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I.—EMIGRATION FOR EDUCATED WOMEN.

INTRODUCTION.

AMONG the many emigration schemes, Government or other, it has never, we believe, been attempted to promote the emigration of educated women, of whom we have in England so large a surplus dependent upon their own exertions for support, that they are a drug in our female labour market, while their services are sorely needed in our colonies.

We are aware that, at first sight, a thousand obstacles to the successful emigration of educated women start into view, and that, even when these obstacles are steadily looked in the face, a large amount of care and foresight is needed in the promoters of such a scheme; a patient mastering of facts and details; a careful, elaborate, and conscientious organization; and though last, not least, a wise selection of candidates.

Still, we believe all this capable of achievement, and the end to be gained well worth any amount of time and trouble on the part of those who undertake it, in the relief it is calculated to afford to thousands dragging on existence in penury and suffering here, who only need to be transplanted to the colonies to become happy and valuable members of society, blessings in their own generation, and in the generations to come.

The Committee of the Society for Promoting the Employment of Women are now organizing a plan for the emigration of educated women, a sketch of which it is our purpose to give here.

From inquiries already made, and information received, it is evident that a new field for the employment of educated women is open in many, if not all, of our colonies. Hitherto, what we must be allowed to call independent emigration has been almost entirely confined to the men of the middle classes; while organized emigration, Government or other, has been for the men and women of the lower classes only. The signal failure of Government emigration, spite of its elaborate offices, its well-paid staff, and its rules and regulations—perfect, so far as pen, ink, and paper are concerned—long felt in the colonies, is beginning to make itself felt at home,

by the refusal of the colonists any longer to send funds, in return for which they are burdened with the half-savage and wholly untaught and unskilled population of the wilds of Ireland and Scotland. Women born and bred in peat huts, who know nothing of the requirements or even decencies of civilized life, whose whole art of cooking consists in knowing how to boil a potato or mix porridge, whose skill as laundresses is confined to the washing of their own garments in the running brook, stronger in the domestic duty of peat-cutting than house-cleaning; women such as these, with Government certificates as cooks, laundresses, and housemaids, have been shipped by hundreds to Melbourne, Adelaide, and Sydney, obtaining readily, on the faith of these certificates, wages from £20 to £30 a year; to be found, as a matter of course, utterly wanting in the first principles of their duties; instead of helps, hindrances in the family; so insupportable, that speedy dismissal has been the only alternative. Of such women our colonies have had more than enough; their streets are infested with them—hapless women and hapless colonists, victims both to the red tape inefficiency of the home Government; direct victims to this cause, but indirect victims to the arrogation by men of duties which only women can properly fulfil. What do the gay young clerks of the Government Colonial Emigration Office know of the household requirements of the colonists? The printed forms issued there are perfect, and the certificates as to the qualifications of emigrants require the signature of clergymen and magistrates; so far as red tape can go, nothing can be better, but, behold the result! And thus, on the surface of things, it is said, there is no opening for women in the colonies.

The inquiries already made, however, point to a different state of matters; women, it appears, are wanted, both as domestic servants, teachers in public schools, schoolmistresses, and private governesses, and the supply of these latter is the object this Society has in view.

The means by which it proposes to work, will be best shown in the following Circular, which has just been issued as a basis for organization, both here and in the colonies:—

"The Committee of the Society for Promoting the Employment of Women, convinced of the advisability of emigration in many of the cases which come before their notice, are now organizing a plan for the Emigration of Educated Women. A Special Fund is opened for this purpose, and contributions are earnestly requested.

"It has been ascertained that educated women are required in the Colonies as teachers in public schools, schoolmistresses, and private governesses, and to supply these is the object the Society has in view. The means by which it proposes to work are the following.

"1. The establishment in the different colonies, such as Adelaide, Sydney, Melbourne, Canterbury, and Vancouver, of local committees to work with the Central Committee in London, to forward

instructions as to the kind and number of educated women required, the situations vacant, or likely soon to become vacant, together with all such information as may assist the Home Committee, and promote, most advantageously to both countries, the objects in view.

"2. The local committees, or agents appointed by and responsible to them, to receive the ladies on their arrival, to direct them to safe and respectable lodgings when necessary, and, in all cases, to protect and assist them while character and conduct remain unimpeachable.

"3. The application of no candidate to be entertained who is not able at once to produce the most satisfactory references, into which, in all cases, the strictest inquiries will be made, and personal guarantees required.

"4. The Home Committee will endeavor to procure assisted passages; and while it reserves the right of determining how far it will assist candidates with money from the Special Emigration Fund, it will in all, save extreme cases, look to the repayment of the sum advanced through the local committee of the port to which the candidate is bound, guaranteed by relations or friends at home.

"5. The London Committee will also give the protection of this organization to single ladies, with means of their own, desirous to emigrate; and will, in every way, use its influence for the promotion and safe conduct of the Emigration of Educated Women."

Cordially agreeing, both with the object the Society has in view, and the means by which it proposes to carry out that object, we have much pleasure in thus bringing the matter before our readers, and warmly commend it to their notice.

Among other difficulties with which this Society has to contend, the fact that it is not a charity is by no means the smallest. English benevolence is so accustomed to run in this groove, that the simple but invaluable endeavor to help women to help themselves, to forestall destitution and its fearful concomitants—in a word, to prevent instead of to cure—like all new ideas, has to strike root for itself ere it can bear blossom and fruit.

With a firm belief in the high importance to the world at large of the successful development of this idea, we earnestly solicit the co-operation of all who have information, time, money, or thought to bestow.

It is our intention to give, from time to time, practical articles on the subject of emigration, such as the one which now follows, and we invite all who have anything to say upon the subject, any experience or knowledge to contribute, to place themselves in communication with the Editors of this Journal, who will thankfully receive their aid.

The present article is from a lady long resident in New South

Wales, and intimate with the requirements and the life of the colony.

EMIGRATION OF EDUCATED WOMEN TO AUSTRALIA.

It has long been acknowledged that union is strength, with reference to man's work, and it will be well when women also enter into and act upon the truth of this axiom. Very few women have much money at their own disposal, but if each among us give what she can in money, experience, time, or influence, we shall surely be able to save some of our more helpless sisters from great sorrow and suffering, and perhaps even despair or death. With the intention, therefore, of doing what I can, I offer this paper as part of the result of my own experience.

1st. In knowledge of the great demand for female colonists *above* the class of domestic servants, in New South Wales;

2nd. In personal knowledge, both in London and the country, of a very large number of gentlewomen fully competent and willing to supply that demand; and

3rd. In the belief that I can give much information as to the best manner in which to carry out the wishes of all parties.*

As I am quite unskilled in writing for publication, I trust that fact will be considered a sufficient apology for any abruptness or want of style; I am only anxious to express what I have to say as clearly and *shortly* as possible.

With regard to the kind of education or training necessary to fit gentlewomen for profitable employment in Australia generally: every one should be able to make her own clothes; to wash and iron all fine linens, or muslins, including shirts and collars; to know how much soap and time are necessary to wash and smooth (for mangles are not often to be had, nor are flat irons abundant) everything that needs washing in a family; to know the handiest way of softening water when too hard; to make plain pies and puddings; to cook vegetables and meat; to make bread without fresh yeast; to proportion the quantities of tea, coffee, sugar, &c., to the number in family, by the year, month, and week; to know (and *see* constantly within reach) the simplest remedies for common accidents, or sickness: such as old clean linen, lint, tapes of different widths for bandages, healing plaster, tincture of arnica for bruises, Dredge's healall, &c.; the homœopathic medicines which I have used for years are, aconite, for feverish symptoms, or sore throats; chamomilla, nux-vomica, and dulcamara; these, with bryonia for bronchial attacks, and belladonna for obstinate sore throats, have

* I mention New South Wales *particularly*, because my own experience is *greater* in that than the adjacent colonies; it is also the most advanced in every respect, having a very large number of resident families, true Australians of the second generation. I could also supply more details of expenses and prospects in Sydney than elsewhere, and, if necessary, more easily obtain assistance in carrying out any plans.

kept my own family in good health in all parts of the world; the prices of the homœopathic medicines, (ninepence per bottle, which will last for many months,) and the fact that they are always ready, and will keep in any climate with only moderate care, make them particularly well fitted for emigrants; a shilling book, and common sense in its use, will be sufficient guides as far as it may be safe for women generally to practise at present.

To these essentials may be added music and singing, not only with the help of musical instruments, as pianos are not common among the settlers, where the demand for intelligent women is greatest; the power to teach and lead (with the aid of a tuning-fork only) the singing of the family, in simple home tunes, and especially sacred music, would be fully appreciated, and greatly valued; a good knowledge of *modern* European and American history, and geography, not merely a knowledge of dates, but of the different situations, climates, natural productions, and religions of each.* A careful attention to speak and write correct English is also most essential; the constant association with uneducated servants, aborigines, and Americans, has caused a great neglect in this matter in the heads of families, who had themselves every advantage of English education; it would require much patience, good temper, and tact, to carry out this part of a gentlewoman's work effectually. There are hundreds of families in Australia where the father had a first-rate English education himself, but he left home young, (twenty or under,) and has married the daughter of one of the earlier settlers, born in the colony, who never had an opportunity of even knowing her own or her children's deficiencies. These ladies are by no means what would in England be called vulgar, or ill-bred; they are almost universally kind, considerate, active, and sensible; extremely quick in acquiring information, and most anxious to give their children educational advantages; I believe they would welcome most heartily any companion who would assist to make home happy. In many of these families, the wife has to make the clothes of all, except the strongest suits of her husband; to superintend or cook entirely for the family, bake bread, make candles, teach and nurse the children, &c.; one of the shepherds on the estate *may be* married, and his wife *may be* willing to wash or assist, but this is always uncertain, and a resident domestic servant is liable to be tempted away to a house of her own, on very short notice. *It must be remembered always* that all these laborious duties devolve on the wife, from no want of money to pay for help, or any unwillingness to receive it, but literally because help cannot be had.

With all this painful need for female help in Australia, who has not seen and felt the still greater pain of its superabundance in England? Who among us cannot count in the circle of their own

* Arithmetic should be thoroughly understood, and a habit of rapid mental calculation taught, not for large imaginary amounts, but for the daily or weekly expenses and wants of a single family or individual.

acquaintance many families of professional gentlemen, farmers, middle-class tradesmen, &c., with three, four, or five daughters each, varying in ages from seventeen to thirty, all of whom can play on some musical instrument, sing, draw, dance, embroider, and most of whom can make pastry, keep the household accounts, iron and starch what are called light things, nurse a sick member of the household, read aloud a newspaper or novel, walk any distance, and yet among all these so-called occupations find many wearisome hours every day? The fearful mistake which has been made for so many years, of teaching our daughters that it is more respectable to be idle than industrious, is bearing bitter fruit in many families. I do not think the fault is with the young people; I never yet met with a young or middle-aged single lady who did not enter into, and fully appreciate, the unpleasantness of her position as a *superfluity* in English society. They would almost invariably be willing to exert themselves, if they knew how; it is we, the fathers and mothers, who must think and plan for them; and what father or mother now hesitates to send a son to the colonies? and yet the bodily dangers are equal, while the moral dangers are immeasurably greater to sons than to daughters. I have myself known several instances where all the sons emigrated, the father, mother, and three or four daughters remaining in England; when the father dies, it is often found there is little or no provision made for the most helpless part of the family. Fathers make great sacrifices to establish their sons in business, or fit them out for the colonies; it is we mothers who most cruelly neglect our daughters, by not insisting on their being also taught to provide for themselves; why should one-half of a family be burdened with the support of the whole when there is no physical or moral objection to the exertion of all? Prejudice, custom, fear of ridicule, or being called "strong-minded," will be but poor excuses to make for our neglect, when our daughters are living unwelcome and repining pensioners on their male relations.

Intending these pages particularly for what are called "unprotected females," I will mention no plan which they cannot carry out themselves. The greatest obstacle hitherto to gentlewomen emigrating alone, has been the supposed impossibility of sending them without any male protector on the voyage, or at their destination, until they (like men) can find suitable situations. In answer to this objection, are there not many widows with daughters who would gladly follow their sons to Australia if they only knew how to set about it? Are there not also, many governesses, past middle age, with or without widowed mothers and sisters, who are quite competent to act as chaperons to the younger ones? If they are unable to pay all their own expenses, I believe the amount could be made up much more easily for such a purpose than *it must* otherwise be to keep alive those who are not able to keep themselves. It is true there are hundreds of governesses in England more

than are needed, but thousands will not be too many for our colonies.

I would recommend *ladies* to choose ships which sail from London, Gravesend, Portsmouth, and Plymouth, and belong to London owners, in preference to Liverpool or Scotch. The class of passengers in the first named is altogether different from the last; the ships are more orderly, less crowded, and generally supplied in a manner much more agreeable to ladies. Always choose a poop ship; the raised deck is invaluable in rough weather, if there is an after hatchway. In a ship of 1000 or 1,200 tons, poop side-cabins should be preferred; these, with good management, will each accommodate three. Passage money is always a matter of arrangement according to space required, and the number in party: I think £40 would be a maximum. Passengers fit up their own cabins generally, in good ships; and very little indeed is necessary; a cabin for three could be fitted up for a few pounds only, and everything would be useful on landing. There is an abundant supply of everything on board, with civil, attentive men-servants. Lady passengers only require their services occasionally, (say once a week,) when they will wash out the cabin in half an hour; their fee is about ten or fifteen shillings for each passenger on leaving the ship; but it is quite optional. On first going on board, you speak to one of the cuddy servants to attend upon your cabin, and he only does what is necessary.*

* As cabin furniture, a chest of drawers is preferable to boxes; a fixed corner washstand, with small, deep, painted, zinc basin; a water-can and small tin foot-bath; a swinging tray to hang up at night; plenty of pockets for the walls; a loose piece of Brussels carpet; a small dust-pan and brush; a chintz curtain for warm weather, when the cabin door is left open; one hanging candlestick and four pounds of short wax or composition candles; with a soft carpet hassock for the deck, are the only necessaries in a passage of ninety days, which is about the average length out. Bedding must depend upon the number in each cabin; I have known families of four or five who had each a mattress and pillow covered with dark chintz: these were all spread at night and piled on each other during the day, when they made a convenient seat; a warm wrapper *over* the night-dress is much preferable to many bedclothes; and it is a great advantage to inexperienced sailors to have very few *hard* corners or shelves in their cabins. Intending passengers to whom economy of money and space is an object, should begin early to put aside old linen, stockings, &c., which would bear wearing only once again, and could then be thrown overboard; the quantity of luggage needed would be much reduced, as the articles could be taken on board in bags, which occupy no space when empty; those who reckon on a supply equal to that required in the cleanest English house, will be surprised to find how little is used in a sailing ship; the outfit will then be clean and new for landing, and save the expense and rough usage of "sea washing" on arrival. On a passage of thirteen weeks, the following list will be found sufficient supply: (there is very little warm weather,) 8 night-gowns, 8 chemises, 8 pair drawers, *no crinoline;* 4 pair brown, 4 pair white stockings; 2 pair of boots, 2 pair shoes; black moreen petticoat, 3 white do., 3 flannel; dress of brown or grey linsey with tight sleeves, plain skirt; collars may be made of any pieces of work or linen to last the voyage; one extra warm skirt, one cotton or muslin do., an old dark silk do., and half a dozen dark holland jackets, with morocco belt to fasten them, will be very useful, also a large

Every one on first going to sea must expect very great inconvenience and discomfort; but if patience and cheerfulness are practised then, as the first opportunity we have of proving our fitness for the undertaking, it will soon be found that a long voyage is of the greatest benefit; we have then time to recover from the fatigues and excitement of leaving old ties and troubles, and time to prepare ourselves by meditation, prayer, and complete freedom from household duties, to meet the new and more cheerful prospects before us. I earnestly recommend *a most extreme* caution in forming intimacies with other passengers: rather bear the character on the voyage of a cold, reserved, too cautious woman or girl, than be known as a lively, good-natured, or agreeable person.

As soon as a party is arranged by ship, letters should be written overland, describing the number and character of its members, the class of situation wanted, &c., and asking the assistance of the clergy, and any ladies or gentlemen resident in the port of arrival, to provide cheap and respectable lodgings for the party; this would give six or seven weeks for the information of their expected arrival to spread to the country districts. I have no doubt that ten or twelve would be engaged immediately on landing; gentlewomen must, however, fully understand that they go to *work for independence*, not to marry, and be idle. The one great precept which emigrants of EVERY class must lay deeply to heart is this, "WHATSOEVER thy hand findeth to do, *do it with thy might.*"

Schools for girls are greatly needed in all parts of Australia; the very liberal grants made yearly for the Sydney University will raise the education of boys and young men to a very high level; but when myself resident for some years in Sydney, there was only one superior girls' school, and to that there were some serious objections. I was well acquainted with two ladies (not highly educated) who had established and conducted a school for young ladies (day scholars and boarders) for six or seven years; at the end of that time they had realized a handsome fortune, and built for themselves a very large house. No one could be found qualified to succeed them, and the house was sold to a member of the Government, and the school dispersed. There is none of the English prejudice in favor of idleness to contend with; the ladies of such an establishment would be received as equals by all; their wish for independence would be acknowledged, as also their right.

House rent is very high in Sydney; a house suitable for this purpose would be at least £200 per annum; taxes are all local, and very trifling; furniture and household expenses much the same as

round hat or bonnet of coloured straw to come well over the face, with a thick brown or blue veil; a large cloak of some thick material or well lined; cloth or woollen jacket, and strong large parasol.. Everything, except boots and shoes, can be bought as good and as cheap at Sydney as in England, and the expense of carriage will be saved, beside being then chosen to suit the situation offered.

in England, except butchers' meat, which is about half the price. Servants' wages are high: a good cook would ask £30, a good housemaid £25; but *all the ladies* must be prepared to assist in *everything*; they should invariably arrange their bedrooms, make pastry, &c., starch and iron fine things, prepare the tables for meals, and begin at once *on the rule*, that no lady can require anything done for her which it is disgraceful to do for herself.

There is no want of means, or inclination, to pay as liberally for the education of girls as of boys, but there are few or none qualified to teach them; the very inferior style of education given to or possessed by females in the colony is a constant and painful source of annoyance with many in the upper classes. If two or three of the elder ladies, who must be well known to the Harley Street institution, would go to Sydney, with the express object of establishing a first-class school, I am sure the success would be very great; they should take with them a sufficient staff of well-qualified teachers, and one *at least* of the party should be thoroughly competent to manage economically the whole household; this establishment could also act as head-quarters for governesses, &c., of all classes. If accommodation could be occasionally given to ladies on landing from the voyage, or when waiting to sail, it would add to the profits, and increase the connexion, and become at once remunerative.

Good general knowledge, with the power and will to apply it, is the chief essential for the country districts, but there is abundant profitable work ready for many highly educated sensible ladies.

For some time there will be a general preference for school education; the settlers' houses are mostly built by themselves, and a governess would be difficult to accommodate, but three or four might well establish themselves together in the numerous flourishing towns; they would not need any male protector, and would very speedily find pupils.

In all the details I have given I have endeavored to avoid the slightest exaggeration, or anything that may lead to disappointment. If ladies who in England find life a constant toil and anxiety, will take courage and *trust themselves*, they will very seldom, and only under the most unusual circumstances, have any cause for regret in making the change which I so strongly recommend to them.

S. C.

II.—BIANCA MILESI MOJON.

In appropriating to our own pages the following notice of a distinguished Italian of the present century, we desire to acknowledge our obligation to the Transatlantic friend upon whose translation it is based.

The original memoir of Bianca Milesi Mojon was written by Emile Souvestre, a French literary man of considerable eminence, who died in 1854. By birth a Breton, he was remarkable for the incorruptible honesty indigenous in *la vielle Bretagne*. Kindness of heart, and rigid devotion to duty, were his great characteristics, and the Parisian writer, untainted by any of the turbulent dissipations of the capital, was nicknamed by a witty critic as "*L'Aristide de la littérature.*" His biography of Madame Mojon—an Italian lady, who held in Paris that semi-private, semi-public position which French society alone bestows on a woman—was printed only for private circulation. It may be considered as a cabinet picture of domestic life, a record of the manners and ideas of the nineteenth century, in the upper circles of Italy and France.

In introducing his subject, M. Souvestre observes, "We have not here to do with one of those personages whose passage leaves behind a luminous track in history; but private life has its own models. Besides the public Pantheons destined for national celebrities, which of us has not his domestic Pantheon, wherein he delights to preserve the memory of heroes better known, though more humble, who are, as it were, the holy patrons of an obscure pilgrimage? By the side of the great epic of humanity, each of us writes his Iliad in honor of some unknown Achilles. In truth, the Achilles are less rare than we suppose, and there are in the world, thank God, more lofty souls than high renowns. How much courage is there, how much devotion, how much genius, which wants but a pedestal to be perceived by the whole world."

It was to preserve the memory of such noble qualities that M. Souvestre drew up a sketch of the life of his friend.

Bianca Milesi was born at Milan, on the 22nd of May, 1790. Both her parents were of the historic family of the Viscontini; they had five daughters, of whom Bianca was the youngest, and she was sent, before she was six years old, to be educated at a convent in Florence, in company with an elder sister, whose turbulent temper so tormented the poor nuns, that they changed her name Milesi into Malesi—born for mischief. Little Bianca was extremely pious, and all her early childhood was passed in different convents. From the last of these, San Spirito, at Milan, she was transferred, with her sisters, to the charge of a certain Madame Gallicia, who kept a school for young ladies, and who perpetually talked of her travels in England, and the great people she had known there. Here Bianca's skill in devising excuses to avert reprimands from her companions gained for her the honorable *sobriquet* of the "Advocate;" but she had no occasion to exercise her office in her own behalf, for she anticipated orders, and exceeded prescribed tasks. Though the youngest of the pupils, she was always entrusted with the superintendence of the school in Madame's absence.

In the spring of 1802, our pupils were recalled to their father's house. The Milesi family adhered to the custom of their country

among the gentry; that being to confide the boys to an abbé, and the girls to a confidential woman, who combined the offices of maid and governess, and thus relieved the mother of all responsibility. Bianca and her sisters were admitted every morning to the bedside of their mother, kissed her hand, and did not see her again until dinner time, when several guests were always assembled. The children were not admitted to the drawing-room till evening, and then looked on while *tarots* and *ombre* were played. On Sunday they took a drive on the Corso, always accompanied by the duenna. The eldest sister was the only one exempted from these rules. She occupied separate apartments with her grandmother, Bianca Visconti, a great lady of the good old time, who knew how to read and write just as much as was necessary to decipher her psalms and keep her laundress's account, but she had learnt from the world what no book can teach. She had been much courted in her youth, both on account of her beauty and her friendly relations with Count Greppi, thén Intendant-Général. Her manners were noble, and she had retained great kindliness and amiability. Her whole pleasure consisted in gathering at her table some of her friends, the youngest of whom was seventy, and her great business every morning was to arrange with Paolo, the head cook, the dinner which should be served. For this purpose the remains of the preceding day were brought before her, and set out in a hall appropriated to this sole use, and she gravely reviewed these with her aid-de-camp. Each time that she decided on a new dish, or pointed out the means of preparing an old one for a reappearance, Paolo bowed respectfully and replied, "*Illustrissima, si, farò così.*" (Yes, most illustrious lady, I shall do so.) The excellent woman often changed her resolutions, and gave new orders to her valet, who never failed to approve every change by the same salutation, and the same official phrase. This grave piece of business being over, the old lady repaired to the drawing-room. She received company all day, with either a fan or a screen in her hand, according to the season; and, thanks to the general habits of idleness in Italy, society never failed her.

Bianca was her father's favorite, and she returned his love with all the tenderness of her heart. He died in 1804, when she was but fourteen, leaving the poor little girl inconsolable. At that age, such a calamity seems to end the world. She inherited a small proportion of her father's wealth; the son, according to the Italian law, taking the bulk of the property—the lion's share. Her sisters were all married early, and Bianca, the youngest of the flock, remained her mother's companion. From this time she displayed that eagerness to know everything, which, says her biographer, "was the eternal delight and eternal torment of her life." She spent her days in drawing and study. She had an accomplished tutor with whom she studied arithmetic, geometry, and algebra. Her reading under his guidance embraced history, biography, dramatic poetry, and a few metaphysical works. Her mother was charmed

with the praises received by her daughter from distinguished men, and feared nothing from this masculine course of study. The only danger marked on her chart of life was "the world," and for worldly pleasures Bianca had no inclination. Like many another clever girl, she passed through an anchorite phase of savage independence. Her zeal for study became so engrossing that, "grudging the time allotted to her brief toilet, she cut off her hair;" and in order to save her money to buy books, she wore a cloth dress and coarse shoes. She limited herself to the necessaries of life, that she might have the luxury of a tour in Switzerland.

After indulging in various pursuits, Bianca's active mind was concentrated on painting. Appiana, a distinguished Milanese artist, "felt, as did many others, a paternal tenderness for this energetic and charming young person." He volunteered to become her teacher, and permitted her, as he did no one else, access to his scaffolding, that she might watch him at work on his frescoes. She had the temperament of an artist, and a taste, but not a talent, for painting. M. Souvestre saw in after years, but did not admire, her portraits of M. and Madame Sismondi, and she appears to have made no name in her adopted profession. But, like all hearty work, it seemed to educate and to discipline her powers, and it enriched her life with many warm and valuable friends. If Bianca were no painter, she had genius, youth, and enthusiasm, and these attracted to her mother's house the distinguished men of Milan, and a long list of artists, specified by M. Souvestre. One of these asked Bianca in marriage. The young enthusiast replied to his proposal that she would only marry herself to art! But this intellectual determination only lasted until the true lover made his appearance a few years later.

Being thus wrapt up in her one idea, it may be easily imagined that Bianca found her social popularity an inconvenient distraction, and she therefore set to work to persuade her mother to take her to Rome; and her widowed mother, as mothers are wont, yielded her own ease and inclinations, and went with her youngest child to the Eternal City, attended by the faithful abbé who had formed for years a member of the family. The galleries of Pistoja and Venice were visited on their way, and apparently Florence also, as it is recorded that Bianca was "inconsolable" at having missed seeing the monument to Alfieri in Santa Croce. The great Italian tragedian had become her hero, she had adopted his opinions, and with him aspiring to the independence of her country, she partook his hatred of all foreign domination. At Rome she coldly repulsed the kindness of General Midlis, the French commander in that city. In spite of this, the General persevered in giving the mother and daughter several splendid *fêtes* at the Palazza Doria. But the fanatical admirer of Alfieri would not respond to his cordial and graceful courtesy, and maintained a haughty coldness, neglecting no opportunity of expressing her detestation of the authority that governed

the ancient capital of the world. General Midlis received intimation that she was circulating a violent pamphlet of Alfieri's, and he kindly warned her that she was playing a perilous game, and gave her fatherly advice, which our young patriot received, as she afterwards confessed, "insolently enough." But when afterwards, in 1821, she had to do with Austrian authorities, she rendered justice to the good sense and long suffering of the French General.

Bianca obtained and arranged, at great expense, a studio in Rome, where she worked diligently, designing at night, and painting by day; but she failed in obtaining the seclusion she desired. Her mother still opened her *salon*, she loved society; and her daughter was surrounded by friends and adorers. The engraver Restini dedicated to her one of his first productions. Canova was introduced to her, and at sight of the young sculptor admired by all Europe, Bianca burst into tears. On his side he manifested a strong interest in her, and their acquaintance ripened into a durable friendship. Madame Milesi made an excursion to Naples, and there she and her daughter were received and fêted by the Minister Tassoni; and at one of his balls Bianca danced with the Queen. Thus she seemed fated to renounce a life of artistic quiet. But Madame Milesi sighed for her home, and her daughter entreated to be allowed to be left behind to pursue her studies in Rome; an unheard-of request from an aristocratic young lady. Yet she actually persuaded her good-natured mother to let her remain, under charge of an old *gouvernante* and her *valet-de-chambre*. This arrangement was kept a profound secret from her great acquaintance, but she made a confidant of Canova, who allowed her to draw from the antique in his studio. She now worked fourteen hours a day, and her diligence and ardour would have made her an artist, were not the divine afflatus an essential requisite in art.

At this time Bianca became intimate with Sophia Reinhard, a German student of painting, then resident in Rome: M. Souvestre thus sketches her portrait:—"Sophia Reinhard had one of those masculine characters which make their way without being obstructed by obstacles or disturbed by objections. She had secured her independence under the guardianship of a manly austerity, (so to speak,) which, if it took from the charm natural to her own sex, gave her some of the privileges of the other. Simple, sincere, *un peu rude*, she had in her progress broken down the little barriers which rather trammel than protect, and she had allowed herself all those decent freedoms which custom alone interdicts." The bold, self-reliant Sophia charmed the gentle Bianca, and she returned her friend's attachment loyally, while she also dealt sincerely with her. "You have," said she, "retained the habits of a high-born young lady, you love society, little complimentary notes, madrigals *à la Française*, &c. &c. All this is incompatible with a serious vocation. You must choose between the world and painting, between the *rôle* of an idol, fan in hand, and that of a laborious artist. If you would arrive at a serious

result, you must begin by renouncing social sweets, (*sucreries,*) and permit yourself to be treated as an honest creature absorbed in form and color. You must seek criticism rather than homage, and never remember that you are an *illustrissima e gentilissima signora.*" Bianca acknowledged the truth of all this; but her incessant activity, her ever-wakeful curiosity, her diffusive benevolence, and (if we must confess it!) her desire of pleasing, which was justified by her youth and beauty, did not tend to a very strict conformity to her friend's counsel. A true artist concentrates his faculties, as a burning glass concentrates the rays of the sun. To Bianca the world was flooded with sunshine, and her sympathies responded to the universal light of beauty; nevertheless, she adhered conscientiously to her painting for two years and a half, at the end of which time she met her mother by appointment in Florence, when the excitable girl fainted with pleasure on seeing her. They again parted, and Bianca returned to Rome and to her studio, until Sophia Reinhard left for Germany, when she decided to rejoin her mother; but this was not so easily done a second time. Madame Milesi was at home at Milan, and the roads were intercepted by Murat's troops, while the sea-voyage was endangered by cruisers. Bianca determined to take a small boat and coast along to Genoa. This was the very route on which, some years later, poor Shelley was wrecked and drowned. The rapid storms rise and sweep over the blue Mediterranean, leaving no trace upon its treacherous beauty except the sulky grumble of the waves upon the shore; and they who watch the tideless water rising in foam along the sunny bays of the south, know by that token that there has been a storm far out at sea. Bianca embarked with her maid, a German teacher, and two sailors; but just such a violent gale arose and drove the little skiff out to sea. The waves dashed over the boat, the terrified Italian sailors wept and prayed, but Bianca kept baling the vessel, and then seizing the oars, she inspired the men with courage by the example of her own energy. Towards night they reached the shore again, and took shelter in a fisherman's hut. In the midst of this storm, Bianca secured upon her own person some precious drawings entrusted by Canova to her care; and Canova writes afterwards to her, "We trembled for you during your perilous voyage, and thank God that you are safe with your family. I thank you with all my soul for your care of my cartoons. To whom could I have better confided them, than to one who takes better care of her friend's concerns than of her own!"

Bianca's return to Milan was the occasion of various festivities, and she found a new friend of her own sex with whom she formed an enduring tie. Madame Fulvia Verri, writing to M. Souvestre after Bianca's death, says, "Our union became more and more intimate, and, from the moment we were mothers, it assumed a sacred character. Of late years, both our hearts were throbbing for France and Italy, and each turned to the other for sympathy.

The episode of a friendship of thirty-five years' duration, in a lifetime of fifty-nine, characterizes one whose stable affection grew even in absence."

The gaieties of Milan, and the engrossment of her new acquaintance, interrupted Bianca's painting, and she finally abandoned her studio, and travelled through Switzerland, Germany, and Hungary. It is not stated under whose care she made this tour, but the active, lively young woman appears to have derived ample amusement and instruction from each place she visited. We have room but for a few extracts from her diary, but these will show her seeking the society of men eminent in art, literature, and science; investigating every new subject, examining hospitals and manufactories, and taking particular note of anything which might benefit her own country by its introduction there; receiving flattering attention from royal personages without a pulsation of vanity; and in the midst of all this occupation laying down strict rules for her future life.

"*Basle.*—Dined with Madame Strecken. We took our coffee in the garden, with an admirable view of the Rhine before us. Madame S. told me that each of her trees, at its planting, was dedicated to one of her friends. (A sacred sylvan christening this.)"

"*Zurich.*—M. Egg invited us to dine with the botanist Ramer, and Vogel, the father of the celebrated painter. I paid a visit to Frisly, to whom we owe the tenth edition of Ortis, which he presented to me, and a new life of Raphael, written by himself. I have visited the manufactories and hospital of the blind, which deeply affected me. The family of Pestalozzi received me very kindly. I observed the order and neatness of their establishment."

"*Heidelberg.*—Here I have met Sophia Reinhard, my friend, with unspeakable joy. She seems as joyful as myself, and this renders my happiness complete. We came together to Carlsruhe, and are now at her parents' house. It is the best arranged I have ever seen, and I have made some good notes thereof, in order to imitate this model in my mother's house when we return to Milan. The Princess Amelia, sister to the Grand Duke, received me with great kindness. She offers me letters for the Empress of Russia, in case we go as far as St. Petersburgh, and she spoke to me of the Queen of Bavaria, who, she says, has heard me spoken of, and desires to make my acquaintance. The next morning I felt ill. The Reinhards were anxious, and I rose from my bed to tranquillize them. To-day I went with Sophia to her father's tomb. I have seen, for the first time, a solar microscope."

"*Vienna.*—I have visited the hospitals and the manufactories. I made several drawings of the furniture and utensils, which may prove useful to the public establishments of Milan. If I had been rich enough, I would have bought models. I have been taken to the Baron de Rée's museum, where there are specimens of all the manufactured products of Austria, and of the original materials; an excellent means of instruction. Why is not this done in other

countries? The Viennese are very courteous, but etiquette deprives the social relations of all freedom."

"*January* 16.—We have arrived on the borders of the Danube. Hungary reckons about 10,000,000 inhabitants; of these, 160,000 are nobles, who pay no taxes, who alone have the right to possess land, and who alone are considered *persons*—all the rest are but *things*. Here the peasant cannot appear in a court of justice; he must be represented by his lord. If he has a complaint against his master, it must be carried before the Comité, which is composed of nobles, and which almost invariably inflicts the bastinado upon the complainant."

"*Dresden.*—I have been compelled to keep my room, and have been suffering severely. During my sleepless night I planned several reforms, which I shall carry into execution when I return to Italy. In the first place, I will refuse all visits, without exception, during my morning's occupation. I will receive but three or four persons each day. At four o'clock I will walk for half an hour.

"Secondly, I will stay at home at least three evenings in the week that I may not lose the faculty of living alone, and may teach others to visit me from choice rather than habit, if indeed I am worthy of such a favor. I shall have no reason to regret the visitors I lose by this regulation.

"Thirdly, I will go with my mother to the country; and I will make everything subordinate to her happiness. In order to carry out my projects I must obtain my mother's approbation. Shall I, myself, have the courage to persevere? I hope so."

These extracts from the diary of a young woman under thirty, certainly show a very lively, eager mind, and much earnestness. We next find her burning her fingers with politics. Her Swiss tour had made her more than ever alive to the advantages of freedom, and more than ever deplore the enslaved condition of her own country. This was an epoch of great hopes with the Italians. Charles Albert himself was involved in the invisible network of conspiracy extending over the whole peninsula. Signora Milesi's friends and relatives were compromised in the noble cause, and Bianca, with characteristic zeal, co-operated with them. A suspicious letter, bearing her signature, being intercepted by the police, she was arrested; but, thanks to the interposition of Madame Verri, she was saved from prison, and merely restricted to her own apartment. Her mother, in concert with Madame Verri, contrived her escape, and she fled from Milan to Geneva, disguised as the maid of her noble friend, who had obtained leave of absence.

"But Bianca was in a state of mind to support greater trials than Austrian persecution or a forced exile. The tenderest sentiments of her heart were at last awakened," says her biographer; and we hear no more of resolutions to wed with art alone. During a journey she had made to Genoa in behalf of her brother-in-law, Pisano, one of the conspirators, she met Dr. Mojon, who ranked

among the first physicians there. He was so distinguished at Pavia, where he finished his medical studies, that he was sent in 1802 (being then only eighteen) into the medical service of the French army. Napoleon saw him administering to the wounded at Marengo, and remarked him. Three years afterwards he met him in a drawing-room in Paris: "Ah!" he exclaimed, "here is my little Marengo doctor." Afterwards, and when Dr. Mojon had made great advances in his professional accomplishments and reputation, Napoleon appointed him successively Professor of Anatomy and Physiology, First Physician of the military hospital, and Physician of the Imperial Court.

The opinions of Dr. Mojon coincided on every point with Bianca's. Attached like her to the philosophy of the eighteenth century, desirous of progress, inimical to Austrian domination, he possessed also a reputation for science and goodness which could hardly fail to attract such a woman. A warm attachment soon arose between them, and her correspondence with M. Mojon, and the hope of their approaching union, made exile more than tolerable to Bianca. She soon found another source of consolation, in the society of the eminent historian Sismondi, and became his intimate friend as well as his ardent disciple.

Her love and veneration for him went on increasing to the end of his life; an attachment well deserved by the wisdom and the encouragement he imparted to her; Madame Sismondi also became her most tender and devoted friend, and a constant correspondence was maintained between them after their separation, in which Sismondi took part. Bianca now decided on travelling through France, Belgium, England and Holland, with a female friend. She kept a very minute journal, in which we find every date and item of expense carefully set down, no complaints of discomfort by the way, (exemplary abstinence!) and particular notices of everything which may promote the well-being of the species or the individual. In France she went to visit the old Duc de Bourbon, at Chantilly; and we find in her journal the following anecdote of the old régime: "The Duc de Bourbon told me to-day, that when he was thirteen years old he was permitted to pass some days with the other princes at the court of Versailles (this was in 1766, in the lifetime of Louis XV.). His father, on this occasion, gave him a purse containing 100 louis d'or. The young prince, for the first time master of such a treasure, was very proud, and very eager to display it to the princesses, and every evening he counted it out before their eyes. One morning he found the number of pieces diminished. The next there were still more missing. He suspected that some servant about the court entered his room at night and robbed him while sleeping. Wishing to assure himself of the fact, he remained awake, and watching by the feeble light of his night-lamp, he perceived his old footman, (*valet de pied,*) whose probity was renowned, glide into the room, and with stealthy step approach the head of his bed, where he had placed his

garments. The unfortunate man grasped the purse, and, turning his eye toward the bed, he perceived his young master looking at him from between the curtains. The poor old man, trembling, advanced a step—'Did your highness expect to be robbed,' he said bitterly, 'that you were watching me?' The young prince laid his head back on the pillow and sighed deeply. The next morning, the valet not making his appearance, the prince sent in quest of him, and was terribly shocked to hear that he had committed suicide during the night. The generous youth then concealed the cause of his death, and for the first time told it when he himself was seventy years old,—told it to us on the twenty-ninth of October, 1823."

Bianca's return to Italy having become possible, her marriage with Dr. Mojon was fixed to take place. It had been retarded not only by her forced exile, but by the opposition of some of her friends, who, while they did justice to Dr. Mojon's fine qualities, thought that his calm nature and inflexible habits would not satisfy Bianca's active spirit; they seem to have ignored those laws of conjugal life, which, by blending opposite qualities, produce the most beautiful harmonies. But the persistence of our heroine, and the approbation of her friend Sismondi, overcame all opposition. The marriage took place on the 24th of January, 1825, and Signora Mojon was established at Genoa, where her husband had a valuable practice. Henceforward she is known through her correspondence with Madame Verri, Lambruschini, Silvio Pellico, Manzoni, and, above all, Sismondi;—men whose friendship makes an enviable fame. She was now withdrawn from the world, and from those pursuits, or rather, from those peculiar methods of culture by travel and sustained intellectual labor, which she had hitherto enjoyed; and henceforth her life is a beneficent example for wives and mothers. Now anchored in the holy duties of a family "she manifests undiminished ardor. She seeks for the true and the beautiful in the moral world, with the same zeal with which she had sought them in art, and with even a feverish devotion," says her biographer, incompatible with serenity, "the only gift she had not." How often she poured out to her friends her humble confessions of faults imperceptible to them, but for which she bitterly reproached herself as departures from her standard of rectitude! She asked advice with the simplicity and sincerity of a child, and bore all sufferings but those of her friends' with sweet patience. "Her heart," said one of them, "is a treasury of devotion and tenderness; everything in it is pure gold."

Madame Mojon now became a mother. Before the child was born she wrote a testamentary letter to her husband, in which she desired that if it were a son he might be educated at Hofwyl, the famous Swiss school kept by De Fellenberg; if a daughter, at Geneva, under the superintendence of Madame Sismondi, desiring above all things, she said, to preserve the child "*dalle soppure*

Italiane;"—from Italian torpor. After the birth of her baby, which proved to be a boy, she writes, "Existence has acquired an importance in my eyes hitherto unknown to me. In my obscure life how many sweet pleasures are there which I should never have known in the brilliant career of which I used to dream!" But she was not satisfied with the mere luxury of maternal tenderness and caresses, nor did she limit her cares to the mere physical well-being of her child; but at once, with characteristic aspiration, she began to provide for its spiritual nature. She wrote to beg Madame Fulvia Verri, who was going to Hofwyl, to interrogate M. de Fellenberg, "to observe everything, and to take notes of everything." "Some day," she adds, "I shall turn it all to account for my little boy." She also asked advice from Sismondi, in whom she had unlimited confidence. "I needed your suggestion," she writes to him; "children should not be the centre round which the world turns. I promise to use your warning; and if we do not make our children egotists by our exaggerated egotism, it will be in great measure owing to you. See the influence of even one word from you!"

(*To be continued.*)

III.—A LUNATIC VILLAGE.*

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF A COLONY OF LUNATICS, LIVING FREE FROM RESTRAINT, AT GHEEL, IN BELGIUM.

HAPPY is the subject of dry medical science which can be connected with a legend, and an Irish legend too; we may believe it or not, as we choose, but we are far less likely to forget that than the most elaborate article in an encyclopædia, and so we will summon M. Duval to tell us how the Irish princess Dymphne, a convert to Christianity, in some early age untold, fled from the court of her wicked father, accompanied by the missionary who had effected her conversion, and took refuge in a small village, which was then but a collection of huts gathered round a chapel dedicated to St. Martin, the apostle of Gaul. The wicked father followed in hot pursuit, and caused the missionary (Gerrebert) to be put to death by his followers; but finding no one willing to execute his bloody commands as to the young maiden, he cut off her head with his own hands. Honored as a martyr to the Christian faith, her tomb was visited by certain madmen, who there regained their reason.

* Interest having been lately expressed by correspondents in Open Council, upon the subject of the treatment of the insane, we offer our readers an account of the singular colony of Gheel, which, planted early in the Middle Ages, yet remains a marked instance of successful intelligence, both in the theory and the practice of non-restraint. Our account is condensed from the work of M. Jules Duval:—"Gheel, ou une Colonie d'Aliénés, vivant en Famille et en Liberté. Etude sur le meilleur mode d'assistance et de traitement dans les maladies mentales. Par Jules Duval. Guillaumin."

Another version of the legend relates that the madmen saw the wicked Irishman cut off his daughter's head, and thus were frightened *into* their wits. Be that as it may, the princess was hereafter known as the patroness of the insane; and people brought their mad relatives to pray at her tomb, and often left them with the neighboring cottagers in the hope of miraculous benefits; and so grew up the extraordinary colony, which is neither a dream nor a delusion, but may be seen at this day clustered round the church of Saint Dymphne.

Gheel, thus mysteriously introduced to the modern reader, is, however, but two days' journey from London. It lies in the flat country to the left of the railway between Antwerp and Malines, and is passed by thousands of our countrymen every year. The traveller who desires to visit it must quit the main line at Contich, and take the branch leading to Turnhout. He must get out at a station named Herenthals, whence a diligence goes to Gheel twice a day. If, like all wise and healthy travellers, he perches himself up on the *banquette* or seat at the top of the vehicle, covered by an immense hood, which nods over in front like the poke of an old-fashioned bonnet, our traveller will see far and wide, for two hours, over a flat, sandy country, through which passes the endless road, bordered with trees. Railways have well-nigh deprived us of the charm of foreign travel, for those who remember the strange poetry of the incessant trot, trot, over those long roads of France and Belgium, where we travelled from early dawn to sunset, from one famous town to another, seeing the far cathedral towers loom grey on the horizon, like ships out at sea. It was autumn when M. Jules Duval visited Gheel, and he draws a striking picture of the quiet and somewhat sombre country, whose sandy soil forms a strong contrast to the greater part of fertile and richly cultivated Belgium. *La Campine*, as this tract is called, is a sort of waste land, capable of being brought into use by expenditure of capital in canals, roads, and agricultural colonies devoted to the enrichment and reclamation of the soil; for which reason it has served as a means of employing paupers, and has thus gained some repute among economists. The town of Gheel, being a very old settlement, is surrounded by well-cultivated farms and gardens; it contains a population of between ten and eleven thousand people, of whom rather less than a thousand are mad, yet dwelling among the others in peace and comparative liberty, sharing their homes, their meals, their agricultural and mechanical toil. So far from being a place in which, "they who enter here leave hope behind," it bears the aspect of the paradise of fools. The principal and almost the only street is not quite a mile long; it is paved, clean, and bordered by white houses, backed by courts and gardens, and intermixed with *cafés*, taverns, and hotels. In the centre of the street, in a square, planted with trees, rises the parish church, and at the end, after making a sharp turn, the traveller finds the hospital, and the church of Saint Dymphne, which is particularly set apart for

the use of the insane. This church is a monument of the history of the colony, which is written, painted, or sculptured upon its walls. In one of the chapels is the legend of Saint Dymphne, carved in wood, in eight compartments. The first shows the birth of the princess, who is being confided by her mother to the care of Gerrebert, the missionary. The second contains the death of the queen. In the third, the devil inspires the King of Ireland with evil thoughts. In the fourth, the princess embarks with Gerrebert for Belgium. In the fifth, the King of Ireland is seen searching for his daughter. In the sixth, he is causing Gerrebert to be decapitated, and himself cutting off her head. In the seventh, a procession is carrying the relics of the saint. In the eighth, a devil is leaping out of a mad woman's head, ejected thence by force of prayers, while another patient bearing chains is anxiously expecting a like deliverance.

On leaving this church, our traveller finds himself again in the fields surrounding the town—which are well cultivated, but rather bare; they soon however give place to the wide, lonely plains, covered with heath, or to the sandy soil of the arid Campine. Having thus presented the legendary origin and the outward aspect of Gheel, we will inquire into the circumstances by which it became an object of interest to modern physicians of all countries.

There are four ways of dealing with the insane: leaving them alone, to wander savagely, as is the case in some barbarous nations; retaining them in domestic charge; shutting them up; and applying to them the principle of active colonization. The first of these four is agreed to be out of the question. The second is very difficult and expensive, and can only be undertaken in a minority of cases. The third expedient obtains in all civilized countries, but our readers are aware that its *conditions* have been subjected to wide inquiry and extensive reform in the course of this century. Public gratitude attributes the honor to M. Pinel, physician to the Parisian Asylums of La Salpetrière and Bicetre. In England, his footsteps have been followed by Dr. Connolly, Dr. Tuke, and others; so that the whole general practice of our public and private asylums is changed. Chains, strait-waistcoats, and solitary confinement, are reckoned gross barbarities, except in cases of extreme violence. No effort is spared so far to soften the affliction as to allow of comparative liberty. The patients in asylums have their religious exercises, their *fêtes* and dances, sometimes even their literary amusements. If any rare cases of cruelty are exposed, the public rings with indignation. It was pointedly said of Pinel, *qu'il éleva l'insensé à la dignité de malade.*

Whatever be, however, the improvements introduced into our asylums in France and England, these still partake somewhat of the nature of a prison rather than of an hospital. Very strict discipline, the obligation of sleeping, walking, and eating at fixed hours, and, above all, exclusion from the society of friends, are necessary condi-

tions of an establishment where numbers of the insane are gathered together. The minute delicacies of individual treatment, and the nice adjustment of the liberties to the exact state of the insane patient, is impossible in an asylum. The fourth resource, of *colonising* the insane amidst a population of people in a normal condition, may sound a somewhat wild proposition, yet the system has actually been carried out at Gheel for nearly a thousand years, where it grew up naturally under the stimulus of devotion, created originally quite without theory, and developing like a tree from a seedling, or a man from a child. Whether it can be *imitated* is another question; but it is at least deeply interesting to know with what success many hundreds of insane people have been induced to dwell quietly among hard-working farmers and laborers, generation succeeding generation from century to century.

It was in 1856 that M. Jules Duval visited Gheel; led there partly by personal interest in one of the patients there residing, and partly from the account given by Dr. Parigot, of Brussels, who had undertaken a medical championship of the colony. An article from the pen of M. Duval appeared in the *Revue des deux Mondes*, for November, 1857, and occasioned lively discussion in Germany, England, Russia, and Austria. Various medical men went to investigate the facts asserted, and returned persuaded of their truth, and touched by what they had witnessed. The Government of the Low Countries appointed a commission to draw up a report on the spot. To aid in spreading accurate knowledge, M. Jules Duval wrote the book, (published in 1860,) which we, for the same reason, bring before the notice of our readers in this Journal.

The insane patients brought by their friends in the early Christian times to the shrine of St. Dymphne, were, doubtless, considered as possessed of demons. In what way they were tended or controlled during the Middle Ages there are no written documents to prove. The first distinct regulations preserved concerning Gheel do not date further back than 1676. At that time, and very much later, a system of severe restraint obtained in all European communities; and the *bailli* of Gheel ordains that all those who take domestic charge of idiots or madmen are to tie them up in such a manner that they can do no harm to others, under pain of punishment to the said keepers. Neither are such idiots or madmen to be allowed to enter the parish church of St. Amand; the other one, dedicated to St. Dymphne, being reserved for them. In 1747 the feeling of the administration manifests itself towards the patients: they are on no account to be chained or tied without the knowledge and authority of the *bailli* or other constituted inspector; and the *nourricier* of all insane patients belonging to the Catholic religion is bound under forfeit to take care that the clergy are made aware of their residence, in order that spiritual consolations may be imparted to all such as are capable of receiving them. An accurate list must also be kept, in order that those who die may be properly buried.

In January, 1754, the *nourriciers* are rebuked for not looking well after their mad inmates, and letting them go free to such an extent, "*que l'on ne puisse plus faire de distinction entre un homme fou et un homme raisonnable ;*" and because, being blamed for scandals and disorders arising from excessive non-restraint, the said *nourriciers* always stoutly defend their inmates, saying, "*Ah ! mon fou n'est pas méchant, il ne fait de mal à personne ; bien plus c'est le meilleur enfant du monde.*" The *bailli* is, however, evidently scandalized that it was frequently impossible at Gheel to tell who was mad and who was not ! a result highly honorable to the treatment of the patients.

While official regulations sometimes relaxed and sometimes drew tighter the strings of local discipline at Gheel, the long custom of ages kept the colony in substantially the same condition until the end of the eighteenth century ; when, in 1795, Belgium was conquered by France. It then happened that M. de Pontécouland, an active and intelligent man, appointed by the First Consul to be *préfet* of the department of which Brussels was the capital, was struck by the liberty enjoyed by the insane patients at Gheel, compared with those confined in the asylum of Brussels—"heaped together in a narrow space, amidst privations of themselves sufficient to render them incurable." He very wisely cleared them all out and sent them to Gheel; and this example was followed by the authorities of Malines, Lierre, Tirlemont, Louvain, and other secondary towns. Public attention was thus drawn to the interesting village, and in 1825 Dr. Guislain, a celebrated professor of the University of Ghent, who had already labored for the reform of asylums in Belgium, entered on a serious examination of the system pursued at Gheel. A warm contest appears to have taken place among authorities concerning the benefits and abuses of this system ; regulations were promulgated by the local authorities which were shirked by the inhabitants of Gheel, linked together as they were by ties of blood and neighborhood. At length, in 1850, the colony, of which the *principle* was incontestably proved to be advantageous, was placed under Government inspection ; four medical men and an inspector being specially entrusted with its welfare. The latter functionary was also a physician, and the post was filled successively by Dr. Parigot and Dr. Bulckens, both men of mark. We have therefore to describe the actual condition of Gheel at the present time, when its singular system—the growth of ages of faith and charity—has been enlightened, purified, and enforced by the newest resources of modern medical science.

The traveller in walking through the streets of Gheel would very probably be far from divining the character of the locality; all bears the same appearance as in other country towns. The quiet streets with their few passers-by, curious folks looking out of the windows, others at work in the gardens, here and there scattered loungers at the *cafés ;* general silence and monotony—such is the

outward aspect of Gheel. If, however, he be cognisant of the condition of a part of the population, or if he be of the medical profession, and quick to discern the signs of mental aberration, he may notice some wandering dreamer, with his eyes cast up to heaven, or another eager to overwhelm him with smiles and salutations, or a third who instantly treats him as hail fellow well met. It is quite true that he is in a sort of metropolis of insanity; concerning which, by due inquiry, he may learn the following details:—

Of the total number of 5,500 insane in Belgium, Gheel receives from 800 to 1000; or not quite a fifth, of these, half are sent from the asylum at Brussels, which only retains a few patients of this nature, in cells annexed to its beautiful hospital of St. John. Mad people of all sorts are admitted at Gheel, except those whom it is absolutely necessary to confine continuously: patients afflicted with murderous monomania, and incendiaries; those who could not be persuaded to remain without running away, and all such as are prone to trouble public propriety, are, of course, likewise excluded from Gheel. But patients only liable to occasional fits of fury are, as we will explain further on, much sought as inmates by the peasants. Unfortunately, the greater number are already confirmed incurables when received into the colony; as relatives send them there after more pretentious methods of treatment have failed, and rather to get rid of them than with any hope of their cure. Thus the deaths are in greater proportion than the recoveries, and that from no fault of the treatment. In the list of admissions no regard is paid to nationality, creed, age, sex, or fortune; all are alike welcomed with sympathy, and receive the same sanitary and medical care. Arrangements are made to lodge the patients according to the customs of the rank to which they belong. Belgians are naturally in the majority; after them, the Dutch and Germans are the most numerous; a few French patients are likewise to be found; and more rarely, English, or Scandinavians. *Communes* and asylums who have more than twenty patients at Gheel are allowed a delegate, who possesses a voice at the meetings of the administrative commission. The greater number of the *nourriciers* are of the peasant rank, and their inmates belong to the same. There are, however, some families of the middle class, under whose roof rich patients can find all the comforts, if not all the refinements of opulence. By spending less money than would be required in all private asylums, horses, carriages, music books, and papers, can be procured at Gheel, besides the simple recreations of the *commune*. There was once a mad Englishman at Gheel who spent a large income in *fêtes*, hunting parties, and pic-nics, to the great amusement of himself and his neighbors. The various languages spoken by the insane do not cause much confusion. The Flemish idiom of the peasantry is tolerably well understood by the German and Dutch. French is spoken by the middle class, and French patients are placed in suitable families. Dr. Parigot compiled a conversation

book in French and Flemish; and a knowledge of the local dialect is easily picked up.

The entire town is Catholic; but perfect liberty of conscience exists in Belgium; and Protestants, if sufficiently numerous, could perform public worship. No systematic classification according to the nature or the gravity of the mental affection is carried out at Gheel. It is not an asylum under strict laws, and so arranged as to save in every way the time and attention of the medical attendant. It is thought better here to allow the patients to be located in families, as freely as possible;—none of the families receive more than two, or at the most three, at a time.

We will enter some of the houses haphazard, and examine the state of things within their walls, for they are open at all hours, whether to the inspection of relations, friends, ordinary visitors, medical men, or magistrates. This free circulation of all comers is the first great difference observable between Gheel and other establishments for the care of the insane. The strictest seclusion is observed in most asylums, except at fixed hours, and this partly on the ground that sudden and startling visits retard the recovery of the patients. But here, amidst the ordinary customs of domestic life, the appearance of friends or strangers has nothing unusual, nothing that need startle the patient, who may not even be aware that the visitors take any particular notice of him. Thus absent relatives need entertain no anxiety as to the real condition and treatment of those they love; they can go and send at all hours, and verify for themselves. The houses are generally clean and neat; some of them bear comparison with the most scrupulously kept wards of a hospital. The patient has exclusive possession of a room, which varies in size according to the means of the house-owner, but is always airy, whitewashed, cleanly, and floored with tiles or with boards. Often, the patient ornaments it after his own ideas of what is elegant: lays down carpets, and arranges casts and pictures. The smallest rooms resemble monkish cells in their holy simplicity. Formerly, the chambers allotted to the insane were far from wholesome; but from year to year Dr. Parigot instituted measures of reform, which his successor, Dr. Bulckens, continues; old habitations are taken down, and in all rebuilding, care is taken to provide for the inmate a good room, which he can even use as a workshop if so inclined.

The sleeping accommodation is that of the rest of the household, unless special stipulation is made to the contrary; the beds are furnished with fresh straw mattresses, often renewed. The diet is also the same as that of the family circle; always simple and frugal, but ample, and never stinted in rations, unless by medical injunctions. If an extra sum is paid for the patient, the peasants provide him with butcher's meat, game, and little local dainties. But the majority being of the same rank in life, live as do the family; and the healthy and even plump look of the harmless mad people who

are seen wandering about in the streets show that they find good nourishment in the common diet of rye bread, vegetables, potatoes, milk, and pork. The general drink is beer; but patients can procure wine on extra payment, if the medical man allows of it. It is constantly observed, that in a very few days the patient settles down contentedly to the usual regular meals.

The clothing is at first furnished by the family, the *commune*, or the asylum sending the insane person, and is renewed by the administration of Gheel, which repays itself from the allowance paid for him or her. No particular color or shape of garment is observed; dressed just like their sane neighbors, the patients are not to be remarked in any crowd, unless they misbehave themselves. Thus, all those liberties and pleasures which here and there form (in a limited degree) the boast of special asylums, are at Gheel the common custom, assured to every one who is sent there; and though the visitor will find in the town, and more particularly in the surrounding hamlets, the signs of simplicity carried to the very verge of poverty, the real pleasures and interests afforded to the patients are greater than in the wealthier and best managed asylums of Paris. Luxury alone is wanting, which elsewhere serves but to hide the prison walls.

We have hitherto only described the passive existence, the *manière d'être* of mad people at Gheel; they are also blessed with the liberty of doing what they like, lying in bed or getting up, working or idling, reading, writing, and even corresponding with their friends. Nobody hinders them in any harmless pursuit. The same man who elsewhere would be shut up as dangerous—an object of terror to women and children,—here "sits in the market-place," smokes his pipe at the *café*, plays his game of cards, reads the newspapers, and takes his pot of beer with his comrades; only wine and spirits are forbidden him, under pain of fine to the tavern-keeper. Thus, inside and outside the house perfect freedom prevails; and the complaint made by patients in asylums of being rung up in a morning, finds no place here. Dr. Parigot says, that in entering the cottages, he often asked where the patient was, and was answered, "*Notre petit Monsieur est encore couché, son déjeûner est là près du feu qui l'attend,*" and this at ten and eleven o'clock. If, however, the patient were simply lazy, or given to the pernicious habit of lying in bed, (not an uncommon predisposition among the insane,) he would be coaxed to rise; and the natural tone of invitation soon draws him to follow the general custom. So complete is the fusion, that it is by no means easy always to distinguish who is crazy and who is not. Of two women, one of whom cooks the dinner and the other waits at table, each of whom rivals the other in eagerness, often in loquacity, the guest will not always easily discover which is the mistress and which merely her inmate.

It being beyond question that this free and easy existence is the happiest for men and women so cruelly afflicted; we have to ask

seriously if the dangers of such a system do not largely counterbalance the advantages. Wonderful to say, this is by no means the case; accidents are few in number and slight in kind. Quarrels are rare; the natural tendency of the insane being to seek solitude, a tendency which they are here at perfect liberty to indulge. As to suicide, any fear which may naturally be entertained is dissipated by the facts; voluntary and violent deaths are almost unknown; one, only, occurred in 1850, another in 1851. The complete change of ideas undergone by the patient adopted into a new household, and the absence of anything like irritating restraint, helps the dispersion of morbid ideas and what we call melancholy madness; and the isolation of the different families hinders, to a great degree, any fear of contagious example. As to attacks against the person, only two have occurred in half a century. Public security is, therefore, complete, and women and children have no more fear of meeting a mad neighbor than a sane one. Occasional fits of fury are soon subdued by the *nourricier*, and, if necessary, by the neighbors; but the patient soon finds that it is "no use," and acquires power of self-control. Of course, a raging maniac who has passed hopelessly beyond the stage of any kind of self-government is not fit for Gheel; but all our best French and English physicians now agree in this, that careful employment of moral and hygienic treatment in the early stages of insanity prevents, in innumerable cases, its further development. In regard to a more probable source of trouble, flight from the colony of patients left to wander so freely alone over the neighborhood, it is far less common than might be expected. Only four or five escapes are made in a year. Why, indeed, should the insane run away in search of a liberty which nobody denies them at Gheel. Nevertheless, systematic measures are taken to ensure the recapture of any wanderers. At the first disappearance of one of the inmates, the *nourricier* warns the administration of Gheel, who set in motion all their machinery of watchmen, police, and gendarmes. Usually, however, these functionaries are rendered useless by the spontaneous efforts of the population of the surrounding districts. It has grown up into a public custom, that all suspicious travellers, having anything odd in their appearance and ways, should be trotted off to Gheel as their presumptive legal abode! (a custom which should warn all eccentric philosophers from choosing that neighborhood as an excursion.) A payment of a franc for every league traversed in bringing back a madman also serves to stimulate the general zeal. If, however, any one is found to be afflicted with an inveterate tendency to run away, his feet are slightly hampered with a short chain, which does not prevent him from wandering about the town at his own free will, but renders a long march impossible.

Liberty is, then, the first article of the code practised at Gheel; the second is labor. The insane are never compelled to work, but every means are taken to persuade them to join in the occupations

of those around them, and it is found that large numbers soon cease to like the degrading distinction of idleness. Half, and sometimes two-thirds, of the total are usefully employed. In the interior of the households, women, young girls, and old men, mingled indiscriminately with the children and servants, participate in domestic work. Artisans—such as tailors, shoemakers, carpenters, bakers, blacksmiths, &c.—find their place in the local industry of the town. Some of them work on their own account, and get a fixed custom. There was, formerly, to be found, and perhaps he is still there, an excellent cabinet-maker, who gained much money in his trade. This man, a Dutchman by birth, having served in the French army, was made prisoner in Russia, and incorporated among the Cossacks. In 1815, being in Belgium, among the ranks of the allies, he deserted, or rather seized liberty and nationality once more, and went to Brussels to get married, where, however, he fell into hallucinations which necessitated his removal to Gheel. He lived there for five-and-twenty years, exercising his trade successfully, and capable of reasoning soundly on every subject, except that he affirms that every night the devil enters his body through his heels, and settles in some part thereof, a statement which invariably ends by a request for a probe wherewith to oust the fiend.

Women trained to any manual art, dressmakers, embroiderers, and lacemakers, also find remunerative occupation in the town. Patients born and bred in the country are employed on the fields and gardens, and care is taken to place those who have been laborers under charge of farmers. The most furious maniacs are most desired by peasants and farmers, as showing more energy; while of idiots or infirm patients no use can be made. Fits of fury, if only periodical, are soon brought under restraint, and it is found that active labor out of doors is a wholesome discipline which soon tends to prevent their recurrence. Small sums in pocket-money are allotted for such work, and if the medical man advises the stimulus of any particular reward, he is always obeyed. It is true, that in good asylums the advantages of muscular work in disciplining and in curing the insane are now freely recognised; but they seldom possess the space and the arrangements necessary for securing it to a number of men; and even at the best there is an artificial character about such labor, which the insane are not slow to feel. In the Russian asylums, which are organized on military principles, labor becomes a mechanical habit; it is performed in mere obedience to authority, and produces little effect. At Gheel, on the contrary, it is real exertion undertaken for a practical end; the field which is ploughed, and the garden which is sown, both obviously conduce to the support of the family and the neighbors; and the laborer feels himself useful—a man among men. For women also the active toil of the household, and such out-door work as they are capable of performing, is far preferable to the eternal sewing pursued in some establishments.

All the occupations of Gheel are not however of so serious a nature. Music is pursued by the community at large, and it was a poor madman nicknamed *Grand Colbert*, who, being a skilful fiddler, founded the Choral Society of Gheel, and deserves to be held in honored memory by all the inhabitants. His sane brother musicians have paid him the delicate attention of ornamenting their assembly-room with his portrait. In the concerts given by this society, in the patriotic *fêtes* and at the religious solemnities of Gheel, the musical parts are distributed according to the talents of each performer, without any regard to the state of his brains; all they ask is that he should not play or sing out of time or tune. A singing school is in contemplation for the special benefit of the patients. The director is to be a German, Herr Müller, a distinguished composer, and chief of the Choral Society. We have alluded to religious solemnities: the insane have their own church, where they join in all the services, walk in the processions, and conduct themselves with propriety; though some among them who are possessed with the notion that they are gods or monarchs refuse to kneel. The patients are admitted to the Sacraments if their mental condition allows of their comprehending their importance and their meaning, and it is found that participation in the spiritual life of their fellow Christians has a very healthy and calming effect on their minds.

Having thus described the general condition of the patients, a few remarks on the normal population of Gheel will not be uninteresting; for they form of themselves a remarkable phenomenon. The *Gheelois* are sprung from that Dutch race, which was formed during the first centuries of Barbarian invasion by a mixture of Northmen and Teutons. They are a handsome, healthy, and phlegmatic folk. It is from among the women of the Campine, or sandy district round about Gheel, that the Belgian aristocracy choose nurses for their children. In the towns they may be recognised by their fresh complexions, their white teeth, their upright carriage and national costume; of which the rich lace cap with large pendant ribbons is the *pièce d'honneur*. The children of the Campine, always plentiful, are red cheeked and sturdy; the men have vigorous health and a certain solidity of muscle. To each may be applied an Arab saying, "He is master of the right arm." The moral qualities of this people partake of their physical qualities: natural amiability carried to its extreme limit, tempers as calm as the pace at which they walk, quiet measuredness in all they do, which the wildest freaks of a madman would not upset. It will also be easily understood that the habit of centuries having accustomed them to exercise control over the insane, a principle of self-government appears to run in their very blood. In condition they are poor, but very industrious, and in particular they greatly desire to reclaim and possess a portion of the surrounding land, which is overrun by heath. The peasant is thus exceedingly well disposed to receive an inmate who helps him with gratuitous labor, and is himself a source of pecuniary profit.

It will easily be believed that the *Gheelois* have acquired, by observation and by tradition, a large amount of medical knowledge. When a patient arrives, they give their opinion on his condition, on the best treatment to be pursued, and his probable chances of recovery; and their acuteness is often matter of astonishment to the physician. They would make excellent nurses in hospitals, owing to this development of their perceptive faculties. They also possess a marvellous amount of tact; a quality which would not at first sight seem indigenous in the Campine. But the necessity of living with the insane in the familiarities of household life has taught them to respect all inoffensive fancies, and to cultivate the difficult art of guiding the capricious and wandering wills of their inmates, giving a dexterous turn to ideas which might lead to danger, and seizing every gleam of feeling or of reason to induce self-control. Moreover, being unable to have recourse to bodily restraint, except in accidental cases, and being rarely able to count upon anything like intelligent obedience, the peasantry learn to manage the insane through their feelings and sympathies, through the lingering warmth of the heart, which survives intelligence and is often extinct but with life. As might be expected, women particularly excel in this kind of tact. Upon them devolves the most delicate, and the most important part of the domestic treatment. Simple, ignorant, and laborious, free from vanity and ambition, but good by nature, and religious by education, the *Gheeloises* accomplish marvels with the insane. The patient depends for all his comfort on the mistress and on the daughters of the house, and they acquire extraordinary empire over him, managing his propensities, and dissipating the sulky brooding in which he is so often prone to indulge. It is not uncommon to see maniacs of herculean frame, in their most capricious and agitated moods, obeying little women bent and thin with age, and using no weapons but a few authoritative words. M. Duval says, that the natural superiority of the female sex, in the art of management, makes them the medical man's best allies. They also draw up better reports than their male relatives, and lend willing aid to all the reforms prescribed; and he observes, that writers desirous of urging the admission of women into the medical profession will find excellent arguments in the aptitudes manifested by the female peasants of Gheel. Furthermore, in inducing the patient to work, both men and women use all their powers, which not only keeps him profitably employed, but possesses also the great negative virtue of keeping him out of mischief. His mistakes therefore are never laughed at; he is coaxed and praised, and if he shows any cleverness he is encouraged in every way. He soon catches the spirit of the thing, gets up in the morning with the others, and delights in being one of the family. If animals can be tamed and trained, surely the power of man over man has a still better chance of success.

When, however, the malady is hopeless, and of such a nature as

to preclude occupation, the population show perfect gentleness and indulgence. For twenty years, a madman named Daniel Pierre has been *en pension* in a middle-class family at Gheel. He is a peculiarly fantastic person, given to covering the walls of his room with the most original caricatures. He never mixes with the family, and cares for none of them, except one of the boys—Joseph, —but his attachment to this one is so strong that he has given up his own personality, and calls *himself* Joseph. He gives nicknames to every creature about him, animals as well as people, even to the master of the house, whom he calls *Tambour-Major*. When he is asked through the door if he wants anything to eat, he replies, "Yes, Joseph does," or else, "No, Joseph does not." The only way to make him do what they want is to compare him politely to some large object: to call him a tree, a carpet, a tower, &c. On Sundays he will eat no meat, and runs away at the sight of a woman or a horse. In spite of all these oddities he is beloved by the family, and is inoffensive and gentle, because he is well treated, and after having wandered all day in the fields and over the plain, he comes back regularly every evening to the house.

The tenderest attachment often exists between the patient and the family. If the former is ill, he is nursed with anxious care; and if he recovers his reason, the parting scenes when he takes leave of his *nourricier* and of Gheel are affecting testimony to the kindness he has received. But nothing affords a stronger proof of the degree to which humane feeling towards the insane has penetrated the people, and almost the very atmosphere, of Gheel, than the bearing of the children. Elsewhere children always turn insanity into ridicule; here the most absurd figures create no derision. The *Zott* is for the children an amusing companion and playfellow, sometimes a protector. It seems as if a sort of alliance were concluded between the little creatures not yet arrived at the full use of reason, and those deprived of a part of that blessed possession, and Dr. Parigot relates how much he was touched at the first visit he made as inspector at a farm in the neighborhood of Gheel. It was in winter, and snow was on the ground. Round the hearth, under the arch of the vast chimney, the family were grouped close together, the warmest corner being occupied by the insane inmate. The unexpected appearance of the stranger frightened the children, and they rushed with a cry to take shelter between the legs of the madman, whose expression of tenderness showed that they had not mistaken their friend. This affection was perhaps his only link to society, ensuring him, at least, the good graces of the father and mother. M. Duval himself saw an old madman carrying two children in his arms through the streets of Gheel, while two others toddled after him step by step as if he were a kind grandfather. The following anecdote—related by Dr. Biffi, of Milan, one of the staunch defenders of Gheel—shows to what a height the influence of this love of children may be carried. A woman was one day alone in the room with a

maniac, who suddenly burst into a violent fit of fury. She was in great danger, but her presence of mind was greater still. Her child, whom the madman loved, was in her arms at the moment; she popped it into his hands and ran out of the door, and round to a window, whence she looked into the room. The madman had put the infant on the floor and was quietly playing with it! One must go to Gheel to find such trusting mothers, and such docile maniacs! Nevertheless, nobody there blamed her for her instinctive and true calculation of the power of her child. When the patients are young, a lively friendship springs up between them and the little *Gheelois*. In one family was placed a deaf and dumb girl, likewise out of her senses. For the daughters of the house she is become a necessary companion and sister. If you were to enter the room where they sit working together, and announce that you had come to fetch the patient back to the Asylum, you would see them all take to flight like young birds, dragging off their friend in affright.

Public sentiment takes even a more poetical and religious form. Full of faith in the legends of Gheel, the people think themselves gifted with a sort of special power over the insane. Esquirol expressed one day to a peasant his fears for the safety of the *nourriciers* in cases of maniacal fury. His hearer laughed at his apprehensions and said, "You don't know what those people are like. I am not a strong man, yet the worst among them is nothing to me." Thus think and speak all the *Gheelois;* and the tradition of physical and moral domination spreads even to the insane, and acts on their imaginations powerfully when they are in the least capable of entertaining an idea. On the other hand, pride in showing a well-fed and flourishing patient, and desire to stand high upon the list of authorized *nourriciers* prevent power from degenerating into oppression. To be erased from this list would be a disgrace to a *Gheelois*. It speaks very ill for political parties in Belgium that tricks and bribes have occasionally been practised upon the peasants, and a good or wealthy patient been allotted as the price of a good vote, and a troublesome patient as punishment for an unfavorable one. But it speaks well for the heart of the people that their inmates rarely suffered in consequence. The possibility of this abuse is now done away with.

Of the kindness and delicacy constantly met with among them, Dr. Parigot gives the following touching example. A beautiful woman, who appeared to have received a refined education, was found in Brussels in a state of insanity, without any one being able to discover her antecedents. By her own vague and disjointed answers, she had been born in the Isle of France, where her father had been engaged in affairs connected with the revolution in the mother country. This poor lady was sent to Gheel, and entrusted to a farmer in easy circumstances, who received her with a deference proportioned to his ideas of her former rank. For twenty years she dined alone, seated at a little table covered with a white

cloth, and waited on by the farmer and his wife, who ate at a separate board. Dr. Parigot one day taking notice of this arrangement, the man replied, "What would you have us do?—*notre petite dame* must be of good family, and we think a great deal of her." "Nevertheless," said Dr. Parigot, "you only get the pauper allowance for her." "Quite enough, *Monsieur le Docteur;* we are fond of her; nothing would pay us for our trouble, but we have no children, and she is company for us."

Here again is a second instance—a father, in dying, had recommended to his daughter's care a poor crazy fellow whom he had known from birth, and with whom he had played in their mutual childhood. When this young woman married, she took care to have the fool put down with the rest of her dowry! Providence watched over the strange investment, and the fool lived to be near a hundred years old. In his latter days the husband and wife rebuilt their house; but they left the little room in which the fool slept untouched, without any regard to the convenience and the symmetry of their new building, because it was endeared to the old soul who had lived in it so long. Sometimes the relatives of the patients come in for a share of he good offices, and when they are too poor to give presents they often receive them. One day Dr. Parigot visited an epileptic youth. As he was always well looked after, and as the Doctor knew that his relations came to see him every year, he asked the mistress of the house if they made her presents extra to the regular allowance. She smiled, and answered, "Joseph's parents are as poor as I am myself; they travel on foot, and I keep them for a week, and when they go away again I give them bread and lard to eat on the journey; those are our presents!"

To conclude our remarks on the sane population of Gheel, it will be easily understood that a strong sentiment of pride in their mission operates in each family, and in the town and districts. A general surveillance is exercised by each and all, which would bring instant shame on the cruel or neglectful *nourricier*. Such abuses as were the mere effect of custom or of ignorance have been removed by constant and intelligent medical supervision, and no asylum artificially conducted can compare with the healthy freedom of Gheel. The most suspicious madman forgets his suspicions in the family circle. Instead of keepers, he only sees farmers and peasants intent on their own business, and anxious for his help in cultivating their land or in plying their trades. Neither is it possible unjustly to retain a profitable patient, since the very work which makes him profitable promotes his mental equilibrium, and there is nothing to hinder his application to the medical authorities for dismissal. To stand well with the administration and the doctors, and to obtain a succession of good patients, such, on the economical side, (but that is far from being his only thought,) is the ambition of the *nourricier* of Gheel. B. R. P.

(*To be continued.*)

IV.—PIA DE' TOLOMEI.

"*Disfece mi Maremma.*"

DANTE.

When Life is fading fast
From that completeness
Which, in the lovely Past,
Flew with such fleetness;

When, like the summer sun,
Brightest in dying,
All youth's hopes, one by one,
Swiftly are flying;

When Joy has lost its charm,
Love its devotion,
Change brings the heart no harm,
Guilt no emotion.

Danger awakes no thrill,
Grief no compassion,
Every quick pulse is still,
Of earthly passion.

Sleeping with folded wings,
Each aspiration;
Beauty no feeling brings,
No admiration.

Dead every earlier pain,
Fled every terror;
Bound in a lasting chain,
Every bright error.

Still all the stir and strife,
Gone all the dreaming;
Through the black night of Life
No star is gleaming.

Watching the sluggish flow
Of Life's dull river,
Where the black mosses grow
And the reeds quiver:

Angel of Death, I pray
Soon to draw near thee;
Loving hearts ask delay,
And loved ones fear thee.

Spare then, oh! spare some fate,
Less bleak and lonely;
Come where I plead and wait,
For thee—thee only.

Or, let the far-off sight,
Of thy star shining,
Through the dim mists of night,
Hush my repining.

E. J.

V.—A VISIT TO HANDA.

HANDA is a small, and of late years, an uninhabited island, on the north-west coast of Sutherlandshire, within three miles' sail or row of Scourie, "wind and weather permitting;" for inconsiderable as the distance is, it is only when the wind is off land, that is, from the east, that landsmen can with any comfort visit by sea the stupendous cliffs on the west side of the island; while it is only in very calm weather that either land or sea-men dare venture near them. For this reason comparatively few visitors to Scourie see Handa at all, and still fewer are enabled to row round and among its wild and magnificent cliffs, where sea-birds of all kinds and sizes repair to breed, and where, early in July, when the young birds are leaving their nests, the air is darkened by clouds of them on the wing, as disturbed by the approach of strangers, they wheel and circle around their haunts, giving utterance to strange cries as it were of anger and remonstrance.

We had been ten days at the truly comfortable inn at Scourie before the right wind blew, and the restless heaving sea with its broken coast-lines of heavy surf, which we had heard moaning in many an iron-bound bay, and booming like heavy artillery in the vast and inaccessible caverns of this precipitous coast, lay calm and smiling as the cloudless ether above it, inviting us to its treacherous bosom, and to the wonders of Handa's cliffs, of which we had heard often and much. The pretty rock-girt bay of Scourie, with not a line or ripple on its surface, mingled its waters with those of the sea beyond in translucent opal tints, never seen but when the ocean is at its profoundest rest, and deepening as the day declines, until at sunset, the glories of the finest opal pale before the vivid hues blending with one another in infinite softness and beauty.

It was a day of days for the sea in general, and for our excursion in particular, and we set off in high heart and spirits.

On leaving Scourie bay, the boatmen took the channel between Handa and the main land; the friend who kindly lent us his boat, and still more kindly accompanied us, thinking this the best method of commencing the circuit of the island. It was no small gain to have with us one intimately acquainted with the coast and every rock and inlet we passed.

The cliffs on the mainland itself are wild and striking in the extreme—huge Titanic looking masses of gneiss—presenting in one part an aspect so singular as to have attracted the attention of Sir

Roderick Murchison, the distinguished geologist, who pronounced, we were told by our friend, this portion alone to be well worth the journey to Scourie. As, unfortunately, geology is almost an unknown science to ourselves, we can do no more than note this fact, and the singularity of the strata at this spot, running in perpendicular instead of lateral waves, so that to the unscientific eye it looks like nothing so much as a huge mass of petrified drapery.

Handa itself is formed of red sandstone, on which, as the Guide-book says, "a highly comminuted and beautifully grained conglomerate overlies." What this means we do not profess to know, and are not rash enough to imagine, unless indeed it be a very fine white sand for which the east side of Handa is noted. As our boatmen, half landsmen, half sailors—one being the smith of the village, and the other our friend's fisherman and factotum—rowed us past cliff and cavern and natural arch on the mainland, Handa, gradually sloping from its gigantic and perpendicular cliffs on the west side, mingled, here on the east, its green slopes with the white sanded bays, where the ocean, in its temporary calm, rippled and gurgled and sparkled, as though sunshine and peace were its normal condition, tempest and fury the exception.

It was indeed a day of days for our excursion, and, as we rounded the north-east extremity of Handa, where, save on such a day, the billows rage with frantic and dangerous vehemence, our boat was little more than gently rocked by the "sea's perpetual swing."

Here commenced the grand cliff scenery for which Handa stands unrivalled, at least upon our British coasts—scenery so grand and impressive that pen and pencil must alike fail to render it.

Close to the base of these gigantic and perpendicular rocks, in among the detached columns where seldom boat can venture, did the smooth sea enable us to go, and, as the oars struck the water, the sea-fowl, disturbed in their haunts, took wing with wild shrieks and cries, and, circling around and above us, filled the air with weird sounds, well suited to the gloomy grandeur of the scene. It was late in the season, and many thousands of birds had already taken their departure, but still great numbers were left behind. A flock of slow and senseless puffins, with their clerical-looking black and white plumage, and their dark orange-coloured parrot beaks, literally covered one green bank, in whose soft soil they had burrowed holes for nests, while long rows of guillemots and kittawakes were perched on the projecting shelves of the serrated cliffs, in the depths of whose interstices the parent birds had made their nests, and patiently hatched their young. The red sandstone of the cliffs was in these places whitened by the excrement of the birds, and the air, as we rowed into a creek formed by some detached columns of rocks, was strongly impregnated with ammonia from the same.

What a fairy scene this creek was—the red stupendous cliff which backed it, with emerald green verdure peeping over its

rugged tops and creeping where it could downwards,—the massive columns among which we had crept in,—and beyond, a narrow and tortuous outlet, through the cliff to the sea, which lay sparkling in the sunlight,—while below us, ourselves in damp gloom and shadow, lay the green pellucid water, the bottom clothed with many varieties of sea-weed, while the rocks beside us were covered with the rich red dulse, so much prized as an edible by the natives of this and other coasts. As we lay there, the gulls wheeled and clamoured and hooted above us, and the gray-back or the herring-gull, we could not tell which, uttered a low hoarse sound, like an ominous foreboding of evil to the rash intruders who were thus invading their sanctities, until we confess to a "bogie" sort of feeling creeping over us, and a sense of relief as the boat glided once more into the open sea, and we left the "awesome" place behind us.

Gently rowing in the shadow of the cliffs, we threw a deep-sea fishing line over the stern, baited with a sand-eel, which delicacy to piscatorial tastes, as we had hoped, speedily proved irresistible to a fine lythe, who made his appearance in the boat, resplendent in gold from the nose to the tail—a perfect beauty of the deep;—but, alas, his glory soon dimmed, and, by the time we reached shore what had been so beautiful had become dull and stiff, with a mouth wide open and agape, which made us shrink as from one of the most painful manifestations of human mortality. Nevertheless, when our lythe made its appearance at table, with its white semi-transparent flakes of delicate meat, we forgot alike its golden glory of life and its dimmed deformity of death, and did ample justice to this delicacy of northern seas—*sic transit mundus!*

But we have not yet done with Handa and its wonders. Soon after the lythe was secured, we discerned far out on the waters, apparently basking in the sunshine and taking its noon bath, a large bird—larger much it seemed than herring-gull or grey-back; and so indeed it proved to be, for the bird was a Solan goose, glutted with a feast of herrings, asleep on the water while the laborious process of digesting such a meal as he had indulged in was going on. These Solan geese, our friend told us, are sometimes caught while in this condition; and under his direction, our rowers endeavored to approach the bird in question, but, cautiously as they rowed, the Solan goose was either not yet soundly asleep or was beginning to recover from the stupefying effects of his gluttony, and ere we could get near him took his heavy flight west, gradually flapping himself out of our ken.

As we neared the point where we were to land and visit Handa on foot, cormorants and a large, long-legged, long-billed species of gull, called the oyster-catcher, took the place of guillemots and kittawakes on the rocks, while the graceful sea-swallow skimmed through the air, and, with rapid curves and sweeps, circled around the boat. It was among these rocks we landed, and, walking over the fine herbage of the island, now entirely given up

to sheep-grazing, we gained the highest point, and commanded at once a magnificent view over the ocean and along the mainland from Cape Wrath to Store Point, embracing the mountains of Duirness, Edderachilles, Assynt, Loch Broom, and Gairloch, and the islands of Skye, Harris, and Lewis. Here, too, as we stood we heard the hoarse cry of the raven and saw the rapid wheel of the peregrine falcon, these birds having for many years had their nests among the inaccessible cliffs on the west side of the island. Here also the golden eagle, which we had seen soaring over our heads in the boat, still builds; that kingly bird, becoming so rare in Great Britain.

The herbage of Handa is invaluable for spring feed, for here grows in great abundance the fine deer-hair grass, (so called from its resemblance to the hair of the deer,) one of the earliest and most prized grasses in these parts, and therefore eagerly sought after by the shepherd and devoured by the sheep. It was long and rank when we saw it in August, and, among it grew the crowberry in abundance, refreshing to parched lips and throats in the burning month of Scorpio.

Loath were we to leave the magnificent scene before us, and a sultry pull it was for the men as we left the open sea and its pleasant breeze and entered once more the pretty bay of Scourie.

Not often is a visit to Handa so successful, and not many are the visitors suffered to approach thus safely and near to the terrific cliffs of its western coast. Our friend, for instance, has lived many years at Scourie, and has paid many a visit to Handa, made many an excursion around it, but, until this day had never penetrated among the columns and into the creek where we had so safely floated.

M. M. H.

August 13*th*, 1860.

VI.—FRUITS IN THEIR SEASON.

V.—FACTS AND FICTIONS CONCERNING FIGS.

Soft prelude to the mighty swell of crinoline: immortal fig-leaf! eldest born of fashion's countless progeny, and first page of *Le Follet's* now innumerable tomes; in the tree that bears thee fruit is indeed a merit of supererogation; for, would not such foliage have sufficed to secure it undying renown, even had naught else ever graced its branches? Yet, had verdure alone adorned it—since leaf-age, however glorious, delights not our palate at the dessert—we could not have invited its presence in pages dedicated inalienably to Pomona; and it is therefore to the luscious dainties which lurk amid those leaves, albeit less honored in the record of history, that we must look to find its title to admission here, where it must be regarded primarily in the character of a fruit-bearer.

Sole plant which we know to have flourished in Paradise, the fig-tree is the first vegetable production specifically mentioned in the records of creation, for the Tree of Knowledge and the Tree of Life were existences of too supernatural an order to be reckoned as within the scope of botanical disquisition, or to be submitted to the identification of a Linnæus or a Jussieu. Of the estimation in which it was held by the descendants of Abraham we may judge by the fact that it being "no place of figs" was one grand complaint of the Israelites concerning the desert into which Moses had led them; that "the fig-tree shall not blossom" indicated a misfortune occupying a similar place in a list of national calamities to which the "lifting" of the cow did in the domestic disasters of Auld Robin Gray's beloved; and that the spot overshadowed by "his own fig-tree," seems to have been, to the dweller in Judea, just what "his own fireside" is now to an Englishman. Probably, indigenous not only in Asia but also on both the European and the African shores of the Mediterranean, it was known to most of the nations of antiquity, though the Athenians flattered themselves that it had been first called into existence in their country, and for their benefit, affirming that it was originally presented by Ceres to their compatriot Phytalus, as a recompense for the hospitality with which he had entertained that goddess; and it was accordingly planted in the centre of the public square at Athens, and considered to hallow the spot whereon it grew. Unwilling that the fruit of so divine a tree should be degraded to the level of barbarian palates, its exportation was strictly forbidden; a piece of protectionism which naturally gave rise to a race of smugglers, who in their turn, equally naturally, called forth a race of excisemen, designated, from the special nature of their occupation, *syko phantai*, or *discoverers of figs*, a name perpetuated in the word *sycophant*, which in our language meant originally tale-bearer, and which is still used by the French to denote a cheat or liar, rather than the mere flatterer, signified by the modern use of the term. Nor was this the only way in which the goddess-given plant became a fruitful source of evil, for it was said to have been the fine figs of Athens which tempted Xerxes to undertake the invasion of Greece. In Lacedemonia, it seems that even the luxury-condemning Lycurgus looked tenderly upon this fruit; pardoning its deliciousness, perhaps on the ground of its wholesomeness, for we find that the few items he bade each Spartan send monthly to the public dining-hall, as his share of the common consumption, included two pounds and a half of figs. The Athletæ, too, following the traditionary example of their patron Hercules, made it their staple article of food while "in training," until, in later days, a flesh diet was introduced in its stead. At Rome it became a sacred symbol on account of the legendary tale that the wolf-suckled twins had been first found reposing under a fig-tree; and beneath its shade, therefore, the Romans were accustomed to offer an annual sacrifice to the shepherdess who had discovered and reared their founder. Saturn, to whom

was attributed the honor of having first taught agriculture in Italy, was represented crowned with new figs, and a large fig-tree grew before his temple in Rome, on the removal of which to build a chapel in its place, it was held necessary for the Vestals to offer an expiatory sacrifice. Another famous tree had sprung up spontaneously in the centre of the Forum, on the spot where Curtius consummated his patriotic self-sacrifice. Finally, in Bacchanalian processions a basket of figs was carried next to a vessel of wine; the jolly god being thought to owe his jolliness as much to the figs on which he fed as to the grape juice which he imbibed. Pliny, who enumerates twenty-nine varieties of the fig as known in his day, relates with much force the anecdote of Cato one day bringing a ripe one into the senate-house, and asking the assembled council how long ago they supposed it to have been gathered. Seeing its perfect freshness, it was unanimously pronounced to have been very lately taken from the tree. "Know then," was the rejoinder, "that it was plucked at Carthage but the day before yesterday: so near is the enemy to our walls." Where "Delenda est Carthago" had been reiterated till every one was weary of the sound, yet the words had been heard in vain, a single glance at this fruit sufficed to prevail, and the third Punic war was immediately begun, and ended not till Carthage was no more. "Thus," as Pliny observes, "did this fig effect that which neither Trebia nor Thrasimenus, not Cannæ itself, graced with the entombment of the Roman renown, not the Punic camp, entrenched within three miles of the city,—not even the disgrace of seeing Hannibal riding up to the Colline gate, could suggest the means of accomplishing. It was left for a fig in the hands of Cato to show how near was Carthage to the gates of Rome." When dried, the fruit was extensively used at Rome instead of bread, and indeed, as a general article of provision, sometimes taking the place of all other kinds, and proving no ineffectual substitute; for it is said that on one occasion the army of Philip of Macedon owed its preservation to the figs brought to it, when naught else was available, by the Magnesians.

Nor is it only in Scripture or in mythologic lore that the fig-tree has met with honorable mention, for in later days the Mussulmans have not been behindhand in rendering their tribute of respect to it; one chapter of the Koran being entitled "The Fig," while Allah himself is represented as swearing by it and by the olive, because, say the commentators, of the great uses and virtues of these two fruits.

In our own country the records of fig cultivation might almost pass for a page out of ecclesiastical history, so intimately, and almost exclusively, are all early notices of it connected with clerical names. A couple of trees, which have long enjoyed the credit of having been the first grown in England, are said to have been brought here from Italy by Cardinal Pole, in 1548, when they were planted against the walls of the archiepiscopal palace at Lambeth, and grew eventually to cover a space of fifty feet high and forty

feet broad, the trunk of one measuring twenty-two inches, and the other twenty-eight inches in diameter. Much injured by the severe frost of 1813-14, the main stems were cut down, when the trees recovered, so as in 1817 to be in tolerable vigor, but on making a pilgrimage to their shrine in 1836, Loudon found that they had been entirely destroyed during some recent repairs of the palace, the only trace of them that remained being a few cuttings now growing in the Archbishop's kitchen-garden. Another very aged tree, now also destroyed, but growing a few years back in the garden at Mitcham, the private estate of Archbishop Cranmer, was said to have been planted by that prelate's own hand; and the Dean's garden at Winchester was graced by another veteran, trained against a stone wall, on which was an inscription testifying that in 1623 James I. "tasted of the fruit of this tree with great pleasure." Again, the first tree of the kind known in Oxford was brought there by the great oriental traveller Dr. Pocock, and planted in the garden of the Regius Professor of Hebrew in Christ's Church College, in 1648. It is related of Dr. Kennicott, the celebrated Hebrew scholar, and compiler of the Polyglot Bible, that being passionately fond of figs, and seeing on this tree a particularly fine one which yet was not fully ripe for gathering, to secure himself, as he thought, from any chance of being deprived of the promised treat, he appended a label to the twig on which it grew, bearing the words "Dr. Kennicott's fig." A gownsman, however, who had observed the proceeding, and who loved a joke even better than the Doctor loved figs, found the opportunity for making one quite irresistible, and carrying off both fruit and label, replaced the latter with another, inscribed, "A fig for Dr. Kennicott." Fruit from this tree gained a prize as the best white figs exhibited at the Oxfordshire Horticultural Society's meeting in 1838. It is of the kind called the White Marseilles, the skin of which is pale green, and the flesh colorless.

The fig-tree is generally trained against walls in this country, for the sake of warmth and shelter, but in its native clime assumes the standard form, and in the most noted plantation of the kind in England, the "Fig Garden" at Tarring, near Worthing, the trees are left to their natural mode of growth. This fig orchard does not exceed three quarters of an acre in extent, and in 1821 contained above a hundred trees about the size of large apple-trees; the branches radiating about twenty feet from the trunk; and the proprietor informed an inquirer, that he gathered about a hundred dozen a day during the ripening season, extending from August to October, the trees producing on an average about ten dozen each. Nor had these trees a less orthodox origin than the clerically connected celebrities already mentioned, for the author of "Pomarium Britannicum" records that the two oldest were raised in 1745 from some ancient trees in an adjoining garden, near the ruins of the palace of Thomas à Becket, and that tradition asserted these to

have been brought from Italy, and planted there by the saint himself; a genealogy which reduces Cardinal Pole's Lambeth plants, generally supposed to have been the first in England, to the rank of mere *parvenus*. The glory of Tarring, however, seems in a great measure to have departed; for Loudon, describing the Fig Garden in 1838, not only reckons but seventy trees only from twelve to fifteen feet high, but adds that their origin is quite unknown even to the proprietor, so that the legend associating them with the blessed Thomas would appear to have died out in its own neighbourhood.

The name of the fig varies but very little in any language: some derive the Latin *Ficus* from *fœcundus*, on account of the tree's abundant bearing, while others seek its etymology in the Hebrew name *fag*. Its Greek title, *Sykos*, derived by Dr. Sickler from *Sicyon*, is perpetuated in our sycamore, a near ally of the fig. The *Ficus carica*, our common fig-tree, and the only one which will grow in the open air in England, is sometimes a mere shrub, sometimes a tree thirty feet high, though from fifteen to twenty feet is the more general altitude. Its large leaves are deeply lobed, sometimes into three, sometimes into five divisions, and are rough on the upper surface and hairy beneath, the branches also being clothed with short hairs. As to the blossom, in describing it the fruit is also described, for they are in fact one; the fig we gather being at once both flower and fruit; and if we would even see the former, we must explore the latter. No blossom of delicate petals ever appears to deck the branches of this tree with floral beauty, yet is it not left flowerless, though its blossoms flourish and fade all unseen by mortal eye, inurned within those fleshy green protuberances seen springing from the axils of the leaves, bearing the appearance of an unripe fruit, and which, if cut open, disclose a whole cluster of small unisexual flowers inserted into the inner surface of this rind-like receptacle, as the florets of the dandelion are into the part which forms the base of that flower. A few male blossoms are at the upper part of the cavity, while numerous female ones fill the remainder of the space below, each ovary of the latter becoming eventually a seed surrounded by pulp, which, together with the succulent receptacle, forms, when ripe, what may be called an admirable imitation of a true berry, though formed in so very different a manner. It may perhaps give a clearer idea of so singular a growth, to recur to the familiar dandelion, and imagine the round white cushion which supports that flower to spread and rise around it, until the yellow star should be quite closed over, the florets thus entombed still flourishing on in their dark cell, and maturing seeds, surrounding them, however, with a glutinous pulpy substance, filling up the configuration, in the place of that light feathery down which forms the airy mass of the dandelion's rounded head. The shape of this fructal flower or floral fruit is very similar to that of a pear, more or less rounded, and if the opinions of Monck, whose experiments

and deduced theories are recorded in the Horticultural Transactions, be correct, the external figure is a clue to the internal arrangements, for he came to the conclusion that figs are never produced containing both kinds of florets in an efficient state; that those in which the male flowers only are perfect, never become eatable; and that finally, these male figs may be known by their being rather squat-shaped, while the superior female fruit is characterized by the more elegant form of the pear. Neither can boast very brilliant hues, for the color is always some rather neutral tint, the commonest being a brownish purple. One great peculiarity of the fig-tree consists in the fact of its bearing several crops in succession during the same year. On the shoots formed by the first flow of sap in the spring, figs appear at every eye, which ripen during autumn; but in July and August, as the sap begins to flow again, "midsummer shoots," as they are called, are formed, and these put forth figs also, which remain immature through the winter and ripen not till the next year, earlier or later, according to the warmth of the climate, forming the first crop of that season. Not only do these vernal figs often differ both in form and color from those of autumn, but the midsummer shoots, being to the spring ones only as one to six or eight, and the produce in proportion, in warm countries this first crop is held in little esteem, as is seen by the expression in Hosea ix. 10, where it is said disparagingly of the Jews, "I saw your fathers as the first ripe in the fig-tree." In England, however, at least in the open air, the contrary is the case; the fruit usually requiring the whole year to mature, and the later growth mostly perishing at the approach of winter, though at Tarring the second crop has occasionally ripened, when the fruit, though smaller, has been very sweet. In Barbary and some other parts, a third crop appears, which often hangs and ripens upon the tree after the leaves are shed; and when grown here in stoves, three, and even four, successive harvests are not unfrequently obtained.

The varieties of the common fig are almost innumerable, though man has done little towards producing them, the flowers being too difficult of access to permit of much experimentalizing upon them; yet a botanist, who undertook to catalogue merely those growing in the South of France, found them to amount to several hundreds; and Bosc observed, too, that all he met with in America differed from any he had known in France. The prison-like enclosure in which the blossom is confined, tends also to the exclusion of the influences it most needs, a circumstance which has given rise to a very singular method of promoting fig-ripening, by a process partly natural and partly artificial, called caprification, and which is thus described by Pliny. The wild fig, which bears a small disagreeably tasting fruit, nourishes a sort of gnat, one of the hymenoptera, and when this wild fruit begins to decay, the insect generated within it wings its flight to the kindred cultivated kind; and, beginning to feed on them, makes apertures, through which

air and sunshine penetrate also, and thus the fig is speedily ripened. Branches of the wild fig were therefore sometimes brought from a distance and tied upon the cultivated trees, but more usually a single wild tree was planted among the others, to windward of them, so that the breeze might readily bear the insect guests to their banquet. He adds, that on a thin soil or a site exposed to the east wind, the skin of the figs would dry, and thus forming cracks spontaneously, dispense with insect aid, which was also sometimes replaced by planters pricking their fruit with a quill, or, in the case of Egyptian figs, by making incisions in them with iron hooks, a plan which acted so effectually that the fruit would be ripe in four days after submitting to the operation, and the tree being so speedily relieved of its produce, would bear no less than seven crops in one year, though it only bore four if left to nature. Tournefort, gives a similar account of caprification as carried on in modern days in the Greek Islands, except that the cultivators there themselves collected the flies and transferred them to their trees. "I could not," observes he, "sufficiently admire the patience of the Greeks, busied above two months in carrying these flies from one tree to another. I was soon told the reason; one of their fig-trees produces between two and three hundred pounds of figs, and ours in Provence seldom above twenty-five pounds." This process was formerly thought to improve the size and flavor of the fruit, as well as to hasten its ripening, but is now considered by many to have the very opposite effect; M. Olivier, the botanical traveller, concisely stigmatizing adherence to the custom as "a tribute which man pays to ignorance and custom," while Bosc significantly inquires, "Who would take it upon him to advise rendering apples worm-eaten in order to enjoy the advantage of eating them a fortnight sooner?"

In Italy and Greece the fig-trees are left to grow according to nature's promptings, as tall upright stems with branches; but in France they are made to assume a stunted form. Loudon saw them at Argenteuil, on the road to St. Denis, cultivated like the vine, and often mixed with it in the open fields, being only low bushes six or seven feet high, the branches divided into bundles which are bent down in winter and covered with earth. To bend and retain them on the surface with stakes, as is done with the vines in the south of Germany, would be quite sufficient protection, but human muscle is cheaper here than anything else, and it is therefore preferred to bury them, since that costs nothing but labor. It was even said, that it would not pay to be at the expense of so much as a bundle of straw to protect the centre of the plant. In spring the branches are disinterred, and the bundles untied, when the figs on wood of the past year ripen well, but those on shoots of the current year are thought to require artificial aid, afforded them by an old woman with a phial of oil at her apron string, and in her hand a wheat straw about five inches long, which she places in the

bottle, pressing her thumb on the other end of the tube when full, to prevent the contents flowing out; then, withdrawing it, inserts the tip into the eye of the full-grown fig and lifts her thumb for a moment to let one drop of oil descend, taking a fresh supply into her tube after ten or twelve figs have been thus treated. This is considered the least objectionable mode of caprification, yet, though rendered eatable, the figs are far inferior to those ripened naturally. About Marseilles, the plants are left to grow for two years, then cut down, and the shoots which spring forth after this, form, in the third year, a bush, which the next year ripens fruit.

In order to reach perfection, the fig-tree requires so plentiful a supply of water that it might almost be said to be partly aquatic; its large leaves and very porous bark, with but a slight epidermis, favors transpiration, so that extreme heat is as injurious to it as frost. A treatise on figs, written by an author of the sixteenth century in the South of France, and quoted in the *Gardener's Magazine*, mentions a very ingenious method adopted in that locality to quench this plant's perpetual thirst. "We place," says he, "small cisterns under the fig-trees, and into them we put the ends of a quantity of worsted threads, and then conduct them among the branches, bringing the other ends down to the ground, a little lower than those in the cistern, and by this means the capillary attraction is set to work, diffusing moisture among the branches and also dropping down upon the roots."

Though only cultivated for the table in the northern provinces of France, in the south figs are also grown for drying, though sufficient care is not devoted to this operation, except just about Marseilles and a few other parts, so that French figs, excellent when just gathered, are often useless for keeping, or sell at very inferior prices, owing to not having been properly prepared. When fully ripe, a state it is ascertained to have reached by the appearance of a sugary tear in the eye of the fruit, it should be gathered, and spread out on wicker hurdles or boards, exposed to the full heat of the sun on a roof, or against a wall, housed during the night or whenever rain may threaten, and turned, at first twice a day, and afterwards once; finally, flattened with the hand, and packed in rush baskets, or in boxes intermixed with layers of laurel leaves. In some parts of France, in order to harden their skins, they are dipped, before drying, into a hot lye made of the ashes of the fig-tree, which are remarkably rich in alkaline salts. All unsound ones must be carefully excluded, and the different varieties should also be kept apart, as some dry more quickly than others. In rainy or foggy seasons recourse must be had to artificial heat, but this so deteriorates the flavor of the fruit, that its value, when thus dried, is diminished by at least one-third; and the inferiority of the Greek figs is, in a great measure, accounted for by this method being ordinarily employed in their preparation, though the process has at least the good effect of killing the eggs deposited by the insects

which had been invited to make their homes in them, and which, if suffered to mature into worms, would injure the fruit even more seriously than the oven. The white figs, being preferred in commerce, are set apart for sale, and the purple varieties kept for use at home; and, in most places where they are plentiful, they form the principal part of the food of the poorer classes during a great portion of the year. It is in this dried form, too, that the fig, which when fresh finds but few admirers in England, is most familiar to us, forming a favorite dish at the winter dessert, as is sufficiently proved by the fact of our imports, principally sent from Turkey, amounting a few years ago to twenty thousand hundredweights, though the duty then imposed amounted to a guinea per hundredweight, or rather more than one hundred per cent. addition to the price of figs in bond. It was prophesied by M'Culloch, that were this duty reduced, the import would soon be more than tripled, and it is therefore to be expected that the recent revision of the tariff will have a great effect upon this branch of the revenue.

But the indifference of the British public to fresh figs is far from being shared by the nations of the Continent, and throughout the South of Europe they are eaten with avidity by all classes, and are constantly brought to table during five months of the year, not only at the dessert, but, in some places, forming part of the dinner as well, being introduced along with the melon after soup, showing a taste in accordance with that of the ancients, among whom, as Soyer informs us, figs were served at aristocratic tables with salt, pepper, vinegar, and some aromatics. The same great culinary authority also observes, that the Greek love for this fruit amounted to a sort of gastronomic *furor* which knew no bounds; and that the wise Plato himself ceased to be a philosopher when presented with a basket of figs; while that they were not a "caviare" unappreciated by "the multitude," is shown by Cato's recommendation to employers to diminish the amount of food supplied to agricultural laborers whenever ripe figs were in season, as whatever else might be given them, they would be sure to take their share of this fruit. To descend from Plato to the poultry-yard, Bosc affirms that all birds and beasts have a passion for figs, whether fresh or dried; and, indeed, with regard to domestic fowls, the taste of the fruit would seem to have a like effect upon them to that which the taste of human blood is said to have upon the lion; for if once they have been suffered to fly upon a fig-tree and help themselves to its produce, the only way, says he, to prevent their attacking the trees again, is to kill them. But the most delicious form in which the fig can possibly be partaken of, is when it becomes animated, for though a feathered flying fig may seem a rather startling notion, it is, nevertheless, a fact realized to the great felicity of gourmands, in the Becafico, a mere animal assimilation of the *ficus*, described by Viellot as "like a small lump of light fat, savory, melting, easy of digestion, and, in truth, an extract of the juice from the delicious

fruits it has fed upon." In the southern parts of France and in Italy, almost all little birds with slender beaks are indiscriminately called Becafico, because in the autumn they attack and eat the figs, whereby even their flesh becomes very fat and well-flavored; but the bird to which that name really and peculiarly belongs, and which, it would seem, seldom stoops to any other food, surpasses all in its exquisite delicacy, and has been prized in all ages as the daintiest morsel of the *bon vivant*, being reckoned by the ancients among the most refined of dishes, and forming at Rome the sole exception to that gastronomic theorem which pronounced that nothing was worth eating in birds but the leg and lower part of the body, the figpecker enjoying the exclusive privilege of being eaten entire.

To return, however, to the fig proper. In former times it gained an evil notoriety as a common vehicle for poison, probably on account of its being so generally a favourite fruit; and the "fig of Spain" alluded to in Shakespeare is supposed to have referred to the popular belief in the prevalence of this custom in the Peninsula; while in classic days, at least, the "Livian fig" owed its name to the assertion that it had been used by Livia, the wife of the Emperor Augustus, to convey to her husband a fatal and infallible notice of divorce. It was in a basket of figs, too, that the asp reposed whose next resting-place was on the throne that kings had coveted—the fair bosom of the doomed Cleopatra, with whom this fruit is said to have been a special favourite, a taste easily accounted for, if the enchantress of the Nile were aware of the property attributed to them by Pliny of "retarding the formation of wrinkles." The same authority informs us that the juice of the tree imparts a fine flavor to meat, by being steeped in vinegar for the purpose, and then rubbed upon it. This passage has rather puzzled commentators; but it may possibly have some connexion with a fact which cannot be accounted for, but which, nevertheless, has been ascertained to be indisputably true, viz. that fresh-killed meat hung for a few hours in the shade of the fig-tree will become as tender as if kept elsewhere for weeks. A gentleman who had lately made the experiment, assured the author of the Pomarius Britannicum that a haunch of venison hung, soon after killing, among the leaves of a fig-tree at about ten o'clock at night, was found, when removed before sunrise in the morning, to be in a perfect state for cooking, and would in a few hours more have been in a state of putrefaction. Judging by this, it would certainly be an advantage to the community were every butcher, at least, able on occasion, to "sit under his own fig-tree," and it might materially promote the digestion of the lieges, were the rival plans for the disposal of Smithfield Market to be harmonized; the dead-meat market established, and the ground permitted to be planted also, only on condition that the trees selected should be of the species *ficus*.

The virtues of the fig in a medical point of view are well known, it being most useful externally as well as internally, having fur-

nished, indeed, the first poultice on record, applied under the direction of no meaner a physician than the princely prophet Isaiah, whose prescription of "a lump of figs" cured the boil-smitten Hezekiah. The juice of the tree, too, has a similar property to rennet, a twig of it put into milk causing it to curdle. The wood is of little special use, except to form whet-stones for sharpening smith's tools, its softness fitting it to retain the oil and emery required for this purpose. It was formerly said to have been used by the Egyptians for their mummy-cases, or coffins, on account of its supposed indestructibility, but this is now proved to have been an error.

The fig-tree chiefly spoken of in the New Testament, sometimes under the name of the sycamore, was the *Ficus Sycomoris*, the trunk of which, according to Norden, shoots out little sprigs, at the end of which grows the clustered fruit. This tree is always green, and bears fruit several times in the year, without observing any certain seasons, which accounts for the Saviour visiting the one by the road-side, "lest haply He might find fruit thereon," although "the time of figs was not yet." The sweet yellow produce of this tree, in shape and smell, resembles real figs, but in taste is far inferior. It is the kind most prevalent in Egypt, where it often forms the entire food of the common people, and where the fruit is made to ripen in half the natural time, without diminution of size or flavor, by means of cutting a slice off the end, when it has attained a third of its growth, deep enough to remove all the stamens of the male flowers before they have had time to mature their pollen, a process, by the adoption of which the annual produce is considerably increased.

The fig is nearly allied to the mulberry, with which it is included in the natural system of botany, under the title of *Moracæe*, or Morads; and among the kindred which share yet more closely in its nature, and partake with it the common family name, one of the most remarkable is the *Ficus Indica*, or banyan-tree. It is to this tree that Milton assigns the honor of having been the clothing emporium of Paradise:—

> "Both together went
> Into the thickest shade; there soon they chose
> The fig-tree, not that kind for fruit renowned,
> But such as at this day to Indians known
> In Malabar or Deccan spreads her arms,
> Branching so broad and long, that in the ground
> The bended twigs take root and daughters grow
> About the mother tree, a pillar'd shade
> High over-arched and echoing walks between."

But the poet offers no reason for endeavoring thus to deprive our "carica" of this glory, ascribed to it by common tradition, in favor of one quite foreign to us; and when we read of banyan-trees being of such magnitude as to cover, in one case, an area of seventeen hundred square feet, and in another instance to spread over a dia-

meter of three hundred and seventy feet, it seems questionable whether, in the limited space between the four Edenite rivers, a tree would have been included which required so very large a field for the extension of its single self; and the shape of the leaf, too —a simple oval, from five to six inches long, and from three to four inches broad—seems less fitted for the purpose intended than the spreading lobes of the broad-leaved "carica." The banyan figs grow in pairs, and are only about the size of an ordinary cherry, which they also resemble in color; and being useless as food, except to birds, the tree seems in every respect less likely than the common species to have been favored with a place in Eden. Indeed, if the claims of the latter be rejected, a more formidable rival than the banyan might be found in the variety *Ficus religioso*, so called because sacred to the idol Vishnu, and which is chiefly remarkable for its very singular leaves, shaped like a heart, but with the tip drawn out into a slender attenuated point, several inches in length; an appendage which would certainly favor their being sewn or interwoven to form a connected web. Both kinds are held in great veneration in India, the banyan being called the "priests' tree," and to cut or break a twig from it is reckoned a crime equal in enormity to that of breaking a cow's leg. The other most notable variety of the fig is the *Ficus elastica*, which furnishes us with the caoutchouc of commerce; indeed, the possession of a milky juice is one of the characteristics of the whole genus; and Lindley is of opinion that india-rubber might be made in England from our common fig-tree, the sap of which possesses like properties. In the ripe fruit this secretion is decomposed, and becomes sweet and harmless; but if eaten unripe, the milky juice makes its presence known by corroding the lips and tongue, causing a burning sensation in the throat, and producing dysentery. Yet in some varieties the milk, even drawn from the tree direct, is perfectly bland and wholesome; most of what are called cow-trees being really varieties of the fig. The *Ficus dæmona*, however, as might be inferred from its name, yields a virulent poison, and the famous Upas tree of Java is another *enfant terrible* of the family whose claim to cousinship yet cannot be denied.

The most curious specimen in the New World is the *Ficus nymphæfolia* or American fig-tree, described by Humboldt, who was much struck with its ligneous excrescences or ridges, which surround the trunk to a height of about twenty feet, increasing its bulk so considerably that he found some of the trees measuring twenty-two and a half feet in diameter. These ribs sometimes separate from the trunk at a height of eight feet from the ground, and take the form of cylindrical roots two feet thick, when the tree looks as if supported by flying buttresses. The larger roots creep along the surface of the ground, and seem to have a plethora of sap to their very extremities; for if cut at a distance of twenty feet from the trunk, their milky juice immediately gushes out.

The various members of the genus Ficus form a very striking feature in most tropical scenery, and travellers reckon the colossal wild fig-trees of the torrid zone among the greatest blessings with which Providence has favored these burning climes, the shade of their dense foliage affording an almost impervious shelter; and the tenacity of life with which some members of the family are gifted to a most remarkable extent, provides against the world being easily deprived of them, for it is recorded that a specimen of *Ficus Australis* lived and grew suspended in the air, without earth, in one of the hothouses in the Botanical Gardens at Edinburgh for eight months, without suffering any apparent inconvenience.

But while fig-trees of every kind by their powerful properties, whether for good or ill, have universally commanded the respect of mankind, it is a curious circumstance that the name of the fruit should have become a very synonyme for indifference, and be generally associated with ideas of insolence and contempt. When Shakespeare's Charmian says, "I love long life better than figs," the expression only indicates how very much the lady really coveted length of days, but its being thus used is a concession to the spirit of the age in which the scene is laid—those "good old days," when philosophers feasted on figs and conquerors contested for them; and when the word occurs in other parts of his works it is always with far other meaning, showing that though the fruit itself was at that time probably but a newly-arrived stranger in the country, yet it had already become a familiar practice thus to take its name in vain. The word may not, however, always have been used in an ill sense when employed figuratively, for in the case of the first collection of Satires in the English language, published anonymously in 1595, under the name of "A Fig for Momus," the title seems merely to imply an offering to the laughter-loving god. Some have thought that the fig was rather held in horror in this country, because looked on as a sort of fellow to the stiletto, as a common means of murder abroad; while others imagine that the word became a term of contempt simply because the fruit itself is not generally pleasing to the English taste, perhaps because it is the only one we possess which is quite free from acidity. To "make the fig," however, "*faire la figue*," is a general mode of insult in many parts of Europe where figs themselves are held in high esteem, and is traced back to rather distant times, though its origin seems involved in obscurity. It consists in thrusting the thumb, inserted between two closed fingers, into the mouth, and was once a common usage in this country also, but is now modified into "snapping the fingers" after having passed through the transitionary stage of "biting the thumb," alluded to in Romeo and Juliet, where the quarrelling servants adopt this mode of venting their angry feelings towards each other. To show that this thumb-biting was identical with "fig-making," Knight quotes a passage from Lodge's "Wit's Miserie:" "Behold, I see Contempt marching forth, giving me the fico with his thumb in his mouth."

But however sanctioned by the custom of centuries, it is really so great an injustice to our honorable friend the fig to make use of its name in any way but respectfully, that it may be permitted to divert one sentence at least in which it occurs, from the original sense it was intended to convey; and therefore, in the words of Shakespeare, but with meaning far different to Shakespeare's, we present to the reader—"Figo for thy friendship."

VII.—WHAT ARE WOMEN DOING?

At the present moment we hear it asked on all sides,—What can women do? What may they do? Why do they attempt this? How is it that they have not turned their attention to that? Beside all these questions arises another, not without interest—What *are* women doing?

To answer this inquiry fully, would require such an acquaintance with the domestic life of all nations and tribes, as not Madame Pfeiffer herself could boast. It will be sufficient for us to consider it only in so far as it concerns English women. Even within this narrow range, the difficulty of giving a categoric answer will be apparent to a thoughtful mind. Probably most of us believe in a general way, that we are the most intelligent, the most cultivated, the most domestic and altogether the most admirable women in the world. But this sort of vague impression, though highly satisfactory to ourselves, and confirmed by most English travellers, conveys no distinct idea of what we are actually doing. It may in some degree facilitate the inquiry, if we consider separately, the sort of life that is led by women in each of the several ranks of the social scale.

Let us begin with what may be called the upper middle-class, including under this general denomination, all those who are not dependent on their own exertions for maintenance. Among these, a few pursue either art or literature as a vocation. A larger proportion devote most of their time to religious and philanthropic work. They are occupied in the management of societies and of schools; in the superintendence of Bible-women and mothers' meetings; in district visiting and tract distributing, and in working for bazaars. Whether their well-meant zeal does not sometimes defeat its own object is perhaps an invidious question. Another large division might be described as the people who do a little of everything. They play a little, sing a little, dance a little—they draw a little, and paint a little in water-colors—they read a little French and a little German, to keep up their languages—they read the magazines, too, and can talk a little about most of the new books, which they have seen noticed in the reviews. They visit the poor a little, they keep up a little friendly intercourse with their neighbors, and they take a little interest in what is going on in the world.

No one can say that they are not busy; but with what aim and what result are they working? We will leave them to answer for themselves and turn to another section, including, I fear, a larger number than either of the former. I refer to those who make "society" their business. The arts they cultivate are those which "tell" at an evening party; namely, dress, talking, and a certain brilliant style of musical performance. During the season, their nights are spent in party-going, their days in "great labors" of the needle, in the exchange of morning calls, and in attendance upon milliners and dressmakers, varied by the occasional excitement of a wedding, a bazaar, or a flower-show. Their few hours of relaxation are given to novel-reading. At the close of the season, a visit to a fashionable watering-place restores in some measure their exhausted energies, and in due time they are ready to begin again the weary round.

Under one or other of these heads will be found, I believe, a tolerably faithful picture of the daily life of almost every English woman of the well-to-do class, with this exception, that in the case of mistresses of families a certain time must be devoted to the cares of housekeeping, and, where there are children, to their nurture and admonition.

Among those who receive money for their work, there is a considerable variety of occupation. For our present purpose, we may be allowed to include under one general heading all who, though greatly varying in degree, are by education and position in a sphere above that from which our domestic servants are taken. This large section embraces in its ranks authors and able editors, actresses, professional singers, painters, sculptors; milliners, dressmakers, hairdressers and artists in hair; law-copyists, telegraph-clerks, postmistresses; lodging-house keepers, innkeepers, shopkeepers of various kinds, and saleswomen; last, but not least, the great army of teachers, from the ragged-school mistress up to the highly-educated and accomplished governess. This class also includes a very few managers of manufactories.

Domestic service constitutes a branch of industry itself embracing many varieties, into the details of which it is unnecessary to enter, the experience of every family supplying sufficient information on this point.

We come now to what must be regarded as the lowest grade, and here the variety of work is greater than in any other class. I believe few people have any idea of the vast number of women and girls who are employed in factories. It is well known that the cotton-mills of Lancashire absorb a large proportion of its female population, but it is not so generally understood that women and girls are employed in the lower departments of almost every kind of manufacture. They are to be found in metal-works, nail-works, rope-works, lead-works—in bleaching-mills, paper-mills, silk-mills and cloth-mills—in glass-houses, potteries and brick-yards, and at the mouths of coal-pits and stone-quarries, where the "bank-women" are described

as working "not like men, but like horses." Women are employed in book-binding, print-coloring, and paper-bag making—in the manufacture of cutlery, hats and caps, gloves, lace, furs, wire-blinds; guns, pipes, pipe-clay, glue, tobacco. Then, again, a large number are employed as market-women, and as itinerant vendors of fish, fruit, flowers, sticks, pipe-clay, and all the various commodities which house-wives expect to buy at their doors. At their own homes, women take in plain needle-work, embroidery and laundry-work. Some go out as charwomen, and others as upholsterers. In the country, a great part of the field work is done by women.

If choice of occupation is what you want, surely it may be said, here it is in abundance. But there is one notable fact which ought not to be overlooked; namely, that whatever mill, yard, factory or workshop you enter, you will find the women in the lowest, the dirtiest, and the unhealthiest departments. The reason is simple. The manager of a business naturally asks who will do the inferior work at the lowest rate, and as women's labor is the cheapest, it falls as a matter of course to their share. It is an undeniable fact that in this country a very large proportion of the hard labor is done by women. It is proved by experience that marriage and domestic service are not a sufficient outlet for the whole of the female portion of the poorer classes; and there seems little reason to expect that there will be any material alteration in this respect for many years to come.

We have seen that in the upper and middle classes of society a vast number of women are either working with misdirected energy, or are wasting their days in

> "That rank emptiness and sloth
> That rot souls piecemeal even ere they kill."

In that other large class, whose social status is undefined—who labor for hire, but who do not belong to what are called the working classes—the laborers are willing, but the narrowness of the field of industry open to them not only lowers the market value of their work, but in many cases obliges them to employ themselves in modes of occupation unsuited to their particular tastes and capabilities. They are hindered from doing the things that they could do best. In the poorest class, we meet with a similar condition of things; feminine skill, whether of head or hand, being thrown aside as useless lumber. Surely some re-adjustment is wanted here. It cannot be right that the higher kinds of work, those in which fineness of hand and accurate perception are most essential, and in which skill, rather than strength, is required, should be exclusively appropriated by men, while the coarser and rougher work is given to women, whose comparatively delicate organization makes them less able to endure it. One wonders how such an unnatural arrangement can have come into existence. Probably many different causes contributed to bring it about, and still combine to maintain it. It is more to the purpose to inquire how a change may be effected. This, however, is a subject for separate consideration.

VIII.—THE COTTAGE HOSPITAL, MIDDLESBRO'.

MIDDLESBRO', now one of the largest and most important towns in the North Riding of Yorkshire, stands on a flat alluvial plain, such as is generally found at the mouths of rivers; and though the Cleveland hills are within sight, it would be difficult to imagine a more deplorable or uninteresting situation, than this singularly bare and desolate region. Fancy a Pandemonium of puddling sheds; pale-faced giants, creaking wheels and clanking chains, a desert of rubbish and blasting furnaces, a spot where all that is not black is red-hot, a place enjoying neither the verdure of the field, nor the freshness of the sea, and you have fancied Middlesbro'!

Twenty years ago, a traveller (for there were travellers in those days) would have found a few scattered farm-houses upon the muddy banks of the Tees; but the capabilities of a spot at the mouth of a navigable river, placed midway between hills which yield iron ore, and the lime and coal district of Durham, was not long likely to escape the observation of mercantile and enterprising men; accordingly, as by magic, within the last quarter of a century there has arisen a town, which already contains above 17,000 inhabitants, a population composed almost exclusively of artizans devoted to the arts of Vulcan. The masters of these men, the great proprietors and creators of all this wealth and work, reside, as would naturally be supposed, in villas some five or six miles up the country—as far removed as possible from the blackening smoke of the chimneys and the clashing clang of the yards; a circumstance which need create no surprise when we remember the filthiness and dreariness of this most detestable place.

It will readily be imagined, where such a trade as the manufacture of iron is carried on—involving, as it does, the removal of heavy weights, roaring furnaces, the complications of steam machinery, and the ramifications of innumerable tramways,—that accidents, and those, too, of a very serious character, are of frequent occurrence. But this is not all; not only are accidents of frequent occurrence, but in consequence of the rapid growth of the place the relief required by the sufferers is totally inadequate to the demand. Struck by the very hopelessness and helplessness of the *locale*, a lady possessing but a very limited income, determined, with the assistance of a few subscriptions from her friends, to engage three cottages adjoining her own to form a hospital—a small hospital to contain only twelve beds—wisely judging that more attention could be bestowed upon special cases, and a higher moral influence exercised over a few patients, than could possibly be the case in a large establishment.

On the 7th of March, 1859, the good deed was commenced, and a large body of men employed in the various works voluntarily stepped forth and offered to subscribe weekly for the support of the hospital—the men from one firm alone contributing at the rate

of seventy pounds a year, principally in pence. During the first year, fifty-six patients passed through the institution; nine operations were performed, (all amputations,) and out of the fifty-six patients fifty-one recovered—a very large proportion, when we remember that these poor fellows were suffering from accidents of so serious a nature that many of them could never have survived but for the most unremitting attention and careful nursing. Indeed, the nursing at this home deserves especial notice. The foundress is assisted by three unpaid nurses, who, like herself, are willing to devote themselves in this manner to the service of God; and particular attention is called to the following fact, that the religious improvement of the patients is considered one of the active principles of this work, forming a home mission of infinite value, which it would be most desirable to see imitated in every town in the kingdom.

Some of the men have learned to read during their stay in the cottage hospital, and a small library has been added for the more advanced patients, and many of the poor fellows show, with evident gratitude and pride, the comforters and socks they have been taught to knit.

The advantages of such an institution, where all sorts of womanly sympathy and kindness are shown, and no means of alleviating suffering omitted, are self-evident; and when to these is added the fact, that the ministrations there are conducted with skill and judgment as well as with tenderness, no greater recommendation can be offered, or commendation passed.

There is no large public hospital at Middlesbro', though the erection of one has been contemplated for some considerable time. When it is erected, it is, however, still intended to carry on the smaller cottage home, because it embraces other objects besides simply attending to the physical need of the sufferers.

As much attention is at present being directed to the improvement of hospitals and other charitable institutions, and especially to establishments where single women of education, and women in all classes of life, may find suitable occupation, we are glad to be able to point to one institution of the kind in England where all the work, (with the exception of that of the surgeons,) is efficiently carried on by unpaid nurses.

When we inform our readers that no less than 500 "dressings" were performed by Miss —— and her nurses during the month of February, 1860, alone, and 800 in the month of July, we think they will be prepared for our next statement, that these cottages are most inconveniently small, and that it is highly desirable that larger premises should be taken. Indeed, the absolute necessity for some change has been so clearly foreseen, that a piece of land was taken some months ago in the township of North Ormesby, immediately adjoining the town of Middlesbro', where a small and convenient building has been erected at a cost of not less than £1,800, to

be opened at Easter. An appeal has been made among the neighboring ladies for subscriptions to meet the building expenses; and as a great part of that sum still remains to be collected, the admirers of so noble an undertaking are informed that assistance is still required, and asked in the name of the suffering sick of Middlesbro', and that contributions will be thankfully received and acknowledged by the Lady Superintendent, Cottage Hospital, Middlesbro'. The services of more voluntary and unpaid nurses are also required, and their presence and help would greatly assist those who are endeavoring, under God's blessing, to be of use to both body and soul of these poor fellows; and we believe that by so presenting themselves wholly a living sacrifice, the gift would not only be acceptable unto God, but prove a mighty instrument in His hands to promote a cause which it is so highly desirable to advocate in this country, viz. voluntary nursing; and by so stepping forward they would aid the establishment of a class of women who would thus learn from higher motives than any that can possibly spring from mere paid duty, to devote their talents and energy systematically, to seek out and succour the sorrowful and the suffering.

Although frequent mention has been made in this Journal of the cottage hospital, we believe that few of our readers are acquainted with the peculiar nature of the institution; we therefore again beg to draw attention to the following facts:—That Middlesbro', with a population of upwards of 13,000 inhabitants, contained no hospital for its sick till this Home Mission was commenced by Miss ——; that several amputations have been performed within its walls, and over 2,000 wounds have been dressed by unpaid nurses during the past year; that the cottages originally taken for the use of the patients are obviously too small for the accommodation of the sick who crowd the doors; that a larger and more convenient house will be opened in March at North Ormesby; that the projectors and designers of this scheme are in want of further funds: and having thus brought the sufferers and their wants to your very door, we lay them tenderly at your feet, and ask that, for Jesus Christ's sake, you will stretch out your hand and help your brother to rise.

M. S. R.

IX.—THE FIFTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF FEMALE ARTISTS.

We must offer our congratulations to this Society on the superiority of the present exhibition to those of the preceding years, a superiority to be attributed in part to the absence of the unsightly copies which have hitherto disfigured and overwhelmed the walls, and still more to a real advance in the quality of the pictures themselves. The wild and confused glare of color which in some of the

earlier exhibitions distressed and distracted the eye is no longer to be seen, while the frantic pre-Raphaelite attempts of the same date have given place to soberer efforts more in consonance with the rules of art and the representation of nature. The subjects, too, are more varied, and, if we may be allowed the expression, more healthy and vigorous; landscapes and still life replacing the somewhat sentimental subjects of former years.

Among the painters of flowers and fruits, of whom there are many, Emma Walter stands pre-eminent for freshness, vigor, and fine sense of color. She paints *con amore,* delights in her roses and geraniums, birds'-nests and fruits, of which we have five contributions, each more or less charming, and all, with one exception, faithful to nature. Apple Blossom and Nest (149) is the exception; the back-ground represents—what? the tangled stems are like those of gorse, but the foliage is a hybrid between fern and asparagus. Fidelity is the first requisite in those who copy nature, and from the meanest weed to the most refined exotic this law is inexorable; however slight and hasty the sketch, the conscientious artist never fails to indicate the nature and character of what he represents. Miss Walter's pictures generally are so faithful to what she sees, that we half suspect she drew upon her imagination or memory for the back-ground which is thus discordant with the usual quality of her work. Madame de Comolera has two pictures in oil, of flowers and fruit, so low in tone and so thickly varnished, that they have all the appearance of old pictures—an effect not a little heightened by a certain stiffness of arrangement. (96) Fleurs-porcelain, by the same lady, is a beautiful specimen of high finish and delicacy of manipulation. Miss H. Harrison has a singularly sickly study of grapes, suggestive of blight and disease, and altogether unpleasant. Miss Margaret Harrison gives us a charming representaion of Spring—primroses and dog violets. Before quitting the still life subjects, we must not omit to mention two studies in pastel, by Olive Newcomen. Spirited and forcible throughout, the Skye terrier's head in (253) Study of Dead Game, is to the very life, and we expect to hear the short sharp bark with which these beautiful little animals greet the approach of strangers and defend their belongings. When Olive Newcomen can paint such living animals, why does she so strongly affect the dead? Our old friend in the world of art, Mrs. Valentine Bartholomew, is not happy in her contributions. The Pet of the Family (118) must find it very difficult to keep his place on the inclined plane which displays him to his audience, after the fashion of a fine salmon on the sloped shop-board of a fishmonger. In landscape, Frances Stoddart is the most ambitious. She has three pictures in oil, of which (37) Mill Cauld on the Ericht, Perthshire, is the most pleasing both in subject and treatment. Miss Stoddart has an eye for the picturesque, and has acquired considerable command over her material; but there is a spotty character in all she does which is not to be found in nature, nor in the works of our

best landscape artists. A certain quality in Miss Stoddart's painting is suggestive of Creswick's influence: let her study this master more, and she will conquer the present difficulty which destroys the value of her productions.

Mrs. J. T. Linnell has a small picture, Sheaves, which betrays her master and model. Were it not too woolly, it would be pretty. The effects of light are good. (138) A Water Mill on the Avon, Tewkesbury, by Mrs. S. Wilkins, is a very pleasing picture.

Louise Rayner contributes six pictures of old places, but we cannot say that she either keeps the promise of former years or does herself justice. (123) Burial Place of the St. Clares, Roslyn Chapel, wants force and substance; and the lights are badly distributed, producing a patchy effect. (132) Assembly of Monks in Glasgow Crypt, is unnecessarily dark and dirty, and does not to our thought convey any adequate impression of the place. Florence Peel sustains her character for industry and faithful work. She also has six pictures, varied in subject and merit. (179) "After Life's fitful Fever he sleeps well," is a pretty thought, prettily treated. (36) Aram Lilies is somewhat careless, and evidently unfinished. Views of and in Cork, and a Portrait, complete the set.

Miss Gimingham evinces nice taste and feeling in three water-color drawings, but she has a tendency to over-color, or rather to too crude coloring; the purples in (181) and (204) are instances of what we mean. (211) Beachy Head, Sussex, is a very faithful and agreeable picture. Mrs. Backhouse has several very pleasing pictures. (201) Our Pie, is a favourable specimen, as is also (280) Patient Waiting: the expression of the children in this last is very sweet and charming. Mrs. Backhouse's children are ruddy specimens of robust health, almost too full of what the doctors call "red blood." Clara E. H. Kettle, a name we do not remember, is very unsuccessful in two water-color pictures; the coloring is bad, pale, and washy; we suspect this lady mistakes her vocation when she handles colors. Her "Study from the Antique" (287) is exceedingly beautiful—quite a gem in its way. It is a shaded study of the Venus of Milo, on ivory, and shows great talent for drawing.

Several foreigners have contributed to the exhibition The Queen of Art, Rosa Bonheur, has a "Drawing of Animals," in chalk, vigorous and life-like as usual, and four small bronzes, two bulls, a sheep, and a goat, exquisitely modelled. Madame Juliette Peyrole (*née* Bonheur) sends two pictures, Combat de Coqs, (52,) hideous specimens of the hideous Cochin China breed, but very spirited and clever; and Dindons (75).

La Captivité de Babylone, by Mdlle. L. E. de Guimard, is a work of considerable merit, but placed so disadvantageously, over the entrance door, that it will be lost to many. Grace, ease, and dignity characterize the *pose* of the figures, and give a noble and touching expression to the composition. Madame Georgii has two very good heads; one the portrait of her husband, Professor

Georgii, the other of a Swedish peasant girl; they are well drawn, strong, and forcible. The pictures by the other French artists are chiefly in oil, and remarkable for lowness of tone and other qualities in opposition to the English school of art—the students of either nation may profit by the comparison.

The Thorny Path, (80,) by Eliza Walker, is the nearest approach to the pre-Raphaelite school which the present exhibition offers. It is carefully painted, but the yellows and greys predominate, giving a cold and unsatisfactory look to the picture.

Mrs. Elizabeth Murray shines this year. There is an *enjouement* about her pictures which makes one overlook their defects. She has a fine eye for color and contrast, and paints vigorously and broadly. A Spanish Scribe reading the Gipsy's Love Letter (168) is the most important picture, and has some capital things in it; but, as has been objected, it does not tell its tale clearly. Why does the scribe look so intently and bodingly at the girl as he glances at her letter? His face tells of something affecting himself, a something the picture does not explain. Two Little Monkeys (227) is a delightful little picture of an organ boy, grinning from ear to ear, and a monkey, full of fun and frolic. Mrs. Murray's pictures are like an Italian autumn day, rich and ripe and sunny; it does one good to see them. Margaret Gillies sends five contributions. Of these, (153,) Edith and Major Bellenden watching from the Battlements of the Castle the Approach of the Life Guards (Old Mortality) is the most considerable, and is a picture of a very high order of merit. Major Bellenden is conceived and executed in a rare spirit of fidelity to the original; the head and person are those of a perfect gentleman, courtly and refined, and the expression is singularly free from all exaggeration, while fully indicating anxiety and apprehension. Edith is a graceful and lovely woman—a little too bloodless, it may be, for one so young, for the pallor goes deeper than the circumstances account for, and is too near akin to the pallor of the major, considering the difference of the age. It is a very beautiful picture, in the artist's best style, and knowing how high she stands in public estimation we were surprised not to see the little blue ticket at the corner, indicating its sale. (273) A Gipsy Girl, is a lovely head, a charming piece of coloring; and an Arran Reaper (183) fully sustains this artist's well-known reputation.

While the general advance is matter of congratulation, the special advance of one artist, Mrs. Lee Bridell, is worthy of special notice. Her picture of St. Perpetua and St. Felicitas is a revelation of artistic power for which her former works had not at all prepared us. St. Felicitas, the slave of St. Perpetua, rendered by Mrs. Bridell as an African, is beautiful in the extreme; the large, luminous, liquid eyes, with that pathetic expression of the dumb creation which the negro shares with the dog and the deer, the warm glow of the rich Eastern blood, the heavy masses of thick luxuriant hair—and over all, and through all, the pure, chastened, and dignified expression—lift this production of the artist far above

anything she has yet accomplished. There is in this colored martyr feeling and soul, and the artist who once succeeds in rendering these enters a new career, before which form and composition, however valuable as aids, sink into the subordination befitting them. Nor has Mrs. Bridell forgotten the value of rich coloring; the turban handkerchief is a brilliant and legitimate effect, and gives immense value to the head. The fault of the picture, and one which detracts not a little from its real merit at first sight, is that Perpetua crowds too much upon Felicitas, and is herself too full of straight lines; the fall of the robe, of the veil, of the sleeve, is almost in parallel lines, and gives an air of hardness and stiffness, beneath which we have to look for the "noble Carthaginian lady." It is a great advance, however, and we cordially hope Mrs. Bridell will follow up the success she has undoubtedly achieved.

Among the many pictures our space compels us to pass over, there are some few so irredeemably bad that we can only wonder how they gained admittance; neither the would-be artist nor the art is served by the feeling, kindly though it be, which secures such pictures a place on the walls.

It will be observed that the Female Artists' Exhibition this year numbers among its contributors several well-known and established names. This in itself lifts it above the exhibitions of other years, in which the absence of notabilities in the world of art was an unpleasant feature. It is also satisfactory to find French artists contributing, headed by so distinguished a member as Rosa Bonheur. How is it that none of those amateurs who formed such a charming exhibition of their own last year at the French Gallery send their productions here? We must not omit to mention that a Sleeping Child, by Mrs. Thornycroft, and the Baron Triqueti's beautiful vase, grace the room.

X.—NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Trades' Societies and Strikes: Report of the Committee on Trades' Societies appointed by the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science. London: John W. Parker & Co., West Strand.*

At the meeting of the National Association, in Liverpool, (October, 1858,) a conference on the subject of Trades' Unions was held, and resolutions were passed recommending the Council to appoint a committee to consider the objects and constitutions of trades' societies, with their effects upon the wages, industry, and

* This volume has been printed at the Victoria Press, for the Employment of Women, and the Secretary of the Committee, Mr. P. H. Rathbone, has expressed his obligations to Miss Emily Faithfull for the energy with which the work was conducted, in order that it might be presented at the Glasgow Meeting. The printing, a large part of which was performed by girls in the first year of their apprenticeship, would do credit to an establishment of any standing.

commerce of the country. The inquiry was one which demanded the utmost partiality, and care was taken in the constitution of the Committee, and in their subsequent mode of action, that all parties concerned should be fairly represented. For this end, they drew up three several lists of questions. The first addressed to secretaries, officers, and members of trades' societies; the second submitted to employers of labor; and the third, relating to strikes, to be proposed to employers' associations and trades' societies. These inquiries embraced—the moral effects of trades' unions; the class of men belonging to them; their effect upon the rate of wages; their effect upon the character and skill of the workmen; masters' combinations, and their effects; the effects of combinations on the prosperity of special trades, and the causes and effects of strikes. The questions were extensively circulated, sub-committees were appointed, and witnesses examined *vivâ voce;* and so great was the mass of evidence collected, that the Committee reported at Bradford, in 1859, that they had been unable to analyze and digest it. They were accordingly re-appointed, and after another year of unremitting attention to the subject, the present Report was presented to the Association at its meeting in Glasgow, in September last.

The definition of trades' unions given in the Report is an exceedingly fair one:—"A trades' society is a combination of workmen to enable each to secure the conditions most favorable to labor." Indeed, the Report has been charged with a leaning to the men's side of the question, founded, in all probability, on the statement contained in the Report, that the co-operation of working-men had been much more frankly given to the Committee than that of employers. Trades' societies eagerly offered information, and forwarded their rules and other documents, while masters held aloof. But it seems to us that the frankness of the men in coming forward to meet inquiry into the operations of their societies, speaks most favorably for the nature of these operations. Mr. Thomas Hughes, one of the secretaries of the Committee, remarked in presenting the Report at Glasgow:—"Here was a Committee of thirty gentlemen, amongst whom were several influential employers. Two-thirds of these gentlemen started in the belief that as a rule trades' unions were in the hands of mere demagogues, not working men. But, he believed, they were now unanimous in the conclusion that this was not so. As was stated in the Report, they believed that the leaders of trade societies were generally men who represented the feeling of their class, and also able and proficient workmen, who really lived by their trade, and who had little to do with agitations. They (the Committee) were at first almost unanimous in their belief that trades' unions fostered bad blood and ill-feeling between masters and men; but from the histories of all the strikes he had gone into, he was of opinion that trades' unions tended to stop strikes, and not to foster them. The objects of trades' unions are exten-

sively misunderstood. Many suppose that they are organizations for the sole purpose of promoting and conducting strikes. But their objects are various; all, however, aimed at securing the advantage of labor in its contest with capital. This contest ought to be a fair, friendly, and honorable one; and if it could be shown that trades' unions tended to introduce into it anything unfair, unfriendly, or dishonorable, they might justly be condemned. But this cannot be said of them as a whole; individual societies have often taken *unfair advantage* of employers in compelling them, at risk of immense loss or even failure, to raise wages when the market did not admit of a rise, but only a fair advantage is sought when the rise is fairly justified by the state of the market. This is all, with regard to variations of wages, that the unions attempt; and even if unfair advantage is sought and obtained, it is a matter speedily to be rectified. No power can maintain wages above their natural level for any length of time. Among the methods by which trades' societies conduct their affairs, the following may be mentioned:—I. Publishing periodically the state of the trade in different parts of the country. This is a most useful function, and with the two succeeding, gives to these societies an import and, beneficial share in the proper distribution of labor, sending the worker where his work is most wanted, and so promoting a natural equality of wages. II. Keeping a book of names of unemployed men, and of employers wanting men. III. Assisting men from town to town in search of employment, and occasionally to emigrate. This latter, besides the good effect above mentioned, of sending the workman where his work awaits him, has also this,—it prevents an incalculable amount of pauperism with its consequent social and moral deterioration. This is an effect which the Report does not bring forward, but it seems to us a most important one. The remaining modes of action are of a more questionable character. IV. Regulating the number of apprentices in the trade. V. Maintaining men in resistance to their employers. VI. Regulating the number of working hours, and the rules of the trade. And, VII. Organizing strikes."

The conclusions at which the Committee arrived may now be glanced at. The first and second affirm that trades' societies and combinations of societies have of late years much increased; the third and fourth that they are conducted with greater fairness and with less of prejudice and unreasonableness; fifth, that strikes, though more frequent, are conducted with less violence than in former days, though there still remains room for improvement in this respect, especially as regards trade disputes at Sheffield, and the attempts elsewhere made to intimidate, by publishing in the weekly balance-sheets injurious personal imputations or threats. We quote from the "Account of Strike in the Cotton Trade at Preston in 1853," by J. Lowe, a curious catalogue of threatening intimations published in the balance-sheet of the strike. The

strike tribunal would be humorous, and represents its invisible power under the name of "Punch:"—

"'*If that black sheep Bob, at Brookfield Mill, does not keep his tongue still, Punch says he will come and curl his hair before he goes to court Jenny Lind, that fine loom weaver at Summer's Mill.*'

"'*If that nigger in Uncle Tom's cabin does not pay up, Punch says he will tell what he saw him do one night.*'

"'*If that man at Baxter's Mill who borrowed a shilling from the barber, don't pay to the Preston lock-outs, next week, Punch will tell his wife about it.*'

"'*I say, Master Kershaw, how is it that you do not support your poor brothers in Preston? Suppose yourself married to that young lady who lives not* 100 *miles from Philip Ogden's, and be placed in their situation, how would you like it? Mr. Punch is determined that if you don't lend a helping hand to Preston, he will say something about that bottle you was drinking out of three times a day, and he will tell her the contents of that bottle, and also the purpose that it was intended for; so pay up, and let us have no more of your sneaking ambition.*'

"Occasionally these parenthetic appeals took a sarcastic turn; as:—

"'*If William Townson would spend less money in drinking, carding, dog and cock fighting, Punch thinks he might pay something to the Preston lock-outs.*'

"'*If that young spark, Ben D., that works at Baxter's Mill, does not pay to his trade, Punch will tell about him eating that rhubarb pudding that was boiled in a dirty nightcap.*'

"'*If Roger does not pay, Punch will tell about her robbing the donkey of its breakfast to stuff her bustle with.*'

"Occasionally, too, the remonstrances took a poetical form:—

"MILLS IN THE HYDES.

"Within these walls the lasses fair
Refuse to contribute their share;
Careless of duty, blind to fame,
For shame, ye lasses, O, for shame!

"Come, pay up, lasses, think what's right,
Defend your trade with all your might,
For if you don't the world will blame,
And cry, ye lasses, O, for shame!

"Let's hope in future all will pay,
And Preston folks may heartily say,
That by your aid they have obtain'd
The greatest victory ever gain'd."

Slander too, not unfrequently, pours its venom through the same channel in trades where large numbers of women are employed. Mr. Rathbone, of Liverpool, Joint Secretary of the Committee, and to whom the volume is deeply indebted, made an earnest appeal to the working-men of Glasgow against this dastardly practice. Glasgow was not involved in the disgrace, but he could not let the occasion pass without expressing his abhorrence of it, and he trusted that Lancashire would soon wipe out the stain. Nothing could possibly contribute so effectually to the abolition of such shameful practices as the publicity here given to them. Sixth, the Report goes on by affirming that the change for the better which has undoubtedly taken place in the conduct of trades' societies is owing in a great measure to increased publicity and to the action upon them of pub-

lic opinion. The seventh conclusion asserts the value of co-operative societies to working men, by contributing, both when they succeed and when they fail, to increase the experience of operatives as to the relative value of manual and intellectual labor, and of capital and the fluctuations of trade. Eighth, that there are still rules in many societies interfering with the freedom of workman and master, and to be unhesitatingly condemned. Ninth, that trades' societies have secured the adhesion of many prudent workmen by undertaking to provide maintenance for those who are casually out of employment, &c. Tenth, that this union of purposes not seldom enables a majority of their members to dominate over an unwilling minority in strikes. Twelfth, that they have at times assisted the workmen in a trade more speedily to realize higher wages, when the profits in it have been rising; and have, in some instances, been of advantage to the masters, by producing a greater uniformity of wages throughout a trade. Thirteenth, that disastrous as have been the immediate results of most strikes to masters as well as to men, they have not been without their use to both, by inducing wiser and more gracious concessions on one side, and less unreasonable demands on the other. These are the leading conclusions; the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth relate to tribunals of arbitration, to which the Committee assign a very limited use. The seventeenth declares that any return to the old policy of prohibition would be mischievous and ineffectual; while the two remaining propositions affirm the necessity and advantages of publicity and general enlightenment, concluding thus:—"That the experience of the past has convinced many of the employers, that not to care for their hands, not to promote their intellectual and moral welfare, not to show sympathy with them, and forbearance toward them, is to ruin themselves; and that the employed are learning, that without temperance and self-government they must be slavish, that their interests are the same as those of the whole land, that the more they respect their own order, the less they will be at war with any other."

That these conclusions are most fair and temperate will hardly be denied, and no one can look into the volume without seeing that they have been arrived at through much labor and patient investigation. The Report forms but a small portion of the volume. Ten strikes in various parts of England, of recent occurrence, having been selected by the Committee for investigation, the task of collecting special information concerning each, and preparing an account of it, was committed to individual members of the Committee. These separate reports are most interesting and instructive. Accounts are also given of various important combinations; abstracts of the Parliamentary Reports on the subject, and a Report on the Rules of the Societies. One thing the Report makes clear beyond dispute: it is, that trades' societies have established themselves among the working classes of this country with a strength which nothing can uproot. That this should be the case, shows

that they contain within them elements of great utility and value. That they are an immense social power is unquestionable, and that by judicious management they may also be a vast social good seems evident on a fair inquiry into their organization and results. Keeping to their true objects, and conducted in a right spirit, by intelligent and honest men, they may aid in the distribution of labor, secure the independence of the workman, and thus far at least elevate his character, prevent inferior work, and keep up the skill and efficiency of the worker, and teach the art of self-government and deliberation. Leading men of the working classes are now earnestly studying the laws of political economy, and will no doubt diffuse their knowledge by means of these societies. In many trades no strike can be organized till the matter has been discussed in several committees, and at these committees intelligence and worth take the lead for the most part. Some societies are even more ambitious of excellence among their members, and fine a man half-a-crown for an oath, or for drunkenness on committee, or for the offence of reminding a member that he has been indebted to the funds of the society. Instead of pronouncing strongly in favor of the societies, the Committee have reported, and perhaps more wisely, simply a temperate statement of their case. It is clear that they have been themselves converted by the evidence brought before them, and but for the restraint of their judicial position, would have spoken out more fully for a verdict in their behalf.

Family Pictures. By the Author of "Mary Powell." Hall, Virtue, and Co., Paternoster Row.

A VOLUME of pleasant anecdote, family traditions, traits of "fine old English merchants and Christian gentlemen," and moral reflections. A book for a wet morning or a lonely evening. The following anecdote of the early married days of the Queen and Prince Albert, is a favorable specimen of the agreeable chattiness of the volume.

"One day the friend with whom I was staying took me to the cottage of an old man living on a breezy common. He was evidently a character; had neither wife nor child; and rarely admitted a woman within his doors.

"'Mr. B——,' said my friend after some chat, which showed him to be one of those who habitually think themselves as good as their company, 'I want you to let this lady see your clock—Pope's clock, that you bought at the sale at Twickenham.'

"'Oh, she's welcome to see it,' said he, stumping off to his little kitchen. 'There's the clock, and I think I shall leave it to Prince Albert some of these days, 'cause the Queen and he admired it so.'

"'Oh, come, Mr. B——, tell us all about that affair. My friend will like to hear it.'

"'Oh well, there isn't much to tell. One Saturday afternoon a smart spring shower came on, and, as I was going by the window, I see a young lady and gentleman run pretty fast for shelter into my outhouse, so I goes to the front door and hollers out, "I say, you'd better come in here." So upon

that in they came, and I was a going to show them into the parlor when the young lady says, "Oh, I'd rather go into the kitchen, for I see you've a fire, and my shoes are rather wet." Well, I let her do as she liked; and, as the fire was not an over good one, the young gentleman he begins to make it up by putting on some turf that lay by; and, by way of saying something, you know, goodnatured-like, says he, "This is nice turf you've got." "Well, sir," says I, "I don't think it very good—they've cut it too deep, quite down into the earth." So then he looks about him, for something else to notice, and, seeing those cups and saucers on the mantelshelf, "You've got some old china," says he. "No," says I, "that's not china, it's *delft;* and before you were born, sir, people thought a good deal of eating off delft, which being the best ware they could get, they valued as much as we value china now." So then the young lady says, "You've a curious clock." "Yes," says I, "that really *is* a curiosity, for it was Pope's, and I bought it at the sale of his effects at Twickenham." "Is it just as it was when Pope had it?" says she. "O no!" says I, "I've had it cleaned and done up." "Ah, that's a pity," says she, "for otherwise I would have bought it of you." Well, I thought this funny, but just then the gentleman who had gone to the front door, called out, "It has left off raining now." "You can't justly tell whether it has or not, sir," says I, "at that door, because the wind sets agin the back of the house. If you'll go to the back door, you'll be more likely to see." So he goes to the back door, and directly he opened it, out darted his two dogs, a big and a little one, and began rolling themselves on my peppermint bed. "Hallo, sir," says I, "do you know I sell my peppermint?" So he laughs and whistles them off, and says to the lady, "It really has left off raining." So away they go, after thanking me for giving them shelter; and I stand at the door looking after them, and see them cut across the common to a little gate in the park-paling. So I stood thinking to myself, "Whoever could they be? Going into the park, too! Why, then, ten to one it's the Queen and Prince Albert! To think of that never having struck me! Yes, yes, I dare say it was, for he's tall and she's short, and they do go about with two dogs. But I didn't know they were expected down here just now. However, I'll just go up to the house with a basket of eggs, and then I shall know." So I went up with my basket of eggs; and sure enough the servants told me they *had* come down unexpectedly, and had gone out to walk directly after luncheon, and had been caught in the rain.'

"'Well but, Mr. B——, that is not all.'

"'Oh no, that's not all. The next day, they tell me, the Queen and all her party were going out on horseback, when she says, "Have any of you any money?" "How much does your Majesty want?" says one of the equerries. "Oh, five or ten pounds." "I have five pounds, your Majesty." "Oh, that will do." So they rode along here, and, as they went by, the Queen said to him, "Go in and give the poor man in that cottage five pounds for me, and tell him I thank him for having given us shelter yesterday." So of course I was very much pleased; but, you know, I did not know who he was, so seeing him come in and leave the gate open, I thought I should be having the dogs in again, so I bawled out, "Shut the gate after you."

"'Well, every autumn since, she has sent me five pounds. Yes, it's very good of her; and I've no way of showing her what I think of it but by taking her a basket of cherry pippins, which is not what everybody can do; for I don't know of any hereabouts but mine. I have but one tree, and I always save its pippins for the Queen. *You* shall have one though, ma'am. Here's one for ye.'

"Old Mr. B—— is now dead; and before he died he made his will, and left Pope's clock to the Prince Consort. I dare say dozens of such stories as this, of the Queen's benevolence, might be picked up in that neighborhood, where she and the Prince spent much of their time in their early married life."

Danish Fairy Legends and Tales. By Hans Christian Andersen. Bohn, York Street, Covent Garden.

In a recent number we noticed a beautifully illustrated edition of this favorite Author, and now, for those who prefer a cheaper volume, containing twelve new stories, we can recommend Bohn's edition; where, in one compact volume, they will find a fund of entertainment which will not be exhausted in the first or even in the second reading.

XI.—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.

Madam,

It appears to me a very unpleasant fact, that all the attempts which have been made through your Journal to establish hairdressing as a means of subsistence for women, have not yet succeeded in developing so much as one solitary specimen of the female hairdresser. While the sewing machine is taking their needlework out of their hands, day by day, these unfortunate, stunted human beings still obstinately hold on to an employment which, at its most prosperous time, could afford them but a bare subsistence, without either comfort in the present, or hope in the future. It is true that women have long been in a false position, and have undergone a thorough training for a wrong way of thinking, or for no thinking at all, and that must be one cause of the determined dislike shown by many of them to any kind of work, in proportion to its usefulness or productiveness. It cannot be laziness that prevents their getting on in the world, for we all know that they will take a great deal of pains if they can only feel sure that there is nothing, or at most, very little, to be gained by it. It seems to be rather a diseased state of mind produced by a bad social atmosphere—bad in spite of all the teaching of Christianity, civilization, and knowledge which is now, more or less, within the reach of any one who will take it at a gift.

Being much in want of a needlewoman a few weeks ago, I had one sent to me, a widow, who is supporting three children by her work, and whose prospects, like those of her class in general, are getting worse and worse every day. She is a highly respectable woman, and was a lady's maid before her marriage, consequently well skilled in hairdressing. It then occurred to me what an excellent resource it would be for a blighted needlewoman to combine (at first starting) the two occupations; so that in case prejudice, or anything else equally influential, should prevent her new enterprise from achieving a rapid success, she might fill up her time, and eke out her income, with her old accustomed employment. I started the idea to my new acquaintance; but, as you may suppose from my opening remarks, with no success. She made many foolish excuses, but the fact evidently was that it was too ungenteel; she could not think of touching the heads of the common herd. And so she will go on, starving herself and stinting her children, and most probably end her days in the workhouse at last;—but then no one can deny that at the crisis of her fate she saved her gentility.

Above all things in the world, we surely want a higher tone and a better spirit. My housemaid, a little while ago, had a conversation with an upholsterer about the cleaning of the furniture, and she gave me the result of it with wonderful complacency and serenity of mind. "I am not to put on much polish, because, he says, a female will not rub it in." To that sentence the

female is perfectly resigned; she feels no shame or mortification either for herself or her sex. She does not burn with zeal to retrieve their credit or her own. She retires from before the furniture which she has smeared, but not polished, and sits down in the kitchen to some tawdry piece of folly to which she freely gives all the devotion of which her nature is capable. I do not know whether she ever reflects that it is not altogether a matter of taste, and that she is defrauding the mistress whose wages she takes, and whose bread she eats, and who is obliged at last, if she is anxious to see her furniture clean and bright, to bring in a man to do the work as she would have it done.

I was talking one day to a young dressmaker, and expressing a hope that she did not waste her few spare moments in embroidery. She confessed that she had done such a thing in her time, and added, that on one occasion, the baker had called with the loaves and caught her in the fact. "Oh!" said he, in a dry sarcastic way, "you are at that, are you? Come with me, and I will let you see embroidery,"—and he then went on to describe scenes such as he witnessed every hour of every day: dirty women, dirty children, dirty houses; the miserable mothers, meanwhile, wasting themselves and all that belong to them in that fool's pastime. Such is the encouragement given to poor working men, that they may continue to work on to the end of their weary lives. Such is the practical wisdom which is to guide the women of the poor classes through their difficult and trying career, in which it may truly be said, that the greatest care and prudence, and the best directed industry, are hardly sufficient for the constant demands that are made upon them.

If ladies are really convinced, as I suppose they are by this time, that the women of the lower classes will imitate them, as far as possible, in everything, it appears to be a plain, obvious, Christian duty in them to make their example a little more edifying, and themselves a little more "apt to teach." In the meantime, they certainly do not look very apostolical; perhaps they are better than they seem; but nobody would think, to look at them, that those funny figures in little round hats and bell-shaped skirts are the Church-going, moral, model Englishwomen of whom the world has heard so much. And as ladies (many of them, at least) prefer the pleasure of fine clothes to all the delights which spring from heart, and mind, and intellect fairly developed, so poor women (many of them) adorn themselves and their children for a summer's day, for the time, quickly past, of unbroken health and prosperity. A few days' sickness lays all their destitution bare; they have made no provision for warmth or comfort in any way; and it is well for them, on these occasions, that society is not entirely composed of themselves and their smartly-dressed prototypes. No, there are still some good women left; and for them let us be truly thankful; I only wish they would sometimes give their young, or even their middle-aged, friends a hint to dress themselves a little more soberly.

I remain, Madam, yours obediently,
A. S.

18*th February.*

To the Editor of the English Woman's Journal.

MADAM,

In referring again to the great object of Miss Elizabeth Blackwell's lectures, I cannot but feel some surprise that nothing has yet resulted from their delivery amongst so many educated and deeply reflecting women. Is it that too much was attempted? The raising up of a hospital, with all needful appendages, was perhaps too expensive an undertaking at the outset, and the pleasant vision "dissolved into thin air." But taking the divine example of the grain of mustard seed, why should not a less pretentious beginning be made? There are, and assuredly for wise reasons, (or they would not exist,) two rival

systems of medicine amongst us, both doubtless having their respective claims to attention—one from its long continuance, the other from the extraordinary character of its alleged cures. From the first, the allopathic, the lady student has few hopes of encouragement; but the second, which has still to contend with many ancient prejudices, would strengthen its cause by opening the doors of its colleges for the instruction of ladies of competent education in the art of healing. How many sufferers might they not relieve in their own families and amongst the sick poor by this rational study. In answer to a question put lately to an able practitioner of homœopathy as to this system being taught to ladies, it was replied, "Ladies should first study physiology and diagnosis." How many are there to whom such an application of intellect would be a relief from life weariness as well as a source of joyful usefulness! Why could not classes be formed for these studies at a moderate expense? How great would be the comfort to many a village doctor if such educated female assistants were at hand in emergencies when he himself is obliged to go to a case several miles off, and cannot return until morning or noon of the next day! Every person can imagine for himself, or herself, ten thousand cases in which a lady doctor might have it in her power to "stand in the gap," and save valuable life.

I beg leave to recommend these considerations to the thoughtful attention of your readers, and am, Madam,

Yours faithfully,

S. E. M.

To the Editor of the English Woman's Journal.

MADAM,

I am obliged by X. Y. Z.'s attention to my inquiries in your January number. As my object is to elicit such expositions as I believe necessary for the information of others, I venture upon further remarks. I am glad to learn that the £5 alternative is not a part of the original plan, as this may imply that when the cause assigned for its introduction ceases—say in ten years time—the compounding will no longer be allowed. For the dignity and stability of the proposed association depend upon the general acceptation, and earliest support of the class eligible to its benefits; therefore there should be no arbitrary equalization of such as have waited other chances before entering this fellowship with those who, from the first, have cast in, it might have been, not for their own returns.

Believing that the ultimate success of the present movement can only be secured by a comprehensive union of governesses, I still press the point if all effectual means of making it known to them individually are in practice. I should hope that the Educational Registry would furnish addresses, or forward notices entrusted for that purpose. How obscure must be most of the "fifteen or twenty thousand" whom it behoves to be provident. It seems to me more necessary to move employers than employed to make known this project.

But before directly calling individual attention to the proposed object, it is desirable to exhibit at the head of the present circular the names of the managers, working officers, &c. I do not myself know if it is intended to be *grafted* upon the Governesses' Benevolent Institution. The careful notice that the scheme did not originate with their Board should mean that they are not at present responsible, though the services of one of the board of management and of the secretary are given. It is not a suggestion, but an arranged business, that should be laid before the governesses.

Hoping that sufficient encouragement has been received to justify this advance in the furtherance of the design,

I remain, Madam, yours,

A. E.

To the Editor of the English Woman's Journal.

MADAM,

Referring to a letter in your number for February, signed H. A. Z., respecting the scanty pay, when employed, and frequent exclusion, of female organists from church and chapel organs, I beg to say that I have frequently had occasion to regret, in my capacity as Guardian of the Poor, and as a Charity Trustee, the very depreciatory tone assumed by my brethren at the weekly Board, as regards the lady organist at our parish church, intimating a desire to get rid of her, or to reduce her salary; for what reason neither the clergyman nor myself can discover.

And I am also astonished to see in notices of organists being required, these words,—"No lady need apply."

How, I would ask, in the name of humanity, is it that in advertisements for church organists the above announcement is so frequently appended? Some of the most highly gifted and accomplished organ players at this moment are of the female sex, and surely such words as the above are but little complimentary to them, who are an honor to their profession. I need not, out of some seventy, do more than mention the names of Mrs. Bartholomew, Miss Mounsey, Miss Stirling, and Miss Cooper, in evidence that females are as capable of performing upon the largest organs and conducting choirs as members of the "stronger sex."

Considering how few professions and employments are open to women of talent and capacity, why should they be generally excluded from one that is thoroughly feminine and respectable?

If true, that the failing of the sex is vanity, and vanity may lead young ladies who are merely mechanical piano-forte players to fancy they can conduct services on the organ, and, under this delusion, desire to compete for public appointments, nevertheless, this can be no valid reason for excluding those of the sex trained for the profession and musically educated, from situations for which they are as fit as males.

It is certainly an unjust and an un-English proceeding for parish officers to insert such a sentence in their advertisements as the one referred to. Why should a really competent female be set aside, as is too often the case to my own knowledge, for the sake of a male less competent, simply on account of her sex? I shall continue to vote against such palpable injustice.

I am, Madam,

A POOR LAW GUARDIAN.

XII.—PASSING EVENTS.

GAETA taken by the national troops; Francis II. at the Court of Rome, sheltering, for the moment, with another doomed sovereign; Prussia pursuing a course of liberal policy under her new King; Austria in its death-throes; Hungary and Croatia resuscitating, and openly electing as their representatives men who, in 1848-49, were proclaimed rebels, and a price set upon their heads; Russia about to free her serfs; these are the noticeable European events of the month; while at home, no more exciting occurrence has taken place than the opening of Parliament by our gracious Queen in person, the delivery of the usual speeches, and the subsequent addresses from both Houses.

In America the secession still continues. Seven States have already seceded, among them the important territory of Texas; for though a State, its dimensions are so enormous, that out of it many ordinary States might be formed. North Carolina holds a threatening attitude. Should reconciliation prove impossible, she has passed a resolution to secede. The vote of Virginia is perhaps more important than that of any other State, for upon that vote

depends whether Maryland and Delaware secede—and upon their secession depends that of Kentucky, Tennessee, and Missouri. While the South thus maintains its hostile aspect, Boston, the hot-bed of abolition, has been the scene of an influential meeting of the citizens of Massachusetts, where, among other resolutions expressive of loyalty to the Union, the following startling proposition of compromise was unanimously passed:—

"Resolved. That we are in favor of a compromise line, to be established on the parallel of 36 deg. 30 min. north latitude, with the provision that slavery shall be prohibited in all the territories north of the said line, and shall be recognised in all the territories now existing, or that may hereafter be acquired, south of the same, until the people of such territories shall be authorized to form State Governments, when they shall continue or abolish slavery as they may see fit. And in assenting to this compromise we are moved not merely by patriotic feeling, *but by the conviction that whether a given territory shall be ultimately slaveholding or non-slaveholding depends on laws of soil and climate, and cannot be effected by political combinations or Legislative action.*"

Shade of Theodore Parker—living spirits of Palfrey, Garisson, Charles Sumner, and a score of others, born and bred in the free state of Massachusetts, who hold that no law human or divine can justify or excuse slavery, what think you of this? In that Temple of Liberty *par excellence*, Faneuil Hall, Boston, in grand and solemn deliberation, slavery is acknowledged to depend upon laws of soil and climate, and to be beyond the reach of human Legislation!

Compromise this is with a vengeance—compromise and something more—an endorsement of slavery itself, which the wildest Southern visionary can never have hoped to exact from the citizens of the most embittered abolition state in the Union.

And thus it comes to pass that, while this great Republic is prepared to rivet faster the chains of slavery, the most despotic country in Europe is bringing to a close the serfdom which, merciful and enlightened as it is in comparison with American slavery, is yet held incompatible with the progress of the age and the glory and dignity of the nation.

While Massachusetts is thus willing to perpetuate and strengthen slavery, Russia is prepared on the 3rd of March, 1861, to proclaim serfdom extinct. Woe indeed unto them "who call evil good and good evil, who put darkness for light and light for darkness!"

We give an extract from the *Daily News* which is worth preserving in the pages of this Journal, as marking an important epoch in the female world of art:—

"The Royal Academy and Female Artists.—Since the days of Angelica Kaufman, one of the original Royal Academicians, the recognition and encouragement of female art in this country has been much neglected, and many obstacles have interfered with the full development of talents which, under proper cultivation, might have produced in England artists of equal eminence with Rosa Bonheur and Henriette Browne. It cannot be too generally known that the restrictions which have so long prevented ladies from participating in the advantages offered by the Royal Academy to art students have at length been withdrawn. At the council in June last the best drawing sent in by candidates for the studentship proved to be the work of a lady, and, on the recommendation of Sir Charles Eastlake, she was at once admitted. Since then three other ladies have been equally successful. On Monday last fourteen drawings were approved of by the council, and in this case, also, the best drawing was sent in by a lady, who, with five other successful competitors, made her drawing under the superintendence of Mr. Thomas Heatherley, of the School of Art in Newman Street, the able successor of the late Mr. J. M. Leigh. All impartial lovers of art must rejoice at the practical refutation which the Royal Academicians have thus made to the charge of exclusive tendencies, by this spontaneous recognition on their

part, of the right of women to be treated on an equal footing with men, a liberality which contrasts most advantageously with the conduct of the medical profession in this country with respect to Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell."

A very fine picture by Mrs. Benham Hay has been on private view during the last month; the subject is Tobias—the moment chosen, the return of the son with the scales of the fish which are to restore his father to sight. It is a very noble work of art, rich and harmonious in color, chaste and dignified in character; it is altogether of a very high order of excellence. Mrs. Benham Hay's sojourn in Italy has ripened her genius, and given to the world of art a right noble aspirant for its highest honors.

We may note an interesting ceremony which has taken place at Abbeville. M. Boucher de Perthès, a gentleman of that town, having founded prizes for good conduct and industry, to be gained by workwomen, the first annual award took place on the 27th of January. The *fête* was conducted with due pomp and ceremony; the civil and military authorities assisting. A large concourse of persons showed their interest by alternate applause and emotion, as the several details of filial piety, exemplary patience, and uncomplaining industry which distinguished the successful candidates were related. Marie Belpomme and Louise Piquet, workwomen of twenty-eight and thirty-eight years of age, who had supported aged parents and assisted relatives by their unremitting exertions, received each a medal; but the chief prize of a medal, together with 500 francs, was awarded to Florence Bocquet, a woman of sixty-two years of age, who had had her whole family dependent upon her from her earliest youth, and who, seeking neither pity nor help, devoted herself unweariedly to her task, finding even time and leisure to aid her destitute neighbors; and now, when more pressing claims have ceased, is found to have taken the charge of a little orphan relative. M. Boucher de Perthès has founded, in fact, a Monthyon prize for Abbeville, and his benefaction appears to have give hearty pleasure to his native town. We trust each year may find it claimed by equally worthy candidates.

Mrs. Gore, the versatile author of some brilliant novels, and of many more or less clever, has gone to her rest during the past month. Intelligence of M. Scribe's death has also reached us.