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LV.—INFANT MORTALITY.*

INFANTILE DEATH-RATES.

DR. W. T. GAIRDNER, F.R.C.P.E., read a paper "On Infantile Death-Rates, in their bearing on Sanitary and Social Science." After some preliminary remarks on the great value justly attached to the death-rates of young children, as indicating the favorable or unfavorable sanitary position of a community, he said that the importance of these infantile death-rates depended on two considerations—first, that infants were much more easily affected than the general community by most of those causes of disease and death which were common to all; and secondly, that their dependence upon their parents for bodily organization, as well as for proper nourishment and support subsequent to birth, made the sanitary state of very young children a most delicate test of the real health and well-being of the parents, *i.e.* of their social and moral condition at the productive period of life, and in so far as concerns the domestic relations. He was not so sanguine as to hope to be able to deduce from the infantile death-rates conclusions of a perfectly stable and unquestionable character; but there could be no harm in assuming that the comparison of infantile death-rates with one another, and with the general death-rates of the population in different districts, was calculated to throw light upon social science, and to lead to some conclusions which, when fairly discussed, might be worthy of a place in the records of the Association. After stating that he had chosen to confine himself to the period under one year in preference to the more usual one of under five years, as representing the death-rate of the earliest period of life, and also, in the most distinct form, the hazards to which infant lives were exposed, he proceeded to ask, whether we could arrive at any secure conclusions as to the relation which the infantile bears to the general death-rate? In order to solve this problem, he had availed himself very fully of the laborious calculations appended by the Registrar-General of England to his Ninth Annual Report, in which were given a death-rate for each sex, and for every separate

* Special reports of papers read in the Public Health Section of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science, at Glasgow.

age of human life in every division and county, and in 324 districts in England, calculated for the years 1838-44.

On considering broadly the death-rate of very young infants, as compared with that of the general population, it was found to be immensely different, insomuch that it was rather a moderate statement of the case to say, that where 20 represents the general death-rate, 150 will be the death-rate of infants less than a year old; or, in other words, that the infantile is $7\frac{1}{2}$ times the general death-rate. This was undoubtedly the case so frequently that it might be said to be, in one sense of the word, a normal fact. But it was not always a normal fact for the infantile death-rate to be $7\frac{1}{2}$ times the general death-rate. By a farther consideration of the returns of the Registrar-General, it appears that as the death-rates themselves rise or fall, their proportion to one another commonly rises or falls also. Thus, when the general death-rate is so low as 16 in 1,000, it is probably normal for the infantile death-rate not to exceed $6\frac{1}{2}$ times the general death-rate; and when the general death-rate is so high as 22 in 1,000, it is probably so common as to be normal for the infantile death-rate to be $8\frac{1}{2}$ times the general death-rate. This tells a tale of some importance as regards the tenure of infant life—for the enlargement of the ratio between the infantile and general death-rate, according as the rates themselves increase, shows nothing less than this—that, generally speaking, the causes which produce a high rate of general mortality have a still greater tendency to produce a high rate of infant mortality, and operate upon the infant life to a far greater degree. In other words, the infant life is not only more largely sacrificed than the general life of a population under ordinary circumstances, but it is far more keenly sensitive to those causes of increased mortality which produce exceptionally high death-rates.

Noticing the complication which this introduced into the inquiry, Dr. Gairdner gave a few illustrations of the laws of infant mortality. First, as regarded the districts and counties having very low death-rates both infantile and general, and consequently a low ratio of the one to the other. These privileged districts were found to be mostly rural, often to a great extent pastoral in character; the population commonly sparse, the towns few and small, the face of the country uneven or perhaps mountainous; in many such districts there were valuable minerals and a considerable amount of mining industry; agriculture pursued in some of them to a very considerable extent; in others hardly any predominating industry, but a small population supported in a variety of ways upon a soil which did not repay large advances of capital. Of the districts falling within this description, the majority were in Wales, Cornwall and Devonshire. Notwithstanding the apparently unfavorable influence which some kinds of mining exerted on the health of the men actually engaged in them, it seemed certain from the experience of such places as

Liskeard, (Cornwall,) Anglesea, &c., that even lead and copper mining were capable of being so followed as not materially to increase the gross mortality of the district in which they prevailed; while the death-rate of infants was certainly much less unfavorably affected by mining than by many other forms of industry.

Again, amongst the districts having moderately but not extremely low death-rates, agriculture assumed a more considerable place as a staple industry than those above referred to; the farms larger, the proportion of laborers employed greater; gardening often appeared on a great scale, as in the neighborhood of London; the population more dense, and the towns more numerous, but still not generally above the rank of market-towns of 4,000 to 10,000 inhabitants. A large proportion of the districts in the south-eastern and south-western counties of England were in this position. Most of the great corn-growing districts of England belonged to the class having a lower than average death-rate for all ages. It was certain, from the case of Glendale, and many other districts of England, that agriculture, upon a considerable scale, was quite consistent with the best sanitary condition. Most of the great corn-growing counties of England had not only an infantile death-rate much higher than it ought to be, considering the amount of the general death-rate; but higher, also, than it ought to be considering the eminently rural character of the population, the small size of the towns, and the small number of persons to each acre of surface. It had been found that in no less than eleven of the fourteen counties of England most devoted to agriculture the ratio of the infantile to the general death-rate was higher than that indicated as the mean rate for their general death-rate; and further, that the ratio was enormously high. He had come to the conclusion that in almost all of the eminently agricultural counties the destruction of infant life was in excess of what might be expected under the circumstances. He stated, as the general result of his inquiries, that the evil was least in Wiltshire, Berks, and Herefordshire; that in Essex, Suffolk, Bucks, and Oxfordshire, it was unequivocally present, and to a still greater degree in Hertfordshire. In Huntingdonshire, Cambridgeshire, Bedfordshire, Lincolnshire, and Norfolk, the infantile death-rate reached its maximum. The proportion between the infantile and general death-rate was more than 1 to 9—being in Norfolk 1 to 9·38, and in Lincoln 1 to 9·36.

He then remarked on the difficulties in the way of arriving at a just conclusion in regard to the death-rates in agricultural counties. On the one hand, there was distinct evidence that a large surface of soil devoted almost exclusively to agriculture was associated in some way or other in England and Wales with a too high rate of infantile mortality. On the other hand, it

was not less evident that agriculture, *per se*, was not the determining cause of the mischief—the district of Glendale alone being enough to prove that it was possible for a large proportion of the population to be engaged in agriculture without any increased effect upon the death-rate. What, then, was the solution of this two-sided difficulty? First, agriculture, an occupation apparently eminently favorable to low death-rates in the case of Glendale and other districts; secondly, agriculture, when largely diffused as an industry over the Midland counties, apparently unfavorable to infantile life. Dr. Headlam Greenhow had strongly insisted on the danger frequently accruing to the health of the female population or of the children in rural districts from the occupation of lace-making, straw-plait weaving, straw-bonnet making, &c.; but whatever might be the practical influence of such manufactures, it was not the sole or even the principal cause of infantile mortality, for it was only in seven of the agricultural counties that these manufactures acquired any decided preponderance. He could arrive at no other conclusion than this—that the habits of the great agricultural populations of England, probably slow of formation, and transmitted down from generation to generation in some way or other, were apt to give rise to neglect of the family relation or of maternal duty, and that the employment of women in some counties in special industries was one consequence of this habitual neglect, while the imperfect rearing of children was another and a still more widely-spread result.

With regard to the infantile death-rates of London, the West End districts had a general death-rate much below the average of town districts, and that even taking into account the “slums” of Westminster and the inferior population of St. Martin’s-in-the-Fields, the mean death-rate of all the districts, which were the great seats of business and fashionable life, were decidedly below London as a whole, and still more below the average of other great cities. Of course there are many large populations in London where the general death-rates are very high, coming up to 29 in 1000; but he directed special attention to the fact that the infant mortality in London bore no appreciable proportion to the general death-rate. A careful consideration of the Registrar-General’s returns had led him to the conclusion that all the West End districts of London are fatal to children in a proportion which was really enormous, when the favorable state of the general death-rate was considered. For example, St. George’s, Hanover Square, with very nearly the lowest general death-rate in London, was, with all its wealth and splendor, only a little less fatal to infants than Shoreditch, Bermondsey, and Lambeth. It was more fatal than the Strand district or Stepney, far more fatal than Greenwich, and in a still more striking proportion, more fatal than Wandsworth, Camberwell, and the outlying districts in general.

After giving one or two other examples of the high infantile death-rate of the West End districts of London, Dr. Gairdner summed up his remarks on this subject by stating as the result of his calculations, that the group of districts which enclosed all that was best and noblest, and, in one sense, healthiest and most vigorous in London, was about as murderous to infants under a year old as the districts of Shoreditch, Bethnal-green, and White-chapel taken together. Even the sailors around the docks, and the tradesmen and artisans of the Strand and City districts, might boast that their contribution to the infantile mortality was small compared with that of the rich, prosperous, and polished West End. Dr. Gairdner, in conclusion, alluded to the two conclusions which he had drawn as to the influence of large agricultural populations on the infantile death-rate, and the influence of the West End of London, and confessed that these startled him with something like a sense of novelty. If they were facts, and not mere play of the fancy, he ventured to call them nothing less than stupendous facts, deserving immediate attention, and calling for remedy with a voice far more eloquent than any words in which they could possibly be uttered. He shrank from the idea, with the imperfect data before him, of attempting to expatiate upon this subject, or to explore the whole depth of these tremendous evils. Possibly the subject might be again resumed with larger knowledge and in a more decisive tone. In the meantime it would be sufficient for his purpose if the attention of the Association should have been fully awakened to some of the evils which afflict the most helpless age of humanity, and tend to poison the springs of health for the entire English race.

ON THE EXCESSIVE INFANTILE MORTALITY OCCURRING IN CITIES AND LARGE TOWNS. BY JAMES FRASER, M.D., GLASGOW.

Dr. FRASER began by saying that the right management of infants and children lay at the root of all other plans for social amelioration, and therefore claimed the consideration of Sanitary Reformers in an especial manner. He went on as follows:—

It is well known that one-fourth part of all the children born alive in England die before they reach their fifth birthday, and that the diseases chiefly incident to childhood are twice as fatal in the town districts as they are in the country. In this city (in which the death-rate under the fifth year during the month of July last was not the highest in Scotland), I find, on the authority of the Registrar-General, that while the total number of deaths was 1,014; 563, or fifty-five per cent. of the number, occurred under the fifth year. In a neighboring town the number was sixty-two per cent. To give true significance to these, and the not widely dissimilar figures which might be quoted in reference to other cities, however, it will be necessary, while bearing in mind the imperfect bodily development, the increased activity of the vital processes, and

dependence of the young on the care and support of others, as circumstances inevitably leading whatever deteriorates the general health of communities to act with far greater energy on the younger portion; to consider also that, at the age referred to, many of the causes of a preternatural ratio of adult mortality must be altogether kept out of view, for, from the intemperance and dissipation, and from the many fatal accidents so frequent in various perilous occupations, through overwork and anxieties "that blanch at once the hair," the young are wholly exempt. To the following special agencies, placed in what appears to me the order of their importance, are we, I apprehend, to attribute the excessive infantile mortality occurring in our large communities.

1. Overcrowding and vitiated air, imperfect drainage, and deficient supply of light.
2. Deficient nutrition.
3. Want of hospitals for the sick children of the poor.
4. Too early marriage.
5. Neglect of illegitimate children.

To these may be added the causes which are more general in their operation, viz. the modifying influences of climate and position; parental ignorance, leading to the neglect of hygiene generally, and particularly productive of disease from errors in diet and clothing. The frequent and reckless administration by ignorant parents of the most powerful pharmaceutical preparations, and, in Scotland, neglect of vaccination. Though common to country and town districts, these acquire an immense increase of power in the latter; and all of them, while having a more extensive action, and telling with far greater severity on the children of the very poorest and those immediately above them in the social scale, yet possess a marked influence in increasing the fatality in the young of the middle and upper classes, by giving increased intensity to contagious emanations, and spreading their influences far beyond the localities in which they are generated.

That impure air, resulting from overcrowding, imperfect ventilation, and decaying refuse of any kind, is by far the most fatal and widely spread of the morbid agents to which the young are exposed, and that the most potent among the physical causes of disease is still in active operation in our midst, are admitted facts. Looking to the overcrowded houses in which the numerous children who are daily carried to our public dispensaries are immured, considering that the atmosphere in which they sleep and constantly breathe is loaded with impurities, is it wonderful that few of them derive benefit from the remedies prescribed, and that they are mostly carried back to their malarious homes but to die? Is it not more wonderful that any of them live to transmit again to their enfeebled offspring maladies which, in circumstances analogous to those in which they were originally developed in the parents, can but acquire additional malignity in future generations?

The firmer forms of youth and manhood often fail to resist the effects of prolonged exposure to unwholesome air; before them the impressible constitution of infancy must succumb. The mortality of infancy affords the most sensitive test of the sanitary condition of any given locality. To enable me to speak more accurately of that condition and of its effects on the health and lives of the young, I made careful inspection of a number of the houses in one of the too closely peopled and poorest districts of this city a few weeks ago. Moisture from an offensive heap percolated the walls of one house; light was almost wholly excluded from another; in many of them wet clothes were hung up to dry in the single apartment occupied by families; in all of them the breathing-space, deeply tainted, was far below the requirements of health;—thus it was that within no very limited area none of the children I saw were well, and I found that more than one-half of the whole of them had died very young. One woman had five children alive, and had lost eight. In another family three survived out of ten, and so on. I have since been informed by one of our most intelligent parochial medical officers, that in the houses of a portion of the district under his charge it is no uncommon thing to find in families having originally seven, nine, eleven and even thirteen children, one or two only reaching adult life. Fearful as this state of things is, it is not peculiar to Glasgow, but to be found existing in every considerable town in the kingdom.

The protean forms of tubercular disease are not simply called into full activity in such dwellings when a predisposition exists—they are originated there. Again, the enfeebled state of the system induced by the deteriorating effects of vitiated air, is most unfavorable by rendering children unable to withstand the forms of the epidemic or contagious diseases to which they are so liable. I cannot adduce any more forcible illustration of the intensity of the removable causes of disease and death, than that 118 of the 220 deaths occurring in this city, and in the last month of summer, were from measles—an affection rarely fatal among children who are carefully nursed and comfortably lodged.

Deficient nutrition, whether from impaired health on the part of the mother, the separation during long intervals of absence of female factory operatives from home, or from positive inability to procure suitable food for the children, is so obvious as a producing cause that it need not be dwelt upon; it is enough to state that from debility on the part of the parent while nursing, and likewise from poverty, no inconsiderable number of the deaths among the young in cities are to be ascribed, while very much larger numbers of deaths are caused by unwholesome food given in ignorance by those in better circumstances.

[Mr. Fraser then enters at length into the deficiency of hospital accommodation for sick children in Glasgow—a want which limits the number of cures, and deprives the medical student of opportunities of studying their diseases—continuing] :—

Early marriage is known to act most injuriously on the health and qualities of the offspring, and when the extent to which this custom is carried among the unskilled laborers and artisans in all large manufacturing towns is coupled with the fact that the children born after such marriages, (originally deficient in stamina,) are generally kept in unhealthy houses, it cannot excite surprise that this, too, is a prolific source of early disease and death.

Of the remediable causes of death which have a wider field of action than those now referred to, none are so disastrous as the errors committed in the feeding and clothing of infants and children. Among poor parents, and to a scarcely credible extent among those who ought to be better informed, the greatest ignorance prevails as to the simplest physiological truths. They constantly act upon the most erroneous notions of the organization and requirements of the young; hence it is that from the continued effects of improprieties in feeding, and the pernicious system of exposing too large a portion of the person of the child, on the false supposition of making it hardy, that more children are annually sacrificed among all classes than from any other cause, save that of overcrowding. The abuse of medicine, again, constantly administered for the correction of those slight aberrations from health, which in nine cases out of ten are simply caused from errors in regimen, leads to the production of certain disease, and the destruction of many children who would have been restored to health by reverting to a right course.

A lamentable illustration of the apathetic indifference to health among a large portion of the poorer classes, is furnished by the extent to which vaccination is neglected, and the number of young children who die from smallpox—although facilities now everywhere exist for having the operation gratuitously performed.

For the remedy of the foregoing evils the treatment is sufficiently obvious—namely, improvements in the dwellings of the poor—the erection of hospitals for sick children, supplemented by some modification of the Scottish parochial system, by which sickness as well as pauperism on the part of the young would be made a condition of entrance to our poor-houses; the correction of the now prevalent errors in regard to the management of infancy and childhood, by giving the rudiments of physiology a place in general education; the introduction of some method which, without removing responsibility or the penalty of error, would yet save the lives of illegitimate children (few of whom, Mr. Fraser states, survive the first year, from desertion and neglect,) and the extension to Scotland of the English Compulsory Vaccination Act.

The enforcement of these and other preventive measures could not but be regarded as hopeful and cheering in their ultimate results. In many of the chronic diseases of later life, in those in particular the seeds of which are sown in neglected infancy, the physician can do little more than palliate symptoms; nor can he, for the infirmities of advanced age, do more than “smooth the passage to the tomb;” but

he may hope, in co-operation with the sanitary reformer, to accomplish incalculable good by preventive means, in mitigating the severity of the diseases and saving the lives of those whom we have seen the neglect of sanitary laws so powerfully impress.

The preceding remarks do not, I am well aware, throw any new light on the subject to which they refer. To the causes to which allusion has been made, the wide-spread devastation of infant life has been repeatedly traced. As the result of independent observation, however, in circumstances affording unusual facilities for inquiry, they may perhaps be regarded as not wholly destitute of some little corroborative value.

IS THE ERADICATION OF DOMESTIC PESTILENCE POSSIBLE?

BY DR. DRUITT, ONE OF THE HEALTH OFFICERS OF LONDON.

WE give the following paper on this important subject nearly in full:—

By the term “Domestic Pestilence,” I signify collectively the class of disorders of which smallpox, measles, scarlet fever, and whooping-cough are the chief examples; and of which there are numerous less known and less formidable members—such as chicken-pox, lichen, shingles, mumps, and the like. To such maladies, the public mind seems to acquiesce in the conviction that they are unavoidable evils, and that every human being, in this country at least, even if protected by vaccination from the first, must expect to suffer once in his life from four or five of the remainder.

A reasonable answer to the question, Is it *possible* to extirpate them? can only be got by a study of the facts, and of their relation to the whole order of nature. If we ask, “Is it *probable*?” the answer will be supplied by a knowledge of the human mind, of its existing habits and modes of thought, and of the possibility or otherwise of increasing the comfort, intelligence, and self-respect of the population.

The Arabian physicians held that the smallpox was produced by a natural effervescence of the blood, and that it was, under certain conditions, as natural and intrinsic a part of the phenomena of life as the cutting of the teeth. More rigorous inquiry shows that it, as well as the other maladies at the head of which it stands, is the fruit of external and accidental causes; and that, as a man who takes a dose of elaterium will suffer from symptoms of cholera, and as one who saturates his blood with the cubeb-pepper will suffer from intense fever, rash on the skin, and hematuria, which symptoms neither person would have had if he had not swallowed the elaterium or the pepper respectively, so one man who imbibes a certain material substance will have cholera, and another who imbibes another substance will have scarlet fever, and unless he imbibes one of these poisons will have neither disease.

If, then, the causes of these pestilences are material substances, having bodily existence, they must exist somewhere, and it must

be possible to dislodge and destroy them systematically. If they follow and infest man after the manner of parasites, whatever renders living parasites impossible to exist will do the same for the seeds of these diseases.

There are just six places in which the poisoning seeds of these diseases can lurk, and out of which they can be evolved. For our purpose it does not signify whether we adopt the old doctrine of specific contagion, and believe that no case of either of these diseases can arise except from a pre-existing case; or whether we accept the newer doctrine, that they spring up from time to time out of the decaying organic matter which surrounds us. In either case the *habitat* must be the same.

1. It may be the skin. From want of simple ablution, layers of disused scarf-skin are carried about for months or years. I have seen a child brought for advice for "debility" after scarlet fever, and furnished with cod-liver oil and steel from a dispensary. But the surface of the body, where protected by clothes, was covered with blackened cuticle, never washed off nor intended to be. Some persons believe that a fragment of scarf-skin adhering to a letter sent by post will convey the infection of scarlet fever. If that be true, what must not one child do, unwashed after the illness?

2. It may be the wearing apparel. Few persons reflect on the time during which wearing apparel of woollen materials is used among the poor, and the number of persons, children and others, whom it serves in succession as "it passes through" its stages of disintegration. When examining the vaccination of children, I have been ready to faint at the odour of old woollen clothes, hidden under pinafores, thoroughly rotten, fastened in by pins, and evidently saturated with the exhalations of years. I have seen in an infant school thirty-three, with dirty skins and dresses, in a space of nine feet by five, and fifty-five others in a space of twelve feet by six, sitting close together, side by side, in three rows: the heat from their bodies as perceptible to the hand at a little distance as the heat from a tea-urn. Is disease, and its propagation, inexplicable on these terms? The Vicar of Wakefield chose his wife as she did her silk gown, in the hope that it would wear many years. Cheap cotton is better for people who cannot afford a new gown often.

3. It may be in carpets, curtains, bedding, and other fixed articles of clothing: and—

4. It may be in houses. Every one can distinguish the atmosphere of a newly-cleansed house, and the air of exhilaration and increased health which follows the operations of the painter. But rooms are too often covered with flimsy absorbent papers—(a respectable witness tells me that he has counted eight layers in a poor house, each riddled with vermin); and although a wash of lime or of cheap color is wholesomer than paper, yet the size with which colors are mixed is decomposable and the surface absorbent. I

know a lying-in hospital from which puerperal fever was never absent until the walls were scraped. The spaces between floors and ceilings in old houses are too often full of filthy *débris*, and even the floors themselves, porous and worm-eaten, are a harbor for parasitic animals; and where these can lodge, there surely may be germs of disease.

5. It may be in collection of refuse matter in sewers, drains, and dust-bins. The evidence that scarlet fever, diphtheria, typhoid, and cholera are the direct fruits of drain poison, is to my mind indisputable. At any rate, if organic poisons lurk anywhere, they can lurk here. Wherever a house swarms with flies, it is demonstrable that decaying organic matter must exist, and where this exists the poison of pestilence may accompany it.

6. The earth itself on which houses are built, may contain the material for exhalations. No sane person will inhabit a house built over *made earth*, if he can help it.

These propositions may be trite and self-evident to philosophers, but to the mass of the population, and their ordinary teachers, they are still a new, strange, and troublesome heresy;—that poisons, if they exist among us, can be hunted down, and extirpated out of the places in which their existence is possible, seems a strange doctrine; as in the admirable history in the Bible, the Leper will do anything “great,”—he will swallow a drug, or suffer an exorcism, but will not condescend simply to wash; in fact, seeing the protection afforded by vaccination against pestilence, the public ask for more of the same sort; the medical journals contain from time to time accounts of attempts to inoculate measles, and whooping-cough; cowkeepers inoculate the animals whom they keep in their reeking stalls to protect them from pneumonia, and vicarious diseases may be a substitute for cleanliness. Instead of exterminating an invader, we crouch under a shield which we hope will make us invulnerable.

This is the position of the public mind with regard to vaccination. So soon as an alarm of smallpox is raised, the population flock to the doors of the vaccinator and fill the street, clamoring for re-vaccination, and they allow their children to be examined and vaccinated in the schools. Whoever examines such children must see skins and clothes, and whoever follows them home must see such houses, bedding, and collections of refuse, or foul state of the earth, as *must* breed and propagate disease. But these things are not reformed by the people who willingly submit to vaccination.

I have the greatest hope that the recent outbreak of smallpox may have the most beneficial effects, by demonstrating the failure, or at least the imperfection necessarily inherent in the protective system, and so concentrate the public attention on the necessity of eradicating the germs, by systematic cleanliness. The recent outbreak has shown that multitudes of persons exist, who cannot be secured against the smallpox, either by a previous attack of

that disease, or by vaccination, or by both. It shows, further, that sources of infection must exist outside the living body, which, like other epidemic poisons, are called into activity from time to time by causes yet unknown. To ascribe a periodic visitation of smallpox to the neglect of vaccination, is one of those curious propositions which can only be made by those who look upon the smallpox as a disease apart, and not governed by the same laws as govern other epidemics. It were just as rational to attribute the late prevalence of ague to a neglect of quinine. But it does prove conclusively that whilst the non-vaccinated are sure to suffer, neither those who have had the smallpox itself, nor those who have had the vicarious disease twice, are safe; and that absolute safety can only be got in time, by systematic eradication of the poison in its lurking-places.

During the last century, skin diseases, accompanied with parasitic animals, have almost disappeared from England; a hundred years ago, the *morbus pedicularis* was common in hospitals; ointments and lotions were prescribed for it, and I am informed on good authority, that fifty years ago the eradication of these insects from schools would have been considered a hopeless and irrational refinement, the insects being considered a sign of health rather than otherwise. Simple soap and water have put an end to them; and there is no doubt in my mind that similar means could get rid of these domestic pestilences which follow us like parasites.

To effect this, the young must be systematically and patiently, not casually and verbally, instructed in the duty and privilege of cleanliness, and in all its details. The clergy might aid in the work by showing the literal application of many excellent precepts in the Old Testament.

At the same time that personal cleanliness is taught, house cleanliness requires to be enforced more vigorously. The houses inhabited by the poor, let out in single or double rooms occupied day and night, cannot be kept healthy unless every room be emptied, and the walls, floor, and ceiling cleansed once a year; nor unless the removal of refuse, and the chemical deodorization of sinks and closets be effected at least once a week. If the owners of houses neglect this, the medical officers of health in London can do much to compel them.

In conclusion, I venture to say that a more cheap and speedy method of ejecting weekly lodgers is one of the wants of the day. It would enable society to control some who now set it at defiance; and it would be another instrument for that hunting down of filth, idleness, and ignorance which alone can in time eradicate the domestic pestilences.

LVI.—MADAME RECAMIER.

(Concluded from p. 305.)

MADAME RECAMIER'S return to Paris was hailed by her friends with a triumphant joy which surrounded her with a thousand evidences that absence, so far from diminishing, had but increased her power.

It would be in vain to attempt to chronicle even the names of the distinguished persons who formed her society. She continued her relations with the family and friends of Bonaparte, with the same disinterested courage with which she had clung to her royalist connexions when they were on the losing side, and her house became a neutral ground of meeting for all parties, and all shades of opinion. All the illustrious foreigners whom the Restoration had assembled in Paris were presented to her, amongst others the Duke of Wellington, whose admiration for Madame Recamier did not lend him sufficient tact to avoid offending her, and their acquaintance did not progress into friendship. M. Recamier's affairs, though not so flourishing as they had been before his bankruptcy, were sufficiently prosperous to enable Madame Recamier to resume most of the comforts and luxuries to which she had been accustomed, and the deprivation of which she had severely felt. The death of Madame de Staël, which happened in the summer of 1817, was a great grief to Madame Recamier, and is the only circumstance we must pause to note, until the year 1818, when M. de Chateaubriand, who had been presented to her about a year previously, first began his intimacy with her. Dazzled by his literary reputation, full of admiration of his genius, and with many points of sympathy in common, Madame Recamier not only exercised, but in this case owned, a sway which was henceforth to occasion her many hours of pain, and much anxiety;—his affection and his vanity were alike exacting, and Madame Recamier devoted her life to content both. The chivalrous fidelity of Matthieu de Montmorency, the unselfish and noble affection of Ballanche, failed to gain the place in her heart which she accorded to the irritable and egotistical Genius from the very commencement of their friendship. Whether her feminine nature was weary of receiving instead of giving; and found a satisfaction in the daily and hourly opportunities of small self-sacrifices, which M. de Chateaubriand did not spare her, it would be hard to say. There is no doubt, however, that her influence over him was extreme, and that after long years of patient affection the fruits were evident in the softening of many asperities, and the ennobling of many small weaknesses which marred his otherwise fine character and good heart.

Her other friends did not see this new friendship without some pain; but with disinterested regard, it was more for her future peace,

than for themselves that they trembled. She was warned, but in vain, and henceforth the morning's note, and the afternoon's visit from Chateaubriand were the most important events of her day.

M. Recamier's affairs became again involved, and in 1819 Madame Recamier (after having uselessly sacrificed part of the fortune she inherited from her mother) once more renounced the gaieties of society and established herself in a quiet tranquil retreat, in which she was destined to pass the last years of her life. Her father, his old friend M. Simonard, and M. Recamier resided in the neighborhood, and she herself took a small apartment on the third floor, in the Convent of the Abbaye au Bois. Her existence was henceforth still more independent than it had ever been; and, without failing in any kindness or any duty to the three aged men, her domestic life was now freed from any external bond, and the care of her niece, and the daily visits of her friends were the home ties which filled and satisfied her heart. We give the account of her new abode in the words of Chateaubriand himself: "The bedroom was furnished with a bookcase, a harp, a piano, a portrait of Madame de Staël, and a view of Coppet by moonlight. When, quite out of breath from having climbed three flights of stairs, I entered the *cellule* at evening, I was enchanted: the windows looked on the garden of the Abbaye, and in the green space nuns were walking and school-girls playing. The top of an acacia-tree reached the level of our eyes; pointed spires stood against the sky, and in the distance were the hills of Sèvres. The setting sun shining in at the open windows lit up the picture. Birds were perched on the raised blinds."

Here dwelt Madame Recamier, and, except a rare visit to the play, she was no longer seen again at any Parisian amusement. And yet, never did she take a more active interest in political events than at this time, and her influence, though quiet and unobtrusive, was exerted almost daily for the service and advancement of her friends. But all she did and all she thought of, was so entirely for the welfare of others, that we should lose sight of herself did we trace the events which absorbed her during the next few years.

M. de Chateaubriand went as ambassador to Berlin for a few months in 1821, and to England in the same capacity in the following year. He left England to attend the Congress at Verona, a mission he ardently desired and with some difficulty obtained. Matthieu de Montmorency, as Minister of Foreign Affairs, also attended the Congress, and each wrote to Madame Recamier his complaints and discontent at the conduct of the other. Her office between them was to pacify, to explain, and to suffer, and she fulfilled it with admirable patience and sweetness.

Without entering into the ministerial intrigues of the year 1822, or even alluding to the political events in which they originated, it suffices to note the two facts which principally concerned Madame Recamier. On the 25th of December, the Duc Matthieu de Mont-

morency resigned his post as Minister of Foreign Affairs; and on the 29th of the same month M. de Chateaubriand was installed in his place. The open rivalry of her two great friends, each of whom was keenly sensitive to the change of position—the one feeling his disappointment, the other his exaltation, with hardly disguised emotion—placed Madame Recamier in a position where only the delicacy and tact of her manner, as well as the sincerity of her regard for both, could enable her to avoid offending one or the other. Her anxiety was great, not merely for peace and concord, but that two so dear to her should act uprightly, according to their different views of duty, in this juncture. She was so far satisfied, that no open rupture took place between them, and only a coolness remained which was but natural. She lost nothing with either by the frankness with which she conducted herself; and with the zealous and earnest convictions of M. de Montmorency on one side, and the vanity and ambition of M. de Chateaubriand on the other, this is creditable to them as well as to herself. M. Ballanche, with his tender, unfailing sympathy, and his high and noble views, was her best comforter, and adviser. He writes to her: “Were I thoroughly selfish I should wish to have some great reverse of fortune that I might be consoled by you; but in proportion as your consolations are sweet to the object of them, they are bitter to yourself. I know besides that this resignation in which you feel so true, earnest, and touching an interest, would not distress you so much were it not for the appointment which at the same time disturbs your generous sympathy. In the midst of such perplexities and such strong emotion, do you know what you should do? You should turn some of your thoughts toward our poor France, who also well deserves to be enshrined in your innermost heart. Remember sometimes that there are great destinies at stake, before which all merely individual destinies, even those of kings, must inevitably succumb. Meanwhile, care for me, though I am neither dethroned nor exalted against your will.”

During the next few months, through which Madame Recamier remained in Paris, her position grew more and more embarrassing, the affection of her two friends, though not diminished, became a source of pain to her. M. de Chateaubriand, always inclined to be vain and irritable, grew more so in the hurry and excitement of public life, and Madame Recamier did not bring herself to leave Paris without having first suffered and striven a good deal.

Her niece's health decided her to make a journey to Rome; but that it was not the sole, or principal reason, may be gathered from the reproaches of M. de Chateaubriand: “You will find me when you return just what you left me. Do not accuse me of what is your own doing. Nothing will lessen my regard for you—not even your injustice. . . . You see you were mistaken; this journey is not necessary. . . . Being always fearful of giving you pain, though you think so little of my annoyances, I write now, for fear of

missing you at Lyons. — On Thursday I shall be in Paris, and you will be there no longer : such is your wish. Will you find me on your return ? apparently you do not much care. . . . I have written to Lyons and to Turin, and again to Lyons. Pray put merely to the score of my exactitude what is prompted by my regard : it is your habit to be unjust.”

It must have been a strange experience to Madame Recamier, who had always inspired as much respect as affection, and had been invariably treated with chivalrous homage, to read the fretful complaints and incessant reproaches of these letters ; and yet although her peace was disturbed by them, her affection was not lessened. One or two letters of Chateaubriand’s are specimens of the rest, and in spite of our having none of Madame Recamier’s own letters, we can well guess at their contents by his replies :—

“I am afraid my letter directed to Turin has not reached you because it was not prepaid. I am afraid too that you may have passed through Turin and Florence, to which places I also wrote, so quickly that you had not time to ascertain you were not forgotten. I hope my first letters will reach you at Rome with this one. Since your departure my work has increased, and in this tiresome occupation I have only found a melancholy distraction from the thought of your absence. I have not been near the Abbaye once : I await your return, I am become a coward against grief, I am too old, and have suffered too much ; I make a pitiable struggle with sorrow for the few years which remain to me. This wretched fragment of life is hardly worth the trouble I bestow on it. You are at Rome—at Rome, which I loved so much, and where I would gladly have passed my life. Should I still be pleased with it ? Tell me what have been your feelings ? What you have felt, I also should have felt. As for you, so for me would Rome have lost or retained its interest and its charm. How unfortunate to sympathize so entirely together, and to be separated by 500 leagues.

“Time goes on, but not fast enough ; I count the days yet to pass as if I were still twenty. When I see the good Duc de Doudeauville I speak of you directly. He is the only person I see who knows you, for I never meet with Matthieu. I used not to like the duke much, but he speaks of you so well, and with such heart-felt enthusiasm, that you have made me like him.

“I got your note from Chambéry ; it hurt me cruelly, the ‘*Monsieur*’ froze me, you will allow I have not deserved it.

“Ever yours.”

“Paris, Jan. 28, 1824.

“You speak of my triumphs and of my forgetfulness ; believe neither in the one nor in the other. If political success mixed with labors which kill me are triumphs, if losing the remainder of life in occupations contrary to one’s taste, can make one forget the attachments and the charms of another kind of existence, at all events, it is the fact that neither successes nor occupations have

this character for me. I do not write to you so often as I should wish. Sometimes there are no couriers, for I dare not trust my letters to the post; sometimes business is so overwhelming that I have to work all night. . . . When shall I be again independent, and when will you return to your *cellule*? Tell me this; write to me. Do not send me those short, dry notes, and remember that you wrong me without cause. It is a double pain to suffer without having deserved it. Yours, for life yours."

It was in November, 1842, that Madame Recamier, accompanied by her niece and M. Ballanche, arrived in Rome shortly after the death of Pius VII. and the election of Leo XII. as his successor. The first weeks of her residence were full of anxiety and sorrow; the dangerous illness of her maid, to whom she was much attached, occupied her time and thoughts.

Cardinal Consalvi was dying, and this too was a source of distress to her, for his great friend, the Duchess of Devonshire, sought and found in her the comfort she so much needed. Her extreme and uncontrollable anguish was poured forth to Madame Recamier, whose tender sympathy was ready for all distresses, especially for the griefs and anxieties of friendship. One of the few fragments of Madame Recamier's writing which have not been destroyed gives a lively account of her meeting with a veiled lady one evening in the church of St. Peter's who turned out to be Hortense, Duchess de St. Leu. The two friends could not meet openly, as Madame Recamier was so intimately connected with all the French royalists, and their intercourse was therefore conducted with a mystery and concealment which afforded additional pleasure to the romantic Hortense, and seems even to have had a kind of charm for Madame Recamier's more simple and candid nature.

They amused themselves by going to a masked ball, dressed exactly alike, and the consequent mystifications were incessant; the members of the French legation paying assiduous attention to the exiled princess, supposing her to be Madame Recamier; and Madame Recamier, on the other hand, receiving treasonable whispers which were certainly never intended to be confided to the ear of so decided a royalist. The death of Eugène Beauharnais plunged Hortense into the deepest grief, and Madame Recamier, throwing aside all lesser considerations, went openly to her friend to comfort and console her.

The friendship between them lasted through life. Hortense wrote thus after her return to Arenenberg:—

"10th June, 1824.

"You are very kind, madame, to want news of me. I cannot say that I am well, when I have lost everything in this world; however, my health is not bad. I have just had to endure the most heart-rending emotions; I have seen all that belonged to my brother. I do not shrink from grief, and perhaps in the midst of it one finds some comfort: this life, so full of troubles, does not afflict those we

have lost. I have only tears, but doubtless he is happy. You, who know so well how to feel—you will guess all I have had to bear. . .

“But I talk a great deal of myself, and I have nothing to tell you except that you have been a very sweet consolation to me, and that I shall always be happy to meet you again. You are one of those persons to whom one need not relate one’s life, one’s impressions—your heart guesses all, and, once having guessed, has made itself a necessity. . . .

“Farewell; do not quite forget me; believe that your friendship has done me good. You know what a friendly voice is, which reaches us from our home in the midst of misfortunes and loneliness. Tell me once more that I am unjust, if I complain too much of my fate, and that some friends still remain to me. HORTENSE.”

“I claim your promise of passing through Arenenberg; it will always be very sweet to me to see you. I cannot separate the thought of you from one of my sorest trials, and that means that you are dear to me, and that I shall be happy to find an opportunity to assure you of this feeling.”

When, worn out by anxiety and disappointment, the ex-queen died, Madame Recamier mourned her sincerely, and was singularly touched to find that she had left her in her will *a black lace veil*, the one which Hortense had worn the evening of their meeting in St. Peter’s—a remembrance of the gaiety and the sorrow they had shared in that short time of romance and mystery.

But to return to Madame Recamier’s residence in Rome. The Duchess of Devonshire, who had so lately found in her a sympathizing listener and comforter, was seized with a mortal illness, and Madame Recamier, had she been allowed, would have hastened to nurse and attend her. But in spite of her desire being seconded by the duchess’s own wish, this was not permitted, and it was only when her friend was speechless that Madame Recamier was admitted for one moment’s smile of recognition by the death-bed.

The season was now so far advanced that Madame Recamier’s friends were urgent with her to return to Paris; but her niece’s health, still not quite re-established, and dread of fresh storms and annoyances in her intercourse with Chateaubriand, to avoid which she had gone to Italy, made her hesitate. M. Ballanche was only too ready to be allowed to remain in attendance on her, and she had in Rome, as everywhere, friends who were eager and delighted to retain her amongst them.

In the summer of 1824, M. de Chateaubriand’s abrupt dismissal from the ministry, and his somewhat undignified and vehement resentment, pained all his friends, and we need not say how heartily Madame Recamier felt for and with him. Had she been in Paris, her calm and judicious influence would doubtless have moderated his resentment; as it was, she could only deplore and excuse it.

She went for change of air to Naples, and the months of her

stay there, which her friends M. and Madame Lefebvre did all they could to render a time of enjoyment and rest, would indeed have been months of pleasure and service to her had not her anxiety on M. de Chateaubriand's account embittered all her days and rendered her nights almost entirely sleepless.

She returned to Rome late in the autumn, with the pleasant anticipation of a visit from Matthieu de Montmorency, an anticipation which his strong sense of filial duty and affection compelled him most reluctantly to disappoint. He writes to her:—

“ Vallée aux Loups, Sept., 1824.

“I write you a few words, dear friend, from my solitary valley, where the recollections of you surround me in many ways, and which, five days ago, I expected to leave for several months. Adrien will already have told you that my plans were altered, which was truly a great disappointment to me. He will have told you that when my journey was settled, and my trunks half packed, and when my heart was full of the thought of that day, when, arrived in the immortal city, I should have nothing more pressing to do than to seek your tranquil, pleasant retreat,—suddenly all my cherished hopes vanished, my courage failed me, and I could not meet the extreme and really unreasonable grief of my mother, and leave her unwell, attributing her indisposition to my departure, and saying that I ‘should not find her on my return,’ in that severe maternal tone which would have rendered me the most unhappy of men had she really fallen ill while I was away. I think, in my place, you would have done the same. I was strong enough against my political friends, most of whom were opposed to my journey; I was weak against a feeling, which even she who expressed it, allowed, could not be defended by reason. But the image of Rome—your image above all—and this holy season, which last was not sufficiently my motive for Providence to overrule the obstacles I had always feared; all this is ever before me; pity me. . . . No, you will never know how much I regret the loss of this winter near you—this initiation under your kind auspices into all the wonders of art. Pity me, do me justice, and believe in a feeling which will endure as long as myself.”

Madame Recamier found a characteristic solace in Rome, in which her love of art and her friendship were equally satisfied. She ordered of the celebrated sculptor Tenerani a *bas-relief* on a subject taken from Chateaubriand's poem, “Les Martyrs.” She went constantly to watch its progress, and always valued it extremely, leaving it at her death to the museum of St. Malo.

We should delay too long, did we pause to note the new friends whom Madame Recamier yearly added to her list; but we must mention one who has a special interest to our readers, and whose noble character and refined taste give a peculiar value to the testimony she renders to Madame Recamier's power of exciting admiration and affection.

Madame Swetchine came to Rome prejudiced against the celebrated French lady, but she could not resist her fascinations, and they very shortly became intimate. Madame Swetchine writes thus to her from Naples :—

“ Naples, 1825.

“ As the sky grew clearer, the air softer, I regretted more and more having prevented your coming. It was indeed complete forgetfulness of myself. . . . It is thus, however, that I always wish to act with regard to you ; it seems to me as if a voluntary sacrifice sometimes purchases for us some little exemption from the pains we most dread ; and when you find me generous tell yourself that it is a kind of superstitious calculation which is the secret of my courage.

“ Our acquaintance, our quick impressions, my joy, my sorrow, all appear to me like a dream, I only know I wish always to have dreamed. I felt myself bound before I could think of defence ; I yielded to that indefinite penetrating charm by which you subjugate even those about whom you do not concern yourself. I miss you as if we had passed a long time together, as if we had many remembrances in common. How can we feel so impoverished through losing what yesterday we did not even possess ? It would be inexplicable were there not something of eternity in certain feelings. It is as though souls, when united, are freed from the conditions of our poor human existence, and, grown more free and more happy, already obey the laws of a better world. . . . I would give already all I possess and all I desire, only to know you happy. Be happy without me, I say gladly ; but in your sorrows, I demand my share. Believe me, there is no claim better founded and none which I am more determined to have allowed.”

In the spring of 1825 Madame Recamier left Rome, visiting on her way Venice and Trieste where she paused to see Caroline Murat. Their meeting was a source of deep pleasure to both. Madame Murat writes thus to Madame Recamier after her departure :—

“ Trieste, 11th May, 1825.

“ You are very far from me, my dear Juliette, and I ask myself whether I only dream that I have had the happiness of embracing you. It passed so quickly, and nothing is left me but the uneasiness of knowing that you are travelling and ill. I fear that my friendship did not sufficiently calculate your strength, and that, anxious not to lose any of the few minutes which you could spare me, I may have helped to increase your indisposition. You have also had to suffer from extreme heat and rain ; the weather has changed since you left. Winter is returned, and you will feel the severity of the frost as you approach the Simplon.

“ Send me news of yourself, my dear kind Juliette. Let your letter reassure me as to your health. Louise told me how much your pretty niece had suffered the last day from that evening which to

her appeared so long, and to me so short. I trust she felt no further effects from it; give her my regards, and express my regrets to her. Do not forget to remember me to M. Ballanche. Farewell, my dear Juliette, believe in the constancy of my friendship. I can never forget the touching proof you have given me of yours.

“CAROLINE.”

Madame Recamier returned to Paris in the month of May, but owing to the coronation of Charles X., found neither M. de Chateaubriand nor the Duc Matthieu de Montmorency able to receive her.

Her niece returned from Italy betrothed to M. Charles Lenormant, a young man of great ability, whose proposals had been heartily sanctioned by Madame Recamier, and in whom she found a faithful and attached friend and relative, whose grateful affection never failed.

But henceforth the record of Madame Recamier's life is a succession of losses. Time, which had so marvellously spared her personal beauty, and had neither dimmed the brilliancy of her triumphs nor weakened the power of her charm, did not spare her friends. The first who was called away was Matthieu de Montmorency. He had seemed in his usual health, and had just been named governor of the young Duc de Bordeaux, an appointment which was hailed by his many friends as a worthy tribute to his honorable and upright life. On Good Friday, the 24th of March, he knelt before the altar in the church of St. Thomas d'Aquin, his head was bowed in prayer, and it was not till it sank lower and lower that those near him were alarmed, and touching him, found he was no more. Thus did this pious and true-hearted man depart—a well-fitting close to his earnest Christian life—a death which has in it a tinge of the old chivalric charm, which lent its stately and tender grace to his character.

His wife, whose stern, cold manner hid the passionate devotion which she had felt for him, was inconsolable; she dedicated her life henceforth to works of charity, and, under the strange power which we have before noticed, her sorrow, her regret, her tender recollections were poured forth to Juliette Recamier, who had been, as she well knew, the star of her husband's life, the object which, next to God and his country, had filled his soul.

Madame de Chateaubriand was also on cordial terms with Madame Recamier, and often claimed help and sympathy in her charitable plans from her.

In 1828 Madame Recamier lost her father; he died at a good old age, having passed his last years near his beloved child.

In the autumn of the same year M. de Chateaubriand went as ambassador to Rome, and remained there for eighteen months. His letters were Madame Recamier's chief interest during the time of his absence; he wrote to her constantly and with unvarying affection and regard. He says: “All my life seems centered in those little

notes which each courier brings. I have been to Tenerani; the *bas-relief* is charming, but you are more so a thousand times. In the midst of your sorrow you yet thought of me; I shall try to recommence my historical researches to kill time which now kills me. I write before the post is in. Alas! from you I must expect nothing. Do try to obtain my recal."

"12 o'clock.

"My expectation has not deceived me, for there is not a line from you. Do you remember when this thought came to you on post days? The day after to-morrow you will have another letter from me. Since I have been at Rome I have written to you by every post, *i.e.* three times a week, and each time to say that to be here without you is like death. Either you must come, or I must go to you; but rather let me return, for I am home-sick."

In May, 1829, he returned and resumed his daily visits to the Abbaye au Bois. A few excursions into the country alone diversified Madame Recamier's life, till, in the spring of 1830, she closed the eyes of her husband. He had lived near her for years, and at his last moments begged to be moved to her rooms and to die there. It had been an ill-assorted marriage, both in character and age, but their union had never known a jar or dissension, and their kindness of heart was a bond which covered all other dissimilarities. The revolution of July only affected Madame Recamier through her friends. The short arrest of Chateaubriand, and his subsequent visits to Venice and London to pay his homage to the exiled prince, were the principal events which marked her quiet and uneventful life. In 1837, her health failed visibly; but in spite of fever, and cough, and sleeplessness, she changed nothing of her usual daily routine. Her occupations, her other visits were all arranged so as not to interfere with M. de Chateaubriand; he was truly the sun round which her other duties and affections moved, and the peace and rest which she now found in their intercourse was her dearest reward and pleasure.

Her illness continued, and she soon became totally blind, but she gave way to no repining, and even avoided allusions to her state or any marked evidence of her condition. In 1847 Madame de Chateaubriand died, and shortly after she lost the faithful Ballanche. His death-bed was attended by her to whom he had devoted his life, and with calm resignation and sincere piety he passed away. By her visits to him, and the tears she shed for his death, her last chance of recovering her sight was lost. Chateaubriand was anxious to close their lives and their friendship by marriage, but this she refused. She was able, at her age, to devote as much time and care to him as she desired, without exciting remark, and she declined to change her name. She did indeed devote time and care to him, and the last cares were soon needed; he died in 1848, and the blow which released him struck at the last faint hold she had

upon life. Henceforth she existed—she did not live; the objects of her life were no longer with her, and she waited the hour when she could rejoin those to whom she had been for long years so tenderly and faithfully attached.

She had many devoted friends round her, and when she was seized with cholera, the terrible news startled them as though they had dreamed they could in any case retain her much longer among them. Friends and relatives knelt by her bed, and strove to soothe the agony of her last hours. Her courage, her patience, and her tender piety never failed. “We shall meet again,” were the last words she spoke to her sobbing niece.

The extreme loveliness of her early years, which had indeed faded, but hardly changed, seemed to return to her in death; and though cholera leaves in general fatal traces upon its victims, it spared her, and even in death that singular beauty, and the look of ineffable peace and sweetness touched the bystanders with the old charm which it seemed was never to fail her. And she keeps it still—indefinite, inexplicable, shadowy—although nothing remains to attest it save the reflection of the influence she exercised. There is a singular power of mysterious fascination in the very name of Juliette Recamier. We cannot explain it—those who were nearest to her could not. The power to attract, and the power to retain, can hardly ever have been possessed by any at the same time in so great a degree. The brilliancy of social triumphs, and the faithful devotion of household friends, can hardly ever have been both attained as she attained them. Beautiful and adored, with all the pleasures of incessant conquest, and none of the shadows which generally attend it—with a success which the most worldly might envy, and a peace which the most holy might prize—was there anything wanting to her life? was she not exempt from the trials of mortality? Let us hear her own reply. Speaking one day of happiness, and looking back at her own life, she said with a sigh that her ideal was, and always had been—“a happy marriage.”

A. A. P.

LVII.—INSANITY, PAST AND PRESENT.

(Concluded from page 320.)

IN the last number of this Journal we endeavored to lay before our readers some statistical information respecting the number and condition of the insane at various times and in various countries, and in connexion with the subject we ventured to touch upon some of the contingent circumstances which have caused the increase of insanity to be in strict relation to the progress of civilization. The fact, though humiliating, is nevertheless true, that depression ever

accompanies elevation—great good is ever attended by great evil. The same bells which ring out joyous peals to celebrate a victory, toll requiems over the slain. The abundant harvest, while scattering plenty around, yet produces distress among those whose prosperity depends on the high price, and consequently the scarcity of corn. The perfection of our manufactures does not prevent the misery of thousands, toiling at unwholesome trades to satisfy the refined tastes and requirements of the age. Therefore let us not boast of any civilization which affects only a part, not the mass, of the population: until progress is so complete that the whole social machine moves in exact harmony, we must not cherish the idea that true civilization is attained. An individual in himself is an aggregate of society, in him we see depicted in miniature the characteristics of human kind; and experience proves, what Revelation teaches, that man has suffered declension, and that the sole object of his present existence is to recover a lost perfection.

When it pleased God to frame this world to be the dwelling place of man, He ordained laws for its government and preservation; and at the dawn of that day, when man first drew into his nostrils the breath of life, became a living soul, and walked in the garden of Eden, his happiness only equalled by his innocence, God acknowledged the perfection of the completed creation, and "Behold, it was very good." Though man fell, nevertheless the law remained, and the inequality produced by sin was occasioned, not by the corruption of the law but of the individual; as sin caused and causes spiritual declension, so physical suffering is the sign of moral degradation. There is a meaning and a deep one in the permission of evil to affect man. Thus, insanity, in common with other diseases, is always the consequence of defection. The victim may be innocent, and the error may be in his progenitor, yet the cause can be always traced to a source. Profane writers dimly acknowledged this truth; and Fate, which was even superior to the will of the gods, is synonymous with what Revelation teaches of that Divine justice, which must be satisfied, though Deity Himself descended to do so. *Œdipus*, innocent and unconscious of crime, was yet condemned to suffer. Wherefore? Because the guilt of his mother was heinous in its intensity, and transmitted to her child a heritage of woe. Ancient writers further taught that retribution extended beyond this life. *Œdipus* endured in *Tartarus* the torments due to crimes such as his, unintentional though they were, and bequeathed to his offspring the legacy of misery. Two of his children, *Polynices* and *Eteocles*, were mutual fratricides; and his daughters *Ismene* and *Antigone* were condemned to die a violent death on the specious pretext that they offended heaven, by giving their brothers honorable burial, a duty ever held most sacred among ancient nations. It has been said that the poet is endowed with a terrible sagacity. Here we find the truth indicated but not grasped, and it remained

for Christianity to solve the problem which heathenism propounded. If, in a spiritual sense, "the sins of the fathers are *not* visited upon the children unto the third and fourth generation," in a physical sense they are—exemplifying the expression we have before made use of: the free-will of the parent becomes the destiny of the child. The violation of the natural law must be atoned for by suffering; and when it is developed in insanity, that malady is but one phase of physical disease; for, reduced to common sense, and divested of superstition, insanity is as much a bodily disease as fever, smallpox, or consumption. As Satan had no power over the life of Job, so we hold that mere physical disorder cannot affect the soul. That vital principle is subject to spiritual influences alone, be they holy or unholy; but the brain, which we believe to be the connecting link between the immaterial essence and the material substance, is liable to be affected by those infirmities to which our physical organization is subject; consequently, whatever influences the one, is communicated to the other. Let an undue pressure be applied to this delicate connecting link, and disorder must necessarily ensue; let mental energy preponderate, and the brain becomes as much disordered as when the physical organs of our frame overpower and destroy the union that should exist between it and them. The action of the mind may be so strong as to interfere with the healthy action of the body; grief, anxiety, passion, or despair may cause lassitude and feebleness to pervade our frame, just as much as if that frame had been exposed to violent and hurtful exertion; or again, the unhealthy condition of the body, resulting from either want or indulgence, fatigue or inertion, disease or accident, will equally act upon the brain, and so enfeeble that organ as to render it incapable of vigorous action, or of transmitting without alloy and corruption the mental emotions. The object of education, while stimulating the action of the brain, and thereby rendering it more sensitive to the suggestions of the mind, is so to strengthen the physical frame, that the balance of mental and motive power shall be equal and sustained. Learning need not necessarily cause madness; it may do so when the laws of health are neglected; for disturbances of mind are due, not so much to the burthens which are assumed, but rather to the disproportion between the load imposed and the capacity of endurance. A man employed solely in manual labor, would be knocked up in no time if compelled to do anything requiring mental application; while the student who can rise unwearied from his desk after hours of close application, would sink exhausted in a very little while, if compelled to severe muscular exertion. But let each of these persons gently and by degrees change his position—the one to exercise his mental, the other his physical powers—and there will be no danger in the consequences.

If, then, the physical functions be deranged, there is almost a necessity that the mental ones be also. And as we glance at the causes which lead to the development of insanity, we shall find

that they may be divided into two classes, physical and moral; the one consequent on the wilful neglect of those laws by which our frame is governed, the other consequent on the neglect of those laws to which our mental well-being is subject. The question that immediately presents itself is—Are these causes preventible? We believe they are, and that much of the suffering caused by the visitation of this distressing malady is the result of ignorance—ignorance as to its nature, and consequently as to its origin, management and cure. In olden times, it was considered as impious as impossible to endeavor to check the progress of a pestilence; now we smile at such reprehensible simplicity, and the man of science can foretel, even before its appearance, the path the epidemic will pursue, the locality it will choose, and the description of persons it will select for the greatest development of its destructive powers. So with insanity. The provoking causes may be found in hereditary taint, in intemperance, in ill-regulated tempers, in misplaced affections. Insanity is no sudden stroke; the catastrophe may at last be sudden, but a preparative process has been going on previously. The thunder-clap bursts over the harvest field, and scatters the reapers, terrified and dismayed; they have been too busy to be conscious of the approach of the storm, but others, less occupied or more observant than they, have noticed the gradual gathering of the clouds, the strange calm that has pervaded all nature, the subdued notes of the birds, the anxiety shown by the cattle, the peculiar feeling that is experienced in the human frame—and profiting by these warnings, have sought a timely shelter. Well, what is it? are we too busy, too indifferent, too ignorant to observe the changes and chances to which our minds as well as bodies are exposed? Perhaps we had better say we are too timid. So Fear and Distrust turned back at the first glimpse of those roaring lions which stood in their path, apparently threatening them with destruction; it required strong faith to go onward with such antagonists to encounter. Christian had this, and when he approached, lo! the cruel beasts were chained and might not hurt him. And so with us. Dimly and darkly the causes of insanity are hinted to us, we shrink from their investigation, an unutterable horror overshadows us, and we say, “Let us abide in our ignorant dread;” and yet it is only when we humbly and reverently take the burden put upon us on our shoulders, and, neither drawn—on the one hand into the Slough of Despond, nor on the other, to lose our way upon the Hill of Error, but with unfaltering steps to toil onward till we lay it down at the foot of the Cross—that we can comprehend why it has pleased an all-gracious Creator to permit such an affliction as insanity to visit us, or cultivate that spirit of tenderness and of charity which shall enable us to regard the subject in its true aspects—even as a trial sent to prove our faith, and as a means (though the method be unrevealed to our finite perceptions) of drawing us nearer to Him who in His human nature

“bore our griefs and carried our sorrows” and who, in His divine nature, hath not only redeemed our souls from death, but is ever present to sustain and comfort us through every phase of this our earthly pilgrimage.

In offering a few observations upon the transmission of insanity, or rather, that certain hereditary idiosyncracies are predisposing causes to the development of the malady, we think we cannot better preface our remarks than by giving an extract from an article on the subject, which appeared in the *British Quarterly Review* of January, 1859:—

“The practical importance of this subject, in a popular point of view, consists in two facts: 1st, That there is a debateable ground of mental condition, which is not insanity in the eye of the law, or of the physician, but which cannot possibly be spoken of as perfect mental soundness; and, 2nd, That the various forms of slight and severe mental affections are naturally interchangeable and transformable by way of generation; thus, hysteria in one generation may become imbecility, mania, or epilepsy in the next or third. Insanity of any form in the parent may be represented in the offspring either by a similar affection, by disorders of the senses, (as deaf-dumbness, &c.,) by epilepsy, by hysteria, or by the vague and undefined weaknesses or perversions of judgment, capacity, or will, which we call unsoundness of mind. The general law with regard to these is, that, without special attention to the laws of hygiene, they increase in gravity and intensity from generation to generation; and thus young persons who weakly encourage hysterical habits, or the blind indulgence of impulses without the intervention of will and conscience, are laying the foundation for the most serious disorders of intellect or morals in after generations. And it is sad, yet certain, that there are individuals who, in their own person, inherit the sum of the perverted tendencies of many generations.”

Having again recourse to statistics, we shall find that this theory is, unhappily, but only too well exemplified by facts. It is stated by Dr. Howe, of Massachusetts, that out of four hundred and twenty cases of idiocy which came before his notice, he was able to obtain some information respecting the condition of the progenitors of three hundred and fifty-nine; and all of these, with the exception of four, could be traced to the lapsed moral or physical condition of the parents. Ninety-nine of these poor creatures were the children of drunkards, or of persons in whom the craving for stimulants was excessive. Seventeen were known to be the children of parents nearly related by blood; several were the offspring of those more or less closely connected, varying in degree from first cousins to a more remote consanguinity; others again had vicious parents, or who from want, from penury, from distress, had sunk in the scale of social life, and bequeathed to their descendants a degraded existence. In America the number of idiots is frightfully

large, the last return gave 15,787, or one in every 1,467 of the general population; while the deaf-mutes were 9,803, or one in every 2,365; and the blind as 9,794, or one in every 2,367. The same rule stands good with other countries—the lower the type of the inhabitants, and the more frequent the intermarriages, the greater the proportion of idiocy to the population. It is hardly necessary to cite an example so familiar as that of the Alpine valleys, where, secluded from the busy world, deprived by the overshadowing mountains of air and sunshine, compelled to subsist on food possessing few nutritive qualities—generation succeeds generation, feeble in body as in mind, incapable of improvement, and perpetuating nothing but misery and degradation. In Norway, to a certain extent, the same causes exert their influence. The population is stationary, and considerably more than half the insane in the country are idiots; for of the recognised lunatics, out of 4,290 no less than 3,287 are imbeciles. Scotland is another notable instance; so is Ireland; so also is England; while, in the metropolis, the number of pauper lunatics is stated to be 4,219, the idiots are but 442. Yet, look at the returns from Wales, and the case is exactly reversed—there the idiots predominate over the lunatics; and the ratio in the other counties is precisely in accordance with the stated rule. Likewise the deaf and dumb abound most where the inhabitants are stationary; least where they are migratory. Thus, in London and the Northern districts, the average of deaf-mutes is as one in every 2,000 of the population; in the South-western counties, as one in every 1,300; in Devonshire, especially in the neighborhood of Crediton, it is one in every 1,100; while in the Scilly Islands the proportion is as one in every 446; for the population, though only numbering about 2,600 persons, has yet six deaf and dumb among them.

Passing from insanity in its negative form, or when co-existent with life itself, as in the born-idiot, we have to regard it when developed at a later period, when intelligence has been awakened and the unconscious infant has grown into a reasoning and responsible being. According to a summary made by M. Brierre du Boismont, out of 2,900 lunatics, hereditary predisposition was found to have existed in 1,410 men, and 1,490 women. Again, in Ireland, out of the 6,197 cases admitted into the district asylums between 1852 and 1856, the causes which led to the attack are stated in 2,152 instances. Divide them into two classes, physical and moral, and we find that out of 722 men, and 707 women of the first class, hereditary predisposition is found in no less than 360 men and 333 women; while within the last two years there were admitted into the Limerick asylum 10, and into the Waterford 6 individuals having the relationship of brothers and sisters; and into the Carlow asylum, 19 persons in the relation of first cousins. The returns made in reference to the asylums in Norway are precise in reference to hereditary tendency, and, moreover, confirm the truth

of a question which has been lately much agitated—the influence of the mother in transmitting to her offspring the predisposition to insanity. It is often said that children inherit the mental characteristics of their mother. Of a great hero, how frequent the observation, that such a one has all his mother's gentleness of heart, her patience, her humility, qualifying and tempering the sterner attributes of his nature. If this is true, so also is it that mental disorder may be traced oftener to the mother than the father. Let us not be startled at the idea of the transmission of mental disorders; it follows but the same rule as other disorders. It is now generally admitted that consumption, scrofula and insanity are merely variations of one disease; they may be compared to three grafts upon one stem, differing, indeed, in form, yet deriving their vitality from the same source. When developed under the form of consumption, we never make a question about hereditary tendency. Take, for example, the returns made by the Brompton Hospital for Diseases of the Chest, and we find that out of 1000 cases—660 men and 340 women,—no less than 117 men and 119 women were born of consumptive parents, or, in other words, that one in every four patients had hereditary predisposition. In reference to insanity, there was 11·9 per cent. males and 13·4 per cent. females—or, combined, $12\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of the cases under observation; so that the chance of the hereditary transmission of consumption is just double in comparison to that of insanity.

In reference to insanity which results from moral causes, a distinction must be drawn between the educated and the uneducated. Among the latter class, intemperance takes a prominent place—according to Lord Shaftesbury, seven-tenths of the lunacy cases may be ascribed to this propensity; while another fruitful source is the love of speculation which is even apparent among the poor and indigent. Want of food also depresses the nervous system, and grief, care, or disappointment acting on the unbalanced mind of ignorance, unhinges and destroys its equilibrium. In Ireland, out of 220 men and 461 women, grief was found to be the predisposing cause in 47 of the former, and 85 of the latter; next came fright, then loss of property, jealousy, and domestic trials. We glean from the reports furnished by American asylums, that out of 12,838 patients, 22·7 per cent. were connected with grief, disappointment, and other depressing emotions; 8·2 with excitement and exaltation consequent upon erroneous views of religion; 6·9 with property, poverty, and business, and their attendant anxieties and losses, and 5·5 per cent. for over mental application. In France the statistics give a similar result. Among moral causes, the most frequent is grief arising from the loss of money; next to that is religious exaltation; next, disappointed love, pride, sorrow resulting from bereavement, jealousy, political events, excess of intellectual work; and lastly, isolation and solitude. It would be mere repetition, to give the statements made from observations on insanity

in England. A strict similarity exists between this and other countries; and recapitulating what has been advanced, we find that the causes of insanity may be divided into two classes, physical and moral, both amenable to certain laws and predisposing influences, and, consequently, both susceptible of preventive as well as curative measures.

Throughout these remarks we have also brought into prominent light the greater liability of women to insanity than men. We are aware that this question of peculiar tendency among women is a disputed one, and probably more apparent than real; but we may observe that, with the exception of certain ailments to which women are constitutionally liable, the cause of this predisposition to mental derangement is to be found not in their physical organization, but in the want of true education, vacant minds, unsettled characters, indefinite occupations, all the aimless anxieties of flippant, unstable dispositions—these are the fruitful sources of misery and wretchedness, self-imposed sorrows and self-inflicted chastisements. For as we are accountable to our Maker for the use or abuse of the talents He has lent unto us, so when by our own wilful folly we render worse than useless the greatest of His gifts—the mind, and by culpable neglect allow *consciousness*, the highest prerogative of human nature, to die within us, so that the remainder of our existence upon earth differs in nothing from the brute, we have, in the strictest sense of the word, destroyed ourselves, just as much as if we had lifted our hand against our life, and had treated as worthless, that which it was our duty to guard with the utmost solicitude. When consciousness ceases, responsibility ceases; the lunatic is not accountable for his acts and words; but previous to the seizure he was a reasonable being, and as such answerable to Heaven for the occupation of those talents with which he was entrusted. The day of his death will be reckoned that on which his mind died within him, not that on which merely his physical frame returns to the dust whence it was taken. This is a solemn thought, yet what comfort it brings to relatives, who perchance witness the delirious ravings of those whom they love as their own soul, but whose career previous to the seizure has been all that is pure and holy.

But, bearing in mind the avowed purpose of these observations, as we have spoken of the *past*, we must now return to statistics, and glance at the *present* state of insanity amongst us. Last month we gave in some detail the Official Lunacy Returns made by the three most civilized nations of the world, Great Britain, France, and America. The aggregate number of the insane, and their relative proportion to the estimated population of these several countries, would be as follows:—

	Population.	Insane.	Proportion to Population.
England and Wales	20,000,000	36,374	1 in every 700.
Scotland	3,000,000	7,878	1 in every 375.
Ireland	7,000,000	13,493	1 in every 500.
France	37,000,000	24,000	1 in every 800.
America	25,000,000	45,000	1 in every 500.
Total	92,000,000	126,745	1 in every 740.

Have we ever before realized the fact, that in these three countries alone, according to the above table, there are at this present moment above 126,000 persons of unsound mind? Yet this statement has only reference to the recognised insane—cases officially known, under treatment, and certified as such. Even when the last census was taken in France, there were 24,000 persons returned as lunatic of whom no official cognizance had been taken. Or, confining ourselves solely to our own country, can we for one moment imagine that the 4,831 persons, who on the 1st January, 1860, were stated to be lunatics under treatment, represented the whole number of persons of independent means visited by this affliction? The statement as regards pauper lunatics may indeed approximate to correctness; but we feel certain, that in reference to lunatics of the middle and upper classes the numbers are greatly understated; for according to such calculation there would be hardly more than one lunatic to every three thousand of our independent population. Nay, to ask a home question, Is there any among our readers who can conscientiously say, that among the circle of their relatives and connexions, there is a total exemption from insanity in all its various modifications? We feel certain there are none who can affirm such an exception. Even the average of one in every seven hundred may look truthful upon paper, but it is not in its unvarnished integrity. The presence of insanity is far more intimate than we choose to acknowledge; but with superstitious credulity we ignore the fact, and wilfully blind ourselves to the evidence of our own senses. Why is this? why is it, then, that the condition of pauper lunatics is by comparison frequently superior to that of wealthy lunatics?—of lunatics belonging to that class of society where, both from position and means, every alleviation that science can suggest and solicitude procure is within reach of the sufferer. We believe the question can be easily answered, and we venture to do so by asserting two reasons as the chief causes of this sad state of things—the dread of exposure, and ignorance: the dread of exposure, in that the world should know that insanity is prevalent in the family; ignorance, in the total and culpable misapprehension which exists, even among the well-educated, respecting the cause and treatment of that complaint. No shame is felt at having a near relative afflicted with consumption; the presence of the bodily ailment is readily admitted, every discovery of modern research is applied towards its mitigation, and

every kindness that affection can suggest lavished on the sufferer. Not so when the disease, forsaking the clay, fastens itself upon the mind. The fact of insanity being present in the family, is too terrible to be contemplated, the secret must be kept from the world, and in the desire for concealment the benefit of the unhappy sufferer is overlooked.

Some will exclaim that this description is exaggerated: we can assure our readers that it is not, and could cite hundreds of cases to support our argument. Nay, let us ask if such an example as the following is not one of daily occurrence, and such as all must be familiar with—where, if the disease had been developed in consumption, change of air, a winter even at Madeira, would no sooner have been advised than concurred in, coupled with the best nursing and the most devoted attention. It may be that an irregular education, a misplaced attachment, a sudden reverse of fortune, or a perverted view of religion, has led to this dire disease appearing in a beloved member of the family. So gradual is the progress of the malady as to be almost imperceptible. She is low spirited, she is captious, she cannot give her attention; when asked if she is ill she replies in the negative, nothing more is said, nothing is done, till at length the crisis comes—she is seized with delirium. The knocker is tied up, the street is covered with straw, anxious inquirers are assured that, though still very ill, the patient is getting better. The leather rots from the knocker, the straw, trodden into mud, is carted away by the scavenger. Yet the same answer is repeated. At length it is said, she has gone into the country for change of air, evasive reasons are given for her long absence—till, as if by mutual consent, the subject is dropped, and the family return to their ordinary pursuits as though a death had taken place, only there has been no mourning to throw off. Let us, however, follow her. Terrified at seeing one so gentle, so amiable, transformed either into the raving maniac or the sullen idiot, and full of apprehension lest the world should know what has taken place, her relatives seek advice. One recommends this, another that; some add to their alarm by working upon their fears as to the danger of such a charge; others, taking advantage of their weak point, care not to avow that, if known, the prospects of the family are ruined. Some excellent “Retreat” is proposed, where every luxury and attention is bestowed upon the inmates; or else a private family is strongly recommended, where one patient only is received, to whom they exclusively devote themselves. At first every inducement is held out for relatives to visit her, but gradually hints are given of the excitement caused by too frequent intercourse, letters are withheld, means but too well known employed to promote excitement when friends do insist on calling; outward appearances attest the truth of the proprietor’s assertions as to the unremitting attention bestowed upon his patients. The ignorance of the relatives as to the manner of treating insanity, and the groundless fears that ignorance ever awakens, favors the

deception, till at length it is even whispered among those once so tender and so fond, "Poor dear, you see it is of no use our going to visit her, our coming only excites her, she must be so happy where she is that it seems a pity to disturb her." If a private family is preferred, much the same system is often pursued, only that those who have the charge of a single patient, not being compelled to take out a licence, are, if possible, less qualified for the office; perhaps the poor soul is sometimes violent, gives way to screams, or, worse still, complains of the nursing, of the accommodation, of the food, and implores to be taken away. This is inconvenient, a stop must be put to the visits of prying relatives. One among them may, from indiscretion in choosing topics of conversation, really excite the patient,—this is made the plea for objecting to all, and alike leads to isolation and abandonment. Consider for a moment the horrors of such a situation,—one delicately nurtured, refined in manners as in mind, with intellect warped but not destroyed, subject to delusions yet conscious of existence—compelled to associate with those inferior to her by birth and education, cut off from all occupation, left to brood over imagined wrongs or else goaded to violence by the harshness and ignorance of those around her; the better feelings of our nature, affection and domestic love, blighted and destroyed; the consolations of religion neglected; the name of Him, at whose feet the raging maniac, "whom no man could bind, sat clothed and in his right mind," never mentioned; the sweet remembrances of home never cherished; the hope of returning to that home never made an inducement for self-control;—who can wonder at the end—confirmed and incurable insanity.

It is much easier to find fault with others than with ourselves, so we willingly throw the blame of this sad state of things upon the chicanery of the law, the jealousies of the medical profession, and the grasping, sordid character of those who have the care of these unfortunate persons; forgetting that if we individually acted up to the high standard of disinterestedness and devotion which so many of us profess, much of the suffering that we see around us would be mitigated.

Returning again to official statements, we would indicate the course often pursued in reference to lunatics of independent means. After what has been said, no one will persist in believing that 4,831 cases represent the wealthy lunatics of England; yet such are all that come under the cognisance of the Commissioners in Lunacy, scattered as they are among county and borough asylums, hospitals, metropolitan and provincial licensed houses. There are several ways of privately disposing of insane friends without incurring the publicity of nursing them at home or of sending them to a public or private asylum. Daily in the *Times* and other papers advertisements may be seen, emanating from parties who profess to receive *one nervous patient*. Yet many may express surprise when they learn

that Lord Shaftesbury (as Chairman of the Board of Commissioners in Lunacy) stated, before the Select Committee of the House of Commons in 1859, that they (the Commissioners) were cognizant of, and consequently only visited in the course of the year, 124 lunatics, residing as single patients.

In reply to the question, "You do not know necessarily how many houses there are with single patients?" Lord Shaftesbury said, "We have no sufficient knowledge of that, and we have spent years and years in endeavoring to learn it. I am certain that there are hundreds of persons, called single patients, of whom we have no knowledge whatever; and during the early periods of legislation single patients were hardly ever mentioned. By Act of Parliament, no one was compelled to send a record to the secretary unless a patient was under his charge eleven months; and we found this to be the consequence, that they kept a patient under their charge for ten months or so, and then shifted him to another house."

"Do you think the single system an advantageous one for patients?" "No; it is in many instances the very worst; and from the bottom of my heart, I would advise anybody, if it should please Providence to afflict any member of his family, to send him or her to a private asylum; for if my own wife or daughter were so afflicted, and if I could not keep her in my own house, under my own eye, I would send her to a private asylum—to a good private asylum, because there are most remarkable examples of excellence and comfort among them. So long as a patient is kept within the walls of his own house, under the care of his wife; or if it be a wife, under the charge of her husband, I do not think that public opinion is ripe for allowing any one to go into it. If relatives choose to take charge of patients themselves, they are right, if it is necessary for their own happiness and comfort; but if they put them under the charge of another, then I think the law has a right to see that there is no undue power exercised over the personal liberty and comfort of the sufferer."

It would far exceed our present limits were we to enter into the vexed questions of public or private asylums, home nursing or legal supervision; all we want to enforce is, that when near relatives neglect their suffering kindred, we cannot be surprised if some of those who make their living by taking care of the insane, neglect their duty also. When parents, to obtain cheap schooling for their children, send them to establishments of which we sometimes see advertisements, where the most liberal education can be had, with pocket money, no holidays, and all extras included, for some ridiculously small sum, we cannot feel surprise if *the model college* be after the fashion of that which Dickens has so inimitably described. No one doubts that there are good schools, liberally and efficiently conducted. Can we find no parallel between the selection of a school for the education of our child, and that of a place of residence for the restoration to health of a near relative? We equally ask

strangers to do that of which we are incapable ; yet in reference to the first, we well know that should our selection be disadvantageous, the blame falls upon ourselves, and our responsibility is in no way lessened. All the sympathy we could expect to get would be, “ You ought to have made more inquiries, you should have insisted upon seeing the whole economy of the house, you should have required more references,” etc. etc. We ought to have the same *cold comfort* offered us when our negligence, our indifference, our parsimony, our ignorance—the motive little signifies—has caused a similar result in respect to a friend or relation mentally afflicted. Lest we may be thought harsh, we subjoin an extract from Lord Shaftesbury’s evidence on the subject :—

“ We inquire very much whether friends have visited the patients, and I am sorry to say that the answer in most cases is, that the friends have taken little or no care of them ; and that is one of the most melancholy circumstances with regard to these afflicted persons. As I said before, a patient becomes morally dead in the estimation of his relatives ; they think that he has brought the taint of insanity upon them ; partly the heart is seared, and partly they are afraid, or in a confused and agitated state, and the result is, that the wretched patient is in some instances altogether abandoned. In some cases, many relations discharge their duties in a most affectionate manner ; but a large proportion of them do no such thing ; and in case of any Act being passed, I think there should be a compulsory clause, making it obligatory on relatives, either by themselves or by their agents, to visit their friends, shut up in an asylum. We have a case before us at the present time, in which a gentleman has placed his wife as a single patient ; and in order that she may be as far removed from him as possible, he has sent her into a distant county, and for two years he has neither seen her nor inquired about her.”

When once we have learnt to look upon insanity as a bodily disease, and consequently amenable to medical skill, it loses many of its terrors. When the rumor of a coming pestilence reaches us, we instantly know where to turn for succor, and the best means to apply to divert its threatened ravages ; and not more surely are typhus and ague its forerunners, and mark the spot where it will find a kindred affinity, than are unbridled affections, ill-regulated tempers, and intemperate habits the sure precursors of insanity. We have both to prevent and to cure ; and, above all, we have to learn, that not only is the health of the mind as well as body in our own keeping, but that by bringing our affections within the limits of our reason, and by checking, on the high moral ground of individual responsibility, every predisposition to self-indulgence, we may preserve unsullied the clearness and brightness of our intellects amid trials and sorrows which have unhinged the minds of hundreds of our fellow-creatures.

The same education that teaches us how to consider insanity in

others, also fortifies us against falling victims to it ourselves. As cleanliness, wholesome food, moderate exercise, and honest employment, are the best preservatives against the ravages of a pestilence; so self-control, regular occupation, in fact, the active exercise of all the Christian virtues, are the sure means of averting insanity. All psychological writers insist that the due exercise of self-control is the greatest preservative against insanity, and Sir Benjamin Brodie cites many instances where those who have cherished this faculty, even while physically affected by diseases that in ordinary cases lead to mania, have preserved their reasoning powers unimpaired. Thus, though they may see the room filled by phantoms, though they are haunted by imaginary terrors, they can still talk calmly and rationally of these very delusions, and wait with patience till medical skill, eradicating the bodily disease, restores the mind to the wholesome exercise of all its varied functions.

Such is self-control. It is the subjugation of every appetite to the dominion of reason, using moderation in all things, of keeping the imagination within due limits, of allowing no fancy to occupy a predominant place, and, more especially in women, of checking the warm confiding feelings of their nature whensoever they would lead them into extremes. If novels best portray the domestic character of a people, we must feel surprise that women are not more frequently than they are (and the number is frightfully large and daily increasing) hurried into insanity by misplaced attachments, and of losing the self-respect of womanly reserve, by allowing their fancy to color with all the glowing tints of reality some imaginary object of their devotion. We lay particular stress upon the right government of the affections, for even when developed in the highest feelings of our nature—religion,—to what fearful lengths will not excess lead. Several instances in some of the “revivals” may be cited as examples. Who are the suddenly converted, the inspired, the awakened? Poor ignorant, impressible young women, who in heathen times would have been fit priestesses to Cybele, and in the dark ages would have fallen into trances, and seen visions enough to stock half Christendom with wonderful stories.

Granting, then, that insanity be as much a bodily disease as consumption, where can we look for relief but to those appliances that a merciful Providence has placed within our reach? As there is no poison without its antidote, so there is no phase of suffering humanity incapable of some alleviation. We dare affirm that there is no form of insanity without some lucid intervals, no intellect so utterly darkened but is lighted now and then with a gleam, perchance only a transient gleam, of intelligence; no heart so stultified but softens towards affection, and retains some lingering trait of tenderness and love. Well has Dr. Conolly declared, how that among pauper lunatics, one of the principal means of cure is that of introducing them to comforts hitherto unknown—a generous diet, a well-warmed and well-ventilated apartment, cheerful society,

amusement as well as employment; and if all this is necessary to the pauper, how much more to the educated and refined; yet generally the treatment is directly the opposite—one is elevated to a position hitherto unknown, the other is degraded in the scale of social life, and the common courtesies of society, a feeling for which frequently outlives the mind, totally neglected.

Those who can recall a long convalescence remember how, in their weak state, the most trivial circumstance produced irritation; how they have shrunk from being touched by the horny hand of the hired nurse, though a model one; how the tray, ill-arranged, has driven away the appetite that cared not how homely the fare, provided it was served up with attention; how a jarring window has caused hours of restless inquietude; yet we had reason to guide us, and common sense to reprove us;—shall we not feel for those who have not, and the less wonder that they are affected likewise? But we, perchance, were nursed at home. How different to the insane, who are instantly sent off to some private asylum, “retreat,” or elsewhere, where but too frequently the proprietors only think of making large profits; and in order to retain their patients, retard their recovery as much as possible. We are speaking of the management of the insane in general; there are bright exceptions, and of many of the public asylums we cannot speak too highly; such, for instance, as Hanwell and Colney Hatch. These bear the same comparison to the others as London hospitals of the present day do to those of the last century; and in proof of it, we were told by one of the guardians of the poor in a large London parish, that on an average, if an insane patient was sent to Hanwell, or one of our public asylums, his cure was effected in about a month; if sent to a private establishment, his detention was often prolonged to an indefinite period. Then, again, we repeat, the fault lies in ourselves. Let those in that rank of life which unconsciously influences the manners of the age, set the example; let them learn to consider insanity in other terms than those of shame and abhorrence, and then not only will the cultivation of such feelings be the best method of prevention as well as of cure, but it will lead to those in a humbler rank of life being better cared for and assisted in this affliction; let them not be ashamed of doing their duty, and of practically carrying out, what in theory the educated and the well-disposed must know to be right. Let those who have relatives afflicted by this most fearful of all visitations, devote themselves to their care; and those who have not, so train their minds and faculties, that should circumstances call forth their energies, they may be found equal to the emergency; or if home do not claim their attention, they may be enabled to carry forth into the highways and byeways of human suffering the experience to guide, and the patience to put in practice, their previous training, and so ameliorate the condition of their afflicted fellow-creatures in all the various ranks of life.

LVIII.—UNDER THE SNOW.

THICKLY lie the falling flakes,
 Earth its warm white cover takes,
 And itself a shelter makes
 Under the snow.

Hid beneath that shelter warm,
 Resteth, safe from threat'ning storm,
 Many a flow'ret's tender form
 Under the snow.

Snowdrops peeping up so white—
 Winter would have nipp'd them quite—
 Shelter'd are they, out of sight,
 Under the snow.

Deeply over all it lies,
 Fallen, noiseless, from the skies,
 Hiding all things from our eyes,
 Under the snow.

In the churchyard lies it deep;—
 Weary eyes afresh must weep,
 For a lov'd one now doth sleep
 Under the snow.

Weep not, weary, weeping eyes;
 Churchyard treasure God doth prize:
 He will watch o'er all that lies
 Under the snow.

Purest mantle overspread,
 Gently rests upon her head;
 God Himself will guard your dead
 Under the snow.

Think not earth new life shall know—
 Seasons come, and seasons go—
 And your dead rest ever so
 Under the snow.

Beautiful, and fair, and bright,
 Shall, one day, be brought to light,
 Churchyard flowers, hid from sight
 Under the snow.

LIX.—A STRANGE CHANCE.

(Concluded from p. 331.)

CHAPTER III.

GEORGE GILBERT was an artist. His efforts in art were sound and true and steadily progressive, but his pictures did not possess any of those striking peculiarities which often make a man's defects the main source of his popularity. Like his own life, they were honest and unobtrusive, not failing beneath the test of the most severe scrutiny, but without any of those bold traits which seize at once upon the attention, though perhaps only to meet with our eventual condemnation.

For ten years after his return home with his sister and the little Charles he patiently labored, his industry only interrupted by those recurring fits of illness, which with each new visit gained a stronger hold upon his constitution. During this time he had silently struggled through many of the sorrows and temptations of an artist. The old legend of a man selling himself to the devil, which must at first have sprung from a mind painfully sensitive and intense, is a truth daily repeated around us. In the detail of every life there are complications and perversities which give the devil his opportunity of offering us all a price. And when, upon thoughtful observation, we find how very few have escaped without some kind of traffic with him, our wonder is, not that the number is so small, but that one honest man should stand up in a world which on every side endeavors to entangle him in sophistries and compromises. As an artist, George Gilbert needed patronage and assistance to advance him in position; and, unfortunately, the power of conferring material benefits often lies in the hands of those the artist cannot respect, causing his principles and his necessities to be ever at war. But George Gilbert was one of the few the devil had not succeeded in buying over; through all difficulties and heartburnings, he had held fast by the highest he could perceive, the only course upon which a true nature can sustain itself. In the secret life of his own soul and affections, there had also been many strifes and tribulations. We cannot take a survey of our existence once for all, saying, "this is the truth for me, whatever acting in obedience to it may entail," and so, having settled all questions, live for the future calmly and uninterruptedly by the accepted condition. Existence is constantly assuming new aspects, and its different phases alternately ascend to the surface, the visible seeming for the time to be the most important. To distinguish the greater from the lesser, the permanent truth from what is accidental and temporary, is the difficult and imperative art of life. Even the most beautiful elements within us may become rebels against that paramount principle and condition which should govern, like an absolute king, all

our faculties and actions. Had George Gilbert, by his constant yearning for repose and impulses of affection, been led from the coldness of an ideal into the warmth of an actual presence, had he united his destiny with some other being, he would have appeared in the eyes of many a wiser and happier man. And often, indeed, he could not avoid seeing his position in the same light himself; but a certain something within him, which at one time acted as a conviction, at another as an undefinable instinct, always restrained him, and he was fain to renounce the prospects of smiling comfort that presented themselves, as unworthy expediences.

Elizabeth, too, had her full share of trials. Her womanly delicacy had often been wounded by the thought that she was dwelling beneath the same roof with a man for whom she entertained much more than a sister's affection. In her position, besides misery, there appeared something very like sin. But how help herself? She could only do this by marrying, and more than once, when the opportunity had offered, in mere despair she had entertained the idea of embracing it. But the same absolute truthfulness which restrained George Gilbert, restrained her also. As regarded herself and the little Charles, a consciousness that she might be liable to moods which would influence her to treat him as somewhat of an enemy, made her so fearful lest she should fail in duty towards him, that in her anxiety for the right she bestowed upon him a two-fold amount of care.

One morning, about two years after the incident related in the first chapter, George Gilbert was sitting in his studio, apparently more disposed for reverie than labor. On a table before him an old portfolio was lying, and he was dreamily turning over the sketches and drawings it contained, when a low, hesitating knock was given at the door.

"Who is there?" he inquired.

After a few ineffectual attempts, the handle of the door was turned, and a bright, smiling little face peeped into the room.

"Ah, Charley; my boy, is it you?" said George; "come in." In an instant Charley was at his side. His appearance was wonderfully improved; he had grown taller, his face had a more healthy color, joined, too, with a more refined expression, the result of his better nurture and tending, and his hair was flourishing in a golden and orderly abundance. His dress too was of good material, and made with much taste and care.

"And what is it you want, my boy?" asked George.

"To see you paint, please, uncle George; aunt Elizabeth said I might ask you to let me."

"Very well, so you shall. But how is it you are not at school this morning?"

"Because it is holiday to-day. Don't you know I never go to school on Saturday?"

"Oh, certainly not, I had forgotten. Why, Charley, upon my

word, you are looking very spruce this morning. And what curls! as fine as any lady's."

"Aunt Elizabeth curled them. I wanted to come in before, but she would not let me until she had time to do my hair, because she said you did not like it to be rough."

George put a kiss upon one of the bright curls that was resting by itself on the little boy's forehead, and then surveying his dress, asked, "And is not this a new coat too?"

"Yes, and aunt put it on, on purpose for me to show it to you. Hasn't she made it pretty? And she did every bit herself, only I helped to sew on this button. Are they not pretty buttons, uncle George?"

The coat having been duly admired, and the beneficences of Elizabeth thoroughly appreciated, Charley's eye caught sight of the portfolio of drawings. He was always somewhat under restraint in the presence of George, and instead of turning them over as he would have done with Elizabeth, he only looked with wistful interest upon the one which was lying at the top. This was a small landscape sketched in pencil, evidently by an unpractised hand, but possessing many indications of genius which an artist's eye would not fail to detect. There was a free breadth and sweep of distance, a distinct character in the foliage of the different trees, produced, too, without any minute elaboration of drawing, and a prevailing sentiment of repose, which were most excellent. In one corner of the sketch the name "Augusta" was lightly traced in a woman's writing. Before answering to the boy's wish which his face expressed as clearly as any words, George Gilbert hesitated for a few moments, and when at last he lifted the child upon his knee, asking him if he did not want to look at the pictures, he still would not suffer him to touch them, but carefully removed them one after another himself. It seemed that he attached some very especial value to the contents of the old portfolio, which consisted of some dozen sketches, characterised by purpose and feeling, though the work of a novice was perceptible throughout. Very rarely did this old portfolio see the daylight, and when it did it was at times when George Gilbert's heart was busier than his brain or hand. One picture seemed to give particular delight to Charles; it was that of a little boat rocking on a stormy sea, and in the corner of this also the name "Augusta" was written.

"Oh, how I should like to draw that little boat," at last he said, after looking at it again and again. "Mayn't I have a piece of paper and a pencil to copy it with, please, uncle George?"

He had on several occasions been indulged in this manner in the studio, and uncle George did not refuse him now; though in permitting him to draw the little boat a far greater privilege was granted him than he had ever enjoyed before. Paper and pencil being procured, he was soon quite busy, and George, taking up his palette and brush, began working himself upon a half finished

picture. That morning was decisive as to the future vocation of Charles.

After dinner the same day, George said to Elizabeth, "I have decided what to do with that boy. This morning he made a sketch from a subject not at all easy with wonderful cleverness. I will make him a painter, and it may be, when I have transferred the results of my labor to him he will take up and complete the work of a life I shall never have length of days fully to develop."

"I have often wondered, George, why you did not think of this," replied Elizabeth, "when I have kept showing you the little drawings he has made. They always seemed to me remarkable for such a child; and then his nature has all the sweet and gracious elements, and the strength, too, befitting an artist. I wonder you have not decided upon this before."

"Because I wished it," said George, "and was afraid that I might selfishly warp the boy's nature to gratify my own wishes. But since I am convinced that he has both love and genius for the art, I cannot tell you, Elizabeth, how thankfully I accept this answer to one of my dearest hopes. I shall engraft my soul on his, and when I have passed away, cheated of my fair share of days, I shall still live in the works he will produce. I shall not die childless; I shall, at least, leave behind me one beloved child of my mind and of the dearest sanctities of my heart. And it was a copy, Elizabeth, from one of her drawings, which gave me the final assurance as to what I should be justified in doing with him." Having thus commenced opening his heart to Elizabeth, a thing very unusual for him to do either with her or any one else, George seemed disposed for further confidences, and changing the subject, said, "There is one picture I *must* paint before I die, Elizabeth!—the Prometheus. From the majestic ancient soul arose this tragic and sublime ideal of the pain of human life. Vast in desire, in apprehension, and ability, their Prometheus confronts the gods with daring and unshaken fortitude, a regal type of heroic martyrdom. Its attitude is that of the soul which conceived it. What a sense had those ancients of the strain of supporting existence. Even the physical world was placed upon the shoulders of an Atlas. For a length of time a vague idea had been slowly gathering in my mind—an idea made up of its saddest and most intense moments, a sense of unutterable pain, of a stress of endurance from which my heart and brain knew no relief. I came across the Prometheus, and all that had been vague took form, I found the expression I wanted. I must try to paint it; it is a truth in the present as well as in the past, for in every new soul that lives truly and down into the deeps of life, a Prometheus is re-born."

"Assuredly pain seems our most vital truth," said Elizabeth. "There are times when the faces of all I see appear to veil every record from me but that of their sufferings, when the sound of the wind hurts my heart like a cry of anguish; when all within and

without me shows me nothing but pain, pain, pain! The very intensity of life seems to me only this, and every true heart-beat of existence a pang!" And thus did both give utterance to what their own sad lives had taught them.

CHAPTER IV.

BETWEEN eight and nine years after this conversation, the Prometheus was designed, and partly upon the canvas; but George Gilbert was lying for the last time upon a bed of sickness. Late in the evening of a winter's day, the red fire-light of his chamber was flickering on the paraphernalia of medicine bottles, cups and glasses, placed on a little table at his side, and occasionally glancing in a sort of fantastic mockery from the curtains of the bed to light up his own pale face, from which the hectic flush had departed for a time, leaving in its place a ghastly whiteness. His eyes were turned dreamily towards the grate, and, always large and bright, they now glared like the lamps of a tomb above his gaunt and almost fleshless cheekbones. Charles had quitted him scarcely ten minutes before, bitterly weeping, his young nature almost crushed by this first great sorrow. Elizabeth had not yet given up her charge for the night to the nurse who had been engaged to share the labors of watching with her, and was sitting on a low footstool at the hearth. She was thin and wasted, and scarcely less ghost-like than George himself; her body was bent forward, her hands clasping her knees; and as she looked upon the dying man there was in her face a strange and almost indefinable expression. Mingling with its woe was a faint gleam of hopefulness, such as a weary traveller might feel who sees at last the end of a painful and difficult journey, though he knows not what still sadder fortune may yet await him. It was a feeble anticipation of rest, of a rest calm with the mute inaction of despair.

"Elizabeth!" murmured the sufferer in a low and husky voice.

"Yes, dear George, I am here," she answered, passing to the bedside.

"Sit down by me, my sister; I have been thinking over a few words I want to say to you."

She did as he desired, taking tenderly between her own the hand he offered her.

"It has been to you only," he continued, "that I have ever referred to one passage of my life; it was a secret I could not have trusted to any one less dear; and, indeed, who could have understood me but you, my sister? Well, you heard all that our acquaintance who has just been in the neighborhood where Augusta now lives, told me the other evening, thinking that, as we were friends in past times, I should be glad to hear of her. I have been restless and longing ever since. I know, Elizabeth, she is not mine either for this world or the next, but my whole life since I first knew her has been a constant reference to her. She was the noblest woman

I had ever seen, I loved her as it was impossible I should ever love another, and in secret I have served her as the noble and beloved should be served, whether fate has given them unto us or unto others."

Elizabeth silently pressed his hand. The religion of both their lives had been the same.

"It may be wrong to wish to see her again, Elizabeth, but it is a desire I can no longer repress. Were there the possibility of my life extending even to weeks, I would still wrestle with it; but days are its measure, my sister. And do you not think, having no hope for the future, for the sake of the past alone, I have the right to look upon her once again?"

"Oh yes, yes, George!" answered Elizabeth, her heart quickening again to the sense of suffering, and the hot tears filling her eyes. "Surely, surely all the sorrow and patience of your life may claim that parting ray of consolation!"

"Bless you, bless you! my sister. God only knows the comfort and stay you have been to me; my life would have been impossible without you, but you saw and understood it all; you knew how I hoped and believed in her genius when she was my pupil, how I revered her purity, and the true and gentle wisdom she possessed; that with all her winning ways, her gifts of heart and soul, her tender and beautiful womanhood, she had entered irrevocably into my life, and taken her place in its innermost chamber, before I knew that these treasures were another's. Most thankful was I that I learnt it before I had sullied her hearing with any declaration of my love! No, she passed from my side without one desecrating word! But even had I known the truth from the first, of what avail would it have been? Her nature would still have been the same, and, being such, must have demanded the same tribute from mine!—and you have understood all this, and sympathized with me as no other could!"

"Yes! yes!" And Elizabeth could have added that she knew much more. That Augusta's instinct had apprized her of a double secret—not only of George's love, but also of her love for him, and that, although they had been true friends, and in heart were still the same, after this discovery they had little or no communication with one another. When Augusta married, and departed with her husband, the knowledge even of her whereabouts had been lost, until chance revealed it again, as previously mentioned by George.

"Oh, Elizabeth," continued George, "the bitterness of death is in leaving you! Even that dear boy who just quitted me so broken-hearted, and who has so amply repaid me for all my affection and care, has but a feeble grasp upon my heart when compared with you! Our affection has been dearer than that of most brothers and sisters, for we have both seemed isolated as it were from the rest of human kind;—you, by that superiority of nature which could not find its mate amongst the commoner beings who approached

you. Dearest Elizabeth, the thought of your loneliness gives death its sting! For myself, there is nothing for which I would ask for life, save for time to fully make out my protest of pain, for time to complete my Prometheus!"

"You can never know, I could never tell you, all I suffer!" exclaimed Elizabeth, yielding at last to the anguish she had been striving to repress as he spoke. The love of her whole life was surging through her heart, and it seemed that she must give it utterance or die! Soon he would be beyond its hearing; was it not too bitter to let him depart without having known upon what vital food the comfort of his life had been fed? The weight of lonely, unrecognised martyrdom she had so long borne, seemed to grow utterly insupportable—but again, how cruel, how sinful would it be, to break in upon him now with such a confession as that she had to make! It was the closing moment of trial, and Elizabeth, who had hitherto never failed, did not fail now, though the agony was sharper than death as she crushed back her secret into eternal silence. Thus relinquishing all solace for herself, she offered up her love, a sacrifice without stain or blemish.

As she sat weeping by his side, George put his arm around her and drew her gently towards him until her cheek rested on the pillow with his. A pause ensued, only broken by his difficult breathing and her half-stifled sobs. At length, his cough becoming painfully troublesome, she made a resolute effort to calm herself and attend upon him. Remembering, too, the wish he had just been so emphatically expressing, she said, in a voice as free from emotion as she could command, "But about Augusta, you have not said what is to be done; shall I write to her? Unless these long years have changed her, I know she will come to you."

"I thought I would try to write a few words myself to-morrow morning," answered George. "The request will break in strangely upon her, but we were friends, and I am sure she esteemed me; she was my pupil, too. I will write a few words. She will show them to her husband and consult with him. Though her quick eye could not have failed to see my deep interest in all which related to her, I never uttered a word that might forfeit my place as her tutor and friend, and as such I will address her. She cannot be changed, she will only be matured. To the beautiful qualities of her younger years she will have added patience, long-suffering, and more constant thoughtfulness for others, and though she will be more sad she will also be more divine. I must look upon her, Elizabeth, and see what these long, long years have made her! I feel a strange certainty that she will come. Had her home been on another continent, some chance or rather certainty, of destiny, would have brought her near me;—she will come, Elizabeth, and I shall not die until I have seen her!" He spoke these last few words with much excitement, and in a tone of strong prophetic confidence.

The nurse here entered to commence her duty for the night, and

Elizabeth prepared to withdraw. To avoid distressing George, she was compelled to leave him, for he could not have borne to see her day and night in attendance upon him, without ever knowing unbroken rest. So she quitted him, and was wakeful and restless out of his sight. Her room adjoined his, and when there her hearing was always on the strain to catch every sound in his chamber. She might occasionally sleep, but her slumbers were short and troubled. Every moment spent out of his presence seemed to her a precious thing lost for ever. It would so soon be ended now, she would fain have caught every breath which passed his lips. She would have been glad, too, to escape the pain of bidding him farewell even for a few hours; these temporary partings foreshadowed too mournfully that longer separation which was inevitable.

The third evening after this conversation a visitor was standing at George Gilbert's bedside. She had thrown off her bonnet, but her travelling dress and cape were still on, for having been told by Elizabeth that he was sinking so rapidly, that several times during the day they had thought death would be immediate, she had hurried to his chamber. The secret of George's being first attracted by the golden hair of the little boy he adopted, was revealed by the quantity of fair hair, the same in hue and brightness, which covered with thick braids the back part of the visitor's head. Strongly in contrast with that hardness and inflexibility of countenance which George had sometimes been tempted to look upon in himself as a curse, was the face of this visitor. It seemed only a softening medium through which everything dwelling within the soul revealed itself. An evil thought, if you could imagine anything evil to exist for a moment behind what seemed so entirely pure, would spread into its clearness like a foreign and unnatural gloom, and so betray itself; while all religion, and love, and beautiful thought would shine out of it with a holy and harmonious light. The very blood, which with remarkable mobility flushed into her cheeks and brow if she spoke even a few words with more than usual earnestness, or if her attention or sympathies were silently aroused, suggested the idea of light. Instead of a feverish heat burning in the skin, it seemed a crimson glow, visible through it. And as her face faithfully expressed moments, so had it recorded years. It contained the history of a life, the daily food and breath of which had been love, and upon which all sorrows, however deep and wounding, had acted so benignly that they had left only "the footprints of angels" behind them. And though Augusta was no longer young, as a certain general loss of roundness, and a faint perceptible lining and fading of the features betrayed, no mental youthfulness had departed from her. Her soul had lost nothing of youth, save its errors. As she entered with Elizabeth, George's eyes were closed, and they moved so silently that they did not attract his notice. Elizabeth gently roused him, and then said,

trembling as she spoke, for she feared the effect it might have on him, "Do not excite yourself, dear George, but our hoped-for visitor is come."

An influx of new life and strength seemed to rush into his feebleness at these words, and nervously exclaiming, "Oh, Elizabeth, my sister! where, where is she? I knew that she would come!" his eyes quickly sought and found the place where Augusta was standing.

She advanced, and with much emotion placed her hand in one of the wasted hands extended towards her from beneath the coverlid. Her eyes were full of tears as, looking upon his face, she said, "Yes, yes, dear friend, I have come to you, and with the quickest speed possible. Many long years have passed since we spoke to one another, or since I even heard where my friends were dwelling. But time and absence and silence cannot destroy truth, and my heart last night responded to your appeal as warmly as if we had shaken hands and parted but the day before; and yet, there was mingled with it a feeling as if a spirit had called upon me, for absence and silence make us spirits to one another." An eye was resting upon her as she spoke, which drinking in her presence with all its power of sense, seemed striving to quench in a few short moments, the thirst of many weary years. As it read the beautiful story of the face, a crowning satisfaction—a contentment beyond all words, passed into George Gilbert's countenance, and pressing the hand that remained within his own, he murmured, "You are good, very good!"—then, in a lower tone to himself, "and have been worthy of all!"

Augusta took her seat by his side in the chair Elizabeth usually occupied, and the latter sat down near her. Their position was typical, and Elizabeth felt it so; Augusta had stepped into the last scene, separating them visibly—as spiritually she so long had done.

And what was Augusta to think and feel, summoned after this long lapse of years to the death-bed of a man whom she intuitively knew had once loved her? She had responded to his call as the truth of her nature and her belief in his goodness, joined, too, with the yearnings of old affection both for him and his sister, had prompted. She trusted that the wish to see her was but one of those longings which sometimes surge up from the depths of the past in the breasts of those who are near death. She had looked, on entering, for wife and children—for the indications of a life that had known happiness and love, and Elizabeth's pale face, with its unmistakable stamp of anguish, had alone met her. She felt that she had entered into a strange mystery of pain, but she could ask no questions to remove or confirm her fears respecting it. George had folded his hands, and was lying like an effigy on a tomb—meek, silent, and peaceful. After the bleak and sorrowful voyage of his life, on the very shores of death he seemed to have fallen upon some sweet oasis of repose, where his soul was fondly lingering ere entering through those gates beyond which knowledge passes not—

only hope and faith. Augusta began to address anxious and affectionate inquiries to Elizabeth respecting the course of this illness, and all topics relating both to him and herself of which she dared to ask. But it was not of this George desired to hear her speak; he wanted to learn something of her own life, about which he had had so many dreams and speculations, and by degrees she found herself constrained to say something concerning it. She did so with reluctance, the crimson light often coming into her face as she spoke of her home, her husband, and her son. These were her life, and apart from them she had nothing to relate. It was soon evident that she had not been slow to mention them because there was anything she wished to conceal, but rather because she had a delicate feeling about speaking of a fate which seemed more sunny and happy than that of the sad ones near her. And it appeared scarcely right to her, that at such a moment anything should be discussed which was not in intimate connexion with the dying man. How much all that belonged to her was so, it was not possible for her to conceive.

"But—but," she went on to say, and an expression of anxiety and deep grief passed into her face, "Where our own souls are not the fruitful sources of our woe, it seems to me that chance and accident are sent to assail us, lest, overcome by our content, we should fall into slumber at the wayside. Upon the harmony of our days burst a most unlooked-for and bewildering woe. We stood aghast before it—it was so terrible, so strange. But I must not trouble you now, dear friend, with the details of the accident by which we lost our dearest, first-born child."

Just as she said this the door-bell was rung below. She stopped speaking, and the color again rose into her face.

"Is that Charles?" George asked of Elizabeth.

"I fancy so," she replied; "he was out when Augusta arrived."

"I believe," interrupted Augusta, "it is somebody belonging to me. I have not yet told you that my husband and son came with me. I travel but little, and leaving suddenly and in some excitement for a journey upon a strange road, Edward considered it best to accompany me; and as it is Frederick's school holidays, we thought we would give him the pleasure of a journey with us."

A step was heard upon the stairs, the door opened, and a handsome, fair-haired youth entered. The light in the room was very dim, for during their conversation the candle had remained untrimmed and the fire unstirred, and the side of the bed to which the boy passed was in shadow. Augusta looking at him with surprise, exclaimed, "Why, Frederick, how is it you come in in this manner? What do you mean?"

"What do you say?" asked Elizabeth.

"I am astonished to see Frederick enter so familiarly," she replied. "Is your father below?" she continued, again turning to him.

The boy thus addressed gazed with wonder at the stranger who had so spoken to him.

"Do you take this boy for your son?" asked George, weak as he was, half raising himself as he spoke.

"Is it not my son?" she exclaimed.

"He looks like your son," said George, with strong emotion, "and for the sake of that resemblance, ten years ago, when I found him, a sweet little outcast child, dependent upon the charity of a tender-hearted woman, who had scarcely bread enough for her own children, much less for a stranger, I brought him home with me, and since that day God has given him parents in Elizabeth and myself. Miraculous resemblance, that has even deceived a mother!"

"For mercy's sake," said Augusta, in strange excitement, "come nearer, boy! If you are not the son I took you for, you must be—"

A sudden thought at this moment flashed into George's mind. Springing upright in bed, he asked, "You spoke of a child lost! Was it by death?"

"No, no!" said Augusta. "No, no! He was stolen from us, carried away; and though we sought for him, as you know how we should struggle to reclaim so precious a portion of ourselves, we could never gain trace or tidings of him more. We have outlived that first intensity of suffering which seemed to make life impossible, but a constant grief has been in our hearts. We have felt all the woes which might befall our poor little lost one, and our arms have been ever stretching helplessly after him!"

"Merciful God!" exclaimed George, "should this boy be he!"

Charles was standing now before Augusta; Elizabeth had stirred the fire, and its flame sprang up brightly, fully revealing the faces of both. As they stood confronting one another, to the eyes of George and Elizabeth the likeness was positive and complete, but to Augusta it was broken in upon by the traits of other and dearer lineaments. Simultaneously with her cry of recognition, a deep exclamation burst from the lips of George, and he sank backwards upon the bed. Elizabeth sprang towards him, as Augusta drew her son to her heart. After a momentary fit of coughing, as George withdrew the handkerchief from his mouth, a dark stream followed it. Elizabeth saw it, and with a half-shriek of affright, and in a tone of bitter reproach, exclaimed, "See, see, Augusta! you have killed him!" "Peace, peace, my sister!" said George, grasping her hand; "there is nothing in this moment but contentment and peace! No pain! no death! only wonderful, unlooked-for blessing! While I thought that my life was so desolate, behold, God had placed in my hands a sacred and tender charge, making me in this closing hour an instrument of joy, the medium of peace to a long and weary travail of sorrow! I could not have asked for more! I could not have been more intimately connected with the dearest portion of my life! I could not have served it more purely! God has been bountiful to me far beyond hope! And this dear boy,

whose soul I have striven to make the child of mine, he will bear to her, to whose sacred ideal all was offered, the love and labor of my life, and she will see in him the result of all I have striven to be and do! I shall live again in his memories, his affections, in the works which, as an artist, he will produce—something of my existence lingering in him to the latest day of his life! He will complete the work I leave unfinished—the dream of so many years—my Prometheus! And yet,” he added, a brighter and more blessed thought dawning in upon his soul, “perhaps I should not hope for this! To his more sunny and harmonious days may a holier and happier type be vouchsafed! For myself I am content! My life and love have not been in vain!” George Gilbert spoke no more. A placid smile lingered around his lips as he lay in death, and no trace was there of all that bitter pain which had given birth to his Prometheus. Through all Augusta’s sorrow and regret as she gazed upon the dead man, there was a gleam of radiant happiness, for her arm was around her son. But for Elizabeth, standing there in tearless, desolate despair,—what solace is prepared for suffering like hers?

S.

LX.—FRUITS IN THEIR SEASON.

V.—THE ORANGE FAMILY.

SUMMER’S light fruits have long since fled, and the more substantial stores of autumn, if lingering still, have yet lost much of their freshness and their flavor. Wherewith, then, shall we temper the dryness of our dessert? where seek some natural nectar, pure and cool, which may allay the ferment of young blood, heated by winter’s festivities, and moisten the parched lip of the fever-stricken sufferer, longing above all for the refreshment only to be found in the dewy juice of newly-gathered fruits? A welcome answer is wafted on Atlantic breezes by a myriad white-winged messengers of commerce; and, plentiful as the most abundant of our home-grown produce, cheap almost as the cheapest berry of English birth, the healthful and delicious orange is poured upon our shores—a luxury grateful to the highest, and attainable by the lowest in the land. With what enthusiasm would the ancient Greek have hailed such a crowning gift of Pomona, what charming myths would have been invented to account for its origin, what lore of legends would have gathered round it as ages rolled by; for if the dry, coarse-husked walnut was deemed golden and God-like, and could exercise so much influence on their vivid imaginations, (as we have seen in Dr. Sickler’s Hesperidean hypothesis, given in the article on Nuts,) what poetic raptures would surely have been

evoked, had they been blest with possession of the far more really auriferous orange—so brilliantly tinted a casket concealing such exquisite contents! But the Greek, alas! knew it not, nor yet the Roman, and it is sought in vain in Pliny's ample page or in the records of Apician banquets. It is true that a contrary opinion long prevailed; for when the Crusaders invaded Syria they found this fruit so abundant there that they believed it must be indigenous, and, dazzled by its bright hue, concluded at once that it must be the famous "golden apple" of Greek fable and of Hebrew Scripture; imposed a name upon it, accordingly; and then, with supreme disregard to logical consistency, argued from this very name to prove its identity. It was not until the year 1811 that its history was first carefully traced, when Galessio, in his "*Traité du Citrus*," published at Paris, a work of great learning and research, demonstrated that the Arabian Avicenna, who died in 1036, was the first writer who distinctly mentions the orange. Indisputably a native of India, yet unnoticed by Nearchus among the productions of that part of the country which was conquered by Alexander the Great, Galessio believes that the Arabs found it when they penetrated farther into the interior than the Son of Ammon had reached, and in the tenth century enriched the gardens of Oman with this new luxury. In 1002 Leon d'Ostie writes, that a Prince of Salerno sent a present of "*poma citrina*," interpreted to be a fruit *like* the citron rather than the citron itself, to the Norman princes who had delivered them from the Saracens. Avicenna, however, speaks more plainly, describing unmistakably the oil of oranges and of orange-seeds, as preparations used medicinally. Jacques Vitry, an historian of the thirteenth century, who accompanied the Crusaders in Palestine, after describing the lemon and citron found there, says, that in the same country are seen another species of citron apples, of which the cold part (or pulp, in contradistinction to the "hot" or acrid rind) is the least considerable, being of an acid and disagreeable taste. That it was, perhaps, an unripe fruit which was submitted to the palate of Maître Jacques, may account for his pronouncing such a verdict concerning it. These apples, he continues, are by the natives called "oranges." Nicholas Specialis, again, who, in the fourteenth century, wrote a history of Sicily, in recounting the devastations of the Duke of Calabria in the environs of Palermo, remarks, that he did not even spare the trees of acid apples, called by the people "*arangi*," which from ancient times had embellished the gardens of the royal palace. The bitter variety, however, now called by us Seville oranges, were at first the widest spread and most known in Europe; for from the tenth to the fifteenth century no passage in history refers to the sweet orange, all writers mentioning the fruit as one more pleasant to the sight than to the taste; and Galessio believes that the two kinds, originally distinct, travelled by different routes, and that they were brought by the Arabs through Egypt and the north of Africa to

Spain, while they transported the sweet sort through Persia into Syria, and thence to Italy and the south of France. Rhind, however, while accepting his statement as to the course of their journeyings, deduces from it that they were probably derived from one stock, and considers Galessio's theory of their transit to be borne out by the fact of the character of the respective fruits, coinciding with the probable influence of the ways in which they wandered; and that the one which had been transplanted from one genial climate to another, as in the case of Persia, Syria, and Italy, would be likely to remain sweet; while that which had been borne from the head of the Persian Gulf along the desert, to reach Spain, might well have become embittered by such a progress; for, according to him, "there is no absolute reason for supposing that the sweet and bitter orange were originally different; and even now they are not so different as two mushrooms of the very same variety, the one produced upon a dry and airy down, and the other upon a marsh." The fruit seems, indeed, to be very susceptible to the influences of soil and climate, its flavor depending greatly upon pure air, and a sufficiency of moisture; a very high temperature increasing its size at the expense of its delicacy. Thus, St. Michael's, fanned by cool Atlantic breezes, produces a small pale, thin-skinned fruit, with deliciously sweet pulp; while Malta, an island also, yet dry and sultry from its proximity to the African coast, affords a large, thick-rinded orange, with red pulp, tasting slightly bitter. It is a curious circumstance, too, that beneath the artificial earth, (brought originally from Sicily,) which forms the soil of Malta, there gathers continually a kind of crust, either the decomposition of the rocky substratum, or the accumulation of saline particles brought by the pestilent sirocco; and if the earth be not periodically trenched, and this crust removed, the trees cease to bear, or their fruit becomes bitter and unwholesome. The Chinese claim the orange as a native fruit, and though the fact of there being no reference to it in the travels of the accurate and observant Marco Polo has led some to doubt this claim, yet it is more likely that he may have overlooked or forgotten it, than that it should have spread so widely there, and no record remain of its introduction had it been really transplanted thither. So thoroughly, too, was it formerly identified with that country, that the sweet fruit was once universally known in Europe as the "China orange," and it still bears that name in America, and even in India.

To return, however, to the history of its progress in this quarter of the globe, it was asserted by Valmont de Bomare, a Portuguese, that the first sweet orange brought to Europe was one till lately still preserved, and in the possession of the Count St. Laurent at Lisbon; and some other writers not only accepted this as a fact, but even particularized that it was brought by Jean de Castro, who voyaged in 1520; and it was further said to have been the only survivor of a number sent as a present from Asia to Conde Mellor, prime

minister of the king of Portugal. Gallo, however, who published a work on Agriculture in 1569, speaking of the sweet oranges in the neighborhood of Salo on Lake Garda, says that they had been cultivated there from time immemorial; and even that most decisive personage, from whose final dictum there is no appeal—the “oldest inhabitant”—bringing the weight of nonagenarian memory to bear upon the question, could not remember a time when the trees had not been there, which shows that the Lisbon tree could not have been the first or only one brought to Europe at the time it dates from. To the Italians, and to the Genoese in particular, Galessio gives the credit of having been the earliest importers of these trees from the East; before long they began to cultivate them, and in the territory of St. Remo their number soon became so considerable, that in 1525 the municipal Council of that city appointed a magistrate specially to superintend this branch of commerce, and laid down rules for its regulation, by which it is found that the annual exportation thence amounted to several millions of fruit, and that nearly all France, Germany, and several other countries of Europe, were supplied from there. It is at Genoa, in the present day, that these plants meet with the most regular and garden-like culture, so that the orange orchards in that neighborhood may be said to supply all Europe with trees. Less attention, however, is devoted to them there than in France, but this is more than compensated for by the special suitability of soil and climate; for though treated more scientifically in Paris than at Genoa, or, indeed, anywhere else, yet natural disadvantages which cannot be overcome prevent their attaining equal perfection.

The date of the introduction of the orange-tree into our own country is supposed to have been about 1596, Aubrey, in his “History of Surrey,” mentioning the orangery of Beddington, “where are several orange-trees planted in the open ground, where they have throve to admiration for above a whole century, but are preserved during the winter under a moveable covert. They were brought from Italy by Sir Francis Carew, knight, and it was the first attempt of the kind that we hear of.” The “Biographia Britannica,” however, connects the origin of these trees with a more illustrious name, asserting that “from a tradition preserved in the family, they were raised by Sir Francis Carew, from the *seeds* of the first oranges which were imported into England by Sir Walter Raleigh, who had married his niece, the daughter of Sir Nicholas Throgmorton.” It has been stated, that in 1690 most of these trees were thirteen feet high, and that at least ten thousand oranges were gathered from them that year; but after flourishing for about a century and a half, they were all killed by the great frost in 1739-40. Though generally looked on as plants only fit for the conservatory, they have for above a hundred years past been grown in gardens in Devonshire, trained like peach-trees against walls, and sheltered only with straw mats in winter, yet producing fruit as large and

fine as any from Portugal; and Loudon asserts very confidently that in other localities, "with a little care and without the expense of glass they could be grown against hollow walls, heated by flues, and protected by straw mats." The largest trees in Britain are those of Smorgony in Glamorganshire, said to have been procured from a wreck on the neighboring coast, in the time of Henry VII. They are planted on the floor of an immense conservatory, and bear abundantly. Fortunately, though, for "the million," orange lovers every one of them, we are not left to depend upon the efforts of scientific gardeners in an unsuitable climate for our supply of this universal favorite, but can obtain a sufficient response to our largest demands by means of importation. The best oranges are brought from the Azores, where they were originally introduced by the Portuguese, but Spain, Portugal, and other countries contribute their share to swell the mighty tide which pours into Britain. The total quantity cannot be ascertained with perfect exactitude, as oranges and lemons are reckoned together in the revenue returns, but in 1857 it was considered that not less than 692,842 bushels, paying a duty of eightpence per bushel, were annually imported; and Carpenter reckons that we receive numerically about 272,000,000 a year, giving an average of nearly a dozen to each individual of the population.

The various names applied to the orange—the *Citrus aurantium* or *Hesperidæ* of Linnæan botany—have given rise to much discussion. *Citrum* was a name given by the Romans to a kind of gourd, still called by the French *citrouille*, and the words *citrinus* and *citrina*, as epithets, were used for many fruits after they had been adopted to express the pale yellow tint proper to the citron, a fruit which was known in classic days, and was introduced into Italy ten centuries before the orange, to which it bears a certain family resemblance, though not a very close one. *Aurantium* seems to be formed from *aureum*, alluding to the golden color of the fruit; *malum aureum* was looked on as a synonym of the *malum Hesperidum* of the ancients; and the transition from *aurantium* to *orange* appears plausible enough.* It is rather fallacious, however, to seek in classic language the derivation of the names of objects unknown to those who spoke it. We should rather seek light in the East, and there we find that lemon and orange trees are known in India by the names of *lemoen* and *naregan*, while Hindostanee dictionaries give the word *narendj* as still being the Hindoo name for our golden-robed friends. From *narendj*, then, must have come the Latin *airangi*, afterwards modified into *aurantium*, whence the English and French derived their *orange*, the Spaniards their *naranja*, and the Italians their

* The district in France which gave its name to the Netherlandish dynasty, was known to the Romans under the name of Arausio, afterwards changed to Orange; but why it received the former name, or how this came to be altered in the same way as was the name of the fruit, the writer of this article, after much research, has been unable to ascertain.

naranzo. The latter people, however, adopt the word *agrumi* as the family name for plants of this kind—a well-chosen title, as it is derived from *agro*, acid—acidity being the dominant characteristic of every species of Citrus; and Galessio, after imperatively rejecting the term *Hesperidæ*, as founded on fable, and objecting to *citrus* as properly the name of a species, and therefore insufficient to express the genus which comprises both that and others, expresses his opinion that it would be advantageous were this word *agrumi* or *agrumes*, (with its derivative *agronome*, denoting the cultivator of the plants,) adopted into every language. From the French, too, unless we could invent a better name, we might not do ill to borrow the term *Bigarade*, by which they distinguish the bitter kind of fruit, for which we have at present no more suitable title than “Seville oranges.”

The most complete treatise on oranges which has ever appeared, is contained in a folio volume by Risso, published at Paris in 1818, which furnishes colored and life-sized illustrations of above a hundred kinds, with a full description of every variety grown. This writer was the first to remark the curious fact that a sweet orange may always be infallibly distinguished from an acid or bitter one, however similar in form or color, the vesicles containing essential oil being in the former always convex, in the latter concave. In limes and insipid varieties the vesicles are plane, and they become more or less convex or concave according as the juice of the fruit is sweeter or sourer. The orange, he says, too, is distinguished from all other known plants by several curious physiological characteristics, which appear to depend on a peculiar organization. One of its peculiarities is that the pip often contains several embryos under one integument, as many as three or four being found in common oranges and lemons, while in a pommeloe Gaertner counted no less than twenty, though the majority were imperfect.

The seed, when planted, germinates in about ten or fifteen days, and develops eventually into an evergreen tree with greenish brown bark, sometimes armed with thorns on the young branches, the full-grown tree often reaching the height of twenty-five feet. The leaf is technically considered as a compound one with but a single leaflet, being thus reckoned in the same class with such as the laburnum and horse-chestnut, rather than with such as the plum or laurel, to which a casual observer would be much more likely to assign it; but on careful inspection it may be seen, that instead of the petiole, or leaf-stalk, being a mere uninterrupted continuation of the midrib of the leaf, as with other leaves of similar shape, and which constitutes their claim to be called simple, in the case of the orange it is a separate piece, to which the part therefore called the leaflet is articulated by a distinct joint, which is the special characteristic of what are called compound leaves. Though in the citron, lemon, and lime this petiole is a bare stalk, in the orange and shaddock it is winged, that is, it has on each side an expansion of leafy

substance, sometimes so broad as to make it look like a second leaf growing below the principal one it supports. The yellow dots upon the foliage indicate the vesicles of essential oil, and if these are bruised by rubbing a leaf between the fingers, the odor becomes much more apparent. The blossom, which is white, or sometimes pink or violet tinged, appears in clusters, and is composed of from three to five petals encircling from twenty to sixty yellow stamens, (two or three times as many as are found in the citron or lemon,) grouped together in such a manner as to make the flower a Linnæan *polyadelphia polyandria*. Every part of the surface of the orange-tree, except just these stamens, is covered with vesicles containing an essential oil, and it is a singular circumstance, that no sooner do these manifest the least disposition to transform themselves into petals, so as to form double blossoms, than vesicles of oil begin immediately to develop on their surface also. The central ovary is divided into from five to fifteen parts, each containing from six to twenty ovules, but, fortunately for orange-eaters, at the utmost not more than three or four in each division perfect into pips, and some varieties both of sweet and bitter oranges are entirely seedless. The perfect fruit is a large berry, with a leathery rind enclosing a pulp consisting of a number of vesicles containing a fluid which owes its flavor to a combination of the malic acid of the apple with the citric acid of the lemon, and the divisions of the ovary are still apparent in the form of the thin membrane dividing the "quarters" of the fruit. The tough and oil-impregnated skin in which it is enveloped fits it to endure uninjured both extremes of temperature; and the aroma of the rind and acidity of the pulp combining to protect it from insect depredations, it may therefore be procured fresh in every region of the world to which means of transport are available, since, if plucked before it is fully ripe, it will keep good for a considerable time, being indeed a treasure ready packed for travelling by Nature herself. The gathering of both oranges and lemons for the English market begins in October, and does not continue beyond the end of December, while the fruit would not be perfectly ripe until the following spring. Another advantage gained from this premature harvesting, is that the trees from which the fruit is gathered green bear plentifully every year, while it is found, that where the fruit is suffered to ripen they afford abundant crops only on alternate years. The productiveness of the common orange is enormous, Dr. Lindley informing us that a single tree at St. Michael's has been known to produce twenty thousand oranges fit for packing, exclusive of the damaged fruit and the waste, which may be calculated at one-third more. In hot countries the essential juice of the ripe orange is re-absorbed by the tree during its blossoming, after which period the fruit becomes sweeter and more succulent than before. A justly celebrated physiologist traces this fact to a general tendency of plants to establish a sort of equilibrium of their fluids.

The fruit takes two years to mature, and as fresh blossoms are continually appearing, it may be seen upon the same tree at once in every stage, from the little green globule to the perfect golden globe shining luminous among the rich glossy foliage all enwreathed with clusters of pearl and amber flowers, sending forth an odor that never cloy. Grateful to every sense, no marvel that the orange-tree is the chosen ornament of courtly halls and palatial pleasures, and that, as Dr. Sickler observes, in laying out royal or noble gardens, an orangery is felt to be the first necessity, and it is only when this is provided for that even fountains and statues are thought of.

The tree attains sometimes to a very great age; there is one probably still in existence at Versailles which was known by the name of Francis I., having been taken during the reign of that monarch from the Constable de Bourbon on the seizure of his property in 1523, after it had been in the possession of his family for upwards of eighty years. As, however, it has now a double stem, some have thought that the original tree must have been cut down, and that the present pair of trunks are but new shoots from the old stock. There are some trees, too, at Cordova which are said to be six or seven hundred years old, but which have begun to decay, and when diseased become crusted with a kind of lichen supposed to be peculiar to the orange. The tree is liable, too, to take disease from other plants, as was unfortunately proved when the orange-trees at Fayal were attacked, about ten years ago, by a new and strange insect which completely destroyed a large number of them, the only effectual remedy being to cut down the tree as soon as the disease showed itself, leaving only the stump covered over with earth, whence new and healthy shoots would then grow up. It first appeared in the gardens of the American consul, immediately after he had had an importation of trees from his native country planted there, and no doubt was entertained of its having been thus introduced; but it spread so rapidly all over the island that the other Azores, in great alarm, placed Fayal in a sort of quarantine, lest it should reach them; and though very strenuous efforts were made to overcome the evil, its effects are by no means yet recovered from.

Accustomed, from what is seen on every table and in every street and shop, to associate with the name of orange only the regular form of that "oblate spheroid" with which geographers delight to illustrate the figure of this our earth, any one to whom they were presented for the first time would be likely to be rather astonished, on being called upon to give that title to many of the curious objects which figure in the illustrations to M. Risso's elaborate work. Variegated in color, and most strangely diversified in form; stained, striped, ribbed like the melon, nipped like the lemon; horned, as it is called, like nothing else in nature; adhering together and growing upon each other like the two "halves" of a cottage loaf; or within each

other, and peeping forth like the progeny of an opossum from the mother's pouch: some of the oddest irregularities of nature are to be found claiming kindred with our simple yellow ball, and turning the common expression "as round as an orange" into a piece of most contemptuous irony. It may not be uninteresting to particularize a little more minutely some of these vagaries.

The Malta Blood Orange offers no visible peculiarity until it begins to ripen, when a red stain appears within, spreads over all the pulp, and then comes out upon the rind, though rarely extending all over it. It has but few seeds, and these are nearly always barren. Before modern experiments had demonstrated the fallacies of ancient superstition on gardening subjects, a "graft" was as much the matter-of-course solution of any singular vegetable phenomenon as a "spell" was of any extraordinary animal affection; and accordingly it was a general belief that this sanguineous tinted fruit was the product of an orange grafted on a pomegranate, a notion now ascertained to be quite incorrect, though it is still supposed to be a cross, but only between an Indian and a European species of *Aurantium*. The Turkish Orange has a number of narrow radiating stripes extending from the top of the fruit towards and sometimes quite to the stalk, the predominant color of the fruit being pale yellow, and the stripes at first green, afterwards red. The Horned Orange grows out into protuberances of different sizes, sometimes conical, sometimes shaped like the claw of a tiger, giving the normal sphere a deformed and monstrous appearance. The cause of this singular eccentricity is traced by Lindley to a monstrous separation of the carpels or parts of the ovary; while another yet more extraordinary variation of form—in which but half of the fruit is globular, a number of misshapen prominences completing its figure, and presenting an appearance very like a bird's-nest with a number of unsightly young ones putting forth their little heads from it—is considered to arise from the growth of a supernumerary row of carpels beyond the legitimate number which form the ordinary ovary, and which develop into little oranges, deformed, perhaps, from not having room to expand within the larger one.

Yet another notable variety of the sweet orange is that which is known at Paris by the name of "Adam's apple," having received this title in consequence of its being eatable throughout like an apple, the skin being soft and melting as the flesh of a peach.

But, however strange the form assumed by some of the sweet oranges, yet greater singularities are met with when we come to the tribe of Bigaradiers, our Bitter or Seville Oranges. Trees of this kind are generally less tall than those which bear sweet fruit, the foliage is thicker and the leaf-stalks have larger wings. The flower too is larger and more odorous, and therefore preferred for the purposes of the perfumer. The fruit has a more rugged rind and a redder color when ripe, every part of the tree, in fact, being on a sort of stronger scale—"an orange pushed to excess," as Risso

expresses it. Among the varieties of the bigaradier are to be found some which are "horned;" others which look as though two or three smaller fruits more or less formed were growing out of the summit of the larger one; another, the Bicolor, the leaves of which are variegated with patches of white, while the fruit is marked with colored stripes, first green then red, and having the further peculiarity that the vesicles of essential oil upon those stripes are concave, while on the other part of the fruit they are convex. The *Bigaradier violette* has some of its leaves and some of its flowers of a rich violet hue, the others being of the ordinary color, the flowers which grow from the axil of a green leaf being white, while those which spring from the base of a violet one are violet also. The fruit, too, which proceed from the latter, partake of this tint, until they have nearly attained their full growth, when they turn yellow and ripen like the others. Plants of this species are now not uncommon at Paris, but they have all been obtained from cuttings from the original, and for a long time the only one of the kind, in the Jardin des Plantes; but though as easy to cultivate as the common sort, a high price has been maintained for it by the florists, who reserve it for their choicest bouquets, and sell it under the name of *Hermaphrodite*. An attempt has been made, by nipping the green leaves as soon as they appeared, to force the whole plant to become violet-colored, but it has proved a failure.

But the most curious of all curious oranges—nay, it might almost be said, the most extraordinary production of the vegetable kingdom,—is the *Bigaradier bizarrerie*, the origin of which remained for thirty years a marvel and a mystery, till Pierre Nato, a Florentine physician, who made it the subject of a public dissertation at Florence in 1674, made known that the tree which bore it was simply a seedling, which the gardener in whose grounds it had been raised, had forgotten or neglected to re-graft, after his first operation upon it had failed. Left thus to itself, the fruit it brought forth was so different to anything that had ever been seen before, that it soon attracted its owner's notice; he gained large sums by selling cuttings from it, and wishing for fame as well as fortune, took credit for having produced such wonderful effects by his own special skill and exertions, until at last Nato prevailed upon him to disclose the whole truth. Trees of this strange variety have some of their branches smooth, some garnished with thorns, violet-colored or green; the leaves are indiscriminately long and short, smooth-edged or indented, and their petioles naked or winged; the flowers are sometimes all white, sometimes only a portion are white and the rest pink; while in the fruit which follows no less than four or five species are mingled, the same tree bearing at the same time sweet oranges, bitter ones, citrons, and limes, interspersed with fruits made up of some or all of these in different proportions, one, perhaps, being half orange and half bigarade or citron, another the same mixture in alternate quarters or eighths, and so on, in almost endless variety. It seems, in short, as though the elements of

several different species were circulating under the same bark, yet remaining, like oil and water, without the power to mix, or, at least, to blend and unite; each finds distinct and independent development as it can—not at stated times and distances, but apparently quite capriciously. Sometimes, branches covered with the leaves, flowers, and fruit of the citron will all at once change their nature and produce only sweet oranges or bitter ones, or run through the whole series alternately. Finally, these freaks will often suddenly cease, and a plant which has been sporting away its youth in such coquettish vagaries will sober down into a staid matronly tree, bearing henceforth but a single kind of ordinary fruit.

The bigaradier attains sometimes to a very great age. There is one in the gardens of the convent of St. Sabine at Rome which is asserted by tradition to have been planted by St. Dominic about the year 1200, and which was certainly spoken of by Augustin Gallo, as far back as in 1559, as a tree which had been in existence from time immemorial. Being looked on as a miraculous prodigy, its fruit is reserved to be given, with great ceremony, to the sick, and some of it was also invariably presented to the Pope and Cardinals on their Ash Wednesday visitation of this church. Age did not seem to impair its fertility, for in 1806, according to the assurance of the monks, it bore no less than two thousand oranges. It was still living a few years ago, and probably may be so now.

Among the minor uses of the orange-tree, it may be mentioned that its wood was formerly much used in marquetric work, but since so many new varieties of timber have been brought from America, orange-wood has fallen into disuse. The leaves find a place in the Pharmacopœia, being sometimes prescribed for hysterical females instead of tea; and from common oranges, cut through the middle while green, dried in the air, and steeped for forty days in oil, the Arabs, according to Crichton, prepare an essence, famous among old women for restoring a fresh black color to grey hairs.

Oil of neroli and napha-water, two delicious perfumes, are distilled from orange-flowers, but the blossoms find their noblest use in being dedicated to the fair brows of the English bride—the chosen wreath which the maiden wears but once—during that holy rite in which she bids adieu to her maidenhood for ever.

“ Each other blossom, in its hour
The maid at will may wear;
Once, only once, the orange-flower
Her wreathed brows may bear.”

It is rather singular that the origin of a custom so general throughout this country as that of appropriating the orange-blossom to the bride, should be involved in so much obscurity, but nothing positive seems to be known upon the subject. Some years ago a correspondent of *Notes and Queries* made a request in that work for some information upon the point, but after the lapse of more than a year all that was elicited was that a gentleman had read somewhere

that the custom was derived from the Saracens, and it was believed to have been adopted on account of the fertility of the orange-plant. There is room for the conjecture, since to conjecture we are left, that it might originally have implied a desire, that as the flowers and fruit appear together upon this tree, so the bride might retain the graces of maidenhood amid the cares of married life.

But though the flowers of the ordinary orange are esteemed for their fragrance even more than for their beauty, the former quality is most powerfully developed in a distinct variety of the family distinguished as the Bergamot. The fruit of the common *bergamottier*, as the tree is called, is occasionally round, but more often pyriform, and only attains a pale yellow in Paris orangeries, but beams with a bright golden hue in the gardens of Italy, where it is chiefly grown in the neighborhood of Bergamo, whence the name both of the tree and of the scent is derived. It often retains the style at the summit, but sometimes has, instead, an aperture disclosing six or eight tiny fruits nestling within the large one, each having its vesicled outer skin and pulp within. The white blossom, though small, is extremely odoriferous, and the essential oil contained in it, and also in the rind of the fruit, becomes in the hands of the perfumer a precious essence which serves as the base of many delectable preparations. The whole rind, indeed, is often, after being cleared from the pulp, dried, and then softened in water, introduced into a mould, pressed into the form of a box, then adorned with paintings in brilliant colors, and made into a very popular *bonbonnière*, gratifying at once to the sight, the smell, and the taste.

The bergamot, too, like all its other orange brethren, has diversities quaint and queer. One in particular has double blossoms, succeeded by a fruit which has a large circular opening at the flattened top, whence proceed a number of irregular prominences. On cutting open one of these fruits, it is found to be divided into about twenty regular cells around the circumference, (besides a number of irregular ones in the centre corresponding with the external protuberances,) and in each of the twenty, in the midst of the pulp, is seen, instead of seeds, the rudiment of a little fruit covered with yellow rind.

The same season which brings our ordinary orange into such demand, claims also special service from two other fruits very nearly allied to it, and which, though not, like the former, *blazoned proper* upon our tables, yet appear before us, especially during winter festivities, in a variety of forms, lending such added attractions to many a delicious compound, that we could ill brook their absence, and therefore may well add them to this page. What would be our British palladium—plum-pudding—not to speak of Puritan-defying mince-pie, were it deprived of the subtle influence of citron? And how, passing over many a lesser use, could wit-inspiring punch maintain even existence without lemon?

The citron claims priority of notice as having been the first of

the whole family to become known to Europeans, to whom, indeed, it furnished the botanical name for all its tribe. Identified with the "apples of gold" to which Solomon compared the "words of the wise," and with the fruit wherewith the spouse of the Canticles was comforted, it is considered to have been known to most ancient nations; and being introduced into Europe from Media under the name of *malus medica*, was first cultivated in Italy by Palladius in the second century, a thousand years before the arrival of the orange. The tree being for the most part a native of the woods, is so impatient of sunshine that it is best grown by being trained on the back walls of orangeries or vineries, and even then requires extra shading during strong sunshine in summer. At Luscombe, the seat of C. Hoare, Esq., are some remarkably large trees of citrons, shaddocks, and limes, which grow so vigorously that they make shoots of from six to seven feet long in one year. These were raised from cuttings, and the third year after planting out produced fine fruit. At Paisley, too, a citron-tree was grown which in 1830 covered a wall twenty-five feet long and sixteen feet high, and which produced that year between seven and eight dozen of fruit, one of which measured eighteen and a half inches by nineteen and a half. In China they have a variety which attains a very considerable size and is almost solid, having scarcely any pulp or cells, and which is divided at the end into five or six long cylindrical lobes, on which account it is called *Phat thu*, or the finger orange. The fruit is laid upon fine vessels of porcelain in the sitting rooms of the Chinese, for the sake of its agreeable perfume, and was also carried about by the Hebrew women of olden times, to serve the purposes of a scent-bottle. The Jews in some countries still attend their synagogues, on the Feast of Tabernacles, bearing citrons in their hands, a custom mentioned by Josephus, and to which they attach much importance. It is derived from the passage in Leviticus xxiii. 40, in which they are told, "Take you on the first day the boughs of goodly trees, &c." and the citron, being the "goodliest," tree with which they were acquainted, is supposed to have been the origin of its being thus appropriated. The wood of this tree was considered so precious during the days of Roman tablo-mania, that Martial says a table of gold cost less in his time than a table of citron-wood, and this is confirmed by Petronius mentioning that the Assyrians were astonished at receiving so much gold in exchange for their wood, whenever the planks were of a size fit to form tables.

The normal shape of the lemon is that of an ellipse, with a protuberance like a nipple at the extremity, and from this familiar figure it offers fewer diversities than is the case with most of the brethren of its family. When duly cared for, it thrives well in this country, some of the lemons grown at Luscombe measuring from fifteen to eighteen inches in circumference, and weighing as much as fourteen ounces. The Italian "Adam's apple," really a lemon,

whether judged by form or flavor, was particularly noticed by Jacques Vitry, who describes "a tree bearing beautiful citron-colored apples, on which the marks of a man's teeth could be distinctly perceived," and the skin is indeed covered with little irregular indented curves, conveying no inapt idea of having been bitten, whence the miracle-mongering Crusaders very naturally concluded that it could be no other than that

"Fruit, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe."

Another variety, the *Limonia laureola*, is remarkable as being the only really hardy plant of the whole orange tribe, it being found on the tops of cold and lofty mountains, where for some months of the year it lies buried under snow. The hill people of India fancy that it is by feeding on the leaves of this plant that the musk acquires its peculiar odour.

In France the lemon bears the name of *citron*, although the fruit which really claims that title is by no means unknown there, and though the words *limonade* and *limonadier* have been adopted into the language ever since they were introduced by the sellers of this drink, who came into France under the ministry of Cardinal Mazarin, retaining the name which they had borne in Italy. But as French writers would never stoop to use a vernacular term whenever it was possible to employ one derived from the Latin, and which must, therefore, have a more scientific air, the word *limon*, eschewed in literature, could never establish itself, and, as Risso observes, the people, with strange obstinacy, persist in calling the fruit from which *limonadiers* make *limonade*, "*un citron*." He, however, would not conform to a usage which gives rise to such confusion, and with the people of the South of Europe, throughout his work, uses the terms *limon* and *limonier*, for what genteeler Paris would designate as *citron* and *citronnier*.

It can scarcely be considered as decided whether the Aurantiaceæ or Citronworts, as the members of the orange family are called in the technology of the Natural system, are indigenous to the New World, though now superabounding there in many parts. Orange-trees laden with large sweet fruit were found by Humboldt growing wild on the banks of Rio Cedreno, but in his opinion they were but the remains of an Indian plantation. In Cuba they are so numerous, that, in the words of the same mighty traveller, "It would seem as if the whole island had been originally a forest of palm, lemon, and wild orange trees." The two latter, it appears, grow apart, and the planters distinguish the quality of the soil according as either is found in it, preferring that which produces the *naranjal* to that where grows the lemon. Humboldt believed this wild fruit to have been anterior to the *agrumi* of the gardens, transported thither by Europeans, since the best informed inhabitants asserted that fruit of the cultivated trees brought from Asia preserve their size and sweetness when they become wild; and the

Brazilians affirm that the small bitter orange, which is found wild far from the habitations of man, is of American origin. Prince Maximilian, of Wied Neuwied, speaks too of a wild orange of Brazil, called *laranjas de terra*, but which he thinks must have been introduced. In East Florida, however, a species of orange of very agreeable flavor is extremely abundant, which the testimony of the most scientific native authorities pronounces to be decidedly indigenous. Yet again, Garcilassio de la Vega, a descendant of the Incas, born in Peru soon after the invasion of the Spaniards, and therefore an authority of great weight on a subject which must have been so much within his cognisance, testifies most positively in his history of that country, that "before the Spaniards conquered Peru it is certain there were no figs, pomegranates, oranges, or several other fruits which are now so abundant." He further adds, in explanation of this abundance, that "among the trees which Europeans have transplanted to America, none have spread so rapidly as the oranges, lemons, and trees of that genus. Here are now in some countries woods of orange-trees. Surprised at the sight, I asked the inhabitants in one place, who had filled the fields so full of these trees? when they replied that it was due to chance, for the fallen fruits of the first trees had given rise to an infinity of others, and the seeds, being carried farther by the rains, had formed these thick woods."

In Jamaica, too, the orange grows wild so plentifully that no one cares to cultivate it, but the fruit is gathered by the poorer negroes and brought into town to be sold, as blackberries are by cottage children in England. The perfection attained by these uncared-for wildings—for their fruit is truly delicious—sufficiently proves the truth of Galessio's statement, that in a genial climate grafting is quite unnecessary for plants of this kind, though in many places where they are cultivated the process is persevered in, from custom and prejudice. The native cooks not being initiated into the mysteries of marmalade, the bigarades of Jamaica are looked on as of no value; yet a use at least is found for them, for whenever they happen to be handy the negroes are accustomed to squeeze a few into their pail of water when about to wash the floor of a room, the acid having a detergent property, and the delightful scent thus spread abroad rendering the apartment for some time after a very bower of fragrance. Even Canadian "Orangeism" could hardly have got into ill odour, had it adopted so pleasant a mode of diffusing its favorite symbol!

LXI.—NOTICES OF BOOKS.

A SUMMARY OF BOOKS, PAMPHLETS, AND REPORTS.

Journal of the Workhouse Visiting Society. January, 1861.

THE leading paper of this number is on "Destitute Incurables in Workhouses," by Miss Elliott and Miss Cobbe, and was read at the Social Science Meeting at Glasgow, September, 1860. The plan proposed for the alleviation of such cases is—

1. That in every workhouse persons suffering from acute and distressing diseases, such as dropsy, consumption, or cancer, shall be placed in wards specially allotted to them, to be called the wards for male and female incurables.

2. That in these particular wards private charity be permitted to introduce whatever may tend to alleviate the sufferings of the inmates.

A fund has been opened for the assistance of visitors in Unions where this plan may be adopted, and the local subscriptions may prove inadequate. To this Central Fund for Destitute Incurables one gentleman has offered £100, and others have promised further contributions.

The Workhouse Orphan. By the Author of "A Plea for the Helpless." Hatchard and Co., Piccadilly.

THE author of this little book makes an eloquent and touching appeal for these unfortunate children, which no one can read without a pang. How is it that foreign missions get so large a share of the public's sympathy and means, while we have at our very doors outcasts and heathens of our own making, for whose souls at the great Day of Judgment we shall surely be held more accountable than for the souls of Hottentots and Kaffirs? It is for the girls of this class Miss Twining is now opening an Industrial Home, at 22, New Ormond Street, which will, we hope, meet with the support it deserves. We are glad to see, by the pamphlet under consideration, that at Brockham, near Betchworth, there is an Industrial Training School, for workhouse girls, already in operation.

Christopher Cable, the Co-operator. Price 3d. Pitman, Paternoster Row.

THIS is one of those useful little books which at once advocate a system and illustrate a fact by means of a story. Co-operation is, as the title indicates, the system here advocated, and its beneficial results are shown in the successful working of a co-operative store, or equitable shop, conducted by Christopher Cable and his wife, under the superintendence of a benevolent lady. Much good may be effected in our country towns and villages by ladies devoting their leisure time to the instruction of the labouring classes in the

benefits of co-operation, and by personally superintending the formation and carrying out of equitable shops. "Christopher Cable" will be found a great help.

Life Story. A Prize Biography. Tweedie, Strand.

ONE of several biographical sketches written in competition for a prize offered for the best "Lives of Working Men, written by themselves," by the proprietors of the *Commonwealth*, in 1856. It is the history of a poor weaver boy, self-taught under circumstances which would have daunted any one less persevering and determined. It is a striking lesson of what a man may accomplish who resolves to progress spite of all difficulties, and who, however thrown by fortune, returns again and again to the contest.

Cœlebs in Search of a Cook. Blackwood, Paternoster Row.

"CŒLEBS in search o Creature Comforts" would have been a more appropriate title for this pleasant little work, which discourses upon the ways and means of rational and social enjoyment practicable by persons of moderate incomes. Coelebs' own bachelor arrangements, both in town and country, are of the most comfortable description, and, withal, sanitary in the highest degree. Club dinners among neighbors in the country, is a suggestion worth attention, and the bills of fare for fifty-three of these dinners, with recipes for the cook, cannot fail to be of general service.

The Underground Railroad. By the Rev. W. M. Mitchell. Tweedie, Strand.

A RECORD of slavery and its horrors, by a free man of color, born and reared in North Carolina, and who in early life himself shared in the oppression of his race as overseer. Mr. Mitchell afterwards became a missionary to the escaped fugitives in Toronto, Canada West. An eloquent and energetic pleader for the restoration of his oppressed race, Mr. Mitchell's volume is sure of a hearty welcome from numbers.

Hymns and Pictures: British Animals. Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

WELCOME and instructive presents for the young. The cards of animals are beautifully printed and colored, and the letterpress on the back gives all the necessary information as to the habits of the different animals.

Our Exemplars, Poor and Rich. Edited by Matthew Davenport Hill, Recorder of Birmingham. With a Preface by Lord Brougham. Cassell and Co.

A VERY well-written collection of memoirs of men and women, some dead, some still living among us, but who have each in their measure,

by "an extraordinary use of their opportunities, benefited their fellow-creatures." This volume is pleasantly written, and deserves to be—as we doubt not it will become—very popular. It is remarkable for a very wide and generous sympathy with all who strive to serve God and man, whatever their class, their country or their creed.

The Star of Hope, and the Staff of Duty. Tales of Womanly Trials and Victories. James Hogg and Sons.

IN spite of its title, three out of the four stories contained in this volume are very readable, and written in a sensible tone, and with a healthy purpose and feeling. We think we have met with them elsewhere, although they are now first collected.

The Heart and the Mind: True Words on Training and Teaching. By Mrs. Hugh A. Kennedy. Nisbet and Co.

SENSIBLE advice to mothers, put with simplicity and earnestness. It is a practical and useful little work.

Fairy Tales: Allegories in Verse for Young People. By E. A. Pym. Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

WE can hardly judge of the tales themselves; they are written in such doggrel rhyme that any merit they may have is fairly overpowered.

LXII.—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,

As one of your correspondents to the "Open Council" department has sensibly alluded to the exclusion of women from church and chapel organs, where the duties are undertaken for a salary, I venture to solicit a space for the following brief statement of facts, which tend to prove that a quarterly salary of £5 is considered sufficient for a professional female organist, but not enough for a gentleman amateur, holding an excellent appointment in a public office. I will state the circumstance as concisely as some little explanation will permit.

A young woman of talent, who has produced some successful musical compositions, and has a reputation for ability and careful conduct, has recently been dismissed from her situation as organist, for having asked for increase of salary from £20 to £30 a year. The services, added to the practising of a choir and instructing the children in psalmody, necessitate 228

attendances in the year, and occupy a large portion of the organist's time; the pay is about 1s. 9d. for each attendance. This will not be deemed an extravagant remuneration for a well-trained musical professor of experience at a church, which is, in commercial phrase, "a paying concern," and where the incumbent's income is large; but £20 a year was of importance to this poor young woman—it was, at least, a moiety of her profits. Besides, she had experienced enough of the exclusion of women system, having, in reply to three applications, been informed that "*ladies were not eligible*," and this, too, from small district churches, where the appointments have been subsequently given to amateurs, who are city clerks. She was induced to make a respectful application to the incumbent and churchwardens for an additional £10 per annum. The result was a notice of dismissal, accompanied, however, by a flattering testimonial. The clever but poor female organist has been got rid of, and a gentleman amateur, likewise a city clerk, was appointed in her place, his friends being seat-renters in the church. I am informed that the amateur held the office for two weeks only, although the salary for him was £30 a year.

Twenty pounds a year, with the chance of a little teaching, in a neighborhood, not exactly poor, but far from wealthy, yields but a scanty income for the maintenance of a person expected to make a respectable appearance; and there is much praise due to this class of the underpaid, for reserve and delicacy in not wishing their trials and humiliations to be paraded before the public. In this rank stands the female organist in question, and for the sake of many others who are anxious to earn a decent maintenance, and to be self-supporting, it is hoped the press will invite public opinion to assist, not prevent, them in pursuing an occupation for which they are so well adapted.

I am, Madam, yours respectfully,

H. A. Z.

To the Editor of the English Woman's Journal.

MADAM,

I wish to call attention to a letter which appeared in the *Times* from the Rev. Walter Cocks, Honorary Secretary to the House of Charity, an account of which Institution appeared in your pages some months ago. He says, "I plead the cause of this charity with the more confidence, as it is, I believe, the only charity which seeks to aid respectable persons in distress." Indeed, it is singular, that while we have refuges, reformatories and penitentiaries for the fallen, no one seems to think of the many respectable persons, who are plunged into misfortune through no fault of their own, and with no one to aid or assist them. To all such, this house is a home and a harbor of refuge. Here, for instance, a servant girl, coming up to London to seek a situation, without any friends in London, finds an asylum from the many temptations of a city, and not only so, but most likely finds a situation through the medium of the House; here, also, the widow recently bereft of her husband, and having no means of support, finds a home for a time, and people willing and eager to start her afresh.

So, also, discharged patients from hospitals obtain food and rest till their strength is restored; while out-patients, too ill to work, but not ill enough to be admitted into a hospital, and perhaps recommended good food and complete rest, (and complete rest to a working person means, be it remembered, simply starvation,) find here a home and all that is requisite, till they are once more strong enough to take their part in the great battle of life.

There are many other cases of a similar kind received into the House, the only passport necessary being distress and a good character.

During the year now closing, six hundred persons have been boarded and lodged, for periods ranging from two to six weeks, and the great majority have obtained situations.

Perhaps some of your readers will say, "Only six hundred! what is six hundred among the number of poor in London?" To such my answer is, "Give us the means, and we will gladly extend our charity." During the last weeks we have been obliged, for want of room, to send away many applicants for relief; and if we had the means, an opportunity will soon be afforded of securing larger premises. The assertion of Mr. Cocks, that this House of Charity is the ONLY charity for respectable persons, is, I believe, almost, though not absolutely, correct, for the advertisement of another small Home of the same description for destitute girls, may be seen in the *Times*, which describes itself as equally in want of support, and overrun with applicants for assistance.

Now let me ask, what is to become of the girls whom these charities are unable to receive from want of funds? If they apply for admission to a workhouse, they will probably be refused, for frequent complaints in the magistrates' courts, show that it is quite customary to refuse admission, and that a shilling a week and a loaf of bread is the outdoors allowance given to those who are denied indoors relief, and with which they are expected to provide food and lodging. The *Saturday Review* observes on this subject, "There is a fine phrase which patriotic declaimers are fond of using, that in England every poor man has a right to live. The metropolitan vestries know better than that. Spite of the theoretical right to live, deaths from want are only too common. In the country the Poor-law is a tolerably efficient instrument of relief; in London, considered in comparison with the masses it has to deal with, it is almost a dead letter. . . . The police courts are constantly occupied with complaints, that the workhouses have shut their doors on starving men and women, who have been picked up in the streets by the police. The magistrates send stinging messages in the hope of goading the workhouse authorities to do their duty. But it requires something more than stinging words to bring such a phenomenon to pass. The boards of guardians or directors know that hard words break no bones, and that the more public the cases of misery are made, the better for the ratepayers. . . . It is a great discovery to have found out, that simply by shutting out the poor into the street, they can induce charitable people at the West End to take the cost of poor relief upon themselves."

But unluckily for respectable persons, the charitable people at the West End have just at present no sympathy for *them*, it has all gone away to other objects. Let a girl once fall into vice, and instantly a hundred hands are stretched out to save her, and a dozen comfortable penitentiaries are opened to receive her, into which she is invited, exhorted, implored to enter. But had a home been opened to her a few days before, she would have required neither entreaties nor exhortations to enter, she would have been but too thankful to receive the necessaries of life under a warm roof. Then, however, they were denied her; the workhouse shut her out, the charitable houses were too full to receive her, she was a mere uninteresting destitute girl of good character, without a vestige of romance attached to her, and nobody cared what became of her. Now surely it is not right that a good character should prove an obstacle to receiving charitable relief. It cannot be right that people should be more willing to raise the fallen, than to help those to stand, who are in danger of falling.

I write this in hopes that some of your readers, who are perhaps doubting which to assist among the numerous charities now calling for aid, may be induced to decide in favor of the House of Charity, 9, Rose Street, Soho Square. I write, also, because I know that many charitable persons take your Journal, some of whom are not unlikely to become, hereafter, founders of Institutions themselves; and I would urge upon them that at present the most neglected classes are the respectable ones, and that, in London, at least, it is a mockery to talk of the workhouse as an unfailing place of refuge for destitute respectable girls.

O. P. Q.

To the Editor of the English Woman's Journal.

MADAM,

In the January number of the *ENGLISH WOMAN'S JOURNAL*, I read a letter signed A. E., in which the writer expresses a wish to know how soon there will be an election for the candidates of the X. Y. Z. Fund. It is intended to grant annuities as fast as the funds will permit, but I do not think it would be advantageous to the X. Y. Z. Fund to lessen the sum of five pounds to ten years' subscription—for several reasons. In the first place, a large number of circulars have already been distributed in which that sum is named, in lieu of a ten years' subscription. Secondly, it is only a ten years' subscription for the governess and her employer; and in the third place, I fear so many persons would present themselves for annuities, that it would lead to great disappointment, as it is not likely funds will be obtained rapidly at first. Ten years may be almost necessary for the success of the plan. To allow any sum to be paid down, instead of ten years' subscription, was not part of the original plan, but was added because it was feared aged governesses would have no chance at all.

Hereafter this sum might be altered if the funds would permit, but at present I should prefer increasing the sum to diminishing it.

I can see no objection to the letter signed A. V., but the plan proposed would depend on the Board of the Governesses' Benevolent Institution, whose rules would be affected by it.

I remain, Madam, yours obediently,

January 12th, 1861.

X. Y. Z.

NOTICE.

"A LOVER OF TRUTH" is referred to *Household Words*, No. 468, March 12, 1859, where the poem in question will be found. The German is a translation from the English poem, not the English a translation from the German.—Eds. E. W. J.

LXIII.—PASSING EVENTS.

THE fate of Italy, which has so long occupied the attention of the English public, has suddenly sunk into secondary importance and interest. With Francis II. still at bay, and the problems of Rome and Venetia yet unsolved, men's thoughts are hurried from these comparatively home scenes, across the dreary waters of the Atlantic, to what is no longer the *United States* of America. With less bluster than of old—in fact, with little or no warning—South Carolina has seceded from the Union, and stands on her right as an independent state, to set at defiance the Federal government. The Rubicon is crossed, and both here and on the other side of the Atlantic, men stand breathlessly awaiting the result. One thing only is clear—the impossibility of compromise on the part of the North. What then remains?—Coercion on the part of the Federal government, a dubious, if not unconstitutional line of policy; the entire disruption of the Union, a calamity to be deplored and averted at the cost of everything but honor; or a compromise from the South. This is the solution to be desired, the only one that can save the States from the horrors of civil war, or, worse still, of negro insurrection. The limitation of slavery within its present boundaries is all the South can hope for or the North concede. And, unless the hitherto United States are to be scattered to the four points of the compass, this is what the South will

have to yield to, after, if not before, the outbreak of civil war. Think of the few and scattered groups of whites in the Valley of the Mississippi, and all along the southern sea-board—think of these and their four millions of slaves—and then picture what will happen if the South sets at defiance the North, which carries with it all the power and strength of the country—and these slaves rise, as they surely will, to avenge the long sufferings of the past. The hour of danger so touchingly, and, as it were, almost prophetically dwelt upon by Washington in his last address to the people, has sounded, and only He who holds the earth in His hands can tell the issue. It is an hour of incalculable danger to us as well as to the Americans—and, we may even add, to the civilized world at large.

By the latest advices intelligence is received of the secession of Mississippi, Florida and Alabama.

The case of Andersen, the fugitive slave, sentenced by Chief Justice Robinson and Justice Burns, of the Court of Queen's Bench, at Toronto, to be given up to the United States authorities for the alleged crime of murder, committed in the State of Missouri, while endeavoring to effect his escape, excites the deepest interest. Justice M'Lean held that the evidence against him was insufficient to warrant his rendition, and Andersen's counsel applied for an appeal to the Bench of Judges. The legal point in question is, whether or no the law of Missouri, which makes killing in self-defence on the part of a slave, murder, is to hold good in the Canadian courts of law, where the same offence would, at the utmost, be held as justifiable homicide. Upon the application of Mr. Edwin James, a writ of *habeas corpus* has been granted by the Court of Queen's Bench here, and a messenger of the Court has been despatched by the Cunard steamer to Canada, to bring Andersen over, unless he should meanwhile have been liberated by the Court of Common Pleas in Canada. As, in any case, the consent of the Crown is necessary before the man can be given up, it is not likely that this forced and wicked construction of the law of extradition, in the famous Ashburton Treaty, will prove successful.

Long will the severe frost of the latter days of 1860, and the early days of 1861, be remembered and dwelt upon, both for its almost unparalleled intensity, and its duration. The bills of mortality in London alone, show the fatal consequences of so low a degree of temperature, combined with the dense and poisonous atmosphere, which always, more or less, surrounds this huge metropolis. The deaths in the week ending January 19th, were only seven less than the deaths in the week when the cholera was most fatal in the city of London in 1848. During the fog of January 10th, large numbers of persons were struck down as if shot. Dr. Letheby, in his report to the City Commissioners of Sewers, says, "the quantity of organic vapour, sulphate of ammonia, and finely divided soot in the atmosphere, was unprecedented—it amounted to nearly four grains in the cubic foot of air, and its effect on the eyes and the delicate bronchial membranes was most irritating. This is evidenced by the enormous amount of illness and mortality from acute pulmonary affections."

We must not omit to note the death of the long suffering King of Prussia.

The Conference held at Birmingham, January 23rd, on the Education of Neglected and Destitute Children, was numerous and influentially attended. The following were the "general principles" enumerated in the printed circular:—

"It is the duty of the State, both as regards society in general, and each individual composing it, to provide education for those who *cannot* obtain it for themselves.

"This duty is recognised by the State, since it provides education for those who are in gaols and reformatories, and therefore come compulsorily under its care, and for those who are thrown on society for support, *i.e.* paupers.

"The same duty exists, but has not been discharged, by the State towards

children who are not as yet either criminals or paupers, but whose natural guardians will not, or cannot, provide for their education.

"It is the object of the Conference to lay before the Executive Government and the Legislature, as a consequence of the principle above stated, the imperative duty of its providing education for this portion of the community."

Sir John Pakington, M.P., in the chair, opened the proceedings, and having dwelt upon the fact that the most poor and most needy of the community, those who people our ragged schools, are excluded from any benefit in the large annual sum voted by Parliament to assist in the education of the poor,* ended by proposing that a firm remonstrance be addressed to the House of Commons, "to demand that the dictates of benevolence and common sense should be no longer disregarded; and he trusted that they would be supported strenuously both in and out of Parliament."

Mr. M.D. Hill, Q.C., and Dr. Guthrie having moved resolutions to the effect of the general principles already given, supported these resolutions by long and able speeches. Miss Carpenter read a paper, characterised by that high moral and devotional feeling, sound sense, and intimate acquaintance with her subject, which lend such weight to all she does or says.

Dr. Miller very much doubted whether the practical point of the question was generally known and understood—and, after speaking in the most eulogistic terms of the paper read by Miss Carpenter, he said he hoped that when this subject was brought before the House of Commons it should be moved that every member be compelled to read that paper, and be obliged to lay his hand on his breast and say so before he voted.

* For further particulars see the last number of the Journal, p. 349, "On the Relation of Ragged Schools to the Educational System of the Country".