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XXV.—OUR TRADESWOMEN.

ONE of the strongest grounds for hoping that the experiments so favourably commenced by the "Society for the Employment of Women" will be successful, is the necessity out of which they have arisen. It may be regretted that upwards of two millions of women in England have no means of subsistence, except what they can earn by their own labour, but the necessity which leaves them no alternative but to seek employment hitherto carried on by men alone, or to starve, is itself a guarantee that if they prove themselves qualified for the task they will take a permanent place among the trades of the country. The present movement is not the offspring of ostentatious and ill-regulated fancies, led astray by imaginary rights of woman which Nature never gave, but a single-minded effort to follow that path which the circumstances of their position alone leaves open to them. In doing this it is reasonable to presume that they are only fulfilling the intentions of Providence; for as the institutions of man are on the whole directed and overruled by the Almighty equally with the operations of Nature, we must suppose that what becomes, as in this case, inevitable, is designed. Nor is the novelty of the attempt a just argument against it. If the scheme be new, the circumstances are new also. True, women have in all past ages been in general dependent upon men, but we have no right to infer that they will always remain so. Their primary and holiest duties no doubt are those of wives and mothers, and from seeing them almost exclusively in those characters, we have erroneously concluded that they have no other. But the social arrangements of an increasing civilization have made it impossible for one-third of the sex in this country to fill these positions, and it would therefore seem that the time has come when Nature intended a portion of the sex to maintain themselves independently. Without, however, dwelling on this view, it is plain to all that there is no choice left. Even if well founded,

it is vain to talk of home being the only proper sphere for a woman, when she has no home to go to; or of privacy being essential to her decorum, when privacy involves starvation. The time for theory has gone by; whatever may be *thought*, something must be *done*, and with a view of practically aiding those who are now qualifying themselves for new employments or are intending to do so, we propose to consider shortly in this paper the field on which they are entering; the difficulties they must meet with; and the means by which they can best be overcome.

The first thing that strikes every one in connection with the subject is that all trades are already overstocked, both with masters and men. As to the former, we see everywhere evidences of their efforts to attract custom. Advertisements of goods at less than prime cost; pretended sales of bankrupts' stocks; clearing off of old stocks (bought for the purpose); splendid shop fronts; the actual sale of some articles for less than they cost, with a view of forcing the sale of others at a profit; the expenditure of hundreds and frequently thousands a year in advertisements; and other devices with the same object, familiar to every resident in the metropolis. But we need not multiply proofs, since the very existence of the class of women now seeking employment is itself sufficient, for they are the daughters of professional men, or of the better class of tradesmen, whose profits were not sufficient to enable them to make a provision for their families, but who have given them educations suitable to the stations in which they were born. All this proves that the present class of tradesmen can barely get a living, and that their number cannot bear any material increase. Consequently if more come in, they must fail, or others be driven out to make room for them.

If we now turn from the masters to the men, we shall see equally strong evidences of every employment being crowded. Their frequent strikes for the purpose of raising wages by an increase of daily pay, or by shortening the hours of labour, of affording employment to a greater number, shew that a struggle to live is always going on even in those employments which are protected by a Trades-union. In other businesses and sometimes in these also, we hear too frequently of thousands being out of work; and if anything occur to derange the usual course of trade, such as a change of fashion, or a commercial panic, distress is spread on every side. But perhaps the best proof, or at least the most familiar, is to recollect what happens when an advertisement is issued for a person to fill a situation, no matter what. The applications for this one place come in by the hundred, and indeed so numerous have they been that the advertiser has been some-

times fain to insert another advertisement of the vacancy being filled, in order to stop the endless flood.

Where there is not work enough for all, it follows that those only can obtain employment who possess advantages of some sort over the rest, which, by making their labour more valuable, give them a preference in the eyes of the employers. It is essential, therefore, to know what are the qualities necessary to gain this preference, and in considering this we shall confine ourselves to the journeymen, as this is the rank which our tradeswomen must occupy in the first instance.

The chief qualities required by the masters are skill, steadiness, and lowness of wages. A skilful and steady workman will always gain a preference over an unskilful or an unsteady one. There is a standard of skill in every trade, not defined nor even recognized in words, but nevertheless real, which every workman must attain before he can be employed at all. A master must send out his work done in what is called "a business-like manner;" that is, equal to the average productions of the whole trade, and if it fall below this he loses his customers. This degree of skill in the journeyman is therefore indispensable, and it will be vain for any one, man or woman, to endeavour to gain a livelihood without it. To attain this should therefore be the first effort. It is only what is really comprehended under the term "learning a business;" but the full force of this phrase is not always understood, and there is great danger that women who are now wishing to try a new employment, from their natural anxiety to begin, should not sufficiently qualify themselves, and their consequent failure be made an argument against the employment of women at all, instead of its being atrributed to the right cause equally applicable to men. But while plainly stating what is required we do not forget that it is a great difficulty in the way of the present movement. The dexterity of the workman is the result of years of study and practice, and in most instances of a considerable pecuniary outlay. About the age of fourteen he begins by being apprenticed sometimes for seven and seldom for less than five years. A premium, larger or smaller, according to circumstances, is usually paid, and his services for the whole or the greater part of his term are given to his master. Sometimes the master boards him, but frequently the whole cost of his maintenance is borne by his friends. As soon as his indentures have expired he works on his own account, and his skill goes on increasing with his increasing practice. The antiquity and universality of apprenticeship leads to the inference that it is the best if not the only way of gaining the object desired, for it cannot be supposed that during so many ages and among different nations the custom would have

continued if experience could have found any other mode equally efficacious, yet less expensive, in time or money. But apprenticeship under the usual conditions is quite out of the reach of the women now seeking employment. They have no funds to pay premiums nor means of subsistence during the term. Each must therefore get over the difficulty according to her individual opportunities, but we cannot impress upon them too strongly that it will be in vain to expect success unless they put themselves on a level with the average workman. Their sex will be no advantage. A few employers who take an interest in the movement may, while it is in its infancy, put up with inferior workmanship, but they will not do so long, and the public will not do so at all. There is not in general any personal tie between the employers and the employed. In the majority of cases the latter are entirely unknown, and the only consideration with the employer, as a purchaser of labour, is, not who does the work, but how it is done. If well, he continues his custom; if ill, he goes somewhere else. Fortunately the two other conditions of success are greatly in favour of women. Steadiness is a quality which may be expected in all, and the remaining one of wages is so much in their favour that, as we shall see by-and-bye, some trades will in all probability ultimately be left entirely in their hands.

Wages constitute one of the items in the cost of production. The expense of the raw material, the wages of the labourer in working it up, and the profit of the manufacturer, are the chief elements of the price of the finished article. Of these, wages always form a considerable and frequently the principal part. This is especially the case in the more intellectual occupations, such as printing and law writing, the two trades now being carried on by women. In the former, the wages of the compositors, readers, pressmen, and others, are greater than the expense of the paper, type, and other materials; and in the latter the cost of the paper, pens, ink, and other necessary articles is but trifling in comparison with the wages of the writers. A reduction of wages is therefore the constant aim of employers who are continually striving to undersell each other. Of all methods for attracting customers, none is so certain, so effectual, or so lasting, as cheapness. If a tradesman could permanently produce an article in common use at a less price than anyone else, he would make a rapid fortune. No one gives more for anything than he can help; and we cannot imagine even the amiable author of "Unto this last" insisting upon paying a shilling a pound for his mutton when his butcher is supplying the whole neighbourhood at tenpence. It has, however, become impossible to reduce wages directly, for the rate has long ago, through the overcrowding of trades,

been brought down to the point below which the journeymen cannot subsist. We say journey-*men*, for the same standard is not necessary for *women*. Adam Smith says—

"A man must always live by his work, and his wages must at least be sufficient to maintain him. They must even upon most occasions be somewhat more, otherwise it would be impossible for him to bring up a family, and the race of such workmen could not last beyond the first generation." ("Wealth of Nations," book i. chap. viii.)

And he goes on to say it has been supposed that the lowest species of common labourers must everywhere earn at least double their own maintenance. Now a woman is not under the same necessity. It will be sufficient if she earn enough to keep herself alone, and she can consequently afford to work for wages on which a journeyman cannot exist. The natural effect will be, that, always assuming they have equal skill, employers will give the preference to women, because by paying less wages they will be able to sell cheaper. The women will therefore have the command of the trade, and no efforts on the part of the men can prevent their ultimately being driven out of it.

This is an advantage so great and so irresistible in favour of women, as to compensate for all the drawbacks to which their sex subjects them. But it is one which at first sight seems of an invidious kind, and of which the Christian principle of "doing unto others as you would they should do unto you," almost forbids them to avail themselves. But this is a superficial view, and a little deeper consideration will shew the fallacy of it. It must be remembered that the reduction of wages is not the object at which women aim in learning a trade but is the natural effect produced by the simple act of getting employment; one which is inevitable, and over which they have no control. The quantity of work to be done in any trade, being limited, and the workmen already engaged being as numerous as the work can support, it follows that if more labourers come in, whether women or men, some of the original workmen must be displaced either entirely or partially. If there is at present work enough for six only, the effect of two more being added must be either that two of the six are driven out, or the wages of the whole six are reduced sufficiently to pay the wages of the additional two. The latter would be the first result. Some of the eight would be either entirely or partially unemployed, the whole quantity of work not being sufficient for all; and in order to obtain employment they would offer to take lower wages. The employer would avail himself of this, and then the remaining six would experience a diminution of employment. *They* would resort to the same means, till at last the wages of the whole number would be permanently

reduced. This, however, would not increase the quantity of work, so that there would still be a lack of employment for the whole eight; and when wages had fallen to the lowest point on which the workmen could subsist, even when fully employed, as full employment could not be obtained, so many (which in the case supposed would be two) must quit the trade as would be necessary to leave full work for the rest. Now it must be observed that this reduction of wages is not produced by the will either of the original or additional workmen, but on the contrary is the very reverse of what they would permit if they could help it. It arises simply from the increase of their numbers, and as they have all a right to live, it cannot be charged as a fault upon any. It would be difficult to say in the case which we have put, which of the eight men would be driven out of the trade; but if we suppose the number to comprise both sexes, it will be easy to see it could not be *the women*. For however low the wages might be at which the men could work, the women, as we have seen above, could exist on less, and would always therefore command full employment. The objection, then, which may be and indeed has been urged against women engaging in trades, on the ground of injury to the existing body of workmen means, when fairly examined, this—that women have no right to maintain themselves by any occupation carried on by men. It means this, and nothing else, for we have shewn that the injury complained of follows inevitably from the simple adding to the number of labourers, and to object to a necessary effect is to object to the cause which produces it. But on what grounds can it be pretended that men have an inherent right to the monopoly of any employment whatever? If they be either physically or intellectually more fitted for it than women,they are entitled to the advantage Nature gives them, and need not fear competition; but is there any law, human or divine, or anything in reason, forbidding a woman to engage in an employment which suits her powers? Nature has endowed men and women with different gifts, but has left each sex free to use them for its own advantage. And although it is to be regretted that partial injury should be produced, even though the act which causes it is perfectly justifiable, we must not forget that individual hardship is the price of general benefit. The welfare of the population as a whole has been promoted by improvements which have invariably inflicted temporary suffering on particular classes. The invention of printing ruined the copyists; of the spinning-jenny, the women who had lived by spinning; of the stocking machinery, the knitters; and in the present day the scanty work of the needlewomen is lessened still more by the sewing machine. But the evil is partial and

temporary, while the ultimate good is general and lasting. These are the effects of competition, prompted by that self-interest which is implanted in every individual, and is the strongest instinct of our nature. Look where we will, "from China to Peru," we find this principle in full vigour wherever men are congregated together. But if it be universal, we must infer that it was given to us by an all-wise Providence for good purposes; and if the exercise of it is attended with what appears to us to be partial evil, that our judgment is mistaken, because of our limited knowledge of the whole scheme of Omniscience. The necessity which now drives two millions of women to maintain themselves may be, for aught we know, a natural development of the plan of an inscrutable Providence. Our duty is to deal with it according to our knowledge, and to wait humbly for the result, trusting that in a future state we shall find, in the words of the poet,—

"All discord, harmony, not understood,
All partial evil, universal good."

J. T.

XXVI.—SOMETHING ABOUT AMERICAN WOMEN AND HOSPITALS.

It is certain that before the American people there has been, for some time, a more or less distinct but always growing ideal of a new society with new aims, which they are to inaugurate. The American is an inveterate hoper—his face ever toward the sunrise; and he already inclines to believe that the Old World is full of types and shadows, of which the new is to furnish antitypes and substances. The king, the queen, the nobility, seem to him inadequate studies of magnificent figures which the Old World has caught on the mount of vision, but which the New is to throw in realization upon her continental canvass; such realization being to his democratic senses the good time coming, when every man shall be a sovereign and every woman a queen, and all in the nobility who have nobility in them.

Perhaps the most notable feature in their recent political movements has been the agitation in favour of the introduction of woman's influence into public affairs, and the welcome already given to all her efforts at sharing in the toils and responsibilities of the great social changes through which that country is passing. It is true that the American constitution followed the old Salic codes, and ignored the existence of woman in

providing for the conduct of government; but the habits of the people, and the inevitable tendencies of republican institutions, have prevailed over ancient forms to a large extent in a country where red tape is a much weaker article than elsewhere. When the history of the chief movements of that nation—religious, political, and social—are written, it will be shewn that her influence was potent at every step. By devotion, by uncompromising fidelity to the right, she will be shewn to have lived up to the equal position which she must in future occupy. We hear of many women who have been concerned in the agitations of America, from Miss Grimkè and Lucretia Mott to Mrs. Stowe and Anne Dickinson; but never yet have we heard of any leading woman giving her aid to the side of the great wrong which has overshadowed that country. There has been a singular uniformity in their position, and it has always been on the side of freedom and justice. Amongst the list of the martyrs of liberty, their names are written bright and high. Some of them, as Miss Grimkè and Mattie Griffiths, have given up important interests in the South rather than share in the national crime. When the anti-slavery movement was first inaugurated, few authors in America were so popular with families, North and South, as Lydia Maria Child; and when, hearing the call of the hour upon all true hearts, she responded with her whole soul and wrote for the slaves, her works were cast out of thousands of homes which before had welcomed them; yet she did not falter in her fidelity, and only drew nearer to her cross. She was naturally much depressed at the change in the public feeling with which her advocacy of the then so unpopular cause was visited. I shall never forget a little experience which she related to me. Some ladies of Massachusetts had made her a present of a watch, within which was an inscription saying that it was a token of their appreciation of her devotion to the cause of the oppressed. Some years afterwards, when she had ceased to think of the inscription, the watch, which had become her companion, needed repairs. Being in New York she entered a watch-maker's establishment and left it. "Calling again some days after for the watch," she said, "it was handed to me all right; but when I offered to pay the repairer, who was an entire stranger to me, he said, 'I can never accept payment for repairing a watch that bears that inscription.' Then all the clouds cleared up; and I knew that God still preserves honest soil for the seed He calls us to sow, though He permits some to fall upon rocks." Few amongst women have had more severe trials of this kind to undergo than the wife of the great anti-slavery pioneer, Mrs. William Lloyd Garrison. When Mr. Garrison was hooted through the streets of Boston, and a rope

placed about his neck with the purpose, barely escaped, of hanging him, this noble woman *saw him:* she did not shrink nor plead, but, pale and trembling, she said, "I *think* my husband will not falter! I KNOW my husband will not deny his principles!" So far as the position of Wendell Phillips as the leader of the Abolitionists, whose eloquence has done more to disseminate these principles than any other influence, may be ascribed to an external cause, it must be traced to his wife. In the days of their betrothal she induced him to attend the anti-slavery meetings, and attend to a subject in which she was interested. Thus these powerful men have had faithful and brave women at their sides, who, having animated their aims and shared their toils, must wear with them the imperishable laurels which humanity will award to their triumphs.

Amongst the women of America the most influential perhaps has been Lucretia Mott. She belongs to an old and wealthy quaker family of Philadelphia, which has behind it an aristocratic ancestry. When, more than thirty years ago, a Commission of English Quakers visited America to investigate the state of theological opinion among the Friends of that country, they divided every Quaker Society there by attempting to impose a creed. Elias Hicks opposed their views, and more than half of the members throughout the country went with him. Since then the Quaker societies in America have been divided into "Orthodox" and "Hicksite." In Philadelphia, where was the largest Quaker Community in that country, the leader of the Hicksite branch was the young preacher, Lucretia Mott, who has been called the "female Theodore Parker." It was chiefly through her influence that the leading forces of the Hicksite branch were at an early day brought to a service of emancipation quite different from that which has been gained from the quietism of the Orthodox. It has been some thirteen years or more since the writer first listened to the eloquence of this admirable woman. She was then nearly fifty years of age perhaps, but in the very ripe glow of her powers. She was of a most refined beauty, the shape and curve of her head especially being remarkably perfect, and her bright grey eyes full of a high intelligence. Her voice had a blended solemnity and vivacity singularly fascinating. The vast crowd sat before her motionless and absorbed; for no mind could fail to be impressed and swayed, even, by her at once calm and nervous statement. Mrs. Mott is the only female orator I have ever heard whose *forte* is logic; at the same time one cannot listen without feeling that it is the logic of "the devout reason."

A later character who has arisen in America, very much to the disgust of the correspondent of the London *Times*, is Miss Anne Dickinson, to whose eloquence the present adminis-

tration is indebted for electoral triumphs in one or two States. Having known this lady for some time, I have been amused at the caricatures of her and her addresses, which have been furnished the English public by Charles Mackay and G. A. Sala, in their correspondence. Miss Dickinson is very far removed from a vulgar stump-speaker or an extravagant partizan. She is a handsome and gifted young Quakeress, whose religious training has taught her that there is nothing unfeminine in a woman's sincere utterance to the world of any conviction by which she is deeply moved. For her it required no violent breaking down of conventional fences to stand as she does to plead the cause of the wronged slave and the imperilled nation. Just a year ago she came to Boston from Philadelphia, and stood before the earnest and sad labourers for justice, asking to be heard—asking them to lay a portion of their burthen on her shoulders. Was it a vision—this blooming girl, scarcely out of her teens, glowing with a sublime purpose? She was invited to occupy the pulpit of the Music Hall, from which Theodore Parker had so lately passed. Then she went about and spoke in town halls and village lecture-rooms of Massachusetts. It was found that she had something greater than genius—a deep heart all aglow with the coming dawn for the nation, a spirit consecrated to the love of justice and mercy. Deep called unto deep, and the heart of the people responded. Beneath the blows of this child the treacherous demons of oppression which still haunted the North shrank and fled. She seemed to have been raised up to bruise the head of that serpent in the North, called the Copperhead. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ.*

When it became manifest that, unless some compromise favourable to slavery should be offered to the South by the North, there must be a terrible civil war in America, there was not a woman in the Free States who pleaded for peace at such a cost. Silently they watched the approaching storm; calmly they braced themselves for the agonies which were to pierce their hearts; and when the alarm sounded through the land, they gave fathers, husbands, lovers, sons, tearfully, but firmly, to the great cause. Nearly half a million men have perished in the conflict; and all may imagine how much agony is implied in that fact; and yet from no woman's heart has been wrung a cry for any peace which shall leave the homes of the Southern slaves to be the perpetual prey of the spoiler. "First pure, then peaceable," has been their motto.

When the war came, the women at once set themselves to do and bear whatever part they could. Every city, village, and even country homestead, was filled with groups of women, scraping lint for the wounded, paring fruits to be dried and

sent to the camps, knitting socks, and, indeed, doing everything that could in any way mitigate the impending sorrows and pains.

At last the first fearful burthens of suffering began to be borne to the doors of these homes; the fearful harvests of battle-fields are garnered in the towns and cities, and young men return mutilated to the spots where just now they moved in vigour and happiness. At first there were few hospitals; and then the doors of private dwellings flew open, and nearly every family had a wounded soldier to nurse. Nor was the welcome less in the homes of the North when the wounded guest was a rebel instead of a loyal man. When the hospital arrangements became more perfect, the best, and wealthiest, and most refined women gave up their time and devotion to nursing the soldiers, whether from South or North, who were brought back from the battle-fields. In the city of Cincinnatti, after the first battles of Tennessee, I saw in the hospitals hundreds of women devoting their tender care to these soldiers—in most cases women from the higher classes—and giving of their earthly means, receiving nothing. Never has there been, I venture to suppose, a war in which there has been so little unrelieved suffering, as in that now raging in America: and to the devotion of the women it is mainly due that the great Sanitary Commission, which has been a powerful healing angel, keeping step with the march of destruction, has been established and sustained.

Having now completed this somewhat long preface, I propose to take my reader through one of the large hospitals in America, our guide being Miss Louisa Alcott, a lady spirited and brilliant enough to ensure me the reader's thanks, and to help him or her to appreciate the kind of work that so many American women are engaged in at the present time.

Up to the time of the war, Miss Alcott, daughter of the distinguished transcendental philosopher, A. B. Alcott, was known and admired among the good people of Concord and Boston, Massachusetts, as a very handsome and clever young lady, brilliant in charades and private theatricals, and a writer of humorous stories, some of which had appeared in the "Atlantic Monthly." But when the war broke out, this young lady bade adieu to these merry scenes, and departed for other work. The next to be heard of her is that she is devoting herself, night and day, in the great hospital at Washington. She manages, though never robust, to get along pretty well until the terrible reverses at Fredericksburg: after that, she is so overtasked, that she is brought near to death, and taken home. Slowly she recovers; and during her convalescence she passes her time in preparing, from letters written to her sister during her life in the hospital, little sketches of her experience

there. These were subsequently published in the Boston *Commonwealth* newspaper,* and from these I propose to draw for the remainder of this paper.

THE ARRIVAL OF THE WOUNDED FROM FREDERICKSBURG.

"The first thing I met was a regiment of the vilest odors that ever assaulted the human nose, and carried it by storm. Cologne, with its three thousand evil savors, was a posy-bed to it; and the worst of this affliction was, every one had assured me that it was a chronic weakness of all hospitals, and I must bear it. I did, armed with lavender water, with which I so besprinkled myself and premises, that like my friend, Sairy, I was soon known among my patients as 'the nurse with the bottle.' Having been run over by three excited surgeons, bumped against by migratory coal-hods, water-pails, and small boys; nearly scalded by an avalanche of newly-filled teapots, and hopelessly entangled in a knot of colored sisters coming to wash, I progressed by slow stages up stairs and down, till the main hall was reached, and I paused to take breath and a survey. There they were! 'our brave boys,' as the papers justly call them, for cowards could hardly have been so riddled with shot and shell, so torn and shattered, nor have borne suffering for which we have no name, with an uncomplaining fortitude, which made one glad to cherish each as a brother. In they came, some on stretchers, some in men's arms, some feebly staggering along propped on rude crutches, and one lay stark and still with covered face, as a comrade gave his name to be recorded before they carried him away to the dead house. All was hurry and confusion; the hall was full of these wrecks of humanity, for the most exhausted could not reach a bed till duly ticketed and registered; the walls were lined with rows of such as could sit, the floor covered with the more disabled, the steps and doorways filled with helpers and lookers on,-the sound of many feet and voices made that usually quiet hour as noisy as noon, and, in the midst of it all, the matron's motherly face brought more comfort to many a poor soul, than the cordial draughts she administered, or the cheery words that welcomed all, making of the hospital a home.

"The sight of several stretchers, each with its legless, armless, or desperately wounded occupant, entering my ward, admonished me that I was there to work, not to wonder or weep; so I corked up my feelings, and returned to the path of duty, which was rather 'a hard road to travel' just then. The house had been a hotel before hospitals were needed, and many of the doors still bore their old names; some not so inappropriate as might be imagined, for my ward was in truth a *ball-room*, if gun-shot wounds could christen it. Forty beds were prepared, many already tenanted by tired men who fell down anywhere, and drowsed till the smell of food roused them. Round the great stove was gathered the dreariest group I ever saw—ragged, gaunt and pale, mud to the knees, with bloody bandages untouched since put on days before, many bundled up in blankets, coats being lost or useless, and all wearing that disheartened look which proclaimed defeat, more plainly than any telegram of the Burnside blunder. I pitied them so much, I dared not speak to them, though, remembering all they had been through since the rout at Fredericks, I felt ready to be handmaid to the dreariest and dirtiest of them all. Presently, Miss Blank tore me from my refuge behind piles of one-sleevedshirts, odd socks, bandages and lint—put basin, sponge, towels, and a block of brown soap into my hands, with these appalling directions:—

"'Come, my dear, begin to wash as fast as you can. Tell them to take

* The sketches have since been published in a little volume by James Repath, of Boston, 22, Bromfield Street.

off socks, coats and shirts, scrub them well, then put on clean shirts, and the attendants will finish them off, and lay them in bed.'

"If she had requested me to shave them all, or dance a hornpipe on the stove funnel, I should have been less staggered; but to scrub some dozen lords of creation at a moment's notice, was really—really——. However, there was no time for nonsense, and having resolved when I came to do everything I was bid, I drowned my scruples in my washbowl, clutched my soap manfully, and assuming a business-like air, made a dab at the first dirty specimen I saw, bent on performing my task *viet armis* if necessary. I chanced to light on a withered old Irishman, wounded in the head, which caused that portion of his frame to be tastefully laid out like a garden, the bandages being the walks, his hair the shrubbery. He was so overpowered by the honor of having a lady wash him, as he expressed it, that he did nothing but roll up his eyes, and bless me, in an irresistible style which was too much for my sense of the ludicrous, so we laughed together, and when I knelt down to take off his shoes, he 'flopped' also, and wouldn't hear of my touching 'them dirty craters; may your bed above be aisy, darlin', for the day's worrk ye are doon—Whoosh! there ye are, and bedad, its hard tellin' which is the dirrtiest, the fut or the shoe.' It was; and if he hadn't been to the fore, I should have gone on pulling, under the impression that the 'fut' was a boot, for trousers, socks, shoes, and legs were a mass of mud. This comical tableau produced a general grin, at which propitious beginning I took heart and scrubbed away like any tidy parent on a Saturday night. Some of them took the performance like sleepy children, leaning their tired heads against me as I worked, others looked grimly scandalized, and several of the roughest colored like bashful girls. One wore a soiled little bag about his neck, and as I moved it to bathe his wounded breast, I said,—

"'Your talisman didn't save you, did it?'

"'Well, I reck-on it did, marm, for that shot would a gone a couple a inches deeper but for my old mammy's camphor bag,' answered the cheerful philosopher."

"THE VIRGINIAN BLACKSMITH.

"One of the earlier comers had often spoken of a friend who had remained behind, that those apparently worse wounded than himself might reach a shelter first. It seemed a David and Jonathan sort of friendship. The man fretted for his mate, and was never tired of praising John,—his courage, sobriety, self-denial, and unfailing kindliness of heart, always winding up with,—'He's an out-an'-out fine feller, ma'am, you see if he aint.' I had some curiosity to behold this piece of excellence, and when he came, watched him for a night or two before I made friends with him; for, to tell the truth, I was a little afraid of the stately-looking man, whose bed had to be lengthened to accommodate his commanding stature, who seldom spoke, uttered no complaint, asked no sympathy, but tranquilly observed what went on about him; and, as he lay high upon his pillows, no picture of dying statesman or warrior was ever fuller of real dignity than this Virginian blacksmith. A most attractive face he had, framed in brown hair and beard, comely featured, and full of vigor, as yet unsubdued by pain; thoughtful, and often beautifully mild while watching the afflictions of others, as if entirely forgetful of his own. His mouth was grave and firm, with plenty of will and courage in its lines, but a smile could make it as sweet as any woman's; and his eyes were child's eyes, looking one fairly in the face, with a clear, straightforward glance, which promised well for such as placed their faith in him. He seemed to cling to life as if it were rich in duties and delights, and he had learned the secret of content. The only time I saw his composure disturbed, was when my surgeon brought another to examine John, who

scrutinized their faces with an anxious look, asking of the elder,—'Do you think I shall pull through, sir?' 'I hope so, my man!' And as the two passed on, John's eye still followed him with an intentness which would have won a clearer answer from them, had they seen it. A momentary shadow flitted over his face, then came the usual serenity, as if in that brief eclipse he had acknowledged the existence of some hard possibility, and, asking nothing, yet hoping all things, left the issue in God's hand, with that submission which is true piety.

"The next night, as I went my rounds with Dr. P., I happened to ask which man in the room probably suffered most, and to my great surprise, he glanced at John.

"'Every breath he draws is like a stab; for the ball pierced the left lung, broke a rib, and did no end of damage here and there: so the poor lad can find neither forgetfulness nor ease, because he must lie on his wounded back, or suffocate. It will be a hard struggle, and a long one, for he possesses great vitality; but even his temperate life can't save him—I wish it could.'

"'You don't mean he must die, Dr!'

"'Bless you, there's not the slightest hope for him, and you'd better tell him so before long; women have a way of doing such things comfortably, so I leave it to you. He won't last more than a day or two, at farthest.'

"I could have sat down on the spot and cried heartily, if I had not learned the wisdom of bottling up one's tears for leisure moments. Such an end seemed very hard for such a man, when half-a-dozen worn-out, worthless bodies round him, were gathering up the remnants of wasted lives, to linger on for years perhaps, burdens to others, daily reproaches to themselves. The army needed men like John, earnest, brave, and faithful; fighting for liberty and justice with both heart and hand, a true soldier of the Lord. I could not give him up so soon, or think with any patience of so excellent a nature robbed of its fulfilment, and blundered into eternity by the rashness or stupidity of those at whose hands so many lives may be required. It was an easy thing for Dr. P. to say, 'Tell him he must die,' but a cruelly hard thing to do, and by no means as 'comfortable' as he politely suggested. I had not the heart to do it then, and privately indulged the hope that some change for the better might take place, in spite of gloomy prophesies—so rendering my task unnecessary. A few minutes later, as I came in again with fresh rollers, I saw John sitting erect with no one to support him, while the surgeon dressed his back. I had never happened to see it done before, for having simpler wounds to attend to, and knowing the fidelity of the attendant, I had left John to him, thinking it might be more agreeable and safe, for both strength and experience were needed in his case: I had forgotten that the strong man might long for the gentler tendance of a woman's hands, the sympathetic magnetism of a woman's presence, as well as the feebler souls about him. The doctor's words caused me to reproach myself with neglect, not of any real duty perhaps, but of those little cares and kindnesses that solace homesick spirits, and make the heavy hours pass easier. John looked lonely and forsaken just then, as he sat with bent head, hands folded on his knee, and no outward sign of suffering, till, looking nearer, I saw great tears roll down and drop upon the floor. It was a new sight there, for though I had seen many suffer, some swore, some groaned, most endured silently, but none wept. Yet it did not seem weak, only very touching, and straightway my fear vanished, my heart opened wide and took him in, as gathering the bent head in my arms as freely as if he had been a little child, I said, 'Let me help you bear it, John.'

"Never, on any human countenance, have I seen so swift and beautiful a look of gratitude, surprise, and comfort, as that which answered me more eloquently than the whispered—

"'Thank you, ma'am; this is right good! this is what I wanted!'

"'Then why not ask for it before?'

"'I didn't like to be a trouble, you seemed so busy and I could manage to get on alone.'

"'You shall not want it any more, John.'

"Nor did he, for now I understand the wistful look that sometimes followed me, as I went out, after a brief pause beside his bed, or merely a passing nod, while busied with those who seemed to need me more than he, because more urgent in their demands; now I knew that to him, as to so many, I was the poor substitute for mother, wife, or sister, and in his eyes no stranger, but a friend who hitherto had seemed neglectful: for, in his modesty, he had never guessed the cause. This was changed now, and through the tedious operation of probing, bathing, and dressing his wounds, he leaned against me holding my hand fast, and if pain wrung further tears from him, no one saw them fall but me. When he was laid down again, I hovered about him in a remorseful state of mind that would not let me rest, till I had bathed his face, brushed his 'bonny brown hair,' set all things smooth about him, and laid a knot of heath and heliotrope on his clean pillow. While doing this, he watched me with the satisfied expression I so liked to see, and when I offered the little nosegay, held it carefully in his great hand, smoothed a ruffled leaf or two, surveyed and smelt it with an air of genuine delight, and lay contentedly regarding the glimmer of the sunshine on the green. Although the manliest man among my forty, he said 'Yes, ma'am,' like a little boy, received suggestions for his comfort with the quick smile that brightened his whole face; and now and then, as I stood tidying the table by his bed, I felt him softly touch my gown as if to assure himself that I was there. Anything more natural and frank I never saw, and found this brave John as bashful as brave, yet full of excellencies and fine aspirations, which, having no power to express themselves in words, seemed to have bloomed into his character and made him what he was.

"After that night, an hour of each evening that remained to him was devoted to his ease or pleasure. He could not talk much, for breath was precious and he spoke in whispers, but from occasional conversations I gleaned scraps of private history which only added to the affection and respect I felt for him. Once he asked me to write a letter, and as I settled pen and paper, I said with an irrepressible glimmer of feminine curiosity, 'Shall it be addressed to wife, or mother, John?'

"'Neither, ma'am, I've got no wife, and will write to mother myself when I get better. Did you think I was married because of this?' he asked, touching a plain ring he wore, and often turned thoughtfully on his finger when he lay alone.

"'Partly that, but more from a settled sort of look you have, a look which young men seldom get until they marry.'

"'I didn't know that, but I'm not so very young, ma'am, thirty in May, and have been what you might call settled this ten years, for mother's a widow; I'm the oldest child she has, and it wouldn't do for me to marry till Lizzy has a home of her own, and Laurie's learned his trade, for we're not rich, and I must be father to the children and husband to the dear old woman, if I can.'

"'No doubt but you are both, John; yet how came you to go to war if you felt so? Wasn't enlisting as bad as marrying?'

"'No, ma'am, not as I see it, for one is helping my neighbour, the other pleasing myself. I went because I couldn't help it. I didn't want the glory or the pay, I wanted the right thing done, and people kept saying the men who were in earnest ought to fight. I was in earnest the Lord knows! but I held off as long as I could, not knowing which was my duty; mother saw the case, gave me her ring to keep me steady, and said 'Go,' so I went.'

"A short story and a simple one, but the man and the mother were pourtrayed better than pages of fine writing could have done it.

"'Do you ever regret that you came when you lie here suffering so much?'

"'Never, ma'am; I haven't helped a great deal, but I've shown I was willing to give my life, and perhaps I've got to; but I don't blame anybody, and if it was to do over again, I'd do it. I'm a little sorry I wasn't wounded in front; it looks cowardly to be hit in the back, but I obeyed orders, and it don't matter in the end, I know.'

"Poor John! it did not matter now, except that a shot in front might have spared the long agony in store for him. He seemed to read the thought that troubled me, as he spoke so hopefully when there was no hope, for he suddenly added:

"'This is my first battle; do they think it's going to be my last?'

"'I'm afraid they do, John.'

"It was the hardest question I had ever been called upon to answer; doubly hard with those clear eyes fixed on mine, forcing a truthful answer by their own truth. He seemed a little startled at first, pondered over the fateful fact a moment, then shook his head with a glance at the broad chest and muscular limbs stretched out before him.

"'I'm not afraid, but it's difficult to believe all at once. I'm so strong it don't seem possible for such a little wound to kill me.'

"Merry Mercutio's dying words glanced through my memory as he spoke —'"Tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door, but 'tis enough.' And John would have said the same could he have seen the ominous black holes between his shoulders, he never saw; and seeing the ghastly sights about him, could not believe his own wound more fatal than these, for all the suffering it caused him.

"'Shall I write to your mother now?' I asked, thinking that these sudden tidings might change all plans and purposes; but they did not; for the man received the order of the Divine Commander to march, with the same unquestioning obedience with which the soldier had received that of the human one, doubtless remembering that the first led him to life, the last to death.

"'No, ma'am; to Laurie just the same; he'll break it to her best, and I'll add a line to her myself when you have done.'

"So I wrote the letter which he dictated, finding it better than any I had sent, for though here and there a little ungrammatical or inelegant, each sentence came to me briefly worded but most expressive, full of excellent counsel to the boy, tenderly bequeathing 'mother and Lizzie' to his care, and bidding him good-bye in words the sadder for their simplicity. He added a few lines with steady hand, and, as I sealed it, said, with a patient sort of sigh, "I hope the answer will come in time for me to see it;' then, turning away his face, laid the flowers against his lips, as if to hide some quiver of emotion at the thought of such a sudden sundering of all the dear home ties.

"These things had happened two days before, now John was dying and the letter had not come. I had been summoned to many death-beds in my life, but to none that made my heart ache as it did then, since my mother called me to watch the departure of a spirit akin to this in its gentleness and patient strength. As I went in, John stretched out both hands.

"'I knew you'd come! I guess I'm moving on, ma'am.'

"He was, and so rapidly that even while he spoke, over his face I saw the grey veil falling that no human hand can lift I sat down by him, wiped the drops from his forehead, stirred the air about him with the slow wave of a fan, and waited to help him die. He stood in sore need of help—and I could do so little—for, as the doctor had foretold, the strong body rebelled against death, and fought every inch of the way, forcing him to draw each breath with a spasm, and clench his hands with an imploring look, as if he asked, 'How long must I endure this, and be still?' For hours he suffered dumbly without a moment's respite, or a moment's murmuring; his limbs grew cold, his face damp, his lips white, and again and again, he tore the covering off

his breast, as if the lightest weight added to his agony, yet through it all, his eyes never lost their perfect serenity and the man's soul seemed to sit therein, undaunted by the ills that vexed his flesh.

"One by one, the men woke, and round the room appeared a circle of pale faces and watchful eyes, full of awe and pity; for though a stranger, John was beloved by all. Each man there had wondered at his patience, respected his piety, admired his fortitude, and now lamented his hard death, for the influence of an upright nature had made itself deeply felt even in one little week. Presently the Jonathan who so loved this comely David, came creeping from his bed for a last look and word. The kind soul was full of trouble, as the choke in his voice, the grasp of his hand, betrayed; but there were no tears, and the farewell of the friends was the more touching from its brevity.

"'Old boy, how are you?' faltered the one.

"'Most through, thank heaven!' whispered the other.

"'Can I say or do anything for you anywheres?'

"'Take my things home, and tell them that I did my best.'

"'I will! I will!'

"'Good bye, Ned.'

"'Good bye, John, good bye!'

"They kissed each other tenderly as women, and so parted, for poor Ned could not stay to see his comrade die. For a little while, there was no sound in the room but the drip of water from a stump or two, and John's distressful gasps as he slowly breathed his life away. I thought him nearly gone, and had just laid down the fan, believing its help to be no longer needed, when suddenly he rose up in his bed, and cried out with a bitter cry that broke the silence, sharply startling every one with its agonized appeal—

"'For God's sake give me air!'

"It was the only cry pain or death had wrung from him, the only boon he had asked, and none of us could grant it, for all the airs that blow were useless now. Dan flung up the window, the first red streak of dawn was warming the grey east, a herald of the coming sun; John saw it, and with the love of light which lingers in us to the end, seemed to read in it a sign of hope of help, for over his whole face there broke that mysterious expression, brighter than any smile, which often comes to eyes that look their last. He laid himself gently down, and stretching out his strong right arm, as if to grasp and bring the blessed air to his lips in fuller flow, lapsed into a merciful unconsciousness, which assured us that for him suffering was for ever past. He died then, for though the heavy breaths still tore their way up for a little longer, they were but the waves of an ebbing tide that beat unfelt against the wreck, which an immortal voyager had deserted with a smile. He never spoke again, but to the end held my hand close, so close that when he was asleep at last, I could not draw it away, Dan helped me, warning me as he did so, that it was unsafe for dead and living flesh to lie so long together; but though my hand was strangely cold and stiff, and four white marks remained across its back, even when warmth and color had returned elsewhere, I could not but be glad, that, through its touch, the presence of human sympathy perhaps had lightened that hard hour.

When they had made him ready for his grave, John lay in state for half an hour, a thing which seldom happened in that busy place, but a universal sentiment of reverence and affection seemed to fill the hearts of all who had known or heard of him; and when the rumor of his death went through the house, always early astir, many came to see him, and I felt a tender sort of pride in my lost patient, for he looked a most heroic figure lying there stately and still as the statue of some young knight asleep upon his tomb. The lovely expression which so often beautifies dead faces, soon replaced the marks of pain, and I longed for those who loved him best to see him when half-an-hour's acquaintance with death had made them friends. As we stood

looking at him, the ward master handed me a letter, saying it had been forgotten the night before. It was John's letter, come just an hour too late to gladden the eyes that had looked and longed for it so eagerly—yet he had it; for after I had cut some brown locks for his mother, and taken off the ring to send her, telling how well the talisman had done its work, I kissed this good son for her sake, and laid the letter in his hand still folded as when I drew my own away—feeling that its place was there, and making myself happy with the thought that even in his solitary grave in the 'Government Lot,' he would not be without some token of the love which makes life beautiful and outlives death. Then I left him, glad to have known so genuine a man, and carrying with me an enduring memory of the brave Virginian blacksmith as he lay serenely waiting for the dawn of that long day, which knows no night.

BREAKING UP.

"One of the lively episodes of hospital life is the frequent marching away of such as are well enough to rejoin their regiments, or betake themselves to some convalescent camp. The ward master comes to the door of each room that is to be thinned, reads off a list of names, bids their owners look sharp and be ready when called for, and as he vanishes, the rooms fall into an indescribable state of topsy-turvyness, as the boys begin to black their boots, brighten spurs if they have them, overhaul knapsacks, make presents, are fitted out with needfuls, fed, and—well why not?—kissed sometimes, as they say good bye, for in all human probability we shall never meet again, and a woman's heart yearns over anything that has clung to her for help and comfort. I never liked these breakings up of my little household, though my short stay showed me but three. I was immensely gratified by the hand shakes I got, for their somewhat painful cordiality assured me that I had not tried in vain. The big Prussian rumbled out his unintelligible *adieux* with a grateful face and a premonitory smooth of his yellow moustache, but got no farther, for some one else stepped up with a large brown hand extended, and this recommendation of our very faulty establishment—

"'We're off, ma'am, and I'm powerful sorry, for I'd no idea a orspitle was such a jolly place. Hope I'll git another ball somewheres easy, so I'll come back, and be took care on again. Mean, ain't it?'

"I didn't think so, but the doctrine of inglorious ease was not the right one to preach up, so I tried to look shocked, failed signally, and consoled myself by giving him the fat pincushion he had admired as the 'cutest little machine agoin.' Then they fell into line in front of the house, looking rather wan and feeble some of them, but trying to step out smartly and march in good order, though half the knapsacks were carried by the guard, and several leaned on sticks instead of shouldering guns. All looked up and smiled, or waved their hands and touched their caps, as they passed under our windows down the long street, and so away, some to their homes in this world and some to that in the next; and for the rest of the day I felt like Rachel mourning for her children, when I saw the empty beds and missed the familiar faces."

AMONG THE CONTRABANDS.

"But more interesting than officers, ladies, mules or pigs, were my colored brothers and sisters, because so unlike the respectable members of society I'd known in moral Boston.

"Here was the genuine article—no, not the genuine article at all, we must go to Africa for that—but the sort of creatures generations of slavery have made them; obsequious, trickish, lazy and ignorant, yet kind hearted, merry tempered, and quick to feel and accept the least token of the brotherly love

which is slowly teaching the white hand to grasp the black in this great struggle for the liberty of both the races.

"Having been warned not to be too rampant on the subject of slavery, as secesh principles flourished even under the respectable nose of Father Abraham, I had endeavored to walk discreetly and curb my unruly member, looking about me with all my eyes the while, and saving up the result of my observations for future use. I had not been there a week before the neglected, devil-may-care expression in many of the faces about me seemed an urgent appeal to leave nursing white bodies and take some care for these black souls. Much as the lazy boys and saucy girls tormented me, I liked them, and found that any show of interest or friendliness brought out the better traits which live in the most degraded and forsaken of us all. I like their cheerfulness, for the dreariest old hag who scrubbed all day in that pestilential stream, gossipped and grinned all the way out, when night set her free from drudgery. The girls romped with their dusky sweethearts, or tossed their babies with the tender pride that makes mother-love a beautifier to the homeliest face. The men and boys sang and whistled all day long, and often, as I held my watch, the silence of the night was sweetly broken by some chorus from the street, full of real melody, whether the song was of heaven or of hoe cakes; and, as I listened, I felt that we never should doubt nor despair concerning a race which through such bitter griefs and wrongs still clings to this good gift, and seems to solace with it the patient hearts that wait and watch and hope until the end.

"I expected to have to defend myself from accusations of a prejudice against color; but was surprised to find things just the other way, and daily shocked some neighbour by treating the blacks as I did the whites. The men *would* swear at the 'darkies,' would put two *gs* into negro, and scoff at the idea of any good coming from such trash. The nurses were willing to be served by the colored people, but seldom thanked them, never praised, and scarcely recognized them in the street; whereat the blood of two generations of abolitionists waxed hot in my veins, and at the first opportunity proclaimed itself, and asserted the right of free speech as doggedly as the irrepressible Folsom herself.

"Happening to catch up a funny little black baby who was toddling about the nurses' kitchen one day, when I went down to make a mess for some of my men, a Virginian woman standing by elevated her most prominent feature with a sniff of disapprobation, exclaiming,

"'Gracious, Miss P.! how can you? I've been here six months and never so much as touched the little toad with a poker.'

"'More shame for you, ma'am,' responded Miss P., and with the natural perversity of a Yankee, followed up the blow by kissing 'the toad' with ardor; his face was providentially as clean and shiny as if his mamma had just polished it up with a corner of her apron and a drop from the teakettle spout, like old Aunt Chloe. This rash act, and the anti-slavery lecture that followed, while one hand stirred gruel for sick America and the other hugged baby Africa, did not produce the cheering result which I fondly expected, for my comrade henceforth regarded me as a dangerous fanatic, and my protegé nearly came to his death by insisting on swarming up stairs to my room on all occasions, and being walked on like a little black spider.

THE GREAT NEW YEAR.

"I waited for New Year's day with more eagerness than I had ever known before; and, though it brought me no gift, I felt rich in the act of justice so tardily performed toward some of those about me. As the bells rung midnight, I electrified my room-mate by dancing out of bed, throwing up the window and flapping my handkerchief with a feeble cheer in answer to the shout of a group of colored men in the street below. All night they

tooted and tramped, fired crackers, sung 'Glory Hallelujah,' and took comfort, poor souls! in their own way. The sky was clear, the moon shone benignly, a mild wind blew across the river, and all good omens seemed to usher in the dawn of the day whose noontide cannot now be long in coming. If the colored people had taken hands and danced around the White House, with a few cheers for the much abused gentleman who has immortalized himself by one just act, no President could have had a finer levee, or one to be prouder of.

THE END.

"While these sights and sounds were going on without, curious scenes were passing within, and I was learning that one of the best methods of fitting oneself to be a nurse in a hospital is to be a patient there; for then only can one wholly realize what the men suffer and sigh for, how acts of kindness touch and win, how much or little we are to those about us, and for the first time really see that in coming there we have taken our lives in our hands, and may have to pay dearly for a brief experience. Every one was very kind; the attendants of my ward often came up to report progress, to fill my wood-box, or bring messages and presents from my boys. The nurses took many steps with those tired feet of theirs, and several came each evening to chat over my fire and make things cosy for the night. The doctors paid daily visits, tapped at my lungs to see if pneumonia was within, left doses without names, and went away leaving me as ignorant and much more uncomfortable than when they came. Hours began to get confused, people looked odd, queer fancies haunted the room, and the nights were one long fight with weariness and pain. Letters from home grew anxious, the doctors lifted their eyebrows and nodded ominously, friends said 'Don't stay,' and an internal rebellion seconded the advice; but the three months were not out, and the idea of giving up so soon was proclaiming a defeat before I was fairly routed, so to all 'Don't stays' I opposed 'I wills,' till one fine morning a grey-headed gentleman rose like a welcome ghost on my hearth, and at the sight of him my resolution melted away, my heart turned traitor to my boys, and when he said 'Come home,' I answered, 'Yes, father,' and so ended my career as an army nurse.

"I never shall regret the going, though a sharp tussle with typhoid, ten dollars and a wig are all the visible results of the experiment; for one may live and learn much in a month; a good fit of illness proves the value of health, real danger tries one's mettle, and self-sacrifice sweetens character. Let no one who sincerely desires to help the work on in this way, delay going through any fear, for the worth of life lies in the experiences that fill it, and this is one which cannot be forgotten. All that is best and bravest in the hearts of men and women comes out in scenes like these, and though a hospital is a rough school, its lessons are both stern and salutary, and the humblest of pupils there, in proportion to his faithfulness, learns a deeper faith in God and in himself. I, for one, would return to-morrow, on the 'up again and take another' principle, if I could, for the amount of pleasure and profit I got out of that month compensates for all after pangs; and, though a sadly womanish feeling, I take some satisfaction in the thought that if I could not lay my head on the altar of my country, I have my hair, and that is more than handsome Helen did for her dead husband, when she sacrificed only the ends of her ringlets on his urn. Therefore I close this little chapter of hospital experiences with the regret that they were not better worth recording, and add the poetical gem with which I console myself for the untimely demise of 'Nurse Periwinkle.'"

"Oh lay her in a little pit,
With a marble stone to cover it;
And carve thereon a gruel spoon,
To show a 'nuss' has died too soon."

M. D. CONWAY.

XXVII.—THE MYSTICAL BODY OF CHRIST.

Lo! in wondrous beauty rising,
Christ's mysterious body see;
It through ages has been forming,
And through ages still must be
Ever living, ever growing,
Light of Ages, Hope of Time;
See each added member throwing
Glory round that Head sublime.

There are hands which healed the wounded,
Fed the hungry, clothed the poor;
To the outcast, guilt surrounded,
God's celestial message bore.
Every hand which fought God's battle,
Did His work, displayed His love;
Glittering there in light immortal,
Draws our hearts, our souls above.

There are feet which scaled the mountain,
Crossed the deserts, braved the sea;
Piercing earth's deep misty caverns,
Set the blinded captives free.
These are they whose steps unwearied,
Through the Ages firm have trod,
Trampling idols, and revealing
To all lands their Father—God.

There are hearts, O! strong and loving
Are the hearts which vibrate there;
Strong in faith, through sorrows loving,
Theirs a life of praise and prayer;
Theirs to nerve with strength from heaven,
Hands which falter, feet which tire;
Theirs to sing while tempests darken,
Praise Him ever, higher, higher.

These are they whom sword nor faggot,
Cruel cross, nor arrow keen;
Roman prætor, mitred abbot,
Could not shake their faith serene.
Loving hearts! if ye were wanting,
Hands and feet would crippled be,
Nor should earth though earnest longing,
Christ's mysterious body see.

E. N. P. R.

XXVIII.—LADIES' LIFE IN SHETLAND.

You want to know how we ladies manage to amuse ourselves and make the time pass agreeably in Shetland. You say we have no libraries, no operas, no theatres, no railways, no schools, no markets, no lecture rooms, no "Societies," and worse than all, no society! You say you can fancy a gentleman getting on pretty well in those outlandish regions, because gentlemen, as a whole, seem to prefer being uncomfortable (?); but you think even they must find it a dull life sometimes. My dear friend, you were never so much mistaken in all your life. If there is a place in the world where a lady may have plenty to do, and plenty of amusements with which to while away her leisure hours, it is in Shetland. You look incredulous, very well—sit down there for half-an-hour—see! do a bit of this crochet for me, and I will prove what I protest so decidedly. You are willing to be *bored* for a little—you are all attention—*very well* I say again, and now, *ma chere*, I will commence my lecture. I will begin by supposing you to be a Shetland lady, and a "blue stocking." Ah! you think that too repulsive a title. Well! you are a lover of "literature, science, and art," as Chambers has it. You like to read books—even to write them—and study nature. You have the widest of wide fields for following those pursuits in Shetland. A very moderate sum will suffice to bring you from Mudie's all the books you wish; and the mail steamer will carry to you, every week, as goodly a supply of papers and periodicals as you choose to invest in, or as your southern friends care to send you. (You see you are not so much "out of the world" as you imagined.) You can have, as most likely you would in more civilized regions, a little room in some snug corner of your dwelling-house, where you can unpack and hoard up all manner of books, and papers, and writing materials; and you may spend hours and hours in this sanctum, dyeing your fingers with ink, and wrinkling your brows with Latin, without dread of some morning caller invading your domain with a clatter of gossip and a lap-dog, and no fear of an inquisitive casual acquaintance intruding on your privacy for the purpose of retailing to *other* casual acquaintances all she saw in your room, and all you said, and the conclusion she came to, that if ever a "blue stocking" lived, you are that one.

I will tell you one amusement in the *book line* which we found very diverting and instructive. Our family was a large one, so we organized an Essay Society (what was that you said about our having no "Societies?") among the members of our own household. Each one wrote something on a given subject, a

poem, a narrative, a biography, a tale, no matter what or how, and then we had a grand reading of the whole, once a month. Of course, most of those essays were wretched affairs, but it was a pleasant, though decidedly *blue stockingish* mode of amusing ourselves; never mind! it helped to beguile the long hours of the winter evenings. I knew one Shetland lady who found wondrous pleasure in keeping star-fish, and zoophytes, and sea anemones, and this was long before it became a fashion to bring cold, slimy, water creatures into elegant drawing rooms. I don't say that *I* should care for that much, but this young Shetland lady was never tired of wandering about on the shore, with a little pail in her hand, picking up all manner of strange marine beings; and many an hour she spent in watching and tending her treasures. She has given up those pursuits now, for "her little ones at home" give her enough to do; but in the days of her maiden leisure, a ramble by the sea had charms which no city promenade could have given to this lover of nature.

I have often seen most beautiful collections of sea weeds, shells, or corals, gathered by ladies in Shetland; and the zeal which they have shown in the acquisition of these things proved that the interest awaked was lasting and intense.

Perhaps you have been reading Hugh Miller, and you are desirous of having a modest little collection of mineralogical specimens. Some very rare ones* are found in Shetland, and it would afford you great amusement, searching for them, though you would sometimes have to enlist your brother, or male cousin, (with a hammer) in your cause. The serpentine is found in some islands in great abundance, and I have seen exquisite paper weights, small tables, and even handles for fruit knives, cut out of that rock. The sawing and polishing of this beautiful stone forms the chief amusement of the proprietor of an island where it abounds in considerable quantities, and of the finest kind.

Botany, too, is a study which a lady may follow with much success in Shetland, and her researches in that line will be rewarded by the discovery of much that is valuable and interesting. No warning to trespassers will be met to deter the rambling botanist from wandering where she will in search of graceful ferns and fairy wild flowers. Nor do you require to fill your feminine brain with learned names (unless you are like that most disagreeable person, Minerva, not satisfied with possessing all womanly accomplishments, but must add to them those of the other sex as well). You can enjoy Nature's treasures without the help of unpronounceable words, and you will prize your flowers, and ferns, shells, and sea weeds, quite as much as if you had waded through innumerable nomenclators.

* Instance, hydrate of magnesia, and others.

Then, supposing you to be imaginative, and slightly tinged with a healthful hankering after the superstitious and ideal, why an hour's conversation with a Shetlander, or a ten minutes' walk, will send you to pen and paper in double-quick time, for every spot is linked with weird-like legends and poetical associations, and the natives of those islands are for the most part endowed with an eloquence and education far above that of their class in other countries. The lover of the antique and romantic has but to stroll to the ancient cairn among the rocks, and seated on some sea-washed crag, bid the boy who guided her there to repeat some story connected with the place. No fear such a tale will not be forthcoming—and what matters it if the reciter draw a little on his imagination for the filling up of gaps in the time-ruined wall of his discourse? Take all you hear in good faith, and go home and fill your scrap-book with "Sketches and Tales of Shetland." But you say, "only a *few* ladies are fond of those scientific and literary pursuits." I am glad to believe that that is the truth, and I was but showing how even those "few" may find my beloved fatherland a spot of interest and delight.

Now I am going to suppose (taking for granted that *all* ladies are fond of doing *something*) that you are *housewifely* inclined. You scorn the help of cookery books, and you triumph in the conquest over trifling household difficulties. To be sure you have no markets to run to for everything you want, but all the more cause to draw upon your own resources, and prove yourself the thoughtful, foreseeing, prudent housekeeper, which you profess to be. In the summer season, you find no lack of fresh lamb and mutton (and both of a peculiarly delicate kind), and plenty of fish, for which a London epicure would give fabulous sums. A lady in Shetland, however, may procure any amount of ling, or cod, or mackerel, or herring, fresh from their parent element, if she will exchange a pound of meal or an ounce of tea for the same! The ling, and cod, and herring, have of course a market price; but mackerel and eels, with shell-fish, are only used as bait for the deep-sea fishing. The wives of the fishermen bring the produce of the deep to the gentlefolks as "presents"—which word, however, you must interpret "barter." An old woman will come and say she wishes to see "the lady." You go to the kitchen, and you find she has brought "twa bonnie codlings for the maister's dinner." You say,—"Oh, thank you, what shall I give you for them?" "I! mem, na, na! I wadna *sell* sic a trifle." You reply,—"Shall it be a little oatmeal?" "Weel, since ye are sa guid, a makin' o' tae wid do as weel!"—*so* you get your fish, and *so* you pay for your "present." In the same way you may buy dozens of new-laid eggs and fine young fowls—any-

thing the country yields in short; but if you would rather pay money at once for your purchases, sixpence will procure eighteen fine mackerel or a dozen herrings (fresh). A full-grown hen will cost sixpence, a pair of young fowls eightpence, a dozen eggs fivepence. A shilling will pay for a fat goose, but that you can only procure at one particular time of the year.

But perhaps you, being such a good housekeeper, would like better to rear your own poultry. All Shetland houses have, more or less, some ground attached to them; and geese (swan-geese if you choose,) and all kinds of ducks are easily kept and managed. Turkeys, pea-fowl, and guinea-fowl, can also be reared; and all the varieties of Cochin, game, Spanish, and other fowls, are managed in our islands quite as well as in more southern latitudes. Of course, if you are the laird's wife, you may have your fresh beef at any season, killed on your home-farm, or brought from the insular metropolis, Lerwick; but if you *don't* chance to be a lady of very extensive means, and therefore cannot afford to provide your household with butcher's meat in such an expensive manner, you must put up with having beef unsalted and unsmoked just *one* fortnight in the year, that is at Martinmas, when there is a general slaughter of all the animals which have been in course of fatting during the summer, and when stores are being laid in for the long winter and for the spring to come. You are a careful prudent housewife, so you must see that in October you salt and smoke as much beef, and mutton, and fish, as will last during the six ensuing months. After all you won't much miss roast beef and steaks when you can have mutton, lamb, poultry, rabbits, fish—from loch*-locked trout to deep-sea cod—and game, such as plover and snipe. Then your dairy will yield you the richest cream, butter, and cheese; and the laying in of stores, and the foraging for varieties of provisions, and the inventing of new dishes, will employ every moment of the time which you choose to devote to such matters.

In all the islands there are shops where you may procure the most needful of common groceries, earthenware, and cotton; and in Lerwick (which is situated about the centre of the island called Mainland,) you may procure any thing you wish, from a concertina to a print gown. There are capital shops in this little wave-washed town, and sloops leave the metropolitan harbour every week on their way to the different places of any importance throughout Shetland. Not so much out of the world, you see, after all!

But you have wearied already of playing the housewife, and you want to see what employment I will find for you in some other character. Suppose you try being the minister's sister,

* *Loch*, pronounced gutteral, as in Scotland.

or the doctor's daughter. Oh! if you are charitably and religiously inclined—with the influence your father or brother's name can give—you will find a vast garden run to seed, and thirsting for such tending as you can lend. You are a Christian lady, and you wish to help the poor and unaided of your fellow-creatures. Nowhere in the world is there such a want of labourers for the vineyard; no where is the *real lady* so appreciated and respected as in Shetland. The poor of those islands are a most intelligent and even educated class, compared with their equals in England and Scotland. The few books to which they have access are greedily devoured, and no gift is more acceptable than a little hymn book or religious story. I remember a friend of mine giving a pair of boots to a young man to repair; when the job was done, and the cobbler (not such by profession,) brought home the boots and was asked what his charge would be, he replied, "If you please, sir, all I would ask would be a reading of Lord Byron's poems." Here was *barter* of a queer sort, with a vengeance. I also knew a girl, the daughter of a poor widow in humble circumstances, who has taught herself to crochet, to work on muslin, to compose verses, and draw from Nature. She is a beautiful girl too, and a modest, gentle, virtuous maiden; quite a case of an "Ellen, the hamlet's pride," and a fair mate for the best "Lord Burleigh" that ever owned a "stately hall."

Another girl I knew—she died, poor thing, in the bloom of her youth—who composed some beautiful music, and sang as many a ball-room beauty would give a year's conquests to rival. She was well read in all the poets, had Longfellow and Shakspeare at her finger ends; while Scott's Novels and Addison's History were her favourite study. These are not solitary instances; I could mention dozens. Minds there are, among those simple islanders, longing for knowledge, and yearning for divine truths to be told them, and no one to sow the precious seed. What a field for the Christian lady to work in! What a harvest for her reaping! What jewels to deck her immortal crown! jewels strewn among the grey old rocks of Ultima Thule, and only awaiting a hand to gather them.

But I weary you. Just a few minutes more. One round of the crochet yet, and then I'll have done.

You think we have no amusements in Shetland. That, like the Esquimaux, we sleep nine months and gorge ourselves with blubber during the remaining three months. Why, we have our picnics in as good style as you can have. We pack up our baskets on some sunny summer morning, and we start in "boats of Noroway deal" for a day's excursion among little lonely islets and giant rocks that have not their match in all broad Scotland. We ladies can handle oars, and we have

rowing matches; and the gentlemen of our party carry their rifles, and shew us how expert they are at bringing down the graceful sea birds, whose solitary haunts we have invaded. Then we land on some table rock, and merrily unpack our stores of cold provisions; and with the blue sky above, and the blue water beneath, and the solemn grey cliffs of fatherland on either side—we eat our dinner! Or perchance the expedition is a land one. Perhaps to the scene of some ancient Viking raid, or the site of some long-dead southern noble's ruined castle. Instead of the boats our ponies are called into requisition, and over heath, and stone, and rugged hill, we blithely trot along; the sure-footed animals who bear us to our destination being our cherished pets and companions.

We have no fear of being benighted far from home, for the summer days are lingeringly long, and night is not night at all, only a species of twilight, which hovers over the islands for a few hours, and is poetically termed, by the inhabitants, "the dim."

There is a holy quiet which seems to pervade the atmosphere when the sun has gone down, and nothing could be more charming than a ramble by the sea-side at such an hour, with Longfellow's poems to soothe your thoughts, as the gentle ripple of the water soothes your ear. You might even carry your sketch book and attempt (for it could only be an attempt) to draw the placid scene before you. The evening is *light* enough for it at any rate. But better than poem or pencil would be a congenial companion; one who had shared some sorrows as well as joys with you; one to whom you could tell all the molten thoughts that seethe within you; one with whom you could talk of the past and dream of the future. A brother, or sister, or friend, or husband, or lover.

Then the Shetland winter has its pleasures too, its lingering hours of evening, when

> "Gladsome looks of household love
> Meet in the ruddy light."

when books are piled on the centre table, when curtains are drawn, when the wild winds of the north shriek without, when the pelting sleet rattles against the window, when knitting needles move in nimble fingers with a speed which defies the eye to follow the progress of each separate stitch: when "Hialtland's harp," the violin, breathes forth some wild Norse melody, and each note seems the voice of a conquering sea-king; and anon the wail of the maid that weeps for the fallen. Or it may be the lively tones of the pianoforte call the young folk to "dance dull care away," and so with innocent mirth and agreeable occupations, we Shetland ladies make the stormy

reign of the blustering winter a time of pleasant work, and healthful amusement.

To be sure we *are* far from schools, that is if you mean schools for the education of children of the *upper classes*: yes! there is only one such Institution in Shetland, and that one is in its infancy as yet; but, you know, we can have tutors and governesses for our little ones.

If children must be sent to boarding schools away from all the sweet home ties, and the holy influences which dwell in the atmosphere of the nursery; if the youth of both sexes must be turned out to meet the troubles and temptations and evil examples of public schools, why! it matters little if the distance between them and the parent nest be three hundred or simply *three* miles. Oh! yes, I grant you we *are* far from colleges, and theatres, and operas, and the like; but we are also far from the vicinity of contaminating infantile diseases—those scourges which dwell in crowded towns and unhealthy, smoky suburbs, desolating the well-filled nurseries, and leaving bereft hearts in the parlours. And we are also far from the vices which beset youth in more civilized regions. We can rear our children in peaceful security and keep them near us till their characters are formed, and armed with that strength which the tender influences of a happy home can give. *Then* we can send them out to the Battle of Life, and feel that we have done all that mortal could to make them impervious to evil.

We have no society, certainly, if by that you mean a casual acquaintance with "half the world," who pester you with morning calls, engrossing the precious hours of the forenoon with chattering gossip, and filling your ears with meaningless compliments. Oh! no, we have no society, if by that you mean solemn dinner parties, and stiff evening balls, where every guest wears a mask, and the entertainers are wishing the whole affair at Jericho. No, no! we have no society of that kind. But I will tell you what we have to make up. In the summer time a host of wandering tourists come to visit Shetland; some for scientific purposes, some for rest from business, some for recruiting of shattered health, some (a very few) to "astonish the natives" and "do" the islands—almost all *gentlemen* (or ladies) in the true sense of the word. There are no hotels or lodging houses, except in Lerwick, so the doors of the resident gentry must be open, and the ladies must be ever "on hospitable cares intent." We say "welcome," to the stranger, and our courtesy is amply repaid by oft-times "entertaining angels unawares"—always receiving much pleasing and valuable information, and often laying the foundation for life-long friendships.

Then our neighbours don't wait for a formal invitation to visit us. They mount their ponies (if they live in the same island) and drop in upon us as we sit down to dinner or tea. They don't expect a fuss to be made about them, they are pleased to be treated as ourselves, and neither they nor us, think it at all worth while to appear what we are not. One friend will come from an adjacent island, another from the far south, another drop in accidentally, another (a stranger making the tour of Shetland) linger ere departing like a bird of passage; to each and all the daughters of the old rock—the descendants of the Vikinger*—say "welcome," for the good old days of "Magnus Troil" are not *quite* over yet; and, as Madam Norna said, "If the men of Thule have ceased to become champions and to spread the banquet for the raven, the *women* have not forgotten the arts that lifted them of yore into "queens and prophetesses." This is the sort of society we have in Shetland, far more agreeable, I think, than that of town or country further south.

But you say, I have described a life which one may lead in any rural district of England. No! not quite. But (I am sorry to disappoint you,) perhaps I have sketched this ladies' life in Shetland not so much for the purpose of describing life in those islands as for showing in what an innocent, useful, and pleasant way a lady may exist without the aid of city comforts and city pleasures.

I see you are still unbelieving, so I will release you from your uncomfortable position of listener to a proser; only—stay—this much I *will* say. Go to Shetland and try the life I have so imperfectly described, then tell me, if you can, that it is a miracle to you how we Shetland ladies manage to pass the time agreeably. You *must* go; oh! goodbye then—thank you very much for the hearing you have given me, and the large piece you have added to that endless crochet mat. Goodbye.

CYNTHA.

XXIX.—A LONELY CHILDHOOD.

WANT of sympathy is, no doubt, one of the most frequent causes of unkindness; for even in reference to those in whom we take no special interest, human nature is not essentially malevolent, and common humanity would mostly prevent us from inflicting injury, if only our own feelings told us that it would really be injury; while in the case of those we love,

* Vikinger—Norse, plural of Viking.

though the very fact of our loving them implies a wish to avoid doing them harm in any way, yet do we not continually find that the entertaining of true affection is by no means inconsistent with the causing of much needless suffering to its object, from mere ignorance of what would or would not produce such an effect? This is sometimes apparent in other relations of life, but in none nearly so much so as in that of parents and children, unquestionably on account of its being so difficult for the mature to sympathize with the young, and the consequent absence of that "fellow feeling" which makes so "wondrous kind." As, turning from the mirror, the beholder "straightway forgets what manner of man he was," so the wayfarer on life's journey, as he passes from one stage to another, retains often but little recollection of the preceding, and especially of the earliest ones; or, at least, however the facts may remain impressed upon his memory, the feelings become almost as though they had never been, because, being often such as are no longer called into action, the power of even forming a conception of them gradually decays. Thus, a mother may remember very accurately, not only what persons she met in childhood, but how much pleasure she derived from the society of those of them to whom she was attached, because she continually feels a similar pleasure now in the company of her present friends; but it is doubtful whether she will recall, with anything like equal vividness, the agonies of shyness experienced among strangers, any such feelings having long ceased to be called forth; and therefore, however considerate in affording her child the former kind of enjoyment, is very likely to take little thought as to sparing her the latter kind of suffering. But if, when all that is needed is that seniors should remember how they felt when they were young, and act accordingly towards the young, it is so rarely found that thorough sympathy is established, how is the difficulty increased when, as is not unfrequently the case, the circumstances of the parents in their early days have been different in important particulars from those in which their children are placed? How then shall they learn to enter into their feelings, and qualify themselves to promote their happiness, as it only can be promoted by those who understand them?—for children, while children, rarely tell much of what they feel; they do not publish autobiographies or diaries, however they may write them, (for children often scribble in secret much more than is suspected,) while it is commonly only those who attain eminence who in after life give the experiences of their childhood to the world, and these are hardly accepted as having been at any age fair specimens of ordinary humanity. Would it not then be of some service if any who retain a vivid impression of the thoughts and feelings

of that early stage of their being, and are at the same time endowed with so much of the analytical faculty as to be able to trace the causes and effects of such thoughts and feelings, and their influence on the formation of the character, would contribute their experiences, and the results deducible therefrom, to the rather limited stock of such life-lore at present possessed? In this belief, it is now proposed to offer an illustration of this kind of experience, and the way in which it is thought it might be thus made available.

"Boys will be boys" is a saying true as trite, for however stern the discipline to which the little lad may be subjected, the strong animal nature, intended by the Creator to be predominant in early youth, will mostly, in his case, burst through all attempts at too rigid control, and revel in its appointed element of activity; and it is well for manhood that it should be so, for assuredly boys should be boys if men are to be men. Would that it could be affirmed with equal truth that girls will be girls; but the abstract human nature is so much less strongly developed in feminine humanity—or rather, perhaps, is opposed by so many counteracting influences, that it is far more liable to be completely overborne. Endowed by Nature with but a small portion of physical strength or courage, with a diffidence that shrinks from observation, a mindfulness of appearances and proprieties, a distaste for contact with anything that may soil or discompose—a being thus formed is but too readily acted upon by undue repression; and the mere neglect to cultivate those qualities which belong to the species in common, will often suffice to force the peculiar characteristics of sex into precocious prominence, and transform the girl child, a being which ought not to be so very widely different from the boy at the same age, into the anomalous "little woman," a mere small-sized copy of full-grown feminity, to which a parallel in the other sex is scarcely ever seen. The qualities usually peculiar to maturity, even when excellent in themselves, yet when they appear thus unseasonably, like berries in blossom time, in the character of a child, can scarcely be seen without regret, and a fear, too often well-founded, that, as all our vices are virtues overblown, they will corrupt into rottenness when they should be ripening into perfect fruit, and eventually become defects rather than excellencies.

One great means of regulating the development of character according to due season is the associating with others of equal years, for the approbation that is most desired is always that of peers and associates, and a child can only gain the good opinion of other children by the display of child-like qualities, of such common excellences as they can understand and appreciate. And considering that it is not only thus a most effectual

check upon the tendency of individuality to degenerate into peculiarity, but that without it there is little or no field for the exercise of the social and many of the relative virtues, which must therefore remain dormant in the absence of anything to call them forth, it is wonderful that the importance of children's society to children should be so overlooked as it is sometimes found to be. The baneful effects of even such partial segregation as takes place when one family, however perfect the fellowship of its members one with the other, is cut off, or nearly so, from communication with any beyond its own circle, is sadly shewn in the mournful history of Charlotte Bronté. All in all as the sisters were to each other in her home, they could not always be together, and when severed they seemed therefore to have lost all. Deprived of the one full fountain, their souls seemed to dry up for lack of moisture, for they had never learnt the art, so necessary to happiness, of collecting in drops from many streams a draught which, if less sweet, less fully satisfying than the former, can yet be obtained when that is unattainable, and can always afford some refreshment to the heart in its parching thirst for human sympathy. Nor was it only themselves who suffered, but others, too, were deprived of all the benefit they might have derived from being admitted to communion with what were undoubtedly stronger and more richly endowed minds than are often to be met with. Who can read without regret how, at the school in Brussels, "The sisters spoke to no one but from necessity. They clung together, and kept apart from the herd of happy, boisterous, well-befriended Belgian girls." Yet whatever was over-boisterous in these young Flemings, might have been softened and refined by the more gentle English, as much as they in their turn might have been enlivened by their gayer-natured companions, had not their unfortunate reserve, the almost invariable result of too great seclusion, stood insuperably in the way of this mutual advantage. The power of the writings, in which their natures at last found a means of expression, only prove how much greater an influence their lives might have exerted on those around them, had they not been placed like centres without a circle, suns with no planets to receive their rays.

But if the evil of insufficient social intercourse be thus great even when several are secluded together, congenial spirits too, who, united in closest bonds by affinity of nature and the greatest similarity of tastes and pursuits, can find truest fellowship and constant sympathy amongst themselves and in each other, how is it enhanced when the isolation is rendered complete by a single child being cut off almost entirely from any association with other children. Sometimes this retirement is, in a measure, counterbalanced when the

parents, or whoever may fill their place, are so exclusively devoted to the child as to make it completely a companion; for this may go far to compensate for the lack of associates of a similar age, though it will never entirely do so; indeed, under such circumstances the advantage is often not so much that the child *suffers* less, as that it does not *feel* the suffering to the same extent. But even this substitute for more appropriate companionship is not always obtained, nor was it in my case, for my experience is that of a *lonely child.* Yet I was not an only one, but my brothers, years older than myself, were companions for each other and took but little notice of me; and, besides, I saw but little of them, for they were early sent from home, as most boys are, while I was kept at home, as most girls should be; but in my instance, the plan had this disadvantage, which no pains were taken to counteract, of leaving me wholly without society. My father was completely absorbed in business; my mother equally devoted to household cares. Both had been members of large families, and their personal experience therefore was so far useless as to regulating their treatment of me; but even their general experience, as having themselves been partakers of a child-nature, seemed so thoroughly forgotten or unapplied, that when they had provided me with suitable food and raiment, and my tasks had been duly set and their completion exacted, they thought that their duty to me had been amply fulfilled, and the idea apparently never occurred to them that it was requisite to provide any recreation or any society for me. Caring little for it themselves, their acquaintances were few; and it happened that these were all either unmarried, childless, or with families consisting of boys only, so that for years during my early life I never knew what it was to speak to another child of my own sex. Of relations, not many survived, and with these there was no intimacy; but when, on one or two occasions, I accompanied my mother on the formal visit for a few hours, paid at intervals of many months to a family of cousins just that the connection might not be entirely broken, I felt myself to be something so different from other children, for I knew nothing of their ways or how to join in their games, that I shrank away from my young relatives and their playmates, as beings with whom I had nothing in common. They naturally deemed me unsocial and soon left me to myself, even those kindest ones, who when we came together in after life were unto me as sisters; nor, as I then was, could they well do otherwise.

When I was about five years old, family circumstances made it expedient that I should partially leave home for a short time; it was accordingly announced to me that I was to be sent

to a day school for two or three months, and I can well recollect my striving in vain to picture to myself what a school could possibly be like. I knew that it was a number of children collected together, but having never yet been among children, my imagination was utterly at a loss to conceive the nature of such an assemblage. I went, but in my fear and shyness, held aloof from all (and I, alas! had not like Charlotte Bronté a sister to cling to), soon becoming in consequence an object of general persecution, for children seldom remain long indifferent to a new comer amongst them, and if they cannot find something to like, very soon begin to dislike. The business of the school gave me but little trouble: when or how I had learnt to read I know not, for the process had not cost sufficient effort to leave any impression, but this accomplishment had long since been acquired, and my earliest recollections of learning are, that I drank it in as the summer parched earth sucks in the shower. But if I could satisfy the principal (and perhaps my success in this particular did not tend to increase my popularity), my relations with my schoolmates was so unsatisfactory, I feeling nothing but terror of them, and they nothing but dislike for me, as to cause me far more pain than the other gave me pleasure; and though in all probability time would have remedied this, before a sufficient period had elapsed for me to assimilate at all with the rest, I was again removed to the solitariness of home. Here, with no object to call forth the gentler affections, not so much as a cat or dog or bird to love, I became a complete prey to another passion, and was filled with a general *fear* of everything and everybody. One source of terror I recall with special vividness. Living in a quiet neighbourhood, then reckoned quite out of London, though now not even a suburb, it was considered safe to send me for daily exercise to walk up a long street where there were few crossings and little traffic. About midway stood a church, and it was not long before I began to fear that this great building might fall down just as I was passing. At first I merely took care to walk on the opposite side of the road, but soon perceived this was equally unsafe, for from the height of the tower, I saw that it would assuredly reach far enough in its descent to crush me still. I, therefore, always passed it at the top of my speed, beginning to run long before I reached it, nor slackening my pace till far beyond. My mind, from the time I left home, was full of the dread of this fearful portion of my passage, nor was it till I had passed it the second time on my return that I began to find peace, consoling myself, while panting after my panic-stricken flight, that for that day at least the peril was past. And this was a walk supposed to be a beneficial exercise, and intended for the benefit of my health, and which therefore

my good mother would have thought herself deficient in her duty, had she not insisted on my taking daily, little dreaming of the torture it inflicted. Was it wonderful that in spite of a naturally strong constitution, my cheek paled and my limbs grew weak? And I soon became yet worse, for we had a servant at that time who was suffering from a gathering on her finger, and the sight of this gathering so impressed my over-sensitive imagination, that at last I saw it, felt it, tasted it in everything. I almost sicken even now when I recall how the idea of that horrible finger, a mere simple fester after all in reality, would rise continually before me, and the utter loathing for food that took possession of me in consequence, which of course soon completed the wreck of my health. At last, a doctor had to be called in, who pronounced my complaint to be poorness of blood, and ordered me to the sea-side. Had I been twenty or thirty years older, the verdict might perhaps have been hypochondriachism, a truer one by far; but who ever heard of a hypochondriac child? Let it be judged by the foregoing, whether it might not be heard of, were it not that the subject is too young to understand, or to give utterance to its feelings, rather than too young to have such feelings. It is in fact the not being able to speak of them that gives them their injurious intensity; and to whom could they be confided, when the nature of the case supposes there to be no confidant? For my own part, nothing but delirium would have drawn from me a hint of what I was undergoing. Once spoken of, it would doubtless have disappeared, and had I had but one proper playmate, either I should have spoken, or more probably have never had it to speak of. One of the worst features of the evil was that I knew it not to be an evil, and was left in solitude till I could scarcely endure anything else, and sought to make it as complete as possible. The furthest corner of the furthest room in the house was my favorite nook, and even this was barricaded with chairs, so that I might shut myself up more entirely with myself.

With change of scene, and the invigorating influence of sea-breezes improving my bodily health, my mental state began also to improve. I was beginning to outgrow the more childish of my terrors, and, at last, various circumstances brought about an amelioration of my position, and gradually introduced me to some degree of acquaintance and companionship with others, though not till my early childhood was all past, past beyond recall, and leaving me scarcely a single remembrance of it that is not connected with fear and suffering. Nor did the effects wholly pass away with the cause that produced them, but in their influence on my character left an impress which will probably remain to my life's end.

Mothers of Britain, are there not some among you who own such a lonely child, own it perhaps as amongst your dearest treasures, for whose life you would, were it needful, give your own? Yet, this very life you may be making miserable; not only destroying that present happiness which the Creator so fully intended and formed it to enjoy, but affecting its permanent disposition and entire future welfare; nay, even risking its loss, while you leave it thus to be preyed upon by its loneliness. It may not tell you of its sufferings, it scarcely understands them itself, and uncommunicativeness is a symptom of the complaint, a part of the disease; but a sample of them has been set before you now by one who has gone through them and in whose memory they are burnt in for ever; one whose heart yearns over those who are now situate as she once was, and would fain save them if possible from the pangs so vividly remembered, because so keenly felt. Watch for yourselves the effect of isolation; see how, even in a little infant who for the first time is in company with another, it will be apparent in the impossibility to understand that it must share its playthings or divide the attention of which it has been hitherto the sole object; how selfishness, and envy, and jealousy break forth at once, because it has never had the opportunity to learn or to practise the opposite qualities. And every month and every year that it is left by itself, such ill effects will strengthen and others appear. Do not leave it then with all that is social, half its nature, half its powers of good undeveloped. Do not rob your child of its childhood, as you infallibly do by making it pass that childhood alone. The wild beasts that dwell apart in lonely caves do not bring into the world a single cub alone; for the kind Creator has provided that even the bear and lion in their early days shall have coeval playmates. It is the gregarious animals that mostly bring forth their young singly, for their instinct leading them to congregate in flocks and herds, the calf, or the lamb, or the foal can readily find other calves, or lambs, or foals to join its gambols and to share its sports. Shall man alone, because the fulfilment of the requirements of his nature, gregarious too, and dealt with by Providence accordingly, shall he use his free will only to put his offspring in a worse position in this respect than those lower animals to whose welfare it is of far less importance? Surely not, whenever the child-nature is rightly understood, and while maturity can cultivate the power of sympathizing with childhood, the light of all the experience, direct or indirect, that can be made available, should be brought to bear upon the study of the subject.

SOLA.

XXX.—THE RECORD OF A VANISHED LIFE.

I WENT abroad. All the fairest scenes of earth had been things shut out from my knowledge during that long, hideous nightmare. I resolved to see them, to see as I had never hoped, with living eyes, the scenes which had often seemed so fair to fancy. I went through Belgium, up the Rhine, to Switzerland —a hackneyed tour, perhaps, but fresh enough to me; and yet, as I gazed, I felt bitterly and sadly how dulled my power of enjoyment was. How I should have thrilled and glowed with the delight of travel some years before! I could not quite shake off the vague, dull apprehension of some nameless woe; around me floated the dim cloud of long, long sorrow. And yet I had so much to be grateful for; I was so grateful. The journey was a pleasure, even if dulled by comparison with what the pleasure would have been while youth was bright and keen, the brain unworn, the imagination unclouded. Not easily—perhaps never —can we shake off the influence of such a one and twenty years as I had passed—thank God! *had* passed.

During the journey through Belgium, I made the acquaintance of an English family, consisting of a father, mother, and a daughter; the latter about two and twenty years old. I had been "foreign correspondent" in a foreign merchant's house, and was well acquainted with foreign languages. My travelling companions had little knowledge of, and no familiarity with, continental languages. They probably found me useful, and proposed that we should travel together. I consented, not for the sake of the parents, who, though apparently wealthy, were common-place people enough, without much cultivation, but for the sake of the daughter. As her shyness wore off, and her gentle nature began to unfold itself freely, I was charmed with her deep, quiet enthusiasm for the beautiful, her acquaintance with romantic literature, and the unalloyed delight with which she saw, for the first time, the picturesque mediævalism of the quaint Belgian cities, the smiling charms of the vine-clad, castle-cragged Rhine. We visited churches, galleries, shrines, together; we sat side by side as the steamer threaded the windings of the river. She knew all that romance and poetry had done to hallow each fair scene to the imagination. We became companions, and in that happy, easy life of daily travel, intercourse between us became unrestrained. Margaret's chief characteristic was strong enthusiasm for the beautiful and high; but this, the deepest feature of her character, lay hidden, generally, beneath the timidity of gentle, shrinking womanhood. She was exquisitely feminine; full of all tenderness, modesty,

affection; but she had not hitherto lived in congenial environment; her tastes and powers had been repressed—remained half a secret to herself—for want of the true sympathy near which alone such tender and timid natures venture to reveal themselves fully and naturally. Her parents were not companions for her. I gradually became one, and as day by day we travelled together, and spoke our thoughts and fancies about scenes of beauty or interest, which called forth all of poetry or romance that lies latent in the heart, we each found that our holiday trip was the pleasanter for pleasant companionship. There was so little thought of love, that we were quite frank and natural together. Female society had been a delight of which I had hitherto only dreamed, but of which I had known nothing. Its charm came upon me now, when most open to its influence. Gradually I learned to look yearningly in the morning for her dark violet eye and softly flushed cheek; my eye followed her light figure with delight, and if a thought arose, or a fancy flitted across my dreams, I turned to her to speak it. She became a daily want, a daily charm. I dreamed at times, perhaps, when sitting at the window, before retiring to rest, and watching a Rhine raft darkly cross the white moonlight on the still river, that it might be very pleasant to have such a life companion, to win the love of such a creature. But still I never thought of loving her; I had been so long used to forego, that I never fancied that such a prize could be reserved for me.

Margaret's health, during her girlhood, had been very delicate. She was still far from strong, though her keen delight in all she saw in Rhineland flushed her with a look of more health than she really had. She was an only child. Not able to make companions of her parents, often unwell, and nearly always lonely, she had been a great reader, and had thought and dreamed long and much. She was quite unconscious of the poetic temperament which she really possessed; her dormant talents were never recognized by those around her, and remained unknown to herself. Her parents had the strong decisive will of limited minds, which saw but a very little way, but saw clearly what they wanted. They had no sympathy with anything they did not comprehend, and Margaret's higher qualities were far beyond their ken. They were fond of her, and kind to her; but in their way, which was not quite her way. But in all conflicts of the will, Margaret had to yield. Her refinement, delicacy, her subtler thoughts, and more complex feelings, were no match for her parents' blunt determination. Apart from physical delicacy, which always lessens energy, her very superiority of intellect, that height of mental range which is nearly always allied to irresolution, rendered her unable to cope with strong natures, which saw everything from one point of view,

and were troubled with no doubts about the question judged of, or their own infallibility of judgment.

The ever varying scenes, the perpetual novelty, the interest and excitement of travel, tend to develop intimacy between persons of different sexes, and yet to restrain those feelings which lead to the development of love. The mind is so occupied with external objects that it is less introspective than usual. It is too much engaged by things without it, to analyze its own feelings. Hence Margaret and myself began each to find the society of the other a necessity and a delight, without having thought of mutual affection. And yet Love would not be defrauded of its triumph; long before it was expressed, the feeling existed which only waited for opportunity to find expression. At length the occasion came. It was at Basel. After a day spent in examining the city, we sat together in the summer evening in one of the balcony windows of the Hôtel of the Three Kings. Below us swept the Rhine, green and rapid. The shrill swallows wheeled around, sometimes whirling like autumn leaves drifting in an autumn gale, sometimes darting like shooting stars. They disappeared behind the house, and then suddenly reappeared before our balcony. Opposite to us stood the row of poplars lining the river bank, and behind them swelled the faint, low purple hills. On the right stood the old bridge, and behind that the river was shut in by the high hills—mountains almost—which surged away in billowy undulations towards the real glories of the Switzer-land, those glories which we were longing to approach. The flat boats, low and dusky in the soft shadows thrown by the hills upon the swiftly running stream, were pulled from bank to bank along the ropes fastened across the river. The evening was fair, and calm, and sad, and the last gleams of sunset were paling into the soft, tender twilight. Mr. Franklin had that day received a newspaper from England. He had gone to sleep after, or during, its perusal, and lay upon the sofa with his silk handkerchief over his face. Mrs. Franklin was studying her Murray, and examining some Swiss views which she had bought that morning. Margaret and I sat together in the balcony, while the stars came out, and the falling night lent them its dark blue curtain for a background and a foil.

At length, and for the first time, we spoke of ourselves, of our inner feelings, of our lives, our hopes and aims. Margaret sketched her young life, with its dreams and vexations, its happiness when she was alone, its troubles when fretted by collision with the narrow natures and strong wills of her parents. I told her something of my own unhappy life, and found, with delighted surprise, that she could understand and sympathize with it. It was the first time in all those long lonely years that

I had met with sympathy; and it was rendered with the warm feeling and graceful tenderness of a woman, young, ardent, and high toned. This sympathy was inexpressibly dear to me, and ere Margaret and I parted on that happy evening at Basel, I thrilled with the delicious hope that I might yet be loved.

And I was loved. Unused to joy, I could at first hardly believe that such happiness could really be for me. I had fancied in my despairing loneliness that all such feelings were dead within me. Life is, however, a tenacious thing. Ears of wheat, old as the Pharaohs, which had passed two thousand years in a mummy case, have been planted, and have ripened into golden corn. Things that seem dead are only sleeping. The affections are not wholly crushed out because they lie buried long and deep beneath even the joylessness of wasted youth. Like seeds which will not grow, or plants which will not flower, because impended over by a rock, or left cold and damp by thickly-shadowing underwood, but which spring and bloom when the rock is removed, or the tangled boughs cut away so that free air and glad sunshine can freshen and warm them into life, so relief from the overshadowing rock of oppression, or from the ranky luxuriant vegetation of stifling cares, will reanimate the hopes and feelings which have lain long in death-like trance. A little freedom, a little happiness, are to frozen hearts what the air and sunshine are to numbed flowers and torpid seed.

That Swiss journey was a calmly happy one for me. All boisterous rapture or passionate ecstacy had been ground out of me. Even happiness with me had something pale and wan. Still it was happiness of its quiet, timid kind, and was all the greater by comparison. It grew slowly, because in its growth it had to create around itself that atmosphere of hope in which alone joy can live. I was deeply grateful. Switzerland—though I could never bear to revisit it—is a land which to my mind is still surrounded by its own peculiar aureole. The snowy peaks are ever "faintly flushed and phantom fair" with a delicate rose hue, like a tender blush upon a cheek of marble. To my imagination there lingers ever

> "A strange emotion of delight,
> In gazing up an Alpine height."

The Franklin family were recalled to England by some pressing business. I returned with them, the acknowledged lover of my own Margaret. Her parents did not seem to object to our hopes. She was my first love—my own rare, pale Margaret!

Her father intended to travel again and visit Italy as soon as he should have arranged the business which brought him to

England. He remained in London, and I negociated the purchase of this cottage. I could not then afford to go to Italy, but Margaret and I had agreed that I should follow them as soon as I could.

They started. Margaret's health again became delicate, and the necessity for a warmer climate was strongly urged by the physicians. They had been away about four months, when Mr. Franklin unexpectedly inherited a considerable fortune. This changed his views entirely. He required a rich lover for his daughter. He peremptorily forbad all communication between us, and broke off all intercourse. Feeling, probably, that he was not acting rightly, he acted violently and obstinately. His wife sided with him. Margaret was plunged into the hard struggle between love and duty. I knew how the collision with the strong, ruthless wills of her parents, would strain and try her gentle nature.

She wrote once, but her letter was incoherent, and showed how she was shattered by the struggle. I thought I should act unselfishly if I removed all cause of discord. Her father remained inflexible; and though I still hoped that time would help us, I submitted reluctantly to Margaret's feeling of duty towards her father. Her yielding was, as I well knew, half physical weakness, half impotence to wrestle with those hard, resolute natures. I pitied her keenly, and wished to spare her. She suffered greatly; and, as I heard from others, her health declined visibly. Her father thought that her submission was a triumph of his firmness and sagacity. He remained on the continent, travelling from place to place, and thought to make his daughter happy by surrounding her with splendour. I, far from her, was desirous only of sacrificing my own feelings to her peace. I knew her well, and knew what she felt, and thought, and suffered. Undutiful she would not be; resist she could not; and she waned and sank. It was a cruel time!

After a year I heard that she was about to be married. Her father wrote to me from Florence to tell the news. He lamented the extremely delicate state of her health, but trusted that a union with one whose position and prospects qualified him to share the great increase of fortune with which it had pleased Providence to bless them, would restore her to happiness and health. He lamented any error of judgment committed at a time when their means and expectations were so widely different.

I repeat, it was a cruel time! And a yet worse time came, for I heard that Margaret was unhappy; not merely unhappy because she had been forced into a loveless marriage, but wretched because she was wedded to a coarse and low-toned nature. Her husband could not understand her, and was

unkind to her. And she, with her keen sensitive feelings, felt not merely unkindness, but even the want of kindness so bitterly. From such wretchedness there is but one escape; for such misery there is but one prospect—a prospect which grows into a hope. I knew, untold, that she looked through her unhappy life, longing only for life's end.

For me, I retired to this little, quiet village. I bought the cottage in which I now write. Stillness gathered round me, like evening round a lonely mere. I retreated from active life, as a soldier, sick and weary, lingers behind his comrades, steals away from their hot march, and crawls into the Indian jungle to die, exhausted and alone.

Action is the true relief to which man turns from the sorrows of the heart or the heaviness of thought. After the first torpor of rest, as I recovered from the exhaustion of long weariness—that exhaustion which is worse than the shock of a great sorrow—I, too, sought for occupation. At first I thought of literature. When harassed by the long, crushing pressure of my business drudgery, I had had so many thoughts which I then longed, had I time and calm, to work out into art shape and form. Time and calm had come; the thoughts were still there, or could be easily recalled, and yet the work lingered, was postponed from day to day.

The truth was, the mainspring of my life was broken. Ambition was killed within me; aspiration was weak and flickering; the force, the energy, the self-reliance necessary for the effort and the conflict were wanting. I asked myself if I had any high mission, if I were chosen and gifted to reveal high truths to men? The dead answer fell dully upon dispirited faculties, and palsied ambition. Always deficient in hope, I had almost lost the faculty of hoping. I no longer "yearned for human praise;" I doubted of higher and more divine inspiration. All things seemed to me weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable. Uncertain of that gift which makes writing a duty, I would not struggle for human reward. And yet the old impulses stirred at times within me; the former visions visited me, if only to disquiet. I wrote, occasionally, little poems, and felt thankful that I could still "relish versing;" but what I wrote was written to appease inner impulse, and not from any hope of fame, or desire for publicity. My nephew will find the verses written at this period among my papers. His will be the first eye that will see them, and that only after mine are closed for ever.

But one returns always to the first love. That art, which had been the idol of my boyhood, solaced my seclusion; and some of my quietest and happiest hours were passed over the easel.

I turned also to the microscope, and to the inexhaustible wonders of Nature. My little garden, and the country round, furnished me with a perpetual, still delight, which grew upon me as month chased month throughout the circling changes of the year. I interrogated the *Erdgeist* which repulsed Faust, and interrogated the mystic, unfathomable spirit, with more success than I had ever done in the stir and whirl of the great, busy city. I read much; but I turned from the poets of passion and of action to those of contemplation and of deepest thought—those who reconcile spiritualism and intellect. I abandoned Byron for Wordsworth. The fever and the strain of hot and erring human passion paled before the mild, high charm of

> "The silence that is in the starry sky,
> The sleep that is upon the lonely hills."

The rushing flow of bardic inspiration seemed to me often to pour a stream of turgid, earth-stained waters; I came to prefer the still and silent lake, whose bright, pure waters mirror the solemn depths of infinite space, while its banks are sweet with violets, and the soft sward around it melts into the "cool dark of dewy leaves."

The line just quoted, which rose unbidden to my thought, reminds me of its author. Tennyson is pre-eminently the poet of thought. In sublimated thought, there is as much poetry, at least, as in highly wrought passion. Thought, at its purest and highest, rises to song as worthily as do feeling and sentiment. Tennyson has, as I think, as much of the true bardic flow and fire as has any passionate minstrel; but the profoundest meditation broods beside the fount of the welling spring, and thought and conscience attune to a yet diviner harmony the poetic impulses which when they first left their source were tainted somewhat from the earth mid which they sprang. Tennyson's high muse, so calm yet so intense, its native nerve so softened by godlike repose, took its place in my sanctum of cherished ideals by the side of Milton and Wordsworth. The temper of my mind, and the habits of my life, led me backwards in literature. I turned to a calmer, fuller time, when men lived less feverishly and thought less restlessly, undreading of the critic, and developing their happy gifts in the tranquillity of the "quiet soul content;" of the minds which, to them, a kingdom were. I turned to the poetry of the Elizabethan age. In my vision of these olden poets, I fancied the oriel window of the old manorial hall; the window looking out upon stately trees and smoothest sward; upon the quaint old pleasaunce spread beneath the Tudor terrace; or upon copse and covert, greenwood shaw, swelling grassy hills, and the ferny woodlands,

where the bird sang and the deer herded. A rich, calm, noontide sunshine brooded over the fair old-world picture; and in the recessed embrasure of the great deep mullioned window, sat a knightly minstrel, his sword laid idly by, and the chivalrous lute blending music with the full thought, the quaint conceit, and the fairy fancy of the high and noble who soared with Shakspeare, or who dreamed with Spenser.

The spring of action was broken within me; but in the tranquil and temperate joy of musing and of meditation, my quiet solitary life was not without its visions and its phantasies.

And yet the timidity of natural reserve, the corrosion of long depression, the aimlessness of enfeebled health, clung to me, and floated round me as a cloud does round a hill. My own experience had taught me a strong sympathy with

"The still, sad music of humanity,"

and I sought to render what little help I might to those around me who needed it. Our little village even, contained error and want, crime, ignorance, and sorrow, and I soon gained a new occupation. In this occupation I was greatly assisted and strengthened by the clergyman of our parish. The Rev. Arthur Lawrence, the nephew of the Rev. Sydney Lawrence, of Seanook, came to our little village a few months after I had taken up my residence in it. He had been curate at a fashionable London church, but relinquished his town duties with pleasure for a little, obscure village, in which he might hope to know every member of his small flock, to guide and help every soul within his little cure. He was about eight-and-twenty when he first came amongst us. He had been highly distinguished in his university career, and had a considerable reputation for eloquence and scholarship. When first he came, he was rather High Church; and I fancied that he was inclined to that unmeaning exaltation of the priestly office which demands unreasoning respect without meriting real reverence. But, as he found that forms and ceremonies and ritualism were but stumbling blocks in the way of his doing good, he discarded them. He was too true and earnest a servant of his Divine Master to neglect the spirit for the letter, the substance for the shadow. After he had been amongst us a few months, everyone in the parish felt what it was to have a true pastor and spiritual guide. He knew everyone; was the friend, adviser, consoler, teacher of all the hamlet. He linked all life around him to the unseen Higher Life above.

He called upon me. We soon became very intimate. He grew to be my dearest friend, my best companion, my guide and helper. I held him both in love and reverence. He was a scholar and a gentleman, and upon this basis raised the super-

structure of his sacred calling. He was fond of art, of literature, and was well acquainted with physical science. You know, my dear Herbert, how cordial and intimate was the friendly intercourse between him and me during all the years of our acquaintance. He gave to all my life a higher value, a clearer aim, a securer hope. All my old spiritual doubts and difficulties were removed by him; while his companionship gave to my otherwise lonely life as pure a pleasure as I had ever known. You know, Herbert, how constantly he was at the cottage; how we walked together, read and talked, observed and studied nature together; and you know, too, that no feeling of mine of love or reverence towards his clear, high, kindly nature can be overcharged. He was my best and dearest friend—my only one.

My next neighbour, Mrs. Townsend, of Laburnum Cottage, was my other companion. Her garden is divided from mine by a pretty hedge only, and we soon became tolerably friendly and intimate. She was the widow of a lieutenant in the navy, and was childless. She lived alone in her cottage, except for an old servant who had been with her many years. The old lady was rather prim and precise, but had as kind a heart as ever woman had. On state occasions she wore stately silk dresses, and produced a handsome tea-service, of which she was not a little proud. On Sundays she always wore gold spectacles, and read out of a great old family Bible, the fly-leaf of which was full of entries. She was very fond of children, and often had little friends to tea. She knew, too, somehow, everyone that was in trouble or sorrow; she was liberal in giving, and was brimful of sympathy and succour. She was known to everyone, and was much loved and respected in the little world of our little village. For Mr. Lawrence the old lady had the highest respect and affection. She always curtsied when she shook hands with him, and was only too delighted when he came to tea with her, as he often did; for the kindly, worthy old dame was a great favourite with him.

Mrs. Townsend often invited to her house a young lady, a governess in the family of the Bullpounds. Mr. Bullpound was a wealthy manufacturer, who had retired from business. He had amassed a great deal of money in the town of Vircaster, and indulged the ambition of rivalling the old county families. He had bought a large estate in the neighbourhood. He flashed his brutal wealth abroad, in the hope of dazzling with his gold. In this he was but moderately successful; for he and his whole family were generally disliked by the gentry and despised by the poor. The family was loud, coarse, and vulgar in external manners and in inner nature. They repelled even Mr. Lawrence, who had the widest charity, but was no respecter of persons. They were, I confess, my particular aversion, and the

sight of their flaunting yellow carriage and yellow liveries were an eyesore to me, even when the family were good enough to come to church. In this family lived Miss Ashley as governess. She was wan and careworn, seemed ill and sorrowful, and had a timid, constrained manner. She seemed as if, under happier circumstances, she would have been very pretty. Her manners and bearing were exceedingly ladylike, and she always seemed sad, gentle and kindly. Good old Mrs. Townsend loved the poor governess much, and pitied her more. She constantly invited Miss Ashley to Laburnum Cottage, and spoke of her with the greatest tenderness and commiseration. I met Miss Ashley pretty frequently, but she was so retiring and modest, and I so reserved and silent, that we never became very intimate. I was however strongly prepossessed in her favour, the more so as Mr. Lawrence spoke of her in terms of the greatest respect and approbation.

During the two years which preceded my marriage—how little did I ever think that I should marry!—Mr. Lawrence and Mrs. Townsend were my only intimates. Painting, "versing," the microscope, and my visits in the village, were my occupations. In so quiet a life, the story of a day is the history of a year, and you know enough, Herbert, to piece out in your thoughts my still and uneventful existence during the first years of my retreat. Need I tell you that I often thought of Margaret?

My brother had been married for some years. He married a widow, older than himself, but very rich. She was the relict of a great mercantile firm; a hard and worldly, but prudent and scheming woman. George seemed contented with his choice. They lived in good style, and his name rose on 'Change. But so altered was he, or rather so developed, that I could hardly believe that he had ever been the young brother with whom I lived and sorrowed in the poor old lodging in which we passed our first struggling years of orphanhood. I looked at him wistfully, on the rare occasions on which I saw him, to see if *he* remembered. Once I asked him. His brow darkened; the hard, business expression stonied over his face, and he said he had no time to waste upon childish recollections, or any such sentimental nonsense.

He then turned and played with you;—you were a bright, handsome little fellow, Herbert, though thoughtful—and my brother said his little man should be a great, rich man of business, and have money, and nice houses, and carriages, and be able to buy up poor devils who couldn't make their way in the world. You must have heard sad accounts of me, and of my unbusinesslike character and poverty, Herbert, for you used to call me, pityingly, "poor uncle;" and you once, I remember,

ran after me to offer me the pocket money which your mother had given you. Ah, well! we learned to know each other better. Your mother felt a contempt, which she scarcely disguised, for her poor relation. George repulsed the yearnings which I still felt towards my only brother, my only relative, until our rare interviews grew rarer still, and more constrained. They ceased at last. Each went his way. Our paths diverged as widely as our natures differed; and though I retained a latent, ineradicable love for the brother of my youth, I felt there was a gulf between us which enforced separation. I shall probably never see George again in life.

Let me, however, return to my dear, old, quiet village; and to the great event of my uneventful life—I mean my marriage. You must often have wondered how I came to marry. Listen, Herbert, and I will tell you. Romance cannot be quite excluded even from such a life as mine.

It was a still, grey December day. The little village High Street, quiet enough at most times, was tranquil even to gloom. Every thing was deathly still and silent; a mist hung heavily in the calm, cold, windless air; and all objects, except those which were quite close at hand, were shrouded in the ghostly, rimy fog. It was about four o'clock in the winter afternoon, and I was returning from one of my lonely strolls. I crossed the wide common, where the bare pathway, lined on either side by wet, frost-whitened furze and broom, was surrounded and walled up by the shrouding haze. The blades of grass were wet and hoar with frosty damp. When I was close to them, I first saw the great, bare, leafless boughs of the tall old elms, and of the huge willow which grows by the pond at the edge of the common. I passed along the length of grey, moss-covered, and lichen-stained park palings, overhung in patches with thickly clustering, frost-sprinkled ivy. The near park trees were dimly seen, indistinct and shadowy. The old church tower, as I paused a moment to look up at its square bulk, stood out whitely against the background of stagnant gloom; and the thick, wide-spreading branches of the great, ancient yew tree, showed, by contrast, distinct in their heavy, funeral blackness. The near white gravestones which line the narrow pathway from the Lych-gate to the church door gleamed ghastlily. All was chilling, colourless, sodden, half congealed. From high up in the topmost sprays of the lofty elm trees came the hoarse, grating caw of the unseen rook. The clumps of sombre, desolate trees, and even the delicate tracery of their branches, were massed together, softly and undefinedly. Dead leaves were trodden into the wet, muddy path, or were huddled up in dank heaps against the wall. The cheerless stillness, the ghostly mystery round all things, were very solemn.

Entering the chief street, or rather heart of the village, in which the houses were clustered most thickly, I passed slowly by the tall, old-fashioned iron railings of the stately mansion of our Lords of the Manor; I passed by the inn, with its horsetrough and signpost, and great, spectral, blasted oak. There were no loungers before the inn door. I passed by the old world, bow windowed, or latticed windowed cottages; by the few and more modern red brick houses; by the empty shops, dim within; by the yard of the carpenter; by the schoolhouse, with its large brass plate, blazoned with the name of its proprietor, the Rev. Mr. Wakley. From the schoolhouse and playground came no hum of boyish life or play; but from the workshop of the carpenter—who was also an undertaker—came a low, monotonous knocking sound, striking heavily on the ear. The village seemed otherwise quite deserted. I did not meet a human being; I did not see a fowl or a dog. I fancied that the mist had hushed all life into its folds; had stifled and covered up the living things which usually dwelt and stirred in the little old village. All things were enshrouded in its folds. The fog gloomed round my thoughts, and descended with a vague awe upon my fancies. It grew thicker as I passed slowly along on my lonely path, and a dreary idea flitted across my brain that I was left in utter solitude, the only living thing remaining in that village of the dead. My cottage, as I have, I think, already recorded, was in the outskirts of the place. I was near the end of the village, just passing the low, white palings which enclosed the gardens before some small houses. A few yellow flowers shone through the rime with a flaunting and disturbing colour glare. Deadened and softened as it was, their gay hue seemed unnatural in that soundless, sightless gloom. As I thus strolled on, musing and rolling over in my mind the cheerless fancies which reflected nature's mournful garb, I thought I saw a single figure emerging from the fog, and coming towards me. It was a woman; slight, and apparently young. She walked with a quick, light step, which was yet indecisive and irresolute. She came nearer; I looked with interest at the one human being whose presence restored the idea of life to the dull, grey gloom. I thought I knew the physiognomy of the figure; I fancied I recognized the dark cloak and the veil drooping from the plain little straw bonnet. She came close, without having noticed me. It was Miss Ashley. She was hurrying past in a sort of aimless haste, which seemed not to take note of anything. The veil was down, but there was something so strange in the absorbed, preoccupied, disordered manner, that I stopped to speak to her. She started at my voice: she had evidently not seen me. She did not answer at

first, but a low sob from behind the veil smote upon my ear and heart. I was sure she was in great grief. There was a strange sort of trouble in the whole bearing; a sort of low shuddering tremble through the whole figure. I spoke to her as kindly as I could; I tried to soothe and reassure her. She raised her veil. I started at the scared, wild look of despairing sorrow on the worn, wasted face. At the few words which I stammered out, rather incoherently, in my clumsy attempt at kindness, she looked at me doubtingly; the features softened a little from their rigid tension; then there came over them again that painful look of fright, of utter hopelessness. She tried to say something, but I only caught some words, murmured rapidly, to the effect that she could not wait—could not wait. She turned to hurry away, but her steps, though rapid, were again unsteady, vacillating, and she did not seem to know which way to turn. Thoroughly alarmed, I begged her earnestly to confide in me, to let me try to help her. She looked wonderingly at me, as if she did not comprehend me; then as I poured out protestations of kindness, proffers of help, she burst into a wild passion of tears, which seemed to shake her fragile form with the vehemence of a great, bitter sorrow. We stood alone there in the deepening mist, in the stillness, and the drear rime; and I remember well how the sound of her weeping tore up the heavy silence. I would not wait to hear her story, even if she could have told it then. When the first violence of her grief was over, I insisted that she should accompany me to my kind old neighbour, Mrs. Townsend, whose cottage stood next to mine. I knew the good old soul would welcome any sorrow, and shelter any grief.

Poor Miss Ashley acquiesced with a quiet, timid submission, like that of a little child. She clung tremblingly to my arm, but, I thought, trustfully too. As soon as she could walk, I led her to Laburnum Cottage. She seemed bewildered, and yet to cling desperately to anything that took the shape of kindness and protection. I knew some great shock and trial must have occurred to her, and as I supported her weak steps, and felt the tremulous grasp upon my arm, my heart was very full. I felt a great yearning of pity for the poor, gentle girl, so wrung and tortured. I knew part of her story. I could guess partly at the occurrence of that day. She seemed, as I spoke soothingly and comfortingly as I could to her, to yield up all free will and action, and with a resignation of exhaustion, to be willing to go anywhere I would. She looked up once with such an imploring, helpless look of utter dependence, of frightened depression, that, I own, I could scarcely bear to see it. I did and said all the little I could to cheer and soothe her. I asked her to trust me, to rely upon any help I could render; I

begged her to fear nothing, to take heart, to be assured of protection and kindness. She was a little, though only a very little, calmer, as I led her up the gravel path to Laburnum Cottage. Dear old Mrs. Townsend, the kindest and most motherly of kindly old ladies, was all in a flutter of sympathy. She thanked me for bringing the poor dear thing to her. Eagerly and actively, she did all that kindness—and a woman's kindness—can do. In a flutter of solicitude, with caressing words and tones, she seated the poor girl on the sofa before the friendly firelight, took off her bonnet and shawl, and hurried about intent on a thousand little offices of kindness. Her activity was real; her officiousness was partly assumed in order to surround her guest with a feeling of home, of comfort, of protection, before any explanations could be given. Her repeated calls for Martha! brought up the old servant, somewhat prim and grim of aspect, but kindly of heart, and skilful of hand. Martha was directed in a loud voice to bring up tea; and in an undertone, as I heard with pleasure, to get ready the spare room. How clever is the kindly womanly instinct! Nothing could have been devised better than the way in which Mrs. Townsend treated the wanderer. The unhappy girl became evidently calmer and more composed. She wept silently, and a tremor ran every now and then through her frame; but the scared, harassed, half-distracted look vanished in that atmosphere of sympathy. She was induced to lie down upon the sofa, while the friendly clatter of tea things sounded cheerily and homelike. The tea taking was prolonged as much as possible. Mrs. Townsend did not talk much *to* the poor governess, but chatted away *for* her, and the very tones of the kindly voice seemed to cheer and soothe. When all was cleared away, Mrs. Townsend sat down on the sofa by Miss Ashley, kissed her softly, as a mother would a sick child, laid the weary head upon her breast, twined an arm round the waist, stroked the soft hair, and then began, very hopefully and tenderly, to ask for confidence, to promise help. It is a beautiful thing, as I always think, to see a good woman stirred to pity, excited to tenderness. Through that deep, warm, gentle kindness shines the love which is divine.

Presently the old fear, a sort of wild, frenzied panic, seized upon the governess. The brain had evidently been sorely wrung; strained almost beyond its power of resistance. That look of hurrying terror, of distraction, lit up the eyes with its feverish brilliancy. She started up; asked for her bonnet; said she could not stay; she must get away—far away; she must do something instantly, instantly—there was no time to be lost; she must be gone at once, directly. Mrs. Townsend soothed her with no little difficulty. When she became

re-assured, when she could be made to feel that she was safe, and with friends, it was pitiful to see the exaggerated gratitude —gratitude terribly genuine, but exaggerated as respects the slightness of the service rendered—with which she received the certainty. It was painful to think how much unkindness must have been shown her, before a little human sympathy could affect her so powerfully. Poor thing; how much she must have borne and suffered! In her extreme thankfulness; in her desperate clinging to a little affection—for she had clenched her hand in a tight grasp upon Mrs. Townsend's gown—you read long, long suffering ending in some great shock.

Then, amidst many sobs, her tale was briefly indicated. She had lost her situation; been turned out of it. She had long been unhappy—oh, very unhappy!—and had, she thought, been ill. She had no friends; no relatives; except one sister, who was in London, a cripple, and unable to support herself. She had no money. (Both Mrs. Townsend and I knew, though from other sources, that much of Miss Ashley's poor little earnings had long been devoted to the support of that sick, crippled sister.) She did not know what to do, or where to go. She must advertise for another situation; but she did not know if she should be able to get one. Oh, her poor sister! Where was she going when I met her? She did not know. She had just left Crœsus Lodge. Could we advise her; help her to another situation? Oh, if we would! Still, not to take any trouble for her. She feared advertising, because—because Mrs. Bullpound had refused to give her a character; had been so unkind; in fact—she had—yes, there was something else—something that—Here she hid her face, now burning with a deep crimson flush, on Mrs. Townsend's shoulder.

I thought it better to leave the two to women's sacred confidence. I just paused to try and say a few words of comfort to Miss Ashley, and then withdrew, promising Mrs. Townsend to call in the morning.

I went home, much pitying, and deeply pondering how to help the poor friendless thing.

Next morning was clear, bright and frosty. Despite the cold, I strolled about in my little garden, waiting for a signal from the next cottage.

Presently old Martha, frosty looking as the morning itself, appeared in the garden, and summoned me to attend her mistress. I found my old friend alone in the neat, warm, cosy little parlour. The fire burned brightly in the trim, shining grate, and the urn hissed among the breakfast service on the snowy cloth. Miss Ashley had not yet risen. She had, I was told, slept badly, and had been very feverish, sorrowful and wretched during the night; but Martha, who had passed the night in

her room, stated, that Miss Ashley had fallen asleep towards morning, exhausted with grief and excitement, and was then sleeping quietly. Martha spoke of her in a pitying, patronising tone, and evidently regarded her as a child added to the little household, who required the tending and watching of more experienced persons.

Miss Ashley had, as Mrs. Townsend told me, related, before retiring to rest, the causes of her abrupt dismissal from Crœsus Lodge. Good old Mrs. Townsend glowed with sympathy and quivered with warm womanly indignation, as she repeated to me the story of the long, meek suffering, of the hopeless wretchedness of the poor girl during her trials in the post of governess in the wealthy and brutal family at Crœsus Lodge. I could, from my own experience, supply a commentary to the imperfect narrative, and could feel, how keenly! the wearing sorrow of restless nights and distressful days—nights which brought no resfreshment and days which woke, tremblingly, to an anticipation of insult, degradation, unmerited complaint and unjust reproaches. I could understand, without many words, the life of depression and perpetual care; of joyless, aimless endurance, with jarred nerves and overworn brain. For I had lived through the same dull round of torture; was strained and worn by the same life-corroding routine of changeless wrong and woe. The life of a wretched clerk is to a man what the life of an unhappy governess is to a woman. I had known it all, and as Mrs. Townsend proceeded, the memory of my own former sufferings welled up keenly within me, and I resolved, or rather resolved more firmly than before, not to abandon the poor girl; not to let her return to a struggle which, in her case, would soon have terminated her young but weary life. Mrs. Townsend was also determined to assist poor Miss Ashley to the uttermost, and we agreed that she should remain where she was for the present, until we could see what was best to be done for her. We resolved to consult our friend, the Rev. Mr. Lawrence, and in the meantime to do all we could to soothe and comfort the poor girl. Again I thanked Heaven for my own rescue, and with the feeling of a grateful slave who has succeeded in effecting his escape from bondage, I felt it a sacred duty to assist any other fugitive.

After a picture of Miss Ashley's general position in the family of the Bullpounds, Mrs. Townsend narrated the particular incident which had led to her sudden flight. It was an old, old story. It appeared that a young merchant, a Mr. Clowten, from the manufacturing town of Vircaster, who was on a visit at Crœsus Lodge, had several times persecuted Miss Ashley with his coarse gallantries, and had, one evening, probably when flushed with wine, bethinking him of the pretty and defenceless

girl, ventured into the little room in which, the children having gone to bed, Miss Ashley was sitting solitary, and had dared to insult her with drunken addresses. Miss Ashley begged him to leave her; appealed to his manhood, and painted her unfriended, dependent position. All in vain; he persisted the more in his insulting suit. Mrs. Bullpound heard voices, and came suddenly into the room, which the merchant as suddenly quitted. Mrs. B. assumed directly, and expressed, in her coarse way, a conviction that the gentle, timid girl had been "leading Mr. Clowten on," and was a consenting party. Stung beyond all power of further endurance, the unfortunate dependent had at length defended her slandered womanhood, and inveighed bitterly against the cruelty and injustice of Mrs. Bullpound's conduct. This led to a stream of drawingroom Billingsgate, of cruel aspersions, and the most insulting charges. Then followed an instant and angry dismissal, and a threat of refusal to give "a character" to such a shameless, worthless, abandoned creature, who ought never to have "darkened respectable doors." Half mad with pain and shame, in a trembling heat of hopeless misery and indignation, the poor governess rushed from the house, and was flying distractedly anywhere, anywhere, out of the world, when, fortunately, I had met her.

Mrs. Townsend interrupted her recital as Miss Ashley entered the room.

It was touching to note how difficult she found it to believe in kindliness, in sympathy, in just construction of her character or conduct. She had been so long used to harsh repulse, to the incessant worry of submitting to and supporting the outrages inflicted by bad tempers, vulgar minds, and cold hearts, that, like a captive who sees none but a brutal jailer, she trembled at the approach of a footstep or the sound of a voice. Like a hunted animal, which, in the desperation of terror, is ready to reel on until it drops, she thought only in a dim, hurried, terrified way of doing something to seek forthwith another situation. She could not think clearly; she could not rest quiet to think, she said; and she besought us to counsel and aid her. In her great dread and painful anxiety she could not rest—could scarcely sit still in the room. Goaded by a vague, oppressive dread, by a haggard panic, which blunted the dulled reason and urged her ever onward, somewhere—somewhere—I almost feared for her reason. It was certain that the brain was strained by the long endurance of corroding, silent sorrow, and by the excitement of her recent trial. It was with the greatest difficulty we could calm or reassure her. As our surest ally, as the best helper and comforter, I went and brought Mr. Lawrence. He was clear and energetic, as well as tender

and kind. He could give wise human counsel and sympathy, as well as assurance of divine pity and help. He succeeded where we had failed. She became really calmer, really soothed and comforted. She consented to rest a few days under the kindly shelter of Mrs. Townsend's roof, in order to regain some health and strength before braving another struggle with the world. We promised every help as soon as she should be better, and throwing, as it seemed, a weary load aside, she consented to remain and wait.

Then came the reaction of the great excitement through which she had passed. A heavy lethargy succeeded. The great shock to the nervous system, combined with the undermined health and spirits, resulted in serious illness; illness borne with the meekest patience, while every liitle attention shewn her elicited the warmest gratitude. We called in the best medical assistance which the little village boasted. Slowly she recovered something like health and spirits, and with the return of health became again anxious to relieve us of the burden, as she termed it, of her maintenance. But Mrs. Townsend had learned to love her as a daughter, and would not part with her. Miss Ashley took up her temporary residence in Laburnum Cottage. I saw her daily, and she grew to be to me as a sister. But the sense of dependence weighed heavily upon her naturally independent and honourable spirit. After three months she insisted gently, but firmly, upon again seeking her bread. We feared for the result, as we knew of no good people in whose family she might have found honest and happy occupation; and we had learned to love her so well that we dreaded to part with her. Could we trust our Mary again to strangers—to the chance of sorrow, wrong, and cruelty?

The difficulty was solved under good Mr. Lawrence's advice. I married her. The little fortune, the plank which had saved me from shipwreck, would bear two, and was enough for our modest wants.

Let me add, Herbert, that I had told Mary all about my first love—all about Margaret.

My love for Mary—and I did grow to love her well—was very different to that which I had felt for Margaret. It was a quiet love, sublimated esteem, tenderer than friendship; but it had not the passion, the romance of first love. Ah! she proved to me a dear and gentle life companion for ten tranquil years! Her marriage respited her life for that period. The calm and kindness of my little home lengthened her existence, and, thank God! made her closing years happy. She died in my arms, her children clinging round her; her only sorrow in death being her parting from them and me. She died of no positive disease, but waned and wasted slowly out of life. Her strength

had been exhausted in the cruel struggle of her governess career;

"Life's long, joyous, jostling game,
Was too loud for her meek shame."

And so my Mary left me; left me, oh, how much alone! God bless and reward her for her patient kindness, her gentle, untiring tenderness to me, and to our children! She sleeps in our little churchyard—on the right hand, going up the path. I hope to rest beside her.

I should mention an incident that befel when I had been married about three years. One night I dreamed another—not my Mary—lay beside me. The figure rose up, white, ethereal, and shining; and, as my eyes rose to its eyes, I knew that it was Margaret. Her glance was wild and troubled, sorrowful and strange. I cried out in the awe and anguish of my dream. My wife woke me. Tears were on my cheeks, and I was strangely moved. It was Margaret, and yet it was not. It was like her, and yet not her. The impression of my strong dream—for it was terribly real, Herbert—lingered powerfully for many days.

At the end of that time a black-edged letter reached me, with an Italian postmark. It was from her mother. At the very hour in which I saw her in my dream, Margaret had died. Died far away, in a foreign land; but her soul, in its hour of departure, had leaned and reached out to her first, her early love, and had overcome space and time in its strong effort to commune with the one towards whom her love, perhaps, had yearned in that dark hour.

One thing, however, inasmuch as it contains, I think, a great truth, and involves a great problem, I must here record of my dear wife.

Despite her pure, meek, blameless life; nay, in spite even of true and high faith, she suffered at times heavily from religious doubt and depression. No one could be more absolutely convinced; but the conviction failed sometimes to give her comfort. Worn nerves, and weak vitalism, left her a prey to a vague terror and a deep dejection. Strange, but true, that that faith, which can move mountains, is powerless before the nerves; can give no comfort when they are weak. Faith, that can welcome martyrdom with transport, that can triumph over death, and rob the grave of victory—that can link the creature, even while in time, with its Creator—seems to lose its superhuman power when left to struggle against nervous suffering. The most divine of attributes is foiled only in one instance, and then by a cause which is wholly physical. The weak body is stronger than the spirit.

To make my truth complete, I must also record that faith achieved its victory in the hour of death. My Mary passed away in perfect bliss and peace.

In a nature so strained and warped by sorrow, it was difficult to tell what my Mary would or might have been, had she been spared such trials. I often speculated on this subject. I think she was naturally naïve, playful, gay. Faint flashes of merriment, pale as those of a dying Aurora Borealis, sometimes coruscated for a moment round her, after we had been married a few years; but they were soon checked by a sigh. Perhaps the highest natures attract sorrow and draw down tears, as mountains attract the clouds and draw their wreaths to rain. Dear, dear wife, farewell—but for a short time now. I come! I come!

H. SCHÜTZE-WILSON.

(To be continued.)

XXXI.—TIME.

DEMON! why hurry me on so fast?
  Hurry me on by the dizzy steep—
Unpitying, hard as the blighting blast—
  To the awful valley dark and deep,
Where grinning, glaring, strange faces I see,
Where loathsome things crawl lazily!

I would be left in sweet repose,
  To take my fill, with a joyful heart,
From the honey-cup in each flower that blows,
  Without the poison thought—"*we part!*"
I would shut from my view the dismal track
Over yawning crags! Now, keep thou back!

Keep back, hold off! and leave me quiet,
  To bask beneath the sunny ray,
And to forget the revel and riot
  Of the evil ones that your nod obey.
I would have fair thoughts with no touch of sorrow,
With all *to-day*, and no *to-morrow*.

Wave not your dreadful scythe before me,
  Thrust me not so, with your withered hands,
When dreamy memory would restore me
  The loss you have caused of my life's shining sands.
"Folly and vanity," say you, "was all
That looked brightest and best," and "not worthy recall!"

Must I each moment behold the glare
  Of your hideous eyes? in the soothing shade,
In the golden light, over meadows fair,
  Must that dark glance make all things fade?
As you urge me, faster and faster still,
With a fainting heart, to do your will!

You have made my long years into days;
And turned my joys into phantoms airy!
You have dimmed my eyes with a dazzling haze,
And the once fleet foot is weak and weary!
While ever you tell me, with jibe and jeer,
"The summer is over, the end is near!"

Have you no fibre of kindly feeling—
Pushing and thrusting me thus along?
Whirling me so that my brain seems reeling,
When I would linger to hear the song
Of the harbinger of a glorious day!
"Fool," say you, "fool, away, away!"

Have you no eye for earth's beautiful things?
Take you no joy in the wondrous word
That often the terrible tempest brings—
Truth's voice and God's, that *must* be heard?
And marvel you that I would wait
Until the crooked be made straight?

There is work, there is Heaven's own work to do:
My heart and my head are ready yet!
Shall my strength fail, when the hands are few?
Must I hurry past when the tasks are set?
Only your fearful power restrain,
While I help to make rough places plain!

"On, on!" you say, O pitiless fiend!
"'Tis work to obey the High Behest!
The hands will be found and the fields will be gleaned
As the Lord of the harvest judgeth best!
And the rich ripe fruit of thy labours long
Will be gathered and placed His stores among.

"In faith thou must leave the work undone:
There are who sow, and there are who reap!
There are who toil in the burning sun:
There are who rest; and who wake from sleep!
And ever is ready the arm of might,
To the Master's call, be it day or night."

And now it seems a fair wingëd creature,
That lays its spirit-hand on mine!
I know it, by each word and feature,
An envoy from the Court Divine!
How could I think thee so severe?
Behold, I follow without fear.

Ashurst Wood. E. E.

XXXII.—GATHERINGS FOR GIRLS.

THE MISER AND HIS MONEY.

HEAPS and heaps of shining gold pieces!

And numbers of dirty canvass bags.

Oh! how tired the pieces of money were of those dark bags, and how they hoped the miser was going to set them free, for he had emptied them all out upon the table.

No; he was only going to count them to see if they were right, and then he would put them into the bags again.

"This is a very useless life," said the pieces of money.

The pieces of money had been scattered over the country, and had wandered hither and thither, and been used for all sorts of purposes, good and bad, till some of them had grown quite worn and thin with the hard life they had been leading, and some were so old that they felt very glad when they heard that the miser had offered them a home, for they were getting tired of so many ups and downs, and really needed a little rest.

"But we did not want it to last for ever," said the gold pieces.

"And must we always stay here?" groaned they; and they pushed against each other and tried to burst open the bags; but their efforts were vain, for the bags were strong, and the miser had tied them up very tight, and put seals upon them. So though the pieces of money struggled and struggled, it was to no purpose; the noise they made only pleased the miser, who chuckled again and again as he listened to them.

There was quite a mutiny in the canvass bags.

"We cannot stand this," said the pieces of money.

"But how are we to help ourselves?" said a very young half-sovereign; "I carry the Queen's portrait in my bosom, and yet am not able to go forth into the world to shew my devotion to her. It is well enough for you old ones who have been the servants of other monarchs, and have spent your youth in their service, but as far as I am concerned I think mine is a very hard fate."

"Pooh, pooh," answered a very old sovereign, who possessed an almost obliterated likeness of King George the Third, "I am worth twice as much as you are, and there is not a young lady in the land but would prefer me, old and ugly as I am. Besides, it is all the harder to have worn oneself out at the post of duty and have no reward in one's old age."

"An exemption from labour and a quiet home," suggested a facetious guinea.

"A dark and gloomy prison," replied the old sovereign, indignantly.

"No use in being irritable," observed another, who had enlisted under the banner of the most polite gentleman in Europe; "why quarrel with one another? It is very certain we cannot get out by our own exertions; we must apply to some foreign power."

"And pray how are we to do that?" demanded the pert half-sovereign.

"Let us make all the noise we can," said another piece of money, "and then perhaps some one will come and help us."

So every night when the miser took them out to look at, they chinked against each other, and pushed and struggled and rolled about the table, and fell down on the hard stone floor, and in fact made such a clatter, that the miser himself began to be afraid lest some one might hear them.

One night, therefore, he resolved to forego the pleasure of counting his dear gold pieces, a resolution he came to the more readily as it would save burning a candle, for he thought the only use of a light was to enable him to see his beloved money.

But a thief had been listening at the door, and had made up his mind to have the dirty canvass bags, so when the miser was fast asleep he softly opened the door with a skeleton key and stole them all away.

When the miser awoke in the morning and found that he had been robbed of his money-bags, he was so grieved that he never lifted up his head again, but pined away and died, for you see he was very fond of his pieces of money, though he used them so badly that they did not care for him.

There is no use in being fond of people, unless one treats them properly.

The gold pieces did not do the thief much more good than they had done the miser, for he too was a bad master. Still they found it much less difficult to slip out of his purse than it had been to get out of the old canvass bags, and by degrees they went abroad into the world once more, resolving never again to be deluded into retiring from it altogether. For though whilst living in it they were necessarily led into the way of much temptation and occasionally did harm, yet they could not fail to perceive that they did much more good by circulating freely in society, than by shutting themselves up like so many hermits and becoming monopolized, even if they had had a pleasanter residence than the old canvass bags.

This is one of the morals you may learn from what I have been telling you; but there are several others to be deduced if you have only wit enough to find them out.

JULIA GODDARD.

XXXIII.—NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Diary of Mary Countess Cowper, Lady of the Bedchamber to the Princess of Wales, 1714—1720. Murray.

It may be remembered that Lord Campbell, in his "*Lives of the Chancellors*," alludes to a diary kept by the wife of Lord Cowper, keeper of the great seal during the reign of George I., which he describes as "giving a more lively picture of the court of England at the commencement of the Brunswick dynasty than any" he had ever met with. This diary has lately been published. Even apart from its own intrinsic merits, the scarcity of all political memoirs of the period makes this contribution to contemporary history extremely valuable. Lady Cowper was at court during the rebellion of 1715, and adds some additional particulars to the information which we already possess; but it is the characteristic details of life and manners, of thoughts and feelings, of fashions and peculiarities, which render this diary so interesting. Truth and independence are stamped on every line; and we learn how one intimately associated with courts and courtiers, could yet preserve an unsullied reputation, combined with perfect freedom of thought and consistency of conduct.

Little is known of the personal history of the writer, but that little adds interest to the narrative. Her maiden name was Mary Clavering, and she was descended from a younger branch of the Northumbrian family of Clavering of Callalee and Axwell, a race deeply imbued with Jacobite predilections. She was born in 1685, and in 1706 became the wife of William Lord Cowper, who was then Lord Keeper of the Great Seal, and who was shortly afterwards made Lord Chancellor. Her portrait, by Sir Godfrey Kneller, proves her to have possessed considerable personal attractions. The library at Panshanger contains several books on rather abstruse subjects, with notes in her handwriting, and she was in the habit of translating into French her husband's documents, for the use of George I. Her deep attachment to her husband was warmly reciprocated by him, and amid all the distractions of a court she proved herself an exemplary wife and an excellent mother. Her death at last was accelerated by grief at the loss of her husband. Lord Cowper retired from public life in 1720, but he only enjoyed the long-coveted rest three years, for he died in 1723. His wife followed him at the early age of thirty-nine. An extract from a letter, written by her daughter, gives a touching finish to a passage from Lady Cowper's own diary, wherein she describes her joy at receiving a portrait of her husband, by

Kneller, "in the same posture that the dear fellow watched me so many weeks in my great illness."

"The latter end of December, my mother grew much weaker and extremely ill. She lost her appetite entirely, and at times her memory, so that she would speak of my father as if living, ask for him, and expect him home. When she recollected his death, it seemed to be with so lively a grief, as if it had just happened. In short, she had really what is so often talked of, but seen in very few instances—a broken heart. She died the 5th of February, 1724, four months after her husband."

Lady Cowper commenced her diary in 1714, on her first coming to court, though it is evident that her acquaintance with the Princess of Wales had been of long standing. The opening sentence is the key to her object in keeping one.

"The perpetual lies that one hears have determined me, in spite of the want of leisure, to write down all the events that are worth remembering whilst I am at Court; and although I find it will be impossible for me to do this daily, yet I hope I shall be able to have an hour or two once a week; and I intend this only for my own use, it being a rough draft only, which, if God bless me with health and leisure, I intend hereafter to revise and digest into a better method."

Had Lady Cowper been enabled to carry out this intention, the diary would have been still more valuable. It may be well to refer to the reason of the fragmentary condition in which it has reached us. The first portion extends from October, 1714, to October, 1716. There is a break of four years up to 1720, when a still more rough and irregular document is appended, which closes in July of the same year. It seems that in 1722, shortly after the retirement of Lord Cowper from public life, reports were rife, though entirely without foundation, that he was implicated in a plot to restore the Stuarts. Lady Cowper became alarmed, and destroyed all her diary, with the exception of that portion before us, as well as numerous other papers bearing upon the secret history of the times.

From passages in this diary it is evident that both Lord and Lady Cowper were actuated by sentiments far in advance of the sordid times in which they lived. Thus Lord Cowper, when he first accepted the seals in 1705, abolished the custom of receiving new-year's gifts, computed to average £3,000 a year, to the great disgust of Lord Nottingham, who used to pocket these gifts with a protest against "*tyrant Cuthtom.*" Lady Cowper determined, when she went to court, never to tell a lie; and "What does Cowper say? for she never tells lies," became a current phrase in the mouth of her royal mistress. And these were times when deceit and deception, prevarication and double-dealing, were shared in alike by peer and commoner. The Jacobite feeling was strong throughout the country, and many of those about the court were deeply attached to the exiled royal family. The account given by Lady Cowper of

the coronation of George I. describes a scene of mingled emotions and suppressed antipathies."

"One may easily conclude this was not a day of real joy to the Jacobites. However, they were all there, looking as cheerful as they could, but very peevish with everybody that spoke to them. My Lady Dorchester (Catherine Sedley, mistress of James II.) stood underneath me; and when the archbishop went round the throne, demanding the consent of the people, she turned about to me, and said,—'Does the old fool think that anybody here will say no to his question, when there are so many drawn swords?' However, there was no remedy but patience, and so everybody was pleased or pretended to be so."

Indeed, Lady Cowper had many relatives and friends implicated in the insurrection of 1715, and numerous portions of her diary bear reference to the complications of these sad times. She mentions several incidents connected with the trials of those who were taken prisoners, and how Lord Cowper, much against his will, was named High Steward, and went in state to pass sentence on the rebel lords with his servants in new liveries.

"I was told it was customary to make fine liveries upon this occasion, but he had them all plain. I think it very wrong to make a parade upon so dismal an occasion as that of putting to death one's fellow-creatures; nor could I go to the trial to see them receive their sentences, having a relation among them, my Lord Widdrington. The Prince was there, and came home much touched with compassion. What pity it is that such cruelties should be necessary!"

A few days later Lady Cowper writes—

"Sad pleadings, some sons drawn in by their fathers, and Mr. Shafts by his son, who forced him to take up arms. Mrs. Collingwood wrote to a friend in town to try to get her husband's life granted to her. The friend's answer was as follows:—'I think you are mad when you talk of saving your husband's life. Don't you know you will have £500 a year jointure if he's hanged, and that you won't have a groat if he's saved? Consider, and let me have your answer, for I shall do nothing in it till then.' The answer did not come time enough, and so he was hanged."

Here is another extract, showing Lady Cowper in a most pleasing light.

"We sat up till two, to do a pleasing office, which was to reprieve four of the lords in the tower, though the Earl of Nithsdale had made his escape, but it was not then known, and so he was reprieved with the rest."

Lady Cowper gives reasons why the life of Lord Derwentwater was not spared; and also an account of the appearance of the aurora borealis, which in those times of superstition was considered as a supernatural sign.

"Both parties turned it on their enemies. The whigs said it was God's judgment on the horrid rebellion, and the tories said that it came for the whigs taking off the two lords that were executed. I could hardly make my chairmen come home with me, they were so frightened, and I was forced to let my glass down and preach to them as I went along, to comfort them."

To this day, this phenomena is known in the lake districts as "Lord Derwentwater's Lights."

Every page of the diary is full of frequent remarks and striking comments upon men and manners, and many pages are taken up with the estrangement between George I. and the Prince of Wales, and the undignified squabbles which agitated the royal household. A reconciliation was at length effected; here are Lady Cowper's remarks upon it—

"I was called by the Princess into the closet to seal a letter to the Archbishop, who was entirely kept out of this. I wished the Prince joy and comfort of what had been doing. He embraced and kissed me five or six times, and with his usual heartiness when he means sincerely. He said he knew the part I took in all his good or ill fortune, and he knew my good heart so well, he was sure I was pleased with this. The Princess burst out into a loud laugh, and said, 'So! I think you two always kiss upon great occasions.' All the town, feignedly or unfeignedly, transported. I kissed Lord Cowper at coming home; said to him, 'Well, I thank God your head is your own, and that's more than one could be sure of two months ago.'"

This was followed by a public demonstration, which is well described—

"At night in the drawing-room, though my face was swelled: it could not be put off. The King spoke not to the Prince nor none of his friends but the Duchess of Shrewsbury, who spoke once in vain; but the second time she said, '*Je suis venue, Sire, pour faire ma cour, et je la veux faire.*' It happened Lady Essex Robartes was in the circle when our folks came in, so they all kept at the bottom of the room, for fear of her, which made the whole thing look like two armies drawn up in battle array; for the King's court was all at the top of the room, behind the King, and the Prince's court behind him. The Prince looked down, and behaved prodigious well. The King cast an angry look that way every now and then; and one could not help thinking 'twas like a little dog and a cat—whenever the dog stirs a foot, the cat sets up her back, and is ready to fly at him. Such a crowd was never seen, for not only curiosity but interest had brought it together. It had been used to keep the drawing-rooms so empty for some time, there was hardly six women at once, to shew the necessity of a reconciliation, and that the people were disgusted."

This was hollow enough, but the birthday gathering was, if possible, worse—

"The birthday of our most gracious King. In the evening we waited on the Princess to court, where was one of the greatest crowds I ever saw, it being greatly increased by our new Lords and Masters of the South Seas, who had much more court made to them than the Ministers themselves. At night we all went in the same train. The Duke of Newcastle had got drunk for our sins; so the Princess's ladies had no places, but stood in the heat and crowd all the night. The Duchess of Shrewsbury downright scolded aloud about it, and he told her, for conclusion, that places were provided for the Princess's family, which they did not keep, but that ladies of the town came and took them. 'Twas not his fault, and he could not turn out the ladies of the town for us. There was so great a crowd, and we were so ill used, that four of us went away, and left only Lady Dorset in waiting. It was plain we were to be used thus; and I am almost tempted to think it was also one of the doughty articles of reconciliation. Kendal and Kielmansegg very civil to me. Newcastle stood before me both morning and night. If I had not seen his face I should have known it had been him, it being his peculiar ever to turn his back upon those he has any obligations to."

The last entry in the diary is too characteristic to be omitted —

"The Princess at church twice this morning. After chapel she went into the drawing-room and so home, which concluded my waiting, never having had an opportunity to say one word to the Princess alone, without the door being open. When Mrs. Wake came to take her leave, before the Archbishop went his visitation, she said to Mrs. Wake, 'Our children we shall have, and the Regency they promise us, but the last I don't believe; and I tell you naturally, my dear Mrs. Wake, I will venture my nose we shan't have it.' I was pulling on her gloves, and said, 'Yes, Madam; if your Highness had thirty noses you might venture them all without the least danger to them."

Female Labour and Our Unemployed. By a Manufacturer. Price 6d. Edinburgh: John Menzies, Hanover Street.

We have here another contribution on the much discussed question of Female Employment. It refers principally to one class—that of female operatives, whether employed or unemployed, and both will do well to consider the remarks it offers, coming as they do from a practical man of business, through whose hands, as he himself informs us, no less than 4000 female workers have passed. But the author has looked below the surface of things, and traces the present condition of female labour to causes which merit the serious attention of all who, as it may be said, prepare the operative for the manufacturer.

However painful some of his remarks concerning female operatives, it is at least satisfactory to be assured on such good authority that there is no prospect of any lack of employment for really well-trained and steady work-women, since he tells us that—

"Good workers are at a premium—in fact, not to be got; and for *likely hands* I and many others have for long been daily open. We cannot, either by application through present employés, or the medium of the public press, command either the required quality or quantity."

But it is not enough that work should be done and workers earn subsistence; what the world wants is that these operatives should rise in the scale of being, and become better specimens of humanity than they have hitherto ordinarily been. The irregular habits, low tastes, and excessive love of dress and gaiety now so fatally common among them, and which greatly impairs their value even as "hands," are here traced to inefficient early education, owing to the little thought bestowed by working men in general upon their daughters as compared with their sons. Have they no example for this in higher spheres? Some of these female labourers are indeed ornaments to their sex, but our "Manufacturer" has "almost invariably found such to be the result of more liberal education." Let those whose selfish fears are ever on the alert lest the poor should be "over-educated," and "we" should not be so well served as if we had kept them at a lower level, ponder this *fact*, vouched for

by one so well competent to give information on the subject. Of course it is moral training that is required as well as mere instruction in reading and writing, and it is rather startling evidence on this point when we read—

"One circumstance I may here simply mention, because peculiarly significant and suggestive, and not the less so that it is the experience of a *Protestant*. It is this:—I have almost uniformly received from Roman Catholic girls *more faithful and honest service*—the exercise of a more *strict regard for truth*, and altogether the exemplification throughout of better conduct—than from any others."

Whatever may be thought of the creed of that church, here is testimony indeed to the value of its discipline, and something of the latter might be adopted with advantage even by those who might most disapprove the former.

As a practical suggestion of one great means of bringing together those who need something to do and those who need to have something done for them, we have the following:

"At the outset I had occasion to speak of our *employed* females in a manner neither flattering to them, nor pleasant to myself, and but for a scrupulous regard for becoming modesty of speech here, much more might have been said. But with all the faults and follies, and the "sins and sorrows" which so largely prevail among them as a class, we must not overlook the fact, that they are the daughters of those who are the very sinews and marrow of our national strength,—the masses of the people. Many of them are destined to become the mothers and guardians of our working-men and women to be; and when we think of the many privileges we have enjoyed, of the education we have been favoured with, of the many advantages falling to our lot, as we moved up and on in life, and contrast all this with the position and circumstances of so many of our poor working-girls, we may well ask ourselves, Have we done our duty? or are we now seeking to fulfil a duty we are most assuredly bound to perform towards the many, who, from no fault of their own, have been permitted to grow up, deprived of that which to us has been our guiding star, our compass to direct us, namely, education—example and precept? All to us has been made easy to acquire and follow, because encircled, hedged in as it were, with comforts and privileges, and blessings, which if they did not enable us better to repel temptation, certainly kept us far removed from the many trials which affect their less favoured lot. We talk with a justifiable pride of our "Philosophical Institution" for our middle classes, of our admirable "School of Arts" for our working-men—of many societies and associations existing in our city for the moral and mental culture and the pleasureable improvement of our own sex.—What have we for our working-women?

We all know that in their history and experience, there lies between the morning of life, and ere they reach matured years or married life,—or, of very many, may I not say the hour of death,—a vast moral wilderness, thickly studded with alluring pleasures and strong temptations to evil, and beset with paths peculiarly difficult and dangerous safely to pass through. I long for the day when we shall see in our midst one green and fertile spot—a grand central female institution, to which our working-girls will be found flocking for encouragement in well-doing—a female athenæum worthy of our "Modern Athens;"—so constituted as to form a grand centre of attraction to our hitherto neglected females,—a complete fabric embracing all that tends to elevate and improve the mind, to refine the tastes and

feelings, and to withdraw them from scenes of frivolous gaiety, where temptations to sin, sorrow, and shame rule supreme.

With such an institution, rendered popular as well as profitable, the benefits of which could be enjoyed at a small fixed sum constituting membership for a year, many among this class will be found to take advantage of it. Let there be courses of lectures—evening classes for English, grammar, writing, arithmetic, and book-keeping—for many feel the want, and wish to remedy it. A reading-room and library would of course, form a prominent feature; and as very many of our female workers do not go home at meal hours, it is, I think, worthy of consideration whether or not great and lasting good would not be accomplished, by furnishing suitable and complete convenience for preparing and cooking such food as they are in the habit of providing for themselves, with comfortable apartments in which to partake of it. Such a department, superintended by a large and active committee of *young ladies*, able and willing to instruct in the *art of economic cookery*, would, to my mind, prove no menial or fruitless occupation."

In his comprehensive survey of "Woman's Wants," the writer further glances at the field opened by photography for the efforts of educated women as a trade, "profitable, interesting, attractive, and withal not *un*ladylike;" at the necessity for introducing sewing machines into charity schools; and at the advantages derivable from a system of not only giving more thorough instruction in arithmetic and book-keeping in ladies' schools, but of adding to such establishments an industrial department, where "common things" should be taught to all the young ladies who might wish to add to their accomplishments, qualifications for usefulness. This very practical little pamphlet is dedicated to Miss Phœbe Blyth, Secretary to the Edinburgh Society for the Employment of Women; and any profits accruing from its sale are to be handed over to that Society.

Needlewomen's Institutes; their Management & Working. By Mrs. Garland Price 3*d.* John F. Shaw and Co., 27, Southampton Row.

A WELL-DIGESTED plan for the organization of institutes, which, by the use of sewing machines, would afford remunerative employment to large numbers of women of various classes, as superintendents, or secretaries, forewomen, machine workers, finishers, &c. Several establishments of this kind are now in course of formation, and we would recommend all who are interested in them to read these very sensible suggestions upon the subject.

Shadow and Sunshine; or Life Notes. By Jeanie Selina Reeves. London: W. Mackintosh, 24, Paternoster Row.

THIS story, or rather memoir, for the preface implies that it is no fiction, illustrates chiefly the difficulties encountered by an amiable and conscientious woman, who having embraced that form of religion which maintains in modern days the ideas of our Puritan forefathers with regard to amusements, feels the souls of herself and her children imperilled by the entertain-

ments in which her husband insists upon their joining: while yet, with more "meekness of wisdom" than is always found in conjunction with strong opinions, she sees that it would be neither right nor prudent to resist his desire upon such points. In contrast with one whose scruples are thus really sincere, is an austere and assuming maiden aunt, who under the respectable guise of like scrupulosity, merely indulges her own self-will and ill-nature, which find pleasure in thwarting and censuring all about her. Her usurped rule is, however, at last terminated, and her disposition deprived of its acidity by the re-appearance and acceptance of a suitor, the regretted repulse of whom twenty years before, had originally soured her; while the gentle mother, by the power of her gentleness in yielding to what is known to be painful to her, induces her children, and at last even her husband, to comply with her wishes, and eventually adopt her views.

A little more attention to grammar on the part of the authoress of this work would have been desirable, for even if the shadow of the shamrock may be pleaded for the constant substitution of "will" and "would" for "shall" and "should," though hardly admissible in the case of persons represented as well-educated, even this can be no excuse for "I" taking the place of "me" in such phrases as "He took Tiny and I," a fault which occurs more than once. It is to be regretted too, that any book written, as this is, with a moral purpose, should so far betray heedlessness of the Creator's physical laws as to show no consciousness of there being anything wrong in the marriage of a girl represented as being little more than sixteen years of age.

Death or Life; or the Story of my Experience on the Line.
James Nisbet and Co., 21, Berners St.

No one can read the details given in these pages of the authoress's efforts, during a period of twenty years, in behalf of the class most commonly known as "navvies," without feeling the deepest respect for one who could labour so diligently and so perseveringly, at a work repulsive in many respects to a lady, and in which so many disappointments were incurred. The narrative well exemplifies the power of kindness and of courage over even the roughest natures, and the amount of latent good there may be in, seemingly, the least favourable specimens of humanity; and, therefore, despite the candid record of many failures, it may well tend on the whole to encourage all who may be engaged in striving to mould unlikely material. It is sad, however, to find that individual influence, even when strongest and most extensive, seems to produce but little permanent effect upon this class of railway labourers, owing to the want of more general co-operation for their benefit; the completion of

their work and consequent removal to another part of the country, where none pay any attention to them, frequently thrusting back into vice and degradation those who had been most susceptible to better things, while they were within reach of them. But the many cases of relapse even while so good and kind a friend, acutely sensitive, as they knew, to their every short-coming, was still watching over them; and the large proportion who evidently were never much affected by her efforts, cannot but raise a doubt whether the system adopted were not in itself, in some measure, a mistaken one; whether attempts were not too exclusively directed towards the awakening of emotion; and whether religion presented to them under a less sensational form might not have produced effects more lasting, though in the first instance, perhaps, less striking. Those impressionable natures which are usually the first to yield to religious excitement are also too often the first to be led astray, while the less sensitive and imaginative require to be appealed to in a very different way. Dr. Livingstone has taught us that among the heathen the missionary should be a civilizer before he tries to be a christianizer, and among these scarcely less ignorant sons of toil it might have been that some who could not be brought to share the authoress's belief as to the way of salvation, or to maintain that fervent frame of mind which attended their first turning to God, might yet have been induced to some culture of their spiritual nature, and some reformation of their morals, had those who so zealously befriended them been content to view ever so little amendment as so much gain, rather than to conclude that nothing could be of any avail unless they could make them altogether what they wished. It is, unquestionably, better that men should fulfil their moral duties from the spiritual motive of love to God, but to be moral from any motive is a vast advance upon the mere animal life too often led by these poor fellows; and while venturing to express a doubt whether, had this been kept more in view, more of them might not have been won thus far who never reached a further point or could never remain at it, we doubt not that in many instances this at least was attained through the authoress's zealous and unwearied efforts; and we trust she will find in this consolation under the keen disappointment of not having met with more success in imbuing her rough pupils with the doctrines she believed, or the ardour with which she believed them. Such love and such humility cannot work quite in vain.

Easter Roses. By Sophia May Eckley. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co., Stationers' Hall Court.

This prettily-chosen title seems intended to convey the authoress's modest appreciation of her own efforts; for who

would look for fulness of summer beauty in roses that had struggled into existence at bleak Easter-tide? The little volume consists of a few detached thoughts expressed chiefly in figurative language, and interspersed freely with quotations from the Bible, Prayer-book, and various hymns.

The Christian Code, contained in the Scriptures. By Sinceritas. London: Jarrold and Sons, 12, Paternoster Row.

THIS work consists entirely of extracts from Scripture, arranged, with many subdivisions, under the following heads, viz. The Nature and Perfections of God; Christian Doctrine; and Sins and Shortcomings of various kinds and degrees; while a copious index still further facilitates reference to the contents. Although it is perhaps inevitable in a book of this kind that no individual who looks into it should find exactly such texts and no other as he would have placed under the heading where they are found, it may often prove convenient to many to have such an amount of aid as this volume can afford towards enabling them to turn at once to a number of texts illustrative of such a variety of subjects as are here referred to. The compiler is too, on the whole, singularly *fair* in his arrangement of texts, betraying little design to prove or disprove any controverted tenet by his manner of disposing the extracts which refer to it, so that his work may be available to persons of any creed; though the placing of "Angel, Saint, and Image worship" under the heading of "Sins" might be complained of by our Roman Catholic friends as one exception to this general impartiality, which the writer avows that he aimed at, and has in a great degree attained. The Preface and "Additional Remarks" are well worth reading, as displaying an admirable spirit of liberal piety.

The Idle Word, By Edward Meyrick Goulburn, D.D. London: Rivingtons, Waterloo Place.

IN the short religious essays bearing this title there is much that is pious and sensible concerning the government of the tongue, and wise and discriminating remarks as to what is good and what is evil speaking; but it is a blemish on the work, that the author should, on one or two occasions, have actually gone out of his way to censure liberality in religious matters, and to laud the tradition (we trust a libellous one) which represents St. John as having rushed out of some baths because he heard that a heretic had entered the bath-house. It is grievous to find a man in such a position as Dr. Goulburn holds, (he being, in conjunction with men of far other spirit, one of Her Majesty's chaplains) confounding vicious practice with error of opinion, and speaking of it as "a maudlin, spurious charity, too popular at the present day, to salve over such errors with unctious flattery of the life of their professors." Can he forget *who* said, "By their fruits ye shall know them?"

Flowers and Fruit gathered by Loving Hands from Old English Gardens. Arranged by Emily Taylor. Price 2s. 6d. Houlston and Wright, 65, Paternoster Row.

A CHARMING collection of some of the best short pieces of our earlier poets, divided into cheerful, plaintive, and devotional compositions. The volume is beautifully got up, and the pieces well chosen, but we may suggest that it might have been an improvement to have placed together all the extracts made from any one poet in either department.

RECEIVED FOR REVIEW NEXT MONTH.—Letters of Caroline Frances Cornwallis.

XXXIV.—OPEN COUNCIL.

To the Editor of the English Woman's Journal.

ON INFANT FEEDING.

MADAM,

Twelve months ago you did me the honour to insert in your Journal a letter, wherein I stated that I had never seen children so thoroughly healthy, as those which had been fed, from an early period, on a sufficient quantity of light, unstimulating, semi-solid, and moderately nutritious food; and that I knew of no food so generally valuable as sago prepared with milk. "The good effects of this diet," I remarked, "are immediately manifested by sound sleep, freedom from irritability, and improved excretions; speedily followed by firm flesh and a healthy colour."

Contrary to the oft-repeated opinion of medical men, whether of those who have written on the subject, or of those who have not, it is the belief of the present writer that the generality of infants are inadequately nourished; that they are kept too long on a liquid diet, whereby they become debilitated, and prone to all sorts of diseases.

Debility and its attendant train of maladies being thus engendered, it is often sought to effect a cure by the administration of rich and highly-flavoured food—another sad mistake, for beef-tea, wine, cod-liver oil, and steel, are miserable substitutes for the bland and wholesome diet above commended; a diet which is calculated more than anything else, to preserve and to restore the health and strength.

It is desirable to begin with this food soon after the first month, in the proportion of about three tea-spoonfuls of sago to a pint of milk and water, flavoured with moist sugar. The quantity of sago should be gradually increased according to the age and strength of the child. At about the ninth month it may be made of the consistency of an ordinary sago pudding. It is most conveniently prepared in an oven. Provided their stomachs and intestines are not greatly debilitated by previous bad management, children take kindly to this sort of food, and the beneficial effects are such as have already been briefly stated. It will be readily comprehended by the reader, that the irritability of children arises, in most cases, from defective nutrition.

No wonder that the infant sucks its thumb whilst the craving of the stomach continues; no wonder that it is fretful when awake, and easily disturbed during sleep; no wonder that its alvine excretions are scanty, and are supposed to indicate the necessity of repeated doses of castor oil; and its liquid excretion superabundant, a perpetual annoyance to the nurse, and discomfort to the child. The child, maybe, is fat, a subject, probably, of

gratification to its mother, but it is likewise pale-faced, flabby, and inanimate, and its obesity is no good sign; when the period of teething arrives, its deficiency of stamina will not fail to be observed.

In the estimation of the writer, and of many to whom he has recommended it, sago prepared with milk is the perfection of diet for infants and young children; and so long as it is taken with appetite, and the child is doing well, no change should be made.

The endeavour, prematurely, to improve on this dietary by the substitution of meats, gravies, jellies, &c., is often the beginning of trouble. These rich and full-flavoured stimulants destroy the natural appetite for simple food; and the child, so far from gaining strength by the change, becomes manifestly weaker and more irritable. If the mother is a sensible person, she will not fail to ascribe this falling off to its true cause, and will never rest till she has succeeded in restoring the natural appetite of the child for simple food. If, on the contrary, she is conceited, or otherwise weak-minded, it will not occur to her to blame herself. She will hurry off to get "the first advice," and then, whatever happens, she will feel satisfied that the responsibility is no longer hers.

I have the honour to be, Madam,
Your obedient servant,
M. D.

44, Round Hill Crescent, Brighton.

MADAM,

May I be permitted to correct an error in your last issue, which is calculated to injure me in a business point of view?

I have not, as there stated, disposed of my printing business to one of my pupils, but simply added Photographic Colouring to my previous occupations. All work entrusted to me is still carried on under my immediate supervision and entire responsibility. The circumstance which has given origin to the error in question was a purely private arrangement.

I am, Madam, yours respectfully,
A. C. BURKE,
Photographic Printer and Colorist,
April 18th, 1864. 11, Eton St., Gloucester Road, Regent's Park, N.W.

XXXV.—FACTS AND SCRAPS.

MONTHLY REPORT OF THE SOCIETY FOR THE EMPLOYMENT OF WOMEN.—In the month of March 33 applicants had their names inscribed in the register books. Permanent situations were found for two in the following capacities:—one secretary, one teacher in an industrial school. Temporary employment was found for seven:—two mounters of photographs, two writers of envelopes, one manuscript copier, one collector in an institution, and one lady to read daily.

THE LONDON DRESS-MAKING COMPANY, LIMITED.—An attempt is now being made to establish a Company under the above name, in the hope that by means of such an association, most if not all of the evils which have so long been attendant upon the profession of the dressmaker may be effectually remedied. The projected company would be under the patronage of the Earl of Shaftesbury and a long list of noble or notable lady patronesses, and it is desired to form a capital of £20,000, in 2000 shares of £10 each. We subjoin a Prospectus of the Company, which as yet has been only privately circulated, and trust that so admirable an undertaking will find many supporters among our readers.

PROSPECTUS.

"THIS Company has been formed to test the public desire, almost unanimously expressed during the past year, that the work of the Milliners and Dressmakers of the West End of London should be carried on under conditions which will not impair the health and endanger the lives of the Workers.

"The Promoters intend to begin on a small scale, and to conduct their business with special care for the welfare of the workers, and with the strict prohibition of crowding and over-work. They propose only to call up sufficient Capital, in the first instance, to enable the experiment to be fairly tried. They are quite aware that, in order to succeed, they must supply work of the best kind, and in the best taste, and at least as moderate in price as that of the first houses in the trade. They believe that their arrangements will enable them to do this, and, at the same time, pay a fair profit on Capital. Every care will be taken to execute all orders with punctuality and exactness; but all work that *cannot* be executed in time, without undue pressure on the Workers, will be resolutely declined. It now rests with the Ladies of England to determine, whether by continued acquiescence in the present system they will leave their poorer sisters to die from over-work and bad air, or whether by a trifling sacrifice of their own convenience, and by a little forethought, they will enable them to live under such conditions as are worthy of a Christian and prosperous country. By ensuring the comfort and well-being of their workers, the Promoters hope to obtain thoroughly skilled hands, and that they will (in the end) induce the old-established Houses to follow in their steps, and adopt the same stringent regulations for the benefit of those they employ.

Applications for Shares may be made to the Secretary at the Office of the Company, at 19, Langham Place, where all information will be given."

THE New York correspondent of the "Times" announced recently, that a meeting had just been held in that city, by a "Working Women's Protective Union," to endeavour to provide some remedy for the distress now prevalent among needle-women, of whom from five to ten thousand, according to different estimates, are now employed there, earning on an average only from 16½ to 20 cents per day, which at the present depreciation of the currency, amounts to only from 6*d.* to 7½*d.* English money; for this they have to labour at least 12 or 14 hours a day, and out of it have to provide their own thread, brought from England and paid for in gold, besides being subject to a heavy duty, so that the price of it has risen from 3 to 8 cents per spool. The "Union" did not seem able to devise any more effectual measures of relief than "remonstrating" with employers, securing legal protection against fraud, and threatening those who underpaid their work-people with publishing their names, so that none might deal with them. The writer of this account adds, that "The great source of the evil is pride," since there are certainly 10,000 families in the city who are in want of cooks, and who offer to those who will undertake this office, good homes and 120 dollars per annum; but the American women will rather starve than do work which they think only fit for negroes or Irishwomen. One of the most baneful fruits of the "Institution" is, that it has caused labour to be looked on as dishonourable; and thus are outcast races avenged on those who have condemned them to helotry.

THE FEMALE SCHOOL OF ART.—Her Majesty the Queen and her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales have been pleased to grant their especial patronage to a grand Fête and Bazaar, to be held some time during next June, in aid of the fund for building two additional well-lighted class-rooms and other much needed accommodation on their premises in Queen Square, Bloomsbury.
