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"Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS."—SHAKESPEARE.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

N^o. 388.]

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A HEALTHY YEAR IN LONDON.

By the one hundred and thirty-second section of the Metropolis Local Management Act, it was ordained about two years ago that there should be appointed by the Board of Works, which represents the vestry in each London parish, a Medical Officer of Health, whose duty it should be "to ascertain the existence of diseases, more especially epidemics increasing the rate of mortality," and who also should "take cognisance of the fact of the existence of diseases."

By an instructional minute of the General Board of Health, dated on the twentieth of the December before last, the duties of these medical officers of health were further defined: they were not only to show the existence of preventible diseases, to point out methods of removing them, and to insist on their removal, but they were also to collect and diffuse general information upon sanitary matters, and to serve as sanitary referees to the parishioners on whose behalf they were retained. The raising of the corps of sanitary soldiers thus established was not completed until March, in the year eighteen fifty-six. Some vestries had their officers of health appointed earlier, but the first year's work for the improved health of London was supposed to begin in March of last year, and to end in March of this year; when the Act of Parliament required that each officer of health, in addition to any weekly, monthly, or half-yearly reports that he might furnish to the board with which he worked, should write an annual report for publication by the vestry. The publication of these annual reports, by the several London parishes, has been recently completed. We have made it our business to read them all, together with many of the monthly and half-yearly reports by which they were preceded. We have not only read, but we have also marked them and digested them, and the result of our study is now at the service of the reader.

It gives us much of the story of a healthy year in London. There is not a fact or a suggestion in the sketch we are now writing which has not been drawn from the recent reports of the London officers of health, and there has been hardly a report issued that

will not contribute to it, indirectly or directly, some fact or opinion. The year in question was a healthy one. In 'fifty-six, deaths from all causes in town fell short of the average of the four former years by five thousand eight hundred and sixty-eight; and in the spring of this year the mortality was five hundred and forty-six below the average. We do not attribute this to the exertions of the health officers and sanitary inspectors; but when we come presently to take a glance at the work actually done for the improvement of our wholesomeness, it will be evident that some of the life saved has been saved by the increase of attention paid to what is necessary for the maintenance of health.

Let us confirm our minds upon this subject, and at the same time fortify them against any undue despondency when we fall upon details of our present state that are disheartening and sickening, by looking at the increase of health and duration of life actually produced by improvement in the public sense of what is wholesome. In London, in the year seventeen hundred, one person died out of every twenty-five. Fifty years later one died out of every twenty-one. In the first year of the present century there died only one in thirty-five, and in eighteen 'thirty one in forty-five. Mr. Bianchi, of St. Saviour's, reminds us of that. Again, Mr. Rendle, the health officer for the parish of St. George the Martyr, Southwark, reminds the public, that in the great plague year of sixteen 'fifty-five there died out of that parish one person in every four; but that the loss in modern pestilences is one in thirty, forty, or sixty. His district is now one of the worst in London, and one of the most densely peopled; but he does not look back with envy to the day when its population was much thinner—a century and a-half ago; when all the alleys were blind alleys, and thoroughfares gloried in filthiness; when people had an address by Harrow Dung-hill, or in Dirty-lane, or Melancholy-walk, and Labour-in-vain-alley—dens of life interspersed among good buildings and spacious gardens.

At the present time we may represent the effect of unwholesome influences on a town population by the evidence of Dr. Letheby, that in some parts of the City of London the

death rate—in all parts high—is actually doubled. While in England the mean duration of life, with men who have reached the age of twenty, will be forty years, in the City of London it will be but thirty, and in the western divisions of it only twenty-eight. He who starts upon a city life and residence at the age of twenty, says the city officer of health, “hardly stands a better chance of existence than do the average of infants when they are a year old; for in the one case he only reaches to the age of forty-eight, and in the other, with all the dangers of early life, they will get to be forty-seven.”

But these averages are struck between the well-to-do and the ill-to-do; the great mortality in courts and alleys is made to suggest a diminution of life that does not really take place in the mansions of the rich.

Well, but it does sometimes. Dr. Druiitt is the medical officer of health for Saint George's, Hanover Square. Small-pox appeared in his district. One of the places in which it appeared, was the room of a journeyman who—in this room, surrounded by his sick children—was making coats for the customers of a fashionable tailor in a fashionable street. Another was the room of a laundress, employed in getting up gentlemen's white ties. Another was inhabited by the family of an upper servant in a house in Berkeley Square.

That is a broad hint to the selfish, but God knows, we are not selfish as a people in this matter. When we are told that at Dulwich, where the high ground secures light and air, where money secures all the wants of life, and where the population is but at the rate of one person in one acre, there died last year only thirteen persons in a thousand, two of them children, and not one from a preventable disease; while in Peckham—to go no farther—there died twenty in a thousand, we do not fail to see the influence of a man's dwelling-place on the duration of his life. We are not blind to the meaning of a comparison like this between neighbour and neighbour. Between Hanover Square and Hyde Park are the hundred and thirty-seven houses of Lower and Upper Brook Street, besides thirteen mansions at the north of Grosvenor Square. The deaths in them all between the first of April last year and the same date this year were nine. Shepherd's Court in Upper Brook Street contains nine houses, and there were as many deaths in those houses alone. We give some more of these comparisons which carry their own lesson with them too distinctly, and appeal too surely to our hearts, to need enforcement. In the west Ward of Mile End, the deaths are at the rate of thirty-two in every thousand; in the centre ward, which is not much less densely crowded, there die out of the thousand only twenty-one. The Medical Officer of Health for Mile End, Mr. Freeman, looks for the

cause of this excessive destruction of life in his west ward, and finds that it takes place in a new town, which has sprung up during the last few years at the rear of Castle Tavern, sometimes called the Rhodeswell estate. These houses form a main part of the ward; they have been inhabited several years, yet the roads were not made up and the district was undrained. Under recent laws the drainage of a new street is made before houses are built, instead of afterwards.

At Chelsea, Dr. Barclay, local Officer of Health, prudently doubtful of conclusions drawn from a comparison between populations of only one, two, or three thousand for a single year, yet sets down certain facts in a table of the rate of mortality from epidemics in different corners of the parish. In the parish as a whole there do not die of epidemic and infectious diseases so many as two in a thousand, but in various districts of small streets and courts, the deaths from this cause amount to six or even a little more than seven in a thousand. Now, this table shows that among such courts the death rate has been by far the lowest where the year's course of sanitary improvement was begun first, and even then has been made up almost entirely of deaths in a street that was not inspected until very late in the season, and of some that occurred before any alterations were begun. We need not hesitate to accept the inference suggested. The effect of changes made in Rotherhithe shows most emphatically, if any men could doubt, how life is to be saved by making homes less poisonous. In eighteen hundred and forty-nine, cholera mowed down the inhabitants of the eastern part of Rotherhithe, which was without sewers, almost without drains, and without other water than the people dipped up from the Thames or from some filthy tidal wells. The ravages of cholera caused the construction of a sewer and the bringing-in of an abundant supply of good water. When the cholera returned in eighteen hundred and fifty-four, there was no part of London south of the Thames more free from it than the eastern part of Rotherhithe: while the new streets on the Deptford Lower Road, built upon undrained garden ground, suffered severely. Again, writes Mr. Murdoch, Medical Officer of Health for Rotherhithe, a few years ago the upper part of Swan Lane was intersected by foul open ditches. Typhus fever then reigned constantly on that spot. As many as ninety cases of fever were attended by the parish surgeon in twelve months. But, since the ditches have been arched over, the disease has entirely disappeared, and the place is one of the healthiest in the parish.

Again, there is in Rotherhithe a group of ten houses called Dodd's Place. In those ten houses, with a population of about fifty, ten persons died of cholera in eighteen hundred and forty-nine. There was then a stagnant

hitch before the houses. That has been filled up, and Dodd's Place has since been remarkably free from disease. In eighteen hundred and fifty-four, only three persons in it were attacked by cholera, and not one died. We come to a more fashionable quarter for one other instance. Dr. Lankester is medical officer of health for St. James's, Westminster. He tells us that in the unhealthy Berwick Street division are the model lodging-houses, called Ingestre Buildings. Their mortality last year was at the rate of sixteen in a thousand. With that he contrasts a part of the St. James's Square division—Burlington Arcade. The rooms there are narrow and small, imperfectly ventilated, and, although not overcrowded, shorten life. The mortality last year among residents in Burlington Arcade was at the rate of thirty in a thousand.

Now, let us turn from Saint James to Saint Giles.

Dr. George Buchanan, Medical Officer of Health for Saint Giles, tells us that "the present mortality among infants in Saint Giles's is such, that a child two years old has a better chance of living to be fifty, than a child at its birth has of living to be two years old." And so we turn over a new leaf in the history of London during this its healthy year. The little children form by far the largest class of victims to the poisoning or stinting of our air and food. In foul homes the mortality of children tends to multiply itself, for where more children die, more children are born to feed the jaws of death. Partly this happens, because the perishing of unweaned infants from the mother's breast is followed speedily by new creations. But there must be another law of nature working, to produce a result so striking as that in healthy districts, where there is one death in fifty-six people, there is one birth in forty-two; but that in unhealthy districts where there is one death in thirty-three people, there is one birth in twenty-eight. We take this into account then, in considering the large sum of the mortality of infants. Were everything as it should be, the death of a young child, except by accident, would be a rare event. Little ones inheriting no weakness from their parents, breathing pure air, eating pure bread, and drinking the due quantity of wholesome milk, would grow to sturdy manhood, and to comely womanhood, but there would not be so many of them growing. Families would be little larger than they now are, but they would be composed more entirely of children upon the knee, and by the fireside: not many would be moved into the little coffin from the cot. We know what the truth is. Dr. Pavy, Medical Officer of Health for Saint Luke's, tells that in the Old Street district of his parish, the actual number of the deaths during the healthy year of which we write, was forty-four, twenty-six of them being deaths of children under five years old,

and eighteen the sum of deaths at every other age. In the City Road district, there died forty-one infants, against twenty-six persons of every age older than five. In the Whitecross Street district, there were seventy-seven deaths, of which no less than fifty-nine were deaths of infants under five years old. Three burials in every four were burials of little children.

This is, by far, the worst fact of its kind to be found in the whole budget of sanitary reports now before us. The worst that can be generally said (and with all its local variations, it is a distressing feature in each parish account) is, that one half the deaths are deaths of children under five. And then, as Dr. Barnes reminds the vestry at Shoreditch, of all the children born among us, only one half live to the age of fifteen; only one in three lives to be older than forty; only one in five lives to be sixty-one.

To account for such figures as these, we will now take from the reports one or two illustrations of what may be found in London in a healthy year, to warn us how much wholesomer and healthier we may become. Turner's Retreat, Bermondsey, is cited by Dr. Challice, officer of health for that parish, as a fever-nest inhabited by persons not of the poorest description, many of whom are very cleanly in their habits, but who are poisoned by want of drainage, who live beset by their own offscourings in a court soaked by a neighbouring yard in which a manufacturer keeps a strong solution of dogs' excrement (technically called pure) adjacent to the public thoroughfare. We will quote only one passage more—it is from the Rotherhithe report. We sicken as we read of such homes. They sicken and die, who have to live in them. In Spreadingale Court "almost all the houses were overcrowded with inmates, dilapidated, and swarming with bugs. Many of the inhabitants complained that the quantity of water forced on by the company was not sufficient, and certainly the receptacles for it were not generally large enough, and often dirty and leaky. The drainage has been originally good, but is everywhere choked up. Not a house had an ashpit, the vegetable and animal refuse being strewn about the yards, and mixing their effluvia with those from the overflowing cesspools."

We can quote no more of such details. They abound in the reports, and we know that they must abound. The late Sir Henry de la Beche informed me, writes Dr. Lankester of the court district, that when the School of Mines was built on the space between Jermyn Street and Piccadilly, formerly known as Derby Court, no less than thirty-two cesspools had to be emptied and filled up. There is plenty of work, then, to be done everywhere by the boards of works, medical officers of health, and inspectors of nuisances; and in each of the reports before us there is an accurate chronicle of work

done, which suggests the strong conviction to which we have before referred, that even already some part of the diminution in the rate of our mortality is due to recent exertion for the removal of a few causes of disease—faint as it is in comparison with the great mass of evil to be overcome. In one parish alone (Whitechapel) thirteen hundred cesspools have been abolished, and nearly four hundred, for which sewerage could not be substituted, have been cleansed.

In the same parish, more than three hundred dwellings have been lime-whited and cleaned; as many yards and cellars have been paved; improvement has been made in forty slaughter-houses; dust-bins have been built, water supply has been amended in some houses, and connected with soil-pans in seven hundred and fifty. This kind of activity, various in degree, is everywhere shown; out of these reports we might fill two or three columns with such local records of work done. A large proportion of it is the result of the activity of the inspectors of nuisances. The business of the officer of health is to supply in each district the helping mind, and we have not read our heap of reports without acquiring a very high respect for the intelligence of the body of gentlemen by whom they have been furnished. They vary, of course, very much in ability, but they are all written in earnest. Except one or two instances of subservience to vestries, they take a liberal, high-minded tone; are firm in pursuit of their object, but make few extravagant demands; and if they now and then misread a fact into theory, they far more than compensate for the occasional error by the frequency and force of their warnings against generalisation from a few facts, or from many facts without taking incidental circumstances into consideration.

Thus Dr. Druitt tells the inhabitants of Saint George's, Hanover Square, that they must look beyond dry tables of mortality to see that half the parish is like a vast hotel, with shifting population. He learns from the bakers, that there is from twice and a-half to four times as much bread eaten there in June as in September. Many people, if sick, go into the country. Into certain streets, many sick people come as lodgers, attracted by the excellence of the medical and surgical advice to be had in the parish, so that, apart from that consideration, we might suppose, from tables, that those streets were particularly fatal to persons in the prime of life. Again, the immunity from sickness and death among the rich is made to appear greater than it is, because, in the population of their houses, are reckoned the domestic servants, who leave, if unhealthy, go away to their friends in the alleys to be ill; and who, having given their lives to swell the life-table of the rich, add their deaths to the death-tables of the poor.

The Medical Officers of Health in London,

very soon after their appointment, formed themselves into an Association, in order that since their office was new, its duty ill-defined, and its usefulness very dependent upon their all collecting and arranging facts upon a common system, they might work harmoniously "for mutual assistance and information, and for the advancement of medical science." The good spirit which produced such an association has maintained it now for fifteen months, not only as a bond of union among fellow-workers, but as a means of making work effective for the public service.

We have shown how the reports before us teach the need of sanitary work in London, and that they tell something of work done. It remains for us to refer to the curious facts and valuable suggestions in which they abound.

As to particular diseases, there are strange things to be learnt. Why is consumption the disease most fatal at Mile-end, as Mr. Freeman shows us that it is; and why has Dr. Buchanan to report that the great feeder of the grave is measles in Saint Giles's? The last fact reminds us of a sentence in Mr. Wilkinson's report for the Lewisham district. "Closely surrounding a courtyard, in which are placed a stable, slaughter-house, and dung-heap, draining into a well (which was, until lately, used for drinking) there have been sixteen or seventeen severe cases of measles."

In Mr. Pittard's district of Saint George's-in-the-East, there are the London Docks, and into these docks, clearly and easily preventible as the disease is, "hardly a month passes without the coming of a ship with frightful sickness and death on board from scurvy." In one case that came under Mr. Pittard's notice, the captain perfectly well knew by what means to prevent scurvy, "and, after the first culpable neglect in leaving India without them—when scurvy was spreading in the ship, and one man had already died of it—they lay to at the Azores, where oranges (a well-known preventive) were selling at threepence the dozen, and the captain purchased some for his own use, of which he subsequently sold a few to the sick men at two-pence a-piece. The outlay of a pound or two would have enabled him to put his crew in perfect health; but he only took care of himself. Two more men died before the ship reached England, and the survivors contrasted with the captain, who was hale and hearty, it was painful to see. The law, as it now stands, I fear, cannot be brought directly to bear on such a case. I had no vent for my indignation, but to upbraid this captain, in no measured terms, on his own deck, in the presence of the men he had so foully wronged."

Among the suggestions scattered about these reports, are some for the establishment of public playgrounds; some, tending to enforce the fact, that the pulling down of here and there a house, when to do so would make an open thoroughfare of a blind alley,

would bring the blessing of air home to the poor, as surely as the laying out of parks; some, urging that houses should be built for the poor in flats, or proving the value of good model lodging-houses as investment—sick tenants being often unable to pay their rents. One gentleman wishes that coroners' inquests should be made of reasonable use to science, and thinks it a scandal that in framing tables of mortality he should be baulked now-a-days by such a register as "Found dead," or "Died by the visitation of God." Nearly all specially denounce the watering of milk, which is no harmless adulteration, but, as one writer puts it, a far worse crime than the poisoning of pickles. Milk is almost the sole food of the infant, and should be the main article of food for the child. The milkman who waters his cans, is a starver of children. In a town where the mortality of children is so frightful as in London, and where so great a number of the deaths is caused by defective nutrition, that a large part of what food the children do get should be surreptitiously withdrawn, is not a trifling matter. In one report it is urged upon respectable householders that they should use the very cheap and simple instrument which tells tales on the milkman, and determinedly—not for their own sakes, but for the sake of all the children dying round about us—refuse to buy milk that has been watered. Again, we are told that the practice of giving drink-money to dustmen leads such men to refuse to empty the bins of the poor, except when they can extort pence for the service, and that in this way a considerable element of unwholesomeness is added to their narrow homes. The Paddington Vestry prints on the cover of its report a special request that the inhabitants will not give money to the parish dustmen for the mere performance of their duties. Upon drainage and water-supply, the reports are of course rich in information and suggestion. Dr. Barnes, officer of health for Shoreditch, who happens also to be senior physician to the Dreadnought, knows, from his Dreadnought experience, that the deposit on the banks, not the filth held suspended in the river, is that by which fever is bred; and he has made observations of his own on Thames water, with these results.—He finds that the river never is so filthy to the eye as during the flood and high-water, precisely when it contains the minimum of sewage matter. At low water, on the contrary, when there is the maximum of sewage, the water is often almost bright, yielding comparatively little earthy sediment. But, that admixture of earth and inorganic matter from the banks, which makes the Thames water turbid and opaque, serves really for the conversion and the disinfection of the sewage. It is the blessing of the river: not, as most people suppose, its curse. It exerts its disinfecting power best on sewage matter entering the river, as it

now does, gradually, by various small outlets. But if the whole drainage of London on either side of the Thames be brought into one great sewer, and discharged thence into the river in a single torrent, Dr. Barnes believes that it will form a stream too powerful and rapid to unite soon with the river water, or to be in any sensible degree disinfected by the earths contained in them. It would run into the Thames as the water of the River Plata runs into the sea, holding its own for miles, or as the red waters of the river Maine, after entering the bed of the Rhine, may be seen flowing side by side with the green Rhine water, and distinctly separate therefrom. If that be the case, the outfall of the sewer flood cannot be situated too far from the town.

ELEANOR CLARE'S JOURNAL FOR TEN YEARS.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS. CHAPTER THE FIRST.

BURNBANK COTTAGE, *July the seventh, Eighteen hundred and forty-four.*—Mrs. Lake said to me this morning in her grave, impressive fashion, "My dear love, it is a very serious responsibility to be an heiress."

She was looking straight into me, as it were, and I felt that she was in such solemn earnest that I dared not turn it off with a laugh, as I could have done if anybody else had made the remark. Indeed, for a moment, a perfect spasm of terror made my heart quiver again; I could scarcely get my breath, and went red and white, hot and cold, half-a-dozen times in as many minutes.

I cannot be glad as I know some girls would. I never knew what it was to want money, and so don't set much store by it—I don't see how it can make me any happier than I have been, but I do see how it can make me a very great deal more miserable.

Ever since Mrs. Lake said that about its being a serious responsibility, I have felt as if I had got a great heavy yoke about my neck. I wonder what Uncle Robert meant by laying such a burden upon me, when there were Cousin Henry and Cousin Jane who would have borne it with so much more dignity—who would have rejoiced in it, sleeping and waking, which I shall never, never do! He might have built a church (and sorely they want one at Burnshead), or endowed a hospital; he might have done a thousand things with it more sensible and profitable than bequeathing it to me whom he had never seen, and who am not the least bit grateful for it.

What am I to do with eighty thousand pounds? If I were a man I would go into business, and speculate with it, and get rid of it: I hate trouble and anxiety about money, and I love to sit with dear Grannie in this pretty old drawing-room, and read, or sew, or idle, just as it pleases me. I never felt to want anything grander

or better: our life seemed quite sufficient for me, and now it will be changed—all changed!

I am a very common-place, unambitious body, no doubt, but I can't help it. I don't want to be magnificent and do great deeds: I never had an aspiration in my life! I like to give Ailie Martin five shillings and a flannel petticoat at Christmas, or to help anybody whose cow or donkey dies; but as for having my name put in charitable subscription-lists, as other people's are, with great sums of money after them, it would make me want to hide my head for shame at my ostentation! I said yesterday to Grannie and Cousin Jane, that I believed this fine fortune would prove the plague of my life, and Cousin Jane bade me not talk so wildly, I should be glad enough of it some day; Grannie only sighed: in her heart she thinks as I do—that I shall be neither the happier nor the better for it.

It has already made me have some disagreeable thoughts:—the Curlings, who are generally so high and mighty, and scarcely vouchsafe me a word, when they called the other day literally abased themselves before me; it would have delighted me to throw a sofa-cushion at Mary Jane when she began to praise what she styled my beautiful indifference to sordid dross; and if I had done it, I believe she would only have called it a charming outbreak of girlish vivacity! They asked me to tea, and I said I would not go; Grannie scolded me afterwards for being rude and abrupt to them: well,—I dare say I was rude and abrupt, and I will never be anything else to people I dislike.

Then, poor Miss Lawson and her sister Betsy took the other view of me, and the last time I saw them were quite stiff and cold. They hoped I should not be uplifted and proud in my new position, and pretended to think that I should despise coming to have tea at five o'clock in their dingy little parlour. It was not kind, for I am fond of Betsy, and I should like to give them a couple of nice easy chairs to rest their backs, only I am such an awkward creature, I don't know how to do it. If I have to give anybody anything, I always want to do it without being seen; and if ever what I offered was refused, I am sure I would never venture to offer again. I am very stupid! It is to be hoped I shall grow used to being rich, and I am sure I say my prayers that I may do no harm with my money, even if I cannot do much good; but it is all so new to me yet, and it eases me to tell my difficulties to my little books; they are so silly, I dare not inflict them even on Grannie, who looks sad and serious whenever I attempt it.

I should like to get some method of spending my income regularly; it shall not accumulate if I can help it. When Cousin Henry comes down to-morrow there will be a grand

consultation over me; I should not wonder if I were to be sent off to school somewhere: the threat has been looming in Grannie's eyes for long. But I shall not like leaving home. Burnbank will always be home to me.

It looks so lovely from the window just now! There is a little vessel with its white sails set, gliding across the glimpse of sea between the trees beyond the green; then the sun is out, and the wind is strong enough to keep up a continual whisper among the leaves: there are two charming little baby donkeys with their mothers, and flocks of geese, and a few children on the grass—now, one of the baby donkeys is taking maternal refreshment, and the clerk's yelping terrier, Spite, is making a scurry amongst the geese! Ferndell Park may be very grand and very beautiful, but it will be transportation to go away from Burnbank for the grandest and most beautiful place in the world—but I shall not need to live there yet!

July the ninth.—It has ended as I expected. I am to go to school! Cousin Henry is very decided, and it was of no use to rebel. He is my guardian. He reminded me that I am not sixteen years old yet, and that my education has been of the plainest. Grannie spoke up for me, and said that though I was home-taught, I was not ignorant of common things, and that what I had learnt, I had learnt thoroughly. It was good of her; but, of course, I must be far behind other girls who have had immense advantages. So this is my sentence: banishment from Burnbank, and hard labour at the long roll of accomplishments for two years: these are the first-fruits of my heiress-ship! There is a little respite, however, for none of the schools open until August.

Since I have seen Cousin Henry and listened to his sage talk, I am more than ever impressed by the mistake Uncle Robert made in leaving his money to me instead of to him, and I believe Cousin Henry thinks it a mistake too. He had not anything very pleasant to say, and appeared to consider his task of guardian to my wilful self anything but a delightful office. When I opposed one of his schemes because I did not like it, he retorted sharply, "Wealth has its penalties, Eleanor Clare, and you must just take them along with its satisfactions. As long as you were a portionless country damsel, no one cared much what you did—now, as a rich heiress, there will be many scrutinising eyes upon you."

I shall go and talk to Mrs. Lake about it: if I am to do this and not to do that, different to myself, I shall loathe my fortune: I think Cousin Henry might have left that unsaid. People who call, ask what I am going to do; and when they are told, some say it is the most sensible and best plan, but others wonder why I do not immediately plunge into fashionable revelry—I shall never do for that!