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XL.—ANTIOCH COLLEGE.

AMONG the many fair spots which I have visited in the new world and the old, not one can for beauty be compared to what is called "THE GLEN," at Yellow Springs, Ohio. Among the many fine promises which the Genius of Air-castles has made me, few have been fulfilled; but I distinctly put it down to the credit of that Genius, that upon a radiant June day, nearly eight years ago, I found myself in a Glen which, had Mr. Tennyson ever been in America, I should certainly suppose had furnished his palette with the colours that shine in the land of the Lotos-eaters. Through a mile of green and tender beauty wanders a stream, clear as crystal, with a sufficient fall over impeding rocks to furnish a gentle bass to the tenor of thrush and mocking-bird on the trees above. Down in the deepest heart of the vale this stream is joined by another, and together they make a fine and full brook. Turning aside to follow the second Glen, through which this second stream wanders, I was brought to cascade after cascade, each higher than the last, and each separated by a few hundred yards of thick verdure from the other; many spots of individual beauty being thus threaded on the one brook. On a beautiful sward, near one of these cascades, I lay down, on a bed of moss and fern gemmed with wild flowers, and felt the spirit in which Ulysses and his companions said, "Let us return no more!"

Just then there was a sound of voices. I listened and waited, almost expecting to see wading up the brook pale olive-complexioned natives, with branches of the magic tree in their hands. But it turned out to be a troop of thirty or forty bright-looking young maidens, each bearing a book and a botanical box. One of the girls recognized me as a former acquaintance, and approached with extended hand. "Why," I said, "I thought you would all be in your College at this hour of the day." "So we are," she replied, "this Glen is one of our chief recitation rooms; we come here to study Botany and Geology. This is our Botany class, and if you will come

and be introduced to our Professor, she will, I know, be glad to have you join our exercises." So it happened; and I soon found myself walking with the dark-eyed Professor back among the cascades which I had just been visiting, at the head of the merry class, who did not fail to match with song and laughter the efforts of birds and waterfalls in the same direction.

The Professor presently turned and reminded the class that they were now in the range of the growths which they proposed to analyse that day, and that they must at once begin to gather them. Upon this the group dispersed, and for an hour fun gave way to work. At length all were gathered, and the Professor, sitting upon a stone, began her teaching. One after another was called on to give account of the various parts of some flower and to declare its classification. Nature shaped herself into a lecture-room, and closed as sympathetically around the students as just now around what had seemed a frolicsome pic-nic party. The hour was passed in grave and interesting studies, and the class arose to return to the College which was just on the verge of the Glen. On our way back I walked with the Professor, a very handsome and intelligent young married lady, and had the following conversation with her.

"I suppose," she said, "you have come to see our College and find how it is getting on."

"Just that; but if I had known that you had such a Glen here as this, I would have come simply to see it."

"It is a beautiful Glen, and we make much use of it. Our rule is that the male and female students shall have it all to themselves alternately, for their morning recess, and evening walks. To-day it belongs to the girls. On Saturdays they come together and spend most of the day with some of the Professors in a kind of pic-nic."

"I suppose that your experiment of educating young ladies and gentlemen together must require careful supervision of that kind."

"Yes, *careful*,—but perhaps not so much of it, or so strict, as you may imagine."

"You are aware of the many prophecies as to the rock upon which Antioch was destined to split. Its continuation without scandal has indeed made the prophets of evil less bold; at the same time many of us are anxious to know exactly what has resulted from the experiment of the co-education of the sexes. Even failure may be faced if, as we generally can, we get from it some lesson which may be added to our experience."

"I think if you stay here long enough you will find what we who have been here from the first have found; namely, that Antioch College is not only no failure, but that, as far as its distinguishing feature is concerned, it has actually revealed

some general laws concerning moral and intellectual culture which are of the first importance, and destined to revolutionize the educational systems of the world."

"The practical wants," continued the Professor, "out of which this College grew, were very simple and obvious. These plain farmers of Ohio wished their sons and daughters to have a good Collegiate education without sending them far away to New England; the various communities also wished to be able to obtain good teachers, male and female, for their public schools without getting them, as they have hitherto had to do, with much trouble and expense, from the same region. They established this College. They hoped that the admission of both sexes would at least turn out not objectionable, although not without some fears that they would have to alter that feature of the plan. They certainly had little hope that any new and uncontemplated advantages would arise from that plan. You wish to know what our experience is after some years of this experiment?

"Well: there has been a remarkable progress of *refinement* among the girls in this institution which can scarcely be attributed to the mere influences of education. When these girls came here, many of them were very rough,—and all what we New Englanders would call *Western* in their habits and manners. The first generation from the pioneers who grappled with the wilderness of the great West, accustomed to all the hardships and rude customs which had grown about the hardy pioneer-life, they at first shocked and then amused us. Many of us were ready to abandon the experiment in despair. But when these girls were brought into the lecture-room with young men, the boisterous ways, the loud talking and laughing, and the untidiness of dress swiftly retreated. Why? I do not know that I can tell; but it was so. These girls you saw to-day would probably strike you as from the most elegant families; but many of them have worked in gardens and hayfields, and had for their only amusement the boisterous kissing-games of apple-bee and apple-butter festivals. These changes could not have been the result of mere intellectual instruction or of College discipline; for we saw them manifested before the girls had been here one term, and before they could speak grammatically. I believe that every Professor in the College, and also the girls themselves, would instantly agree with me in attributing it to the association with the other sex in their studies.

"Another advantage which we have attributed to this association of sexes is the singularly rapid advancement of both in knowledge, and the formation of principles and ideas. Before I came here I was a teacher at R——, in Massachusetts,

and my husband was a Professor in A—— College. We agree in believing that the same class of youths in those places were about a year behind these in development. Why, again? I do not know whether it is because each sex is constituted so as to be stimulated by a desire to do its best before a tribunal of the other; or whether, as some of us think, there are subtle relations between male and female minds, where they mingle on high and pure planes, whose fair offspring are ideas and aspirations; but we all know what the result has been.

"But to my mind, sir, the most important fact, and one which fills me with surprise and joy, is the absence amongst the girls of that wretched gossip, that low curiosity and everlasting thinking about "beaux," which render the separate schools for girls hotbeds of mental vices and so generally detrimental to character. I have been to the Boarding School, you have been to the College; and you know how silly and false was the relation of young man and maid when they met by chance in society; doubtless you know also the deceits and stratagems passing between the Boarding School over there and the College here. But here at Antioch a young man is no novelty to a girl, nor she to him; consequently there is no inflammation of the imagination in either,—and for the first time a truly healthy relation between young men and women is normal. Does it not strike you that in the constant pressure of suspicion and caution upon young people, foolish or evil thoughts are suggested? There are old lands in which I have travelled, where there is actually no society of sexes, before marriage, except what Romeo and Juliet may steal at windows and balconies. What is the condition of morality in those lands? Society is a hunting-ground where man is the sportsman and woman the game. As we travel toward Western Europe, we find that although society is advanced enough to introduce man and maid *before* their marriage is arranged instead of after, yet free and frank acquaintance is not possible,—some ancient dragon is set to watch every interview and hear every word. Any real knowledge of each other is thus nearly as impossible as in the East, and marriage is still a lottery. America has nearly everywhere outgrown this society based on mutual suspicion; it has outgrown the old plan of building fortresses of conventionality around each young person, tempting each to escape by perilous leaps or blind ways; and yet it fosters in girl and boy the ever-present *consciousness of sex*, by separating them in schools. From the unnatural and constrained separation they come at length into society, and there is a constant incitement to press their new freedom too far. From the almost monastic College walls the youth comes with an exaggerated idea of the delights of every thing from

which he has been sedulously excluded, and as those who have been rigidly kept all their lives from tasting wine or attending a theatre, are sure to rush to both so soon as they are at liberty, the separated sexes meet and marry hastily and often unfortunately. Thus we have the root of disloyalty and unhappiness in domestic life,—sex is lashed into an enormously disproportionate importance in men and women. We have found that by their meeting each other pleasantly in parlours and lecture-rooms during the transition from boy-and-girl-hood to man-and-woman-hood there is no precocious growth of passion, and no parisite-growth of sentimentality about their minds. In the pursuit of education they see each other, not all the time as of this or that sex, but as intelligent human beings; and from this grows a mutual respect. The girl standing at the black-board solving her problem is not a plaything any more, but an intellectual being. She is consecrated from day to day as a learner and thinker, and conversation with her in the parlour is elevated accordingly. But I am going beyond what I designed in alluding to the effect of this system on the opposite sex from my own; during your stay you will have an opportunity of getting from the male Professors their report as to that side of the question. As we must now repair to our evening studies I will bid you good day, and invite you to come to the ladies' soirée, which is to take place to-morrow evening, in their drawing-rooms."

Whereupon the Professor left me and vanished up the stairway of the College, while I repaired to my lodgings soliloquizing, "Well, that is rather a fascinating Professor: I shouldn't object to being taught botany by her, nor to the class-mates I should have. Nevertheless, women are enthusiastic and pictorial: I shall wish to botanize a little myself on these human plants of the Antioch Conservatory before I indulge in such dreams of the educational Beatitudes. These male Professors too,—I will make them look me in the eye and tell me the truth."

Next morning I received an early call from a Professor to whom I had brought a letter of introduction. He proposed a walk. As we passed on our way near the College, my attention was arrested by a young gentleman and lady, going toward the College, each bearing a book, and arm-in-arm! The Professor followed my eyes and understood their surprise. "Do not be frightened," he said, "they are man and wife. They are the only married persons we have in our College, and are very industrious students. They keep house too,—there is the house in that clump of trees." "Children?" "No. They had just been married when Antioch was started: they concluded that they should live a happier life together if they knew

more, so their wedding-tour was to Yellow Springs, where they have lived ever since!"

When I heard this I verily believe that Pericles and Aspasia, had they been walking near, would not have drawn my gaze from this young married pair entering the front door of the College, arm-in-arm, to seek Knowledge. Who shall say that there is no romance in America after that? Here was the glorious climax of Tennyson's "Princess" moving before me palpable and realized!

> "Till at the last she set herself to man,
> Like perfect music unto noble words;
> And so these twain, upon the skirts of Time,
> Sit side by side full-summ'd in all their powers,
> Dispensing harvest, sowing the To-be,
> Self-reverent each and reverencing each,
> Distinct in individualities,
> But like each other ev'n as those who love.
> Then comes the statelier Eden back to man:
> Then reign the world's great bridals, chaste and calm:
> Then springs the crowning race of humankind.
> May these things be!"

"You know," I said, as we walked on, "that there have been many apprehensions that the proximity of young persons of both sexes as at Antioch, would not be conducive either to morality or intellectual application. The lady Professor, whom I met in the Glen yesterday, gave me a most glowing account of the benefits which have accrued to the girls from the system: I wish now to learn from you, who have had more chance to observe the young men, how it influences them.

"My account would doubtless be the counterpart of hers. I think that every Professor of either sex, and every resident of the village, will tell you that in all the years of our existence there has occurred no case of scandal in the college. Nay, the elevating and humanizing effect upon the young men of the presence of the other sex has been most obvious. You can have as many opportunities of mingling with them as you wish, and you will find that each has a high respect for woman, and a high faith in her destiny as a living power in the Society of the Future."

"But do you not find that there are love-affairs?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Are these consistent with studious habits and mental improvement."

"Our experience is that our best students are those who are supposed to have formed some attachment of this kind. Why should it not be here as in the world? The young men who have formed engagements with young women in the world, are not found to be the most negligent of their business relations,

rather they are the most devoted to them. So far as we know few regular engagements have been formed by undergraduates, but attachments have been, and under them we have seen fair mental and moral progress. Young people must and will marry. The only fear any have a right to entertain is that engagements might be formed hastily to be repented of leisurely. But there is no place where people can come to know each other so thoroughly as in the constant associations of the College. All will know the girl who comes to the chapel at six in the morning, at the call of the prayer-bell, tidily dressed; who has her lesson ready; who does not need during recitation constant prompting, or who is not sly in answering from secret notes. In this constant round from morning to evening, from month to month, every quality of mind and temper in any boy or girl is sure to reveal itself. Would to heaven the rest of the world had such opportunities of knowing each the other! there would be fewer of the fearful errors in marriage which hasten to bear their dead-sea apples of sorrow and shame!

"I know not how it is with you, sir, but I, for one, have not been able to go into the companies of the drawing-rooms in our cities for years, without reverting enough to my science to recall the phrase 'arrested developments.' This possibility of having complete vegetable and animal developments in certain parts, and dwarfed parts elsewhere; the full brow and hare's lip; the retention of cartilage late in life, where in a normal development cartilage would harden to bone;—there seems to me to be something in society corresponding to all these. The foolish flatteries given and accepted; the fancies mistaken for real loves; the small-talk, the flirtations, the doll-babying dress and behaviour,—all these, common among grown people, can be nothing more than that our Colleges, Law and Medical Schools, have developed all other faculties except the true social and affectional ones: these are ignored and so over-reached and stunted; grown-up people have here cartilage instead of bone; mature men and women are here childish, and play unconsciously with embers as if they were bits of stone. May it not be that the fundamental need is, that there shall be a regular education of the sexes in their relations to each other,—and even, if it shall naturally become that, a School for Marriage? Why shall we suppose Marriage and Sex less legitimate objects of study than Latin and Greek? In ignorance even a genuine passion may be evil; many of the most ill-assorted marriages have been shown to have been the result of sincere attachment; so that we have heard strong thinkers talk of the benefit of having marriages arranged by the Lord Mayor! It is with the affections as with the conscience: as men have at times very conscientiously burned their brothers at the stake, so have they

very affectionately married falsely. The heart must be so educated that it will "fall in love," not as it might down a precipice, but wisely and in harmony with the inviolable laws of Nature. There is, for instance, such a thing as physiological intermarriage; the marriage of near relations is scarcely more fruitful of evil, than that of identical temperaments. If these laws were known there would be a perpetual restraint over impulse which would prevent intermarriages of blondes or brunettes, by preventing their 'falling in love' with each other. In Reason, fairly empowered by Culture, we have an all-sufficient Lord Mayor to arrange the marriages; for the Reason, as says Plato, is not only the seat of Intellect but of Affection. Yes, sir, we have observed love affairs here; and having seen nothing to make us doubt that they were honourable, we have not discouraged them; they have generally commended themselves to our judgment; and, in no case have we known them to affect unfavourably the studies of the parties."

Antioch College was not only built in a beautiful neighbourhood, and near to the beautiful glens and streams which I have mentioned, but was attractive as a specimen of architecture. Built in the Elizabethan style, its arrangements inside were according to the most approved methods for education. It consisted of a large building, which contained the Chapel, Lecture Rooms, Museum, and Library. Stretching backward from this at both ends were two buildings, in one of which the females resided, and in the other the males. These were separated by a large Court Yard. The sexes were separated in their residences, and had separate tables. The societies or clubs also were separate. In the regular exercises of the College and in the chapel they mingled; and on Saturday evenings the ladies held a reception in their drawing-rooms, at which all the male students and the professors,—among whom were three ladies,—attended. I gladly accepted the invitation to be present on this occasion, and was much entertained. There was good music and acted charades and other games in the intervals. The young people seemed to enjoy their evening much, and the presence of the professors did not at all interfere with their freedom and enjoyment.

Next morning was Sunday and I went to hear a Discourse from the President. A choir composed of students of both sexes furnished excellent music, and the President gave us an admirable discourse. This gentleman is too well known throughout the world to require any extended biography here, and yet any account of Antioch would be very imperfect which should leave out some sketch of him. The late Hon. Horace Mann was as well and favourably known as any public man in New England. A native of Massachusetts, he served her for

many years faithfully in the Congress of the United States, but still more in bringing her public school-system to its present unrivalled completeness. In Congress he was known as a constant and eloquent Champion of Freedom at a time when Slavery fettered the tongues of nearly every other representative, Webster and Everett among others. When he was appointed the Superintendent of the Schools, he prepared himself for this most congenial work by travelling throughout the civilized world, and inspecting personally the educational systems of every country that had any. Having obtained valuable hints, particularly from the schools of Prussia and Switzerland, he returned to America, and entered upon his task of supervision with great energy. Many important reforms are due to him. This work he left when an earnest call from the West came, and he undertook the work of rearing Antioch from the cradle to vigorous maturity. Mr. Mann was a radical in politics, and an independent Unitarian in religion, having during all his life been a personal friend of the late Theodore Parker. Yet, as the blossom is to be found in the heart of the ripe apple, the old Puritan idea, in an advanced and cultivated form, is frequently to be found in the characters and creeds of the most heretical thinkers of New England. The severity of the Puritan which divided all mankind sharply into saints and sinners, recognizing no intermediate shades between snow-white and jet-black, appeared in the feeling of the President toward the students who scrupulously obeyed the regulations of the College, and those who offended even in small things. To the former his devotion was boundless, to the latter he was cold and hard as steel. This was his only fault as a College President, and many think that it required just that nature, and the discipline which arose from it, to pioneer an institution which all admitted to be trying a somewhat perilous experiment. However this may be, it is certain that he at all times held up, before the students and professors, in his own life, a high and spotless standard; and that, by his exact justice and his warm and copious eloquence, he won the respect and admiration of all. His rigid adherence to principle is well illustrated in the following incident. When Antioch was started there was a strong need of 60,000 dollars to pay off some debt. One of the rich negrophobists, a class much more numerous then than now, offered to pay 10,000 dollars of it, if coloured persons should be, as students, excluded from the College. "Let it perish first," said Horace Mann. And that he meant what he said was proved by the presence in the lecture-rooms of a young negro who had once been a slave in Georgia, and whose progress sufficiently vindicated his right to be there. As an orator Mr. Mann's gifts were very great. I shall never forget

the discourse of that Sunday morning on which I first attended service in the College Chapel; through him the still small voice uttered its tender persuasions, and through him the strong wind and the fire rent the mountain of sin. He instructed whilst he persuaded, and was not averse to such quaint illustrations of truth as sent the ripple of a smile over the congregation. But I have never heard from any other such withering denunciations of evil; to it his arm pointed like a prophet's rod.

Having been kindly invited to dine with the President that day, I had a good opportunity of observing him personally, and of finding out what estimate he placed on the results of the educational experiment over which he had presided. He was a tall, slender man, with an extremely intellectual face and head. The mouth had a certain severe, and somewhat restless expression, but the eye and brow were as pure and calm as those of an infant. His complexion was fair and ruddy, and his white silken hair recalled to me the line of Orpheus, which calls grey hair "the white blossom of old age." His voice was clear and earnest; and I felt instinctively that I could trust implicitly whatever he should say. In the course of a long conversation with him and his excellent wife, whose services to the College were only second in importance to his own, I gathered that their relation to the institution was about as follows:—

They had at the urgent entreaty of many excellent persons come west to take charge of Antioch, not exactly with prejudices against the idea of the co-education of the sexes, but with many serious apprehensions that the experiment would prove a failure. Mr. Mann had been brought up with the most rigid ideas of female propriety, and an almost Puritan jealousy of all opportunities for evil which might be given frail human nature. He was also unsparing, perhaps too much so, toward the minor vices, such as the use of tobacco or wine. He began by gaining a personal acquaintance, or even intimacy, with the students, and he did not conceal from them that he was full of anxiety, and must keep a constant watch over them. He sought to make each one a co-operator with him in seeing that order and uprightness prevailed in the College. There is no doubt that much of the *immediate* success of the College was due to the noble relations in which he stood with the students, and to his magnetic influence over them. I believe that nearly every youth who had been in the habit of using wine or tobacco abandoned them because of his regard for Mr. Mann. For the rest, this gentleman had evidently watched every tendency, moral or mental, in the students, had kept his eye upon each one unceasingly, and never rested until he was certain that no

transgression could occur without his knowledge; and now he had come to a conviction as firm as that of the professors as to the benefits of the plan. However, the anxieties of the long labor and the sleepless watch wore him to his grave. He died when Antioch at first became universally recognized as a success; and so was his life interwoven with it that nothing but the great principle which was its life-germ enabled it to survive his death.

On the following day I attended, by invitation, the recitations of the classes in the most important departments, and few pleasures that I have enjoyed can be compared to the delight with which I heard the young women solving clearly problems in the Calculus, reading Greek with fluency, and giving clear and accurate answers upon questions in physiology. It was plain that Antioch was not illogical; having opened the doors of a University to woman, it had no closets of Knowledge to which the young men only were to be admitted. There was everywhere a courageous and bold entrance upon the best studies, for the idea, or rather falsehood, embodied in the phrase *weaker sex* was ignored; and the recitations of the girls showed that it was justly ignored. The simplicity and earnestness with which these young ladies discussed physiological subjects were especially charming: in each self-consciousness had vanished, and in its place stood the serene consciousness of intelligence. That any young man could have felt toward them, as they stood there addressing themselves to the highest problems and ideas, any feelings lower than reverence and sympathy I cannot believe. I am sure that I left Antioch after that first visit with a higher faith in Woman than I had ever had before, with a revelation in my mind concerning her destiny as a universal element in the social and political world, and with a conviction that there need be no fear of her having the largest liberty that can be claimed for man when she is empowered to reach it through the portals of a thorough education.

These views were only confirmed by the long personal acquaintance which I enjoyed with Antioch, its Professors and Students, during the five or six years following the visit recorded above, when I resided near that institution. It was also my good fortune to know well several young married pairs, who were graduated there, and who had first met in its lecture-rooms, and their homes have always seemed to me fair fulfilments of the glowing dreams of the Lady-Professor, uttered in the Glen, when as boys and girls they were gathering the earliest wild-flowers together.

But some of my readers will say, 'This reporter is an enthusiast about the new system of Co-education of Sexes; a

colder account would be more credible before a jury.' I am indeed sorry that I could not give the colder report; I acknowledge that I do see in this new idea the solution of many stony Social problems; I own that I at this moment see Antioch out there in Ohio, with its glen-wreath, as one blossom of the Tree of Life wafted thither from Eden, over many ages—

"A bloom upon the face of hard Necessity."

But this I may say: *Enthusiasm also has a reason. I was not an enthusiast for the system before tracing its workings from year to year at Antioch.*

M. D. C.

XLI.—ON MIDDLE-CLASS EDUCATION.

BY REV. J. P. NORRIS.

In the year 1832, Dr. Arnold addressed two letters to an influential journal in the West Riding of Yorkshire "on the Education of the Middle Classes." The Reform Bill had just been carried, and Dr. Arnold felt with all thoughtful men that there were few questions of greater national importance than *the education of the classes*, whose power had been so largely increased and consolidated by that measure. "I wish exceedingly," he said, "to draw public attention to it, and to impress most strongly on those engaged in conducting it the difficulty of their task, as well as its vast importance; how loudly it calls for their best exertions, and how nobly those exertions, wisely directed, may hope to be rewarded." He then adverts to the very unsatisfactory position of the middle schools, contrasted with the schools for the richer and the schools for the poorer classes,—pointing out that while both the higher Grammar Schools and the Parish Schools were under the direction of the clergy, the Middle School did not offer to the public even this security for its respectability. "The old provision (he continues) which rendered it unlawful for any man to teach without a license from the Bishop of the diocese, has naturally and necessarily fallen into disuse; and nothing has been done to substitute in its place one that should be at once practicable and beneficial." "The Masters of our *English* or commercial schools labour under this double disadvantage, that not only their moral but their intellectual fitness must be taken upon trust. I do not mean that this is at all their fault; still less do I say that they are not fit actually for the discharge of their important duties; but still it is a disadvantage to them that they have no evidence of their fitness to offer beforehand. They feel this inconveni-

ence themselves, and their pupils feel it also; opportunities for making known their proficiency are wanting alike to both." Dr. Arnold then shows how this want of guarantee degrades the business of education: "For a schoolmaster of a commercial school having no means of acquiring a general celebrity, is rendered dependent on the inhabitants of his own immediate neighbourhood;—if he offends them, he is ruined. This greatly interferes with discipline; the boys are well aware of their parents' power, and complain to them against the exercise of their master's authority; nor is it always that the parents themselves can resist the temptation of showing their own importance, and giving the master to understand that he must be careful how he ventures to displease them."

Having thus shown in his first letter the *moral* evil arising from this irresponsible position of the commercial schoolmaster, Dr. Arnold in his second letter traces to the same cause an *intellectual* fault in these schools, viz., their exclusive attention to what may be called professional, as distinguished from liberal, studies. "Every man has two businesses; the one his own particular profession or calling, be it what it will, that of soldier, seaman, farmer, lawyer, mechanic, or the like,—the other is his general calling, which he has in common with all his neighbours, namely, the calling of a citizen and a man. The education which fits him for the first of these two businesses, is called professional; and that which fits him for the latter, is called liberal." Parents are almost universally anxious that their boys should have the first, while of the second they understand but little; and the middle schools, depending as they do on the parents' favour, are forced to adopt this narrow one-sided view of the work of education.

This was Dr. Arnold's complaint 30 years ago: it is melancholy to think how little has been done in the interval to remedy so unsatisfactory a state of things. This interval of 30 years has witnessed—thanks mainly to Dr. Arnold—a most remarkable improvement in the higher grammar school: it has seen too a yet greater advance in the efficiency of the elementary school. But between these two, the *middle school* has been almost stationary. As then, so now, it is sadly dependent on the favour and therefore on the caprice or prejudice of the parents; as then, so now, discipline is thereby injuriously interfered with, and the course of studies miserably narrowed to what is showy or commercially profitable.

Two efforts have been made of late years to remedy these evils.

The first and most important (as I am inclined to believe) was the establishment of the College of Preceptors in 1846.

The second was the institution of the Oxford and Cambridge local examinations in 1858.

The former aims at remedying the *moral* evil by examining and certificating the Schoolmaster with a view to giving him a recognized social position, and so rendering him more independent of the parent.

The latter endeavours to remedy the *intellectual* evil by examining and certificating the pupils, hoping thus to react on the school and encourage a more sound and liberal course of study.

Attention was called to both these agencies in two very interesting papers read before this* association last year. Dr. Jacob, after describing in terms still stronger than those of Dr. Arnold, the unsatisfactory position of the middle schools, detailed what had been done by the College of Preceptors, and advocated a "Scholastic Registration Act," imposing certain disabilities on all who should pursue the profession of teacher without a certificate of competency from a legally recognized Board of Examiners, analogous to the "Medical Council," established for the medical profession in 1858. In Mr. Ernest Noel's paper it was suggested that an examination of schoolmasters as well as of schoolboys might very conveniently be carried on at the local centres by the Oxford and Cambridge examiners, who should grant diplomas to those who passed with credit.

I do not now mean to discuss either of these important suggestions, but to describe briefly a third effort which the University of Cambridge has in the meantime been making to influence and improve the middle class schools of the country.

On the 27th of March, 1862, a grace was passed by the Senate of the University of Cambridge, authorizing the Syndicate already charged with the administration of the "local examination scheme, to entertain applications for the appointment of one or more persons who should examine the scholars of the school that makes the application, and who should make a report of the result of the application to the Syndicate, it being understood that all the expenses should be borne by the school."

Consistently with the retired character of this University the authorities abstained from taking any steps to make public this resolution. The Syndicate (or committee of the Senate) was ready to receive applications, but declined to invite them publicly. The scheme was an experiment, and it seemed desirable that its extension should be very gradual and tentative, and that the first overtures should be from the schools to the University, rather than from the University to the schools.

It will be readily believed, however, that so novel an enterprize had not been decided on by the university without much previous discussion.

* Social Science.

Five years ago, when Cambridge was invited to follow the lead of Oxford in organizing the scheme of local examinations, some wished, myself among the number, that instead of examining schoolboys at central places away from their schools, the schools themselves should be examined by a properly appointed University Inspector. In a letter addressed to my friend the Public Orator, I stated as briefly as I could the reasons for such a modification of the scheme.

It was thought, however, and wisely, as I now believe, that in the first instance it was better to adopt the Oxford plan, with one or two not unimportant improvements, this plan being less likely than that proposed in my letter to be misunderstood by the schoolmasters of the country. The success and general favour which attended the operation of the *Local Examination Scheme*, induced the Syndicate, in the year 1862, to ask for powers to engraft upon it the further scheme of *School-examination*, and the result was the above recited grace.

For the reasons above mentioned the scheme has not been advertised, and in the first year of its operation only eleven schools applied for examination. The Syndicate having asked me to undertake these first examinations, I employed part of my vacation in the task, and visited 7 of the 11 schools. In all I met with a most friendly and courteous reception, and abundant evidence that the scheme was well suited to meet a very general wish on the part of parents as well as teachers.

The question that most urgently demands the attention of those who are watching over this experiment is this:—how are the schools and especially the character of their studies, likely to be affected by such examinations? In more than one quarter I have heard a fear expressed that University graduates, fresh from the Lecture rooms of Oxford and Cambridge, so far as they may win any influence over the studies of the schools they examine, will almost inevitably tend to give them a more academic, and therefore it is feared a less practically useful character. Now although I believe this apprehension to be of but little moment, still I think it desirable that we should so far respect it as to abstain from prescribing certain subjects, in which we shall offer to examine; it seems to me better that we should invite each school to send in beforehand its course of study, and should shape our examination accordingly. One school will ask to be examined in advanced Mathematics, English Composition, Geography, and perhaps Chemistry: another will ask for Latin and Greek, English History perhaps, and Elementary Arithmetic. The University Examiner should be prepared to adapt himself to each, making it his business to test the quality of the instruction, rather than seek to alter it. Still it is doubtless the case that a popular and successful

examiner does almost inevitably influence in some measure the institutions that he examines in favour of those departments of knowledge to which he happens to attach most weight.

It may be expected that these University examinations will tend, just in proportion to the degree of favour which they may win for themselves, to depreciate the merely professional, and to raise in estimation the liberal studies, in this class of schools. Parents whose only care is that their boys should be made into clever machines, good penmen and rapid accountants, with a view to obtaining eligible situations as clerks, will regret this. Those who take a broader view of education, desiring that their boys should learn to think clearly and coherently, and express themselves accurately and carefully, should be accustomed early in life to distinguish wisdom from folly, things of importance from trifles, truth from falsehood, referring whatever questions come before them, whether in sermons or in newspapers, to certain fixed principles, those in short who, in Dr. Arnold's language, wish their sons to be fitted not only for their professional business, but much more and above all for their business as men and as citizens,—those parents will rejoice if the studies pursued in our middle schools acquire hereby a more liberal and permanent character.

All knowledge may be divided into what is permanent and what is progressive; and it is the study of its permanent portions that in the true sense of the term helps *to educate* the mind of a youth. The dead languages are fixed for ever, their grammar, their forms of eloquence and beauty are permanent; this cannot be said of any living languages, which are continually changing according to the fashion of the day. The principles of arithmetic and Euclid's Elements of Geometry are fixed and immutable; whereas the systems of modern accounts, and the arts of land-surveying, book-keeping, and the like, are liable to alteration from time to time. Nothing can be more fascinating than chemistry and electricity; but inasmuch as these are progressive sciences, it may well be doubted whether they are so improving to an uninformed immature mind as the geometry of the conic sections, which has held its ground since the days of Archimedes, and has formed the basis of the whole system of modern astronomy and navigation.

And as these permanent studies are the best fitted to fix thought, giving a boy clear perceptions and confidence in his knowledge, so they are moreover most unquestionably the best subject-matter for examination.

Those questions are best in an examination which admit of a definitely right or wrong answer; and of these again, those are pre-eminently the best which cannot be answered by a mere effort of memory, but require the application of an old rule to

a new case: for in this way you most surely test the boy's understanding of his old rule.

Now grammar and mathematics fulfil these two conditions better perhaps than any other provinces of knowledge.

A boy is asked to translate the sentence, "Wisdom is more to be desired than riches," into Latin. His answer is grammatical or ungrammatical, right or wrong, as he will himself at once recognize when the reasons are explained to him. This is one advantage. Again he never saw this particular sentence turned into Latin, but he remembers other sentences of analogous form which he has translated, and from them he has gathered certain general principles of translations which if they are understood he can apply here. Thus the examiner is testing not merely the boy's memory, but also his clearness of thought and power of reasoning.*

So with mathematics. A boy is asked what is the side of a square field containing so many acres: he knows that his answer must be right or wrong. There is no possibility of deceiving his examiner, or of evading the question, or pretending to know more than he really does: and again, mere memory will not help him; he never saw the question before; he must needs exert his mind, and seek about for certain rules or principles which he has previously mastered capable of being here applied; and on his clear and firm grasp of those rules and principles will depend his success in solving the problem. Now contrast either of these questions with one in history or geography. Any one familiar with the task of examining, knows how difficult it is to frame questions in these subjects which shall admit of a definitely right or definitely wrong answer, and yet not be mere tests of memory. If, wishing for a very definite answer, I ask for the date of a battle or the pedigree of a king, I merely test the memory. If in my anxiety to avoid this I ask the boy to trace the causes or results of a civil war, I get perhaps in answer a cloud of words from which it is almost impossible to form a true estimate of his knowlege, and so with all inexact sciences.

For purposes of early study therefore, and especially for purposes of examination, no provinces of knowledge can be compared with grammar and mathematics. And the Universities will I think be serving the true interests of our middle schools and of those who are there educated, if by means of these examinations they indirectly tend to encourage *liberal* studies as opposed to such as are merely technical or profes-

* Latin Grammar and easy translations are all I ask for in these schools. Any acquaintance with Roman literature (most valuable for the purposes of higher education) is too much to expect where the years of study are so limited.

sional. Not only will boys so trained turn out wiser men and better citizens, but in the long run they will prove more successful lawyers, farmers, or tradesmen, than if they had narrowed their education more exclusively to the purposes of these several callings.

From my conversations with the Masters of such schools, I well know how anxious many among them are to give their instruction more of this character; and how difficult and almost hopeless they find it to combat single-handed and unsupported the prejudices and short-sighted wishes of the parents. Such men will gladly accept the support of the University, over-ruling the prejudices of the parent by the weight of acknowledged authority, and conciliating him by the offer of an honourable distinction.

Such is the purpose of this examination-scheme.

Alongside of the efforts of the College of Preceptors to improve the social status of the teacher, I have great hopes that it may help to remedy the present very unsatisfactory condition of our middle-class education.

J. P. NORRIS.

XLII.—CHRISTMAS.

OLD friend, old Christmas! be welcome still!
Striding along over frosted hill;
Cracking and snapping beneath your feet,
The crispèd branch, and the thin ice-sheet.

Old friend, old Christmas! your magic wand
Summons before me memories fond,
Dreamily distant, yet strangely near!
Lovely and sad, like a leaf that's sere:

Brings the hallowed eve with its mystery!
Its songs, and its olden history,
With its chaunted carol, quaint and wild,
About our Lord,—the Heavenly child:

Brings back the genial merriment,
When with inwoven leaves I went
Hanging my garlands here and there,
About the mirrors and pictures fair!

Then, by the great fire high up-blazing,
The song, the game, the tale amazing!
Ghost and goblin, giant and fairy,
Glided and grinned in my visions airy.

And in the night came a mingled feeling—
Real yet dream-like, over me stealing,
Past with present blending quaintly,
Thought of child and legend saintly.

Ding dong! ding dong! through briary dingle,
O'er plain, through valley, seemed to mingle
With the pealing bells!—"ding dong, ding dong!"
"Peace, and good will," the angels' song.

Then entering by the oaken door,
While organ sounds sublime out-pour,
We join in words of supplication,
With love devout and adoration!

Such memories thou bringest—thou
Bearing red berries about thy brow!
Old friend, old Christmas! be welcome still,
With thy "Peace on earth!" and "To man good will!"

XLIII.—MARIE ANTOINETTE AND THE COURT OF FRANCE.*

(Concluded.)

II.

"THE cause of the ruin of families, and the germ of all the dissensions in the world," wrote the fiery De Lammenais, at a later epoch, "is the sordid selfishness of rulers, and the insatiable passion of acquisitiveness which animates the few." "Liberty," he exclaimed again, "is not a placard to be used in the streets—it is a living power without us and within us. The oppressor who seeks to cover himself with its name unites hypocrisy to tyranny, and profanation to injustice. He is the truest ruler who is the servant of all." Unconsciously, Louis XVI. had adopted some such maxims as these, and hastened the revolution in 1789, by attempting to apply them. Liberal in spirit, and an earnest partisan of reasonable reform, he honestly endeavoured to ameliorate the sufferings of his people, but they outstripped him in the rapidity and eagerness of their movements. In vain did he impose privations upon himself and his family, hoping to satisfy the demands of complainants. The insurgents regarded every act of clemency as a fresh proof of the weakness of their ruler; whilst the far-seeing Joseph II.

* Heroes, Philosophers, and Courtiers of the Time of Louis XVI. London: Hurst and Blackett, 1863.

sagaciously remonstrated with his incautious brother, imploring him to remember that his "role" was simply to be "aristocrat."

The utter absence of tact displayed by the thoughtless young queen was even more apparent. In vain did she gracefully forgive all offences to which she had been obliged to submit previous to the accession of her husband, and generously renounce a tax which had formerly been exacted for the benefit of the Queens of France. Her enemies did not forget to remark, that whilst she showered all her favours upon music and Gluck, the artists and poets were entirely neglected by her. It was triumphantly discovered that Marie Antoinette never understood a single word of the elaborate Latin harangues which she had repeated at Vienna. Her taste was intentionally ridiculed by a determination on the part of the public to hiss the plays which she had patronized; and when she attempted to perform in private theatricals, her utter incapacity was so evident that the spectators did not care to conceal their scorn.

The unfortunate lady, who had been pampered and flattered from her birth, and nursed like a hot-house flower in an atmosphere of luxury and ease, was keenly sensitive to the petty mortifications of life, and did not care to conceal how cruelly she suffered. The temporary irritation which lasted for a time, was succeeded by a settled resentment and an unnatural bitterness, which unfortunately displayed to unfair advantage the weaker side of her character.

But a few years before, Marie Antoinette had been a reckless child, looking forward in foolish certainty to the pleasures of an unshadowed life, and rejoicing in the homage of an entire nation; ignorant of any sorrows which could reach her in the brilliant splendour of her lot, and ready to hope for anything in the promising future, with a magic land of pleasure and delight stretching before her eager feet. Now she was a woman, embittered by the knowledge of evil, and stung into passionate intensity by the cruel calumniations of others—already prepared to challenge her enemies to do their worst, and determined to act out the terrible drama to the end—already alone against a people who hated her, grand in the strength of her resolution, and desperate in the power of her despair. Not being sufficiently brilliant in her style, or witty in her speech, to rival the accomplished women who had begun to preside over the "salons" of the day, it would have been well if Marie Antoinette had possessed the self-renunciation necessary to beholding that popularity and influence which she had valued as exclusively her own, now passing over into the hands of others; but in her determined attempt to win back to herself at all risks the waning power, she imprudently cast away the *prestige* of her rank, and was loudly accused of frivolity and

impropriety. "Here," she would bitterly exclaim, as she flung herself on the sofa, in Madame de Polignac's apartment, "Here I am no longer the queen; I am myself."

Her undignified manners at these private amusements only exposed her to the sarcastic criticisms of the court: whilst her enemies especially ridiculed the base-born musician to whose accompaniment Marie Antoinette had deigned to sing. The vagrant orphan boy, who had lived upon charity in his youth, and had wandered about with his violin, was detested by the proud Parisian nobility; but the shadow of his patroness protected him from injury. In days when a "grand Seigneur" struck Beaumarchais and openly insulted him; when even Voltaire had been caned and his challenge refused, Gluck carried his assurance so far as to refuse to rise when a prince entered his apartment, declaring in explanation, that it was never his "custom to stand up before those whom he could not respect." The indignant noble stormed and swore, but the queen encouraged her favourite in the quarrel, and compelled the enraged aristocrat to apologize to the musician. The bold and offensive conduct of Gluck in consequence of these increasing favours, became an unendurable infliction to the proud nobility. It was whispered about in horror, that this fiddler of low descent, had insisted on leading an orchestra in his shirt sleeves, minus the important addition of a dress coat; and that he thought nothing of publicly removing his wig, and replacing it by a cotton nightcap. Such breaches of decorum had never been heard of before; and indignation ripened into hatred when the conceited organist declared, that there were only three great men in Europe—himself, Frederic of Prussia, and Voltaire.

After an absence of more than twenty years, Voltaire was recalled from exile. The queer spectacle which the eccentric old man presented when he arrived at Paris in carnival time—his little frail body attired in a huge and grotesque pelisse, whilst his hollow cheeks were shaded by a monstrous wool wig, and a singular red turban trimmed with fur, was such as to excite the merriment of the populace, who, taking him for a part of the spectacle of the day, alternately cheered and hooted him. But on the following morning, a prodigious concourse of the élite flocked to do him homage. A short time before, it was thought sufficiently strange that the white hair of Dr. Franklin had been honoured by a wreath of laurel, whilst the most beautiful amongst three hundred ladies was selected to crown him; but the author of Irene, in his dressing-gown and nightcap, retreated, panting and overpowered, from an antechamber crowded by worshippers yet more eager with adulation. The old philosopher, fatigued with his journey, and already spitting blood, was overcome by the dangerous excitement. "I am

stifled," he complained, "beneath roses." Soon the piercing eye waxed dull, and the feeble body became more and more like a shadow that could no longer imprison the ardent and sarcastic soul. The ancient Richelieu came to see his friend—a strange specimen of another variety of old age, with his false eyebrows, his legs "plumped out" with padded calves, his painted cheeks and powdered wig à la mode—a triumph of the skill of the clever charlatan. But no Cagliostro with washes and wadding could reinvigorate Voltaire.

The news spread like wildfire that the idol of Paris was dying, but the philosopher revived once more, to be present at the representation of his "Irene." Versailles frowned disapprobation in vain, for the scoffer, in his sky-blue carriage, studded with stars, was worshipped as a god, and publicly hailed king of Paris, by the cries and acclamations of the people. Yet the triumph was short. Immediately afterwards, Madame de Genlis visited the poet at Ferney, where in his ill-lighted chamber, a fine picture of Correggio had been banished to give place to a portrait of himself, representing him with his foot on the neck of his enemy—the critic Fréron; and in spite of his self-satisfied egotism, she describes him as so ill and dejected, that she felt certain his end was approaching. The story which describes the death-bed terrors of this end is probably quite unfounded. To the prostration by disease, and the final decay of the corporeal powers which distinguish in most cases the ebbing of life—a numbness of feeling and a stupor of insensibility generally succeed. It is a serious reflection, that as a man lives so he usually dies. The shadows which steal over the brain, and the sensation of sinking helplessly into repose, are not calculated to admit of any fresh exertion of brain power, or any radical alteration of the ordinary modes of thought. And in the case of Voltaire, the intellect was so clouded by drugs, that little importance can be attached to his last words. Opium and glory (as Madame du Deffand expressed it) had shaken his feeble frame to pieces. No religious service was read over the body, but Frederic of Prussia laid aside his sword for his pen, to compose an "Eloge" on the memory of that friend with whom he had alternately fraternized and quarrelled.

Meanwhile, the joy of becoming a mother had gladdened the life of Marie Antoinette. To the ambitious Empress of Austria, the intelligence was politically welcome, whilst the more womanly queen forgot for a while her enmities, fears, and vexations, in the love of her new-born babe. For a time, hers was a dream of full content. Others around her were grumbling at the sex of the tiny infant, whose blue eyes had turned earth to heaven for her. But the exulting Marie Antoinette only

pressed it the closer to her breast, exclaiming, "Child, thou art a woman, and altogether mine; thou belongest to me, and not to the nation."

Under the influence of this gladness, her beauty ripened into fresh development; but again her destiny was against her. It had been better for her, if, like the satirical Duchess of Orleans, she had been able to laugh heartily at her own ugliness; since the increasing loveliness which years had bestowed upon her, only gave rise to more impertinent and irritating scandal.

Marie Antoinette was a possessor of that natural grace, and indefinable fascination, whose effect is often far superior to that of mere physical proportion. Her enemies have denied her the charm of regularity of feature, telling us that her face was too elongated for a perfect oval, and her lower lip slightly protruding—defects common in her family. But if we were to trust to the detracting opinions of posterity, few personal portraits in any age of the world, would be left to us worthy of admiration. This is not wonderful. The eye sees only what it brings with it the power of seeing; and mere physical attraction must ever be a secondary thing, dependant on the fancies wherewith the higher property of mind can endow it. "The most fascinating women," wrote Leigh Hunt, himself an enthusiastic admirer of outward perfection, "are those that can most enrich the every-day moments of existence;" those in fact, who can share the pleasures and the pains of others in the most devoted manner. Beauty, with a character which we esteem unloveable, to be no longer worthy of our regard. The one-sided historian resents its reality with indignation, as if he dreaded its influence on his too-susceptible readers. We thus are assured by the researches of modern times, that Sappho had a bold expression, and a projecting head—that Cleopatra was little of stature, and mean in person—that Heloise was dark and unprepossessing, and that Mary Queen of Scots had too square and masculine a forehead. Even the celebrated golden tresses of the unhappy Lucrezia Borgia have not escaped the universal opprobrium; whilst Anne Boleyn is given over to a sallow complexion, and one hand unusually deformed. The unflattering portrait of Marie Antoinette, with small eyes of a pale washed-out colour, thin lips, and a head unnaturally erect, only adds to the ludicrous list. "If I were not a queen, people would say I had an insolent look," she remarked herself, alluding to her upright gait; but yet her majesty in the flower of her age, was such a vision, as Edmund Burke, once having looked upon, never forgot. The "sweet seventeen," which dealers in fiction have fixed as the period when their heroines accomplish their most important achievements, was then long passed by the queen. But the days of

anxiety and vexation through which she had lived, had left no wrinkle on her composed features, no furrow as yet on her smooth brow. They had only gifted her with that undefinable dignity of expression, and that mild and melancholy glance, which were henceforward to constitute her greatest attractions. The face of a man under like circumstances might have been ruffled and careworn, and his voice would probably have acquired some harshness of tone; but nature has granted to women a greater power of concealing the outward expression of their emotions. Though the hair of Marie Antoinette whitened by the accumulated griefs of continued summers, and not (as it was fabled) in a single night, her face was probably more attractive in the pathetic suffering of her matured womanhood, than it had been in the days of her gladness and flippancy. Few countenances, described in history, leave a more indelible impression on the memory of the reader, than the rigid intensity of those pale set features; the grey eyes, fixed and dilated, yet steady as ever in their light; the lips tremulous with emotion, yet firm in the pressure of their resolve; and the form wasted to a shadow, yet drawn to its fullest height; beautiful, but with the beauty which Albert Durer would have recognized, and Ary Scheffer would have painted—a Mater Dolorosa, beautiful with the beauty of the soul.

The happy interim allowed by the birth of her child was quickly succeeded by fresh occupations and distractions. She was loudly censured for her friendship with Madame de Polignac, and severely condemned for the simplicity of her tastes. The Princesse de Lamballe remonstrated with her for her imprudence in these minor matters. "Oh! mon Dieu!" exclaimed the captious Abbe de Vermont, her former and favourite tutor, "then you wish that her majesty should always be compressed by steel armour, like a marshal about to besiege a fortress? For pity's sake, let her have the pleasure of wearing a simple robe, and of breathing the air at any hour she pleases, in spite of gothic absurdities." But the unhappy queen had yet to learn, by bitter experience, that a sovereign of France could not be too circumspect in maintaining rigidly the ancient etiquette. In the painful affair of the "diamond necklace," she had cause, too sorrowfully, to regret having lost the respect of an impressionable and unreasoning people. The story, in which the names of the Cardinal de Rohan and Madame de la Motte figure in the blackest shade, is already so familiar to the majority of readers, that it would be useless to repeat it here. The innocence of the queen of France, and her contempt for the jewels which had subjected her to such misery and shame, were sufficiently established to all candid observers, without the

angry and indignant tears which unseemly reports caused her to shed.

But Marie Antoinette felt that an insult had been offered her, which no reparation could ever entirely efface. There was an old proverb about Cæsar's wife, which she had reason painfully to remember.* The turning point on the road to ruin had been passed, and her steps could never be retraced. Her prestige with the people had gone. With all the warmth of her affectionate nature there remained a keen craving for popular affection, but it was never to be regained. Henceforth the name of the "Austrian" was only to be coupled with terms of loathing and detestation.

It would seem that the unfortunate lady was bitterly aware of her loss, for her conduct afterwards became more desperate and reckless. The heroic virtue of silent endurance was only learnt by her in her later years. Reason and religion teach us to endure patiently when our hearts prompt us to rebel. But it required a vast amount of suffering and danger to subdue the wilful spirit of Marie Antoinette. In vain did she resent her cruel treatment by haughty and indignant glances. She was alone against a nation, calumniated by the nobles, insulted by the people, mimicked in the theatres, and nicknamed in the streets. Still unwisely she struggled with imprudent courage and unconquered pride against the tide of popular feeling. She opposed the king's prime minister, she opposed the Count de Maurepas, and she interfered in court intrigues; the more she was hated and despised, the more determinedly did she attempt to interpose her influence in political matters.

Novalis has defined a lofty character to consist in a perfectly educated will; and it may be admitted that true happiness depends on the entire resignation of self. But this is a difficult lesson for those impetuous hearts who would meet dangers and hindrances with stubborn defiance, who would grow eloquent over some darling project, or some lofty scheme of ambition. Too many of these schemes of happiness depend on an uncertain human "hap," for our will is often one of the most impotent of powers, however important we may deem it—as useless by itself as the momentum of a body that is stopped by an opposing force. We lose nothing, and only gain by surrendering it; and yet the Father of all deigns to accept it as the most precious offering on the altar of self-sacrifice.

* At the close of this strange and unfortunate plot, when sentence was executed on the wretched Lamotte, she uttered the vilest calumnies against the queen. Afterwards, she was allowed to escape to England, where Marie Antoinette was weak enough to send the Duchess of Polignac with a large sum of money to purchase her silence. Even this bribe was not efficacious—a slanderous pamphlet being privately circulated, copies of which still exist in the Imperial Library of Paris.

The period was yet to come, when, with a bearing more composed, and a heroism truly royal, this most afflicted of queens was to wait in resignation, undismayed, for the completion of her fate. For her ambition had been to be universally beloved, and she struggled with desperate determination to win the admiration of others; while her beauty faded away, and her eyes grew weak with weeping, as fresh proofs of the popular scorn sank into her wounded heart.

Our limits do not permit us to follow her through the tragical scenes which succeeded—scenes which have been already so skilfully painted by the pen of experienced historians as to require no additional touches.

It is recorded of Goethe that when a student at Strasbourg he was admitted to a splendid pavilion, which had been fitted up for the reception of Marie Antoinette (then Dauphine of France), in one of the loveliest islands on the Rhine. Entering, he recoiled with horror on beholding the subject of the tapestry which lined the principal tent. There he saw Jason, Creusa, Medea, and the image of the most tragic and fatal marriage on record. In the midst was represented a throne, on the left of which a wife struggled against a frightful death, whilst her children lay dead at her feet. Yet Marie Antoinette was then a rejoicing girl, happy in the confidence of a people's love, and unshadowed by the faintest dream of her dark destiny. To the collectors of curious presentiments this story of Goethe's unwonted depression may perhaps be worthy of notice.

"Faults, and not crimes," was the unhappy queen's just summary of the history of her life. Posterity will judge her less hardly, since, if her ill-governed imprudence hastened the bloody ending of her husband's life, she shared his melancholy vigils, and was buried in his ghastly grave. Jealousy of others of her sex was amongst the most characteristic of her weaknesses. Fretted and annoyed at their superior intellectual power, she estranged the affection of Madame de Staël, haughtily slighted Madame de Genlis, and bitterly exclaimed of Madame de Coigny that she was the true queen of France. She lacked that nobility of soul, which might have checked the eager craving for kindliness and sympathy which animated her amiable nature; and yet in her case, jealousy was but the shadow cast by the brightness of her affection.

She was a stranger, misunderstood and ill-judged, in a foreign and unfriendly clime; and the acute sensibility of her disposition only heightened the miseries of her life. It is a comfort to hope that, in the dreariest days of her sorrow her impetuous nature probably lost something of this early sensitiveness, and that a merciful callousness to pain ameliorated

some of her afflictions. There has always been a sort of mental chloroform, analogous to that which relieves physical agony. Sufferers have been known to pass through the fire of trial, scarcely feeling it at the time. They bear up without a cry of pain, or without an exclamation of impatience, not always because they have recourse to a heartless stoicism, or affect an impossible heroism, but because present suffering dulls the senses, and leaves them stunned and stupified. Of a "passionate and vehement nature," Marie Antoinette was long in learning anything of that pious quietude and silent resignation which were displayed by the noble Madame Elizabeth. Her pride sustained her to the last, and her courage was indomitable against assault; but the ceaseless struggle to subdue the outward tokens of grief was almost more than nature could endure. The contest could have but one ending. A maddened and outraged nation endeavoured to wreak its vengeance upon the head of one weak and powerless woman. The enraged people could not rest till they had her life; but in the imposing dignity of her demeanour they could read nothing but haughty reserve, and could win from her no exclamation of pain and no single word of entreaty. The sacrifice was completed at length, but it might have been fitly symbolized by the effigy of the dying lion, which the genius of Thorwaldsen designed in memory of the faithful Swiss—stern and unshrinking to the last—conquered, but not subdued.

L. S.

XLIV.—WOMAN'S WORK IN THE WORLD'S CLOTHING.

IV.—THE PAUPER AND THE PEASANT SPINNER.

IT seems probable that Poor Law regulations had some effect, in addition to the growing exigencies of an increasing population, in bringing about the change by which a universal home employment became the separate profession of masses of people exclusively employed upon it, for some of the earliest indications of the linen manufacture being thus carried on occurs in the accounts of Workhouses; and Elizabeth's famous Act, of 1601, empowered overseers of the poor to buy "a convenient stock of flax, hemp, wool, thread, iron, and other necessary ware or stuff, to set the poor on work." By the middle of the seventeenth century we find much attention was directed to the subject of employing the otherwise unoccupied poor in the various processes of linen and woollen manufacture, and in 1669, Sir J. Child published a scheme for especially

making available in this way the labour of girls of the lower order, and sundry plans were devised by known and unknown authors, for introducing such manufactures into all workhouses, by which it would appear that Elizabeth's decree, to "set the poor on work," had been as yet by no means universally obeyed. One of these writers asserting that "it is known by experience, that three quarters of a pound of thread, worth twelvepence per pound, when spun will make one ell of cloth worth two shillings per ell, and this three quarters of a pound two spinners may spin in one day," calculates that if the occupation of spinning were introduced into workhouses, the whole nation might be supplied with all the yarn it required, except the very finest, by means of pauper work alone. Mr. Firmin, a wealthy merchant, of London, as noted in that day for his Unitarian tenets and his zeal in trying to spread them, as for his active philanthropy, opposed these systems on the ground that women generally would object to thus working in poor-houses, while too their domestic affairs would be neglected were they obliged to work away from their homes; and in a published letter addressed to his friend, Archbishop Tillotson, sets forth instead, a project on a very large scale, for giving spinning-work to women at their own houses; but in the zealous attempt to carry out his plan for practice, he incurred considerable personal loss, the terms being framed so much in favour of the employed as not to be remunerative to the employer. He too, however, strongly recommended that sturdy vagrants, beggars, and others, who had no dwellings of their own, should be taken into workhouses, and there employed in labours of this kind, urging that "I desire it to be considered that in this trade, all sorts of persons, whether young or old, male or female, may find employment; if of years able, they may beat hemp, dress flax, or make them ready for the spinster, and when spun, may be employed in weaving it; and those of both sexes that are not able for these, may be put to spinning." He adds a remark which is a curious illustration of how exclusively this department had been looked on in this country as solely feminine work. "Why boys, while young, as well as girls, should not take to it in England, for want of other employment, as in other places, I see no reason." That his suggestion was adopted in at least one instance, is apparent, from the record of a speech made by one of the boys of the Workhouse for the City Poor in Bishopsgate street, on the occasion of a visit paid by Queen Anne to that establishment, in which he says, holding some yarn in his hand, "These threads, Madam, are some of the early fruits of our industry. We are all daily employed on the staple manufacture of England, learning betimes to be useful to the world;" wool-spinning

having formed their daily task. The principle involved in such schemes as these was warmly combated by the famous author of "Robinson Crusoe," and other less celebrated writers, who strongly urged that work would thus be taken from those who were not paupers; "Besides," said Defoe, "workhouses ought not to engage in manufactures, because it is an unfair competition with the limited capital of private individuals." But the best arguments concerning any scheme are usually less convincing than a fair trial of it, and the question therefore was most satisfactorily settled when the experiment of providing this employment for the homeless poor was fully tested, chiefly through the zealous exertions of Mr. Carey, who afterwards wrote a history of the attempt, in the workhouse at Bristol, where, at its erection in 1696, the linen manufacture was at once introduced, even to the extent of setting the boys as well as the girls, to spinning, and carried on until 1714, when the rates were found to have increased so much, besides large debts having been incurred, that the parochial authorities found themselves compelled to relinquish the unprofitable scheme.

As theoretical arguments, and practical proofs, thus combined to condemn these well-meant but mistaken plans, the idea was at last abandoned, and the distaff which had been the symbol of womanhood, though it had long ceased to be grasped as once it had been, by queens and princesses, yet was saved at least from the degradation of falling exclusively into the parish hands of paupers.

By the eighteenth century, the great change which as we have seen began to be inaugurated in the sixteenth, of the preparation of textile fabrics becoming a special profession, had so far progressed that in many places it had quite ceased to be numbered among the pursuits of private life, and was being more and more looked upon rather as a business for some than a domestic employment for all. At this time, it appears that in the Midland and Southern counties, women, even among the poor, had little to do with the production of clothing, beyond making and mending their own and their children's attire, and under-garments for male wear; but in the North (except, we may suppose, in the immediate neighbourhood of the manufacturing districts) it was still common for almost every article of dress to be made from its very commencement at home; each family, year by year, spinning and weaving its own web of linen, and often of woollen also, the yarn of the latter being only sent away to be dyed when required for outward vestments. As the coarse linen for even a labouring woman's shift could not then be obtained for less than one-and-fivepence per yard, the being able at least partially to produce it herself must still have been a valuable accomplishment, but such labour was by

no means confined to the very poor, for the yeoman's shirt, and even his coat, were also most usually the work from first to last of his own wife or daughter. Here and there, perhaps an opulent farmer indulged in the extravagance of encasing his burly form on Sundays in purchased broadcloth, but many persons were to be found in a very respectable position in society who had never in their lives worn bought stockings, coats, or waistcoats, and looked indeed on a shop-made coat as a mark of pride and reckless expenditure.

In the Highlands of Scotland, yet more primitive customs still lingered, and in many a family there no stranger hands whatever intermeddled with the fleece or the fibre whence their raiment was derived. By woman's care, even the dye-yielding plants were reared, and their juice extracted to colour the fabrics which they wove in a loom of the simplest form known to early antiquity, which, as the writer who gives this account remarks, was not very expeditious, "though it did very well for when women had little else to do, and it was reckoned a degradation for a man to follow such effeminate occupation." He adds a regret, that a loom was now coming into use "of such construction as in a great measure to preclude the sex from that useful, elegant, and venerable branch of female employment," a regret which we opine was hardly shared by his sisters.

But harder work than even that of the loom fell to females in some parts, for in "Boswell's Tour," it is related that Lady Rasay showed Doctor Johnson the operation of *working* cloth, *i.e.* of thickening it as is done in a mill, but which in the Highlands was effected by women kneeling on the ground and beating it with their hands.

While such were the toils of amateur female cloth-workers, the professional spinner in the manufacturing districts does not appear to have been in a very enviable condition. The Clothing Arts were gradually ceasing to be numbered among the pursuits of private life and becoming more and more a separate branch of industry, a change of incalculable benefit to the mass of the female population, inasmuch as by releasing them from the necessity, for excessive and almost unceasing manual labour, it gave them leisure for other and loftier pursuits. No longer compelled to find their staple employment in a "vile occupation" (as Sir Philip Sidney had called it) which left no room for the exercise of the mind, they were now not only at liberty to pay attention to the arts which promote domestic comfort, and thus make home attractive to their husbands, fathers, or brothers, but had opportunity for cultivating all their powers, and displaying such capabilities as have at length raised them to a position on a level in many respects

with the other sex, and fitted them to be the companions instead of the servants of men. But this was at first at the cost of throwing the burden from which they were escaping yet more heavily upon the numerous class who, adopting this labour as a profession, were condemned to be almost exclusively employed at it. The women of earlier periods, however little time or opportunity they had, amid the multiplicity of their duties, for the direct cultivation of their minds, at least ran no risk of mental stagnation, and however excessive their toil, had the not inconsiderable relief of variety of labour; but now that it had become necessary for the spinner to remain ever spinning, the monotony of the wheel must have been indeed most wearying, most injurious. We have again the testimony of Adam Smith, as to the probable effect of such a life. "The man," says he, "whose whole life is spent in performing a few simple operations, of which the effects, too, are perhaps always the same, or very nearly the same, has no occasion to exert his understanding, or to exercise his invention in finding out expedients for removing difficulties which never occur. He naturally loses therefore the habit of such exertion, and generally becomes so stupid and ignorant as it is possible for a human creature to become." The remuneration too was miserably low, and wholly out of proportion to that obtained by the workers in other departments of the same trade, for a writer, on "The State of Clothing in England," in 1715, states, that in making a piece of fine cloth for exportation, it took two hundred and fifty persons for a whole week, to spin the wool for it, and their wages for the entire time only amounted collectively to eighteen pounds, or rather less than eighteenpence a-piece; whereas, the twelve men afterwards employed to weave it, received twelve pounds for their share of labour. When we further read that double the number of both spinners and weavers were required in making a piece of the finest kind of stuff, it becomes hard to conceive how a sufficient supply of decent clothing for even native wear could ever have been secured by such tedious processes, even though it is asserted in a petition presented to Parliament in 1719, that "the weaving trade and its dependants employ more people than all the manufactures of Great Britain besides." While the amount of wages to be obtained by the women engaged in them, still further reduced by 1720, to about twopence per day, would almost incline us to solve the problem by supposing that this section of the population at least had really learnt to dispense with a luxury seemingly quite beyond their means, and while providing raiment for others, had abjured its use themselves.

It was about this period that an extraordinary impetus was given to our Silk manufacture by the introduction into this

country of the process of "throwing" the silk, i. e. twisting together several filaments so as to form a thread sufficiently strong to be woven; this stage of its preparation having always hitherto been performed prior to its importation, the method being kept a secret by the Italians. At length a youth named Thomas Lombe, endowed with prococious intelligence and prudence, having resolved to penetrate the mystery, went over to Italy for the purpose, an expedition fraught with much hazard, as the most stringent precautions were taken to prevent its being revealed. Contriving to recommend himself to a priest, through his influence young Lombe was admitted into the establishment, in the character of a poor boy, and during a sojourn there of nearly two years, obtained an insight into the working of the machinery. No one taking much notice of so apparently insignificant a personage, he was allowed even to sleep alone in the works at night, and thus gained all the opportunity he desired. Gliding through the mill when all its zealous guardians were laid to rest, with a dark lantern in his hand the subtle youth would scan every wheel and pin, take measurements and make drawings of every part, and then noiselessly retire ere morning should surprise him, to conceal the previous sketches in his hiding place beneath the stairs. When he felt that his plans were sufficiently complete he prepared to return to England in company with two Italians who had taken part in his schemes, and was only just in time to secure his escape, for suspicion having been excited a vessel was dispatched to secure and bring him back, but the ship in which he had taken passage being the better sailor he reached England in safety. In conjunction with other branches of his family he then at once took out a patent for the process, and proceeded in 1819 to erect the famous Silk-Throwing Mill at Derby, that place having been selected on account of the facilities it afforded for obtaining water-power. But misfortune followed him, for the Italians finding that their jealously-guarded secret had really been stolen from them, resolved at least to be revenged upon the robber, and the means they had recourse to forms a dark page in the history of woman's connection with the clothing arts. The circumstances are involved in some obscurity, but the dark figure of a female appears as the principal actor in the tragedy. An Italian woman who came over as the agent of vengeance having gained over one of the pair of her countrymen who had accompanied Lombe to England, and in conjunction with him succeeded in administering a slow poison to the unhappy young man, which after subjecting him to a lingering agony for two years, at last brought him to the grave at the early age of twenty-nine. The

art which he had introduced continued however to flourish and give employment to large numbers.

Nor did improvement rest here, for the day of England's manufacturing supremacy was now beginning to dawn, and her ascendant star, like those of the "Verpeja" in Lithuanian mythology was hung upon a thread.

But it was of a new fibre that this thread of destiny was formed, for native flax and hemp were henceforth to yield their place to the stranger Cotton, and even wool and silk find in it a powerful rival. Not until the seventeenth century do we find any mention of cotton as a material for clothing, for though the word occurs so early as 1430 in a list of articles imported from Genoa, it is believed that it was long employed for little else than the mere making of candle wicks; and even if Mr. Baines' conjecture that the immigration of weavers to England caused by the Duke of Parma's taking of Antwerp, probably brought the first cotton cloth weavers here in 1585, no allusion to its present most general application has been discovered prior to 1641, when in a book called "The Treasury of Traffic," published in that year, the industry of Manchester is commended for buying yarn from Ireland, "and even cotton wool from Smyrna, and working it up both for home use and exportation." Its use however was then still very limited, and it was some time longer before it began to take an important place as a rival to the other fibres, for the cost of transport, owing to its requiring a stronger pressure to reduce its bulkiness within reasonable limits than could be obtained prior to the invention of the hydraulic press, made it dearer than flax, while the fabric produced from it was inferior to linen in consequence of its needing a firmer twist in spinning, so that when spun by hand, if fine it was too loose and flimsy, if coarse too heavy.

During the first half of the eighteenth century, Cotton however had so increased in importance as to have aroused a fierce prejudice against it in the minds of many of those who wrought in the other material which had hitherto been almost exclusively employed for raiment. A curious illustration of this occurs in the "Gentleman's Monthly Intelligencer," for May, 1734, where we find an account of the execution of one Carmody for felony, who in his last dying speech confessed his crime, but excused himself for it on the ground of the starving condition to which he had been reduced, and which he was well assured was caused by the discouragement of our woollen manufactures through "the pernicious practice of wearing cotton." He therefore exhorted all good Christians not to bring their country to misery and make it swarm with malefactors like himself by persisting in such a custom, or the blood of every felon they hung would lie at their doors. To

give greater effect to this appeal to popular feeling, the weavers of the city, in whose behalf it was made, had assembled before the execution, and not only clothed both the criminal and the hangman in garments made of this detested cotton, but had even arrayed the very gallows in drapery of the same obnoxious material. Such efforts of ignorance and prejudice had however, as might be expected, very little effect with regard to bringing the new fabric into disrepute, and by 1739 we find an article in the "Daily Advertiser" alluding to the manufacture of cotton mixed and plain, having "arrived at so great perfection within these twenty years that we not only make enough for our own consumption, but supply our colonies and many of the nations of Europe." Here was work indeed for feminine fingers, while the clothing for such vastly increased numbers had still to receive from them its primal preparation, and in fact so large now was the demand for yarn that the wheels of the women could no longer keep pace with the looms of the men, as it took at least three of the former to supply one of the latter. It was rarely indeed that the weaver's own family could make sufficient yarn to keep him employed; he had to apply to his female neighbours, then to extend his researches yet further afield, and it must have been indeed a grievous drawback on a man's industry to have to walk three or four miles and call on five or six spinners ere he could collect enough material to afford him occupation for the rest of the day, and even often to remain quite idle through not being able to procure warp and weft wherewith to work. One good effect however resulted, in the higher estimation in which the worker could not but be held by those who were so dependant upon her work, and the spinner, in addition to a great rise in her regular wages, which we find amounted in 1737 to sixpence a day, instead of twopence, as had been the case but a few years before, often received presents or gratuities from the weavers, to quicken her exertions when they required from her extra effort. And better far than gift of cap or kerchief, we may be sure too that fair speech and respectful treatment were secured to her when rival looms were thus competing for her yarn.

Factories or mills were as yet still few and far between, each cottage in a manufacturing district being mostly in itself a factory on a small scale, the father of a family assisted by his sons, usually presiding at the loom, and his wife and daughters spinning as much as they could to supply it. What more yarn was required had to be obtained from the female members of other peasant households, whose male relations were occupied in some different pursuit, and was either fetched by the weavers themselves when their need was urgent, or by travelling chapmen, who went with pack-horses from door to door to

collect it and then sold it in quantities to those who were to convert it into cloth; until eventually the Manchester purchasers established agents in the different villages to purchase and re-sell it to the weavers, who had now largely though not quite entirely superseded the "websters" of earlier times.

Nor was the custom which assigned the spindle to the spinster quite invariable, for in an interesting account of "Wonderful Robert Walker," a clergyman who held a chapel in Cumberland from 1736 to 1802; he is mentioned as being accustomed while engaged in teaching to further occupy himself with the spinning wheel, while the children were repeating their lessons by his side, and often continuing the same kind of labour in the evening after school hours, only exchanging, for the sake of exercise, the small wheel at which he had sate for the large one on which wool is spun, and which requires the spinner to step to and fro. An eye-witness thus describes the worthy clergyman and his family: "Going into his house I found him sitting, dressed in a coarse blue frock, a checked shirt, a leather strap about his neck for a stock, a coarse apron, and wooden-soled shoes, with a child on his knee; his wife and the rest of the children were some of them employed in waiting on each other, the rest in spinning and "teasing" wool, at which he is a great proficient; and moreover when it is ready made he will lay it, by sixteen or thirty-two pounds, upon his back, and on foot for seven or eight miles carry it to market even in the depth of winter." It was perhaps exceptional for a man to take such a share in this department, but the description of his household and the means by which they were provided with apparel for themselves and a surplus of saleable commodity, would probably have still applied very generally to the dwellers in rural districts at that period.

XLV.—ON THE TREATMENT OF FEMALE CONVICTS.

A Paper Read at the Social Science Congress at Edinburgh.

By Mary Carpenter.

Nine years have now elapsed since the Reformatory Act received the royal assent. Long and unwearied efforts were required to obtain it, and after many painful and difficult struggles made by its supporters, it passed, almost unnoticed by the public, through the houses of Parliament. Even more difficult was it to enlist society to co-operate in the measure. The enterprise of reforming guilty children, and eventually transforming them into useful members of society was supposed to be that of

amiable enthusiasts. Scepticism as to the possible results widely prevailed, and we were sarcastically asked what we should do with our children when we had reformed them! We persevered; we were nothing daunted; we believed that we were establishing our work on principles which were based on immortal truth,—truth which was great and must prevail;—that the work was of God and must succeed, when freed from all the imperfections and errors which are inseparable from every human undertaking. And the progress of the work in these few years has surpassed what would have been then our most sanguine anticipations. We were asked where we should find voluntary effort equal to the task of grappling with the juvenile crime of the country? Yet it abounded to the full extent of our needs; for wherever a Reformatory has been required, there it has sprung up. We were asked where we should find Teachers able and willing to undertake so repulsive and untried a work? We had faith that the very necessity would call forth those who were able to supply it, and we have not been mistaken, for there is no lack of men and women peculiarly qualified for this especial work, and who devote their heart and soul to it, delighting in it, and therefore doing it as it should be done. We were told that there would always hang about our children, when we had done our best for them, that taint of crime which must unfit them to be received into society; we find that they are willingly and even gladly received into it, when a course of training and instruction for a sufficient time in a Reformatory has prepared them to do their duty in life. We have had the happiness of seeing them maintaining a respectable position in society—young persons snatched from the most dissolute and degraded families, who had themselves commenced a career of crime. Public opinion has endorsed our reformatory work, and we have had the satisfaction of hearing the highest civic authority openly bear testimony to the importance and success of it, even in a district where formerly the utmost scepticism prevailed.

Gladly would we consider our task completed. Gladly would we believe that we have now only to go on steadily and perseveringly doing our work, ever striving towards perfection. But we cannot. What we have been permitted to do, only reveals to us what has not been done,—what at present we cannot do. Among the hundreds sent to our Reformatories,—and in this paper we will speak only of girls,—there are failures; there must always be so. Some are snatched from us by abandoned parents, who use the influence of parental authority to drag their daughters back into the vortex from which we had endeavoured to rescue them. Some, after but a short stay with us, return to low and dissipated homes, from which they cannot

extricate themselves, and they fall. Some have come to us so deeply sunk in crime, at an age which in the higher classes would be called girlhood, but which in this is experienced womanhood, that in a Home-School, such as we wish ours to be, nothing more can be done than curb their evil propensities during the limited period which they can pass with us. They must be expected to fall again, though we may hope that some seed has been sown in their hearts, which may eventually spring up under the healthy discipline of adversity. Others are brought before our notice as applicants for admission, whom we are compelled to refuse; they have entered too fully into mature vice, and have become too completely sunk into the worst corruption, to be safely admitted into communication with the younger and less depraved girls whom we have undertaken to reform. Yet we grieve to refuse them, for our past experience, with all its discouragements and failures, has only increased our faith that even they might be saved, if only they were placed in proper circumstances, and under the guidance of those who would devote not only their time and labours, but their heart and soul to the work.

Where will a large proportion of these poor girls be sent?

Most of them, we fear, will find their way, ere long, to the Female Convict Prisons at Millbank and Brixton! But a few weeks since one poor girl of 13 was sentenced at assizes on her third conviction to penal servitude, because it was believed that she was so bad that no Reformatory would receive her; and in the Convict Prisons she would probably meet her wicked mother who was already an inmate of them. From time to time we have heard with grief that one or another of our old scholars, for whom indeed we had anticipated such a fall, has already incurred that doom,—is already a government convict.

What are these Convict Prisons? What system is adopted in them? Is there any hope that the women committed to them can be reformed there?

These are questions which must often have anxiously occurred to us Reformatory Managers, who ever feel an almost parental interest in our scholars, even the most obdurate and the worst. Does the Heavenly Father ever forget His most erring children?

Until lately, however, we have had but little opportunity of knowing anything of the true nature of these establishments. Society has gazed with amazement and alarm at the fearful outbreaks and rebellions which have, from time to time, occurred in the Male Convict Prisons, and shuddered at the murder or suicide which the public prints announce as having taken place in those which *were* supposed by the public to be model reformatory as well as penal prisons. But the Female Convict prisons have not thus ostentatiously attracted public

attention. We may indeed have visited them, and under the apparent order and discipline may have noticed indications which to the experienced eye have excited grave suspicions that all was not as satisfactory as it seemed. We may have felt a painful astonishment when we learnt that the elder sister of one of our scholars had but recently emerged from her confinement in those dreaded abodes, when she again received a sentence of penal servitude. We may have heard the cry of wild despair which she uttered, when looking forward, bereft of all hope, to her long sojourn there. But we knew nothing more than such indications afforded us.

The last two years, however, have unlocked the secrets of the prison house, and revealed some of the results of the system adopted there.

The town of Liverpool presents us with very striking and definite information on this subject. The Report of the Governor of the Boro' Gaol, presented to the Mayor, Recorder, and Magistrates of Liverpool on Nov. 3, 1862, gives us the following appalling facts respecting the state of female crime, as indicated by the Gaol statistics. The total number of commitments of *female* prisoners during the year ending with Sept. 30th, 1862, was 4440 adults and 78 juveniles. "The number of persons committed last year," he adds, "are more than have been committed during any year since we have occupied this prison, except the year 1857." * * * "Up to the 18th of August last, the numbers of cells on both sides of the prison were sufficient for the separate confinement of all prisoners in custody here, and for all the past year the cells on the male side of the prison have continued sufficient for the male prisoners; but on the before-mentioned day, and for several days afterwards, the number of female prisoners became greater than the number of cells on that side of the prison; so that I have been occasionally compelled to place two women together in such a number of cells as the excess of numbers required." The excess of adult females committed over the preceding year, he tells us, is no less than 712, while there is a decrease in the juveniles of 5, indicating the continued good effect of reformatories, without which as in former times, the juvenile convictions would probably have shown even a more rapid increase than the adults. "The number of adult females, who were committed here last year," he adds, "exceeded the number of adult males by 21, viz., 4440 adult females against 4419 adult males." Such facts deserve careful consideration, and especially as the proportion of female commitments to male throughout the kingdom does not generally exceed, we believe, one-third of that of males, certainly not one-half, while here in Liverpool there is not only a great increase over former years, but the

actual number of women in gaol exceeds that of men, instead of being one-third or one-half. Now we know that all large towns present numberless temptations to vice, and we believe that in Liverpool dens of iniquity of the most dangerous character abound. We know too that sea-port towns, especially one so situated as Liverpool, are much exposed to be the residence of large numbers of dissolute characters. We are aware also that the very elaborate Police as well as Gaol reports which are prepared in Liverpool, do not often in other places come before the public eye, to startle it with an enormous amount of female depravity. Liverpool must not therefore be held up as peculiarly entitled to unenviable notoriety, and we must endeavour to ascertain some special reason for this immense *increase* of female crime there. We are enabled by the report of the Chaplain of the Gaol, Rev. T. Carter, to form some idea of the share of this which may be given to our Female Convict prisons.

"The large number," he says, "of re-commitments of adults of both sexes cannot but have attracted your notice: and those gentlemen who have been more immediately connected with the administration of justice, in your police and sessions courts, will no doubt have had their attention drawn from time to time to the great number of offences committed by returned penal servitude prisoners and holders of tickets of leave. The full extent of this evil, however, does not lie upon the surface. Some little investigation is needful to discover its proportions. I have not gone very minutely into the question, nor am I able to state in precise figures the number of returned convicts who have been committed to this gaol during the last year. Some idea, though, may be formed when I say that of the sessions cases *alone* 71 (40 males and 31 females) were returned convicts, in many instances holders of tickets of leave even at the time of their further conviction; and on the last day of the official year there were under conviction in this gaol 55 who were recognized as belonging to that category.

"Further, I have inquired into the present doings and mode of life of all the females who have been sentenced to penal servitude between the 1st of June, 1856, and the 31st May, 1859, and I beg to submit the following as the result:—241 were sentenced to various periods of penal servitude during those three years, of whom 34 are still under detention in convict prisons, leaving 207 who are supposed to have undergone their sentences; of these 207, 97 cannot be traced, because many have only just received their liberty; others may in all probability have emigrated or passed to other localities beyond the reach of my enquiry; * 73 have been re-committed, several

* Of those "not known" others were committed shortly after this Report was written.

subjected to second like sentences; 17 are known to be living disorderly lives and maintaining themselves by crime; 7 have been pardoned on medical grounds, dead, or lunatics; 4 are known to have migrated to other localities, and all trace is lost; 1 is in a refuge in London; whilst only 8 are known to be so far doing well.

"Now, these figures exhibit a fearful state of things. I give them as plain facts, and leave others to draw their own deductions from them. One conclusion, however, cannot be evaded, namely, that the *present mode of treatment adopted in our convict prisons is a complete failure.* Nearly the whole of those women—certainly a large proportion of them—have been returned to Liverpool to mix again with our population and to spread *the leaven of their pernicious influence* with this condition in their hands endorsed on their license—'To produce a forfeiture of the license it is by no means necessary that the holder should be convicted of any new offence. If she associates with notoriously bad characters, leads an idle or dissolute life, or has no visible means of obtaining an honest livelihood, &c., it will be assumed that she is about to relapse into crime, and she will be at once apprehended and re-committed to prison under her original sentence.' But this intimation is a dead letter—a mere idle threat. I do not know of a single instance wherein it has ever been enforced; indeed, how is it possible that it should be carried into effect where there not only exists no machinery, no organized arrangements for enforcing the condition, but whilst the heads of the convict department, with singular inconsistency, discountenance all interference."

Here then we have one most important cause of the great increase of female crime in Liverpool.

Now in the figures given us by Mr. Carter, there can be no mistake, because they are founded not on vague report or supposition, but on positive information obtained through a well-organized police and other official aids. The conviction he expresses of the "complete failure" of the present system adopted in our Female Convict Prisons is not one founded alone on the conclusive statistics just quoted, which shew that only 8 women are known to be doing well out of 241 sent to the Convict Gaols. The conclusions he has arrived at are founded on very long and close personal observation of the results, as well as causes of female crime, and all of us who have been working at the Reformatory cause know well how important and valuable have been the contributions he has made to it from the very first, founded on his daily work in the Liverpool Boro' Gaol for a long course of years. This testimony and the conclusions he has arrived at, are founded on actual *results.* If the Inspector of our Reformatories discovered such

results in the scholars of our schools, criminal convicted children as they are, would he not at once infer, either that the system adopted in them was bad, or that the officials were inefficient and neglectful of duty. We cannot believe that such extraordinary failure arises from any inefficiency in the officials of the Convict Prisons, respecting whom high testimony is borne by the Directors in their reports. We believe, therefore, that the system adopted must be *completely wrong*, and can *never do* what is intended, i.e. *reform female convicts.* In support of this conclusion we might quote the statistics of other prisons, where the same careful investigation has been made; we might bring numberless cases from Police Reports, where peculiarly accomplished thieves and female pickpockets prove to be ticket-of-leave women, or some that have received a long training in a Convict Prison. We might even take the evidence of one of the Directors of the Female Convict Prisons before the late Commission, and show his utter hopelessness of effecting any beneficial change in their very unsatisfactory state, except indeed the use of the stocks! The stocks for women under reformatory treatment! We have ample evidence to prove that the whole system is wrong.

The subject of Convict discipline, and especially what concerns Female Convicts, their condition and treatment, has, until recently, been quite beyond the scope of popular knowledge or consideration; and while the public has been lately forced into some attention to the male convicts and their management, few have known anything about the women who are in Millbank and Brixton. The extraordinary book which has this year reached a third edition, "Female Life in Prison, by a Prison Matron," has however startled the public by its extraordinary revelations. Its authenticity has not been questioned even by those who may most regret its publication. It is written in no unfriendly spirit to the Directors, to one of whom it is gratefully dedicated, and the chief object apparent is to have a better position secured to the "Prison Matrons," many of whom are "young ladies" who have been compelled, by want of more suitable means of obtaining a livelihood, to undertake the painful and arduous task of controuling these wretched women. Now the general impression excited in the public mind by these volumes is that these women are so remarkably and incredibly bad that any attempt to improve them must be hopeless. It must be confessed that in the condition there described, and under the *existing system*, improvement may be impossible. But these women do not exhibit any features of character which may not be observed by experienced officials in ordinary gaols, and which indeed may be noticed in a nascent state in the inmates of our own Reformatories. The extraordinary and

ridiculous vanity displayed may seem incredible when exhibited in a degraded convict woman, but it does exist in our criminal population, and even in our reformatory girls, more strongly than in well-educated persons. The extreme self-consideration, selfishness, wilfulness, excitability, deception, pourtrayed in these volumes are common to all ill-regulated women; the passionate and violent excitement manifested when they are placed under the controul of the other sex may be witnessed at our police courts and in our streets, when females maddened by liquor and inflamed passions find themselves in the grasp of a policeman; it is appalling to see what supernatural strength even a young girl can put forth when so excited. In ordinary Gaols, even in our Reformatories, such scenes might occur, such characters be developed *if* there were not a proper controul steadily exercised under a judicious system, which prevents it. The wilful destruction of property called "smashing" so common in these Convict Prisons, or the frightful scenes of violence described by the Prison Matron, do *not* occur in well-ordered gaols, as we have heard on good authority! Whence this difference? Why are those establishments which are supported by the country at so large a cost to remain in this unsatisfactory state? Surely the closest investigation should be made; for are not these women, if discharged unreformed, certain to become centres of evil influence to those around them, as they have been at Liverpool, thus increasing crime, and becoming perhaps the mothers of a progeny of convicts?

We might be expected to feel a hesitation in offering any suggestions respecting the re-organising of the system of treatment of female convicts which ought to be made, knowing well what difference there must be between the treatment of children and of adults, between a government and a voluntary institution. Confident as we feel in our principles of management and believing them applicable both to young and old, we might hesitate to obtrude them on public notice, did we not know how successfully they have been carried out in the Irish Convict Prisons, on a system which has stood the test of the severest scrutiny, the closest investigation. It would be superfluous here to say what has there been done, what triumphant victories over vice have been achieved; for two years ago this Association had the privilege of being eye-witnesses of the whole, and of endorsing with their strong approbation the system as carried out by the Board of Directors, under their admirable Chairman, Sir Walter Crofton, whose remarkable union of the varied talents needed for the work, with a benevolence and devotion which enlisted those under him to labour with them—planned and executed a work

which will benefit by its example not only Ireland but distant countries.

The management and treatment of convict women he found more difficult than that of men. But he surmounted the difficulty. The Director has not there to complain of the outrageous and disorderly conduct of the women. They are under steady firm controul, and any instances of insubordination do not therefore rise to the frightful excesses described in the volumes we have alluded to. There is no such complaint there, as we find in the Report of the Lady Superintendent of Brixton Prison for the last year, that "36 have been transferred to the penal and probation classes at Millbank, of whom 13 had assaulted officers, for which *outrageous* and cruel offence," she says, "no punishment in this prison could be adequate!" There is a very different spirit existing in Mountjoy prison, and no specially severe treatment is there required for the "savage conduct of ferociously injuring their fellow creatures," of which complaint is made at Brixton. The schoolmistress has not to lament as at Brixton, the impossibility of alone controuling women who have no interest in learning and of infusing into them a real desire to improve their minds. We have ourselves witnessed the striking and most gratifying spectacle of the lesson room at Mountjoy, where the various classes were going on and improving to the mutual satisfaction of teacher and taught; even grey-headed women learning for the first time to read, and submitting to the drudgery involved in the task with cheerful and grateful alacrity. The results of the system are tested by the *voluntary* institutions into which well-disposed convicts are drafted on license, and from which the public willingly receive them. To these the Four Yorkshire Magistrates have borne their strong testimony, a testimony which we can endorse from personal observation. Why should not efforts be made to induce the government to alter the system for women which has been so unsuccessful, and to construct it on the principles and method which have proved so successful elsewhere? Why not enlist in the work the voluntary efforts of true-hearted women, as has been done in Ireland, and in our Reformatories? Surely such may be found here as there! Thus and thus only do I believe that these women can be rescued from their evil ways,—thus may they be restored to society, and instead of becoming as they do now its bane, may be made to become its blessing.

XLVI.—WEATHER-BOUND. A STORY OF QUEEN ANNE'S DAYS.

AMONG the sciences, geography must be that one in particular, which like a certain cardinal virtue, assuredly ought to begin at home; and yet between the old notion inborn with most men that things remote must be better worth going to see than those which lie within an easy distance, and the new facilities afforded now-a-days for distant travel, we run some risk of being better acquainted with the Himalayan range than with the mountains of Great Britain, and of knowing more about the islands of the Persian Gulf than of those which dot our home seas. Take, for instance, one bright little island which blossoms up like a sea-flower out of the North Channel. There it lies just off the coast of Antrim; the tourist at the Giant's causeway looks completely into it, and yet many an Englishman familiar with every speck of land in the Mediterranean hardly knows so much as the name of this little Raughlin or Rathlin, as it is generally called.

The spot is worth a visit, if only for the sake of the prospect, which, after the miniature island scenery through which you reach its extreme eastern point, breaks upon you there with a grand surprise. Opposite lie Jura and Islay; beyond these under a full burst of sunshine, the mountains of Skye seem to start out from the horizon. Then to the right, Scotland with her rock and crag-bound shores, the Cantire hills, the peaks of Arran, Ailsa Craig, all these crowd the panorama. Turning to the Irish mainland, the dark cliffs of the Causeway, the giant boulders and columns of Benmore frown near at hand; and the skyline is rugged with distant hills. North, south, and east the great barriers of rock, and peak, and crag rise near and far, while to the west the unbroken channel sweeps sheer out into the Atlantic. A hundred sails dot the waters; the sea-fowl flash and whirr by. Down below hundreds of gulls toss and gyrate in the sunshine. Watching them, the eye, fairly wearied of so much life and light, turns with relief to the points of human interest in the picture; the heavy-laden boat lazily swinging on to shore; the weed-gatherers on the low rocks, the group of women busy with their primitive kelp-furnace, towards which a bundle of children, genuine Irish, all naked arms and legs, come paddling through the tide-pools.

Such is Rathlin in its sunniest mood. But woe betide the traveller who puts his faith too implicitly in Rathlin sunshine. Let the wind only blow from any quarter but the south, and with scant warning its grand headland, the Bull, retires into a

winding-sheet of mist. Then at once comes on such a conglomeration of hard gales, dense fog, and rioting surf, that escape out of the place is utterly impossible. More than once an unsuspecting pic-nic party has crossed for a day's pleasure and has been weather-bound a dreary fortnight, and a winter seldom passes without keeping some Ballycastle Dr. Slop quite as long from his patients and his fees on the main land.

So near to us, my reader, lies one of the "enchanted islands" of old story, one too which still, in this matter-of-fact age, maintains its ancient right to take prisoners all who set foot upon it. To tell the truth, any special interest the present writer finds in Rathlin depends upon this weird prerogative, for thereby it became the scene of a somewhat curious and characteristic narrative, now lying before me; not however in print, but among sundry parcels of MSS., most of which date back into the middle of the last century. I look in vain through the pages, out of which by-the-bye old rose-leaves and lavender flutter as they are turned over, for the writer's real name. His signature is simply "Osmyn," but he introduces himself as "cousin to the learned Dr. Thomas Sheridan;" that Sheridan, Swift's friend, who as you remember spoiled his preferment by choosing too significant a text on the anniversary of the Hanoverian accession.* As for Sheridan's cousin, though he touches upon politics with a whispering caution, much like a man talking secrets under his breath, yet it is easy to guess him Jacobite to the backbone; one who, we may be sure, when he does drink the king's health, never forgets to pass his glass over the water-bottle. A staunch old partisan moreover, he flashes out into boldness when his topic is the Duke of Ormond. To him Ormond is "a man whose great birth made the least part of his nobility;" highminded, generous, a brave soldier, "a great general whose undeserved misfortunes sprung entirely from obedience to the secret orders of his sovereign." Indeed, under the outburst of real feeling, so warm and life-like grows the page, one half forgets that both hero and writer have been shadows this century past: word for word almost it might be the indignant protest of some living Italian over his own great chief. But to come to the story itself. Here again the surname of one of the principal figures is suppressed, a reserve "Osmyn" most likely considered due to his authority, for, as he tells us, "The truth of this anecdote I can vouch for in all particulars, having had the same from the mouth of this good clergyman's son who hath often obligingly diverted me with this history."

Our story belongs to the early part of queen Anne's reign. At that time Rathlin was a bleak and barren spot, a few

* "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

fishers' huts were scattered here and there, but the island only boasted one house, a homely straggling parsonage hard by the grey church which nestled among the Scotch firs of its grave-yard at the head of Church Bay. Cut off from the world as this single house might be, yet at times it was not unfrequented by guests, for, in accordance with hospitable island custom, whenever a ship stranded or went to pieces on the rocks, the fishermen took care of the sailors, while for all of higher degree, their good parson, Joseph P., kept open house, his wife Rebecca cheerfully dedicating her best room, a low spacious parlour looking seaward, to the service of this human jetsam and flotsam. And here, on a certain November morning, dim and stormy, the scene opens. There is a ship in distress, and for hours past Joseph has been down on the beach, while his wife is busied with kindly cares for guests who, God help them, perhaps are never to come. Some doubt like this shadowed the housewife's face as she piled the hearth with fresh drift-wood. "They will be here soon; Joseph has brought so many;" said Rebecca aloud, reassuring herself. "And then how the fire blazes! The fish-wives say fires lighted for drowned men never burn with good will." And as if well pleased to confirm the omen, her fire blazed brighter, higher, playing a thousand vagaries of dark and bright all over the apartment. It lighted up precisely such an interior as you may have often looked into through some old Dutch picture; a room with clean stone floor, its tables set on heavy framework, its straight-backed chairs, its massive candlestands of polished metal flanking a tall carved press. Here were carved chests too, like those Rembrandt loved to paint; ay, and from Rembrandt's own hand was the portrait over the mantelpiece, that of a certain Jacob Flaten, Rebecca's Dutch ancestor, who, frowning from the wall at his former household gods, looked by no means well pleased to see them transported so many leagues from the Zuyder Zee. Jacob's grand-daughter in white linen cap, and skirts cut short and full, Dutch fashion, is in perfect keeping with the scene as she moves through it, kind-looking, plump, and comely, now reaching out linen from the press, presently passing out into the kitchen beyond, then coming again and again into the warm light, her hands full of oatcake piled on delf-ware, of honey, cheese, and flowing milk-bowls.

Everything was ready at last, and Rebecca, taking up her knitting, went to the window. A chill grey morning she looked out upon; the wind sending long moans through the churchyard firs; the sea tossing heavily through the mist beyond. Still, there had been a decided lull, though the storm was now rising again, and, from this, past experience taught Rebecca to

hope for the best. That day, at least, she was not to be disappointed, for hardly had she taken up her position five minutes before down went the stocking, pins, yarn and all, while the knitter, with welcome in her face was hurrying to the door. The next minute her husband entered accompanied by two strangers. They had crossed half-way between Holyhead and Ireland, when foul weather setting in, their vessel became unmanageable, drove up the mouth of the channel, full into the currents, at whose vortex Rathlin lies, and had, after hours of imminent danger, only been brought into the bay during that merciful pause in the tempest.

Such was in brief the description of their mishap given by the elder of the travellers, as he stood before the fire, recounting his adventures with the ease of a man of the world who finds himself at home everywhere; and at once his entertainers secretly thought their present guest the finest gentleman they had ever sheltered. A man in the prime of life with a stately presence, dark handsome eyes, and a face that might have been heroic, had not the mouth and chin belied,—as, if you are a physiognomist, you must have observed mouth and chin often will belie its general character. And here they were decidedly those of an easy-tempered pleasure-loving man.

A great boon to its owner under present circumstances, that easy temper was to prove. While his companion fretted half the day through, and fairly groaned aloud when Joseph prognosticated that for a week or more it would be impossible to cross to the main land, the other took the contretemps lightly enough. Just the kind of nature was his on which fresh scenes and persons make a lively impression; and now the patriarchal manners of the primitive household into which he had been so unexpectedly dropped touched the stranger's fancy with a new charm. Determining to beguile the time by making a closer acquaintance with these good folks, he watched when the family gathered for the evening in the kitchen and asked leave to join the party. It was cheerfully granted; Jacob Platen's capacious arm-chair was rolled out from the chimney-corner to honour the visitor, and presently the work went on busily again; Rebecca and her girls spinning while the boys knit stockings, except the eldest who reeled the yarn with his father, and the youngest, too much of a baby yet for any use of his small fat hands beyond clapping them over the burr and motion of his mother's wheel. The group showed doubly picturesque, lighted up as it was less by the housewife's single candle than the blazing pine-logs, which flung broad lights into distant corners, and brought out the careful cleanliness of the kitchen to the best advantage. And through all a sense of peace and order was felt like a pervading atmosphere,

so much indeed that it had infected the very dogs and cats which lay before the fire, evidently on the best possible terms with one another, a confused medley of soft and shaggy heads, ears, tails and outstretched paws.

For a few minutes, the new comer looked on silently, like a man much in love with some picture, indeed till Joseph had asked the second time for the latest news from London. Once set going, the talk went on briskly enough. Party politics were just touched upon and no more; perhaps the stranger might have had enough of them elsewhere. There was no lack of other topics between host and guest; the French king's projects abroad; the troubles in Scotland; the campaign in the Low Countries. And Joseph was eager to ask a hundred questions about the great controversy then at full rage between Boyle and Bentley, which had shaken out such a storm of pamphlets upon the learned world. Nay, had our parson been less modest, his guest might have learnt how he himself had drawn pen on the side of his beloved ancients, though by the way without the faintest hope that his thesis would ever see more of the light than came to it through the key-hole of one of the carved chests. All that evening, the two men sat talking, each well pleased with the other, and yet so widely different; the stranger with his white lordly hands, with gracious air, with a high-bred indolence in every attitude; the other deferential, yet sturdy, wearing the marks of his patient daily toil, both in face and figure, those large brown hands busily reeling yarn while their owner quoted the classics.

So every evening the burr of the spinning-wheels brought our traveller into the kitchen for a week or more, till, entering as usual one day, he was greeted with the news, that, though the weather looked unpromising as ever, it would certainly clear before morning, for the peewits were at play again, and the mist was lifting off the hills. A fine day to-morrow! it seemed impossible to the guest as, going to the window, he looked out on the dark skyline. Some little time he stood there, his mind hurried away with a crowd of thoughts suggested in spite of himself, by the contrast between the scene out-of-doors and that just around him; all that wild riot of the elements without; within, this still warm atmosphere of household love. At length, smothering down these half-formed fancies with a sigh, the stranger turned hastily from the window, and as he took the accustomed chair, asked Joseph somewhat abruptly for his history. It was easily told. A young couple, without fortune, though both of gentle blood, had perished together in the great plague. They left Joseph, then a mere infant, to the care of his father's cousin. The boy proved of a studious turn; in due time became a servitor at Oxford, and was appointed, after

taking his degree, to accompany a young gentleman on his travels. Staying some weeks at the Hague, they had lodgings there with the widow of a burgher, between whose only child Rebecca, and the young priest, a strong attachment sprang up, though as Joseph said, "Save a word at parting, we spoke nought of it one to the other, seeing we were poor, both of us." However, within that same year, Joseph's cousin, or somebody else, procured him this little cure of Rathlin, and then the lover wrote at once, begging of the widow her daughter and her blessing. The good woman, herself English by birth, and well content that Rebecca should marry one of her own countrymen, readily promised both. Joseph, after laying out pretty nearly all he was worth on making the house habitable, went joyfully over to Holland, to fetch his bride and her mother. As to the furniture, that was Rebecca's dowry, transported free of charge by her uncle, a good-natured Dutch skipper. "Thus," said our parson, ending his story, "here we have lived ever since, in as much content as falls to the lot of most men, and have had but one great sorrow—when the good mother died."

"And what may be the amount of your stipend," asked the guest, after a pause. Perhaps he was thinking if any change could be one for the better with these happy people.

"Well, something under thirty pounds a year," was the answer.

"Thirty pounds a year!" echoed the other; "why, my friend, how in the name of fortune can you contrive to live on that, and maintain good housekeeping too?"

His host smiled with honest pride. "It is no miracle; you know, sir, what Solomon says." The wife's cheek was burning; she felt her husband's praise through the latin of the text. "Yes, sir," he went on, "my Rebecca is indeed the best of housewives; we keep two cows, and sell the cheese and butter. We can grow flax and graze a few sheep, which I shear, and as you see, the spinning-wheel goes daily. That provides our clothing. Then our bees, not less busy than ourselves, bring plenty of honey. Our girls keep hens, and the boys go fishing, so, with killing a pig in winter, and a sheep on great occasions, we think our table handsomely furnished. Such learning as I have myself I give my children; and thank God, we have a few pounds laid up against any sore need."

The stranger, twirling his gold snuff-box between those dainty fingers, quoted Horace. "Ah, my friend, few of us like you have their lot cast in Arcadia; but tell me honestly, do you never long for something better than this poor place? Have you never thought, that while you, a scholar and a gentleman, toil on here, men, not nearly so deserving as yourself, enjoy great benefices?"

The parson's cheek flushed. Who might this man be, with his gracious air, and his tones of authority? By what right was he putting such home questions? Never mind; what shame ever was in the truth? so out the truth came. "Nay, such thoughts trouble me little now. I have had them in past years, like most others. Only"—just a shade the grave voice was faltering here; "I grieve still, at times, over my children. They come of gentle blood, but my lads will have to go to plough, and their sisters to service. We cannot always live as we do now. God willing, for their sake, I should have desired better fortune."

Honest Joseph, like us all, my reader, had his skeleton in the closet. And now he had taken it out quietly enough, yet withal in a way of his own which went closer to his hearer's heart than if, as you know often happens, the skeleton had been produced with melodramatic flourishes till every bone of it rattled again. Rebecca's wheel stopped; she looked up in some surprise at her husband; this trouble had been brooded over so secretly that the good wife had never so much as guessed at it.

"Take courage," said the stranger, cheerily. "You deserve a piece of good fortune, and depend upon it, this will come to you. What should you say now to a tolerable living in Ireland, where you could lay by for your family? Ah! be sure the next that falls vacant I shall remember my friends here at Rathlin."

A glance of astonishment and doubt passed between the married pair. Was Church patronage really in the power of this incomprehensible stranger, or was he only jesting? So much they were burning to ask, but then how to put the question? That was no easy matter. For a minute or so, their guest talked good-naturedly to Phœbe, the eldest girl, a round-faced damsel of thirteen. He was asking Phœbe if she would not love to come to Dublin, and see the park, and fine ladies and gentlemen walking about. And there he was, saying "good night," before Phœbe, blushing up to her eyes with pleasure, had found any answer. Already his hand was on the door, when turning round, a sense of the painful suspense he left behind flashed upon him. One minute the traveller stood undecided, the next, coming back a step or two into the room, he exclaimed, "Good people, pray believe that I am able to keep my promise. You have the word of the Duke of Ormond for it—the lord-lieutenant of Ireland."

He was gone and had shut the door. Little Phœbe sat at her wheel in a maze. She would have been puzzled to tell the meaning of those last words, and yet she felt all wonder and excitement. Phœbe twitched her thread till it snapped, and

looked up for the expected rebuke, to see her mother sitting like a woman struck dumb, and quite unconscious of the little maid's short-comings. As for Joseph, his heart was beating fast, faster perhaps than it had done any day since that when the "one word at parting" was spoken. Glancing at his eldest boy, their eyes met, and saw through all that whirl of amazement, the same thought fly into each other's mind—the joy that now the lad will go to college, as his father went before him. With these four the great news rested; the younger ones went quietly on; they knew nothing about preferment, and just as much about dukes. The wonderful announcement had stirred them not at all, not any more than it stirred that heap of dog-and-cat life basking in the red light of the hearth.

First-rate barometers, let me tell you, are hills and lapwings. So at least my lord duke had reason to think when next morning there lay before him the channel clear and blue, and as smooth as glass. Ormond hastened his departure; this had been a stolen visit of his to London, and he was anxious to show himself in the Irish capital without further delay. He took gracious leave of his entertainers, slipped a handsome parting present into Rebecca's hand, and renewed his promise of the night before to her husband.

(To be continued.)

XLVII.—A SEASON WITH THE DRESSMAKERS,

OR THE EXPERIENCE OF A FIRST-HAND.

(Concluded.)

CHAPTER VIII.

ON my retirement from business, when passing my assistants into other houses, I received from them various little tokens of affectionate regard, which I shall ever value as proofs of their appreciation of what I did to contribute to their happiness and comfort. They afterwards brought me various reports of their new homes and employers, but none worth repeating here—all being of a very similar nature, viz., that they found the hours of duty *very long* after what they had been accustomed to with me, &c., &c.; indeed, the principal of one house, with whom I negotiated for some of my young people, was frank enough to say she scarcely liked taking any one from me, as she considered I "spoiled" all mine, while in her house they must be prepared to work late and early.

One young person, Harriett C——, for whom I had a great regard, had resided with me two years; she was most genteelly

connected, of pleasing manners, and very ladylike in her appearance; and as she had become tired of the work-room, I passed her into the house of a near neighbour, in the same business, to attend in the show room. There she remained nearly another two years, giving great satisfaction to her employer; but herself not quite so well satisfied, in consequence of the overbearing conduct of two daughters who had recently left boarding school; and who, though having nothing whatever to do with the business, yet made themselves exceedingly obnoxious to those employed in the establishment. On leaving here she entered a very celebrated house in Regent Street, to which I have before alluded, the business of which had been left by the recently deceased former principal to a young French woman, who had previously been her first-hand. If the mode of conducting that establishment were harsh and severe while her eccentric predecessor owned it, it became doubly so, it would seem, when this Madame —— and her young husband assumed the reins of government; though the contrary might rather have been expected from the fact of Madame —— herself having been an employé there, having participated with the others in their privations, and joined with them in finding fault with the arrangements. With regard to the food, however, I have never heard any complaint. As the young couple, shortly after their "accession," took a small farm a short distance from town, which supplies their house of business with all dairy produce, that of course is all genuine and wholesome; and in other respects I believe a sufficiency of good plain substantial fare is always provided. Unfortunately this is all that can be said in favour of this establishment. The business is immense; the hours of work excessive, continuing even sometimes throughout the night, a fact which is quite inexcusable; for being large capitalists, the proprietors are not cramped for means to pay a sufficient number of assistants to execute their orders. Yet it is so general a thing to have some of the hands ill from over work, that it is treated quite as a matter of course. What wonder then that we have "death in the work-room?"

Harriett C—— was engaged here for the work-room, in which she continued to discharge her duties for nearly a year, when an abscess formed on one of her fingers, of course rendering it quite impossible for her to use her hand. Under these circumstances, she asked permission to go home till it was well; but was most peremptorily refused by the stern "man milliner," who told her that if she could not work, she must at all events devote her time to waiting on ladies in the show-room. This she accordingly did, and in a manner so satisfactory to her employers, that they determined upon keeping her so occupied instead of sending her back to the

work-room. She was much pleased at the exchange of duties, supposing that she would, like the other saleswomen, have at least an hour or two in the evening to herself. This was allowed her for about six months, when one evening her task-master said to her "Miss C——, when you have arranged and made all tidy in your department, you must go and help them to-night in the work-room, they are so very busy." At this she naturally hesitated, reminding him that she was then engaged for show-room duties only, and was too tired out with standing, waiting on ladies all the day, and then clearing up her stock, to go then and sit down to several hours of hard work. She therefore firmly declined. Upon this, she was told by Mr. —— that she must either do as he required, or leave the establishment the following morning (for it was then 9 at night). She preferred the latter alternative, and accordingly early the next morning, Mr. —— sent for her, paid her salary up to that day, and without any more ceremony dismissed her.

I must here state that it is this man, *and not his wife*, who engages and dismisses all their assistants. He does not take the trouble to go after references, because he says he has no time to spare to make enquiries; hence, any young person seeking employment there, has a few questions put to her, and if she is considered by him as likely to suit, she is sent into the work-room for a day's trial. If found equal to her representations she is retained, but if otherwise she is dismissed the same evening. Never requiring a reference, he never allows himself to be referred to by those who leave; nor does he give a month's notice, as is usual in other establishments, but generally dismisses his young people at a moment's warning. Such was the case with Harriett C——, and most fortunate was it for her that she had friends to go to.

As one of the duties of the show-room, she had charge of a particular class of lace. A fortnight after she left, Madame —— requiring some of this lace, said to one of the young people, "Go and ask Miss C—— for it, she will know where to find it." "Miss C—— has left, Madame, she has been gone about a fortnight." "Left!" exclaimed Madame ——, "and what was this for?" The reason was explained; when, stamp, stamp, went the little foot on the floor with absolute rage. "Exactly like his stupidity," cries she, "Mr. —— (her husband) sends off all my best hands!"

Here, a fortnight had absolutely elapsed before the lady of the establishment found out that her "lord and master" had dismissed one of her most valuable assistants. When too late, she rebuked him for it. But she would excuse herself by saying she has not time herself to look after the young people; she has too much else to attend to.

As regards the want of air and ventilation in the work-rooms and sleeping pens (for bed-rooms they do not deserve to be called); they have been described—and I believe correctly—as "scarcely fit for pigs to sleep in;" so small, so "packed," and, like the work-rooms, so vitiated with foul air. Just as one young person is required to do the work of two, so it is also expected that the number of cubic feet of fresh air which is necessary for the health of one single individual, must serve here for three or four. And this remark, I am sorry to say, applies to nearly all the fashionable dress-making houses at the West End. No marvel is it then that pale worn-out forms emerge from these portals on a Sunday, and that the end should be "death in the work-room."

I have lately received a newspaper from the West Indies, from an island where, until within the last few years, slavery—I mean *black* slavery—existed to an immense extent. I shall now quote what they say of the English *white* slavery system.

"The death of a young female, Mary Ann Walkley, in the service of a fashionable West End milliner, Madame Elise, a Frenchwoman, from exhaustion, caused by over-work and the breathing of impure air, has caused a sensation in London. The facts connected with the extinction of this young creature, as they were developed at the inquiry before the Coroner, reveal a state of things about which the fine ladies who employ these court milliners can know nothing. Dr. Lankester has made a report on the subject which will deepen public indignation. 'I found 60 people,' he says, 'working in two rooms, which contained 3630 cubic feet of air; and this gives but little more than 60 feet of air to each person.' It has been remarked that, in a sanitary point of view, these rooms have even less air than the Black Hole of Calcutta; into which, though double the number of people were thrust, yet many of them died a horrible death in the course of a single night. English girls, or indeed human beings of any age or sex, working continuously in such an atmosphere as these rooms in the establishment of Madame Elise, are as virtually poisoned as if they had partaken of a portion of some deadly narcotic. But the impurity of the atmosphere where the labour is performed is not all. The sleeping apartments are nearly as bad as the work-shops. Dr. Lankester found 19 rooms, some single bedded, some double bedded, and some with three beds in them. The room in which the deceased slept was too small to afford the requisite quantity of air during the night; but it is the duration of labour that is the most exhausting, and on the eve of a Drawing-room, or any other exciting event in the fashionable world, these unhappy beings pay the penalty of loss of life or health. It is time to subject such places to regulations not dissimilar to those in force respecting lodging-houses; for the cupidity, or ignorance, or both, of those who live on the labour of others, will never induce a change, except under the pressure of repressive laws. This principle might be advantageously extended to all places where large numbers of people are collected. The first duty of the state is to preserve human life from reckless sacrifice."

Bridge-Town Times, Barbadoes, July 21*st*, 1863.

An American paper was also sent to me, which contained a leading article on the same subject, even very much more

strongly expressed than these West Indian comments on the atrocities of white slavery.

I have a near and dear relative who for more than 30 years has held an important Government office in one of our West Indian colonies, in close proximity to Barbadoes; and where of course, as in all the other islands, all was once slave labour. The time came, however, when slavery was happily abolished, and it became the proud duty of my relative, as the representative of our Queen, to proclaim to the blacks their freedom. This was of course a public ceremonial, and as this gentleman rode through the town, reading aloud the document which set them free, the happy blacks strewed flowers in front of his horse, exclaiming "De queen friend, de queen broder! God will bless de queen broder!"

Who is there to come forward in the name of the Queen and proclaim the freedom of our white slaves of the needle at home? Surely the day must come when it will be announced, that Her Majesty and Her Majesty's government have at last interfered to prevent the wanton sacrifice of human life in milliners' work-rooms, and have rendered it a punishable offence, either to keep young girls at work more than 12 hours a day, or to require them to sleep or work in rooms not properly ventilated. To enforce this, there must of course be a supervision of the establishments by proper authorities; but this can, and it *must* be done.

And now, but a few words more, ere I close and leave this matter in the hands of others who may be better able to bring about a reformation than I am.

Since writing the preceding pages, I am glad indeed to find that the "Milliners and Dressmakers' Association," so long in abeyance, has again come forward to try what it can do to put a stop to the miseries of young females of this class. I pray that their efforts may be more successful this time than they were before, when even a lady of their own Committee was obliged to acknowledge their impotence. Another Association having the same object in view has also sprung up lately, under the auspices of many noble names. Its temporary offices are at Finsbury; those of the former Association are now in Bond St. God speed them both and crown their efforts with success!

I would now address a few words specially to first-hands, and feel assured that if they will only act in union, and on the principles I shall suggest, they may materially assist both these Associations in their arduous work. I look upon milliners and dressmakers' establishments as "Miniature Kingdoms;" the principals as sovereigns, the "first-hands" as representing the ministry, and the assistants as the com-

munity. Is it not, then, the duty of the first-hands—while yet discharging strictly their duty to their employers—to endeavour to remove the evils inflicted on themselves and those under them? Such, at least, is my view of the case, and I think the world generally will bear me out in it.

Thoroughly competent first-hands are not so plentiful as apprentices, improvers, ordinary assistants, or day workers. "Union is strength;" and as these fashionable houses *cannot* carry on their business without properly qualified first-hands, I would say then, let these *unite*, and each render monthly to one or both of the before-mentioned Associations, an exact return of the hours they, and those under them, have been required to work, and such other little details of their treatment as may be necessary. This may be done either in a public or private manner, but in either case it is possible that their immediate dismissal might follow. This is one of the difficulties the "Association" must be prepared to meet, viz., to provide for any first-hand, under such circumstances, till they can find her a more suitable engagement. This would, of course, require funds, but these I am convinced will be readily forthcoming if the case is properly laid before the public—that public which is already pining to do something towards ameliorating the condition of their suffering sisters.

Then with regard to the principals of houses—should these Associations receive from the first hand of any house a report which the Committee cannot approve, I would suggest that they should forward a communication to the principal, intimating their knowledge of the long hours, &c., and that unless such are modified and other suitable arrangements made—in a word, unless the next report received is more satisfactory, the name of such house and other particulars will be printed and publicly exposed in the office of the Association, and, if practicable, communicated by circular to the ladies of the aristocracy, who would then, in the cause of humanity, cease to patronize such an establishment. It has been suggested to me, by many persons who are interesting themselves in the matter, that a "strike" would be a very desirable and certain means of bringing about a reformation; and though I have a great horror of strikes generally, I am quite willing in this case to endorse that opinion to a certain extent; but a great difficulty arises as to how this could be effected. What is to become of those thousands of young people while they are "on strike?" How are they to be housed and fed? Until, therefore, these necessities can be provided for, a strike seems impossible. From any voluntary concession on the part of fashionable *modistes* there is little to hope, but much might be expected were their aristocratic patrons to take up the question

in earnest. Much has to be done by them if the annual sacrifice of lives to cupidity and callous indifference on the part of the heads of fashionable West-end houses is in future to be prevented. I would suggest that the Dressmakers' Institution should hold a meeting early in the year, *before the season commences;* that the aristocratic patrons should *pledge* themselves to withhold their orders from those establishments which refuse to adopt the twelve-hour system; and as the promises of employers have too often not been adhered to, or at best only partially fulfilled, the first-hand's monthly note to the Association should be voted an indispensable requirement. If the ladies of the aristocracy would, as a body, take up the matter thus, the evil must give way. It is earnestly to be wished that this suggestion may not be disregarded; and if the ladies of the Dressmakers' Institution, who profess so much anxiety to ameliorate the hard fate of their humble sisters, to whose skill they are indebted for the attire they are so proud to wear, will adopt and act zealously upon it, and the self-interest of employers shall thus be enlisted in the cause of abridging the hours of labour within the moderate limits of twelve hours a day, we may reasonably look to see much effected.

It is a melancholy reflection that women should be the hardest task-mistresses to their own sex, but there is too much evidence of this fact in the working arrangements of many millinery establishments. Let the high-born patronesses of the employers of labour, therefore, bestir themselves in time, and, by exerting their united influence, insist upon such changes as shall render the next fashionable "season" a striking contrast to those which have preceded it; and, above all, let them take care to see that the regulations that may be made are honestly carried out.

Philanthropists have described the consequences of this system of white slave-driving, and physicians have added their professional experience of its shocking effects in hurrying hundreds of young creatures every year to the grave; and, no doubt, such warnings have not been altogether in vain. But whatever temporary alleviation or change may have been produced, there is a constant tendency to fall back upon excessive work when public attention is directed to other matters; and thus while the good is transient, the temptation to perpetuate the system remains in full force. Since, then, the evil of excessive labour among this ill-used class of persons is still the rule, and its mitigation the exception, it is important to take the most effectual steps that can be taken to secure the end in view. The "Times" of March 30th, 1853, in one of its "leaders," commenting on a letter of mine which they published, says,—

"If the Sutherland House Committee would fairly set the example, and carry out their design with sufficient vigilance, we doubt not they could execute the task. They did not shrink from the wholesale difficulty of emancipating the three or four millions of negroes of the United States,—why hesitate at grappling with the London mantua makers, who are dependent for their existence upon the goodwill and patronage of their customers? No doubt their intelligence will find a way out of difficulties which puzzle the masculine brain. * * * For ourselves, we can but point to other climates where toil meets with its appropriate reward, and urge these unfortunates to leave their native shores as soon as passage-money can be scraped together. Those who go will find a better England at the other side of the globe, and those who remain will find the market in a more wholesome condition. Almost every week we have to record a strike for increase of wages among certain classes of male labourers—it is time that the turn of the overworked women had come."

I may here give an illustration of how impossible it is for girls, unaided, to help themselves. The applications I constantly had from young people leaving these "work-houses," and the harrowing tales I heard from them, were distressing in the extreme. One I most particularly remember, who presented herself in a fearful state of distress, begging me to give her employment. She had been dismissed her situation, because, suffering severely in health, she refused to work after 10 p.m. She sought employment elsewhere, and was engaged, provided her reference suited; but when in answer to the usual inquiry, "What was her reason for leaving?" the answer was,—"Because she refused to work our hours,"—the unfortunate girl's doom was at once sealed; nor would her late employer give her a second reference. Thus was she left to wander the streets almost houseless, and, after her scanty purse was exhausted, quite hungry. The only consolation I could give her was my mite to buy a meal.

In 1855, when there was a Royal Commission to enquire into the subject, Mr. F. Tyrrell, surgeon to the Opthalmic Hospital, gave evidence of a most painful case. He says,—"A delicate girl, of about 17 years of age, was brought to me in consequence of total loss of vision. She had been apprenticed as a dress-maker, and her health, before her vision was affected, was deranged by excessive work. She stated that she had been compelled to remain without changing her dress for *nine* days and nights consecutively."

The Royal Commissioners, in summing up the report, could not help commenting on the great disinclination on the part of the young people to state all they knew, and this, as they saw, owing to a feeling of intimidation, which was very prevalent. Indeed, many abstained from making any statement whatever, in order that they might not give offence to their employers; and this was no matter of surprise when the position of these poor girls was considered. Many of them were orphans, or the

daughters of half-pay officers, poor clergymen, and respectable but needy parents, who were wholly unable to help or defend them, so that they were entirely dependant on their employers. Such is often the utter helplessness of this class, who, the more speedily to swell the banker's account, or fill the cash boxes of their principals, are fast working themselves into their own coffins. Startling indeed would be the figures, could the public but know the number of those who sink year by year into their graves from this over-work, and close confinement in a stifled atmosphere.

England is rich in its machinery for almost every description of labour, and what an immense amount of care is bestowed on this machinery to keep it in good working order! No expense is spared to keep the metal brightly polished and free from rust; if the smallest wheel or pivot receives any slight injury, how immediately and carefully it must be rectified; but how is it with that poor unfortunate piece of *living* machinery, so necessary for the adornment of our ladies of fashion—the milliner—the dressmaker? What is the trouble taken to keep them in order—to preserve them from rust? None! Their employers do not have to lay out several pounds in their purchase, and so do not consider themselves bound to keep them in good working order. No! they *seek* employment, and the employer engages them; and so long as human nature can hold out, they must work their fingers to the bone to aggrandize that employer's wealth. But when health and strength are gone, and they can toil no longer, what then? Why then they must give up, receive the miserable pittance that may be due for their labour, and, leaving the establishment, make room for a new, bright, shining piece of machinery in their place, who, probably ere four seasons have passed, is also become worn out with hard work, rusty and unfit for use.

Ladies of England, then, let me entreat you to be up and doing! Let it be yours to watch over and care for these *most* valuable specimens of machinery—if I may use such a term for the noblest work of God's creation—woman! but woman in her most helpless and dependant state. They cannot help themselves, but *you* can help them, can protect them. Take the matter into your own hands, firmly and decidedly compel your *modistes*, if they desire to retain your patronage, to treat those in their employ as human beings, as Christians, and not as mere machines of the most valueless description. Discharge your dressmaker's bills with the same regard to punctuality that our Queen does, viz., every three months; for by this you will not only effect a considerable saving in your incomes, but be able to dictate your own terms, since when unfettered by heavy and long-standing accounts, you will feel free to patronize

any *modiste*. A lady ranking very high in our aristocracy, once excused herself to me for not doing anything in the matter, in these words,—"We cannot unfortunately interfere: we owe our dressmakers too much money, and are, consequently, too much in their hands." To which I replied,—"My Lady, if our aristocracy fall back upon such a plea as that, then, indeed, is the case of the poor milliner a hopeless one."

It will scarcely be believed that such an unpardonable acknowledgment could be made by one of such very high rank as this lady, whose elegant equipage and powdered servants waited at my door. Yet so it was; and in her *particular* case, probably the plea was as true as it was disgraceful; but I should be very sorry to think that her words could apply to the aristocracy generally, or it would indeed be a fearful blot upon their scutcheons.

Settle your bills, then, quarterly, and be free to go where you please; then most effectually will you be able to make use of the power which you hold, and those who depend upon your patronage for their subsistence must bow to your will. The desired reformation in these twenty-five houses, which monopolize all the fashionable trade, *must* take place; and others who, almost without capital, are struggling on under the pressure of the long-credit system, will have a fairer field open to them to compete with these few large capitalists.

This, then, is the task which the high-born ladies of England have to fulfil! Here is the key which unlocks the secret of how they can bring their dressmakers within *their* power; how they may and must interfere to prevent the further sacrifice of human life to the adornment of their persons, and rescue their suffering sisters from early and untimely graves; in a word, to work out the immediate and entire emancipation of those poor girls who are verily and indeed the white slaves of the 19th century.

We are close upon the eve of a new year, God grant that its close may see this work of emancipation accomplished.

JANE LE PLASTRIER.

XLVIII.—THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE AND THE EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

AT length another step onward in the direction of Female Education! The University of Cambridge is following the meritorious lead of the Society of Arts, and this very December, girls of 18 and under will be examined in London, by permission of the Cambridge Syndicate, in the same papers that have been prepared

for the regular Local Examinations. The answers will be submitted to the University Examiners, and prizes and certificates of proficiency, in accordance with their recommendations, will be awarded by the Committee of Ladies and Gentlemen in London, who have taken this matter up with so much zeal and success. The 15th of November was the last day on which the names of Candidates might be sent in, and we understand that the number of applicants for examination is so large as to be almost embarrassing.

There will be examinations both for senior and for junior students. The seniors must be under 18 and the juniors under 16 years of age. Both classes however will be examined alike in reading aloud, in writing a short English composition, or in writing from dictation, in the rudiments of English grammar, in arithmetic, in geography, and in the outlines of English History. In addition to these there is a list of other subjects, from which the students select those in which they wish to be examined. The junior candidates must choose at least two, and the seniors at least three. To the juniors the Committee suggest English and French, and to the seniors French *or* German, the History of England, and Botany; but the choice is left to the discretion of the candidates themselves, and the range of subjects is considerable, comprising Latin, Greek, Mathematics, Elementary Mechanics, Chemistry, Zoology, Geology, Drawing, and Music; the extent to which the examination in each subject will be carried being carefully indicated in the "Regulations."

There is considerable difference between these examinations and those instituted by the Society of Arts. The latter, useful as they are, are chiefly intended for the sons and daughters of small farmers, shopkeepers, and artizans, and the certificates given are for excellence in distinct subjects; while in the Cambridge examinations the attempt is made to set up a general standard of education, and for this we are *exceedingly* grateful.

Indeed how important a step the University is taking, appears from the modest disclaimer, which the Syndicate lately inserted in the "*Times*;"—with all their friendliness to our cause, the Syndics are excessively anxious not to be thought to move one whit faster than they really do. A paragraph had appeared in several newspapers stating that the University of Cambridge was about to admit girls to the Local Examinations, and to offer them the degree of Associate in Arts. No such thing however. The Hon. Secretary to the Syndicate at once wrote to the "*Times*," that "the University of Cambridge does not offer the degree of Associate in Arts at all," and that, "the question of admitting girls to the Local Examinations

has scarcely been discussed, much less decided." All that has been done is, by way of experiment, to send to a committee of ladies and gentlemen copies of the examination papers, "for the use of some girls in London," but "the results will not appear in the University class lists or report."

It does read a little as if the University had been doing good by stealth, and now blushed to find it fame;—but we do not complain in the least,—the experiment will be tried, and will succeed, and it is always an immense gain and relief to get, by ever so little a step, out of the stage of endless discussion into that of practical work. Now that these examinations have begun, we have no fear of their being discontinued; we have gained a solid foothold, which it will not we think be difficult to keep, and which puts further progress within our grasp.

Next year we may hope that not only "some girls in London" will be getting ready for these examinations, but that in many another city and town through England their example will be followed, and the experiment be tried again and again with success, until the standard of female education over the whole country is permanently raised.

Nor do we see why in future such examinations should necessarily remain limited to girls of under 18; it is obviously of the highest importance, that young women of 20 or 25, who are preparing to teach for their livelihood, should have an opportunity of testing their acquirements by an examination in which the public would feel confidence. We are well satisfied then with the step that has been taken, and look forward to the future with strengthened hope.

In connection with this subject, we must give ourselves the pleasure of quoting from a forcible article in a late number of the "*Scotsman*," written in reply to the rather feeble paper read by Mr. Brown at the Social Science Congress, in favour of the exclusion of women from University examinations and degrees. We are sometimes inclined to complain that our friends do not speak out boldly enough, but the "*Scotsman*" brings the same charge against our opponents. He is not content till he logically forces them to confess an almost Mohammedan belief in the inferiority and necessary subjection of women. He says:—

"A notable instance of this is seen in the method pursued by those who oppose the admission of women to University examinations and degrees. In spite of feeling strongly, an unwise discretion appears to compel them to speak feebly; an exaggerated sense of the danger of giving *all* their creed, leads them to keep back so much that the residue is lamentably deficient in force. Taking Mr. W. A. Brown's paper, read at the Social Science Congress, as our guide, the arguments advanced in public by the opposition party may be briefly stated thus:—'The mental condition of men and women is essentially different; men are superior, women decidedly and markedly

inferior. The difference is not the result of education, though happily by following out the law of helping the strongest and giving to the richest, it has been found susceptible of increase. Education has seconded the efforts of nature. The great gulf of separation increases with civilization—any attempt to decrease it or to bridge it over would be to do violence to nature. But the difference of power is compensated by the demands made on the two respectively. Man is made for work; his 'is the strong arm to expel poverty, to bring comfort to the door.' Woman is made, in common with bitter beer and tobacco, 'to urge him to exertion, to soothe him in defeat.' True, from time to time, we hear a cry of distress from half-a-million of women who have no arm stronger than their own to repel poverty and bring comfort, whom want urges to exertion, and hope alone soothes in defeat. But their existence is an anomaly to us, and, according to the invincible laws of nature, they ought to be nowhere. For the future, by diligently stopping our ears and looking the other way, we hope to know no more of them. The permission to pick up the crumbs which fall from our table we are afraid to grant them, lest, in spite of their feebler powers, inferior mental condition, and less vigorous training, they should creep into some of the lower seats at our side. Especially must the medical profession be closed to them, for success in it 'implies a considerable amount of moral qualification,' which is a gift of nature rather than a result of experience, and which it may be assumed that women are without. Nature would hardly depart from her plan by giving even 'moral' qualifications to women as well as to men.'

"Now, in putting their trust in this doctrine for bringing the not-as-yet-convinced public to their way of thinking, we believe that the opposition party are making a grave mistake. These large phrases about the invincible laws of nature are really not convincing, and to hang all subsequent argument upon them is to erect a house of cards which the experience of most of the audience is sufficient to overthrow. The father thinks of his children, and remembers that the girl is very much like the boy in mental condition, and not perhaps inferior to him in 'moral qualifications;' so long as they have the same or similar training, the invincible law of nature seems to be under eclipse. The youth thinks of his sister, and wonders that the great gulf has never yet made itself apparent. The girl thinks of her brother, and sees that with irregular training and scanty help she can often keep up with him in some things and excel him in others. The gulf seems to her to lie in the direction of cricket, if anywhere—a sense of inferiority in other respects does not often oppress her.

"On the other hand, a more courageous declaration of the esoteric portion of the creed might be reasonably expected to ensure the sympathy of a large section of any neutral audience. The one sentence in which Mr. Brown dared to approach the stronghold of his party was, we venture to say, the only one which carried his audience in any degree with him. So long as he spoke of differences and separations, and inferiorities and invincible laws of nature, one was inclined to say either that it was neither new nor true, or, if both, that it did not signify. But when he touched upon the relationship between men and women, upon the point of union, he was felt to be approaching the heart of the question. Few but women can be expected to care much about the female mind and its possible degrees of culture; while, how men and women are to live together and react on each other, is a question of universal interest. The answer given by Mr. Brown and his party is—'Men must work, women must love;' or, as they might say—'Man is individual and personal, woman is only relative to man; therefore we care nothing about the interests or the improvement of women as such, we care only for their perfection as the wives, mothers, and sisters of men.' The strongest part of the opposition offered to the entrance of women into the professions, is a prejudice founded on a subtle and ill-defined dread. It is feared that the relationship of marriage will be rendered in some degree

less attractive to women than it now is, and also that, in becoming more personal and individual, their relative qualities will be injured. With one important qualification we believe the fear to be well grounded, and that it justifies the opposition of those most alive to it. It is clear that every advance which a woman makes in cultivation and refinement raises her standard in men, and increases the number of those she is not willing to marry. Moreover, a woman happily interested in a business or profession is protected from the temptation to marry from sheer *ennui*. An assured position in society would tend to diminish the number of those who now marry for a position. So far the fear is well grounded. But if it be meant that the majority of women would not marry if they were free to live a happy and useful single life, we may venture to deny the assertion, and to claim for the instinct of inter-dependence between men and women, which is the basis of marriage, the dignity of being one of the truly 'invincible laws of nature.' If the standard of cultivation among women were raised, men would either have to raise theirs, *pari passu*, or some men would be unable to feel superior to some women; as now few men would venture to patronise Miss Nightingale or Mrs. Somerville, so then an acknowledged position would place some women, in one sense, above the less cultivated men of their own circle. It may be suspected that this hint explains the different views maintained on the subject by men. It is natural to those whose superiority depends more on the relative ignorance of women than on themselves personally, to feel the strongest repugnance to any proposal which would make women demand a higher standard in men; they prefer authority to dignity. It is natural, also, to other men to recognise and rejoice in cultivation wherever found. It is easy for them to believe that, with women as with men, increase of knowledge (taking the word in its best meaning,) brings increase of wisdom, charity, and reverence—that the highest development of personal gifts and characteristics bears fruit both in women and in men in the life that is less personal than relative. It is natural that men like Tennyson, Browning, Mill, and Spencer, like our own professors Lee and Blackie, should desire, for their own sakes as well as for the sake of women, that the standard of female education should be raised, and that the power of doing worthy work should be the only passport required for permission to do it. It is natural, also, that some men, not of heroic proportions, should prefer Tessa to Romola. We believe, with Mr. Brown, that the difference between men and women is not dependent on difference of training; but we go further, and believe that as tenderness does not make a man effeminate, but nearer the highest ideal of manliness, so courage, dignity, and wisdom, would make woman not masculine, but more intensely womanly."

XLIX.—NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Winter Weavings. Poems by Isabella Law. Smith and Elder.

Miss Law's poems remind one irresistibly of a chime of sweet tinkling silver bells. The sound is not very strong, nor the notes very much varied, they all range within one octave; but the metal is genuine, and the melody pure and true. The titles of the poems, most of which are short and all of them divided into verses, suggest many pleasant, tender, sentimental things; such as "Light at Evening Time," "Mystic Stars," "Near the Shore," "A Gift of Violets," "The Silent Chamber," "Watered Flowers."

They have a general likeness to the famous "Legends and Lyrics" of Miss Procter; to whom "Winter Weavings" are "dedicated in all affection." But they lack the fine vigorous touch, like that of the finger upon a fine-stringed instrument, which causes what Miss Procter writes to cling to the ear and memory. Nevertheless, they will affect many of the same sympathies, and may well be satisfied with a comparative portion of the public admiration. We can best do justice to the book by selecting several of the poems for extract; the first of which gains additional pathos from the fact, that to the writer, possessed of so much delicate spiritual insight, the blessing of outward vision has been denied from childhood.

"LIGHT AT EVENING TIME.

"SHE is sitting close to the window,
From all the rest apart;
But her eyes are not looking outward,
She is looking into her heart.

"She is reading a life-told story,
A story of joy and tears,
Of laughter and sighing blended
In the sacred past of years.

"The light of the day is fading
Away into evening tide;
But she reads by the steady burning
Of a bright lamp at her side.

"It shines on the well-worn pages
With a constant faithful glow;
For the oil that is feeding it ever,
Is the hoarding of long ago.

"Glad voices and laughter round her
Are filling the room with sound;
But she is not heeding the outward,
For her sense is inward bound.

"And so by the open window,
She sits from the rest apart;
But her eyes are not looking outward,
She is looking into her heart.

"The shadows grow longer, deeper;
And darker the evening tide;
But she reads by the steady burning
Of that bright lamp at her side.

"It burns with a fuller radiance,
As she reads on more and more;
And gilds with a golden glory,
Some lines that were dark before.

"May its faithful rays be near her,
When the shadows of night shall come;
Till she treads on the golden threshold,
In the dawn of a brighter home."

Another very charming little poem is that entitled "Little Things."

"LITTLE THINGS.

"LIFE is set with little things;
Little sounds from little wings,
Little leaf-made murmurings.

"Little voices in the air,
When warm south winds are astir,
Waking music everywhere.

"Little rills that sing asleep,
Folded in their dreaming deep,
Where green hills a shadow keep.

"Little flowers among weeds;
Little words, and little deeds;
Dews that water little seeds.

"Little thoughts that come and go,
Noiselessly as falling snow,
Silently as flowers grow.

"Little hopes that spring beneath
Winter's coldest, chilliest breath;
Strong, courageous, daring death.

"Little memories that stay
Close beside us all the way,
Consecrated day by day.

"Little friendships that are born
In our hearts from morn to morn;
Human flowers in the corn.

"Little joys, and little fears;
Little wounds, regrets, and tears;
Little stars that light the years.

"All within one circle meet;
Sweet and bitter, bitter, sweet,
Make the ring of life complete."

We will conclude, as Miss Law would probably wish us to do, by her poem to "A. A. P."

"TO A. A. P.

"LONG ago I heard thee singing,
And I called the song divine:
Still I hear the echo ringing;
Now I know the voice was thine.

"I would ask thee: in that hour
When thy soul was poured away,
Didst thou guess at half the power
That would crown thy name to-day?

"Didst thou guess at half the sorrow
That thy living words would cheer,
Bringing back the smile to-morrow
Which had tarried since last year?

"Didst thou dream how men would crown thee,
Praise thee with a liberal meed,
And some hearts in silence own thee,
Who had touched their truest need?

"How the many would approve thee
In a loud and friendly strife;
And how some would bless and love thee
As the angel of their life?

"Didst thou hear the songs of gladness
Thou wouldst waken by and by;
Where hushed notes of weary sadness
Lay half folded in a sigh?

"Dost thou dream how sweet a story
Shall be told of thee one day,
In the future life before thee,
When thy voice is hushed away?

"Hushed away from morn and even,
In a silence all too sad:
Earth is yet too far from heaven
That the sky be always glad.

"Yet I knew that like a river
With an ever ceaseless flow,
Still shall echo on for ever
Words that blessed us long ago.

"So while wise men praise, approve thee;
Weave bright honours for thy art,
I will bless, and thank, and love thee
In the silence of my heart."

Life Triumphant. A Poem. By Elizabeth Ann Campbell. William Mackintosh, 24, Paternoster Row.

THE writer of this ambitious work has indeed followed old Herbert's advice in "aiming at a star," but it would be almost too much to say that she has "hit a tree;" for some plant of much lowlier growth would far better describe the degree of elevation attained. Content with less than even "faint praise," she has been encouraged to write the present book by the very bare fact that her former one "has not been condemned as untruthful or injurious in its tendency;" but very candidly goes on to say that "those by whom it has been criticized have agitated but one question of any importance; that is, whether it deserves the name of poetry?" Even this question may be spared in the present instance, for however the class among whom anything that is portioned off into lines with rhymed endings, passes current for poetry, may dignify even this volume with such a name, it is hardly likely that any one capable of criticism should dream for a moment of so abusing the term. The book is, in fact, a mere rhymed version of the principal facts of the Bible and of the doctrines deduced therefrom by evangelical commentators; though it is but justice to add, that

while failing so utterly to reach the sublime, it yet at least has the negative merit of always avoiding the fatal step into the absolutely ridiculous.

The Practical Consequences of Teaching any Future Restoration of the Race. Houlston and Wright, 65, Paternoster Row. Price 6d.

In the form of a Letter to a Friend this little *brochure* offers a few forcible suggestions in favour of that modification of universalism which, without denying that the irreclaimably wicked may go hence into eternal punishment, yet maintains the doctrine of a future salvation for "persons guilty of inattention rather than of opposition—the ignorant, the animal, the stupid." Accounting for his friend having put the question as to what would be the result of preaching such a doctrine, rather than whether it should be accepted as true or not, by supposing that he with many others felt unable either to prove or disprove it from Scripture, this writer therefore just assumes it to be true, and then proceeds to show that to proclaim it, not out of due proportion, but in its turn as one of the doctrines of Christianity, though of course it might, like other doctrines, be sometimes abused and made an occasion of evil, would yet chiefly tend to check "selfish and exclusive eagerness for their own safety" in Christians; while as regards the unconverted, "they cannot be worse than they are," and would but be the unconverted still; "though those who preach to them would be spared the sorrow of feeling that they must remain so *for ever.* Of the careless or half-convinced, who form so large a proportion of the world, it is justly remarked that they would be much more likely to believe in the *integrity* of a teacher who should substitute warnings of future chastisement for threats of eternal vengeance, since they now cannot fail to observe that the most orthodox evangelicals are *practically* universalists in regard to beloved friends and kindred. Evidently orthodox himself upon most points, the writer yet adds, "Much has been written, and not without reason, on the importance of revising the Burial Service; but modern evangelical theology itself must be revised also, before the words of the preacher and the facts of life can be made to correspond with each other."

The Haunted House. By Eliza S. Oldham.
Rainy Days, and How to Meet Them. By Emma Marshall.
S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row.

Two "Temperance Tales;" the former depicting the career of a gentleman who brought ruin upon himself and all connected with him, by lapsing from moderate drinking into a habit of intoxication; the latter bringing no single virtue into

overweening prominence, but illustrating by the different effects produced upon two "mill-hands" and their families by a temporary loss of work, how the same trial which proves ruinous to the thoughtless and extravagant is but a transitory evil to the pious, temperate, and provident. This excellent story is well worthy of a wide circulation among the working classes, and is especially suitable for the operatives in manufacturing districts.

Mary M'Clellan. By A. M. D. W. Hunt and Co., 23, Holles Street, W.

ANOTHER well-written little tale of lowly life, in which the inculcation of evangelical religion, combined with tee-total principles, has been the writer's chief aim.

Friends of the Friendless. By Mrs. C. L. Balfour. S. W. Partridge.

SHORT sketches of philanthropists, chiefly in humble life, well adapted to incite the possessors of a single talent to turn it to good account by showing what the poor *have been able to do* for the poor.

The Victoria Magazine. No. VII. Emily Faithfull, Prince's Street, W.

THE Summary of the Proceedings at the recent Social Science Congress at Edinburgh, contained in this magazine, is prefaced by some very sensible remarks explanatory of the uses of such an Association as there assembled, by pointing out how wise discussion is one of the preliminaries from which wise action is most likely to result. The paper read by Miss Faithfull at the Congress is also given entire, and shows that while the needs of the unemployed have usually been the chief argument for seeking new spheres of female industry, the hard lot of the mis-employed pleads no less earnestly for a reform in public opinion as to what is or is not proper feminine occupation. Those who profess to be shocked at the idea of women being trained to follow trades and professions, on the ground of such employments being "unwomanly," will do well to ponder whether the brick-making, coal-mining, &c., to which they are driven by the present organization of society, be not rather less womanly pursuits than those of the shop and the office.

Journal of the Workhouse Visiting Society, No. XXVII.,

CONTAINS the paper read by Miss Louisa Twining at the Social Science Congress, on "The Sick, Aged, and Incurables in Workhouses."

L.—OPEN COUNCIL.

To the Editors of the English Woman's Journal.

LADIES,

I BEG to offer for your serious consideration a suggestion in reference to the urgent need of employment for women. It seems to me evident, from a cursory review of the past and present industrial efforts of women, that one great obstacle to their success consists in the want of combination and concentration of their energies: and hence, the elements of power and progress are absent in woman's work taken as a whole. As long as they continue to act singly, each for and by herself, there is no possibility of their attaining to any important place in the industrial world; and, moreover, for the hundreds who have not sufficient capacity to make a career for themselves, it is not possible to find independent employment. I am, therefore, most strongly in favour of the establishment of works, in which the, by means of combination, larger and more important results might be produced; and which shall contain within them, at the same time, a centre of natural power and growth. The problem is to be solved first, by finding a *want* in the world; and secondly, by organizing a *supply* for that want.

The suggestion I am about to make, meets, I think, the principal requirements of the circumstances. It is to utilize the new invention of the sewing machine, which after considerable trial is found to save immensely both time and labour: and to produce also excellent work, neat and durable, I believe that a very large and important branch of industry might be established by means of this invention, if a factory were to be founded for the making of clothes by machinery. By having a *series* of machines so arranged that each should have its own special kind of work to perform, no time would be lost in the readjustment of machines; the calico, linen, and other materials would of course be bought wholesale. By these arrangements the work would be produced at the lowest possible cost, and therefore sold at so reasonable a price that hundreds of families, who now from economy are obliged to do their own sewing, would be enabled to buy their clothes ready made, and would gladly avail themselves of the opportunity to save their time for more agreeable occupations. These considerations make it extremely probable that this branch of industry will increase enormously in a very short time; and if women do not seize the advantage it offers, others will.

I have given but a slight outline of my plan, but I think the general features of it are sufficiently indicated to be understood. In conclusion I will merely say, that I shall be glad to assist in any movement of this kind by every means in my power; believing as I do that a little more enterprise, energy, and power of thought and will would materially advance the cause of the true and steady progress of women.

I am, Ladies, yours truly, F. C.

[We trust that the above valuable and thoroughly practical suggestion will call forth a response from some among our readers. Any communications on the subject addressed to F. C. or to the Editor will be gladly received at the Office of the Journal.] ED. E. W. J.

LADIES,

WE subscribers must all regret the necessity for the "appeal" of the Directors of the E. W. J. Company, since it would seem as if the good cause were not making way; and some of us who feel our sympathies sufficiently stretched already, might desire that no additional expense should be incurred; and others might think of the economy of only a quarterly claim—but once assured that these and other suggestions have had our

Editor's attention we, it may be hoped, are ready to co-operate in her considered plans. But there can be no doubt that the most efficacious aid must be, not so much the extension of our own knowledge, as the imparting of our present amount to others, or awakening their inquiries—in other words, increasing the *circulation* of the Journal. Therefore, I would suggest, that according to the increase of Subscriptions or Donations which our good-will or perhaps our convenience may allow, we should be supplied with *extra copies* which we could distribute judiciously among our acquaintances. According to my small experience of printing (not publishing) a large proportion of the additional money subscribed would swell the Company's immediate receipts, as the ordinary surplus copies might supply the engagements which in most cases would be not for every month but for so many months in the course of the year. E. A.

[We shall be very happy to adopt our Correspondent's suggestion, and forward extra copies to the value of any additional amount subscribed.]

Ed. E. W. J.

Ladies,

In your November number of the English Woman's Journal, you have an article upon Permanent Invalids, and the evils which so frequently result from the thoughtless and selfish manner in which they require their relations and friends to devote themselves to their service. The article in question, I feel in many respects, is full of truth, and yet I must say I think it is often the fault of the nurse as much as the fault of the patient, when such sad results ensue as are detailed by F. R. R., for surely a little exercise of common sense, and a calm but firm resistance to tyranny, a kindly explained and reasonable cause shown for proper absence from the sick room, and a little contrivance to divide the labours of nursing with others, would obviate much of the difficulty in many instances. There is, I am sure, quite as much blame to be attached to the devoted relation or friend in attendance, as to the patient, and yet the evil arises from a weakness, amiable in its origin in many, very many cases.

How often have we not heard a person say, "So-and-so asked me to go out for a drive with them, and ——— wished me to go, but you see I am never happy or easy out of her room, and I could not have enjoyed it, and so I did not go." Then I am not at all sure but that our vanity is flattered, and we are inwardly gratified when we care much for the sick person; by feeling their entire dependance upon ourselves, we have, almost unknown to us, a sort of jealousy of any one else ever being as much to those we love as we fancy we have hitherto been; and so we go on and on, and with all good intentions, we sacrifice ourselves indeed, but who shall define where the wrong begins, or who is *most* to blame?

November 3rd. I am, Ladies, yours truly, Charity.

LI.—FACTS AND SCRAPS.

Sisterhoods in Austria.—At a time when so much is being said in favour of placing our penal Institutions under the care of Sisterhoods, the following account of the evils which may attend the working of such a system, deserves serious attention. It is extracted from a recent letter of the "'Times' own Correspondent," at Vienna.

"A day or two ago, Dr. Berger, who as a barrister, enjoys a very high reputation, called the attention of the Reichsrath to the deplorable state of the Austrian prisons and penitentiaries. 'The torture of the body,' said the eloquent jurist, 'has long been abolished in Austria, but the minds of the persons who have offended against the laws of the country, are systematically tortured by the persons who have charge of them.' Dr. Berger then stated that many Protestant and Jewish criminals had given him the most melancholy accounts of their mental sufferings while under the care of the bigoted sisterhood who now have the

management of the State and criminal prisons. Dr. Schindler, who almost always expresses approval of the measures of Government, brought heavy charges against the 'Gray Sisters,' and clearly proved to the House that they were very unfit persons to have the management of penal establishments. The Minister, Von Lasser, replied at some length to Berger and Schindler, but what he said produced very little impression on his hearers, the majority of whom are of opinion that the sooner the obnoxious sisters are got rid of the better it will be for all parties."

FEMALE STUDENTS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—A paragraph has appeared recently in the daily newspapers, intimating that the Royal Academy had determined no longer to admit Female Students. This has been contradicted by the authorities of that Institution, but it is added that the Royal Academy has however been compelled, in consequence of the limited space at their disposal for the purposes of study, to suspend for the present the further admission of female students.

DEGREES FOR LADIES IN FRANCE.—At the recent examination at Bourdeaux, for the *baccalauréat-ès-lettres*, a young lady, Mdlle. Pauline Pérès, daughter of the Inspector of Primary Institution, at St. Sever (Landes), was received in the most brilliant manner. She obtained 8 red and 2 white balls, with the mention "very well." This is the third time ladies have of late obtained academic honours in France, the other two being Mdlle. Royer, who passed her *baccalauréat-ès-lettres*, at Lyons, and Mdlle. Milne Edwards, that of Sciences, at Paris.—*Daily News, Nov. 19th*, 1863.

FEMALE EMIGRATION.—Miss Rye announces by the last Mail, the arrival of the Lancashire emigrants in New Zealand, and that 50 out of the 80 single women among them found situations within a fortnight of their landing. The Government Immigration Agent, at Otago, also reports, that upwards of 100 single females who arrived there recently, by the "Victory," were being readily engaged there at wages averaging from £25 to £30.

A HINDU ON THE ENGLISH WOMAN'S JOURNAL.—In a letter printed by a Hindu gentleman, C. Poorooshottum, Esq., for private circulation among his friends in India, after assuring them of the sympathy manifested in this country with the endeavours made there to improve both the land and people, and setting before them the example of our princes and noblemen in taking so active a part in philanthropic efforts, he concludes with the following remark on this Journal, which, as likely to interest our readers, we extract at length.

"In conclusion, I have much pleasure in circulating among you a copy of the Prospectus of 'The English Woman's Journal,' in which you will perceive in how praiseworthy a manner ladies here are striving to elevate their own sex, by giving them intellectual and moral occupations. I must be allowed to assure you and others that nothing in the world is so gratifying to me, nothing makes me more proud than to have the good fortune and pleasure of being personally acquainted with the *literati* of that association; and I confidently indulge the hope that they will not restrict their benevolent views to their own native sisters, but that they will also extend their efforts to their as yet unelevated Indian sisters. I shall therefore earnestly request that you and others will subscribe to this Journal, each 12 shillings a year, (rupees 6) in order to shew these parties that we are earnest in the work they have so laudably undertaken.

"Your intention to establish female schools, which I have not failed to communicate to my friends here, has been received with the liveliest satisfaction, giving as it does an indisputable proof that you are in earnest. I hope you will have the enclosed Prospectus also translated, with a view to its wide circulation, and that for the sake of our dear country, you will send me by the return of post the names of a dozen Rajahs at least, as subscribers to the above Journal."
