not reckoning army, navy, or merchant seamen who were abroad, amounted to 29,031,298, an increase of sixty-one per cent. in fifty years, notwithstanding that we have been planting nations by a vast emigration. The census found here 14,077,189 males, and 14,954,109 females—an excess of females over the males of 876,920. The overplus of women and girls in England would fill all Liverpool and Leeds; in Scotland, all Edinburgh; in Ireland, all Belfast, Waterford, and Wexford.

LIFEBOATS. — It will probably be remembered by many of our readers that a benevolent lady, named Mrs. Hartley, of Bideford, Devon, had exerted herself in raising the cost of a lifeboat and its transporting carriage. By her indefatigable efforts, aided by those of some friends in different parts of the country, she has succeeded in raising the large sum of £330. The National Lifeboat Institution has selected Tynemouth, on the Northumberland coast, for the station of the lifeboat. In this locality some fearful shipwrecks take place every winter. Moreover, there the first lifeboat, invented about eighty years ago, was first successfully tried, when it was the means of saving a shipwrecked crew, when all other appliances for their rescue had previously failed. Since that period some thousands of poor creatures have owed their lives, under God, to the lifeboat. In appreciation of Mrs. Hartley's zealous services in this humane cause, the National Lifeboat Institution has presented to her a beautiful model of the Tynemouth lifeboat, which is to be called the *Mary Hartley*. In the north of Devon, in the neighborhoods of Appledore and Braunton, the National Lifeboat Institution has three lifeboat establishments. These lifeboats have been the means of saving several shipwrecked crews. The lifeboat house at Braunton is a small, inconvenient, wooden structure, and affords no accommodation whatever in that desolate spot, far from the haunts of men, for the comfort of those poor shipwrecked sailors who are often brought ashore in

the lifeboats more dead than alive, and who would often perish from exhaustion but for the comforts they frequently receive in the lifeboat houses. Accordingly, Mrs. Hartley is now making an additional effort to raise £100 or £200 to build a new lifeboat house at Braunton. She confidently believes that she will not have to appeal in vain for assistance to accomplish her humane object.

LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, AND ARTISTIC.

MADAME LIND-GOLDSMIDT has offered her gratuitous services for the soprano part in Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, which will be performed in Exeter Hall, on Tuesday, October 22nd, in aid of a fund for erecting a church, and assisting the industrial institutions created by the Rev. H. Douglas, for the "Londoners over the Border."

OUR Passing Events being cut short last month for want of space, caused by the Social Science Reports, we omitted to record the great loss sustained by the musical world in the death of Catherine Hayes, (Mrs. Bushnell.) She was born at Limerick about the year 1820, commenced her musical education in Dublin, and continued it in Paris under Emanuel Garcia, the master of Malibran and Jenny Lind. She achieved the highest honors in her profession, and while in operatic music she was great amongst many, she was perhaps unrivalled in the lyric department of her art.

WE mentioned in August the sad and premature death of a most promising young artist, Mrs. Wells, and now give the following particulars of her short career, extracted from the *London Review*:—

"Johanna Mary Boyce,—Mrs. H. T. Wells,—was born in London, December 7, 1831. She was the second daughter of the late George J. Boyce, of Maida Hill. Her inclination towards art was early indicated At the age of eighteen she studied at two of the best schools of art in London. The general faculties of her mind were rapidly developed. Quick intuition, quiet reflective judgment, a highly pure and sensitive imagination, were combined in her, with much energy of will. Such gifts were carefully cultivated by travel, and study of the best works of the best authors. Every impression so acquired was carefully tested, and its rendering showed how truly subjective was the action of her mind. This is the basis of all original conception. The form this action ultimately took may be considered as the exponent of lyric feeling. To express truth with thorough sincerity, whether in relation to the scenes of nature or to the events of life, was her desire. Her first works were exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1855. "Elgvira," the study of a lady's head, attracted much attention. In this year she went to Paris, and studied for a few weeks in the *atelier* of M. Couture, and painted a picture of 'Rowena offering the Wassail Cup to Vortigern,' and a characteristic portrait of Madame Hereau, reader to the Empress Marie Louise. Upon the requisition of a friend, in 1856, she contributed to the *Saturday Review* a series of articles upon the Paris International, the Royal Academy, and Water-Color Exhibitions. They were a first attempt, marked with a generous spirit, and written with remarkable clearness and precision. In 1857 she exhibited at the Royal Academy a little picture, 'Our Housemaid,' which was most favorably noticed, both for conception and treatment. The picture of 'Rowena,' sent at the same time, was rejected. She now travelled in Italy, visiting Florence and other cities, the homes and shrines of art. On December 9th, 1857, she married Mr. H. T. Wells. Her next work, an illustration of a line from Tennyson, 'No joy the blowing season gives,' gave her an admitted high position among artists. It depicted a widow and her child, every touch expressive of the deepest poverty and distress, weary and waysore, drenched and blinded by the driving sleet, struggling onwards, beaten back by the force of the pitiless storm. Their path was across a dreary moor-side road, over the endless horizon of which the clouds lowered, the fitting emblem of the hopeless continuance of woe.

Never were the external affinities of nature and of life, in reciprocal relation, expressive of an idea more poetically rendered. This picture was purchased by Mr. Plint. 'The Child's Pilgrimage,' long studied and carefully finished, was exhibited in 1860, but so unfavorably hung, that absolute rejection had been courtesy. In the present year this act was more graciously redeemed. Her pictures, 'Peep Bo,' the 'Heather Gatherer,' and 'La Véneziana,' met that general recognition and approval which many of the leading artists conscious of her powers had predicted. It is but simple truth to say they are only indications of greater works. This opinion is confirmed by her last finished unexhibited work, entitled 'A Bird of God,' being the head of an angel, a spiritual creation, very expressive of the theme. Another, is 'A German Girl,' which for character, grandeur of style, and beauty of color, showed the power and the ambition of a mind set to reflect and to recall those works which are still a portion of the bygone glory of the Venetian. In the prime of life, when her genius, long pluming itself, was fitted to take flight and to cleave the air with steady wings, the power was withdrawn. 'The beautiful is vanished, and returns not.'"

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Marchioness of Westminster has presented to the Commissioners of Greenwich Hospital the gold watch worn by Lord Nelson at the battle of Trafalgar, which relic has been placed for exhibition in the Painted Hall.

We find in *Notes and Queries* for September the 21st, the following curious note on Female Orders of Distinction:—

"In a book entitled *Heraldic Anomalies*, published in 1823, I find mention made of the following Orders. For the benefit of those who have, perhaps, never heard of them, I herewith make a short extract, and should be glad to receive further information as to their authenticity, and if they at present exist:—

"1. 'The Ladies' Order of the Cross,' instituted by the Empress Eleanora of Austria.

"2. 'The Order of Ladies, Slaves to Virtue,' founded by the same Empress in 1662; the badge consisted of a golden sun, encircled with a chaplet of laurel enamelled green. It was worn pendent at the breast to a small chain of gold, or a plain, narrow, black ribbon.

"3. 'The Order of Neighborly Love,' founded in 1708 by the Empress Elizabeth of Austria; the badge consisted of a golden cross of eight points pendent from a red ribbon.

"4. 'The Order of Death's Head,' founded by the Duke of Wirtemburg in 1652. The badge was a Death's head enamelled white, surrounded with a cross pattée black; above the cross pattée another cross of five jewels, by which it hangs to a black ribbon edged with white; motto, 'Memento mori,' worn at the breast.

"James William Bryans."