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XLV.—THE POSITION OF WOMAN.

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“Whosoever shall do the will of my Father which is in heaven, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother.”—MATTHEW xii. 50.

As in the character of God, and in Jesus Christ, there is a mingling of the two elements we term masculine and feminine, so in every just human character these same elements must be blended; the true man must have much within him that is “pure womanly,” the true woman must have much within her that is manly.

For the perfecting our very thought of God, we need as an essential element the woman's heart—those attributes peculiarly feminine are those peculiarly worshipful. I suppose, most of us in childhood, in our transgressions have confessed to our mother first; in our misfortunes have run first to her knee; in our fears have cried first to her name; wakening in the terrible dark, have refused to be pacified, save by her voice. I imagine most of us, fathers, have felt a slight impatience when baby would not let us quiet him; resisting our caresses, struggling against our attentions; but was still in a moment when mamma took him in her arms.

In our sins and struggles; in our wilfulness and waywardness; in our weariness and dreaming; it is just this mother's heart the soul seeks for in its God—just this mother's heart. The man, with his intense passions, his stern struggles, his weary wanderings, his benighted dreams, craves still *his mother in heaven*—in whose presence he can rest without a fear, and whose smile can still the anguish of his cry—into whose unslumbering ear he can pour the tale of a broken life, assured of no scornful contempt,—whose eye will note the lineaments of childhood's fairness beneath the wrinkles of manhood's cares; and whose judgments will look more to the possibilities of the future than to the degradation of the past.

If those elements which in human speech we term masculine and feminine are blended in the loftiest conception of God; and the soul in its fondest trust clings unto Him as mother and father in one

heart—so in Jesus Christ we find the union of the masculine and the feminine; the blending of the man's strength with the woman's tenderness.

He who cried, "Woe unto ye, scribes, Pharisees, hypocrites!" took little children upon His knee and blessed them.

He who cried, "Get thee behind me, Satan;" pardoned her that was a sinner, because she loved much.

He who cried, "If thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out;" prayed, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

"If thy soul is to go on into higher spiritual blessedness," writes F. W. Newman, "it must become a woman; yes, however manly thou be among men. It must learn to love being dependent; and must lean on God not solely from distress or alarm, but because it does not like independence or solitude. It must not have recourse to Him merely as a friend in need under the strain of duty, the battering of affliction, and the failure of human sympathy; but it must press towards Him when there is no need. It must love to pour out its thoughts to Him for the pleasure of pouring them out." ("The Soul," p. 99.)

And so the most independent men are independent because they depend upon a mightier power; and so the strongest men are strong because they lean on a mightier strength, not in distress and alarm, but in trust and love.

Thus also the noble woman has within her the spirit of the independent man. A noble woman keeps her own being sacred. Love in its most absolute dependence can never forfeit the sanctities of the individual soul, without ceasing to be love. The very joy that any true man has in a woman's love is, that it is the gift of her independent heart. And so the dependence of woman in its most loving form is only sweet in proportion to the free "manliness" of her independence itself.

Nay; the dependence of man upon woman is at least as great as that of woman upon man. Sometimes the world speaks as though it were woman in her weakness who is compelled to seek man's stronger arm. My brethren, how often in life is it the man in his weakness who is compelled to seek woman in her strength! Man in his weakness—in his dull doubts and cynical despairs, in his hard selfishness and rude despotism—man in his weakness, who has to renew his life at the fountain of a woman's love.

The highest thought of God, then, includes the blending of those elements typified on earth by the existence of men and women.

The highest human characters include the blending of these self-same elements—the true man having within him somewhat of the noble woman, and the noble woman somewhat of the true man.

I conclude, therefore, that what is true for the highest thought of God, and true for the highest human characters, is also true for the world at large; and that in the world, in the State, and the Church, in the various occupations of life, the spirit and power of woman

are as much needed for guidance and direction as the spirit and power of man.

The practical question, as to how to achieve this, will come presently: I now only endeavor to make intelligible the result to be aimed at.

The result to be aimed at is, how to make the spirit of woman as powerful in the affairs of the world, according to its own gifts, as the spirit of man is, in the measure of its own capacities; so that by the harmonizing of parts, right guidance may be secured as the father's and the mother's attributes meet in the unity of a perfect God.

The result to be aimed at, is not that woman should be bound down to one set of subjects and habits, and man to another; and the two work in their separate worlds, only meeting in the evening; but that woman's influence upon the world should be as free in the exercise of its peculiar characteristics as man's influence is free in the exercise of its own specialities; and that become true for society which is true for the men we honor and the God we worship, viz., that the faculties of manhood and womanhood must be blended together for the most perfect achievement.

For example:—In the conduct of trade and manufactures, note the necessity for the influence, in some shape or other, of educated women.

There are two theories of labor: according to the one the relation between employer and employed is the relation between a bale of cotton and its purchaser, or a yard of cloth and its buyer—it is a sheer bargain; and the price once paid, nothing more remains to be thought of. According to the other, there are human considerations extending beyond the bargain at its money price; and every employer must regard his workpeople as men and women; and not simply as machinery possessed of so much horse-power for the production of so much cloth and cotton. If humanity is to be at all regarded, every great labor establishment as much needs an educated woman to watch over the lives and wants of the women employed, as it needs a master's head.

Look at any great factory, with its young girls and children; more inward passion moves within them, than outward motion in all that fast machinery. If there were, in every factory, an educated woman to watch over those young lives; to follow them to their homes; to learn their characters; to aid their struggles; how many coarse natures might be saved from lower degradation, and refined into nobler life—how many wild passions might be subdued to purity.

If trade and manufactures have any purpose for the God-ward education of human souls, and are anything but monetary bargains, such womanly influence is as needed for their just conduct as the machinery of the mill or the management of the man.

This illustration will manifest the meaning of my statement, that

the result to be aimed at is not that woman should be bound down to one set of subjects and habits, and man to another; but that woman's influence upon the affairs of the world should be as free in the exercise of its peculiar characteristics as man's influence is free in the exercise of its own gifts, for the establishment of a civilization in which the varied elements of manhood and of womanhood shall be blended together as a perfect whole.

This result, it appears to me, could be gradually achieved in a very natural way. Let a woman be permitted, quietly and unostentatiously, to enter into any calling the duties of which she can adequately discharge. Without scorn, or jeer, or libel, let her fairly do that which God has given her power to accomplish. If a woman can do a thing well, it appears to me that her capacity is her divine title to the right of doing it.

I do not claim that men should stand aside, and excuse the weakness of woman in the discharge of offices she cannot competently direct. In this world, no excuse can sustain any class of men or women who may take upon themselves duties for which they are unfitted. If woman is unfitted for the discharge of any special duties, she will be thrown by destiny in the attempt to perform them; exactly as man will under similar circumstances.

The claim is, that if a woman *can* well perform a task, the gift of the faculty is God's own title-deed to the right of performance.

The chief difficulty is not theoretical, but practical. The difficulty rests not in the false claim of woman to do what she cannot do; but in the prejudice of men against her attempt to do what she can. No woman on earth asks to be excused, because she is a woman, in her weak attempts to do that for which she is unfitted; her demand is, that, without being insulted, she may execute a possible work.

As the matter stands, if a woman puts her hands to what she *can* execute, guided by necessity or taste, or a desire for usefulness, she is personally exposed to contemptuous scorn, or foolish jeer, or slanderous libel.

For my own part, if I hear of a woman following some unaccustomed calling, I neither feel inclined to scorn nor slander; neither do I ask, is it well enough done for a *woman's* doing; as though bad work might be excusable in a woman, in a way it is not excusable in a man.

The question is, when a woman follows some unaccustomed calling, are its duties adequately discharged?

If the duties of any calling are adequately discharged, the sneers of men must be regarded as answered by the gifts of God.

Let insolence be silenced; and the theoretical problem concerning the capacities of woman will solve itself in practical results. Gradually, if the free and natural development of life be unchecked by scorn or libel, the law of life (which is the law of God) will assert itself; and "diversities of gifts" will be harmonized by the one pervading Spirit.

The whole question is thus referred back from the scorn of men to the will of God. As He bestows capacities, so will there be duties; and a gift of the capacity is a demand for the duty.

If God fit a woman for any special task, it is not for man to question His judgment because, perchance, it consorts not with the fashion of the world.

In its last resort, you will therefore observe, that the question of the function of woman is an educational one, and must be determined by the faculties possessed and their capacities for culture.

As matters now stand, it is certain that many great branches of knowledge are never taught in ladies' schools; that for a woman to have even a schoolboy's smattering of the higher philosophy, the languages of ancient civilization, mathematics, or social science, is to be noticed as different from the rest of her sex; that while colleges exist for young men after leaving school, there is the smallest possible provision for the education of young women when their school routine is finished.

I maintain that there is no realm of knowledge the peculiar perquisite of a man; that there is not the remotest corner of the great palace of science which should be closed to a woman's entrance; that there is no secret in God's creation which should be kept from a woman's eye; and that it is woman's duty and interest to claim her full and unbounded right to learn.

Indeed, this is one of those questions which God has decided for us. What use would it be for us to hold a solemn conclave here to-night as to whether the sun should rise to-morrow. One might get up and say, "Light is dangerous; it shows so many things that had better remain hidden. Would it not be wiser to wait a little, until we have got out of the way some things not quite fit to be seen?"

Another might say, "Light blinds when it is too strong; should we not defer to-morrow's sun until our eyes are stronger, lest we should be blinded by looking at it?"

A third might argue, "Scarecrows are useful; people can be frightened into order in the dark with ghosts and witches; when the day comes and men see that scarecrows are scarecrows, will they not lose a moral restraint necessary to their ignorance, and be really the worse for the light?"

Thus might we argue until daybreak, when the stars will fade before the perfect day.

As certainly as God has answered for us the question of the sunrise, so has He answered the question of a woman's education. We discuss and discuss what subjects a woman should be taught; God overrules all discussion, by giving woman faculties to study any subject a man can; and when God gives a faculty He commands a culture. What say the facts? a bird cannot learn mathematics, or a fish investigate classical literature, but do facts prove any study impossible to woman? Not so; the astronomer's wife has sat by

his side and aided his resolution of abstrusest problems. The most abstract of logicians has deemed a lady's mind the strength of his strength. The dead languages have sprung into life beneath a woman's eye. Warring nations have obeyed woman's genius of command. Whatsoever differences of occupation natural constitution may demand, there is not one single subject man alone has the power of studying. The great God, then, having given woman capacity for study, what is man that he should say, "I will not have it"? Every arbitrary limitation of the subjects of woman's studies is a declaration to God that He has made a woman's head too large for her duties. Rather would we fall back on God's creative wisdom, and argue from *that*, that woman's capacity for learning is the measure of her duty of study; and what a woman *can* learn that she should.

Woman's duties, even if confined to household functions, demand the highest culture. For the sake of wedded love is the noblest culture needed. It will prove the source of great domestic misery if national education increases in range of subject among men while woman's education is left in the lurch. If a woman have no educated interest in the highest pursuits of her husband, she will naturally feel a sad and dreary loneliness grow over her; she will dread lest her husband should despise her ignorance; she will be jealous of his care for matters she cannot understand; weary for want of adequate exchange of thought; and wonder why she is no happier.

For the education of children, what knowledge can be too great? For many years the attention of educationists has been turned to *men*;—*men* have been told of the shame of ignorance, and a blush for the idle waste of hours that should be laden with thought has been brought to manly cheeks—but women have been almost passed over. If want of culture in man injures its thousands, want of culture in woman injures its tens of thousands. A man may rise up and defend himself, but a little child is at a woman's mercy. Her unskilled ignorance may not only bring disease upon its body, but pervert its sweetest temper and quench its finest sympathies. Education is an art, needing clear thought and earnest study. Womanly instincts may on many points carry a mother right, but there are matters which untutored impulse cannot avail to guide. Good-natured instincts may exist, and yet undisciplined ignorance may sow in children's minds the seeds of those passions which vex the world.

Many objections, however, are urged against woman's completer education. It is said that if women are too highly educated they will not be able to discharge their household duties. On the contrary, we hold that the highest minds can best discharge the least duties, in the same way as those who know most about any science can best teach its rudiments. A woman trained to the ordering of her thoughts, will by that very discipline be fitted to regulate ten

thousand trifles of daily life, on the right conduct of which so much happiness depends.

It is objected that there are studies which it would scarcely be proper for a woman to pursue. Physiology, for example, is quoted as decidedly unwomanly.

Surely, all knowledge is but the handwriting of the Almighty; and that which is the word of God cannot be impure.

Moreover, if any department of knowledge were dangerous, it would be safer for woman to study it than man. Boast as we will about being lords of creation, on the whole, man's heart cannot be trusted for purity as a woman's can. A woman is often capable of passing through temptations to which a man would yield; and often sees nothing wrong where man's less innocent sight notes the shadow of his own passion. Supposing, therefore, that there were any dangerous science, woman would be far less in danger of being corrupted by it than man.

As regards physiology, no subject is more important for womanly education. Through ignorance of this subject, seeds of disease are sown in young children when their existence is least suspected; and loved ones are cursed through life by those who most desire to bless them.

The results of this increase of culture on the side of woman, and the decrease of scorn and contempt on the side of man, should woman enter upon employments outside of her accustomed spheres, will lie in the following directions.

First there will be the employment of women in various industrial avocations now closed to them.

It is of no use saying that man should support woman, for the facts are plain. In the present condition of society, man *does not* support woman; there are two millions of unmarried women in England who work for subsistence; and no theory of an Eden, where every Adam will be mated to an Eve, will feed and clothe these women.

Moreover, it is needful for strength of character that a woman should know that there does exist a possibility of supporting herself. What free carriage, high independence, comes to a man who knows that he can get an honest living? He dare speak, and he dare act according to conscience; and no man can make him afraid.

A woman's character would gain in nobleness, equally with a man's, from this same high feeling.

Many a marriage little better than a bargain, many a fall into the lowest depths, would be saved, could a woman look the world in the face, and see how she could live and owe not any man.

Why this prejudice? The demand for opening (new) industrial employments for women, involves in principle no new practice. As a fact, women are employed in the hardest and most disagreeable occupations—and the new employments proposed will simply be less hard and less disagreeable than those which actually exist. In

Scotland, women are largely employed in field husbandry. In Glasgow, they carry coals, and scrape in dirt-heaps, and do the roughest cleaning. Why object, in the interest of woman, to something less rough and better paid.

Secondly, there will be the substitution of educated women, for uneducated, in various employments demanding love and knowledge in equal proportions.

Nurses in hospitals, and matrons in workhouses and gaols, and superintendents of charitable institutions, will be (if this question be justly advanced) educated women, and to secure such, higher rates of pay must be given, and such callings raised to the rank of *professions*. The employment of "nurse" or "matron," to be nobly discharged, must have the social position of a profession, and unite adequate remuneration with a command of the highest society equally with the lawyer or the doctor.

Thirdly, there will be the creation of new professions which do not now exist—but for the want of which suffering and wrong abound unnoted and unredressed—such as lady inspectors of workhouses, lady inspectors of prisons, lady inspectors of factories; nay, lady inspectors of mines—who might learn something of what their fellow women are subjected to, and, learning, might redress. We shall never gain the higher humanities of civilization until educated women bring their influence to bear upon the employments of industrial life.

Wherever women are industrially employed, and wherever government inspectorship is a necessity, it should be shared by women with the educated men who are called to its performance—only thus will business become a part of humanity, and humanity a part of business.

Fourthly, women will, doubtless, if a free way be opened, enter some professions now considered the peculiar privilege of men, especially will there be lady doctors—why not?

The knowledge needed cannot be unfitted for a lady, because it is in itself the wisdom of a God. If any branch of knowledge be improper for women, then must there be impurity in the heart of the Creator. The skill needed is often, in delicacy of operation, peculiarly suited to a lady's hand; and the observation needed often peculiarly apt for a lady's eye.

On this matter, the "heresy" of the proposal consists in little more than the substitution of skill for ignorance. Women do tend upon disease, in its most delicate as its most offensive forms. A medical education would simply give knowledge and skill to discharge offices now ministered in ignorance and awkwardness.

Fifthly, a new spirit will be breathed into the treatment of women in those cases where they are now actually employed.

A wiser and womanly superintendence must be exercised over those thousands engaged in factory life.

The whole class of servants needs exaltation by some system of

moral training on the one hand, and by less imperious exaction on the other.

Speaking generally, therefore, we maintain that every legitimate subject of human thought should be free for the woman as the man, that a full and comprehensive education should be imparted equally to girls as to boys, and that additional means should be provided for carrying forward woman's education, when schoolgirl days are over.

We call on woman to claim her right to study. It is a right within her power to gain. She need not ask man's consent, she can take it for herself, for God's universe and God's teachers will not be silent to her.

Thus, finally, as woman gains in independence and culture, will man grow to the fulness of his manhood.

XLVI.—MADAME RECAMIER.

(Continued from page 236.)

ONE day in the autumn of 1806, M. Recamier brought the disastrous news to his wife that, owing to the strange political and commercial state of Spain, his affairs had become suddenly involved, and to such an extent, that unless the French Government would give leave for a very considerable loan by the following Monday (it was then Saturday) his bank must suspend payment.

It was startling information for one who, like Madame Recamier, had never needed to think of money otherwise than as a means always at hand to gratify her desires whether of taste or charity; and the knowledge of having so recently given a check to the imperial overtures made her feel little hope that any trust which rested on Napoleon's ministry would be realized.

Her calmness and courage, however, did not desert her. M. Recamier retired into the country to hide his agitation during the period of suspense, leaving to his wife the task of keeping up appearances in society. She had a large dinner party the next day, and none among her guests felt any suspicion that the splendid hospitality which they were sharing was based on an insecure and tottering foundation; or that their graceful and composed hostess was suffering the tortures of suspense, dreading the imminent ruin of her fortune, and moving about, as she herself described it, in a fearful dream.

Madame Recamier's apprehensions were only too well founded, the request for aid was harshly refused by the French Government, and on Monday morning the bank stopped payment, involving in its ruin many secondary commercial houses.

Everything was given up to the creditors; M. Recamier's conduct deserved and received from them the highest testimonials of honor

and confidence, and his wife did her part no less nobly—sold her jewels, let her house, and made immediate and wise plans of future retrenchment and economy.

It is unnecessary to say how universal was the sympathy felt and expressed by the numerous friends and admirers of Madame Recamier. Her old friends gathered round her with redoubled devotion, and many who had till then been only acquaintances took this opportunity to claim admission, by their earnest and affectionate sympathy, into the circle of her friends and intimates.

Madame de Stäel, Bernadotte, Junot, and the Montmorencys were among the most earnest of the former. Madame de Boigne, whose good understanding and charming manners soon obtained a response in the heart of Madame Recamier, and M. Prosper de Barranté, were among the most notable of the latter. News of these marks of compassion and sympathy were taken by Junot, Duc d'Abrantès, to the Emperor, then in Germany; who, with some pique, answered contemptuously, "People could not show more respect to the widow of a French marshal who had died in battle!" But shortly after, a more severe blow fell upon Madame Recamier—her mother, who had so rejoiced in the splendor and elegance which surrounded her beloved daughter, and who, though in declining health, still clung to the pleasures of dress and society, had not strength to resist the agitation and grief of the catastrophe which Juliette herself bore with so much composure, and died in the January of the following year.

Six months were passed by Madame Recamier in profound retirement; but when they were expired she went to spend some time with Madame de Stäel, at Coppet; and there opened on that chapter of her life where is concentrated the most romance, the most speculation, and, we must admit, the most blame.

Prince Augustus of Prussia, young, handsome and chivalrous, was at that time residing at Geneva. If anything more was needed to make him interesting, the misfortunes of his family, and his own position,—for he was a prisoner,—lent the necessary charm. We cannot be surprised that he did not see Madame Recamier without losing his heart, nor can we much wonder that he inspired a return; to what extent we know not, but more, probably, than she ever accorded to any other during her life.

Prince Augustus, as a Prussian and a Protestant, saw no difficulty in her obtaining a divorce and bestowing her hand upon him; and Madame Recamier, attracted either by the brilliancy of the offer, or by the devotion which inspired it, listened, hesitated, and at last wrote to M. Recamier, suggesting the possibility of having their marriage annulled. The answer touched her and roused all her generous feelings, as well as the respect and affection she had always felt for her husband. He left the matter in her own hands, promising not to withhold his consent; but he advised, remonstrated, and pleaded so kindly and yet so strongly, that she could not decide

upon abandoning him; especially now, when his old age was impoverished and solitary. She returned to Paris, only to resolve to be guided by him and to give up the project which had for a time absorbed her. She had the courage not to relinquish one duty, but unfortunately she had not the courage to perform another; and with a cruel kindness, some say with a love of power and coquetry which were quite inexcusable, she kept Prince Augustus in doubt as to his fate, not for weeks only, but for months and years.

Four years later, she appointed to meet him in Switzerland; he obtained leave of absence from Prussia, but Madame Recamier did not come, and did not even warn him in time to prevent his useless journey. He was hurt and mortified at her conduct, but still continued to correspond with her. He kept her portrait near him till his death, and in the last letter which he sent her—many, many years after he had resigned the hopes and visions of his youth,—he wrote, “the ring which you gave me shall go with me into the grave.” Three months later he died. Nothing could excuse Madame Recamier’s conduct from the charge of heartlessness, save the supposition that love and duty were long struggling in her heart before the latter triumphed; but looking at all the facts, and weighing the opinion of those most likely to know, we must rather conclude that neither love nor duty could quite overpower the vanity of a woman, or induce her either to rivet or to break the chains which bound so noble a heart and name to her life.

In 1808, Madame Recamier took up her abode with her father, and his old friend M. Simonard.

Occasional visits to her friends in the country were all that occurred to diversify her life till 1811, and it was in the summer of that year that she adopted a niece of her husband’s, a child of seven years old.

This was, indeed, a happy event for both; it gave to Madame Recamier a home tie, and an unfailing source of interest and tender affection, and to the little child a kind and loving protectress, to whom she devoted herself during life; to this filial reverence and affection we owe memoirs, which do honor both to her who inspired so much love and to her who gave it. Well, indeed, was it that Madame Recamier secured, just when she did, a new source of comfort to be always with her, for she soon had need of it.

Matthieu de Montmorency having dared to visit Madame de Stäel, in her exile, thereby incurred the displeasure of the Imperial Government, and received sentence of exile himself. When the news reached Madame de Stäel, she was daily expecting Madame Recamier to stay with her. Dreading to compromise another friend, she sent a courier warning her not to come, but in vain. Madame Recamier would not pass near Coppet without entering, though but for a short time, and by so doing brought instant punishment on her head. She was exiled to forty leagues’ distance from Paris, and thus separated from her father, her friends, and her home.

She fixed upon Châlons-sur-Marne, which was at precisely the necessary distance from Paris, as her first place of residence. It was at the best a melancholy change for her, but the neighborhood of the Duc and Duchesse de Doudeauville, (connexions of the Montmorency family,) the society of the Prefect of the town, and a few others, occasional visits from her friends, and the care of her interesting little adopted child, made her pass the eight months of her residence at Châlons with content if not with pleasure.

She was, however, at last persuaded to remove to Lyons, where many members of her husband's family lived, besides several of her friends and acquaintances; some among them were also suffering sentence of exile from Paris, but fretting against their fate with a useless regret, to which Madame Recamier's calm and resigned character was a stranger.

In Madame Delphin, a younger sister of her husband's, she had not only a friend and companion, but one under whose superintendence, and at whose suggestion, her charitable heart found its best consolation in ministering to others. Madame Delphin was indeed an instance of how much can be performed when a life is devoted to the cause of charity. All classes of sufferers,—the poor, the sick, and the abandoned—found help, advice, and comfort from her. Her time, her patience, her money, seemed alike inexhaustible, and perhaps were so, because the tender compassion which prompted her to relieve all, created an almost miraculous ingenuity in providing the means. She was truly one of those many worthy disciples of St. Vincent de Paul who were already carrying into effect his charitable plans throughout France. We can easily understand that she found Madame Recamier a sympathizing ally in her works of mercy.

Among the more notable names of those who were at this time residing at Lyons, and whose society made it pleasant to Madame Recamier, we must note Madame de Sermésy, whose grief at the death of her only daughter, and regret at possessing no likeness of her, roused in her a new and remarkable talent; she succeeded in modelling a bust of her child, which was not only like, but showed a power only requiring exercise to be very remarkable. She, thenceforward, devoted herself to sculpture, and though her want of early training may be noticed in the small technicalities of art, her productions are nevertheless very excellent, and show a refinement and sentiment which more than redeem the defects. We need only mention the names of Camille Jordan, and Talma; and we must not pause to say more of the capricious and fascinating Duchesse de Chevreuse, one of the band of exiles, than, that her failing health and spirits, as well as her talent and amiability, excited both the sympathy and interest of Madame Recamier, and they were much together. But her mother-in-law, the eccentric Duchesse de Luynes, stands out from the group, and attracts our attention more forcibly; she was simple and unaffected in character, and yet original in appearance, manner, and pursuits. Her voice was harsh,

and her features large and irregular; she never wore a bonnet, even when she appeared in feminine costume, which was not always the case; and yet through all these concealments, the most casual observer felt sure that she was, in its truest sense, a gentlewoman, well-informed and well-bred, with great feeling and tenderness of heart. But she is celebrated principally as a remarkable printer. She had set up a printing-press at her home, and practised the art so successfully that the works and collections printed by her are much sought after. During her stay at Lyons, she visited the printing establishment of M. Ballanche, and after a careful scrutiny of the type, presses, &c., to the astonishment of the workmen she suddenly tucked up her dress, turned back her sleeves, and with wonderful quickness and accuracy set up a page of matter, not omitting a peculiar rocking motion which was in fashion among the compositors of the time. Her daughter was the wife of Matthieu de Montmorency, which connexion formed an additional link of sympathy and interest with Madame Recamier.

But the most important event of Madame Recamier's residence at Lyons, and the one which had the greatest and most lasting influence on her life, was not the amusement which she found in social and artistic circles, not the occasional visits of friends from Paris, or the constant reception of letters from devoted admirers—each of whom was more or less celebrated and distinguished—but the introduction to M. Ballanche, whom she saw there for the first time. He was still young, but had already published some works showing great talent and research, and was then suffering under the disappointment of a marriage which had been broken off a short time previously. His appearance was something extraordinary; his face was deformed, part of his jaw had been taken away, and he had been trepanned; besides which, his manners were constrained and embarrassed, so that the ugliness of his looks and the awkwardness of his demeanor formed a strange and uncouth whole, though more startling perhaps than actually repulsive. Such was the man who was presented to Madame Recamier, and who, as though nature had not rendered him sufficiently unattractive, when he came to pay his first visit to her had his shoes covered with varnish of so horrible an odour that Madame Recamier was made quite ill, and was compelled to tell him the cause. He apologized with *naïve* humility, and, retiring into the ante-room, returned without shoes, and so remained during his visit, somewhat to the astonishment of her other visitors.

And thus began one of the truest, most lasting, and most faithful attachments which even Madame Recamier ever inspired; and certainly one of the three names with which hers is most inextricably linked, and the one, perhaps, from which it borrows its purest lustre, is that of M. Ballanche, the plain, uncouth printer of Lyons.

But we will quote from M. Guizot a sketch of this friendship, and give his testimony to its value and truth.

He says,—“In the history of human friendships I scarcely know a more beautiful one, or one which does more honor to both, than that of Madame Recamier and M. Ballanche. No attraction or motive of the very slightest worldly tinge could recommend the humble printer of Lyons, I will not say to the regard, but even to the notice, of the beautiful Parisian. M. Ballanche was ugly, his condition humble; he was unknown, generally silent and awkward, sometimes to an embarrassing extent; all his merits were hidden under a strange or ungraceful disguise, and could only be known through his writings or in perfectly intimate relations. Madame Recamier recognised them immediately; she felt that there was an exalted mind, a beautiful soul, and an inexhaustible power of devotion, as pure as it was tender. Almost from the first day when she made his acquaintance she treated M. Ballanche with that intelligent and sympathetic distinction which attracts the most reserved and reassures the most timid. From the first day, therefore, M. Ballanche was taken heart and soul. In one of his letters he says, ‘It sometimes happens to me to be astounded at your kindness; I had no reason to expect it, because I know how silent, dull, and sad I am. But with your infinite tact you must have comprehended all the good you could do me. You who are pity and indulgence itself, you saw in me a sort of exile and you compassionated one exiled from happiness. Permit me to feel for you what a brother may for a sister. I long for the moment when I can offer you with this fraternal feeling, the homage of what little I can do. My devotion shall be entire and unreserved. I wish for your happiness at the expense of my own. There is but justice in that, for you are worth more than I am.’ These were not phrases of a first or passing emotion. M. Ballanche kept his word; during thirty-five years his devotion to Madame Recamier was, as he had said, entire and unreserved. He exacted nothing, he complained of nothing, he entered into all the sentiments of Madame Recamier, and counselled her when needful with complete frankness, but without the pious anxiety of Matthieu de Montmorency, for he had no thought of converting her; she was already, he believed, a celestial creature, an angel, the ideal which he passed his life in contemplating, in admiring, and in loving, as Dante contemplated, admired, and loved Beatrice when he passed through Paradise. ‘My entire destiny,’ he wrote to her, ‘consists, perhaps, in letting some trace remain upon earth of your noble existence. You know well that you are my star. If you were to enter your white marble tomb they might hasten to dig me a grave, to which in my turn I should repair. What could I do on this earth?’ . . . One cannot note without surprise this love so utterly free from all pretension, from all desire, from all jealousy and yet of which we cannot mistake the powerful truth. And what renders to Madame Recamier perhaps still greater honor than the having inspired such a sentiment is, that in accepting it completely, she did not abuse it, and repayed it—very unequally

doubtless—but always sincerely and seriously. She showed M. Ballanche a friendship and confidence which procured him a happy place of his own amid her circle of brilliant adorers. She took great care of his modest *amour-propre*, his dignity, his success, and his interests; she aided considerably, in 1842, in procuring his admission into the *Académie Française*, and when in 1847 he was attacked by pleurisy, which proved fatal, Madame Recamier, who had just undergone an operation for cataract, and required perfect rest, gave up all precautions, came and established herself at the bedside of her dying friend, did not leave him while he still breathed, and through weeping, as her niece tells us, lost every chance of recovering her sight."

Early in the year 1813, Matthieu de Montmorency paid a visit to Lyons, and prevailed on Madame Recamier to seek change of scene by fulfilling her long-talked of project of a journey to Italy. He accompanied her as far as Chambéry, and from thence, she, her little niece, and her maid, under the escort of a German gentleman who was about to visit the south, proceeded by easy stages towards Rome, where she spent the spring and summer. Here she made the acquaintance of Canova, the sculptor, and he, as well as his brother the Abbé Canova, passed many of their evenings in her society, while she would no less frequently visit the studio, and watch the progress of Canova's work. While in Rome she received letters from the Duchesse de Luynes announcing, first the serious illness, then the death of her daughter-in-law, Madame de Chevreuse.

In the month of July, M. Ballanche came for one week to Rome, travelling day and night, so that he might not waste one hour in rest which could be spent with Madame Recamier. The first evening of his arrival she took him to see the Coliseum and St. Peter's, in company with Canova. While the latter was muffled in a cloak for fear of the night air, and was rallying Madame Recamier on the courage with which French women braved such risks, M. Ballanche walked beside them in perfect silence, his hands clasped behind him, and without his hat. "Where is your hat, M. Ballanche?" at last exclaimed Madame Recamier. "Oh, I had forgotten," said he; "I lost it at Alexandrie;" and until thus reminded he had never remembered it was necessary to procure another.

We can guess how deep and intense must have been the joy of these few days, passed in the presence of her who was so much to him, by an extract from a letter he wrote on his journey home, —describing the reaction of his feeling:—

"I must not let myself be overpowered by *ennui*; I am alone, the weight of solitude weighs horribly upon me; permit me, Madame, to solace myself by a few words with you. I can do nothing in these intervals of life; I have no taste for reading; the sight of a beautiful scene or monument is but a mechanical movement of my eyes and a fatigue to my thoughts. I do not care for it. I wish I could cut out of my life these moments of weariness and

emptiness. I am between Rome and Lyons: it appears to me that I am completely taken out of my own existence."

During the great heat of summer, Madame Recamier retired to Albano, where Canova had apartments, the best part of which he placed at her disposal, and here, with her little niece, she passed a tranquil and happy time, enjoying to the full the enchantment of the season and the place, while every Sunday the *Signora Francese* played the organ in the parish church for mass and vespers.

One incident of her stay at Albano left a painful impression in the midst of an otherwise calm and pleasant remembrance. A poor fisherman was condemned to death for supposed treasonable correspondence, and not knowing Madame Recamier's position with the Government, her intercession was sought. In spite of the hopelessness of her appeal she did her utmost, and pleaded hard with the French authorities; but in vain; she only received for answer that a person herself exiled had better not attempt to stop the course of justice. But we must pass over Madame Recamier's return to Rome, where she met many friends, old and new, and follow her to Naples, whither she proceeded in the December of 1813. On the journey, which she made in company with some English acquaintance, a mistake about post-horses occurred, by which they profited at the expense of some important traveller, so important as to be highly indignant at the presumption and impertinence which had dared to inconvenience him. A loud and angry voice was heard declaiming against "these insolent people who have robbed me of my horses." Madame Recamier, recognising Fouché's voice, came forward laughing, and said, "It is I, M. le Duc." Without appearing to notice the embarrassment which her appearance caused him, she entered into conversation with him, and discussed the aspect of political affairs with provoking composure. With some irritation, he recommended her to be prudent as to what she did, and concluded by saying, "Remember, Madame, one should be yielding when one is weak;" "And one should be just when one is strong," was the reply.

Madame Recamier had some hesitation as to how far her presence at Naples would be welcome to her old acquaintance, the Queen; but she was assured that she might count on a friendly reception, and she found one which was even more than friendly; so constant, so kind, and so flattering were the attentions lavished on her by Caroline Murat. It was at an important crisis for the fate of Naples that Madame Recamier arrived there. Murat was still in doubt how far he should cling to his brother-in-law, in spite of the pressing offers of Austria and England, and both he and his wife appealed to her for advice and support. As usual, she spoke with honesty and disinterestedness, and lost nothing in the regard of the king and queen, although she spoke in vain.

During the absence of Joachim and the regency of the Queen, Madame Recamier had the great happiness of interceding for, and

procuring pardon for a prisoner sentenced to death. A recollection which was a constant source of delight to her, none the less for her fruitless efforts and bitter disappointment at Albano.

In the following Lent, she returned to Rome for the ceremonies of Holy Week. She was met by Canova with an air of delighted mystery, and requested to visit his studio on an appointed day.

"*Mira, se ho pensato a lei!*" said the sculptor, as he unveiled two busts, proud both as a friend and an artist of the homage which his genius had enabled him to offer to one whom he so deeply admired.

They were both likenesses, made from remembrance, of herself. The busts did not please her; she could not conceal her first impression, and Canova's mortification was extreme. The wounded vanity of the artist was more excusable than that of the woman, and it was never healed. On one of the busts he placed a crown of olive, and so changed, called it Beatrice, and under that name it is known.

Political events were growing more and more complicated, and Napoleon's fall drawing near. Madame Recamier passed a short time once more at Naples, and while there learned that the crisis was passed, the Bourbons restored, and her return to her home therefore possible. She paused in passing through Rome to witness the re-entry of Pius VII., and again at Lyons to see her sister-in-law, M. Ballanche, and her other friends. She was received with delight by them, and even with public enthusiasm at a *fête* given in honor of the Restoration. On the 1st of June, 1814, she re-entered Paris after a three years' exile.

A. A. P.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

XLVII.—INSANITY, PAST AND PRESENT.

INSANITY, like other diseases, changes in its outward complexion with times and seasons. Every age and country stamps its own impress upon the manifestation of this malady, and gives its peculiar tinge and color to its development. Considered, till within the last few years as mysterious and undefinable, superstition both in ancient and modern times has ever exercised a powerful influence over the judgment when devoted to the investigation of the cause or cure of lunacy. Madness has been even made the object of worship,—so strange are the idols before which man has bowed in adoration. The philosophers taught, that in some instances insanity was a Divine afflatus, and consequently a blessing. They deemed that mental alienation proceeded from two causes, the one derived from the malignant influence of a demon; the other, especially when the hallucinations partook of an ecstatic character, the actual expression of the Divine presence, and the maniac was either consulted as

an oracle, or shunned as embodying an emissary of the evil principle. So Plato taught, when commenting on the prophetic rhapsodies of the oracles, he declared that the prophetess of Delphi and the priestesses at Dodona had rendered, when mad, noble service to Greece, but in their sober senses little or none. Such being the supposed origin of the disorder, it was natural that its treatment should be left in the hands of the priesthood. And Egypt stands foremost of all the nations of antiquity as having first set apart special places for the reception and cure of the insane. At either extremity of the kingdom were temples dedicated to Saturn, whither melancholics resorted in great numbers to seek relief. In these abodes, surrounded by shady groves and beautiful gardens, their time divided between agreeable recreation and useful employment, their speedy cure, ascribed to Divine interference, resulted in reality from the judicious treatment to which they were subjected. When, however, the disease assumed a malignant shape, and manifested itself in wild delirium, the influence of evil was acknowledged. The poets have exhausted all the efforts of their genius in describing its terrors, and dimly grasping the mighty truth, that insanity is more frequently the result of the wilful neglect of the physical laws in the progenitor than in the victim, they imputed it to the direct interference of the gods, taking vengeance on ancestral guilt. Sometimes, when the sin was in the individual, the seizure was believed to be a symbol of future punishment. What, for instance, can be more fearful than the picture drawn by Æschylus of Orestes tormented by the Furies, those mysterious agents of inexorable fate! As insanity increased with the spread of luxury, and from the corrupt morals of the age became darker in character in proportion to its frequency, this latter notion respecting its origin became more prevalent. Pity gave place to abhorrence, sympathy to detestation. The glimpse given by Holy Writ, in the case of the Gadarenes, of the condition of the insane among that nation which alone provided asylums for the leper, and cities of refuge for the homicide, affords us some criterion of judging how this visitation was regarded and treated at the commencement of the Christian era.

A few centuries later, and the same ideas that were entertained by the philosophers respecting the origin of madness, were revived with the sole exception that in the one case they were adapted to the requirements of the heathen mythology, in the other to that of revelation. Insanity, where the delusions partook of a nature consistent with the dogmas of the Church, was again ascribed to Divine inspiration; when the reverse, to the instigation of the Evil One. Were it otherwise, how could we reconcile the ecstatic visions of the saints, and the austere vagaries of the ascetics, with the teaching of inspiration or the dictates of common sense? The visions of St. Rosa, St. Catherine, St. Hildegarde, and a host of others, were but the result of a morbid condition of brain; resulting from an indulged fancy, and a mode of life altogether opposed to those laws

which were framed for the welfare of both soul and body. And the fact that among those thus presumed to be favored by special revelation, the far greater number were women, confirms the supposition (now a well-established truth) that women are more liable to insanity than men. But when the hallucinations were of a debased character, or were heterodox to the teaching of the Catholic Church, then the voice of pity was stifled, wondering admiration was exchanged for aversion, and the unhappy creatures were either burnt as heretics, or treated as those in whom Satan had taken up his abode.

It is a singular fact that in this country the old romancers seldom alluded to insanity. Either as a people we were rarely attacked, or else perchance to them this mysterious complaint was of too awful a character to be carelessly approached; and unable to assign natural causes for such affliction, they persisted in imputing it to the agency of malevolent spirits, who were permitted to exert their power over mortals. Thus ascribed to demoniacal possession, leech-craft scarce ventured to interpose, and charms, spells, and exorcisms were the means generally resorted to in the emergency. It is with a sad smile that we now read in the quaint old legendary lore of the efficacy of certain springs, of herbs, and even of metals to arrest the disorder. The names of various wells in England can be traced to this belief, especially in Devonshire. Vervain, St. John's wort, and the pimpernel were considered singularly beneficial; their sanative properties much increased when gathered at night, during an eclipse of the moon, or other striking planetary phenomena. Of precious stones the topaz was sovereign in assuaging frenzy, and amulets of various kinds were hung about the neck to preserve as well as to cure. This is the sunny view of the condition of the insane in the middle ages. A little later, and the state of the pauper insane grew worse and worse. Shakespeare, in *King Lear*, has put into the mouth of Kent, when about to feign madness, a description of the singular class of mendicants called "Toms o' Bedlam." In the time of the great dramatist, Bethlehem Hospital, as now, was a charity devoted to the cure of the insane, but so penurious in its management that the governors were accustomed to send the patients out to solicit alms for their daily sustenance, or when their cure was doubtful to discharge them altogether. Thrown upon the world without a friend, these miserable creatures roamed about the country obtaining a scanty subsistence by begging. This custom was continued till the close of the Civil War. But with the true Tom o' Bedlam arose a counterfeit, who, assuming the rags, the staff, and the gait,—

"Sometimes with lunatick bans, sometimes with prayers,
Enforced their charity."

These impostors were called "Abram men," whence arose the saying still current among us to "sham Abram."

This allusion to Shakespeare leads one to consider for a moment the all-but inspired insight he had into the cause, development and complexion of mental disorders. He was the first master mind among the moderns who dared to enlist our sympathies in behalf of those afflicted by insanity. With the single exception of Lady Macbeth he has made the sufferers the unoffending victims of adverse fortune, rather than as punished by extraordinary judgments for extraordinary crimes. With that intimate knowledge of human nature for which he stands unrivalled, he has made our best affections, when uncontrolled, the chief sources of derangement. In Lear we see the noblest feelings that can actuate the monarch and the father the cause of his lunacy. In Constance it is the mother bereaved of her offspring. In Ophelia, the sweetest of all the poet's creations, it is the pure-minded maiden broken-hearted by the wild conduct of him whose noble intellect is even also dimmed by "grief, revenge, and love contending." And withal, what "a gracious pity" he makes all those feel who are brought into immediate contact with the sufferers; how opposed to the common parlance which even we employ? He does not treat them as objects for scorn, for mocking, but rather in the same spirit as Wordsworth, who, in all the noble tenderness of his nature, believed "that their life is hid with Christ in God," and though obscured and blotted out by the dull mists of idiotcy, or the dark tempests of delirium, their souls may yet be in communion with their Maker, and ready hereafter to again irradiate the mind.

Subsequent to the time of Shakespeare, till within a very few years, the condition of the insane has been sad indeed. Protestantism burned as witches those whom Catholicism would have canonized. Then came medical science, so called, with all her appliances of restraint, coercion, and isolation. Lunacy increased, and the measures adopted became more and more intolerant, and less and less sagacious; till not only were those of unsound mind banished from home, but their very existence ignored by their nearest relatives, as if mental affliction were a heinous crime, rendering the sufferer an outcast to society and communicating a taint to all with whom he was connected.

Before we attempt to account for all this, or from statistical facts endeavor to gather statements that may enable us to judge better of the present position of our suffering neighbors, let us briefly glance at the great cause of the increase of lunacy. It has been stated by a celebrated French writer, M. Brierre de Boismont, that "Insanity is more frequent in proportion as civilization is more developed, and is more rare where the people is less enlightened." This appears a proposition so startling, that unless supported by indisputable facts, we might be led to consider the assertion as altogether untenable. It seems a contradiction to common sense,—a contradiction to all that we hold most sacred,—that the social advancement of a people should, even in a remote

degree lead to the development of the severest trial to which humanity is exposed, or that the spread of education, and the consequent increase of knowledge, should tend to foster rather than repress any latent symptoms of this fearful malady. When, however, we ask the question—Why insanity has increased with civilization?—we find that the causes are the result, not of civilization itself, but of the thousand contingent circumstances which the progress towards true civilization develops. Wants hitherto unknown become necessities, the passions are roused, the feelings are agitated, while added to these provoking causes, partial education, neglect of the laws of physical well-being, sudden changes of fortune, anxieties, wishes, distresses,—all concur in producing that fevered inquietude, and that inequality of social position which tends to the development of mental disease. For we must bear in mind, that while among barbarous nations insanity is comparatively unknown, yet that among polite nations the disorder is not exclusively confined to the educated classes. Far from it, the extremes of poverty and riches, learning and ignorance, are equally productive of insanity, though its rise may be traced to different sources. It is an old adage, that opposites generally meet. The rich and the poor sleep side by side in life as in death,—affluence and poverty abide together. A savage nation has few inequalities as regards either capacity or position. Civilization separates classes, and the disparity of accidental elevation or depression becomes apparent. Ignorance which results from an equality may confer the blessing of immunity, but ignorance which is the consequence of deterioration propagates its evil qualities. A profound thinker has said—that man left to the freedom of his own will is the deteriorator of man,—the free-will of the parent becomes the destiny of the child. The soil forced by the avarice of the proprietor to bear more than its due average of crops, is soon exhausted, and yields to his sordid hand a scant and pitiful harvest. The animal which, under the influence of its native climate and appropriate food, approaches the perfection of its kind, when removed to another country and compelled to feed on that which is unsuitable to its organization, speedily dwindles in size and strength, till within a few years, and after a few generations, the type alone remains, the species itself having become so debased as to bear small resemblance to its original. So is it with nations, so is it with individuals. There is close analogy between the laws which govern the earth, and the laws which govern that being who was created to dwell on the face of that earth. As man is capable of moral and physical improvement, so is he also of moral and physical debasement. A nation may have raised itself to a vigorous and independent position; it then becomes enervated by luxury, by security, by self-satisfaction; it is weakened by over, or rather unhealthy, culture; it declines, and the once powerful State becomes almost unreckoned among

the kingdoms. The same with life social. A man neglects himself, his interests, his responsibilities, and he lowers, not only himself, but the children that are born to him; these occupying a position one step lower, bequeath to their progeny a debased existence, and these again perpetuate the degradation in which they themselves exist. The heritage of paupers is pauperism. The children of those born in workhouses will probably be the future inmates of workhouses. When a portion of the inhabitants of any civilized country have thus fallen beneath a certain level, they cannot come into comparison with their former position. In all large towns there are certain of this class, who, hardened in mind and brutalized in sentiment, are widely recognised as emphatically the dangerous classes of the community. Few who have read Mayhew's "London Labour and London Poor," but must be struck, not only at the squalid misery in which so many of our fellow creatures exist, but also at their debased and narrowed intellectual qualities. They live within the circle of civilization but are not touched by it, evincing extraordinary cunning, perseverance, and cleverness in their own contracted sphere; they have not a thought beyond it, and in all which constitutes the social welfare of mankind, they are much below many savage tribes in their aboriginal state. It is startling to be told that in London one out of every seven deaths takes place in a hospital, a workhouse, or other charitable institution. It is equally startling, if not more so, to learn that last year out of the 850,896 persons in England and Wales receiving parochial relief, 31,543, or one in every twenty-seven, was either an idiot or a lunatic. While pauper lunacy may be thus ascribed to a lapsed social position, that among the upper classes may be considered as the result of the fevered and over-development of the intellectual qualities. Where the mind is kept without cessation in action, there we are sure to see the number of the insane predominate. Every grave public calamity, every extraordinary occurrence, is marked by an increase among the admissions into asylums. The year so remarkable for railway speculation was also remarkable for the rapid growth of insanity among the upper classes. Even at the failure of the British Bank, the extensive frauds committed by parties hitherto deemed most respectable, and the period when great fluctuations pervaded the money-market, the public mind became so agitated and excited, that numbers fell victims to the mental strain put upon them.

Unless facts lead to the consideration of causes, their investigation would be profitless study, similar in result to the crank-labor of convicts, an expenditure of time and strength without return. But we believe that the seeming meaningless assemblage of figures in statistical tables are so many keys to the solution of perplexed questions; use them with judgment, and they unlock the barriers which ignorance or prejudice has interposed between supposition and

reality; and enable us to arrive at conclusions which may exert a wholesome influence over our conduct. Taking, therefore, a rapid glance at the proportion of insane to the population of some of the chief cities in the world, we will proceed to the more minute investigation of the state of lunacy in France, America, and Great Britain. And thereby endeavor to glean information which may throw some light not only on the causes, but also on the moral and religious aspect in which we should view insanity.

In proof that mental disorders develop with civilization, and with the increase of education, of industry, of riches, and consequently of misery, we may instance Turkey; which, among all European nations, is remarkable as being the least civilized, and having the smallest proportion of insane persons to the population. At present confining our attention solely to towns, we find that Cairo, with a population of 330,000, numbers only fourteen lunatics, or one in every 23,571 persons. And as the necessity is small, few will be surprised to learn that nowhere else is insanity so neglected as in Turkey. English surgeons, when serving in the Crimea, could tell of the strange treatment which insane Turkish soldiers received at the hands of their native doctors. There are certainly four recognised asylums in Constantinople, but when we hear that the Greek priests who have the chief management of them still retain the customs of the dark ages, and believe that insanity is inflicted on men and women through the agency of the devil, we can readily imagine the nature of the treatment. They consider that the only way to get rid of the disorder is by driving out the devil, which is to be effected not alone by exorcism but also by coercive measures. In the Island of Princepo, in the Sea of Marmora, the monks of the Greek Church receive persons so afflicted of the middle classes, such as can pay for their own maintenance—but their position is no better; their keepers recognise no other influence than that of force. As for the pauper lunatics, they beg about the streets as Toms o' Bedlam once did in London, alternately exposed to the ridicule and compassion of the passer-by.

The next city which claims the greatest immunity for its inhabitants is Madrid; and after that, St. Petersburg; the average proportion of the insane to the population being, in the capital of Spain, one in every 3,350; in that of Russia, one in every 3,142. Yet how striking the difference—more than eleven times greater than in Cairo; still these two cities enjoy a comparative freedom when compared with others. Perhaps the cause may be found in the lethargic apathy of the Spaniards, and in the uneducated condition of the Russians. With no commercial enterprise to stimulate, no political faction to agitate, their mental faculties remain inactive, and their social position is little influenced by sudden changes of fortune. Next in order *is*, or rather *was*, Naples; for when the return was made, that monarch was yet on the throne who boasted that he kept his people sane by keeping them ignorant. The pro-

portion as then stated would be one in every 759, a great increase as compared with Madrid and St. Petersburg, yet small in reference to those capitals where freedom of thought is permitted, and whose inhabitants are actively engaged in the pursuit of knowledge and of commercial enterprise. Were a return now made, Naples would most likely stand on the same level as Turin, Milan, and other Italian towns, the agitation produced by the stirring events of the last few years having shown its influence in the statistics of insanity. About one in every 300 persons is the average given. It could not be expected that such a government as Naples had would show much enlightenment on the treatment of insanity, consequently no one will be surprised to learn that the asylums were altogether deficient. Those of Aversa, Verona, and Brescia are cited as instances of the want of proper treatment; the last-named is singular as being under the control of nuns of the order of St. Euphemia. But many will be surprised to learn that the asylum at Venice might serve as a model for imitation. Knowing the present social position of that once fair city, we feel astonished that such moral enlightenment can exist with so much political degradation. Most of our readers are familiar with the gloomy picture drawn by Shelley, in his "Julian and Maddelo," of the Asylum in the Isola di S. Servolo, which, when he saw it, was

"A windowless, deformed, and dreary pile."

This was written in 1818. In 1835 the patients were placed under the care of the Padre Ospitaliere di San Giovanni, twelve in number, who devote their energies exclusively to them. There are above three hundred inmates, who are morally as well as medically treated. They are encouraged to employ themselves by being remunerated for work done, they are diverted by wholesome recreation and amusement, and instructed in religion, so that now only part of the poet's description remains true, for—

"Even at this hour,
Those who may cross the water hear the bell,
Which calls the maniacs, each one from his cell
To vespers."

And very solemn it is at the dawn of day or fall of night to listen to the echoes floating upon the water, and learn that not even the demented are debarred from rendering praise and adoration to their Maker.

It has been often disputed which of the two great European capitals, London and Paris, is most remarkable for the development of insanity among the inhabitants. Unquestionably they both have the unenviable notoriety of there being more insane in proportion to population than in any other city. By the return made at the last census, the population of Paris was computed at nine hundred thousand; of these, four thousand were stated to be of unsound mind, giving the proportion of one in every 250 of the inhabitants.

Again, reckoning by the last census, London was believed to contain above one million four hundred thousand souls; of these, seven thousand, or one in every 200, was either an idiot, an imbecile, or a lunatic. Thus according a larger percentage of insanity to our own city than to any other capital in the world.

Another curious fact which may be stated in connexion with the statistics of towns, is that the proportion of suicides to the population bears an exact relation to that of insanity. Immunity from one insures immunity from the other, so that the verdict, now so generally returned by the coroner's inquest, "temporary insanity," may not only be prompted by mercy, but also by justice. According to M. Quetelet, the average number of suicides in Russia is one in every 49,182 of the inhabitants; in Austria, one in every 20,900; in France, one in every 18,000; in Pennsylvania, one in every 15,875; in Prussia, one in every 14,404; in Great Britain, one in every 13,500; in the City of Baltimore, one in every 12,500; in London, one in every 10,000; and in New York, one in every 7,997. Again we find London in this, as in the other, takes precedence of Paris; and as a proof that suicide is generally the consequence of undue excitement, it may be observed that in France the frequency of self-murder regularly decreases as the distance from the capital increases. It is the same here. London takes the discreditable pre-eminence, next stand the south-eastern counties bordering on the metropolis, where the average is eight in every hundred thousand. The average of the other parts of England is about six to every hundred thousand, while in Wales it is only two to every hundred thousand.

Again, in reference to civilization, the same analogy is preserved between lunacy and suicide. Among savage nations suicide is almost unknown. What would the Red Indians say of that man who killed himself to avoid the lingering death allotted to him as a prisoner by a hostile tribe? So in early periods of the world the brand of cowardice was affixed on all those who lifted their hand against their own life. By the Theban law, funeral rites were denied to suicides; by the Athenian, the hand that did the deed was to be cut off and buried apart from the body. Self-murder increased with luxury, and was comparatively unknown in Greece and Rome till those mighty empires became enfeebled by profligacy and crime. So early as the sixth century, the Christian Church refused to read the burial service over suicides, or permit their interment in consecrated ground. Some say we inherit the practice of this crime from our Scandinavian origin. Among that fierce and warlike race it was believed that all who died a natural death were excluded from the Valhalla in Asgardia, literally "The hall of those who died by violence;" therefore, when the sword of the enemy gave them not the desired blow, and sickness approached, they were fain to seek it at their own hand.

Another fact which connects suicide with other mental disease

is its epidemical character. There is a story told by an ancient writer, that the Milesian virgins destroyed themselves in large numbers; neither threat nor persuasion could deter them, till a decree was passed that the body of every one who did this should be dragged through the streets by the same rope whereby she hanged herself. In like manner Tarquin commanded that the bodies of those soldiers who committed suicide in order to avoid making roads should be treated with the utmost ignominy. This effectually prevented the contagion of example. In modern times this tendency to imitation is still preserved—ignited charcoal is now the rage, then prussic acid, then hanging, then drowning. But *we* may take this comfort to ourselves, that two men commit suicide to every woman. Would that the same proportion existed as regards insanity; but as we proceed in the examination of the statistics of different countries, we shall find that, with a single exception, mental disorders are everywhere found to be more frequent among women than men.

We have briefly noticed the lunacy returns in regard to cities. Let us now do so in reference to the countries of which those cities are the capitals, and we shall find that in most instances their relation to each other is the same, the number of the insane being strictly in accordance with the moral and physical condition of the people. Russia, Turkey, Greece, and Norway, average less than Italy, Spain and Portugal; and these again bear a small proportion to France, America, and Great Britain, the three nations most remarkable for civilization, commercial enterprise, and intellectual attainments; and as the necessity is greatest, so in these three countries more than in any other both public and private attention has been directed to providing asylums for the insane as well as to preventive measures for checking the spread of the evil.

Taking the population of France at the average of thirty-seven millions, the proportion of the insane is one to every eight hundred, or, in round numbers, forty-five thousand persons deprived of their reason. This number is stated by inference, as not more than twenty-four thousand are under treatment in the public and private asylums. Yet we believe that we have considerably understated the number, as, when the census was taken in 1851, it was discovered that there were twenty-four thousand four hundred and thirty-three individuals of unsound mind living in private dwelling-houses, of whom no return was made; and if this number be added to the population of the asylums in that year, a total of forty-five thousand is obtained, so that in our calculation we have made no allowance for the increase of insanity. The truth would be nearer approached were the insane stated at fifty thousand. But setting aside the unrecognised lunatics, let us glance at the condition of the twenty-four thousand under treatment. These are distributed among a hundred and eleven lunatic establishments; of these, sixty-five are public and forty-six private; eleven are devoted exclusively to men, seventeen

to women, while eighty-three receive both sexes. One of the public asylums, the Charenton, belongs to the state, thirty-seven to the departments, and twenty-six are ancient religious houses, on foundations, *hospices*, or *quartiers des hospices*. Some are under the supervision of various religious orders—Les Frères de St. Jean exclusively devote themselves to their afflicted brethren; and Les Sœurs Hospitalières, one of the many branches of the order of St. Vincent de Paul, give their attention to the insane in general.

The asylums of the state, the departments, and the communes afforded, by the return quoted, accommodation to above ten thousand lunatics; the *quartiers des hospices* to above seven thousand, and the *maisons de santé*, or private asylums, to above five thousand. Taking the average of a thousand admissions, five hundred and thirty-three are men to four hundred and sixty-seven women; a like proportion as regards recoveries, but not as regards deaths, for the former would be as five hundred and forty-one compared to four hundred and nine, consequently there die in lunatic asylums more men than women. It is also found that while women are more subject to attack than men, they live longer, and the reason for the proportion appearing less is, that women are much more easily nursed at home than men, as was proved by the census,—the larger number of the unrecognised lunatics being women. By a late return, the number of idiots was stated at two thousand six hundred and fifty-four, but this must be by omitting the department of the Basses Alpes, where three thousand are known to exist. If, however the number stated be correct, the proportion of idiots would be only one in every twelve thousand five hundred of the population,—very far below the average in any other country. Among moral or preventible causes, distress at the loss of money, religious enthusiasm, pride, jealousy, and disappointed ambition, are deemed the most frequent incentives to insanity.

From the mixed condition of the population of America, the statistics of insanity are peculiarly interesting. Stated without minute attention to accuracy, the total number of insane in a population of twenty-five millions may be reckoned at fifty thousand, or one in every five hundred. A large proportion, and greatly accounted for by the unsettled position of the inhabitants, the constant excitement produced by commercial enterprise, and the fevered inquietude resulting from the love of speculation, which is shared alike by rich and poor, by old and young, added to the unsettled mode of life and more especially the early age at which the Americans engage in business and politics. All these causes not only concur in producing a tendency to insanity, but also lead to the malady being developed at a much earlier period than in any other country,—the age for the greatest liability to attack varying between twenty and thirty, instead of between thirty and forty.

In every country there is always so much unrecognised insanity, that it is from the asylums alone that calculations can be made, in

reference to either numbers, sex, or age. At the close of 1859, the returns made by the different institutions throughout the United States was as follows:—

	Males.	Females.	Total.
United States Institutions	15,328	13,332	28,660
Corporate Institutions	6,245	5,793	12,038
Mixed Institutions	597	499	1,096
Pauper Institutions... ..	3,423	3,880	7,303
	25,593	23,504	49,097

By this table we perceive that America is an exception to other countries, in that men are more subject to mental disorders than women. Perhaps, with greater truth, this would be found to be the consequence of the much larger proportion of men to women in the aggregate population; it is, however, certain that the mortality among the former is greater than among the latter, but on the whole, even taking the official returns, women are more liable to attack, though the malady being often of a temporary character, the recoveries are much more frequent. Situation also causes striking differences in the relative number to the inhabitants. In New England, where immigration is most prevalent and persons are exposed at once to privation and anxiety, insanity is most rife, and those attacked do not recover so soon as in other states. There is another singular fact, that while in 1840 the proportion of lunatics among the white population was as one in every nine hundred and seventy-seven, in 1850 it was one in every six hundred and eighty-eight; among the colored population the decrease was even more remarkable—in 1840 it was as one in every nine hundred and seventy-eight, in 1850 as one in every one thousand nine hundred and twenty-nine. The prevalence of idiotcy is also singular,—nearly half the insane are idiots or imbeciles. Those who are interested in these matters may derive much curious information from an article by Dr. Dungleson, published in the *North American Review* of July last, which is not only most minute in details, but remarkable for the care shown in endeavoring to classify cases, so as to arrive at the provoking causes of attack, and the kind of persons most liable to insanity.

In respect to Great Britain, a separate return is annually made by the Commissioners of Lunacy for each of the three divisions into which the kingdom is divided, England and Wales, Scotland, and Ireland. Let us begin with the first, that for England and Wales, which has now reached the fourteenth report, and every year not only increases in minutiae and correctness, but also confirms by indisputable facts the sad truth that insanity is making rapid progress among us.

It has been before stated that, computed according to the census of 1851, there was in London nearly one in every two hundred per-

sons insane; taking the average on the whole population, the proportion would be about one in every seven hundred. It is usual to divide lunatics into four classes, viz.: criminal lunatics, lunatics in private asylums, lunatics confined in county and borough asylums, and lastly, lunatics found to be such by inquisition under the Court of Chancery. But it may better answer our purpose to simply place them in two divisions—those of independent means, and those chargeable to the parish. Of the first, the reported number was on 1st January, 1860, 4,831; of the latter, 18,022; but this in reality is no definite guide to the actual amount of lunacy—for it does not include the unrecognised cases among the independent class, either residing with friends or boarded out as single patients, nor does it give any statement in reference to those paupers, who, though of unsound mind, are retained in workhouses, are living with relations, or who are farmed out in lodgings. For an account of the recognised lunatics we must go to the Commissioners in Lunacy,—for the unrecognised lunatics to the Poor Law Board, and other indirect authorities. The following table is a statement of the number of the insane in various asylums on January 1st, 1860.

	Private.			Pauper.		
	Males.	Females.	Total.	Males.	Females.	Total.
County and Borough Asylums	122	105	227	7,129	8,489	15,618
Hospitals	1,003	773	1,776	103	108	216
Metropolitan Licensed Houses.	663	624	1,287	465	799	1,264
Provincial Licensed Houses ...	837	704	1,541	469	455	924
	2,625	2,206	4,831	8,166	9,851	18,022

In London there are thirty-seven licensed houses, and seventy-nine in the provinces. In 1859, the admissions into the various lunatic asylums throughout England and Wales amounted of all classes to 4,528 men, and 4,576 women; discharged as recovered, 1,476 men, and 1,757 women; died, 1,305 men, and 1,020 women, thus leaving an increase in the actual number of recognised lunatics of about three thousand. The persons discharged uncured, though amounting to 5,915, cannot be deducted from the total number, as they must, in whatever place they reside, be still reckoned as forming a portion of the insane population of the country.

We have hinted at the difficulty of obtaining correct returns of the pauper lunatics. On reference to the annual statements made by the Poor Law Board, we find that at the commencement of 1860 the total number of paupers in receipt of relief amounted to 850,896; of these, 31,543 were reported to be of unsound mind, viz., insane, 22,378; idiots, 9,165. In accordance with the rule laid down, insanity by this return is found to be most prevalent in the immediate neighborhood of the metropolis, and least so in the agricultural counties; while idiotcy is exactly the reverse—but rarely met with

in London—of the greatest frequency in North Wales and the provinces adjoining. In reference to sex, the return is 13,896 men to 17,647 women. About 18,000 of these are lodged in various asylums, and have consequently been accounted for in the preceding table. Of the remainder, about 8000 are distributed among more than 600 union and parish workhouses. These belong chiefly to the imbecile, idiotic, and harmless class; and, as a rule, are very badly off. The Lunacy Commissioners have loudly protested against the whole system, as not only cruel to the sufferers, but also fraught with mischief to the community at large. Those of our readers interested in the subject may learn many distressing particulars of their miserable and neglected condition in the excellent journal published by the Workhouse Visiting Society, which, though still in its infancy, is bravely attempting to improve the condition of the inmates in general. About 5000 reside with relatives, who in this set a good example to their richer neighbors; the remainder are in lodgings, or boarded out; the state of the latter class is far from satisfactory. During 1859, the increase in pauper lunacy has been 1,127.*

As regards lunatics of independent means, we could say much;—at present our limited space compels us to defer especial reference to them to another time.

By the report of the Scotch Lunacy Commissioners we learn that, in 1859, the statistics of insanity in Scotland were as follows:—

	Private.			Pauper.		
	Males.	Females.	Total.	Males.	Females.	Total.
Public Asylums	413	396	809	858	829	1,687
Private Asylums	90	110	200	261	360	621
Poor-houses	2	2	328	467	795
Private Houses	1,041	846	1,887	838	1,039	1,877
	1,544	1,354	2,898	2,285	2,695	4,980

We have thus a total of nearly eight thousand persons of unsound mind, and if we reckon the whole population at 3,000,000, this would yield a proportion of one in every 375 of the inhabitants; or again, numbering the paupers at 79,000, and the insane paupers at 5000, there would be one insane pauper to every sixteen paupers, or one insane pauper to every 600 of the aggregate population; and further, one lunatic of the upper classes to every 1000 inhabitants. It has also been computed that in the

* In 1843 the number of pauper lunatics amounted to 16,764; of whom 3,525 were in county asylums, 2,298 in licensed houses, and 4,063 in workhouses. So that in seventeen years the number of insane paupers has nearly doubled.

returns made of the insane, nearly 3000 are idiots and imbecile, yielding an average of one in every thousand of the population. We have been somewhat minute in the statistics of Scotland,—the amount of insanity being so large. Everywhere we notice the same law prevalent—insanity most rife among the population of towns, idiocy among that of agricultural provinces, where education is neglected and where the inhabitants are stationary and intermarriages are consequently frequent. In this return, as in others, we have no criterion of the amount of unrecognised insanity. Compared with 1847, the number of insane, according to the official statement, has about doubled.

The estimated population of Ireland is 7,000,000; of these, 13,500 are reported to be of unsound mind, or one in every 500 inhabitants. The various Asylums and Pauper Institutions give accommodation to about 8000, the remainder, of whom nearly 3000 are idiotic, are at large residing with friends and relatives. If Ireland is proverbial for her poverty, so also is she for the estimation in which she regards mental disorders. The Irish hold idiocy almost in the same light as the early ages did insanity,—if not an object of worship, at least a blessing sent direct from heaven. They deem that the presence of one of these *innocents*, as they call them, preserves the house from harm,—and with some vague religious sentiment, they believe that the idiot, though denied human intelligence, is yet the immediate recipient of divine favor, converses with angels, and is wrapt in the contemplation of heaven. No surprise, then, can be felt, even when the starving condition of the Irish is remembered, to learn what a far greater number of persons of unsound mind are at large in Ireland than in any other country. Never mind how poor, how wretched the Irish family, they cling with almost reverential fondness to their idiot child: the warmest nook in the hovel, the best portion of their homely fare is ungrudgingly given, and when they come to England in harvest time, they bring what we should call their living burthen with them. Some time since, we met with a touching instance of this. Happening to be travelling in Devonshire, we met an Irish family on the road, all shoeless and in rags, with the exception of a girl of about eighteen, whose vacant countenance and shambling gait expressed her position. If not well, she was at least decently clothed. On entering into conversation with the party, it was almost affecting to see how distressed they were at our *wickedness*, as they called it,—as we carelessly pitied them for being hampered by so useless a creature. They indignantly scouted such an idea. On looking back, we saw that the best part of the remnants of our lunch, which we gave them, was immediately handed over to the girl, who received the food as her right, and devoured it with complaisant indifference. A few days after, passing through a harvest field, under the shade of some sheaves carefully placed to screen her from the sun, lay the same poor idiot asleep, half-buried in the poppies and corn flowers

—which the two youngest children of the party, dirty, rosy little creatures,—too young to be useful, but not to be busy, had amused themselves with heaping over her. On recognising us, the family soon came up,—half wild with joy at the fine weather, the abundance of work, the scarcity of hands, and consequently the money they were earning,—all which blessings they imputed to the presence of their *innocent*.

(To be concluded in our next.)

XLVIII.—THE OLD YEAR'S BLESSING.

I AM fading from you;
But One draweth near,
Called the Angel-Guardian
Of the Coming Year.

If my gifts and graces
Coldly you forget,
Let the New Year's Angel
Bless and crown them yet.

For we work together;
He and I are one:
Let him end and perfect,
All I leave undone.

I brought Good Desires,
Though as yet but seeds;
Let the New Year make them
Blossom into Deeds.

I brought Joy to brighten
Many happy days;
Let the New Year's Angel
Turn it into Praise.

If I gave you Sickness,
If I brought you Care,
Let him make one Patience,
And the other Prayer.

Where I brought you Sorrow,
Through his care at length
It may rise triumphant
Into future Strength.

If I brought you Plenty,
All Wealth's bounteous charms,
Shall not the New Angel
Turn them into Alms?

I gave Health and Leisure,
 Skill to dream and plan,
 Let him make them nobler;—
 Work for God and man.

 If I broke your idols,
 Showed you they were dust,
 Let him turn the Knowledge
 Into heavenly Trust.

 If I brought Temptation,
 Let sin die away
 Into boundless Pity
 For all hearts that stray.

 If your list of Errors
 Dark and long appears,
 Let this new-born Monarch
 Melt them into Tears.

 May you hold this Angel
 Dearer than the last,—
 So I bless his Future
 While he crowns my Past.

A. A. P

 XLIX.—A STRANGE CHANCE.

 CHAPTER I.

ON a cloudless morning of early September, the warm glow of the sunshine tempered by the coolness of the air, a man, who appeared thoroughly susceptible of the exhilarating influence of this pleasant season of the year, was walking along a street in the outskirts of a small manufacturing town. His figure was tall and large—large with a heavy structure of bone, not by any superabundance of flesh. In his face, too, there was the same size and squareness of structure in the cheek and jaw, and the surface of the whole countenance was hard and inflexible, forbidding the capability of any soft expression. Indeed, there seemed to have been a determination in Nature to case up this modern soul, like one of her ancient Ganoids,* leaving only two loopholes in the solid masonry through which its real aspect could be presented to the world. As George Gilbert, inspired by the brightness of the morning, lifted up his eyes to the great blue vault above him, they were filled with a soft tenderness of worship, betraying depths of beauty and love which,

* Ganoids, fishes which, from their remains, seem to have had their outward structure entirely of bone.

without their revelations, would never have been suspected. Regarding him attentively, you found also that a ruddy color in his cheeks, which at first might have been mistaken for a steady indication of robust health, was a somewhat more wavering and uncertain sign. It came and went with that hectic brightness and instability which are the fatal insignia of consumption.

Withdrawing his eyes from their upward contemplation, George Gilbert's attention was arrested by something so golden and shining that it seemed like a materialization of the sunny air around him. This was the curling hair of a small, delicately-formed boy, who was standing with another boy, seemingly a little older than himself, and much coarser in appearance, and both looking with eyes full of longing through the window of a shop where many dangerous temptations in the form of candies and sweet cakes were displayed. The fair-haired child lifted up his face inquiringly when George Gilbert halted by his side, and as the little uplifted face came fully in view, the latter gave a start of mingled surprise and pain. His eyes became suffused with a dewy softness of love and tender regret, and caressingly passing his fingers through the child's bright curls, he remained for some moments gazing earnestly upon him.

"Well, my little fellows," he said at length, "are you looking out for something to spend your halfpence in? What is it to be? That gingerbread horse, or that fine barley-sugar wheelbarrow?"

The children, who had hold of hands, looked in each other's faces and laughed, then shyly hung down their heads, then lifted them up again and peeped sideways at their questioner, half-inclined to be friendly, but without giving any reply.

At that moment a tidy looking woman, with a basket containing a few vegetables, came out of the shop, and they ran towards her. She put her arm around them, and looked pleasantly upon the gentleman, who she perceived with quick instinct had been kindly noticing them.

"You have two fine little fellows there," remarked George, again drawing towards the one who had so strangely interested him, and with the same caressing action as before. "What beautiful hair," he continued, less to the woman than musingly to himself; "beautiful, beautiful!"

"Aye, poor little thing," said the woman, in a tone of pity; "he's a smart, pretty little lad enough!"

There was something in the manner of this speech which, joined with the great dissimilarity of the two children before him, and the strong resemblance between the woman and the coarser-looking one of the two, caused George Gilbert to say, "There is no mistaking who this sturdy little fellow belongs to, but this other does not own his mother so well."

"Oh, I'm not his mother, sir," said the woman, with a meaning shake of the head; "he's not mine, sir!"

"He is a sweet-faced, interesting child; whoever belongs to him may be proud of him."

"Aye, if he had but any one as belonged to him," returned the woman; "but he's an unfort'nate little creature, heaven bless him, and has neither father nor mother to mind for him. His mother was a dirty, drinking woman, that went begging about here a good deal, maybe a year or so ago, and got many a ha'penny and piece of bread for the sake of her little lad, nobody would have given her without him. I was coming one morning along the end of this very street we're now standing in, when I saw her on the other side of the way lugging him in her arms; she was that drunk, though it was only morning, she was fairly staggering; she stepped off the caus'ey ledge to cross the road just as a coach turned the corner, and before the man could stop, though I screamed to him with all my might, she was knocked down, and the child thrown clean to where I was standing. Well, sir, she was killed there and then; and somehow I felt so grieved for this poor little thing, who was very badly hurt against the stones, I wouldn't let them take him to the workhouse, or anything of that sort, but carried him home to look after him a bit myself. That's about seven months ago; you may see the scar here where his forehead was cut," she continued, at the same time lifting some of the child's curls to show the mark.

"You have been good; very good, indeed," said George Gilbert, with a very sincere appreciation of the woman's kind action.

He resumed his contemplation of the boy more thoughtfully than before, and still with the same softened expression in his eyes.

"And you could never find out any one belonging to him?" he asked.

"No, sir; nobody knew anything about his mother even; she had only been begging about for four or five months, and an awful, wicked, swearing woman she was, to be sure."

"And he has no friend but you?"

"Only me and my master. We've done our best to keep him with us, but I'm afraid, without times look up a little, we shall have to let him go into the workhouse after all, for things are pretty hard with us just now."

During this conversation, George Gilbert had been forming a serious plan, and making up his mind to put it into immediate execution. There was a reminiscence connected with the most beautiful and sorrowful passage of his own previous life in the face and bright hair of the child, which raised in him a strong desire to keep it near him. Standing in the pleasant morning sunshine, with his hand upon the little one's glossy hair, and his thoughts trembling over the graves of past emotions, a spring of secret tenderness was unsealed within him, and in its flowing stream a subtle sweetness of pleasure was mingled with still more of the bitterness of pain. He felt he had mental strength to take the

charge of the boy's future upon himself, and that he should not be liable to shrink from any difficult duty it might entail upon him. In his own home there was nothing to forbid such an addition to his family: a sister who superintended his household for him was his only domestic companion, and his means were amply sufficient for what he wished to do.

"How many of these little people of your own have you?" he asked of the woman.

"Why four of them, sir," she replied: "Tommy has one little sister younger, and another sister and brother older than he is."

"Four to provide for! I am sure that is too much care and expense for you. I have been thinking we must try and arrange for me to take this little fellow off your hands; I have neither wife nor children of my own, and would gladly have the charge of such a boy as this."

The woman hesitated. Poor as she was, and burdened with her own children, she had no selfish eagerness to be relieved from this extra charge upon her care and affections. She looked wistfully down at the child as she answered—

"Why, if he would only be happy to go with you, I dare say it would be a very grand thing for him, for we have little enough to give him, God knows! only I should not like to think he was grieving after me; for someway," and there were tears in her eyes, "one gets to love these poor little things, if even they ar'n't one's own. I should not like him to be grieving, and missing me,—though to be sure, if he should have to go into the workhouse"—and she paused.

"I will tell you how we will arrange it," said George Gilbert; "my home is not in this town, but I shall be remaining here some weeks longer, and a sister, too, with me, who, if all things fall out as I wish, will have to fill your place to this little boy; let us try if by having him with us during this time, we cannot make him like us well enough to be content to go away with us when the time arrives for our departure."

After some further conversation and arrangement it was settled that, as a first step, the two little boys should be taken home, and attired in their Sunday clothes; that they should then both accompany Mr. Gilbert to the inn where he was staying, and which was close at hand, and that in the evening the mother should call there to take her own boy home, leaving the other for the night, if he would only be willing to remain.

In adopting this little outcast, George Gilbert had no romantic visions that its love would, some day in the future, fill a weary gap and yearning in his life; indeed, he had scarcely considered what the child was to be in reference to himself. He had only seen before him a helpless being, introduced, as it were, to his sympathies by the dearest portion of his own life. A singular resemblance in the expression of its countenance, and the uncommon color

and beauty of its hair, seemed to mark it out distinctly as his especial charge. To accept it as such would be to lay an offering before the one sincere and unchanging passion of his life. In the innermost chamber of his heart dwelt the image of a woman who had once crossed his path, like a spirit from heaven, radiant with the promise of a full realization of his highest human ideal. It was into the presence of this sacred image, the authorizer and sanctifier of his work, that his thoughts conducted the child. As to the nature of the connexion that was to exist between them, he was too absolute in his own requirements, and far too wise to have idle dreams. He knew that all those hallowed relations, which, consciously or unconsciously, are the paramount desire and only true repose of the soul; those relations which carry within them the life-breath of eternity, are slowly proved, and must be purchased with—ourselves. That they are not formed by any exercise of the will, but by that which is within and yet above us—the unbidden process of the spiritual elements with which we have been gifted. That their price is ever the warmest blood of our hearts, our bitterest tears, the noblest aspirations our souls can conceive; a constancy mail-proof to the assaults of selfishness, and a whole unequivocal acceptance given at last after a survey of thought which has traversed not only all known conditions of this present existence, but all predictions given by it of a future. So he only meditated upon the service he was able and willing to give the child, and indirectly through it to the pure religion of his love. As for its affections, they must develop according to their nature; and as for his right to assume the protection of its life, he felt assured no better guardian than himself would be likely to approach it.

While the arraying of the children was going forward, George Gilbert sat waiting in the single low room of the good woman's little dwelling. The three other children, who had been left at home whilst she was gone to market, gazed for a few moments in silent awe upon the visitor, and then crept mysteriously up-stairs after their mother and the two other little ones.

When the dressing was at last accomplished, after numerous stoppages and disasters, owing to the good woman's excitement, but which she altogether imputed to that natural contrariety common to things as well as persons, of always being out of the way when they are wanted, and the stubborn determination of divers hooks and buttons to be stupid, the boys were placed under the charge of the "gentleman." Their good-will had been previously propitiated by the purchase of certain cakes and barley-sugar, and their hopes for the future excited by the promise of a ride in a carriage, which was to take place in the afternoon; so, after many injunctions about being good, in excellent humor they allowed themselves to be led away.

As soon as George Gilbert was fairly in the street, holding a child by either hand, a sense of the Quixotism of his position rushed

upon him, and for a moment he regarded what he had been doing as rather wild and ridiculous; he looked for assurance down upon the child who had been his unconscious inspirer. Its beautiful hair newly smoothed was smiling in the sun, and on its fair innocent face still beamed that familiar and beloved expression. With a renewed impulse of devotion, and a stronger and more resolute grasping of his purpose, he set forward with his two little companions.

CHAPTER II.

WHILE this was occurring, the sister of George Gilbert, before alluded to by him, was awaiting his return from his morning's ramble, in their little parlor at the inn. She was sitting near the window which received the morning sunbeams aslant, and at her side stood a small mahogany work-table on which was placed a large glass filled with fresh flowers; an intense passion for which was the principal form in which her love of the beautiful expressed itself. She held some work in her hand as a sort of compromise between idleness and conscientiousness, but at every two or three stitches she made a long pause, bending her face over the flowers and breathing in their sweetness, or looking dreamily at the flickering and trembling of the moving leaves of a tree which spread its branches before the window. There was in her face that brooding as it were of quiet which yet suggested the thought of depth; her it did not seem calm because the elements were wanting in her which make up all the whirlwind and the tempest of life, but because a certain divine stress held them in repose; her features themselves possessed nothing remarkable: her figure had reached the development of mature womanhood.

It is necessary to say something further as to the relationship existing between her and George Gilbert. Her mother, a widow, had married his father, then a widower, when Elizabeth was some three years old and he about five. Each of them were only children, and no other child was given to the second union of their parents. Brought near each other so young, and being sole playmates, they had grown up together in the most perfect affection of brother and sister, though, in reality, not at all of kin. In time, too, the little girl gradually lost her real name of Sefton, and came to be called only by her mother's second name of Gilbert, so that no trace of different parentage remained, save in the personal dissimilarity of George and herself. In the course of time both parents died, and Elizabeth and George continued to live together, the former being dependent on the latter for support. Accepted by everybody around them as veritable brother and sister, and perfectly satisfied with the untroubled steadfastness of such a relationship, George Gilbert, though he knew, never thought upon their real position. But Elizabeth did: at first with vague hopes and

beautiful dreams, but afterwards only with regret. One perfect condition had been destroyed for her, and that dearer one, upon which she had dared to look, could never be attained; but this was the secret of her own heart.

She threw her work upon the table as she heard George's step approaching the door of the room, and rose to meet him.

"I have brought you a present, Elizabeth," he said, as he entered.

"A present, George?" she exclaimed.

"Yes," he replied, placing one of the children before her, and taking off its cap that its hair as well as face might be seen.

"What do you think of it?"

"Why, George," she exclaimed, her face crimsoning as she spoke, "whose child is this?"

"Whose do you think?" he asked.

"I should say Augusta's," she replied, with a slight tremor in her voice, "if it were not impossible, here, and in such a dress."

"I was anxious to find if you, too, would discern the resemblance, or whether the stamp was one visible to my fancy alone."

In as few words as possible he related the occurrence of the morning and the design he had formed. For a moment the sharp recoil of pain in Elizabeth's heart took the form of resentment; she struggled with the bitter desire to thwart and oppose him; but her better angel triumphed, and she only replied, "You may rely upon it, George, that I will strive to do my part in this, if other things only work out rightly."

She took the children into her bedroom, which was a small apartment adjoining the parlor, to put down their capes and hats, trying to conciliate and make them happy by all the kind things she could possibly imagine to say. But it was the cape of the little boy his mother had named as "Tommy" that she first unloosed, and it was for him her words flowed easiest. Not from any predilection for him, for he was a chubby, common-place little fellow as need be seen, and not one at all calculated to inspire interest. As she lifted the cape from the neck of the other, her hand trembled, and, in spite of herself, a suppressed sob burst, as it seemed, from the very depths of her heart; she tried in vain to speak cheerfully to him; she had no words, only tears, hot tears, the burning lava of her suffering, which strove almost irresistibly for escape. After some time she mastered herself sufficiently to ask,

"And what is your name, my dear little boy?"

"My last mammy called me Charley," he replied, in a tone not much louder than a whisper, "and my other mammy sometimes called me Charley, and sometimes other names."

"And how old are you, Charley?"

He appeared to consider it carefully over for a moment or two, and then said, "I don't know, but I think Tommy does."

Tommy, thus appealed to, very readily gave in his information by saying, "Mammy thinks he's five."

“And how old are you, Tommy?”

“I’m six,” he replied in a tone betokening a very large idea of the importance of seniority.

When they returned again into the parlor, George Gilbert found himself very much perplexed as to the manner in which he was to proceed with them. In the first instance he had been compelled to resort to the expediency of cakes and barley-sugar, but this was a system of bribery, which, even with children, an indomitable instinct of honesty made him averse to using. From a clear sense of the double wrong we commit in laying a false touch upon the existence of others, first, by the insult so offered to them, and secondly, in the deterioration of our own nature, which is the certain consequence of any untrue position, he always sought to offer the sincerest truth to those with whom he came in contact. And now, with this little child, how much did he desire that its soul had the strength of sight to look fairly in upon his own, and accept him and his purposes for what they simply were. He had a delicate feeling, too, about caressing the child; it would be a crime to touch even the hand of the woman he so much resembled with love, wife as she was to another; and would there not be something like a trespass in laying his lips upon her breathing miniature? And many weeks passed before he pressed a kiss even on its little white forehead or tiny hand. He had a curious sense, too, of his own coarseness and awkwardness when near so frail and tender looking a thing; it seemed as if he certainly must crush it like a butterfly or a flower if he laid one of his large bony hands upon it.

The day passed off with remarkable success. Unaccustomed to indulgence and attention, it was natural the children should find themselves wonderfully happy while receiving so much kindness, and being moreover treated to what is generally a child’s highest conception of pleasure, a ride in a coach. As evening drew on, Charley began to think of home and speak of returning to his mother. But Tommy, the veritable son, seemed to have no such affectionate desire: he was very willing to drink as long as possible from the cup of mutual good fortune he had someway stumbled upon. It was only after much gentle persuasion from Elizabeth that Charley could be induced to remain: the last overmastering temptation being the sight of a little cozy bed in the corner of her room, which he was to have to sleep in all to himself. As for Tommy, he was borne off home by his mother in a state of most reluctant distress.

As the door fairly closed upon their exit, an expression of dismay started into Charley’s face on finding himself actually left behind: he was strongly disposed to cry and rush out of the room after them. Elizabeth perceiving this, lifted him upon her knee and began to exercise all her talents in the way of amusement. She had considerable skill in cutting out figures of birds and animals, and presently the table before them was converted into an extensive zoological garden, crowded with white paper lions, elephants,

tigers, monkeys, and ostriches. By these the interest of the little boy was entirely absorbed, and as it grew late, a struggle commenced between his extreme weariness and his desire to keep Elizabeth still producing specimens of new species. George sat opposite to them during all this time, his elbows resting on the table, and his chin within his two hands. He was silent, and his eyes dwelt with a dreamy and troubled look upon the face of little Charley. Though he believed he had thoroughly made up his mind respecting him, he still found himself disturbed by certain questions and considerations. For even our most absolute and accepted principles and purposes do not burn in an unclouded heaven; mists and clouds drive athwart them, and they are hidden to gleam again like stars between the cloud-rifts of a tempestuous night. And the proof of our strength or weakness lies solely in this—whether we hold fast by the consciousness of their existence when they are unseen, or lose it within the shadow of intervening gloom.

“And what time do you go to bed when you are at home, Charley?” at last inquired Elizabeth.

“At seven,” answered Charley.

“Seven! and that was ten o’clock that just struck! We must be quick, Charley, and get away to sleep, such late hours will never do.”

Charley offered no resistance, though he would not quit his interesting amusement till all his treasured birds and animals had been gathered together, and a little box found to keep them in.

George Gilbert, breaking from his meditation, rose from the table, and offering his hand to Elizabeth, wished her good-night; his pressure was warmer and more kindly than usual, for he felt very grateful to her for the ready zeal with which she had entered into his plans. The tone of his voice, too, betokened a mood unusually subdued and sad. As he turned to the boy, Elizabeth drawing him nearer said, “Come, Charley, where is your kiss for the gentleman before you go to bed?” The child stretched up its neck and put out its pure soft lips; but George, tenderly smiling, only patted its cheek and stroked its bright hair, saying, “Good boy! good boy!” and with a blessing upon them both quitted the room, to ascend to his own chamber. Charley was speedily undressed, and kneeling upon the bed, folded his hands to say the prayer his last good mother taught him; but he was so sleepy and weary that he gave a rather confused and disjointed version of the simple little rhyme, though he was evidently very earnest in his attempt to perform it rightly. He put up his face to Elizabeth to be kissed, and having got his box of zoological wonders safely beside him on the pillow was soon in the complete sleep of childhood.

But there was no rest that night for Elizabeth. The presence of the child, in itself beautiful and calm, was to her heart an element of wild disturbance. It lay before her like her own sad fate made palpable. The smooth surface of her holy resignation and endur-

ance was rudely broken into by a thousand restless and tumultuous waves, and the reflections caught by these were fitful and disturbed in the extreme. She did not attempt to undress, she sat down upon the bed, and nervously pressing her hands together, felt to look upon herself with a hopeless and overwhelming pity. She was so helpless in this; it was so wholly her fate! Her love for George Gilbert had commenced with the first dim recollection of childhood. Upon this first strata of childish affection came the playful intercourse of youth, followed by the esteem and appreciation of her maturer years. She had known, too, much tender care for him; at different periods the fatal disease which lingered in him had threatened speedily to consummate its work, and the latent maternity in a woman's nature makes all such care a very strong and subtle claim upon her sympathy. Her reason and observation had also come in to the verdict of her affections; she had compared him with many others, and always found him their superior. The kind and truthful actions of his life served also, day by day, to strengthen what was already strong enough to endure for ever. So that it seemed the ultimate aim of everything in her life was to create within her "a whole and perfect chrysolite" of love. She had suffered most bitterly through him, as she saw him struggling with a passion as hopeless and steadfast as her own, and this suffering seemed like a last purification of fire which refined her love into something sublime. There were, besides, a thousand dear though almost imperceptible ties, spun out of the familiar knowledge of his individuality of manner, mode of thought and daily life, uniting her to him, so there was no help for it; to exist was to love him. She sprang from the bed, and paced rapidly to and fro, the fever and anguish of her heart at last finding relief in a burst of violent weeping. And during this wild turmoil of passion it seemed as if some secret prison-house of evil spirits had been thrown open within her, for in her imagined efforts to escape the hopeless thralldom of her life, her thoughts violated and sinned against its dearest sanctities. To these dark moments in which we seem given over to the Evil One, our better moments follow like retributory angels to overwhelm us with tenderness and regret; and we find we have gained nothing save an augmented and deeper tenderness for those whose sacred ideals have been outraged.

During all Elizabeth's excitement the little child remained tranquilly sleeping, with his hand grasping the box upon his pillow; and next morning no outward trace remained of the tempest of the night save in Elizabeth's pale cheek and heavy eyes. The pleasant sunshine which greeted her as she stepped into the parlor seemed to deny its having existed even to herself; but the blank exhaustion which succeeds all such emotion was internally too strong a testimony; and weary and helpless she was thankful to cast herself down for rest upon the routine of the day, and the most commonplace necessary employments. Two weeks after this, George and

Elizabeth Gilbert were travelling towards their home, and the little Charley, who had become thoroughly reconciled to his good fortune, was accompanying them. S.

(To be continued.)

L. — ORGANIZATION.

It was said of Napoleon, that he owed a great part of his wonderful success to his talent for organization. We were not too proud to learn from a foe, even a vanquished one, so we took some lessons from him, and, since his career was closed, we have made rapid advance in our appreciation and practice of organization.

Still there are yet many forces at work, and others lying dormant, waiting for action, to which the principle of organization, even in its simplest and least complicated forms, is neither applied, nor even thought worthy of application.

Within the last three years much has been said, and something has been done, in the way of promoting industry and philanthropy among the female half of society, and many scattered successes in these directions testify to the zeal and ability with which women have taken up their own cause, and have likewise been aided therein by the assistance of the other sex. But to render this movement more expansive, and at the same time stable and enduring, a centre on a broad basis is imperiously demanded; a centre towards which all these efforts may be directed, or from which they may derive support—in short, we want association, and organization of that association. If at this moment London is to be taken as the centre of the movement, it is certain that as yet the Land's End knows not what John o' Groat's is doing, and across St. George's Channel the want of knowledge is greater still. It is evident that while what may be called the improvement of the condition of women must gradually advance, to make it effective, all plans and efforts for that purpose ought to be made generally known throughout the kingdom; and in order to do so, branch societies in communication with the central association ought to be established in every town of the United Islands.

In some of our large manufacturing cities the idea has taken root, and we hope to see ere long good fruits produced as the result. But as women are everywhere, and everywhere their interests are identical, so should it be everywhere made known what is and ought to be done for their benefit, and thus unite all intelligent and worthy women in one bond of union and of sisterhood for the good of all.

An association may certainly lay claim to privileges which can in nowise be granted to private individuals; in union, women can.

make that impression which no single woman, however elevated in rank, or raised by ability above her companions, can possibly do.

As women, as well as men, aid in forming public opinion, they ought to represent it, and in this way influence others to judge for themselves in all matters touching them so nearly as health of mind and body, neither of which can exist without the balance being properly adjusted, and the aliment needful for each supplied. It is full time that women should be better taught than to confound the moral virtues, or the mental faculties, or even the physical differences of sex, with what is in reality humanity itself, and as such of primary importance: the divine germ which is to expand and blossom into the immortal, being the gift of God to both sexes without distinction, and to be accounted for accordingly.

We are all aware of the presence amongst us of an astounding superfluity of women, of the want of remunerative employment for these women, of the enforced idleness of many, and of the defective education, mental and physical, (perhaps from a high point of view we might add moral,) of nearly all. The leaven now endeavoring to leaven the lump is not large, and is as yet working itself into the mass rather in a chance fashion. With whatever lively sympathies the sex may be endowed, it is useless to attempt to shut our eyes to the fact that, as yet, the great majority are either ignorant of such a demand upon their exertions, or, if sensible of it, are slow to respond. The public may with truth congratulate the leaders of the movement, whether of one sex or the other, upon their zeal and perseverance, and likewise, although to a more limited extent, upon the practical benefits they have conferred.

We feel inclined to ask, how comes it that women do not more eagerly grasp the hands held out to aid them, by which they may rise in the social scale, and perform those duties to themselves and to the community at large which have hitherto been left undone, or at best performed indolently and carelessly.

Public opinion is now so far enlisted on the side of the question of the improvement of women, that it permits and encourages them to speak for themselves, to declare what they want, and to propose plans they desire to see carried out for the good of all. This is a great step gained; for hitherto, men have persisted upon defining the nature of women, dogmatising on their capabilities, and managing all the affairs of those beings of their imagination, until the so taken care of grown-up children, never being expected to use either their own eyes, or their own ears, became forgetful of the fact that, in common with their directors, they had heads of their own, with eyes and ears for their own special use. A woman may now venture to show a photograph of herself of her own taking, and also to express an opinion about her own affairs, without being told that she knows nothing, and had better not think of matters beyond her province. Her voice is now listened to by those whose approval is worth having.

The idea that women may be of greater use to society than they are at present has manifestly taken root, and only needs time and care to shoot up into a wide-spreading tree. The simplest and surest way of strengthening this idea, and of obtaining practical results, is by women associating themselves for this purpose, and, by some single bond of union, encouraging each other in their labors, however different their works of charity or of utility may be.

The movement must spread; but in the meanwhile a deal of strength is expended in isolated and unsupported endeavors. It has been again and again reiterated that unless women can influence public opinion in behalf of their wishes, they can do nothing. Now, however valuable such a patronage may be, to confirm whatever is undertaken, it must not be forgotten that even the steadiest and best public opinion is liable to waver, if not to err; therefore no one ought implicitly to depend upon it, or be wholly discouraged by it, should it be temporarily adverse or slow to acknowledge truth in a new form.

It has likewise been said that women are greater conservatives than men, and cling rather to what *is*, (however inferior,) than strive to advance to what *may be*, however superior. Be this as it may, (for we have heard the very contrary advanced on this point, as in all others, where men seek to dogmatize on the nature of their sisters,) we cannot have contrary virtues in the same character; and if women have been made to depend on others at all times, and for everything, no surprise need be shown should they be slow to strive for a position of independence only to be obtained by exertion, and by self-dependence, either in the path of industry or in the exercise of philanthropy.

Some writers maintain that, to excite women to be active and helpful, their sympathies exclusively on behalf of others must be excited; that if their own interest be solely addressed, a deaf ear will be turned to all admonitions or exhortations. Very romantic this; nay, *almost* angelic; but whatever poets may sing, or even one-sided philosophers say, we believe the one sex to be, as the late Sydney Smith said, "infinitely more alike to the other than is supposed;" and we venture to add, more like, than is in certain quarters and under certain circumstances, welcome. Did women see that it is their interest to unite for the advancement of that interest, as is the case with the other sex when any matter of importance is brought before them, such union no one finding fault with, but on the contrary encouraging as natural and right, they would heartily do so. But hitherto the idea kept before their eyes has been the reverse, and it has been incessantly dinned into their ears, that any strength with which they had been endowed, or could exert, was to be sacrificed rightly or wrongly to the interests of others, although religion and reason alike show, that self-sacrifice is alone demanded in a righteous cause.

We are perfectly aware that self-abnegation is the highest virtue that can be exercised, and this by both sexes alike; yet it is far from being a favorite virtue in the present day; and by the strenuousness with which it is inculcated upon women, a suspicion is engendered, that either they are naturally averse to its performance, or that they are expected to do double duty, to make up for the want of it in others.

We cannot by any process of reasoning be made to comprehend why a woman any more than a man should, for some paltry cause, make herself miserable, give up all her wishes and wants, accept a lie, or do anything at variance with or highly repugnant to her feelings, so long as in an honorable manner she can escape from such moral and mental suicide.

As women are now—when the plain truth is told, and the language of gallantry or of condescension done away with—they are found to be not only deficient in the knowledge of principles, but as may consequently be apprehended, seldom even act upon them when aware of them; and they are likewise wanting in knowledge for the practical purposes of the most ordinary everyday life. All this is greatly owing to want of self-reliance and self-respect, as well as to indolence and ignorance. To act from impulse or only from instinct will no longer suit the times; and if women are now to be considered of more importance to society than heretofore, they must value themselves, and to be really of value, must exercise their reason and perform their tasks with method. They must no longer be content to look on effort as a temporary expediency, no longer regard the acquirement of knowledge as a hard necessity bringing no reward with it. To work is not to be a drudge; to learn is not to be a mere tasked schoolgirl; the highest motives should make women acquire knowledge, as well as practise philanthropy and industry.

This movement for the improvement of the position of women is not one in which the aid of the other sex can be given beyond a limited extent. It is essentially women's affair to help themselves in the first place, and thus render themselves more able to help the other sex to help them in turn.

It is not only as a temporary expediency that women must be more wisely instructed or self-reformed, not merely because at this moment there is a superfluity of them for whom it is difficult for the other sex to provide either with occupation or to maintain in idleness. The matter goes far beyond this; as mankind has advanced from step to step in civilization, women have entered upon successive phases of condition, and in the state of transition now going on, there appears to be demanded for the half, or female division, a more pronounced position than has been as yet accorded to it.

A Christian poet of the day asserts that the heaven of the sex is composed of "love and song." What is this but the teaching of

the Alcoran, or even worse? We are aware that almost all women doubt whether the ideas promulgated about them are correct; but they are chary of discussing the question even with each other; although, until women take a direct and rooted interest in the concerns of their sex, and in one another in every relation of life, as part of a combined whole, their position cannot be materially improved.

It is not reasonable to expect that men are to do everything for women, and women nothing for themselves; that men are for ever to provide women with crutches, or keep tight hold of them lest they rush into the sea and get drowned, or into the fire and get burned.

If women, sinking all petty differences of opinion, would only unite for the purposes of general usefulness in every form, the good that thereby might be done is incalculable. What one woman may fear or fail to do, may be undertaken by numbers; what is weak or inefficient in isolation becomes strong and experienced in association; for as flint and steel by friction bring forth fire, so one earnest mind brought into contact with other earnest minds receives an impetus, and the whole acting in concert must produce results not to be obtained by single individuals, however earnest in purpose.

When men wish to put right what seems to be wrong in any system of practical importance, they consult together as to the most judicious manner of remedying the apparent defect; they write, they speak, they seek to interest others in their plan of amendment, and they persevere until the reform is accomplished. There exists no law prohibiting women from following their example in matters relative to the well-being of their own sex, and men would be the gainers, were women so educated and trained as to enable them to perform various duties and services now devolving upon the sterner and stronger half of society.

No thoughtful woman can shut her eyes to the fact that her sex may be improved, that indeed much improvement is demanded. Women may agree to differ; but as at present severed, isolated as are the great majority, indeed all, with rare exceptions, they can make no lasting impression upon the public, can do no abiding good to themselves. Much work as well as charity, (to say nothing of instruction,) is at this moment given nearly in vain, for want of mutual understanding and co-operation. But in the meantime, in order to give women reliance on themselves and on each other, and to prove that they may be depended upon for courage and perseverance as well as for sympathy, they ought as a duty, and that duty is of paramount importance, to associate for that purpose, and thus strengthen one another. Until something like *esprit de corps* be infused into the mass, and women feel a pride and pleasure in supporting every plan for their benefit, very little progress can be looked for.

If women will not attend to their own concerns, even when men are ready and willing to help them, the patience of the latter must in time wear out, and ignorance and indolence, thoughtlessness and

childishness, will continue to keep the ascendancy, and reign as heretofore.

That society suffers from the incapacity of its women none can deny or dispute; for weak foolish mothers make silly sons, as surely as "ailing" sickly ones make "moaning children."

There are now women able and ready to teach other women, and many more will arise and come forward whenever pupils are to be found to receive their lessons. Let women learn from men those things which women may not yet be able to teach, but let them likewise learn from their own sex all that their own sex are competent to impart. Men have certainly enough to do without women hanging so heavily upon them. To be lukewarm or indifferent as to the support of schemes calculated to produce more active-minded and active-handed members of society is a grievous error, an error, the effects of which recoil on women themselves, as well as on those surrounding them; therefore it is clearly their business to take heed to these matters and give them all the aid they can. It is generally speaking a true proverb, that "where there is a will there is a way," and were all women inspired with the same strong will, turned in one direction, results would be arrived at and work done that would almost surprise themselves. Were an association formed on a large scale among women of education and of ample means, its organization would readily shape itself to suit the requirements of the times, and the fittest women would soon be discovered for the fittest places.

We do not desire this movement to become merely a fashionable one, for with whatever success such might at first be attended, fashion, and fashion only, we need scarcely say, would in a short space of time annihilate it, since the very word fashion is synonymous with change. No subject can be of more importance than that which includes the proper training of girls in the first instance, and of finding outlets for their labor when thus trained; and for the furtherance of this object we would ask every woman of every rank to exert herself to the uttermost, as not simply the material or physical existence of thousands depends upon its advancement, but the moral and spiritual perceptions of as many more thousands of both sexes. The glaring fact stands undisputed that where numbers of women are ignorant and idle, rendered of no use to society by usages and customs, as well as from other causes, degradation must follow as a natural sequence. Whatever evils exist at this moment, or whatever is ill-arranged in the condition of men is still worse by many degrees in that of women, and the latter ought not falsely to think that there is *merit* in thus enduring misery. Many women are aware of the extent of wretchedness which numbers of their sex endure in silent despair, but however anxious to find means and ways of lessening the amount of evil thus endured, they experience great difficulty in the want of combination, and from being unaccustomed to lead or

take the initiative in any movement of social importance. Women have hitherto waited to be led, waited to receive instructions as to how they ought to act in emergencies. Now that they are invited to express their opinions as to the wisest and most judicious methods of carrying forward measures for their own advantage, as well as for the benefit of the community at large, we cannot expect that all at once they should appear, like Minerva of old, armed and filled with every possible or rather impossible species of wisdom; since hitherto no thinking of any kind has been asked from them, but on the contrary, they have been advised to trust entirely to their feelings—feelings which might be one way to-day and another to-morrow, just as the wind chanced to blow from the south or from the north.

It is now found that feelings are not of much value in the matter of hard work, and hard work we fear many women will be compelled to perform before they can sit down at ease and indulge in sentimental reveries which, in nine cases out of ten, are mistaken for feelings. As good works and a pure life are the fruits of a genuine faith, so, in like manner, rightly-directed exertions and plans for a mitigation of the evils entailed on women in consequence of want of occupation, either remunerative or otherwise, should as certainly spring from enlightened sympathy and knowledge. Feeling, standing by itself, produces nothing, and is as often a hindrance as a help.

To this sympathy in women we appeal for women, in the hope that, united in purpose and for one great end, efforts will be made to continue on a larger scale what is now begun for the aid and encouragement of all women who are anxious to help themselves. Surely whenever woman's ignorance or inertia interferes with her own happiness, no valid reason can be given in the most civilized land more than in the most savage why one or both should not have an end.

At this moment every work of any consequence, no matter whether mental or physical, is done by means of association; association is the order of the day, and women should follow so good an example; they ought to learn to work in bodies, to have faith in each other, and this, combined with self-reliance and self-respect, will enable them to attain a stability and force of action which it has not yet been their good fortune to possess.

It is said that women do not work well together, that each has her peculiar idea, and that the influence of one woman over another is almost *nil*; consequently that they either obstruct each other, or are indifferent. This allegation, like many others of the same kind, is half true and half false, and, like all half-truths, has done its due amount of injury. Women in this country, (except in sisterhoods of charity—such as exist in the Catholic Church,) have never been called upon to act in bodies; and from the want of that organization which we are now desirous to promote, they must, even

with the best intentions, make many mistakes, and have less method and precision, in working than those who have long been accustomed to obey laws, and maintain the observance of stringent rules. As to the assertion that women are impervious to the influence of their own sex, little is necessary to be said beyond its denial. Were it not believed in as a truth, that *women do influence women*, and that in no small degree, why does it frequently happen that men are jealous of their wife's female friends? The fact is not an isolated one of these women friends having been forbidden to visit each other. Moreover, the influence exerted even unconsciously by women of culture and refinement over young girls is immense, and it is only to be regretted that women do not use this power to the extent they might, and use it in a wise direction.

The depreciation of women by women shows a lamentable want of self-respect, a poor estimate of their own nature, and we have never met with a proneness to this mode of speech except in the lower types of womanhood. To regret the disadvantages under which the majority of the sex labor, with their lack of education and training, is far different from a wholesale depreciation of them as women; for unless viewed as beings *capable* of higher attainments and pursuits, regret would be mere waste of feeling, and all plans to promote their improvement a series of absurd attempts to perform impossibilities.

We are not attempting to perform anything beyond the reach of ordinary appliances, and we simply use the means that others use when objects of importance are sought to be attained. We write and speak to explain our views, and we act where action is permitted or possible. In order that the field for working may be enlarged, we recommend women to unite for objects so worthy of attainment. We believe that a certain number of women in all ranks of society are perfectly aware that a better system of education is needed for their sex at large, and many thoughtful minds are now at work how best to accomplish this; but, until greater numbers are roused to take a part in the movement and lend their aid, either by their influence, their work, or their money, according as their position or means may be, no rapid amendment of the present distressing circumstances in which hundreds of dependent gentlewomen stand can be effected.

Numbers of our middle-class women are now in as painful a position as were the inmates of convents and monasteries in past times, when driven into the streets, without provision, knowing not where or how to obtain shelter. For the poorer classes we have established workhouses as temporary asylums for the destitute, but may the day never come when English gentlewomen, refined and educated, shall be compelled to accept alms instead of appropriate work, so long as health and strength are theirs to use.

We have now, as our readers know, "a Society for the Employ-

ment of Women," which is working its way slowly but perseveringly, and we throw out this suggestion of an association on a wider basis in the belief that by proper organization thinkers and workers would be enabled to aid each other more easily and effectually. The prominent purposes for which such an association ought to be formed, are education and training. Education to fit women to be *educators*, and training to fit them for the general duties of life, which duties are often ill understood, and if performed are rather done by fits and starts, as impulse or inclination prompts than calmly and steadily adhered to from principle, or a strong sense of right.

When such marvellous changes and reformatations are taking place around us, when our young men full of enthusiasm submit to many privations in order to learn the art of war, wherefore should our young women lag behind when called upon to aid in the spread of the arts of peace, and consequently of civilization; our young men may never be called upon to unsheath their swords or face an enemy; whereas, our women have already innumerable foes to war against, in the varied forms of poverty, ignorance, disease and crime. To mitigate these evils is assuredly work for woman, as well as the work by which she is to obtain a livelihood; and we think no better means can in the first instance be tried than the plan of carrying out, by association on a wider scale, what is now being done partially. As a rough outline, it may be suggested that all existing societies for the furtherance of such objects as have been mentioned should unite in having a common centre or reference, to which the helpers and those to be helped may apply, thus obviating difficulties constantly encountered by persons in search of aid, or by those desirous of rendering assistance.

Should it be objected to that differences of opinion are still too wide apart to be thus united, there might be substituted an association for the general interests of women, more especially devoted to their improvement in knowledge, and in habits of activity and industry.

A. R. L.

LI.—FRUITS IN THEIR SEASON.

IV.—NUTS TO CRACK.—(*Concluded.*)

THE walnut traces its noble genealogy back to classic times, but the almond claims far higher antiquity, for its ancestors were well known as far back as in the days of the patriarchs. This fruit formed part of the offering with which his brethren sought to propitiate the unrecognised Joseph, when their father bade them "carry down the man a present:" it afforded a model for one of the earliest works of art, for the bowls of the golden candlestick in

the Tabernacle were fashioned after its form; and a branch of the tree had the honor of being the subject of a miracle, when Aaron's dry and sapless stick was made to blossom and bear on being laid up before the Lord who had appointed him. The Romans do not appear to have been very intimate with the fruit, Cato only mentioning them as "Greek nuts;" and some believe that even this supposed allusion really refers to walnuts rather than to almonds. The tree is indigenous to Barbary, where it grows so abundantly that its delicate fruit is not even reserved exclusively for the human palate, the Moors, it is said, being accustomed to drive their goats under the trees as they gather it, when the animals carefully nibble off the skins as it falls and then greedily feed. In this, its native land, it furnishes the first fruits of the year, the blossoms appearing in January, and its harvest being matured by April. Its generic name, *Amygdalus*, is derived from a Hebrew word signifying vigilance, because its early blossoms announce the coming of spring, preceding even its own leaves, a fact which the fanciful Greeks invented a myth to account for. Phillis, the beautiful Queen of Thrace, had not long been the bride of Demophoon, son of Theseus, who had been cast upon her shores when returning from the siege of Troy, and whom she had kindly received and at last married, when the newly-wedded husband, hearing of the death of his father at Athens, left her to proceed thither, promising however to return in a month. Happening to be detained beyond this time, his disconsolate wife wandered daily by the sea to watch for his return, braving even the coldest blasts of winter, until at length grief and exposure so wrought upon her that she one day fell dead upon the shore; when the pitying gods, admiring her constancy, saved her from corruption by changing her into an almond tree. Not long after, Demophoon at last arrived, and, overcome with grief on hearing the mournful fate of his lately blooming bride, rushed wildly to the lifeless looking tree and clasped it in his arms. The soul of his Phillis, changed as was her form, responded to him still, and, quickened by his warm embrace, the tree burst forth into a joyous flash of blossoms, though even the time of leafing had not yet arrived. Surely it would be perfectly impious to suppose that a bloom thus born of love could possibly have ripened into deadly poison; yet so little respect do the botanists pay to the memory of the gentle Queen Phillis, that they decline to determine between the sweet and the bitter almond as to which is the original type, and which the variety, since both are found growing wild, and even the same individual plant it is said will bear the one or the other kind of fruit, according to variation of culture. Had our Attic friends noticed this circumstance they would probably have added a chapter to the history of Demophoon, and traced the change in the fruit to his forgetting his first faithful love and contracting a second marriage. The difference between the two trees is very trifling, and even the kernels are exactly similar in appearance; but in the case of the bitter almond

the nut is strongly impregnated with prussic acid, of which there is no trace in those of the sweet kind, although it is found in the bark, leaves, and flowers, of both. Pleasant as a flavoring when employed in minute quantities, very injurious effects sometimes result from inadvertently using in excess so powerful an ingredient; but these would probably occur far more frequently if any credence were still given to the singular virtues once attributed to it; for it is likely that bitter almonds would be as regularly taken by one class of indulgers as dinner-pills are by another, if the tale were believed as told by Pliny—that if five of them be taken by a person before sitting down to drink, he will be proof against inebriation; in confirmation of which is cited the account given by Plutarch of Drusus, the brother of Tiberius, one of the greatest drinkers of his time, who used them effectually for this purpose. Some countenance is given to the assertion by the circumstance of its being known that almonds were held in special favor by the monks of old, at whose festivals, too, almond milk, something very similar to our modern custard, was always a standing dish.

There is a pretty allusion to the blossoming of the almond in one of Moore's verses—

“The hope of a future happier hour
That alights on misery's brow,
Springs out of the silvery almond flower
That blooms on a leafless bough.”

But why the epithet “silvery” should have been selected seems hard to tell, since white flowers are by no means characteristic of the species, the blossoms being almost universally more or less tinged with pink. The same difficulty would seem to apply to the metaphor of Solomon, when, as illustrating one sign of old age, he says—“And the almond tree shall flourish,” Eccles. xii. 5—but that there is one variety, the *Orientalis*, or eastern almond-tree, which is noted for the peculiarly white and glistening or silvery appearance of the *leaves*, and which the sage may very probably have had in his mind, when he selected this tree to symbolize the hoary hairs of Eld.

Although it will ripen in England, the fruit never attains perfection in our climate; the tree therefore is only cultivated for the sake of its ornamental appearance, and the unproductive kinds are generally preferred, since the flowers of the barren are more showy than those of the fruit bearers. When grafted on a plum stock, the usual mode of treatment, the almond will grow to a height of twenty or thirty feet, but it attains far loftier proportions in the south of Europe, where it bears freely, though probably never subjected to the singular dressing recommended by Pliny, who informs us that if a hole be made in the tree and a stone introduced its fertility is much increased, a statement which a modern manure-monger might take advantage of to insist that this philosopher's stone must have been a coprolite! It is very closely related to the

peach, resembling it not only in its growth, its blossom, and its foliage, but even in being attacked by the same insects and liable to the same diseases, and they were accordingly ranked in the same genus by Linnæus, but have been separated in the natural system on account of the difference in the fruit, the stone in the one case being surrounded by a juicy pulp, in the other by a dry hairy covering, though both are really drupes; but there is scarcely any other difference between the trees, and even this may be only owing to variation of soil or circumstances, since some have been found quite in a transition state, with almonds upon them that were almost peaches, and Mr. Knight produced a tolerable fruit by introducing the pollen from peach anthers into an almond blossom, so that it is believed a deeper insight into fructal physiology will one day re-unite the divided genera. Mr. Loudon says, "We have little doubt in our own mind that the almond, the peach, and the nectarine are as much varieties of one species as the different varieties of cabbages are of the wild plant *Brassica Oleracea*." They all belong to the natural order, *Rosacæa*, the blossoms being formed upon the same model as that of the Queen of Flowers, therein differing most widely from all our other nut blooms, every variety of hazel, walnut, or chestnut appearing in the catkin form, with the male and female flowers distinctly apart, so that the almond seems to form a sort of link between a nut and a stone-fruit.

About four hundred and fifty tons are annually imported, paying a duty of £18,000; the best kind, the Jordan, as they are called, coming really from Malaga, in Spain. The oil of almonds is largely used for toilet purposes and in medicine. It requires to be purified by fire, being set in a flame which is suffered to die away of itself, the most greasy particles being thus consumed and its arid qualities wholly destroyed. According to Decandolle it yields forty-six per cent. of its weight in oil; the walnut affording fifty, and the hazel sixty per cent. The caked kernels, after the oil has been expressed, are used for washing the skin, which they are considered to soften and beautify; indeed various preparations of the almond have been in use as cosmetics from the days of the Romans downwards. The bitter almond yields also an essential oil, in which indeed its poisonous principle consists rather than in its hydrocyanic acid, but this is only developed when water is added to the bruised kernel, being generated by the contact of water with the vegetable albumen.

But if the various nuts already mentioned are held in high esteem for furnishing a mere adjunct to a meal, how much more consideration may be claimed by one which provides the sole daily food of thousands. Though in this country ranking only as a luxury, it is yet one which is accessible to almost the poorest, being sold at a cheaper rate than any of its brethren even here, where it is a foreign import; for though the chestnut tree is common enough in England, the nuts it bears are usually almost worthless. It does not bring its fruit to perfection in any climate except where the grape also

will ripen freely in the open air. Notwithstanding the great similarity of the fruits, this tree is no relation to the horse chestnut, there being no other point of resemblance between them, and they belong indeed to quite distinct botanical orders, their blossoms even being singularly unlike, considering that they develop into a fruit almost exactly identical in appearance, both as regards the green prickly outer husk, the brown leathery inner one, and the white solid substance of the nut within; the yellow pendulous catkins almost as long as the leaves, with many anthered fertile flowers arranged here and there in tufts upon the twigs of the sweet chestnut, offering no indication of an issue having anything in common with that of the spring glory of Bushey Park, those stately pyramids of delicate petals, lighting up the dusky foliage amid which they gleam so fairly, like a feast of lanterns of nature's own devising. The fruit, however, is not so similar as it appears, botanists considering the prickly part of the fruit of the sweet chestnut as an involucre, analogous to the cup of the acorn or beard of the filbert, while that of the horse chestnut is a pericarp, containing real seeds, the corresponding part in the former being actually seed-vessels.

The generic name of the chestnut, *Castanea*, is derived from its native place, a city of Pontus, whence it was brought to Greece, and first planted there in the classic vale of Tempe; Mount Olympus, too, being at one time nearly covered by it. It was familiar to the Romans, among whom the nuts were made into bread for the poor, but nevertheless seems to have been but little esteemed, if we may judge by the very uncomplimentary remark made upon it by Pliny, who, speaking of the multiplied coverings, observes—"It is really surprising that nature should have taken such pains to conceal an object of so little value." Perhaps the opinion had not arisen in his time which was entertained afterwards, as to this bread being a diet which tended to improve the complexion. In our own country the fruit appears to have been formerly much more largely employed than at the present day, or at least in more various ways; one use is recorded by Ben Jonson, when he alludes to "the chestnut which hath larded many a swine," and Evelyn speaks of their being made into fritters, pies, and stews, which he calls "the very best use" for them; but our modern cookery books contain no information respecting such preparations. The finest we get come from Spain, where they are the common food of the peasantry, and where, too, a special sanctity attaches to them, for in Catalonia the people go from house to house on All Saints' Eve to partake of them, believing that for every chestnut they eat in a different house at that festival they will free a soul from purgatory. But it is in the south of France and in the north of Italy that they are of most importance as an article of consumption, for here they are the principal food of the lower classes. Professor Simmonds informs us that about 2,000,000 hectolitres are annually consumed in France, a portion of the rural population in some of the departments living almost

entirely upon them for half the year. They undergo the preparation of being unhusked, dried with smoke, ground into flour, and then mixed with milk and made into "galettes," a kind of pancake baked on an iron plate; or into "polenta," a species of porridge. When thoroughly dried for two or three days on the floor of a kind of kiln, pierced with holes, having a smouldering fire beneath fed with their own husks, they will keep good for several years, and this is the process followed at Limousin and Perigord. It is usual to collect the nuts when ripe as they fall from the tree; but if bad weather should set in the remainder are beaten off at once with long poles, and the husks are then trodden off by sabot-shod peasants, but when thus gathered they are fit only for immediate use.

Though employed only for food in Europe, a beverage is prepared from them in Africa, Thunberg affirming that the Hottentots employ the wild chestnuts growing in their country in a similar manner to what we do coffee, the nuts being first steeped in water, then boiled, and afterwards roasted, ground, and made into drink.

The fruit constitutes the chief commercial value of the tree, for the wood is of very little use as timber, though at one time a contrary opinion was entertained as to its merits, founded on an erroneous belief that it had been used for the roofs of many old cathedrals in France, of the Louvre, and of our own Westminster Hall. About the end of last century, the Society of Arts, under the influence of this mistake, strongly recommended the chestnut for cultivation, even offering rewards for planting it until the error was discovered, the great Buffon demonstrating that oak wood, after the lapse of many years, assumes the appearance of chestnut, and Daubenton afterwards proving that in most of the cases mentioned the timber that had been used was actually oak. For some purposes, however, it is really preferred to even that type of British toughness, and in America, where the nuts, too, are considered to be sweeter than those of Europe, it is looked on as among the most useful wood in the forest, being largely used for posts and rails. It has now, too, the added interest of having been the tree selected to be planted by the heir of British royalty, at the tomb of the great Washington.

This wood has the singular property of being best when young, for after fifty or sixty years, and often much sooner, it begins to decay at the heart, and the corruption then spreads outwards until the whole trunk is consumed, and perishes. In the Cevennes this process is stayed by means of burning heath in the hollow of the tree, (for the wood, which is therefore little esteemed as fuel, smoulders instead of blazing,) until the interior surface is charred, when it will survive many years if the operation has been carefully performed. The huge chestnut on Mount Etna, said to be the largest tree in Europe, has but a mere shell of the trunk remaining, the heart-wood having long since completely decayed. This liability to internal disease drew on it the animadversion of Evelyn, who quaintly says—"I cannot celebrate this tree for its sincerity, it being found that, con-

trary to the oak, it will make a fair show outwardly when it is all decayed and rotten within; but this is in some sort recompensed, if it be true that the beams made of chestnut tree have this property, that, being somewhat brittle, they give warning and premonish the danger by a certain crackling, so as, it is said, to have frightened those out of the baths of Antandro, whose roof was laid with this material." Another and a better compensation for this early rotting of the living tree is that the timber, if cut while sound, will never become worm-eaten, and scarcely any insect will touch the leaves, though the nut is very liable to the attack of a kind of weevil, the eggs of which are deposited in the young fruit, involving the need of careful inspection when selecting them to plant. Twice were some chestnuts sent to Mr. Loudon as seed nuts from the celebrated tree at Vermont, planted by Washington, but both times they were found on arrival to have been insect-pierced, and consequently never vegetated.

In its choice of soil this tree seems particularly judicious in fixing on the localities where it is most likely to be welcome. "Wherever I have seen chestnut trees," says Bosc, "and I have seen them in a great many different localities, they were never in soils or on surfaces fit for the production of corn. On mountains in France, Switzerland, and Italy, wherever chestnut begins corn leaves off." Forming a striking feature in wild scenery, the chestnut tree was specially dear to Salvator Rosa, and the famous "leaves in Val-lombrosa" consist mostly of its foliage. In England it is chiefly grown in hop counties or around orchards, especially in Devonshire. The deeply serrated, pale green shining leaves are, on old trees, only from four to six inches in length, but on young shoots they are often nearly a foot long and three or four inches broad, and it is a singular fact, that in both wild and cultivated varieties they always grow broader in English as compared with French trees, a peculiarity which has been noticed in the leaves of some other kinds of trees likewise. In France there are two very distinct varieties of the chestnut, *les chataignes* and *les marrons*, the former being to the latter, says Loudon, what the crab is to the apple, the marron being vastly superior in both size and flavor.

At Tortworth, in Gloucestershire, there is a chestnut reckoned to be both the largest and oldest tree in England, tradition carrying back its origin to the heptarchic days of Saxon Egbert, and the measurement of its trunk at a height of six feet from the ground amounting to rather more than forty-five feet.

A similar position to that which the chestnut occupies in particular localities in Europe is held in some parts of the New World by the juvia tree, which furnishes what are called brazil nuts, sometimes also prettily termed the almonds of the Amazon. The gathering of these nuts is celebrated among the Indians by a festival called *la fiesta de las juvias*, something similar to our harvest home, but signalised by great excesses, feasting on roasted monkeys, dancing

and drinking forming the chief amusements, and the men being commonly in a state of complete intoxication throughout the two days of the *fête*. The tree, baptized by Humboldt with the name of *Berthollia excelsa*, may almost be said to have been discovered by that eminent traveller, so meagre was the information concerning it before his description was made public; for though the triangular seeds were early known in Europe, and had even been an article of commerce for above a century, there was so little acquaintance with the manner of their growth, that it was generally supposed they grew each one on a separate stalk. As the name imports, they are natives of Brazil, flourishing chiefly in mighty forests on the banks of the Amazon and Orinoco, the tree being one of the most majestic in the New World, growing rapidly, and attaining the height of about a hundred and twenty feet, though the trunk rarely exceeds a yard in diameter. The branches bend downwards like palm fronds, the leaves, which are more than two feet in length, growing chiefly at the extremities. Humboldt was not in the country during the blossoming season, and the natives varied in their statements as to even the color of the flowers, some saying that they were violet, others affirming them to be yellow. The fruit, which does not make its appearance before the tree has attained its fifteenth year, is a drupe as large as a child's head, and externally not unlike a cocoa-nut, the woody part ripening in about two months after its development into a pericarp or shell half an inch thick, and so hard that the sharpest saw can hardly penetrate it. To the central partition are attached the seeds or nuts, from fifteen to twenty-two being the general number in each, and as these become loosened in time, their rattle, when the fruit falls from the tree; is a most tantalizing sound to the poor monkeys, who, passionately fond of the nuts, are quite unable to break open the strong box in which nature has treasured them, and must therefore wait until the process of decay accomplishes this for them, when they too hold their juvia festival, joined in by squirrels, parrots, and most other small denizens of the forest, for the shells of the individual seeds offer no insuperable obstacle. The continual falling of such large bodies from so great a height, hard and heavy as they are, renders it rather dangerous to pass under these trees when the fruit is fully ripe; and it used to be said that in some places the savages were accustomed to carry wooden shields over their heads when they entered the forest at this season, but Humboldt did not find that the people among whom he travelled availed themselves of any such precaution.

The subject of nuts should hardly be discussed without adverting for a moment to two or three other kinds, which, though rarely forming a portion of our dessert in this country, are yet well known to most people, and whose general exclusion from the company of their more favored brethren is due perhaps to the capricious frown of fashion rather than to their being really deficient in merit. The green kernelled pistachio nut, for instance, in Sicily, where it is

largely cultivated, is preferred by many to the hazel or even the almond; and though it is not considered wholesome when raw, is much eaten on the Continent, either roasted or in comfits and confectionary. It is also used in ragouts and to make ratafias, and most readers of the Arabian Nights will remember that a kid stuffed with pistachios seems to have possessed great attractions for an Oriental palate. The tree is recorded to have been introduced into Rome by Vitellius, a fact which of itself may almost be taken as a gastronomic certificate.

The male and female blossoms of the pistachio grow not only separately but on distinct trees, so that in forming a plantation care must be taken to select a proper proportion of both, and to ensure fertilization the Sicilian cultivators usually gather the male blossoms and suspend them on the female plants. The nuts grow in clusters of little dry oval drupes, about the size of olives, with a thin rind and brittle two-valved shell, containing a single seed, red without and green within. This tree abounds in Syria and thrives generally in the same soil and climate as the olive, but will bear fruit even as far north as Paris. It is a variety of the pistachio (*terebinthus*) which yields the Cyprus turpentine used in medicine.

It is another member of the same family which produces the kidney-shaped cashew nut, a native of the West Indies. This tree, the *Anacardium occidentale*, bears sweet-scented blossoms, followed by what looks like a fruit of the apple kind, but which is in reality simply the peduncle, or flower-stalk, swollen and become succulent. Red or yellow in color, and of a very agreeable sub-acid flavor, this is not only eaten, but its fermented juice is made into a kind of spirit. From the end of this *quasi* fruit protrudes the rightful owner of the fructal title, our cashew nut, which is of the size and shape of a hare's kidney, but larger at the end by which it is attached to its apple-like stalk. Between the two layers of the pericarp is a quantity of oil, of so acrid a nature that it often blisters the lips or fingers of those who crack the nut incautiously, and which has been used successfully to remove ringworm, corns, &c., but needs to be applied with great care. The kernel, which is much esteemed in Jamaica, abounds with milky juice, and is eaten raw when fresh; but after having been gathered some time, requires to be roasted, a process which frees it from the oil. Dried and broken, they are often put into Madeira wine, being thought greatly to improve its flavor. The trunk of the tree when tapped sends forth a milky fluid which is a natural marking ink, staining linen a deep and indelible black.

Last in this notice of the nutty tribe, though certainly by no means least, being indeed, in point of size, the monarch of them all, we reach at length the cocoa-nut, which, though seldom brought to table, is yet so universal a favorite with the juvenile portion of the community that there is perhaps hardly a schoolboy to be found (or schoolgirl either, it might be added,) who has not saved his half-pence for its sake, and deemed that day a memorable one when the

wholesale expenditure of a sixpence made him the envied possessor of a whole nut. This fruit, growing singly as it does, is one of a class of botanical mysteries, for the pistil of the blossom consists of three carpels or divisions, and, as a natural consequence, three ovules or embryo seeds in due time make their appearance; yet, instead of developing into a three-fold fruit, as, according to all Linnæan rules, it ought to do, two of these ovules are invariably absorbed or in some way disappear, and only a single nut comes to perfection, the sole eventual trace of its triple promise being the schoolboy's "monkey-face," the three indentations at the end of the shell. The fruit, however, being but *one* to all intents and purposes, has but a single germ to put forth, and thus requires but a single outlet, and therefore is it that two of these indentations are found to be but mere surface marks, while the third is a real doorway in the hard shell through which the sprout emerges which is to form the future plant. As the nut becomes old, the milk which it had contained disappears, and the hollow is filled with a spongy mass which is in fact the germinating organ. When deposited in the ground, the germ in a few days make its way through the hole provided for its exit, one end of the shoot strikes into the ground to form the root, the other sends up three pale green feathery leaves which soon unfold, the young plant then grows rapidly, in the course of four or five years begins to bear, and continues to do so without intermission during the rest of its life, which is protracted for near a century, and so luxuriantly that often as many as two hundred nuts in all stages, besides innumerable white blossoms, may be seen upon it at one time. The cocoa-tree flourishes best near the sea-side, the principal nourishment it craves being silex and soda; and in Brazil, where the supply of these is naturally deficient, they even supply salt to the soil where it is planted, in quantities as large as half a bushel to a single tree; and so essential is this considered to its prosperity that it is not neglected even when salt costs two shillings per pound. It is also found to thrive near human habitations better than in solitude, which causes the natives to say that the tree loves conversation, but it is probably owing to its deriving benefit from the ashes thrown out where fires have been made. It forms a beautiful feature of tropical scenery, and Humboldt speaks in glowing terms of the natural charms of those South American river banks, "the windings of which are marked by cocoa-trees, as the rivers of Europe are sometimes bordered by poplars and willows." As the nuts grow at the summit of the lofty stem, the palm tribes being unbranched, the best means of gathering them is by passing a hoop round the tree and the body of the climber, whose feet are also connected by a ligature, enabling him to clasp the trunk. The slovenly Malays, however, merely cut notches in the wood to assist them to ascend—a plan which is not only dangerous to themselves but also injurious to the tree.

The nut furnishes at once both food and drink, the milk, as it is

called, being a peculiarly refreshing and innocuous beverage in a warm climate, and the kernel, eaten as it is gathered, without any kind of preparation, is sufficiently substantial to enable a working man to subsist upon it without any other diet. It can, however, be prepared in various ways, and forms, when rasped, one ingredient in the real Indian curry, as it renders the dish more digestible than when ghee or oil is employed, it being sufficiently oleaginous for these to be dispensed with when it can be obtained; while a cake, delicious beyond all other cakes, is sometimes made from it in England, by mixing the grated nut with white of egg and sugar. The oil when extracted remains tasteless for twenty-four hours, and could any means be devised to preserve it so, might compete with any oil for table use; but it soon acquires a rancid flavor, and becomes unfit for culinary purposes, though largely employed in many other ways. The fibrous covering of the outer shell, too, used by the Indians from time immemorial, for matting, cordage, &c., has of late years been thus employed in England also, and is now in great demand; indeed every part of the tree is turned to some account, and it is thus, as a whole, so valuable that it has been remarked that a man who drops one of these nuts into the ground confers a greater and more certain benefit upon himself and upon posterity than does many a lifelong toil in less genial climes; while another writer asserts that he who has in his garden twelve cocoa and two jack-trees need make no further exertion, but is provided for for the rest of his days. If, however, not content with this modest competence, any enterprising individual should wish to adventure something more largely in nut-growing, Professor Simmonds, in his "*Commercial Products of the Vegetable Kingdom*," calculates that an outlay of £960 in forming a plantation would secure a net income of *at least* £1,200 per annum for at least fifty years. Whether the prospect of such profits might not make it worth while to establish a Limited Liability Cocoa-nut Planting Company is left as a nut for speculators to crack.

LII.—NOTICES OF BOOKS.

1. *On the Relation of Ragged Schools to the Educational System of the Country, and their Consequent Claim to a full Share of the Parliamentary Grant.* By Mary Carpenter.
2. *Letter on the Debate in the House of Commons on Ragged and Industrial Schools.* By Mary Carpenter.
3. *Abstract of a Paper on Educational Help from the Government Grant, to the Destitute and Neglected Children of Great Britain.* Read by Mary Carpenter, before the Statistical Section of the Scientific Association held at Oxford, June, 1860.

THE honored name of Mary Carpenter attached to these pamphlets is a guarantee that the statements therein contained, the opinions held, and the course of action advocated, are based on large and

intimate acquaintance with the subject, and thus worthy of the best consideration of all interested in the redemption of the young "Arabs" of our cities.

Not more distinguished as an earnest and most efficient friend of Reformatories, than as one of the earliest promoters and managers of Ragged Schools, both cure and prevention of juvenile crime have for long years formed the objects of Miss Carpenter's daily and assiduous care and consideration. Her efforts in both fields, it is almost needless to say, have been crowned with that success which attends the earnest and conscientious carrying out of a sound principle, where the thought of to-day becomes the action of to-morrow, and where each succeeding morrow throws fresh light on the days to come.

For some time, Ragged Schools existed as the result of local and voluntary efforts only, the Government taking no heed of their existence, and doing nothing whatever to encourage or protect them. An effort was then made to procure Government educational help, and, under the Minute of the Council on Education for "Elementary Schools," trifling grants were in 1855 obtained. By the Minute of 1856, however, Ragged Schools were again practically excluded, since it was necessary to certify, "that the young persons received into this establishment have either been legally convicted of crime, or have been accustomed to begging and vagrancy, not having any home or settled place of abode, or proper guardianship, and having no lawful or visible means of subsistence;" a test which, as Miss Carpenter observes, "absolutely excluded Ragged Schools from help."

Again, in the instructions given to her Majesty's inspectors of parochial union schools, explanatory of the Minute dated December 31st, 1857, relating to Certified Industrial and Ragged Schools:—"No grants (except those for the purchase of books and maps) will be made in aid of the purely scholastic instruction, *unless a Certified Teacher be employed.*"

Now, this *sine qua non* of a certified teacher again practically excludes Ragged Schools; for, as Miss Carpenter says—"With respect to certificated masters, we have no objection to them, provided they are *otherwise* fit to undertake a situation requiring much self-sacrifice and varied qualifications, for which *intellectual qualifications are no guarantee.*" An opinion corroborated by the well-known Recorder of Birmingham, Mathew Davenport Hill, in his Charge to the Grand Jury of that Borough at the Michaelmas Quarter Sessions, held on the 8th of October, 1860, wherein, dwelling upon the diminution of juvenile crime, and the increase of educational opportunities provided for the classes "whence that army of juvenile offenders was wont to be recruited," he assigns a high place to the Ragged Schools, whose teachers, he says, "male and female, must have peculiar and somewhat rare qualifications. They are not required to be either mathematicians or linguists. Their knowledge

of geography may, perhaps, be limited and superficial. It is, however, desirable that they should speak and write their mother-tongue after the manner of educated persons. They should be able to practise and to teach a legible handwriting. They should be quick at figures, and competent to make their scholars as quick as themselves in solving the problems which arise in humble life. But all this does not go to the root of the matter. They must be of a patient child-loving nature. They must possess the gift of influencing the hearts of their young flocks, so that not only must they love, but they must inspire love towards themselves. That they must be honest and pious I need not say. Furthermore, they must be numerous."

Now, though these qualities may, and doubtless do, often exist in certificated teachers, yet the certificate which guarantees their intellectual fitness does not and cannot guarantee the possession of moral qualities essentially requisite in a Ragged School teacher, qualities before which mere intellectual capability sinks into secondary consideration.

Prince Albert stated at the Educational Conference in 1857, that there are 2,200,000 children in England and Wales not at school, whose absence cannot be traced to any legitimate cause. "From this uneducated mass," says Miss Carpenter, "spring the *pauperism* and *crime* which are so great a national burden. . . . Industrial and Ragged Schools alone have attempted distinctly to act upon this class. Wherever they have been *well conducted*, and *efficiently supported*, they have completely effected the object intended, but many have failed from want of teaching power. . . . The Parliamentary Committee of Inquiry, in 1853, into the condition of criminal and destitute juveniles, reported the beneficial effect produced on the most destitute classes by the Ragged and Industrial Schools, and their *need of help* from the Educational Grant."

Yet, in 1860, we find, as Mr. Hill says in his charge above quoted, that "the position and prospect of the Free Day School or Ragged School are, I grieve to say, little encouraging. For a short period they brightened, and the Privy Council, in a gracious frame of mind, opened their hand; when we, profiting by the opportunity, and ignorant of its evanescence, enlarged our means of usefulness by extending and improving our schools of this description, and thus accumulated responsibilities on our shoulders. Then, alas! the hand closed upon us in all but utter denial!"

Having thus given our readers, as we trust, an insight into the true state of the case, we shall submit, in Miss Carpenter's own words, the objections urged against giving educational help to Ragged Schools, and her answers to those objections. The matter cannot be in better, or abler hands:—

"Now, sympathizing as we know are individual members of the Privy Council with the Ragged School movement, and anxious to do justice to all, we must refer this state of things to some wrong principles at work, and as

these were, at the last meeting of this Association, set forth distinctly by the late Vice-President, we may, by endeavoring to show their fallacy, perhaps lead to a different system being adopted.

"The objections felt by the Committee of Council on Education to giving efficient aid to Ragged Schools, as then stated, reduce themselves then into the following.

"*First*, that in giving educational help, an officer of the State ought not to take it for granted that there would be permanently a Ragged School class in the country, and therefore ought not to make provision for it.

"Surely this is not the principle on which the government of our country is carried on! It 'arises from a wrong state of things' unquestionably, that the Ragged School exists; it arises equally from a 'wrong state of things' that the pauper class exists,—that thousands of our countrymen and women annually find it impossible to obtain an honest living in England,—that the sanitary condition of our large towns is such as to perpetuate disease both of body and mind,—that crime is constantly committed, even in open day. And does the Government of our country remain passive, and allow of the existence of dreadful evils, because these things ought not to exist; and does it not become a statesman to do something more than ignore them? Should he not rather grapple with each evil in such way as appears most for the good of society in general and for the individual concerned? Does not the Government provide in such way as seems best for the necessities of paupers,—aid in the emigration of those whose labor will find a better market in more distant parts of the empire,—grapple vigorously with the unwholesome condition of streets and alleys, and even of private houses,—and with respect to the thousands of criminals who annually spring up afresh in our country, does it not withdraw them from society, feed and clothe them, and otherwise provide for them, even at the risk of appearing thereby to discourage the honest laborer, who has often a far more scanty fare for himself and family than the pauper and the felon? No Government does act on such a principle in other matters,—why should it do so in respect to the 'something rotten in our State,' which poisons its very core—the millions of untaught children who neither can nor will avail themselves of the higher educational establishments.

"*Secondly*, it was objected that 'the children of the Ragged School class were not in general the children of parents who could not pay, but rather of those who would not pay.' A more extended inquiry on the part of the Committee of Council would have elicited very different results. The fundamental rule of the London Ragged School Union, and of Ragged Schools in general, is to admit such children only as cannot attend the higher schools. Exceptional cases may of course be met with in individual schools, and any departure from the general rule should of course be corrected; but it cannot be imagined that individual benevolence would be so largely and perseveringly exercised throughout the country unless to supply a very great and glaring want. A recent examination into the condition of the children of the Bristol Ragged School proved that the parents of about one-half were actually receiving parochial relief; another portion were in the lowest depths of poverty struggling with difficulty to obtain their daily bread, and often obliged to come to school without having had their morning meal; while a third class were the children of thoroughly dissolute parents, whose vicious habits rendered their children in even a worse condition than the others. The annual visit of Her Majesty's Inspector has always confirmed the belief of the managers, that the children were of the 'right class;' were it otherwise, it would be easy to have them removed to other schools. Now, we acknowledge that the last class, viz., of parents who cannot pay, simply because they choose to spend their money in vicious indulgence, presents an apparent difficulty, as it might seem that they are being rewarded for their neglect by a gratuitous education being given to their children. It is forgotten that parents in so low and degraded a condition are utterly careless about the education of their children

and do not feel that any special boon is conferred on them by having it given to them. These are the very children whom it is most difficult to induce to attend school regularly, and whom it is most necessary to teach, for their own sakes and the good of society.

“ ‘And this is not one of the cases,’ says so distinguished a political economist as John Stuart Mill, ‘in which the tender of help perpetuates the state of things which renders help necessary. Instruction, when it is really such, does not enervate, but strengthens as well as enlarges the active faculties: in whatever manner acquired, its effect on the mind is favorable to the spirit of independence; and when, unless had gratuitously, it would not be had at all, help in this form has the opposite tendency to that which in so many other cases makes it objectionable: it is help towards doing without help.’

“The *third* and last argument against giving educational aid to Ragged Schools, is that the doing so might make them permanent institutions, and draw down other schools to them, instead of raising the class received by them.

“It would indeed be right that a Government should guard against such a danger if it really existed. But we believe that it is purely imaginary. During the twelve years that Ragged Schools have been in operation, we have never heard of a single instance of a National or British School being drawn down to the condition of a Ragged School, or of its injury from the proximity of one. On the contrary, we do know numerous instances, and we believe that the experience is general, of pay schools being decidedly benefited by the neighborhood of a good Ragged School, which has removed from the streets wild children who would otherwise have annoyed and contaminated their regular scholars, and from the schools a few lawless children of disorderly parents, whose irregularity of attendance prevented their own improvement, and made them an extreme hindrance to others.

“We know that while Ragged Schools have been increasing in numbers during the last twelve years, pay schools have also, in the very same localities, showing that a stimulus was given to education in general, by working on the lowest grades, and raising them; indeed, in some cases Ragged Schools have been closed, or have ceased to have that character, because the children attending them have been raised to the condition of attendants on National and British Schools.

“Space does not permit our entering on further details, which might illustrate the following positions, but we hope that they have been now clearly proved:—

“*First.* That Ragged Schools, or free day-schools for the children of the perishing and dangerous classes of the community, form an integral part of the educational system of our country, and bear a very important relation to the pay schools for the laboring portion of the community.

“*Secondly.* That they have a consequent claim to a full share of the educational Parliamentary Grant, and that, in accordance with the principles already recognised by the Committee of Council on Education, they ought to have a larger share than other schools, because there is necessarily spent in their support a far larger amount of voluntary pecuniary aid, and because this grant is not given for the benefit of the middle classes of society, who may be supposed able to help themselves, but for those who need help: these children need it more than any others, both for their own sakes and for the welfare of society. The help given must be of a very different kind from that afforded to the higher schools, and adapted to the necessities of the class.

“*Thirdly.* That as the Committee of Council on Education does not grant any educational help to Ragged Schools, though recognising their existence, but has even withdrawn what was given in a former Minute, (June, 1856,) representations should at once be made, to induce them to place Ragged Schools on a satisfactory footing.

“Thus, we believe, should the State take its share in the education of its perishing children. This will not relieve Christian philanthropic effort from

the work it has undertaken, but only enable it to do that work more effectually. We must still strive on with devoted efforts, consecrated to Him who giveth to us our talents that we may render them back with rich increase. It is by this combined action only that an effectual check can be put on this growing evil of ignorance and vice in our country, and thus will the duty be discharged by society which was so forcibly set forth by the distinguished consort of our beloved Queen. 'It is our duty,' said his Royal Highness Prince Albert, when concluding his address at the Educational Conference, 'the duty of those whom Providence has removed from this awful struggle and placed beyond this fearful danger of being crushed beneath unavoidable ignorance,—manfully, unceasingly, and untiringly to aid, by advice, assistance, and example, the great bulk of the people, who, without such aid, must almost inevitably succumb to the difficulty of their task. They will not cast from them any aiding hand, and the Almighty will bless the labors of those who work in His cause.'"

Legends and Lyrics: a Book of Verses. By Adelaide Anne Procter.
Second Volume. Bell and Daldy, Fleet Street.

AMONG the books of the season, few will be so warmly welcomed, both in the family circle, and by solitary readers, as this second volume of "Legends and Lyrics." The first volume won for Miss Procter a place in the hearts of her readers, and the second will deepen the impression.

Gifted with a profound insight into the subtler portions of our common humanity, an insight which at once takes the place of experience, and is, in itself, more full and comprehensive than personal experience can possibly be, there is scarcely any chord of all the varied sorrows and sufferings of life which does not vibrate to her touch. Remarkably as this power was evidenced in the first volume of "Legends and Lyrics," there are yet more striking instances of it here, and we hope, before long, to see a dramatic poem from her hand, which shall throw more light on the question as to how far the true poet is lifted above the ordinary level of humanity in his power of divining thoughts and feelings foreign to his own condition and existence, and of embodying those thoughts and feelings with such verisimilitude as to speak with all the force of heart-utterance to the hearts of those who have in reality felt and suffered what the poet only imagines and expresses.

We give, as an instance of this pure conceit of the poet:—

ENVY.

He was the first always: fortune
Shone bright in his face.
I fought for years; with no effort
He conquered the place;
We ran; my feet were all bleeding,
But he won the race.
Spite of his many successes,
Men loved him the same;
My one pale ray of good fortune
Met scoffing and blame.
When we erred, they gave him pity,
But me—only shame.

My home was still in the shadow,
 His lay in the sun;
 I longed in vain; what he asked for
 It straightway was done.
 Once I staked all my heart's treasures,
 We played—and he won.

Yes; and just now I have seen him
 Cold, smiling, and blest,
 Laid in his coffin. God help me!
 While he is at rest,
 I am cursed still to live:—even
 Death loved him the best.

Among the longer poems in this volume, "The Legend of Provence" and "Philip and Mildred," to our thinking, take the lead. The following is a gem; perfect in thought, feeling, and rhythm, it lingers in the memory like certain phrases of Mozart and Beethoven, which condense into a few bars the force and meaning of the whole, as here a dozen lines reveal the sorrow and burden of an entire life:—

EXPECTATION.

The King's three daughters stood on the terrace,
 The hanging terrace, so broad and green,
 Which keeps the sea from the marble palace;
 There was Princess May, and Princess Alice,
 And the youngest Princess, Gwendoline.

Sighed Princess May, "Will it last much longer,
 Time throbs so slow and my heart so quick;
 And oh! how long is the day in dying;
 Weary am I of waiting and sighing,
 For hope deferred makes the spirit sick."

But Princess Gwendoline smiled and kissed her:—
 "Am I not sadder than you my sister?
 Expecting joy is a happy pain,
 The future's fathomless mine of treasures,
 All countless hordes of possible pleasures,
 Might bring their store to my feet in vain."

Sighed Princess Alice, as night grew nearer:—
 "So soon, so soon, is the daylight fled!
 And oh, how fast comes the dark to-morrow,
 Who hides, perhaps, in her veil of sorrow,
 The terrible hour I wait and dread!"

But Princess Gwendoline kissed her, sighing,—
 "It is only life that can fear dying;
 Possible loss means possible gain.
 Those who still dread, are not quite forsaken;
 But not to fear, because all is taken,
 Is the loneliest depth of human pain."

We will not further forestal our readers' enjoyment of the book itself. They and we have already benefited by the appearance of

some of the poems in these pages, and we have much pleasure in being enabled to inaugurate the opening of the New Year with a poem from this gifted writer's hand.

1. *Andersen's Tales for Children.* Translated by Alfred Wehnert. Illustrated. Bell and Daldy.
2. *Parables from Nature.* By Mrs. Alfred Gatty. Illustrated. Bell and Daldy.
3. *The Children's Picture Book of the Life of Joseph.* Written in simple language. Illustrated. Bell and Daldy.

To write a book which shall charm and satisfy the very young, which shall enter into their views and ideas so completely that those stern and acute critics, children, are content, and which shall yet have so deep and full a reality that the oldest can still delight in it, and the most experienced find a hidden truth and meaning, is an art in which Andersen of all others has succeeded. The humor and the pathos of his children's stories are so simple that the tiniest little reader who can but just master the words will laugh and cry alternately, and yet in these very stories is embodied a bitter penetration of the world's ways, and a kindly pity for the blunders, foibles, and errors of humanity which only a wide and deep knowledge of life could either give or appreciate.

And they have one special charm to us—there is no “information” lurking under the mask of amusement, and no useful knowledge disguised so as to entrap the unwary. But Andersen's tales are known to most children, so we will rather say that the present edition is very nicely got up, and prettily illustrated. It will be a most welcome Christmas present, whether the book comes as an old favorite in a new and handsome dress, or still better, as a yet unopened mine of very certain pleasure and very delightful reading. But we have said enough to make many young people long for the volume and let us hope many older ones resolve to give it to them.

Mrs. Gatty has the art of talking to young people. Her Aunt Judy's Tales are about as pleasant a juvenile book as we know, worthy to be ranked beside Miss Edgeworth's and Miss Martineau's children's stories. It is sufficient, therefore, to say that the “Parables from Nature” are by this favorite authoress; and when we add that Holman Hunt, among other artists, has contributed the illustrations, we give a decided proof that Mrs. Gatty's tales have been duly honored in the getting-up, and make a very desirable “gift-book.”

The “Life of Joseph” is illustrated with sixteen pictures of the events of his life. The author has not injured the pathos and grandeur of the story in putting it into very simple language, fit for quite young children.

The Tempest. By William Shakespeare. Illustrated by Birket Foster, &c.
Bell and Daldy.

BIRKET FOSTER's illustrations of the *Tempest* are, as usual, very good; and though some of the others are more conventional in design than suits our taste, the gold and magenta exterior will no doubt make up for this in many eyes, and render the volume well suited for a drawing-room table.

The British Workman. Yearly Part, No. 6. Office, 9, Paternoster Row.

OF all the many cheap publications this is at once the cheapest and best, both as to the manner in which it is got up and the objects it has in view. The yearly part now before us, price eighteen-pence, is a literary marvel, and no British workman can more judiciously expend that sum, in pleasure and profit to himself and his family, then by investing it in this work, prepared expressly for him and his. We are glad to see by the editor's announcement that this excellent periodical shows signs of becoming self-supporting. It should be in the houses of all honest God-loving mechanics.

LIII.—OPEN COUNCIL.

(As these pages are intended for general discussion, the Editors do not hold themselves responsible for the opinions expressed.)

To the Editor of the English Woman's Journal.

DEAR MADAM,

I am rejoiced to see that the subject of the organization of woman's work is taken up by one who is so likely to make it popular, as the writer of "*My Life, and What shall I do with It?*" a book which will probably be read by a large portion of the upper and middle classes. Following so closely upon the admirable article in the *Quarterly Review* upon "*Deaconesses*," we may hope for a rapid increase of interest in this direction. I may perhaps be allowed to remark that the suggestion as to "*Associated Homes*," is precisely that which I brought forward in the pamphlet on "*Deaconesses*,"* published last spring, when I urged that the growing needs of our parishes and institutions would soon compel us to make some practical effort of this kind. Such an effort need in no way discourage desultory and voluntary efforts, but I think no one who has had practical experience of this kind of assistance can doubt that something else is wanted. When persons who undertake to be visitors to certain institutions are absent from town for fully six months out of the twelve, it is not difficult to imagine why we ask for some others on whose services and time we can more fully depend.

My object in writing these few lines, however, is chiefly to say that a small beginning in the direction indicated will, I hope, be made very shortly in the carrying out of a project which has been before noticed in these pages, viz., the "*Industrial Home for Young Women*," established by the Workhouse Visiting Society. A house for this purpose is taken in New Ormond Street,

* See pp. 11, 12.

which will, we trust, be opened early in the coming year; and I look forward to the time when it may, by God's blessing, become a sort of centre, or nucleus of interests, for the general objects of our society. A mere cold formal institution can do little towards fitting girls to become servants in small households; this, therefore, we hope to make a *home*, not only for the poor girls whom we shall rescue from the adult wards of our unions, (where, alas! no vestige or trace of *home* is to be found), but for some also of a higher class, who may aid in the work of training them, and at the same time furnish the household occupation and practice which is so essential to any efficient teaching. At all events, one lady, a matron and a teacher, will at once reside in the house; the rest of the plan must be developed in God's good time, as He gives us the means and the opportunity; but it is a portion and aim of our work which we mean to keep steadily in view, and which we trust public opinion will aid us in carrying out. Already more regular visitors are required for workhouses, and from this source we shall hope to be able to furnish them as they are needed, with more and more regularity and steadiness of purpose. Only let us make the want felt and known, and the remedy will surely have to follow.

I cannot but think there will be fewer lonely hearts and depressed weary minds in a generation to which such "homes" are open, offering work, sympathy, companionship and counsel.

May I venture to remind your readers that to make this beginning successfully we require funds? To take a house in London, and to repair and furnish it, cannot be done at a trifling expense; and for the present, at least, we shall have to maintain the inmates without any assistance from the poor-rates.

Any contributions towards this effort, from those who sympathize in our objects, will be gratefully received at the office of the National Association, 3, Waterloo Place, S.W.

Yours sincerely,

L.

December 3rd, 1860.

To the Editor of the English Woman's Journal.

MADAM,

I have read with great satisfaction of X. Y. Z.'s kind and excellent movement for the benefit of governesses. Its distinctiveness in requiring the co-operation of the class to be benefited, and in pressing upon those who create that class, the employers, to join in the same proportion, together with the low and uniform subscription, and the mutual freedom from canvassing, all seems to me in the best taste and policy.

I speak only of this proposed supplementary association; others have their own merits.

I venture upon your pages chiefly to ask how the scheme can be sufficiently made known? The mighty *Times* will not reach many probable friends, nor will the machinery of long-existing similar institutions, (which will, of course, lend their aid,) carry it into fresh quarters to the extent required. I think a circular is needed, containing not only the skeleton plan of the X. Y. Z. fund, but all the good reasons and explanations to be found in the Advertisement, Open Council, and Passing Events of this Journal, December 1st, 1860; and if this were printed on the thinnest paper, so that a single postage would carry several copies, I think the E. W. J. editors would not refuse to forward such packet to each of their own subscribers, who in their turn may be reckoned upon for putting such copies into the hands of those interested by condition or sympathy.

I merely suggest this as one means. The E. W. J. editors have supplied what is wanting in the advertisement and Open Council letter, viz., the specific assurance that the X. Y. Z. fund is to be *exclusively* devoted to governess

subscribers. I think there should be further explanation as to how soon after the embodiment of the society there may be an election, upon the candidate making up the amount of ten years' subscription, which I think should be allowed in the *first* ten years of the establishment.

I have only to add, that I am glad the subscription comes within my own means, and I shall hope to interest two or three more.

A. E.

To the Editor of the English Woman's Journal.

MADAM,

THE ENGLISH WOMAN'S JOURNAL has just been lent me, and in reading your correspondent's letter regarding the X. Y. Z. fund, I foresee an injury which I think will at once result from it to the Annuity Fund now existing, unless some advantageous arrangement can be devised. I have no doubt that many governesses (like myself) have subscribed to that fund for years, out of gratitude to the Giver of all good, for comfortable situations and homes, or out of compassion to their suffering sisters, or other motives. But as such subscriptions are probably, in most cases, the most they can afford, the consequence will be they will withdraw from that fund so as to subscribe to the new one which offers a provision for themselves, should they live to require it. I beg to state that I venture to express this opinion, as it will in no way concern my own subscription; therefore I am only putting before you what immediately occurred to me. I am in the receipt of an excellent salary, and, unless it should please God to alter my future prospects, shall in my old age be otherwise provided for. Therefore my remarks are impartial. I think the two funds, in so far as governess subscribers are concerned, should be in some way incorporated, or the advantages in some measure united. Suppose, for instance, that the *governess* subscribers to the Annuity Fund should be allowed one vote for each 5s. instead of each 10s. 6d. subscribed? They could then divide their subscription, and I do not think such an arrangement would lessen the *number* of subscribers to the old Annuity Fund, but would on the contrary, double them; numbers would gladly give the 5s. if thereby entitled to a vote, who could not give 10s. 6d. as well as 5s. to the X. Y. Z. fund.

I remain, Madam,
A sincere Well-wisher to both Funds,

A. V.

December 17th.

LIV.—PASSING EVENTS.

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND SIXTY, now passed away, will be memorable in the world's history as the era of Italian regeneration. Throughout its course Italy has held the first place in men's thoughts, and save, perhaps, a rash speculator here and there, to whom the state of the money market was all in all, the first glance at the daily paper has been directed to the telegram from Italy; nay, is still so directed; for while Francis II. remains in Gaeta, the French in Rome, and the Austrians in Venetia, the good work is but begun which is to restore consolidated Italy to its place among nations, and strengthen the hands of liberty throughout the European world. Even as we go to press, Gaeta may be at last evacuated, and Louis Napoleon and the Pope driven to show their hands and play their last cards. Among the many acts of heroism and self-devotion this Italian crisis has developed, we

must not forget to mention that of Madame Mario, (late Jessie Meriton White,) whose unobtrusive and devoted services in the hospitals of Sicily and Naples have soothed many a sick and death-bed, and, under God's blessing, have saved many a valuable life. It will be remembered that the sick and wounded of the Sicilian hospitals presented this noble-hearted woman with a gold medal in grateful acknowledgment of her skill and care, when the course of affairs changed her scene of action to Naples. The same token of gratitude and esteem has been tendered to her at Naples,—five or six hundred of the sick and wounded Garibaldians there presenting her with a bouquet, a letter, attached to some of the signatures of which was the word "*amputato*," the poor fellows having signed with their left hand, and a gold medal, bearing on one side an inscription "*à Jessie White Mario, i feriti Garibaldini*," on the other "*Napoli, November, 1860*," with a horse in the centre as the emblem of Naples.

Those who know personally this truly noble woman will readily recognise a familiar trait in the following incident mentioned by the correspondent of the *Daily News*:—"It must not be omitted, that in making up her accounts—which have been kept with the most rigid correctness—Madame Mario found a deficiency of between thirty or forty piastres, missing through the carelessness of her secretary when she was attending the wounded at Caserta; this she has replaced at her own loss, and I believe she has done the same in several other instances. I think it right to mention what she herself would have concealed, for she ought not to be the sufferer."

The visit of the Prince of Wales to the United States will render 1860 a memorable year in the annals of the two countries; may all the good that is looked for as the result attend it. The Prince has won for himself golden opinions, and in this, his first essay in public, has strengthened the nation's love for his royal mother, by the evidence he has given of the wise and careful training he has received.

The massacre in Syria and the Chinese war are the leading foreign events in which England, as a nation, has direct interest. The latter, for the time being, at all events, is brought to a satisfactory close, telegraphic intelligence having reached of a treaty concluded with the Chinese, and the retreat of our troops from Peking to Tien-tsin.

The volunteer movement and the consequent early closing movement are effecting, in a quiet way, a revolution among ourselves, to one side of which, its ultimate influence upon the young men of our country, attention has not as yet been directed. The advantages are evident, the disadvantages at present less so; but to them we shall probably be more awake at the close than at the commencement of the year 1861.

A glance at our "Passing Events" of the year, shows it to have been singularly fatal among eminent and distinguished people. The deaths of Lady Byron and Mrs. Jameson have made themselves peculiarly felt with all who, like our readers and ourselves, know that the great cause of woman's social advancement has lost in them judicious friends and noble examples.