

with the right, and most head and trunk movements are slowly executed. Miss Chreiman, the inventor of the system, has before her two distinct aims: the one to make every lesson thoroughly enjoyable, as the recreative benefit of movement is largely in proportion to its enjoyment; the other to get during every hour's practice the maximum of muscular exertion compatible with the strength and capability of the class, without incurring any possibility of strain or undue fatigue, the ultimate object of the exercise being ever in mind.

Gymnastics are still far from being a part of our female educational system; classes are given in some schools, but then it is too often left to a girl's choice whether she attend or not. What would be said of a teacher who, because a girl was advanced and well-informed for her age, let her follow her own inclinations as to study? The result would be the same as experience has proved to be the case with regard to exercise: nothing would be done. Yet the educational time of mind and body is the same—viz., the *growing* time. Schoolmistresses have to some extent done their duty in providing calisthenic classes for their younger pupils, but in few schools are systematised exercises available for all pupils. Now, however, that Miss

Chreiman's system has been adopted in some of the largest London girls' schools, and that teachers of the system are being despatched to the various large provincial towns, the co-operation of parents is alone necessary to secure the best results. Because girls are weak, it is no reason why they should have no physical training; it is rather the weak who require it most, and the strong who can best do without it. The strong can, perhaps, take liberties with themselves with regard to clothing and diet, but the weak cannot. Modern conditions of life attack tone, stamina, and endurance most, and all of these may be increased by developing, as this new system develops, the health rather than the muscular strength of our girls: health, be it remembered, being a general and diffused strength over all the organs and functions of the body. A great step has been made by the adoption of a reasoned and scientific plan of physical exercises suitable for girls, but a greater will have been made when the various examining bodies fulfil the hopes of our physical educationists by instituting special examinations and certificates for teachers trained in this branch of work, and by this means put systematic physical training on a level with ordinary mental studies.

LONDON BY NIGHT: WALKS IN A CITY OF SHADOWS.

BY THOMAS ARCHER.



AMONG the many thousands of people who come daily into London to swell the turbulent uproar of its great thoroughfares and take part in the ceaseless activity of its commercial life, how few there are who realise the fact that they leave its busiest streets to silence—that as the midnight darkness falls upon church and mart and hall, the sound of a single footstep may be heard upon the pavement, the rumble of wheels of some belated vehicle booms with preternatural disturbance of tired sleepers who still reside, either as householders or care-takers, within sound of Bow bells. How few recognise this fact, or that, amidst this stillness and in neighbourhoods which are supposed to be deserted, another shifting population takes possession of some of the thoroughfares, where men, women, and children creep along the by-ways—shadows amidst shadows, stealthily moving without apparent destination, and with no evident object except to find some hiding-place in which they may crouch unnoticed till the first cold steely ray of morning reveals them to the constable who comes fresh upon his beat, and begins to give an eye to the doorways of warehouses and offices, or the corners of buildings that lie beside sequestered courts and alleys.

There is always a solemnity in the aspect of London by night. When the last glint of sunshine burns with

the vivid glare of a distant fire beyond the edge of the black cloud that is closing like a dark shutter on the sky, which has faded into a dim, neutral tint: when the night wind suddenly begins to stir: when, as we are gazing upward,

“The stars rush out—
At one stride comes the dark,”

the impression of the vastness, the possible solitudes of the great metropolis, the awful hush and pause in that mighty city, teeming with life, unmatched for wealth and power, marvellous for the endless processions of men, its daily strife, its feasting, its wailing, its multitudinous acts and schemes and utterances, is sometimes almost overpowering. Perhaps the thoughtful wayfarer who, like the poet, stands upon the bridge at midnight—say in one of the recesses of London Bridge—is most likely to be influenced by such reflections. The expanse above, so much vaster than the mere long strip of grey sky to be seen above the houses in the main streets; the strange, weird outlines of adjacent buildings and of cranes and shanties on the wharves; the indefinite extension of the irregular black silhouette formed by distant objects on the shores; the sudden twinkling or extinction of lights discerned here and there on the banks or in some window, or from a lantern on board a vessel swaying in the tide; the flash and occasional glitter and white ripple of the dark, rolling river; the dim outline of further bridges, which seem to be

suspended in the misty air rather than to span the stream—all these are parts of the grand vista that grows dim and unreal as it leads on one hand to the great palatial towers at Westminster, and on the other hand to the broadening highway of water which goes rushing onward to the sea amidst a crowd of Dutch eel schuyts, barges, billy-boys, fruit schooners, and other craft, that heave sluggishly in the stream, or creak and grind against each other by dumb-lighters, and, growing fainter to the view beyond the Custom House parade, become almost invisible at the Tower, but yet suffice to lead the eye of imagination onward by the creeks and reaches of the Thames, where great ships are being warped out of dock, or are already nearing Gravesend, on their voyage to distant lands.

But it is not to distant lands, nor even to departing ships among the fleeting shadows, that the eye of fancy is at the moment directed, except it may be by a flash of association between those great ships and the great colonies, where there is land waiting for labourers, and industries for handicraftsmen, and these nearer shadows—the shadows of starving, homeless, destitute men, women, and children. But, after all, these are no shadows. As we stand here, they are close beside us, touching us, as we peer over the stone parapet of the bridge, lying coiled up, or crouching with chin to knee, in the recesses where they think to find some shelter from the searching wind, and to lose some of the keen sense of want by fitfully dozing away the night, undisturbed by the police, whose duty it is to waken them and send them shuffling wearily away, or, if they are already below the ability to walk further, and are ready to faint and perish with hunger, to pass them to the constable at the next beat, and the next, that they may be consigned to the infirmary of the casual ward of Holborn Workhouse.

It is somewhat disquieting to the peripatetic philosopher seeking to poetise his impressions of London by night as seen from the bridge, to find his outstretched hand (which he had intended to place on the stone parapet) in contact with a bare foot or a tousled head, and to descry in the dark chasm of the recess where he meant to stand, a sudden stir amidst what is a bundle of rags, whence a grimed, pale, wistful face peers forth. There may be two or three houseless creatures huddled in this nook. An hour ago there were above a score of such, and now, as the tramp of the constable on night duty sounds at the bridge-foot, these that remain will either scuttle away or else crouch closer, in the hope of avoiding the command to betake themselves elsewhere, though neither they nor the constable know whither. The cold wind is searching the streets now, and blows in keen, sweeping gusts from the river, bringing a bitter, steely rain with it. "What *are* we to do?" asks the police-officer, as he furtively watches two blinking, shivering boys, and a pinched haggard man, hugging their scanty garments to them, and shuffling away with bent heads, muttering complaints that sound like maledictions—the moan of the houseless and the hopeless—"What *are* we to do?"

Our orders are to pass 'em on; and as like as not one or other of 'em might die if they were left here on a night like this to freeze on the stones. There's nowhere that they can claim to go to except the casual ward, and that's the last place some of 'em would go to if they have, or think they have, a chance of getting a job to earn a few coppers in the morning. Of course, we can't force 'em to go to the workhouse, and we can't take 'em in custody and run 'em in to any of our stations, or else where would it end, when on one night last week there was perhaps full a hundred came over the bridge, and many of 'em tried to stay here?"

Years ago, before the Thames Embankment was made, and when the steep lanes that ran from the Strand down to the river ended in rickety wharves, and taverns to which coal-heavers resorted after their work was done in unloading the barges that were then moored alongside, a great deal was said and written about "the dark arches of the Adelphi." The arches that supported the neat, aristocratic-looking streets of that neighbourhood, formed a series of subterranean caverns, where the unaccustomed visitor might very easily miss his way, and find himself wandering amidst a gloom that was somewhat appalling, and with strange distant rumbles and booming echoes, and flitting shadows on the black walls, and sometimes voices that sounded strangely unnatural close beside him, and the sound of fugitive feet, set flying by a warning whistle. It was a dangerous place to be lost in by day, and still more dangerous by night. Strange stories were told of the horde of homeless and lawless men and boys who made it their refuge, sleeping in the vans and coal-waggons that were drawn up there after dark, or on sacks of straw and shavings collected there no one could tell how. A gang of young desperadoes were said to have banded themselves together there, in nightly orgies, making fires with pieces of coal scraped from the waggons, or picked up on the wharves or in the mud upon the shore when the tide was down. By these they sat, shivering too, in their rags, and amidst the damp and heavy atmosphere of those dark caverns, but provided with candle-ends that were stuck in lumps of mud or in pieces of stick or old bottles, and making a feast of the food filched from market carts, shop-doors, or hucksters' stalls. That the "dark arches" became not only a public scandal, but a public danger, a good many people still remember, and the fraternity of poverty and crime which infested them was routed out. It would, perhaps, be too much to say that in some of those remote recesses which still remain there may not be found, on any night in the year, a few homeless creatures who strive to hide themselves—to shrink into holes and corners, and keep out of the eye of the wind and of the police; but the place is not essentially a resort of the criminal class, and there is little opportunity there for making it a place of permanent concealment.

But our view scarcely extends so far along the river-bank as the terrace of the Adelphi, still less to what

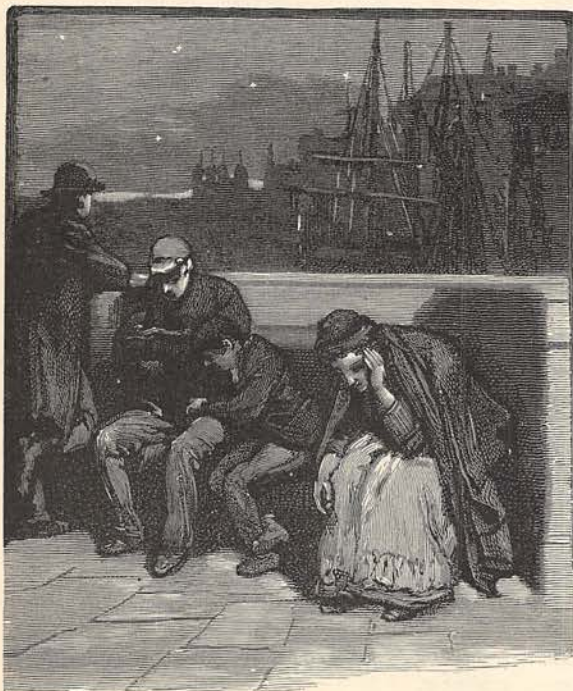
may be hidden behind or beneath it. We are still standing on the bridge, and looking after certain figures that have slouched noiselessly away, and now look like shadows, as they disappear in the darkness, or appear to be blown into misty outlines by the searching wind, that comes sweeping in a gust across the bridge, and flutters the rags and gnaws the half-frozen, ill-clad feet and limbs of the few who still crouch undisturbed on the stones within the bays and recesses.

One can scarcely avoid the reflection, as the keen wind swirls a small simoom of dust, mingled with fine sleet, along the causeway, that the same spot on a sultry, baking night in autumn would scarcely be so objectionable; but, as a matter of fact, there are fewer of the houseless to take up lodgings there in the hot months—fewer shadows in the City, which lies at that time in a warm, shimmering haze under the harvest moon. Probably not many of the houseless and the destitute would seek the spare and stony shelter of London nooks and by-ways if they could hope to live the night out under the lee of some hedgerow or garden fence, or behind a bank or manure-heap in the suburbs. People who know where there are brick-fields near London, may see strange sights there if they summon courage to visit them by night. Poor outcast boys, seeking shelter and warmth, and taking with them for food a few potatoes filched from shop or market, or dug up in the fields, have been found dead—stifled to death by the kilns where they have gone to roast their suppers, and have fallen drowsy with the grateful warmth, and

so gone to sleep, and never waked again in this world of wandering and want; but in the light, sultry summer the out-door life is robbed of most of its terrors, if the wanderers have enough of coarse food to stay their cravings. Across this very bridge, or from the other side of it, from Bermondsey, and all that crowded neighbourhood about Mint Street and the district, where crime and violence is so rife, hundreds and thousands of the poor—men, women, and children—pass to the great hop harvest. Last year there were nearly 60,000 persons employed in the Kentish hop-gardens alone, and of these 14,000 were conveyed from London in the special hop-pickers' trains. Not only in Kent, but in Surrey, and even farther afield, a great contingent of trampers were added to the number; but those who know how the poor will often help the poor, will also know that even among the travellers by the cheap early trains there were many who were destitute and homeless, but were taken on by those who were less unfortunate.

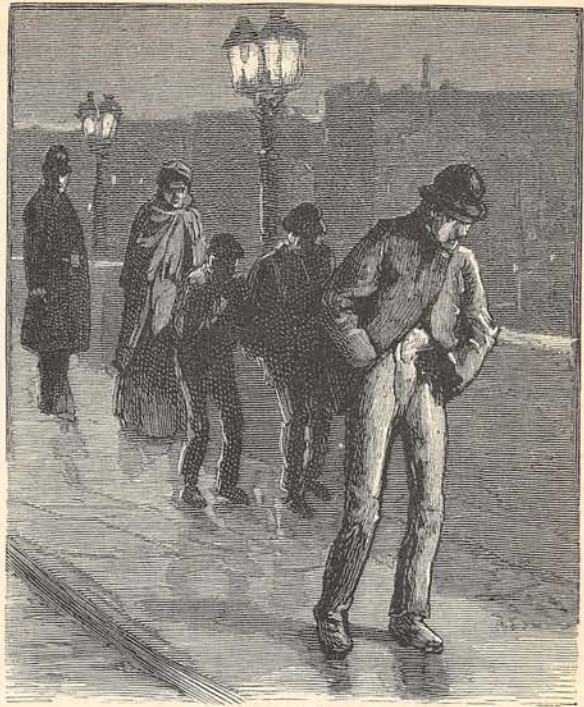
We may dismiss thoughts of warm, stifling autumn nights just now, and imagine the wind and the sleet once more having a fine time of it. The sound of the tide as it booms in a hollow murmur through the arches of the bridge, and goes lapping the wharves and dumb-lighters by bank-side with a surging splash, is enough to give one an extra shiver. It has done so to the man who is just now stopping for a moment to turn up the collar of his old greasy coat, and who looks at us in a furtive, half-questioning way as we ask him whether he is bound and what is his whimper.

"Employment! Well, if anybody could call it so, he'd had none to speak of since last Friday—four days, or three days and a half, you might call it—and there were thousands about as badly off as he was. By trade—if you could call it a trade—he was brought up a weaver, and there was little weaving done in London now compared with what used to be even in his father's time. Perhaps a couple of thousand weavers there might be in Bethnal Green and Spitalfields and Mile End Old Town, but they were so often out of work that it was hard lines for them at the best of times. The best of them might earn twelve to fourteen shillings a week for a good part of the year; many didn't earn more than eight or nine, take the year round; and some, like him, fell out of work altogether. Most of the work was done in the country now; and as to Spitalfields—well, there was no particular call for the silk made there nowadays, except that used for gentlemen's scarves and neckties. There was a demand for that still. What do the people do that have left the loom and fallen out of work? Well, they do as he did. Most of 'em, perhaps, went day after day to try to get work at the docks. But weavers



"THEY ARE CLOSE BESIDE US, TOUCHING US, AS WE PEER OVER THE STONE PARAPET OF THE BRIDGE" (p. 479).

mostly had such soft hands that the hard work didn't suit 'em at first. They had to get used to it, and precious glad they were to get used to it if they only had enough to do. That was the thing. Only the other day there were above four thousand men and big lads outside the gates of the London and St. Katharine Docks waiting for a job, and only about five hundred of 'em got just a little casual work. Lodging? Well, there wasn't much left for lodging out of their earnings, even for a man without a wife or family. Them that had wives and families got the bread and coals from the parish, and perhaps their wives went out to do laundry-work, or charing, or what not. As to lodging, where were people like them to get lodgings? Not in the model dwellings; the rent must be paid regular there, and the place kept tidy, and there must be no under-letting or taking partners in a room, where two families might live together. A good job too, of course, but it left a large lot of people to crowd up the slums, or else to go into the streets. The streets was all that a good many men—and some women too—had before them three nights out of six; and such was the hatred to the casual wards at the workhouses, that many of them would rather be out such a night as this and take their chance than go to any of 'em for a lodging. Of course it wasn't reasonable, very likely not; but yet there must be *some* reason—or, at all events, there must *have been* some reason, some time or another, for the hatred that hundreds and hundreds of the poor of London had to receiving parish relief, or going for a night's refuge to the casual wards. He wouldn't do it himself. He should feel that there wasn't anything left for him to do after that. He'd have got down to the lowest ebb, and would never get back again—that was the feeling. To many, the being a pauper or a casual was the same thing almost as being a criminal under punishment, and, from all he'd heard, that was how the workhouse officials looked at it. That's how they put it, by the way they took in casuals. The officers were used to have to deal with all sorts of people, and mostly with rough characters, and casuals were probably a bad lot on the whole; but one reason might be that nobody that was decent would go to a casual ward or seek for relief at a workhouse till they'd got almost to the last gasp. Many would sooner die than do it; a good many *had* died. There was a saying that poverty was no crime, but the Poor Laws often seem to contradict *that*, and was a precious deal harder on the crime of poverty than the other laws were on other crimes: in proportion, he meant, of course. Poor Law relief was in a good many cases granted as though it was disgraceful to them that had to apply for it. Yes, many people thought that they'd suffer anything sooner than go for a night's lodging to the casual ward. He would himself, too. Why, he'd only been to bed four times in a fortnight,



"OUR ORDERS ARE TO PASS 'EM ON'" (p. 479).

because he hadn't earned enough to pay for such a lodging as you could get for twopence.

"Supposing he'd been to the casual ward. The casual ward was worse than prison in respect of the food and the rest, and the relief that was given; not that he'd ever been in prison, thank goodness! but he knew about it from some that had, and from reading about it—for he'd learnt to read and write, and was fair at arithmetic, having been to school when a boy. The casual ward was worse than a prison in one respect, and as bad in another. Being sent to prison was likely to fix a man or a boy as a criminal, except a helping hand was held out to them when they came out. In going to a casual ward, there was the danger of being fixed a pauper. The Poor Laws didn't offer temptations to people to be paupers, but once you began, there you were; you found it hard to be anything else. What he meant was this. Supposing he was to go and knock at the door of the casual shed to-night. Supposing it wasn't full, and he got in and had his slice of bread, and perhaps some gruel, or not, as it might be. In the morning he would have to get up—not as early as he liked, but when he was called—and to make ready to work out the price of his bread and gruel and shelter, and of his bread and cocoa or bread and gruel that he was obliged to stay to eat for his breakfast. At wood-chopping or oakum-picking, or whatever it might be that he had to do, he would have to work till perhaps eleven o'clock in the day, too late for getting a job of work at any regular employment—too late, even, to pick up a job on the loose, for they'd all be snapped up by the people that

had the luck to get a twopenny lodging, or had walked the streets or found a corner in some by-place, or an empty waggon drawn up in the market, or any other shelter.

"Where did he go when he had the money to pay for a lodging? Why, to the regular common lodging-house, of course. If I'd never seen such a place—Oh, I had—Well, the one he went to was as decent

as most of 'em, perhaps better, because quieter people went there somehow. The landlord wouldn't have rough ones if he could help it; but it wasn't genteel. No doubt I could go in and see it if I liked to walk with him, as I was good enough to say he shouldn't walk the streets that night; but he wasn't worse off than hundreds of others, he was sorry to say."

SONG.

IT is the longest day :
By the summer bay,
In sweet air and light
We linger until night,
Which but sleeps a little while
'Twill the sunset and dawn's smile.
Yet now 'tis sad to think and see
Every day must shorter be,
Every month an hour less bright
Until midwinter white.
But in the dark nights lengthening drear,
Christmas waits us with good cheer,
And pleasant book in fire-side nook,
And faces round us dear.

It is the shortest day :
Winter's sky is grey,
The bleak winds blow,
The world is white with snow,
As by the hearth-nook warm,
We hear the wide, wild storm :
But for a space each month that o'er
Us rolls shall longer grow
By an hour or so ;
And it is pleasant through the frore
Weather, still to look before
To coming days, when through the haze
Lifting o'er blue sunny bays,
Spring will reach our shore.

MY NAMESAKE MARJORIE.

By the Author of "Who is Sylvia?" &c. &c.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

CONTAINS MANY PLANS AND A PARTING.

WHEN a very young man plunges into the pleasant mazes of honest courtship, and after more or less deliberation (generally less!) comes out of them wearing fetters that he is vastly proud of, he is usually disposed to take fortune upon trust, count on a future gilded as his present, and go headlong into matrimony, expecting the wherewithal for life's necessities to gather round him as its need arrives.

But with maturer age the case is different, and Stephen Legh, at two-and-thirty, found himself pondering rather grimly over his unproductive past, blaming himself, unduly perhaps, for that lack of worldly wisdom which had ever prompted him to break rather than bend, which had let his working years slip by, leaving him with only an uncertain footing in his profession, and no such harvest as he now vainly coveted to further happiness for him and his *fiancée*.

Independence was excellent, no doubt; and business shackles worn lightly enough to allow of weeks spent in by-paths of first one, then another "ology," were very pleasant, but in retrospect this independence appeared a positive vice, and months that had brought no grist to the mill were a perpetual reproach to his short-sighted folly.

So at least he reasoned when, once secure of Aimée Forest's love, he chafed at the sole bar between them, and longed for full ownership of that *alter ego*, who grew dearer to him every day.

But she—his confidante and better self, to whom his inmost nature seemed to open as it had never done since twenty years back he buried his boyhood's frankness in his mother's grave—she made light of his anxieties, and with a brightness borrowed from his presence, cared care from his face and trouble from his mind.

"Why, I am afraid of nothing now that I am not alone!" she would tell him, the echo of past pain in her voice so overborne by a new glad restfulness, that he felt it cowardice not to share her courage—treachery to let her stand alone in such brave faith.

"But I have never earned half what I ought, nor put by a tithe of what I've earned," he once said to her, as they strayed under the March budding boughs of the Avenue Bois, always scrupulously in sight of Miss Osborne's tall white house, whence that most

