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LVIII.—"THOUGH THIS BE MADNESS, YET THERE'S METHOD IN IT."

PART II.

WE resume our analysis of M. Trélat's most interesting work, "La Folie Lucide," wishing to present to English readers examples of all the chief forms of lucid insanity which he has noted in his long medical career.

Under the head of *Dipsomanes*, or lunatics given to fits of violent drinking, mention is made of a young man who, previous to his entering the Bicêtre, had been put under charge of "*La bonne Sœur Rosalie*," because his family found it impossible to hold any communication with him. When M. Trélat saw this man, he had lived for nearly twenty years in a perpetually recurring state of drunken mania; yet in the intervals he was found to possess perfect memory, and clearness both of speech and writing. He was an astonishing example of the degree to which drunkenness may be carried without impairing the mind, and one unparalleled in degree in all M. Trélat's experience. It has happened that he has arrived at the Bicêtre at the termination of one of his fits; an occasion of great triumph for M. D——. He gets up early, is well washed and brushed, and stands calmly at the foot of his bed, looking as fresh and composed as if he led the most regular of lives. Modestly lowering his eyes, he awaits the physician, who, if he has never seen him before, is completely deceived. He drink! Ah! what a slander! It is an unfortunate error; he has been mistaken for somebody else; no doubt will be entertained when the doctor has witnessed his sobriety and regular habits; and at the end of a few days the physician lets him out. If, on the contrary, he is known, then he pours forth penitence and excuses, and accusations against the police. He asks to be employed, and is sent to the office, where he wins favor by his fine writing, his exactitude, and his expedition; and so he gets let out, and again takes to insane drinking. Of this man's brothers and sisters, three have died before reaching old age, respectively of breaking a blood-vessel in the brain, of heart disease, and of epilepsy.

Women are sometimes beset by a similar mania when least

suspected. For instance, we read of the wife of a scientific man, the mother of daughters, and much in French society. This lady drank Eau de Cologne, and presently took to making perfume for her own toilet and that of her friends. For this purpose, ostensibly, she laid in large stores of spirits of wine; but there was no proportion between what she gave away in small flasks and what she consumed in bottles, to the extent of a bottle a day. At last she began to fall asleep in the midst of conversation; gradually her appearance changed, her intellect weakened, and this charming and fashionable woman disappeared from the current of life at forty-four, and died at fifty, with all the marks of advanced age. "And such cases," says M. Trélat, "are far from infrequent among men and women; and young people marry unsuspectingly these victims of sin and suffering, and find out their horrible mistake too late!"

Under the singular head of wasters and speculators are several curious cases of lucid insanity. What shall we say of a Belgian gentleman who, possessing a capital of £1,200, drives about in a carriage with four horses until he and his family have not a half-penny remaining? Again, Madame M——, a handsome, lively lady of twenty-five years old, married to an affectionate husband ten years her senior, has a taste for extravagance, and wears slippers of pink and blue satin, in which she appears in the street. Her husband has to leave home to procure money for a pressing emergency; on his return, he finds his wife confined to her bed, speechless from weakness, but able to hand him a letter containing the sum total of her debts. Then follow reproaches, hysterics, and repentance on the part of the *husband*. She drives him at last into dishonest paths, and he loses his situation. After which she opens an absurdly expensive school and fails, sets up a contraband commerce in Eau de Cologne, and finally takes to gambling. She dies at fifty, after suffering from cerebral congestion; and her family settle down into a quiet regular life. A somewhat similar example is given of a lady who took to buying up everything which was offered her for sale, and selling it again at a quarter the price. After a long course of ruinous folly her intellect failed in the ordinary sense of the word, and she died of general paralysis; but not before she had driven her husband into debt to the extent of £6000.

The next example is a gentleman; an officer, aged fifty years, who was in the habit of visiting his wife at the Salpêtrière. He had been a brilliant, handsome, soldierly, and wealthy man, who, having fallen in love at Bordeaux with a young person of lower rank than his own, married her. His fortune, large for France, amounted to £24,000; of which, when he retired from the army upon his marriage, he invested a third in a speculation. It proved unsuccessful, and he took to gambling on the Stock Exchange to repair his loss. He only became more unfortunate, and finally the last remains of his money disappeared in an ill-considered scheme of

navigation. In ten years from the time of his marriage he was a ruined man. His wife, still young, supported this reverse with the greater courage; as to himself, he talked of suicide. But she told him she could work for both, and for their child, and she established a millinery business, which prospered and assured them a comfortable livelihood for some years, until her health began to fail from over-work. Finding her sleep uncertain, she took to sitting up in her workroom; but when morning came she would be heard laughing and speaking in an unconnected manner. Little by little her business left her, and at last she was taken to the Salpêtrière, afflicted with melancholy and often crying; lamenting her troubles, and suffering also from delusions in regard to sound. A judicious course of baths and medicine restored her to a tranquil state, in which she was able to work; but at the slightest excitement or sudden noise she still wandered. Her husband, who came often to see her, begged again and again for her release, and at length obtained it. He had a little money, and wished to share it with her. At the end of sixteen months, however, he brought her back much worse, and he himself in a state not very far removed from her own. He had probably led her into dissipations which had overthrown the feeble remains of her reason; as to himself, he fancied that he had brought a bundle of clothes for her, and did not perceive that they were only rags and ends of ribbon. After a time he ceased to visit her, and M. Trélat believes that he put an end to his own life. The poor woman, hopelessly mad, was sent to a departmental asylum.

It is the *husband* to whose case M. Trélat refers in these pages. The wife succumbed to over-work, caused by his weaknesses. In her family there was no taint of insanity; in his there were several members of deficient mental powers.

Inertia is reckoned as insanity when it can be referred to no accidental or temporary cause, but must be regarded as a chronic condition, such as that of Mademoiselle Pauline C——, who, though not deficient in actual intelligence, can hardly read at the age of fifty-two, nor even mend her clothes. Her bodily frame is neither feeble nor sickly, yet she refuses to walk, objects to sitting up, and is never comfortable except when lying down. M. Trélat says, that he has wasted immense pains upon her, and never got beyond making her scrape a little lint, and that under fear of the douche-bath,—a great agent in restraining or stimulating the insane. Again, Madame C—— was the wife of a cab proprietor; she was forty years of age, replied with perfect correctness to all questions, slept well, had a good appetite, but ate very slowly, and would not do any work whatever. She let her arms hang down by her side because they were heavy! Neither remarks, reproaches, nor rewards, not even the douche, ever brought her to the point of even scraping lint. Will it be believed, that this woman had been in a like condition all her life, that her parents had married her to the

cab proprietor, though she could neither cook his dinner, make his bed, sew a button on his shirt, nor sweep a room? Her place in the household was supplied by one of her sisters, who devoted herself to doing all that she should have done. At forty years old she was brought where she should have been from the first—to the Salpêtrière, and remained there until the age of sixty, when she died.

A passion for stealing, on which plea well-dressed persons are occasionally let out of our police courts, is, says M. Trélat, often to be noticed in imbecile patients. Those who never could be taught to read, to write, or to reckon, will sometimes show infinite cunning in accomplishing their thefts, and causing suspicion to fall on others. An idiot at the Salpêtrière was known to be constantly stealing, yet they could never catch her in the act, except by patiently hiding in some place which she believed to be quite solitary. But people need not be idiots in an asylum for such a propensity to break out. M——, aged fifty-six, who led an elegant bachelor life at Paris, kept three separate lodgings, each attended by a female servant; giving as a reason, that he liked to keep rooms in different quarters of the metropolis, so that he need never have far to return at night from any friend's house. This gentleman lived upon, but did not exceed, a good income; in intellect, he was considered somewhat below the mark. Dying suddenly, however, his three lodgings were examined, and found stuffed with linen, towels, pocket-handkerchiefs, candlesticks, vases, opera-glasses, canes and umbrellas, small pictures and medals, silver dish-covers, watches and jewels; all of which he had in the course of years quietly taken away from the houses where he visited without ever having been even suspected, though he continually heard lamentations about these losses, and saw servants accused and dismissed, while he condoled with the victims of his thefts. Neither did he derive the slightest advantage from this little habit; he never attempted to sell any of his accumulations of valuables; and when they were discovered, his friends quietly sought out the right owners (or their heirs) of the articles; and such as could not be thus restored were sold, and the proceeds given to the poor.

A similar case is found in Madame V——, a well-educated young woman, managing satisfactorily her household and a family of children. Her husband and friends, however, are astonished at the elegant habits she keeps up upon a small income. She replies to their praises, that she understands and practises true economy, and never spends money on useless things. This answer is accepted for years, until one day Madame V—— is arrested as a thief; and her unfortunate husband discovers that his wife had never bought a dress for her own use or that of his daughters. They had all been stolen from the shops, with such adroitness as blinded all suspicion.*

* It is said that in some of the States of South America, the ladies, thirty years ago, prided themselves on this manner of procuring dresses.

Again, how often suicide is dependent on the unhealthy state of the brain, is shown by the way in which it runs in families. Rush, in his "Medical Inquiries and Observations upon the Diseases of the Mind," (Philadelphia, 1812,) mentions two twin brothers who had served in the American war of Independence. They were so alike as to be almost undistinguishable the one from the other; and it so happened that they obtained the same grade—that of captain. They were both happily married, were men of independent means, and lived about two miles apart. Nevertheless, Captain J. L——, returning from the Legislature of Vermont, blew out his brains with a pistol, having been depressed in his mind for some days previously. About the same period, Captain C. L—— became melancholy, and talked of suicide. Some days later he got up very early, proposed to his wife that they should ride together on horseback, shaved himself, and then went into another room and cut his throat. The mother of these two men was insane; and two of their sisters were for many years tormented with the fear that they also might commit suicide.

A landholder, M. G——, left behind him seven sons, and £80,000. None of the sons had any money troubles; some of them increased their share of the fortune by their own industry; all of them had good health, and were men of good repute; yet, between thirty and forty years after their father's death, every one of these seven brothers had committed suicide. In another family five members shared the same fate—the grandmother, mother, sister, son, and daughter.

M. Trélat cites a story well known to the medical world, having been told by Hufeland in his *Journal de Médecine Pratique*, in 1819, but probably quite new to our readers. It exemplifies in every line that the unfortunate suicide was perfectly lucid up to the last moment. A merchant, aged thirty-two, having lost his fortune, determined to die of hunger. He had been ill for some weeks, having continual pain in the abdomen in consequence of a fall. From the 12th to the 15th of September, 1818, he wandered about the country, and stopped in a lonely wood. On the 15th he dug a hole, which he fixed on as his death-bed, and remained there until the 3rd of October, on which day he was found yet living by a tavern keeper. After eighteen days' abstinence from food he was yet breathing, but unconscious; and he died just as the man had with great difficulty made him swallow a cup of soup. Upon him was found a journal, written with a pencil, which began on the 16th and ended on the 29th of September, four days before he was found. It was horribly minute, descriptive of his bodily sufferings, yet also of an undeviating determination to lie there till he died.

The laws did not then bear upon such thefts, and the clerks in the commercial houses kept a quick look-out, and if they saw a lady's hand too near a tempting article, would cry out, "Senora, Senora!" while in the evening parties the ladies would laugh at this trial of wits.

The whole of this chapter is inexpressibly painful. M. Trélat winds up by saying, that all the men and women whose history it contains were perfectly lucid, yet all more or less disposed, from the day they came into the world, to quit it by violent means. Some were rich, and some were not; but none, not even the merchant, were in inextricable difficulty: the state of the brain rather than actual misfortune, being responsible for this tendency. If it exists, anything, from a commercial failure to the refusing of a ball to a girl, will suffice to provoke it. But, he says, "If the slightest contradiction induces *ces sortes de malades* to seek a violent death, among normal organizations, on the contrary, where health is contrasted with sickness, and power with feebleness, human strength of mind and body is equal to every social difficulty. *An immovable and unlimited human will meets and breaks to pieces resisting elements, which are always limited in their nature.* To persevere and conquer in spite of obstacles, or to wisely change the path when it is obviously impossible to progress by it; to find new resources in this new career, and never to despair either of himself or of those about him,—such is what Providence inspires in the healthy man; this is what he can and ought to do; and for this end he should only link himself to those who are in a like condition."

The last chapter is devoted to lucid maniacs, who appear to differ from monomaniacs merely by being less under the domination of one erroneous idea, but none the less given up to unreason and violence. Lucid maniacs, if a little less mad in the ordinary sense of the term, are even more trying; for, says M. Trélat, the condition of most of them is long concealed. They are always lucid, are so even in their fits, which rarely burst out except in the interior of family life. They can go out daily, make and receive numerous visits, travel, be the recipients of public honors, be more or less successful, contract ties which are intimate, but wanting in solidity. These insane natures love no one; and without affection, no tie is of long duration. When they marry, it is always for personal interest or pride. They will make unheard-of exertions to attain their end, and when they have attained it they throw off the mask, having nothing more to gain. Some he has known, who, having conducted themselves as angelic models of grace and gentleness during the time of betrothal, only waited till the afternoon of the wedding to afflict with a scene of violence the unfortunate husband or wife whom they had taken in. If such maniacs make others suffer, they also suffer themselves; but less than they would have others believe, for that is part of their insanity. The attitude of victim, which most of them skilfully assume, often warps the judgment of spectators. It is one of the greatest misfortunes of those allied to lucid maniacs that to their unmerited suffering is frequently added the accusation that they are unjust. Excessive pride and self-assertion often characterise these patients, so that they might be numbered among the "proud" examples, to whom a

separate chapter is devoted in the earlier part of the book. But how is it possible to define and classify accurately the shades of these terrible mental maladies, where all forms of delusion and violence act and re-act upon each other, and the unhappy subjects can only be allotted a proximate place in the dreary catalogue?

Nor is it only their own distorted natures which are to be regarded as a source of perpetual discord and affliction; the secondary effects upon those around them are often equally terrible, and many of the examples given in this book show the wide-spreading ruin which they create. People who might have lived useful and honored lives, left to their own inspirations, catch the subtle infection and "go to the bad;" sometimes from the fearful irritation they endure, sometimes from the direct counsel or example of the defective creature with whom they are connected.

A husband is tempted to forgery by his crazy, extravagant wife; —a wife is worn out with anxiety and labor, and is brought to the Salpêtrière because her husband is an incurable waster. Families are set by the ears, and quarrels germinate thickly wherever certain specimens of the lucid insane are to be found. They are much more injurious than people who are regularly mad in the common sense of the word.

Two signs there are, says M. Trélat, by which, whatever their infinite variety in other respects, they are invariably marked. They are uniformly ungrateful—seem to have no sense of what is done for them by others. Secondly, it is impossible to make them listen to any advice: they never modify any of their determinations.

And what shall we say of the propagation of this terrible curse? Of seventy-seven cases noted down by our author, fifty-one were married: fifty-one *families* were actually caught in the meshes, with a corresponding fear for their descendants. The laws of hereditary transmission have lately been partially elucidated by scientific observations, all of which tend to confirm the extent of their influence. Hospital physicians, who see numbers of sick people, and especially those attached to asylums, who are also frequently brought in contact with the families of their patients, are struck with the persistent reappearance in children of the exterior and interior organization of their parents: features, expression of eye, voice, attitude, and gesture, even to the most mysterious depths of the moral organization.

Three centuries ago a member of an Italian family came to reside in France, and from that date no intercourse took place between the two branches of the house. Some fifteen or twenty years since a descendant of the French line being at Rome, sought out the old family; and on being introduced to its members, was struck with respectful surprise. He thought he saw before him his elderly French aunts with whom his childhood had been passed, and who had been dead many years. Here was the same eye, the same glance, the same nose—all the characteristics which create a marked

resemblance had been preserved on each side, whether in Italy or in France, notwithstanding divers intermarriages with other families and three centuries of separation.

In taking leave of M. Trélat, we may consider that he has enforced two lessons on his readers, in whose results this most interesting book may be summed up: firstly, the great care which should be exerted not to form alliance in marriage or in business, or indeed in any kind of close association with natures twisted towards any of these fatal peculiarities. Secondly, that we should watch *ourselves* in our predominant faults and weaknesses, since nothing is more incontestable than that a moral fault may be cherished until it reacts upon the organization, and becomes in the end a hopeless curse unto children's children. Of whom amongst us can it be said that we possess a perfectly sane mind in a perfectly healthy body? M. Trélat laughed heartily when a lady generally supposed to be in possession of all her faculties looked up in his face after attentively perusing "La Folie Lucide," and observed with a slight shade of anxiety,—"*et elle? et lui?—et moi?*"

B. R. P.

LIX.—LADY HESTER STANHOPE.

Part II.

Flattery is sometimes a low retail business in which men expect to receive their money at interest; and sometimes it slides into the keenest satire.

The foolish fulsome flatteries which were common in Lady Hester's days would in our times be considered as insults in disguise. Society learns not to pander so much to this form of insincerity, now that it begins to recognise that the highest praise is the plainest and most straightforward truth, and that no lie can be profitable in the end. We cannot flatter those whom we really esteem, for friendship gives us a "rough courage," and reality need not be "treated daintily." Lady Hester's disposition was not one of those nervous organizations which relish praise because it fortifies confidence, and which are not likely to overstep the bounds of good sense because their vivid self-knowledge gives them acute perceptions of the ridiculous. From her earliest childhood, on the contrary, she was never content to be unnoticed; and her straining after reputation was a fault which deepened and intensified with time, engendering discontent with the ordinary avocations of life, and growing monstrous and unbecoming in her declining years. The childish self-conceit apparent in the diary of Lady Morgan, and

the cold tone of self-sufficiency in the letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montague, are nothing to the contemptible puerilities of Lady Hester's latter days. There is a painful lesson to be learnt in all this. Ambition is not (as Pope called it) the "glorious fault of angels and of gods," or at least true greatness is not ambitious to attract observation to itself. Let Nature teach us. That tree is the finest which, without particularly attracting the eye, entwines its branches with others; that hill is the most beautiful that rises with no abrupt transition from the surrounding level; that sky is most glorious where no cloud is particularly distinct, but each with golden edge melts and mellows into a flood of light; that face is the most pleasant to look upon where no one feature calls for most admiration, but the whole is the beautiful type of the invisible spirit, lit up with changeful expression, the index of the soul. And again: two-thirds of the shades in a picture should be mere mezzotint; the depth of the shadow and the brightness of the light could not be seen but for these graduated tints. It is the unnoticed mortar which holds together the stones of the cathedral and protects it from utter destruction. And so true greatness works in silence and in strength. It is sometimes as the neglected shade on which the glory of others may appear, or as the tempered mortar which consolidates the well-being of society.

To return from this digression, it is curious to find in Lady Hester's words the echoes of Pitt's opinions on the men and events of his times. Buonaparte, she would say, had something naturally vulgar in his composition. "He took a little from Ossian, and a little from Cæsar, a little from this book, and a little from that, and made up altogether a good imitation of a man." With the strong party prejudices of her set, she could not endure Mr. Canning, whose very name was sufficient to irritate her. With her fastidiousness about personal appearance, she found out that he had a low forehead, bad eyebrows, and was ill made every way. She pretended that he was the type of duplicity, and it was impossible to hide from him her instinctive antipathy. The fashions of the age did not prevent Lady Hester from passing the most severe judgments on some of its favorites. Aristocratic as she was in her fancies, she could not help exclaiming with indignation against the miserable ennui and coarse jokes by which some of the reunions were distinguished. Speaking of the Prince of Wales, she did not hesitate to say "what a mean creature he was;" she did not believe he had ever shown a spark of good feeling towards any human being. "How often," she would say, "he would delight in putting men of small incomes to inconvenience." It was one of his favorite jokes to bring ten or a dozen of his friends to drink wine at the house of a companion whom he knew could hardly raise a penny. One of these unfortunates, after being plunged head over ears in debt by this system, was invited to be present when the Prince was dressing himself before four great mirrors,

and was rewarded by the elegant gift of a wig, as he was supposed to be growing bald.* Lady Hester would describe with indignation his desertion of poor Sheridan, whom he allowed to be assaulted by bailiffs on his death-bed, or she would speak with scorn of the ladies of her day singing, "Hi-diddle-diddle the cat and the fiddle," while the king stood by and shouted out "Bravo!"

Amongst the people who would at one time have agreed with Lady Hester in an unfavorable opinion of the Prince, we may mention Brummell, (the last of the dynasty of beaux who have immortalized themselves in England, from Beau Hewitt, Beau Fielding, Beau Nash, Beau Edgeworth, and others.) The genealogy of Brummell was nothing very remarkable. His grandfather kept a small shop in Bury-street, and let out furnished apartments. From the time of his residence at Eton, to his after appearance in the world, Brummell played his cards with remarkable assiduity. He professed great admiration for the niece of Pitt, to whom he may have been drawn by their mutual eccentricity. Both were characterized by remarkable independence, *savoir-faire*, and by vast impertinence, which greatly aided them in maintaining their power. One day Brummell was imprudent enough to exclaim in the presence of Lady Hester àpropos of a young officer of low descent, "Who is that colonel? Colonel *what?*" said he, in the peculiar manner which he aped. "Who ever heard of his father?" "Well," replied Lady Hester, "who ever heard of George Brummell's father?" They were at this moment in Bond Street, the most fashionable street of the time, and Brummell was terrified lest any one should hear. "Oh, Lady Hester," he said in a half serious whisper, bending over the door of the carriage, "nobody knew my father, and nobody would know myself, but for the absurd part I am playing. It is folly which is the making of me. If I did not stare Duchesses out of countenance, and nod to a Prince over my shoulder, I should be forgotten in a week. The world is silly, and I treat it as it deserves; you and I comprehend each other marvellously." This audacious effrontery was the best mode of excusing himself to Lady Hester. From this time, she gave him full franchise, and by a sort of dumb complicity, obtained her share of admiration from the dandy.

Little accustomed to disguise her sentiments, Lady Hester took no pains to hide her dislike from the Prince of Wales. He sent to ask her one day why she disliked him so much, when she professed such an attachment for his royal brothers. "I shall like him,"

* Lady Hester may have maligned the Prince from personal pique. He had been one of the first to pass her without notice after the death of Pitt. It is curious that Sir W. Scott, who is generally supposed to have read characters, should have described George IV. as "a sovereign whose gentle and generous disposition, singular manners, and captivating appearance, rendered him as much the darling of society as his heart felt interest in the welfare of his country."

replied she, "when he is as harmless as they are." The Duke of Cumberland was particularly partial to Lady Hester, whom he called his little "aide-de-camp." She delighted to recall the compliments which William Pitt paid to her. He would say, for instance, according to her account, that he only knew one being in the world capable of disinterested friendship, and that being was herself. "If you were a man, Hester," he would exclaim at another time, "I could send you on the Continent to command an army, with the full confidence that none of my plans would fail." Lady Hester was quite of his opinion. She prided herself on being one of those rare individuals who unite the power of conceiving important plans with the most minute attention to administrative details. Her criticisms on the Duke of Wellington were highly characteristic. It was not sufficient that Mr. Pitt, during his last illness, spoke constantly of Arthur Wellesley with the highest admiration, praising especially the modesty with which he bore his reputation. To Lady Hester this man was but a rough soldier, wanting the dignity of a courtier. He was a man of pleasure, she said, who danced and drank hard: his "star" had done everything for him; he was no tactician, and not a good general. As for the battle of Waterloo, she believed it was sheer good luck.

The triumphs of Lady Hester were not destined to last for ever. The crisis in her life was at hand. It is said that Pompey told his wife she did wrong to be astonished at his reverses, because fortune had been on his side too long to give him any more of her favours. There seems to be a strange law of compensation in earthly things, by which each state of life has its own blessings and its own pains. We must all suffer in turn. There is undeniably a blight in uninterrupted prosperity; but few need fear it, for when we are sailing buoyantly over the waves of life, and our last sorrow is so far behind us that we almost forget its existence, we are sometimes so much nearer the next one. A vertigo of prosperity seems to be a law of our imperfect nature. Arrived at the highest point of distinction, men appear like buildings, which, when they tower too high, are more liable to disastrous falls.

During the lifetime of Pitt, Lady Hester never thought of inquiring how many of the praises which flattered her vanity were dependent on the prestige of his name; nor did it occur to her mind to reflect how little important she would be if her uncle were no longer in office. We need not linger on the account of Pitt's death as given by his niece. The details differ a little from those which are related by Gifford. This biographer asserted, on the authority of the doctor and the clergyman, that Mr. Pitt's last moments were spent in earnest prayer, and devoted to the consideration of religion. Lady Hester passionately denied this fact. According to her, Mr. Pitt's indifference to holy things had never abated, and he who never went to church during his lifetime was of the same mind upon his deathbed. It may give rise to fair suspicion that Lady Hester's account

is also contrary to that of Lord Malmesbury, who, repeating his details from the information of Sir Walter Farquhar, declared that Pitt died repeating to himself, "O what times! O my country!"* Lady Hester often dwelt on the ingratitude of those whom her uncle had served. He retained his cheerfulness and sanguine disposition to the last; and when, having been stricken by fever, he lay a corpse in his own house, he was so utterly neglected by his friends that Lord Brougham relates how some one in the neighborhood having sent to inquire after Mr. Pitt's state, found the wicket open, and "nobody answering the bell, walked through the rooms till he reached the bed on which the minister's body lay lifeless, the sole occupant of the mansion whose doors only a few hours before were darkened by crowds of obsequious suitors."

All was now changed for Lady Hester. Many of her former friends deserted her in trouble, and those who had often smarted under the sallies of her wit were now relieved to be able to treat her with indifference. The pension which had been accorded to her at the request of her uncle, was not sufficient to maintain her in her former style and expenditure. Envious tongues circulated reports at her expense, and old acquaintances who met her in the streets had forgotten to recognise her face.

Indignant but not broken-spirited, and smarting with wounded pride, she hastened to confine herself in a small house in Montague-square, seldom leaving it even for the benefit of fresh air, till the death of her brother Charles, at the battle of Corunna, had altogether disgusted her with society and London.

Breaking up her small establishment, she next journeyed into Wales, and ensconced herself in a small lodging with a room only twelve feet square, where she occupied her time with rustic pursuits.

But the world which she now hated, was still able to disturb her at Brecon. English faces invaded her cynical solitude; and shrinking with horror from the touch of former friends, she determined, like a "female Coriolanus," to desert the country which had offended her vanity, and to place the Mediterranean between herself and those whom she imagined had outraged her. Space fails us to follow her through all her wanderings in the East. After some sojourn at Gibraltar and Malta, she set out for Zante (1810), visited Constantinople, and set sail for Egypt.

After long journeyings without any settled abode, the "prophetess of Syria" determined to live at Mount Lebanon. The insatiable pride, and the eager desire for control which had been baneful to her

* The last words of Pitt are given in the fourth volume of Lord Stanhope's life:—"Oh, my country! how I love my country!" Since then the author has written to the *Times* to state that these words were taken from a very illegible manuscript. A truer transcript, by another person, has the word "leave" instead of "love;" referring, as seemed likely, to the disastrous state of the Continental war produced by the battle of Austerlitz.

through life, were driving her into further exile. She could brook no authority from others, and preferred reigning amongst savages, to living unnoticed with royalty. In the East she dreamed of exercising a feudal power in consequence of her despotic disposition and comparative affluence.

The absurdities which followed were most humiliating. Lady Hester knew nothing of the true happiness which depends on the entire resignation of the will to the decrees of Providence.

To exert power and authority over others was her childish dream,—foolish enough when her follies were winked at under the screen of a Prime Minister's name, but utterly contemptible as the fractious ravings of a faded beauty, a forgotten favorite of society. She was unimportant now and growing old, but her heart was still full of pride and excitement, and she knew nothing of that rest of the soul which is consistent with the truest energy. To her overstrained imagination, it seemed as if the world lay before her like a vast prairie to be conquered, and she could meet dangers and hindrances with stubborn defiance.

Her first proceeding was to hurl anathemas at her nearest neighbor,—the Emir Beschyr, Prince of the Druses, who probably cared little enough for her scorn. His cruel and ferocious conduct supplied Lady Hester with the pretext of taking the part of the oppressed. Passionate in her fancies, and weak in her intellect, she in turns amused herself with violent intrigues and chimerical visions. She dreamed of a new throne, and of a still future Messiah, and pretended to be the priestess of a singular worship. No doubt there was a method in this madness, but the spectacle was still a singular one. The exact distinction between madness and sanity is sufficiently difficult to puzzle some of the leading scientific men of our age. "The world and I had a difference of opinion," said a facetious inmate of a lunatic asylum. "The world said I was mad, I said I was not; but the world was too many for me." Without pausing to consider the depth of humor in this explanation, and without seeking to unravel a knotty question, we may remark that the truest genius should have the most equally balanced mind, and that the overstraining of any one faculty may plunge us into madness. The judgment is the keystone of the mental fabric. Cowley compares it to the moon, "tempering the mighty sea below," and bringing all the other powers into beautiful harmony. In dreamful slumber, where the judgment is suspended and the other faculties allowed to run riot, we have often revelled in arrant absurdities, supposing them to be sublime; or, like Titania, have been enamoured of monsters. In this we have an illustration of those waking dreams in which we have forgotten to temper fancy with reason. A marriage between the head and the heart is the first necessity in a well-balanced mind. The head and the heart were intended to limit each other, and to pull well together. But how many minds are like a misguided household, where there

is constant jarring and bickering between the ruling powers, and where no truth can be evolved from the discordant elements.

The result of this misgovernment of the faculties was apparent in the rambling confusion of Lady Hester's talk. Undisciplined and untaught from her earliest childhood, it was in vain for her to be fascinated by Oriental superstitions, or to seek to invent a new gospel of self-culture and philanthropic practice. Unguided by higher principles than those of his own instincts, man is a being in disorder,—a spiritual intelligence still, but a ruin of the divinity he once possessed. Such a creature has Shakespeare shadowed forth to us in the tragic mystery of the character of Hamlet, and such, in more common prose or comedy, was old Lady Hester, faded and dressed in the Turkish costume, beating her servants, and haranguing her physician in the monstrous parade of her court at Syria.

For particulars of this singular habitation we must refer the reader to the works of M. Lamartine, Mr. Kinglake, and other travellers. We have numerous accounts of the horses Laïlu and Lulu. Laïlu had a deformity in the back, being born, as Lady Hester said, with a saddle, which to her had a mystical meaning. Lulu was a grey mare with nothing remarkable to distinguish her. Each of these mares had a groom to herself, and the green plot of ground where they took their daily exercise was considered sacred. For the sake of these two creatures, Lady Hester would have endured any pecuniary difficulty rather than have renounced the grandeurs of which, according to her distorted imagination, they were symbolical. Apis, in his most glorious days, could not have been tended by a more devoted priesthood than the mare which had the good fortune to be born with a double backbone.

Half Mussulman, half Jew, and half Pagan, this visionary woman became the prey of everything that was chimerical in necromancy, magic, or demonology. That which is mysterious is properly an important sphere of human thought. It is the sphere of reflection, of contemplation, of awe and of reverence. Some of our highest and noblest feelings derive their nourishment, and even their very existence, from the unintelligible. Where would imagination exist, if everything in nature were understood by man? or what room would there be for the growth of ideality, if the cause of everything were seen as readily as its effect? But the change is easy from the sublime to the ridiculous; the transition is great from

> "——those deep solitudes and awful cells
> Where heavenly, pensive Contemplation dwells,"

to that dream-land and lubber-land where inspiration ceases, where fiction becomes falsehood, and where sensibility merges into maudlin absurdity. To attempt to illustrate the ridiculous confusion of Lady Hester's thoughts on religion as well as on other subjects, would be to waste as many words as might fill a volume. Her ideas were a compound of vulgar prejudices, relics of olden idolatry,

and wild and gloomy fancies about supernatural appearances. But vanity and egotism were the real explanation of these strange superstitions, which a diseased state of the bodily functions probably allowed to obtain full power over her mind. It seems that in the lifetime of Mr. Pitt, the visionary Brothers, whose absurdities had made him famous, gained permission to see Lady Hester, and prophesied to her that her sojourn at Jerusalem should entirely change the face of the earth, and that she should pass seven years in the desert. She never forgot this prediction, and obscure intriguers took advantage of it by persuading her that the Saint Simonians and the Freemasons rested all their hopes in her as the regenerator of the world. No retreat but that of Mount Lebanon seemed to her sufficiently mysterious and solitary. Here she received visits from the Prince Puckler Muskau; here she tormented the lives of her servants by her vagaries and fits of passion; here she wearied her physician by her long-winded talk and elaborate mysticism; here she still delighted to study effects and to decorate her decrepit body in fanciful costumes; and here at last she determined to die alone when deprived of her pension, taking a kind of spiteful pleasure in the poverty and mortification she endured, fancying thus to revenge herself upon the British Government for neglecting a niece of Pitt. Her emaciated corpse was interred by an American missionary, who went to Jôon to bury her. Her servants plundered her before her death, and not even her watch was to be found amongst her clothes. To the last she occupied herself with politics, writing letters to the *Morning Chronicle*, and fancying she exercised an important influence upon public affairs.

The sad changes of fortune which Lady Hester underwent, and the taint of hereditary insanity which was probably in her family, may form some apology for the faults of her character. A spoilt child from her birth, feeding upon vanity, and living in flattery as if it were her natural element, she imagined her foolish caprices to be proofs of a superior will. She confounded force of character with obstinacy and pride, and allowed herself to be duped by those who humoured her conceit. By the premature death of Mr. Pitt, while she was yet in the giddiness of her power and triumphing in her success, she was precipitated at once from a height which suited her ambition, to an obscurity which satisfied the revenge of her enemies. Disinterested and generous in the days of prosperity, when she was surrounded by sycophants, and a theme for poets and painters, she had nothing left to supply these blandishments but the gloom of disappointment and the poignant sense of foiled ambition, when such pleasures were suddenly withdrawn. Her subsequent vagaries were caused by her visionary projects for aggrandisement, and her struggles for lost power. Her resources were incompetent to gratify her schemes of princely munificence, and her humiliation was maddening when she found herself degraded

by debt. She determined to brave the censures of society, to defy her nation, and to despise her sex. Her hallucinations were so complete, that she was naturally suspected of willing imposture. It is doubtless probable that, having yielded herself entirely to the dominion of her passions, she had so clouded the light of conscience as to lose the true perception of right and wrong. Her bursts of spleen against mankind were like the ravings of Timon of Athens, and she who had been the greatest defender of the rights of the aristocracy, became an irreverent railer against royalty.

We can have no more striking proof of how those faults of character which are passed over leniently, and considered as mere amiable follies when a woman is young and beautiful and caressed by society, may become ridiculous and even contemptible when they gain power in age. The selfishness of the gay young girl is tolerated when fortune smiles upon her, but in after life she too often falls a victim to dreary ennui. The *vacuum* of an empty mind becomes a *plenum* of wretchedness and discontent. In such a case fashionable sensibility may degenerate into morbid irritability, while the absence of good sense may lead to the most monstrous eccentricity. In speaking of a future judgment, we sometimes lose sight of that present Providence, which in the world around us, as in the history of the past, plainly allots special punishments to special sins.

L. S.

LX.—THE CULTIVATION OF FEMALE INDUSTRY IN IRELAND.

The Irish female population has been subject to an immense amount of experiment during the last fifteen years, and the largest and most suffering portion of it is the least affected by the operations undertaken for its benefit. The great bulk of our 2,959,582 women seem indeed "born to trouble;" and notwithstanding all the efforts to provide them with resources, they are still unable to secure themselves against the hard pressure of poverty. The latest published statistics (Thom's Almanack) give us 4,625 adult able-bodied females in workhouses, and it may be gathered, that at least an equal number of young girls, capable of industrial training, are within their walls. It is well known that official statements do not contain an exact account of the wants of this class; they cannot define the limits of distress, nor estimate the extent of the sufferings surging up from this substratum of society into its other ranks.

Some sections of the community have decidedly manifested a beneficial influence from the discipline they have undergone; the upper very much more than the middle classes. These degrees of development are in strict accordance with the right laws of progression, which give the first place to superior intelligence; and the precedence is very marked. What the industrial impulse did for intellectual female circles in Ireland was more than a restoration to fortune. It assured them of a resource for their needs far above the accidents of transitory things, drew out their powers, and enabled them to test the value of their cultivation.

"Sweet were the uses of this adversity."

Acquaintance with these circles could alone convey an idea of the extent to which the problems of domestic economy were daily solved by their members. Irishwomen lay no claim to the quality called "thrift"—they freely yield the palm for it to their neighboring relatives; but for discretion of expense, the educated among them may challenge any country. Unhappily, they form a very small body in comparison with those that represent the feminine capabilities of the nation to superficial observers. But they are a weighty and an important minority. We have a well-developed female power which, without the accessory of wealth, is able to maintain status and occupy position with effect. Its expression is becoming audible, and its strength apparent. It is leading the van of modern concern for its sex, and seeking to be permitted to assist in its elevation. Individually, the members of this body have made numerous efforts to promote this object, and now it is time they should associate and systematize their schemes. In order to assist in such a movement, it will be well to look at some of their actions, and form an idea of their bearing on the country.

When famine ravaged Ireland in 1847, women were found inspired by an energy to work that was truly surprising. Wherever there was a female hand, it seized a needle and wielded it vigorously for bread. The eagerness to obtain means of support was so pressing, that a perfect clamor for employment arose. To satisfy this, a most remarkable occurrence took place. Women of the upper ranks developed an extraordinary skill in needlework, and great commercial aptitude to turn it to a profitable account. The repose of aristocratic society, and the leisure of the cloister, were disturbed. Ladies burst the bonds of conventionalities, and went regularly into business to procure remunerative occupation for the destitute of their own sex. The female children of the poor became, all over the land, subjects of instruction in the making up of various sorts of articles for sale, at first with indefinite purpose of supply; but their productions were kindly welcomed, and great demand promoted the industrial effort. Then came systematic attempts to consolidate it: schools for embroidery,

crochet, knitting, netting, and tatting, &c., were established. The Census of 1851 returned 902 pupils in them; but this figure did not represent the extent of the exertion to diffuse the knowledge of needlework. The rapidity with which it spread was something electric; successive multitudes of girls passed through the initiatory process, and were soon reckoned as "workers," under some of the anxiously active employers. About this time, every feminine handicraft was endeavoring to assist itself, and the women of Ireland united in grand bond against a common foe. "Nor did the slightest taint of sectarian jealousy sully the sublime charity of the hour,—the voice of nature crying out in her misery was alone heard and responded to; and in the desire to do good, and to succour a common humanity, people were brought together, felt together, and acted together, who had been estranged all their lives:" wrote J. F. Maguire, M.P., in his "Irish Industrial Movement" (p. 184). And he adds (p. 225): "These ladies were all of a different religious persuasion from those whom they have assisted to elevate in a moral as well as material sense; and yet they have never in the slightest degree attempted or desired to take advantage of the singular influence of such a position as theirs, to interfere with the religious belief of their pupils,—a fact which I deem too much to the credit of the purity of their motives not to record."

At the National Exhibition held in Cork, in 1852, a large number of samples of work done by the female poor appeared. Thirty-four of the exhibitors were ladies, patronesses of schools, and a few were men of business beginning to deal with them for their productions. The following year, in Dublin, forty-six schools exhibited, and an increased number of tradesmen. The goods offered were sewed muslin and crochet lace; the first an old acquaintance in the market, the other an entirely new creation. The origin of this latter fabric was peculiar, and the course of its development interesting. The phenomena connected with it, as an experiment in industry, are worth recalling for observation, and may be useful in promoting other schemes for social improvement. The operations of this period in our history affected the community so considerably, that their results are now easily discernible; but there is no definite idea popularly entertained as to how much of the evil or the good of our condition is referable to them. Some account of that which was really evolved by the action of the crisis will assist this matter, and is now imperatively called for, by the fact, that the most marked feature of our day is the discussion of the wants of the class that was then subject to the treatment of the agencies we refer to.

After the Exhibitions, vast numbers of females found employment in the two trades prominently exposed. Manufacturers of sewed muslin took extensive advantage of the cheap labor, and speculated largely in that sort of work. But the novel lace entered into com-

petition with them, and importantly raised the wages of women's work. It resisted an effort to introduce the making of foreign pillow laces, by paying the hands much more than they could realize by such occupation. The weekly earnings at crochet were from 6*s.* to 10*s.* and 15*s.*; they held up steadily for about three years, and attained their highest scale of remuneration in 1857. The early specimens of it were beautiful pieces of workmanship comparable to mediæval "guipures" and "points," of continental celebrity, and were, in fact, imitations of them. The attempt to resuscitate their styles, and rival their repute, were by no means contemptible. Great aptitude for this revival was displayed. The art was easily acquired, the materials inexpensive, and the market ready. It freely propagated itself, and after the manner of lace, showed adherence to habitat, and tenacity of type. It settled into several centres, Cork and Clones becoming the most important of them, and these maintained their distinctive characteristics most determinedly all through, and the recognition of the products of the different districts is well established in the trade.

The foundresses of the schools were the first merchants of this commodity. Some of them did large wholesale business, and others confined themselves to private sale. The transactions of the former were from £100 to £500 a month with warehouses; and the latter sent £20 and £30 worth of work a week to friends in more favored lands, to dispose of for them. In this way, England, France, America, and our colonies received a quantity of the production. Crochet became the fashion. Sympathy poured in heartily, and lightened the labor of charity. Consumers increased and multiplied, and no effort was spared to secure their approbation and merit their favor, and with such success, that even royal garments did not disdain to be adorned by "Irish point." The simple agency by which our wide-spread trade was carried on, was the sending out of a little pattern by post, and a request for orders. The reply to the humble message was most cordial, and men of business especially came forward to help the enterprise to maturity. By these early customers the matter was wisely and kindly taken into consideration. Every facility was offered to ladies to enter into correspondence with them, and commercial arrangements were made easy to their inexperience. In this commencement of the trade, before speculators entered the field, there were men found to deal in it with a truer human interest than pecuniary proceedings usually develop. The position of the unprepared, disinterested, gratuitous tradeswomen was well understood by them; and they assisted them to maintain their difficult undertakings in a manner that claims a very grateful acknowledgment.

The women who made this exertion did a good deed for their sex; they dealt practically with the subject of commercial employment for educated females; tested its difficulties by personal experience, and under circumstances which renders their example very

suitable to the cases of those whose early training did not contemplate such duties. This class was to some extent brought under the influence of the movement. Many members of it were engaged as assistant teachers in the schools, and not a few worked side by side with their humbler fellow-sufferers. A system was introduced to encourage them to become employers on a small scale, and deal directly with the market for their own benefit. A society was established in Cork for the purpose of enabling such persons to avail themselves of the lace trade. Mr. Maguire took notice of this circumstance, ("Irish Industrial Movement," p. 222,) and says: "Of the many schools which have been brought under my observation, I do not know any one which presents more interesting features than the Adelaide School. At its first commencement it differed in no way from the ordinary industrial school, in which young persons are employed during the day; but since then its whole character has changed, and it may now be described as a central depôt for the reception of work and the transaction of business. It employs young persons of limited means, or reduced circumstances, who are now but too happy to apply their talents to a useful and practical purpose, and in most instances with the purest of human motives,—the wish to confer even modest comforts on relations who have fallen victims to the great calamity of this country, which has brought down to the dust so many lofty heads and proud names. The number engaged in connexion with the Adelaide School amounts to 120. . . . The weekly payments are now about £14 a week, with prospect of considerable increase."

This undertaking rapidly extended. No gratuitous assistance was offered, and the numbers of ladies applying for admission to it was very great. Every variety of capacity and qualification was presented by the candidates, but the abilities requisite for the attainment of the object proposed were rare. The educational condition of the class was found peculiarly deficient. Superficial "accomplishments" were unavailable in the case, and they were plenty enough; but the knowledge of accounts, power of expression in writing, together with that cultivation of intelligence which can alone be accepted as proof of title to the adjective "educated," were so remarkably absent, as to impede the successful introduction of artistic information amongst them. As the business of the Adelaide School progressed, the failures of its clients from this cause was its principal feature. The difficulty of inducing persons to submit to the discipline and training necessary for the undertaking was extreme. Prejudice against business life, and the distinctions of social grades, stood mightily in their way. Even want did not always conquer these obstacles, and the numbers who succeeded in securing any advantage from it were in great disproportion to those who applied during its course; at a rough estimate, they were as one to ten, and that at a time when the School had business for a far greater number of hands than it could

obtain. This continued up to 1857, when the trade began to decline. Twenty-two ladies were engaged in connexion with the School, and the average payment for labor amounted to £100 a week; and while they held their ground, the character of Cork crochet was tolerably well sustained in the market. This lace never was of the highest class, although Cork was said to be the "hot-bed" of the work; but before the competition for the article was so strong, it was approaching something respectable.

A great many benevolent ladies in the district were promoting the art. To Lady Deane's School, and those of the Blackrock, Youghal, and Kinsale convents, as well as to Mrs. Meredith's, (the Adelaide School,) it was indebted for patterns, stitches, &c. Local speculators, however, contended for the trade, and it had to be surrendered to them. The Adelaide School was the latest to give up, but in 1859 it succumbed to the pressure. Four of its superintendents continue to produce a small quantity of very fine goods, and are working separately for their own support, but with very adverse conditions. Almost all the hands in the neighborhood turned to the inferior sorts of the lace, and the production of any of the better kinds is now attended with an expense that absorbs the profits. Even at a premium, it is difficult to induce them to take the necessary trouble—the habit of working carelessly is so confirmed. This ignorant line of conduct wrought its own injury. The material rapidly deteriorated, and the position of the worker is becoming increasingly disadvantageous. It is to be feared that this generation of them will not retrieve the error into which they have been betrayed. The grotesque-looking coarse fabric, with which they supply the fluctuating demand of the day, will soon terminate its own existence; and unless some aid is extended to the Irish lace trade, it will come to its end speedily.

"Irish point," the highest development of crochet lace, is a very suggestive production, and there exists no reason that it should be as evanescent as the crisis that gave it birth. It is the insignia of a power created to endure, and to become an agent in preventing similar piteous catastrophes. The difficulties of its culture are not internal, but external. It is peculiarly controllable, and that which opposed its management, and rendered it a disorderly troublesome manufacture, was not a quality of the work, but of the workers. The first teachers could not impart their power to the pupils. Acquaintance with the principles of beauty and gracefulness, familiarity with antique laces, and works of fine art, do not come with the use of the hooked needle; and it is much to be regretted that at an early stage no training in these matters was procurable. But "better late than never." We hope, as we advance in social science, it will be recognised that all such offspring from the parent stock of industry demand the fostering care of the State, that they may arrive at a healthy maturity, and increase and strengthen the resources of our country.

The large number of women that became engaged in the needle-work effort formed a serious item in the population: 300,000 are claimed by sewed muslin, and 20,000 by our indigenous lace. These constitute a grand force, available for the benefit of the community; and in the hour of necessity it effected good service, the memory of which is still warmly cherished. When men's hands were useless, little girls' fingers, by means of lace-work, provided for families; and like the widow's cruse, it failed not while the famine lasted. But all earthly blessings are liable to the taint of our mortal natures, and this was no exception. Money became a snare to the ill-trained female multitude. An injurious expenditure of it occurred; and the results were apparent in the disimproved morals of the lower classes. This fact is cited as an evil attributable to crochet work; and many condemn the industrial movement altogether, in consequence of the social inconveniences they erroneously ascribe to it. One of these is the withdrawal of women from domestic occupations. Increased rates of wages failed to induce them to become servants, as long as they could procure any sort of a living by needlework; and a strong tendency to neglect the useful application of the art, in the desire to pursue the ornamental, prevailed very extensively. It must be confessed that these circumstances have produced a very marked effect on the community. The national characteristics came out in full force under them, and a deplorable condition of educational destitution was betrayed. The Cork districts especially presented the distressing spectacle of increased means without corresponding social elevation, as an indirect result of the industrial movement. In some parts of Ireland, this lace trade met with exceptional circumstances. At Clones, the poor were better prepared to receive the manufacture, and a marked difference is to be seen in its progress and effects.

In 1854 the lace makers made a brave struggle to retain the direction under which they commenced work; and their address to Mrs. Hand, the lady who began the movement there, interestingly attests the superior intelligence of the people of that district.

ADDRESS TO MRS. HAND, *Rectory, Clones.*

MADAM,

We, the undersigned, beg your acceptance of the accompanying Piece of Plate as a small token of the very sincere respect and gratitude we feel towards you for your unremitting kindness. On your coming to Clones, you found us in a state of the deepest distress, utterly destitute of any employment, unskilled in any art. By your unaided personal exertions you introduced, and had us instructed in, the manufacture of crochet lace—a work before then unheard of in this neighborhood. You patiently bore with our ignorance, kindly encouraged our efforts, liberally rewarded us for our labor, and now you have the satisfaction of knowing that you have been the means, under God, of enabling 1500 individuals (at least) in this parish to earn a respectable living. Dear madam, we are not skilled in writing addresses, but we beg you will accept this effort on our part, to evidence in some manner that we are conscious of your goodness. We entreat you not to

retire from the work you have so successfully carried on, though others are engaging in it, when all the difficulties attending its establishment are overcome. We feel assured that we will be the losers if you do so. Praying that He who will not overlook "even a drop of cold water" given in His name may abundantly reward you,

We remain, your obliged and grateful workers,

Signed on behalf of the rest of the workers by a good many of the girls.

REPLY.

My dear Friends,

I have received your kind address with the greatest pleasure and satisfaction, conveying me your grateful sense of the exertions which God has enabled me, successfully, to make in your behalf since I came to reside among you. "To Him be all the glory and all the praise." To have received such an expression of your esteem and gratitude would have amply repaid me for all the trouble and anxiety which I have had, and I cannot help feeling sorry that you should have thought it necessary to accompany those expressions with so handsome a proof of their sincerity. But believe me, I gladly accept it as a token of the warmth of the Irish heart, which, unless misdirected, always beats in concert with kindly feelings; and your beautiful and costly flower-stand will be a happy emblem, I trust, of our continued regard and mutual love in Him who is the "Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valleys." I need scarcely add that I shall bequeath it to my children as a memento of my residence among you, when I and their father shall have run our course. Too true it is, that I found you in deep distress, and am only thankful that God devised means in some measure to remove it in this parish, and made me the happy instrument in that removal. Indeed, had it not been for the sewed muslin work, which my and your kind friend Lady Lennard introduced some years ago, and the employment I have been able to afford, the fearful visitation of famine would have been still more severe and more disastrous.

Permit me to add, in answer to your requisition, that I shall continue, if health and strength be given me, to carry on the work, and trust that you, by increased diligence and attention, will feel no difficulty in keeping up the credit of the Clones lace, and preventing its falling into disrepute among the higher classes, in consequence of competition and the production of an inferior style of work.

Praying that the Lord will prosper your handiwork, and enable you to derive all the good, and as little of the evil which is incident to every human undertaking,

I remain, your sincere Friend,

C. Hand.

In compliance with this request, Mrs. Hand retained her position, although it entailed much tiresome exertion of mind and body, and no little worry of spirit. Before she withdrew, some four or five years after this, she induced an accomplished lady, trained in the best schools of art, to settle in Clones, and to undertake the business for her own benefit. The effect of this has been admirable. Good designs and correctness of finish still characterize Clones lace. The district is leavened by the skilled instructions of this lady, and a standard of merit is kept up. Even at its reduced price, the work provides a respectable livelihood for about 2000 females in the locality, and the fruits of the steadiness of their trade is seen in their improved domestic condition. Mrs. Roberts of Kilcullen, and

Mrs. Tottenham of New Ross, brought the goods of their districts to a very superior degree of excellence. Their skill, and that exhibited at Clones, is the result of peculiar culture; and it is only to be deplored that it has not the element of perpetuity, since with the individuals disappear the principles of guidance that have prolonged the character of their work beyond that of places where the same force is no longer in action.

The sewed muslin manufacture, which has also been the subject of a great commercial speculation rather than of a diligent elaboration, is now likewise suffering a severe depression. An address was lately presented to Her Majesty, praying her to aid in the restoration of this fabric to public favor by according to it her royal patronage. The Queen, like a good tradeswoman, suggests in her reply the cultivation of the commodity; and directs that the best instructions, and newest patterns, should be sent for to France for the purpose. This is an impressive admission of our national deficiency, and on it is chargeable many of our industrial disasters. Foreign embroidery takes the lead of all that our skill and labor can do, and that for the reason that it is carried on under trained intelligence. Wherever this is obtained in Ireland, the best efforts are made to compete with French and Swiss work; but as the culture is only derived from the same benevolent energy called forth by the crisis of poverty that promoted the lace manufacture, it is an equally untenable heritage. These two employments were peculiarly suited to the requirements of Irishwomen, and both are now involved in the same predicament. Neither are keeping pace with commercial progress, although they abundantly possess the elements of power. Of the capabilities of our lace manufacture to bear considerable extension, no doubt is entertained by those who understand the nature of the fabric and its possibilities. The highest authority, that of the originators of it, goes to affirm that it is revivable and revisable, submissive to culture, and fertile of resource; and the opinion of the tradesmen who have transacted business in it is, that its future utterly depends on its cultivation. These testimonies we cannot disregard. To do so is to neglect practical advice, and to become culpable in the highest degree. The responsibility of knowledge is on us; and it remains our duty to improve the talents in our charge, and to study to develop them in the manner most conducive to our social benefit.

S. MERIDITH.

CORK.

LXI.—A VISION.

An ambient garment encircled her,
Woven of mystic air,
And o'er her brow in beauty fell
Long threads of golden hair.
A net of cloud-wrought silver
Her tresses did ensnare,
And when I tried to touch her,
She vanished into air.

I sought her hand to clasp it,
Her spirit-hand in mine,
For there it lay like a rosy shell
Seen through the frothy brine.
And sense-entrancing odors
In mists encompassed were,
From flowers which had fainted
In giving their breath to her.

But as I prest her airy hand,
It seemed to melt away,
Though it left an impress where it touched
Like the kiss of a vanished day.
And as she floated by me,
She kindled my room with light,
Like a star that has drifted earthward
To say to the world "*Good Night.*"

Had she then a "Good Night" for me,
Down on this earth so far?
Yes,—and had brought me a *lily from Heaven*,
To lay in my bosom and wear.
At last to words her lips trembled
As petals of roses might,
When the zephyrs stop to kiss them
As they pause in wayward flight.

"This lily pure was sent to thee,
By one who could not stay,
But just behind the veil she waits
Thine immortality."
This said,—she smiled and kist it,
On my pillow there it lay,
Then into a turret of darkness
She floated in cloud away.

And when I am sad and weary
With earth's dull masquerade,
I think of that Night's sweet vision,
And what the Angel said,
When on my restless pillow
She laid this lily of love,
To strengthen me for days to come,
Till that one bright day above.

S. M. E.

LXII.—GERMAN LITERATURE.

NO. III.

As an instance of the evil which is likely to result from the dangerous habit of combining fiction with fact, we may refer our readers to a book entitled "Scenes from the Life of a German Governess, in Belgium, England, Spain, Portugal, Poland, and Germany." *

There is a highly-wrought and exaggerative tone of complaint and sentimentality running throughout this work, which is likely to be the more injurious since the anonymous writer adopts the autobiographical form of rehearsal, and many of her best scenes have a specious appearance of truth. The English reader may look through this volume, laughing a good deal at some of the unnatural episodes, and not very deeply interested with the contents, till her attention may be arrested occasionally by something better than usual in the performance. The authoress warms when her plot thickens, showing real earnestness in her subject; and when she allows us to wander from the "room of horrors," or forget the unnatural tawdriness of her general style, there is a promise of power to perform better things, and a hint of something genuine, which contrasts strangely with its false setting. The writer is apparently one of those who feel keenly the position of women who have to contend in their unaided weakness against the rough billows of this world, and are reduced to the unnatural task of getting their own bread. Nurtured, like rare exotics, in a hothouse atmosphere of luxury and ease, and fostered by the tenderness and indulgence of shortsighted parents, many of these women have to meet with a rough weaning in the life which follows. Whilst addressing those who are partly responsible for the evil, we cannot speak too earnestly on this subject. Evil is often wrought "from want of thought," if not from want of heart. The mother, whose benevolent anxieties are

* Denkwürdigkeiten einer Deutschen Erzieherin in Belgien, England, Spanien, Polen und Deutschland.

roused for the well-being of her daughters, has too often forgotten the orphan beneath her roof, whose sensitive nature is daily jarred by careless speeches, and who longs for some grain of sympathy to make her cup of loneliness more palatable. It is sometimes the habit to treat the governess with cold indifference, as if she were isolated by circumstances or caste equally from the rich and the poor; whilst occasionally the result of such neglect is to engender feelings of pride and distrust, and to fill the heart of the desolate one with bitter resentment and selfishness. Baffled tenderness may often lead to narrowness or scepticism. The life of a woman cannot be entirely subjective; she must live without as well as within. The selfism of a man may take the form of indifference, and his faculties may be concentrated upon some foreign object or some intellectual pursuit.

But the book before us furnishes an illustration of the favorite theory, that women are seldom negative in their characters; but that loving nothing, they seldom fail to hate. The evil may be partly the result of education. He who places all his hopes and affections in man and the pleasures of this life must certainly be disappointed. We are not living in a prison or a torture-house, but in a world in which all may be happy who seek and take their happiness from God. And yet a certain amount of discomfort is sometimes inseparable from the highest happiness.

Night and day, summer and winter, sunshine and rain have their analogies in the invisible world. The infant suffers before he can discern the evil from the good; and the veteran groans in disappointment and loneliness of soul when he has found out how much this earth is worth, and knows of nothing better.

We all see the world and color it according to our own experience. It is surprising how much our individual prejudices and disappointments may modify our perceptions of truth. The writer of the book before us, for instance, has painted such pictures of English ladies and English home-life in the nineteenth century as may circulate without danger throughout the Continent. They are far more comic than tragic, and may be read with fairy tales of ogres, or "Gulliver's Travels." Yet the writer has deceived herself, and appears to be gravely in earnest. In silly novels or imaginary biographies by "silly women," we have often a curious illustration of the laws which govern thought. Thinking implies an action of the will, by which the mind is steadily kept to one fixed point; while each idea, as it is separately presented to the understanding, is compared with another and reasoned upon. In slumber, volition is suspended; and the thoughts, being confined to no pivot, and deprived of all guidance, wander confusedly in dreams. Memory reproduces the events of the preceding day, and imagination (like a cunning painter) colors them to its own liking. In a well-balanced mind judgment and reason act as even counterpoises to imagination and fancy; but in the period of sleep the ballast is

thrown overboard, and the equilibrium is no longer maintained. Cicero was wont to say, that all dreams were but another death as opposed to activity. And any man who entirely surrenders his volition, and without troubling himself to exert his judgment allows his thoughts to flit through his mind without connexion in motley disorder, becomes a day-dreamer: the condition of his mind differs very little from actual sleep-dreaming. The theories of such a man are of little value to the world, for his truth is merely subjective. He may be a clever exponent of the *voixs intérieures*, but is certainly nothing more. Yet in ancient times the speculative man who scorned his physical nature as degrading and ignoble, whilst his spirit wandered unchecked amongst fancies and hypotheses, required at last to be convinced that these *were* unrealities. He came to take his dreams for truth, and to be doubtful which was the real and which the ideal. Nor is this even now an uncommon case.

One word to those mothers who have to execute the difficult task of educating children whom circumstances may reduce to the necessity of earning their own living in after life. Let these children at least be exempt from the example of endeavoring to surpass their neighbors in that love of display or entertainment beyond legitimate means, which is a guilty form of self-indulgence in this age. Dignified simplicity is better than showy splendor. And again, many a one in middle age, or the decline of life, learns to look upon human society as a great conspiracy divided against itself, or has his best instincts withered and his affections dried up because he has an unhealthy longing for pre-eminence amongst others, or expects too much from his fellow-men. Prudence may remedy some of these evils. Youth, like spring, is full of sweet promises and glad hopes. It trusts and fears nothing; and the young girl (who has just emerged from the season of childhood) looks too confidingly in every face, as if she took it for her mother's. There is something very pleasant in this awakening, like the first Adam, to the consciousness of strength, in this standing between worlds of wonder and gazing at the glories of creation in the first culmination of intellectual power. The spirits are then elastic, for they have not yielded to the pressure of conventionality. What matter that fate is veiled? It is as the early morning mist which has spread like silver tissue over hill and plain, and there is the pleasant flutter, the joyous tremor of expectation, as youth hastens onward to the future, and will not believe it can meet with disappointment. Nor need disappointment ever really come if the lesson be once learnt, that true happiness is not dependent on our selfish pleasure; that all work, all love must (as it has been said) be either centrifugal, or centripetal, and that anything noble or good must be performed disinterestedly. And to many natures there is real delight in earnest employment. Wine that has been standing still, (as Goethe says,) always leaves lees in the cask. So

action is a necessity in a healthy life; and that man who has his mind filled with some great and good plan, or some project of usefulness, carries with him a powerful antidote against the poisons and malarias around him.

To those who are anxious to become acquainted with an important period of German historical literature we can recommend the study of two volumes of letters: the first written from Alexander Humboldt to Varnhagen von Ense, from the year 1827 to 1858;* and the latter from Varnhagen von Ense to a lady correspondent from 1845 to 1853.† Charles Augustus Varnhagen von Ense was born on February 21st, 1785, at Dusseldorf. He was at first intended for the medical profession, till his genius received another impulse from the lectures of Schlegel and Fichte. But during the stormy period of the war with France, in company with many of the German students of his day, he resigned his literary avocations for the public welfare, and entered the Austrian army, where he distinguished himself by his courage and military talents, rose to the rank of officer, and continued to take an active part in public affairs till peace was finally concluded. In 1819 he established himself at Berlin as a servant of the King of Prussia, and was entrusted with many important missions of diplomacy. M. Varnhagen von Ense died at Berlin, on October 10th, 1858. He was a prolific writer, having made many important observations on the facts and events of his times. Taking an active part in public events from his earliest youth, he was brought in contact with many of the most celebrated characters of his times. His style is learned, but rather labored. Amongst his best works we may recommend "Biographical Monuments of Men of Genius," ‡ (containing sketches of Schulenberg, Théodore, Blücher, Flemming, Zinzendorf,) and "Recollections and Miscellanies" § (including notices of La Fayette, Fleury, Condorcet, Schleiernacher, F. Schlegel, and the Duchess of Orleans). M. Varnhagen von Ense has also published innumerable literary studies and poems, with a memoir of Sophie Charlotte, the philosophical Queen of Prussia. The correspondence between M. Alexander Humboldt and himself has already passed through several editions, and has been rendered into English. We shall not fill these pages with extracts from a book which our readers may easily procure; but we cannot undervalue any information which throws light upon the career and private history of an eminent naturalist and philosopher. Humboldt's knowledge was never unsound and rash; he knew that nature was only to be controlled

* Briefe von Alexander Humboldt an Varnhagen von Ense aus den Jahren 1827 bis 1858. Leipzig, 1860.

† Varnhagen von Ense. Briefe an eine Freundin aus den Jahren 1845 bis 1853.

‡ Biographische Denkmale. Berlin, 1845, 1846. 5 vols.

§ Denkwürdigkeiten und vermischte Schriften. Leipzig, 1842, 1846. 7 vols.

by "obeying her laws." He, like Newton, could have pronounced that God "set the world in order with the properties that most conduced to the ends for which He formed it." In such a sense the true naturalist may dissect without murdering, and his can never be that meddling intellect, which "misshapes the beauteous form of things," and by increasing knowledge without wisdom, is likely to increase sorrow. It would be well if all amateur naturalists would be guided by the principle of Descartes, to reserve judgment on all subjects which they do not clearly understand. Hypotheses may be likened to nets let down warily to catch truth, but they must not be hastily deemed conclusive. Yet growth and development, as Humboldt knew, are the "beacon lights of research" in all science, whether in the plant or the animal world. Truth only "doth judge itself." It can never be really dangerous, but everything must be braved for its establishment. The object of natural history is to demonstrate the harmony which pervades the whole world, and bespeaks the unity of the one final Cause. Each individual species is bound by "affinities and analogies" to one vast system. We have no space to dwell on the interesting career of Humboldt. Born at Berlin, 1769, and belonging to a noble family of Pomerania—his mother being the cousin of the Princess of Blücher, and descended from ancient Burgundians, Alexander von Humboldt received a brilliant education, and profited by every advantage which wealth could furnish. "A man's name," says Landor quaintly, "is no better than a skin given to him. What is natively his own remains; what is not, falls off and comes to nothing." But the brothers Humboldt belonged to a higher aristocracy than that of rank, and theirs was the exceptional case of extraordinary mental power, developed by advantages of birth and propitious circumstances of daily life.

> "For not content with ancestorial name,
> Or to be known because their fathers were,
> They on the rank hereditary stood,
> And gazing higher purposed in their hearts
> To take another step."

The tale of this life has been often told: the slow elaboration and patient investigation of the careful philosopher who perceived that every man's reason "was his best Œdipus," and was determined, like old Sir Thomas Browne, to find "a way to loose those bonds with which the subtleties of error enchain our more flexible judgments." We cannot follow him through life, we cannot (in these short limits) trace the careful explorer penetrating to the interior of countries, navigating the most difficult rivers, scaling the heights of mountains, disembowelling the earth of its treasures, and yet waiting to investigate the microscopical wonders of the vegetable kingdom; never carried away by the fever of discovery, never allowing his judgment to be overpowered by impulsive imagination; but slow and cautious, seeking for "no trophies,"

struggling for "no spoils" to attest his own prowess—a model of what the true philosopher should be—not presumptuous in forming conclusions from imperfect data, and not hasty to accept intuitive impressions without verification.

Though the investigation of Nature was a veritable passion with Alexander von Humboldt, his fellow-men were not always subordinate to her in his regards. Faithful as a friend to others, his affection was great for the sympathizing brother, the companion of the best years of his life, who died in his arms, April 8, 1835. He himself was gathered to his fathers, full of years and honors, May 6, 1859: the twelvemonth which cost us the loss of so many of our celebrated men.

Those who are interested in the further history of Varnhagen von Ense, may be referred to his diary which has been recently published in full under the auspices of Miss Louisa Assing.* Varnhagen, who moved in the *crême de la crême* of Berlin society, was in the habit of writing down his impressions and recollections before he retired to rest at night. This sage Varnhagen was a great retailer of gossip. He seems to have had his personal piques, and to have revenged them by scandalous stories. Therefore, although these volumes are replete with amusing incident, recounted with much spirit, and though the careful politician may find in these chronicles much to throw light on the passing history of the day, they cannot be recommended for indiscriminate general reading.

To the lovers of light literature, simple and sufficiently unworldly in its tone to be profitable reading for young girls, and even amusing to children, we may recommend a little book by Louisa Esche.† The stories are somewhat sentimental, as the name, "From the World of Women and Fiction," may lead us to expect. But the authoress has a picturesque manner, and a certain power of grouping her materials, which, added to the simplicity with which she relates incidents of German home-life, has a peculiar interest of its own. The style is so simple, that an unpractised student in the German language may pick his way through these short and rather flowery pages without being daunted by the usual difficulties in the construction of the sentences. And the book is one which may be read with pleasure. It is perfectly inoffensive, and often pleasing. In the first story of "Grandmother and Grandchild," the curtain rises on a scene of chestnut and linden trees, with a garden and house all in festal array for the wedding on the morrow. In the midst of singing birds and flowing streams (with her figure enhanced by the pastoral background, like the central object in a photograph with ornamental accessories) we have a picture of the grandmother, who seems to be the favorite type of old age with Mdlle. Esche. And conventional though the type may be, it is hard to find fault with it—reminding us, as it

* Tagebücher von Varnhagen von Ense. Bde. III., IV. Leipzig. Brockhaus.
† Aus der Frauen und Märchenwelt. Von Louise Esche. Barmen.

does, of the Shepherd's picture in "Noctes Ambrosianæ," of the ancient grandame "looking solemn with her dim eyes, through specs shaded by grey hairs—now and then brightening up her faded countenance with a saintly smile," an object of respect and reverence, instead of being "auld, bedizzened, and haggard."

"Time had laid his hand
Upon her heart—gently, not smiting it,
But as a harper lays his open palm
Upon his harp to deaden its vibrations."

But this old lady is not to serve merely as a lay-figure for the artist to hang with drapery. We have soon a pretty picture of the young bride, with her blushing face and golden hair, creeping wearily from the congratulations of friends and the noise of brothers and sisters, to take counsel with the wisdom and experience of age, and to confide, half in love and half in fear, some of the dismal anticipations and suspicions of self, which (by a sort of reaction of nature) will sometimes cloud the most buoyant spirits in the hour of greatest rapture. The grandmother answers by relating wise stories of her own youth, which excite the curiosity of the eager listener, and calm her anxieties as she listens; their object being to lead her by example to seek for happiness in the steady performance of that Duty before whose footsteps, as Wordsworth tells us, the flowers laugh in their beds, and the "most ancient heavens are fresh and strong." Earthly love, as the old grandmother would have taught, may die out in its unaided strength, but must be fed by dependence on that heavenly flame, of which Uhland so beautifully says:—

"Du bist ein ewig Jugendblut,
Und unsrer Busen stäte Fülle,
Die ew'ge Flamme, die wir stille,
Am Altar und im Herzen hüten."*

The second story is longer and more tragic. An old maid celebrates the jubilee of her existence in rather a dismal and eccentric fashion. An active, stirring, cheery being she usually is; one who has too much to do in this world to spend much time in weary contemplation; one who can find sufficient occupation for her mind and heart in the every-day routine of life, and who knows that—

"A man's best things are nearest to him,
Lie close about his feet."

But on one day in all the year she allows herself a singular relaxation. On that day she spends hours alone in a little white room, which is always kept locked from strangers. Everything there is kept fresh and clean, but otherwise just as it was thirty years before.

* We give a free translation for the benefit of those of our readers who do not understand German:—

"Thou art in Youth and Age the same,
And our aching bosoms fill,
An ever-burning vestal flame,
On the heart's altar clear and still."

The pictures on the wall are of old friends, unseen since the days of her youth:

"All are scattered now and fled:
Some are married—some are dead."

There is, of course, a romantic tale in the old maid's life. One of these friends was separated from her for ever by some fatal mistake. Anything serves the novelist as an incident for this irrevocable barrier. Letter-writers are usually supposed to accomplish more mischief than the rest of mankind put together; and mischief of this sort can never be set right. Either the heroine misrepresents the state of her own feelings, or some friend misrepresents her intentions, or somebody else thinks he has heard that such are her intentions, or the letters miscarry, or they are lost or burnt, or they are caught in a shower of rain, and the hero cannot decipher the writing. Some such catastrophe as these decided the vocation of "Aunt Agnes" in the story, which is entitled "Cinders and Ashes," principally, we imagine, because "Aunt Agnes" gazes into a dying fire all the time she is making edifying reflections on the history of her past life. Aunt Agnes seems by no means to have shared in the opinion of the French philosopher who said, "*Le mariage est un état de tribulation très penible auquel il faut se préparer en esprit de pénitence, quand on s'y croit appelé.*" But more praise to her for the cheerfulness and contentment with which she adapts herself to the exigencies of the "daily round, the common task;" looking back without murmuring on what our authoress would call the "ashes" of the past.

It is no common achievement to be able always to tread in memory and joyfulness, without pangs of self-reproach, over the well-known paths and the old trodden ways; finding them peopled with happy shadows, and the beloved forms of those who are "not lost, but gone before."

"Oefters wenn ich selbst mir sage,
Wie der Pfad doch einsam sei,
Streifen hier am lichten Tage,
Theure Schatten mir vorbei."*

LXIII.—ON THE EDUCATION OF PAUPER GIRLS.

A PAPER READ AT THE MEETING OF THE ASSOCIATION FOR THE PROMOTION OF SOCIAL SCIENCE, LONDON, 1862.

THE education of the female sex is one of the most important problems of the present day. If, at *all* times, it is essential to the well-being of the human race that those to whom is committed its

* "Often when I, musing sadly,
Think how lonely is my way,
Well-loved spirits see I gladly,
Near me by the light of day."

early nurture should be duly prepared and educated for those important duties, at the present day, when female emigration is pointed to, on the one hand, as the only means of relieving society of an enormous and unprofitable surplus of female labor; and on the other, we are warned that untrained and helpless women are as little wanting at the Antipodes as here, it is especially evident that women, in order to do their true life's work in any station, in any part of the globe, *must be educated.*

But for this simple proposition to be practically adopted by the country, we must wait at least for another generation to pass, and only hope that all the mistakes of this present one,—all the difficulties and trials consequent on them, all the lessons which have been given by the experienced, and forgotten as soon as received by the thoughtless,—that all these may have had some small due effect; we can only hope that when we are gone our words may be remembered. But with respect to the girls who are the subject of this paper, we need not wait for them or their parents or friends to be convinced that our views are sound and ought to be carried out. *They*, the next generation, the mothers of the one that follows, are in our hands, the hands of society, to be trained as the most enlightened educationists of the day may deem best. We see enormous evils round us which we cannot remedy, we behold multitudes of young girls springing up in our midst to misery and ruin, and we cannot stretch out a helping hand to save them, for they have low, ignorant parents, who know nothing and care little about their daughters' true education. Some, perchance, have sunk so low, and been so ill-trained, that the law interferes and takes them out of the hands of their parents; and we stand on this bad foundation to raise a good superstructure, in a Reformatory. But the workhouse girls are our own charge; *we* have the sole responsibility of them; the Government is not sparing in its allowance to their teachers, devoting some £30,000 annually that workhouse children may be well trained. The parents cannot interfere. There is no criminal taint to be washed out. We have every opportunity in our own hands of rearing up another generation of wives and mothers, far better than the present, or of preparing a better race of female emigrants to our colonies, and *we are* NOT *doing it.* Whether we ask commissioners on education, or inspectors, or visitors of workhouses, or governors of gaols, we shall have the same mournful answer from all. However they may differ in other matters, they will agree in this,—that bad as is the education and training usually given to boys in ordinary workhouse schools, the girls receive one even less calculated to fit them for the duties of life; and the exceptions to this general experience will only be where there has been some special influence exerted to counteract the evils of the system. We require thus to study closely what is the cause of the evil, and to consider how it may be removed.

Let us first endeavor to ascertain what kind of education should be given to pauper girls.

We use the term *pauper* girls because it is the common one to designate the class before us; but we would wish to see it altered. Children ought never to be considered as paupers; they have committed no act of their own which should degrade them. Children *must* always be dependent on others for their support; nature assigns to the parent the support of them, society discharges to the child a duty which the parent cannot, or does not, perform. All human beings in a free and Christian country should be regarded as entering the world free and unstained by any acts of others,—all equal in the sight of the Creator. We must divest ourselves therefore of the idea that a child, because in a workhouse, is less *entitled* to care than the highest in the land. We are then now to consider how best to train young girls for whose education we are responsible,—young girls who are to be fitted to maintain themselves honestly, and to take their proper place in society. Let us think of them simply as young girls, not as pauper girls.

Every girl should be so learned as to be *able* to fill the duties of a *home:* whatever else may be superadded, this is essential; and the requirements of a home are so varied, that to fulfil them well she must, in learning to discharge them, have learned what will enable her to turn her hand easily to varied branches of industry, should such be needful. The girl is especially adapted by nature for a *home.* The boy loves to roam—he delights in enterprise, in action; though he generally treasures the love of his mother in a sacred recess of his heart, yet his affections are not bound up in his home—he does not pine for it; though he may long to return to the scenes of his early sports, yet he longs still more to rove over the world. The girl is totally different. The affections have large sway over her whole being. Nature has given her varied scope for them in the true home. She is the object of the tender love of the parents, and of her brothers and sisters, and love is constantly awakened and called out by her position in the family. She has the babies to fondle and nurse like a little mother herself; she has a thousand household cares to attend to, and learns cooking practically while she helps to get her father's dinner; and if the eldest girl feels herself a very important help in the house, after going regularly to a good day-school, and learning needlework, and enough of reading, writing and arithmetic for all common purposes, she is prepared at fourteen to take her humble position in life as a little servant, or her mother's helper and right hand, and to fill it with credit. A real good home is infinitely better than any school for the education of girls,—even a second-rate or a third-rate one is preferable. There her true nature is developed, and unless she is thus prepared to fill its duties well in after life, all other teaching is comparatively useless.

Now, though it is impossible for us by any artificial contrivances or ingenious mechanism to equal, still less to surpass, the training

which the Heavenly Father, through His all-wise natural orderings and arrangements, would have given to the girl, yet we must always have before us the true and perfect prototype, if we would discharge towards these children the duties which are thrown upon us by the inability of their natural guardians to discharge them. We are not to think of them as a number of pauper children who must be taken care of at as little expense as possible, but as young girls who, when grown to womanhood, will be the bane or blessing of the next generation, and whom we must prepare for their part in life to the best of our ability, as fulfilling a solemn duty.

It is then essential, in the first place, that the *home element* shall be made as much as possible an essential one in every institution for the reception of *all* young girls, whether orphans, or deprived from whatever cause of the care of their parents. With the *home* must also be combined the school. We have already spoken of the peculiar excellence of the training obtained in the home; that received in a school is hardly less important. No one who has studied a good school can fail to have observed of what immense value it is to the child, independently of the amount of knowledge acquired. That indeed is obtained in a far superior way, under the present enlightened modes of instruction, to what a child could meet with at home; but besides, the faults of character are more easily and effectually corrected, and the tendency is checked which the very excellence of a home is apt to foster—to regard *self* as of undue importance. No one can go into a well-managed infant school without observing all this, and perceiving that these children are being better educated than is usually the case in the nurseries of the rich, where young children are often left under the care of a nursemaid but little acquainted with the principles of education, and who is anxious to purchase peace and quiet by yielding to, and thus fostering, the capricious tempers of her charge. The school for the *infant* department of pauper girls and boys combined, may then be much like an ordinary infant school, managed by a kind, loving, and trained teacher, but it must be supplemented by a motherly and sisterly care when the school-hours are over. Every infant requires to feel that it is the object of *individual love* and tenderness. If this is wanting, and if the little creature is not shielded from all injurious sights and sounds which would produce an ineffaceably bad impression on its young senses, and if its weak and probably diseased constitution is not carefully studied and strengthened; if all this is not done for the pauper infant, as we would do it for our own, we shall not only have much to eradicate as it grows older, but it will be impossible for any after instruction to counteract the ill effects of the first neglect.

The young girl leaves the infant school perhaps at eight years old, or younger. It is possible, though *barely probable*, that in a large infant school, if under the care of a motherly matron who infuses her spirit into all the officials, the want of a true home

may be supplied to a certain extent to the *young* child; and the judicious development of its faculties, with discipline of its passions and self-will, and loving culture of its affections, may prepare it well for the next stage—the juvenile department. But in this the want of the true home-training is especially felt, and cannot be supplied in a very large establishment. As we have already stated, the girl must be prepared for the varied duties of a home. The boy has his different faculties called out, and his individual powers and tastes developed in many ways in the industrial occupations which he may be engaged in, even if placed in a large institution. Agricultural work affords a boundless variety and exercise of his different powers; his natural energies, and even his destructive tendencies, may be so exercised on the materials of industrial work as to train them well and turn them to good account. He may be happy and do well. But a girl in a large institution is in a perfectly different position, and I would beg to lay great stress on this point. Her work is not varied in the same manner, and washing and house-work poorly take the place of gardening, carpentering, and other trades. If the institution is large, the managers usually endeavor to economise labor by the introduction of washing machines, wringing machines, drying closets, and other contrivances, which are most valuable if the object is to save labor, but most injurious if the object is to train the girl. She must leave such a laundry not only utterly incapable of going through the necessary processes in an ordinary house, but what is worse, with her mind quite unprepared to use its faculties in actual life. The dormitory work does not teach girls how to perform the housemaid's ordinary duties; and the cooking is necessarily on so large a scale, and so managed, that few comparatively out of only one hundred girls can learn it at all, and even these may be quite unacquainted with the way to boil a potato, or make a common family pudding. In a large school for several hundred girls I have seen the kitchen provided with such conveniences for cooking, that even the potatoes were steamed in large trays, and there was nothing in it to give one an idea of a common kitchen; the girls were not even employed to bake the bread,—an admirable industrial occupation, most useful to girls in many respects; the laundry was chiefly filled with women, who of course could get through the work quicker than girls, and thus they lost the opportunity of learning; even needlework, the woman's special and peculiar art, loses in these large establishments. In the one I have alluded to, a contract was entered into for the clothing; and though the girls made their own clothes and the shirts of the boys, they never learnt to mend either, or acquired the valuable art of keeping themselves neat and tidy with old and patched clothes,—a most important one for young persons in the humble walks of life. In another large boarding-school for girls, very fine needlework is taught; and thus it may be supposed that a means of earning a livelihood is put in the girl's hands; first-rate

needlework is produced in the school, which adds to its funds; but yet the girls are not trained to be good needlewomen, because, in order to procure more quickly well-made articles, each girl learns one part of it only, and may thus be entirely confined to making the wristbands of shirts without learning to make the other parts or to put together a whole garment. All experienced visitors whose opinions I have heard respecting the first institution of which I have spoken, have all been much struck, as I have myself, with the heavy, dull look of the girls in it, nor have I ever been able to hear that they are sought for or valued as servants, admirable as is the order and arrangement of the institution. Neither of the two is a Workhouse School; both are under the exclusive management of gentlemen. All girls then, from the time they leave the infant school until within a year of their being likely to go out to service, should be placed in schools not too large to admit of a distinct family feeling and family management. Nor should these schools be mere subdivisions according to age, learning, &c., of a large number. If it *is* necessary to congregate many in one locality, let them be divided (as is done with full success at Lancaster, U.S.) into genuine family homes, where the different ages and varieties of temper of the girls may prevent the injurious monotony; where there may be real home duties which even the youngest may learn to perform, and where home affections may be cherished. With such an arrangement all the separate homes might unite in one common schoolroom, and thus all the advantages of economy and superior classification be obtained. The size of these homes may vary from twenty to thirty, but should not exceed forty girls. After the girls have gone through this ordinary home and school training, it would be highly desirable that they should be placed where they can obtain more special training for their future work in life—in separate homes, where they should have somewhat more liberty, and have more preparation for the particular mode of life they are intended for. Mrs. Way has admirably carried out this plan in her Brockham Home for Workhouse Girls of about fourteen years of age. In some districts homes connected with factory work might be valuable, but they should still exercise a parental tutelage over the girls. In all cases where the girls are actually put out to earn their own living, a friendly interest in them should still be maintained; and there should be a home to which they can return during temporary loss of employment, as in Miss Twining's Industrial Home. These prove that girls must still feel that they have friends, that they are not uncared for; that there are those who grieve when they do wrong, and rejoice at their successful career.

Such, I believe, is a brief statement of what ought to be the education of workhouse girls. I need not say that it is *not* of this character in our country. There are doubtless some few and exceptional cases, where the country workhouse, under the management of some benevolent and judicious guardians, aided by lady

visitors, becomes a true home. But these exceptions only prove the rule. Even in well-managed workhouse schools, quite separated from the adult paupers, the girls look listless, and in a very inferior condition to the boys: this I have myself observed; nor, if the principles here laid down are admitted, is it at all difficult to assign the reason for this. If there is any connexion between the workhouse for adult paupers and that for children, none can tell what contamination is the consequence; what influences are imbibed, even by young children, who are placed for care with female paupers, it may be of the lowest character. A pauper element is infused into them from earliest childhood,—an element devoid of all that is good, or would defend from evil in the female sex. Hence the appalling fact which was revealed in a recent Parliamentary return, that during the ten years ending December 31, 1860, 1,736 young girls returned to the workhouse—being double the number of boys; and 1,896 returned, not from misconduct, but to become a burden on the country. In January, 1859, there were (as stated in the Poor Law Report, p. 189) 12,353 illegitimate pauper children. This awful fact speaks for itself. Are we going to rear up these twelve thousand infants as we reared their mothers? and as we reared the multitudes of wretched girls who did not return to the workhouse, but found their way to penitentiaries and gaols? Such facts ought to be widely known by the country, and then we believe that the country would demand an *entire alteration* of the whole system. No palliatives will avail to cure a system which is based on an entirely false principle. No home feeling can exist in any institution in which voluntary Christian effort does not infuse some of that love which was appointed by the Creator to be the very atmosphere of childhood. No guardians appointed to administer poors' rates ought ever to manage schools for the children. No men, however wise and good, ought to superintend institutions for young girls. The children ought all to be separated from adult paupers, and begin life anew free from reproach; and the management of them should be committed to benevolent and enlightened women, under whose direct control all officials should be placed.

We shall be told that it will be impossible to find voluntary workers among the female sex who will undertake so enormous a work, as that of managing schools for all the pauper girls in the country. A similar difficulty was made ten years ago, when we, the voluntary workers, asked the Government to give into our care the criminal children, who were becoming an increasing burden to the country in gaols. The Government gave us the needed authority and pecuniary aid, and there has been no lack of managers or teachers adapted to the work. Women have been making a rapid advance during the last ten years in the power of working for themselves and others. Numbers of ladies have already devoted themselves to workhouse visiting, and will doubtless be ready to

take the less painful and difficult work of managing the schools for young girls.

Now, such a change in the present order of things may be effected, I stated in a paper read before another section of this Association last year, entitled "What shall we do with our Pauper Children?" I also stated it in my evidence before the Poor Law Committee last year. It does not fall within the province of the present paper to discuss it; but only, after considering the principles of the education of pauper girls, to express the strong conviction that this cannot be carried out efficiently, either as regards the country or the children, except by voluntary benevolent and Christian agencies, combined, as in the case of schools for juvenile delinquents, with inspection and pecuniary aid from the Government.

The Lodge House, May 12, 1862.

LXIV.—ANNALS OF NEEDLEWOMEN.

CHAPTER IV.

ANNE AND HER SISTER.

I HAVE selected the following narrative from among the many records of adversity left upon my hands by those who have passed through our establishment, not so much as a proof of the satisfactory results which followed the interference of our Society, as to warn those who, entrusted with the care of young people, shake off their own responsibilities, and, without sufficient inquiry, depute to others the most sacred duties of life.

When we read of or visit the asylums provided for the protection of the erring, when we commiserate the position of the overcrowded tenants of our unions, or glance our eye over the paragraphs in print, where large figures announce the amount of our pauper population, we do not, I think, sufficiently realize what a large proportion of these numbers are drawn from the educated and upper classes of society. There are hundreds, nay thousands, whose sin and misery may be traced to the neglect of careless parents, educated (as it is termed) without one true element of education in their training. Young people quit childhood and enter on youth strengthened by no single principle by which temptation may be overcome. Left to themselves, they fall into folly, or worse, into crime; and then, instead of being plucked from the danger by the gentle hand of love, pride stands between them and their natural protectors, and with no opening for accepted repentance they become outcasts from home, and have no resource but to plunge into the full gulf of glittering but deceitful sin.

To such parental neglect I fear must be traced the following sad history of two young girls, the daughters of a deceased clergyman. They came under my notice within the last two years under peculiar circumstances. Sad indeed was the position in which they were found, sadder still the unavailing result of the assistance rendered them, as far as the elder was concerned; although I trust our Society was instrumental in saving the younger sister from (I may almost say) the brink of crime. Well indeed may the stale, oft-quoted remark, that "truth is stranger than fiction," be applied to their history, for a more complicated story of folly, romance, and misguided trust in others, cannot well be imagined.

My interest was first excited in their behalf by a lady who called upon me one morning, premising her interview by stating that "she feared the story she had to tell was so improbable I should scarcely credit it; but at the same time she had herself good grounds for believing its veracity, and she hoped I would take the case into consideration." Mrs. D—— then proceeded to tell me that some weeks before, her brother, a youth of eighteen, had begged her to accompany him to see two young ladies who were in the deepest poverty, and whom, he said, he had often met at a friend's house, but who were now in lodgings not far off. After some explanation, in which he owned that he was himself paying for the apartments out of his small salary as a clerk, but gave his sister the assurance that both the young ladies were of undoubted respectability, she consented to go; not thinking it at all right that her brother, at his age, should thus install himself as protector to two girls, although, from her knowledge of his character, she was convinced that he was thus acting from pure charity. Mrs. D—— found only one of the young ladies at home, and requesting the young man to leave them together, she hoped at once to put an end to the acquaintance by representing to the lady that their position having come to her knowledge, she had called to show her the impossibility, for the sake of the good name of both parties, that her brother could continue to act as their guardian, and to beg them to leave their present quarters at once. She also offered to render them any assistance in her power to seek out their friends. The young girl, whom we will here designate by the name of Anne, seemed to feel much the awkwardness of her position, and cried bitterly when her visitor made personal inquiries as to where her friends resided. She first replied that she had no friends—none in England; then owned that she and her sister had run away from school, though she would not say why or from whence. She told Mrs. —— that she would do anything for her living if she would only help her to employment; but as they could not go to the workhouse and had no money, she hoped her friend (Mrs. D——'s brother) would not break his promise to take care of them until they could get some situation in which to earn an independence. During

this first visit Anne was, however, so mysterious about her antecedents, that Mrs. D—— owned she left her with every suspicion that they were two artful girls, who had imposed on her young brother's credulity by some manufactured tale of distress, and she more than ever saw the necessity of separating him at once from such dangerous associates. But this was not quite so easy to do. In a Quixotic spirit, the youth had given them his promise of protection, and would not listen to his sister's arguments. The world doubtless was uncharitable,—appearances against them,—but they had confided to him their history under promise of secrecy,—he believed firmly in its veracity, the more so as he knew the parties concerned in it, and, whatever happened, was determined to stand by them, &c. He said, he had sought his sister's advice to help him because he felt they needed a female friend; but that if she was so uncharitable as to suspect them, he would go elsewhere for aid. It was a difficult position for Mrs. D—— to be placed in. On the one side a hot-headed youth to deal with, who, in the zenith of romantic enthusiasm, would not listen to reason, and who, moreover, was not in a position to take on himself the pecuniary liabilities imposed by his charges; and, on the other hand, two young girls whose case evidently, the further she investigated, would involve her in trouble and responsibility; she had also a family of young children, and consequently not much leisure to make the necessary inquiries.

Still, Mrs. D—— told me she had visited the girls several times, and latterly had been so pleased with the younger sister, of whose respectability she was convinced, that she had taken her temporarily into her house, believing her to have only committed some folly which made her afraid to return home; but she could not keep her, and had therefore called on me to ask for the Society's aid, adding, that Anne was very anxious to do something for herself, and to come out to work. She had been also, she said, more open with her lately, and had obtained some clue to her friends, which she hoped I would follow up.

In fact, between cross-questioning her brother and Anne, she had elicited enough to convince her that her friends were really in a good position of life, and she offered to furnish me with the names of several of the girl's connexions, or at least of persons whom she believed to be so. I inquired for the other sister; Mrs. D—— shook her head; she said she knew little about her; she had only seen her once or twice; that she was very handsome, but her demeanor struck her as too independent; she was much more guarded in replying to any questions than Anne, and had an off-hand manner she did not like. The last time she saw her the young lady said she was going to be companion to an old lady friend who had offered her a home, so that Mrs. D—— need not trouble about her any more.

The whole story did indeed strike me as very unsatisfactory, but I determined to see the young lady, and judge for myself whether

she was likely to be an eligible case for our employment. Mrs. D—— promised to bring both girls next day if she could persuade the elder to come, but only the one who was staying under her roof accompanied her.

Anne was rather a good-looking girl of eighteen, lady-like in appearance, though somewhat, considering her unfortunate position, too much at ease, I thought, in manner. I told her at once that I had been informed of the sad circumstances in which she was placed, and of her wish to earn a livelihood by working at her needle. She assented, and said, "She was ready to begin at once—she would do anything." I told her I had much to say to her first, as I could not admit her among the other workers without knowing her full history, and asked if she would not much rather, if possible, return to her friends? She replied she did not know where her mother was; that it would be, she felt, no use for her to write to any of them, as they would never notice her again. Why? simply because, though she had done no wrong, everything seemed against her, and they would not believe her, she was sure. Had she written to any one? Yes; she owned she had tried to get a letter to her mother, but had no answer, and didn't believe she ever should: her mother had never been a mother to her, or she should not have been in the trouble she was now. Her answers were very short and ready. I then inquired if she would confide her whole tale to me and let me be the judge as to whether any reconciliation was likely to be effected; she hesitated: at this juncture we were interrupted by visitors, and I gave her my card and address at home, telling her, if she made up her mind to tell all that had happened, to come to me that evening at eight o'clock, when I could further converse with her. At the appointed hour she arrived, and then gave me the following somewhat romantic narrative of herself and sister.

Their father and grandfather were both clergymen. After her father's death, her mother was left with so small an income that her grandfather offered a home for herself and sister with him. His living was in Ireland. They had a brother who afterwards emigrated to Australia; and a younger sister, who, Anne told me, was at the Casterton School for the daughters of clergymen.

Anne was at that time about twelve years of age, and advantage was taken of this offer as far as she was concerned: her sister only joined her, however, occasionally for a few months at a time. Anne lived for several years with her grandfather, keeping his house, and getting little or no education. Her mother on becoming a widow had moved to the neighborhood of London, and had taken up her abode at a boarding-house. When Anne was about fifteen her grandfather died; and then, having no other home, she was obliged to join her mother and sister in London, where they moved into furnished apartments: the youngest child being still at school. The mother must have been a very weak, foolish woman, from the

daughter's account; she seemed to have exercised no rule over her own household. Continual quarrels seem to have taken place between her and her daughters, till Mrs. —— pronounced that it was impossible they could all live together any longer, and therefore placed the two girls as parlor boarders at a cheap boarding-school she knew of, paying £20 a year for each. I believe she then, having thus disposed of her family, returned to the boarding-house, —a life which, with her limited means, apparently pleased her as affording more society.

At this second-rate school, as half-pupils, half-boarders, little attention seems to have been paid to the educational part of the arrangements. Perhaps out of £20 there was not much left to defray such expenses The two girls went out of an evening with the mistress, and in the day-time walked by themselves to places of amusement, and for a time "were very happy." Sometimes, Anne said, they did lessons; sometimes helped to teach. They were within a walk of their mother's residence, and saw her frequently; being, it is evident, better friends with her than when under the same roof. Youth often imagines itself happy when free from restraint. The fact of the mother being near and sanctioning their having so much liberty, served to ease the conscience of the schoolmistress, who scarcely placed any watch over the actions of the young ladies. They had a great many friends in a good position in life (Anne gave me their addresses) who had supplied them from time to time with pocket-money for dress; these parties they also visited occasionally. Their friends, however, never made any inquiry about the people they were with, what acquaintances they made, or how their education progressed.

The elder girl was very handsome, had an elegant figure, and received much admiration; Anne was pleasing and lively. The account she gave of their first meeting with the individual who caused them to get into trouble at the school was as follows:—

After they had been a year or two at the school there was a little party given, and a foreign gentleman, the new German master of the establishment, was present. From that time, having been introduced, he paid great attention to Anne. They met at the house, in their walks, and more than once he took both sisters to the Crystal Palace for the day, paying every expense, and making parties of his friends to meet them there. No one knew of these arrangements at first; the girls thought it good fun, and derived much amusement from these pleasure-parties. It was there that Herr —— proposed to Anne to marry him; she immediately, and very properly, informed her mother, and asked her advice. Then, and not till then, was Mrs. ——'s pride hurt at the idea of her daughter marrying a German master, and she positively refused her consent, and ordered her daughter not to see him any more. She also called on the schoolmistress, wrote to the German, and showed a great amount of virtuous indignation at his audacity. She did not,

however, remove her daughters from the school, nor does she appear to have watched over them much more than she did before. Anne, at first obedient, refused to meet her admirer, returned his letters, and, according to her own statement, showed some sense of propriety in avoiding him. Both her sister and the governess, however, it appears, encouraged the gentleman. The mother hearing this took alarm, and wrote to consult her friends. The eldest girl seemed also to have been causing her at this time some anxiety, though on this subject I did not learn the particulars.

The friends advised in answer, that it would be a wise course to send them to Australia as governesses. They had already several connexions in the colonies to whom they could take letters of introduction. One uncle or cousin, I forget which, was, Anne said, a judge; doubtless on their arrival situations would be found for them, or, as their relations hoped, they would marry well, and thus relieve friends at home from further anxiety on their account. This advice was not given without substantial aid. A collection was made in the family, and enough money raised to pay for intermediate passages to Australia, besides a sum to defray an outfit for each (£15 I think). This family arrangement was from the first most unpalatable to both sisters; they disliked the idea of leaving England, of the voyage, of teaching, &c., and did all they could to persuade their mother against it. In vain she told them she could not afford to keep them where they were, and go they must. The outfit was therefore purchased, and preparations for the voyage entered upon. Of course, from the schoolmistress, or perhaps from the pupils themselves, Herr —— was kept *au fait* to their plans. He determined they should *not* go, and made an appointment to meet Anne one evening; when, taking advantage of her dislike to leave England, and her anger at being forced to go against her will, he secured her promise to marry him, and offered to provide a home for her sister with them.

Everything was to be kept quite secret: they were to continue their preparations, and take leave of their friends as if all was right; and then, instead of joining the ship, this man undertook to carry them off, marry Anne at once, and take her sister also under his protection. Some little excuse may perhaps be found for their placing faith in almost the only person who seemed to care about their existence: on the one side, everyone seemed anxious to get rid of them; while, on the other, Herr —— talked of love, happiness, &c.—he also professed to be in circumstances that would admit of making them independent.

They both therefore acquiesced in his scheme, leaving it to their friend to make all the necessary arrangements for their flight. The day came for the vessel to sail, the boxes were packed and corded, put on a cab, and they took leave of their friends.

When Anne came to this part of her recital, I thought she must be exaggerating; for careless as all their friends seemed, from her

account, to be about them, I could not deem it possible that any two girls would have been allowed to leave England in such circumstances, without their mother, or some friend deputed by her, if she could not herself go, to see them on board; but Anne assured me that no one attempted to go, and I afterwards found this was true. The young ladies therefore took leave of their governess, and entered the cab, which was ordered to drive to the wharf, starting (as their friends believed) on their long voyage. Is it possible to conceive a greater indifference on the part of relatives? By previous arrangement the German met them on their way, entered the cab, ordering the driver to alter his course and go instead to a railway station, where they alighted. The cab was then dismissed. Here he left the luggage at the booking-office, and called another cab, and making the girls get in drove from one place to another, changing vehicles, till he finally took them to very comfortable lodgings in a suburb of London; here they had a meal, after which he left them to fetch the boxes, assuring Anne that he had made arrangements for their marriage as speedily as possible. In the meantime the landlady was authorized to provide them with all they wanted, and since, as he said in parting, her sister was with her, she might be quite at ease about her position. "Even should their non-appearance on the ship be found out," he added, "they need not fear discovery, as he had taken such precautions that they could not be traced; and once married, their friends would soon be reconciled to them again." He did not return again till the next day, when he arrived with the boxes, which they were glad to recover. From Anne's account, he treated them at first with great kindness and respect. They remained some weeks in these apartments; but whenever the marriage was talked of, he found some excuse for deferring it. Anne at last got angry and taxed him with deceiving her, whereupon he told her that he had changed his mind and liked her sister best, and she could return to the school if she liked. This led to a very uncomfortable scene with her sister, who had evidently been exercising an influence to prejudice the German against Anne. A quarrel was the result, the lover took himself off, and did not come back for weeks. The girls were now left to themselves; they dared not go back to the school or to their mother, and so they had recourse to the usual plan, lived on their clothes for some time, paying the landlady ready money for everything, for she would not trust them, (evidently taking them for what at that time neither of them were;) even the good stock of clothes they had had provided for their outfit, being sold at a disadvantage, did not stand in the gap long, the more so as the bills brought into them were exorbitant. They were in the landlady's power, and they knew it. They then went out for whole days, seeking work wherever they could, but rarely finding it; at last the landlady dismissed them from their quarters, and they took a smaller lodging. It was hence that Anne at last wrote to her mother, but got no

answer; she then wrote to the school, and received a letter in reply, stating that, as they had disgraced themselves, their mother and relations disowned them, and that it was useless to reply. They had made their bed and must lie upon it. In trouble and alarm they went on selling one thing after another till all their clothes were gone. Then it was that the elder sister, I fear, naturally bold and independent, plunged into crime to avoid starvation. She, however, kept her resources a secret from her sister, was away sometimes for days together, pretending to be at work, leaving Anne to get on as she could.

One evening on returning home she met the youth, the brother of the lady who brought her to me. She had been introduced to him by the German some weeks before; indeed, he had accompanied him several times to the first lodging when they were there, to spend the evening. Anne appealed to him, and told him her story; the young man, moved by the tale, provided her with food and money, testifying his horror at the treachery of the German who had hitherto been his friend; he declared he would find him out, and undertook, till something was done, to pay her lodging.

In the meantime Anne was surprised one day by the return of the German, who had found out their new address. He pretended to be sorry for the quarrel, inquired for her sister, and said he was determined to reconcile them to their friends again, but that circumstances had occurred in his pecuniary prospects which rendered it impossible for him to marry. Anne replied, if he would do so now she would not; he immediately took advantage of this, making her return all his letters, which till then she had carefully kept, and again he took himself off. Anne also told me of a final scene she had with him, which I could not quite make out; it seems she followed him one day into the house of a lady whose daughter she heard he was going to marry, telling the lady how he had deceived her, and warning her daughter, who was in the room, against him, while the German abused her in return. However, the end was that the poor girl was found, as I have before stated, by the lady whose brother had taken up the case, and brought to our institution.

When I took down the particulars of this history from Anne—not believing, I must confess, one quarter of it—I asked her what letters she had to prove the truth of her representations with regard to her mother, the school, &c. She replied, she had bundles, but they were in a box at the lodging, and till the rent was paid she could not get at them—the landlady having seized this box. I gave her the money, and had the letters put in my hand. There was no mistake as to the statements made, so far as her friends were concerned; dates and addresses were given. I wrote to the school, to her mother, and to one or two other relatives. From some of them I received answers to the effect that the sisters were the people they represented themselves to be; but that their conduct had broken their mother's heart, and precluded any notice being taken of them by their friends.

In great pity for the unfortunate girl before me, I then agreed, till I could take advice with others what to do, to admit her to the institution, let her have the use of a dormitory, and watch her well, but making her understand she must work with the other needlewomen. She at once consented, and apparently with gratitude, to accept this aid. She would do anything, sweep the floor even, if we would only keep her. Her dress was sadly scanty, and the lady who first brought her to me sent some clothes to help her out, and thus Anne was installed among us.

I felt very anxious about her sister, whom Anne had not seen for some days; the former discovered at last where she was, and came to the institution. Anne brought her into my room. Never do I remember a more striking or interesting scene than there took place. It is still fresh in my memory. I was prepared to meet a crestfallen, sorrowful girl, who had been driven to sin by circumstances of misery, but who would thankfully accept any help to return to honest paths, and most anxious did I feel to hold out that helping hand.

Before me stood the two sisters: the one dressed in a common print gown, with no exterior aid of adornment, her coarse needlework in her hand; the other, tall and elegant, handsomely attired in a flounced dress of black silk, crinolined to the utmost, with cloak and bonnet to correspond. But for the bold expression of her face, one might have called her strikingly beautiful, at least so she appeared to me. Scarcely letting me commence the sentence I had framed to address her, she broke forth by saying, "She was come to fetch her sister away from such a place as she found her in. Needlework indeed! She did not seem to earn enough for bread," and she turned to Anne, bidding her to come away at once. "Stay," I replied, "your sister has come here by her own choice, and prefers the dry bread and respectability to such a course as I fear you alone can offer her." She appeared to be indignant. "What did I mean? She was as honest as any one here! What right had I to judge? She had found friends for herself and Anne far better than I could offer." I looked at her with extreme pity. "My poor girl," I said, "you cannot deceive me, Anne has told me all your history and trouble; I know that a few weeks since you were wanting bread, and had sold your clothes to procure it; *friends*, I fear, would not all at once have supplied you so liberally. Do let me implore you to escape from your present position!" She would not listen to a word, but tossed back her head in disdain. "Anne," she again said, "will you come with me or no? I will promise to provide for you. What can you be dreaming of to remain here? They have no right to keep you." "We have no wish," I interposed, "to keep any one against their will; but, Anne," I said, "listen to me," for I could see her sister's words and looks were causing her to waver. I then placed before her, as kindly as I could, the probable fate that awaited her if she returned with her sister; on the other side, I told her if she chose to remain she would for a time have to work hard, but I

promised to be her friend and not lose sight of her till some permanent help had been given. All the time I spoke the elder girl kept interrupting me, at last she said, "I can wait no longer here, you must decide at once—yes or no?" "She shall decide for herself," I said; "but I must make one more condition with my offer, if Anne remain with us she must promise me to hold no communication with you except in my presence." The younger sister looked from one to the other, evidently wavering. I was myself wrought up to quite a pitch of excitement; at last she burst into tears, and came sobbing across the room to where I was seated, begging me to keep her; whilst the other, telling her she would repent her decision, flounced out of the room, banging the door after her. She was gone indeed, but what a sad revelation she had left behind! In her whole manner there had not appeared one opening for repentant sorrow or shame to enter, she had been absolutely defiant in her hard pride; it was my first experience of such a case, and I was deeply moved at the scene. When she was gone I had some serious conversation with Anne; I repeated my desire that she should not meet her sister, to which she agreed; she then returned to her work, and for some weeks daily took her seat among the needlewomen, earning little, it is true, for like most girls educated as she had been, she could do nothing thoroughly; but she lived with a very little extra help on what she earned, slept in the dormitory with the other women, and cheerfully accommodated herself to the rules of the establishment. Her earnest wish seemed to be to emigrate; I turned my attention to the carrying out of this object, thinking that under the circumstances it was far the best course to pursue. My first step was towards raising the necessary funds, and I applied to a gentleman who had long been a resident in Australia for advice as to the measures I ought to take to secure a free passage, &c. Strange to say, when I told him the sad history, in which he was much interested, Mr. S—— told me he knew something of the relatives she had named, and at once took up the case. Mr. S—— wrote to several of these parties; he also introduced a lady to Anne, who offered at once to do what she could to prepare her for the voyage. Another friend, a clergyman, undertook to see the German, whose address he had discovered, and endeavor to make him supply part of the money for the outfit; thinking that, as he had been the cause of all her trouble, he would possibly be glad to make any compromise to prevent our giving publicity to his conduct, otherwise his situation as teacher in a school might be forfeited. This gentleman accordingly obtained an interview with the man, who accredited every word Anne had told us; adding, however, as an excuse for his conduct, that the elder sister having forfeited his respect, he could not marry the other; he owned it would have been better had he not interfered, but it could not now be helped, and if a subscription was being made, he would not mind giving *a pound or two* to help them off. The clergyman was so annoyed with his manner, his utter indifference, nay, worse, insolent cowardice,

that he left him in perfect disgust, and advised us to have nothing to do with him.

To return, however, to Anne and her sister. The story having been named to a few persons, got wind, and as is generally the case on such occasions, many friends soon afforded help: one lady especially, offered to relieve me of much of the trouble connected with the necessary preparations. She had known something of the girl's relatives in Australia, and this strengthened her interest in the case, and with great energy she set to work, taking immense trouble. Her great anxiety was to discover the elder sister, and try what could be done to redeem her from her life of sin. I observed, I feared it was a hopeless case; but she reprimanded me for such an assertion, saying, she was ready to receive her into her own house for a time if she could be found.

Of course no objection could be made to such an act of Christian charity. We had no clue to the poor girl, but Mrs. E—— thought it probable she would try and see her sister, so she sent me a card, on which she wrote, "A friend pities you and is willing to receive you," and begged I would give it to her should she call. This card I placed in an envelope, and gave to the servant who generally opened the door; and describing Miss W——, I told her to give it her if she came, and, if she was willing to see me, to bring her up. Not very long after this poor creature was introduced into my room, and entered with the card in her hand. Whether it was the kindness of the invitation that had softened her, or repentance and sorrowful shame, I know not; but as different an interview to the former one took place between us as is possible to imagine. Instead of the overbearing cold demeanor which she had previously exhibited, she sobbed and cried bitterly. I talked kindly with her for some time, and bade her take courage, pointing out how God had sent her a friend in Mrs. E——, and finally despatched her to the address given on the card. It is impossible to say too much of the kindness she met with on her arrival. It was indeed as to the prodigal returned. Though a perfect stranger, Mrs. E—— received her as a daughter, gave up a bedroom in her own house for her accommodation, sent for medical advice—for Miss W—— was ill in body as well as mind—and if any fault could be found, where kindness dictated every action, spoilt her by over-indulgence. The past was to be forgotten, and the future was to be, and might have been, bright, had *true* repentance cleared the way for reformation of character. Alas! to follow out this poor girl's history would be a lengthened narrative, in itself too voluminous to insert in these pages. Sufficient to say, disappointment was the final result of every effort made in her behalf. At first there was great hope that the resolutions and promises she made to forsake the paths of sin into which she had strayed, would be carried out, but vanity and frivolity were too deeply rooted to be eradicated without deeper principle than she possessed. Great was the patience the lady

showed, and deeply was it tried. Sometimes she would profess gratitude, at other times she was saucy and independent. At last, one morning she was missing. Again she was tracked out, and Mr. S—— exercised great benevolence in watching over her. She was placed first in lodgings, and supported there; then in a Home, which she once left but returned to of her own accord, even begging her friends, in her repenting mood, to cut her hair short that she might be like the other inmates of the asylum in which Christian charity had placed her.

It is, however, far easier to fall into sin than in our own strength to retrace the path of virtue. Ineffectual were all the efforts made in Miss W——'s behalf; it seemed impossible to rescue her from her weak vanity and love of admiration. We must draw a veil over the sequel: poor girl! doubtless she is long since suffering bitter remorse over the lost opportunities she refused to lay hold of when presented to her.

To return to Anne, the same lady who had befriended her sister did not relax in exertions for her benefit. She provided her with clothes for her outfit, and collected funds. I then applied to the "Society for the Employment of Women," at Langham Place. They awarded me £10 towards her passage, and the remaining money was made up by her relatives and friends to whom we applied. The vessel did not sail for some weeks, and Anne remained under the Society's roof, going frequently to visit Mrs. ——, who had undertaken the management of her preparations for departure. Although there was a little too much independence and frivolity even in Anne's manner, which caused some queries to be made by strangers as to her steadiness, I never had any cause to doubt her sincerity, and must give her credit for behaving remarkably well all the time she was under the Society's protection. I think I can also safely assert that she had then a full sense of the narrow escape she had had, and was grateful to those who had rescued her from her equivocal position, and restored her to a place in society. On the appointed day for the vessel to sail she left us, taking with her letters of introduction to several parties residing in the colony whither she was bound. One family to whom Mrs. —— wrote, received her on her arrival into their house. The last I heard of her *directly* was a letter she sent by the pilot, thanking me once more for what had been done for her, and promising to write on her arrival; this she never did, and we only heard through others that, after being about a twelvemonth in the colony, she married, I believe, well.

I could have wished that her professions of gratitude had been proved of a more practical nature, by receiving from herself the news of her arrival, sojourn in the country, and intended marriage. In attempting, however, to do good, one must be prepared to meet with a large amount of disappointment as regards the after experience of impulsive gratitude.

The narrative of these two girls, the Misses W——, has not been given, as I before stated, as a proof of the satisfactory result of our interference in their behalf; but surely it may be received as a warning to those who have the care of young girls, and who leave them to act for themselves at the very age when they most require a judicious guide and adviser to direct them and form their character. Providence directed Anne W—— to a haven of safety. How many situated as *she* was, are, on the contrary, led by those who are watching to entrap youth into the gulf of destruction.

If these few pages are only instrumental in causing one careless mother to give more thought to the training of her children's minds in that strength and those principles necessary to resist temptation, they will not have been written in vain.

L. N.

LXV.—THE BALANCE OF PUBLIC OPINION IN REGARD TO WOMAN'S WORK.

I SHOULD not this year have brought before the Social Economy Section a subject which has already received such ample ventilation in the columns of the public press, but for a sense of the responsibility under which it appears to me that we all labor in regard to what has been termed the movement in favor of woman's work, which makes me anxious to take this opportunity of stating my individual opinion, based upon the varied experience of five years.

I had at first intended to entitle this short paper the Progress of Public Opinion in Regard to Woman's Work, but in reconsidering the matter, I thought that the *Balance* of Public Opinion was a better name, inasmuch as the extreme complication of the question renders mere progression in any direction a dangerous matter, unless careful limitations are specified.

And here let me say, that I think of all the many classes whose interests have received benefit from fair discussions at the five meetings hitherto held of the Association for the Promotion of Social Science, women owe the deepest debt of gratitude to those gentlemen who organized the Association.

From the first semi-private meeting at Lord Brougham's house, to which he referred in his Address last Thursday, and at which Mrs. Jameson, Mrs. Austin and Mrs. Howitt were present, down to the present time; Lord Brougham and Mr. George Hastings, and all the numerous gentlemen who have been brought in contact with the question, of whom I would specially name Lord Shaftesbury as President of our Society, have shown the utmost desire to give women fair play; and not only fair play, for they have so managed the meetings and discussions as to enable them to be

carried on with perfect ease and propriety by all ladies desirous of taking part in any of the sections. I believe I may truly affirm that never before in the world's history have women met with such equal courtesy and true deference as that which has been shown them here.

For this reason, among many others, I feel that it peculiarly behoves women to show that they can appreciate and respond to this loyal justice on the part of men. To show that, being under no restraint and no repression, they can discuss the great question of social welfare, on which the ultimate fate of the nation in its corporate and its domestic life chiefly depends, with moderation and honest impartiality. And I do believe that, on referring to the newspaper reports, or examining the *Transactions* of the last five years, every one will admit that our sex fully deserved the noble confidence reposed in them by the gentlemen of this Association; that they have neither wasted its time in frivolities, nor offended it by one unwomanly word.

During this period an immense progress has in one sense been made in public opinion. The importance of all questions relating to the female population of the country has been admitted by the press and by the people. Nay, I believe that any Bill affecting the welfare of women would now receive more attention in Parliament than it would have done five years ago; and that many men would now feel doubly bound to plead the interests of those who could not there plead for themselves.

Since, therefore, there is no longer any occasion to strive to obtain a hearing, sure to be granted to us for every reasonable or practical purpose, I am doubly anxious that any discussion we may carry on this year should be marked by a desire to see and admit all sides of our question, and that we should each of us carefully state that which we believe to be truth.

Now, in summing up the papers, articles and speeches which have been everywhere promulgated on the question of woman's work, we find that at the threshold of the question we are met by two distinct theories, upon neither of which is it possible to speak or act exclusively, and yet it will make a great difference to our speech and to our action whether in the depths of intellectual and moral conviction we abide by the one or by the other theory. I will put it as simply and as shortly as possible:—Do we *wish* to see the majority of women getting their own livelihood, or do we wish to see it provided for them by men? Are we trying to assist the female population of this country over a time of difficulty; or, are we seeking to develop a new state of social life?

I feel bound to say that I regard the question from a temporary point of view, and that I should greatly regret any change in the public opinion of all classes which would tend to make the men of this country more unmindful of the material welfare of the female members of their families.

When I brought up this question nearly three years ago at Bradford, I confined my observations to the surplus in the profession of the teacher. I took the statistics of the Governesses' Benevolent Institution in Harley Street, and urged as remedies for the terrible destitution endured by aged ladies, that parents of the middle class should either train their daughters to some useful art, however humble, or consider it their primary duty to insure their lives if they could not afford to lay by money for their female children. I showed that in a country like England, whose wealth is chiefly derived from commerce, the fluctuations of trade fall with peculiar hardship upon the defenceless sex. That not only do merchants fail, but banks also break, and that a horrible amount of real hunger and cold is undergone by many who have been ladies born and bred; while a larger proportion, though they may never know actual physical want, are forced into one overcrowded and perhaps distasteful profession, in which they spend their lives working for small salaries.

But I never wished or contemplated the mass of women becoming breadwinners. So far from being willing to see such a system encouraged, I think it is actually obtaining among us, through the operations of modern trade, to an injurious extent. With the greatest esteem for, and even gratitude to, many masters for the pains which they take for the instruction and moralization of their workwomen, I do not believe our English factory system to be natural, and more especially the employment of married women away from their homes. I know all that may be said upon the other side; I know that any legislation on this topic would result in practical cruelty; that even rules imposed by the master of the factory would bear with harshness on the woman who may have a family to support, and a drunken or incapable husband. I believe that it is a point upon which we must allow free trade or that we shall fall into worse evils than those from which we now suffer. Nevertheless, the fact remains clear to my mind, that we are passing through a stage of civilization which is to be regretted, and that her house and not the factory is a woman's happy and healthful sphere.

It is not possible to treat a subject like this in a scientific way. Philosophers who argue upon the laws which govern the development of men are almost always destined to see their theories pass away or fade into comparative oblivion before the century which gave them birth is gone. Rousseau is seldom heard of now; Fourier exists only as the prophet of a school; even the Political Economists no longer reign over the intellectual world as they did thirty years ago, when the Poor Law achieved the practical experiment of some of their principles. If, then, theories respecting masses of men are continually being broken to pieces, how much more impossible is it to argue from abstractions upon the nature of women; for a woman's life is certainly more individual, more centered in one house and one circle; and so it must be until the constitution of

this world is changed. I can therefore only speak of women as I have seen and known them in different towns of this our country: in Birmingham, in Nottingham, in Edinburgh, in Dublin, in Leicester, in Hastings, in Glasgow. I speak of what I have seen of the lower classes, and of what I have heard from innumerable ladies, wives and daughters of squires, clergymen, doctors, lawyers, merchants. My opinions have been formed from these sources of information; and though I have found such ladies always willing and anxious in any plan for getting employment for their destitute sisters, I have always heard them lament when, from any circumstances, the family life of a district has suffered by the withdrawal of any large number of women from the home.

It may be asked, however, on what ground I have helped and sympathized with such a business as that conducted at the Victoria Press; a business which has commanded an extraordinary amount of popular sympathy for two years. I would answer, that the reason why I was so glad to see it established and successful was not so much that women are employed in it, as that it is superintended by a woman. Since non-domestic labor is the rule for our present stage of national civilization, it is exceedingly difficult to earn an honest livelihood in any other way, and if girls are allowed to spend ten hours a day spinning in a factory, they should also be allowed to spend them in printing, if that be a more remunerative occupation. But our *moral* sympathy is chiefly due to the Press on the score of Miss Faithfull's superintendence.

Were I asked if I should wish to see a regiment of women working in common printing offices under male supervision, I should answer No; or at least I should accept the idea with regret, and only on the principle that women must earn bread and butter. But were I asked whether I should be willing to see young women gathered together in printing offices or in the workshops of any mechanical trade, under efficient female supervision, then I should say that for the unmarried women it was, in the present state of the country, the one thing to be desired.

Before concluding this paper there is one point on which I wish to touch, because it is at the very root of the matter, and there is little good in our repeating year after year the old arguments on woman's work unless we are all content to face the serious questions which touch it on all sides. I allude to the difficulties imposed by the question of marriage. You have probably all seen and read the leading article which appeared in the *Times* of Monday the 9th; an article in which I entirely coincided, and upon which I should like to say a few words. The writer of that article expressed a considerable sympathy with woman's work, and made several observations which appeared to me marked by good taste and good feeling. But he stated that, after all, the question, though important, was a partial one, since the majority of women looked to married life as their happiest sphere, and that in the upper and middle ranks their

entering married life would withdraw them from non-domestic labor.

This is to my mind a self-evident proposition, and I should like to place it in a light which, so far as I am aware, has never been cast upon it in any of the discussions; and which I believe would go far to clear it up to the satisfaction of all parties if my meaning were thoroughly understood.

When men who are good and sympathetic, and who, as we have every reason to believe, really wish well to their mothers, sisters, wives, and daughters, urge the claims of married life, in regard to the question of woman's work, what is it they mean?

What does married life mean in this Christian country, which professes and really does try and intend to carry out Bible maxims? I am not overstating the case; for the overwhelming majority of this kingdom, Protestants and Catholics, and even those who may be neither, are agreed in wishing to see Christian morality carried out in political and social life. Our schools, our reformatories, our tee-total societies, all prove this; and a book which preached pagan principles on any topic would have a bad chance of being circulated by Mr. Mudie.

Now the household life in a Christian country has this very marked characteristic, that it is the primary unit in social organization. The man alone, or the woman alone, is not strictly speaking that primary unit. With marriage and family life begins the great social chain which ascends from the house to the street, from the street to the parish, from the parish to the town, from the town to the country, and ends in the Government and in the Church.

The wife, in our civilization, is the centre of domestic but also of social life. She is the mistress of a social circle and of a group of children and of servants. When sensible men say that the vast majority of women are destined to marriage, what they mean, the idea which really lies at the bottom of their minds, is, that were it otherwise the whole constitution of modern society would literally go to pieces. We should be like a house built without mortar, ready to be blown down in every high wind.

As I believe, therefore, firmly, that the married household is the first constituent element in national life, so I consequently believe that the immense majority of women are, and ought to be, employed in the noble duties which go to make up the Christian household; and while I fully admit the principle of vocations to religious and also to intellectual and practical life apart from marriage, I think that people are quite right who say that these will ever be, and ought ever to be, in the minority.

BESSIE R. PARKES.

LXVI.—TO MY COUSIN LAURENCE AT MELBOURNE.

DEAR LAURENCE,

I am glad to see in your letter received on the 18th inst. that you have not wholly cast aside the old vivid interest which you used to feel in our youthful discussions. To what an extent Australian ladies can revive those ideas in your mind, I do not know; for over here we have but a scanty conception of your social state. Mrs. Meredith's beautiful works on Australian botany are hardly to be taken as specimens of native ability, since by birth and culture she is an Englishwoman *pure et simple*. Miss Ironsides, who, by the way, has more than one picture in the Roman Court at the Exhibition, certainly bids fair to reflect credit on Australian art. I knew her some years ago in Rome, when she was full of her first ardor and ambition.

A lady from your part of the world was also in London a little while ago, anxious to qualify as physician; she told me she had already had a certain degree of special practice—I forget in which town, but I think it was Melbourne. I recommended her to apply to Mdlle. Aillot, the head of the great hospital of La Maternité, in Paris, and wrote to that excellent and accomplished lady for the printed rules applicable to the numerous female students who go thither from all parts of France. But Mrs. —— decided that her imperfect knowledge of French would as yet prevent her from fully profiting by such an opportunity. Her final plans I have not heard.

You will see by the newspaper of this mail that the Social Science Meeting was held this year in the Guildhall of London. It was considered a very good and solid meeting, in respect of the papers sent in, and the attendance of active working people; though the miscellaneous crowd was, of course, less than in the provincial towns, where it constitutes the chief attraction of a whole locality. What most interested me, apart from our own subject, was the debate on the merits of the Irish and English Convict systems, following on the papers read by Sir Walter Crofton and Sir Joshua Jebb. Not only did it wax warm at Guildhall, but it was renewed in the evening at Burlington House; and I must say that the Irish system gained the day.

With regard to the ladies' papers, you will find two articles in the *Saturday Review* which will doubtless be read with extreme interest in the Colonies. So graphic and accurate a representation of our principles and performance might perhaps be left to your own intelligent comments; but as I had the extra advantage of being present, I may, perhaps, as well tell you what I did see and hear. Firstly, then, Miss Cobbe read her paper on University Degrees for Women on Tuesday the 18th, in the Education Depart-

ment, Dean Milman in the chair. There was a little uncertainty as to the time when her paper would be read, which prevented her audience from being so large as it would otherwise have been; still, the Department was fairly full, and thoroughly intelligent and attentive. Herewith I send you the pamphlet which Miss Faithfull published immediately after, so that you can judge of its merits yourself. It seems to me written in the clearest, cleverest, happiest style, and it was read with a charming ease and vivacity; but perhaps hardly with the *élan* of last year at Dublin, when, being in the midst of her own people, she carried her delighted audience with her at every word. That paper related to the Care of Incurables in Workhouses, and as there will probably always be 100 incurables for one woman who takes a University degree, there is some reason for the predominant sympathy accorded to the former paper. Little or no discussion took place on this paper at the time, though Dean Milman paid her a very pretty compliment; but in the evening at Burlington House the subject was gone into at considerable length. It appeared to me that the majority of speakers (all of whom were gentlemen) were *not* in favor of granting the admission of women to candidature. They were willing to see the acquirements of women "tested and attested" by an examining body; but were opposed to this office being performed by any of the Universities. Some took their stand on the original restriction of the constitutions of the said bodies; others spoke on the differences between the highest kind of training to be desired for men, and that to be desired for women. Mr. Smith Osler said that the real reason why several members of the Senate had voted against female candidature in the late vote taken on the subject was, that they were persuaded that more lurked behind than met the ear, and that certain people wished to do away with all the distinctions of sex.

Altogether, I was rather sorry for the debate. It was comparatively useless, unless a few sensible and moderate women could have entered into it, explaining on what grounds they considered the request a fair one; and as there were reporters present, taking down every word everybody said, it was not to be expected that any lady would like to speak. Reading a paper in a section is quite a different thing to entering into a debate with the dread of a reporter jotting down every unconsidered word. It ended in a modified resolution being passed, to the effect that some sort of a testing examination as to the higher class of female attainments was desirable, but all mention of the Universities was carefully omitted. My own idea is, that it would be very well to have freedom in this matter, for the sake of aiding a few women to be up to "concert pitch," but I doubt if the world would get on much better for *many* women devoting themselves to the required specialities of study.

As to the Social Economy Section on the next day, Wednesday

the 11th, it was crammed in all quarters; and I must say, I thought it a beautiful and impressive sight to see woman after woman rise to read papers on works suited to her hand and heart, with such quiet and propriety as was invariably manifested. Miss Rye's paper on Emigration was perhaps the most valuable in all its details; Mrs. Jellicoe's was very careful and very wise, and kept close to the moral aspects of this question of woman's work, which I become more and more anxious not to see neglected.

But somehow, Laurence, I do shrink from the immense publicity which accompanies our English way of doing all this sort of work. Not from the mere reading—I see nothing unfit in *that*, but from the liberty which the Press seem straightway to feel of dragging everybody up by name and without mercy, because they give honest opinions on subjects specially relating to their own sex, to a number of listeners chiefly composed of that sex; each of whom have probably some power to help in removing the difficulties under which we labor. However, I ought not to try and make you conservative on these points, but just show you a little of what I feel, in order that when you are a flourishing editor you may always be as courteous a gentleman towards all women as you have ever been to

YOUR AFFECTIONATE COUSIN.

LXVII.—NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Life in the Forests of the Far East. By Spenser St. John, F.R.G.S., F.E.S., formerly H.M.'s Consul-General in the Great Island of Borneo, and now H.M.'s Chargé d'Affaires to the Republic of Hayti. Smith, Elder, & Co.

IT is to be regretted that so little attention has as yet been directed towards one of the noblest and most interesting islands in the world. Those who may have been for years intently watching the development of the various islands of the Eastern Archipelago, can now, we believe, safely consider that Borneo has not been "born to blush unseen," and before long may anticipate beholding flourishing villages, rich pasturages, good roads, and even railroads, where now is tangled brushwood, inhabited by the formidable wild hog, and infested by lawless and dangerous tribes. But let the fate reserved for Borneo be what it may, we feel quite sure that Mr. St. John has most conscientiously performed his task of laying before the public a full and able account of the numerous tribes, physical peculiarities, and modes of native government, of the country in which he has for so many years resided. Maps, and excellently colored lithographs, interspersed throughout the two volumes, tend to render this the most complete and instructive work yet published in connexion with

Borneo. But too often with books of travel, a clumsy and monotonous style renders the inquiring reader's task far from pleasant and easy. He has to cull flowers of information in a thorny wilderness, and needs iron resolution to succeed. Our author, on the contrary, has determined to demonstrate that a good traveller can be a good writer. His perfect success should encourage some of those indefatigable individuals who, in the wilds of Africa, or the northern regions, may even now be contemplating a presentation of the fruits of their labor to the public. Mr. St. John does not aim at a showy, meretricious, and flimsy style, now so much in vogue, nor do his chapters abound in would-be poetical descriptions of mountain scenery, golden sunsets, strange tints, and the thousand and one tricks of ornamentation practised by scores of our modern travellers and tourists. What he has to say is said simply and truthfully; his descriptions are natural and telling; whilst a slight dash here and there of humor lends a pleasant tone to the whole.

Mr. St. John informs us in his introduction that no one who has travelled for the last fourteen years in Borneo has been wise or generous enough to spread abroad his knowledge of the island. Our author's natural fondness for exploration, combined with the important official position he held, enabled him to penetrate farther, and study more completely, the manners of the people than any of his predecessors. A copious journal, kept on some of the river expeditions, is given, with very slight alteration, as it was jotted down night after night by the camp-fire, in the boat, or on the mountain. The first volume opens with a carefully finished account of a tour amongst the tribes in the neighbourhood of Sarawak, followed by narratives of two ascents of Kina Balu, the highest mountain of the Asiatic Islands, closing with a journalistic narration of travel in the interior of the country lying to the south-east of Brunei, the capital of Borneo Proper. It will be scarcely possible in our limited space to make extracts of sufficient length or number to convey an adequate idea to our readers of the *embarras des richesses*, the actual luxury of anecdote and amusing incidents, prepared for them.

We cannot neglect directing attention to the chapters on the social life of sea and land Dayaks. The former are possessed of great energy, and qualities which, under sound government, promise much; the latter do not display the same encouraging signs, but under good discipline wonders could be accomplished in time. Sir James Brooke's able and beneficent administration over Sarawak, which he holds under cession from the Sultan of Brunei, affords a remarkable instance of the magical effect created by the mind of one able European. The Rajah of Sarawak, backed by no military force, has for some ten or twelve years civilized and kept in order his land and people, ruling purely and simply by moral power. The enemies of Sir James in this country, who have so pertinaciously attacked him for the very necessary steps which were

taken by him in conjunction with the British Government against the pirates of Borneo, cannot but be convinced in their own minds that the Rajah's determination to root out bands of ruffians, as a primary means of civilizing the land, was not an indication of a savage disposition as anxious for native blood as a Gordon Cumming for that of inoffensive African flocks.

A curious and terrible mania of the aborigines for "head hunting" has nearly died out under the Rajah's eye. Only occasionally did Mr. St. John detect secret longings amongst certain of the natives to distinguish themselves in this barbarous pursuit. Recently, an extensive tract of country has been ceded to Sir James Brooke by the Sultan of Brunei, and Borneo may be destined to reap the blessings of civilization by the beneficial influence extending gradually up from Sarawak. The Dutch, laying claim to above half the island, are jealous of the progress of the English. Their system of administration, opposed to the interests of the natives, does not show out to advantage when our countrymen are in close proximity. Missionary labor among the Dayaks has now a good chance of success; the Malays, being Mahomedans, present barren ground to their zealous labors. Could the British government be persuaded either to extend assistance to Sir James, or take the large territory off his hands, the advance in prosperity would doubtless be rapid, whereas, left to the guidance of one individual, though such an able one, progress is necessarily slow. The better we become acquainted with the astounding natural advantages Borneo offers to its possessors in mineral wealth and in agricultural produce, the more eager shall we be to witness the latent powers of the island brought forth by immigration both of Europeans and Chinese; undoubtedly the only means calculated to gain the desired end. Much difference of opinion prevails as to whether Europeans are fitted to labor in the climate of Borneo. We are inclined to agree with, we think, the majority of the authorities on this point, who hold that European capitalists, with Chinese labor, can succeed in making the island productive and prosperous.

Our author, in those sections which embrace the domestic life of the people, gives much attention to the habits and dress of the women. In many cases they are extremely pretty, light and graceful in their movements, and sprightly and intelligent in conversation. Certain generally understood signals exist by which a young native lady, when courted, plainly hints the suitor is not to her taste. The words which convey this dread sentence relate to some such simple domestic office as lighting a lamp or blowing up a fire, but the signification is unmistakable. The people are hospitable, and as a rule, friendly. Most curious are their superstitions. Commonly pigs and fowls are sacrificed, and the liver and heart examined to enable their seers to predict the future. Well, it is not so long since Catherine de Medici was at the same work, as all who have read M. Dumas can attest, so we must not be too severe on the

weakness of these poor tribes. Even now some of us are ardent supporters of table-turning, spirit-rapping, and what not!

Under "Social Life of the Sea Dayaks," the following anecdote deserves a place among the noble deeds of women :—

"Of the warmth of married affection I have never heard a more striking instance than the following: the story has been told before, but it is worth repeating. Ipan, a Balau chief, was bathing with his wife in the Lingga river—a place notorious for man-eating alligators—when Indra Lela, a Malay, passing in a boat remarked, 'I have just seen a very large animal swimming up the stream.' Upon hearing this, Ipan told his wife to go up the steps and he would follow: she got safely up, but he, stopping to wash his feet, was seized by the alligator, dragged into the middle of the stream, and disappeared from view. His wife, hearing a cry, turned round, and seeing her husband's fate, sprang into the river, shrieking, 'Take me also,' and dived down at the spot where she had seen the alligator sink with his prey. No persuasion could induce her to come out of the water. She swam about, diving in all the places most dreaded from being a resort of ferocious reptiles, seeking to die with her husband; at last her friends came down and forcibly removed her to their house."

In 1858, Mr. St. John, accompanied by Mr. Low, Colonial Treasurer of Labuan, ascended the mountain of Kina Balu, which is above 13,000 feet in height. Amongst the natives the greatest surprise seems to have been created by the coming of the explorers. Some conjectured that thirst for gold, copper, or precious stones, might account for their appearance in the neighborhood. One knowing individual guessed they were seeking the Lagundi tree, whose fruit, when eaten, gives youth for countless years.

The magnificent view from the mountain top calls forth our author's descriptive powers in full vigor.

"A face of granite, sweeping steeply up for above 3,000 feet to a rugged edge of pointed rocks; while on the farthest left the southern peak looked from this view a rounded mass. Here and there small runnels of water passed over the granite surface, and patches of brushwood occupied the sheltered nooks. The rocks were often at an angle of nearly forty degrees, so that I was forced to ascend them, at first, with woollen socks, and when they were worn through, with bare feet. It was a sad alternative, as the rough stone wore away the skin, and left a bleeding and tender surface. After hard work, we reached the spot where Mr. Low had left a bottle, and found it intact—the writing in it was not read, as I returned it unopened to its resting-place. Low's Gully is one of the most singular spots in the summit. We ascend an abrupt ravine, with towering perpendicular rocks on either side, till a rough natural wall bars the way. Climbing on this, you look over a deep chasm, surrounded on three sides by precipices, so deep that the eye could not reach the bottom; but the twitter of innumerable swallows could be distinctly heard, as they flew in flocks below. There was no descending here: it was a sheer precipice, of several thousand feet, and this was the deep fissure pointed out to me by Mr. Low from the cocoa-nut grove on the banks of the Tampasuk when we were reclining there, and proved that he had remembered the very spot where he had left the bottle. I was now anxious to reach one of those peaks which are visible from the sea; so we descended Low's Gully, through a thicket of rhododendrons, bearing a beautiful blood-colored flower, and made our way to the westward. It was rough walking at first, while we continued to skirt the rocky ridge that rose to our right; but gradually leaving this, we advanced up an incline composed entirely of immense slabs

of granite, and reaching the top, found a noble terrace, half a mile in length, whose sides sloped at an angle of thirty degrees on either side. The ends were the Southern Peak and a huge cyclopæan wall. I followed the guides to the former, and, after a slippery ascent, reached the summit. I have mentioned that this peak has a rounded aspect when viewed from the eastward; but from the northward it appears to rise sharply to a point; and when, with great circumspection, I crawled up, I found myself on a granite point, not three feet in width, with but a water-worn way a few inches broad to rest on, and prevent my slipping over the sloping edges."

Fortunately for our author, he was not at Sarawak when the Chinese attack was made. Had he been there, however, we could not have had a better account of the destruction and mischief these ungrateful wretches carried into the Rajah's domains; and probably we should have had to dispense altogether with Mr. St. John's work, for the danger was imminent. Like the ancient anecdote of the boy and the wolf, so many warnings had been given from time to time of—"The Chinese are coming! the Chinese are coming!" that when the natives came with genuine news of their steady progress up the river, no precautions were taken by Sir James and his friends.

"Roused from his slumbers by the unusual sounds of shouts and yells at midnight, the Rajah looked out of the venetian windows, and immediately conjectured what had occurred. Several times he raised his revolver to fire in among them, but convinced that he could not defend the house, he determined to effect his escape. He supposed that men engaged in so desperate an affair would naturally take every precaution to insure its success, and concluded that bodies of the insurgents were silently watching the ends of the house; so, summoning his servant, he led the way down to a bath-room which communicated with the lawn, and telling him to open the door quickly and then follow closely, the Rajah sprang forth with sword drawn and pistol cocked, but found the coast clear. Had there been twenty Chinese there he would have passed through them, as his quickness and practical skill in the use of weapons, are not, I believe, to be surpassed. Reaching the banks of the stream above his house, he found the Chinese boats there; but diving under the bows of one, he reached the opposite shore unperceived, and as he was then suffering from an attack of fever and ague, fell utterly exhausted, and lay for some time on the muddy bank, till slightly recovering he was enabled to reach the Government writer's house. An amiable and promising young officer, Mr. Nicholets, who had just arrived from an out-station on a visit, and lodged in the upper cottage, was startled by the sound of the attack; and rushing forth to reach the chief house, was slain by the Chinese; while Mr. Steel, who was there likewise on a visit, and Sir James's servant, escaped to the jungle. The other attacks took place almost simultaneously. Mr. and Mrs. Crookshank rushing forth on hearing this midnight alarm, were cut down, the latter left for dead, the former severely wounded. The constable's house was attacked, but he and his wife escaped; while their two children and an English lodger were killed by the insurgents."

How the Rajah, with the aid of his friends and the natives, (who in this time of trial behaved admirably,) utterly routed the Chinese, many of whom perished for want of food and shelter, Mr. St. John subsequently tells us. But the loss to Sir James was heavy. His splendid library, house, and property of all descriptions were burnt; the silver and other valuables pocketed by the midnight

assailants. We sincerely trust that by this time he may have in some degree recovered from this disaster, which, like a true philosopher, he suffered at the time to occasion him less disquietude than it caused his friends.

Towards the end of volume one are three or four elegantly colored drawings of the Nepenthes or Pitcher Plant. The flower consists of a large gourd, some ten or twelve inches in height, and is so shaped as to be perfectly adapted for holding water, and is used for that purpose by the natives. To the uninitiated, as well as to the botanist, these will prove treasures. The author's expedition up the Limbang River, given under the head of "My Limbang Journal," is, we think, the most interesting division of the whole work. We can defy any reader of apprehension to lay aside the second volume until he has accomplished this fascinating tour hand in hand with Mr. St. John: the Sulu Islands; Sarawak, and its dependencies; the Chinese in Borneo; the Chinese Insurrection; (a most exciting chapter, as we have seen,) and finally the Protestant and Roman Catholic Missions, are the concluding chapters of the second volume. We have but faintly and imperfectly conveyed an idea of the compass and importance of Mr. St. John's publication to the minds of our readers, since we could find so little space for mention of the several mountain ascents, not achieved without considerable personal risk and exposure. But should we be fortunate enough to rouse a small amount of public opinion to discuss the merits of a question involving the future of a remarkable people and an equally remarkable island, we shall not deem our time thrown away, and shall share in the pleasure our author must experience in having done his best successfully in a good cause.

Report of the Institution for the Employment of Needlewomen, 2, Hinde Street, Manchester Square. May 1st, 1861—62. Emily Faithfull and Co., Victoria Press.

THE interesting narrative furnished to us by Miss Barlee of some of the poor women who have found aid in this institution, is a special cause why our readers should care to glance over the yearly report of one of the most successful efforts of London charity. The whole scheme is only two years and a half old; it began in January, 1860, with three needlewomen, and a capital of £12, and is now employing from 600 to 800 workers, and doing a business, the last year's expenditure of which was more than £8000. An idea of the extent of the Society's present operations may also be given by the statement, that last year 84,456 garments were made at the institution.

It was in the autumn of 1859, whilst engaged in preparing for the press a little volume entitled "Our Homeless Poor, and what can we do to help them," (Nisbet,) that Miss Barlee was impressed by the scanty earnings gained by needlewomen employed on Government contracts; one-third, and in some cases one-half of the wages

being absorbed by the middlemen. The slopworkers were in even a worse position; and Miss Barlee, having devoted three chapters of her book to the subject of needlewomen, suggested that an emporium for needlework should be opened in a central part of London; that all ladies interested in the Institution should send work to be executed there; that authorized army and navy agents should be solicited to report such an establishment, &c. &c.

Finally, she made up her mind to begin the practical carrying out of this plan, and those who know anything of the actual working of charities, will easily understand that friendly help and ample funds soon came in when it was known that an active responsible head was devoted to the success of the work. For indeed there is no lack of kindness nor of helpfulness in England; what is wanted in our benevolent schemes is the wholly devoted worker, looking neither to the right nor to the left until the object is accomplished. Such was the manager of the Needlewomen's Institution.

Glancing over the Report, we see the names of many people ever foremost in charity. Mr. Stephen Cave, M.P., Mr. and Mrs. Gurney, Lord Shaftesbury, the late Lord Herbert, all helped. The latter gave an order for 20,000 shirts, in his capacity of Secretary for the War Department, and raised the wages when it was represented to him that they had been too low the previous year to pay for the labor. Lord Herbert thus gave practical testimony against admitting the principle of competition in its sharpest results. The first three sewing machines were given by a never-failing friend to good works, Lady Goldsmid; there are now six, all of which are worked by fatherless children under fourteen years of age, whose wages average from five to six shillings per week.

The Report, which can be had on application to No. 2, Hinde Street, Manchester Square, gives details which would greatly help any ladies wishing to start such an institute elsewhere, and to it our space obliges us to refer them, with a hearty assurance that we know from personal inspection how worthy it is of imitation.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

THIS season is remarkable for the publication of works of a semi-historical character, bearing upon the biographies of celebrated public men. The records of Pitt's early life is now followed by that of Burke, in "The Leadbeater Papers." (Bell.) Mrs. Leadbeater was the daughter of Richard Shackleton, the friend and schoolfellow of Burke; the correspondence refers to the early history of the future Statesman, and extends from 1744 to 1788. The volumes also contain an interesting diary of the times, besides letters of Mrs. Trench and of Crabbe the poet, and anecdotes of contemporary celebrities.

"An Embassy to the Court of St. James's in 1840," by F. Guizot, (Bentley,) embracing a more recent period. The volume is

as amusing as it is instructive, being a frank, though political, history of the author's eight months' embassy, with a review of English society made by an intelligent foreigner. It is pleasant to turn to a work like this after the grotesque criticisms of English manners with which French editors are now amusing their readers. "Thirty Years' Musical Recollections," by H. F. Chorley, (Hurst & Blackett,) contains anecdotes and criticisms relating to singers and musicians since 1830.

"North America," by Anthony Trollope, (Chapman and Hall,) describes that country up to a very recent date. Mr. Trollope only left England in August last, and made a tour through the principal States. He touches both on the political and social aspects of the country, and describes the general position of both the contending parties in the civil war. Professor Cairne's work, "The Slave Power," (Parker & Co.,) is from the pen of a political economist, and calmly discusses the whole question of slavery in its relations to the present struggle and to the interests of civilization.

The recent discussions on Social Science may lend additional interest to practical works bearing on the subject. Such is "Female Life in Prison," by a Prison Matron (Hurst & Blackett). This work should command the attention of every upright man and woman who studies temptation, crime, punishment, and reform in all the intimacy of their connexion and sequence. "The Autobiography of a Working Man," edited by the Hon. Eleanor E. Eden, (Bentley,) is really what it professes to be, the unvarnished history of a navvy's life. It is full of homely pathos, interspersed with shrewd observations about masters and men, and valuable, as showing matters from the navvy's point of view. Hurst and Blackett have just published "The West of Ireland: its existing Condition and Prospects," by Henry Coulter, being the reprint of Letters of the Special Correspondent of Saunders' News Letters, which appeared in that journal in 1861—1862. The important Essay upon Deaconesses, by the Rev. J. S. Howson, which appeared in the *Quarterly Review* for September, 1860, has been reprinted, with large additions, by Longman and Co. The official help of women in parochial work and in charitable institutions is a subject which commands our warmest sympathy, and to which we hope to refer more at length very shortly. In the meantime we may mention another work of a similar character, "Parochial Mission Women," by the Hon. Mrs. J. C. Talbot (Rivingtons); also, "A Residence of Nine Months in the Deaconesses' Institutions of Kaiserswerth, Strasburg, and Mŭhlhausen," by Miss Mary Miles. (Dublin: Herbert.)

"The Old Man's Wealth," published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, is another pleasing village tale by the authoress of "Harry Deane." In this and similar narratives she is happy in her relation of incidents, and in preserving throughout a natural and easy style.

The authoress of "Poems by L." has just published "St. Bernardine," a dramatic poem, a tale of the fifteenth century (Whitfield).

"The History of the Temperance Movement in Great Britain and Ireland," by Samuel Couling, (Tweedie,) includes Biographical Sketches of well-known Temperance advocates.

Among educational works we notice Miss Sewell's "Ancient History," comprising Egypt, Assyria, and Babylonia.

We believe we are correct in stating that Mrs. Henry Wood, in addition to "East Lynne" and "The Channings," just completed, is now conducting three serial stories in the pages of as many periodicals: "The Shadow of Ashlydyat," in the *New Monthly*; "Mrs. Ashburton's Niece," in the *Quiver*; and "The Life Secret," in the *Leisure Hour*; added to which, we understand the new volume of *Once a Week* will commence with a story from the same pen, illustrated by Charles Keane.

LXVIII.—MADAME LUCE AND THE GREAT EXHIBITION.

Our readers, who may remember the biographical account of Madame Luce, published in this journal for June, 1861, are informed that a large case of Algerian embroidery, executed in the *Ouvroirs Muselmans* under her supervision, is to be found in the Algerine Department of the French Court. The articles are for sale, and are chiefly adapted for beautiful and expensive toilettes: embroidered jackets, handkerchiefs, scarves, &c. Dolls dressed in Algerine costume, and a pair of rich curtains, are also to be found in the case, which adequately represents Madame Luce's extraordinary energy, and the exquisite manufacture of female handicraft in Algiers.

B. R. P.

LXIX.—OPEN COUNCIL.

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

To the Editors of the English Woman's Journal.

Ladies,

I have read with much interest the letters which have appeared in your valuable journal on the desirability of ladies entering the medical profession, and having myself been intimately connected with that profession for many years, I beg leave to offer a few suggestions, trying to forget as far as possible the vexed questions of "rights of doctors, and rights of women," former precedent, and such like; and simply looking upon it as a matter of business, and as we do when choosing professions for our boys.

In the first place, it seems to me that if our young ladies could become

Physicians, which, by the way, your correspondents usually style them, they might "see their way," as the expression goes; but it must be remembered that before a man takes to this, the higher branch of the profession, he must have had a long and expensive education, he must at all events be *supposed* to possess superior abilities, and last, not least, he must have sufficient money to keep him in the position of a gentleman till he becomes known to his medical brethren and the public generally. He is also expected to hold some public appointment. Now, as I do not imagine that it is contemplated that young ladies with money shall betake themselves to professional work, there remains nothing for those without it but to join the already overcrowded ranks of general practitioners. That they *are* overcrowded, is, I think, universally admitted. We will say nothing of the multiplicity of brass-plates always before our eyes; but if there is work to be found in this way, why do so many young medical men fail in obtaining practice, and turn to emigration as a *pis-aller?* We will suppose our daughter to have completed her medical education, to possess a good constitution, and average abilities and energy. Well! in the name of wonder, where is she to begin to practise? An army appointment is out of the question; employment in the mail packet or emigrant service equally so; and few, I think, except your correspondent, who has decided that woman's bodily strength is equal to that of man, would condemn her to the hard work, the long rides by day, and often by cold snowy nights, which are requisite to enable the young country surgeon to do little more than earn his daily bread.

"Hapless the man, whom hard fates urge on
To practise as a country surgeon!"

Necessarily, then, our young Doctor must betake herself to towns, and begin, as her brethren around her are doing, with small fees, picked up in poor localities; and till these localities become very different from what they now are, would any man entertain for a moment the idea of a lady belonging to him visiting them at night, and alone; and yet this of necessity must be the case.

Far be it from me to maintain that many women would not make excellent doctors. All I hold is, that in this country at least there is no demand for them, and that with such odds against them in the struggle—odds resulting partly from the laws of nature, and partly from the constitution of society, it would be impossible for them to undertake their share of professional work, even if it were given to them. That such would ever be the case I very much doubt. The office of the family doctor is looked upon as almost sacred, and so much is this the received idea, that I believe the great majority of women would quite as soon entrust themselves to the care of a medical man as to that of one of their own sex. Sympathy and tenderness are not always desirable; and in cases where they are so, few medical men will withhold them, and yet retain their practice. We believe that the desire for such demonstrations is strongest in young girls. We have heard of a boarding school of young ladies all seized with hysteria; mistress and teachers adding fuel to the flame by the injudicious display of that sympathy so much valued by one of your correspondents. The entire school was cured in a few minutes by the firmness and apparent severity of an eminent medical man. It is the difference of sex, of strength, and of disposition, which gives the one sex so much power over the other. Who does not know the ease with which a lady influences boys, and who has not felt how much more readily a great lad will submit to his mother than to his father; and *vice-versa*, men exercise an influence over the minds of women that one of themselves will never do; and how desirable is that influence, when we consider that mind and body are twin sisters, and that the one seldom suffers without the other in a greater or less degree becoming affected?

In conclusion, I must apologize for a letter which to me has been an easy task—for it is always easy to show the difficulties of an undertaking when

proposing no remedy for them; but it seems Quixotic, not to say cruel, to encourage our countrywomen of the middle ranks to educate themselves for a profession in which there is no opening for them, and where so many men find their fortunes shipwrecked, as the records of our Medical Benevolent Fund, alas! so sadly testify, and where they will hold no higher position than that of educated nurses or midwives, whatever high-sounding name may be at first bestowed upon them. To your correspondent, who charms us with the idea that "a practice of four or five hundred a year is not thought much of among physicians; but ladies who can seldom, even by hard work during their best years, earn more than, say £200 a year, will not despise the crumbs which fall from the rich man's table," I would suggest that she advertize that some such crumbs are to be had, and I fancy she would be surprised at the number of Lazaruses who would appear, in the persons of middle-aged men of high moral character, excellent testimonials, good education, fair abilities, and only too thankful to pick them up. Before allowing them to do so, I should insist on their showing their marriage certificate, and this I believe they could readily do, for among their numbers there are few to be found who do not, and that pretty early in life, support

A Doctor's Wife.

To the Editors of the English Woman's Journal.

Ladies,

A plan of giving Lectures to ladies, by a lady, was read by me with much pleasure in your Journal of October last; and I have waited with great interest to see in what manner that suggestion would be received and acted upon. Many months have been allowed to pass by; and then, only in the month of April, *one* lady was found willing to undertake and organize a work, which must be of incalculable benefit to all those who choose to avail themselves of it. I have been a constant attendant at these Lectures, on *History* and *Useful Subjects*, and am therefore able to bear witness to the efforts made to render them worthy of the mission for which they are intended. When I tell you that the Lectures have been given in the lady's own drawing-room—which can of course hold but a *limited* number, that the distance from any central part of town is an objection, (the house being in the N.W. district,) and that the *whole* labor and trouble of each lecture has fallen entirely upon herself, you will see that the difficulties have not been slight. Now it appears to me that the success might be much greater, if a *number* of ladies were to take it in turn to lecture, choosing a large room in some central position: by adopting this plan, the actual work would be divided, and so fall heavily upon no one, the plan would be more perfect, and *union* in so good a cause would bring a great blessing with it. Again, I would suggest that the movement should emanate from Langham Place, and be *strongly* and *efficiently supported* by those connected with the Institute. I *believe*, with the exception of one or two *personal* friends, nothing has been done by the Society for promoting the undertaking. I read in the little pamphlet on "Women and Work," (circulated from Langham Place,) that "1000!! women ought to be trained as Lecturers," and yet the whole movement is left to rest, with all its weight of labor and anxiety, upon *one!!!*

How glad I shall be if, on reading these few poor words of mine, some of those ladies, so capable of lecturing, should be induced to help *personally* in a work, to which I am sure they so heartily wish success.

I am, Ladies, yours truly,

A Listener.

LXX.—PASSING EVENTS.

PUBLIC AND POLITICAL.

Her Majesty returned to Windsor Castle from Balmoral the beginning of June, and has proceeded to Osborne, where the marriage of the Princess Alice with the Prince of Hesse is fixed to take place. The Queen's birthday was not publicly celebrated. The poor at Balmoral, however, were not overlooked. Her Majesty sent Mr. Loland with a supply of tea, sugar, and flannels around the district, with instructions to ask how each of the old recipients were, as regarded health and comfort. The Queen, accompanied by the Princesses Helena and Louisa, and Lady Bruce, had a drive in the afternoon, visiting some of the poor in the neighborhood of Abergeldie.

Her Majesty's interest in the International Exhibition has never flagged, and it is now assuming a more active form. With delicate kindness she has purchased 1000 half-crown tickets for the International Exhibition, to be given in her name to deserving pupils of the various schools of design. She has also purchased 3000 shilling tickets for distribution among the workmen who helped to build the Industrial Palace.

The Royal Princes and Princesses have been, during their sojourn at Windsor, almost every day at the building.

By command of Her Majesty a monument has lately been erected in Whippingham Churchyard, Isle of Wight; it consists of a cross on three steps and circle, with the following inscription:—"To the memory of George Frederick Jones, born 1820, Groom to Queen Victoria, and the faithful attendant during thirteen years of the Royal children, by whom this stone is erected. 1862."

The Prince of Wales arrived in England from the East on the evening of June 14th.

The Japanese Ambassadors have left this country for the Netherlands; they intend proceeding from thence to Russia, Prussia, and Portugal, before they return to their native country.

The Viceroy of Egypt is now in England, and a constant visitor to the International Exhibition.

SOCIAL AND INDUSTRIAL.

The Sixth Annual Meeting of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science was opened in London on Thursday the 5th of June, and the Session was concluded on the 14th instant. The venerable Lord Brougham was President.

An interesting though melancholy return of the number of suicides during 1860, in England and Wales, has been published. By this it appears that in England 1,365 persons (one in every 14,286 of the population) terminated their existence; while in France the numbers were 3,057 men and 842 women. During the same year, 14,775 persons in England and Wales died a violent death—being one in every 1,328 of the population. The returns further show that many women are now burnt to death in consequence of the prevailing fashion in dress; the annual number, according to the Registrar-General, far exceeding those who in the days of superstition were burnt as witches.

Women in Workhouses.—In March of last year there were 39,073 adult females in workhouses in England and Wales, and this classification of them can be given:—10,644 were women or girls who had misconducted themselves, and among these were 470 idiotic, or weak-minded, single women, but with a child or children; 5,160 other women and girls were imbecile, idiotic, or weak-minded; 19,182 were respectable women and girls, who were inmates

of a workhouse generally on account of age, bodily infirmity, or illness, only 2,267 being able-bodied: 2,389 were married women deserted by their husbands, or with their husbands in gaol; and 1,698 were married women with their husbands also in the workhouse.

MUNIFICENT GIFT.—Miss S. Lechmere, resident in Somersetshire, has presented £300 to the National Lifeboat Institution, to enable it to pay the cost of the lifeboat and transporting carriage which the Society is about stationing at Withernsea, near Hull. Some lamentable wrecks, with loss of life, have occurred near that dangerous place. It is a gratifying and remarkable fact that most of the lifeboats presented to the institution have come from ladies. One gift is of a striking character. A lady, who has to this day withheld her name, had come to the institution month after month until she had given the cost of four lifeboats.

IN a letter published in a late number of the *Cincinnati Gazette*, Mr. John M'Lean Collins, who was lately at Memphis, gives the following account of what he saw there:—

"On the 25th of April, 1861, I was arrested upon the allegation that I was a correspondent of the *Tribune*, and thrown into a dark and loathsome dungeon, where the accumulated filth of years rendered existence for any length of time impossible. This arrest the *Avalanche* was exceedingly jubilant over, and had their counsels for summary execution been acted upon, I would not now be writing this letter. While confined in that city, I was compelled to witness the enormities perpetrated in obedience to the behests of those who ruled the mob. One hour in the morning, from six to seven, was allowed me to stand at the window-grate, and at such times their whippings and head shavings were indulged. Here I saw, from the 27th of April to the 6th of June, eighty-five men whipped and their heads shaved, and forty-three hung, because they refused to take an oath of allegiance to the Southern Confederacy. And on the 19th of May last, one of the most beautiful and accomplished young ladies this country can boast of, was stripped to the waist, thirteen lashes laid upon her back, and the right half of her head shaved, simply because she had purchased a ticket for Cairo, and was congratulating herself that she would soon be in a land of freedom. These crimes, which make the blood curdle in our veins, 'and rouse a vengeance blood alone can quell,' were regarded as small matters by the *Avalanche*, altogether too insignificant to be noticed."

ON Thursday, May 30, an interesting scene took place at the East India Docks, Blackwall, on the occasion of the embarkation of the first thousand colonists, who are now on their way for New Zealand, in order to found the new settlement of Albertland, (named after the late Prince Consort,) about fifty miles from Auckland. The colonists consisted of nearly all classes of society.

THE VICTORIA PRESS.—The Queen, in token of her satisfaction with a volume lately printed for Her Majesty by the female compositors at the Victoria Press, has, by a warrant of the Lord Chamberlain, appointed Miss Faithfull "Printer and Publisher in Ordinary to Her Majesty."

THE Annual Meeting of the Society for Promoting the Employment of Women was held at Guildhall on the 11th inst. The Annual Report was read and passed. It will be given in the August number of this journal.

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

MR. BUCKLE, the author of "The History of Civilization," has died of fever at Damascus, at the early age of thirty-nine.

MRS. ELIZABETH DIXON, widow of the late John Dixon, Esq., Surgeon, Royal Navy, and daughter of Archibald Dalzel, Esq., some time Governor-General of Cape Coast Castle, died at Tripoli, in Barbary, on the 30th of last April. It was chiefly through the persevering efforts of this excellent lady

that the inhuman treatment of the Christian captives in Barbary was made fully known in Europe early in the present century, and their ransom ultimately effected. Residing at that time in Algiers, where her brother was British Vice-Consul, she was an eye-witness of the horrible sufferings of these poor creatures; and when all other efforts in their behalf had failed, the eloquent appeals of a girl of sixteen, published in the leading English journals, aroused such feeling in Europe, as forced the subject upon the serious attention of Government, and led to the famous expedition under Lord Exmouth, and the final overthrow of that infamous system of piracy which had been long the scourge and the disgrace of Europe. For Mrs. Dixon's early labors (she was then but sixteen) in this benevolent cause she was made a Member of the Antepiratical Society of Knights and Noble Ladies, Liberators of Slaves in Africa, with the honors and privileges of a Lady Foundress. Mrs. Dixon was nearly seventy years of age when she died; and the universal grief at her death amongst all classes of people at Tripoli, where she spent so many years of her life, is the best tribute to her benevolence and worth.

In a letter which appeared in the *Athenæum* of June 7th, Mrs. Trollope gives a touching description of the funeral of Tonina Marinollo, a young Venetia woman in the bloom of life, who had fought bravely by her husband's side in the ranks of Garibaldi's "thousand" when they swept victoriously through Sicily. The war over, Torina returned with her husband and child to Florence; they were very poor, a wasting disease of the lungs attacked Torina, assistance came too late, and she sank under it.

Mrs. Lavinia Jones, of Bradford-on-Avon, and 2, Bow Street, Covent Garden, exhibits, No. 1,634, Class 7, in the western annex of the International Exhibition, a "Miniature Albion Printing Press," with cases of type, furniture, and appliances, which, for its lightness and compactness, and the ease with which it may be worked, is specially adapted for amateur printers. Mrs. Jones is very anxious to interest ladies on printing, and can see no reason why they should not derive equal pleasure from composition and press-work, as from many other arts which they practise; whilst, in many instances, printing might become a source of emolument, and in any case of certain use in printing handbills, tracts, &c. Mrs. Jones has sent us a packet of very neatly-printed specimens from her press, in the English, Welsh, Gaelic, Irish, French, German, Dutch, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, Swedish, Danish, Russian, Polish, Syriac, Oriya, Carnarese, Telugu, Mahratta, Moultance, Tibetan, Bengali, Chinese, Arabic, and Hebrew languages, which, if any lady were to look over, would assuredly tempt her to try printing.—*Literary Budget.*

Last month we stated, on the authority of the *Literary Budget*, that the "Chronicles of Carlingford," now publishing in Blackwood's Magazine, were by the author of Adam Bede. We have since received the best authority for contradicting that statement.

Mrs. Fanny Kemble is reading to the wounded soldiers in the hospitals at Washington.

Madame Ristori has offered a prize of 840 lire for the best Italian comedy, which is to be adjudged by the Society for the Encouragement of Dramatic Art at Florence.

Lord Palmerston has added Miss Emma Robinson's name to the Literary Civil List for a pension of £75 a year.