

FEMALE LIFE IN PRISON.

BY

A PRISON MATRON.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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Dedication:

TO

CAPTAIN D. O'BRIEN,

DIRECTOR OF HER MAJESTY'S CONVICT PRISONS.

SIR,—I cannot forbear inscribing on this page a name dear to all prison officers—a name that suggests many reminiscences of kindness, consideration, and untiring interest in prisoners and matrons. That I have written very earnestly—to the utmost of my power, very truthfully—a record of prison life, I trust may form my excuse for dedicating this work to you.

Much that may appear strange herein, I pray you to believe, is devoid of all exaggeration—much that might have been more highly-coloured and effective, through the agency of fiction, is related after the simple manner of its occurrence.

I cannot expect that all I have said—all that I have written—will please you and your honourable co-operators; but I am convinced you will not prejudge my work before perusal, or think that any assertions therein are written hastily, or without sufficient justification on my part.

In a fair spirit I have ventured here and there to criticize—in a fair spirit you will estimate my woman's pleading; and whether you may consider me wrong or right, warranted or not, in laying these papers before the public, I trust you will believe I venture to dedicate this book in gratitude to one who possesses the true feelings of a gentleman and the heart of a Christian.

Believe me, Sir,

Your faithful and humble servant,

THE AUTHOR.

CONTENTS OF VOL. I.

	PAGE
CHAPTER I.	
Introductory	1
CHAPTER II.	
A Prisoner's Reception	10
CHAPTER III.	
A Day's Routine	19
CHAPTER IV.	
Prison Matrons in General	28
CHAPTER V.	
Prisoners in General	44
CHAPTER VI.	
Prison Characters.—The Garnetts	68
CHAPTER VII.	
Seeing the Director, Lady-Superintendent, and Surgeon	79

	PAGE
CHAPTER VIII.	
Prison Characters.—Celestina Sommer	93
CHAPTER IX.	
Prisoners' Vanity	102
CHAPTER X.	
Prison Characters.—“Tib”	116
CHAPTER XI.	
“Breakings Out.”	131
CHAPTER XII.	
“The Dark”	146
CHAPTER XIII.	
Prison Characters.—A Mouse Tamer	157
CHAPTER XIV.	
Prisoners' Friends	167
CHAPTER XV.	
Prison Characters.—“Granny Collis”	191
CHAPTER XVI.	
Prison-Children	199
CHAPTER XVII.	
Prison Characters.—Mary Ann Ball	208
CHAPTER XVIII.	
Good-Conduct Women and their Privileges	222

CONTENTS.

ix

PAGE

CHAPTER XIX.

Prison Characters.—A Fight for a Soul 230

CHAPTER XX.

Sunday in Brixton Prison 245

CHAPTER XXI.

Prison Characters.—Letty Cooper 259

CHAPTER XXII.

Prison Matrons in General.—2nd Article 270

CHAPTER XXIII.

Prison Characters.—Towers 282

CHAPTER XXIV.

Prisoners' Freemasonry 291

FEMALE LIFE IN PRISON.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

I WISH it to be clearly understood that these are the honest reminiscences of one retired from Government service—that many years of prison experience enable me to offer my readers a fair statement of life and adventure at Brixton and Millbank prisons, and afford me the opportunity of attempting to convey some faint impression of the strange hearts that beat—perhaps break, a few of them—

within the high walls between them and general society. I am anxious to set about this task earnestly, and in a good spirit—I will “nothing extenuate;” I have no reason to “set down aught in malice.” I have the party-feelings of no clique to satisfy, no personal wrongs to seek to vindicate, and I am confident that the relation of these prison incidents can do no harm, and may, by God’s help, effect some little good. For I am not alone in my conviction that these stories of erring and mistaken women—fallen sisters, but still sisters, whom we have no right to cast aside or shrink away from—do in many cases prove that there is no estate so low but that the elements of the better nature are existent, and still struggling for the light. If I have no permission to make these papers public, it is simply for the reason that I have not sought it; my own impression of these documents, after a careful re-perusal of the same, is, that there is not a line that I shall in after years regret that I have written, or that the directors of Government prisons will, after due consideration, think I was not justified in publishing. I have a few protests to make against prison rules and discipline; I have only one appeal

to urge in its proper place on behalf of my own hard-worked class; I am not a woman with a mission, or a grievance. From directors, governors, deputy-governors, chaplains, and lady-superintendents, the prison matrons, as a body, have nothing to complain of, and much kindness, and sympathy, and good feeling to be thankful for, in the midst of the constant trial to their physical and mental powers.

I believe I offer, for the first time, a true and impartial chronicle of female prison life; the mystery that has so long surrounded it, the official over-caution, there is no occasion for. The world is anxious to know, and has a right to know, the doings of its unfortunate and its misguided atoms;—shut from the society whose laws our prisoners have outraged, they are not shut out from public interest, or the prayers of honest men and women.

Whether I am fitted for the task, or have undertaken too much for my woman's strength—whether I have said too much, or too little—that world will fairly judge me in good time.

In those details of prison life which I am about to lay before the reader, I shall seldom keep to the anonymous. In those cases where the feelings of

prisoners who have been discharged, and are, perhaps, attempting a new life, might be pained by the introduction of their names herein, I have, of course, forborne publicity, and contented myself with fictitious cognomens; but where the truth reflects credit on the woman whose name may at present be associated with all that is vile — or where the truth with respect to some dark natures has no power to harm—or where some characters well known to the public, through the medium of the newspapers, pass again across these troubled pages—I have not scrupled to give real names and dates. I shall be attaining my own ends, and offering a greater pledge of my validity, by such a course. Prisoners I would no more intentionally pain than prison-officers; but from a suspicion of mere book-making, I am anxious, even at so early a stage, to disabuse the public mind.

To avoid book-making, therefore, I shall pass very lightly over the ground trodden by former writers on this subject. I shall not enter into any lengthy descriptions of the prisons themselves; I will not forget the old copy-book admonition, “Avoid vain repetitions.” My task, as I have already intimated, is that of the life within the

cells, not a history of the cells themselves; the incidents that evolve from prison duties, not the mere routine which those duties are.

And though the woof may be dark enough—for it is a story of dark places, and of the children of night—yet there will pass across its texture threads of a lighter hue. Prison matrons and prisoners have opportunities occasionally for smiling; and as the sublime, we are told, verges upon the ridiculous, so on the steps of tragedy—the faltering, shadowy steps of the tragedy of crime—a little gleam of light falls here and there. It does not follow that the heavy nature of the act which has brought upon the actors many years of penal servitude, adds a shade more deep or a despair more utter to the strange outcasts and pariahs of whom this book will treat. There are women in our many prisons mourning over petty thefts, but there are murderesses to all outward appearance defiant, or cheerful, or *light-hearted*.

In conclusion, and as my chief reason for writing this work, let me state that it is the humble officers of our female convict prisons that have the greatest—nay, the only—opportunity of estimating the true characters of those whom they may

have in charge. Directors may issue their annual reports, the governors of prisons may write their ponderous tomes upon the question, the chaplains may preach, and pray, and visit, but their opportunities of judging fairly and honestly are few and far between, and they are misled and deceived every week in the year. In men's prisons I believe it is the warder, and in female prisons I am convinced it is the matron, who alone has the power to offer a true picture of prison life. The matrons are in constant communion with the prisoners; seeing them not for a few minutes each in a daily or weekly inspection, but passing their lives in their midst; witnessing each minute some little slip of the mask which on visiting days the more cunning keep before their feelings; and often remarking some weakness, or passionate outburst, or wail over the past, or little trait of character that speaks of the old and better times, which it is not part of a matron's duty to report.

For a matron's duty is to report only offences against discipline; and even where the offence is trivial, much is looked over, and by some gentle-hearted prison authorities expected to be looked

over, which even prison rules do not strictly countenance. And of that better side to prison character which a matron has the greatest chance of observing, of that evidence of affection for some kind officer who has screened offenders from a trivial punishment, or has listened to some little story in impulsive moments, about a mother, sister, brother, child, they loved once, the great report books utter not a word.

The report books are bristling with statistics, as the prison books are with sins of omission ; Government can tell to a fraction the expenses of these large convict establishments—to a sailor's shirt or a door-mat the amount of work performed in six months—to a man or woman the number who attend chapel, or receive the sacrament, or are confirmed by my Lord Bishop—but of the life within the outward life that Blue Books speak of, and Parliament agitates concerning, there are no records kept.

With a hope of supplying that void in my own humble fashion, of adding my scraps of information, gathered by a little observation and no small experience, I have compiled this book. To those

who would review it, I assert a right to consider this work as a simple statement of much that has happened in our Government establishments during the last nine years. I offer no excuse for that want of literary ability to put in their proper form—or rather in their most attractive form—those details which follow the present chapter. I trust I have the power to express those thoughts which I wish to convey to the reader, and it is not so much the artistic treatment of this work that I am anxious concerning. I do not ask for any favour from my critics, I merely respectfully suggest that it is the matter, not the style of the work, which deserves their chief consideration, and that I have done my best to make that matter readable.

It is a faint record of that inner life which I have recently alluded to. I have not attempted to probe too deeply into the strange workings of it, to see always sorrow and repentance therein, or to doubt in all cases the truth and honesty of those under lock and key. I have expressed my own convictions, often related my story and left the comments thereon to my reader—I am in many cases still perplexed as to the right motives and the true

nature. There is but one Book that can fully reveal the awful mystery of such lives, that will one day tell the whole truth, and nothing but the truth!

CHAPTER II.

A PRISONER'S RECEPTION.

THE most fitting commencement of my work appears to be to afford the reader some little idea of the manner in which a prisoner is received at Millbank Prison.

Millbank Prison, or Millbank Penitentiary, needs no very long description in this place—it has been already described by a more skilful hand, and there are few of my readers who are not aware that it is situated on the Middlesex side of the river Thames, and that it is a prison for male and female convicts.

In charge of the female compartment are assistant matrons on probation, assistant matrons, reception-matron, principal matrons, latterly a chief matron—on whom the practical working of the prison really devolves, but to whom the credit is not invariably given—a lady superintendent, a deputy-governor, and a governor.*

The arrival of female prisoners at Millbank is unfortunately almost an every-day occurrence—the great sea of crime is never still, and its waves are ever breaking against the grim front of our penitentiary. When prisoners are not arriving from the county gaols—from Gloucester, York, Stafford, &c.—they are coming direct from the Central Criminal Court, &c., with the sentence of the judge still ringing in their ears; or back from Fulham Refuge and Brixton Prisons, where they have insulted officers, or set the rules of discipline at defiance, and so are returned to Millbank, where there is little association, a stricter silence, and work more hard.

* Since writing the above, the governor and deputy-governor of Millbank Prison have ceased to exercise any control in the working of the female portion of the prison. The sole superintendence is now vested in Mrs. Gibson, a thoughtful and energetic lady.

Of the prisoners who make their first appearance on this sombre stage, I desire to speak in this place.

The outer bell is rung, the gate-keeper unlocks and swings open the great gates, inner grated gates of iron work are unfastened by second gate-keepers, and the cab or omnibus, or prison van passes through to the door of the reception-room, where a matron is ready to hear from the custodian of the woman or women he or she may bring, the name, age, nature of the crime, and length of the sentence—all of which being duly entered in the register, the new arrivals are formally delivered over to the Millbank authorities.

The first inexorable rule to which the new prisoner has to submit, and which is a trial that is always one of the hardest to bear, is that of having the hair cut. With a woman new to the rules, a comer who has not sat in that room before, with the scissors of Atropos snipping round her head, it is seldom performed without a remonstrance. Women whose hearts have not quailed, perhaps, at the murder of their infants, or the poisoning of their husbands, clasp their hands in horror at this sacrifice of their natural adornment

—weep, beg, pray, occasionally assume a defiant attitude and resist to the last, and are finally only overcome by force. It is one of the most painful tasks of the prison, this hair-cutting operation—moreover, it is, in my own opinion, at least, a test of character.

One woman will be resigned to her fate on the instant, and, with a Socratic stoicism, will compress her lips and submit herself to the shears, and march away to her bath afterwards in a business-like manner. A second will have a shivering fit over it, a third will weep passionately, and a fourth will pray to be spared the indignity, and implore the matron on her knees to go to the lady-superintendent and state her case for her.

Some women are impressed with the idea that coaxing will go a long way towards softening the matron's heart, or at least obtain a variation in the rules, and a less length of hair from their heads; and consequently bestow many "my dears," and "God bless you's" on the operator.

The greatest trouble in my experience of prison life was with an old woman of sixty years of age, and with about the same number of grey hairs to her head. She was an old prison-bird—had spent

two-thirds of her life in prison, and was as vain of her personal appearance as any girl of seventeen.

“No, Miss B.,” she said to the operator, after catching sight of the scissors, and drawing herself up with the haughtiness of a duchess—“not this time, if you please, Miss B. It can’t be done.”

But Miss B. replied it could be done, and was absolutely necessary to be done before the prisoner left the room.

“Things have altered a little, Miss B., since I saw you last, I can assure you. You’ve no power to touch a hair of my head, mum.”

“How’s that?”

“If you please, mum, I’m married,” and the old woman regarded the matron with undisguised triumph.

“And what’s that to do with it?—sit down—you really must sit down.”

“What’s that to do with it!” shrieked the old woman, indignantly; “*why, it’s my husband’s hair now*, and you daren’t touch it, according to law. It belongs to my husband, not to me, and you’ve no right to touch it. Lord bless you, the Queen of England daren’t lay a finger on it now!”

And the old woman's staunch faith in the laws of her country to protect her grey hairs, would in any other place, under any other circumstances, have been supremely ludicrous. Argument with her was useless—she did not see that anything more was required after an expression of her opinion—she would not object to the bath, because the law had nothing to say in the matter of baths to married women, but her hair couldn't be touched by any mortal power. When there were signs of being uninfluenced by her eloquent expositions, she demanded to see the governor—he knew the law of England, of course—and when her hair was cut to the statutable length, she vowed to make a full statement of the case to the directors, on the next board meeting, and please put her name down to see those directors at once. Such an infamous violation of the laws of her country she had never been a witness to in her time!

And strange as it may appear, the plea of marriage has latterly been very often urged by prisoners, under the same circumstance. "It's their husband's hair" has now become a constant reason why the rules of the prison should be waived in their particular cases. And when it is not urged as a

plea, women, whom a repetition of crime has brought back to the old quarters, generally offer, as their first piece of information, that they have been married since their last incarceration. There is a peculiar craving to be considered an "honest married woman," and the husband, more often than otherwise, is alleged to be in the army—probably out of compliment to the military character of the governor and his deputy.

There have been times, as I have already indirectly mentioned, when some woman, resisting all idea of discipline, will stoutly maintain her determination not to have her hair cut. One woman, if my memory do not fail me, from Stafford gaol, persisted in scoffing at all persuasive efforts of the matron, and replying thereto by a torrent of vituperation. She was a tall, powerful woman, with the face of a tigress, and the limbs of an athlete—and one glance was sufficient to convince the matrons in attendance that it was beyond their power to master her. On such occasions the guards on duty in the outer yards, or in the men's prison, are summoned to put the handcuffs on, while the necessary ceremony is gone through. In this case it required three men

to secure her wrists whilst her hair was cut the requisite length, she struggling, and cursing, and swearing long after the operation was over—even when she was in her refractory cell, and the gas was burning feebly in the wards, and the matron on night duty was gliding noiselessly along the passages, and the clock in the yard was chiming the early hours of morning.

I can remember one prisoner delirious for a day and a night after the operation—the mortification of “losing her hair,” or the impression made upon a nature more highly sensitive than ordinary, tending to that unfrequent result. She was a young, fair Scotch girl, and her “Dinna cut my hair—oh! dinna cut my hair!” rang along the deserted corridors with a plaintive earnestness.

Still in reality it is not a barbarous ceremony; it is essentially necessary for cleanliness, and the hair is not cut to an ungraceful shortness. But the impression left upon the prisoner’s mind is not a pleasant one, and I am inclined to think that there are really a few who are more sullen, more doggedly obstinate, or more ferocious, according to their respective natures, from the moment their



locks of hair are strewing the floor of the reception room.

Woman's vanity, that regard for personal appearance which is inherent in most of us, I suppose, does not grow less within a prison; at a more advanced stage, I shall be enabled to offer many curious illustrations of prisoners' vanity, under those difficulties which may be readily imagined.

A registry of name, a shortening of hair, a tepid bath, a change of the dress in which they are received to the brown serge, blue check apron, and muslin cap of prison uniform, the key turned upon a cell in "the solitary ward," and "one more unfortunate" is added to the list.

CHAPTER III.

A DAY'S ROUTINE.

A DAY'S routine in Millbank prison will eventually save me and the reader much troublesome iteration. It will afford a glimpse of the life that goes on day after day, year after year, there ; that everyday, toilsome, wearisome life, which women by their own misdeeds have brought upon themselves. Taken as a class, they are not unhappy under the monotony ; the liberty of passing to the outer world excepted, they are better off than those women consigned to the tender mercies of the poor law-guardians. They are more cared for, their

health is more scrupulously regarded, their food is better, their taskmasters are—if we may believe the cruel reports which shame us as Christians and fellow-men and women—more considerate and kind.

Some day, when Government takes the case in hand, and workhouses as well as prisons are under its surveillance, so “odious” a comparison may not be drawn; but sad and certain it is, that there are, in prison, advantages which are denied to the honest working-classes who have come at last to the “House.” Two instances of a steady, persistent course of sin in women who preferred a prison and prison treatment to the workhouse, I shall be enabled to offer in their proper place.

The day at Millbank begins at a quarter to six; the guard going off night duty in the yards rings up the prison, and by six o'clock every prisoner is expected to be dressed and standing in her cell, ready to show herself to the matrons on duty in the wards.

At six o'clock the matrons and assistant-matrons pass down the wards, unbolt each inner door, and fling it back, to make sure the prisoner is safe and in health. The cells at Millbank prison are fur-

nished with two doors,* the outer one formed of an iron grating, through which the matron passes her arm to unbolt the inner. As a rule they are both secured at night; in exceptional cases the inner one is left open, if the prisoner's health be delicate, or the surgeon or physician doubt the ventilation of the cell. The rattle, rattle of the bolts down the ward has a peculiar effect, and is the first sign of daily life. By that time the matron who has been on night duty has reported everything quiet, or called attention to the fact that there has been a "break out" in the night,—a noisy woman carried to the dark, by the guards who have been brought in for that purpose,—a sudden illness, or the like. Life begins; a certain number of women are let out to clean the flagstones in the wards, with a matron as guard over them; a few of the best-behaved dust the matrons' rooms, and make their beds. The cells by this time are all cleaned and tidied, the bed is carefully folded up, the blankets, rug, shawl, and woman's bonnet placed thereon, the deal table polished, and the stones of the cell scrubbed.

* At Brixton Prison there is but one iron door to each cell.

At half-past seven o'clock the cocoa is carried by one of the women to each cell, and a pint of that liquid meted out for the prisoner, by a matron in attendance, together with a four-ounce loaf. Their breakfast finished, and the tin pint scrubbed and polished by the prisoner, who retains it in her cell, the work of the day begins: the coir picking for the new comers, or women who have not passed their probation stage, the bag-making, the making of shirts for the male prisoners, etc., etc. This work at Millbank is carried on by each woman in her separate cell, working silently, passively, and allowed no converse with her fellow-prisoners. At Brixton, where the rule is less stringent,—and where women, whose general conduct for ten months at Millbank has been sufficiently good, are removed,—the work is carried on by two in association in the old prison cells, and in the wing, which portion of the prison is also used to exercise the women when the wet weather prevents the “airing grounds” being used.

At a quarter past nine there is the chapel bell at Millbank to ring the prisoners to the morning service at a quarter to ten—each matron in charge of a ward being responsible for the number of wo-

men attending chapel, and the safe return to their cells after the service is over.* At half-past twelve o'clock, water is served to the prisoners. At a quarter to one o'clock the dinner-bell is rung, and each prisoner provided with four ounces of boiled meat, half a pound of potatoes, and a six-ounce loaf. After dinner the cans are collected, and coir-picking, shirt-making, &c., proceed as before, only the voices of the matrons breaking the stillness of the prison. One hour each day at Millbank is allowed for exercise in the airing yards, where the silent system is still enforced. A ward of women is exercised at a time, with a prison matron in attendance, and the prisoners walk in Indian file round and round the yard, the matron keeping a careful watch on her flock of black sheep. This occupation of the prison matron is one of the most tedious and monotonous of her daily life—shivering in her bear-skin cloak during the winter months, and struggling against the heat in the summer.

For one hour these convicted women tramp

* At Brixton Prison there is also an afternoon service, which at Millbank is devoted to the male portion of the penitentiary.

unceasingly round the gravelled yard, muttering to each other when at the farthest distance from the matron in attendance, and passing her with demure looks, as though a thought of whispering in defiance of rules had never crossed their minds—plodding on in this mill-horse round for sixty minutes, with the matron at times nodding at her post. I remember once, in the days of my hard service—and that it is a very hard service the next chapter will do its best to prove—falling asleep over my charge, and going far away in my dreams to the friends who were away from me in the country home I quitted for that prison service. It was in the summer months, and there had been a restless time of it at Millbank—prisoners more obdurate, rash and defiant, and therefore involving on prison-matrons harder work and increased anxiety. Naturally, and very properly, an officer asleep at her post is liable to suspension from duty, and a summons to Parliament Street, or, at least, to the governor's quarters across the yard; and such might have been my own fate, had not one of the women in passing twitched me lightly by the shawl, and brought me back to con-

sciousness as the principal entered the airing-yard.

It was a thoughtful action, and as it demonstrates the good feeling that often is experienced by a prisoner for the matron in attendance, I have given it a place here.

After the hour's airing—that is, if the airing has not been already taken in the morning—the women return to their cells, and work again till half-past five, when the gruel is served into the “pints” of the prisoners. When the matron's tea is over in the mess-room, a few prayers are read by a matron, standing in the centre of each ward, so that her voice can be heard by the prisoners waiting at their doors of open iron-work; after prayers each woman answers to a name from a list called out, and then work recommences—coir-picking, shirt and bag-making—till a quarter to eight, when the scissors are collected; reading, &c., is then allowed till about half-past eight, when the prisoners proceed to make their beds. At a quarter to nine o'clock the gas is turned out in the cells by the matron from without, and it is supposed that the matron's duty is over for the day, and that the prisoners are in their beds.

There are a few deviations from this routine in Brixton Prison, but it is scarcely worth while in a book of this description to trouble the reader with them—the difference is not great, and away from the purpose. The hours are the same to prisoners and prison matrons at Brixton as Millbank.

At nine o'clock in the evening the matron on night duty makes her appearance, and begins her slow rounds of the prison, passing once an hour each cell, and ready at any instant to report sickness or breach of discipline.

Slow weary hours of prison service are these hours on night duty; pacing the dimly-lighted wards, and listening for a breath or inurmur that may be significant of one ill at ease within the cells; checking at times artful signals on the wall between one prisoner and another, or pausing, perhaps for company's sake, to whisper a "good night" to some one as sleepless as herself; passing in due course to the "dark cells" away from the general prison, and looking in* to make sure the woman who has been carried there for breaking her windows, or tearing her blankets, or assaulting her officer, is quite safe; listening, perhaps, to the

wild snatches of song that well thence, and may personify the screeching of some demon, vindictive and defiant, and with no claim upon humanity—striving, perhaps, to reason with her, and being sworn at for her pains, or possibly, just possibly if she be a favourite of the woman's, persuading her to be silent and to try to sleep.

And so, from night till morning, to and fro, to and fro, like a restless spirit, or a spirit rendered restless by the shadows of crime that may haunt such places at such hours, wanders the matron, till the daylight filters through the windows, and struggles with the flickering jets of gas, and the bell clangs in the outer yard, and the matrons, and sub-matrons, and principals wake to the business of another day.

CHAPTER IV.

PRISON MATRONS IN GENERAL.

IN my first chapter I spoke of one appeal that I had to make on behalf of that hard-worked class to which I for many years belonged. Before passing to those prison incidents, interesting to all students of human nature, I think it will be necessary to allude to that class in general; to afford some little insight into the duties, trials and responsibilities of prison matrons, and to get the somewhat unpleasant task of appeal or protest over as speedily as possible.

Millbank Prison now contains forty-two matrons

—Brixton Prison about thirty-six. The daily average number of women at Millbank is now about 472, and that at Brixton about 620.* Therefore the proportion of officers to prisoners at Millbank is as one to thirteen and one-tenth, and at Brixton one to seventeen. It must not be understood from this that to every seventeen women there is one custodian at Brixton; amongst the thirty-six female officers mentioned above at Brixton, there are four principal matrons, and one chief matron, whose supervision is less confined to the prisoners than to their subordinate officers; and there are also to be deducted supernumeraries who are engaged on "flying missions" about the prison, and to whom is not entrusted the charge of a ward. It is the ward officers who are answerable for the majority of prisoners, and the proportion invariably stands as one to forty-five or fifty at Brixton, and one to thirty at Millbank. In case of an outbreak, the Brixton matrons do not stand so good a chance of immediate assistance as the female officers of Millbank, who have the warders of the men's prison within call; Brixton is exclusively a

* On December 31st, 1860, there were 486 female convicts in Millbank Prison; 625 in that of Brixton Prison.

female prison, and, save one gate-keeper, a steward's porter, a cook, an engineer, and two or three workmen, there is no assistance to be procured nearer than that of Brixton station-house, a mile, or three quarters of a mile lower down the hill.* That, as a matter of common precaution, the staff of matrons should be increased, I think is evident enough—that as a matter of common humanity it should be at least doubled, I hope to prove as clearly ere the chapter ends. Were the female prisoners as capable—which they fortunately are not—of organizing plans for mutiny and revolt as are the male convicts of our government establishments, there would be little chance for the matrons unfortunate enough to be on duty at the time. That there are opportunities to master the whole prison at times and seasons which would be inexpedient to mention here, I have no hesitation in asserting.

Altogether, therefore, in Brixton and Millbank prisons there are generally some seventy-eight ma-

* The surgeon, steward, and chaplain, even if their services could be obtained, live out of Brixton Prison; and there are three steward's clerks and one superintendent's clerk at work just without the prison, from nine till four.

trons, inclusive of principal matrons, and in these young ladies I am anxious to awaken the reader's interest and sympathy.

The prison matrons are supposed to have in each case attained the age of five or six-and-twenty years before entering the service, although the rule is not rigidly enforced in this respect, and occasionally young fair faces that have not seen one-and-twenty summers appear in the ranks, to grow aged and careworn before their natural time. The prisons are no place for such innocent and inexperienced youth, and within the last year I believe the directors have very wisely resolved to more strictly enforce the rule alluded to.

The matrons, as a class, are intelligent, well-educated, earnest young women, chiefly from that large class which has seen better days and known happier times therein; most of them in my experience had some sad story to tell of early orphanage, of improvident speculations that brought a family from affluence to beggary—of widowed mothers or sick sisters to support—a few of husbands who died early and left them in the world with little children to work for in some way or fashion. Now and then a lady's-maid, recom-

mended by a mistress who has a friend on the direction, or in the lady superintendent, passes muster, becomes one of the staff, and is often as well educated, and makes as good a Government servant as the rest; and even by some means which are unaccountable, an illiterate being will sometimes work her way in, and confuse matters a little with ill-worded and ill-spelt reports. But the last is a rare exception now, and the majority are as heretofore described.

The advantages of a service of this kind to respectable young women are not to be lightly disregarded, notwithstanding that the services are arduous, and the prisoners not the most cheerful or refined society. An assistant matron enters the service at a salary of thirty-five pounds per annum—from which salary is deducted three-and-fourpence a month for the uniform dress—and rises one pound a year. In case of promotion to matron, an event likely to occur in the course of three or four years' service, the salary is forty pounds per annum, with an increase of twenty-five shillings each year; and in the event of rising to the post of principal matron—far from an impossibility before ten years' service is concluded—the salary is fifty

pounds per annum, with a yearly increase thereto of one pound ten shillings. Encouragement to persevere in their duties is freely offered to these Government servants, and a life pension awaits them at the end of ten years' service.

All this is indisputably kind and considerate, and stirs up a fair amount of emulation and perseverance amongst the female officers; promotions are not few and far between, and from the directors in particular much kindness, and even gentlemanly courtesy, are exhibited. This is the *reverse* of the medal; it is only by a little miscalculation and shortsightedness that the *obverse*—to be presently alluded to—tends to mar so much of what is really well-meant. A clever officer rises more rapidly than her contemporaries, promotion going by merit in many cases, in lieu of seniority of service; and there is an instance on record of one assistant matron rising from the lowest stage to that of deputy-superintendent. And it is but fair to assert here that never were honours more justly awarded, or borne with more humility, than in the case of Miss Annie Cook Dyer, late deputy-superintendent of Millbank Penitentiary. As a deputy-superintendent, she was a favourite with prisoners and

officers; she made few enemies and many friends, and her ideas of discipline, and her methods of carrying them out, were those of a woman of genius—the right woman in the right place. That she is ignorant—and will ever remain ignorant—of the writer of this work, leads me to speak more warmly of one to whom the comfort of the prisoners, and the friendship and respect of the prison matrons, were the first considerations. Still Miss Dyer forms the one exception to the rule which stops promotion at chief matron—a new post lately instituted at Millbank—and leaves the posts of deputy-superintendent and lady-superintendent to be filled from without by lady friends of the direction.*

Why these posts should be filled from without, when there are in the ranks of prison matrons many peculiarly qualified by experience and long service for the higher positions, I am at a loss to say. The experiment was tried, and was *not* a failure; and though each deputy and lady-superintendent now in office has been wisely chosen, and has shown no small aptitude for the onerous post, yet it is scarcely

* Miss Dyer was really superintendent of Millbank, there being in her time no higher female officer.

fair to those who have struggled step by step for some ten or twelve years, to be told that Government has no further honours to award, and that strangers must take the place to which they have, in my opinion, a more legal claim. Still this is not my grievance—I never expected to grasp the golden apples hanging so high up in the tree, and it is not human nature, I suppose, in a Board of Direction, to turn a stern countenance to all friendly applicants for the high places in its gift.

The matron's duties—and to be general, I shall speak of assistant-matrons and matrons under that collective title—may be easily imagined by my attempt to sketch a day of prison routine in the preceding chapter. Their extra duties I will take another opportunity of alluding to. Their hours are from six in the morning till nine in the evening, very often till ten in the evening, three times in the week; on alternate days from six A.M. to six P.M.; the interim between six P.M. and ten being left to their own disposal, in or out of prison. There is a "Sunday out" occasionally, and during the year there are fourteen days holidays, from which are deducted those days of sick leave, which are unfortunately not few and far between

—the hours being long, and the service arduous. Against those long hours I have my protest to make, and I earnestly and humbly appeal to those who have the power to alter them—for the better management of the prison, and the sure working of its complex machinery—to do that justice to the class, striving honestly and energetically in the service of the State.

It is not a great while since a novelist directed attention to our daily work in the pages of a weekly periodical; the first effort of a stranger to ameliorate the condition of female servants in Government employ. The effort was marred by his statement that prison matrons worked sixteen hours a-day, when in reality there was a difference of half an hour between his statement and the truth. This, of course, on common days, when there is nothing to excite the prison, or demand extra attention on the part of its officials. The hours on duty are from six A.M. to nine P.M., as already mentioned; in addition there are a quarter of an hour for dressing in the morning, and a quarter of an hour after duty for arranging any little matters connected with the business of the ensuing day. Reckoning fifteen and a half hours duty

three days in the week, and twelve and a half on alternate days, an average of fourteen hours a-day is obtained; too much labour—and such labour!—for any woman not blessed with an undue amount of robustness and muscular power.

A few more matrons on the staff at Millbank and Brixton Prisons would obviate this unnecessary slavery, and not add a costly item to the balance-sheet of prison government. I am assured it would be a saving in the end, for some of the best officers in the prison fall ill after four or five years service; some break up and die, and their places are hard to fill, and time is lost in teaching the new assistants who arrive and are put upon probation. Fourteen hours a-day for seven days in the week—for Sunday is not a day of rest for prison matrons, save when it is a Sunday's leave of absence*—fourteen hours a-day, Christian ladies and gentlemen, of unceasing vigilance, with a mind ever strung to its highest degree of tension, and a body that is expected to be ubiquitous. Of the extra duties of removing a prisoner to refractory cells—of the extra attention likely to be bestowed

* Matrons are on duty on Sundays from seven A.M. till nine P.M.

upon a matron by a vindictive prisoner, in the shape of a pewter pint on the back of the head—of the nights when the past day's excitement, like the Thane of Cawdor, "murders sleep"—of the sudden rousings by the night officer, to see to a woman in some particular ward to which the matron belongs, I say nothing—events foreign to a day's routine happen almost every day, and they add to the fatigue and anxiety of these constant workers. Call it only fourteen hours a-day, say that only fourteen hours a-day are expected of a prison matron—and an increase thereto is a glaring exception to the rule—is the rule just, humane, or politic?

I have seen women off duty on the *twelve hour* nights fling themselves exhausted on their beds, too tired to take advantage of the fresh air outside which they are at liberty to seek; I have known young women enter full of health and strength, and depart from the service in a few years, aged and anxious-looking, with no strength left for any new employment; I have known others die. It is a service that makes its officers old before their time, and undermines their constitution; it calls for reformation; it must obtain it in good

time, if those who have suffered will only honestly speak out. It is like no other service under heaven; and a little thought amongst the Directors—thoughtful and kind-hearted men too!—one little dash of the pen from the Secretary of State, and the Exchequer would be but a few hundred pounds poorer in the year, these Government *employées* spared much ill-health, and the Government itself benefited by their longer service and their greater energy.

It is the worst of principles—it is the most cruel as well as the most mistaken policy—to overwork a faithful servant. And these servants in particular are women who for divers reasons have chosen an ungrateful profession, and are interested in it, and anxious—too anxious—to do their very best. If Prison Directors, or Government, or the High Court of Parliament, would but do the very best towards them also!

Lying before me at the present time is a pile of reports of prison authorities, governors, physicians, surgeons, chaplains, &c., of Brixton and Millbank, to the Secretary of State; reports ranging from 1855 to 1860.

Throughout all these reports is evident a timid-

ity to enter upon any topic that suggests extra expense; one may be complimented for conducting the prison with economy, and a careful governor stands an excellent chance of becoming a director. There is only one suggestion to increase the staff of prison matrons throughout all these dry volumes of facts and figures,—skeletons of prison life, with no flesh and blood to make them living, breathing truths—and that suggestion, to his credit be it recorded, comes from the Rev. J. H. Moran, Chaplain of Brixton Prison, in his report for 1859. Governors, superintendents, even physicians and surgeons, are all silent, and, as a natural result, Government is apathetic.

“I think the staff of officers is small,” he writes; “and I venture to observe that if the number could be increased it would be a great advantage.” This is followed by a half apology for mentioning the matter to the Directors at Parliament Street.

No notice has been taken of this suggestion, and prison matrons come and go with great rapidity. There is some little awkward attempt to account for these secessions; of course there are other causes besides illness, distaste for the arduous service, &c., that thin the ranks of prison matrons—some have

been on probation, it must be understood, but the chief reason is always wanting. In one report it is alleged that so great a number as twelve matrons in one year resigning was “for reasons affecting their particuilar conveniencce, unconncted with the exigencies of the public service!”—a strange excuse for so wholesale a resignation.

The matrons of prisons are not of the grumbling order, however. There is not one of my old companions, or of the new staff which has followed the old, that is aware of my intention to speak here in their defence. The hours are known before they enter the service; and woman is sanguine and impulsive, and will not shrink at any task, though it rival one of Hereules’s. There is a situation wanted—a situation that has many advantages offered—and if it required twenty-four hours’ service, instead of fourteen, there would be the same rush of eager applicants.

And in the midst of it all, despite the arduous labours—sometimes the failing health—it is pleasant to see the good feeling existing amongst the female officers; to witness the lasting friendships that are formed between them, and the *entente cordiale* that almost universally prevails. There are

little "tiffs" at times; a question now and then of supremacy, and of the order of one's dignity, is stood upon with a burlesque majesty that has even its good-tempered side; but there is much love amongst them, as is natural with young women born with loving hearts. I could tell a story here and there of the affections—of tenderness, love, and care, in sickness and in health—that would interest the reader, but it is not the task I have set myself, and prison matrons as a rule will flit but lightly through these pages; women made of sterner stuff have to play their troubled parts in the foreground of this shadowy prison life.

Still it is as well that the world should know there are these useful, humble servants doing its hardest and most unthankful work; rewarded by their care of, and often their intense interest in, the prisoners, by an ingratitude that from such women it is but natural to expect. The matrons are cheerful over their tasks; the meetings at the mess-room table are friendly *réunions*, that contrast vividly with the darker side of their profession—the bright faces, new to prison life, take the place of the old servants, who have left from choice, or from illness, or to get married.

They are willing servants—faithful, and energetic, and thoughtful. Should they be worked too hard, or taken too much advantage of ?

CHAPTER V.

PRISONERS IN GENERAL.

I SHOULD be sorry to cast any undue romantic interest over the characters of female prisoners, although it will be presently my duty to direct a little attention to certain prisoners whose lives have had as much romance in them as most people's. And indeed that is not to be wondered at, when it is considered what a tempest-tossed life a woman's must generally have been, to have brought her to her dark estate.

But they are not all heroines, mourning over the error of their ways, and the faltering, downward steps that took them to an abyss of crime,

and left them there—albeit they may be all women we can pity.

Charles Dickens, in one of his Christmas works, asserts eloquently that, however low they may have fallen, they grasp still in their hands some tufts and shreds of that unfenced precipice from which they fell from good, and that not to pity them is to do wrong to time and to eternity. And it is even possible—however deceptive outward appearances may be—that they all retain in their memory some fragmentary yearnings for the better past, the brighter days of their innocence and youth. But to see some of these women hour by hour, and listen to them in their mad defiance, rage and blasphemy, is almost to believe they are creatures of another mould and race, born with no idea of God's truth, and destined to die in their own benighted ignorance.

As a class, they are desperately wicked. As a class, deceitful, crafty, malicious, lewd, and void of common feeling. With their various temperaments there are various ways of humouring them into obedience, and here and there a chance of rousing some little instinct to act and think judiciously ; but it can be readily imagined that there are all

the vices under the sun exemplified in these hundreds of women, and but a sparse sprinkling of those virtues which should naturally adorn and dignify womanhood.

“For men at most differ as Heaven and earth,
But women, worst and best, as Heaven and hell,”

asserts our greatest living poet; and no two lines, I fear, are more true to human nature.

In the penal classes of the male prisons there is not one man to match the worst inmates of our female prisons. There are some women so wholly and entirely bad, that chaplains give up in despair, and prison rules prove failures, and punishment has no effect, save to bring them to “death’s door,” on the threshold of which their guilty tongues still curse and revile, and one must let them have their way, or see them die. There are some women less easy to tame than the creatures of the jungle, and one is almost sceptical of believing that there was ever an innocent childhood or a better life belonging to them. And yet, strange as it may appear, these women are not always in for the worst crimes; there are few, if any, murderers amongst them; they have been chiefly

convicted of theft after theft, accompanied by violence, and they are satanically proud of the offences that have brought them within the jurisdiction of the law.

In the prison the teaching that should have begun with the women in their girlhood is commenced, and exercises in a few instances a salutary influence; but ignorance, deep, besotting ignorance, displays itself with almost every fresh woman on whom the key turns in her cell. It is the great reason for keeping our prisons full, our judges always busy; three-fourths of our prisoners before their conviction were unable to read a word, had no knowledge of a Bible or what was in it, had never heard of a Saviour, and only remembered God's name as always coupled with a curse. Some women have been trained up to be thieves, and worse than thieves, by their mothers—taking their lessons in crime with a regularity and a persistence that, turned to better things, would have made them loved and honoured all their lives. They have been taught all that was evil, and the evil tree has flourished and borne fruit; it is the hardest task to train so warped and distorted a creation to the right and fitting way. Praise be to those

hard-working, unflinching prison chaplains who strive their utmost, and are not always unsuccessful; who have an open glorious repentance of one sinner to counterbalance the ninety and nine who scoff at all contrition, and do not, will not, understand, to use their own terms, "what the parson's driving at."

One of the most embarrassing positions for a well-educated prisoner—a lady-thief, or swindler—is to mix with these kinds of women. It is an additional torture to her punishment, for which she is wholly unprepared; they do not understand her or her ways; at Brixton Prison, where there is association, they will sometimes shun her. There are times even when, singularly enough, they taunt her with her education. "You was larnt better than us, and shouldn't ha' come here," I heard a woman say once. Cleaning their cells and scrubbing the stones appear the hardest trials. "Oh! dear," a lady prisoner said once over this kind of labour, "will this do, miss—or shall I try to scrub a little harder? I think I can!"

To hear some of the prisoners' excuses for their appearance in prison, is almost to believe in that disease of kleptomania which has been lately

talked about—or in some familiar demon or tempter, as in the old books of James's time, constantly at these poor creatures' elbows, to suggest the profitable nature of sin, and the vanity of all that is upright and honourable. A returned woman—that is, a woman who has been let out on her ticket of leave, and has forfeited it by her misconduct, is arrested and sent back to Brixton Prison to work her time out—or who has been reconvicted, perhaps under a false name—always asserts that it wasn't to be avoided, *something* made her seek out the old pals, or steal her neighbour's goods again.

“I did try very hard, miss,” she will sometimes say to the matron who may be interested in her; and if she believe in that interest the matron has more power over her and more influence with her than the chaplain; “I did try very hard, but it wasn't to be. I was obliged to steal, or to watch some one there was a chance of stealing from. I did try my best, but it couldn't be helped, and here I am. It wasn't my fault exactly, because I *did* try, you see, miss!”

There are other prisoners not so frank—and these prisoners form the majority—who stoutly maintain, to the last, their innocence of the crime

for which they are incarcerated. However indisputable may have been the proofs alleged against them, they are always ill-used unfortunates, who have been made the victims of a foul conspiracy to place them there "in durance vile." They will assert these fabrications to chaplain, superintendent, matrons, and to each other, with a cool effrontery that no facts can diminish, and will quarrel upon the point amongst themselves occasionally. And though each is firm to her own story, she believes not a word of anybody else's—"That Ball—or that Matthews—was always such a liar!"

Of the vanity and the mischievous tricks of prison life, I will not speak in this chapter; there are so many singular traits of character exemplified thereby, that they deserve to be treated at a greater length than this discursive summary of prisoners in general can possibly allow. It is sufficient to say here that the majority of women are inordinately vain and incorrigibly mischievous.

The most trying ordeal for all prisoners is that of probation at Millbank—the silent system, as it may almost be termed. That it is simply impossible to make the female prisoners conform to strictly silent rules, or to any rules for a length

of time, all officers of female prisons will bear me out in; there is a restlessness, an excitability, in the character of these women, that makes the charge of them infinitely more of a labour and a study than the management of treble the number of men.

The male prisoners are influenced by some amount of reason and forethought, but the female prisoner flies in the very face of prudence, and acts more often like a mad woman than a rational, reflective human being. Those who are cunning enough to carry on, by signs, and looks, and tappings on the wall, a correspondence with their neighbours, are less refractory than those of less experience in evading prison rules. I have known many women, in defiance of a day or two's bread and water, suddenly shout across the airing yard, or from one cell to another, with a noise all the more vehement for the long restraint to which they have been subjected; and such a proceeding, if remonstrated with, is generally followed by a smashing of windows, and a tearing up of sheets and blankets, that will often affect half a ward with a similar example, if the

delinquent is not speedily carried off to refractory quarters.

It has been long observed that the force of example, in the matter of "breakings out," is sure to be strikingly exemplified; that for the sake of change even, and for that excitement which appears to be part of their being, without which they must go melancholy mad, two or three women will, in a quiet, aggravating manner, arrange for a systematic smashing of windows and tearing of sheets and blankets.

I have even known women address their matrons in a style similar to the following:

"Miss G., I'm going to break out to-night."

"Oh! nonsense!—you won't think of any such folly, I'm sure."

Persuasion is generally attempted first, as a "breaking out" disturbs a whole prison for a day or two.

"I'm sure I shall, then."

"What for?"

"Well, I've made up my mind, that's what for. I shall break out to-night—see if I don't!"

"Has any one offended you, or said anything?"

“N—no. But I *must* break out. It’s so dull here. I’m sure to break out.”

“And then you’ll go to the ‘dark.’”

“I want to go to the ‘dark,’” is the answer.*

And the breaking out often occurs as promised; and the glass shatters out of the window frames, and strips of sheets and blankets are passed through, or left in a heap in the cell, and the guards are sent for, and there is a scuffling, and fighting, and scratching, and screaming, that Pandemonium might equal, nothing else.

These “breaking out women” are naturally the most difficult class to deal with—as already observed, severe measures effect but little good, and any humouring, or sign of fear, gives the woman the mastery at once. It is here the superintendent’s judicious care is required, and here where the gentle but firm remonstrance of an educated woman often exercises a good impression upon the listener. It has been observed by Sir Joshua Jebb, in his report for 1859, that “the most refractory prisoner is not of necessity

* If the matron really believes the woman’s determination to break out, the prisoner is taken to the “dark” at once.

the worst woman," a remark which is erroneously attributed to Mrs. Gibson by a writer in the *Cornhill Magazine*, who asserts that it is the exact converse of what he has heard from sagacious men in all prisons, and from Mr. Partridge, Secretary of the Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society.*

Still, though it does not follow that the most refractory woman is the worst character of the penal class, yet there are some of the worst women amongst that number. In my own idea there are two classes of refractory women—if not more than two. There is the sullen, dogged, vindictive prisoner, who nurses her fancied wrongs and breaks out on principle, and from whose resolutions no prayers or protestations will distract her; and there is the fiery-tempered "refractory," who, taking offence at a sharp word, or, when smarting under a sudden sense of injury or jealousy, goes madly to work at everything breakable and tearable within range at the moment. The latter nature, which is quick to resent, is often as quick to receive, and, therefore, a kind and judicious treatment will often exercise

* *Cornhill Magazine* for June, 1861. Article—"English Convict System," page 726.

a vast amount of good. Still, such treatment must be of the most delicate kind, and above all favouritism, or, in studying her too much, fifty others will fall away, or seek to render themselves bad imitations of her. Also, they are keen observers and great mimics, these prisoners, and are not slow to profit by any *ruse* that will promote their interests—advance them nearer to the second and first class, take them to Brixton, make them “badge-women” and “kitchen-women,” or add a little more to the “gratuities” which are waiting for them when their term of service has expired. The breakings out are not always instances of “violent ebullitions of temper,” but are actuated by a craving for change—if that change be even to the dark cells—or for anything that will tend to relieve the monotony of existence. Occasionally at Millbank, in troublous times, when the dark cells are known to be already occupied, women will break their windows, strike, or attempt to strike, their officers, for company’s sake, knowing that they must have a companion for a day or two; and a companion, even with bread and water by way of diet, is better than silent existence under separate confinement.

The dark cells have been long secretly acknow-

ledged failures, and a fitting and proper punishment for these troubled spirits might be thought of with advantage by the Directors. Confinement in these cells is an objectionable punishment; it affects the prisoner's health; it has never worked any good, and it has done much moral, physical, and even mental injury. It has always represented, in my eyes, a relic of the old barbarous times, the little-minded style of punishment, as childish in one sense as it is cruel in another.

There are women more difficult to manage than these specimens of refractoriness; cunning and treacherous women, ever on the alert to take a matron off her guard, or lead another prisoner into trouble. These are the sly, crafty natures, that have no good feelings to be worked upon—that may be observant of all prison rules for years, and then attempt the life of any one to whom they have long borne a grudge—women with murderous thoughts, who will hide scissors, or jagged pieces of stone, that very mysteriously find their way into the prison, and are surreptitiously used by the women to clean the flagstones in the wards. The prisoners are quick to take advantage of new officers, and lay traps to lead them into some

minor breach of rules—involving a fine of half-a-crown or five shillings, and occasionally a summary dismissal from the service; women with the cunning of him who deceived our mother Eve.

Then there are the flighty women; the half mad or the whole mad, whom it takes some careful observation to make sure they are not acting, and who are at last taken away to Fisherton Asylum, and are heard of no more.

It may be remarked, as a curious fact, that the prisoners are always the most ill-behaved at Christmas time; during my stay at Brixton Prison, it was remarkable that the dark cells were always full on Christmas-day. I have often wondered whether there were any past associations connected with that time, to render the mind restless and excitable.

As an instance of some rough sense of justice and good feeling amongst the general body of female prisoners, the following incident, that occurred at Millbank Prison some time since, may be considered interesting:—

At Millbank the rules are stringent, and, it may be frankly confessed, not always rigidly observed. Little variations on original rules have gradually crept in, and become almost rules in themselves—

more often than otherwise the variations are improvements upon the original idea, and so are tacitly allowed to stand. Each matron, it must be understood, selects a well-behaved prisoner, for a week or fortnight, to attend to her own private room in the ward; and this woman is changed for a second, third, or fourth, according to the turn. There is much trust placed in the prisoner, and very often much good faith between her and the matron. It has often happened that a careless officer has left her drawers unlocked, a little trinket, ring, brooch, or ear-ring on her toilet table, and these instances of forgetfulness are more often illustrative of the prisoner's honest service than otherwise. Occasionally, of course, a brooch or ring disappears, and is heard of no more; but, as a rule, it is pleasant to add that anything readily purloinable is left untouched by the woman in attendance. There are some women so thoroughly honest in this respect, that they may be implicitly confided in.

Naturally, then, the matrons have their favourite women; and in the instance to which I allude a woman had been kept a longer time than usual in attendance, to the chagrin of other

prisoners as anxious for a little variety to their occupation, if not as equally deserving. Strangely enough, however, it was not a prisoner who reported the matron, but a very new and inexperienced assistant-matron, anxious to demonstrate to the authorities her knowledge of the rules—possibly her sense of what was strictly just.* The matron was summoned before the governor of the prison, suspended from office for a certain period of time—a sentence that, appearing to the fair delinquent extremely harsh and oppressive, considering her offence but the infraction of a rule that had long been “more honoured in the breach than the observance,” led to an impetuous resignation of an appointment which she had filled for some years with tact and judgment. The resignation was accepted, the matron quitted the prison, and the story circulated amongst the prisoners, with that celerity which has often perplexed the authorities as to their means of information. The matron who had departed was

* Strictly speaking, the assistant-matron did not report this breach of the rules, but the discussion which arose therefrom between her and her superior officer. Thus the facts of the case as stated came to light.

a favourite of the prisoners, and the assistant-matron's sense of justice was set down by these rapidly calculating minds to a very different feeling. And from the day the news circulated in the wards that the matron had resigned, that assistant-matron was a mark of scorn and derision to every woman in the wards over which the favourite officer had exercised control. Her orders were disobeyed in defiance of all authority—women rushed at her to strike her—her chance appearance in the airing-yard, on which the windows of the cells looked, was the signal one day for the general appearance of the women at their windows, hissing, and yelling, and reviling with a vehemence that alarmed the whole prison, and necessitated the withdrawal of the assistant for a few days from active duty. But prisoners have tenacious memories, and on the assistant's reappearance, the same supreme contempt for her was exhibited; and one morning, when the women had been marshalled into chapel, and were awaiting the chaplain's arrival, a sudden rush of the prisoners was made upon the unfortunate object of their anger, and it was only timely assistance that prevented serious

injuries befalling her. And so persistent were the prisoners to take up the cudgels in defence of their matron, and the presence of that particular assistant-matron tended so much to the subversion of all discipline, that it became necessary to remove her from government service.

Women really diligent, anxious to conform to prison rules, and having some sense of shame at the ignominy of their position—there are some of these characters to leaven a mass of unpliant material—have many little chances of getting on in the present, and doing well in the future. There are breaks in the monotony of their existence; letter-writing days, if they are able to write, and, if not able to write, they are at liberty to dictate to a woman who can*—days of schooling—days of extra-duties out of their cell, in attendance on a matron—days of association or “palling in,” as they term it at Brixton Prison—days of seeing directors, to make

* No dictation, save to the schoolmistress, is allowed at Millbank, however. All letters at both prisons are seen by the chaplain's clerk, or some other officer, before leaving the prison; and all letters received for prisoners are opened and read by the superintendent's clerk.

remonstrances or solicit extra favours—days of seeing the surgeon about their little ailments. Some of these advantages are of course open to the ill-behaved as well as the well-disciplined—and however frivolous the plea, any woman can demand to see the doctor, or the directors. It is a right and privilege, and there are many to take undue advantage of this, and become no small nuisance to the authorities. Further allusion to these days, and the sad and humorous incidents connected with them, will offer itself at a later stage of my reminiscences.

Of the days most trying to all prisoners, either at Brixton or Millbank, are those approaching the time when the locks shall be unfastened, the doors swung wide, and the world once again shall lie before them, where to choose. Days verging on the glorious freedom for which they have pined, and fretted, and prayed for years, and yet which they will grow so awfully indifferent to, as to give up for a new sentence and the old miserable life, before their liberty perhaps is three months old.

Excitable, dream-like days these are to the prisoners; days of a confused sense of the real and the

unreal, under which some thoughtful prisoner, with her heart full of going home, will make strange blunders. Days so excitable that some prisoners will go mad over them, and smash their windows and tear up their needle-work after the old frenzied manner, and go back to the "dark" for the last time—nay, have been, in my knowledge liberated from the "dark," and passed thence to the free air and sunshine, possibly all the more enjoyable for the vivid contrast presented by their late position. But these are exceptionable cases; as a rule, a woman is well-behaved in the latter days—nervous and confused, and proud of the envy with which her companions regard her, and respectful and obedient to all the prison officers. They are most of them going to reform, to lead such lives in the future, to give up all the past associates whose company and vile example had led them astray when they were younger and had less experience of life, and less knowledge of the difference between right and wrong! Some of them are really imbued with the best intentions, and proceed from prison to the Prisoners' Aid Society—a society that deserves to be more extensively patronized, but whose management of the female

department is open to improvement ; but others, it is sad to say, have already sketched out a plan of the old life, "with the difference," that it is to keep them from the clutch of a police-officer. Some women whose expiration of sentence occurs at, or nearly at, the same period of time, arrange a place of meeting and a plan of living, by theft, or on those cruel streets wherein, we are told, wander after nightfall, in one city alone, at least forty thousand erring women.

On the day of liberty, women who live in the country are conducted to the railway station, seen into the railway carriage by a prison matron, and their fare paid by Government to the station nearest home; if they are residents in London, a matron accompanies them home, and with a few parting words leaves them with their friends (?). All this is wise and generous, and merciful, and reflects the highest credit on those who framed this portion of our prison rules. Where there is amidst these rules a little to complain of, there is at least much to applaud—much evidence of a consideration for the future welfare of society's "offscourings." The satirist has a sneer upon his lip when he terms it "a paternal government," but it *has* a fatherly

interest in its misguided children—and the satirist is not always in the right.

The women, however bad, or however different their ultimate intentions, conform to this wish of the authorities. I can remember but one instance where a woman refused to be given over to her friends in London, and was left at the prison gates to proceed her own way. As an instance of good feeling, I may add that one woman, whose gratuity, after long service, only amounted to a pound—the damage done by prisoners in “breaking out” is deducted from the money they earn—sent fifteen shillings’ worth of boots, etc. back to the prison, as a present for one with whom she had “palled in,” to be given her on the day of her discharge. “From her loving sister,” the packet was labelled, to avoid the rule which allows no presents from a discharged prisoner to another in captivity; and the boots, etc., were delivered in due course, and the heroine of this little anecdote “turned up” again within a month of her release, and told the story for herself with much complacency, and with considerable exultation at having “done” the authorities.

Some of these departures are a little trying to

the matrons and other officers; a stoical firmness is hard to assume when a woman has really resolved on a new mode of life, and is departing, sanguine as to her success in the future. The day before her departure there is the interview with the lady superintendent, who is generally the first to apprise her that her time is up—she is aware of it herself, to the hour and minute—and that the warrant for her release has been received from the office of the Secretary of State. This interview over, the woman returns to her cell, to whisper to her old companions all that the superintendent has told her and warned her, and of the good wishes she has given her; the next day there is the chaplain to see her, to make his last effort for her soul's sake; to speak of the joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, and of Him who died for all sinners, and will not forget her in her time of need, if she will struggle on against the wrong, and pray to Him. There is the friendly good-bye,—and the present of bible, hymn-book, and prayer-book;—then follows the last look round the old cell, the more wistful glance at the matron who has been kind to her; the impulsive or the shy, hesitative stretching forth of the hand towards

that officer—it may be against the rules, no matter—the last wishes of the matron, and then, with many to bid her God-speed, she passes from the prison into that air and sunshine God destined for all his creatures—a free woman!

CHAPTER VI.

PRISON CHARACTERS.—THE GARNETTS.

THE reader will understand that, where I do not intimate that I have adopted the anonymous in these outlines of prison character, the real name of the prisoner is invariably given. In the present instance I have changed the name; the Garnetts were two industrious, hard-working women in my time—they have gone back to their old homes, and their past occupations; and though in their desolate country life it would be a strange marvel for them to come across these records, yet it is not fair to raise mercilessly

the veil that conceals those whose lives were somewhat of a mystery.

The Garnetts were mother and daughter—tried at the same time, for the same crime—receiving the same sentence, and forwarded to the same prison at Millbank. Tall, thin, angular women, were the Garnetts; taciturn and grave women, who came to serve their sentence out for manslaughter, and who narrowly escaped the charge of murder.

The case was that of the starvation of the younger daughter of the elder prisoner—a case that aroused much public indignation at the time, the evidence of cruelty and privation being conclusive, despite the assertion of the prisoners. The husband of Susannah Garnett, a shepherd, was also tried for the same offence, but his constant absence from home was looked upon as an extenuating circumstance, and he received but one year's imprisonment for the offence. Great stress at the time of trial was laid upon the condition of the other daughters, one of whom—a girl of sixteen—weighed but forty-six and a half pounds a week or two before the trial.

The deceased daughter, it was deposed, had been kept without food for two nights, being unable through illness to do her pillow lace, and food being sternly refused her in consequence by her penurious taskmistresses. Such was the evidence at least of two daughters at the trial, which evidence consigned the mother and elder daughter to prison. "Oh! Lord Jesus, help me to do my work next week!" were the dying words of the victim, it was alleged. There was a counter statement, to the effect that the daughters were actuated by malice, and had sworn falsely; but it was not believed, and mother and daughter were found guilty of manslaughter, and sentenced to four years' penal servitude.

(It may not be amiss to call attention here to a mistake in the Annual Register for 1856, where the sentence is recorded as two years penal servitude.)

They arrived, two pitiable, emaciated creatures in themselves, in whom life seemed struggling hard, and whose chances of working out their sentence were doubtful in the extreme. They passed each to a separate cell

in a different ward, and parted in a cool phlegmatic manner, that made no parade of feeling.

From the first day of their arrival to the last day of their sentence, they were cool, undemonstrative women, objecting to any conversation with the other prisoners, expressing more by a vague stare than words their surprise at prison ways and rules, and anxious to conform to all of them to the best of their ability. They were civil to their matrons, grateful in their quiet way for a kind word, but shy of speaking, and of eccentric habits.

On prison diet, which was a higher state of living than they had been accustomed to for many years, they began to slowly gather strength, and become more fitted for the work required by the establishment.

In contradistinction to the slowness, almost torpidity, of her earlier days, the younger Gannett especially began to exhibit a briskness over her work, and an interest in it, significant of contentment with her present position. The famine-haunted look about her keen grey eyes had by this time disappeared, and she

assumed less of the skeleton with every day. The mother, too, made rapid progress to some semblance of healthy womanhood, and both worked diligently on towards a better position.

Naturally of phlegmatic dispositions, they evinced no concern at their first separation, and made no inquiries concerning each other: each sat in her cell striving to work her best, and arranging everything around her in that extra methodical manner common to country folk in general.

“Don’t you wish to know how your daughter is getting on?” was asked of the elder Garnett one day.

“She’s getting on very well,” answered the mother; “she be a quiet girl, and no trouble to you, I’m sure, lady.”

“Not much trouble, certainly.”

On the same question being put to the daughter, respecting the mother, she looked up quietly from her coir-picking, and hoped mother hadn’t been a-fidgeting! There did not appear any evidence of love between these two strange characters—neither cared to talk of the other—

if there was any balance of affection to be struck between them, it was in favour of the mother.

But they were both simple—almost half-witted—country women, in whom it appeared that all the love, and interest, and sympathy that should have been naturally existent in such dear relations, had been frozen years ago. Their years had been spent in struggling so hard for a living,—or so hard to save money, and deny themselves the common necessaries of life,—that there had been no thought for home ties and home affections, and they had grown too old and stony, both of them, for such gifts to flourish in their prison home.

The matrons, who had been brought up after a different fashion,—many of whom had mothers living, and went to see them on off nights or on the Sundays,—could not understand this ossification of the affections, and planned in their younger, warmer hearts a seeming chance meeting between the two country women.

Certain prisoners are selected from different wards to serve dinners, etc., in charge of the

ward matron; and the two prisoners, mother and daughter, met, for the first time after their incarceration, in the kitchen at Millbank.

It was not intended that any conversation should ensue between them, but it was thought that there would be a pleasant satisfaction to both in their silent meeting, the remembrance of which would help to lighten their solitary labours. The result was a failure.

The coldest and the most unconcerned of glances passed between mother and daughter, one slight stare, and then an assiduous devotion to their present duties, and never a second look from one to the other; on the contrary, the most perfect ignoring of each other's presence. They went on their separate tasks in the old icy fashion, and showed no signs of any mental disturbance during that day, or ever once alluded to the circumstance of their meeting.

They seemed perfectly content with their present position, and looked forward with no agreeable anticipations to a change. When they thoroughly understood the prison rules, the three

classes through which prisoners pass at Millbank before becoming eligible for Brixton—the last being a transfer to an association ward—they evinced no satisfaction, expressed no wish to be placed together. Once only, so far as my own experience was concerned, was any reference made to the nature of the crime which had placed them in their sad position. It had suggested itself to one of the matrons that the elder Garnett was more abstracted, even despondent, than usual, and, with a kindness not uncharacteristic of prison matrons, she asked if anything was troubling her, or if there was anything she wished.

“Oh! no, lady,” she replied at once.

“I thought you were dull.”

“I’m very comfortable, thank you.”

“You are not fretting about the length of your sentence?”

“I’ve nothing to fret about, lady; I’m better off here than I ever was in —shire. We were all starving there together; and my husband, who was a shepherd, was very ill, and my daughter was weak too, and we had nothing to give them—nothing at all to give them or our-

selves, and so my daughter died. But, lady, it wasn't in our power to help her."

She appeared a little relieved in mind at this statement, but never again repeated it to any of the matrons under whose charge she was placed. She made no parade of her innocence; it was one simple allusion to it that sounded to us—who are fair judges of what is real or false—very like the truth. It is almost the only instance where we have fancied there was some mistake in the conviction, and yet protestations of innocence are made to us every day.

In prison, they were ever quiet, hard-working, religious women, keeping aloof from the other prisoners, asking no favours from the authorities, seemingly content with their position.

When they had worked their way to association, they were kindly allowed to tenant one cell, instead of each being placed with a stranger. Their first meeting was after the old apathetic fashion.

"Well, Elizabeth."

"Well, mother."

They were seated opposite each other at the

table, two minutes after their meeting, working silently and monotonously. There appeared to be no subject between them on which they cared to converse; they took up their new position without any display of feeling, just as if it were a prison rule to which they were compelled to conform, and had no particular objection to.

After a week's association, a matron asked the daughter whether she was not glad to have her mother as companion.

"Ye-es, lady," was the hesitating answer; "it's a kind of change, but"—with a little impulsive dash—"she do make a great mess and litter, to be sure!"

I am inclined to think that it was this strange, apathetic indifference—this unimpressionability—that was more the cause of the younger child's death, than any studied intent to starve her from the world. There was a natural want of sensibility evident; but, looking at them in their quietness and simple-mindedness, I have never for a moment thought these women murderesses.

The relation of their habits for a few days is

the history of their whole imprisonment—with the same frigidity of demeanour they passed from Millbank to Brixton, wore the special service dress at the latter prison, served out the sentence, and went back to their own old life and desolateness. They expressed some short dry thanks to all who had been kind to them a little while before departure, and then the curtain dropped between them and their prison days, and shut them from my view.

CHAPTER VII.

SEEING THE DIRECTOR, LADY-SUPERINTENDENT,
AND SURGEON.

GOVERNMENT has a great consideration for its captives; no undue severity, no cruel injustice, can be perpetrated by officers to prisoners. Each woman has the privilege of speaking out, and the right of seeing the Director or the Lady-Superintendent on certain days of the week. Every Wednesday, at Brixton Prison, a woman with a grievance can leave her cell, accompanied by a principal matron, and repair to the

Director's office with her catalogue of wrongs or injuries. The lady-superintendent — who, it must be premised, exercises her discretion as to putting down the names of these women— has seen the prisoners a day or two before, and made sure that the questions are not frivolous or objectionable. Some women are only anxious to see the lady-superintendent, and have a terror of facing the great authority on prison matters; others, more bold and confident, will see the Director, and only the Director, and know exactly the facts, or state exactly the facts, to that gentleman alone.

If a prisoner be determined to “go up,” on the Director's day, with a question she is very well assured will be considered out of course, or the statement of an insult or injury which she is pretty certain will be pooh-poohed by her auditor, the woman will occasionally make a false, yet rational, excuse to the lady-superintendent, and pass that way, to surprise that lady during the Director's visit by a statement wholly different. Under these circumstances, the woman receives some punishment,

and is summarily dismissed from the Director’s presence.

Still, punishment or not, it has been a change from the monotony of the position—an hour, or three-quarters of an hour, stolen from the wearisome round of regular duty—something to think about for a day or two hence. The women leave their cell in charge of a matron, I have observed, and are shown on the Wednesday into the superintendent’s office, where sits the Director and the lady-superintendent. The women are seen one at a time—the principal matron and a male officer, or superintendent’s messenger, accompanying each woman.

Let us imagine ourselves shadowy witnesses of such an interview.

“Well, Jones, what have you to say to me?” possibly inquires the Director.

“If you please, sir,” dropping a curtsy, “I want to stop away from Fulham—I hear, sir, as how I’m to go on to the Refuge, and I’d rather not go, if you please, sir. Oh! I’d so much rather stop!”

“For what reason?”

“Why, sir, I’ve never had a report here, sir; and I likes my officer, and knows ’em all like, and am very comfor’ble. And you see, sir, I’ve a bit of a temper, and shall be all strange and worried in a new place, and sure to break out, sir, and be sent to Millbank, sir, again. And if you’ll only be so kind as to let me stop, sir.”

The Director mentions the advantages of Fulham over those of Brixton; but the woman expresses her objection more firmly; and perhaps there is a little conversation between the Director and the lady-superintendent on the merits of the case.

In a matter of this description the issue is doubtful; now and then a woman receives permission to remain; at times, Brixton is full of women and Fulham scanty, and, *volens volens*, the prisoner must go.

When permission to stay has been refused, a woman will occasionally break her windows, and thus, by the laws of the prison, prevent her transfer to the Refuge. This act is invariably punished by the prisoner being sent to

Millbank, to the silent system and the coir-picking again.

Some women are just as eager to know from the Director why they have not been sent to Fulham, and are anxious to argue the matter with him, and prove how fitting they are for the removal, and how well they have behaved since their sojourn at Brixton. These women's cases are inquired into, and a woman is found to be too old (the maximum age is forty years), or her health is too delicate (strong, healthy women only are received), or another reason equally in the way of her transfer asserts itself.

Occasionally a woman, bursting with her imaginary wrongs, enters into a full detail of the ill-treatment she has received from Miss R., or Miss W., or the principal—who may be standing at her side—and how such a report was unjust or exaggerated, or wholly false; how she has been always set upon, whilst others just as bad—"fifty times wus, sir"—have been let off, or winked at. How there's lot of favourites!—and because she don't care to follow suit and curry favour, how

she's served, and reported on, and trodden under foot. And all she's got to say is, that it better be altered, that's all—she's stood enough of it!

The Director will inquire into it, the woman shall have every justice, and after the complainant's withdrawal Miss R. or Miss W. is put on her defence.* The Directors, on the whole, are very kind and considerate to the prison matrons, and invariably spare them the humiliation of an explanation before the woman who has a charge to prefer against them. It would be painful to the matron, place her in a false position, and render her more open to similar attacks from badly-disposed prisoners. The explanation, or rather the statement, is soon made; the woman as a rule is always in the wrong, and has invented the charge as an excuse to see the Director, or with a vague idea of annoying the officer of her division.

Still, such a charge at any time is an exception to the many pleas of the prisoners to leave

* One woman who pleaded for an investigation into her report, and was refused, went back to her cell and hanged herself.

their ordinary work; and only the worst of women, the most bold or mendacious, face the Director with so extreme a grievance.

From the latter class, a woman hopeless of favour, and reckless of any punishment, if by any means she is introduced into the Director's presence, will express her mind very forcibly, if inelegantly, and in her sweeping accusations or vituperations include the gentleman into whose presence she has been shown. This will be an anecdote to relate with much bravado to her "co-mates" and *sisters* in exile after her punishment is over for such an offence; and from those as bad as herself many compliments are bestowed for her "pluck" or "game" in what is termed "cheeking the Director."

I may say that nearly two-thirds of the women seeking an application for an interview with the Director have but one question, and only one, to ask—the one natural, anxious question about their time. They are in for six years, eight years, ten years—when will they be at liberty?—on what day and at what hour *exactly*? They are perfectly aware of the day

and even the minute themselves, but still in their particular cases will not an exception be made to the general rule?—one has never had a report; why should she not go out at an earlier period than she who has been always “smashing,” and always going to Millbank?—another has rendered some little service, hindered a breaking out, or perhaps prevented an attack upon a particular matron — won't there be something taken off for *that*?

There are times when the Director, burdened with so many duties, forgets some little detail of a particular case, and the woman, balked of her information, or put off till that day week, will march sullenly from the room, across the yard, and into her ward and cell, where she will brood over her slight, till the strange impulse to do mischief overpowers her, and the broom, or the pewter pint, dashes away at the windows, until superior force carries her away to the penal ward.

Visits to the lady-superintendent are more frequent, and are chiefly made on account of their letters. They ought to have had a letter

—“oh! ever so long ago!”—has anything been heard of it—has it been mislaid, or kept back, or what? *

I remember one woman begging the superintendent for some extra work, something to keep her constantly employed. “I am thinking too much now,” she said; “everything comes to my mind to worrit me, and persuade me to

* Prisoners are only allowed to receive letters once a month. If a letter arrive for a prisoner before a month has expired from the receipt of the last epistle, the letter is detained for the full term, unless there be news of a death, when the letter is given to the prisoner, with a special paper for a reply. Concerning these letters, Mr. Henry Mayhew, in his work of the “Great World of London,” speaks. He tells of the delight of a woman whose turn has come to receive a letter, her gratitude to the matron who brings it, and her exultation over its news. But there is another side to the picture:—the state of excitement, and even dissatisfaction into which many women fall after their letters—the “breakings out” that follow the reading—“the restless fever” to which they are subject—even the insolence to which they treat their officers, if any particular home-news have proved disagreeable to them. These letters are welcome missives to the prisoners; days on which they are received are to be marked with a white stone by the women, but with a black by the matrons in charge.

break the windows, or tear my needlework. Give me something extra to keep me from thinking, or I'm sure to make a smash of it."

Of the minor troubles, and the little crosses in prison life, the superintendent is also made the recipient, and by her tact, womanly kindness, and keen insight into prison character, soothes many a troubled spirit, and prevents many a threatened outburst.

"Seeing the superintendent" is also an occasional task, or unpleasant duty, of the prison matrons; there are little breaches of discipline and infringement of small privileges: Miss B. ordering about Miss M.'s cleaning or coal women—Miss J. leaving a bolt unfastened or a door unlocked—Miss R. reporting Miss C., etc. Still, these matters are easily settled; minor faults of omission are punished by deductions from the salary, and little differences on matters personal are speedily adjusted. There is very little quarrelling, and a wondrous amount of good feeling and fellowship, amongst this useful body.

"Seeing the doctor," is another variation from

prison routine, and a privilege of which the prisoners in large numbers avail themselves. All classes of women wish to see the doctor: women really ill; women anxious to persuade the doctor that they are falling sick, and require convalescent diet, and a change to the infirmary, where the living is good and the rules not severe; women with sham complaints, and extraordinary and ludicrous applications.

“I’ve got a pain, sir.”

“Well, where is your pain?”

“Oh! all over me—creeps like. I think it’s the work—them militingary trousers, sir.”*

“Nonsense—nonsense!—you’re well enough.”

“I’m falling away, sir. Miss —— says she sees a difference herself in me. I should like to go to the infirmary, sir.”

“I dare say you would.”

“Or have a little lighter work.”

The prisoner’s plea is pronounced frivolous, and the prisoner is withdrawn, muttering her discontent. The matron calls from her book

* The making of military trousers by the female prisoners has been long since discontinued.

the name of the next prisoner, who steps out from the ranks, gives her bonnet to one of her companions to hold, and crosses to where the doctor is sitting, to make her complaint. If she be passed on to the infirmary, she returns to the rank rejoicing, with the envious eyes of the women following her.

Next case may be some such an absurd statement as the following:—

“If you please, sir, I’ve got the toothache—such a racking toothache, sir, my poor head is fit to split.”

The tooth is examined, perhaps some symptom of decay discovered, and a specific promised.

Still the woman is not quite satisfied—the root of the evil has not been struck at, and present relief is no cure for future torture.

“I know what the cause is, sir.”

“What is it?”

“It’s all the cocoa, sir. It’s not so good as it used to be, and I’m sure it’s the cocoa. I should like it changed, sir.”

The doctor cannot see how cocoa could have affected this particular prisoner with the tooth-

ache, expresses his doubts, and the woman retires, more firmly convinced of her own views of the case than ever.

One of the chief causes of complaint is any infirmity, spot or blemish, likely to affect the personal appearance of these women. A whitlow requires immediate attention, and a sty in the eye engenders as much consternation as a pleurisy. The hair also is a subject for intense study and consideration.

The following remarks are not at all unusual:—

“Will you be so good, sir, as to give me something to keep my hair from a-coming off? It ain’t half so thick as it used to be, and I shall go out bald, sir, if you don’t do something. It’s a-coming out in handfuls.”

Or—

“If you please, sir, I’m sorry to say that I found some grey hairs in my head last night. It never happened before, sir. It’s all this dreadful prison, that’s turning me grey.”

“I can’t do anything, J.”

“You can give me something to stop it, sir,

I hope. It's very hard that I should be served like this. It isn't in the rules!"

There is some muttering about what will her friends think of her, as she goes away dissatisfied.

So each woman in turn, with some complaint—perhaps a woman with the whitewash of the wall carefully laid on her tongue, or her gums carefully pricked with a needle, to show how very ill she is—and about two hours of the doctor's time taken up every day with the study of these poor benighted creatures' ailings, real and fancied.

CHAPTER VIII.

PRISON CHARACTERS.—CELESTINA SOMMER.

I PURPOSE to intersperse my essays on prison life with sketches of those prison characters that came beneath my own particular observation. Such glimpses of life apart from the world, I think are worth the study, and will be interesting and instructive to the general reader.

In a future chapter I shall offer, under a feigned name, the history of one woman struggling to become better and more strong;

in the present, without seeking into motives, or attempting to offer an analysis, I venture to speak without disguise of one whose name is not likely yet to be forgotten. Celestina Sommer, as the reader is probably aware, stood her trial for the murder of her daughter, on the 10th of April, 1856. The circumstances of the murder were peculiarly bold and cruel, and the sentence of the court was death—a sentence that, to the surprise and dissatisfaction of the public, was commuted to penal servitude for life; and Celestina Sommer, in due course, became an inmate of Millbank prison, Westminster.

A pale-faced, fair-haired woman, of spare form and below the middle height, was Celestina Sommer—a quiet, well-ordered prisoner, with a horror of the other women, and partial to her own cell and her work therein. Cool and self-possessed, possibly to a certain extent crafty, Celestina Sommer soon passed from one stage to another without a report against her general behaviour, and was drafted, after eight or ten months, with other well-behaved women,

to Brixton Prison, where the first signs of an affected mind began to develop themselves. Throughout the whole term of her incarceration at Millbank and Brixton Prisons, this quiet, grave-faced woman never betrayed any symptoms of remorse at the awful character of a crime which has stamped it as one of the *causes célèbres* of this country. A thoughtful, though not a sullen woman, I do not believe that the reminiscence of her crime ever deeply affected her—it was the peculiar method in her madness to forget it, or, if not to forget it, at least to regard it as an event of no importance to her future welfare.

At Millbank, being once questioned by the chaplain as to her offence, and on his expressing a hope that she was truly penitent for the heinous crime she had committed, she answered very quickly and readily:—

“Oh! of course, I am very sorry! I say a great many prayers a-day, you know. Very sorry, very sorry indeed!”

The next instant she asked a question wholly irrelevant to the subject, and seemed anxious

on a point of religion that did not apply to her particular case. Her religious questions were peculiarly wild and strange, and testified to the gradual weakening character of her mind.

At Brixton she adopted the same taciturn demeanour, showed the same objection to association, and when association was pressed upon her, seldom condescended to exchange a word with her fellow-prisoner. A great portion of her time was spent in the infirmary; in the airing ground of Brixton Prison, where the women walk in pairs, and are allowed to converse (a great contrast, and a valued boon to the women who have served their ten or twelve months at Millbank), she preferred to walk alone, and mutter strange words to herself. Prisoners are keen observers, and are quick to note the weakness, or the leading faults, of their unhappy cotemporaries. As a class they are strangely wanting in feeling one to another, and this poor, unhappy woman was a subject of amusement to some of the prisoners.

It was soon guessed that Celestina Sommer

was "not all there," as the phrase runs; and in the airing yard, when she was plodding on in the usual round, with her hands in the cuffs of her sleeves, and walking perhaps at a slower rate than the others, a woman would say,

"Now, Sommer, let us see how fast you can walk for a new apron."

And Celestina would start round the airing ground at an extraordinary rate of progression, until her movements attracted the attention, of the officer in charge, who stopped her eccentricities and reproved, sometimes reported, the women for teasing her.

Of one thing Celestina Sommer was inordinately vain—she had a firm conviction that her singing was perfection. When an infirmity patient she was fond of informing the other invalids that she had been one of the opera chorus before her marriage,* and had been a good singer from a child—a very good singer indeed!

* Whether this assertion is true or not, I have of course no opportunity of ascertaining. It was her own assertion, many times repeated, and always with consistency.

“Well, let us hear you sing now,” a woman would say, in the absence of the matron; and thus adjured, Celestina Sommer would begin at once, in a clear, shrill voice, that rang throughout the infirmary, and into the adjoining offices, from which the infirmary matron had to make a plunge to still the noise. In chapel, Celestina was orderly in all things save that singing, and then her desire appeared to be to drown the voices of the rest of the women, in which she generally succeeded to her own satisfaction, and to the infinite amusement of the prisoners. She kept very good time, and was quick to catch the air, but her notes were harsh and discordant, and grated on a sensitive ear. She appeared to be perfectly unconscious of attracting general attention by her singing, and intensely absorbed in her own manner of delivering the hymn, which was with a self-consciousness of performing it admirably, that, under circumstances less sad, would have been amusing to more eye-witnesses than the callous, unimpressionable beings round her at the time.

As her mind became more impaired, she became more forgetful of her duties, and oblivious of the prison discipline. Her health degenerated rapidly with her mind, and she seldom passed from the infirmary to her own cell in the latter days of her sojourn at Brixton Prison.

At the conclusion of the chaplain's prayers in the infirmary one day, and almost before the last word had escaped him, she broke forth with—

“Yes, my married name is Sommer—but my maiden name was——” as though that were the fitting peroration to morning prayers in general.

During her stay in Brixton Prison she evinced great concern at no one calling to see her, and used to fret a great deal at the neglect, or the seeming neglect, of attention on the part of those whom she thought dear to her. This was her only trouble whilst her mind retained any semblance of coherence; there came a time when the true and the false—the real and the unreal—blended themselves

inextricably together, and her removal to Fisherton Lunatic Asylum became a matter of necessity.

There are so many attempts to deceive the officers and surgeon by an assumed insanity, that on the first symptoms of any eccentricity of manner suspicion is generally aroused. Although this was not the case with Celestina Sommer, still it was necessary to make quite certain that no deceit was being practised against the authorities, and hence the reason for her stay at Brixton longer than perhaps the reader has considered just or merciful.

She departed from Brixton to Fisherton, where her unhappy life was brief enough. A sad end to as sad a story as ever darkened the pages of a history of crime. At any other period such a story would have ended at the gallows' foot, and one more weak, suffering woman answered for actions which—for God's mysterious and all-wise reasons—were wholly unaccountable.

He is an over-wise man who seeks to tell

where crime ends and insanity begins. The line between them is drawn by the Great Hand.

CHAPTER IX.

PRISONERS' VANITY.

“ALL is vanity,” says the preacher. And even within the walls of a prison, where there is no incentive to the encouragement of this universal weakness, it is singular how the old failing inherent in us, from the days of Mother Eve, crops out in arid and unfriendly soil.

It is the great difference between the male prisons and the female, this love of display under difficulties—it is a subject almost inexhaustible, and on which a whole volume could be written. The concern for personal appear-

ance is almost wholly disregarded by the men : by the women it seems never forgotten for an instant. It leads the latter to a breach of discipline and a defiance of all rule ; it makes them bold and stratagetic ; checked too roughly in it, it leads to a violent outburst of temper that will throw a whole ward into confusion.

To check this vanity, to baffle the many means which prisoners find to indulge in it, is a trying and incessant ordeal of the prison matron. There are times even, when, with a very vicious woman, who has no self-control, and whom physical restraint converts more to a wild beast than a human being, a little harmless variation of her hair or bonnet is tacitly overlooked.

For there are some women at Millbank and Brixton Prisons who have worn out every method of punishment, who have fought against it, defied it, and, with health impaired by constant severity, are still as reckless and dangerous as in the days when prison rules were new to them. Kindness, severity, moral reproof, have all been tried and failed, and disciplinarians of the strictest school can do no more with them.

Such women are at last humoured by thoughtful prison matrons; there remains no other way to keep them quiet. This may be subversive—is to a certain extent subversive—of true discipline, but a strict following of the rules would inevitably kill the woman whose indomitable spirit would last to her dying day.

Therefore, when the case is not a flagrant one, when by a little toleration the evil nature of the woman can be kept in the background, and the evil passions left in abeyance, the matron will not dispute very much with her if she proceeds to the airing ground with her bonnet on the back of her head, or her hair arranged in a method that she considers more becoming to her particular style of beauty, or ugliness.

In a former chapter I have mentioned a woman scraping the whiting from the walls on to the tongue—not a few of the prisoners make use of the same material to give a clearer appearance to their countenance. In my early days at Millbank prison, I have a consciousness of one woman raising the envy of her fellow-

prisoners, and startling the authorities, by the very brilliant colour to her cheeks. That her cheeks were painted there was little doubt—I do not think she attempted to deny it—and in the absence of any colouring matter in her cell or about the prison, this gave rise to much speculation amongst the prison officers.

This woman kept her secret to herself for some time, and it was only by careful watching that the plan of operation became at last apparent, and gave evidence of considerable ingenuity to attain her ends. It is customary amongst the female prisoners to make the cotton shirts for the male convicts of Millbank—blue cotton shirts, with a red stripe crossing the texture. These stripes, it was afterwards ascertained, the woman had been in the habit of drawing upon, or carefully unravelling, until a sufficient number of threads were obtained to soak in water, by which operation a colouring matter was procured, that she transferred to her cheeks, for the better adornment of that portion of her countenance.

Great geniuses invariably suffer from ini-

tators; and the fact having become generally known amongst the women, considerable extra surveillance of the work became imperative. To this day colouring the face is a reigning weakness amongst the female prisoners; and in their aprons there are a few red threads, which they contrive to make use of when any work from which an abstraction can be made is not forthcoming.

Probably the vainest woman at either of our female government prisons was a woman of the name of Mary Ann Ball; a desperate woman, with no small share of personal advantages — of which, by the way, she was perfectly conscious. A bold, handsome girl, who at the time of her first appearance was not more than nineteen or twenty years of age. As she will appear in my list of prison characters, I need not dwell upon her here at any length, save as she illustrates very strikingly that ingenuity “to make the best of herself” under difficulties, to which I have alluded.

The shifts this Ball made use of to attain her ends, and astonish her cotemporaries, are noteworthy. She had many extraordinary devices for a full skirt — such as appropriating the ropes of her hammock, or turning the sheets of her bed into full petticoats; and the rapidity with which a new prison dress would, the morning after its receipt, assume a fashionable appearance, was no less remarkable.

A prisoner's dress might certainly show more grace of outline with advantage, and if the waist were not immediately under the arms it would conduce more to a picturesque appearance. Ball was as conscious of these facts as any woman of an observant turn of mind could very well be, and did her best to remedy the defects of style, and those governmental errors of construction which she considered as peculiarly inelegant. I have known Ball receive a prison dress one night, and appear the next morning in a long-waisted, flowing robe that was the envy of the whole prison; and with a tight-fitting

pair of stays beneath, that, considering stay-bones were not allowed, was a marvel of construction.

It was a long time before Ball's persistence in these minor vanities wore out everyone's hopes of bringing her to a sense of the error of her ways; report led to a breaking out and a disturbance of the whole prison; her strength was that of a lioness, and her temper that of one possessed by an evil spirit. It became the rule to look leniently at the little indiscretions of Ball; to reason with her about her full skirts, and for a skilful matron occasionally to humour her out of too great an exhibition of her personal adornments.

Even then, if her dress was more in rule, her hair would be rolled; and if her hair was in conformity with the general style of the establishment, she would manage to turn her bonnet into a novel, often a perfectly original shape, during the night and the night's darkness.

Ball was the originator of a peculiar kind

of bandoline, made from the candle, which, in the prison wings of Brixton, is still a substitute for gas; and when misbehaviour had reduced her to the penal class, she contrived to make use of the wires—which, at the time I am writing of, were before the windows of penal class cells—to stiffen her stays, and serve as a substitute for “boning.” As the wires were withdrawn here and there, this was not immediately discoverable; and it was not till the ingenious Ball fainted away in chapel one day, a victim to extra tight-lacing, that it was found what use she had made of the wires, and how an undue pressure from them had been the chief reason for her indisposition. Wires to penal class cell windows were, after this freak of Ball’s, almost immediately removed.

Ball did more to turn the women’s minds, and set them craving after the vanities of life, than all who had preceded her. The examples she has left behind have never been forgotten, and I verily believe are transmitted from one set of women to an-

other, with a regularity and a method worthy of a better cause.

In Millbank Prison, where the women have not so many opportunities of comparing notes, the same craving for a difference in appearance asserts itself. During my stay at Millbank I remember passing a cell, the outer door of which had been left open one summer night, by order of the doctor; and being startled by the appearance, at the iron grating, of a figure in her night-dress—a poor delicate woman, who had turned from her bed to exchange a few words with me. I had a candlestick in my hand at the time, and was passing to my own room, at the end of the ward.

“Lord bless you, Miss!” whined the woman; “I’m so glad to see you to-night—I’ve something on my mind.”

“You must not talk—you’ll disturb the other women.”

“I’ll only whisper it—if you won’t mind just a word, miss.”

“Just a word” is a great boon—an everlast-

ing favour conferred—with the more grateful of this class, and I went nearer the grating to hear her statement. She began in a low, lachrymose vein, intended to arouse my sympathy and interest in her coming revelation, and then suddenly darted a long naked arm through the grating, and hooked some of the melted tallow from the candle in my hand.

“It’s on’y jist a scrap of tallow for my hair, miss,” said she, applying it to her hair very rapidly with both hands; “it do get awful rough without fat, to be sure! And I’m very much obliged to you, miss. God bless you!”

And with a triumphant laugh at her own adroitness, the woman darted from the grating into her bed, where I heard her chuckling to herself over her success, as I went down the ward to my room.

Amongst the women at Millbank and Brixton there is a strange craving and an incessant appeal for hair-pins.

“If you’ll only give me something to keep my hair decent, mum,” they say; and unless

the hair-pin is given—a gratuity for which prison rules make no allowance—many a woman will appear at chapel with her hair in disorder, and bring a reprimand from the superintendent on the untidiness of a certain prisoner. The matrons are responsible for the decent appearance of their women; but it appears never to have suggested itself to the authorities that women's hair *will* grow, and hair-pins and back-combs are *desiderata* without which an orderly woman is almost an impossibility. Under these circumstances, the common sense of the matrons constitutes a law for itself, and there is scarcely a woman without a back-comb and a hair-pin or two. String, however, is generally supposed to keep the hair in proper order. Pieces of glass are also as much in request with these women as with a tribe of savages. A woman will break a window for a piece of glass, secure the largest piece in her bed, and mourn over the seeming accident with a display of feeling verging on the histrionic. The accident is often excused, and the cell searched for all the pieces

—as a rule, the woman contrives to conceal one piece, despite the most rigid scrutiny. With a background to her glass—a black piece of cloth filched from her work, or the glass smoked over the gas or candle in her cell—the woman contrives an apology for a looking-glass, and guards her treasure with a jealous care. The possession of a trifle of this kind will often keep the worst woman patient for many weeks—the confiscation thereof will transform her to a Pythoness.

The women at the prisons have a great objection to the regulation bonnets—large straw bonnets, destitute of trimming, whose peculiar poke-shape would disgust a char-woman of eighty-five. A woman has a horror of the bonnet, and quite a love for her cap, which she has an idea becomes her exceedingly well. And the caps of the Brixton prisoners are neat little caps, with crimped borders, and a striking contrast to the “mobs” of the Millbank women.

Great pains are taken with the caps by the majority of prisoners; and the same ingenuity to make the best of everything is

manifested in their sly alterations of these appendages. There is quite a series of fashions during the year with them; one woman will start a new border, or new tucks and pleats behind, or introduce a piece of wire for the better shape thereof; and the same, if generally approved of, will be immediately imitated by the women.

To such an extent did the love of display assert itself, that the Director threatened, if the caps were not left in their original shape, and were subject to such constant alterations and amendments, white night-caps should be substituted in their place—a terrible threat, which convulsed the prisoners with horror, and, had it been carried out, would have brought about more mutiny than even the Director might have bargained for.

Fortunately for the proper regulation of the prison, the threat was not carried into execution; and the women, I believe, wear the same caps to this day. So in the midst of this grim prison life, and the duties appertaining to it, the woman's love of dress, and the na-

tural desire to make the best of her appearance, flash out in strange places and at strange times, and are not to be kept down. Vanity in a prison cell, and behind an iron grating, but still the same passion that dresses My Lady in silks and satins, and sows the diamonds in her hair.

CHAPTER X.

PRISON CHARACTERS.—“TIB.”

TIB, we will say, was the cant name given by prisoners, and occasionally by prison officers, to a strange, half-witted girl, sentenced to a term of four years penal servitude for larceny. As she has left the prison, and, report says, has since been married to a respectable costermonger—I am inclined to doubt this report myself—I will not speak of her by her real name, but use her cant appellative.

A lumpish girl, of short stature, and with

a scared expression on a one-sided countenance, that should have been her excuse before any jury in the world. A sprightly, high-spirited girl, possessed of considerable strength, and in a paroxysm of passion capable of running the whole gamut of the Billingsgate vernacular. A girl of about nineteen years of age, whose strange fits of temper, and utter defiance of prison rules, rendered her a sore trial to the matrons, and made her sojourn in the dark cells, refractories, and penal wards of Millbank an everyday occurrence.

Tib was always in trouble; she made few friends, for she was as personal and as quarrelsome with her fellow-prisoners as with the officers. When she was in a bad temper, sheets would be torn up, and pints come smashing through the window, until the canvas jacket was on her; when she was in a good temper her pranks were more those of a monkey than of anything else to which I can at the moment compare her.

Proceeding to chapel, a favourite amuse-

ment of Tib's was to tread on the heels of the woman preceding her, pull her hair or the back of her bonnet, thrust playfully a pin into any part of her that might be handy for the purpose, and almost choke herself with suppressed laughter at the indignation aroused. In chapel it was a matter of impossibility to keep her decorous; she shifted so uneasily in her seat, fidgeted with her feet, dropped her hymn-book, whispered so frequently to her neighbour, stood up at unseasonable periods, and struggled hard with the next woman—who sought to bring her back to her seat by jerking at the skirt of her dress.

Her power of grimace was something remarkable; and the facial contortions of which she was capable would convulse a whole ward with laughter.

Her conversation was rational enough at times, but all the preaching at her, praying with her, moral reflections of chaplain, Scripture readers, earnest efforts to keep her steady by prison matrons, superintendent, even

governor, proved entirely nugatory. Tib would promise anything with the gravest face, and the most vehement protestations, and half-an-hour afterwards forget the circumstance, and be as uproarious and unruly as ever. Sheer wantonness seemed more often the incentive to her various eccentricities, than any violent ebullition of temper; she was easily “put out,” but when she was not “put out” the result was about the same.

“It’s such a jolly breeze, miss!” she would say exultingly, as she danced about her cell after breaking all her windows, smashing up her table, strewing the floor with fragments of sheets, blankets and rug, and winding up with an onslaught on her own personal apparel; “have the men been sent for yet?”

The men *had* been sent for, and presently they would arrive, and away went Tib to the dark cell, fighting, and shrieking, and laughing all the way. Her term of “durance vile” coming to an end, Tib would return rather more pale and weak to her cell, and, after a

day's rest or two, recommence all her old tricks.

In the airing yard she was the leading comedian of her division—dancing, shuffling, hopping, doing anything but walking in that staid manner required of prisoners during the recreation hour. As she made a feint of passing the matron in a very orderly manner, the more experienced officer who might be on duty chose to ignore her minor escapades in the airing yard. Tib had long ago been given up as unteachable and unmanageable—and it was only extra misbehaviour that shut her in the dark, or put her canvas jacket on.

During the winter time one day, in the airing yard at Millbank, I remember the heavy snow of some two or three days previous had been swept on each side of the path, and formed two banks of snow, between which the women proceeded one-by-one, Tib prancing along in her turn after the old fashion, and giving mischievous pushes behind to the prisoner in advance,

indulging in little suppressed shrieks of laughter whenever the foot of the woman, taken off her guard, went deep into the snow.

“Don’t do that again, or I’ll send you silly with a back hander,” muttered the woman at last.

“Why, Egan, it don’t hurt?”

“Don’t do it again.”

“I would not mind jumping in it, head over heels, I would not!”

“Let’s see you.”

“Wait till we pass Miss F——, and see if I don’t, if you dare me.”

“I’ll dare you, Tib!”

The women passed along the path swept at an earlier hour by the male prisoners, round by the wall, back again past the matron, shivering in her bear-skin; the news spreading, mysteriously and swiftly, to the very end of the line, that Tib was going to jump into the snow-banks.

And when the women were all on the watch, Tib kept her word, and, giving a sudden rush

from the ranks, took "a header" into the snow, and completely disappeared for a moment, amidst the shrieks and uproarious laughter of the women.

In such moments of hilarity and grave breaches of discipline the matron calls "All in!" at once, and curtails the hour's promenade—and for this pantomimic feat on the part of Tib, the "ward" was sent in doors, and the key turned on each woman. I believe Tib was reported for this offence, but very lightly punished, as her good tempers had set in, and it was considered advisable not to interfere too much with them.

And during the latter days of Tib's stay at Millbank she began to show many signs of improvement, thanks to the care of a thoughtful matron, under whose charge she was placed. This matron was a fair judge of character, and adopted a different method with the incorrigible Tib. She conceived the idea of a special treatment of this particular prison waif, and with considerable gentleness and tact gradually mollified the hitherto ungovern-

able woman. She reasoned with her, even humoured her out of her most violent intentions, gave her all that kind advice which, without infraction of the rules, a prison matron can offer to a prisoner, and finally developed in Tib a trait of character for which no one at Millbank gave so unruly a creature credit. Tib began to evince gratitude for the interest shown in her; to find herself giving way in her intentions, and concerned at even a temporary absence of her favourite officer—finally to demonstrate a wild, passionate affection for the matron, and, in submitting to her orders, to refuse to obey those of anybody else. This was an improvement, however, and that particular ward wherein she was a prisoner became quite a different place, with Tib a different being.

And this, moreover, is an instance of what may be effected by a clever matron, who has patience, and judgment and gentleness to exercise on a prisoner.

To tame this woman was as doubtful an

experiment as the taming of a wild beast, and yet the matron by a little perseverance succeeded in her object. Sir Joshua Jebb has very wisely drawn the distinction between the treatment of male and female prisoners: "Male convicts must be treated in masses rather than according to their individual character. Individuality must be more regarded with female convicts." If this advice were more constantly borne in mind by the matrons much good would inevitably follow. It is the treating in masses—the want of judgment in a matron, here and there, to distinguish the true method, to say the right word in the right place, to fancy that the rule which does for one woman will prove as effective with another, that brings about much inevitable harm. Where a matron shows judgment in these matters—and it is but fair to say that she very often does—she becomes a valuable servant of the State.

Where the gift of discretion is missing, she does more harm to true discipline than a refractory woman.

This new affection of Tib's became a little embarrassing to the matron; it was so demonstrative, and sought to exact so much. Tib became jealous of any remarks being made to other prisoners, and was always threatening to break out if Miss —— spoke to that ugly Edmonds, or that brute Pugh. Still she only threatened, and a word or smile from the favourite officer kept Tib in check.

When the matron fell sick for a few days, Tib's passion burst out again, and took her away to the refractory; and it was only by threatening never to be quiet again if she was not returned to the same ward, that it was thought advisable to transfer her to her old quarters.

Early in the summer time, the matron took her leave of absence; before her departure she had a little talk with Tib — expressed her hope that Tib would be a good girl during her absence, and how grieved she should be to find her again amongst the refractories on her return.

“Do you mean to say ye’d really be sorry now? Upon your word and honour!”

“Upon my word, I should.”

“Then I won’t break out till ye come back,” she added with her usual half-idiotic laugh; “I won’t have a single report—I’ll be so precious good!”

And she kept her word. And on the matron’s return, Tib was in the same cell, working diligently, and earning a better name than her antecedents had appeared likely to warrant.

“I told ye I’d keep good, miss. Oh! I’ve had such mighty hard work to do it though!” she burst out with.

At chapel every morning Tib insisted upon carrying the matron’s prayer-book, and Tib was grave and decorous all the service if allowed to sit by the matron’s side, and furtively hold the fringe of her shawl in her hand. It was almost the affection of an animal for a kind mistress, and it was the jealousy of an animal that resented any approach of another prisoner to this particular officer.

Tib, finally, behaved so well, that the order for her transmission to Brixton was made out—her time having expired, and her conduct during the past few months having rendered her eligible for that agreeable transfer.

Tib received the news as she might have heard that of her coming execution. The order for Brixton might have been her death-warrant for the satisfaction she exhibited.

“I won’t go, miss,” she said confidentially; “I’ll never go to Brixton, mind!”

“But you’ll have so much liberty there; and association too, Tib.”

Tib anathematized the extra liberty and the association with a vehemence that testified still to a deficiency of moral force, and took a few oaths on the spot, before the matron could check her, that no earthly force should take her from Millbank.

That night, or the next day, Tib smashed every window in the cell, demolished her table, tore her sheets and blankets, took to

singing extempore songs denunciatory of the governor, superintendent, and chaplain, and, as a matter of course, was removed in the old fashion to the "dark." The reason for her breaking out was reported to the authorities, and after some consideration it was resolved that she should be passed over to Brixton despite her last attempt to evade proceeding thither, and so Tib's *ruse* proved unavailing for the nonce.

"Never mind," were Tib's last words; "if they won't let me stop with my dear Miss — now, I'll find my way back. They can take me there," she added cunningly; "but the devil's in me if they can make me stop!"

And Tib began her old plan of action immediately upon her arrival at the Surrey prison — breaking windows, tearing blankets, indulging in the most blasphemous language, even fighting with the woman put in association with her — winding up by flinging her pewter pint at the matron's head. Tib was pronounced incorrigible, unworthy the company

of the better-disposed women, and packed back to Millbank to learn better behaviour for the future.

She was again placed on probation, and by degrees worked her way back to the ward of which her favourite matron held possession. Her first words were—

"I said I'd come back!" before she burst into tears at the sight of the friendly matron's face.

Tib oscillated between Millbank and Brixton during the remainder of her sentence—obedient at Millbank, and altogether unruly at the latter prison.

Brixton officers attempted the Millbank matron's style of treatment with her, and wholly failed; the superintendent reasoned with her in vain—Tib would remain constant to her first love, and would have no kindness or favour from any one else. Tib worked her time and went away.

A few months after her departure, an old prisoner made her reappearance at Millbank to undergo a new sentence.

“I suppose you haven’t forgotten Tib?” was her inquiry on first meeting with Tib’s old officer.

“Oh! no! I have not forgotten her.”

“She’s gone and got married to a costermonger.”

“She’s doing well, I hope?”

“She’s a-going on about the same as usual. You’ll have her back before a couple of months.”

The prophecy has not come true yet. But old faces do come back, and take their places in our midst, and such weak sisters as Tib are almost certain to appear again—governed by the awful rule of non-repentance, and swayed by the fierce impulse that drives them on to wrong. Still Tib has *not* appeared yet, and it is fair,—it is merciful,—to hope ever for the best.

CHAPTER XI.

“BREAKINGS OUT.”

IN the preceding pages, I have alluded so much to what is termed “breaking out,” and shall, as a matter of necessity, have to allude so often to it in my future illustrations of prison life, that it may be as well, before proceeding further, to devote a little time to its manifold workings and results, and see if any glimpse of the true reasons for these frequent outbursts can be ascertained. It is peculiar to English female prisons—it is distinct from the raving and violence of the

inmates of a lunatic asylum—it appears very often to be a motiveless frenzy.

In 1859 the governor of Millbank Prison appears to give it up as insolvable.

“I am satisfied,” he writes to the Directors of Government Prisons, “that every inducement consistent with discipline is held out to these unfortunate but unreasonable creatures, whose conduct at times is quite unaccountable, and trying to those placed over them.”

Superintendents and chaplains appear to take the same view of things—kindness, good-feeling, interest, encouragement to good, are exhibited in vain; amongst a certain class of women it appears as much a necessity to act in a manner utterly at variance with common sense and decency as it is to breathe and live.

I think we should go a little deeper than the surface to account for these violent displays of temper, to reflect on the prisoners' probable nature and habits, before the prison gates clanged upon them, and shut them

from society. Freedom with them was the liberty of the wild beast—free to roam anywhere, uncared for and unchecked; left to wander in the darkness, without one helping hand stretched forth to lead them to a brighter life; no honest example ever before them, and the evil to follow clearly indicated by all with whom their lives were brought in contact. From ignorance and crime must follow evil in due course; and brute-like, bestial, awful ignorance these women—almost without an exception—demonstrate.

Amongst the statistics bristling through the prison reports there is always one sad proof of the ignorance prevailing;—shown in a tabular form like unto this, taken from the report of 1859:—

Ignorant.	Can read only.	Both imperfectly.	Both well.
Females 93	104	105	22
Juveniles 3	1	2	...

It is from the first compartment that the worst women spring—it is from the last

that we obtain our model prisoner. The first compartment makes up the chief number of the penal class, whose good, or bad, or indifferent behaviour is in the same report reduced to figures—grim facts and grisly figures, that insensibly remind one of the Gradgrind school of explanation.

Penal Class.	Good.	Indifferent.	Bad.
	4	8	33

Possibly, thanks to this age of education, the prison books of future days will not show so clearly the fruit of this soul-besetting ignorance. Ignorance is the mother of crime, and when

“There’s not a crime
But takes its proper change out still in crime,
If once rung on the counter of the world—”

the terrible result is easily guessed at.

And Ignorance is accountable for much of these breakings out. There is no reasoning with women in whom reason appears to be little more than a brute instinct—in

whom long years of evil courses resist strongly and powerfully the good attempts made to work a change. Their lessons have only been learned at the Devil's school, and the evil master burns his letters in.

There are exceptions to the general rule of breakers out. Here and there a woman who has been brought up differently, who can read and write well, who has had good parents and wise counsellors, and yet gone wrong, follows the example of these women, and becomes as unruly as the rest. Amongst the more educated female class beyond our prisons are there not ungovernable tempers, rash hands to destroy in a passion the valuable and fragile? Shakspeare, at the head of the portrait-painters of our poor humanity, has shown us one or two. And the example to break out is displayed so often, and the monotony becomes, to a wild spirit, so wearisome and heart-breaking, that to disturb the stillness of the prison, to give life to the plodding steps without, and animation to the matrons whispering — the offence is committed,

and the glass is shivering beneath the pewter pints!

One break out is almost sure to be followed by another—the blood warms and the pulse beats high in these caged natures.

One matron who has since left the service—a matron of a somewhat impulsive disposition—once told me in confidence, and with a comical expression of horror on her countenance, that she was afraid she should break out herself, the temptation appeared so irresistible.

“I have been used to so different a life—father, mother, brothers and sisters, all round me, light-hearted and happy—that it’s like becoming a prisoner oneself to follow this tedious and incessant occupation. I assure you, Miss ——, that when I hear the glass shattering, and the women screaming, my temples throb, my ears tingle, and I want to break something,—dreadfully!”

I believe I have already remarked that some of these “breakings out” are parts of

a cool, deliberate attempt to obtain a removal to a dark or a refractory cell, adjacent to a favourite companion who has recently committed a similar offence. At both prisons very often madness is feigned, and windows and tables broken for the sake of fellowship both night and day; and occasionally there are suspicions of unfair treatment, slights and jealousies, to render the woman's actions somewhat consistent with her feelings. With the malevolent, it is a morbid satisfaction to destroy prison property also. "I'll serve 'em out for putting me in here!" is often the accompaniment to an act of wholesale damage.

In one year at Millbank Prison, one hundred and fifty-four cases of destruction of prison property occurred; and there are some women so desperately wicked—so resolved to resist all efforts to be made anything less abandoned or intemperate than in their first estate—that four or five reports in the course of a week, for two months in succession, are compelled to be laid before the superintendent, in order to keep up anything like a sem-

blance of discipline in the wards to which these women appertain.

In the early days, women were contented with tearing their blankets into a few strips; but as these fragments became available for "prison flannels," it became a general rule to devote a little more time to the work of demolition, so as to make quite certain that the infinitesimal portions should render no further service to the State. In the refractory cells it became so general a rule to tear up a pair of blankets a-night, and this studied demolition became so important an item in the prison expenses, that it was suggested by a late deputy-superintendent of Millbank that sacking sheets, stitched with string, would baffle all destructive propensities. This was a trying ordeal for the finger nails, and worked well for a time, until one woman, more crafty than her fellow-prisoners, made a feint of destroying her dinner can, and concealed from the pieces one strip of the metal, which she sharpened during the night, and with this murderous instrument

cut up the sacking with great exultation, and called attention to her success in the morning.*

Some of the boldest women even make attempts to set their cell on fire when the gas is lighted, and have so far succeeded in their attempts as to have conceived great fear of being roasted alive before help arrived, and therefore startled the whole prison with their clamours for release.

Some women's strength during these fits of frenzy are greatly in excess of the men's— it always requires two, very often three, of the guards to force the fighting, plunging woman from her cell to the "dark." Tables and bedsteads snap under their hands like splints of fire-wood; and one woman named M^cWilliams — a woman of small stature, but of extraordinary strength — succeeded one

* It may be added that this incident occurred through a breach of the rules on the part of the prison matron, no prisoner being allowed a tin dinner can in a refractory or dark cell.

night at Brixton in wrenching the inner door of a dark cell completely off its hinges.

This same M^cWilliams, in concert with two other desperate women, was agent in a studied plan of breaking out at Brixton, that caused considerable astonishment and damage. The ringleader was a woman of the name of Mary Nicholas; a treacherous, vindictive woman, who, taking an objection to being passed over to the Wing, resolved to have a break out in consequence, and lead others into the same mischief as herself. M^cWilliams, who was going to the Wing also, preferred her old quarters, and between her and Nicholas the plan was first arranged, the third woman being afterwards enlisted as an able and willing recruit to their forces. M^cWilliams and Nicholas were carrying water through the ward, when an opportunity for action seemed suddenly to present itself. The ward adjacent was being ventilated—the cells were vacant at the time—and the officer in charge of the prisoners had entered a cell for an instant, when Nicholas

suddenly closed the door upon her— which door only opening on the outside, rendered her confinement there for a few minutes imperative. Taking advantage of these few minutes, the two women made a dash down the ward, smashing at every window in their way, enlisting the recruit already mentioned, who lent her willing services, whilst the matron rattled away at her cell door, and called out for assistance. Three women intent on breaking windows soon create formidable havoc; and every pane of the two wards—the occupied and the unoccupied— being shortly shivered, the women turned their attention to the windows of the empty cells of the ward under process of ventilation, and darted from one to another, destroying the windows thereof with pertinacity and method.

The first matron coming upon this scene of demolition proved herself an able officer; for, following close upon their footsteps, she allowed them to rush into the empty cells, and managed to close the doors upon two of

them — thus caging them, as the prisoners had caged the matron a short while since. By this time assistance had arrived; the riot was over, and the fomentors thereof were speedily secured.

I believe this is the most wholesale case of “smashing” preserved in prison records; close on three hundred and fifty panes of glass having been destroyed by these destructive hands. A grand breaking out, of which, I have no doubt, those women are proud to this day, and an incident that possibly forms a pleasant anecdote of their prison experience, to those friends and acquaintances to whom they have returned.

Some women are very methodical over their “breakings out.” I call to mind one desperate woman, named McDermot, who, having first smashed her windows, was caught in the usual act of destroying her blanket, by the men who had arrived rather more promptly than she had anticipated.

“Hollo!” was her salutation; “you’re in a hurry this morning! Just wait, there’s

good fellows, till I've finished my blanket. I won't keep you more than half a minute."

And having finished her blanket, as the circulars say, "with promptitude and despatch," she allowed herself to be led off to the "dark" like a lamb.

I think I may venture to say here that the treatment of these male officers to my poor wild demented sex might at times and seasons be a trifle more gentle. There are some male officers who can keep their temper after a scratch down the cheeks, or in face of the resistance generally made to their efforts to remove a prisoner; but there are others, not few and far between, who are extra cruel, and use their giant's strength tyrannously, and like a giant. This is my opinion at least, and many years of prison service have given me an opportunity of judging. Perhaps these few remarks may lead the "heads of office" to ask present matrons their opinion on the subject.

Another memorable instance of violence, accompanied with method, occurred at Mill-

bank Prison. A woman, after committing the usual amount of damage with glass, sheets and blanket, contrived very ingeniously to keep out the officers by barricading the door with table, bedstead, &c., and, by the addition of her own weight, prevented it being opened inwards for a considerable period of time.*

Another woman, adopting a similar method of defence, armed herself in addition with the leg of the table which she had demolished, and administered some very stout raps on the heads of the male officers when they broke at last into her cell.

All these acts are the angry waves upon the turbulent sea of prison life; the waves that are never still, but are for ever rolling against the barriers, and breaking into spray. Such waves there is no stilling—there is no rule to quiet them in the catalogue of prison discipline. They defy all rules—they are signs of the nature that has known no

* The doors of Millbank cells open inwards, those of Brixton outwards.

rule in the days of its freedom but its own awful passions, and can brook none in the gloomy hours before it.

Hurried as by a will beyond their own — impelled by a force that seems bestowed upon them to work evil in the hour of their desperation — we can but wonder, pity, pray for these wild natures. The power to help them—to turn them from their course—in most cases is beyond us.

CHAPTER XII.

"THE DARK."

BY way of sequence to the preceding chapter, I will devote the present to a few remarks on the punishment that follows the breaking out of refractory women.

The dark cells are six in number at Millbank Prison; at Brixton there are really no dark cells, but sixteen refractory cells, which are termed the penal ward. A few of these latter cells possess a less amount of accommodation than the others, have perforated

gratings in lieu of windows, and are generally known as "the darks" by prisoners and prison officers. For the sake of generality, I will term them "darks" when speaking of either prison, in the present chapter.

Four of the dark cells at Millbank are in a kind of lobby, apart from the prisoners' wards, are firmly secured by formidable doors and iron gratings, and are covered by a sliding pad, the size of the outer door, which tends in a great degree to stifle the uproarious sounds that generally proceed thence, until the woman from sheer exhaustion flings herself on the ground, or coils herself in her two blankets and rug, and subsides to her sloping plank of a couch to dream the battle over again.

The furniture of a dark cell mainly consists of a slanting series of boards by way of bedstead, with an uncomfortable wooden block for a pillow,—hard quarters for the worst of women, and which, with a bread and water diet, tells rapidly upon a prisoner's health.

Some of these dark cells are, with an ingenious perversion of common humanity, placed either above, or below, or beside the matrons' quarters — at Millbank the cell is immediately below—and the tired officer is sometimes kept awake all night by that incessant shrieking, hammering, kicking, and singing in which the confined woman indulges while a spark of strength remains in her system.

"Keeping it up while the screws are in bed," this system of slow torture is termed by the inmates of the dark cells.

It is a striking proof of the power of habit, that even the prison matrons become accustomed to this trial of their nerves. The ordeal to pass before the nerves are strung or the senses deadened, is a painful one, and breaks down a few ; but the constant contiguity with the prisoners gradually asserts its effect, and a woman in the dark cells is a matter of not much concern. It is an event that happens every day ; the noises in the night are to be expected and prepared against ; and the matron is tired with her

long duties, and glad to find herself under any circumstances in her welcome bed.

If the prisoner is extra vociferous, the matron turns a little more restlessly in her bed—wakes up suddenly, and listens for a while, perhaps to make sure that nothing unusual has occurred; and then drops off again to dream of the home she had once—of the friends that were round her in the old time, and who little dreamed that her proud spirit would ever seek this profession rather than be a burden to them—of the mother's face looking in upon her trouble, and so like the life it quitted years ago! And amidst it all, and mingling with her dreams, goes the thump, thump of the prisoner's feet and hands, or wells up from the cell the defiant song of the caged tigress.

The diet of a woman in the dark cells is generally bread and water—unless her health has been already greatly impaired—which is continued according to the extent of her offence, unless any sudden signs of ill-health present themselves. I cannot say from my

own experience that these "darks" have ever worked in any single instance a salutary effect upon the prisoner, although it is difficult to suggest a more proper mode of punishment. This is at all events unavailing, and remains a remnant of the barbarous style of coercion peculiar to the middle ages. With the strong it only proves that the woman has the power to tire out her punishers; with the weak that constant and strict confinement of like nature will speedily affect the mind.

Every precaution is taken with the prisoners in the "dark"—they are carefully watched, and constantly visited; the night officer on duty has to pass each cell once an hour, and make sure that the woman is still well; and the surgeon visits her once a-day.

Meanwhile, as a general rule, the woman continues defiant till the last. Every night a pair of blankets and a rug are given in to the prisoner—every morning the blankets are torn to shreds, and very often the rug, which is of

tough material, and more trying to the fingers. The food which is given in to her is tossed out again, and the water flung at the matron's face; and the singing and raving continue till she is entirely exhausted. The length of time in the "dark" varies considerably. With some women the maximum punishment is two days, however heinous may have been the offence; with more powerful prisoners, I have known twenty-eight days in the "dark" borne with perfect indifference. Nevertheless, confinement there tells at last upon all prisoners; there is no chance of struggling long against it.

During my service at Millbank Prison, there occurred a humorous incident connected with these dark cells. It became known amongst the prisoners that they were full of refractory women, and that any more "smashing" must perforce place the delinquents in temporary association. Millbank Prison, as the reader is aware by this time, is mainly conducted on the silent system, and, therefore, amongst some of the women there is a great inducement to break out: bread and water,

and a dark cell, but still a companion to talk and plot and compare notes with! In this instance, the windows were shivered right and left for the sake of future companionship; and, for the tranquillity of the ward in which these outbreaks occurred, the women were carried from their cells to the "dark" and the refractories, until there were two—in some cases three—women in each cell.

It happened that one particular dark cell adjoined a portion of the pentagon belonging to the men's prison, and from this cell issued suddenly the most piteous screams and cries for help. The matron in attendance hurried to the "dark," and found the three inmates thereof huddled together, shivering and horrified.

"What is the matter?—what are you calling for?" she inquired.

"Oh! miss, for the Lord's sake, let us out! We'll never smash again—we'll behave ourselves so well!"

"What is the matter?"

"Oh! there's the devil in the next cell behind here. I am sure the devil is coming to

fetch us all away! There he is again!—oh, Lord, have mercy upon us!”

And, sure enough, there issued from immediately behind the dark cell a series of the most awful screams and yells that ever escaped human throats. It even alarmed the matron, who was accustomed to these paroxysms of passion; it expressed such fear, and horror, and agony, and was like no human screaming that had ever been heard in Millbank Prison. A legion of hyenas could not have given vent to a noise more unearthly, and the women added their shrieks to the general tumult, and implored to be released.

A messenger was sent round to the men's prison to learn the reason for so unusual an occurrence, and presently the mystery was cleared up. Some Chinese prisoners had arrived and been forced to succumb to the general system of hair-cutting, despite their energetic protests to the contrary. The cherished tails had been mercilessly shorn off amidst the screams of the Chinese; and it was their lamentations over this calamity that had so alarmed the prisoners

in the cell adjoining the room wherein the operation had occurred.

There are exceptions to the general rule of conduct in the "dark." Singing and jumping and blaspheming, women will occasionally grow tired of; and in those cells where a ray or two of light can enter, a woman, becoming weary of her stay there, will beg humbly and earnestly for work, or the leaf of a tract, or something—only something—to relieve the awful monotony of that listless inaction.

One woman, named Honor Matthews, the most desperate and abandoned woman of a desperate class, once refused to leave the "dark" when her time had expired, flung herself on the floor, and announced her intention to remain there. The "dark" suited her; she should break out directly she was put into her old cell, or attempt some one's life. She swore to do one or another, if she were moved from her position.

The woman's stay in the "dark" had been a long one, but there was no help for it, save to submit to her continuance there. She was

one of the worst women in the prison — unteachable, intractable, and malicious. The door of the dark cell closed upon her again, and day after day passed — even week after week — without any signs of her altering her determination. The usual prison food was given her each day — I am not quite certain that even extra food was not allowed — and every inducement urged for her to return to her customary duties.

The matron in attendance had a favourite little kitten, which was accustomed to follow her about the wards; and it chanced that in opening the door to attend to this woman, the kitten concealed itself in the cell, and was locked up with the prisoner.

This feline intruder would have been hailed as a welcome guest by most women under the same circumstances; but this prisoner had never shown an instance of affection for any living thing within the prison walls. The kitten was missed, and search made for it — the woman in the dark cell had seen nothing of it — “What made any one think she knew about the kitten?”

The cell was opened, and the little kitten found suffocated by the prisoner. "That's how I should like to serve the whole of you," she growled.

The woman finished her time at Brixton Prison and went her way. Contrary to general expectation, her name has not hitherto appeared in the list of "returns."

CHAPTER XIII.

PRISON CHARACTERS.—A MOUSE-TAMER.

THE character that I shall attempt to sketch in the present chapter, I will give the fictitious name of Seymour to. She was one of the short-sentenced women, and has passed from the prison, in all probability never to return. I believe she is with her friends again, and it is not my purpose to make any parade of names, which appearing herein may unconsciously pain friends, relations, or acquaintances.

Seymour was a lady prisoner. A systematic system of swindling shopkeepers, supported by lady-like manners, was discovered after the old fashion, and Seymour made her appearance at Millbank to serve some years of penal servitude.

Seymour's manners at all times verged on the eccentric; it was the opinion of many of the matrons that her mind was somewhat affected. She was singular in her habits, had a peculiar style of wearing her bonnet and shawl, and held herself strictly aloof from the other prisoners. She exhibited a fair attention to her prison duties, evaded all reports, and was one of those prisoners who give no trouble, and are easy to manage—one of the best class of women. She was rather partial to complaining against the other prisoners for insulting her, and to suggesting alterations of prison rules, etc., to any matron who would favour her by listening to her plans.

With her fellow-prisoners she had a pitying way that was to them particularly aggravating, and to prison matrons she was condescending and patronizing. Her capa-

bilities of "talking over" were something totally out of the common; and her Bible knowledge, and anxiety to argue on Scriptural points of doctrine, impressed a few of those most likely to be deceived. She was always open to conviction on any point, she affirmed; she was only anxious to be thoroughly enlightened, and wake to the knowledge of the truth! My own impression has always been that Seymour was of the hypocritical class; that a visionary idea of becoming "a pet prisoner" had suggested from the outset her peculiar line of conduct. In words she was too truly penitent; but the hardness, and even the indifference of her manner, in the absence of the chaplain or Scripture reader, was a bad sign for her conversion. Moreover, as at Brixton Prison she gave up talking of religion altogether—save at times, to repeat a chapter or two of the Testament by heart, to show her powers of memory—I have always considered that I have grounds for making this assertion.

At Brixton Prison, also, she continued her objection to her fellow-prisoners—"those poor

abandoned creatures," as she termed them—declined association when it was in her power; and when favoured with a companion, treated the wondering woman to a lengthened detail of the respectability of her connections. It was at Millbank, however, that her mouse-taming accomplishments showed themselves first; her affection for mice and sparrows was intense. One mouse, that she invariably termed "my friend," was accustomed to make his appearance from a hole at her call, and take his place during the dinner hour on the table, whereon he would be regaled with crumbs from her six-ounce loaf. I have looked through "the inspection" of her cell more than once, and seen these strange companions at their meals,—the mouse timid and panting, nibbling at the crumbs strewn before it, even taking them from the prisoner's hand, and ready to dart away at the first alarm. Seymour had a peculiar call for the mouse, to which it always responded; and as the intimacy increased, "my friend" gathered greater confidence, and would perch on her shoulder, or run up and down her sleeve.

“My friend” placed itself entirely at her disposal after a little while, and Seymour was accustomed to take it to church in the bosom or sleeve of her dress, and to talk of her friend’s health or appetite, and of the effect the weather had on its constitution.

During the absence of Seymour from the cell one day, a spiteful prisoner imitated her call, brought the inconsiderate mouse on the table, seized it, and—*bit its tail off!*

“My friend” did not respond so readily to the call after this outrage to its dignity, and it was some hours before Seymour discovered the ravages made on her little companion’s personal appearance. Then Seymour’s indignation and horror knew no bounds.

“Miss ——! some brute has taken off my friend’s tail!” she screamed to the matron. “It’s an infamous and cowardly action, and I hope you’ll report it to the lady-superintendent. I demand to know who has been in my cell during my absence. I have a right to know, Miss, and I hope you’ll make every inquiry.”

“Miss ——,” was her next salutation, “have you mentioned about my friend yet?”

“Not yet, Seymour.”

“Then Ill see the deputy-superintendent* myself. Put my name down, if you please. My friend has been subjected to the most infamous and revolting treatment!”

And the woman’s rage was so intense that it was anticipated that during the day Seymour would make her first break-out. However, breaking-out would have lost her “my friend,” and Seymour subsided, made her complaint, and was promised all the redress that prison rules could afford her.

But prison rules had not been framed with any idea as to the injuries which the tails of the mice of the establishment might receive; and, this serious omission having been explained to her, Seymour was pacified. She bore ever afterwards an implacable hatred to the woman who committed the offence on her “friend”—the woman made no scruple in avowing the

* This incident occurred in the old days of Millbank, when ostensibly there was no superintendent to the prison.

fact—and her demonstrative contempt for that prisoner in particular was often a source of amusement to the women on occasions when they were brought together.

But “my friend” was doomed to a worse fate in the future. When it had recovered all its old confidence in its protector, attended Divine service again in the chapel, and become a regular guest at Seymour’s dinner-table, a favourite cat called “Alma,” attached to the establishment, made a pounce at the mouse in Seymour’s absence, and cut short its career.

Seymour showed great concern at the loss of her companion, broke into a passionate fit of weeping when the news was first communicated, and fell into as despondent and morbid a condition as people of weak minds have done before and since her time. It was some months before Seymour recovered her customary equanimity; she really fretted about the mouse, and the unhappy termination to its career. In the evening, I have seen her with the unopen book of the prison library on her table, and she crying silently to herself over the loss of the loved one.

Seymour made many efforts to obtain a successor to "my friend." She broke up half her loaves to encourage them ; but although she succeeded so far as to induce one or two to venture on the table after the crumbs, if she remained at a respectful distance from them, yet there was no second mouse to venture within arm's length of one who wished well to the whole *mus* genus.

Seymour passed on to Brixton Prison, and the world of mice knew her no more.

Two instances of sparrow-taming occurred in my prison experience ; one by a prisoner of a very different stamp to Seymour, who, by patience, perseverance, and constant study, lured a sparrow into the cell. The sparrow was christened "Bobby," and would come at her call and feed from her hand in much the same way as the ill-starred *protégée* of Seymour.

Bobby even evinced no objection to a paper bonnet, and was taught to hop over the table, harnessed by thread to a little paper cart of the prisoner's construction. In the bright days he was absent for two or three days together ; when the weather was wet, Bobby would fly

into the cell and perch on the gas pipe, whence he would survey, with his head on one side, the woman, at her work. But prison-pets were doomed to a sad end, and Bobby's fate was worse than "my friend's."

Flying round the cell one night after the gas was lighted, Bobby made a dash at the flame, singed his wings, and died that night on the table of the cell, with the woman wringing her hands over him.

Such little incidents as these show traits of kindness and feeling amongst the prison women; few and far between traits perhaps, but still evidence of a love and concern for something, in the midst of much hardness of heart and obduracy of spirit. Had such feelings been encouraged in the past days, perhaps life in the present for these poor, caged spirits might not have ended quite so sadly!

In the midst of much that is evil, the good will put forth a feeble shoot or two; and, if in strange directions, still they remain as evidence of the fairer side of these

murky prison lives. If more time could be spared for each individual case — the nature and habits of the prisoner as carefully studied as a physician might study in a dangerous case the antecedents of his suffering patient — I am sure more good would follow the attempt than those versed in the philosophy of crime have ever thought of yet.

CHAPTER XIV.

PRISONERS' FRIENDS.

GOVERNMENT does not wholly exclude the prisoners from the outer world—or rather from those faces appertaining to it. After six months at Millbank Prison, the women are allowed to see their friends once in three months—the fathers, mothers, sisters, and brothers more happily off than they, and basking in the free air and sunshine beyond “such places;” once in three months at Brixton Prison a like privilege is conceded.

Caution is exercised on these visiting days, so that no collusion between the outer and the inner world may take place; so that no "old pals" and companions in past crime may meet and make arrangements for the future — the bright future when the ticket is granted, and the woman is turned again on society.

Strange medley of character do these prisoners' friends present; and strange attempts to defeat the sagacity of the watchful matron and prey upon her woman's feelings to concede some little favour are constantly being made. Tragedy, melodrama, comedy, farce, and burlesque play each a part in turn behind the screen of the visiting room; and the matron in attendance requires no small powers of self-command.

The prisoner's friend stands behind one wire-work screen at Millbank, and the prisoner behind another, whilst in a space between the two sits the matron on duty, silent and vigilant.

Let the reader suppose himself in this

space, or neutral ground, whilst a few prison visitors file before him in succession. They are fair portraitures of the figures that flit to and fro, and play their part here—such dialogues between prisoners and prisoners' friends happen almost every day.

They do not come in quite so rapid a succession, perhaps, but our space is limited, and we have much to say on other topics ere FINIS be written to these chronicles.

The prisoner is a woman who has gone wrong in defiance of friends and husband; whom no efforts have ever set right. The wife of a poor industrious workman, who did his best to keep her straight, but could not hinder in his absence the constant visits to the gin-shop round the corner; whose returns to home were made with a hope that Jane would be better this night—just for once!—and whose hopes were all dashed by the deserted room, and the fireless grate, and no dinner ready; or shadowed by the sleepy-looking, red-eyed woman reeling about the room, and talking incoherent nonsense gravely,

in the vain hope of impressing him with the fact of her sobriety. For there are poor men's homes and wives like unto these—and this is no fancy picture to give effect to that which is to follow. Ignorance is one awful reason for sin—and Drink is another.

“If it hadn't been for the drink, sir,—oh! if it hadn't been for the drink!” moans many a prisoner when her heart is touched by the chaplain's earnest exhortation.

This prisoner, whom drink has brought to ruin, stands and looks wistfully across at a pale-faced man, in his Sunday's best, holding by the hand a little fair-haired child of six or seven years of age. The man is grave and sad, and passes his hand across his eyes, perhaps, as the child cries “mother.” And the child's voice—as in these cases always—makes the woman lean her head against the wire-screen, and weep—oh! so bitterly! If the impulse in these women's hearts at such times could but by some grand process be stamped

indelibly there, we should hear much more of true repentance!

“Well, Jane?”

“Well, James?”

“Are you pretty well and comfortable, Jane—considerin’?”

“Yes, considerin’,” answers the woman, with a weary sigh.

If this is the first meeting since her confinement, and she is a woman such as I attempt to describe here, she is abashed and taciturn in the beginning of the interview. Reminiscences of their last bitter parting flash across her memory; of the words they had, perhaps, ere she ran away and left him, and came to grievous harm. The husband is embarrassed, too. He is new to prisons, and the prison matron sitting in the division between him and his wife perplexes him. He could speak out more fully all that is in his heart, if the silent witness to all was not sitting there, like a grim Fate, by which his wife was haunted. It is hard to be sentimental, to talk of his forgiveness, to preach to her—she who

had always hated preaching!—in a third person's presence.

There ensues an awkward silence, broken at last by the husband. A happy thought occurs to him to relieve the difficulties of the position. He starts a subject on which they can both discourse freely.

“Don't you think our little Jane has grown?”

“God bless her!—yes. You haven't forgotten me, Jane?” she calls across.

“No, mother.”

“I suppose she can get round to kiss her mother, mum?” inquires the husband, and the woman gives a little suppressed scream, clasps her hands, and cries,

“Oh! if I only might kiss her!”

The matron murmurs something concerning a breach of rules, and the impossibility of granting her request.

“What's become of Johnny?” asks the mother.

“He's apprenticed now, Jane. He couldn't leave this time. Perhaps the next I may manage to bring him.”

“It’s an awful place to see his mother in!”

“Ah, it is! And I hope it’s a warning, Jane,” remarks the husband. “Please God, this is a warning and a lesson that’s to last.”

“It’ll never happen again,” says the woman, confidently.

(“It will never happen again,” is the one unceasing refrain of prison penitents, real and sham).

“Well, I hope not.”

The woman looks at him again more wistfully than ever.

“When I get my ticket, James, am I to come home?”

She has made home a curse to this man; she has been a thief, a drunkard — perhaps false to him; but these working men are always hopeful, and large-hearted, and forgiving.

“I hold that man the worst of public foes
Who, either for his own or children’s sake,
To save his blood from scandal, lets the wife,
Whom he knows false, abide and rule the house,”

says Tennyson; but it is a harsh assertion, and, in some cases, this "worst of public foes" may be the best of Christians and the most forgiving of men. And working men do not read Tennyson to any extent, and have much to consider, and were not thought of when the Laureate wrote those lines. There is a difference, too; the scandal is known, and the neighbours have already talked of James's wife, and pitied his up-hill work to make a good woman of her. The home is desolate, and always out of sorts; the children want looking after in his absence; if she would only repent in the future, what a different life for him and her—if she would only "stash" the drink!

And the man answers her question very hoarsely, but very firmly—

"Yes, Jane, if you'll try to make it home."

"I will, by God!" exclaims the woman, and meets the matron's reproving glance, and repeats—"I will, James—indeed I will!" without the supplementary oath.

Then follows all the news of the neigh-

bourhood, to which the woman greedily listens: who has got on in business, and who has gone to the bad; how many have married and died, or had babies, since she was keeping her husband's house in order; how many are anxious about her, and who sends her her love in the days of her tribulation?

Suddenly the weakness common to the best of women peers forth.

"Who's keeping house for you now, James?"

"Robert's sister keeps the key, and looks in once or twice if I or the children are away. She gets my dinner for me, and so on."

"I never liked Robert's sister much, James."

"She's a very good woman—honest and industrious."

"Ah! you allus thought so much of *her!*"

The man seeks to turn the conversation; but the wife will know more of Robert's sister—how often she is at home, who sits up for him on "club nights," what becomes of Robert's sister on Sundays? The man answers frankly enough, and the woman appears satisfied; but there is a gloomy doubt amidst it

all, which will not be talked away. Robert's sister stands between her and the far-off vista where the brightness is, and where the free air blows upon her in the better days.

But the twenty minutes are up ; the matron calls attention to the allotted time ; the mother begins to cry again, and to wish that she could only kiss the child before she goes—the matron, if impulsive and tender-hearted, will take a ribbon or something from the child, and pass it to the mother, who will remember the kind action in her prayers that night, if she is one of the few who have been induced to pray to God, and believe in His power to change all this some day ! Wife, and husband, and child go their separate ways, and the memorable visit is registered in both their hearts.

Visits quite so sentimental between husband and wife are not, however, the general rule—occasionally a series of mutual recriminations occur in this fashion :

Husband. Well, you've made a mess of it this time, Sue, by George !

Wife. So it seems.

Husband. All your own fault, you know.

Wife. Don't stand there, telling lies, Joe. If it hadn't been for your blackguard goings on, I should have never come to this.

Husband. You did it all yourself—you know you did. What do you want to try to make this lady (*with a jerk of his thumb to the matron on duty*) believe all your cussed stories for?"

And they will become so mutually accusative and personal, that it becomes part of the matron's duty to remind them that, unless there is a change of tone, the interview will be summarily cut short.

But we have not done with prisoners' friends yet. A turn of the slide, and a penal class woman takes her place on one side, and her brother or sister, or both, on the other. In this case, for the sake of an illustration, we will say brother and sister together.

There is no mistaking the relationship, as there is no mistaking the profession, past and present, of this trio. The overhanging brows, deep-set eyes, thick sensual lips, are of one family cast, and the furtive glances right and

left and around are true thieves' glances. There is a general likeness amongst professional thieves, which a little observation does not fail to detect. Knavery stamps all its votaries with a common seal, and though the impression be faint in many instances—as in many more it is very powerfully developed—yet the brand is there, and there are no good thoughts to wear it away.

Greetings are exchanged. The prisoner hopes Jack and Mary are well, and Mary hopes the same of her unfortunate sister Ann. Glances are cast at the matron, some movement of the features expresses that the matron on duty is an easy one, or the reverse—the cue is taken accordingly, and the matron is prepared to be extra watchful and attentive.

There is great regret at her position, and many moral reflections indulged in by the brother and sister, all for the edification of the matron in charge.

“I hope you'll never come to this again, Ann,” reflects the brother; “you were brought up right and piously, and should have knowed

better—you were larnt your catechiz, and all the 'mandments, and we did our best to keep you straight."

"I know that, Jack."

"It's along o' bad company, Ann," adds Mary, with a wink; "all along of Jo' Barclay and his games. Jo's got in trouble, Ann."

"Oh, has he?"

"Seven years on it, poor fellow. Tooked up all in a flash like."

"Poor Jo!"

"How are *you* getting on, Ann?" asks Jack.

"Oh, pretty well," with a reckless toss of her head.

"That's all right."

"Where's mother?" is the prisoner's next question.

"She's—she's *gone in the country*."

"And father?"

"We expect him back *from the country* next month—on the fifth, Ann."

"Ah, I was a-trying to count up," remarks Ann; "I thought it was about the fifth."

Jack proceeds to afford all the news, in a style a little enigmatical, dropping now and then three or four words of true thieves' dialect, or Romany. It is sometimes designated by the women as Romany—although there is a marked difference between thieves' Romany, and the Romany peculiar to the gipsy race. When indications of a dialogue in this *patois* begin to appear, the matron warns the prisoner's friends that it is a breach of rules, and will be followed by the prisoner's withdrawal; and the friends "are very sorry, mum, and very humble, and it didn't strike 'em before, mum, and it was on'y a habit of theirs, and it shan't occur again, mum."

In less than two or three minutes it does occur again, and there is such an evident intention to deceive, that it becomes necessary to abridge the interview, and separate these black sheep. Jack and Mary go away muttering discontent, and Ann takes to smashing when she reaches her cell, because she has been put upon, and treated shabbily.

"It's all that Miss ——. I'll have her

blessed"—she don't always call it blessed—"life one of these fine days. On'y wait till I get a chance, that's all!"

A turn of the slide, and another picture of prison interviews. I give this one almost verbatim; and it affords some little insight into the thoughts of a certain class of prisoners—from which class I have to draw a character presently.

The prisoner is a young, pale-faced girl; the prison visitor, a poor, old, tottering, decently clad woman. The mother cries very bitterly at the first sight of her daughter, and makes frequent use of a very clean pocket-handkerchief; the prisoner bites her lips, which will quiver in spite of her, and bursts out at last with—

"Dontee cry, mother!—I be very comfortable—there's such a little to cry about!"

"Oh! dear—it's very sad!"

"Did you come up to-day?"

"Yes, by the early train. I suppose I can't shake hands with my girl, anyhow, miss?"

“It is against the rules here.”

“Very well, miss,” she adds, with a sigh.

It is the daughter in this instance that asks all the questions, and tries to distract her mother from the dark thoughts born of such an interview.

“How are you getting on, mother?—How’s Uncle John, and all his little ones?—Has Jemmy come back from sea?—Have you heard from Jemmy?—Is Sarah Ann married yet?”

The old lady gathers more nerve as the interview proceeds; dries her eyes, and answers all her daughter’s questions—becomes at last very garrulous, and details all the gossip of the far-away country village whence she has journeyed to see her imprisoned child.

“Uncle John helped me with a couple of shillings, my dear, or I should never have been able to come and see you,” she adds; “Uncle John’s always very kind, though he has a large family of his own to help, Martha.”

“How did you get through the winter, now?” asks the daughter anxiously.

“Poorly! poorly! My eyes went bad again — and there was no work about—and so I had parish relief, my dear.”

“Ah! that’s bad!”

“I shall have to go into ‘the House’ altogether soon.”

“No, don’t do that!” is the quick reply.

“There’s no help for it, Martha. It isn’t,” she adds, in a sorrowful, almost a reproachful manner, “as if I had my daughter to help me in my weakness and old age.”

“Don’t go into the House,” repeats the prisoner.

“What can I do, my dear?”

“*Come here!*”

The old woman flings up her hands in horror, and the daughter continues in a strange, excited whisper—

“You’ll be treated well here. You’ll have enough to eat and drink — you won’t have any hard words here—they give you such blankets and sheets to lie on!—you can have the doctor every day if you like —

and it's like heaven to be in the Infirmary! Oh! mother, if you would only try and come here!"

The mother stands behind the wire-work and seems to consider the matter; the daughter becomes more eloquent and persuasive—even begins to suggest the best plan to set about it—until the matron calls her to order, and reproves her for her wickedness.

"It's not wickedness!" says the prisoner; "it's the best thing, God knows, that can happen to us poor!"

And the prisoner is not far wrong. And amidst the mass of our fallen sisters that Millbank and Brixton Prisons contain, there are these strange, stern philosophers—women who have weighed all the chances between the work-house and the prison, and who, being compelled to choose between one or the other, strike the balance in favour of the gaol. A little less liberty, but more kindness and attention; better food, and more friendly faces—only the key turned on them and their sleeping-chamber

called "a cell!" Step by step from Millbank to Brixton—perhaps from Brixton to Fulham, if they are young enough—books to read, good warm clothing, the chaplain to talk to them every day.

I have been often tempted to wonder if the workhouses would be always full, if women would have to hesitate at all between the Parish and the Prison; if Government made no contracts with the slop-houses and the wholesale firms, and competed not so closely—so cruelly—with the honest and hard-working poor. There will be living illustrations to Hood's "Song of the Shirt" to the end of time, if some better and more just system be not presently adopted. I cannot think it fair or humane to take contracts from such firms as Moses and Son, and others, at a price with which no woman who has rent to pay and a home to keep can possibly compete. Prisoners, especially female prisoners, should do prison work, army work, the binding of the prison books—even the printing of the innumerable forms might possibly be taught them—but no work beyond Government work,

for the sake of those who desire to live honestly and resist temptation.

I am conscious that I am not the first to raise my voice against this system ; but the matter has long since dropped, and the system is at work still. It is a system morally and radically wrong, and will fall some day, even if the nation has a small extra tax to pay. If Government would put the question to that nation, I think its heart is large and sound enough not to shrink even from that ordeal, for the sake of the poor atoms struggling to be honest, and for the sake of Him who blessed them. In one year, by one female prison, and *for one firm alone*, forty-three thousand, seven hundred and twenty-eight shirts were made ; and the work is still done on as large a scale, and thus diverted from its proper channel.*

And there are women like the prisoner I

* 50,822 shirts were made for a City firm, and 96,541 bags mended for a City firm, by Millbank women, in 1860. By the Brixton female convicts, during the same year, 30,423 shirts, 1,809 duck slops, and upwards of a thousand other articles, were made for different firms. *See Chap. 43, On Prison Statistics, Vol. II.*

mention here—resembling her I shall have to mention in a future chapter—who know all this, and deliberately weigh all this, and give up, despairing at the thought.

The woman I have mentioned left her daughter with a very different idea of prison life, and with a conviction that it was to be preferred to workhouse life, and with a regret that one must forfeit a good name to become a female convict. If prison could only have been entered by expressing a wish to that effect, we should have had the mother as well as the daughter, in a very little while.

One-half of the prison visitors are, however, as bad as the prisoners—pupils of the same school, who are greater adepts in their awful lessons, and for the present have escaped confinement; the cool impudence of this class is worthy of note. Amongst the deepest knaves there is a very simple cunning that defeats itself. A prison visitor of the doubtful class will calmly pass through the grating a piece of paper to the prison matron, and say,

“Will you have the kindness to hand that to

my sister — (or mother, or whatever the relationship may be) — it's only an address, miss."

And the bland astonishment that is feigned by the visitor on being informed that it is against the rules to pass a paper to the prisoner, is a poor attempt at innocence of any evil purpose.

Delicate hints are also occasionally made to the matron, that money for any little favour conceded will be forthcoming if required. The more disreputable class of visitors appear to consider the offer of money as a temptation which even a prison matron has not the power to withstand. In some rare cases the offer of money is made in ignorance of the rules, and in all good feeling; the difference is easily distinguishable. On a prisoner saying once to a sailor visitor;

"I've nothing to complain of—the prison matron is very kind to me"—he immediately drew forth two sovereigns, which he insisted on the matron receiving on the instant, until the fact was fully made clear to him, that it was

more than her place was worth to receive the donation.

One young woman, who had brought her captive mother a screw of snuff in a paper, could not understand the matron's reason for not passing it over; and the mother, who had a *penchant* for snuff, also argued the matter at some length, and hoped Miss —— would just “stretch a point” for this once. “It was only snuff, and it could not do a mite of harm to anybody—and she did so miss it—and, strike her dead, Miss ——, if she'd ever split about it!”

The opportunity for “splitting,” it may readily be imagined, was not put in her power.

Prison visiting has some sad and trying phases. When the prisoner is one of the higher classes, and the reason for her crime has been ever a mystery incompatible with common understanding, the pain of meeting her friends is almost unendurable. And the strange wonder and pity of those friends, whose carriage may be waiting in Millbank Street, the suppressed shame, and the tears and sobs that are beyond suppression, affect the watcher more than is

imagined. It is very difficult to become accustomed to this portion of a principal matron's duty—I have never envied any one the office.

So the waifs and strays from the outer world float to the dark surface of this prison life, and meet face to face those waifs and strays from all that should ennoble and purify our common womanhood.

CHAPTER XV.

PRISON CHARACTERS.—“GRANNY COLLIS.”

As an illustration of much that has been alluded to in a preceding chapter, I may as well devote a page or two in this place to the outlines of the character I have thought of sketching.

It is a character certainly exceptional to the mass that crowds our female prisons, but it occurs at times and seasons, and shows a defective working somewhere.

Collis was an old woman of seventy years

of age and upwards—almost the mother of the prison. A woman who looked at the advantages of prison life philosophically, and who grew as attached to the prison as we read old debtors have become attached to the Queen's Bench and the Fleet.

Not a great favourite of the prisoners, for she was too quiet, orderly, and in her way religious; but still one who made no enemies, got into no quarrels or disputes, and was content to be let alone. More of a favourite with the prison officers than prisoners, and to the assistant-matron on probation, as well as to the lady-superintendent, civil, and obedient, and meek.

A little spare, pretty old woman, with a chirping voice; good-tempered, even merry at times; who took the ills that prison flesh is heir to with composure, and was content with everything. A truthful old woman too, and one who read her Bible with great attention in her cell, and made no parade of reading it. Perhaps her only affectation was her regret at the theft that had brought her to this pass—for she was fond of prison life, and

had outlived all friends in the world beyond it.

“I don’t know what I shall do when my time’s up,” she said to me once; “there’s no one to take care of me outside, and I’m afraid they’ll treat me very badly at the workhouse. Well, I suppose, miss, I must make the best of it.”

She was a woman who always made the best of it, and her good-tempered, pleasant face was scarcely like a prisoner’s. At her age, and with her natural weakness, it would have been easy with a little acting to have been passed over to the Infirmary ward, where “everything that heart could wish for,” as the phrase runs, would have been at her disposal. But she was satisfied with her cell, and her footing of equality with the other prisoners—both at Millbank and Brixton—and in fact was very proud of being able to do her stroke of work—such as it was—with the rest. Matrons fell into the way of treating her kindly, and in giving her, when it was possible, the lion’s share of

ease — there is a respect for old age, even in a prison.

All the prisoners were “children” with her — “Oh, that unruly child next door, how she did keep me awake last night, to be sure” — or, “That poor child, Smith, has gone off to the ‘dark’ again — dear, dear, dear now, I’m really very sorry!”

Her cell was a pattern of cleanliness and order — “her little room,” she was fond of designating it. A curious sight in the long winter evenings it was, to see this motherly old woman sitting with her open Bible — her thin, bony hands pushing back her grey hair, as she leaned her elbows on the table, and studied the promises of that Book, and built her hopes from them.

I have often wondered what peculiar train of thought Granny Collis was accustomed to indulge in over this Bible — how she reconciled her past life, her present amendment, and her future intentions with the counsel and warning of God’s Word. I believe she had some peculiar train of reasoning

which reconciled matters to her, and that she fancied, even if she returned to prison to work out a fresh sentence, that God would forgive the new crime which placed her there, considering how helpless and friendless she was in the outer world. And is there any one of us bold enough to guess all that our Father will forgive his erring children?

Collis was attentive to the minister's discourse in chapel, a regular communicant, and a patient listener to the good man's counsel in her cell; but really penitent as she was for past misconduct, she clung to the idea of coming back again, although it was the matrons rather than the higher officers of the prison who guessed her real intentions.

"I'll try the workhouse," was her remark one day; "but I'm thinking it won't suit me like this. Not half so comfortable and *quiet*."

Collis worked her sentence out, and went her way. The prisoners wished Granny good luck, the matrons bade her God speed, and the prison gates closed behind her, as it was

thought, for the last time. She had worked out her full sentence—she had been committed before the act of 1857, that allowed remissions from long sentences of penal servitude*—and it was not anticipated by the majority that that cheerful, feeble old woman would ever be tottering down the wards again.

But in a few months Collis reappeared at Millbank Prison. Old Mary Collis had been convicted of a petty theft again, and was sentenced to a second term of imprisonment.

“I have come back, to settle down for good,” she said; “I know I’ve done very wrong, and that I am old enough to know what’s right by this time, but *I couldn’t keep away!* I have tried the workhouse, and they’re so terribly noisy there, and there’s not half the order there should be, and everybody wants to quarrel so. Besides,” she added

* Before 1857 tickets of leave were granted to transports, but sentences of penal servitude were worked out in full. See Chap. VI.

with characteristic naiveté, "they don't understand my ways at the workhouse, and you are all so used to me by this time!"

Passing from Millbank to Brixton, she made the same excuse to the latter authorities, and the same confession, that "she knew how wrong it was," and then "settled down" to work her time out, or to die in working it. She fell into the same old habits—read her Bible as industriously as ever, took the Sacrament, preserved ever the same good temper, and *did* die before her term of imprisonment was ended.

She broke up slowly and surely, and was removed at last to the Infirmary, where she was always patient, cheerful and resigned. A good prisoner, and as good a Christian as it was possible for a prisoner to be, perhaps, she died, I think at the age of seventy-six, in the Infirmary ward of Brixton Prison.

She had wished to die in gaol, and had sinned to die there. A strange, hard, friend-

less life hers must have been, to have looked forward to such a haven of rest as the close of her pilgrimage!

CHAPTER XVI.

PRISON-CHILDREN.

THE subject which forms the heading of this chapter has been lightly dwelt upon by former writers on prison matters; as I have a little more to say concerning it, I may venture to follow on the beaten track. In most cases, for the reader's sake, I have touched but very lightly on incidents which other writers have alluded to; only where an error has been committed, or some important details forgotten, have I considered it

my duty to follow in the steps of those who have preceded me.

Setting aside, for the nonce, the fact that an article on the Prison Nursery has been written by Mr. Mayhew, I turn my attention to this subject—this little change of prison scene and character which passes before the view of those in office at Brixton.

The prison nursery, it may be premised, is peculiar to Brixton.* Women who have not served their probation at Millbank are sent on to the Surrey prison when the time draws near to give birth to their children. The per-centage of the number of women who arrive *enceinte* at Millbank is not a large one; still at Brixton timely provision is

* Previous to the institution of the Nursery at Brixton Prison, there was a series of cells allotted to prisoners and their children at Millbank, and termed the "Nursery Ward." This has been long since abolished. Very shortly I have reason to believe the prison nursery will follow the "Nursery Ward." Since the writing of this work, great care is exercised in excluding from Millbank, and consequently from Brixton, all prisoners likely to give birth to children at a future time.

made for such emergencies, and a nursery for the little unfortunates provided.

Strictly speaking, it is not a nursery—it is on the whole more of a convalescent room, though it generally passes by the former appellation.

The character faintly sketched in my last chapter spent some time here in her old age, previous to being passed on to the Infirmary; and women whose mental or physical infirmities render them unfit subjects for stone cells, and yet who are not ill enough to become inmates of the Infirmary, halt at this resting-place between the two.

The prison nursery is in the centre of a prison ward, and is a large room with sleeping accommodation for twenty women and their charges. Iron screens are padlocked before the fires, to prevent any accident from the carelessness of the women, or the rashness of the children. The mothers are supposed to rise at the same time as the women in other parts of the prison; but there is some latitude allowed in this respect, and it is not

till a considerably later hour that each prisoner has cleaned her allotted portion of the room, and the children have begun to play about.

It is a strange picture, that prison nursery. "There is no place," Mr. Mayhew writes, "in which there is so much toleration and true wisdom, if not goodness, to be learnt as in the convict nursery at Brixton." I may add to this remark, that there is no place that suggests more sad thoughts, or that shows at times more awful an insight into the workings of the mother's heart. In the aggregate they are gentle, loving mothers enough; but they are mothers who have known no right themselves, who are insensible to the shame of their position, and who do not care for right to develop itself in these little prison flowers.

And it is a sad thought, to wonder what will become of these children when the mother and child pass into the world again — when the mother returns to her own old life, and flings this child upon society, to grow up

as hard, and callous, and crafty as herself. A sad thought to think of the chances that most of them will lose, and of the awful lessons they may have to learn.

There have been a few variations in the prison rules respecting these children: the child was sent to its friends, or to the parish, at the expiration of two years; of late, the child generally stays till the completion of the mother's sentence. In the case of long sentenced women I am doubtful, but I remember no instance of a child remaining longer than four years in prison. One child, named Annie, who was not born at the prison, but, for some particular reason, arrived there afterwards, remained, however, with her mother till she reached the age of six years. On glancing at the article on the Prison Nursery, in Mr. Mayhew's work of the "Great World of London," I perceive he mentions a child of four years old, who is so surprised at the aspect of exterior things, that in the first days of its freedom — or rather of its mother's free-

dom — it calls a horse “a great cat.” Mr. Mayhew has been misled by the glowing statement of a matron, I am inclined to think — the prison children have many opportunities of seeing horses in the prison yard.

The airing ground, wherein they have been accustomed to play until a late period, has a pair of gates opening on the court, or outer yard, at which gates a row of children were sure to appear, if the gates were left open for prison purposes a moment. Into the outer yard horses and carts are constantly entering; the contractor's cart, the miller's cart, the Director's cab, the omnibuses with women from Millbank to Brixton, the omnibuses to take back the misbehaved to Millbank,* etc. The children are not kept quite so much in the dark with reference to all sublunary things, and they are fond of playing at horses in the prison nursery, with more noise and pattering of their tiny feet than is altogether comfortable at times. These chil-

* The prison rule is, however, to keep all gates strictly closed during the arrival or departure of prisoners.

dren even pass out of prison occasionally, and go, by invitation to tea, to the houses of some of the principal officers down the prison lane, and now and then to Sunday-school in the Chaplain's quarters, I believe.

The children are happy little things enough—their toys principally consist of a few rag dolls made by the mothers, and some boxes of toys purchased by the matrons, who have their little favourites. They are, taken all together, a delicate class of children—the prison air is not the best atmosphere for infants to exist in—and many of them are quick, sharp children, with a sagacity that seems to me beyond their years. Many of them are the children of sharp mothers, whose example and teaching are peculiar. It is one of the saddest facts to record in this work, that more than once I have heard a child of two years old give utterance to an oath that it has learned from—perhaps been taught by—its mother, and the exclamation received by a shout of laughter from the women in the room.

One little child, also, when teased too much by its mother, or by other mothers, was in the habit of threatening to go to the "dark!"

I remember but one case of a mother with little love for her offspring—who was more jealous of her "pal," and her pal's attention to other prisoners, than of her own child's affection being diverted from its natural source. Women might take the child, and matrons might make a favourite of it, but talk to her old pal too much, and she would give up the nursery and the child, and take to smashing, and be carried off to a refractory cell in consequence.

One more mother—in the days of the nursery ward at Millbank—evinced her gratitude for a matron's attention to the child, by tearing a handful of hair from the officer's head. The matron was stooping to kiss the child in the cell, and the temptation to a malicious woman was too great to be resisted, and the savage attack was made in consequence. Most of the children of three years old have some knowledge of

their letters, but there is no regular plan of teaching, and no schoolmistress appointed to the nursery.

It is a dull, unnatural life for the children ; but with many of these little ones it is the brightest and purest era in their lives, I fear.

CHAPTER XVII.

PRISON CHARACTERS.—MARY ANN BALL.

A GREAT deal of the character of this prisoner, the reader has obtained an insight into, from previous anecdotes scattered about this book. In my chapter on prisoners' vanity, I have made special mention of Ball, whose ingenuity in altering her dress and bonnet, etc., was a subject amongst the prisoners of envy or admiration, according to their respective natures.

Mary Ann Ball was a transfer from Stafford Gaol, whence she arrived with a few special

cautions from the authorities of that establishment. Particular mention was made of her cunning, and her extraordinary strength. It was mentioned, by way of a delicate hint to be cautious, that at Stafford she had torn up with her hands an iron plate firmly secured in the floor.

Ball was a very handsome girl, of nineteen or twenty years of age, dark eyed, and of the middle height. Perfectly conscious of her good looks, Ball was about the vainest woman who ever entered a prison. Everything was at once altered to suit her figure, or agree with her complexion; and the attempt to train her to the prison rules was an arduous and unprofitable task. Ball was not to be tamed; she might be killed by harsh discipline, but there was no rendering her one of the well-behaved women. Her way she must have — and she would have.

Ball was not one of the morose, malicious women, to whom I shall have to recur at no very distant time; on the contrary, in her

best moods, a light-hearted, generous prisoner. The one drawback, however, was that her best moods were few and far between, and that a straw would ruffle them. An appropriation of her piece of flannel, her particular seat in chapel, or her place in the laundry; a contemptuous word from another prisoner, a sharp word from a prison matron, even a difference of opinion about the complaints with which she used to trouble the doctor, would transform Ball at once into a raging Pythoness.

The windows would shiver, the furniture of her cell would collapse, and Ball's progress to the "dark" be marked by shreds and patches of her garments, tufts of hair from the men's head and whiskers, and buttons of official uniform. In the dark cell, her vocal powers kept the place lively for a considerable period, and the handcuffs with which her wrists had been ornamented were generally flung at the head of the first person who opened the outer door and looked through the grating at her.

There was a very good rule in my time—I believe it has not been altered—to the effect that the matron on night duty should visit the “dark cell” each time in her rounds, and make certain that the woman was well, or had not attempted violence on herself. The habitants of the “dark” are desperate souls, and upon their actions from one hour to another there is no reckoning. Once an hour the matron passes; if the woman is singing, she goes by, or perhaps attempts a gentle remonstrance; if she is quiet, and will not respond to her name, it is necessary to slide back the pad, open the first door, and look through the iron grating which constitutes the second.

Ball was very partial to giving this extra trouble to the night-officer. Though she had been singing ten minutes previously, she would maintain a rigid silence when the night-officer had noiselessly approached,* and tapped with her knuckles at the first door.

* The night-officer is generally accustomed to wear a species of India-rubber shoes or goloshes on her feet. These are termed “sneaks” by the women.

“Good night, Ball,” or, “Are you quite well, Ball?” was the matron’s general remark in this case.

No reply.

Very probably the matron would attempt the coaxing mood.

“You are not going to make me unfasten the door again, Ball—do answer, there’s a good girl?”

No response issuing from the dark cell, the door would be opened, and the light in the matron’s hand held aloft for better inspection. Then Ball would be found standing against the iron door, looking very haggard and wild-beast like, and ready to receive the matron with a half-maniacal laugh; or lying full length on the floor, with the remnants of her blankets strewn round her, and refusing to answer under any pretence whatever.

The following dialogue once occurred between Ball and a matron on night duty. The matron had opened the outer door two or three times, and Ball had regularly been found close to the iron grating. The fourth time the matron, who was somewhat of a favourite of Ball’s in her best

moods, complained of fatigue. Ball stood and stared behind the bars, and made no reply.

“You will not give me all this trouble again, Ball?”

“Sure,” was the sharp, sudden answer to this question.

“It isn’t my fault you are here. I am really sorry to find you have broken out again.”

“You sorry!—that’s the way you all try to cant over me.”

“I really am sorry, Ball.”

Ball gave an impatient snort.

“And I am tired. I have been nursing a little sick brother to-day, and have not had my usual rest. Try to sleep, and say good night when I knock next time, will you?”

“Shan’t!”

The next round, the knuckles of the matron fell as usual on the outer door.

“Good night, Ball,” she cried.

“Good night, miss. *Gord bless you!*”

Such little signs of being open to an impression this handsome tigress made at rare intervals, but it would have required the whole staff of matrons to

have studied every whim of hers ; and so Ball broke out, went to the “dark,” came back, quarrelled, and broke out again *ad infinitum*.

Ball was not only skilful in removing her handcuffs, but it was with considerable difficulty that any of the canvas strait waistcoats, or “jackets” as they are called, could be kept on her for any length of time. She had an ingenious method of rubbing her jacket against the wall of the cell until she wore through the straps ; and having by these means freed her hands from durance vile, she made amends for the delay by wreaking all the damage around her that lay in her power.

At Brixton Prison she gave no signs of amendment ; every article of prison costume she altered to her own fancy, and a remonstrance on the subject elicited the customary outburst. Ball wound up one of her sojourns at Brixton by a feat that would have added extra notoriety to Jack Sheppard. Being confined for misbehaviour in one of the Brixton refractory cells, Ball contrived to free herself from her jacket, tear down the bricks and mortar of the wall, and work her way into the chimney of a matron’s room adjoining—in which

chimney she remained a fixture until relieved from her extraordinary position. For this feat Ball was returned to Millbank, where she continued to behave much after her usual manner, conducting herself with just sufficient moderation of language and behaviour to make her passable for Brixton once more. The superintendents, matrons, etc., of either prison were always extremely rejoiced to get rid of Ball: if Millbank could only flatter itself into the belief that Ball's conduct was improving, away went the girl to the Surrey prison; if Brixton could make a fair case against Ball for breach of discipline, back she came to Middlesex.

“Here's Ball back,” spread with lightning-like rapidity from mess-room to mess-room; and amongst prison officers, and even prisoners, there fell an extra shade of gloom. Only one woman—a prisoner of a later date—was ever so truly incorrigible and untamable as this female convict. Concerning her we shall have a little to say presently.

Ball was partial to company, and would at times feign insanity, and make sham attempts to injure herself in order to have an associate. She was very well acquainted with the rule that no prisoner

giving signs of a failing intellect is allowed to be alone in her cell; and Ball, when tired with her own society, would take to fits of ungovernable violence and incoherent raving, that puzzled every one as to their reality or falsity.

I have seen three male officers and two matrons trying to secure her in her bed, and the immense power of this woman fighting against the extra force, and almost a match for it. It has only been by perseverance and sheer brute strength that Ball has given in at last.

The one attempt at escape—or perhaps merely to elude the vigilance of the officer in charge and create an excitement—was made by Ball and another prisoner. The washing for the prisons is chiefly performed, at Brixton, in a large laundry erected for that purpose. A certain number of the prisoners is told off each day for washing duties, and marched from the cells to the laundry. Here the washing is proceeded with under the surveillance of a matron, whose berth is not the most eligible position “under Government;” and here Ball was accustomed to work, in her few lucid intervals,—the muscular strength of the woman

coming in handy for once in a rational manner.

In the winter time, over their washing-tubs, Ball and another prisoner, of the name of Gardner, concerted a plan for eluding the matron's vigilance. Night had almost set in before the prisoners were conducted to their cells, to reach which it was necessary to cross one of the airing grounds.

Crossing this yard in the usual manner, Ball and Gardner suddenly dropped behind some bushes, crouching in their shadow until the last woman and matron in attendance had passed by. It may be readily imagined that the consternation amongst the prison officers was excessive, when it was discovered that there were two women deficient from the ranks. As the prisoners passed into the ward towards their cells they were counted in the usual way, and the startling fact became apparent that Ball and Gardner were missing.

The prison on fire could only have equalled the excitement of all the Brixton staff; every one's situation trembled in the balance; the credit of every one's vigilance was at stake. The alarm was given, and search made for Ball and Gardner; messengers were despatched to the outer walls, to

make quite certain that by some strange means or other the fugitives were not already dropping from them.

Steps were retraced across the yard to the laundry, in a dark corner of which Ball and Gardner were found quietly ensconced. Considerable satisfaction was expressed by these two young ladies at the trouble they had given, and the excitement into which they had thrown the whole prison; and then the usual sequence of refractory cells, and bread and water, and torn blankets.

Time, that waits for no woman, brought nearer every day the certainty of liberty for Ball; and Ball did make some little effort to behave better in the latter days. This refractory prisoner was humoured also in no small degree; harsh measures had been a failure with her; her strength had been tested to the utmost, and she was not the powerful, healthy girl who had entered on prison service years ago. Still her spirit was not broken; she was as quick to take offence and evince her usual tempers as ever; it was only a long study of her that afforded the matrons a better chance of guessing when she was prone to take offence, and which

was the best way to counteract the threatened storm.

When a ward was being exercised, she was allowed at times to water a little patch of garden ground in the airing-yard, or let out on cleaning duties, or allowed anything within the rules of concession that would offer the chance of making her more agreeable.

As the days between her prison cell and liberty grew less and less—could be counted on the fingers of her hands—she betrayed an unusual amount of restlessness and excitement.

“If I could only have one more break-out before I go,” she frankly avowed once; “I can hardly stand this quietness. I am sure I shall make a smash of it before the ticket comes.”

Ball, it should have been premised, had long since forfeited, by her misconduct, her claim to a ticket-of-leave; and it was only by the kindness of a director that she had been given an extra chance—an eight months' further trial. Had she been reported during those last probationary months, Ball would have worked out her full sentence; and Ball struggled hard against her nature. Sometimes

she would feel so convinced that a break-out must follow that she would implore her matron to lock her up in the "dark" for a couple of hours or so.

"Lock me up!—it's a-coming, if you don't!—just an hour or two, to get me cool like!"

And Ball was quietly locked up for the period required, and came out all the better for the change; and so by her own efforts, and the matron's leniency, Ball fought her way through her time, and received at last her licence to retire.

It was a happy day for the officers when Ball took her departure, although it was not anticipated that more than a fortnight would elapse before the pleasure of her company would again be enjoyed at Brixton Prison.* She had said something of an intention to proceed to America, and try her fortunes in the new world; but as her intentions in any one direction seldom lasted above five minutes, much satisfaction was not derived from her assertion.

However, to the amazement of the officers, and, I trust, for the lasting benefit of English society,

* Female prisoners taken up on ticket-of-leave, return at once to Brixton Prison to finish their sentence.

Ball took her departure to America, the prisons of which country, let us hope, have no knowledge of her.

CHAPTER XVIII.

GOOD-CONDUCT WOMEN AND THEIR PRIVILEGES.

WE have spoken so much of bad-conduct women and their vagaries—and there remains so much yet untold concerning them—that it may be as much a relief to the reader as the writer to pause awhile, and glance at the better side of prison character.

I could have wished it had been in my power to have selected brighter scenes, to have fully exemplified the good that is inherent in the human heart, and sketched more often the truly penitent. Possibly the book would have been more devoid of interest

and incident; yet the writer's task would have been a higher one, and philanthropists would have found more subjects for congratulation than it will be in my power to truly offer them.

But I have set myself this task, and have resolved to fulfil it in a plain and truthful spirit; round the doors of these dark places, I cannot wreath many garlands to hide the deformity within—it is beyond the prison that a great writer pictures vice behind its mask of flowers. Here is vice in all its naked and abhorred deformity; vice exultant in the ruin it has caused and the life it has taken, and only grieving for the barriers that have fallen in its way, and checked it in its downward course.

I spoke just now of the better side of prison character—perhaps, after all, it is only the side better disciplined, on which most of these good-conduct women range themselves.

Women who have command over their passions, and have the common sense to see that a strict obedience to the prison rules

tends to their own advantage, grants them little privileges, and increases the scale of their gratuities, form the majority of this good-conduct class. Many of them are hypocritical and canting in the extreme—make whining protestations of repentance to the chaplain, and add a grimace to his last remarks, when he turns his back upon them—a few, a very few, are quiet, orderly, make no profession, or, making it, seem really imbued with a sense of the error of their ways; and these latter are not enrolled very legibly in the good books of their fellow-prisoners. It is difficult to draw the line where hypocrisy ends and true religious feeling begins—it is a riddle even to the man of God, working constantly and arduously the up-hill task of these women's reformation, and encouraged now and then by fanning into a flame the sparks of the pure fire that has so long lain hidden.

The advantages attached to good conduct are shown best at Brixton Prison—it is the first acknowledgment of Government's sense of their better conduct that transfers them from Mill-

bank to Brixton. The rewards are progressive, and we will follow the steps of an industrious woman from the third class to the top of the tree—the much-coveted print-dress of special service, good omen of the days of prison life drawing to a close.

A third-class woman wears a brown dress, and belongs to the “old prison;” she has the usual prison diet, and a gratuity of fourpence a week in return for her labour. After a few months’ faithful service, during which no report has been made against her for incivility and insubordination, she passes to the East Wing, where she wears the same brown dress, with the addition of a badge of black cloth, with a No. 2 stitched upon it in white, becomes so and so of the East Division, and is allowed the woman’s luxury of tea three times in the week. The weekly salary for her services is raised to sixpence a week, and her account is as carefully kept at the office as the Marquis of Westminster’s may be at his banker’s.

Two months of this service take her to the

West Division, and make her a green-dress woman, one of the first class, with tea every day, a gratuity of eightpence a week, and a No. 1 badge. There is also allowed more "talking time" to the Number 1 women; a favour that is highly appreciated, as one or two readers of my own sex may readily imagine. From the Number 1 women are chosen "the labour women," that is, those who can be serviceable in the laundry, kitchen, infirmary, &c., and those less robust, but who are useful as good needlewomen. A labour-woman and a needlewoman who can make five or six shirts a week, are allowed as much as one shilling a week gratuity; and a woman who never loses her badge finds a nice little amount to start her in the world again, payable in three instalments, if the sum be six pounds or upwards.

The first instalment is generally one pound nineteen shillings and sixpence—never in excess. A discharged prisoner resident in the country takes home the necessary forms of application for the remaining instalments, which forms, at the expiration

of the allotted time (two months I think), must be filled in by the woman, and witnessed by a clergyman or magistrate, who has also to testify to her present mode of living. Under these circumstances I think there must be, in Government hands, a surplus fund, which is never likely to be drawn upon.

Concerning these accounts there is no end of squabbling between the women and the officers of the wards. The financial condition of each woman is made out on cards, and given in once a quarter; and the common rule is for a prisoner to consider her account extremely low and one-sided, and to suggest that the weeks in which five or six shirts have been made (shilling weeks) have been considerably under-estimated.

Prisoners climb to Number 1, and fall to Number 2 or 3 (seldom 3, unless any stealing or fighting occur), and then work up again. The instances are rare for a woman to retain a Number 1 badge for the whole period of her sentence, unless it be an old woman of reticent habits. A Number 1 woman, if under forty years of age, is eligible for Fulham Refuge within twelve or four-

teen months of the expiration of her prison servitude. Those past that age, or who have lost their badge several times for incivility, and whose future conduct still remains a matter of some speculation, remain at Brixton, and serve their time out there.

Losing a badge involves no loss of gratuity—save the difference of future remuneration between a second and first-class woman—unless a break-out occurs, or damage is done to prison property, when the expenses are carefully deducted from the little account in hand.

Finally, a woman who has behaved herself extra well all her time—who has not had a single break-out, or destroyed the property of the prison—is rewarded, towards the end of her time, with the “special service dress”—a cotton print dress and apron—that renders her a distinguished mark amongst the browns and greens of less deserving prisoners.

Naturally proud are the prisoners of this dress. Twelve is the maximum number of special service dresses allowed at Brixton; and great are the advantages. A special service woman is eligible to

act as messenger, is sent unguarded from one wing to another, or to any part of the prison ending with the great front gates and sturdy, honest Mr. Lockett—the amiable Cerberus of this sombre institution.

Beyond this, Government has no further favours to confer at Brixton—save the ticket-of-leave, which ends one chapter of a “strange, eventful history.”

CHAPTER XIX.

PRISON CHARACTERS.—A FIGHT FOR A SOUL.

IN the story which follows, though every incident that happens therein is strictly true, I shall not make any parade of the names associated with it—in fact, to the best of my ability, and for reasons that will be presently obvious, do my best to disguise the principal actors in the narrative. Not, as in another story which I have to tell, that there is anything which militates against the character of a prisoner or prisoner officer—on the contrary, a great deal that redounds to the credit of every one connected with it—but that the characters are still living and breathing in our

midst, and any public mention of them would tend to draw an attention towards them uncourted on their part, and, therefore, naturally objectionable.

It is a story that shows the brighter side of prison life; and in the midst of the darkness that belongs to such existence, it is pleasant to find a flower springing up in uncongenial soil, and struggling hard, amidst the hundred winds of opposition, to hold its new place in the world.

The prisoner I will call Macklin—a young Scotch girl, who, in the days before Scotland kept its prisoners to its county gaols, was sent from Glasgow to Millbank Prison to work out a long sentence for shoplifting. A dark-haired, frank-faced girl, whose demeanour was cheerful, and whose readiness to obey orders, and submit herself to her teachers and masters, speedily attracted some interest towards her. Time, and those spasmodic half-confidences which the prisoners make to their female custodians—confidences that are always more shunned than courted—elicited the few facts of her early life.

She was one of a very disreputable family in

Glasgow—mother and elder brothers and sisters had offered her no good example; she had been set early on the streets to beg or steal—more likely than not had received careful training in all that was vile—and begging and stealing had brought about many sentences, increasing in length and severity till a final act of greater daring incurred a seven years' transportation—it was called transportation then—and brought her, in due course, to Millbank Prison.

She was afterwards one of the early arrivals at Brixton Prison—then recently converted into a female convict establishment—and worked therein that portion of her time necessary to obtain a ticket-of-leave. Altogether her conduct was far above the average; she was on the whole a tractable woman, whom a kind word influenced and a gentle remonstrance visibly affected. Attached to the prison matron of her particular ward, who had evinced that interest in her, and manifested that kindness, which a good officer scruples not to conceal when the prisoner is doing her best to gain her confidence, she served her time out patiently and diligently, and went away with many wishes for

her future well-doing. She departed full of promises; she was going to amend, and the day she stepped beyond the walls she really intended amendment, and believed in those powers of self-restraint—learned for the first time in a prison—to enable her to conquer the early habits to which she had been so rigorously trained.

Her best friends doubted her promises; for she was returning to Glasgow, where her family still lived, and, consequently, where the greatest danger lay to her moral benefit. Many efforts had been made to induce her to enter a reformatory, but they were unavailing.

She was a tender-hearted girl, and had more love in her heart for the mother and brothers and sisters than they really deserved. She was possessed with a strange yearning for all the old faces; she should never see her mother again if she did not take that opportunity to go to Glasgow, she said; the mother was aged, and had written her one or two affectionate letters during her incarceration—return to the old home, and the old haunts, she must!

It was to be only a short stay at Glasgow, she

added; a few days with them all, and then away in search of a servant's place and the new life to which she had solemnly pledged herself. At the Euston Square station she repeated her promise to the matron who saw her start for the North; and the energy with which she called God to witness her intentions to keep pure and honest thenceforth, was even sufficient to carry conviction to a listener accustomed to such promises, and knowing too well the fallacies which they almost invariably proved.

Some twelvemonths passed; they were beginning to forget Macklin at Brixton Prison, when the woman who had been a model prisoner, and had gone away resolving to amend, reappeared under the old circumstances—found in the bad company she had promised to abjure. So the ticket-of-leave was revoked, and the sentence worked out in full. The shame and the remorse of this woman, after the first effort at composure and bravado, were pitiable to witness. She did not mind?—what was to be expected?—who cared for her?—what did it matter to any one save herself?—were the first sullen remarks; but the past associations that

the prison brought to her mind, the resumption of the duties which had been given up for liberty, the sorrow and concern of the chaplain, rather than the sharp rebuke for her backsliding—gradually softened a character that twelve months of the old society had tended to harden. She fell once more into the usual routine, exhibiting by degrees almost her old exemplary conduct.

I say almost, for the first year of her new imprisonment witnessed some flashes of irritation and excitability; the matron who had been formerly kind to her had left the service; there were faces which were strange to her amongst the officers—as a rule, I have said, the long hours of duty make havoc in the ranks of prison matrons—and there was one little break-out, and one passionate kick to a cleaning pail, offences which were not treated severely, but still sufficient to debar her transfer at a fitting period to Fulham. Still Macklin was a woman who took readily to those who evinced an interest in her, and at the end of the first year she began to betray an attachment—almost the fond, faithful

attachment of a dog to its mistress — for the matron whose duties brought Macklin within her jurisdiction.

Macklin was not long in obtaining her badge, and in procuring, by her extra diligence and obedience, those little privileges conferred by the prison officers upon their best women. She demonstrated at that time, and till the last day of her sentence, a greater willingness and gentleness than even in the first three years of her incarceration; and evinced with every day a greater affection for her matron. She was a woman scrupulously honest in prison, waiting on the matron, attending to her room, left in trust of it, with opportunities of abstracting little articles of jewellery, or money, or even a watch; but she never broke the trust placed in her, and remained the honest servant whom nothing could tempt from her fealty. She had always mourned her return to prison, till the matron's interest in her had awakened her love; then she gave over repining, and became cheerful, and even happy.

“If I had not come back, lassie, I shouldn’t have known ye,” was her remark once, “and had no one to care for me. And ye do care for me a little noo?” was her anxious inquiry.

And the matron did care for her, albeit her efforts were made to maintain ever the grave, equable demeanour expected from prison matrons in general. The matron was more than a common judge of human nature—I have had many opportunities of observing her rare discriminating powers—and saw quickly the natural faults of character which had led Macklin wrong in one instance, and might lead her a second time, if steps were not taken to prevent it.

Making no show of an attempt at reformation, keeping back her idea of what was the best and proper method to reform this erring sister, the matron quietly and unostentatiously began her work, and added this great task to the manifold duties already imperative on her to fulfil. The chaplain and she were both working quietly for one end; but her

words had the greatest weight with Macklin, for she was loved most, was one of her own sex, to whom Macklin could tell the whole story of the sin and shame that had ended after the old fashion—that sad old fashion which must ever keep our prisons full.

To be brief, Macklin changed perceptibly—and became a graver, sadder, and more earnest woman. As her time grew less, the old promises were again reiterated—and again doubted by all but the matron and the chaplain. They were both sanguine natures, and this woman was so different from all with whom her life had been passed during the last three years.

There were certainly grave reasons for doubting to an unappreciative mind. Despite all her promises, Macklin was once more going back for a day or two to the old haunts at Glasgow—she must see her mother; for only once more she must see the mother who had, at least, always been kind to her, and was now old and blind. Just to see her, if only to tell her how all the past was forgiven, and

had become a something distinct and apart from the regenerate soul. Those who heard her could but shudder at the danger which she incurred by going, could but see—with the exceptions already mentioned—the same story, with the same conclusion to it all.

Prison chaplain and prison matron were hopeful—class distinctions prevented them working together, and they knew little, if anything, of each other's plans—and the chaplain obtained from the Prisoners' Aid Society permission to receive Macklin on her return from Glasgow—a generous concession, that showed no blind bigotry to set rules, and deserves publicity in this age of stupid precedents.*

As a pleasant picture of the heartiness with which a true Christian works—of the heart and soul that has being in the great, grand cause of the Redeemer—it may be said here that the chaplain of the prison suddenly woke in his bed one morning, with the terrible thought that the train to

* As a rule, a discharged prisoner must proceed direct from prison to the Prisoners' Aid, depositing her gratuity with the Secretary, as a guarantee of good faith.

Glasgow started early, and he had forgotten to give the address of the Prisoners' Aid Society to Macklin, who must already have departed with the matron to Euston Square.

Fearing that this little omission might frustrate all the good intentions formed, the chaplain hurriedly dressed himself, ran down the prison lane, just stopping to inquire of the gate-keeper if the woman were gone, and to receive a response in the affirmative, and then went on down the Brixton road at his utmost speed. It was early morning, when no omnibuses were handy, and no cabs could be hired, and the chaplain hurried along the road till a butcher's cart overtook him, and a friendly lift was afforded until a conveyance more fitting the dignity of his cloth was obtainable in a more populous district.

Breathless with haste, the chaplain finally reached Euston Square, to find a matron and a discharged prisoner waiting on the platform for the train—but the prisoner was not Macklin, and, in fact, Macklin's day for departure had been entirely mistaken by the chaplain. It was another woman whose liberty had come, and it was concerning this

woman that the gate-porter had responded, and thus deceived the clergyman.

So there remained plenty of time to communicate with Macklin, and the chaplain, on his return, was the first to turn the tables against himself, by a humorous narration of his own blunder to the prison matrons.

Macklin went away two days afterwards, reiterating her promises of amendment. She had been given a week to return by the Society, and she had pledged her word to "enter an appearance" long before the expiration of her days of grace.

"Come and see me, dear Miss ——, at the Prisoners' Aid," was her last injunction, as the train swept her away northwards; "I shall sure be there."

She went away full of hope, and the matron was also sanguine till the days of the week went on and brought no news of Macklin—till the week passed, and the Society's doors were closed against the unfortunate woman, and she was on the world again—that dark and wicked world which had already been her ruin.

She had broken her word, and there seemed no hope for her. In the last good fight the tempter had apparently triumphed; on the very threshold of her new estate the hold had again relaxed, and the weak heart given up, in the face of salvation. Hoping on to the last, the prison matron wrote to Macklin at Glasgow, asking for the particulars of her breach of faith, and, in due course, the reply came — a sorrowful, remorseful, energetic reply, that explained everything.

Macklin had reached home, been welcomed by her friends, seen her old mother, and was thinking of her return, when the money that had been set apart to pay her passage back to London was found to have *suddenly disappeared!* There was no hope of her obtaining sufficient money to return; she had been ashamed to write and tell the story—she gave up, in fact! Throughout the letter was evident the faint hope that her old, true friend would advance the money; and the intense fear that she had forfeited every scrap of faith, and would be left to her old misery and degradation.

The Prisoners' Aid Society was consulted

again; the energy of this untiring, full-hearted matron knew no diminution. The point was argued, warmly contested—the secretary gave way, and consented to receive the woman; and the prison matron, from her own hard-earned salary, advanced the sum requisite to bring Macklin to a friendly harbour, which sum was sent to a clergyman in Glasgow, to pay her passage back to London.

The passage was paid, and Macklin leaped from the darkness to the light, and placed herself in the charge of the Prisoners' Aid Society, which shortly afterwards procured her a situation. She entered service as a housemaid in a family in the suburbs of London, where her industry and honesty so speedily gained the confidence of her employers, that the house was left to her entire trust and management during the absence for six weeks of the family from town. I believe she is still living honestly, and struggling upwards, and that no one has cause to regret his or her part played in this little drama of real life. May the chaplain be a bishop some

day, and the matron reach the top of the tree, is the hearty wish of one who has known and respected both of them!

CHAPTER XX.

SUNDAY IN BRIXTON PRISON.

IT will be interesting to most of my readers to learn how Sunday is spent by our female prisoners; what, when the work is set aside, and the peace and rest natural to the day assert an influence even in these prison wards, is the routine of convict establishments, and how it affects the women.

As a break in the rules and regulations common to working days, Sunday is at least acceptable to most women; there is some little

respect shown for the Sabbath by the most obstinate prisoners—the instances of insubordination are less than on any other day throughout the year. At Brixton Prison, where the privileges are greater than at Millbank, a disturbance on a Sunday is an unlooked-for incident.

In an early chapter on prison routine, I selected Millbank for my ground-work, following step by step, to the best of my ability, the progress of a prisoner's every-day life therein. In this instance, for the sake of the little contrast to be presented, I will select Brixton Prison for my sketch.

It may be premised that, save a greater number of "solitaries," less association, and no tea, the rules are very similar to those of Millbank—in fact, an insight into the working of one prison affords a fair example of the whole system.

As there is a little difference between the three classes of prisoners, we will commence with the lowest or the Old Prison women. To begin: the women are allowed to have an hour's longer rest, rising on Sundays at seven

o'clock in lieu of six, to arrange their cells, etc., preparatory to the breakfast hour.

At a quarter to eight the matron passes down the ward with two women, whose turn it may be to assist, one carrying the cocoa, the other the basket of loaves. The matron stops at each cell, measures out the cocoa, and gives a loaf to each woman—the cell door is shut, and the matron and her attendants proceed on their way. In the cells of the women in attendance is left the allotted breakfast portion until the round is made, and if there is any liquid remaining at the bottom of the cocoa-can, the women consider it their remuneration for extra service, and appropriate the same. This is not in the rules, but it has become so much a rule of prisoners and prison matrons, that there would be no small sign of discontent at the withdrawal of this privilege; and as the women wait attendance in turn, there is no undue preference evinced.

Breakfast over, the prisoners—with the exception of those who may be in punishment

—are allowed association till a quarter past ten. The women remain two in a cell, talking in a subdued voice till the chapel bell rings, when the hum of this human hive ceases, and the women in regular order proceed to chapel, passing on to the two upper galleries, and leaving the body of the chapel for the East and West Wing women. In this chapel, when all the prisoners are assembled, full service is performed; and, considering the nature of these women, and their little powers of self-restraint, it is remarkable the attention they pay, and the good order that is everywhere kept.

That the chaplain's exhortations, for the most part, have but little effect, may be readily imagined from the character of the congregation; but still, here and there the good seed falls at times, and bears some fruit—and preaching is not always a ceremony, even in prisons, that is dry and unprofitable and disheartening. And these prisoners' feelings can be touched on special occasions—twice I have been a witness to as much sorrow and emotion from this

mass of crude material, as any number of gently-nurtured women would have exhibited on a similar occasion—once in the very chapel where we have brought our prisoners together. It happened that Julia McCoy, one of the prisoners, had died during the previous week; and the minister who chanced at that time to be officiating took advantage of the occurrence to speak of her death, and of the circumstances connected with it, in simple, earnest language, that struck home to these stubborn hearts, and brought tears into all eyes.

It was an affecting sight; here were women whose whole term of imprisonment had been an outrage against common sense and propriety, making the chapel echo with their stifled sobs. Here were women who had not shrunk at murder, infanticide, and all the crimes that degrade our poor humanity, weeping like children at the thought of their fellow-prisoner's natural death. The subject was well chosen, skilfully handled, and the right chord had been struck—there were purer,

better thoughts rising from the depths, that morning, than it was ever guessed could have life amid such darkness.

But still, one sermon will not regenerate a prison ; and although some good possibly followed it, yet I cannot honestly aver that there was much sign of general amendment. Some of the women were even so unsettled as to "break out" shortly afterwards ; the new thoughts troubled them, and they must shake them off or go mad. Better back to the old life than to be troubled with *them* ; and so the glass was crashing in the wards again, and the dark cells were once more full of inmates !

After chapel is over the prisoners return to their cells and wait for dinner, which occurs at a quarter to one. Dinner is served in a similar manner to the breakfasts ; and before two o'clock all the women are dressed for exercise. Exactly at two, the prisoners—I am still alluding to the old prison women—pass into the airing ground, three wards at a time (only one ward is allowed out on week days), and walk in pairs round the ground. On

Sundays there is often some difficulty in keeping the increased numbers in fair order; these are the lowest class of women, and the least subordinate; and they will stand in little groups, and argue and quarrel amongst themselves, if the matron be not prompt in checking them.

This exercise continues till three o'clock, when the women return to their wards, and are allowed a companion to supper.* The humming of the prisoners' voices continues again; occasionally the "pals" become too excited, and talk louder than is approved of by their officers; now and then a merry peal of laughter echoes strangely and almost unnaturally along the wards, and order is once more enjoined. After tea the chapel bell rings again to evening service, which is concluded at a quarter or twenty minutes past seven, when the women are seen back to their cells and locked up for the night.

With the East Wing or second-class women,

* It has been before said that there are no teas, only gruel suppers, with prisoners of this class. East Wing women have tea every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday only, with the exception of those first-class women for whom there is no room at the West Wing.

the rule is varied somewhat. They have their breakfast at a quarter past eight, as in the old prison, but at nine in the morning begins exercise in the airing ground, where they walk two and two, after the old fashion, till ten. They attend chapel at the same time as the other women, and then back to their separate cells and dinners. At two they are allowed to sit outside their cell doors and converse, and at half-past three they walk again in the airing ground for half an hour or forty minutes, and then, returning, are locked in their cells for supper. The association outside their cells is considered more than equivalent for the association and tea in the old prison ; although there have been instances of prisoners eluding the vigilance of the matrons, and originating little extra associations of their own.

It is an interesting sight to see the prisoners sitting outside their doors until the principal matron's "Shut your cells" changes the scene like magic, and the rattle, rattle of the closing doors follows at once, and leaves the ward deserted. Women scheming for extra association

have contrived not to shut their cell doors closely, and have insinuated a piece of paper into the lock to prevent an accurate catch, by which means the cell door is cautiously re-opened when the matron has gone down the ward, the prisoner flits rapidly to the "pal's" cell, turns the handle, and enters.

Sometimes a discovery is made, and punishment awarded; occasionally the prisoner altogether escapes detection—although I fear I shall have some trouble in inducing any prison matron who may read this to believe my statement.

This trick, I must say in fairness, is seldom tried with an old officer; when a young officer, new to the duties, is in charge, the attempt is more often made. When knives were in use amongst the prisoners, the women would often betray this secret association by omitting to pass the knife under the door after dinner, according to the general rule.

At twenty minutes to six the chapel bell rings; after chapel the East Wing women are not locked up like the old prison women, but are allowed to sit in association at their cell doors again

till a quarter to eight, when the signal is given, the doors slam, and the matron remains alone in the centre of the ward.

The West Wing prisoners, or first-class, are still more favoured. They have two hours' exercise in the airing ground, in lieu of an hour and a half on Sunday, and the tea privilege, as before remarked.

On Christmas Day the one difference is made over all the prison, of general tea and association; I may add here—the one exception to the routine of a year.

I have said that the women are better behaved on Sunday; it has struck me more than once that the best women—the good-conduct women of all classes—are often grave and thoughtful. Now and then a matron suddenly entering a cell may find a prisoner in tears; and it is always a prisoner who has had some semblance of a home in early days, or some well-meaning father or mother.

And such women *must* be touched by these prison Sundays, and think of the old days when they were innocent, or had not gone

so very far wrong; when the real friends were living whose advice they had scorned.

“I’m a-thinking of my old mother, miss,” one woman said to me once; “she be going to church now, across the fields—all alone, and thinking o’ me who ought to be with her. I went with her every Sunday once,” she added, a little proudly.

“This day ten years I was sitting in my Sunday school,” another of the well-behaved women will say. “Oh! dear, wasn’t I different, miss, then? I never thought of being in this place!”

These little remarks crop out not unfrequently, and are generally made to the prison matron, very seldom to the fellow-prisoner.

For it is doubtful when the prisoner is in a mood to receive such confidences; or whether, if she is radically bad, she will not taunt her with her better “bringings up.”

Sundays, with the Catholic prisoners, are varied by the priest performing service from eight till nine in the morning. As this leaves the day somewhat of a blank, some women will

attend Protestant service also, whilst others prefer to remain in their cells, and sleep till dinner-time. Many women who are of a brooding or indolent nature, are Catholics for no other reason than the Sunday's "skulk," I fancy, the Thursday's confession from three till four, and the absence from chapel in the week days. Government shows no religious intolerance in our prisons, and provides a priest for women of the Roman Catholic persuasion—or women who choose to avow that such is their religion. I wonder if there is a Catholic prison under heaven, where a Protestant minister is allowed regularly to attend. I wonder if we are even quite right in allowing these priests the entry of our prisons, after all!

Sunday, that is a change for the women of our prisons, offers some little variation to the matrons, three or four out of each division leaving early in the morning, or on the previous Saturday after six, P.M.,—if it is their night off duty,—and returning at ten, P.M., on the evening of the Sunday. Matrons at Brixton and Millbank are granted leave of absence on every third

Sunday, if there be no matrons ill; some of the chief officers are fortunate enough to have every alternate Sunday at their own disposal.

Golden days these in the matron's calendar!—days so highly treasured, and looked forward to so hopefully, that if alternate Sundays were the general rule, I think the Directors would be remembered in the matron's prayers. It is beyond my power to draw graphically the sensations of a young woman passing out of the great gates into the free air beyond the prison walls; shaking off the sense of her arduous duties and responsibilities, and looking forward to a day with bright and hopeful faces round her. It is these changes that tend to keep the matron healthy, and give her strength of mind to follow on, and strive for ten years' service and a pension. Still, prison duties are not always to be shaken off, and the shadow of them sits upon her in her holidays, if she is an earnest, thoughtful matron. What she omitted to do, what she might have done better—whether she was not too harsh with that report, or if that woman who threatened

her life will ever attempt it when a chance presents itself, will suggest itself even in the brighter days, that are so few and far between.

But looking back at the title of this chapter, I find I have wandered from the subject; it is Sunday in Brixton Prison concerning which I have to treat. And it is Sunday in Brixton Prison again, when the matron is hurrying down the prison lane, anxious to report her re-appearance before the great clock in the archway strikes ten. Five minutes after ten is an infringement of a rule, and is punished by a black mail levied on the salary—and yet, true to our woman's habits of impunctuality, we will linger over the last parting till we are a little late, and our month's drawbacks tell us of the defeat, and of the error of our ways.

Ten o'clock—a glance at the mess room, a little chat with the night-officer, or with a sister matron who has arrived at the same time, and has some little home incident to relate, and then the Sunday is at an end for matrons, as well as those whom matrons guard.

CHAPTER XXI.

PRISON CHARACTERS—LETTY COOPER.

LIFE is more full of remarkable coincidences than most of us may dream. Strange meetings happen every day, and faces that we thought lost to us for ever rise up in the streets to startle us. Of two strange meetings that might be born of romance, and are deserving of its pages, I have to speak before the book is closed. The stranger and the wilder I reserve for another opportunity; and the present forms the subject of this chapter.

A matron of my former acquaintance—a very good matron, whose name I should like to insert

here—was often accustomed to amuse us at the mess-room table by stories of her old home at Norwood. She often spoke of a little dark-faced gipsy-girl, calling often at her father's house near Westow Hill. A sharp girl, with a strange boldness, and, at times, a stranger shyness, the youngest daughter of the well-known Coopers. These Coopers claimed to be of the pure royal blood; and the eldest of the house — an old dark-skinned woman, who was the grandmother of the little girl I speak of—designated herself the queen of the gipsies, and, amongst the numerous gipsy tribes that came and went, her claim to that title was never once disputed.

The grandchild of this royal personage was accustomed to stand before the window, or loiter before the door, of the matron's home, pleased to be noticed, and more pleased to be rewarded with a stray penny. Occasionally her brother, some years older than she, came with her, and shared in the spoil, or in the conversation that ensued from an open window in the summer time. Both were merry, agile gipsy children, whose gambols on Norwood Common

were of an acrobatic order, such as children left to run wild will occasionally indulge in.

When the Norwood coach was expected—there were coaches on the road then—Letty and her brother Vangelo were accustomed to run beside it up the hill, and throw those “flip-flaps” and summersaults that have since become a popular institution amongst our juvenile Bohemians. There were other members of the Cooper family who speculated in donkeys, and patronized little Letty, laughed at her antics, and, doubtless, took the greater part of her pocket-money away from her.

Between Letty and the elder sisters of our matron there was quite an intimacy. Letty would run on errands and take messages faithfully enough; was very pleased to intercept them in their walks, drop her best curtsey, and look askance at them out of her dark eyes. In their presence she was always demure; in the midst of her play on the Common she would shyly conceal herself behind the furze, if they had detected her in any of her gambols. In the summer time Letty would wreath round her

hair, or have wreathed for her by her grandmother, a garland of poppies, buttercups, and daisies, before starting down the hill to meet the Norwood coach; and a wild little elf she looked, as she ran beside the coach, with her wreath dropping over her forehead, and her dark eyes half-blinded with the dust of the wheels.

Leaving Norwood some time after this, the matron lost sight of Letty Cooper. Years went on their way, deaths and marriages in the family occurred, and our narrator entered Government service as a prison matron.

At Millbank Prison she met with Letty Cooper again. The years that had passed had made a woman of her—I regret to add, one of the worst of women. The years since matron and gipsy-girl had met last must have been rapidly soul-destroying years to have so wholly changed Letty—to have robbed her of every thought worthy of womanhood. The evil passions of her short life had seared themselves unmistakeably in her face; it was a face without a feminine trait upon it. Even then, although not more than nineteen or twenty years, she might have passed for twice

that age, with that swarthy and seared countenance, and that look of oldness and wickedness of thought, which I have never seen more visibly demonstrated on any face before or since.

Her prison experience had already been great. From gaol to gaol, one sentence following fast upon another, and increasing in length each time, and each time a punishment for an act more desperate and deadly, Letty Cooper arrived finally at Millbank Prison, to serve out a sentence of several years, for stabbing a man in a drunken brawl.

Her relation of this act was a boastful proceeding, indulged during association or in the airing ground; and as it was told with some humour and much characteristic gesticulation, it was an anecdote loudly applauded by the majority of her companions.

“You should have seen the beggar jump when I pricked him—like this somehow,” I heard Letty say one day in a whisper to her companions, and some subdued shuffling ensued, until I was close upon her.

Letty had never recognized our matron, who

did not care to remind her of their past acquaintance. She was not her matron, and only saw Letty when duties took her for a few minutes to that particular ward in which Letty was a prisoner. Cooper was not long in association; her propensities for breaking out were as great as those of her contemporaries, and she flitted from her cell to the "dark," and from the "dark" to her cell, as often as the rest. To the guards who were called to carry her to the "dark" she gave much extra trouble; being an expert boxer, and possessed of considerable muscular strength. She doubled her fists and went at her "persecutors" in true prize-fighting style, swearing volubly all the time, and heaping maledictions on everybody's head connected with the Government establishment. In her quiet moods—and as her health began rapidly to decline she became more quiet—Letty was fond of discoursing of her royal origin: how her grandmother was queen of the gipsies, and what reverence was paid her by all the nomadic tribes in England.

Strange stories of gipsy life was she accustomed to relate in association a Brixton Prison—wonder-

ful stories, which the women would not believe, and which they were quite justified in discrediting, Letty being of a mendacious turn.

She gave early signs of a consumptive tendency; and prison fare and her own unruly conduct—above all, the need of fresh air to a gipsy girl, to whom fresh air was life—appeared to hasten the disease. Her spirits became more variable, but in her quiet or her passionate moods she was always callous and profane. As for any sign of repentance in her, it was never expected and never made. Letty had another subject, in which she displayed considerable pride, besides that of her royal grandmother—she was inordinately vain of her dancing. When there was a chance of her going through her performances unobserved, Letty would amuse the women by her saltatory feats—leaping, shuffling, cutting sixes, and twirling round and round with a marvellous rapidity.

“I was spiled—I ought to have been brought up to the stage, and cut a figure there. I could dance half the actors’ heads off.”

And if Letty was complimented on her skill, and her own views of the question were fully coincided

in, she was placable for the remainder of the day.

If she was carried to the refractory cells, Letty would often practise her dancing throughout the night—I think she must have had a visionary hope of making her fortune by that art when her liberty was granted—and keep prisoners and prison matrons restless with her quick beats on the floor.

This dance must have been entirely of her own invention, it was so odd and characteristic. There was a peculiar Juba element about it, and a series of rapid, regular beats with the heel and toe alternately, that had a frenzying effect on the listener in the dead of night. Occasionally the night matron would attempt a remonstrance, and Letty would assail her with a torrent of slang and Roman, dancing all the time for fear of throwing herself out in her practice. Like most of the violent women, whilst the excitement of an outbreak was upon her, she was mad and dangerous. There was no reasoning with her; she had done her worst and been punished to the utmost, and now she would have “her fling,” and dance, and

sing, and do what she pleased. And if the matron continued remonstrating, Letty would fly at the door and beat it with her fists and scream.

Letty Cooper became worse, however; her strength rapidly failed her, and at Brixton Prison it was thought that she would never work her sentence out.

When she lay very ill in the infirmary, the matron came to see her, and ventured to speak of the past times—to remind her of the Norwood days, when she was a little dark-faced girl running wild upon the common.

“Did you know me then?” she asked curiously.

“Yes.”

“Do you remember my grandmother—she was queen of the gipsies, miss?” she added with her old pride; “there’s been a good many kings and queens amongst the Coopers. We’ve been allus the head of the gipsies.”

She became curious to know in what part of Norwood the matron had lived, and why she had not spoken of the recognition before; and our fellow-officer told her of the gipsy girl who used to run messages for her elder sisters.

Cooper winced a little, and from that day spoke more deferentially to that particular matron — was even inclined, after recovering sufficient strength to leave the infirmary, to obey instructions from her, which, from others, she would have flatly refused. But she was untrustworthy and violent to the last, and they were only flashes of her own past feelings, that came and went in a breath.

Nevertheless she was the matron whom she regarded with the greatest interest, and to whom alone, when her nature took a sudden turn, she would condescend to address a single word.

“Do you remember my brother, Miss ——?” she asked once.

“Vangelo?—to be sure.”

“He’s come to grief too. He’s locked up in prison. We were allus a hot lot!” she added, with a short laugh.

Letty became more weak, lost more energy, showed with every day sure signs of the sands running to a close. All night, in the wards, the hollow cough rang out, every day

she became more unable to do her allotted share of work. She became a confirmed infirmity patient at last, and used to amuse the other invalids with her old stories of gipsy life, and of the royal blood that circulated in her veins.

“My brother Vangelo would have been king of the gipsies, if he had lived, or not been lagged,” she boasted.

Letty sank rapidly after her return to the infirmity; and, true to the doctor’s prophecy, and despite of all the care and kind attention that sick prisoners receive at Brixton, she breathed her last before her prison service ended.

CHAPTER XXII.

PRISON MATRONS IN GENERAL.—SECOND ARTICLE.

REPERUSING my article on prison matrons in general, I find that there still remains much to be said concerning them, in order to afford my readers a thorough insight into their duties, and, I may add, into their characters. I reserve for a special chapter in my next volume a few remarks on matrons' extra duties, and confine myself herein to a few discursive anecdotes, etc., on the industrious class alluded to.

I have already spoken of the matron's leading grievance—long hours; but I find that I have omitted to make mention of that which tends to make those long hours more wearisome and unendurable—a want of proper, and, at times, wholesome food. I have no doubt that this plain statement will give rise to many angry denials on the part of those interested in the matter; still it is due to society to state my complaints, and to allege my proofs, which stewards, directors, and contractors are quite willing to give the lie to—*if they can!*

In the first place, let me assert that the meat provided for the prisoners is generally of a good quality; and that the meat provided for the prison matrons is, by some strange rule of inconsistency, or some strange principle of cookery, not always good, and at times, not few and far between, decidedly and disgracefully bad.

I do not know, I have never sought to inquire, what may be the opinion of the warders on this point—they have stronger stomachs and coarser appetites, mayhap—but it is certainly true that, in our mess-room, the joints occasionally go

away untasted, and, such is the objection of the matrons to "fussiness," often uncomplained of. Ribs of beef, and legs and shoulders of mutton, are the staple commodities of diet; but beef and mutton of so extraordinary a flavour, that the riddle is on what green pastures these oxen and sheep could have originally been fattened, or with what strange compound the joints can be basted in the prison kitchen, to give to their remains so extraordinary a twang. So peculiarly goatish is it at times, that "goat," at our female Government prisons, has become the general appellative for mutton; and as it is like no mutton at home or abroad, perhaps one name *is* as good as another.

The complaints I have hinted at are not many; the great question being, of whom to complain? We do not suppose for an instant that the great contractors examine every joint sent out to Government establishments, or that the contractors' deputies are too particular at times about our health, or that the prison steward is expected to be taster in ordinary, or inspector-general of the prison kitchen: the question is—of

whom can the prison matrons obtain redress, or from whom may information be expected? In a Parliamentary inquiry into Government Contracts in 1856, the question was put to one witness—whether he thought Government contracts were fulfilled as faithfully as other contracts, and he expressed it as extremely doubtful. Whether this accounts for oily beef and goatish mutton, I am not able to decide.

But I do know that beyond the prison walls there is a gentleman of my acquaintance, who holds office under Government, and whose business it is to see that the contracts for his department are faithfully fulfilled, who is not backward in asserting that it is the greatest trial of his existence to see Government fairly dealt by. He also adds that attempts to sap his energy and honesty were made in the early days of his office, and are made indirectly still; that invitations to contractors' shooting-boxes, country residences, etc., are always being pressed upon him, and that the acceptance of a handsome Christmas-box would be considered as a favour. Are there any hand-

some presents made, and kind invitations given, to gentlemen in prison office, whose verdict on the meat might make matters unpleasant to contractors?—or is it really in the cooking, after all? At times, the matrons have protested, and the protest stops short at the steward, who sees nothing in the meat, whose opinion is, that it is very good meat, *considering*, and who sometimes recommends the ladies of —— ward to be a little less particular. And that kind advice is again attended to; and perhaps it *is* only fancy, after all, and the prison air has spoiled the appetite and made the ladies fastidious! And the next day the matrons sit down “with a will,” and try to laugh the matter off, and the old twang is again predominant. There will be no remonstrance for a week or two—the prison matrons will substitute suppers of their own, and at their own expense, in lieu of mess-room dinners—and then there is another feeble remonstrance, and the steward shakes his head and mourns over the fastidiousness of human nature, that will not see every virtue under

the sun in prison cooking or contractors' mutton.

Sometimes the surgeon will be solicited to offer a verdict on the question, and *he* can't see much the matter with the meat. I even remember one gentleman falling into raptures over a plateful of mutton which had turned half the prison matrons heart-sick, and wishing that such meat were provided for his own table, that was all!

And as prison matrons are always considered in the wrong, and complaints of this nature are regarded in a light almost impertinent, it has been considered policy to swallow anything, or choke in swallowing, and say nothing. But if a director or governor would look in at the mess-room dinner-hour, and try an honest plateful—not a fastidious, mincing nibble, be it understood—the chances are, that from the ill-effects of the meat on a patrician stomach some good to prison servants might arise.

Attempts have been made more than once to memorialize on the subject, but the ner-

vousness natural to such strong measures has always hindered the project, and some refuse to sign, and are sorely afraid of dismissal. There are mothers, and sisters, and little children to support, in many instances, and they take this ill with others, and think "flesh is heir to" such contingencies.

" Still, I reiterate, there is much good feeling shown by the heads of the establishment to the matrons, and it is the exception to the rule for any one in office to stand upon the order of his or her dignity. Now and then there are instances of narrow-mindedness and intolerance—a superior did once cavil at the matron's dress without-doors, and considered it too showy, or too much like her own; but the cavilling went for nothing, and the good sense of the Directors quashed such unwise interference. And amongst a body of young women there must be divers notions; it does occur, at times, that a thoughtless matron will carry every farthing of her salary upon her back, and out-dress her compeers, and make herself ridiculous. Such matrons seldom remain

long in the establishment; and I will venture to say here, that, as a class, a more right-minded, thoughtful, unpretending body does not exist, than the matrons of our Government prisons.

It is pleasant to speak of the more frequent efforts of the principals to offer some little change, after the hours of duty, to the matrons. Reading-rooms have been thought of, and abandoned again; at Brixton the experiment was tried, some years ago, of a little music, in a room across the yard. But the music led to a quadrille now and then, and it was thought advisable to send the piano back to the maker, and rescind the privilege.

I do not know that any privilege within the prison would be worth much to the matrons; such is the craving, when health and strength permit, to pass beyond the gates and shake the prison dust from the feet. Outside may be waiting mothers, sisters, even faithful swains, and it is like another world in the streets beyond. At ten o'clock the matrons must be home again, or fines, averaging from

sixpence to five shillings, will follow each minute's delay.

And it is strange how very well known are the faces of prison matrons to the cabmen on the ranks adjacent to both female prisons. A prison matron in Palace Yard, for instance, is the signal for a hasty disappearance of the majority of cabmen from the ranks, or a solemn assurance that they are everyone engaged to gentlemen at the "House" — sixpenny fares being very much objected to. And prison matrons behind time find the excuses of these mendacious Jehus greatly in the way of reaching Millbank in time to save a fine and a report.

Matrons have their little parties at times, too—quietly smuggled parties of three or four favourite sisters—in their bedroom, after the mess-room supper is over, and when it is supposed that all female officers are in their beds. But these are golden days—once a-year days—and as they are clean contrary to rule, I must not say too much about them. They are happy little meetings, all the more delightful perhaps for the fear of discovery, and remind some of us of the old boarding-school days,

when Madame Martello was sleeping. Mice will play when the cat's away, even in so uncongenial a place for honest merriment—for the “limits of becoming mirth”—as a Government prison.

The matrons have their little jealousies as well as their little loves and likings for each other—the sudden rise of a clever officer leads here and there to a faint exhibition of uncharitableness. “Promoted by merit” is a phrase hard for old officers to understand, especially those officers who have no particular merit to boast of. Still, in all offices these little *contretemps* occur—why should I dwell on this faint feature of my prison experience? Perhaps there is a little more excitement in the prison than in the outer world when a chance of a rise occurs, and feelings of disappointment at the result are expressed more openly than amongst the clerks at Somerset House or the Bank of England—the female nature is not reticent, and ladies will speak their minds occasionally. I have only to say, with regard to the promotions, that they appear to me to have been always made with great fairness

and discrimination—that there is no injustice, and very little favouritism.

I have already spoken of the steady rise of one officer from assistant matron to deputy superintendent—I should not be doing justice to another very efficient deputy, if I failed to omit the name of Mrs. Harpour, late of Brixton Prison, now of Fulham Refuge, from these pages.

I consider that much of the effective discipline of Brixton Prison is due to Mrs. Harpour's former connection with it—that, as the originator of many clever rules, she is entitled to the highest credit.

And amongst the officers of Millbank Prison, for tact, and judgment, and perseverance, let me express my honest conviction that Miss Crossgrove, chief matron of that establishment, stands pre-eminent.

In concluding this part of my subject, I would wish to suggest a change of name for prison officers. Possibly it is not a matter of much importance, but “officer” is almost a noun masculine, “matron” is altogether a misnomer, and both names convey a harshness and ugliness singularly at variance with the bearers thereof.

If “sisters” were not too Roman Catholic a term, or suggested not the nunnery too strongly, I know of nothing more appropriate. They are sisters in one effort to do their duty, and work, in their humble way, some little good—sisters in their care and interest for those poorer sisters who have met with punishment—and sisters in friendship and good-will towards each other.

CHAPTER XXIII.

PRISON CHARACTERS.—TOWERS.

IN Colonel Chesterton's "Revelations of Prison Life," the author prefaces his remarks on one or two prisoners by stating that it would be false delicacy to conceal their true names under initials or assumed cognomens. If that remark applies to any of the characters of this chronicle of prison life, it does assuredly to Towers.

There are no feelings to outrage in her case; her acts of violence in the past were always subject matter for much boasting; sense of shame or common decency she must have had stifled in her infancy. Still I do not adopt her real name here; Towers is of an honest family, and may be leading a new life.

Towers was a woman sentenced to four years' penal servitude, for stealing from the person, I believe, and her introduction to Millbank Prison was a sad day for the prison officers. Not that she was the most violent woman who ever entered, for physical reasons hereafter to be mentioned, but that she was more untruthful, malicious, lewd, and horrible than even a prison matron had met with hitherto.

It is with some reluctance that I approach her character, but it may be interesting to students of human nature to have an outline of this specimen—albeit it is impossible for a woman's pen to fill the shadings in all that depth and intensity necessary for a truthful portraiture.

There is much prison detail that is unapproachable; and the story of Towers's prison life cannot be dwelt on in all its horrible minuteness. Two men, whose minds loved to grope in dark places, might have been glad of such an eccentric character for a story or romance—Edgar Allan Poe and Eugene Sue.

Towers was not more than three or four and twenty—in the prison-books, I believe, her age is

registered as less than that — when she first entered Millbank Prison. Physiognomists might have guessed much of her character from her countenance—it was so disproportionate and revolting. A white-faced ape would have been something like her; and there was a look in her black eyes which made one shudder to encounter. Towers was a cripple, and had to be carried into prison. The loss of the use of her limbs by some early accident had been no check upon her criminal propensities. Towers, in a word, was all that was bad—even the prisoners were horrified at her.

“She’s like the devil hisself, isn’t she, miss?” one prisoner, who was not noted for good behaviour, remarked once. How she reached Brixton, save on medical grounds, I have ever been at a loss to discover; but certain it is that to Brixton, Towers was conveyed in due course, and carried from a cab through the prison-yards to her particular cell.

In that cell she was accustomed to lie on her bed for several days together, refusing to get up—alleging, with the most awful oaths, her inability

to move; praying, with a horrible earnestness, for further calamities to fall upon her; and blindness, leprosy, and fifty other ills to seize those who worried her to rise. In my experience I do not remember Towers going once into the airing yard by her free will, or by compulsion; there was a morbid satisfaction in remaining in bed, in using every endeavour to make herself ill, by refusing food, and even by injuring herself. Blaspheming and singing were her two principal employments; if needlework were given her, she would tear her work to pieces, and swallow her needle to horrify the matron. She was taken to the refractory cells at times, but her crippled condition rendered her transfer thence an almost instantaneous process; and her schemes for removal and self-damage were horribly ingenious. She was partial to secreting a piece of glass about her clothing, opening her veins with it, and allowing them to bleed silently, giving no hint of what she had done. It was only her gradual faintness that gave the alarm, and brought relief to her, otherwise she would have bled stoically to death in her bed. And this not once or

twice, but in a general way, however closely watched.

It soon became absolutely necessary to have a special cell, and two women constantly to attend upon her. Even with these precautions, Towers would manage to secrete her store of glass, or pieces of jagged pebbles, inside her bed; and it became often necessary to remove her, without any warning, to another bed, and carefully open her own, and take all her store of dangerous materials therefrom. But, by some mystery never solvable by prison vigilance, the glass or the pebble was always available and ready to be produced from her bed, or pillow, or even her back hair, for the horrible gash which blanched the faces of her watchers. If she was anxious to proceed to the infirmary, some such scheme she would always adopt, despite the vigilance of her officer; and in the infirmary she would continue the practice till her life has been despaired of.

Towers always rallied, however, and allowed herself sufficient time to recover some of her old strength before, in a business-like manner, she

would proceed to hack at her veins again. By way of change she would sometimes powder the glass and swallow it, and bring on internal hemorrhage—a practice adopted by more than one prisoner at both Millbank and Brixton.

In her cell, as in her infirmary, Towers knew no ceremony, and scoffed at all respect for time or place : her principal amusement in either was lying on her back, and yelling, at the top of her voice, Dick Turpin's supposed song of " My bonny black Bess."

" Then while I've a bottle, what can I do less,
Than drink to the health of my bonny black Bess ?"

became as familiar to the ears of the prison matrons of Towers's ward, as to any lover of Bacchanalian songs at a low beer-shop.

She had some talent for extempore ballads also — neither appropriate, select, nor decent — in which the names of her officers were brought in, and much violent language added by way of spice to the composition ; but the effort was not well sustained, and she slid back into " My bonny black Bess " after a while.

Sometimes she would lie in bed, and scream for help, till assistance arrived, when she would struggle into a sitting posture, and fling every available utensil in her cell at the light, or the heads of the officers—she was not particular—accompanying each effort at damage by an oath, or an expression that made the blood run cold.

There were times when Towers could be persuaded or humoured into quietness, but the extent of her good behaviour was uncertain, and always wound up with one of her extraordinary feats. Despite the inability to make good use of her limbs, she was ingenious enough to “break out;” when she was considered safe and quiet for the night, and too weak to do much mischief, she would wriggle out of bed, shuffle herself to the cell walls, to which she would cling with one hand and smash the glass with the other, shrieking like no human being all the while. She had her own peculiar way of standing on defence when the men were sent to remove her—a vicious style of butting with her head, for which, before her habits were known, the guards were unprepared, and lost their teeth and received black eyes in consequence.

In the infirmary she would suddenly drop from her bed, and, with an eel-like writhe, make for the bedside of other prisoners, and the basins that might be there, which she would smash with demoniac satisfaction. Attached to the infirmary are three cells for patients refractory even in their illness, and the one most remote from the infirmary was generally Towers's habitation during the period of her illness or convalescence; and at all hours of the day and night would that abominable refrain of "drinking to the health of my bonny Black Bess" ring out and keep the sick women restless.

"Oh! how I *do* wish that cussed Towers was dead!" I have heard an invalid exclaim, as she turned restlessly in her bed; but Towers continued to live and open veins with impunity, and sing "My bonny Black Bess" at the top of her voice, to the imminent risk of breaking a vessel.

It became at last necessary to construct a special "convalescent cell" from an unoccupied room amongst the dark cells; and here Towers, with two women prisoners ever on watch, struggled against death and mocked it, and yet lived.

Towers served her time out at Brixton, defiant and blasphemous, wearing out the patience of prisoners and matrons with the praises of Dick Turpin's mare, and continuing violent and malicious to the last. She was prudent or artful enough to give up the lacerating process during the last few months of her time, and to gather some of her old strength for the world to which she looked forward.

On the day of her liberty she was carried to her cab and placed in charge of a matron to see her safely off to Manchester, from which city it is feared she will again appear to horrify the prison service. And so vivid has been the impression left upon the matron's mind, that dreams of Towers have been related at the mess-room table; and Towers's corpse-like face, and Towers's "bonny Black Bess," have troubled many a matron's rest.

CHAPTER XXIV.

PRISONERS' FREEMASONRY.

NOTWITHSTANDING the vigilance of matrons, and the incessant watching to which prisoners are subjected, female prisoners still contrive to correspond with each other by looks and signs, and even letters.

Amongst the regular professional thieves there exists a freemasonry very difficult for the matron to detect, and yet simple and comprehensible to those who practise it. Thieving amongst the "regulars" has become a well disciplined profession; there are many adepts in the art,

and each has a favourite school of disciples. "Jenkinson's School," and "Watson's School," and "Smith's School," are the names of these select academies, and the first inquiry of one thieving prisoner of another is, "What *school* do you belong to?"

In these schools are taught the devil's lessons, to be readily learned by apt pupils—there crime is reduced to theory, and the chances for and against detection are calculated to a nicety. For one captured there are twenty who escape, and it is their own ill-luck that has reduced them to distress, not the faults and failings of the system!

The disciples of certain "schools" have their peculiar marks tattooed in sailor fashion on their arms, and rendered black by gunpowder. Anchors, crosses and initials are common decorations; five spots on the left arm are a sign of one school, and three spots between the finger and thumb a distinguishing mark of another.

One woman who had grown tired of "schools," and thought late in life of turning over a new leaf, consulted the surgeon as to the best means of eradicating the sign-manual.

“It’s such a disgrace, sir ; and I must have it out !”

The surgeon paying no heed to her request, or thinking it impracticable, the woman proceeded to wear the skin away by friction into “a fox-bite,” which she afterwards put under a course of impromptu poultices, &c., until she succeeded in giving herself a bad arm.

The arm became subject to medical treatment, was cured, and the mark came out more brilliantly than ever, to the intense disgust of the branded one.

The chief means of correspondence between women located in different wards, or in cells some distance apart from each other, are by gas-papers, seven of which are given to the women at the beginning of the week — one for each night’s gas. Every evening the matron passes down the ward, and calls out “gas-paper,” when one of these papers is passed through the inspection-hole in the door, lighted by the matron’s candle, drawn in again by the prisoner, who is supposed to light her gas with it,

which gas is turned on by the matron outside the cell.

There are several *ruses* to obtain extra gas-papers. "The paper has gone out, miss;" "there's wind in the pipe, and it won't light," and "the paper's burnt out, miss," &c.; and as the gas is escaping all the time, it becomes impossible to argue the matter with the prisoner, who generally obtains the extra paper.

On these papers, or "stiffs," as the women invariably term them, are written messages to other prisoners—words of affection occasionally; offers to consider some one a pal from that time forth; arrangements for a little break-out, by way of diversion; threats of giving up the person addressed as a pal, and taking to some one whom she always liked better—and "so she tells her!"

These messages fly so frequently from one part of the prison to another, and are the cause of so much dissension and excitement amongst the prisoners, that the total suppression of "stiffs" has been more than once a matter for consideration. But it is difficult to arrange the

lighting of the prison cells without these papers, and would entail much extra labour on the matron to light the cells herself. I believe the practice is in vogue to this day.

By what means they manage to write, obtain stump ends of lead pencil—even pens and ink—I will attempt to explain in another chapter; it is sufficient to say here that the materials for correspondence are almost invariably at hand.

Their means of transit are equally ingenious, and baffle the matron. The difficulties in the way of corresponding with a pal become quite an agreeable excitement; and the pals are, as a rule, in different wings of the prison; a next-door neighbour is not worth the trouble of corresponding with; but a pal in the east or west wing deserves consideration.

Prisoners are obliging one to another; and a “stiff” will sometimes pass through twenty hands before reaching her for whom it is intended. When there is a difficulty in this mode of transit, a paper is thrown at chapel towards the prisoner required, so skilfully and suddenly,

and with such accurate judgment as to the whereabouts of the matron's eyes, that, in nine cases out of ten, a woman's receipt of a note is only ascertained afterwards by her excitable demeanour.

The prisoners are not faithful in their friendships; on the contrary, treacherous, deceitful, and terribly jealous. They are going to have a change of pals is generally the tenor of one half the missives; and as uncomplimentary epithets are added, the recipient resents the affront by an attack on prison property.

The few prisoners, contented with less difficulties in their way, tap on the walls of their cells by way of keeping each other company—these are old prison women at Brixton, who have not much association until their general behaviour is put to the test. Passing down the ward to chapel affords another method of corresponding between prisoners in the same division; the women have left their cells, the doors are open, and the cell of the pal is well known. As the women file by, a gas-

paper, carefully screwed up, is flung into the open cell required, and is generally found by the woman on her return.

Of course such acts as these are punishable, and many are discovered by the matron; but the ingenuity to deceive is so constant and persistent, that, if every matron had the eyes of Argus, the women would still be corresponding.

The rapidity with which news will spread is also another remarkable feature of prison life. "Smith has broken out in the old prison," soon gets wind in the east or west wing of Brixton; "Jones is coming back to Pentagon 2, and coir-picking" circulates through the pentagons at Millbank.

Even the news of the day is often current amongst them; they have quick ears to catch a whisper of the matron's; they know who is going to leave, and who will be promoted, as soon as the matrons themselves; they are women greedy for intelligence, and ever on the watch for it. At school, in kitchen, in the laundry, at chapel, signs are made, and notes are exchanged—one matron cannot baffle fifty women

determined to have a little talk, or learn a little prison news.

Between those who have not been lucky with their "stiffs," or who are not content with them—or those who cannot write, and so find "stiffs" of no account,—there is a species of silent talk, that is a more marvellous specimen of freemasonry than anything to which I have alluded.

At Brixton chapel, where one body of wing women is divided by nearly fifty feet from another, a prisoner, in the middle of service, will look across at her pal, and begin to talk *silently* to her. The lips move, the words are evidently pronounced to herself, not a syllable disturbs the service, or reaches the prison matron near her—not a syllable, by any principle of acoustics, can reach the woman in the distance, who, however, understands all that is said, and gives back a reply in the same fashion.

Much study of this mode of correspondence, a shrewd acquaintance with the shape of the mouth necessary to form certain words, powers

of no common observation, are all necessary to render this scheme successful. But plans of opposition have been formed, new friendships avowed, old ones broken or renewed, insults given and received, news of the prison world circulated extensively by these means, and, in the midst of it all, strict silence has been maintained, and an apparent attention to the minister preaching above them.

At Millbank, letters from the women have even found their way to the men's side of the prison, by means entirely unaccountable; and one instance remains on record of a woman communicating still more strangely with the outer world. This was in the old transport days, when a boat was accustomed to arrive in the early morning at Millbank stairs, to take the prisoners away to the convict ship waiting for them in the Pool. The time of departure had not been communicated to the prisoner I mention, but it was discovered by her, and the news forwarded to her husband—a free man, and I believe an honest one.

The idea is generally entertained that her hus-

band's knowledge was obtained from sources of his own; but it was the woman's triumphant avowal, on board ship, that she was his only informant. Whether right or wrong, certain it is that when the transport women were crossing from the prison gates to the water side, the guards in attendance were thrust aside by a burly figure, and, before the act could be prevented, the husband was hugging in his arms the unfortunate woman whom crime had separated from him. A brief meeting, and one not harshly commented on—prison matrons, and even prison guards with guns upon their shoulders, have hearts within their breasts, and are as feeling as more placid men and women, whose duties are less with society's offshoots. The husband kissed his wife without a rough hand falling too quickly on his shoulder, and there were tears in the eyes of the guard who warned him to stand back.

Across the monotony of prison life will pass occasionally some such incident that takes us to the world of romance—fancy, and true feeling, strange comings and goings, cannot be

kept back by the high walls between every-day life and gaol.

As "there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in philosophy," so are there more things to be wondered at and mourned over in our prisons than even Directors have yet guessed at. If the hearts of these prison women could be laid bare, there would be found a story in each which has hitherto escaped the poet and the novelist; the matter for a thousand books is floating amidst the desolate wards that echo to these women's sighs, or ring with their defiance. Theirs have not been quiet lives, and from the elements of life's discord spring the incidents to interest mankind.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

FEMALE LIFE IN PRISON.

BY

A PRISON MATRON.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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CONTENTS OF VOL. II.

	PAGE
CHAPTER I.	
Extra Duties of Matrons	1
CHAPTER II.	
Prison Characters.—Alice Grey	18
CHAPTER III.	
Troublesome Prisoners	33
CHAPTER IV.	
Prison Characters.—Maria Copes	56
CHAPTER V.	
The Prison School	65
CHAPTER VI.	
Prison Characters.—Sarah Baker, Mary May, and the Jewess	81
CHAPTER VII.	
Prisoners' Fancies	94

	PAGE
CHAPTER VIII.	
Prison Characters.—Fight the Second for a Soul	106
CHAPTER IX.	
The Prison Library	124
CHAPTER X.	
Prison Characters.—Eliza Trent	130
CHAPTER XI.	
Mad Prisoners	139
CHAPTER XII.	
Prison Characters.—Edwards	152
CHAPTER XIII.	
Visitors	159
CHAPTER XIV.	
Prison Characters.—Jane Dunbabin, Lydia Camblin, and Johannah Lennan	170
CHAPTER XV.	
The Infirmary	183
CHAPTER XVI.	
Prison Characters.—Mary Ann Seago and Jones	196
CHAPTER XVII.	
Fulham Refuge	206

CONTENTS.

vii

PAGE

CHAPTER XVIII.

Prison Characters.—A Little Prison Melodrama . . . 220

CHAPTER XIX.

Prison Statistics 231

CHAPTER XX.

Prison Characters.—Life Women.—Elizabeth Harris,
Hannah Curtis, and Mary Jennings . . . 257

CHAPTER XXI.

Prison Characters. — Sarah Featherstone, Mary
McLean, Butterworth, Margaret Williams,
Jane White, Benton, Susy Dunn, Honor Mat-
thews, Amelia Mott, Mary Ann Smith, and
Emily Lawrence 270

CHAPTER XXII.

Prison Discipline.— Suggestions for Improvement
Therein.—Concluding Remarks 290

FEMALE LIFE IN PRISON.

CHAPTER I.

EXTRA DUTIES OF MATRONS.

THE extra duties of a prison matron are not the most arduous appertaining to her peculiar profession; on the contrary, very many of them are pleasant changes from the usual every-day monotony, and as such are welcomed and striven for.

Of those that are not agreeable changes, it may be as well to speak in the first place. Mention has been made so often of "the darks," that the mere allusion to it as an extra duty will be sufficient in

this instance. But in addition to seeing a refractory prisoner to the dark cells, there is an unpleasant patrolling necessary when an outbreak has happened in the night; for it is essential to use every endeavour to keep the rest of the women from following the evil example.

Under these circumstances, after a prisoner has been removed to a refractory cell, one or two matrons are often awakened, and it becomes their duty to patrol the deserted wards until the startled prisoners subside in their beds, and mutter themselves to sleep!

“That’s how that Smith always does it,” may be the prisoner’s remark—“as if she couldn’t wait a proper time, and not wake everybody up like this!”

The disadvantages of a small staff of matrons become painfully apparent when an officer falls sick—sometimes two at once. Cheerfully and willingly as extra duty is performed by those in better health, the extra labour, in this instance, tells upon the staff, saps at its strength, and confines the matrons to the prison for many days together.

Some-one's "night out" must be given up two or three times at least, and some-one's Sunday holiday passed over, when the sick matron is in her room incapacitated from public service. The work goes on steadily—the smaller staff work with a will, and lock and unlock their greater numbers with the same precision. And as in ordinary times one matron of a wing at Brixton, for example, locks and unlocks women *six hundred times a-day*—that is to say, that every prisoner is locked and unlocked twelve times, and there are fifty prisoners to a ward—occasionally even fifty-one—it may be imagined that any extra prison duties are not required in addition to this extensive lock-and-key practice. When, as it sometimes happens in the summer time, six or seven matrons are sick or absent on leave, the excitement and hard work of the remaining officers are pitiable to witness. Double duty and little chance of enjoying fresh air, constitute an existence which no white slave need envy.

Surely the bright days will come for these quiet, faithful prison servants to be rewarded

with a little less daily toil and a little more necessary recreation.

“How you ladies manage to live, in such a constant state of excitement, is a puzzle to us on the men’s side,” a Millbank warder said to me one day; “our hours are as long, but the male convicts are quiet and rational, and obey orders. It must be a hard time for all of you.”

And the warder is not the only one in prison service who entertains the same opinion.

But the wrongs of the class from which the force of events has separated me have been detailed, and need not any undue repetition. If, from the seed I have ventured to sow, the tree will bring forth good fruit in its time, I shall have fulfilled one purpose for which this book was written. And in the hope that I have said enough, and that in common charity some little good will result from my outspokening, I pass from that part of my subject.

An officer on escort is an extra duty more pleasant, and, as there are several varieties of escort, I will briefly touch upon them.

The briefest variety is the transfer of Millbank women to Brixton, or Brixton good-conduct women to Fulham Refuge. A matron is put on escort duty, and sits near the door of the omnibus which is to take the prisoners from Millbank to Brixton; she is responsible for their good behaviour during the transit, and is expected to watch them closely and restrain any excitability. Outside on the step a male guard stations himself, in case of any attempt to overpower the matron and escape—in very exceptional cases an extra guard is placed on the box by the side of the driver. The omnibus full, or half full, as the case may be, the prison gates are opened, and the equipage rattles away over Vauxhall Bridge, where no toll is paid, and down the South Lambeth Road, across the Clapham Road, by the “Swan” at Stockwell, towards the lower part of Brixton Road.

The women are always well-behaved; the excitement of the change, the consciousness that it is one step forward, one step nearer liberty and the old gangs—or the old friends, I will not be too severe—keep them in good spirits. The behavi-

our of these women is worth remarking—their excitability, their whispered observations on everything that passes, or is passed by them, in the world they catch a flying glimpse of once again.

“Everything looks so large, miss,” was the remark of one prisoner to the matron; “it isn’t like the streets and houses somehow. It’s something new and BIG!”

And this impression seems conveyed to the minds of most women. What a large dog!—what a large horse!—what large gardens to all the fore courts! It almost appears as if ten or twelve months’ confinement to a narrow cell had diminished their powers of comparison, and narrowed their busy, plotting minds.

Spasmodic observations on the passers-by are not unfrequent, despite all efforts to keep silence. “That’s like my brother Jack”—“that’s like my mother!”

At the corner of the Vauxhall Bridge Road, before the railway arch is passed under, and the Vauxhall Station passed, there is an evident anxiety to see the shops amongst the London-bred

girls — it's so like the old times to see the shops!

Women will slyly turn round in their seats, or lean over their fellow-prisoners, to look at the play-bills before the doors of the tobacconists.

“I wonder what's out now at the Vic, or the Surrey — oh! what treats I have had there!” a woman once sighed in confidence to her neighbour; “weren't they jolly nights up in the gallery at Christmas time?”

“Ah! it was all along o' the play I ever came here!” I heard a woman mutter in response.

It's always along o' something! The play, the concert-room, the streets, the false friend who tried to lead her wrong, and she so innocent! — the bad advisers, the cruel mother, father, husband, anybody — never her own weakness, or headlong desperate plunge to ruin!

In the suburban roads there is a touching anxiety to see the flowers in the gardens, or the rustling trees springing up therefrom. Flowers and trees are novelties with Millbank women, and there

is a yearning gaze directed to each front garden. Occasionally a child, all life and light, dances along the road, and escapes not criticism, being compared to little girls that they have known, or the little girls that they were once themselves.

Sometimes a reminiscence of the past leaps to the surface, perhaps in this fashion :

“Do you see that house there, Jane?”

“With the brass knocker?”

“With the black un, you fool!—next door!”

“Ah, yes! Well?”

“I was a servant there once. I ran away from there—they didn’t treat me well enough!”

“Didn’t they though?”

Perhaps the assertion is received altogether as an impromptu fiction, originated by the speaker for the sake of effect, in which case a very plain “What a lie!” rewards the giver of the intelligence. The matron commands silence, and the male officer on the step threatens to report the talker, and take her back with him.

“What a short ride!” is the exclamation, as the omnibus turns into the prison lane, and the

view of the outer world begins to narrow every instant.

From Fulham to Brixton is almost a repetition-sketch ; the journey to Fulham is but of greater length, and the scenery more diversified. There is Clapham Common to wish to be wandering over ; there is Battersea Park to gaze at, and the river to cross by Battersea Bridge ; and the steamers, and the barges coming lazily down with the tide, and the row boats flashing on the water, to comment upon.

“Isn't this first-rate!” exclaims the exultant prisoner ; “and they're all at chapel now at Brixton !”

Conveyance from Brixton to Fulham is effected by hired flies in lieu of omnibus ; the numbers are less who seek the “Refuge,” its doors being only open to the best of women.

Another feature of escort duty is worthy a remark or two, although the practice is at an end, or, at least, very rarely occurs. It was customary, in times past, for a child of two years old, born in prison, to be passed on to those friends willing to receive it ; or, if there

were no friends willing—which was very often the case—to that parish to which it had a legal claim. In most cases the child now remains with its mother until the latter's term of imprisonment is ended—which the more merciful rule, it is extremely difficult to say.

In the past, then, it became an extra duty much coveted amongst prison matrons, to escort a child to its grandfather, or grandmother, or uncle, who in all probability would be resident in the country. Far away journeys have been taken with these prison children under the old rule—a day and a night's absence, sometimes two, being allowed for the departure and return, and all expenses paid. And the child's amazement at its new position in society, the child's belief in the prison matron's power to protect it, keep it from harm, and work any amount of wonders, was singular and at times affecting.

More singular and affecting still, the meetings of the friends with this little transplanted prison flower. If respectable people, as occasionally might be the case, there was the curiosity to see what the "girl's bairn" was like, struggling with

the effort to restrain a passionate outburst in the matron's presence. I have heard many anecdotes from matrons, that, well told, have affected the whole staff to tears.

One in particular, where a prison boy turned from the grandfather and grandmother he had never seen, went rushing back to the matron's skirts, hid himself in the folds thereof, and cried to be taken back to "mammy." Anything in his young life for the old prison and the prison toys, and the faces that were not so strange to him!

Then there was the sad duty of leaving a child down some court or alley in Liverpool or Manchester, to the charge of a wrinkled harridan, or a coarse-featured, repulsive-looking young woman, with crime stamped upon every feature—and the returning with the sorrowful prescience of how the story of that child's life must infallibly end.

Despite the alterations which have curtailed the duties of escort, there is still the chance now and then of a day's special service in the country. Women who are sick or ill are not sent home unattended; to the last there is consider-

able kindness shown to the prisoners. With a sick prisoner a matron is sent as escort, and the parting with the woman is made at her own door, with her own friends round her.

I remember hearing of one painful escort home of a woman who had made undue efforts to muster strength for her departure, and would hear of no persuasions to remain a day or two longer in the infirmary. The liberty order was made out, and go she must! There was no law in England to stop her—hadn't she been a prisoner long enough?

She was persuaded to allow of an escort to her friends in the country—I believe it was a journey into Wales—and all the long railroad journey the woman sat and struggled for life, and grew worse and worse at every stage, until the matron feared she would die upon the road.

“Oh! I've made up my mind to reach home, miss,” she answered, with a ghastly smile, to the solicitations of the matron to rest awhile and undertake the remainder of the distance the next day, and no persuasion could shake the liberty woman's resolutions.

The station was reached, a fly procured, and the home arrived at—and the woman died the same night in the arms of the friends she had striven so hard to see gathered round her once again.

Escort from Millbank or Brixton to the railway station is a more common duty, and not sought for in the least. To rise an hour or an hour and a half before the usual early time for rising, and set forth in the raw morning, often the dense dark morning in the winter time, in a hired fly to the railway station, is not an enviable task; more particularly as the matron is expected to return by breakfast time, and is put on full prison duty for the remainder of the day.

Still, it is a task performed with animation and interest; there is something satisfactory in seeing a prisoner at her best; in witnessing her suppressed state of happiness at the end of the long years of imprisonment—after all the praying, all the despair, all the breakings out!

The woman, as a rule, is strangely shy and

embarrassed at the railway station; the matron cautions her to remain stationary whilst she purchases the ticket for her journey, and she never wanders from her post to look about her at the bustling world. To use an old word, she is "dazed"—the contrast is too vivid just at present; she is waking from an ugly dream and cannot understand it yet.

Meanwhile the policeman at the station has recognized the prisoner's "out dress," perhaps the prisoner's face, which is familiar to him as one he may have seen looking from a felon's dock; he keeps his watch upon her without being over obtrusive, observes which carriage she enters, and communicates his information to the guard, in case of anything going wrong during the journey.

Then the prisoner wishes the matron good-bye, and the train rushes away with her homewards, she sitting very quietly in a corner of a third-class carriage, looking demurely down at the bundle in her lap.

There is a little sentiment occasionally in these partings: if the matron on escort be a

favourite, the woman will shower all the blessings of life upon her, and go away weeping bitterly at the parting; at times there is only a gruff "good day to you," and a glimpse of a morose, dissatisfied countenance as the train moves away.

Only one instance of ingratitude and of wanton wickedness have I known in these departures—and that was the prisoner picking the pocket of the matron who had had the charge of her for several years, had been always kind to her, and for whom the woman had feigned, in her way, some affection. The matron was doubtful if the act were really committed by the woman, or expressed, for the woman's sake, her doubts, and no efforts were made to arrest the woman on a new charge at her journey's end. Fortunately, there was not a large amount in the purse—and the woman, with her ill-gotten gains, was allowed to go on her way.

Proceeding to Fisherton is another extra duty—the last of any importance that I need dilate upon. This is a railroad trip to Salisbury,

from which city Fisherton Lunatic Asylum is but an easy distance; and thither two matrons, or two matrons and a male officer, convey those unhappy prisoners whose sentence has not expired, but whose minds have given way beneath the monotony of their position, or the dark thoughts natural to severe confinement, or for other reasons beyond human power to define.

Concerning these mad prisoners I shall devote some space in a future article, and need not detain the reader here to speak of them. Suffice it to say, in this place, that this escort employment is not the most agreeable, although the journey to Salisbury *is* a change, and valued as a set-off against the dark side of the expedition.

In the case of a refractory mad prisoner, Government is put to considerable expense for special carriages; but these poor benighted fellow-creatures of ours are, as a rule, very meek and tractable on escort journeys—children of a larger growth, to be amused by a word.

At Fisherton, after the prisoners are delivered,

there remains an hour or two, perhaps, to spend in Salisbury, and a pleasant glimpse of green fields and hedge-rows to be thought of in the future, when the long hours have come back again.

CHAPTER II.

PRISON CHARACTERS.—ALICE GREY.

I NEED have no delicate scruples in commenting without reserve on the character and antecedents of this woman. It was always her desire to be famous; her struggles in prison to assume a position to which she considered herself entitled by her past notoriety, were unremitting; her desire to call attention to the fact that she was Alice Grey—the celebrated Alice Grey whom the papers spoke so much about—was

evident from the first day she became a prisoner at Millbank.

Crime follows crime so constantly in this world, that I need make no apology for offering a few details of her earlier career. In the records of police news such lives as hers are soon forgotten by the casual reader. To strive to be notorious, by a series of crimes, is a vain effort — worthy of the narrow minds that scheme for it.

Still I have no doubt Alice Grey is not quite forgotten, although the details of her earlier career, which found their way into most of the newspapers of 1856, have been consigned to general forgetfulness. As Alice Grey made some sensation in her day, and in the new development of her character in prison life is worth a hasty sketch, some little recapitulation of her early career may not be out of place.

The earliest trace of her capacity for swindling and perjury occurred in 1849, in the capital of our sister isle — Alice Grey, under the assumed name of Armstrong, charging a man with the robbery of her purse. This

malicious charge having fallen to the ground, Alice took to felony, and, after suffering twice for that offence in Ireland, came to England, with a hope of better chances for her nefarious schemes.

Grey possessed considerable ingenuity in her tactics, and the great art—if there is any art in swindling after all—of assuming, with more than a common degree of truthfulness, those numerous characters which she personified. In Yorkshire and Derbyshire she was a clergyman's daughter, waiting at the numerous hotels for her father's arrival; then she was a Protestant escaping from Roman Catholic coercion; and at Canterbury she was a Roman Catholic lady, flying from a stern Calvinistic or Baptist father, who desired to immolate her at the shrine of paternal indignation, for acting according to the dictates of her conscience. Under these last afflicting circumstances, she obtained from the Roman Catholic gentry several handsome contributions towards alleviating her pecuniary distress.

This last scheme becoming unprofitable, owing

to the non-appearance of the indignant father, and the difficulty of some well-meaning persons discovering her address, Alice Grey travelled through Scotland and England, assuming in most large cities or towns the character of a victim. Her trunks and purses were constantly being stolen from her during her journeys, and she stranded on a desolate place without a penny in her possession! To throw a truthful appearance over these statements, Grey never scrupled to charge some-one with the robbery of her property, and to deliberately swear to the identity of the falsely-accused person. Contributions from the benevolent flowed in to assist her in her difficulties; and so, under a series of false names, Grey worked her way from town to town, leaving behind her an innocent being to suffer for the crime, to the perpetration of which she had solemnly sworn.

In England alone twenty-nine innocent persons were charged by her with robbery, nine of whom were convicted on her testimony.

It may be remembered that she deliberately

procured the conviction of two boys at Chester, who were afterwards released by order of the Home Secretary; finally Alice found herself domiciled in Stafford Gaol, to wait her trial at the assizes.

At the Stafford Assizes, Grey succeeded in slipping, for a time, through the hands of the law: to the public amazement, the grand jury did not return a true bill against the prisoner; and after some skirmishing between her counsel and the counsel for the prosecution, she was once more liberated, to the delight of the people of Stafford, who saw in her only a victim to persecution.

At Birmingham, however, she was immediately arrested on a charge of perjury, and from Birmingham forwarded to Wolverhampton, to meet a second charge of as grave a nature there. Finally, the grasp of the law she had almost evaded became more firm, and Alice Grey, in the Spring Assizes of 1856, was sentenced to four years' penal servitude. Here the actions lost to public gaze—the true character stripped of the mask that had deceived society so long—may be taken up by the prison matron.

Although she was tried as Alice Grey, and was known at Millbank and Brixton Prisons by no other name, it was generally believed that the cognomen was an alias. O'Brien, Tureau, Carter, Armstrong, Huggard, Atkinson, and Brazil, were names that had each been adopted in turn—it was supposed at one period that her real name was Brazil, and that she was the wife of a soldier of that name; but at Millbank she spoke of being a single woman, and was extremely partial to the name by which she had become popularly known.

“I am the fascinating Alice Grey,” she was fond of remarking in a boastful manner—“you all have heard of the celebrated Alice Grey.”

She always alluded to herself by her Christian and surname with much egotistical satisfaction.

Alice was a woman of about seven-and-twenty years of age, when she made her appearance at Millbank; I believe she has never owned to that number of years, and that a less appears in the prison register. There is little dispute that she was a very handsome woman, and I have no doubt that her quiet

pretty face, her white skin, delicate colour, and soft voice, were great assistants to her pitiable tales, and helped her in her guilty schemes.

Grey began her term of penal servitude at Millbank in a very quiet manner, showing, however, an inability and inaptitude for work, and a decided resolution to do no more than the law necessitated, on any pretence whatever.

“Her white hands had never been used to it,” she said—“she had never earned a penny by them, and was not going to begin.”

As for Government—

“Government will never be the better, even for sewing a button on, from Alice Grey,” was her general remark; or—

“I’m not quite such a fool as to work—oh, no, miss, not half such a fool—thank you all the same.”

If remonstrated with, Alice Grey’s suavity of demeanour would vanish, and she would return some answers very abrupt and rude, winding up with an oath, or an imprecation on the eyes and limbs of the remonstrant.

Throughout the whole term of her imprisonment, Alice Grey sought to act the lady, looking down with contempt on the other prisoners, and refusing all association with them.

“They’re so rude and vulgar, and so much below me. The poor things hardly know their right hands from the left.”

To the matrons of the establishment she was equally as lofty—now and then, at Brixton, inclined, in a patronizing way, to converse with her officer, or in a mild manner to reprove her, and threaten a report if she were not more respectful in her demeanour. With the lady-superintendent she wished to exchange a word or two at times; but when making any appeal, or baffled in a purpose, Grey would lose all meekness of conduct, and use language such as the worst of prison women seldom indulged in. For it was an awfully blasphemous language, in which the Divine Names we are taught to reverence were coupled with such awful titles, that an officer was compelled, from very horror, to rush away from her.

Her cool impudence, both at Millbank and

Brixton, was characteristic to the last. It might happen that the superintendent, for some particular reason, wished to see Grey, and Grey would leave her cell in an indolent, lackadaisical manner, and dawdle on by the side of the matron towards the superintendent's quarters.

"Do make a little more haste," a matron said once to her under these circumstances.

"I shall take my time, miss," she responded quietly; "I never hurried for anybody yet, and I really shall not begin for the sake of a lady-superintendent. If the lady-superintendent wishes to see Alice Grey, she must wait till Alice Grey has a fitting time allowed to reach her!"

(These little impertinent remarks are constantly being overlooked by prison matrons, or it would be raining reports all day long. And strange as it may appear, a matron very punctual to the rules, and who for any infraction thereof reports too frequently her prisoners, is looked at with a certain amount of disfavour by the authorities.

"How is it, Miss ——, you have so many

complaints against your women?—they must be worse behaved, and therefore worse managed, than any other ward!” was once a superintendent’s reproof to an over-energetic matron.)

Alice Grey professed herself a Catholic in prison. Attendance in chapel was optional with her in consequence; and although she condescended now and then to accompany her fellow-prisoners, she was strict in her devotions to the priest. It appeared to me that Grey was always anxious to deceive; that she was not happy without preying on some one’s sensibilities, and playing her old part of victim. When transferred to Brixton—where her behaviour, under less restraint, became more insolent and contemptuous—she suddenly took it into her head to write a long letter to the Roman Catholic priest, asking for a special visit on his part, as she was very miserable, and her heart was desperately troubled. If he would only come and reason with her, and talk with her a little!

At the time of Grey’s notoriety, it was stated in more than one newspaper that her

real name was Huggard, and that she was a native of Limerick; and although she had a great objection to be considered Irish, there was a certain look and manner in her, indisputably appertaining to the sister isle.

“Lor’ bless you, ma’am, she’s Galway Irish,” was a prisoner’s criticism on her; “I’ve know’d lots of ’em.”

Alice Grey, at Brixton, was for a little while in association with a Jewess, who was serving a long imprisonment for receiving stolen goods. The Jewess was a woman of education, and of staunch Israelitish principles, and Grey and she were accustomed to argue on religious topics, and on their respective faiths.

And whether Grey was influenced by the arguments of the Jewess, or her natural bad temper asserted itself more violently at this period, certain it is that her habits underwent a further change, and that she became more wild and blasphemous and insolent.

One evening, she proceeded, in a very methodical, business-like manner, to set her cell on fire, ripping up the bed, taking the coir

therefrom, and setting fire to that and the sheets, which she hung out of the cell window, for the amusement of those prisoners in the opposite wing who might be attracted by her eccentric proceedings. And the excitement of the wing prisoners—Grey was an inmate of the Old Prison at the time—was aroused to such a pitch, that it became the greatest difficulty to quiet them. Order was not restored till messages were forwarded to the Old Prison of the conduct of one of its inmates, and Alice Grey was removed to the “dark,” where she spent eight-and-twenty days for this grave breach of prison discipline.

Grey never returned to her regular habits after this long confinement, although she resumed needle-work, after the standard habit adopted from the first, and continued her resistance to rules in general. In the airing ground I have known her sit on the step of the laundry-door, or on a chance stool, and refuse to budge an inch, or walk with the other women.

“No, Miss ——, I shall not walk this

afternoon—I'm far from well, and far from strong, and no power can make me walk, if I don't want to walk."

"But the rule is ——"

"Oh! I don't want to hear anything about the rules—I shall not walk this afternoon, I assure you. You ought to know by this time, that when the fascinating Alice Grey makes up her mind to a thing, she generally accomplishes it, in one way or another."

Alice Grey so far played the invalid, or became under confinement so far a real invalid, as to be allowed to bring her stool into the airing ground when she pleased, and take up her station apart from the women's regular procession. This is a privilege conceded to all women who are too weak to stand a full hour's exercise, a privilege that I have been always inclined to think was abused by Alice Grey.

Prior to this, Grey had succeeded in taming a sparrow, much after the principle of the prisoner mentioned in the early portion of this work, and to this little feathered stray she evinced

all the affection that it was in her nature to bestow. For any matron or prisoner, during her stay at the prisons, Grey had never shown one spark of interest, much less love; but for this sparrow there was evinced the love and the faithful jealousy of a child.

And whether walking round the airing ground or sitting on her prison stool, there was the sparrow, on her finger or her shoulder, content with its position, and full of confidence in its protector. When Grey was in bed, and before the daylight lighted up the cell, the sparrow was accustomed to perch on her head and wait its mistress's attention, and she would sing and talk to it in a simple, artless manner, that was a striking contrast to her natural character.

Looking at her in those moments one could scarcely believe her to be so crafty and dangerous a woman as her whole life's antecedents had proved.

She fretted about the sparrow for a little while when transferred to the Wing, but, recovering from her loss, took to religious argu-

ment with the Jewess, as before remarked, by way of distraction. And in the wing Grey gradually degenerated, became more insolent and fierce, lost her badge, and was degraded to the Old Prison, where she served her time out, doing little or nothing in the way of prison service—making a feint to tidy her cell at times; and in fact allowed to do, or to leave alone, almost what she liked.

To the last she expressed her confidence in being able to work her own way in the world again—never showing by a word her regret at the past sins she had committed, or the injuries to innocent persons of which she had been the cause.

Whether the old thoughts and plans for evil were busy in her brain when she left Brixton Prison, He who knoweth all thoughts can alone determine. As the name of Alice Grey has no more crossed our criminal records, let us at least think that her idea of “working her way” was by some new and honest method, in which her naturally keen judgment might assist her; and let us hope that she is following it up still, and is all the better woman for the effort.

CHAPTER III.

TROUBLESOME PRISONERS.

I AM anxious in the present chapter to devote a little attention to those prisoners who may be classed under the general title of troublesome. Not very well-behaved, not decidedly ill-behaved, but oscillating between one and the other — gaining promotion, falling back again — winning a badge, losing it in a fit of passion or a freak of insubordination ; women whose characters are so

hard to guess, and whose movements are so little to be reckoned on, that the constant, careful watching of the matrons knows no diminution.

They are, for the most part, the worst class of prisoners—minor copies of Ball, or Towers, or others of whom I have attempted a separate description, interspersed with some of a better sort of character; women whose sense of humour or love of aggravation asserts itself too prominently, and brings the jester into trouble.

With their minor escapades, singular whims and fancies—their schemes for association, or for a berth in the infirmary—their efforts to get up “sensation scenes,” and relieve the tediousness of regular discipline, I might fill the remainder of this volume. A few of these prisoners’ tricks I jotted down at odd moments of leisure, and from my rough journal I now gather here and there a fragment of a prison life or character, which may help still further to convey to the reader some idea of what prisoners are, and what prison life really is.

In the first place, let me allude to one prisoner, at Millbank, who caused no little trouble and vexation to the matrons and the inmates of her own ward, by her persistence in a series of little tricks which kept the prison on the *qui vive*. The difficulty in restraining these humours of the prisoner arose from our inability to detect the culprit—one might have a suspicion of the real offender, but it was necessary to prove the fact, and catch the woman in the act.

The trick began in this manner. When all the women were locked up for the night, and the matron of the ward was every instant expecting the night-officer, vent was suddenly given from an unknown quarter to a piercing shriek. A sharp, sudden shriek, that was over in a minute, and seemed to leave a stillness deeper than before, until the women began hammering against their doors, and calling to the matron in attendance.

“Miss ——, some one’s took ill!” was the general exclamation.

“Which woman is it?”

No one knew which woman or which cell it was; on further inquiry no one was discovered ill or ailing—no one acknowledged to the sudden outburst. The subject dropped—the matron gave a general remonstrance on the impropriety of the act—and the night-officer came on duty, and was requested to keep a sharp look-out and see if it were possible to discover the offender. But all remained still for the remainder of the night, and the subject within the next four-and-twenty hours was almost forgotten. However, at about the same time next night, and when the women were composing themselves for good—several of them were already in their beds and asleep—the same sharp, sudden cry rang out in the wards.

Renewed inquiries, careful investigation and cross-examination, and no satisfactory result obtained—the perpetrator of the act still wrapped in a veil of mystery, prison matrons and prisoners both equally puzzled.

The success of this trick appeared to warrant a second edition that night; a new fea-

ture of annoyance to prison matrons had been introduced, which worked well, and it became necessary to keep the officers stirring. Consequently in the middle of the night, just as the night-officer had left the ward and was proceeding to another part of the prison, utterance was given to the most awful and heart-piercing shriek that had ever rung in those dismal corridors.

This was too much for the patience of women never very patient at the best of times. They turned out of their beds and began shaking their doors with rage.

“Miss ——, just find out what fool that is, who’s waking us up with her nonsense,” shouted one.

“I wish I only knew!” vociferated another.

“Ain’t we hardly worked enough in the day that we mustn’t rest at night?” demanded a third woman.

“If she comes that caper agin, I’ll keep you stirring, for I’ll make a smash of it, blest if I don’t!” threatened a fourth.

A fifth was cruelly sceptical as to whether

it was a prisoner at all, and not a bit of spite of the officer on duty; whilst a sixth clamoured for association, because she was sure it was the devil coming! The night-officer used her best exertions to discover the culprit, but in a full ward discovery was difficult, and the result was as fruitless as anticipated. As persistence in these sudden shrieks was calculated to subvert all discipline in that particular ward, it became necessary to quietly put an extra matron on the watch — a precaution which might have been attended with satisfactory results, if the shrieking had not ceased as suddenly as it had begun.

A few days extra attention, and then the matter dropped, the watching ceased, and—the shrieking began again! The same inquiries were made, again the same result, and again the extra vigilance which happened to be always exercised at the wrong time, and invariably in the wrong place.

This little variation of duties continued for some time, despite several plans to discover the

delinquent, until one evening the matron made a feint of passing down the ward as usual, closed the door at the end somewhat demonstratively, and then noiselessly glided back to a position near the cells of one or two prisoners under suspicion. After waiting there with suspended breath for a little while, she was rewarded by the sharp, sudden cry of a prisoner in the next cell but one to where she stood.

“Oh! it’s you, is it!” was the exclamation, as she looked through the inspection; “well, what have you to say for perpetrating so silly a trick?”

“*Me!*”

“Yes; you don’t wish to deny it, now I have found you out?”

“Well, miss—you see, it was only a little bit of fun of mine!”

But the fun of hers was reported to the superintendent, and atoned for by due penance; and the prison matrons have always considered it a great blessing that this unseasonable pleasantry did not become fashionable

amongst a class famous for its mimicry of most things.

Mention has already been made in these pages of McWilliams, as partner in the wholesale destruction of glass, with Nicholas, at Brixton Prison—a woman so famous for breaking out, and all defiance of prison rules, that in the Director's book of characters there is scored against her name "*Incorrigible.*" And although McWilliams has had superiors—if there be any superiority in the art of mischief—she deserves all the credit that appertains to such objectionable proceedings, for her unceasing schemes to harass and confuse all in authority above her.

On being given a new cell broom one day, McWilliams was heard a few minutes afterwards shrieking with laughter in her cell.

"What's the matter, McWilliams?"

"Nothing particular, ma'am—only—oh! dear, it does look so funny—I have been cutting the broom's hair. It's much too long, miss, according to the rules."

And, sure enough, McWilliams had cut every hair of the broom short to the wooden

stump, and destroyed its sweeping capabilities for ever. Punished for this freak, the next act of irregularity exhibited by this prisoner was to walk to chapel with bare feet, an act unobserved by the matron in attendance, until the service was half completed, and McWilliams with cool impudence was thrusting out her bare feet and legs from her dress, to the intense amusement of her fellow-prisoners.

To prisoners' tricks at school, I shall presently refer in my chapter on the prison school-room; and concerning those fancies which are not tricks, and give but little extra trouble to the matron, I have also a word or two to say, in a befitting place. Of many characteristic acts much mention has been made, and is still to be made in those special chapters devoted to the purpose; it is needless to add that I do not seek to enumerate all the petty schemes which are constantly being formed by those women who keep to penal wards and refractory cells, and have no ambition for a badge.

The schemes to obtain a place in the

infirmary are unceasing. Amongst them are many instances of self-mutilation, personal damage, and wanton destruction of health, which appear to be regarded as nothing in the balance with a few privileges and a higher scale of diet; and whether the illness be natural, or forced by the woman on herself, there is no keeping her from the infirmary ward, if she be resolved upon obtaining a place there. A woman will coolly pound a piece of glass to powder, and bring on internal hemorrhage, nay, often bring herself to the dark threshold of death's door, for the mere sake of the change. Bad hands, and arms, and feet will be studiously contrived by means of scissors, thimble, a half-penny fastened to a wound; madness will be feigned, staylaces will be twisted round the neck till respiration almost ceases; women more desperate still will run the risk of hanging themselves, in the hope of being cut down in time and taken to the infirmary.

The hanging process betrays much ingenuity as well as moral perversity, and is generally

managed in this fashion by women who desire a little change. The button of the "inspection," or the iron work of the ventilator above the door, is generally chosen; to make a better case of it, the ventilator is selected by women of more nerve. Having procured a piece of list, or string, or taken the rope from her bed—there is no keeping every implement of self-destruction from a woman—the prisoner stands on her pail or stool, fastens the end of her string to the ventilator, puts her head into a running noose, and then gives a kick to her pail, which sends the water streaming underneath the door over the flag-stones of the ward. The appearance of the water suggests something unusual to the matron on duty—the door is attempted to be opened—a heavy swinging substance, to the matron's horror, is felt inside the door; extra assistance is called, the woman is cut down, and the doctor is hastily sent for. Every means is used to restore the woman to consciousness, and the final result is association or the infirmary, according to the extent of

injury committed. Many awkward results have followed these desperate means—many errors of judgment have nearly ended in a fate unbar-gained for. Eliza Burchall, a prisoner of Brix-ton Prison, concocted a scheme of this character with a second prisoner, who was to discover her hanging at a stated time, on coming out of chapel, when she was accidentally to take a matron to Burchall's cell, on an excuse of articles left there during association. Burchall, hearing footsteps approaching a few minutes before the appointed time, leaped off as arranged, and the footsteps *passed the door and went on down the ward*. Her confederate, some three minutes afterwards, arrived in charge of the matron who was to open Burchall's cell and demand the missing property; and Burchall, to all appearances dead, was discovered hanging by the neck. In this instance, a return to life was despaired of—the long period she had been suspended, the rigid limbs, the swollen, livid features, seemed all evidences that playing at death had become death in earnest; and it was only by the unceasing exertions of the

surgeon—and a more earnest, skilful professor of the great art of healing does not exist than Mr. Rendle of Brixton Prison—that the rash woman was brought back from the very brink of eternity, after remaining unconscious for three and forty hours.

Hanging on a less elaborate principle is adopted by more nervous women; tying a stay-lace round the neck, till the eyes nearly drop out of the head, and then waiting patiently for the arrival of the next comer, is quite a fashionable amusement, and, the reason considered for the act, answers tolerably well.

Tricks are played by prisoners often without an ostensible object. I have a remembrance of one woman named Jarvis, at Millbank, whose efforts to place her head in remarkable positions caused great embarrassment to the officers in charge. Wherever there was space to squeeze a head, this woman's soon found its way, and there it would remain a fixture for hours, although its removal was generally at the option of the prisoner. In each of the refractory cell doors is a small

trap, used for passing the food to the prisoners, and through this aperture would the woman's head be thrust, with a silly, defiant expression of countenance.

It was a ludicrous part of a matron's duty to stand in the ward, arguing with this woman, and begging her to take her head in, all that her expostulations elicited, by way of reply, being an idiotic stare. Endeavouring to open the door might have led to the dislocation of the prisoner's neck, and only an urgent remonstrance could be made. Jarvis, or "crying Jarvis," as she was termed by the prisoners, was considered to be a little weak in intellect, and certainly this extraordinary freak does not warrant me in estimating her as sane. The extraordinary duty she entailed on her officer may be readily imagined when medical orders were issued that the woman was not to be left with her head in that position, as, if her feet were to give way beneath her, death would infallibly ensue.

The guards were accustomed to be called in to Jarvis's head at all hours of the day and night, and efforts were made to gently force it

through the aperture again; if successful, the trap was immediately closed; if unsuccessful, a matron sat down to keep watch on this aggravating head.

Strict orders were given not to open the trap of Jarvis's door; but the force of habit would lead the matron, almost unconsciously, to unfasten it, when, as quick as a Jack-in-the-box, and almost on the same principle, Jarvis's head would immediately appear.

Tears of bitter repentance over her treacherous memory would the matron shed, as the head refused to be withdrawn, and the watching of it became once more an extra prison duty. If Jarvis were more than usually troublesome or irritable, and the physical force used was successful in removing her head from its peculiar position, she would fling herself on her back, and commence a violent kicking on the floor with her heels, that would last for twenty-four hours, without an instant's cessation.

Jarvis's head, and even Jarvis's heels, were always getting into extraordinary posi-

tions, however close the watch and careful the actions of the matron in attendance; and the name of crying Jarvis, to any of the old staff of either Millbank or Brixon Prison, will be followed by a fervent prayer that that eccentric woman may never meet with penal servitude again.

Returning to the old subject of schemes for obtaining admission into the infirmary, pricking the gums with a needle may be mentioned as a common practice—the prisoner fears “she’s bust a wessel, because the blood keeps coming up in her mouth so.” And soap pills for sham fits and frothing at the mouth, are as much in request at our Government prisons as amongst those street impostors who horrify a London audience.

There are women also who will stretch themselves out awfully “stiff and stark” in their beds, and so well assume the appearance of death as to deceive the matron in charge, who, finding the prisoner has not responded to her call, enters the cell to see if anything has happened.

In some cases the doctor is sent for.

If the woman is known to be an old offender, a pint of water is suddenly dashed into her face, when, as a rule, she will leap up in bed and utter a torrent of oaths at the indignity.

In one instance, where a woman stoutly insisted upon being dead, notwithstanding all natural appearances to the contrary, another prisoner who chanced to be in attendance hit upon the happy idea of thrusting her finger-nail between the nail and the flesh of the apparently deceased, when the woman bounced up, shook her clenched fist at her torturer, and yelled forth, "Oh, Sall, you are a ——— brute!"

Another of the prisoners at Millbank possessed such a peculiar and unusual capacity of self-inflation, as to deceive for some time even the medical attendant, who imagined that she was suffering from some natural malady. She would expand herself to an astounding degree, her size becoming greater every instant, and alarming all her watchers. Removal to the infirmary often became necessary, where in time she would recover—sit up for a few days—

take to her bed once more, and then begin again gradually to expand. Doubt of the genuineness of this woman's affliction having at last suggested itself to the medical attendant, from some suspicious gasps that seemed indulged in for the sole purpose of taking in more of the atmospheric element, chloroform was suddenly administered, with an effect in every respect surprising. The inflation disappeared when the woman's powers of inhaling became temporarily suspended, and the deception was at last clearly traceable to the right cause. This prisoner's marvellous powers of expansion were, notwithstanding the discovery, still practised with more or less success during her stay in prison. A trick, or not a trick, it exhausted her strength to that extent that infirmary treatment and diet could not be refused her.

It is often very difficult to distinguish between real and fancied infirmities, if the woman be clever at deception. There are some instances in which matrons, and even surgeons, have been puzzled to the last.

A case recurs to me of a woman at Brixton Prison; a poor, weakly creature, whose infirmities became apparently so great that for some years she spent the greater part of her time in bed. At times she would make an effort to busy herself about her cell, or walk as far as the airing ground, moaning feebly to herself, and doubling one of her legs under her with a very characteristic limp. So intense were apparently her sufferings, that when she finally kept her bed for six or seven months — some who tell this story assert that she spent the last twelve months in bed — it was mercifully resolved to commute her sentence by two years, in consideration of her great infirmities.

And whether she were an impostor or not, certain it is that the day after the news was received she suddenly re-appeared in the prison, tidying and dusting her cell, and with no signs left of her excruciating limp. She was considered an impostor for the time, although many attributed the temporary disappearance of her malady to the re-action of the nerves on the receipt of such

good news as two years less of prison service.

At all events, the bodily prostration and the limp came back again before the day was out, which was consistent policy if she were an impostor, and a curious instance of the effect of sudden good news if she were not. Of her behaviour out of prison nothing is known; my own opinion concerning her is, that there was a great deal of deception allied with natural weakness, and that with one little variation from her *rôle*, she played her part with a skill far beyond the average.

One of the greatest tricks in my experience of prison life was perpetrated some years since by two women at Millbank. I say the greatest, not that there was much ingenuity or even daring in the act, but that the excitement amongst prison officers was greater than at any other time which I can call to memory.

The roof of the building then used as a laundry ran under the windows of the prisoners' cells, and from these windows a woman

named Maxwell and another contrived to remove all impediments in their way, and squeeze themselves through to the roof of the laundry, where they were shortly afterwards discovered by the guards, coolly promenading.

Alarm was by this time given from the interior that two women were missing from their cells, and the guards made their appearance round the laundry, to prevent all attempt at further descent. The women, who had no intention of escaping, amused themselves with deriding the officials below, feigning to make leaps from the roof into the airing yard beneath, and executing little comic dances of defiance.

But an end was put to this divergence from the ordinary routine by ladders being brought to the laundry, and a simultaneous rush made up them by two or three guards. The women offered no resistance, although they were both desperate characters—a scuffle on the roof of a house, with the prospect of an unceremonious dash into the yard beneath, not being to their taste. They accepted their handcuffs without a murmur, and went down

the ladders and off to the "dark" in an exultant mood: it had been a great change for them, and they had enjoyed it very much!

Perhaps as great a piece of impudence was perpetrated at a later date by another prisoner, who was a woman of no very great muscular power to look at—in fact, one whose general appearance was altogether deceptive. She was of the incorrigible order, setting all rules at defiance, and as partial to "breakings out" as the worst of her contemporaries.

The principal feat for which she was celebrated at Millbank was that of suddenly rushing at a guard of six feet in height, whom special business had brought for an instant to the woman's side of the prison, fling her arms round his capacious waist, lift him bodily from the ground, and run with him a distance of thirty or forty yards, amidst a roar of laughter from the women, and the attempt of the matrons in attendance to appear preternaturally solemn and shocked. The astonishment, suppressed rage, and discomfiture of the big war-

der, would have afforded a study for George Cruikshank in his best days—never was the dignity of office more suddenly outraged and transformed to burlesque.

And burlesque will here and there start forth in the most unlikely places, and even prison walls will ring with laughter. There are few places so wholly dark but that a ray of light will fall upon them and brighten them at times.

CHAPTER IV.

PRISON CHARACTERS.—MARIA COPES.

THE last published report of the Directors of Convict Prisons directed attention to a prisoner at Millbank, whose conduct was so extraordinary and outrageous as to be more that of a wild beast than a reflecting, rational human being. Even in the annals of prison life she stands an anomaly, her actions having been so far removed from those of other prisoners as to render her worthy of special mention in a Parliamentary paper.

The woman mentioned in that report, and who forms the subject of the present sketch, was Maria Copes, still serving out her time, and still oscillating between the prisons of Millbank and Brixton. (It is fair to add, however, that Copes is now making, for the first time, some little effort to turn over a new leaf, and has been several months without incurring a report.)

Copes, it may be premised, is a giantess in appearance; powerfully made, with a pair of broad shoulders and muscular arms, worthy of a member of the pugilistic profession. A woman with no common sense, devoid of all common feeling even for her own sufferings, and of all reflection on the punishments that must follow her outbreaks, dark cells, handcuffs, and strait-waiscoats having no terrors for her. It is to this woman that I indirectly alluded in my sketch of Ball, as Ball's superior in the art of aggravation and resistance. Skilful with her hands, her feet, her teeth, and possessed of extraordinary strength, it may be imagined that Copes was no easy subject to

deal with in her evil hours. For instance, it might happen that on some day she would suddenly refuse to take air, saying:—

“There’s no occasion why I should take air—what’s the good of air to me? Just be off, and leave me alone, while I’m quiet.”

If this hint were not immediately attended to, she would scream like a hyena, dash at her cell door, and shake it with a force that in very violent paroxysms would perhaps leave it in her hands.

Breaking furniture, smashing glass, tearing blankets and rug after the old prison fashion, were mere trifles to Copes; the table was reduced to firewood in an instant, gas pipes were torn down, the sides of tin cans were flattened together, and a greater number of men were always required to force her into a refractory cell than had ever been engaged on the same duties since Millbank Prison had scowled across the water at the Vauxhall wharves.

Getting Copes into a refractory or dark cell was no easy matter; getting her, as soon as

possible, out of those quarters became another duty to be immediately attended to. When placed in the "dark," it was found that she had a partiality to leaping from one side of the cell to the other, taking "headers" as it were against the opposite wall; or else assuming a crouching position in a corner, she would curl her arms round her knees, and commence a series of violent swinging motions that brought her head rapidly against the wall, with a sickening series of cracks that would have ended in concussion of the brain with any other prisoner. If not thus agreeably occupied, she would wrench up the flooring of "the darks," and batter away with the planks at the door, till the whole prison seemed coming down at once. It became soon generally understood that Copes was too violent even for "darks" and "refractories;" canvas jackets were of little use, for she ripped them up and burst them asunder, as though they had been prison sheeting; and handcuffs she broke or bit away from her wrists, and, failing that, tried to dash her brains out with them.

These extraordinary paroxysms of passion would last for days, and defeat all efforts to reduce them by restraint: the power to injure herself it was difficult to deprive her of, and she was more insensible to the pain she inflicted on herself than were those compelled to be the witnesses of her self-torture. It became necessary to confine her in the padded cell, a room generally reserved for mad prisoners, the walls of which are thickly padded to within a few inches of the ceiling. Here she would climb about like a cat, and often be found wriggling herself round the room several feet above the heads of her observers. She was as supple and as agile as a panther, and possessed all the strength of that creature of the forests.

Copes finished her feats in the padded room by tearing down with her teeth all the strongly-fixed canvas, supports, and stuffing, and piling up the ground with the *débris*. I believe this was the first time that ever the feat was accomplished, and the strength and ingenuity by which she succeeded in the attempt must have verged on the superhuman. She

became very vain of this last exploit—which she repeated several times—and used to boast of it to her fellow-prisoners, who were compelled after that to sit up with her night and day, for fear of the harm she might perpetrate on herself.

Tightly secured in canvas jackets of an extra thickness, it became necessary to feed Copes with a spoon—a process which she objected to strongly, and for which she showed her contempt in a manner at once novel and characteristic. She would stand very quietly and receive a spoonful of her gruel, then give a cat-like run up the prison wall, blow the food from her mouth through the window, spring down again with pantomimic celerity, and place herself in position for the next modicum of gruel, to be served in the same way, until the whole was disposed of. If the women in association with her were withdrawn for a few minutes, she would often be found on their return divested of the canvas jacket, and with the ceiling of her cell torn down and covering the floor!

A special consultation between the resident surgeon, Dr. Guy, the medical superintendent—the worthy, kind, and clever successor to the late lamented Dr. Baly—and Dr. Forbes Winslow, resulted in the conviction that Copes was of perfectly sound mind—indulging in the mere eccentricities, I may add, of a woman naturally playful!

After her fits of insubordination Copes was accustomed to sober down a little, to do her work regularly, and to behave like the other prisoners. She was always carefully watched, however,—matrons were warned of her, and prisoners cautioned not to cross her; but she took offence at so many little trifles, and was always so full of whims and fancies in herself, that studying Copes was of very little use.

Strangely enough, though the most violent woman in prison service, she never indulged in the foul, abominable language common to prisoners in their paroxysms. She never made use of an oath during the whole time of my knowledge of her.

Copes sobering down somewhat, endeavours were made to induce her to take exercise, and by dint of much coaxing she one afternoon proceeded, like a sulky elephant, into the airing ground of Millbank Prison. Here affairs seemed progressing in a satisfactory manner, until, becoming tired of the monotony, and anxious to create a little diversion, she squatted down in a corner of the yard, and proceeded to rock herself backwards and forwards, in much the same style as she was accustomed to in the "darks," bringing her hard skull with violence against the bricks with every oscillation.

Some of the women shrieked, and ran to stop her—Copes broke into one of her old frenzies—a posse of guards arrived to the rescue, and she was borne away to her old refractory quarters.

"I told you I wasn't going to walk, and that I didn't like air," she grumbled, by way of explanation for her outbreak, a few days afterwards.

Copes, in due time, was sent on to Brixton,

where the new rules and new faces brought on for a while the old irritable fits, until she "took a turn," as it were, and gave evidence of again sobering down.

She is now, I hear, proceeding calmly and methodically in the regular routine, and everyone is thinking how nicely Copes is going on, and how wonderfully she has altered for the better. Whether a change is yet to come "o'er the spirit of her dream," and she is again to make havoc with prison property, and render nugatory all methods yet adopted for the regulation and order of female convict establishments, it is impossible to guess. She has promised to amend, and leaves "for good" next April, I believe—so there is much to hope for.*

* Since writing the above, April has passed, and Maria Copes is free. Her conduct on the whole at Brixton Prison was just passable."

CHAPTER V.

THE PRISON SCHOOL.

GOVERNMENT makes a wise effort to afford our unruly children some little idea of right, in contra-distinction to the lessons conned in the darker school where there are ever pupils apt at ill instruction.

In justice to my subject, I must say that the schooling system is far from a perfect one — does not work well — even irritates the women. Perhaps it would be hard for most of us to sit down late in life to learn school lessons; to these women, who have known no

lessons in their childhood, whose minds are set to ignorance, and on whom a ray of light is torture, the prison school is almost unendurable.

I cannot think that so much attention has been given to the schools as the subject is deserving of. The machinery to do good is existent; but it appears to me that it is not fairly worked. *There is no incentive to learn*, and the women sit down to their lessons with more doggedness and moroseness than they exhibit when they turn to their daily labour.

“What’s the good of my learning at this time of life?” one woman will say. And I have often heard another exclaim, “I’d rather have six months—nine months—longer sentence than this sort of work. It’s awful hard!”

They sit at their desks, a posse of unruly children, more ignorant and unteachable than any child can possibly be; growling discontent over their lessons, and seeking to evade them. Over such a grisly array of pupils the two schoolmistresses in attendance possess little, if any, power.

At Millbank the instruction is cellular.

Three or four years since some new arrangements were made at that prison, and have since been followed up with a little more success, although I can scarcely credit the fact that the number who are still unable to write their own letters when transferred to Brixton are comparatively few. In fact, the reports of the chaplains of Brixton and Fulham, to which these women are drafted, allege almost the reverse. "The educational state of the prisoners who have been received during the year has not been encouraging," asserts the Rev. J. Moran, of Brixton Prison. The following return of school duties at Millbank Prison, I extract from the report of 1860:—

"School is held in each ward twice a week, for an hour and a half at a time. The number of schoolmistresses assigned to a ward is four, and as a ward contains on an average about twenty-eight prisoners, each teacher has thus seven prisoners to instruct, to each of whom (for they are taught individually in their cells) the time permits her to give a lesson of about thirteen minutes' duration on the average. During the school hour all work

is suspended. On the commencement of school the prisoners are set to write, and while they are thus employed, the teachers are passing from cell to cell, giving to each, in turn, a short reading lesson, and pointing out any defects in the writings that need correction. When the teacher leaves, the prisoner resumes her writing if not already finished, or, if she has finished her writing, goes over by herself the lesson just received. Under the former arrangement each schoolmistress had a certain number of wards assigned to her, each of which she visited twice in the week, teaching in the ward for half a day each time, during which the prisoners were at liberty to lay aside their work in order to make preparations for the schoolmistress. It was found, however, that, except in the case of some few anxious to improve themselves, no preparation was made, and that beyond the few minutes' actual instruction by the schoolmistress, nothing was done by the prisoners for themselves. Under these circumstances their progress could not be satisfactory. Another defect of the old arrangement was, that it ad-

mitted of little or no supervision of the teaching on the part of the chaplain. A remedy is found for this in the present plan, which, by bringing the teachers together in a single ward at a time, rather than distributing them singly throughout several wards, enables the chaplain to superintend their work, and also better to stimulate and encourage the prisoners by occasionally himself testing their progress."

The prison school-room at Brixton is a large room built out from that part of the building termed the Old Prison, and generally known by the name of Number 1. The women are taught once a-week, in classes of fifty at a time; the wing women generally of a morning, from ten to half-past twelve; the old prison women, and consequently the worst behaved, of an afternoon, and for a period of time somewhat less than women of the second or first class.* On Saturdays there is a school held for the laundry wards, on which day another room is opened, and a hundred women are taught at

* The slight alteration of teaching the women in smaller classes has been recently tried with satisfactory results.

once, by four schoolmistresses. Two schoolmistresses compose the staff, but the ladies holding the positions of librarian's and chaplain's clerk at Brixton assume for the nonce a position as preceptors. It must be understood that everybody is compelled to attend school, with the exception of sick prisoners, or prisoners confined in the refractory cells for insubordination. Lady prisoners, whose education may be in advance of the schoolmistress's, sit side by side with the woman who stumbles over a word of one syllable, or cannot read at all, and who sits glowering at her book, inwardly cursing its contents.

The two schoolmistresses sit in the centre of the room, having the women on three sides of them. Each schoolmistress attends to five and twenty women, whilst facing the fifty prisoners is the matron, whose duty it is to keep a careful watch, and allow no surreptitious whispering. And it is singular the little respect and awe that are shown for the two schoolmistresses, and the power that is possessed by the matron over that ward of fifty prisoners. If the matron glance aside, whispering begins

at once, and no threats or warnings of the schoolmistresses have any effect upon their pupils.

The schoolmistress appeals to the matron on duty if there be too much talking, and the matron calls to order and reproves the unruly. Bible reading in classes is adopted by those who have a fair knowledge of their letters, and a strange gabble of sounds it is proceeding from these women. There is, however, an objection to reading aloud amongst them, and and it is only by the matron's continual remonstrance that the majority of the women can be induced to read at all. Those who have yet their letters to learn have special lessons given them, and great is the difficulty to surmount the first barriers in the way of education. Women more ignorant and stupid than these prisoners it is impossible to conceive; teaching them becomes a hopeless task—the little progress made one week is entirely forgotten the next, and has to be re-learned, with the same stolidity of manners and vacuity of countenance. Teaching for two hours, or two hours and a half, once

a-week, with no lessons to learn in the interim, is a burlesque of teaching with such indocile pupils.

Reading in Bible-class and a writing lesson constitute almost all the school duties required of the women. Originally copy-books were given to them, until the leaves began to disappear, and to be used for furtive correspondence; latterly a single sheet of paper is laid before each woman, and collected at the end of school hours, the performance thereon being duly criticized.

At one period an attempt was made to teach the elementary rules of arithmetic, a variation which unfortunately proved a signal failure. It was the last feather on the camel's back, and the women would have nothing to do with such arduous mental exertion. To do them justice they made the attempt; but the extraordinary answers that were returned to questions the most simple, and the shouts of laughter from the women at the desks at the blunders of those who had found courage to respond, were subversive of good order, often of good temper. A scene like the subjoined was of common occurrence :—

"Attention, please. Twice two?"

"Four" would be responded pretty generally.

"Twice three?"

Affairs would be growing difficult, and out of twenty-five women six or seven would venture to reply, "Six."

"Twice four?"

Dead silence, to be suddenly broken by one voice crying out, "Nine," at which there would be a roar of laughter from the rest of the class.

"What are you laughing at, stupids?" I have heard a woman passionately exclaim; "I'll fetch one of you a hit of the mouth in a minute, if you don't stop grinning."

"Jackson, I shall report you," remonstrates the matron on the watch.

"I ain't come here to be laughed at, miss, I can tell you!"

Jackson will probably subside, if the matron be a woman of tact and well acquainted with the humours of the prisoners.

Arithmetic proving a failure, teaching resolved itself again into Bible-class and writing-

lesson, which I believe has continued to this day, without any change from the wearisome monotony.*

The old prison women are naturally more difficult to manage than the wing women; and if there were a general mutiny in the school amongst the former, there would be little chance for the one matron and two schoolmistresses against fifty furious prisoners.

The old prisoners come to school with more reluctance than the wing women; often lump them-

* My observations on this head appear at variance with the list of school-books mentioned in the report. The following works I perceive are set down:—Class Reading Books, Nos. 4, 5, and 6; Adult Lesson Book; “History of England;” “Catechism of History of England;” “Catechism of Astronomy;” “Catechism of Geography;” “Catechism of Modern History;” “Stewart’s Geography;” “First Book of Arithmetic;” “Spelling Book, superseded by Sullivan,” &c., &c. Half of these works I have seen on the shelves; the other half I have no knowledge of, having never even heard them alluded to. I am convinced no body of female convicts could be made to receive lessons from one-tenth of them. With regard to the first book of arithmetic, it may be as well to add that a sum is still occasionally worked on a large slate, at which the women gape and stare, but gather nothing from.

selves down on the forms and open their Bibles with an impatient dab upon the desk.

Occasionally it happens that a prisoner will sit down in a corner and refuse to read or write, remaining there stolid and defiant during the whole time allotted to prisoners' education.

"I can't stand it, miss—it only drives me silly," the woman may exclaim, in reply to her matron's reproof; "I'll be quiet here. I shan't do any reading to-day—catch me at it!"

Another of the old prison women will suddenly leap to her feet with a stifled exclamation which may pass for a mild remonstrance or a muttered oath, and stride over her form indignantly.

"Miss ——, I want to go back to my cell."

"Wait till schooling is over, Jones."

The woman shakes her head savagely.

"I'm sick of schooling. You'd better take me back to my cell—I shall only make a row here. Don't say I haven't given you warning."

If the woman steadily persist, for the sake of peace and quietness the matron allows her to withdraw, accompanies her to her particular ward, and locks her up in her cell. On her

return to the schoolroom, the prisoners will invariably be discovered talking at the top of their voices, deaf to the reproofs of the schoolmistresses, and stolidly oblivious of their presence. Quarrels have begun on the old subject of "palling in;" jealous mutterings echo from one form to another; threats of punching each other's heads, and scratching out each other's eyes, are prolific, and it requires all the matron's power to subdue these angry waters, and cast oil upon them, before the tempest rages forth in earnest.

It is the matron's most difficult task to keep these women subordinate to prison rules in school hours, and extra insubordination is considered the matron's fault, and punished by a fine.

Instances have occurred of a refractory pupil suddenly losing all command of temper, and flinging her books unceremoniously at the head of a woman who has offered her an insult, in the shape of a grimace or a laugh at her peculiar style of reading. It is needless to inform the reader, who, if he has faithfully followed me, must have obtained a fair insight into prison character, that these stormy

variations of temper spread like wildfire, and offer temptations to follow a similar example, that it is difficult for unsettled natures to resist.

During the last half hour of "schooling" the women, weary of tuition, begin to talk and whisper together; if not too loudly, the matron, as a general rule, allows the little privilege of a gossip. But the ways of one matron are not those of another in the schoolroom—each has her own peculiar style of management, and according to the good sense and discretion of the officer, so is there more or less discipline in school hours.

A bad officer loses half the command over her women at these times—fifty unruly natures together in one room are hard to keep in a semblance of quiescence, when books are wearisome, and blots and splashes plentiful.

Occasionally the superintendent, the deputy, or the chaplain will enter, and a general rising of the inmates of the room take place—a few prisoners, if of a sullen turn, feigning not to notice the arrivals, until attention is directed to their breach of courtesy by the matron in attendance.

Superintendent, deputy, or chaplain having

departed, after asking a few questions,—perhaps on the progress of the women,—the school subsides, and lessons are resumed.

Time for dismissal having arrived, the schoolmistress raps the table, and the women rise, whilst she utters the prayer of dismissal used in our churches: “The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with us all evermore. Amen.” In earlier times it was usual to substitute a verse of a hymn in lieu of this solemn petition,—that beautiful verse of the evening hymn, commencing—

“Praise God from whom all blessings flow.”

But the women, with little reverence in their natures, and glad of an opportunity of exercising their voices, gave vent to such vociferous bawling, and such sly wicked additions of their own to the verse, that it became necessary to discontinue singing, and to substitute the prayer already mentioned.

School over, the first twenty-five women, with as much delight as was ever evinced by a restless crowd of boys turning out of a village school to a breezy common, start

from their forms towards the door, the matron using her best endeavours to send them out with some semblance of order. The more artful of them may, before this time, have filled their thimbles with ink, intending to make off with a small modicum of that fluid, to be used in correspondence with a "pal" in some other portion of the prison.

This thimble the woman will carry in her hand to her cell, sometimes betraying herself by dropping the ink on the stones, or spilling it over her dress; and if ingenious enough to keep it concealed till dinner time, will sink it in half her dinner loaf, and put by that half till tea time.

"Not at all hungry to-day, miss," is her excuse, "perhaps my appetite will come round by tea."

And so for one meal the half-loaf is allowed to remain, and this is no infraction of the prison rules.

The above is a fair sketch of prison schooling; very little is learned, and the school-mistress finds it up-hill work to drill some seeds of learning into the heads of these

ignorant, often brutal, women. Still it is a step in the right direction, from which much good might be evolved if the requisite care were taken, and the requisite means to work good put into form and carried out. The machinery is at fault, I have observed: the lessons are monotonous—no interest is taken in their studies by the women, and there is no sympathy between schoolmistresses and pupils. But it is a good feature in our prisons; and education is a staunch opponent to crime. With every good seed sown, an evil one dies to make room for it; and the sowing of that seed in the proper and most fitting manner is worth a little more consideration on the part of those who have the genius to suggest amendments, and the power to carry those amendments out.

CHAPTER VI.

PRISON CHARACTERS.—SARAH BAKER, MARY
MAY, AND THE JEWESS.

IN Millbank and Brixton Prisons were, and are, many prisoners whose traits of character are worth preserving. They stand a little apart from the general body, and I should not be doing justice to my task were I to wholly pass them by. They are not characters very striking, neither is any remarkable incident connected with them, but there is sufficient interest attached to each to warrant an appearance in these pages.

I have no doubt that the story of Sarah Baker has long since been forgotten by newspaper readers, notwithstanding that much public sympathy was evinced for her at the time of trial.

Sarah Baker was tried for the murder of her infant, at the Stafford Assizes, in July, 1853. It may be remembered by a few that the case was a pitiable one, and the crime awful in its character. The old story of man's temptation and woman's fall, ending in the birth of a child, which she was totally unable to support. The circumstances were aggravated by the facts that her seducer had fled the country, in order to avoid the liability of supporting her child, and that at the end of a year he had returned and married another woman. Sarah Baker, the story runs, strove for a long while against the adverse current, in the hope of supporting herself and child, and, finally, becoming desperate, took the child to a deserted pit-shaft and threw it down. An attempt was made by her counsel to obtain her acquittal on the ground of insanity; but the jury found her guilty of murder, at the same time strongly

recommending her to mercy, on account of the distressing nature of the case, and the morbid condition of mind under which she laboured when the deed was perpetrated. The jury's recommendation was forwarded to the proper quarter, and Sarah Baker's sentence of death was commuted to penal servitude for life.

Sarah Baker arrived at Millbank Prison a very young, delicate woman, took her place in her ward at coir picking, very willingly, and soon became distinguished from the mass, as an obedient, even cheerful prisoner. I am inclined to think that a great deal of public sympathy was wasted on this woman, and that for the crime itself, and its consequences, Baker felt little remorse. There was a hardness, even a callousness in her manner of alluding to the crime, that showed the heart had not been wrung much by the guilty act which had deprived her child of life.

"I was obliged to throw the little beggar over," it is reported Baker said one day to a woman to whom she was detailing the incidents of the dark past, "it made such an awful row."

Baker's health, both at Millbank and Brixton, was variable—is still, I believe, on the decline. When out of the infirmary she was a good servant, worked industriously, was civil to her matrons, and preserved a far more cheerful demeanour than the majority of the prisoners.

The past crime did not press heavily on her conscience, I have observed; but it is a remarkable fact that these serious acts seldom do. Women who are in for murder, more especially for the murder of their children, are, as a rule, the best behaved, the most light-hearted prisoners. I may add here that with all the prisoners the crime is of little account, and the sentence for it only a subject to be deplored. It is always a harsh sentence, or an unjust one.

“If old Judge —, or that —, had been on circuit, instead of —, I shouldn't have had all this time to serve!”

If Baker live to July, 1863, the probability is that she will obtain her liberty—life women standing a chance of freedom after ten years' service.

Mary May was a prisoner of a different stamp—a woman who served four years for petty larceny, and went back to the world—a young, fair-haired woman, a staunch Catholic, and, let me add, a saucy, quarrelsome prisoner, who required considerable attention on the part of the matrons. She affected a supreme contempt for the other prisoners, albeit her own ignorance was something remarkable.

“I can’t speak to ’em, miss,” she would say, confidentially; “they are such a set of rubbitch.”

And when she *did* speak to them it was in answer to a taunt of some description, which elicited another taunt, and very often ended in blows being exchanged, and May and her antagonist taking their places in the “dark.” If she were fortunate enough to obtain her badge, she very quickly lost it, and went back to a lower position and another “set of rubbitch.”

To a certain extent she was a half-witted woman. In the airing ground, about once a fortnight, she would sidle up to the matron

and ask, in a confidential whisper, if she might be permitted to speak a word. Permission granted, she would say—

“I want to know about my time, miss. Can you give me any idea as to the day, yourself, now?”

Mary May knew to the hour when her time would expire, but she was anxious to compare notes with some one also acquainted with her term of service. She was inclined to labour under a delusion that there was a mistake somewhere, which, being rectified, would lead to her liberty coming a little earlier than expected.

“I shall have a fortune before I am out, miss,” she was in the habit of saying; “there’s a little property coming to me soon, with the blessing of God. Quite a snug little property, miss.”

And one day, late in her time of servitude, she came with a radiant countenance across the airing yard.

“May I speak a word to you?”

“What is it, May?”

“I’ve come into my little bit of property—

I had a letter this morning from my friends, telling me all about it."

"I'm very glad to hear it, May. You'll be a better and different woman now."

"Yes, miss, by the blessing of God. And may I beg the obleeing of another favour—have you heard anything about my time, miss?"

"Not lately."

"There's not likely to be any alteration, because I've come into my property, I suppose?"

"I am afraid not."

"Oh dear!" with a weary sigh, "I shall be very glad to get clear of all this rubbish."

May returned to her place amongst the prisoners, to muse over her property, and speculate as to its disposition in the good time lying beyond her prison life. And that she had been left some seventy or eighty pounds I believe was quite correct. To such a woman it was a fortune, and was doubtless afterwards a means of keeping her from fresh temptation.

Mary May was a gross flatterer, too. The matrons were all looking "exceedingly hand-

some this morning!" "Lord bless their fine eyes, what lovely creatures they all were!"

"Bless your handsome face!—how charming you are looking this morning, Miss ——," she said once to me at Millbank; "there's a kind of colour on your cheeks that just sets you off like. My dear, good soul," with a sudden drop of her voice to a hasty whisper, "have you got such a thing as a hair-pin to spare?"

Mary May was also a fortune-teller. Previous to her conviction, she had done a little business with credulous servant-maids and village girls, by foretelling the future; and she was anxious to practise her art on the matrons, on terms very much reduced.

A hair-pin, a scrap of tallow candle for her hair—any little privilege that might be conceded without harm to the officer, and with advantage to herself.

"My pretty lady, let me tell your fortune this morning," she would say, with the true professional whine—"there's such a fortune waiting for you! Ah! and a young man with dark eyes, too!—I dreamt of him last night, miss."

But fortune-telling did not answer: the matron's fortune was in locking and unlocking, keeping a strict watch on her prisoners, and rising one pound five a-year — Mary May's news of a young man with dark eyes was not a very great temptation.

I believe she told the fortunes of one or two of the prisoners who found themselves in association with her; but they were fortunes unsatisfactory to her auditors, for mutterings invariably ensued — occasionally a downright quarrel.

“I can't help it, miss,” May would say when remonstrated with; “there's no agreeing with such rubbitch.”

“You'll lose your badge, and go back to the old prison, I fear.”

“I'm sorry for that, because you've been so very kind to me, and your handsome face has been like sunshine to me. Don't let the report be too stiff, miss, for your own Mary May's sake.”

Mary May would sometimes be subject to fits of intense gloom after the priest's visit; and before his arrival, even, she would

go through strange self-imposed penances, that had to be reproved by the matrons in attendance, and now and then reported.

If she had been more than usually wicked in her own estimation, she would scratch her face in a horrible way, to conciliate the priest on his arrival—facial disfigurement being, in her idea, an excellent set-off against moral iniquity.

“It serves me right, miss,” she said once, “I deserve it all. Don’t try to persuade me not to do it.”

But these morbid fits were few and far between, and Mary May, as a rule, was a troublesome, coarsely flattering, vexatious woman.

The last character to which I shall direct attention in this chapter was a Jewess, whom I shall call Solomons: a woman of education, and even refinement, who served a long term of penal servitude for receiving stolen goods, in a wholesale and business-like manner.

She was the Jewess already mentioned in this book as being for a time in association with Alice Grey, and holding with her

lengthy arguments. Solomons was a quiet, thoughtful woman, with a horror of the other prisoners — a broad-faced Jewess, on whom the shame of incarceration seemed to tell somewhat.

Grave and reserved in her habits, yet civil and almost deferential to her matrons, she was a woman who made little complaint, and who, at first, was particular as to her food, and had the Hebrew objection to the Christian mode of cooking. In all Government prisons the religious feelings and the peculiarities of sect are studied, and efforts were made to soften a little the position in which Solomons was placed. A separate and special cooking was attempted for a little while, but interfered so much with official duties that it gradually fell into disuse; and as time went on, she appeared to conform more readily to the general rules respecting diet. She kept her fast days, fish days, etc., strictly to the last; and the officers not only threw no impediment in her way, but very kindly did their best to assist her.

Solomons's rich friends afforded a strange

contrast to prison visitors in general. These hook-nosed Hebrew visitors were rather vain of their finery, it may be added, and anxious to make the most of it in the eyes of the officials. Solomons's husband, or Solomons's brother—the exact relationship I have forgotten—came on “visiting days” with unerring punctuality, dressed in the height of fashion, and with his fat sausage fingers glittering with diamond rings; and Solomons's lady friends, in their silks and satins of gorgeous hues, made our poor brown merino dresses look wofully shabby by contrast. Dressing in colours suitable to the place never suggested itself to these Hebrews; but then they fry fish in sky-blue satin, a satirical writer has observed.

Solomons, when uneasy in her mind, was favoured by a special visit from the Rabbi, who went through the Jewish ceremonial expressly for her instruction and improvement. She was of a conciliatory disposition, I may add, and anxious to impress, by her past importance, the mind of the matron who had charge of her. There went a flying rumour through the prison that she had once been

liberal with some gold, although it was difficult to guess how gold had found its way into her hands, and unfair to intimate a doubt that any matron was an instrument between the Jewess and her friends. The rumour only arose from a half-sovereign being found in the ward near Solomons's cell, or in the airing ground near Solomons herself. But rumours will steal into prisons, and cast their shadows over matrons who are stanch servants of the State. Such rumours an exemplary life is sure to live down in good time.

CHAPTER VII.

PRISONERS' FANCIES.

OF prisoners' vagaries, of the tricks that lead them into trouble, of the desperate acts that stamp them penal class women, and keep them at Millbank—of the insidious self-sacrifice, in the hope of reaching the infirmary, I have discoursed already at some length. In the present chapter I design to treat of the fairer side to prison life and character—to attempt the more pleasant task of proving that there are flashes of a better nature in many women serving out

their time; and that amongst a few there are little whims, fancies, tastes, that tell very plainly of a thoughtful mind and an affectionate disposition.

Not that all prisoners' fancies are indications of a better nature; some fancies ostensibly have no meaning, and are attempted by way of solace, or for that variation of employment which is a solace to not a few female convicts. Of this class I may as well speak in the first place.

Both at Millbank and Brixton there are a number of well-behaved, orderly women, who are conscious that smashing windows and destroying prison property are not the best methods of advancing in the good graces of the authorities; women who have self-command sufficient to resign themselves to the monotony of their lives, and do their work, and fulfil all prison duties with regularity and neatness. By way of a relief, they have their little fancies to indulge in—harmless in themselves, and involving at the worst but the reservation of a few threads of divers colours, or little pieces of stuff from their general work, for uses of

their own, to be presently explained—or else some vagaries with reference to their own ideas of cooking, also to be mentioned here.

The principal amusement of the good conduct women appears to be the making of innumerable tiny shoes and boots, constructed with exceeding neatness, and from a quantity of material the diversity of which is a puzzle to the officers. From innumerable bits of rag, of all shapes and colours, are these boots made; by the more skilful women constructed with a grace of outline that renders them worth preserving as specimens of prison skill. These little boots and shoes—generally lace-up ladies' boots—are carefully padded, closed at the top, and sewed together in pairs; they are seldom more than an inch or an inch and a-half in length, and are thus handy for concealment. They are often offered as little presents from the prisoner to the matron; if they are seen in the cell, a matron of judgment will not provoke the woman by making an immediate seizure of them, although the rule of forfeiture is absolute. The prisoner, however, is generally ready with some appeal:—

“Oh, give me these, Jones!—I should like

to give these to my little niece"—or sister.

And Jones brightens up with delight at once, and, happy in having the power to confer a favour, is radiant with pleasure for a week together.

The construction of small rag dolls is another source of amusement that is against the rules, but in which the women will employ themselves during the over-time after tea. In the making of these dolls they are not quite so skilful; materials being limited, and their knowledge of anatomy—even the anatomy of dolls—being imperfect to the last degree. These little dolls have extraordinarily small waists and long crane-like necks; and the outline of their features is stitched in coloured thread on the white nob that represents the head. Sometimes the dolls are strictly prison dolls, with the regulation dress, apron and cap complete, and are representatives or caricatures of "pals" in other wings. If a scrap of silk can be filched from the dress-making women, a lady is attempted; now and then it is a servant, standing on a flat bit

of card, with a broom in her hand — the handle a splinter of the table perhaps, and the bristles abstracted from the cell broom. If the doll be intended as a present, great care is taken with the capillary decorations, and from the worker's own head will be shorn sufficient hair to give effect to the *tout ensemble*. But they are ugly specimens of art at the best, and the immense mouth that is marked in red cotton, under the long black line significant of the nose, gives a gaol-bird look to the whole of them, which a disinterested observer is more quick to perceive than those who have been working under difficulties, and in fear of detection, for a week at least.

I remember one woman with a taste for juggling making a series of small balls from "ravellings" of her work, and practising in her cell the art of flinging these balls from one hand to the other, with a success at which any professional mountebank might have gnashed his teeth with envy.

Crochet is often practised, *sub rosâ*, by the prisoners. A woman will begin slowly to accumulate a store of prison cotton for the purpose, concealing it in the interior of her bed, perhaps, until time allows her an opportunity of commencing—or else beginning at once, and concealing her work each day. (Despite the cell being searched once a-week, the woman will often contrive to evade detection of her hidden store.) A crochet-hook is formed out of a needle or hair-pin, and a prisoner skilful in the art will turn out a neat and perfect specimen of work. If she be attached to her matron, which is very often the case, the woman will suddenly thrust it into her hands when completed.

“What’s this for?” is the exclamation.

“It’s for you,” is the gruff response.

“But I must not take it—it’s against the rules.”

“Burn it, then.”

“But this is prison cotton—I ought to report you.”

“Do, if you like,” mutters the woman.

It is not reported in nine cases out of ten—the anti-macassar or the D’Oyley is quietly destroyed, and the case, with all its extenuating circumstances, communicated to the principal matron, or consigned to oblivion, as judgment may dictate.

And a few of these prisoners’ efforts to evince their affection to the matron in charge, are very embarrassing to the officer. It is very hard to report a woman for working weeks or months to make some little present on the officer’s birthday—the date of which she has managed artfully to elicit—but it is a dangerous secret for the matron to keep, and may peril her position. And these women are not to be trusted, notwithstanding all their manifestations of affection; in the event of a break-out, they will seek to bring the officer into trouble even respecting the presents received from themselves; a little cloud, no bigger than the hand, will turn most of them into enemies, who will vow war to the death, should the chance be offered them.

Some matrons, new to the service, are foolish enough to receive these little offerings, and generally live to repent the unwise act. Still there are prisoners who are very faithful, who never swerve from their first fancy, and who would almost die to serve their officer—they are exceptions to the general rule.

Pincushions, of a diminutive form and odd ingenious shapes, women will make also; there is no motive for their construction; it is hard to find a recipient for them—they are readily discoverable in a cell, and they entail much extra work; yet they continue to be made with as much zeal as if an extra gratuity depended upon the rapidity with which they are finished off.

One woman at Brixton Prison constructed a fancy box from some old cards, fastened them neatly together, and embroidered every side with texts from Scripture in red and blue letters. This, as a model of prison skill under difficulties, I have reason to believe was not destroyed.

In the airing ground at Brixton, where

there are a few flowers growing at times — flowers of a perennial kind, such as white alysson and Michaelmas daisies—one of them will be suddenly snatched and hidden. This is an offence for which the woman is reprovèd, if not reported, in the event of discovery; and as the prisoners will occasionally quarrel for possession of the flower before the time of exercise is over, discovery generally ensues.

I have a remembrance of looking through the “inspection” of a cell some years ago, and perceiving a prisoner, with her elbows on the table, staring at a common daisy, which she had plucked from the central patch of grass during her rounds—one of those rude, repulsive, yet not wholly bad prisoners, from whom no display of sentiment was anticipated. Yet the wistful look of that woman at her stolen prize was a gleam of as true sentiment as ever breathed in a poet’s lines. A painter might have made much of her position, and a philosopher might have moralized concerning it—for the woman wept at last, dropped her head down on the table be-

tween her linked hands, and shed her bitter tears silently and noiselessly. The prison daisy must have spoken of the old, innocent times—of the fields she crossed once with old friends—perhaps of daisies like unto that before her, which were growing on a mother's grave.

Six months afterwards I saw that flower pressed between the leaves of her Bible—a little treasure I should not have had the heart to take away, had there been any laws of confiscation concerning daisies in “the books.”

Prisoners with unpoetical fancies, or unindustrious fancies, have peculiar whims concerning their food, and ideas for cooking such food in an original and felonious manner. These are the dainty prisoners, to whom the regular order of diet is not congenial, and who risk their badges in cooking for themselves.

A woman, for instance, will be seized with a fancy to make a cake, and proceed in the following manner. She will conceal her dinner loaf, and after dinner soak her bread in the water which is furnished three times a

day to each cell. The bread, moistened sufficiently, is mixed with the fat which has been previously skimmed from her dinner; the whole is kneaded into some semblance of a cake, placed in a can or "a pint," and, when the gas is lighted, held over the flame until the baking is completed. When cans and "pints" are not to be had, a woman will hold the cake in her fingers over the gas, changing it from one hand to another, and blowing and licking her fingers when the suffering becomes too intense. Finally, if the cake be baked to the satisfaction of the composer, and with no discovery on the part of the officer of the ward, it is consumed in secret, a portion perhaps being reserved for transmission to the distant pal, by the readiest means that may be available in the morning.

As a rule, however, discovery takes place—for the perfume of burnt cake, and of the scorched bottom of "pints," will be wafted into the ward, and give rise to suspicion. If the matron's feet be heard rapidly advancing, the half-baked cake is concealed, and the coolest denial to

the matron's doubts is given on the instant.

"Pints" have been altered more than once on account of the surreptitious bakings of bread or meat saved from the dinner. Pewter was found to melt readily over a gas flame, and tin cans were substituted, the bottoms of which became unsoldered and dropped out when they were next used, and so pewter again became in the ascendant.*

The punishment for melting dinner cans or "pints" is exceedingly heavy, and has tended to check in a great degree the practice; but now and then there still steals into the wards a peculiar aroma of overdone crust and melted pewter, symbolical of experimental cooking.

* Pewter, however, is confined to Brixton Prison. An ingenious male prisoner at Millbank contrived to melt his pewter pint into the shape of a key, and thereby placed that metal "under suspicion" again.

CHAPTER VIII.

PRISON CHARACTERS.—FIGHT THE SECOND FOR
A SOUL.

I AM indebted for part of this slight sketch of prison character to the late Miss Fanny Hucker, who resigned her situation as matron of Brixton Prison, for the matron's post at the Prisoner's Aid Society. At the latter establishment she died, a very young woman, worn out with toil and anxiety for the reformation of her fallen sisterhood.

Miss Hucker was an able matron at Brixton Prison, and proved herself a clever superintendent of the female branch of the Prisoners' Aid, for

the little time that it pleased God to allow her to fulfil her duties there. A thoughtful, pious, intensely earnest woman, with her soul in the good work that lay before her; a favourite with the prisoners at Brixton; a kind friend to the discharged prisoners who afterwards placed themselves beneath her guidance; ever a good officer and a Christian.

Miss Hucker, from her change of duties, had great advantages in observing the woman, whom, for certain reasons, I will call Graham, both in her prison life and in the life beyond it. Miss Hucker obtained her appointment at the Prisoners' Aid almost at the same time as Graham obtained her licence, or ticket-of-leave, and passed from her cell to the house at Pimlico, provided as a refuge for those women anxious to do well.

Very simply, but very touchingly, Miss Hucker related to me, only a little while before her death, the history of Graham, a woman I had known and been interested in during her sojourn at Millbank and Brixton Prisons. Graham was a Scotchwoman, and a native, I believe, of Edinburgh. When a very young woman, according to her own story,

which there is no reason for doubting, she was led away by a female friend, less scrupulous than herself, to visit a low dancing room, and by degrees to imbibe a taste for dancing and low society. She became a source of anxiety to her friends, made disreputable acquaintances, grew callous to remonstrance, went wrong, and ran away from home to the cruel, soul-destroying streets. Here she went from bad to worse, until she became mixed up in a quarrel at an infamous house, resulting in the robbery and almost murder of a victim who had been inveigled there. She was sentenced to twenty-one years' transportation, her accomplice—the same woman who had led her away in the first instance—suffering also a similar sentence. Graham has always maintained that it was this woman who struck the man on the head from behind; that the project was altogether hers, that she had no share in it, and that the result was a surprise and horror to her. How far that may be true, or whether there be any modicum of truth in that part of her assertion, I have no means of ascertaining. It is so old a story, this innocence of all intention to commit the last deed that locks them up for ten,

fifteen, twenty years, or life, that prison matrons will grow sceptical.

Graham in due course arrived at Millbank Prison, a young woman, fretful, capricious, and prone to much excitement. Her behaviour at Millbank was not of a first-class order ; she obtained many reports for disorderly conduct, broke out as frequently as other women, and gained the sad repute of being dangerous and untrustworthy. Still she was not the worst of prisoners ; there were evident signs of turning to the better side, and at uncertain intervals she would evince a good temper, and an anxiety to please, that kept her out of the list of women utterly incorrigible. She was one of the early transfers to Brixton Prison, when it was opened as a female convict establishment, under the superintendence of Mrs. Martin—still the painstaking, energetic superintendent of that Surrey prison, I am happy to assert.

In Graham's transfers from Glasgow to Millbank, and from Millbank to Brixton, the accomplice in her crime followed side by side ; and it is worth recording, in the annals of human inconsistency, that these

two women, who in the world together had been the stanchest friends, the most inseparable companions, were the bitterest and most implacable enemies during the eight and a half years which they served before a license of departure was granted by the Secretary of State. The one looked upon the other as the cause of all the trouble that had brought her into her present position, and cursed her for a false and wicked woman, without whose evil counsel the light of freedom might have been indulged in to that day. Silent and sullen they passed each other in their walks, the remembrance of their last criminal act ever a shadow between them.

Graham at Brixton Prison was a different woman from Graham at Millbank. The slight liberties allowed there seemed an incentive to exertion ; and she worked upwards for her badges, became a civil and orderly prisoner, grateful for a kind word from the matrons, and evincing for her own particular officers respect, and even affection. Years before her liberty was granted she was a Number One woman, earning her shilling a week, handy in the officers' rooms, cleaning wards,

and acting in the infirmary—always better able to agree with her officers than with her fellow-prisoners. Now and then, when acting in the laundry with the prisoners, Graham would be put out of temper, and nearly risk the loss of her badge; and as she was always a well-conducted woman if not exposed to any undue irritation, it was found expedient to keep her more from the general body.

It seems a strange point to dwell upon in the case of a prisoner convicted of robbery with violence, but it may be said here that Graham was strictly *honest*. Acts of pilfering, in any way or shape—and the infirmary offers a chance or two of the kind—Graham was above. In attending to her officer's bed-room, a pile of untold money might have been left in any part of the room, without this woman being tempted to touch a farthing. On one occasion when a matron was sick, and Graham and another prisoner had been accustomed to go in and out of her room, some little trinket belonging to the patient was missing, and Graham's suppressed excitement at the loss showed how she feared that suspicion of the abstraction might fasten upon her. She had

her doubts of the other woman, a half-witted creature, very nimble with her fingers, and very much attached to herself; and she called her aside and vowed eternal vengeance on her, and a course of torture, to which tearing her piecemeal should be heaven in comparison, if she didn't restore the trinket to its place. In half an hour after this conference, and when the matron was making up her mind to put up with the loss, and not report her own sin of omission in leaving temptation in the way of the prisoners, the woman entered, made a feint of picking up the trinket, and, with a silly air, saying,—

“Is this what you was a-talking about, on the floor here?” she laid it on the dressing-table, and skulked off.

Graham, during the last year of her stay, I believe, was wholly employed in the infirmary—a valuable prison servant, who could be trusted with anything. About this time another matron fell ill—seriously and dangerously ill—and was removed from her own room to a special one adjoining the infirmary, and out

of the way and bustle of the prison itself. To this matron Graham had long since evinced an attachment, and it became her duty, in a great degree, to wait upon her and her sister, who, I believe, was kindly allowed by the Directors to act, under the special circumstances, as her nurse. I should have liked, in this place, to testify to the great forethought and general good feeling of this matron; but, as she may be still in the service, and as, from my past knowledge of her character, I feel assured I should be giving her pain by the introduction of her name into this work, I can here but simply testify to the merits of one whose duties, though lying apart from my own, did not hinder me from considering her, in our old Brixton prison-days together, a friend and a sister.

Graham waited on the sick matron for a few weeks, never demurring to the extra trouble incurred by the invalid's long stay; and that any little trouble which is new and additional will throw a woman into a paroxysm of rage,

the reader is sufficiently acquainted with prison character to be aware.

“Don’t ye think now, lassie, that if ye could try that jelly, or that beef-tea, ye’d feel the better for it?” Graham was asking at every hour of the day.

She not only never demurred to trouble, but took a pride in her task and in her position; and when the matron was strong enough to bear it, she and her kind attendant had many bits of gossip about the liberty-days, when the latter should be free. Graham had “a pal” in the prison, a pretty young woman, whose character was exceedingly doubtful, and whose time for leaving was within a few weeks of her own—and there were many conversations between the matron and Graham concerning this woman, whom I may designate Francis.

Graham and Francis had been staunch friends in prison, and might become more staunch ones out of it; and the matron feared that the few good steps made by the former might be rendered nugatory by the evil example that it was feared the

prisoner Francis was only too eager to afford.

“Don’t have anything to say to Francis when you have obtained your liberty, Graham,” said this matron once; “I am afraid she will do you no good, if you take her as companion.”

“Dinna fear,” was the answer; “I’ll go straight to the Prisoners’ Aid, that they’ve been talking about, and get a place as servant somewhere. Francis is a lassie all very well in this place, but not out o’ it. Can’t ye trust me, miss, when I say so?”

The matron was well connected, and Graham used to drop many hints of the happiness of her future life, if she could obtain a cook or housemaid’s place in the service of some one who could trust her—asserting that it would be salvation to her.

Time passed on; the matron became strong enough to be removed into the country; Graham received her liberty, and went straight to the Prisoners’ Aid, that refuge from a sinful world, which the pleasant face of Miss Hucker made more of a home to her. The *finale* to this story, as already stated, I learned from that lady, whose

position afforded her the opportunity of becoming acquainted therewith.

Graham had not been, I believe, more than a week at the Prisoners' Aid when a married sister of the sick officer arrived, to offer her a place in her household. As related to me, the effect of this offer on the woman was very touching; her hands dropped to her side, her face turned deathly white, then became suffused with crimson, and her excited feelings at last found relief in a passionate outburst of tears.

“Dinna say more yet, lady; it's too good to be true, surely!”

It was some time before Graham could find courage to hear the particulars of the situation proffered; of the salary that was to be given; of the efforts that would be made—remembering what a kind and faithful nurse she had been—to make her position a happy one, and to keep inviolate the secret of her past misspent life.

Graham brightened up before the interview was over, and accepted, with a thousand thanks and blessings, the situation that had been offered her.

“I shall see Miss —— again, too,” she exclaimed; “why, I shall make a raal hame o’ ye’er house, my bonny lady. Ye are treating me too kindly, and I dinna deserve it *yet*.”

The woman was all gratitude, and I believe, despite the sad sequel to this story—despite after appearances, which cast a shadowy suspicion on her—repaired to this situation with a resolution to do well, and to strive to deserve the confidence placed in her.

And all honour to those who have the courage to place that confidence, for they are the real and best supporters of such establishments as that which Graham quitted. If there are instances where such confidence is misplaced, and the trust abused, there are instances more frequent still of men and women being won back to the right path, and the honest life from which they had fallen. It requires no small amount of moral courage to place in one’s house a woman whose antecedents have been repellent, who makes little profession of amendment, or perhaps too much, and so suggests doubts as to her sincerity; and those

who possess that courage, and have that fellow-sympathy with God's unfortunates, command our high esteem.

The experiment was tried with Graham, and she took her allotted post, and became a faithful, honest servant, whose exertions were unremitting to do her duty and prove herself a useful subordinate. Her affection for those who encouraged her by their kind, cheering words was demonstrative, but it was genuine; and her love for some little children in the house made her a great favourite with them, and won all their hearts towards her.

She was truly happy for a time; implicit confidence was placed in her; there was no shadow of the prison life to darken her rejoicing, until a certain day when a letter came by post for her, and she was found crying in her room a short while afterwards.

The true contents of that letter were never divulged; Graham alleged that it was a missive from a sister in Edinburgh, with the news of her little niece's death, and no effort was made to intrude upon her confidence by any inquisitive

examination. The news was accepted as truth; she was condoled with on the loss of her niece; she resumed her work in as fair a manner, but never again with the same spirit, as before. She was still faithful in her service, still interested in the children, but there was evidently a change. She became thoughtful, and would be found standing in her room, absorbed in her own reveries — weighing, perhaps, the chances for good against the temptation to evil, and striking the balance between them.

The temptation was too strong! She became restless and unsettled—*anxious to see her old officer, Miss Hucker, she said, and obtained, more than once, leave of absence for that purpose. At last she was found missing one morning, and a letter was discovered on the breakfast-table of her mistress.*

A very strange, passionate epistle it was—that was read by her employer, and afterwards transmitted to Miss Hucker — begging pardon, a thousand pardons, for going away, but alleging her inability to remain, and the impossibility of living such a quiet life! There were some

rambling incoherencies about going to Brixton Prison to see the doctor concerning her lungs, and of returning to Edinburgh to her sister, winding up again with an earnest "pardon me—but I must go!" and a prayer for every blessing to descend on the mistress, her sister, and her children, for all the kindness and faith exhibited to "their unfortunate servant,
"MARY GRAHAM."

Graham had made a hasty dash away, as if torn by the father of evil himself from the honest life she had been pursuing. Her work-box was left open on the drawers—her trunk of clothes unfastened in her room; the bed had been lain on, but only on the outside, on the preceding night. There was some housekeeping money, of which she had been left in charge the night before, to a fraction by the side of the note; and the plate had been carefully counted and put in its usual place, with honest regularity to the last. She left behind her the remembrance of a faithful servant for the time—"you will find all right, dear Mrs. ——"

she had added, almost proudly, by way of postscript to her letter.

Graham never re-appeared at her mistress's house. In the course of a few days she sent a messenger with a brief note, requesting that her boxes might be delivered; and from the answers given to a few inquiries made of that messenger it was evident that there was an intention to conceal all true details of the present life of Mary Graham. Like a dark shadow in a dream, she passed away, a sad instance of the devil gaining the mastery, that is painful to record. Some months afterwards she was seen, by an officer of our prisons, wandering about the Haymarket with Francis, and both hastened down a street upon being recognized. I believe that was the last glimpse of her of which we have any knowledge. Miss Hucker has since died, and Graham, at least, has not had her licence revoked, and been sent to Brixton to work out the full term of her dreadful sentence. To Francis, and to Francis alone, I think, must be attributed this last deviation from the good way. There is very little doubt

that it was Francis's letter that unsettled the feeble mind of Graham. By a few it is considered that it was a carefully elaborated scheme to meet together from the first — that it had been arranged beforehand, and that not a step laid down was varied from. This surmise must of necessity be false in some respects—it is, I believe, altogether false.

That Graham intended reformation when she left the Prisoners' Aid for service; that it was a hard struggle, at last, between the good and evil angels for the mastery, I am as fully convinced as I am that the result was disheartening and sorrowful.

And in a world where sin and sorrow must, by the laws that govern them, exert their influence at times, such results here and there will infallibly occur, and will dishearten Christian efforts.

For a wisely hidden purpose, it seems as if there were some natures so utterly unstable, that they are without courage to resist temptation, and their power to work evil is as the strength of a giant. In the late mystic work of a great

author, we are told of a wand possessing the power to draw towards it from a long distance, and however unwilling, the person indicated by the will of him who sets the magic in motion. It is spoken of as a power in the mystic world to draw the victim towards evil, as the loadstone attracts steel to itself. We can smile at the exaggeration, and criticize keenly a story that depends upon such machinery for its working; but the power to lure from right unto wrong, to turn the wanderer from the right path, with God's prayers on the lip, seems equally as unaccountable, and is more awfully true. One can almost imagine the tempter turning such a wand to the breast of the tempted, and luring him away from the fold by a means and a spell that in the bitter moments of remorse are scarce understood.

God be thanked for the greater power that can shiver with its lightning the influence which distracts, and can in its own time bring back the new heart, with the old faith in things holy!

CHAPTER IX.

THE PRISON LIBRARY.

A SHORT chapter on the small libraries attached to each government prison may help to make these volumes more complete, with reference to prison matters. The collection at each establishment is not large, or extensively varied—being, more or less, a collection of duplicate copies.

To the libraries at Millbank and Brixton, a female librarian is attached, who is responsible for the care of the volumes, keeps a register

of the women who have books in their possession, and of the titles of those books—visits the cells to collect and change them, and, if required, to recommend any particular volume. Every volume is stamped “Millbank,” or “Brixton Prison,” on the fly-leaf and at the end, much in the same way as “Museum Britannicum” is marked on the books in our National Library.

These books, on their return, are very carefully examined by the librarian, to make sure that leaves have not been extracted; for wherever a blank space occurs at the end of a chapter, temptation is offered to the prisoners to add to their stock of paper, for sly notes to distant “pals.”

Instances of such appropriation unfortunately occur with some frequency, and are severely punished when discovered. The notorious Ball, of whom mention has been made several times during the progress of these chronicles, on being once searched, was found to have no fewer than twenty-one engravings, carefully folded in her pocket, for the future decoration of her cell. And the coolness with which

the frontispiece from a work is extracted, passed on to some woman, and finally stuck against the wall of her cell, is only to be equalled by the feigned ignorance of any rules by the breach of which guilt can have been incurred.

“I didn’t know it was from a prison book, miss. Jones passed it on to me, and I stuck it up there to make the place look decent like. It’s very odd,” suddenly taking up the aggrieved side of the question, “that I can’t have a bit of a picture without being found fault with. You’re allus a-pitching on me.”

The selection of these prison books is left to the chaplain, and the religious element naturally predominates. Some of the women object to this, and one prisoner, on being asked if she would like a book, replied scornfully—

“Not one of *your* books. They are always driving religion at one. Haven’t I got religion enough there to worry me?” pointing to her prison Bible.

In the Brixton library there is more diver-

sity of matter, and the books are chosen with some idea of interesting the prisoners. The chaplain, in a liberal spirit, has not wholly excluded fiction from the shelves, and several copies of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "The Wide, Wide World," and the "Lamp-lighter," are provided for the use of the women, by whom they are greatly esteemed.

The books in circulation are chiefly histories of Rome, Greece, and England; "Leisure Hour," "Sunday at Home," "Layard's Nineveh," "Naomi, or the Martyrs of Carthage," "Rise and Fall of the Eastern Empire," "Paley's Evidences of Christianity," &c., &c., &c.

One woman devoted her leisure time entirely to the study of history, and considered it as an affront to be offered works of a different description; and another read and re-read "Uncle Tom's Cabin," till she must have known by heart every incident of that famous work. She was partial to telling the story to those women who were unable to read; and she would relate with such animation the villanies and atrocities of Legree, that

considerable virtuous indignation would be aroused in the breasts of her listeners.

“What an awful wretch that man must have been!” was the remark made on that personage, by a woman suffering a long sentence for the cold-blooded murder of her child. It is so easy to lose sight of our own sins in the contemplation of those of others!

About once a fortnight the librarian visits each cell to collect the books, and see that they have not met with any ill-treatment. On such occasions various explanations will be offered by the doubtful characters for a missing leaf or cover.

“It was all done before—indeed it was!” is the general remark; “I spoke of it when you brought the book, miss.”

Some women are strangely ignorant of the contents of the library, and ask for works not likely to be in it, such as “Jack the Giant Killer” or the “Newgate Calendar;” others want something with pictures, the literary merits of the work being of no consideration; some may

have turned morose during the fortnight, and will read no more—they haven't got time—or, they hate reading!

Amongst the “breaking out women” the prison books suffer with the rest of the articles in their cells at the time, and new copies are constantly being added to the library.

These prison libraries stand as evidence of the consideration of the authorities for the prisoners; and of the efforts made in every direction, by kind-hearted, thoughtful men, to relieve the tedium of confinement.

CHAPTER X.

PRISON CHARACTERS.—ELIZA TRENT.

I HAVE made some little alteration in the name of this particular prisoner. Eliza Trent is in the world again, and there is no probability of her return to prison.

At Millbank and Brixton Prisons Eliza Trent served several years penal servitude. She was a delicate, pale-faced, attenuated woman, of four or five and thirty years of age—a thread-paper kind of woman, whose probabilities of serving out her time seemed from appearances

extremely doubtful, but yet one who clung to life with a tenacity that carried her through many years of penal servitude, and left her free again.

Eliza Trent was one who might be termed a good prisoner; she was a woman who gave little trouble, and was cautious or crafty enough to present her best face to the chaplain and superintendent.

She was partial to long conferences with the chaplain—expressed, possibly actually felt, contrition for her past sins, and made to him many resolutions of amendment, which, let us hope, are being persevered with, now the world is open to her. She was a regular communicant, read her Bible in her leisure moments, and yet, despite all this, never suggested to her matrons that she was a penitent woman. That she was a favourite of the chaplain, who had his hopes concerning her, who reasoned with her, and prayed with her, it is but fair to say here—although chaplains, in their earnestness and simple-mindedness, are often imposed on by a show of seeming reverence.

Eliza Trent was a good dressmaker, and when her better state of health would allow her to leave the infirmary, was accustomed to make the dresses of the superintendent or officers with extraordinary skill and taste. The peculiar trait of character which has led me to give Trent a place in my hastily-sketched portrait-gallery, was her independent spirit—a spirit that led her into trouble, and showed itself in a hundred different ways. Conscious of being a good dressmaker, and therefore sought out by prison matrons who wished a “best dress” made up, she was eccentric in her acceptance of work, and would only labour for those officers who were favourites with her, or at those dresses which took her fancy.

“I very much object to common dresses,” she would say sometimes; “it is exceedingly annoying to be troubled with bad material. When you have a nice silk—I’ll think about it.”

And she was not to be persuaded to alter her determination, if she had taken a dislike to the nature of the fabric proffered her. To the matrons who were favourites she unbended more; would make their uniforms, and be very particular con-

cerning the fit, but her principal pride was to work for the heads of the establishment, and to be entrusted with a costly fabric.

That characteristic independence of which mention has been made, led her at one time suddenly to cease dressmaking altogether, and that at a period when there were very few needlewomen in the prison, and work was plentiful. Eightpence a-week had been the sum allowed to dressmakers before her time, and Trent struck for a rise in wages to one shilling, to be placed on a par with labour women, who received the latter amount *per diem*. The remainder of the dressmakers followed her example, and asked for shirts and other work requiring less skill, and yet paid for at the same price.

Trent was certainly in the right, and consequently had the best of the argument. She was a good needlewoman, and if anyone was anxious to have her dress finished by a certain day, would rise at four in the morning in the summer months to prevent a disappointment; she therefore considered that the dressmakers were entitled to the highest gratuity allowed.

And Trent gained the day, and the shilling was awarded, much to the gratification of the prison dressmakers — an instance of a successful strike under difficulties worthy the notice of all discontented operatives. She was somewhat of a mischief-maker, too, with her fellow-prisoners; was partial to listening to their complaints, and to the relation of their mutual jealousies, after which she would exaggerate matters to the “pal” who had been the subject of remark, and so bring round a quarrel, or a fight, or a break-out, as the case might be.

“Lor’, I shouldn’t have thought she’d have gone on so about a trifle, poor creature!” Trent would say, upon hearing the news; “I did it with the best of motives.”

But whether with the best or worst of motives, she was partial to playing the peace-maker, or general umpire in matters of dispute, in most cases rendering affairs a trifle more foggy and confused in consequence of her interference.

“She’s a two-faced un,” I heard a prisoner remark; “if I catch her making mischief about me, I’ll shake the bony skeleton to pieces, if I have one-and-twenty days ‘dark’ for it.”

Other prisoners were jealous of her dress-making qualifications, and were not sparing in their criticisms.

“It’s only because she can make a good fit that she gets the upper hand, and is always being made so much of,” was the constant comment.

Trent had her tempers sometimes. At Brixton, if I recollect aright, she fell into disgrace for striking her officer, an act for which she expressed afterwards her unfeigned contrition.

She is famous in prison records for her final exhibition of spirit. On being informed that her gratuity amounted to a sum in excess of seven pounds, she expressed her dissatisfaction at the amount, and refused to take a penny of the first instalment.

“I’ll make the prison a present of it,” she said indignantly; “I have been underpaid and unfairly treated, and I won’t take a penny!”

And she continued firm, and declined all gratuity, on any pretence whatever. Great efforts were made to induce her to *borrow* a sovereign, previous to her departure—which sovereign, I believe, was finally slipped into the bundle contain-

ing that second suit of underclothes with which prisoners are provided on obtaining their liberty.

But so much dissatisfaction was expressed by Trent, that it was supposed she would exhibit some display of temper at the railway station; and, in this instance, a male officer accompanied the matron in charge of her to the station. She was white with passion the whole of the way, and continued to dilate on the enormity of Government proceedings in cutting short her salary, and to resist all attempts of the matron to prove that the account must have been necessarily exact, to the farthing.

“Well, it’s no good telling me that,” she exclaimed, “for I’m never going to believe it. If I am not to be paid a fair amount for my work Captain O’Brien may keep it all, and welcome.”

When ensconced in the railway carriage, Trent made a further exhibition of her independence, by placing her bundle on the lap of a prisoner opposite, whose liberty had fallen on the same day, and whose destination lay in the same direction.

“There’s another suit of underclothes for you,” she said, in a patronizing manner; “they’ll be of more use to you than me.”

The woman looked rather amazed at this generosity, which was checked by the matron, who placed the bundle back on Trent’s lap.

“I must see you off, Trent, as the rules direct.”

“I shall give them away when we have started, mind,” she said, defiantly.

“I cannot help that.”

And I have no doubt that Trent kept her word, and heaped her favours on her fellow-prisoner.

Her spirit cooled down, however, and she took a more sober view of things in the course of a few weeks.

She returned to her friends, and found voices enough in their midst to remonstrate with her on her folly, while her own experience soon taught her that a place in the world, with little capital to invest, was rather hard to maintain, for she wrote, after a while, a very humble letter to the authorities, soliciting their help to place her in the Prisoners’ Aid

Society, and begging that her gratuity might be forwarded to that establishment.

What the result was I have had no means of ascertaining, but I think we may all venture to guess that Trent was not kept to the strict letter of her first resolves.

CHAPTER XI.

MAD PRISONERS.

IT is a difficult problem to solve, whether the close confinement and the wearisome monotony of life be the cause of the brain weakening, or whether remorse plays a greater part than we believe—or even whether the crime itself for which the woman suffers, be not a part and parcel of that madness, now less consistent with the cunning which made the deed resemble theft or murder.

In the case of Celestina Sommer, a mad prisoner already alluded to at length, it may live in the remembrance of my readers that

general dissatisfaction was evinced by the public at the commutation of her sentence of death to penal servitude for life. The public could not believe in anything but a cool, deliberate murder; there was great doubt as to the reason of her reprieve, and the press commented, with some harshness, on the alteration of sentence, both in her case and in that of Elizabeth Harris, lying under sentence of death at the same time.* Sommer, during her trial, had evinced great coolness and indifference to the details of the case as laid before the jury, and the signs of madness in her did not show themselves till after some period of her prison service.

It may be a satisfaction to those who wrote upon this theme to know that, had their expressions of dissent been listened to, a woman unaccountable for her actions would have been hanged, and the true impulses that urged her to the cruel and unnatural act would never have been known.

And in prison, with observant officers, surgeons, and physicians taking note of every sign of

* Elizabeth Harris, see chapter xx., volume ii.

mental weakness, or every pretence thereof, it is, and always will remain a matter of great difficulty to guess where sanity ends, and where madness is likely to begin. It is so common a trick to feign madness, for the purposes of association, etc., that many really mad are regarded with suspicion, and not sent too readily to Fisherton.

The prisoner Copes, as already remarked, required the addition of Dr. Forbes Winslow to the prison staff before the truth could be ascertained concerning her sanitary condition; and it is still a matter of doubt amongst the matrons whether the verdict, after all, was the correct one. It is natural enough to be sceptical of any violent exhibitions of rage—the occurrence is so frequent, and the temptation to destroy besets so many of the ignorant class of prisoners.

Still madness steals in amongst these women, and going to Fisherton is a matron's extra duty that is constantly occurring. I am of opinion—and perhaps alone in my opinion—that the doubts of a woman's insanity are carried too far in our Government prisons,

and that, a long while before the surgeon or physician is convinced, some one may be a living, breathing danger to her officers, whose lives, and particularly that of the one in charge of her, hang, as it were, by a hair. It is this reluctance to pronounce a woman insane—perhaps to risk a medical reputation by too hasty a verdict—that leads occasionally to horrible scenes in our prisons, and I cannot too strongly urge upon the directors to inquire more closely into this matter. It is at least due to the officers to have a ward, or a portion of a ward, specially devoted to doubtful cases, over which a different management or a different restraint should be exercised. Women suspected to be mad by medical authorities, and *known* to be mad by prison matrons, are treated like the rest of the prisoners if their conduct be not too glaringly outrageous; they mix with other women, are loose in the airing ground at the same time, and have opportunities to indulge in all that mischief which the cunning of madness so readily suggests.

In one instance the life of a valuable

officer at Brixton Prison nearly fell a sacrifice to this grave sin of omission. A woman of that doubtful class to which I have just alluded conceived the horrible thought of murdering her matron, and so far succeeded in her attempt as to deprive the prison of that officer's services for a long period of time.

This woman, whose name was Kearns, had taken a hatred to her officer for a fancied slight in giving her a cap and dress of a different quality from that of the other women—a delusion which, allied with other eccentricities, should have placed her in a separate cell in the "old prison" at once. Kearns, by some means or other never clearly ascertained, obtained possession of a knife, which she secreted in her cell for some days, harbouring all that time her horrible idea of murder, with that persistency which is a singular trait with mad people in general. Early one morning, being a "wing woman," and so not strictly confined to her cell, she begged very humbly the matron's company for a few minutes; she had found such a beautiful verse in her bible, she said,

if the officer would only kindly read it to her. Suspecting no treachery, and anxious, as the best matrons ever are, to offer those little attentions and kindnesses which win upon a prisoner, the officer accompanied Kearns into her cell, and took the open bible from the hands of the woman. "You'll see better near the light," was the insidious remark; and the matron approached nearer the prison window at the suggestion of the mad-woman. The door was shut to on the instant, and, with a wild-beast's spring, Kearns was on the matron, who, taken off her guard, fell to the ground with the prisoner above her, stabbing at her face and throat with a knife. Then ensued a struggle for life such as had never been known in our female convict prisons; the desperate fury and determination of the prisoner, the fierce struggle of the wounded officer. It happened that the women I have already mentioned by the names of Graham and Francis, in the eighth chapter of this volume, were in the wing, and were the first to notice that Kearns's door was closed,

and the matron missing. There was a cry for the principal when the scuffling was heard inside Kearns's cell, and the key being turned by that officer, Francis, followed by Graham and the matron, dashed in to the rescue. Francis was the first to seize Kearns and wrest the knife away, and a year of her sentence was afterwards remitted from her term by the directors in consequence. The matron, seriously wounded in the face and neck, and also in the hands, while using them for her protection, was borne to her room, and the woman was placed under rigid surveillance, and immediately afterwards sent to Fisherton.

The matron lay for many weeks in danger, and for a long period after convalescence it was doubtful whether her nerves would ever be sufficiently strong to allow of a resumption of her duties. I am glad to be able to record that these doubts were gradually dispelled, and that this officer is still in service at Brixton Prison.

Mad prisoners are generally put in associa-

tion, and the effect on the minds of the women who have charge of them is peculiar. Great judgment respecting this association should be exercised, for much depends upon the character and nerve of the woman placed in charge. The selection is made somewhat indiscriminately, and the nurse, or watcher, is often a callous woman, or one of a stupid, inane character, with no tact or judgment. I remember one woman, who was so long in association with a half-witted prisoner, that she became almost half-witted herself; she had amused herself so frequently by a careful imitation of the antics, gestures, and facial distortions of her companion, that she began to indulge in the same vagaries when her services as nurse (?) were considered no longer requisite.

As a rule, the sane prisoners are proud of being chosen as custodians of the insane, although the latter are naturally capricious and difficult to please. It is pitiful to see the woman whose mind is deserting her, brightening up at the prospect of a companion who

will make her rag dolls, or a pair of boots, to amuse her. And some of these weak minds, in their second childhood, will nurse and play with their dolls with all a child's deep interest.

There are more women really and radically insane in our prisons than are dreamt of in a director's philosophy; consequently all the conceits and vagaries of madness are prevalent in our prison wards.

The description of a weak-minded prisoner by her associates is not a little characteristic.

"*She's not all there!*" is the observation often whispered by one prisoner to another.

The religious element seems as often predominant amongst our insane prisoners as in regular lunatic asylums. Women will rave of the Judgment Day having come, and of the flames consuming them in their cells for past transgressions, with all the wild fervency of fanatics, whom religion, or rather a perversion of religion, has driven mad. One woman was in the constant habit of complaining of the devils that haunted her all night,

and sat round her bed and hissed at her.

These women proceed eventually to Fisherton, but there has always appeared to me to be an unnecessary delay in sending them there—and there is an old maxim that “delays are dangerous.”

Some of these madwomen place much confidence in their matrons, and are greatly influenced by them. In proceeding to Fisherton, one woman seemed to be sustained against her horror of the train, and the speed at which it bore her to her destination, by the simple touch of the matron's hand. In passing through the tunnels, she flung herself into the officer's arms and whispered, “Take care of me, miss!” with a touching faith in her guardian's power to avert all evil.

Self-destruction is the great temptation, here as elsewhere, to these demented creatures—the ills they bear being sufficient incentive to them to take that dreadful leap to ills they know not of. Hanging, as before remarked, is the principal means adopted, and I think that too many of these cases are put down as feigned attempts in our annual reports. It is diffi-

cult to detect which are the real, and which are indisputably the false.

There must ever linger in the memory of all matrons who did duty at Brixton Prison, in the early days, the desperate leap from life unto death of one Mary Johnson, a woman of taciturn manners, and of a jealous temperament. She had been on unfriendly terms with her officer for some time, taking offence with the old prisoner's readiness, and brooding over her fancied grievances.

Johnson's cell was in the West wing, in the D ward, the top one of the prison, which, as there was a fall of forty or fifty feet from it, was protected by an iron railing, or balcony, of three or four feet high. Johnson had had a quarrel with a "pal" a few days previously, and this had tended to make her sullen in her manners, abrupt, and even insolent, to her officer. One evening, when the prisoners were being ordered to their cells, Johnson begged the favour of a stay-lace from her officer, who, willing to oblige her, repaired to the store-cell for that purpose. Returning towards the cell of

Johnson, she discovered that the door had not been closed after the usual manner, and advancing closer saw that the prisoner was standing by it, as if waiting for her. Becoming suspicious, the officer paused for a moment, when Johnson darted forth, full of fury and madness, towards her. The matron ran a little way back down the ward, followed by the woman, gained the store-cell, and shut herself in; and the prisoner, thus baffled, turned suddenly to the railing—and with one awful leap cleared it, and went dashing to the bottom!

The dead, heavy thud on the flagstones below—the bloody heap of clothes lying there, to blanch every face, and sicken every heart—the hush and horror of prisoners and prison-matrons, will be remembered by all whose business lay in that prison on that memorable and awful night.

The woman, despite the height from which she had fallen, remained for a few hours alive, but unconscious, before death closed the tragedy.

Since this calamity the galleries have been wired over, to prevent a repetition of the occurrence; and, since the attack on the prison-matron, mentioned in the beginning of this chapter, knives, to all prisoners, have been rigidly forbidden.

Such ghastly scenes in the tragedy of human life are fortunately not of frequent occurrence; the care and the constant vigilance exercised by the officers checking most of the prisoners' attempts to destroy either themselves or others.

But from such extra responsibilities to the hard working servants of our female prisons the officers have a right to claim exemption. In the case of women whose eccentricities are too great to allow them to be "in solitary," and yet are not sufficiently demonstrative to warrant an order for their removal to a lunatic asylum, a different discipline should be exercised. A special ward should be provided for women whose sanity is doubtful, and the proofs of whose weakness of mind are really apparent; it is merciful to the prisoner, and it is but common fairness to her officer.

CHAPTER XII.

PRISON CHARACTERS.—EDWARDS.

THE subject of the preceding chapter brings this woman, whom I will call Edwards, forcibly to my remembrance. That she was not mad at the time the incidents which relate to her occurred, but that those incidents were the first proofs of her mind becoming weak and unstable, I am perfectly assured.

Edwards was a fair prisoner, as prisoners are in general—a pretty-faced woman, with a high opinion of herself and her personal charms, and

with a horror of being considered an Irishwoman, or of Irish extraction.

For a woman to have an objection to anything is an incentive to a number of aggravating prisoners to make capital out of her antipathy; Edwards therefore soon became a subject for practical joking, and was often roused to a frenzy by her co-mates and *sisters* in exile imitating, with much burlesque exaggeration, the rich Milesian accent of the island she was so anxious to disclaim all knowledge of.

One woman possessed a rare ability for teasing Edwards, and making her her enemy; she had a particular wish to argue the matter with her, and would interrupt the discussion every now and then by the cool assertion, "You know you're Irish, Edwards. Why don't you say so, and be quiet? Everybody knows you're Irish, just as well as I do." And if these remarks occurred in the airing ground, Love, as the woman was called, had to fly for her life and dodge round the other prisoners, until the unseemly nature of the proceedings called forth the matron's interference.

Edwards took an intense hatred to this Love, whose persistence in maintaining her Irish extraction would have incensed a female of much more equanimity of temperament.

“I’ll have that woman’s life, see if I don’t!” she said to the matron, and she took an oath to that effect, which, as oaths of vengeance are prolific amongst female prisoners, was disregarded by the officer. Nursing her wrongs, however, Edwards continued to brood on the indignity of being considered an Irishwoman; and, full of a scheme to carry out her threats, suddenly refused to take exercise in the airing ground.

“I shan’t go without you carry me out!” she remarked; and being in an ill-humour, she was allowed for once to remain in her cell, more especially as she would have created the usual *furor* by rushing at Love in the airing yard. Before the women were taken into that yard for exercise, Edwards had contrived to tear out the frame and glass of her cell-window, which looked on the airing ground, and she had succeeded, by much contraction of her body, in ensconcing herself on the narrow sill,

with two jagged pieces of stone used in cleaning the pavement of the wards. Love, however, was not well that day, or for some other reason did not leave her cell, and Edwards remained coiled on her window-sill, waiting to fling her missiles through the outer iron bars at the head of her who had so grievously tormented her. The next day Edwards again refused to leave her cell, and again resumed her post, where she was discovered, by the matron, in the same position, watching with the stealthiness and intentness of a wild beast. Upon being asked the reason for her eccentric position, she very plainly stated it, and confirmed by a second oath her fixed intention to stop Mary Ann Love from ever calling her Irish again.

It became necessary to remove Edwards to the "dark" for this threat, which, in connection with the damage she had committed on the prison property, constituted a grave offence against the rules.

In the dark cells Edwards continued for three days, rational in her manners, cool in her demeanour, and making no noisy demonstrations that would render it imperative to keep her in the refractory ward for a

longer period of time. She completed her term of punishment, and returned to her cell. Whether, during her absence, the window had been repaired, or by some omission left in the state in which Edwards had placed it, certain it is that she was once again in the same position on the sill, with the window removed, and fresh missiles in her hand, biding the hour of her vengeance. Love, the prisoner, was warned of the malice still fostered against her, and transferred, I believe, to another airing yard beyond the ken of her enemy; and, as it was winter, and a keen, frosty air blowing at the time, it was considered that it would be as well to let Edwards tire naturally of her intention, and rue, of her own free will and accord, the subtraction of her window and frame from the cell.

Edwards, however, tired not of her resolves, but kept to her post and defied the frost, and the snow that set in after the frost, until it became necessary to remove her to another part of the prison, where the possibility of meeting her past tormentor would not be likely to occur.

Time went on; it appeared as if a change of

cell and a host of fresh faces had dissipated the dark intention previously fostered by Edwards, and the matrons were congratulating themselves on her improved behaviour, when an event occurred that afforded a signal proof of the prisoner's concentrativeness.

The officer having occasion to visit Edwards's cell one morning, the door was left ajar whilst she discoursed with the prisoner. The cell was some distance down the ward, at the end of which was a door opening on another ward, and a fresh division of prisoners. From this second ward there suddenly rang forth the voice of Love, engaged in some little altercation with her officer. Edwards's attention was attracted on the instant; the voice of her old tormentor aroused all the old vindictive feelings, and, with a sudden dash at the door, she flung it open, and tore at a headlong speed down the ward. The object of her rush towards the second ward was instantly apparent to the matron, who ran after her, calling forth her almost breathless warning to get Mary Ann Love out of the way. Meanwhile Edwards continued to run, not much impeded in her pro-

gress by the sudden clinging of an assistant matron round her neck, whom she bore along with her at an alarming rate of progression.

“I’ll learn her to call me Irish!” yelled Edwards; “I’ll have her life—I *will* have her life!”

But Mary Ann Love, by this time, had been removed out of the way, and the matrons of the second ward were ready to receive Edwards, and for the second time to balk her in her project. No further opportunity was ever presented to her to wreak her vengeance on Love; gradual signs of aberration of intellect manifested themselves, and in due course she exchanged Brixton Prison for Fisherton Lunatic Asylum. At the latter place, she improved so much, that, a few weeks before her prison leave expired, she returned to Brixton to finish her sentence, to all appearance completely cured. Whether she still entertains her past resentful feelings against Love, and has still the same objection to being considered of Irish descent, I have had no opportunity of learning.

CHAPTER XIII.

VISITORS.

BOTH at Millbank and Brixton Prisons there sets in a steady and incessant stream of visitors, furnished with orders from Parliament-street or the Secretary of State—visitors who are actuated by every motive for stepping out of their way that it is possible to conceive. Scarcely a week in the year occurs without some one from the outer world passing by order through the gates and being conducted from pentagon to pentagon, and ward to ward, by a matron of the establishment—a plea-

sant proof, if proof were requisite, of the un-failing interest shown by society in prisoners and prison life. Hither arrive the philosopher, who is anxious to carry out his theory, who has only a few questions to ask of a general tendency, and cares nothing for prison details or statistics; the man of facts and figures, big with his mission of finding fault with existing prison systems, as opposed to his own peculiar ideas of prison management, which Parliament Street taboos, and to whom the Secretary of State is always returning vague answers through *his* secretary; the philanthropist, who is anxious to see good in all, and to do his best to bring that good to light; the poet or novelist, in search of a new idea, which the wild lives of prisoners may suggest; the writer of magazine articles; the magistrate; the clergyman; the noble; the artist; the curious foreigner, anxious to compare English discipline with that of his own country; the visiting ladies, and the ladies who appear to have strayed in from mere caprice, showing no earthly interest in what they see, or sympathy

for anything that passes before them during the regular tour of their inspection.

Visitors of minor importance are accompanied round the prison by a principal matron, great guns, who are likely to make a noise in print if slighted, by the governor of Millbank or the superintendent of Brixton. To those who may feel inclined, from these pages of prison life, to follow in their steps and take an interest—and an interest that shall do good—in prisoners, I would suggest that there are more features of general attraction to be observed, and more instruction to be gained, at Brixton than at Millbank.

Visitors at times are very neglectful of the prison-rules concerning fees to Government servants, and singularly forgetful of the officers' feelings. The feeing of servants has become so much a general rule in society, that visitors appear awkward and embarrassed if they cannot leave a *douceur* with the officer in attendance. Possibly it will not be out of place to mention here, for the benefit of inexperienced visitors, that no fees are expected by the

matrons, or are allowed on any pretence whatever to be taken, and that the offer of money to the officers of our Government prisons is an act which brings an indignant blush to their cheeks, and makes their fingers itch to box the ears of the would-be donor. An instance occurs to my recollection of a visitor once coolly offering a sovereign to a deputy-superintendent who had conducted him round the prison; and the horror and disgust of that officer may be readily imagined. In one visit made to Millbank Prison by a foreign prince of celebrity, his Highness appeared very much perplexed as to the right method of evincing his gratitude for all the courtesy that had been extended to him, and all the care bestowed to make him as thoroughly acquainted with the workings of the system as the limited time of his visit would permit.

“I should so like to make one small present,” he said more than once: and upon the rule as to the non-receipt of presents having been explained to him, he expressed his thanks very warmly and heartily for the attention

he had received, winding up with the words—
“but if I could but have made one little present.
Oh! I *am* so sorry!” And the prince went
away, truly grieved that he could not pay
for the trouble he had given.

I remember a rumour once circulating in
Millbank Prison, amongst both officers and
prisoners, of an intended visit from the Secre-
tary of State. The prisoners became vio-
lently excited on the instant; they had heard
so much of the Secretary of State, of the
licences that were granted, and of the orders
issued by that valuable member of the Go-
vernment, that the whole body of female
convicts began to suffer from repressed excite-
ment. A general idea seemed to prevail that
the Secretary of State knew all about each
woman’s sentence, would be able to afford
the clearest details concerning the day of her
liberty, and willing to listen to the particu-
lars of each case, and perhaps, in the ex-
citement of the moment, to knock off six or
nine months.

“Won’t I ask him about my leave directly

I see him!" remarked one woman; while others said, "Won't I tell him how I have been served the last three months?" "Won't I ask if I may go to Brixton at once!" and "Won't I ask if he's quite certain I am not to go out before the twentieth—because he's counted it up all wrong, I know!"

A vague idea that there would be a kind of grand procession through the wards, with the Secretary of State at the head thereof, marshalled by the whole staff of the prison, was prevalent amongst the women; several fancy descriptions of his appearance were hazarded, and there was not the slightest doubt but that everybody would know him at once. And in due course, I believe, that important member of Government passed through the prison in a quiet and unceremonious manner, completely deceiving the prisoners, who were very much discomfited a day or two afterwards to hear that he had called, had asked after no one's time, and had brought no information.

During these visits, the general body of

prisoners are well-behaved and orderly; the discipline is very striking to a person unacquainted with prisons, and he is at a loss to connect such silence and decorum with the character of the women through whose wards he passes. A male visitor in a female prison attracts a greater amount of attention than one of the opposite sex; and in an undertone, after he has departed, a few of the boldest will venture to give their opinions on his good or bad looks, his height, figure, and general deportment.

In addition to the non-professional visitors, there are a certain number of lady visitors, who may be termed professionals—that is, who have a general order to visit the prison, are interested in the prisoners, and assist, in a humble way, the scripture-reader, schoolmistress and chaplain.

Those lady visitors, who are kind and patient without being patronizing, exert a salutary influence over the women; and, as a general rule, the prisoners are respectful, and even grateful for the interest evinced in them.

Much good has been done in this way, and much good will continue to be done. On women of any thought at all, it makes a deep, often a lasting, impression to witness these ladies' interest, their anxiety to see them better Christians, their efforts in every way to bring about the good end for which they unostentatiously and perseveringly strive. And to the honour of these lady visitors it may be remarked, that their interest in our erring sisters is not confined to the prisons, but takes a wider range, follows them into the world, and earnestly strives to give them an honest place therein. Prisoners who have shown a desire to live a new life, and for some reason or other are debarred the privileges offered by our charitable institutions, have found sincere friends, whose advice and money, and whose homes even, have been generously proffered them.

Amongst so many, it is almost needless to say that there are prisoners whom no kindness will affect, whom no interest in their salvation will raise one iota in the scale. They are content to bide

their time in prison, and look forward to the brighter days of liberty, as to the old days of drink, debauchery, and crime, which led them first to ruin. Women of this class will affect repentance with such semblance of truth, that the lady visitors, anxious to make converts, are very readily deceived. One lady visitor, I regret to add, was robbed of two ten pound notes at Millbank Prison, and all the search and vigilance of the matrons were unable ever afterwards to discover a trace of them. This is, however, an exception to the general conduct of the prisoners to lady visitors; as a rule, they are not insensible to the interest taken in their present and future welfare.

These ladies bring presents of little books to the women, which are first shown to the chaplain, whose verdict on their suitability and appropriateness having been obtained, the prisoners are at liberty to receive them. At Brixton Prison a visiting lady may obtain permission to read a little story to the Wing women, and assemble round her a number of them for that purpose. If the story be amusing, and the

moral not too irritably obtrusive—the fault of moral stories in general—the women become quickly interested; if too religious, they begin to whisper and mutter to each other, and make grimaces. In what is termed the Old Prison at Brixton, the visitor is furnished with a camp seat, during her little chat with a favourite prisoner in her cell. Both at Millbank and Brixton the visitor who preaches the least is liked the most; for there is an art in conversing with such women in which some of the best-intentioned visitors are deficient; and to play the part of chaplain, and to play it badly, is a grave mistake, which does more harm than good. To say the right word at the right time is a gift bestowed on very few of us, and it is natural that an error of judgment should be committed now and then.

Still it is pleasant to reiterate that good is effected by the untiring and unselfish efforts of these lady-visitors—that they are a little band of earnest-thinking, persevering women, who are often rewarded for their faithful services in God's cause by a prisoner's struggles

to amend, and to leave for ever behind in the shadowy past the things of darkness that belong to it.

CHAPTER XIV.

PRISON CHARACTERS.—JANE DUNBABIN, LYDIA
CAMBLIN, AND JOHANNAH LENNAN.

IN my sketches of prison character, it is somewhat late in the day to remark that I have not adopted any chronological order, but have chosen the subjects for portraiture, more for the contrast their varied natures were likely to present, than with any regard to the date at which they entered or left our Government establishments.

Jane Dunbabin was of the order of troublesome prisoners; difficult to manage, hard to understand,

whose sanity was a matter of doubt, and whose prison virtues of order and obedience were not particularly apparent. She was a copyist of bad manners, anxious to imitate the more daring of her associates, and somewhat proud of the fleeting notoriety that might be gained by a smashing in of windows or a rending of prison sheets. Deceitful and crafty too, and with many monkey tricks, it may be imagined that she was one of the worst class of prisoners. Still she was not a very desperate woman, and I have singled her out from the mass for one particular trait in her character, that I consider may be interesting to the reader.

That trait of character stands as evidence of the better nature lying deep in the heart—lying there dormant, mayhap for years, until some true word or fair action touches it and gives it life. Jane Dunbabin might have been a troublesome prisoner to the end of her sentence—and, indeed, I cannot, in honesty, aver that she was ever a model one, or a woman to be implicitly relied on—if she had not been transferred to Brixton Prison, and “taken a fancy,” as it may

be termed, to a particular matron in service there at that time. That the matron was kind to her, and studied her particular nature a little, is to assert no more than that which one-half of the matrons attempt in every case; no particular pains were taken with Dunbabin, the prison rules were enforced in the usual manner, which somehow seemed to please her, and she "took a fancy," as before remarked. Dunbabin became always anxious to stand well in the good graces of her matron, and could be influenced so much by her gentle remonstrance as to give up any preconceived ideas as to a "smash" that might have been entertained.

"If you say it will put you out—that your head can't stand it—I'll wait a little while, miss."

"It is sure to put me out, Dunbabin."

"Then I'll put it off. Just for a little while, you know."

"Very well."

"You'll tell me when your head can stand it a little better?" she would ask, almost childishly, and would be appeased like a child by a promise to that effect.

There came a time when Dunbabin's better behaviour, at Brixton, brought about a transfer from the Old Prison to the Wing; and here her demeanour was a little more variable, owing to the absence of the face that had shed some little light upon her darkened way. Still the new matron also was kind, and her charge continued to improve.

When the old matron fell ill, and was removed to a room near the infirmary, the news circulated through the prison, and in due course reached Dunbabin. The East Wing faces the infirmary, with the airing yard for infirmary patients lying between, and Dunbabin was accustomed to appear at her cell window for an hour, or even two at a time, and stolidly look across the airing yard towards the infirmary quarters, where the matron lay sick.

At this time she made many inquiries respecting the health of the sick officer, and evinced considerable satisfaction at any scrap of news. That matron's sickness became an excuse for keeping Dunbabin in better order: "If you break out, Miss —— will be very sorry to hear it, and the news may throw her back again."

And Dunbabin, in consequence, would put off the evil day of breaking out, and console herself by climbing to her prison window and watching the one opposite, which she guessed belonged to the favourite matron's quarters. She now took a new freak into her head, the proper method of checking which, without bringing on one of her old outbreaks, caused no little embarrassment. She began to open her cell window, no matter what the weather might be, about the time when other prisoners were turning into their beds, and to shout across the airing yard, "Good night, my Miss ——!" This "Good night, my Miss ——" having been repeated twice, the cell-window would close, and Dunbabin quietly compose herself to rest.

And for many days, until the prisoners complained of the noise, and the infirmary patients began to grumble at "that Dunbabin's foolery," the same salutation rang out twice every evening, at eight o'clock, with unerring punctuality. When she was remonstrated with upon this little variation from the usual monotony, she took advantage of the noise made

by the general closing of the doors in her ward—"shutting-up time," as it is termed—to repeat her good nights for a few evenings, but finally gave in, and contented herself with gazing from her cell window for some time, generally until the matron's nurse—or, as she became better, the matron herself—looked across the airing yard for an instant, before the infirmary ward window was closed for the night.

Dunbabin, in due time, took her leave, and has not been heard of since; let us hope that the better nature, of which she had given some signs, even in the narrow cell, has, with the enjoyment of liberty and of better days, expanded and born fruit.

The character which stands second on my list, in the present chapter, I offer as a portrait worthy of public consideration, not so much in itself, as in the effect produced by its appearance on the general body of prisoners. The girl I will call Lydia Camblin was of the order of juvenile prisoners, one of the few child convicts that appear at Millbank and Brixton Prisons, and offer a sad and striking proof of the vice which has been natural to them almost from the cradle. She was the

youngest looking, if not the youngest, prisoner that ever arrived to serve a long sentence in penal servitude. One could only shudder to think of the teaching that must have been instilled into her, to give forth such deadly evidence of apt docility in crime at an age when other children are still innocent and childlike. Lydia Camblin was said to be not more than ten years of age; I have not seen the register book of the prison, and, therefore, cannot assert that that was the correct age; certain it is that in appearance—which, with prisoners, is terribly deceptive—she did not seem to be older than I have here stated.

A golden-haired, rosy-faced child, of slight, almost fragile figure, one could fancy her fresh from a loving mother's arms, and that some horrible mistake had placed her in the uncongenial atmosphere in which I first beheld her.

I have said it was more the effect produced by the girl's appearance at Millbank than anything about the girl herself which led me to make mention of her name. Lydia Camblin was no model prisoner, nor a child deserving more interest or compassion than her

tender years might naturally excite ; for any trait of character that expressed innocence or weakness, or anything but the cunning and vice beyond her years, it would have been in vain to look. When Lydia Camblin made her first appearance before the majority of old prison women, the effect was startling and touching. She had been hastily attired in the regulation dress of the establishment—which dress, although the smallest sized woman's gown kept in stock, was still preposterously long and inconvenient for her. When she made her appearance with the gown tucked and pinned up in a manner not to prevent her progress, and with that fair child's face under the great prison cap, the whole prison seemed to stand aghast.

Women looked from one to the other, wringing their hands and compressing their lips together; one woman clasped her hands instinctively, and cried, "My God, look here!"—and presently there were deep convulsive sobs escaping on all sides.

"It's a shame—it's an awful shame!—she shouldn't have come here!" more than one woman ventured to exclaim; and it became necessary to

pass Lydia Camblin to her cell as quickly as possible, in order to calm the excitement of the women.

The first surprise over, the prisoners settled down into their usual hard, phlegmatic demeanour; Camblin was soon a subject for no further comment or excitement; but it was singular that, on her appearance at Brixton Prison, the same effect was created, the same chord touched in the majority of hearts not easily impressed by any outward circumstances. There was something so strange and unnatural in this child's position, that the sense of what was right—what should have been, had common care been exercised upon her—asserted itself at once, the instinctive flash of a true woman's sympathy and sorrow.

But Lydia Camblin was scarce deserving of this attention; there have been child prisoners before, and since, more worthy of the honest sensation demonstrated. This girl might have been an old prison bird of forty years of age for her coolness, presence of mind, and craft. She was terribly old in thought even for a woman thrice her age, was hard to impress, and difficult to restrain. From her lips it has been the matron's

unpleasant lot to hear the foul and obscene words which escape, in excited moments, from the most unprincipled of prisoners ; one could believe in hearing her, and in looking at the pale, childlike face confronting the observer, that she was *born bad*, or that, if there were any parents whom she could recollect, they must have been

“ God and heaven reversed to her ! ”

I do not know what law allows children of so tender an age to be placed amidst such scenes, but there are always in our Government prisons two or three who are termed “ Juvenile Prisoners,” and who, profiting by example, are often as insolent and callous as their older companions. Something better might be done than sentencing these children to penal servitude ; an unnatural sentence for a crime for which they can scarcely be considered accountable—the result of that moral blindness to which one ray of God’s light and truth seems never to have been visible.

Johannah Lennan, the last of the triumvirate which forms the subject of this chapter,

was of the old stereotyped class of prisoners—perverse, “fractious,” and unmanageable—which began with prisons, and will last whilst prisons are requisite. That there was a little more originality in her escapades is the reason why I have selected her from the numbers like unto her who keep prisons full, and matrons ever busy.

If Johannah Lennan ever broke out, it was with a little variation from the usual manner, with a vocal accompaniment, or an extempore dance. If she were locked up in “the dark” her mind, active for mischief, would plan something “new and striking” expressly for the occasion. She was an adept in punching in the pit of the stomach those male officers who were sent to remove her to the refractory cell, and was far from a bad boxer when she thought occasion necessitated a display of pugilistic force.

Her principal freak at Millbank Prison was that of climbing to her window sill, sitting thereon, and passing her head, arms, and *legs* through the exterior iron bars. In this extraordinary

and ridiculous position, Johannah Lennan would remain for a considerable time, refusing to change it, and expressing her satisfaction at the state of affairs in general.

“Don’t throuble yerself about me, Miss ——,” she said, impudently, in reply to the matron’s remonstrance; “it’s very comfor’ble up here, and one gets a mighty lot of fresh air, which the Lord knows is wanted. I ain’t a-comin’ down these eight-and-forty hours.”

And Johannah Lennan kept to her position, until it became necessary to send for the male officers.

“Oh! here’s the lads!” she said, on their arrival; “as if I couldn’t a-been allowed up here a bit!”

“Are you coming down, Lennan?” was the gruff demand.

“Not if I can help it,” was the response; “I mean to stick here as long as I can, my fine fellers!”

And Lennan retained so firm a hold of the iron bars that it became an effort requiring no small strength to draw her back into her cell,

she screaming, swearing, and blaspheming all the time. After a sudden wrench, a considerable exertion of physical force—"a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether!"—Lennan and the officers would come down on their backs in the centre of the cell—the former with the frame of the window wedged tightly round her, a trophy of the strength and tenacity with which she had clung to the last.

CHAPTER XV.

THE INFIRMARY

THE ruses that have been adopted by prisoners, and are constantly being adopted to the present day, to obtain admittance into the infirmary, may be regarded in a more lenient manner, when the difference of diet and regimen between the cell and the infirmary is considered. Women who have been schemers all their life, will plan for the

better diet and the lax discipline of the latter — women who are desperate, and know no fear, will go within an inch of death for the comfortable quarters where there is no hard work, the companionship of their own class, and almost everything to be had for the mere request. Not that the inmates of the infirmary are all hypocrites, or prisoners who have found a place there through self-injury; the greater number may be considered the really ill and suffering, whose health has been affected by prison air, or, who have brought the seeds of disease with them from the outer world.

In Doctor Guy's report for 1860, to the Directors of Convict Prisons, there appears a general summary of Infirmary Sick. It may be interesting to the reader to know that, of four hundred and seventy-two female prisoners, there was but a daily average of twenty-one sick. The number admitted into Millbank Prison Infirmary during the year was two hundred and seventy-five. The average number of days spent by each prisoner in the infirmary is set down at

twenty-seven. At Millbank Prison there was an increase of deaths to the number of five; at Brixton there were no fewer than fourteen deaths during the year. The prison at Brixton, it must be remembered, however, has accommodation for a larger number of women; the daily average number of prisoners for 1860 was six hundred and twenty-three, in lieu of four hundred and seventy-two at Millbank. Women who are very delicate, whose failing health necessitates a change, are also drafted from Millbank to Brixton, and help to swell the number of infirmary sick at the latter prison. From Mr. Rendle's report, we learn that the number of sick admitted into the Brixton Infirmary, during the year, was two hundred and fifty-two, and that the daily average was thirty-nine. It is but fair to add, also, that out of fourteen deaths which occurred at Brixton Prison, seven were cases that might be considered incurable at the time of the women's arrival.

The diseases are of all kinds and characters—there is no particular ailment peculiar to

prisons, save an imaginary complaint called the "prison mumps," with which women fancy they are attacked occasionally. Pulmonary consumption carries off a few, but it is singular that the deaths from consumption occur more frequently in our male than in our female prisons. Dr. Guy calls attention to the fact that, during the year 1860, fifty-nine consumptive male prisoners were removed from Millbank, and but one from the female side of the prison. So great a disparity is not accounted for by the fact that the males form seventy-seven per cent., and the women twenty-three per cent. of the whole convict establishment at Millbank.* In Millbank Infirmary, on the female side, there were, during the year, only six women admitted who were suffering from pulmonary consumption; on the male side the number was no less than forty-five.

* This was in 1860, the reader will remember—there is not so much difference in the respective numbers of each sex at the present time.

Now and then, on medical grounds, a true sufferer receives a pardon for her past offences, and is allowed to go free, that she may die in the arms of the friends or the parents from whom she may have fled in early days.

The infirmary at Millbank Prison consists of a series of rooms in Pentagon Two, situated over a certain portion of the superintendents' quarters. Each room contains several small beds, arranged in hospitalward fashion. At Brixton the infirmary is more apart from the prison—is, in fact, a wing near the outer gates, and, as already remarked, affords accommodation for a greater number of patients than that of Millbank.

The rules are almost similar in both infirmaries, and the remainder of this sketch may, therefore, be considered as equally applicable to both.

An infirmary officer or matron is always in attendance, passing from room to room, and seeing that all is well and safe—a restless and unsettled post, and certainly not the most enviable berth in the service. There are, also,

an infirmary nurse and an infirmary cook; at Brixton, the chief matron's duties are to attend to the requirements of those stricken down by illness.

The women, in common cases, are chiefly waited upon by those prisoners known as infirmary cleaners; in cases that are exceptional, or of importance, extra hands are called into requisition. Much feeling and sympathy are evinced by the cleaners for the invalids to whom they officiate as nurses; and occasionally, on the part of the invalids, no little ingratitude for the trouble and pains taken with them. Attached to the infirmary are a certain number of cells, large, well-ventilated, and containing beds for invalids and attendants; hither are removed cases that are likely to prove infectious, or patients who, even in the midst of their failing health, are insolent, and fierce, and destructive to the last.

Infirmary patients are allowed the best of everything—nothing within reasonable limits is refused when requested by a prisoner really ill. I

remember one woman at Millbank sick unto death, suddenly taking a fancy for grapes—if she could only have a bunch of real grapes again! It was winter time, and grapes were worth their weight in gold—the matron would refer the matter to Dr. Baly, when he arrived.

And Dr. Baly — that highly-gifted physician was consulting medical adviser to Millbank Prison at the time — ordered grapes forthwith, at any price, and at once. It was a sick woman's fancy, but fancies even are studied in the infirmary ward, and great kindness is shown by the authorities in all cases. No hospital patient has greater care and attention; to prisoners who have been always ignorant and poor, the infirmary appears a step nearer heaven.

Still, taking the infirmary patients altogether, there is not much difference in character between them and their more robust sisters doing prison work. The same ingratitude, and selfishness and callousness are evinced towards each other; and to the prison officers, the same duplicity, craft, and vi-

dictive feeling. There are women whom nothing will soften, whom no kindness will affect.

“Breaks-out” occur even in the infirmary ; the passion of jealousy, to which all prisoners are prone, leading them to imagine that too much attention has been shown to one invalid, and too much neglect of their own selfish requirements. A woman will break out at a supposed slight, and struggle from her bed to wreak her vengeance on the crockery near her. One prisoner, of the name of Armstrong, in Millbank Infirmary, took a fancied neglect of the doctor so much to heart, that on his next appearance she sprang from her bed, and seized the poker with the intention of splitting his head open. “I’ll learn you to say I don’t want any arrowroot, you beggar!” she screeched forth.

The same woman, in the days of her convalescence, and probably to prolong her stay in the infirmary, feigned a trance with such excellent effect as for some time to puzzle even the surgeon in attendance. It was more a state of

coma than of trance, and necessitated the administration of beef-tea with a teaspoon. After the surgeon was perfectly convinced of the trick—and had read her a lecture on her wickedness, as she lay on her bed, in as rigid and deathlike a position as she could assume—she maintained her inflexible position for two days, and was only brought to reason by the mixture of a little assafoetida with her beef-tea, at which fresh insult she sprang up in bed and assailed the attendant with a torrent of invective only to be heard in its true strength and richness in the wards of our Government prisons.

Those prisoners who are well enough to leave their beds, huddle round the fire and talk together in a low voice. Many stories of the old days when they were pals together, or their “schools” had not been broken up, or Jim had not thrown them over for the fancy-girl they are going to throttle when they gain their liberty, are related over the infirmary fire; it is these days of convalescence which the women prize, and which they are anxious to extend by every means in their power.

A few of the more industrious, who are anxious to add to their gratinities, sit up in bed and work at their handkerchiefs, or at cap-making, almost before their strength allows them; others, wholly idle and utterly careless about the future, will do no work on any pretence whatever during the glorious days of infirmity diet—of beer, and port wine, and mutton chops.

Every day the prison chaplain arrives to talk with these sick women; to strive at the old uphill work of reformation, hoping for better results in the greater weakness that has fallen on them. His labours may be rewarded in some instances; in others, promises are readily made, to be broken on the first occasion when anything occurs to cross their variable tempers. The prayers of the day are read every morning, with more or less effect, according to circumstances. If a woman has died, or been removed to another prison, there is some chance of touching these hearts of marble.

Still, even the death of an old comrade does not affect them sensibly; the callous nature, in most cases, forbids any display of sentiment.

In the last moments of an erring sister there is a hush, mayhap; if a death occur in the night, and there is much wandering to and fro of prison officers and doctor, the women will mutter about "the row," and about their sleep being broken by an unnecessary uproar.

"It's precious hard, when my life depends upon it, I can't have a good night's rest," may be the muttered remark, as the complainant turns restlessly in her bed.

All depends upon the past character of the dying woman: what were her antecedents—was she a favourite with the women for her "pluck," or her defiance of all rules—does she leave a pal to mourn extravagantly for her, and have a smash at all the windows, by way of distraction to her grief?

It has been remarked, by the surgeon of Brixton Prison, that deaths occur with greater frequency in the fourth year of a woman's incarceration than at any other period of imprisonment. The following curious tabular account, in proof of this, was submitted by that gentleman to the Directors

of Government Prisons, in his report for 1860:—

Year.	Deaths during the 1st year of sentence.	Deaths during the 2nd year.	Deaths during the 3rd year.	Deaths during the 4th year.	Deaths during the 5th year.	Deaths during the 6th year.	Deaths during the 7th year.
1857	—	4	3	6	—	—	—
1858	2	3	3	5	—	2	1
1859	—	2	2	4	—	2	—
1860	—	3	3	6	1	1	—
Total	2	12	11	21	1	5	1

Women naturally weak, or women whose lives, up to the period of their “misfortune,” have never known restraint, appear to give way under the confinement, after a hard struggle; but amidst these prisoners are several, who, with the less care and attention they would have found in their own homes, would have surely met a more early death in the world.

So life goes on day by day, week by week, in the prison infirmaries of Millbank and Brixton—kindness that is thoughtful and unremitting being ever extended to these wild natures in the hour of

their distress, or in that hour of danger which they have brought upon themselves. In the dimly-lighted rooms the shadow of the Angel's wings falls at times, takes away one of these ungovernable natures, and reads the lesson which is profited by or scoffed at. There are arrows that strike into the heart, or that glance therefrom, as from something which no power under heaven can pierce.

CHAPTER XVI.

PRISON CHARACTERS—MARY ANN SEAGO
AND JONES.

THE subject of my last chapter reminds me of two prison characters, whose eccentricities in the Brixton Infirmary rendered them at the time somewhat notorious.

Seago, it may be remembered by those of my readers who are versed in criminal annals, was sentenced on the 22nd of May, 1854, to penal servitude for life, for the death of her stepson, mur-

dered in a paroxysm of rage, by dashing his brains out against the mantel-piece. This woman became a confirmed invalid very shortly after her arrival at Brixton, and was admitted into the infirmary, disease of the heart, from which she suffered, rendering confinement to her cell a matter of impossibility.

Seago was only saved from capital punishment by its being proved that she had purchased a penny pie for the child within an hour or two of its décease, a fact that was set down in her favour, as evidence that no vindictive feeling was entertained against the child. Such was the effect of this slight fragment of evidence, which turned the scales in her favour, and brought a sentence of less severity upon her—a sentence that was just and fair.

Seago, when not possessed with the demon of discontent, was on the whole a rational prisoner, and only evinced her demoniac propensities when aroused by any slight, fancied or otherwise, which she could take to herself and allow to rankle in her mind. She was a woman of some education ; fond of hard words, and in her best moods somewhat fine in her way. Lying in her infirmary bed, she was partial to amusing or boring her fellow-sufferers

with lengthy accounts of her past respectability—the friends she had known—the home she had had—the father and mother who had brought her up so well!

If my memory serve me rightly, her father was master of a workhouse; and she was accustomed to speak of him with considerable reverence, and to mourn her own unbridled passions, which had brought her to so sad an end. A very little roused her; a taunt of the prisoners, a remonstrance of the matrons, would engender so violent a state of excitement, that her own life stood in peril by her passion. It was easy to imagine the fit of evil rage that had ended in the death of her step-son, the year before she came under my notice.

She was fond of arguing, and as little disturbed the even tenor of her way, every allowance was shown her, and the women, taken as a body, were conciliatory and obliging.

Seago one day, in the infirmary, took offence against her infirmary nurse, and, in the heat of her passion, suddenly turned out of bed, wherein she had lain for many weeks, and

walked very coolly and stealthily from her own room to the apartment of the nurse, a little way distant. That officer was considerably amazed by Seago's appearance, *à la* Lady Macbeth, and no less alarmed when she saw her snatch up a knife that lay handy, and brandish it above her head.

Fortunately, help was at hand, and Seago was removed to her old quarters, it being impossible to punish one in so delicate a state of health. She repented, or feigned to repent, of this last act, and became friends with the nurse again, until, on medical grounds, I believe, a free pardon was at last granted her.

Free pardon, in cases that must infallibly prove fatal, is occasionally granted; Government is not harsh with those whose days are numbered, and makes the generous offer of freedom for the little while they may yet have to live. To be spared to die out of prison is estimated as a great boon by many of these sufferers.

Seago obtained her liberty, and, I understand, was shortly afterwards found dead in her bed in the home to which she had returned.

The prisoner Jones became an early inmate

of Brixton Infirmary, owing to her time of confinement drawing near. She had not spent half her probation at Millbank, but her condition rendered her eligible for transfer to the Surrey prison. Ensconced in the infirmary, Jones became particularly remarkable for her fits of sullenness and obstinacy—pig-headed and indomitable doggedness, which no kind treatment could soften in the least. She was one of those hard beings, to whom such frequent allusion has been made throughout these volumes—taking all kindness as her right, and never, by a look or word, testifying any appreciation of it.

This indomitable spirit of obstinacy set in immediately after her confinement—before four-and-twenty hours had passed over her head, and of a surety before she had given a thought to the merciful Providence that had carried her safely through her trial. She was always full of fancies, and a new and sudden whim seized her that a corner bed then vacated would be better for her and her baby, than that on which she was then reposing.

“What do you want that bed for, Jones?”

“It’s against the wall, and the baby can’t fall out.”

“But the baby will be safe here.”

“No, it won’t. I know it won’t. I’m as certain as I’m a living woman that it will fall out whop in the night.”

Jones argued the point with such obstinacy, and exhibited such excitement, that it was considered best to humour her, more especially as it was probable that she would, at the risk of her life, avail herself of the first opportunity to take the bed for herself. After the consulting surgeon’s advice had been received, preparations were made for her transfer from one bed to the other. The corner bed to which she had cast such longing eyes was thoroughly aired, the sheets were warmed at the infirmary fire, and finally, with the assistance of the prisoners, she was removed in her blankets, and in her recumbent position, to the bed which she had so ardently coveted.

“There, Jones, now you feel comfortable and happy, I hope?”

She lay and reflected upon that point for an instant, then suddenly burst out with—

“No, I ain’t happy.”

“Why, what is the matter now?”

“It’s a hard bed. It’s not half so good a bed as the other!”

“They are all the same, Jones, I assure you.”

“As if I didn’t know, now I’ve tried ’em both!”

“And your baby will be quite safe now—if it lies nearest the wall.”

“I’m not so sure that it won’t get smothered there!”

Being still inclined to express her dissatisfaction, it was judged the wiser course to leave her to herself, and allow her to cool down by degrees. But she was not inclined to cool; she had gained her end, and the result was still extremely dissatisfactory—the corner bed was not to her mind, and she repented the removal.

She lay and pondered on the matter for some time, then, full of her new intention,

with a rashness or a madness which only such women are prone to, she caught her baby in her arms, coolly stepped out of bed, and made for the one she had quitted only a short time since. Great was the surprise of the infirmary nurse, upon her return, to find Jones in her old quarters, grinning and triumphant.

“I thought I'd keep to my own bed after all—it was very hard, that corner one!”

Jones nearly paid the penalty of her rashness by an untimely end; in the course of a few hours, it was doubtful whether the shock to her system would ever be recovered from. On the confines of life and death, and struggling with both, she lingered many days, only the greatest care and watchfulness bringing her round at last.

When a little better, the ruling passion set in again—the effects of her own obstinacy had taught her no lesson. She was accustomed to sulk, and refuse her food, if certain extra privileges were not conceded, and in her delicate state of health it became necessary to allow

her everything that she desired. When she was stronger, she spoke of making a nice cap for her infant to be christened in, and seemed wondrously softened by the matron promising to work her a cap by way of a christening present.

And in due course the cap was presented to Jones, who took it with a quiet "thank you," and proceeded to give it a very careful and critical inspection after the matron had retired.

"And she calls this a cap!" was her disparaging remark; "and this is the thing that I was to wait for, and my baby was to be christened in! Blest if it shall!"

A woman who listened to this tirade thought it was a very pretty cap, and in somewhat plain language expressed her opinion of Jones's ingratitude.

"The cap's not good enough for *my* child," cried Jones, indignantly; "why should my child be made a Guy Fox of with this thing?"

"It might wear it for once. It looks so to make a fuss about a present."

"Just look here now: this is what I think of *her* present!"

And the baby's cap, that had been offered in much kindness of heart, and received with such unthankfulness, was thrown into the infirmary fire.

Whether a cap whose texture and style were more befitting Jones's infant adorned it on its day of christening, I have no opportunity of placing here on record.

CHAPTER XVII.

FULHAM REFUGE.

WHEN a matron shall write her life and experience at Fulham Refuge, it is possible that her story will take shades less deep and dark. It may include stories of a fair repentance and a new life, with much to encourage the philanthropist, and to maintain our faith in the grand old adage that there is "good in everything." It will be a record of experience with the best class of prison women, with those who have been selected from Brixton for

evincing some desire to walk in a different path, and to turn away from that which led them to the brink of ruin. It is not to be wondered at that in my chronicles I have shown so little of the bright side, the best prisoners constantly and regularly passing away from our observation.

So much has been said in previous pages concerning Fulham Refuge, that a little sketch concerning it and its discipline may not be considered out of place. Fulham is the last stage of female prison life, which having followed through two phases pretty closely, we can now afford the time to take a cursory glance of that institution which offers so many advantages to those willing to receive them.

It is almost unnecessary to repeat that Millbank Prison represents the probation and third class stage of discipline, and Brixton the first and second. Only women of the first class, strong, industrious, well-behaved prisoners, who have received but a few reports during a long term of imprisonment, and have shown symp-

toms of a desire to lead a new life, are eligible for Fulham. As its name implies, it is scarcely a gaol; it is the neutral ground between prison life and the world wherein lurk all the old temptations to which offenders formerly succumbed, and thus became exposed to punishment. It is, moreover, the vantage ground from which may be seen a fairer landscape than women who have been benighted all their lives could have anticipated—where the sun is rising and shedding its light and warmth upon a path which it is in a prisoner's power to follow if she possess the inclination.

Fulham Refuge was established on the 8th of May, 1856, for the reception of the better class of prisoners. It was not opened as a refuge or a prison, until attempts to procure the aid of private charities already established in many parts of England had failed. It was considered that there would ever exist in the public mind an insuperable objection to taking women as servants from a Government establishment itself—an objection that I believe is every day becoming less

formidable. Will it be remembered by a generous public that no woman is recommended for a servant whose character has not borne a rigid test, and whose chances of proving honest and faithful are not in her favour?

The establishment at Fulham appears to me the wisest step forward in the true track of prison discipline that has hitherto been made. The better class prisoners at Brixton look forward to it as to a rise in life, and work diligently for the privilege of a transmission thither. It might be on a larger scale; it might open its doors to women over forty years of age with some advantage; it might not exclude the sick and feeble—who may be the best class of prisoners, too—from sharing its advantages. If a reward is offered for diligence and good conduct, by the laws of equality every deserving prisoner has a claim thereto, I think.

Still, Fulham Refuge is but a small institution yet, and it only professes “to establish a sound reformatory discipline, combined with such an amount of industrial training as will fit the majority of the females for entering on an honest course of life.”

It is intended to constitute, so far as practicable, the *intermediate condition* between close imprisonment and liberty, or ticket-of-leave, in which, "under qualified restraint," the women may be trained to "occupations of industry, the produce of which would partly pay for their support, while the habits which such occupations would create would tend to put the women in the way to earn their livelihood honestly, after being finally discharged."*

The accommodation for prisoners is limited—the daily average, during the year 1860, being one hundred and seventy-four. And when it is remembered that the number of female convicts under Government supervision is 1283, that many of the best class of prisoners are, for many reasons, disqualified from being passed to Fulham at all, the per-centage of this better sort is not a small one.

It must be stated, however, that there *are* disappointments in the moral progress of the prisoners—that the weak will give way, and sink

* Mr. Waddington's letter to Sir Joshua Jebb, K.C.B., in November, 1853.

back into the old crimes; that the woman who has made much profession of "good works" will suddenly fling off the mask, and dishearten those who have been hopeful of her; that much kindness and Christian charity have been often expended in vain, and the old return of ingratitude has proved the only fruit. There are many exceptions however, it is satisfactory to add; and throughout the reports of the lady-superintendent and chaplain of the Refuge there is evident satisfaction with present results, and hope and confidence in the greater progress awaiting them in the future.

The prisoners are well treated at Fulham Refuge; more liberty is allowed them than at the other prisons; there are constant association and better diet, and locking-up and unlocking are chiefly confined to the outer gates.

The principal employment is laundry work, but the making of under-clothing, window-curtains, &c., &c., is not discouraged. The principal profit is derived from establishment and private washing; the far-fetched, cruel practice of endeavouring to make prisons self-supporting flourishing here as

elsewhere. The receipts from private washing amounted, in 1860, to nine hundred and fifty-seven pounds, four shillings, and twopence—not a large amount in itself towards the liquidation of the expenses of the establishment, but a serious sum deducted from the earnings of honest laundresses struggling for existence in the neighbourhood.

The routine of the prison is as follows:—At a quarter to six the prisoners rise, dress and make their beds; at a quarter past six the labour of the day begins, and continues till half-past seven, when half an hour is allowed for breakfast. At eight o'clock there is general exercise till nine, at which time the women are rung in to prayers. At half-past nine, when prayers are over, labour begins again—laundry work and needlework until the dinner-hour at one. An hour is allowed for dinner, and an hour afterwards for further exercise, and then from three to five the usual work again. Thirty-five minutes are then devoted to prayers; supper is served at five-and-twenty to six; labour commences for the third time at a quarter past six, and lasts till eight. At eight all work ceases,

and three quarters of an hour are allowed for reading, conversation, &c. At nine the key is turned for the night, and the day's work is over.

Fifteen hours and a quarter form, therefore, the working day of a prisoner and a prison matron—work that is cheerfully performed by each prisoner and officer; and which, considering the anxiety of supervision, and the less restraint to which prisoners are subject, is a trifle more arduous for the latter.

The subjoined interesting tables of prisoners' treatment, for 1859 and 1860, I extract from the report of the lady superintendent of Fulham Refuge. They present a record of progress, for it must be understood that the *daily* average of prisoners during 1860 was in excess of five over that of 1859:—

1859.

Prisoners reported	96
Number of reports	161
Not reported	192
Number of prisoners punished	62
Number of punishments	82
Not punished	226

1860.

Number of women reported	. . .	96
Number of reports	143
Not reported	219
Number punished	41
Number of punishments	57
Number not punished	274

These women who are not punished are the source of much encouragement to perseverance in the good work commenced. They are industrious; many of them are anxious about the future—which way they shall turn when the liberty day comes?—who will help them, and place confidence in them once again? A great number apply of their own free will for the good words of the lady-superintendent to find them a place in the Prisoners' Aid Society—or “The Home,” as that valuable adjunct to our Government prisons is termed by the female convicts. During the year 1860, no less than forty-one women went of their own free will and accord to this “Home,” the majority of whom procured situations thence, and are believed to be doing well. Here is the account furnished by the Reverend Mr. Innes to the Directors of Prisons, of twenty-four women

who left Fulham for the Prisoners' Aid, in 1859.

Out of the twenty-four there is but one bad case—the remaining twenty-three are accounted for in this manner :—

Emigrated to Australia	1
Gone to their friends with good characters	4
Lost sight of, but has a good character	1
Out of service at present, but had a good character	1
Believed to be in service	1
Doing well in service	11
Doing well in earning their own livelihood	2
Still in the Society's lodging	2
	<hr/>
	23

The Reverend J. Innes adds :—

“This account is very satisfactory, and amongst these cases are some that most strikingly prove the inestimable advantage of timely assistance rendered on first discharge from prison, without which the future of many would have been at least doubtful, who are now acting most creditably, and have entered on a course of honest employment.”

Of the religious and moral condition of the prisoners, the chaplain of Fulham speaks at length.

So much true thought and feeling are expressed that I should not be doing justice to my subject were I to omit his own observations on the progress of these prisoners. It is the last stage of prison life, and he speaks hopefully and eloquently :—

“The religious and moral condition of the prisoners generally during the past year has been, on the whole, very satisfactory and hopeful. Changes are, indeed, continually taking place, from the discharge of some women and the admission of others. The character of our community is thus altered from time to time, and we cannot but regret the withdrawal of one and another, who had become unusually steady, and had begun to exert a good influence on others around them. But still I hope we progress. Ground once gained, amongst the women, by the prevalence of a spirit of steadiness and sobriety and earnestness, is not lost, but tells favourably upon the next generation, who supply the places of those who have left.

“Our great object is to raise the women up in the social scale, as respects personal character and

aspirations. In proportion as they acquire and cherish *self-respect*, will they be respected by others, and helped forward in future endeavours to lead an honest and steady life. And there is no feature so striking or obvious in the career of our women, while in the Refuge, as this increase of self-respect. They often seem to be quite different persons when they come to be discharged to what they were when they first came to Fulham; and if the improvement is so great, even while they are here, how far greater the change from what they were at the commencement of their imprisonment, and before any portion of the softening, and civilizing, and enlightening influences of the present system of convict discipline had been brought to bear upon them."

From my own knowledge of many of these prisoners' antecedents—from the opportunities that have been presented to me, and others like me, for watching step by step the progress from Millbank to Brixton, and from Brixton to Fulham—I venture to predict results far more satisfactory than prison reports have hitherto laid before the

Houses of Parliament, "by command of Her Majesty." Fulham Refuge is in its infancy yet; I believe it is an establishment that must grow, and eventually become a central point of attraction to all connected with or interested in prison management. The practice of kindness and encouragement must infallibly bear good fruit; fresh experiments, possibly further concessions, will be attempted, and found successful; from the Refuge, as well as from the Prisoners' Aid Society, good and faithful servants will be sought and obtained. When it is shown to these erring sisters of ours that the way to right is not so difficult, and that the way to wrong ends only in shame and ruin—(there are many, it is implied by the chaplain, who are scarcely able to distinguish the difference between vice and virtue yet)—that there are hearts that beat for them, and lips to pray for them, and hands to help them, when they begin their pilgrimage anew; that their past life was a mistake, and the future, stretching beyond, may, by their own efforts, be so much more bright; when the example of those who have gone before is offered for

their guidance on the path which will then have been rendered a beaten track by the constant succession of those trading it, there will be no guessing the illimitable good to follow the noble thought which gave rise to Fulham Refuge.

CHAPTER XVIII.

PRISON CHARACTERS.—A LITTLE PRISON
MELODRAMA.

THE facts of the case I am about to place before the reader are so much out of the common way of prison life that I have for a long time hesitated whether to state them, or to leave them, fragments of an untold story, in the mists to which they have receded. It is a story that, to spare the feelings of those still living, I find it necessary to enshroud in much of that mystery

which appears to me objectionable, using for my purpose those fictitious names, places, positions and dates which go so far to invalidate fair testimony. Why I have wrapped a cloak of secrecy around my principal actors the reader will guess before the chapter closes; sufficient, perhaps, for me to state that the incidents of this tale are true—strictly true to the letter. It is an old story, or rather, I should say, a simple narrative of facts. As such I will relate it, keeping clear of any temptation to colour too highly a single portion of it.

Nestling amongst the Welsh mountains was situated a little village, the inhabitants of which adopted most of the primitive habits natural to people isolated from the turmoil of cities. A quiet, inoffensive, religious circle of inhabitants, amongst whom crime was almost unknown, and to whom an evening stroll in the valley, or along the mountain side, with service at intervals in the Methodist chapel, formed the only change from the labour of the week. They were mostly poor villagers, but they were honest, God-fearing, simple-hearted peo-

ple, who brought up their children to follow in their steps, and showed them, to the best of their ability, the way they should go.

It was the teaching they had themselves learned from their forefathers; it had brought with it that grace which is "necessary to salvation," and they taught their children to follow in their steps. A few of the inhabitants of this village were of a class in easier circumstances than those around them; holding little tracts of land in the valley, and able to boast of the possession of a cow, a pig, or half a dozen sheep. Amongst these well-to-do people was a family that I will designate by the name of Ellis—an honest, hard-working family, the head of which had saved a little money, was a careful, almost a penurious man, and the owner of a very humble farm. The family consisted of Ellis, his wife, and daughter; the daughter a tall, graceful, warm-hearted Welsh girl, a comfort to her mother in her declining years—a secret pride to the father, who was not of a demonstrative nature, and made no parade of his affection.

It reads very much like a novel to state that "a mysterious stranger"—common to so many fictions—made his appearance in this primitive retreat, accompanied by another friend, on a tourist excursion through North Wales. The travellers took apartments at the only inn in the village, and amused themselves for several days wandering about the mountain glens and valleys, fishing in the rapid stream, or sketching those little picturesque nooks in which Wales abounds, and which are so dear to an artist's eye. At this village the travellers separated, the elder starting homewards, the younger remaining at the inn. The innkeeper, I believe, was a relation of the Ellis family, who were Methodists, and Jane Ellis, the daughter, was accustomed to visit her friends or relatives at the inn wherein the young tourist took his ease. Here a chance acquaintanceship sprung up—if there be any *chance* in meetings that influence our after life so much either for better or worse—between Jane Ellis and the tourist. It is the old, old story to talk of acquaintanceship ripening into friendship, and friendship into love—of the affections of this Welsh maiden turning

naturally to one who paid her much attention, and whose polished manners afforded so great a contrast to those of the rustic youths who had been smitten by her charms. The cruel old story of woman's love and man's fancy for a fleeting day or two—of the woman's trust and man's awful selfishness and crime.

After a month's further idling amongst the Welsh mountains, the tourist took his departure for London, with a hundred promises of a speedy return to claim Jane Ellis for his wife. The latter built upon that promise as one builds upon the hope of a life which, sinking away, must leave behind it shame and desolation; but the days and months passed, and the tourist never returned.

Then the whole story began to spread from one honest house to another, and whispers to circulate, and the finger of scorn to be pointed at her—a Welsh girl!—who had let the stranger overcome her with his false vows and lying promises. There was a greater shame to come, and the father, I have already said, was a stern man, who had known no dis-

grace, and could not brook it in any of his family. Rigid sectarians are prone to harshness, and the full force of the paternal wrath fell upon the head of Jane Ellis.

Jane remained hopeful long after all others were fully convinced of the studied duplicity of her deceiver. It was not till her father had made a journey to London, and discovered how false had been all the young man's statements with reference to his home, his friends and relations, that she became fully alive to the horrors of the position into which her own folly had brought her. Home became distasteful to her; the mother was an invalid, whom the shock of her daughter's shame had seriously affected; the father continued hard and unyielding, and as he would have no mercy, Jane Ellis ran away from home.

Is not this the old story still? How often in works of fiction, and how much more often in real life, does the daughter run away from home to ruin! How many times also does it occur, in prison experience, that a woman, in her fitful gleams of repentance, will bemoan the step that

took her away from home in the days of her wilfulness and perversity!

It would be a painful task to trace minutely the further career of Ellis; to dwell on each step that took her farther away from right and truth. The decisive step had been taken; there was no turning back—or perhaps she no longer chose to return—God knows! Presently her only refuge was—the streets! So, from bad to worse—struggling to drown thought—struggling to live, she was finally apprehended on some petty charge of larceny. Imprisonment for that offence was followed by wilder licence—ending, to make matters short, with a sentence of penal servitude, and her arrival at Millbank Prison.

Here began the prison matron's acquaintance with her—here Jane Ellis proved with what frightful celerity it is possible to retrograde from moral rectitude, until no semblance of the early nature was left to know her by. She showed herself one of the vicious, ungovernable class of prisoners, resisting restraint and prison discipline, and defying both to the utmost of her power. She passed through penal class wards, refractory cells,

and "darks," she wore the hand-cuff and the prison jacket, and her life was that of the worst of women, her character that of the worst of prisoners.

Her health began to be affected by constant "breakings out;" when quietly disposed and for a certain time restored to her ward, she was allowed as a favour the privilege of having the inner door open and the iron grating left as a screen between her and the wards. At this grating she was accustomed to sit and work—if in an agreeable mood, to watch for the smile of the matron, for whom she evinced occasionally a certain amount of affection.

One day visitors were expected at the prison; when they arrived, they were escorted round the wards in the usual manner. The gentlemen were more interested in minor details than strangers on a visit to our Government establishments generally are. In due course the ward wherein Jane Ellis was confined was reached. Glancing towards her cell, and perceiving that only one door was secured, in lieu of two, an inquiry was made as to the reason of that cell's being more open than the rest. Suddenly there was a strange silence—a

silence that struck even the matron of the ward with surprise—and the inquiring visitor stood, as rigid as a statue, staring at a face white as death, that glared back at him through the iron grating.

The visitor moved on, asked if the woman were seriously ill, the nature of her sentence, &c., and then passed on his tour of inspection, and left the prison shortly afterwards. Presently it was noticed that Ellis was still standing at the grated door, as though she had been turned to stone.

“What is the matter, Ellis?” asked her matron.

“Who was that man?—what was his name?”

“I do not know. I have not heard.”

“Did you see him look at me?”

The matron could but answer in the affirmative.

“Oh! my God, well he might! Miss ——,” she cried, in a stifled whisper; “as God’s my judge, that was the man who led me first to ruin. Before I knew him, I was an innocent girl!”

She was taciturn the remainder of the day, evinced none of her usual uproariousness and

excitement, and was discovered crying in her cell at supper time. Later that night she asked about the visitor again, and, after a little pressing on the part of the matron, related the story which, as briefly as possible, I have already given to the reader.

It was a strange meeting, and a strange meeting-place—and the story was told without any parade of emotion. Ellis behaved in her usual manner after this unexpected event, and only once alluded to it some weeks afterwards.

“Miss ——,” she said to the matron to whom she had communicated the story, “what did I tell you about the visitor that day?”

The matron responded briefly, and the prisoner turned almost angrily away.

“Ah! don’t say anything about it. P’raps it was all my nonsense, after all.”

But prison matrons are used to nonsense, and to stories that have no foundation. There is little doubt that this story was a true one, and the meeting between seducer and victim certainly took place as I have ventured to describe.

Did such a meeting, under such strange cir-

cumstances, work a change in the heart of him who had brought about such evil? To see the sin of his youth perpetuated in such fatal results to one who had been pure and innocent, must surely have been a shock to one endowed with the common feelings of humanity. But there are men in whom all true feeling must be wholly withered, and on whom the shadow of the wrong they have done falls but lightly as they pursue their vicious course. A little start of surprise, a spasm of contrition perhaps, and they are on their downward road again!

CHAPTER XIX.

PRISON STATISTICS.

I HOPE this may be considered the only dry chapter in my book. I have a feminine distaste for figures, and I have put off the evil day till the last. Approaching the completion of my task, it appears to me necessary to lay before the reader a few details gathered from the last report of governors, chaplains, superintendents, &c., occasion-

ally appending thereto my own comments.

There is an interest even in "facts and figures" concerning these poor women, and I am not without a hope that these minute details may prove interesting, even to the reader who has taken up this book solely for amusement. I have attempted to confine myself to those particulars which more immediately bear upon the subject, and have endeavoured to present them clearly and succinctly. Statistics which have already appeared in other portions of this work it will be needless to recapitulate.

There are still only three Government establishments for female convicts — Millbank, Brixton, and Fulham. At the time I write, the prison at Broadmoor, intended for refractory female convicts, is not yet prepared for their reception. In the tabular statements, in which male and female convicts are classed, I have attempted to show at a glance the accommodation available for female prisoners, and the number of women who, at the end of 1860, were confined in the three establishments above mentioned.

Accommodation for female convicts at the disposal of the Government:—

Millbank	550
Brixton	645
Fulham	176
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	1,371

Number and disposal of female convicts during the year 1860:—

Number of Female Convicts in Convict Prisons on January 1, 1860	1,188
Received during the year 1860 .	531
	<hr/>
	1,719
Disposed of during the year	436
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Remaining on December 31st, 1860	1,283

Thus it will be seen that the female convict population presses rather closely on the space allotted to them—a fearful little army, which men of thought and heart are studying ever to reduce. Amongst the columns of statistics it stands as a grim, suggestive fact that there is but a balance of *eighty-eight* between the space at the disposition of the Government and the numbers for whom that space is necessary.

From a tabular account, carefully prepared by Major-General Sir Joshua Jebb, K.C.B., Chairman of the Directors, we are enabled to perceive the progress of the ticket-of-leave system, against which so much outcry has been raised. A few extracts therefrom may not be out of place. The orders of licence commenced in October, 1853, and the working is traced to April, 1861. The following may be taken as a brief epitome of the whole :—

	Female Convicts Licensed.	Revoked.	Reconvicted.	Total.
From Oct., 1853, to Dec. 31, 1854,	40	2	1	3
1855,	115	18	14	32
1856,	221	33	30	63
1857,	55	7	7	14
1858,	18	—	2	2
1859,	29	1	1	2
1860,	183	4	8	12
To June 1861,	102	—	2	2

This marks progress in the right direction, and shows that the per-centage of returns is not a large one after all. Still it is fair to ask the question—if the women who have been apprehended for fresh offences under different names, and who are sometimes not recognized as old

offenders until received by the prison matrons, are finally registered in the chronicle as "returns" ?*

The following table, extracted from the appendix to Sir Joshua Jebb's memorandum, in Report for 1860, will show "the number of months and the proportions of sentences which may be remitted as a reward for good conduct and willing industry":—

Sentence to Penal Servitude for	May be Remitted on Good Conduct.	Term to be undergone.	Proportion which may be Remitted.
3 yrs. . . .	6 mths.	2 yrs. & 6 mths.	One-sixth.
4 "	9 " "	3 yrs. & 3 mths.	One-fifth.
5 "	12 " "	4 yrs.	Ditto.
6 "	18 " "	4 yrs. & 6 mths.	One fourth.
7 "	21 " "	5 yrs. & 3 mths.	Ditto.
8 "	24 " "	6 yrs.	Ditto.
10 "	30 " "	7 yrs. & 6 mths.	Ditto.
12 "	36 " "	9 yrs.	Ditto.
15 yrs. & upwards .	—	—	One-third.

Sentences for life are considered by the Secretary of State according to the peculiar nature of each case.

* The re-convictions of female convicts are set down at eight and a half per cent. only in seven years and eight months, and the revocations of licence in about an equal proportion.

Passing over various statistics, of no particular interest to the general community, it may be amusing to cull from the last report a few figures concerning the conduct of female prisoners at Millbank and Brixton. At Millbank, out of 880 *ordinary female prisoners*, 188 have been punished and 52 admonished for various offences during the year; the remaining 640 have not been reported at all. Altogether it appears that there were 1,134 offences, 72 of which were met by the punishment of bread and water, and 235 by admonition. Only 37 cases of destruction of prison property appear in the last report.

The above does not include any facts relating to penal class women, whose actions are thus summed up:—

48 prisoners have been treated in the penal class. Of these 12 have not been reported, 5 are pronounced good, 4 indifferent, and 27 bad. The array of figures against these twenty-seven speaks of many stormy scenes, and of much anxiety and harass to the matrons in charge. These women, it appears, have incurred no less than 446

reports, for acts for the most part of a desperate character. 128 acts of destruction to prison property were perpetrated by them.

Of the nature of the different punishments in 1860, a tabular form for each female prison has been prepared, of which the following is a copy :—

RETURN of PUNISHMENTS of FEMALE CONVICTS in Brixton Prison during the Year 1860.

Nature of Punishment.	Less than One Day.	No. of Days.								Total.				
		1	2	3	7	10	14	16	21		28			
In Strait Waistcoat - - -	1	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	1	
Refractory Cell - {	Full rations	63	96	60	-	1	9	-	8	-	31	-	268	
		Bread and water	23	17	48	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	88
			Do. on alternate days	-	10	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	4	-
On bread and water diet - - -	Deprived of a meal or part of a meal - - -	-		-	-	1	2	3	2	2	15	-	-	25
		2	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	2	
Total - - -	218	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	218	
		88	123	108	1	3	12	2	10	50	616			

RETURN of PUNISHMENTS of FEMALE CONVICTS
at Fulham Refuge for the year 1860.

	Less than One Day.	Days.			Admonished or Reprimanded, and removed from Active Employment	Reduced to Lower Class.
		1	2	3		
Kept in their rooms - - -	—	2	—	—	86	—
Kept in cell during exercise hours -	—	—	—	—	—	—
Separation with- out dinner -	—	5	—	—	—	—
Separation on full diet - - -	—	8	—	—	—	—
Bread and water in light cell -	1	3	3	1	—	—
Bread and water in dark cell -	4	—	—	—	—	—
Special diet -	—	2	16	12	—	—
Total	5	20	19	13	86	

The returns for 1860, showing the number of prisoners reported and those not reported, also afford very curious information respecting the dogged persistency in evil courses of many of those characters whom I have sketched in other portions of this work. The relative proportion between the good and bad prisoners is on the right side, and therefore satisfactory; but the bad are "very bad," as may be seen by the register of their shortcomings below. The reader will perceive that

there are women at Millbank Prison who have been punished thirty-two, forty-seven, and *fifty-five* times, in even less than a single year.

RETURN showing the NUMBER of FEMALE PRISONERS REPORTED, and those NOT REPORTED, from Jan. 1 to Dec. 31, 1860.

In the Prison, January 1, 1860	-	-	-	391
52 of these prisoners reported once,				52
25	"	"	twice,	50
9	"	"	thrice,	27
6	"	"	4 times,	24
3	"	"	5 "	15
3	"	"	6 "	18
1	"	"	7 "	7
5	"	"	8 "	40
1	"	"	9 "	9
3	"	"	10 "	30
1	"	"	11 "	11
2	"	"	12 "	24
1	"	"	13 "	13
2	"	"	14 "	28
1	"	"	15 "	15
1	"	"	17 "	17
1	"	"	18 "	18
1	"	"	19 "	19
1	"	"	23 "	23
1	"	"	24 "	24
1	"	"	32 "	32
1	"	"	47 "	47

122 reported.	Total,	543
Deduct 32 not punished.		

Total, 90 punished—301 not punished.

Prisoners received during the year 1860	-	549
74 of these prisoners reported once,		74
41 " " twice,		82
18 " " thrice,		54
7 " " 4 times,		28
3 " " 5 "		15
4 " " 6 "		24
1 " " 7 "		7
4 " " 9 "		36
2 " " 11 "		22
1 " " 13 "		13
1 " " 17 "		17
1 " " 18 "		18
1 " " 30 "		30
1 " " 31 "		31
1 " " 40 "		40
1 " " 45 "		45
1 " " 55 "		55
—		—591
162 reported.		
Deduct 20 not punished		—
—		Total, 940
142 punished—407 not punished.		—
—		
Total 232 punished—708 not punished.		
—		General Total, 1,134

The statistics of Brixton Prison show a less formidable array of figures against the refractory

women; the discipline is less severe, and a serious breach thereof sends the prisoner back to Millbank. No fair comparison, therefore, can be instituted between Brixton and Millbank reports. The maximum number of reports obtained by a prisoner was 35 in twelve months—26 and 20 reports during the year were respectively obtained by two other women. Many were reported five, six, and seven times—not a large number for women of this character.

It is but fair to state that there are women in Brixton Prison (who, for various reasons, are ineligible for Fulham) who, in the course of seven years' incarceration have not incurred a single report. Their conduct, it is added, "is ever quiet, orderly, and consistent, in all respects, with true reformation." Surely such women deserve an intermediate system, a further leave and license, as fairly as those prisoners whose good fortune it is to be younger and stronger? In Brixton Prison there were no less than 649 prisoners who incurred not a single report during the year 1860.

The Millbank Prison report, for the same year, furnishes us with an interesting table, in which the age,

sentence, and religious persuasion of each convict, male and female, is stated. It appears to be an omission not to furnish a similar report from the Surrey Prison.

In Millbank we learn that, during 1860, there were fifteen women under seventeen years of age, five hundred and thirty-four who were seventeen years and upwards; one hundred and thirty-one between the ages of seventeen and twenty-one, two hundred and twenty-one between twenty-one and thirty, and one hundred and eighty-two of thirty years and upwards. There is a separate class, termed Juveniles, whose ages, during 1860, varied from fourteen to seventeen—the number of this latter class was fifteen. The extent of sentence is worth recording. In 1860, there were two hundred and six prisoners with three years sentence, two hundred and twenty-five with four years', forty-three with five years', thirty-seven with six years', ten with seven years', two with eight years', four with ten years', one with twelve years', three with fifteen years', and three unfortunates with life sentences.

From the separate register of the Juveniles—the

saddest statistics that can be presented by a Government—we learn the sentences of the fifteen rash, ill-educated children recently mentioned. It appears that there were six serving a three years' sentence, the same number a four years', one under sentence for five years, one for six years, and one—saddest and grimmest fact of all this terrible array of figures—*sentenced for life!*

The religious persuasion of the prisoners was as follows at Millbank in 1860:—

Church of England . . .	374
Church of Rome . . .	151
Dissenters and others . . .	23
Hebrew Persuasion . . .	1

Almost the last item in the Governor's report calls attention to the fact against which I have more than once protested. "50,822 shirts have been made for a City firm, without a single shirt being rejected for inferior workmanship!!"

Into the exact nature of the work performed by the female convicts at Millbank, the following summary affords an insight:—

FEMALE PRISONERS.

NEEDLE-WOMEN, &c. :—

Drawers, flannel	- -	No.	358
Shirts, prison	- - -	„	2,934
Stays	- - - -	„	490
Caps, women's	- - -	„	1,696
Jackets	- - - -	„	1,073
Petticoats	- - -	„	1,921
Shifts	- - - -	„	881
Aprons	- - - -	„	942
Handkerchiefs and necker- chiefs hemmed	- -	„	292
Towels	- - -	„	44
Cases, bed and pillow	-	„	118
Dresses, uniform (females')		„	
Mantles, ditto	- -	„	73
Vecunia cloaks, ditto	-	„	7
Night gowns, infirmary	-	„	60
Stockings, knitted	- -	Pairs.	27
Shirts, liberty	- - -	No.	60
Dresses, ditto	- -	„	12
Articles, miscellaneous	-	„	163
<i>Shirts, sheets, &c., &c., for City houses</i>	- -	„	53,647

PICKERS :—

Coir	- - -	Lbs.	13,849
------	-------	------	--------

BAGMAKERS :—

<i>Bags mended for a City firm,</i>	No.	96,541
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LAUNDRY-WOMEN :—

Articles, washed	-	No.	163,834
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The work performed at Brixton Prison may be here contrasted with that of Millbank; it must be remembered that the working hours are less than at Millbank, owing to the number of invalids and the increased time allowed for exercise.

STATEMENT OF ESTABLISHMENT WORK performed at Brixton Prison, from the 1st January to the 31st December, 1860.

		ARTICLES.					No.
1	Cotton shirts	-	-	-	-	-	14,248
2	Flannel „	-	-	-	-	-	2,216
3	„ vests	-	-	-	-	-	1,610
4	„ drawers	-	-	-	-	-	5,893
5	„ shifts	-	-	-	-	-	2,031
6	„ petticoats	-	-	-	-	-	1,049
7	Hose	-	-	-	-	-	408
8	Bonnets	-	-	-	-	-	752
9	Cotton shifts	-	-	-	-	-	1,796
10	Table-cloths	-	-	-	-	-	20
11	Night-caps	-	-	-	-	-	356
12	Serge jackets	-	-	-	-	-	1,303
13	„ skirts	-	-	-	-	-	1,427
14	Washing frocks	-	-	-	-	-	452
15	Marking articles	-	-	-	-	-	669
16	Cotton dresses	-	-	-	-	-	504

17	Aprons	1,947
18	Badges	1,470
19	Handkerchiefs	10,037
20	Neckerchiefs	9,192
21	Sheets	1,244
22	Linsey petticoats	2,215
23	Day caps	1,299
24	Towels	370
25	Bonnets trimmed	49
26	Black stuff petticoats	402
27	Stays	953
28	Hammock girths	373
29	Pillow cases	40
30	Letter bags	426
31	Coverlets	17
32	Laundry bags	212
33	Men's caps	1,008
34	Serge shoes	63
35	Repairs (sundry)	—

Children's Clothing :—

1	Frocks	6
2	Pinafores	6
3	Flannel petticoats	6
4	Linsey „	6
5	Flannel shirts	6
6	Cotton	6
7	Night gowns	6
8	Diapers	24

WORK.

249

1	Officers' uniform dresses	59
2	„ „ jackets	39
3	„ „ bonnets	27
4	„ „ cloaks	11
5	„ „ skirts	11
6	„ „ aprons	1

PRIVATE WORK.

ARTICLES.

No.

1	<i>Shirts</i>	30,423
2	Drawers	100
3	Chemises	132
4	Dresses	97
5	Night gowns	118
6	Jackets	34
7	Carpets	1
8	Binding curtains	1
9	Trimming dresses	3
10	Repairs	312
11	Collars and cuffs	24
12	Coats turned	3
13	Caps	24
14	Petticoats	101
15	Embroidery pieces	116
16	Frocks	18
17	Crochet caps	20
18	Sleeves	18

19	Slip bodies	25
20	Antimacassars	5
21	Trimming bonnets	33
22	Trousers	12
23	Waistcoats	18
24	<i>Duck slops</i>	1,809
25	Dress Skirts	35
26	Mantles	13
27	Handkerchiefs	10
28	Pinafores	10
29	Bonnet fronts	4
30	Neckerchiefs	6
31	Towels	15
32	Collars	32
33	Petticoat bodies	4
34	Marking handkerchiefs	14
35	Embroidering „	4
36	Rosettes	1
37	Aprons	2
38	Gaiters	3
39	Habit shirts :	6
40	Covers	1
41	Marking articles	10
42	Night caps	7
43	Curtains	7
44	Flannel vests	3
45	Window blinds	1
46	Chair covers	4
47	Lining a Muff	1

WASHING.

	Scores.
Establishment	16,013—10
Millbank	12,245
Pentonville	7,110
<i>Private parties (single articles)</i>	3,338 doz.

To a few medical statistics, &c., I have already drawn attention in my chapter on prison infirmaries; bristling through the reports of Governors, Directors, &c., there are still phalanxes of figures, which I need not dwell upon in this place.

It may be a feature of interest to see at a glance what are the relative expenses of our female prisons—what female ignorance, and passion, and crime cost a nation! In the account of expenditure at Millbank Prison, one-half, or five-eighths of the total may be very fairly deducted for the men's side.

STATEMENT showing the Expenditure of Millbank Prison, for the year ending 31st March, 1861.

	£.	s.	d.
Salaries of principal officers and clerks	4,586	15	6
Wages of subordinate officers and ser- vants	5,890	6	2
Gratuities to officers	254	14	6
Salaries and wages of manufacturing or labour department	1,985	11	3

Rations for officers, and allowance in lieu thereof	£	s.	d.
	1,390	1	11
Uniforms for officers and servants	421	17	3
Victualling prisoners	8,059	3	0
Clothing, &c. for prisoners	2,278	9	3
Bedding for prisoners	224	5	2
Medicines, surgical instruments, &c.	392	18	0
Medical comforts (extras for sick)	316	16	3
Clothing and travelling expenses of prisoners on their liberation	220	2	6
Gratuities to convicts*	2,460	8	11
Furniture and fittings	332	7	4
Kitchen utensils, crockery, cutlery, &c.	61	19	10
Fuel and light for general purposes	2,035	2	10
Buildings, hulks, and ordinary repairs	865	7	3
Soap, scouring, and cleaning articles	566	7	7
Brushes, brooms, and mops	182	3	4
Funeral expenses, inquests, &c.	8	10	0
Various small disbursements	254	7	2
Rent, rates, and taxes	310	16	5
	<hr/>		
Total	33,098	11	5
Deduct—Amount of sundry receipts and value of productive labour	2,436	18	10
	<hr/>		
Net expenditure	30,661	12	7

* The gratuities to male convicts, at Millbank Prison, are very large in comparison with those of the female prisoners.

STATEMENT showing the Expenditure of Brixton Prison, for the year ending 31st March, 1861.

	£	s.	d.
Salaries of principal officers and clerks .	2,291	0	10
Wages of subordinate officers and servants	1,976	13	1
Salaries and wages of manufacturing or labour department	658	0	10
Rations for officers, and allowances in lieu thereof	547	13	6
Uniforms for officers and servants .	139	2	5
Victualling prisoners	5,455	15	10
Clothing, &c., for prisoners	1,742	3	6
Bedding for prisoners	334	15	7
Medicines, surgical instruments, &c. .	177	16	4
Medical comforts (extras for the sick) .	386	7	11
Clothing and travelling expenses of prisoners on their liberation	964	15	8
Gratuities to convicts	1,083	1	10
Furniture and fittings	231	15	9
Kitchen utensils, crockery, cutlery, &c.	92	14	2
Fuel and light for general purposes .	1,296	8	11
Buildings, and ordinary repairs	495	3	7
Soap, scouring, and cleaning articles .	566	3	7
Brushes, brooms, and mops	47	6	0
Funeral expenses, inquests, &c.	25	6	0
Various small disbursements	518	5	4
Rent, rates, and taxes	168	18	9
Total	19,181	9	5
Deduct—Amount of sundry receipts and value of productive labour	979	4	4
Net expenditure	18,202	5	1

STATEMENT showing the Expenditure of Fulham
Refuge, from the 1st of April, 1860, to 31st March,
1861.

	£	s.	d.
Salaries of principal officers and clerks -	1,152	10	0
Wages of subordinate officers and ser- vants - - - - -	590	17	10
Rations for officers, and allowances in lieu thereof - - - - -	124	16	2
Uniforms for officers and servants -	58	18	0
Victualling prisoners - - - -	1,775	12	2
Clothing, &c., for prisoners - - -	590	17	8
Bedding for prisoners - - - -	5	13	6
Medicines, surgical instruments, &c. -	38	3	1
Medical comforts (extras for the sick) -	5	4	9
Clothing and travelling expenses of pri- soners on their liberation - - -	517	3	10
Gratuities to convicts - - - -	958	6	4
Furniture and fittings - - - -	100	8	5
Kitchen utensils, crockery, cutlery, &c.-	35	8	6
Fuel and light for general purposes -	542	7	1
Buildings, hulks, and ordinary repairs -	355	0	3
Soap, scouring, and cleaning articles -	262	10	4
Brushes, brooms, and mops - - -	21	5	6
Various small disbursements - - -	201	8	7
Rent, rates, and taxes - - - -	58	3	4
	<hr/>		
Total - - - -	7,394	15	4
Deduct—Amount of sundry receipts and value of pro- ductive labour - - - -	923	14	1
	<hr/>		
Net expenditure -	6,471	1	3

Total net Expenditure of the three Female Prisons.

	£	s.	d.
Millbank (with say five-eighths of ex- penses deducted) - - - -	11,498	2	2 $\frac{5}{8}$
Brixton - - - - -	18,202	5	1
Fulham Refuge - - - - -	6,471	1	3
Total - - - - -	36,171	8	6 $\frac{5}{8}$

This is my own summary, for which no Governor or Director is responsible; whether five-eighths of expenses be too much to allow for the management of the men's side of the prison, I must leave to those more versed in such matters than myself. It appears to me a fair proportion.

Years hence some future writer on prison subjects may wade through a sea of reports to gather here and there figures similar to these, and institute between this statement and his own a fair comparison. He would be a bold man who ventured to assert what the balance would be between them, and on which side. Population will have increased; but all the philanthropic schemes for the reformation of our female convicts will have had fair play, and been improved upon. Schools and Bible classes are rising every week, and the

army of workers in the good cause numbers each day fresh volunteers, with energy in God's cause, and faith in working for His erring children.

Think of the great balance-sheet to be audited some ten or twenty years hence, and let each man or woman, with power to act and think and feel, strive for a heavy credit account on the right side. The scales *must* turn—shall it be in favour of the Tempter, or of “our Father in Heaven”?

CHAPTER XX.

PRISON CHARACTERS. — LIFE WOMEN. — ELIZABETH HARRIS, HANNAH CURTIS, AND MARY JENNINGS.

HAS the reader any remembrance of Elizabeth Harris, I wonder? The facts of her case, and of her trial for the murder of her two children, may linger yet in a few retentive memories. Her trial occurred at the Central Criminal Court, in the month following that of Celestina Sommer; and her reprieve, which was forwarded by the Secretary of State almost at the same period, appeared to give equal dissatisfaction to the

public. There were no valid grounds for the extension of mercy to her—the case being a fearful one, and the crime one that nothing could palliate.

It may be remembered that Elizabeth Harris was only twenty-five years of age at the time of her conviction. She was tried for the murder of her two illegitimate children, on the 9th of May, 1856. It appears that she was proceeding to Portsmouth, to live with the father of her third child, an infant in arms, and did not scruple before her departure coolly to drown the two elder children, Ellen and Agnes, in a river near the railway station.

“They had no father to protect them, and this little one had,” she alleged, as her only excuse for the perpetration of the act. Suspicion at the absence of the children with whom she had been seen only a few hours previously, soon led to her arrest, and finally to her trial and sentence of death.

During her trial, Harris was prostrated by terror and grief, and, after the sentence was pronounced, she was led from the dock more dead than alive. The sentence of the

judge was not carried out, as I have already intimated, but commuted to penal servitude for life. Immediately after her respite, she arrived at Millbank Prison.

It may be thought that the conduct of a woman capable of committing such an act would have been, in prison, the reverse of satisfactory ; that a nature so passionate and wicked would have chafed against restraint, and the hopelessness of the future. Elizabeth Harris was another of those women who, in captivity for crimes of the deepest dye, become the most quiet and the best behaved of prisoners. As a rule, murderesses are the women most apt to conform to prison discipline, most anxious to gain the good will of their officers, and easily swayed by a kind word. They are not, generally, of the lowest grade—that is, not the most illiterate or mentally depraved. The heavy sentence for life appears to weigh them down rather than render them furious with despair ; and, possibly, the hope of gaining a pardon some day—even ten, fifteen, twenty years hence!—leads them to make every effort to merit the good conduct badges, &c., which tell so much in

a woman's favour when the year's summing up takes place.

Whether similar motives to these actuated, and are still actuating, Elizabeth Harris, it is impossible to decide; certain it is that during my connection with her she was one of the best prisoners.

Peacefully disposed, she had no quarrels with her fellow-convicts; she was anxious to work, and to work with satisfaction to her matron; she was ever obedient and civil. She was not a despondent woman—and it is a remarkable fact that with most female convicts the sentence is considered a fair equivalent for the act committed, and they think there is no further occasion to trouble their heads about the matter. “The deed is done,” and prison life is penance and absolution for it. Elizabeth Harris was ever a cheerful woman, possessing a brisk step and a bright smile—following the rules and plying her needle industriously.

She was disinclined to the practice of “palling in”; sought no favourites amongst the women, and objected to be sought herself. She was a woman who showed no little real gratitude for any kindness, which she returned

with that irritable, jealous affection common to many prisoners besides herself. This proneness to jealousy was Elizabeth Harris's greatest fault. It annoyed her to hear a single word of kindness addressed to her companions in the ward, and she would take it into her head to maintain a rigid silence for many days after a kind word spoken to any other prisoner. She never betrayed passion, or even suffered herself to be led into an insolent demeanour, or to give a sharp answer during her brooding fits; but contented herself with dark looks at the woman who had received the envied word or smile, and responded to her matron in brief monosyllables.

When on terms that might be considered friendly with her officer, she often sought an opportunity of relating her own version of the act that had nearly led her to the scaffold—a version that, however little its communication might be desired, would eventually, piece by piece, be fully narrated.

Harris never expressed regret for the murder, so far as my own experience went—such expressions of repentance are naturally listened to more fre-

quently by the chaplains than the matrons. She called the murder "getting into trouble"—a mild way of putting a case, her statement of which was expected to be implicitly believed. Still she might have deeply regretted the crime for which she was suffering penal servitude; she was a thoughtful woman, and read her Bible attentively.

Hannah Curtis stands as another favourable specimen of the class above referred to. A murderess and a life-woman, whose crime was of a cold-blooded description.

The particulars of the case I may briefly recapitulate here. Twelve years have passed since her trial, the details of which lie buried amongst the mass of fresh offences that have followed and submerged her case.

Hannah Curtis stood her trial for murder on the thirteenth of August, 1850, at the Gloucester Assizes. She was fifty-five years old at the time of her husband's death, which, following close upon the purchase of arsenic "for rats," brought upon her the usual suspicions and inquiries. Hannah Curtis, whose name was Harris at the

time of the murder, married, within twenty-six days after it, a person resident in the parish of Frampton Cotterill, where the alleged crime had taken place. This precipitate match led to further inquiries, followed by an exhumation, and the discovery of arsenic in the body of the murdered man, who, it appears, had been under medical treatment a short time before his death. The woman stoutly maintained, as strongly after sentence of death had been passed upon her as before the verdict was given, that the arsenic she had purchased was taken by her husband by mistake for carbonate of soda. It certainly appeared, at the trial, that she had frequently complained of rats, and spoken of purchasing arsenic for their destruction.

Still, the facts were strongly against her, and there was no breaking through the web of circumstantial evidence. Her sentence was, however, commuted to penal servitude for life. At fifty-five years of age this feeble woman, still protesting her innocence, was passed from Gloucester Gaol to the prison at Millbank.

As an inmate of a convict prison, Hannah

Curtis's character shone very brightly, by way of contrast with that of the general body of prisoners. It was difficult for even a prison-matron to imagine that a woman of her appearance and manners could have been led to the perpetration of so heinous a crime. A tall, grey haired woman, looking older than her years, bent nearly double, and leaning on a stick; a woman with a kind, motherly face, that reminded me, at least, of a dear old friend I had then recently lost. A prisoner one took naturally to, and for whom I felt almost unconsciously the respect due from youth to age, until the nature of the crime sent all reverential feeling to the background.

The prisoners also took readily to her, called her "mother," and tried to assist her in various little ways.

"Oh! isn't she like the mother I ran away from twenty years ago!" a prisoner cried once. "I wish," with a little shudder, "they'd put her somewhere else than near to me!"

Curtis, soon after her removal to Brixton, became an inmate of the prison nursery, or

of the convalescent part of it, amusing herself by needlework, by talking to the young mothers and the little children, and giving them that advice for the future regulation of their conduct which, in her old age, if her sentence was just, she had herself neglected.

Without an angry word, or a gesture of dissatisfaction, Curtis seemed to spend a pleasant time at Brixton Prison; content with her position in society—or away from it—interested in passing events, pleased with the children that her own illness threw her amongst, and quite a mother, in her way, to all with whom she was brought in contact. She was a life-woman, and the sentence—judging by outward appearances, which, however, are ever deceitful—did not affect her.

“It’s a very comfortable place,” she said, looking round the prison once; “dear heart, who’d a thought of its being such a comfortable place!”

She soon grew very feeble, moved from room to room with the aid of her stick, and faltered in her gait. She was con-

stant in the discharge of religious duties, evinced an interest in sacred matters, and yet, amidst all this, made no parade of her sentiments, or of a change—if there were a change—in her heart and thoughts.

Becoming almost a confirmed invalid, she expressed once or twice, I believe, a wish to die out of prison, and near those friends and relations from whom she was isolated. Upwards of ten of her declining years had been spent in prison—a dishonourable old age, under which women more sensitive than she would have sunk long ago; it was considered fair and merciful to let her spend her few remaining days apart from prison-life. Strong recommendations as to her orderly conduct, her religious feeling, and her great debility, were forwarded to the Secretary of State, and in due course a free pardon was sent for Hannah Curtis, who quitted the prison, to the great regret of the women who had had any acquaintance with her.

“She was just like a mother to us,” one remarked.

“A blessed sight better mother than ever I had the luck of!” was the coarse comment of the prisoner addressed.

The third life-woman on my list, whose name may not be quite unfamiliar to my readers, stands as another instance of the worst criminal often proving herself the best-conducted prisoner.

Mary Jennings was of the quiet order of prisoners—well-ordered and taciturn, yet ever willing to oblige. A woman of a reticent nature, who expressed no emotion, and went about her duties in a business-like manner, and with a grave, earnest face. I have often thought that the nature of her crime, or the heavy sentence which it had incurred, weighed upon her more than such sentences generally do—she preserved so constantly her thoughtful expression of countenance.

Mary Jennings was tried for the attempted murder of her child, some years ago. The case was a bad one, and there were very few extenuating circumstances. It was an act of sheer malice, and the sentence was a well-

deserved one. As in the previous case of Curtis, one could scarcely reconcile the commission of so serious a crime with the calm, equable demeanour of the woman, and that young passive face beneath the prison cap.

Jennings remains still an inmate of Brixton Prison, calmly and gravely fulfilling her allotted tasks, and making no sign, either of remorse for the past, or of horror at the dead blank which, to women like her, the future must present. Pacing the silent wards, and preserving ever the same inflexible countenance, of what does she think? Shut up in her cell, with the gas turned out, and she apart from the world whose laws she has outraged, is there any change in her, or is it ever the same apathy, which nothing can pierce?

The secrets of all hearts are known only to One eternal watcher. We cannot speculate, we have no right to speculate, on the inner workings of that great mystery—the heart of a woman who has taken the life of one that should have been dear to her.

Jennings is evidently a thoughtful woman ;

in the monotony of prison life, and the regular working of its machinery, there is time for much reflection—and, if so disposed, for repentance. Such a past as Jennings's there is no shutting out or escaping from—and facing it ever with that pale, almost sorrowful face, I am inclined to think that, for all the guilty days gone by, the woman feels a deep and a lasting regret. We see “through a glass darkly,” but still the shadowy outlines of great truths will loom beyond distinctly.

CHAPTER XXI.

PRISON CHARACTERS.—SARAH FEATHERSTONE,
MARY MACLEAN, BUTTERWORTH, MARGARET
WILLIAMS, JANE WHITE, BENTON, SUSY
DUNN, HONOR MATTHEWS, AMELIA MOTT,
MARY ANN SMITH, AND EMILY LAWRENCE.

MY lessening space warns me that I must speak but briefly of the remainder of those prison characters concerning whom a few remarks are necessary. Probably this is the better course; there is a similitude in prison portraiture, and so much of character is mimicked one from another, that, looking back at my

past illustrations, I am surprised that there is not more of needless repetition than there is. To the best of my ability, I have endeavoured to avoid this, and have, in more than one instance, excluded details which might have presented too close a resemblance to actions, to which attention has already been drawn, even at the risk of lessening the number of my pages or presenting less forcibly a particular character to the reader. I find that there still remains to me eleven prisoners who are deserving a little notice at my hands.

Sarah Featherstone belongs more properly to the preceding chapter, being a life woman, and one more instance of civility and obedience in women who have by a hair's breadth escaped the hangman's hands. A poor girl, from a higher position of life than most of the prisoners with whom she is classed—a favourite with the whole prison — more, so to speak, the heroine of prison life than any to whom I have striven to direct attention.

She is the heroine of a dark story—a guilty heroine, such as writers of novels select at times,

and strive to throw a fictitious interest around—possibly a heroine more worthy of sympathy and pity than the offspring of many a morbid imagination.

Featherstone, at the time of my acquaintance with her, was serving a life sentence for the murder of her child; to the best of my belief, she is still an inmate of Brixton Prison.

The incidents connected with her crime aroused a general interest at the period of their occurrence, and much pity was felt for a young and well-educated woman placed in so awful a position. She was an example of the old story, to which we have alluded more than once, and which so often ends in a prison cell—woman's faith in the honour of her betrayer, to whom all honour is as dead as last year's leaves; the discovery; a sense of shame sending the trusting woman adrift on the world; madness, or a desperation akin to it, causing her to leave her child in a wood, or cast it into a pond—I am doubtful which—the death of the baby, and the arrest of the crime-driven young mother. A story not unlike Hetty's in

“Adam Bede,” and from which, perhaps, Hetty’s character was conceived—for novelists are quick at piecing the fragments of stern truth into a story that may touch all hearts.

Featherstone, I may repeat, then, was the heroine of prison life; a pretty young woman, whom the prisoners idolized for her gentleness, meekness, and submissiveness; a woman fully alive to a sense of her position, feeling it acutely, and striving by every means to make amends for it; a prisoner who never resisted discipline, and who obeyed all rules without a murmur. Every matron that Featherstone has had has been struck with her gentleness and lady-like manners. Every officer, at one period or another, has felt how singularly out of place Featherstone seemed in prison, mixing with women so dead to any real contrition. As infirmary cleaner at Brixton Prison, she won much love to herself from all classes of women; she had the art of imparting comfort to the distressed, and of soothing the disputatious and quarrelsome. Many women preferred Featherstone’s media-

tion to that of their favourite matrons; they would do anything for her, if she only wished it, or made any effort to influence their minds.

Featherstone, so long as I had occasion to observe her, was a woman whose delicate health confined her often to an infirmary bed. I have a remembrance of her suffering twice from pleurisy, and of her taking all the ills that flesh is heir to with a gentleness and patience characteristic of her under every circumstance.

She was a constant reader of her Bible; on her sick bed or in her cell she seemed to derive much comfort from its perusal, and much resignation to her own hard fate. She was a regular communicant. I have no doubt she is still the same character that she was in my time—patient, uncomplaining, and reverent—deserving of every merciful consideration; and I am disposed to think that, when free pardons are bestowed on any of the women gathered together in these shadowy folds, Sarah Featherstone will not be entirely forgotten.

Mary McLean needs not such an extended

description as the above; it is merely as an illustration of professional prisoners that I allude to her at all. She is one of those women who like prisons, or who at least make that the excuse for their appearance in them. A thin starveling of a woman, of the quiet order, content to be locked up for a certain number of years, for the board and lodging gratuitously afforded her—a prisoner of the “Granny Collis” species, but younger and stronger. A professed needle-woman, who complains of work being too arduous and too ill-paid outside a prison for her to keep a home and live honestly thereby—and so committing a fresh theft and incurring a fresh conviction.

“It’s not a mite of good my trying to live outside,” she said once to me; “there’s the worry to earn a crust, and the fight to get work at all, at any price. I have no friends, and I like this best. Where’s the opposition *here?*”

Does not that “set-off” against prison expenditure, that shirt-making for City firms—and shame on the City firms who seek so cheap a market as our Government prisons!—work two ways, when the slaves of the needle succumb to

the force of so ruinous an opposition, and take to theft, or worse, as a means of life?

Butterworth, the third woman on my list, needs but a passing remark as we hurry on to the completion of our task. There is a story connected with her, which I do not give as true, nor can I assert that it is false. It was whispered through the prison, and is worth repeating here, leaving the reader to exercise his own judgment in the matter. Butterworth was a feigned name, it was said; all information as to her friends and relations was refused on her apprehension, and kept an inviolable secret after her sentence. She gave birth to a child a few months after her transfer to Brixton, and never recovered the old strength prior to her confinement. In the sixth or seventh week of her half convalescence she fell suddenly and fatally ill again, refusing to the last any particulars concerning the child's relations.

“Send it to the workhouse,” were her final injunctions, “it is better there.”

“But you have friends?”

“Not now.”

And the woman died with her secret, resisting all entreaties to the last. The child was sent to the workhouse, and the name of Butterworth was added to the medical officer's list of “deaths during the year.”

Margaret Williams was an old prison character, and will very likely remain so to the last day of her life. I believe the latest intelligence is, that this lady has once more arrived at Millbank, to begin a new sentence for her last infringement of the laws; but such flying news must be received with reserve. What has not passed beneath my own experience, I allude to with some diffidence.

To repeat all Margaret Williams's escapades would be to describe again the exploits of Ball, Copes, Bowers, and others. A little woman, with a deceptive appearance as to strength when first I had the misfortune to become acquainted with her, and possessed of a muscular power above the average of her sex. Constant punishment has tried her of late years, and reduced her to a skeleton; in earlier days she

seemed to wear out the strength of others and preserve her own.

Her principal feat was a sudden attack in Brixton Chapel on a matron who had reported her a few days previously. A fierce attack in the middle of service, and so unlooked for and unprepared against as to place the matron's life in danger, and wake up almost a mutiny in chapel. The service was stopped, forms were knocked over; women stood up and screamed with excitement; those in the gallery, where the attack took place, rushed one against the other, and added to the general confusion; the clergyman in his pulpit stood spell-bound for an instant, and then strove ineffectually to quiet the raging sea of womankind below. It is singular that the woman Ball was again the means of rescuing the matron from her perilous position—as dangerous a prisoner as Ball was, she seemed ever ready to spring forward in the defence of a matron whom, under a similar grievance, she might have assaulted in a similar manner. There was no further morning service, it may be remarked, that day;

Margaret Williams was carried to "the dark," and the injured matron to her room. Ball, I believe, was afterwards rewarded for her valuable assistance by a year being deducted from her length of service.

Jane White, the fifth on my list, may also be classed amongst women who have sought extra notoriety by desperate acts in chapel. A prisoner of later date than her predecessor, she was almost as troublesome. Her chief eccentricity was to spring suddenly up in her seat in the chapel-gallery at Millbank, leap over the partition, and proceed, with an amazing *sang-froid*, to lower herself, or rather drop herself, amongst her compeers below, amidst their shrieks of consternation.

She succeeded in injuring her wrist by her fall, but not sufficiently — I believe I am right in asserting — to gain admittance to the infirmary, which, it was thought, was the sole aim and object of her freaks.

Benton's name I have thought well to enter here, not for any particular trait in her char-

acter—save that she was of the class that gives little trouble—but for the fact that she stands in the register as No. 1 at Brixton Prison, and was really the first woman who entered that establishment when it was opened for the reception of female convicts. She served her time out, and made her second appearance in 1859, or 1860, under the name of Macpherson—having adopted the name of a favourite matron, by way of compliment for past attention!

I need not linger at any length over the character of Susy Dunn—a coarse, troublesome giantess of a woman, with a certain keen sense of the ridiculous, that led her to commit many actions of a nature which I need not particularize too closely. One of her principal amusements, I may say, however, was seeking every opportunity to extinguish lights; putting the gas out in her cell, by covering it with her “pint,” and then arousing a whole ward by exclamations concerning an escape of gas. If she could cover a matron’s candle with her “pint,” at any time, or by any manœuvre, she would chuckle

half the night at the result, despite the probability of a report arriving with the morning. Susy Dunn was partial to "breakings out," and tearing her dress to pieces; and was a frequent inmate of dark cells and "refractories."

Honor Matthews disputed the palm with Bowers, as to being the most wicked, the most evilly possessed of female prisoners. A more violent, blasphemous, vindictive and dangerous woman never disgraced her sex. I have mentioned her act of destroying a matron's favourite cat by suffocation in "the dark"; actions that would give pain to others were Honor Matthews's chief satisfaction. She passed from prison without a hope that one good thought had been born within her during a long period of incarceration. Upon reflection, I am inclined to consider that if a jury of prison matrons were empanelled to consider the relative wickedness of Honor Matthews and Bowers, the verdict would place the former at the head of the list of black sheep.

Amelia Mott may be passed over with a few words. A dwarf, and a prisoner of the vexatious kind; partial to company, and, when debarred from it at Millbank, or in the old prison at Brixton, inclined to signalize her discontent by beating against walls, and screaming salutations to the next prisoner at the top of her voice. She had a peculiar screeching laugh, that sounded at odd seasons, and curdled one's blood. She would occasionally induce the inmate of the next cell to relate some story, or some incident of her early career, not too virtuous or refined; and Amelia Mott, after long struggling with her hilarious propensities, would burst forth at the top of her voice, and unsettle a whole ward. Many tricks of prisoners, whose names have been mentioned already, might be set down in her own list of exploits, for she was an admirable mimic.

Mary Ann Smith takes also her place in the list of troublesome female convicts. Not so particularly troublesome in the matter of breakings out — though she liked a fair share in any popular disturbance—as in her desire to

be considered the prison jester, and to raise the laughter of the women on unseemly occasions.

Church was her general field for these exploits; and there her extraordinary antics, vacant expression of countenance, or odd grimaces, were generally too much for the gravity of the women. One might as well have expected reverence from the prison cats, as look for any particle of devotion in that girl's disposition. There was a cool impudence in some of her questions, which rendered even the matron doubtful whether ignorance or impertinence were her motive for putting them.

"Miss ——," she said, one afternoon, to her matron, "I think my voice is improving."

"That's good news, Smith."

"Just you listen, miss, when we sing in chapel the *can of taters and dominoes*"—meaning, it may be remarked, the *Cantate Domino* of our evening service.

During the reading of the communion service one morning, it was remarked that every prisoner within hearing range of her voice was convulsed with suppressed laughter, she alone maintaining

a devout expression of countenance—if a long-drawn visage and upturned eyes can be considered devout at any time.

The women knelt and hid their faces, and heaved their shoulders convulsively, at every response of Smith's, until it became necessary for the matron to leave her seat, and approach her more closely, to discover the reason for this unseemly hilarity.

The secret was soon learned: Mary Ann Smith was responding to every sentence of the *Prayer*, "*Lord have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep jackdaws,*" with a coolness and insolence that continued even after the discovery. Punishment for offences of this nature did not work much good—Mary Ann Smith remained incorrigible to the last.

Her flow of unseemly language, on special occasions, possessed a richness of blasphemy and obscenity unattained by any other prisoner. Before a director, even, she assumed the same free and easy insolence; on one occasion giving vent to a tirade of true Billingsgate abuse, such as no director, I believe, had heard before, or

has since. And perhaps it is as well that the heads of our convict establishments should have a little experience of the very dark side of character which makes some effort at demureness in their presence. Striking, or attempting to strike her matron, was a favourite freak of Mary Ann Smith's; her idiosyncrasies found a channel for display in every imaginable direction. Still there *were* times in which she was taken with "a good fit," and in those few and far between periods no one won more golden opinions to herself.

Summing up her faults and failings with her better qualities, it may be said that, when she was good, she was of the very best class of women; but when she was bad, decidedly of the very worst.

Emily Lawrence, a prisoner of a later date, was concerned in a diamond robbery which made some little stir at the period of its occurrence. It may be remembered that Emily Lawrence was tried, with her companion Pearce, in April, 1860. Both Pearce and herself had been concerned in several great rob-

beries of jewellery, both in England and Paris. Pearce, who had been a skilful lapidary, and was considered an excellent judge of diamonds, was accustomed to accompany Lawrence, as her brother or husband, as occasion might demand, to the principal jewellers; there, by their specious manners and address, they would contrive to deceive the assistants, and abstract, almost before their eyes, valuable sprays and tiaras of brilliants. From M. Fontane, jeweller of Paris, Pearce, Lawrence and a third confederate, who was afterwards arrested, contrived to make off with nearly twelve thousand pounds' worth of jewellery; from Mr. Emanuel's, of Hanover Square, a diamond locket, value two thousand pounds, was extracted; whilst four diamond bracelets, value six hundred pounds each, were stolen from the well-known firm of Hunt and Roskell. How these valuable articles of jewellery were disposed of, has been always somewhat of a mystery; the general idea appears to be that Lawrence and Pearce were members of a secret and well-organized confederacy, which had—and has

—its agents in every large Continental city. Pearce and Lawrence were finally apprehended, and the latter was recognized by the police as a woman who had been previously convicted for a clever act of shoplifting. Both prisoners were found guilty; Pearce was sentenced to ten years, and Lawrence to four years penal servitude. Of Lawrence's prison-life it now becomes my place to speak.

At Millbank Prison she fell into the usual groove—became a quiet, well-disciplined prisoner, rather fine in her manner and address, and inclined to disparage her fellow-prisoners. Rumour asserts that she was not long in prison before she used her best endeavours—or rather worst—to tamper with her officer's fidelity, promising the present of a valuable diamond for the transmission of a letter to Pearce, a prisoner in the male pentagon of Millbank Prison. Suspicions that there were diamonds still in her possession, led to a sudden *raid* on Lawrence's habiliments, and the furniture of her cell; and, sewn up in her stays, and even within her bed, were found two or three of the glittering

brilliants, for the robbery of which she was undergoing the sentence of the law.

She was as much discomfited, it is said, at the discovery of her little hoard—the store which was to help to set her up in the world again in the days of her liberty—as I have no doubt the original owners, to whom the diamonds were restored, were gladdened by so unlooked for a return of their valuable property.*

A dangerous woman, full of design, was Emily

* The reader will perceive that I mention this anecdote as simply a rumour that has reached my ears. Still I have been at some pains to elicit the truth of the case, before allowing it to appear in these pages, and I take this opportunity of expressing my thanks to Messrs. Hunt and Roskell, Mr. Harry Emanuel, and Inspector Whicher, of the Metropolitan Police Detective Department, for their kind and courteous communications on the subject. Still there is a very curious discrepancy in their statements, which appears to me to leave the matter in some doubt. Inspector Whicher remarks that no diamonds were discovered on Emily Lawrence, during her stay at Millbank; but that a diamond stud was found on James Pearce some months after conviction; whilst Mr. Emanuel informs me that my statement is quite correct, that diamonds were found upon her during her imprisonment, but that the small size of them prevented their identification as a portion of his missing property.

Lawrence. Of insinuating manners, and ever suggesting something to her officer which was against the rules. At Brixton Prison, whither she was transferred, she continued the part of tempter, and, by her specious address and tempting promises of jewels, endeavoured to impose upon more than one inexperienced officer.

There is a cautiousness and a slyness in all Lawrence's actions to this day, which make it very probable that a diamond or two may be in her possession yet. It was my own belief to the last day of my knowledge of her; I am not alone in it even now.

CHAPTER XXII.

PRISON DISCIPLINE—SUGGESTIONS FOR IMPROVEMENT THEREIN--CONCLUDING REMARKS.

IT is the great question of the day, "What is the best discipline for male and female convicts?" Has the English system failed, although introduced with caution, followed up with diligence, and closely watched in its results—or is the Irish system far ahead of it? I think Sir Joshua Jebb is right when he hints, in his Memorandum for 1860, that the comparison is an unfair one—that the management of a handful of convicts will admit of many variations, which, with a larger num-

ber, would be found entirely impracticable. I believe honestly that the experiment of the Irish system in England would end in entire failure if followed out *in toto*, although there are some few points of management in the former which deserve a trial here.

I have no intention of entering the field of argument for and against a hundred different systems; I have to the best of my ability detailed my own prison experience—spoken out where I considered it necessary, without regard for the outraged feelings of superiors, or “the divinity that doth hedge a” director of Government prisons. In again briefly mentioning, by way of summary, some of the views I entertain, I shall have fulfilled part of the object with which this concluding chapter is written.

In the first place, though it is not a question of discipline, I would again raise my feeble protest against employing prisoners to work for City firms. It is a premium on crime; it indicates to many needlewomen, with no work on hand, where board and lodging and needlework can be obtained; it is the source of deadly competition with the ho-

nest ; it is an unnatural expedient to reduce prison expenditure, that in moral and enlightened England, with a thoughtful, feeling Lady on its throne, should be cried down by every honest soul with power to raise a voice against its glaring inconsistency.

This for the interest of society, and now for discipline.

It is suggested in Sir Joshua Jebb's Memorandum, to which I have recently alluded, that, to secure fully all the advantages to be derived from the existing organization in our prisons, increased means of superintendence are requisite. He thinks that extra prison directors would be the best means to arrive at a result so desirable. Sir Joshua may be right, but a late prison matron ventures to consider him egregiously in the wrong, if he consider the discipline of prisons wholly to depend upon a few more gentlemen, with large salaries, upon the Board of Direction. Prison discipline rests in the careful selection of the prison-staff : the warders, &c., of the male prisons—the matrons of the female.

I reiterate in this place, and it is a fact which I

hope will secure the attention of all thoughtful men with power to speak for us in Parliament, or in newspapers and magazines, *that the staff of matrons is not sufficient for the proper working of our female prisons*; that it has *never* been sufficient, and that the officers are worked too hard. Female prisoners must be treated *individually*; and when more attention can be paid to each woman, instead of to each class, results more satisfactory will be arrived at. Fifteen and a half hours a day for a prison matron—fifteen and a half hours of mental excitement—are too many. It is acknowledged by the Direction that the superintendence of female convicts forms the most trying feature of prison experience; cannot the Directors imagine the up-hill struggles of those officers who are anxious to do their duty faithfully to those prisoners with whom they are brought into contact? Much that cannot be reported for very shame's sake, and much that a superintendent or a director objects to have reported, for the credit of the prisoners in general, occurs day after day. Battling ever with an opposition untiring and incessant, will, in time, surely undermine the strength of half

the officers. Ten years' service commands a pension—will the directors tell us what is the percentage of prison-matrons who have ever earned one?

In addition to increasing the staff, let me urge here the importance of more care in its selection. Of late years the peculiar fitness of the applicant for the office has not been considered of so much moment as the influence or position of the person who recommends the applicant. Favoritism in this respect is a wrong to the State, and a satire on all attempts at prison discipline. Lady friends of directors and superintendents will be ever prone to offer the services of their ladies' maids and upper servants; and though these may not pass the probationary stage, yet their constant introduction — the constant appearance of fresh faces — is a hindrance to the proper working of a complex machinery. Raise again the standard of qualification for prison matrons; let them be thoughtful, earnest, religious women, with as fair an amount of education to assist them as is to be expected from those seeking such shadowy byways of life for a profession!

And as "*the whole principle of discipline is to lead, and not to drive—to place a man's (or woman's) fate and condition mainly in his (or her) hands, and encourage and reward all efforts to do well*"—so the discretion and judgment of the *leaders* should be ever of paramount importance.

If the proper management of the prison could also be conducted with a less amount of routine—if there were more often little breaks to relieve the monotony, as there are little breaks of sunshine in the sky's darkness during days of stormy weather—the advantages, I think, would be immediately perceived. Lectures, on divers subjects calculated to interest and distract a prisoner's mind, are delivered in our Irish prisons; would it not be a great boon to our English female convicts if the same practice were commenced in our prisons?

Another defect in discipline appears capable of being corrected. A greater care in the selection of women for association would be an improvement—better for the working of the prison, and for the morals of the prisoners. The matrons are sufficient judges of character to tell who are the

best suited for each other's society, whose example might be imitated with advantage, and whose influence would check a break-out or a fit of sullenness that may portend the more sad break-out which ends in Fisherton and Bethlchem. Little, if any, care is exercised as to the characters of the women in association, and much harm is done in consequence.

I have been forestalled in one suggestion I intended to make here—the removal of the worst class of prisoners to a separate establishment; the withdrawal altogether, so far as possible, of the evil example which spreads like a deadly blight from ward to ward. The prison at Broadmoor, I understand, is designed for the reception of the future Bowers, Balls, and Copes's! Much ultimate good, I feel convinced, will be the result of such a step. Where there are women wholly vile, whom nothing can affect—whom no religious teaching can soften—they are best apart from those whose weak minds are liable to be impressed by bad example.

I would suggest, also, a lunatic ward to every prison, or at least the separation of those women

whose eccentricities are dangerous, and the condition of whose minds it is yet difficult finally to determine. When placed in association, it ought to be with careful prisoners; but they should be kept *apart*, both for the sake of the prisoners and their custodians.

As Broadmoor will be the destination of the worst class of prisoners separated from the general body, so Fulham, without regard to age or antecedents, should be the fold in which to gather together the most exemplary of female convicts. And if, by means of a government grant, the good effects of the Prisoners' Aid Society could be rendered still more comprehensive, and its sphere of usefulness more extended, the number of "returns" and "reconvictions" I am sure, would continue to diminish. The Prisoners' Aid Society is the Prison-Government's Aid Society also, and should be the fourth estate for *all* prisoners who hope to lead better lives.

In conclusion, let me remind the reader that my object in laying these chronicles before him has been simply to show him, by means of the opportunities afforded me as a prison matron, a little

of the life and character excluded from the world ; I have attempted to throw no fictitious element over scenes that might have been enhanced by such means, feeling convinced that there were sufficient incidents to interest a reader, and that, if they failed to do so, the fault would be in my mode of telling them more than in the incidents themselves. I have done my best.

An old writer once said—

“ All this world's a prison,
Heaven the high wall about it, sin the jailour.”

And in some senses it may be said that all the world is in a prison. All the world's elements, good and bad ; the teachers of right, and the scoffers at it ; the honest and hard-working ; those in whom pride goeth before a fall ; the rich, the poor, the jealous, the vain, the evil-speaking, the lying and slandering, all as common to this dark little sphere within as to the world without. In this little world is more of life's discord than harmony — too many wrecks cast ashore from the surging waters that are never still—a world in its entirety, with all its troubles, ambitions and responsibilities.

To judge that world honestly and in all fairness, was the task I set myself some months ago. In all honesty and fairness I claim the right to be judged.

THE END.



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