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XIII.—FACTS *VERSUS* IDEAS.

As weeds, if left unheeded, stifle and choke up the fairest and most beautiful flowers, so in like manner do errors, in process of time, overspread the face of truth. A few hours' hard work will speedily rid our favorite flower-bed of these unwelcome annuals, whereas the roots of false opinion are somewhat difficult to find, and when found, a vast amount of digging and tugging is requisite before they will let go their hold.

The difficulty, too, is greatly increased by the variety of forms assumed by these candidates for public favor, who may be compared to maskers, whose masks are, for the most part, so well chosen and so becomingly worn, that even the most conscientious watcher may be taken in. Sometimes they wear the guise of wisdom, and appear in the shape of half-thought-out theories; this form attracts the speculative in mind: another is of an emotional character, twisting what may, in itself, be harmless, in a wrong direction; this appeals to the feelings of both men and women: but the commonest shelter and refuge of erroneous opinions and prejudices is beneath the ample mantle of established usages; here the most foolish, as well as the most pernicious errors, find themselves safest and the least likely to be disturbed. False theories may be openly argued against; misdirected feelings may be rebuked; but how can those twin giants be attacked, who, under the names of custom and habit, take all the follies, the weaknesses, the prejudices of an age into their special keeping.

Our aim at present is neither to refute theories, nor to advise the public in general to feel in accordance with what is right, rather than with what is wrong, but simply to enter, if we can, into the strongholds now in possession of these colossal and time-honored guardians, and see for ourselves and our friends how much of truth, how much of error, is within them; in the hope when this is accomplished that others will follow and help to expel the false, while they carefully retain the true.

Prejudices, in their simplest form, are generally based on false views of any given subject, and when such prejudices have been

long upheld and indulged, they become, if we may so speak, tangible petrifications, and are received and known as custom and usage. It may be, that what is in our day a false view, a prejudice, and a foolish custom, was once a true view, and therefore had a right at that time to be acted out. In the same way words are admirable so long as they represent the idea meant to be conveyed, but when the idea has grown and expanded, and the outer covering remains as small as in the infancy of the thought, then is the word useless, the "*geist*" has escaped and we have only the dead letter, the shrivelled husk, the lifeless form. Nay, it is worse than useless, it is deceptive, because it is still held up as having its original meaning, whereas, from the spirit of change—that never-resting worker—having been busy, it has entirely lost its primitive significance.

There is likewise another way in which words become meaningless, and this is from their constant iteration, which acts like the never-ceasing dripping of water: in process of time the stone on which it for ever falls, wears away, and the wood and the moss on which its ice-drops rest, lose their original vitality and become petrified substances. In similar manner, the perpetual repetition of common words hardens and ossifies them, until they are no longer living representations, but a series of sapless, shell-like fossils, and thus they remain, waiting for some master mind or wand of genius to revivify them, and make once more "the dry bones live."

The use or misuse of words is so little thought of, that few apprehend evil results from what seem to be only harmless sounds; and yet from these apparently harmless, often musical and pleasant sounds, as much misery (we use a strong term, but it is a true one) springs into actual being as from any prejudice or superstition by which women have in all ages been victimized to a far greater extent than men.

In speaking or writing of woman and her affairs, the public have so long been accustomed to a certain set of stereotyped phrases, (many of these now done to death, and fit only to be cast aside as useless,) that when other signs are chosen to represent what is alive and not dead, alarm is taken lest some idol or household image is about to be demolished.

The dear, old, smoke-dried "*Lares*" are hugged more tenderly than ever, the moment *Paterfamilias* catches the sound of "*Domestic hearth*," "*Guardian angels*," "*Home altars*," "*Loving hearts*"—in those after-dinner speeches, where such loving sentiment flourishes undisturbed by the mocking laugh or wailing sigh of those wan women who are wandering in the rough stony places of the world's highway, who have neither homes, nor hearths, nor domestic altars, whereon to place a shrine. How those kindly meaning men would start were a band of such spectral, chilly forms suddenly to appear before them, and with earnest voices and imploring tears beg for something more substantial to be given them than airy words and

poetical verbiage. And still more startled would these same men become, could a mirror be held up to them in which were reflected faces well known as bright and joyous, but as seen in that reflection, pale, worn, and sad. Yes; the faces of daughters and kinswomen changed into those sorrowful shadows of their former selves by suffering, by want, by never-ceasing, vain efforts for life, and at last, by apathetic indifference to weal or woe, ending in hopeless or in frantic despair. And the reader too may start when we affirm, that the blight of poverty could not have fallen on these once sweet and happy faces had it not been (in the majority of cases) the fault of kindly intentioned but ill-judging or prejudice-ridden parents, who neglected their duties towards their daughters, and thus neglected them in consequence of the perpetual sounding of meaningless words in their ears.

This is but another exemplification of the often-quoted truth, that grievous results may be arrived at by the most unsuspected causes. Few persons at a cursory glance would imagine, that from the over-frequent and lavish use of a set of words and phrases, pretty in themselves and true in limited senses, there could possibly come such an accumulation of misery, and yet it is so, in spite of everything the upholders of the ideal can say to the contrary.

Words are of no avail unless they express thoughts, and bring those thoughts from the inner to the outer senses; when they fail to act thus as the visible sign of an idea, then are they nothing higher or better than meaningless sounds, or the jabberings of idiocy. All ideas, worth the name, expand and enlarge with the growth of humanity and the progress of civilization; wherefore then, when the covering becomes too small, and shows evident symptoms of being rent in pieces, do we not rather find a new form, than cling with a perverse tenacity to the dried up and shrivelled husk? Certain words are in extensive demand at present, whenever woman, or the most remote thing that concerns her, is the topic of conversation, or the subject of written disquisition. The one most often called for, brought forward rightly or wrongly on every possible occasion, and used whenever the speaker or writer feels himself embarrassed, or in danger of arriving at other conclusions than he knows are expected, (from at least the male portion of his audience,) is the word "domestic," and it invariably winds up some grand, fantastic rhodomontade about feeling and feeling alone.

This peroration, so "touchingly tender," is quite conclusive to those who *listen* but do not think; the speaker or writer is applauded accordingly, and Paterfamilias is once more assured that all is right with his household gods. Some there are, however, who do not feel satisfied, and wonder by what dexterous sleight of tongue or of pen the said poetical finale *could* have been reached, as at starting, the truth pointed to an entirely opposite conclusion. These logical dissentients grieve over the fact, that modern domesticity evinces so

cruel a tendency, and so obtuse a perception as regards right and wrong, truth and justice.

The heathens were content to have their enshrined Penates made of wood, stone or metal; but modern householders insist that theirs shall be live women, dedicated to the service of the hearth, at which they are to sit year after year, silent, motionless, with Berlin wool or novel in hand, until their blood stagnates in their veins, their limbs refuse to move, and they become as *useful* or as *useless* as the little figures were of old, perched on pagan altars.

And all this comes from the idea attached to the word "domestic," which we must either change or enlarge to suit our advanced civilization, or compress into a still narrower compass, simply because "domestic" *cannot* now mean what it once meant, any more than our old mail-coach means a railway train. Time was, when the house mother and the young maidens of the family had sufficient home occupation to keep the ruddy glow of health on their cheeks, the lustre in their eyes, and flexibility in their limbs, and then the word domestic was not an empty sound. In our day, so many are the aids and appliances for the performance of housework, and so much is turned over to servants, that when the members of a family consist of several women there is nothing found in the way of employment wherewith to fill up their hours: yet it is insisted upon that they are to be "domestic," and domestic only,—that is, become idle, remain ignorant, and nourish indolence. Can any other result be expected than the inevitable one forced upon us, of hundreds, we might say thousands of girls and women hanging helplessly on society, incapable of earning their own livelihoods, just because their parents neglected to give them either the training or the education which would have enabled them to do so.

This is one form of evil, arising, as we think, from a perverted use of a common word. In order to neutralize the effects of this hard-worked word, an opposite one has been coined in the emergency of the moment. The one selected is "non-domestic," but it is not well chosen, and for this reason, that a woman may be employed in other work than household, and yet be domestic in the simple meaning of the word, in the same way that some men are called "domestic," although they have their business out of doors to attend to. Consequently, women may be full of home love, and home affections, who in like manner have an occupation requiring their presence for so many hours of the day elsewhere. There is another kindred word which does similar duty, somewhat in the fashion of a policeman's lantern, when its fiery eye is turned full upon the face of some unlucky individual, who is suspected of a design of trespassing on forbidden ground, and he is promptly told to wheel about and retrace his steps. This second word is "woman's sphere," and far more difficult to deal with than the other, as the "sphere" is so ill defined, so airily constructed, that one never is

certain to what extent it may be puffed out, or into how wonderfully small a space it can be contracted. Until a definite conception is attained of its exact proportions and circumference, and what amount of inflation is requisite for keeping it going, we shall not give our own opinion on the subject. One remark, in justice to women, we must make, and that is, how, with the rapidity with which at times they are whirled heavenwards, and then, all of a sudden, just when feeling for their wings, dashed earthwards, where they fall, with pain and astonishment written on their faces, they manage to keep their heads at all steady, or escape mental concussions, is indeed a marvel.

A third word presents itself, and before leaving this part of our subject it will be necessary to offer a few observations on the part *it* plays in the affairs of women as well as in those of the other sex.

The confusion of ideas which this still more common word than its predecessors produces, is not from the too frequent use or abuse of the term, but from the limitation and restriction of its meaning. "Work" is the word to which we now allude, and we shall give a definition of it as expressed by a great and profound thinker; a definition which raises and elevates it to a much loftier significance and position than is assigned to it by the many. "Work is the spell which brings forth the hidden powers of nature: it is the triumph of the spirit over matter, the rendering serviceable, remodelling, or transforming the material substances for the use and embellishment of life. Work is the realization of thought, coming forth from the dark chaos of hypothesis to the regularity and order of the visible world." With this conception of the true meaning of work, can any one imagine it to be a degradation and not a privilege? Nevertheless, an idea seems to be fixed in the opinion of the public, that work has a lowering tendency as regards women, therefore it has become a confirmed usage to keep girls, after what is called their education has been completed, (which, by the way, is no education at all,) in positive idleness. The fruits of this noxious prejudice women are compelled to eat in bitterness of heart; and men, fettered by this chain of custom, afraid of being thought singular, persevere in perpetuating the error whose roots are so deeply embedded in our Social soil.

We have endeavored to prove that this prejudice, and others of a like nature, sprang originally from the misinterpretation of the three words we have selected as those in most frequent use, and we shall now point out a few of the consequences of this erroneous opinion, as daily illustrated by the conduct of fathers towards their daughters.

It will be understood that the remarks made, or about to be made, are intended for those families of our middle class for whom the father, the bread-winner, has to toil hard, either with head or hands, brains or muscle. Nevertheless, the principle holds good

for all classes, rising from the lowest to the highest; since to lead a life of luxurious ease and pleasure, without aim or effort, is as injurious to the well-being of the individual, as are enforced inactivity and uselessness to those of whom we specially speak.

Examples are so numerous, and of such constant recurrence, of the fatal evils which track the steps and strew with thorns the paths of daughters left destitute, that our difficulty lies in making a choice among the disappointed, care-worn beings by whom we are surrounded. For the sake of clearness we shall divide them into three groups; and take first, the daughters of men of property, for whom, in case of the father's death, ample provision is presumed to have been made. Secondly, the daughters of men *supposed* to be wealthy, but whose riches, dependent on commerce, may not be relied upon for a certainty. Thirdly, the daughters of those who have barely sufficient to support their families, (according to the present luxurious habits of living,) and whose incomes die with them. We might almost add a fourth to the series, and take in the daughters of small tradesmen, or of the better class of artisans, whose daughters, equally without preparation, are flung into the world to sink or swim, as force of will or strength of body may enable them to battle with the waves of circumstances. The difference between them and the others consists in the fact that they are thrust into the tide of active life during the lifetime of their parents, and do not wait to be thus thrust, until literally they are homeless. From this point of view, theirs is the lesser hardship, because, although untrained and untaught, they know that somehow or other they *must* scramble for their living; and some of these girls, by the habits they have acquired for themselves, do manage to get on in a fashion which is put out of the power of the girls in the classes above them.

Daughters of men of property may be supposed to be exempt from the dangers attendant on altered circumstances, as they are almost sure to find husbands. But it sometimes happens that even these women suffer from the negligence of their natural guardians. Fathers are not so careful as they ought to be in securing the portions of the female members of their families upon themselves, and it not unfrequently occurs that the reckless extravagance of brothers leaves only a bare pittance for the sisters. The same in marriage: many a man has brought wife and daughters to beggary by thoughtless expenditure; how can even these women, any more than their poorer unmarried sisters, help themselves in their hour of need, unless they have been taught, when young, self-reliance, and received an education which could then be turned to good account? They cannot undo the past, and hard, dreary, nay almost impossible, is the task now to be performed by those who hitherto had never been asked to exert either mind or body; the dreary task of learning and unlearning at the same time. All this misery might have been averted by a few strokes of a father's pen when he made his will. But negligence of this nature is nothing in comparison with the

careless indifference of those who, knowing they cannot leave fortunes to their daughters, neither bring them up to maintain themselves, nor provide for them by investing for their benefit a certain yearly sum, a plan of provision which has been frequently suggested and advocated in several papers in this Journal, on the subject of Life Insurance and Annuities.

The next two divisions, however, are those who most demand our sympathy and attention; the daughters of supposed wealthy parents and those who are almost certain of being left penniless at the death of their fathers. From these spring the multitude of dependent women and girls; and it seems incredible, how otherwise kind and affectionate parents can contemplate the probable fate of these their children when cast helpless on the world, with expensive tastes and no idea of the meaning of self-denial. From the very fact of the luxurious habits, combined with the idleness observable in the daughters of flourishing mercantile men, marriage is daily becoming more difficult; consequently, unmarried women are more and more numerous, and yet fathers will not open their eyes to the injury thus done, by withholding from girls suitable education and proper training. Every right-minded father acknowledges in theory, that it is his duty to provide for his children in a manner commensurate with his means; and in the case of sons the theory is reduced to practice, but in the case of daughters it is wholly neglected. Among the many mistakes made with regard to their well-being, apart from the prejudice against the name of work (which is synonymous in the minds of the generality of men as regards women, with loss of caste and a coming down in the gilded scale) there is the error of converting marriage into an occupation, and not distinguishing it as only a *condition* of life.

Girls are taught directly and indirectly that their *business* is to pick up somebody who will maintain them, and this somebody is called a husband. For this purpose they are sumptuously dressed, paraded about, taught a few flashy accomplishments, and do their best to catch a matrimonial prize.

A cruel process for fathers to compel their young daughters to go through, especially as from the identical error of which we have last spoken, "contempt of work," young men dare not venture to marry "fine ladies" who cannot even perform household work, and who, instead of a small "*menage*" and one good servant to begin with, insist upon having a mansion at once, with a retinue of idlers, in order, as they say, to keep up their proper position.

Time passes: no husbands have been found, chances diminish with years; the father becomes a bankrupt, or dies—and then what are the hapless women to do? In the meanwhile the sons have their professions, some have gone abroad, others, perhaps, are at home earning fame and money. Thousands may have been spent on them during their father's lifetime to give them a start, while nothing of a similar kind was ever dreamt of being done for those

who equally required it, and from whom it was an injustice to have withheld it.

How much more kind and wise would it be, and certainly more Christian-like, were fathers to secure the comfort of their daughters by training them for some occupation or profession while they *had* a home and affectionate friends within it to encourage them, than suffer their prospect of happiness to hang upon a mere chance, as is now done—a chance which when not met with sends many dreamy young girls to destruction, or to a lunatic asylum, because no other than this one object, and this only, is held up before them as the sole purpose of their existence. Moreover, suppose girls do marry, why should they go like paupers into the houses of their husbands? If fathers will not permit their daughters to work, then they ought to secure to them portions, as is done in other countries, and whether for married or for single life, fathers should be reminded of their duty towards those members of their family who are most reliant on a parent's forethought and care.

We shall spare ourselves the task of citing individual cases, as we know that whoever reads this paper can, from personal observation, supply only too many instances of the direful effects of girls cast into the world's wilderness without either staff to support or light to guide them through its gloomy mazes. It seems to be the strange policy of fathers and guardians, to permit women to fall into difficult and perilous positions before they think of lending a helping hand. When they have been dragged through mud and mire, suffered humiliation and indignities of every kind and degree, then they offer succour in the form of alms; forgetful that charity in this guise is but a flimsy veil thrown over that neglect of duty which makes it needed, and which, in itself, is but a wretched substitute.

The indifference of that class we have designated as the fourth, namely, respectable small tradesmen and the like, who are perfectly aware that their girls must work, and work whether married or single, strikes one with surprise, and yet it is only carrying out what is shown by the classes above them, a general apathy to the interests of the girls in a family. Daughters in the rank of life we now refer to, pick up their trades or occupation by chance. They are not sent to schools where things useful are taught, such as keeping accounts, letter-writing, and good plain English reading, and then apprenticed out to acquire a knowledge of some branch of business as boys are, and taught at the same time habits of order and perseverance, in both of which girls are miserably deficient. On the contrary, when they go at all, they come and go, as suits their humour, and all they do is done imperfectly, whereas a boy is compelled to go regularly to his work, otherwise he becomes subject to a penalty; and so should it be with all who *must* and *ought* to work for their daily bread.

Attempts are now being made to establish middle-class schools

for girls, where at a small cost practical education will be given with a view to their future position in life.* One such school is now opened, and it is much to be desired that others will speedily follow, and take the place of those small private establishments for "young ladies" where everything "useless" and nothing "useful" is ever attempted to be taught. There is a general complaint of the inefficiency of workwomen in every department of business, from the highest to the lowest, domestic servants inclusive. Who, if not parents, are to be blamed for this state of matters? Children do not go to school of their own accord, they must be taken there, and kept there by those whose first and most imperative duty it is to see that their children are educated, boys and girls alike, in a manner that will afterwards be a benefit to them, and likewise assure themselves that their girls are acquiring habits of industry, and not those which will prove a hinderance or snare to them in after life.

The performance of this duty cannot sufficiently be impressed upon fathers, who from false views or a mistaken parsimony entail a life-long sorrow upon women, who, with the means of obtaining a respectable livelihood in their power, might be healthy and happy.

Sooner or later our errors recoil upon ourselves. The contempt of work, first shown by the women of the reputed rich class, has now descended to those beneath them; and mothers with daughters who, from their humble circumstances, *must* do something or other for bread, are positively indignant when it is suggested that their girls ought to be trained for domestic service or apprenticed to trades. No—work of that description might make their hands hard or brown. More "genteel" occupation is aimed at, and the next thing heard of these work-despisers is, that they have all landed in the poor-house. We could mention several instances of this kind which have come under our immediate notice. Another ominous sign of the times is perceptible in the absence of all control on the part of parents over their children, or in their voluntary abandonment of parental duties. We merely glance at this, as to enter on that question would lead us away from our present aim, although it is a part of the subject. The public seem now compelled to take upon their shoulders duties which parents ought to perform, and we cannot help agreeing with the author of "Companions of my Solitude," when he gives it as his opinion that "a thoroughly judicious father is one of the rarest creatures to be met with."

The philanthropists of our day have not only to provide schools for the untaught, but have likewise to provide "homes;" especially for women and girls, a proof, if others were wanting, of the scarcity of domestic roofs beneath whose shelter these wanderers might rest.

* Collegiate Middle School for Girls, at 38, Howland Street, Fitzroy Square.

Notwithstanding all this, fathers will persist in ignoring such facts, and with a remarkable perverseness continue to maintain the theory that women must busy themselves at home and nowhere else; while at the same moment hundreds of voices call out, "We have no homes." One of the chief objections urged against girls being bound to learn trades, or those in the classes above being properly educated, is, that the money thus spent will have been wasted should the girls get married. This objection is not worth much, unless it can be proved beyond cavil, that when fathers find husbands for their daughters, their maintenance is secure for life; that cases never happen of these same daughters having to return to their father's house, either as penniless widows and with others clinging to them for help, or as unhappy wives whose husbands have become reckless, dissipated, or who from *over-toil* for their family have fallen victims to paralysis, softening of the brain, heart disease, or any other affliction, which prevents them from longer supporting either wife or child. The immense numbers left unmarried prove the necessity of employment being given. Yet would education be of as much, if not more advantage, even to these married women, who instead of hanging as burdens on their friends or relatives, or wearing out their lives in vain and useless lamentations, might hopefully look to themselves for resources in their hours of trial, and resolutely set to work for themselves and their children. No money spent on a wise education and proper training can be, or ever is, lost. The very habits acquired in the process are in themselves an incalculable blessing. Those persons who are most fluent in their speech against the idea of women-workers, or those who for the sake of a jest or laugh seek by vulgar caricature to hold up to ridicule the attempt to train them to reason and to act, little dream of some sad domestic tragedy they may be thus paving the way for, even in their own family.

An anecdote was related to the writer of this paper, which, as it clearly shows the idea associated with work in the minds of our young girls of the richer class, we shall cite in corroboration of the views expressed.

In the course of his attendance upon a young lady who was ill, or fancied herself ill, the doctor perceiving that having nothing to do and want of exercise was the cause of her indisposition, and feeling rather at a loss what to recommend, gently hinted, "that it would do her a great deal of good were she to help the housemaid to make the beds, or to rub up the chairs and tables." The patient looking indignant, asked if he thought she would *lower herself in that manner?* She would do nothing of the sort, and told him he must prescribe something else. The next time the medical gentleman called it was evident "the insult," as she termed it, had been rankling in her mind, as the first words that met his ear were, "I suppose, doctor, you will now propose scouring the floor as a remedy?" "I did not think of that," coolly answered

the M.D., "but now that you suggest it, I do think it would be an excellent thing for you to do." The patient looked in his face to see if he were in earnest, and finding he was, broke out into a violent passion at the *degrading* proposal. The M.D., not in the least daunted, to make matters worse, said, "I have no doubt your grandmother sometimes did things like scouring floors; she was a fine healthy woman." The young lady was now furious, (as these sort of rich idlers always wish it to be presumed that their grandmothers were duchesses at least.) "I tell you what it is, my young friend," said the M.D. before leaving, "if your grandmother had not been a most industrious woman, you would not now be in the position you are."

We merely give this illustration as an instance of what has come to pass from men encouraging women in their love of idleness. Not that those who can afford to keep servants are to obtain health by such occupations, but to prove that, without exercise and employment, neither mind nor body can be in a sound condition.

The singularity of the fallacy about work, as regards the one sex, becomes the more reproachable when we see the numbers of the other sex who in every rank of life are struck down, (long before a ripe old age,) as attested by the highest medical authorities, by the over-exertion of their powers of mind and strength of body.

Why will men persist in killing themselves by *over-work*, and killing their wives and daughters by permitting no work at all? "If women were told," says a much-esteemed writer, "that they *could* do many more things than they do, they would do them. As at present educated, they are, for the most part, thoroughly deficient in method. And I cannot but think that this mismanagement comes, like many others, from a wrong appreciation of women's powers." He goes on to say, "If we consider the nature of the intellect of women, we really can see no reason for the restrictions laid upon them in the choice of employments;" and then points to *early* training, and better systems of education, as the only effectual remedies against their want of accuracy, attention and method.

Were women fitted by education to share in some of the labors of their fathers, brothers, or husbands, an immense amount of life would be saved, and *domestic* happiness would be a reality once more. As it is now, men have no time for home or its duties; they return from the daily strain on their nerves more dead than alive, and wonder how their wives or sisters *can* expect them to be sociable or agreeable. Expostulations on the part of wife or daughters against such contravention of the laws of nature, consequently of health, are silenced by the assertion, that it is for them the toil is undergone; to add to *their* comfort, that brains are overtaxed, or bodily strength undermined. Where are the women whose comfort can be purchased at such a fearful price? Does the comfort of wives consist in having husbands who never come home until worn out, querulous, irritable, or too sleepy to speak? The amount at

their banker's may be added to, but not the comfort of their families. Luxurious and idle they may make their wives and daughters, but neither happy nor comfortable.

We read in history what befalls nations when the women of any civilized country are handed over to "ease and pleasure." When the poorer women are idle, and the richer frivolous, surely the hour is come when fathers, whose duty it clearly and imperatively is, should take the initiative in this matter, and weigh well the consequences of its neglect.

To provide schools is one of the first steps to be taken. To send girls to those schools, and enforce upon them the rules and laws of labor, is the second. To take as much pains and trouble with their girls as with their boys; not to wait until the former are mature, but to see that they are trained, and sent to acquire a knowledge of trade, business, art, or whatever employment best befits their position in life and their individual tastes or talents, precisely as is done in the case of sons. To make use at once and without delay of those openings which are now available, and to aid by every means in extending all such. Such plans for the encouragement of the better employment of girls and women is the present bounden duty of every father in the land.

When daughters are thus taught that "time" is invaluable, and that they, as well as their fathers and husbands, are responsible for its use or abuse, then, and not until then, will there be unity and happiness in domestic life. It will then have the basis it now wants, and a firmer, surer foundation will be laid than that of the smiles and tears, love-songs and sighs, snow and moonshine, and all those silvery veils and rainbow mists with which poets and sentimental novelists fill the hearts of our young girls.

A. R. L.

XIV.—BIANCA MILESI MOJON.

PART II.

(*Concluded from p. 19.*)

ABOUT this time Madame Mojon lost her mother. Madame Milesi had shown such disinterested love for her daughter, that Bianca's filial affection was heightened by gratitude, and she would have been crushed by her grief but for the solace afforded by her own child; and, adds M. Souvestre, "for the happiness of doing good." This last source of consolation is always open to the afflicted, who would find it much more productive than secluded grief or bitter lamentation. One of the kind acts, the performance of which soothed Bianca at this juncture, was her interposition for an unfortunate person who was still acknowledged as a friend by the great ladies of Milan. Madame Mojon exerted herself to obtain relief from these rich ladies, and herself headed a subscription with 500

livres, afterward extended to 2000 livres. But she found very little disposition to help with effectual charity, though a certain princess, hearing of this bounty, expressed herself "ravished with delight," and promised an annual stipend. "We will look for it," said Bianca, "but promises are blossoms that seldom ripen into fruit; we shall see how it will fare with these!" "Alas!" says Souvestre, "the doubt was prophetic; the princess's promises never ripened."

Bianca had soon a second little son, and she devoted herself to the training of her children. She translated for them a "Method of Learning to Read," which was printed in 1829. A friend drew the figures which illustrate the text. She also published, from time to time, other elementary books;—as, the "First Lessons for a Child from Four to Five Years old"—*à propos* of which Manzoni called her the "mother of her country," likewise a translation of Mrs. Barbauld's "Hymns in Prose;" also "Advice to Mothers" from the English, and all the first series of Miss Edgworth's books for children. As soon as she found a book useful to her own boys, her benevolence led her to desire that others should profit by it likewise. Her letters are full of regrets for the little attention paid to the education of children in Italy; and of entreaties to her friends to second her efforts in diffusing good books and good methods of instruction. She did not complain of her isolation in Genoa. "It is a great happiness," she writes to Madame Verri, "to be able to live in oneself, and to be united in heart with all the good who dwell upon the earth. A fine passage in a contemporary book, or the announcement of a work which tends to advance civilization, makes my heart beat and kindles my enthusiasm. Moreover, my friends, even at a distance, are a constant source of delight to me."

She now experienced the greatest sorrow of her life—the death of her eldest child. Another son was soon after born to her, but he "did not fill the void in the mother's heart." This disappointment and grief did not, however, check the ardor of her devotion to the education of the children which remained to her. In this task she obtained the inestimable co-operation of a good governess—Mademoiselle Julie Rosselet, who perfectly comprehended her, and to the last was the *confidante* of her hopes, and the assuager of her sorrows. M. Souvestre has given, in a note, the following letter from Mademoiselle Rosselet, beautifully illustrative of the characters of employer and employed:—

"I must speak of Madame Mojon's conduct towards me, for this good friend made everyone believe that she had great obligations to me, and never told anyone that *I owed everything to her*. It is what she did for me that, perhaps, best characterizes her. I came to Genoa simply as a child's nurse (*bonne d'enfant*). During the first winter I took my meals with the other domestics in the kitchen. In the following May, on our return from a journey to Milan, Madame Mojon told the Doctor that I was worthy to become

a member of the family. From that time I was admitted to their table. As the dining-room was small, I begged, when there were guests, to be excused. One day, in the midst of dinner, Henri, the little boy who died, exclaimed ‘*Oh! mamma, why is not Julie dining with us to-day?*’ ‘*You are right, my child,*’ replied his mother; ‘*she ought to be here.*’ After dinner she came to me and said, affectionately, ‘My child has taught me my duty. You shall not again leave the place which belongs to you.’ It was through her children that she recovered her faith in God, which she had lost through the reasoning of philosophers. She did not teach the existence of God to her children—they revealed Him to her. As to her relations with me, you have witnessed the goodness of this angel towards me. The little that I am, I owe to her. Madame Mojon rescued me from slavery. But for her, I should now be an old nurse, whose white hairs would make it hard for her to find a place. I would not exaggerate my humility—it is true that I have endeavored to do my duty; but I have the conviction that there are many Julies in the world, and but few Biancas who would take the trouble to discover them!”

Madame Mojon’s chief anxiety, in relation to her children, arose from the impossibility of rearing *free men* in an enslaved country. The government of Piedmont, now the citadel of Italian liberty, was, thirty years ago, so opposed to every innovation that Madame Mojon, who combined with some friends for the purpose, failed to obtain permission to establish a gymnasium for boys. “The government could not authorize such an innovation,” was the significant reply to her application! Madame Mojon could not submit to educating her sons under the government of a country where they must “live slaves or die in prison;” and after much hesitation M. Mojon decided on a removal to France. A letter to Madame Fulvia Verri, written in 1834, describes her mode of life after her change of residence from Genoa to Paris, and the routine of instruction which she pursued with her eldest living boy. She writes, “My Benito is at my side, taking his lesson in linear drawing. He does this by eye, without a compass,—my only object is to exercise his eye and hand. I do not enter into any geometrical explanations—I only use the scientific dictionary when I examine his work. . . . I rise at half-past seven. My first care is to go to Benito’s room: the poor Beppo has already brought him a light, and he dresses himself alone. When he is dressed, I take him into the children’s room, which is already warmed, and hear him read two pages of Italian, and one from the same work in German. He afterwards practises mental arithmetic, as is the custom at Hofwyl. After the reading, I ask him a dozen questions about the meanings of the words he has been reading. At half-past eight we breakfast, in the dining-room. After this, Benito goes to play, while I read the newspaper to my husband. When this is done, I dress myself. I give Benito a short lesson in drawing and natural history, occupying

altogether an hour and a half; then comes luncheon; after luncheon the child stays in my room, and amuses himself with *rational play-things* which I keep on hand for him. I cannot yet keep the two boys together, there is such a difference in their age, and Benito's movements are so rough that he cannot touch Enrico without making him cry. About two o'clock we go out together, and patter through the mud of Paris till five, when we dine. I take advantage of these walks to visit such persons as have a respect for the dirt I collect, because I encounter it for my child's benefit. On Mondays and Fridays, when I receive, Mojon undertakes to give Benito his walk. The last few days I have sent Benito alone, to carry a note to Madame ——. I asked him first, whether he would be afraid of the carriages or the crowd; he said 'No,' and I let him set off, but I sent a servant to follow him at a distance, for it is a serious matter for a child of six years old to find himself alone in the streets of Paris, but I wish to give him courage, prudence, and a feeling of responsibility. You see I do not choose what I like; but only what I think best for my son. After dinner, I go back to the children's room. Ropes are suspended from the beam, and parallel bars attached, with which Benito performs exercises: he then looks over the engravings from the *Penny Magazine*: and at half-past eight I put him to bed. It is not until then that I feel free, and can go into company."

While this devoted mother was thus doing everything to develop the minds and bodies of her children, the question of their religious education greatly perplexed her. Bianca Milesi had early in life become infected with the sceptical philosophy of the eighteenth century. She showed the influences which beset many other remarkable women of her generation in different parts of Europe. Madame Swetchine in Russia, Mrs. Schimmelpenninck in England, have both described, autobiographically, their early unbelief and subsequent conversion to different forms of ardent Christian faith. The same process took place in the loving heart of Bianca Mojon. Since her nature had expanded in conjugal and maternal relations, and above all, since the death of her little child, she felt her need of faith return. She addressed herself on this subject to Manzoni, Sismondi, and other friends, who all aided in her conversion. She finally joined the French Protestant Church, and became a member of the congregation of the eminent and eloquent M. Coquerel of Paris, to whom she confided the religious education of her sons. Her letters and her daily life from this time show that her religion was vital; the mainspring of her feelings and actions. M. Souvestre gives a long and enlightened essay by Madame Mojon, entitled "Historical Observations addressed to Children of the Nineteenth Century," in which she meets with candor, and answers with ability, the arguments they would be sure to hear from modern sceptics. In a letter dated 1839 she speaks of the tranquillity and content she derives from her new faith. Yet her energy, "her fever of good-

ness," as her biographer quaintly terms it, never rested from some effort in the cause of humanity. At one time she is occupied with the condition of women in Italy, pointing out particularly the evils of their habitual idleness. "Useful women," she says, "are almost always respectable, and consequently respected." Again she attempts to *democratize* painting in her dear Italy, by inducing painters to draw their subjects from what is immediately about them. She thought a great deal, too, on the subject of domestics. "She had great deference towards those who accepted this voluntary slavery. In her house servants were respected as much as masters. She would never encroach on the time allotted to their rest or their pleasures. Her orders were always given in the most polite form, and if she thought she had given an unjust reproof, she hastened to acknowledge and apologize for it." It was no mere instinct of kindness, but the deliberate acting on a settled principle. How clearly she brings out her views in reply to a friend who was hardly prepared to follow her in so strange a departure from the beaten ways of the world: "No; since we have all immortal souls, we are all equal. A servant sells us an article, in his services, like any other tradesman. When you say that domestics are not so well brought up as we are, you point out a melancholy *fact*, but you prove no right in favor of the man who has received a better education. What! shall I humiliate the man whom I employ because I am the richer, the more powerful? Shall I reprove him before a child, shall I teach the child that he may raise his voice in speaking to a poor man, and that the poor man may not answer for fear of losing his bread? This is not to be endured. You will say, domestics have no sense of dignity, and do not, in fact, suffer from being reproved before a child. That may be, but *why* have they no sense of that precious human dignity which is such an incentive to well doing? It is because we deny it to them, because we have imbibed with our mother's milk, the idea of higher and lower classes, which is but another form of Aristotle's phrase, that 'there are two species of men, slaves and freemen.'" Madame Mojon also took a great interest in charitable institutions and devoted a great deal of time and energy to plans and efforts for improving the condition of some of them. She could never reconcile herself to the inequalities of fortune and condition among men. She was afraid of not doing enough for the poor, and consulted Sismondi on the subject. "I do not ask you," she says, "to enter into the old question of an equal distribution of wealth, but I should like to know how much a person in my position owes to the poor annually. My ignorance on this point torments me. . . . Every time that my eyes rest on a picture of individual distress, and I stretch out my hand to help, I ask myself what limit there should be to my help, that it may neither be exaggerated in the eyes of others, nor contemptible in my own, while I am surrounded with so many superfluities." Sismondi's answer discusses this difficult question with a

wisdom so inspired and controlled by the divine spirit of love, that many of us, perplexed by this problem, may come and learn of him. "This question of charity and almsgiving," he replies, "does indeed torment us. When we look at the misery that exists, we feel an incapacity to remedy it; we feel that we have but a drop of water to offer to a man dying of thirst; that were we even to give all we possess, and reduce ourselves to the condition of those whom we assist, we should not even then have put an end to the sufferings of others, which pursue us like remorse, and yet we should have committed an injustice towards ourselves and our children—we should even have been helping to disorganize society. A line must therefore be drawn between what we owe to others, and what we owe to ourselves. But who has a right to say, Here is the line? What human authority can satisfy the conscience? The most positive result of my often painful reflections on this subject is, a great distrust of theories, a great dislike of all absolute rules, a great fear lest science, assuming to regulate charity, should dry up the heart. How often are we told that individual almsgiving trusts all to chance—that it may be bestowed on the unworthy, that it encourages idleness. This is all true, and yet, how priceless is the double movement of the heart in him who gives, and in him who receives! If we transfer to hospitals and other charitable institutions the giving of our alms, we sacrifice both the happiness of beneficence and of gratitude, and that sweet contentment that springs from the daily charities essential to maintain the soul's good habits. Moreover charity loses its character when it becomes a mere matter of business; it is then hard and distrustful. The heads of public institutions feel themselves called on to guard the gifts of the benevolent against the frauds of the poor.

"Even the distinction made between the deserving and the undeserving often alarms me. What! shall we condemn all who have fallen in vice to die of starvation? We sometimes hear all almsgiving condemned. Beggary is spoken of as a cancer eating into the heart of society, produced by the recklessness of the benevolent. It is proved to us, by calculation, that the beggar earns more by holding out his hand, and deceiving us, than the industrious man by the most assiduous labor. We are reproached with giving a premium to idleness and lying. It is all true. But the converse is as true; those who say true charity is to make men work, encourage our sad tendency to refer everything to ourselves. They increase the very evil from which society is suffering—the multiplying productions for which there are no buyers.

"We ought to employ every faculty we possess to introduce a state of things which should distribute the goods of this world more equally, and thereby diminish suffering. But we must confess that we cannot place the world on a new pivot; that it is in vain for us to attempt to assume the place of Providence. We must distrust our reasonings and our systems; and admitting that we do

not see the whole, aim only to relieve as much suffering as is permitted by the social organization under which we live. Therefore I would not, upon *system*, exclude any form of charity. I should like to be able to give to hospitals, dispensaries, schools; I would aid liberally such as are overtaken by great misfortunes. I would give timely aid to a man trembling between success and ruin; but I must give penny by penny, to the beggar I meet, the little help that may, in his exigency, save him from the extremity of suffering. I will not say that I would never give to children, to the able-bodied—to those whom I know to be vicious; for it may be that at the very moment when I refuse *by rule*, hunger may overtake them.

“In practice I have never been satisfied with any habit I have adopted. At Pescia [M. Sismondi’s paternal residence, and occasionally his own] I was assailed by hundreds of children to whose bad habits I contributed, who laughed at me while they asked my charity, and who rendered our walks intolerable; so that we resolved, if we again returned to Italy, we would not do as we had done. How, then, can I give you a rule, who am so dissatisfied with my own practice?

“I know that in England many religious persons have made for themselves a law, which they have probably borrowed from Judaic institutions—that is, to devote to charities of all sorts a tenth part of their revenues; this proportion seems to me satisfactory. It secures us from harming society, and from wronging our families or ourselves. Perhaps it is from carelessness that I have not been able to limit myself to it, and perhaps I should be influenced by the varying wants of others; but in looking back and making up my accounts, it seems to me that when I have been nearest to this proportion I am best satisfied with the result.

“Dear friend, I have answered your question as well as I am able; but I am no better satisfied with my words than with my doings.”

We feel that an apology is due to our readers for any hiatus in our translation of this letter, rather than for giving it at so much length. It contains so much philosophical truth, and such candid confessions of the impossibility of attaining absolute certainty by human reasoning; it is so rich with the pure gold of Sismondi’s character, his simplicity, his tender, generous, and religious impulses, that we do not wonder Madame Mojon had it stereotyped, nor that she presented to her friends copies of it as precious gifts. Happily has Souvestre called this eminent man, “*Soldat de la seule vérité.*”

Madame Mojon continued to manifest the same interest in education and the progress of society in general, which she showed in earlier days, when Manzoni called her “the mother of her country.” Her sons were educated under her own eye, they received their instruction from her, aided in some branches by private tutors. Her eldest son owed to her the mastery of four languages at the age of sixteen, when he entered the Polytechnic School. The younger had

a decided leaning to agricultural life, and he prepared for it by the usual mechanical and chemical studies. As soon as her boys had left her to pursue their special training, and Madame Mojon found herself released from her maternal duties, she transferred her activity to the poor, to her friends, and to the diffusion of knowledge. "No laudable enterprise was set on foot," says her biographer, "but she came to it with money in her hand, and encouragement on her lips. If a misfortune befel a friend, she instantly appeared. If a book came out favorable to human progress, she instantly bought it."

With extraordinary gifts—with incessant activity, assiduous, and successful—if any woman might demand an enlargement of "sphere," surely Madame Mojon might indulge that aspiration. But she does not seem to have contemplated any further extension of female activity but such as she had herself carried out, when, as a young aristocratic lady, she had desired to pursue the career of a professional artist. Madame Mojon did not regard the "woman movement" with favor, at least not up to its furthest modern limit. Writing to Madame Fulvia Verri, she says, "What I understand by the emancipation of woman, is that she shall be released from her state of perpetual minority. I would have her equal to man, having, as he has, a serious but very different mission. In a word, she should be the woman Madame Necker depicts. To deserve such an emancipation, she must not seek to go out of her own sphere. She need not take part in the affairs of government, cause herself *to be nominated for the House of Deputies*, as certain mad people have claimed in their writings; but she should be the tutelary angel of the family: there her beneficent influence should be exercised. As a means of succeeding in the fulfilment of her duties, the very highest cultivation of her mind, far from doing her any harm, would be of the greatest service to her. It is half knowing things, and extravagant vanity, which spoils equally men and women—never true and profound science." And again, in relation to an article in *L'Encyclopédie Nouvelle*, she says, "After all we are the mothers of the human race, (no one can deny that,) and who does not know the influence of the mother over the child? If we act out our ideas, the coming generation will feel it. The empire of ideas is the most powerful of all empires. The important thing is to set these ideas into the heads and hearts of children; afterwards they germinate in their lives. Observe, I say all this in the evangelical sense. I am not revolutionary. I am too distrustful of myself to desire to overturn the world according to my notions.

"Alas for the beautiful period of youth, when we doubted nothing! Not that I deplore, dear Fulvia, a ripe age: no, certainly not. If I am now less gay, I have more serenity; if I am less active, solitude does not oppress me. I never suffer *ennui*; even when I am doing nothing, I feel myself alive. Nature has entertainments for me unknown to my youth. The observation of anything that concerns mankind makes me reflect. I am con-

stantly amused and interested. My sympathy grows, my desire to be useful and beneficent increases. When I was young, I felt more my own power, I rebelled against any obstacle in my way; now, on the contrary, I am *strong in my weakness*; I do all I can, and leave the rest to God.

“Do you know I am seriously thinking of impoverishing my children for their good? I think it will tend to their moral progress, and that is why it runs in my head. I would diminish my rents that my boys might feel practically the necessity of working, not merely as amateurs. Henri will, in all probability, devote himself to agriculture, and thus we might give him an employment without his going elsewhere to seek it.”

When the Revolution of February, 1848, broke out, Madame Mojon was true to herself. She permitted her eldest son, then a pupil in the Polytechnic School, to confront danger with his comrades. Not one pusillanimous council, not a discouraging objection, escaped from the lips of this tender mother. Afterwards, during the movement of June, which was a death-blow from all sides to the Republic, she permitted the brothers to fight in the ranks of the National Guard.

Far from imitating the rich Parisians, who reduced their expenses, dismissed their servants, and left the city, augmenting danger by the fear of it, she changed in no particular her mode of life. Her *soirées* were more frequent; her house was open every evening to her sons' friends, and this at a time when her whole fortune was vested in the funds and in the stocks. No one was in greater danger than she, but she had taken her part. Her individual ruin signified little to her, provided society made one step onward. “Every pulsation of my heart,” she writes, on the 13th of April, 1848, “is for France; if we become poor, it may be all the better for my children. Mojon and I want but little; Julie will share our poverty with love, as she has shared our prosperity. We shall go on loving one another more and more, and consequently we cannot be unhappy.” Admirable woman! Those alone who do not fear poverty are securely rich. Her domestic ark rested on a mount to which neither national nor financial vicissitude could attain. Yet Madame Mojon witnessed with the deepest love and interest the events of '48 in her native as in her adopted country, and the deplorable expedition of France against the Roman Republic filled her with grief. “It seems to me,” she said, “that I am witnessing a duel between my sons!” And indeed her health was affected and her strength abated by the bitter disappointments she suffered in her patriotism. She did not live to see the final downfall of the liberal party, being, alas! one of the first victims of the cholera, which raged in Paris in 1849. She was seized on the 4th of June: on the morning of the 5th there was no hope of her recovery! Her dearest friends were summoned;—Emile Scavestre among the number. On seeing him, she

gave expression to their political sympathies, and extending her hand to him, and turning her eye to M. Coquerel, her pastor, "Let us pray for the Republic," she said.

Her youngest son came in; she looked towards him, and murmured with her fainting voice: "Tell him—always to love—his duty." Observing the distressed faces of her friends, she said, in her greatest agony, "Be calm; I do not suffer so much as I seem to do." To M. Coquerel she said, "I do not desire death—I accept it!" Simple and honest words, expressive of her value and enjoyment of the gifts of life, and of her submission to God's will.

Dr. Mojon was constantly with her, exhausting the resources of science. His firmness did not for an instant desert him. Struck with death himself, he was silent until seven o'clock. He then gave his eldest son the necessary orders, withdrew to his own bed, and died almost at the same moment with his wife, a victim to the same scourge that ended her earthly existence, and cut short her beneficent career.

Madame Mojon's will, written on the supposition that her husband would survive, gives to him the use of her whole property till her sons shall be in the full exercise of their professions, so much she dreaded idleness for them. She secured a maintenance to Mademoiselle de Rosselet, and left bequests to all her friends. The document concludes as follows:—"I desire to be interred according to the Protestant rites, and without the least pomp. If my place in the cemetery is marked, I request that mention may be made of my Protestant faith, which I leave to my dear sons as their most precious inheritance."

M. Souvestre concludes his memoir by a beautiful summing up of his friend's character—but the simple story of her life speaks for itself. France has been illustrated by remarkable women in every department of life. Putting aside the beautiful *intrigantes* who influenced in successive reigns the destinies of that great nation, we count up, how many famous and worthy names! In war, we find not only Jeanne d'Arc, but Madame de la Roche Jacquelin, the heroines of the *Fronde*, and the heroic "*Madame*" who even in the last generation clung to the Bourbon standard in *la Vendée*. Long before English women had made their march in literature, we find some of the letters and memoirs best illustrative of French history flowing from the pens of women; nay, we find literary and learned aspirants satirised by Molière as "*les Precieuses Ridicules*;" and Scott affirms Madame Roland to have possessed the best head among the Girondins. Such characters belong to the public galleries of a people. In Bianca Milesi Mojon, born in Italy and naturalized in France, the latter country acquired a remarkable example of the truth that the social and domestic sphere of woman is also wide enough for the exercise of high talents and the richest endowments of the heart; a field in which she may sow from youth to age and reap the fruits rejoicing.

B. R. P.

XV.—A LUNATIC VILLAGE.

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

PART II.

(*Concluded from p. 33.*)

IN our last article we gave an account of the historical rise and progress of Gheel, and also of what may be termed the poetical aspect of this little Belgian town. There is something wonderfully touching in the story of the colony: founded in religious feeling, a thousand years ago, preserving its peculiar character through the lapse of ages, and affording at every turn pathetic romances attached to each farm and cottage. It remains for us to state the regulations and the results of Gheel from a scientific point of view, and the first fact which meets us is that a large number of the insane patients exhibit *chronic* cases, of mania or different forms of imbecility. So strongly did systems of coercion prevail all over Europe until late years, that little attention was paid to insanity as a *curable illness*; which name in its early stages it constantly deserved. Those who lost their reason were shut up to avoid trouble and danger; and it was chiefly when hopeless mania or imbecility supervened that Belgian families located their patients at Gheel, simply to be out of the way. Yet even then it has often been found that the maniac consigned to the peasant's care, and no longer confined and worried by injudicious guardianship, became quiet and amiable, and after some days was hardly to be recognised. When, as now more frequently happens, patients recently attacked are sent away to Gheel, recoveries are numerous. Of violent inmates it is found that those located on the farms have a better chance than those placed in the town itself, and they are at all times more easily cured than patients afflicted with melancholy. The proportion of cures appears to be increasing. Dr. Backel, who had passed his life at Gheel, told the celebrated French physician Esquirol, that from ten to fifteen cures were annually effected on from 400 to 500 patients. But during the last four years, from 1856 to 1860, the average has shown thirty-six recoveries on about 900 patients. If, however, the originally incurable cases are set aside, the proportion of cures is from fifty to sixty-five in every hundred. Again, perfectly hopeless cases are much softened in intensity, and M. Duval tells us of one young girl who had been confined for a year in an asylum, breaking everything she could lay her hands on, who, when she found herself living freely in a peasant's household, limited herself to breaking constantly little bits of wood. Unable entirely to restrain her propensity, she yet seemed to understand that it would be wrong and unkind to destroy the property of poor people who treated her kindly. It is also found that those who have been long inmates at Gheel show the greatest interest in new comers, particularly when they belong to the country or the neighborhood

where they themselves were born; taking great pains to initiate the strangers in the rules and customs of the place, doing the honors of its amusements, and affording living proofs of the degree to which sympathy may survive reason.

We find, also, that if a large proportion of the inmates are radically incurable, they yet live to extreme old age at Gheel. In 1838, two of the patients were centenarians; and in 1850, ten out of twenty-five deaths were from mere old age, and were patients who had been at Gheel since 1803. The average of deaths is about 7 per cent., while in French asylums it is 12 and 14.

Our readers may be interested in a few details regarding the female patients. In the year 1859, the total new admissions, of both sexes, came to 121, of whom 46 only were women. In the last four years, the new admissions have been 527, of whom only 218 have been women; thus more men are sent to Gheel—probably, because the active life of the farms and gardens is considered more suitable for them, and also makes them more desired as assistants by the *nourriciers*. Of these 218, 29 paid for their maintenance; the rest were paupers paid for by their *commune*. Thus we see that it is not very common for the middle classes to entrust their relatives to the colony, which is much to be regretted. In regard to education, 6 only were highly educated, 95 possessed “elementary knowledge,” and 117 were wholly untaught. Again, of these 218 women, 121 were single, 95 were married, and 36 were widowed; 4 only were under twenty years of age, and 4 were above eighty. The greater proportion were between thirty and fifty.

Of the whole 527, men and women taken together, who have been admitted during the last four years, 334 had been insane for more than a year (ranging up to twenty years of insanity); and of curable or doubtful cases at the time of admission there were only 145, while 382 were already incurable. I lay particular stress on this latter point, as showing the degree to which the admirable results of the treatment pursued at Gheel are lessened in appearance by the practice of trying other remedies first, and only sending cases there when these have failed, and the malady has become chronic. *Moral causes* furnish the greater proportion of patients, and organic disease comes secondary; hereditary madness is third in the list. It appears to me that this order is not exactly the same as that affirmed by our English physicians. Both men and women suffer more from “*manie*” than from any other form of insanity; meaning by that term “delusions” not coming under the head of melancholy madness or of delirium.

In the four years above alluded to, the number of women who quitted Gheel were 226; of these, 132 had died, 51 were cured, 13 were decidedly better, 19 were taken away uncured, 4 were withdrawn as dangerous, and 7 ran away. Those who ran away were caught, and kept henceforth at home, or in an asylum. The greater number of deaths occur between forty and seventy years of age.

Let us again take another table, and analyze it. On the 31st of December, 1859, just a year ago from the time at which I write, there were 391 insane women at Gheel. (At that epoch the number of men was only 409, or very slightly in excess.) Of these women, the immense majority were Belgian and Dutch; there were only four Frenchwomen, and not one Englishwoman. Of the total, 391, 38 paid their *pensions*, 353 were paupers; 244 were single, and 147 were married; 212 came out of towns, and 179 from country districts; 184 had some sort of education, and 207 had none; 64 were reckoned as curable, *but 327 were incurable*. Of these mad women we note this remarkable fact, that 310 were quiet, and only 81 were *agitées*, while 369 were free, and the very small proportion of 22 were under restraint. Thus, even of those who were *agitées*, 59 went uncontrolled. The "busy bees" among all these insane women amounted to 283, only 108 were idle; 303 were quite nice and tidy; and of all the insane men and women at Gheel a year ago, nearly half went to church on Sunday. I have said, that 22 women were under some sort of coercion, but this only implies a light chain linking the feet, so that the patient cannot walk fast or far. Only 2 patients wore strait-waistcoats; and the table does not say whether these were male or female. Out of the 283 employed female patients, 36 worked in the field or garden, 176 were in the *ménage*, and 14 *had the care of children*; the rest were engaged in sewing, lace-making, &c., with the exception of one, who was a *cordier* or ropemaker, and another set down as "*commissionnaire*," equivalent to our commission agent.

During the last four years no case has occurred among all these crazy people, either of assassination, incendiarism, or any other violent breaking of the peace. Two cases of suicide took place in 1859, both by women afflicted with melancholy.

A few details as to the *nourriciers*, the accommodation they afford, and the rate of payment they obtain, may not be amiss. The *commune* of Gheel contains 617 households wherein insane patients are received; being about a third of the total number of its families. Of these 617, 280 possess one room devoted to a patient; and 297 possess two rooms, where they can thus receive two patients; 32 can take in three patients; and 8 *nourriciers* find room for four.

The highest prices of payment are those which range from £20 to £40 per annum, and over. There are forty-two *nourriciers* who charge these prices, and are considered of the first class. One hundred and eighteen charge from £12 to £20 per annum; the majority, however, receive patients for £10 or £12. Two hundred patients, of whom half belong to the middle class, live in the town of Gheel itself; the rest are distributed in seven surrounding hamlets.

If thus far we have said nothing of the medical supervision exercised at Gheel, it is because such supervision here takes a secondary place as a means of cure; but it is none the less regularly provided. The medical service consists of an inspector, of four physicians, and

of a surgeon; these officials are placed in four local dispensaries, and are assisted by a few men who can serve as keepers if necessary. Living thus in the midst of the small town, the medical men know each patient and his daily habits, and also the character and conduct of the *nourricier* who has him in charge. In case of bodily illness, they attend regularly, and they certify the progress made towards mental health. Three times a year they draw up a report of the condition of each patient; they also exercise administrative functions, and locate new comers as appears best, changing their domicile from one family to another, if such changes are desirable; and listening to the complaints of either party, if any complaints are made. To them only belongs the authority of ordering measures of restraint: the strait-waistcoat or manacle can only be imposed by their direct permission. The physicians have lately demanded and obtained an infirmary for the reception of cases demanding more constant medical attention; it is, however, very much to be hoped, says M. Duval, that they will not allow anything of the nature of an *asylum* at Gheel; such being contrary to the whole spirit and practice of the place. If, however, the medical service resists any temptation to treat even the worst cases by confinement, and forbears attempting to supplant the free and easy life now led by the insane patients by any measure of the discipline imposed in asylums, then the creation of a good infirmary at Gheel will be of the greatest advantage to the insane and to science. Gymnastic apparatus, swimming baths, and medical baths of all kinds, will be brought into use. A library containing all the best and latest literature on the special subject will be formed in connexion with this institution; and a staff of regularly educated nurses and attendants on the insane will be trained for service from the population of Gheel; the female members of which population are already eminently qualified by nature and practice. In this infirmary also will be received some of those dangerous lunatics who cannot be lodged at Gheel on the usual footing, but who in periods of intermittent quietness might be allowed to partake of its advantages. In thus combining the latest and best results of medical science with the genuine excellences of a system which is rooted in the faith of ages, Belgium will satisfy her men of intellectual progress, and shield the colony of Gheel from criticism on the score of fanatic adherence to a legend; this colony being truly unique of its kind, and one of the glories of the land to which it belongs.

M. Duval makes several observations on the administrative regulations of Gheel, and says that authority is too much divided between government officials and a local committee. He would prefer a single director, responsible to Government, and to a committee of *surveillance*; and that this director should be of the highest intellectual quality. Many improvements have been made by the council of the Brussels Asylum for the benefit of the 300 insane whom they send thence to Gheel. The council have improved the clothing of the patients, and made it similar to that of a small shop-

keeper; and it was they who substituted the little light chains now worn in cases of need for the old heavy manacles. These are attached with rings, and are not much heavier than a lady's bracelet; but Dr. Parigot is very desirous of doing away with chains altogether, employing increased watchfulness over the more dangerous patients. In support of his opinion he cites a curious fact. When the council at Brussels ordered (at his request) that all chains and machinery of restraint should be replaced by these light bracelets, everybody at Gheel cried out in alarm that the rings were too thin, and the new chains too fragile. It fell to Dr. Parigot, however, to put the new law into execution, and he gradually overcame most of the opposition. Nevertheless, a few *nourriciers* obstinately held out, and as they were absolutely forced to give up using the old chains, they went from sheer contradiction into the other extreme, and refused to use any; hoping, probably, to bring ridicule and blame upon the administrator. To the astonishment of everybody, however, maniacs who had the character of being dangerous, and who had for years worn manacles, proved perfectly quiet and harmless from the day they were set at liberty. At the present time it is probable that the *nourriciers* might be persuaded to discontinue external coercion *in every case*, provided it were made a matter of emulation among them, and provided some extra remuneration were given to those who managed to control the more excitable lunatics by increased watchfulness, and by moral and industrial experiments. The *nourricier* may manage his inmate in many ways, and may show infinite degrees of intelligence in adapting treatment; and nowhere exists a better field for trying reforms than at Gheel, where the whole population is alive to these questions; where there is little danger of accidents, and where the patient himself need never be made aware that he is the subject of experiment.

The economical advantages which Gheel derives from its peculiar mission are very great. Its farms and gardens are an example of good cultivation to all the Campine. Its soil—naturally sandy, sterile, and covered with heath—has been redeemed, and rendered fertile by labor in which the lunatics have borne a large share; while this very labor out of doors is one of the chief sources of their cure. The money brought into the district is also considerable. At the average payment of £10 per annum, 800 inmates bring annually £8000 into Gheel and its neighboring hamlets. When to this is added the surplus paid by patients of a higher class, and the expenditure of the medical service, of the relatives of lunatics, and of travellers who come to see the place, the sum rises to £10,000 a year; a large amount for a small Belgian *commune*.

From an economical point of view we may say that there are four classes of *nourriciers*: those who are householders, with gardens of their own, which the inmate helps to cultivate, and with whom it is not necessary to economise very closely in the expenses of the

table. Secondly, *nourriciers* who hire their houses, buy their vegetables, and keep up their establishments for the sake of having an inmate. These come too near being speculators to give the same guarantees for good treatment. Thirdly, there are the proprietors of farms, to whom the inmate is a great acquisition, and with whom he or she is pretty sure to have an ample allowance of good food and much bodily comfort. Fourthly, there are the small farmers paying rent, to whom it is of the utmost importance that their inmate should be capable of active labor, or be well paid for if he be of the incapable order. It is for the medical men to apportion the patients to these four classes of *nourriciers*, according to their condition and requirements, and it is for them also to keep up a vigorous inspection that no abuses or ill-treatment may arise. On the whole, rent of all kinds is high, and the landholders and householders have so great an advantage in making answer the peculiar industry of the colony—agriculture in connexion with a medical mission—that they are usually found willing to aid the Government in any measures tending to increase public confidence, and sustain the superiority of Gheel to the rest of the Campine.

Every year the list of *nourriciers* is drawn up afresh; their names, their place of residence, their business, the number and nature of the rooms set apart for patients, how many they are authorized to receive, and how many are actually inmates at the time, are particulars entered in distinct columns. It is forbidden to locate patients of different sexes in the same house, except in rare cases authorized by the administration. Each patient is placed under the immediate charge of the *nourricier*, who is held individually responsible for any misdemeanors or damage which may arise. At the same time, he is strictly forbidden to have recourse to any kind of coercion without due warning to the authorities, and is thus obliged to exercise a constant intelligent watchfulness, and to manage his patient by moral means. Any infraction of the rules laid down in regard to treatment, food, or clothing, exposes the *nourricier* to be struck off the list. The notes to M. Duval's book contain details of these rules, by which it will be seen that the smallest particulars which can affect the comfort of the patients are strictly laid down. Among other things, it is noted that the friends of an insane person can themselves choose the *nourricier* if the payment which they agree to make is higher than the minimum allotted for pauper patients; but in this case they are equally bound to notify the contract to the administration of Gheel, in order that the latter may see to its rigorous fulfilment.

Two questions present themselves to the mind in relation to this colony: 1stly, How far it can be itself improved without losing sight of the essential principle by which it exists; 2ndly, How far it can be imitated in other localities. The establishment of the infirmary, with all its resources of modern science, will be an immense advantage to Gheel if the medical men who have charge of it

content themselves with merely making it a *supplement* to the real idea of hygienic treatment which pervades the *commune*. But if they build cells and transplant furious maniacs to Gheel, who cannot be let loose without endangering public safety, they will offer an example of constraint which will alike infect the imagination of *nourriciers* and patients. The former will be tempted to apply for authority to use coercion whenever their inmates are particularly troublesome, and the latter, seeing and knowing (for they are invariably full of acuteness) that there is an asylum in the neighborhood, will lose the sense of home freedom which is now so efficient an element in the recoveries. To induce the inmate to forget that he is in any way marked or peculiar, to occupy him with the common activities of life, to make him feel that his labor is valuable, his efforts crowned with success, and to interest and amuse him through the social affections, is now the triumph of Gheel, the loss of which would be ill compensated by the introduction of scientific apparatus, or even by the creation of an institution which might serve as a first-rate school. Institutions may be created elsewhere;—but the lesson afforded by this little Belgian town is the result of the experience of a thousand years.

Again, it might be desirable to increase the facilities for receiving patients of a higher class of life, provided always that the frugal simplicity of the population were not contaminated. Poor and rustic as are the homes of Gheel, it must be remembered that the vast majority of the patients are of the peasant class, who in any other country would be shut up in a pauper asylum. The accommodation they receive is that to which they have been accustomed; their diet of bread and vegetables and beer, to which pork meat appears the most luxurious addition, is no hardship to them; and anything which destroyed the average level of habits and manners, introducing strange servants among the population, and increasing the chances of dissipation, would be a misfortune to a town so situated. Better that the richer class of patients should content themselves with the ways of the “*bonne bourgeoisie*.” Nevertheless, there is room for extra diversions and interests for those patients whose previous life has unfitted them for manual labor; but such should be of a simple and scrupulously unperverted kind.

With regard to the other question, Whether the customs of Gheel can be imitated elsewhere? Whether a similar town or village could be created? the answer must be uncertain. Gheel is *unique*, and would be as difficult to copy as a parliamentary constitution. The new colony must be planted in a healthy locality, where the land is divided into small farms, and chiefly cultivated by the owners of the soil. The inhabitants must be at once gentle and robust, and the religious feeling should be at once strong and practical. Everything would depend on the physician and the clergyman who first

undertook the enterprise. He who plants a colony of any sort has upon his shoulders a responsibility not inferior to that of Æneas when he led his Trojans over the sea. It has been proposed to induce some of the *nourriciers* to emigrate to other parts of the Campine, and to establish agricultural colonies as like to the original as they can be made; for Gheel can only accommodate a fifth part of the lunatics of Belgium; and this plan, duly supplemented by the medical profession and by the clergy, would probably succeed.

But in such colonies, as in Gheel itself, it is above all desirable that they should not be considered as mere retreats where incurable lunatics can be well taken care of. It is in the early stages of the malady that fresh air, liberty, and useful occupation are invaluable. It was stated above that the recoveries among those who go to Gheel under the head of *curables* are 50 and even 65 per cent.; an ample testimony to the value of the principle exemplified in the treatment pursued.

To this *resumé* of M. Duval's book we will add only a short quotation from a letter written by an English gentleman well known to the world. He says, "I visited Gheel in the course of a tour in search of pure water for Brussels, and bestowed a cursory attention upon the system pursued there. Dr. Parigot, the medical superintendent of the arrangements, made a round with me among the mad folks, and showed me statistics in proof of the doctrine that 'free air and family life' may be safely allowed to an immense majority of mad people; the cases of homicidal tendency and other cases requiring confinement being comparatively rare. Pinel, he remarked, raised the madman from the condition of the *criminal* whom we detest, to the rank of the *malade* with whom we sympathize; and the new theory raises the *malade*, hitherto restrained through false unreasoning fear, to the rank of a free man; kindly tended and guided, so far as his infirmity renders this necessary, but not, as heretofore, unjustly deprived of his liberty. A large proportion of the ailing persons thus restored to freedom are able, he contends, to take part in various sorts of labor, and thus wholly or partly to earn their living, while enjoying the largest possible measure which their malady (according to its degree of severity in each case) permits of the rights and privileges of humanity. My own observations at Gheel confirmed the wisdom and humaneness of the doctrine. I saw mad people doing field labor, carpenters' work, &c.; others harmlessly wandering about, or basking away their time in freedom by the wayside, or sitting amidst the family of the cottage with whom each is quartered, frequently sympathized with and sympathizing: a far less painful spectacle than the same number of such folk confined in a madhouse. This freedom is not, however, *absolute*, as the inhabitants of the surrounding villages always notice and bring back stragglers (of whom, however, there are very few.) Cases of disorder and violence occur, but they are not frequent.

They are easily met and controlled, and rather confirm than confute the view that the indiscriminate imprisonment of the mad *inflicts* a much larger amount of suffering and evil than it prevents. While, however, the broad principles illustrated at Gheel appear to be correct, the details of the arrangements there struck me as very faulty. The dwellings of the cottagers with whom the mad folk lodge, are, for the most part, (or were when I visited Gheel,) in very imperfect sanitary conditions; and the chamber set apart for the sick inmate was often a miserably small, ill-ventilated place. The payments made by the communal authorities who send the lunatics to Gheel, are, I think, too small; and in various other points the arrangements which have grown up and become habitual at Gheel appear to be susceptible of improvement. Jules Duval's visit to the place was, I believe, subsequent to mine. His book, and Dr. Parigot's '*L'Air Libre et la Vie de Famille*,' give, I have no doubt, a fair view of the system so far as I can judge from the cursory attention I paid to the subject in the midst of other pressing engagements."

I have only to add in presenting the above facts and opinions to our readers, that it is very much to be desired that English travellers who, from family motives, are interested in the subject of insanity should themselves visit Gheel. It is very easy of access from London. It hardly lies out of the route of ordinary autumn tourists, who on their way to the Rhine may well spare three or four days to visit this curious and interesting colony. Though English men of science and medicine are, doubtless, well acquainted with the resources of the Continent in the healing art, it is, nevertheless, true that the public in general is singularly deficient in knowledge of what goes on out of our own little island, either in regard to science, or to philanthropy. And of women, whom it especially concerns to understand the best methods of treating the sick, this is especially true. Accounts of Gheel have been published in the medical journals of London, and have been discussed in the circles amidst which such journals circulate. But something more is wanted, and that is that every great experiment for the benefit of humanity should be as widely popularised as possible, and the lessons it teaches be appropriated by all.

B. R. P.

XVI.—APRIL TEARS.

WEARIED with their hours of gladness,
 Weep the children in their sadness—
 Piteous tears; one minute after
 Peals their joyous, ringing laughter;
 Theirs are "April tears."

Playing mid the meadow flowers,
 All the shining summer hours,
 Chanced a thorn the buds among,
 Chanced a bee a hand that stung,
 Then were "April tears."

Short delight, and sorrow shorter,
 Feeleth little son and daughter,—
 Joy is ever chasing sorrow,
 Pleasure new they hope to-morrow,
 Mid their "April tears."

Tear-dimm'd brows—how soon they lighten;
 Tear-dimm'd eyes—how quick they brighten;
 Looking into loving faces,
 Soon they lose the very traces
 Of their "April tears."

Kisses, promises of others,
 Mother, father, sister—brothers,
 Faith and Love lay hold so strongly,
 Never these have spoken wrongly,
 Drying "April tears."

* * * *

Looking back to days long vanish'd,
 Feel we like to exiles banish'd
 From some home of hallow'd gladness
 To a place of gloom and sadness;
 Ours no "April tears."

Many a weary, weary hour,
 Grief hath reign'd supreme in power,
 Thorns unseen our way besetting,
 Cank'ring cares our spirits fretting,
 Ours no "April tears."

Short delight and fitful brightness,
 Hearts that know but little lightness;
 Fearful what may be to-morrow,
 Looking forward to some sorrow,
 Ours no "April tears."

Bitter grief our heart is steeping,
 Scalding tears our eyes are weeping;
 Looking into loving faces,
 See we only anguish traces,
 Nought to dry our tears.

Sadder still when hearts are bleeding,
 Secretly their sorrow feeding,
 By no outward tear revealing
 All the inward grief they're feeling,
 Oh! for bitt'rest tears!

Yet the promise *sure* remaineth,
 As the LORD in heaven reigneth,
 "After eventide of sadness
 Morn shall rise with joy and gladness."
 Earth's are "April tears."

Forward to the bright to-morrow
 Look the children in their sorrow;
 Watch we, too, the certain dawning
 Of the everlasting morning
 That shall know no tears!

L. F.

XVII.—THE PORTRAIT.

I NEED not linger over the early dawn of my day, but proceed at once to that point from which may be dated the commencement of events which colored and influenced my entire existence.

My mother was taken from us when we were mere children. My father, a professional man in a small town on the borders of Cumberland, speedily followed her; and at an early age my brothers and myself were tossed about from one relative to another. We were not rich; therefore the possession of "the dear little orphans" was not made a matter of contention, which is only the case when minors have golden accompaniments. I had, however, an excellent inheritance—good health and good spirits; and as a legacy, the warm interest and kindness shown by a large circle of my father's friends, who, from his position, was widely known, and a man much loved and esteemed. The relative with whom I liked best to reside, and whose small cottage was the only place I knew as a home, was a woman who, without any claim to rank, riches, or genius, yet made her power felt, and exercised a species of moral magnetism on all who came within her calm, strengthening influence. So far as the mature in years *can* sympathize, I, a girl of eighteen, and Mrs. Richards, numbering more than twice as many summers, did so. I never disguised either thoughts or feelings from this dear friend. On some points we did not agree; it would have been unnatural had we not thus at times been at variance, for youth and age cannot see through the same spectacles. I was full of hope, self-reliant, and world-defying—world-defying, with all the *fierté* and *insouciance* of girlhood, just because I knew not what "the world" signified, with its leaden weights and iron fetters. I was at this stage, when an invitation arrived from Mrs. Bethune, a distant connexion, to pay her a visit. I would have declined it, as Bethune Park was one of the places of which I had not a pleasant remembrance. It is true I had only been there once,

and when a child, but the memory of that visit and of Mr. and Mrs. Bethune was of a gloomy and chilling character. When I spoke of refusal, every aunt and uncle in the town and out of it gave it as their unanimous opinion that nothing under the sun could possibly be of such advantage to "a girl in my position" as to see the world under the care of Mrs. Bethune, and all my objections were over-ruled. I was reminded that "to form an opinion based on the whim of a child would be utter folly;" that the old gouty gentleman of whom I had stood in such awe was now dead, and that Mrs. Bethune, a widow, rich, and entirely her own mistress, was sure to be a different person from the Mrs. Bethune I had seen. I saw that with, or against my will, I *must* go; therefore, the only thing left for me to do was to get ready and depart.

There was one consolation, and a great one. I was not going to old gloomy Bethune Park, with its turrets, towers, and grey stone walls, but to London, the centre of all things great and wonderful in my imagination. Mrs. Bethune had stated in her letter that watching and anxiety about her dear departed Francis, had injured her health; that she had been recommended change of scene, and after remaining for a few months in London she might perhaps go to Paris. With such prospects before me I began to conjure up a fresh ideal of Mrs. Bethune, and discarded as worthless my childish antipathy. The railway had not, at the period of which I write, reached our part of the country; so one fine spring morning I was put into the mail, given in charge to the guard, and finally was taken out of it and handed into the carriage of Mrs. Bethune, who had sent her maid to take care of me and of my packages. We were driven to the Regent's Park, where a house had been taken for the widow, and of which she had been in possession some months previous to my arrival. Was the beautiful woman who now welcomed me with the sweetest of smiles and softest of voices the same as the one I had seen eight years before at Bethune Park? I could scarcely believe it, and yet there were not two persons of the name. Yes, it was Mrs. Bethune, not as I had imagined her from my childish outline, but younger, fairer, and full of kindness. I felt ashamed of myself, and thought what a stupid child I must have been. And there, too, stood dear old Sarah Dermid shaking my hand and declaring she would not have known the tall young lady as the little girl she used to lead about the garden. Sarah was one of those faithful followers formerly so common in good families, but now somewhat rare. Wherever Mrs. Bethune resided, there Sarah was sure to be found, and for any member of the house of Mansfield she would have worked, watched, or prayed all day and all night if necessary.

The change from the simple life I had been leading in our quiet town, to the bustle of London, combined with the luxurious habits and fashionable style of Mrs. Bethune's establishment, was at first rather embarrassing. A few months however brought me to more

than an easy compliance with my new mode of living, and I enjoyed the pleasures thrown in my way, on the plea that as I had been sent "to see the world," I ought to look at it from every possible point of view.

Change of scene must have had a miraculous effect on Mrs. Bethune, for no trace of indisposition was visible; and except a fit of low spirits at intervals, her health was excellent. Beyond driving or riding in the parks, going to or giving *fêtes*, patronizing bazaars or special concerts in aid of some favorite musician, Mrs. Bethune, with one exception, had no occupation. The exception was in favor of art, and almost rose to the dignity of a pursuit, from the intense love and interest exhibited in the copying of pictures in the manner of the old masters. I was delighted, as from a child, drawing had engaged my profound attention; to become an artist, had been my dream by night, my thought by day, and now an opportunity for study was within my reach. Mrs. Bethune became my teacher, and very speedily I was absorbed in a painting mania.

Time went on, and amidst its whirling we were carried across the Channel to Calais, and from Calais—with its pharos, its long pier, its singular "*cour-gang*," and sturdy inhabitants—we were slowly and joltingly driven on to Paris. My anticipations of pleasure were unbounded; for had not Paris the "Louvre"? When however I found myself really within the magic city my first feeling was that of sadness. The sight of the Tuilleries suggested a series of fearful pictures. The wild horrors of the Reign of Terror took hold of my imagination, and I could only think of the unfortunate Louis and his beautiful Queen, first in their days of splendor and then in those dark hours of their degradation and wretchedness. The spirit of unrest and of the past took possession of me. I got out of bed, threw on my dressing-gown and a large cloak, and stepped on to the balcony to convince myself that the palace was safe; that no haggard savage mob with scowls and execrations threatened its royal inmates with destruction. The pale lamps were still gleaming in the darkness, while ghost-like sentinels with measured tread alone broke the silence of night. I paced up and down the short distance permitted me by the length of the balcony, marvelling how or whether the Orleans Bourbon who but lately had accepted the crown, could find repose beneath that roof where royalty had been so fiercely outraged. Did the pale shades of the murdered Antoinette, the saintly Madame Elizabeth, and the slaughtered King, not haunt his pillow? Did not the spectral forms of the devoted Swiss and faithful Heiducks still wander in those galleries and staircases? Were there not handwritings on the walls, and blood on the floors, warnings and omens of evil import? Did not the vision of a roused and maddened people trampling to death their rulers scare and startle him? Silence and darkness gave no answer. But doubtless if those sad tragedies were not then remembered by the monarch, vivid as lightning flashes, their memory must have come with the

hour of *his* doom, with the death-knell of *his* kingship, when neither would *he* be longer tolerated by his angry subjects, who rent again the kingdom in pieces, and cast the ancient crown of France on the ground. History has shown by whom to be lifted up and worn.

We were on the eve of leaving the Rue Rivoli for the residence Mrs. Bethune had taken in the Champs Elysées, when the door of the salon was violently thrown open, and a gentleman uncere- moniously walked in. I knew that Mrs. Bethune expected her nephew to arrive, and I was not long in doubt as to the visitor. Striding across the room, he came up to me, exclaiming, "I hate ceremony, and all that sort of humbug; you are Miss Lindores, the young lady to whom my aunt has taken a fancy; we shall be capital friends and have lots of fun. I see you are none of the moping sort." I looked at the youth, as his tongue ran on in this free and easy manner, with surprise, mingled with disappointment, for I had been prepared to meet an elegant young man fresh from a continental tour, and encountered in his stead, the short, stout, sandy-haired, ugliest nephew I had ever seen. My per- ception of the beautiful received a violent shock in the person of Mr. Mansfield. Neither could I reconcile myself to his manners, his incessant chatter, and never-ending nonsense. He was con- tinually pestering his aunt to name a day when he might bring his friend Mr. Cleveland to be introduced to her. "A man is known by his friends," says the proverb, and I naturally concluded that this Mr. Cleveland would not prove a promising acquaintance, so of him I drew an unfavorable portrait. We had been some weeks in our new house, and had not yet seen the friend of Master Edward, (as Sarah invariably called Mr. Mansfield,) when one day Mrs. Bethune, who was slightly indisposed and not able to accom- pany her nephew in his search of amusement, expressed a wish that he should be invited, thinking perhaps his company would keep the youth more at home.

"Well to be sure," said Master Edward, striking the table empha- tically with his great red hand; "I had positively forgotten the solemn monster."

Mr. Mansfield delighted in strong expressions, and gave everyone he knew some name to suit his peculiar taste. I had not been many days in his company when I heard him shouting "nimble foot," after Sarah. I had a variety given to me, among which, Juno, Minerva, Brown-eyes, figured conspicuously in the list.

"Is Mr. Cleveland a clergyman?" I asked.

A loud laugh was the answer, followed by "Very likely I would travel with a shovel-hat! Did I not tell you the fellow was an artist?"

Mrs. Bethune looked reprov- ingly at the speaker; she did not like the levity with which he spoke of reverend gentlemen whether Catholic or Protestant. But what cared the ever-jesting

empty-headed Edward Mansfield for the looks of his aunt? Not a whit more than he would have done had a poodle shaken its head at him. Evening came, and with its darkening hours came Mr. Cleveland.

At the first glance, I found that after all I had formed an ideal portrait of the stranger to match the real Master Edward. "This man cannot be the friend of that fool," was my mental ejaculation, as I caught the expression of his pre-eminently handsome face and fine eyes—eyes which gave one the idea of a serene and lofty spirit occupied in a world of high thought, yet which disdains not to regard with tenderness the lowly things of earth. Their expression struck me as that of profound and far-stretching sympathy for and with all that is beautiful and true. I saw in them too, that shade of sadness which is ever an accompaniment of the spiritually beautiful, and were it permitted me to coin a word to designate those dark blue eyes with their long lashes, in whose depths so much and such variety of feeling was discernible, I would call them twilight eyes, as in them the glory of day seemed gently subdued by the coming of night. The rest of the features were of the same refined cast; and altogether I regarded Mr. Cleveland as the nearest in my conception of what masculine beauty should be. Doubtless, some persons would have given the palm to a more herculean type, but as there is generally too great a preponderance of the animal in that mould of humanity, I give the preference where I see, or imagine I see, the soul-light falling over, and irradiating the outward man. This visit was the forerunner of many others, and by degrees the presence of Mr. Cleveland became expected as a matter of course.

Mr. Mansfield called himself, and laid claim to the title of, "a lover of art," but alas for art, had it only such admirers! Inspired with fresh zeal by the praise bestowed by Mr. Cleveland, Mrs. Bethune applied with renewed vigor to her favorite pursuit. She had earned the right to be spoken of as a true artist, whereas her nephew was, and could only remain, a dabbler in colors. The daubs he had shown me as the fruits of his study in Italy were deplorable, and I saw a smile on the lip of Mr. Cleveland whenever Master Edward spoke of the art of painting. Nature certainly never meant him to be an ornament of any school, not even that of the pre-Raphaelites, had he had the happiness of being aware of the existence of that peculiar exposition of art, which tries to make art and nature one and the same thing. Mr. Cleveland maintained with Schiller, that "the ultimate aim of art is beyond the senses," and with mere mechanical draughtsmen he had no sympathy. He likewise upheld the doctrine, that the true object of art is to elevate and refine the mind, and this he did not think could be achieved by the mere fact that a picture might be called singularly true to nature.

I was of the same opinion, and in selecting a subject to copy, I

always tried to find one removed from the commonplace. How can that which is not interesting or beautiful in nature, become so when transferred to canvas? was the question I used to ask. As for my teacher, Mrs. Bethune, she chose nothing but religious subjects—holy families, martyrs, and saints occupied her pencil, and formed her private gallery. She had a theory, that unless an artist were religious—indeed, unless he were a Catholic—he could never hope to become a great master in art. To the first part of her assumption I agreed; to the second I demurred. I believed that spirituality of mind was requisite among the other elements out of which a true artist could alone be formed; but that he should be religious according to a certain pattern I did not think an absolute necessity, any more than for a poet or a philosopher, and therein we differed.

Master Edward was more taken up with the gaieties of Paris than with its works of art, and rarely accompanied us to the Louvre, where now a great portion of our time was passed; yet it sometimes happened that a painting furor seized him, and then he fell to for a few days with terrible earnestness. At such moments he recalled the description of a certain Maestro Amico Aspertini, as given by Vasari, "An artist whose daubs," he reports, "were to be found in every church and street of Bologna; as he had travelled all over Italy, making copies of works good and bad, it happened that with so much practice some of his things were passable. He looked when painting like the devil of San Macario, with a brush in either hand, for with both he painted, and with a leather girdle round his waist, from which were suspended small pots filled with his colors ready for use; and when he was thus working he was a figure that would have made the very stones laugh, more especially when he began to chatter, for Amico would gabble enough for twenty men, his best delight being in babbling and gossip and speaking ill of his neighbors." Now setting aside the girdle with the suspended pots, Master Edward brought the half-mad Amico so strongly to my mind that I did laugh almost before his face; while in greater contrast another description by the same narrator was remembered, and that was his portrait of Leonardo da Vinci, "the truly admirable and divinely endowed;" who, to use the quaint words of the old writer, "obtained his pre-eminence not by human teaching or the power of man, but by the direct gift of God, who showered down celestial influence on this favorite among mortals, as in his sole person were united beauty, grace, and talent, in such a manner that his every action was so divine as to leave all others far behind."

As Master Edward stood before me, a second "Amico," with his coarse daubs and coarse words, so did Mr. Cleveland represent the refined and gifted Leonardo. Another graceful image flitted likewise before me as I watched the countenance of Mrs. Bethune, lit up with admiration and glowing with enthusiasm, bent over some

favorite subject. This third was that of the beautiful sculptress of Bologna, Properzia da Rossi, whose genius and sad history had made a strong impression on my imagination, rendered doubly strong by the lines addressed to her by another gifted one of modern times, I mean Felicia Hemans, who in her "records of women" gives the unfortunate Properzia a place. But I must not digress with my Vasari and his "mortal gods," as he declared those marvellously dowered beings should be called, while my readers wait to know what we did in Paris, and how our two modern painters, artist and amateur, got on.

Tired of playing a part, the amateur, after a few demoniac attempts to copy a picture, the meaning of which he could scarcely comprehend, one day in a rage tossed brushes and easel into a room reserved for useless articles, from which they were never again brought out. The artist, on the contrary, worked hard. He was in earnest, and knew that industry and perseverance, even to the greatest genius, are indispensable. The mornings of Mr. Cleveland were spent in the Louvre, his evenings usually in our salon. I was content to be a listener when Mrs. Bethune and Mr. Cleveland discoursed on art. I was his pupil without acknowledging it, his ardent disciple, and an unquenchable desire to excel took possession of me. To obtain praise from him—in fact, to astonish him at some future time—became a fixed idea. By night and by day it was dominant; and no persuasion of Mrs. Bethune's could prevail on me to show him at that time any of my sketches, so did I dread discouragement. I would wait, I said to myself—wait I would, and did.

CHAPTER II.

MRS. BETHUNE belonged to a class of women frequently met with among the affluent. Refined in manner almost to fastidiousness, elegant in taste as became an artist, languid and pensive, when not excited; somewhat fitful in temper, her spirits either too high or too low, impatient of contradiction, given to command, and have all her own way, like spoilt children young and old. In short, she was a petted child of fortune, who had never seen the dark side of life; who never had heard any unpleasant truths, unless perhaps from her husband when alive, as we are informed by Mrs. Ellis that husbands will say unpleasant things, even to the loveliest and richest of wives—and Mrs. Bethune was both lovely and rich. She had not married for money, but from family considerations had accepted a husband considerably older than herself. She now ran the risk of becoming more wayward than ever, as, like other rich people, she was surrounded by a host of admiring flatterers, who, had she chosen to say that the earth did not move, would have agreed with her, in spite of a hundred Galileos. The reader must not suppose that I formed this estimate of my friend when I was then residing with her, a girl of eighteen. At that time I thought almost every thing she did, right; and looked up to her as a younger person

usually does to an elder, for in early years differences of age are more felt, and Mrs. Bethune having had the start of me by as many seasons as I had numbered, I naturally regarded her as a guide and guardian.

As the growth of a blade of grass is invisible to the most careful observer, while nevertheless it continues to grow, in like manner do the links of all human chains cease after a time to be the same. We do not at first perceive their transformation, yet, like the leaf or the flower, they are as surely and certainly changing. Change, perpetual change, is the law. And thus, although I saw it not, circumstances were undergoing this unavoidable process. Master Edward spoke as much nonsense, and was as impudently familiar as hitherto, Sarah as brisk and notable as ever, and I was also apparently the same, yet none of us were exactly the same as before we left England; consequently, our conditions being changed, what we call circumstances changed with them. Every one knows the impossibility of living twice over the same experience. We may collect the same friends round us, we may try to make the same parties that were made only last year, but the attempt is a failure; we are all changed, yet know it not, until some undeniable and striking occurrence reveals the fact.

In Sarah I began to see (after having been long blind to it) unmistakeable signs of discontent, and from her own lips learned the cause. The heaviest item in her list of grievances was the solitary life to which she had been consigned ever since Mr. Cleveland had become so constant a visitor, and for this cause and none other, she disliked the artist. "What brings him here so often?" was the invariable winding up of this part of the subject. "I think by this time Mrs. Bethune has had enough of him and his pictures; she will just make herself ill again with going to the—what do you call it?" (Sarah meant the Louvre) "and poring for ever at her drawings." Had her mistress really taken a fit of illness, I believe Sarah would have been rather glad of it. It would have restored her occupation, as when indisposed or *low*, Sarah was always with Mrs. Bethune, indeed the only one the latter cared to have near her. Another grievance was that Master Edward continued his revels to late or rather early hours, for it was generally morning before he found his way home. Poor Sarah was thus rendered irritable by the conduct of those she loved best—her mistress who seemed to forget her, and the nephew who never bestowed a thought upon her. And this is the way of the world! Affection and fidelity repaid, too often, by indifference. My conscience smote me, for I also had been careless of worthy Sarah Dermid. Mrs. Bethune seemed restless and more excitable; every trifle annoyed her, and her nephew declared that she did nothing but scold him from morning till night. Of Cleveland I shall only say, that his eyes, if possible, became more beautiful, and his whole bearing more charming.

The reader must not suppose that I was losing my heart solely

through the influence of fine eyes ; I was not quite so absurd as that fact would imply. Mr. Cleveland possessed many dazzling qualities of mind, and a vast amount of curious knowledge ; his personal appearance was only one of his advantages. There was no love-making, that would have broken the spell, dissolved the enchantment, wakened me from my silent dream, and caused a new combination of ideas ; words would have disturbed me ; I believed, nay, I felt convinced, that Mr. Cleveland had me in his thoughts, and in that faith I was satisfied. I was as one walking through an illuminated city—where all was rejoicing, where lights gleamed from every window, where garlands hung suspended from every door, where triumphal arches adorned every street, and banners waved over the gates. A portion of the radiance that floated round me, seemed imparted to every object on which I looked. Could this bright epoch of existence only last, how beautiful the world would ever seem !

As a contrast to this silence, there was no lack of love-making on the part of Master Edward, by which I might have been bored to death, especially when he took it into his silly head to ape the sentimental, had I not got as inured to it, and careless of it, as I was to the singing of our canaries or the barking of our poodle. These wordy demonstrations had begun soon after the introduction of the red-faced, snub-nosed, large-mouthed amateur at the Hotel Meurice, so they dated far back, and were becoming stronger and stronger the more I gave them no heed ; their progress would have charmed any match-hunting modern mamma ; and a good catch Master Edward would have been thought by those matrimonial bargain-arrangers, for he was an only child, and would at the death of his father succeed to a handsome estate ; facts which had been duly communicated to me by Sarah, times without number, as she made no secret of her wish that I would marry, and reform, her dear Master Edward. By laughing and turning the whole affair into a jest, I had hitherto contrived to keep my silly admirer at a due distance, and to prevent his coming to the formality of making a proposal which could not have been accepted, no, not had he chanced to have been heir to a hundred estates, and as many titles to boot. But I foresaw that I could not much longer continue to do so ; and although Mrs. Bethune had never spoken to me on the subject, I knew well that her wishes pointed in the same direction as did those of Sarah. I was preparing myself, therefore, to perform the ungracious task of refusing the hand of the nephew of my benefactress, and thereby, I feared, under the necessity of giving her pain. Poor girls are seldom called upon to inflict wounds in that fashion ; for it generally happens that when young rich men fall in love with the dependents of their relatives, the latter, instead of encouraging the love affair, do all they can to prevent it. It was not so in my case, which I accounted for by the native generosity of Mrs. Bethune's mind, aided by the fact that her nephew made

her believe that the happiness of his life depended on my assuming the name of Mansfield, and perhaps she thought *my* happiness would be secured by the hand and wealth of the aspirant. He might with as much truth have affirmed that his happiness depended on gaining possession of any horse or dog on which he had set his fancy. "So ho! brown eyes, what's in the wind now, that you snuff the air, and champ the bit, and look ready to start off?" is a speech just as well suited for the ears of a horse as for those of a lady-love; and these were precisely the sort of things I was expected to accept as kind, tender, and affectionate, from the lips of my devoted admirer, the heir of Riverton. It must have been clear to any one who took the trouble of studying the character of Master Edward, that he was among those unfortunates who are spoiled and indulged in every whim from the moment they can squall for what they want, scream with passion, and tear their nurse's hair, if not instantly given to them. He was called good-natured when grown up, and why? because no one crossed him: he had money, and money buys good temper and every virtue under the sky. He was arrogant and insolent to his inferiors, familiar to vulgarity with his equals, and servile to those still richer and better titled than himself.

Scorning the wholesome duties of a country squire, for which indeed he had not even brains enough, he went abroad, as he said, to study and become a man of culture and accomplishments. He returned brimful of words, which stood to him in place of ideas; and endeavoured to palm his travelled foolery on homely souls who had never left the island. In Rome,—I actually feel as I write that glorious name, which calls up a thousand memories of greatness, in the same sentence with the name of Master Edward as if I were using it amiss, and committing an act of desecration, for it seems to me as if those incapables ought not to soil with their feet such classic and imperial ground. In Rome, then, this student of amusement gained, as any rich Englishman may gain, companions which did him no good, and, in spite of the papal blessing and the presence of the descendant of St. Peter, he led the reverse of a Christian life. His money did all that money could do; but there are still left a few items money cannot purchase, and those items Mr. Mansfield was compelled to do without. Grace of person and beauty of mind, his gold could not buy.

His acquaintance with Mr. Cleveland had been a chance affair; they had met occasionally in Italy and had travelled to Paris in company. I was of opinion that the wish to introduce Mr. Cleveland arose, on the part of Master Edward, from dread lest his aunt would expect too much attention from him, which would prevent him following his own inclinations. This stroke of policy turned out admirably for the purposes of its originator, who soon saw that his aunt was willing to dispense with his services. "Cleveland is poor," he used to say to me, "and may be deuced glad to have so

comfortable a salon in which to spend his evenings." I had all the inclination to pull the red ears of this man of culture, when he made such insolent remarks about the friend he had brought to serve his own selfish ends, and who was not poor to the degree such an assertion implied. This was the *morale* of the man I was expected to marry.

I had set my heart on painting a picture to surprise Mr. Cleveland, as I have already informed the reader; and this picture was to be a portrait of Mrs. Bethune, but intended likewise to represent Properzia Rossi, as brought before my imagination by those lines of Mrs. Hemans:—

"One dream of beauty and of passion more,
And in its bright fulfilment let me pour my soul away."

I conceived that I could not have had a better model, for when in good spirits and health, Mrs. Bethune, now in the full prime of womanhood, looked at times beautiful. Her eyes were of the kind which, when lit up by strong feeling, give forth glances fiery and brilliant; I could imagine if kindled by passion how powerful those flashes might be. Her complexion was pale, her hair jet, her features classical; taken as a whole, I thought she would make an exquisite study for my Properzia. The idea pleased and gratified Mrs. Bethune, to whom of course I was obliged to confide my secret. The work was proceeding to our mutual satisfaction, and the agreement made between us was, that not a creature should see or hear of it until finished. It was locked up in my study, and when I had finished painting, I took the key of the room and hid it, so that no one could get access to it. I had resolved that this portrait should determine my future plans. If I read praise or surprise in the countenance of Mr. Cleveland, then I would become an artist; if the reverse, I would consider myself unfitted for the realization of my ambitious hopes, and with my slighted Properzia would fling away every cherished dream, every artistic aspiration; I would become—I did not make up my mind what, for (to tell the truth) I could not anticipate other than a successful termination to my secret labor.

The Properzia was almost finished; Mrs. Bethune had expressed herself more than satisfied, and that I accepted as a favorable omen, as few handsome persons are ever content with their appearance on canvas—it is never thought sufficiently beautiful. Now as Mrs. Bethune was not yet so saintly as to be beyond vanity, and had expressed her approbation, I was very hopeful. When finished it was to be hung up in the salon where Mr. Cleveland would be sure to see it, and not a word was to be said until his opinion of its merits and demerits had been given. I was not to be present, and Mrs. Bethune promised to report truly all his remarks. This was our arrangement, and the day was fixed for its removal from the one room into the other. I had given it the last little touch, had

looked at it near, and at a distance, and was thus employed, standing brush in hand, when a tap came to the door, which, as I said before, I kept always locked. Certain that it was Mrs. Bethune, who said she would return at that hour, I undid the fastenings, threw the door wide open, and exclaimed in a triumphant tone, "Come in, Properzia is quite ready for you." Instead of Mrs. Bethune, great was my confusion when I saw Arthur Cleveland standing before me, who looked almost as much surprised as I did. At first I felt too confused to speak; had I been a culprit convicted of some grievous misdemeanor I could not have appeared more abashed, as I stood brush in hand looking on the floor, for I neither had courage to look at Mr. Cleveland nor at my picture, which was placed so that it could not fail to attract his notice the instant he entered the room; it soon did, and he went close up to look at it.

Concealment of my artistic attempt was out of the question, for the colors were scarcely dry; and there I stood, with the confession of my audacity painted visibly on my face by turns in red and white. I felt myself grow hot and then cold. Mr. Cleveland turned at last from his survey, and with something like a flash of light over his countenance held out his hand to me—that glance and impulsive action spoke more eloquently than words. My effort had attained the end I coveted. Mr. Cleveland had set the seal of his approbation upon it; more than that I sought not for, and in the moment of gratified hope, so long thirsted after, emotion rendered me almost faint.

"Your picture, Miss Lindores, is exquisite; but who could have imagined you to be such a deceiver; painting in this manner, yet pretending to know nothing of art. I am, however, half angry with you," he added, "and do you know why?"

"At my presumption perhaps," I answered, glad to say anything that would give the affair an air of lightness. I did not wish our "Leonardo" to know how much I valued his opinion.

"Your picture has a great fault in my eyes."

"Indeed," I exclaimed, marvelling what the fault could be. "Pray tell me, that I may amend it."

"No; you cannot amend it," answered Mr. Cleveland; "but I will paint a Properzia and *show* you the amendment." A smile lurked in the eye of the speaker.

"Good," I replied; "and with your permission, I will give you my likeness of Mrs. Bethune, and you will give me your Properzia."

"I make no such agreement," was the answer. "You are to be my ideal Properzia, and I could not part with that. You can give yours to Mr. Mansfield, who could not have a finer portrait of his aunt."

"Ah, Mr. Cleveland, I never until now suspected that you could flatter like the rest of your sex. You depreciate my work, and then try to make amends by an idle compliment."

"I do neither; but you always take a wicked pleasure, Miss Lindores, in misunderstanding me. I have remarked that you have

done so, especially of late. I shall paint my Properzia nevertheless, and compel you to confess, as an artist, that mine surpasses yours, as day excels night."

"Thorwaldsen's Night is as beautiful as his Morning," I gaily answered; "and I defy you to make Properzia more beautiful, although you ought and must make a finer picture than a poor novice in art could by any means produce."

Before Mr. Cleveland had time to reply, my model of the Lady of Bologna had entered the room.

No sooner had I enjoyed the pleasure conveyed to me by Mr. Cleveland's recognition of my capabilities as an artist, than that ray of brightness was darkened by the expression I read in the countenance of Mrs. Bethune.

There seems to be an irreversible law in connexion with pleasure and pain as regards mortals; a law which might lead to the conclusion that joy is dangerous or deadly, when we compare the infinitesimal drops measured out to us in comparison with the abundant supply of its opposite.

"Mr. Cleveland seems quite pre-occupied this morning," was the remark of Mrs. Bethune, in rather a freezing tone, the moment he had left us. "I do not think he did you justice," she continued, with a slight smile on her delicate lip. "I hope he is not jealous of your skill; you know some of the painters of Bologna were envious of the gifts of their Properzia."

"None but the ugly, spiteful Amico," I answered, "who slandered her into the bargain, and gives her biographer the trouble of telling us not to mind him, for the beautiful Properzia was a notable housewife, as well as a sculptress and a musician. As I am not a maiden of such manifold rich gifts, not even a spiteful Amico will trouble me. If Mr. Cleveland becomes jealous, it will be of yours," and I laughed at the idea of Arthur Cleveland being jealous of any one.

"Emily," said Mrs. Bethune, "you are still a child in many things, and form too high an opinion of people. Men are often great deceptions." A strong emphasis was laid on the great. I made no reply, but thought that Mrs. Bethune was neither so charitable nor so amiable as she used to be. We seemed all of us getting out of sorts, instead of getting into better frames of mind, as we should have been, considering it was Lent and there was no end of church-going. As yet the surface was fair and polished, our calm was still undisturbed; but the storm was preparing in the depths, and sounding among the hidden rocks.

(To be continued.)

XVIII.—HIGH LIVING WITH LOW MEANS.

THERE is a constant outcry against the luxury of this age, against the striving of all classes to attain to a standard of living which can be easily reached only by those of higher rank in the social scale. Much has been written of the improvidence of the working classes, and of the difficulty which they experience of living on even much higher wages than those of the same class on the Continent. Some remedy has been occasionally attempted by benevolent persons, who have tried to give the wives of our artisans a knowledge of cookery and general domestic economy. Here, however, so far as any practical effort at improvement is concerned, we have stopped.

It has been the fashion lately to say more than ever on the subject of the luxuries of the middle class of English society; but who tries to do anything to change this state of things, although the greatness of the evil is almost universally acknowledged? We are aware that there are dissentient voices from this general opinion. There are those who are content to witness the immense improvement in the health, cleanliness, and refinement of the middle class, and who think that it is well worth the price we pay for it. They do not trouble themselves to examine details, and do not consider whether it would not be possible to obtain the same advantage in a cheaper way. These complaisant people, however, constitute the exceptions, and we believe it will be conceded that discontent on this point is general. It is in our firm conviction that English women of the middle class can do much towards the desired reform, that we call the attention of the readers of this Journal to the subject.

We fear to encounter a difficulty in the commencement of such an appeal, from the fact that although the women we are addressing may not belong to the exceptional class of whom we have spoken, yet the greater number are less aware of the extent of the evil than their husbands and brothers, and are consequently less impressed with the necessity for reform. This arises from two causes. First, from their taking so small a share in the real increase of burden which this high style of living imposes on the head of the family. Secondly, from their want of practical knowledge of the value of money. It is impossible that a woman whose most onerous task consists in the ordering of dinner, and the superintendence of the nursery, should understand the strain upon the nervous system occasioned by the overwork necessary to procure these extra hundreds, or by the anxiety arising from the difficulty of making both ends meet, even after the hardest struggle to obtain a large income. That there are women whose interest in the pursuits of their husbands enables them to see the matter in its true light, we thankfully acknowledge; and also that such women are capable

of comprehending and foreseeing the neglect of some of the highest duties of life which must inevitably result from the constant straining after a large income as not only a good but a necessity. But let any woman of ordinary understanding once fairly consider the subject, and she must see that all is not sound in the present system. She must know that her parents, and more surely her grandparents, lived often upon half the means which she and her husband possess, and with nearly the same amount of comfort. And yet the positive price of the necessities, certainly of the luxuries, of life, has not increased. All articles of dress have fallen so much in cost within the last thirty or forty years, that we might allow ourselves a far ampler wardrobe than our mothers, and yet spend less upon it. As for the three articles above mentioned—of health, cleanliness, and refinement—something may be placed to the account of each in the increase of expenditure. For a slight indisposition we are now frequently recommended a change of scene; and country air and sea-bathing annually are regarded almost as necessities for our children, if we inhabit large cities. Accordingly, our health is benefited and we may deduct something from what we pay on this head for the great quantities of medicine swallowed by our forefathers. Still, we will allow that there is a surplus, and that our baths and more frequent changes of linen, and our wish to see our daughters something more than mere cooks and nurses, cost money.

But this will not account for all. No, the luxury that we complain of is that of display. Strange that it should be a luxury, or any pleasure at all, to show our neighbors that we can give as good an entertainment and keep as large an establishment of servants as they, even if they have double our income! We do not care for the grand dinner. It has given us much anxiety in the preparation, and we have probably not asked to it our dearest friends. We all know (at least we women) that the more servants, the more trouble to the mistress, and that we should get our work equally well done with half the number; yet we have not the courage to act differently to our neighbors. We do not say to ourselves, "Our income is so much, *therefore* we can or cannot afford this or the other;" but, "So and so has this, in fact, one sees it everywhere now, and we really cannot do without it any longer;" and the expense is incurred without further consideration. We all wish to spend less, but have not the moral courage to be the first in the road to reform. If we would but be brave enough to say, "*I cannot afford it,*" we should spare ourselves infinite suffering.

Moral courage—this is all that is wanted in the majority of cases. Our experience has been that most women do not care for display so much as that they and their husbands should lead comparatively easy lives; lives, that is to say, unfettered by constant pecuniary anxieties, and that they should have leisure for something beyond mere money-making, into which even the work of professional men is often degraded. But they fear to lose their *status* in

society, and dare not risk anything, though the gain would be so great. Now we would venture to suggest,* that the amount of esteem which is exacted from our fellow-men by our style of living is greatly exaggerated; that even the world estimates us after all more justly, and that we should *not* sink in its good opinion by inviting it to simpler entertainments, or even by ceasing to give any entertainments when we cannot afford it. Certainly snobbishness is very prevalent in English society, but we are not all snobs; we may even grant that the majority are not, but that they are, on the contrary, always ready to respect genuine worth which is proud enough and has self-confidence enough to rest on its own merits, without attempting to dazzle by the brilliancy of its surroundings, too often the price of labors which ought to have been devoted to a higher use.

But while believing this to be the rule, let us grant numerous individual exceptions. Then place in opposite scales the esteem of others for what in their better moments they must despise, and our self-respect, together with the consciousness of meriting the praise rather than the contempt of society for the example we set to our class and age; in which is the balance found? Can there be any hesitation in the reply? But it may be asked, Why are women to begin the necessary reform, and how are they to do it? Because all reform, social as well as political, must come from within. Agitation commences in the substrata, producing an upheaving which at length shows its effect upon the surface. The Italian cry for freedom would never have produced a Garibaldi, had not the miseries of the people roused them to a course of action which then received his guiding hand.

In our small household politics the necessity of an economical expenditure must be first recognised; then rigorously carried out in all the departments which fall exclusively under the direction of the mistress, always regulating the amount to be spent on each item in a just proportion to the income. We believe that such policy, firmly adhered to, would produce incalculably good results and at least it would be a step in the right direction, always a great thing to have gained. We have said nothing here about the prudence of providing for the future, and the duty of recognising the fact that our children will cost more as they grow older, until we have finally established them in life. Common forethought cannot lose sight of such considerations when once attention to the subject has been aroused. And when parents have learnt to spend less in vain ostentation, and to fritter away less in thoughtless prodigality, there will be less anxiety to obtain positions for their sons where they can at once provide for their own future before they have undergone that training which would have enabled them creditably to perform the duties of their calling; and there will not be the indecent haste to get their daughters off their hands, which produces even worse social evils than any we have yet mentioned.

XIX.—FRUITS IN THEIR SEASON.

VI.—DATA RESPECTING DATES.

THE mild breath of spring has ere now begun to kindle a light of blossoms on our boughs, but it will be some time yet before summer's warmer smile shall have ripened the flowers into fruit; and while awaiting her coming we are glad to avail ourselves of any fructal variety afforded by the produce of other lands, and thus the dessert can hardly fail sometimes to include a treasure from the East, which introduces us to a class of vegetation altogether different from our own. The fruits which have been hitherto under consideration, if not all the growth of our own clime, have yet at least (with the sole exception of the cocoa-nut, glanced at in the article on nuts) been all the produce of trees formed on the same model as those which daily meet our eye and appeal to our most casual observation. Alike in city square, or suburban park or garden, or in rural orchard, copse, or grove, such trees surround us everywhere, and if we traverse the whole land and scale each wooded mountain's height, or pierce each forest's remotest depth, no other arboreal form appears than this one type, with tapering stem, diminishing its substance as it ascends by continually throwing it off to form antlered branches with endless ramifications, all covered with a coat of separable bark, and clothed with leaves veined with a network of interwoven reticulations; for these are the distinguishing characteristics of the *exogens*, or *outward growers*, of the temperate zone, which derive this name from their constantly developing their new wood on the outside of that formed the previous year. To this class all European fruit-bearing plants belong, from the lordly walnut-tree to the humble gooseberry-bush, from the creeping strawberry to the upward climbing vine. The grasses and cereals offer us indeed abundant native specimens of a miniature kind of endogenous growth; but it needs the ardor of a tropical sky to call forth an arboreal endogen, a tree towering upwards to its loftiest height, unbranched, and therefore unlessened in magnitude, and terminating at its extremity in a fountain-burst of green spray, its long downward curving leaves marked with no intricate network, but simply by parallel veins connected by transverse bars. Developing its new woody matter in the interior—as its name *endogen*, or *inward grower*, denotes—yet restricted by nature from extending its substance far in a horizontal direction, the continual internal pressure causes the exterior to become dense and hard, though surrounded by no distinct separable bark; and unable to expand in circumference, it still presses upward till it reaches an altitude far beyond the general proportions of its bulkier exogenous brethren, and stands erect in slender stateliness, a graceful and virgin-like form.

That it was the nature of palm-trees to grow in this manner was

a fact which Lindley acknowledges to have been known to Theophrastus, who speaks distinctly of the difference between exogenous and endogenous wood, though he was not aware that it extended to a considerable part of the vegetable kingdom, separating it, indeed, into two grand divisions. That particular palm too which bears the date-fruit became generally known at a very early period, for it is *the* palm of the Scriptures, so early mentioned in the sacred record as the first food found by the wandering Israelites in the wilderness, when “they came to Elim, where were twelve wells of water, and threescore and ten *date* trees,” for it is thus that the passage stands in the old English Bibles of the sixteenth century, wherein what is now translated “palm” is constantly rendered by the term “date” tree. It was too, in all probability, the palm earliest known to the Greeks and Romans, among whom it was held sacred to the Muses. The fruit of one variety—described by Pliny as long, slender, and sometimes of a curved shape—“we,” says that writer, “consecrate to the worship of the gods; but they are called *chydaei* (from the Greek *Kydaios*, vulgar or common) by the Jews, a nation remarkable for the contempt which they manifest of the divinities;” a comment which shows that the word must have been used by the Hebrews in this case in the same sense in which it was by St. Peter, when he objected to eat of anything “*common* or unclean,” but it was probably only when the fruit was degraded by being employed as an idol offering that they thus held it in abhorrence. The tree was indeed so far identified with their country that it was looked on as the symbol of Judea, as is seen in the well-known Roman coin bearing the inscription “*Judea capta*,” though it is thought that it may not have been thus selected so much on account of its being peculiarly abundant in Syria, as because it was there that it would be first met with by the Greeks and Romans in proceeding southward. It holds a place too in barbaric mythology, for it is said that the Tamanaguas of South America have a tradition that the human race sprung again from the fruits of the palm, after the Mexican “Age of water,” a story almost reversed in Mahomet’s account of its origin, which is, that it was made of the tempered dust which remained after the formation of Adam, and he therefore calls it the uncle of mankind, using it too as an illustration of the virtuous and generous man who “stands erect before his Lord and devotes his whole life to the welfare of his fellow-creatures.” The inhabitants of Medina say, that at one time the prophet, being asked to testify to the truth of his mission by working some miracle, placed a date-stone in the ground, from which taking root downward and shooting suddenly upward at his bidding, there arose forthwith a lofty tree in the perfection of fruitful maturity. On another occasion, when he happened to pass beneath a date-palm, the conscious tree was so elated at the privilege of overshadowing the messenger of Allah, that it broke forth into a spontaneous shout of gladness, and hailed him with a loud *Salaam Aleikoom*. Many

Oriental writers indeed, assert this palm to be no mere vegetating insensible plant, but to be actually a creature partaking of the animal nature, adducing in proof thereof, that it appears to possess an inherent warmth above all other trees; that the cutting off of its head causes it to die, and that not only are there trees of two kinds as breathing creatures are of two sexes, but that, as they affirm, even particular trees have their individual partialities, and blossom simultaneously with some chosen companion, as birds pair off in nesting time. Among these people too, it bears different names according to its age at different stages of its growth, and every part of the tree is distinguished by some special title, so that it is said that there are not less than three hundred words in the Arabic language enlisted in the service of this plant, all used to give expression, in various ways, to that one idea the date-palm; while, according to Gibbon, the native writers have celebrated in prose and verse no less than three hundred and sixty uses to which it and its products are applied. As a further illustration of this feeling, it was related to Sir John Malcolm that an Arab woman who had been taken to England as an *ayah*, and remained here for some years, on her return, was eagerly questioned as to our relative advantages or disadvantages as compared with Arabia. Her account of the luxuries and elegances of civilized life spread a cloud of discontent over the faces of her interrogators, and they were about to retire, gloomily brooding over Bedouin deficiencies, when the returned traveller recalled them with the remark, "There is, however, one thing wanting in England." "What is it?" was the anxious inquiry. "They have no date-trees. I looked for them everywhere the whole time I was there, but never saw a single one." The spell was broken: envy changed to pity, and the crowd dispersed, congratulating themselves on being so much more blest than the Franks, and wondering how any people could possibly exist in a country where there were no date-trees.

It is no great marvel that this tree should be regarded with rather warm feelings in its native clime, for it seems to have been kind heaven's special gift to the inhabitants of that part of the world; and as the camel has been called the "*ship* of the desert," so the date-palm might well be termed, in the full Yankee sense of that word, the *store* of the desert, furnishing as it does all the necessaries, many of the comforts, and several of the luxuries of Arab life. Affording a house to the settler, and a tent to the wanderer; providing either the one or the other with forage for his cattle, and food and drink of varied and delicious quality for himself; offering him while growing a cooling shade, and when cut down a warming fuel; gladdening his eye with the sole shape of beauty on which it can rest when gazing over the arid plain, where its feathery form alone breaks the bare flat solitude, this beacon of the wilderness is yet more endeared by its association with the most priceless treasure of those sun-scorched sands, for it is in this

green setting that the “diamond of the desert” sparkles, and where the palm-tree is, there also will be—water! Entwined too must it be with desires and feelings deeper, if not more engrossing, than those of physical necessity, for the date-tree is a sort of medium of exchange, and it is in this currency that the bridegroom often pays the price demanded by her father for the damsel who is to be the light of his tent and the sharer of his lot. In comparatively small space too can such riches be stowed, for a full-grown palm occupies but about four feet of space, and as they may therefore be planted within eight feet of each other, a limited area suffices for a large plantation; and as it is reckoned that each tree affords a sequin profit annually, the owner of three or four thousand trees, not an uncommon number for a wealthy Arab to possess, has a profitable estate within a very contracted ring-fence. Considering all these things, well may it be that the first question asked by a Bedouin of any passenger he may chance to meet, should invariably be, “What is the price of dates at Mecca or Medina?”

Date paste, called *adjoue*, and consisting of the ripe fruit pressed into large baskets and forming a sort of cake, is the staple Arab subsistence during the ten months of the year when fresh dates are out of season; the fruit is also eaten boiled, stewed with butter, simmered to a pulp with honey, in short, *Soyerized* in so many ways, that it may be fairly said, a date in an Arab tent can even rival an egg or a potato in a French restaurant, for she is not reckoned a good housewife who cannot furnish her husband, every day for a month, with a dish of dates differently prepared. The young tender leaves too are eaten with lemon-juice as a salad; the pith of the tree when cut down—called the “marrow” of the date—though inferior to true sago, forms yet a sweet and nourishing diet; and the “cabbage,” or unexpanded central bud, tastes much like a fresh chestnut: but as, to obtain this luxury, the life of the tree must be sacrificed, it is only indulged in occasionally, and taken from trees already condemned to perish for the sake of their sap; for, blest by Bacchus as well as by Ceres, this tree furnishes drink in addition to food, and beverages too of various kinds and qualities. The date paste, simply infused in water, forms a pleasant and wholesome draught; incisions too are occasionally made in the tree, and a mild and refreshing liquor thus extracted, bearing the name of date milk, which milk, however, yields a very potent “cream of the valley” when subjected to the process of distillation; but “on weddings and great occasions,” says Shaw, “guests are entertained with what is called the honey of the date.” It is only the older trees which are becoming barren that are doomed to furnish this vital “honey,” the very life-blood of the plant; the fatal process by which they are forced to yield it being thus carried on. The head of the tree (including the dainty “cabbage”) is cut off, and a basin scooped in the top of the trunk, into which the sap rises, at first at the rate of several pints a day, but diminishing gradually in abundance, till in

about two months the exhausted victim is dead and dry. The sap thus collected can be fermented into toddy or palm wine, and, distilled, becomes *araky*, the general Arabic name for spirituous liquor of any kind; and as it was on the juice of the grape that the prophet's stern interdict was laid, the Mussulman Arab rejoices in a good conscience while partaking of these palmy products, though certainly finding them no bad substitute for the British Christian's logwood port or peppered brandy.

Eaten in Europe only as a simple fruit, the charms of the date, unheightened by any elaborate culinary processes, have yet been fully appreciated. That they were so by the ancients is sufficiently seen in the words of Pliny, who speaks of them indeed as though he had himself felt their fascination, and needed his philosophy to resist being led astray by it, when he says that, in a fresh state, "they are so remarkably luscious that there would be no end to eating them, were it not for fear of the dangerous consequences;" dangers incident, however, only to excess, for partaken of in moderation they are peculiarly wholesome. The application of the same epithet to them in the "*Commedia Divina*" shows that Italian taste had not altered in later days in this respect, for an incidental mention of them occurs in the story of Manfred, Lord of Fuenzi, who, after a life of feud and cruelty, turned friar, and to celebrate his reconciliation with his former foes, invited them to a magnificent banquet. At the end of the dinner a horn blew, as though to announce the dessert, but it was a fatal signal appointed by the dissembling conspirator, and the only fruits served that day to his too confiding guests were a troop of armed men, who, rushing on the victims, suffered none to escape alive. The memory of this incident is still preserved in the Italian proverb, which says, concerning a person who has been treacherously used, that he has eaten of "the fruit of Brother Alberigo;" and Dante makes the traitor use the same symbol to describe his fitting punishment in another world:—

"The friar Alberigo, answered he,
Am I, who from the evil garden plucked
Its fruitage, and am here repaid the date
More luscious, for my fig."

Considering the Italian fondness for figs, these words convey a compliment indeed to the date.

When they were first introduced into England does not seem to be on record, but it was probably at a very early period, for they seem to have been tolerably common in Tudor days. Among Strutt's collection of the bills for the preparations for the funeral of Sir J. Rudstone, who died in 1581, after having been lately Lord Mayor of London, a grocer's bill is included, wherein occurs the item of "six lb. dates, 2s.," a very moderate price for so far-travelled a luxury, at a time too when raisins were being sold at 6*d.* per pound and sugar at 2*s.* 6*d.* They are mentioned too as entering into the composition of that most singular potation "*Cock Ale*," the receipt

for which is given in "The Closet of Sir Kenelm Digby opened," published in 1677, and which directs that among other sundries " $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. dates" should be added to the principal ingredients of a boiled cock infused in eight gallons of ale. The fruit seems afterwards to have risen in price and also declined in public favor, for Phillips, writing in 1821, says that at that time the best sort cost five shillings per pound, though inferior kinds could be bought cheaper "for medicinal purposes, for which they are chiefly used."

The trunk of the *Phoenix dactylifera*, as the date-palm is called by botanists, is a cylindrical column fifty or sixty feet high, and from twelve to eighteen inches in diameter, its appearance evidencing plainly its mode of growth, and showing that it is made up of the remains of former foliage. The present leaves, which crown its summit, are from eight to twelve feet long, shining, tapering, and of feather-like structure, each being composed of a long double range of narrow leaflets, growing alternately from the sides of a central stalk, and forming an object not very obviously suggestive of military tactics, yet which, according to Pliny, first gave the idea of a troop of soldiers presenting face on both sides at once. These leaflets, near the base end of the stalk, are sometimes three feet in length, yet do not exceed an inch in width, and each terminates in a sharp black spine or thorn. The leaves are at first enveloped in a white smooth leathery kind of sheath, which decaying after they are unfolded, and assuming the form of a web of brown fibres, is carefully collected for the purpose of making cordage. A tree raised from seed will not bear fruit until it has reached its sixteenth year, but the common mode of propagation is by taking shoots from the roots of full-grown trees, and in this case the young plant will begin to bear in the sixth, and sometimes even in the third, year of its growth. The Phoenix is a dioecious tree, having what are called the female organs of fructification upon one plant and the male upon another, but in both cases the flowers, crowded in clusters, grow in long bunches from the trunk upon a stalk between the leaves, and are enveloped in an enormous bract developed at their base, which is called a spathe, and which opens when they have reached maturity and then withers. A single bunch of male flowers contains about 12,000 small colorless blossoms supported by little bracts and composed of three sepals, three petals, and six, or sometimes only three, stamens, for trinality is an endogen characteristic, and three, or a multiple of three, is the number on which their organs of fructification are almost invariably formed, as those of exogens are upon the numbers five or four. On fruit-bearing trees the flowers are still smaller, and in their centre is seen the rudiments of the dates, about the size of small peas, there being three ovaries, of which, however, but one ripens. Nature provides that by some means the wild trees shall be duly impregnated and become fruitful, but when under cultivation, although the trees are still of the same species, and the two kinds are always planted together, fructification cannot

be ensured unless the pollen be collected from the one and deposited on the other, for if this be not done it is found that the wind often disperses it in the wrong direction, and it does not reach the pistilliferous flowers in sufficient quantity to prove availing. As soon as the blossoms on a female tree have emerged from their spathe, the Arab seeks another tree, which he knows by experience to be a stameniferous one, though the distinguishing flowers have not yet burst their cerement, for had this taken place the pollen would have become spilled and lost, and it is therefore a special point in cultivation to know the exact time when the cluster is ripe but yet unopened. Tearing away the enveloping veil, he then takes out the blossomed spike, gently divides it into pieces, and then lays one small fragment among the little branches of the flower-stalk within the spathe of the pistilliferous tree, completing the ceremony by carefully covering the whole with a palm-leaf. The flowers on this detached spray soon shed their pollen, and then wither away, and about four or five months after fecundation, the fruit, a one-seeded drupe, begins to swell, and, when nearly full-grown, the heavy clusters are tied to the base of the tree to prevent injury from the wind, for the burden of a good tree amounts to no less than from fifteen to twenty clusters of dates, each weighing from fifteen to twenty pounds, a single tree thus sometimes producing a crop of above two hundred-weight of fruit in one year. By June, the gathering, which occupies a period of two months, is begun; temporary huts of palm-branches are erected in the valleys, and crowds of revellers pass the hours in joyous conviviality, for the harvest time of the Northern nations and the vintage of the South are here combined in one, and the Oriental date-gathering is therefore a festival indeed, an abundant crop spreading gladness over the land, while a year of failure becomes truly a year of gloom.

When left to ripen fully, the fruit is most delicious; but in this case it must be eaten almost immediately, and cannot be kept long nor carried far without fermenting; and therefore, when intended for preserving, the dates are gathered a little before perfect ripeness, but require no other preparation than merely to be laid on mats, and left in the sun to dry. In Egypt they are not stripped from the stalks, but the branches are cut off with the fruit upon them, and packed into baskets made for the purpose, with an aperture only just large enough for them to be thrust through; then boats are laden with them and despatched to Cairo, where they ripen in succession after their arrival. In Upper Egypt they form the entire subsistence of a large part of the population, but in Lower Egypt fewer are eaten on the spot, the greater quantity being reserved for sale.

The seed of the date, like that of all endogens, *monocotyledenous*, or forming one undivided mass, is an oblong cylindrical stone, marked lengthwise down one side with a ventral indentation or furrow, and looking sufficiently like a vastly magnified grain of rye

to prove its relationship with the cereals. No soft kernel lies within its rocky walls, but the substance throughout is one stony albuminous solid, save a minute embryo in the midst of the apparent petrification, lying mostly remote from the *hilum*, or scar, which marks where the seed was attached to the fruit. In Barbary these stones are submitted to the lathe, and made into beads for rosaries. Soaked in water for a couple of days they become soft enough to be eaten by camels, cows, and sheep, and even in this state are said to be a more nutritious food than barley; while in some parts, under the influence perhaps of some local "Mary Wedlake," they are made to go through the further process of being bruised or ground. At Medina there are shops where this seeming refuse is the only article bought and sold, and in all the main streets diligent beggars eke out the gains of mendicancy by collecting date-stones as they are flung away by fruit-eating passengers.

The varieties of the date-palm are almost innumerable, nearly every district having some one kind peculiar to itself, and Burckhardt was informed that above a hundred different sorts grew in the immediate neighborhood of Medina. The commonest kind, and that which owed its origin to Mahomet's miracle, bears a fruit not larger than a mulberry, but extremely sweet. Another variety, called, according to Crichton, the *birni*, was however the prophet's special favorite, and taking thought in his divine benevolence even for the stomachs of the faithful, he recommended every Arab to eat seven of these most wholesome and digestible fruits each morning before his breakfast. Yet superior are another kind, the *jebeli*, which are real magnum bonums, being full three inches long and of very agreeable flavor; their choice excellence being attested too by the fact that the same coin (worth a fraction more than twopence) which will purchase a hundred and twenty of the common sort will but pay the price of twelve of these dainties; which, packed in boxes holding about a hundred, form a *specialité* of the Holy City, and a customary present from returning hadjis to their friends at home. The monks of Sinai, too, send *backsheesh* yearly to Constantinople, in the shape of large boxes of dates; after having first, with a gustative cunning worthy of monkhood, extracted the inedible stone and substituted in its place a toothsome almond.

Except during the season for the fecundating process, date-trees need little attention, beyond occasionally lopping off the old leaves as they wither, only a fragment of their stalks being usually left projecting from the trunk, to assist the ascent of the climbing fruit-gatherer, though in some places the whole faded foliage is allowed to remain hanging down the trunk, and forming a kind of barrier round the tree. A little watering too is sometimes required, and it is an oppression keenly felt by the palm-cultivators of Medina, that not only have they to pay a heavy tax on the number of trees grown, and on every measure of dates gathered, but even on every drop of

water used in irrigation, though it is obtained from the torrents of the hills.

Instead of being formed like exogenous timber, of regularly disposed bundles of woody fibres, radiating from the centre through a cellular tissue of medullary matter, the substance of the palm-trunk is composed of longitudinal woody fibres scattered irregularly through a mass of pith, and is hardly to be called timber. The ends of the fibres are too hard, and the medullary matter too soft, to admit of its being held together by means of glue, and the same causes prevent the surface from taking polish, so that the only way to preserve it is by the use of varnish. The trunk, however, makes very good posts and beams for building purposes, and is also employed for fuel. The leaves are made into baskets and brushes, their mid-ribs being used to form garden fences, cages, &c., as a substitute for wicker; while the flower-spathe and inner bark-like fibres are converted into strong cordage, ropes, and matting. Unlike the generality of the palm tribe—which rejoice in the most fervent tropical heat, and scarcely spread beyond where this is felt—the date delights in a milder climate, and may be considered an intermediate between the fruits of the torrid and of the temperate zones; by a gracious law of Providence its habitat being chiefly where little else can grow. It will not flourish in southern latitudes, but attains perfection in the northern parts of Africa, and forms a border along the margin of the Great Desert, so abounding where so little other vegetation is seen as to give a name to the region, called from it Biledulgerid, or the Land of Dates. The fruit cannot ripen beyond a line drawn from Spain to Syria, about 29 or 30 deg. north latitude, though the tree will vegetate a few degrees further north; it abounds in the gardens of Naples and Sicily; is found in Valencia, Genoa, and the island of Elba; and even at Toulon two fine specimens are seen growing in the botanical gardens, in the open air. It has been introduced too into Bordighiera, in the south of France, for the sake of the leaves, which are made use of in spring by the Christians, in Palm Sunday ceremonials, and in autumn by the Jews, during their celebration of the Feast of Tabernacles; and near Elete, in Spain, is a complete wood of no less than 200,000 date-palms, the leaves of which are bound up in mats till they are bleached almost white, and then gathered and sent in ship-loads to Italy, for Palm Sunday processions, and to Madrid, where a house without its blessed palm-branch at Easter would seem as incomplete as an English dwelling without a sprig of holly at Christmas.

An attempt once made to cultivate the date-palm in Jamaica, proved a failure, but it grows in India, though it does not ripen fruit well in that latitude, and is, therefore, valued chiefly for the sake of the sap, which is manufactured into that harmless-seeming, but mystic *goor*, which, as the chosen offering of Kali, holds so prominent a place in the fearful ceremonies of Thuggism. The

juice is extracted by means of tapping the trees in cold weather; and Dr. Roxburgh says, that each tree yields from 120 to 240 pints, every twelve pints is boiled down to one of *goor*, and every four of *goor* yields one of good powder sugar, so that the average produce of each tree amounts to seven or eight pounds of sugar annually. At the time when Dr. Roxburgh wrote, 10,000 cwt. of date sugar was made yearly in Bengal, whence considerable quantities were exported to England and elsewhere, date-sugar selling for about one-fourth less than cane-sugar.

Palms were introduced into England as green-house plants, about a hundred and fifty years ago, and the noted Miller, of Chelsea, is said to have been the first who cultivated them. The attention they have received of late years has resulted in great success; and the splendid specimens shown at Kew form one of the most striking attractions of those truly royal gardens. Miller says that they grow so slowly, even in their native climate, as, often, to make but two feet in ten years; and mentions some at Chelsea which had been planted twenty years before he wrote, and then had trunks but two feet high, though the leaves were seven feet long, and they had even borne fruit.

By the limit of their utmost circumference being soon attained, and farther expansion denied, palms are prevented from attaining any very great age. At the end of about seventy years, the slender cylindrical column of the Phoenix ceases to aspire any higher; for another seventy years it continues in perfection, then begins to decline, and mostly falls by the end of the second century. Yet utter extinction does not await the aged tree, for its grave becomes the cradle of its successor, and from the withered stump springs forth at least one shoot, which in time fills the place of the defunct parent, and "keeps its memory green." It is to this peculiarity that the tree owes its name of "Phoenix," and it is said to have given origin to the fable of that bird of the sun whose dying "resurgam" chant roused a new life out of its ashes. The *Phœnicians*^s too, it is considered by some, derived their name from the number of palm-trees growing in their country. The specific name, *dactylifera*, from the Greek *dactylus*, a finger, is due to a fancied resemblance between the clusters of fruit and the human fingers. The Arabic name, *tamr*,* signifies straight or upright, and furnishes also the etymology of Tadmor, that palm-girdled city of the desert founded by Solomon, the title of which was translated in later days into Palmyra.

The curious fact of the trees being divided by Nature into the fruit-bearing and the pollen-supplying kind was very early noticed; that the former became barren if "widowed" by the removal of the latter is distinctly mentioned by Pliny; and the Arabs had not only learnt exactly that it was in the formation of the blossoms

* This word supplies too the title of the tamarind, called in the East the *tamr hindee*, or Indian date.

that the difference lay, a discovery far beyond that of the ancient writers, but had acted on this knowledge, in their fecundating process, for centuries before botanists had gained equal insight into the physiology of plants, and while what is now an elementary principle of science was generally looked on as but the dream of poetry. Pontanus, an Italian poet of the fifteenth century, embodied in glowing verse the loves of two palms growing in his time; whereof the one, planted in the wood of Otranto, never bore fruit until it grew, Calypso-like, so to overlook the neighboring trees that it could gain a view of the other tree at Brindisi, fifteen leagues distant, when one quickening glance sufficed to make it burst forth into abundant fruitage; an illustration of the "Sentiment of Flowers" now coolly prosified by the scientific assertion that it had simply grown tall enough to catch the Brindisi pollen borne upon the breeze. Linnæus mentions another instance, of a palm at Berlin which had flowered for many years, but never perfected fruit until some blossoms, sent by post, from a stameniferous tree flowering at the same time at Leipsic, were applied to it, when fruit was at once matured, and a specimen of the offspring, raised from the seed thus obtained, was then flourishing in Linnæus's own garden. The Swedish botanist, Hasselquist, when travelling in 1749, was so anxious for further information upon this subject, that his first question on reaching Smyrna was concerning the nature and habits of a plant, which, as he expressed it, "botanists do not yet know;" but his desire to be shown the distinction between the trees, and the mode of inducing fructification, was thwarted by the perversity of his interpreter. On arriving next year in Alexandria, he wrote to Linnæus, that the first thing he had done there had been to visit the date-palms, which form the principal ornament and principal wealth of the country, and to make inquiries respecting them. The Arab gardener to whom he applied was astonished at his being already aware of the distinction of sexes, saying that all Franks who had hitherto come there had considered what was told them on this subject as either a fable or a miracle, and gratified at such a proof of his interest in the favorite tree, readily showed him the whole process of fecundation as already here detailed.

Pistilliferous trees largely preponderate, one male sufficing for 400 or 500 of the other sort; but, perhaps, it may be in some measure to this disproportion that the necessity for human intervention between them is due. That this is necessary, is proved by the fact that in the year 1800, when the Turks and the French were so busied with warfare that the only field labor carried on was that of the field of battle, the neglected palms blossomed, indeed, as usual, but entirely failed to produce a harvest. But yet worse evils than mere neglect have occasionally been suffered by the palms in time of war, for they have sometimes been wantonly cut down by invaders, and an instance is on record of this having once occurred during a civil war in Persia, when all the

stameniferous trees in one province were completely destroyed. The inhabitants, however, had prudently provided against such a contingency, by preserving a quantity of pollen in close vessels, and when they regained possession of their land, after a lapse of nineteen years; this long-hoarded treasure had lost none of its virtue, and they were thus enabled to impregnate the pistilliferous plants, and procure the usual crop. It is still customary to preserve a portion of this farina from season to season, in case of accident, a scarcity of dates being about as serious an event as any that can occur in the chronology of a palm-growing country.

XX.—FEMALE EDUCATION IN MICHIGAN.

IN the message delivered by the Governor of Michigan to the Senate and House of Representatives for that State, at the opening of the Session of 1861, we find the following passage:—

“FEMALE COLLEGE.

“In my inaugural message of 1859, I called the attention of the Legislature to the great injustice of excluding our daughters from the State University, at Ann Arbor, and asked that some provision might be made for their education in all the higher branches of learning. I again renew the subject. In 1826, Congress granted to the territory of Michigan seventy-two sections of land, for the use and support of ‘a university, and for no other use and purpose whatsoever.’

“The Legislature, in 1837, organized the University of Michigan, and by the act of organization specially declare that ‘it shall be open to *all persons* residents of this State, who may wish to avail themselves of its advantages.’ The act of organization contemplated the formation of branches in different parts of the State, and declared that ‘in connexion with every such branch of the university there shall be established an institution for the education of females in the higher branches of knowledge.’ It is manifest from this Act, that the Legislature contemplated and intended that both sexes should have equal advantages under the law, and that the rich donation made by Congress was for the mutual benefit of all persons resident of this State, who might wish to avail themselves of it.’ The lands thus granted have nearly all been sold, and a trust fund has been thereby created, amounting to 162,558 dollars 27 cents., upon which the State pays to the university a rate of interest of seven per cent. per annum.

“Thus far the females of our State have been denied a joint participation in this fund, and have been excluded from the university, since its first organization. The State should make this right. Not one dollar of money has she, thus far, expended in teaching her daughters the higher branches of learning. We boast of our com-

mon school system, as the early nurseries of the future statesman, and the very foundation on which our free institutions must ever rest; yet we could not carry on this system one day without the aid of those females who are excluded from the university. The Annual Report of the Superintendent of Public Instruction, for the year 1860, shows that out of the 7,941 qualified teachers in our primary schools, 5,342 are females. These female teachers mould the minds of our children, and stamp upon their youthful intellects impressions as lasting as life.

“The influence which they exert upon the rising generation is far greater than that of the male teachers, and in the same proportion as they are educated will this influence be beneficial; and yet the State moves along apparently indifferent, and without making the slightest effort towards educating our daughters in ‘the higher branches of learning.’ For twenty years the university fund, which is the joint property of both sexes, has been exclusively devoted towards educating our sons. Every consideration of state policy demands—justice demands—that you should make provision for the building of a ‘Female College,’ that our daughters may have the advantages now enjoyed by our sons at the university; I ask you to make an appropriation of 30,000 dollars for this purpose. This would be just four cents. apiece to the inhabitants of our State, a cheap way of meting out long-delayed justice. I would locate it somewhere in the rural districts, and if possible in the vicinity of some beautiful lake, but its particular locality should be left open to competition. No Female College should be built for less than 50,000 dollars, and I would require the successful locality to pay at least 20,000 dollars towards the building of it. There are a great many localities in our State where the citizens would cheerfully contribute 20,000 dollars towards securing such an institution in their midst.”

It must not be inferred from the foregoing extract that no opportunities of pursuing advanced—though not, it would appear, what are esteemed “the highest”—branches of learning are afforded to the female sex in Michigan. There are several colleges to which they are admitted, some being open to both sexes, others to young women only. We find that the *curriculum* for female students for their first year at the Olivet College, embraces Cicero’s Oration, higher algebra, geometry, &c. &c., and we may thus estimate the height of that standard of attainment which the Governor desired to hold out to them, in proposing to facilitate their pursuit of still further studies.

Let us now reflect, that the State in which this enlightened view of female education is promulgated, has not been for centuries the scene of an advanced civilization, where learning is held in, possibly, an exaggerated esteem, but is one of the youngest children of the North American Republic, numbering, indeed, but a very few years since its promotion from merely territorial existence.

Though in extent exceeding by one-fifth that of Scotland, it

possesses but 750,000 inhabitants, and—according to the same Governor's message from which we have already quoted—by far the greater portion of the State is as yet a wilderness. Surely, if in one of the outlying and sparsely populated districts of the yet youthful Transatlantic Confederacy such provision is contemplated, in addition to that already in existence, for placing women on a level with the other sex in facilities for pursuing "the higher branches of learning," the daughters of old England may not unreasonably claim similar aid from our Legislature.

XXI.—NOTICES OF BOOKS.

1. *Historical Pictures Retouched.* By Mrs. Dall, Author of "Woman's Right to Labor." Walker and Co., Boston. Whitfield, 178, Strand, London.
2. *A Practical Illustration of "Woman's Right to Labor."* By Caroline H. Dall, Author of "Historical Pictures Retouched." Whitfield, 178, Strand.

MRS. DALL is an earnest and eloquent pleader on behalf of her own sex; and whether dealing with women of the past or the present, brings to bear upon the consideration of their characters and achievements an impartial spirit of criticism, which neither refuses the award due nor loses sight of the difficulties and obstacles overcome. In her "Historical Pictures Retouched," we have studies of Aspasia and Hypatia, and twenty-two or three other more or less celebrated women of former days, all viewed in this spirit; while, under the title of "The Contributions of Women to Medical Science," we find no less than thirty-seven names of women recorded; the author in another place telling us, that "since the beginning of history the lives of eighty-nine women, eminent not only for obstetrical skill, but capable of extended medical practice, have been written."

It is to this portion of the book we shall chiefly devote our attention, for Mrs. Dall clearly establishes the fact, not only that midwifery was originally in the hands of women, but that many of its followers and professors have largely and most usefully contributed to the more general branches of medical instruction and knowledge. It is then no new thing that we have in this nineteenth century female physicians duly qualified and legally entitled to write M.D. after their name. No new thing, and only noticeable for the fact that the natural and legitimate exercise of the healing art by women has been unnaturally and illegitimately appropriated by men in all which pertains to the diseases of women and children, until it comes to be thought almost a sin, and certainly a shame, for a woman to exercise it. Thirty women, our author tells us, made themselves eminent in the medical profession in the eighteenth century. Among them is a namesake of the present Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell, so well

known to our readers. Her predecessor, Elizabeth Blackwell, "was born in England in 1712. Her husband becoming bankrupt by extraordinary reverses, she studied midwifery, in the hope of supporting her family. The jealousy of the faculty hindered her success. She was, however, encouraged to print a large work on medical botany at the early age of twenty-four. It is stated on the authority of a physician, that this work, published in 1736, with large plates, in three volumes folio, at London, was the first of its kind in any country."

To Morandi, born at Bologna in 1716, and Mademoiselle Bihéron, born at Paris in 1730, is owing the invention of those wax preparations or models which in Signor Sarti's beautiful figures have almost reached perfection. Morandi, in 1758, was raised to the chair of anatomy in the University of Bologna; while her collection of waxwork was thought worthy of a visit by Joseph II.

Says Mrs. Dall:—

"The nineteenth century is not yet gone, and the tribute it shall bear to the stream of history will depend very much upon the women of to-day. Ten have already contributed their mite to its medical glory."

Of these ten, Drs. Elizabeth and Emily Blackwell and Dr. Marie Zakrzewska are the most eminent. To Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell our readers have already been introduced in an admirable biography written by her sister; and the second book at the head of this notice, "A Practical Illustration of Woman's Right to Labor," is in fact a biographical sketch of Dr. Marie Zakrzewska, in the form of a highly interesting letter from herself. We shall give the heads of this sketch, in the hope of sending our readers to the book itself, in which they will find details of the deepest interest to all students of human nature.

Marie Zakrzewska was born in Berlin, on the 6th of September, 1829, and was the eldest of a family of five sisters and one brother. Her early childhood passed happily, nature having endowed her with good humour and a cheerful disposition. Sent to a primary school at five years old, she evinced a strong will of her own:—

"Refusing to obey arbitrary demands without receiving some reason, and insisting on following my own will when I knew I was right, I was told that I was not worthy to be with my playmates, and when I reached the highest class in the school, in which alone the boys and girls were taught separately, I was separated from the latter, and was placed with the boys by way of punishment, receiving instructions with them from men, while the girls in the other class were taught by women. Here I found many friends. I joined the boys in all their sports; sliding and snow-balling with them in winter, and running and playing ball in summer. With them I was merry, frank, and self-possessed; while with the girls I was quiet, shy, and awkward. I never made friends with the girls, or felt like approaching them."

We give this extract as throwing light upon the after friendly relations of Marie Zakrzewska with the medical students of the colleges and hospitals through which she passed, and of which she herself thus speaks.

"My relation with these young men was of the pleasantest kind. They never seemed to think that I was not of their sex, but always treated me like one of themselves. I knew of their studies and their amusements; yes, even of the mischievous pranks that they were planning both for college and social life. They often made me their confidante in their private affairs, and were more anxious for my approval and forgiveness than for that of their relatives. I learned during this time how great is the friendly influence of a woman even upon fast-living and licentious young men; and this has done more to convince me of the necessity that the two sexes should live together from infancy, than all the theories and arguments which are brought to convince the mass of this fact."

The account of Marie Zakrzewska's medical studies, the difficulties she encountered and overcame, the generous support and encouragement received from Dr. Schmidt, Director of the Royal Hospital Charité, and Professor of Midwifery in the University and Schools for Midwives—who quickly detected the ability of his pupil, and resolved to carry her from the study and practice of midwifery to those of medicine in general—is full of incident and interest. The sudden death of this invaluable friend powerfully affected both the feelings and prospects of the young student, who had by Dr. Schmidt's exertions just been installed as Professor in the School of Midwives, a post which speedily became untenable, once his paternal guidance and protection were gone. Exposed on all sides to intrigue and cabal, she says:—

"I made my preparations to leave the hospital on the 15th of November, 1852. What was I to do? I was not made to practise quietly, as is commonly done: my education and aspirations demanded more than this. For the time I could do nothing more than inform my parents that I intended to practise independently. My father again wished that I should marry; and I began to ask myself whether marriage is an institution to relieve parents from embarrassment. When troubled about the future of a son, parents are ready to give him to the army; when in fear for the destiny of a daughter, they induce her to become the slave of the marriage bond. I never doubted that it was more unendurable and unworthy to be a wife without love, than a soldier without a special calling for that profession; and I never could think of marriage as the means to procure a shelter and bread."

It was at this time that the idea of emigrating to America first took possession of Marie Zakrzewska's mind, an idea postponed for want of the necessary funds; to supply which, she endeavored to establish herself in private practice. Having got together a hundred dollars, "just money enough to pay my passage," she informed her father of her determination, and was met by the refusal of his consent, unless her sister Anna accompanied her.

"I was therefore forced to have her company, of which I should have been very glad, had I not feared the moral care and responsibility. We decided to go in a fortnight. My father paid her passage, and gave her a hundred dollars in cash, just enough to enable us to spend a short time in New York: after which he expected either to send us more money, or that we would return, and, in case we did this, an agreement was made with the shipping merchant that payment should be made on our arrival in Hamburg."

For New York then the sisters sailed on the 13th of March, 1853, arriving off Staten Island on the 22nd of May. The feelings of Marie as she gazed on the shores of the New World may be best told in her own words.

"I took my breakfast on deck. No one seemed to have any appetite; and I felt somewhat reproved when I heard some one near me say: 'She seems to have neither head nor heart; see how tranquilly she can eat at such a time as this!' These words were spoken by one of the cabin passengers, a young man exceedingly curious to know why I was going to America, and who had several times tried to make the rest of the passengers believe that it must be in consequence of an unhappy love. The poor simpleton! He thought that women could only enter into life through the tragedy of a broken heart. . . . A bell sounded. We were opposite Trinity Church, which had just struck eight. On my right lay an enormous collection of bricks, (houses I could not call them; for, seen from the ship, they resembled only a pile of ruins,) on my left, the romantic shore of New Jersey. But the admiration with which I had gazed upon Staten Island was gone as I stood before this beautiful scene; the appreciation of nature was mastered by another feeling—a feeling of activity which had become my ideal. I had come here for a purpose—to carry out the plan which a despotic government and its servile agents had prevented me from doing in my native city. I had to show to those men who had opposed me so strongly because I was a woman, that in this land of liberty, equality, and fraternity, I could maintain that position which they would not permit to me at home. My talents were in an unusual direction. I was a physician; and, as such, had for years moved in the most select circles of Berlin. Even my enemies had been forced to give me the highest testimonials, and these were the only treasure that I brought to this country, for I had given my last dollar to the sailor who brought me the first news that land was in sight."

The dangers, difficulties, and privations to which these young women were exposed, and the invincible courage, prudence, and industry with which they were met and overcome, nothing being thought too menial to secure honest independence, are fraught with noble lessons and examples. The helping hand extended to others in the hour of their own deepest need, vindicates more eloquently than words the wisdom and providence which can alone assign limits to the capacity of man or woman, the over-ruling power to whose sacred care it may be left that the extremest culture of the mind in woman will never be at the sacrifice of her heart and sympathies.

For a year no opening presented itself towards the achievement of the hopes which had brought this gallant woman to the shores of the United States, and during this year we find her developing a worsted and silk fringe business—earning money for herself and her sister, and affording employment to others and far more unfortunate women.

On the morning of the 15th of May, 1854, a lady gave Marie Zakrzewska the addresses of Dr. Blackwell and Miss Catherine Sedgwick, and that very day Marie sought Dr. Blackwell. These two noble women seem to have understood each other at once, and from that interview dates an earnest friendship, and subsequently a communion of labor, to which the foundation, in 1857, of the New York Infirmary for Women and Children is indebted.

Dr. Zakrzewska offered two years' gratuitous services as her contribution to the Infirmary, and remained there as resident physician, attending to her private practice in the afternoon. In the second year of the existence of the Infirmary, Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell's health compelled her to go to Europe, and for nine months her sister, Dr. Emily Blackwell, and Dr. Marie Zakrzewska took entire charge of the Infirmary; the attendance at the dispensary then averaging sixty daily. In the spring of 1859, Dr. Zakrzewska was invited to take charge of a hospital in connexion with the New England Female Medical College in Boston, and having proved during Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell's absence in Europe, that the New York Infirmary could well be managed and sustained by two physicians, she, with consent of the Drs. Blackwell, having fulfilled her promise of two years' gratuitous service to the Infirmary, left on the 5th of June, 1859, for Boston, where she is now "striving to make the hospital department as useful as the New York Infirmary is to the public and the students."

Should the sketch we have here given of this brave woman send our readers to the book, "A Practical Illustration of Woman's Right to Labor," they will find themselves amply repaid by its perusal. The opinions of Dr. Zakrzewska on the evils and injustice of the present position of women are clearly and strongly set forth, and substantiated by facts within her own experience. There are some eloquent and pointed passages on this subject which appeal alike to the heads and hearts of their readers.

Mrs. Dall has done good service in persuading Marie Zakrzewska to allow her to publish this highly interesting biographical letter.

We quote a passage from Mrs. Dall's preface, because it accords with our own experience, and expresses a fact which we would gladly see more generally acknowledged.

"It never happens that a true and forcible word is spoken for women, that, however faithless and unbelieving women themselves may be, some noble men do not with heart and hand attempt to give it efficiency. If women themselves are hard upon their own sex, men are never so in earnest. They realize more profoundly than women the depth of affection and self-denial in the womanly soul; and they feel also, with crushing certainty, the real significance of the obstacles they have themselves placed in woman's way. Reflecting men are at this moment ready to help women to enter wider fields of labor, because, on the one side, the destitution and vice they have helped to create appals their consciences; and on the other, a profane inanity stands a perpetual blasphemy in the face of the Most High."

One more extract from this preface, and we have done.

"One thing I feel profoundly: as men sow they must reap; and so must women. The practical misery of the world—its terrible impurity—will never be abated till women prepare themselves from their earliest years to enter the arena of which they are ambitious, and stand there at last mature and calm, but, above all, *thoroughly trained*; trained also at *the side of men*, with whom they must ultimately work; and not likely, therefore, to lose balance or fitness by being thrown, at the last moment, into unaccustomed relations."

In conclusion, we must draw attention to the fine specimens of printing and binding which both these American volumes present, but more especially "Historical Pictures Retouched." It is a pleasure to handle such a volume, apart from the merits of its contents, and we commend it as a sample of excellence worthy of emulation to the Victoria Press.

Port Royal. A Contribution to the History of Religion and Literature in France. By Charles Beard, B.A. Longman and Co.

THE history of a community such as Port Royal comprises so much varied and extensive knowledge, that in our limited space it is impossible to give a definite idea of the book before us. It is peculiarly interesting as containing the lives of many women who gave up home, friends, and kindred, for the love of God. La Mère Angélique, well known to the world as the reformer of the convent of Port Royal, is the first, and, to us, the most interesting character. She was created abbess when only eleven years old, and soon showed by her truthful, disinterested conduct that she had the power to reform abuses, and the wish to reinstate rigorous rules of conventual discipline.

"The first blow was struck at the infraction of the vow 'to have all things in common,' against which Abbot de Ponterlier had inveighed so stoutly in 1504. There were, however, economical difficulties in the way of the proposed change: the convent was poor; the utmost care was necessary to make its revenues perform the requisite service; and the prioress pointed out to Angélique that the nuns husbanded their little stores with greater assiduity than they would apply to the management of the common stock. 'In that case,' replied the abbess, 'we shall be better able to fulfil our vow of poverty.' Accordingly, on March 21st, 1609, the day sacred to St. Benedict, the founder of the great order from which the Cistercian was an offshoot, a chapter was held, and the reform duly inaugurated. Each of the nuns brought whatever private property she possessed, and laid it at the feet of the abbess. Even a poor deaf and dumb creature, who had found in the convent a quiet refuge from the hardships of her life, caught the infection, and testified by signs her willingness to follow the general example. Only two of the old nuns were obdurate; one, obedient in every other respect, could not, for a while, resolve to give up a garden which she tended with her own hand; at once the pride and consolation of her dull monastic life. But after a struggle of a few months, she found she could no longer withstand the silent force of the new spirit in the house, and enclosed the key of her little domain in a letter to her confessor. The other remonstrant, who manifested in various ways her opposition to the superior, was finally removed from the monastery.

And again:—

"The complete reform of a monastery like Port Royal was not, however, the work of a single day, or accomplished by one effort. The sisterhood were not altogether willing to give up indulgences which they had been taught to consider innocent; and the monks of Cîteaux, the metropolis of the order, violently opposed a change of manners which silently convicted them of unfaithfulness to their rule. That little by little the discipline of the house was brought back to the severity which characterized the palmy days of Clairvaux, and throughout all the vicissitudes of the sisterhood was maintained intact till the final dispersion in 1709, must be attributed to the remarkable ascendancy which the abbess gained and preserved over the minds

of her associates. In all labours she was the foremost to take her share ; no austerities were enjoined which she did not herself practise. Her room, her bed, her strength, her sympathy, were all freely bestowed on the ailing or the erring. The discontented and the worldly-minded were shamed out of their faults by the example of her cheerful piety."

Angélique's great difficulty for some time was the choice of a confessor. At last she was successful in her search, and found in Francis de Sales a firm friend and earnest director. In the year 1636, La Mère Agnès, a younger sister of Angélique's, was elected abbess.

"La Mère Agnès held the office of abbess during two triennial periods, from 1636 to 1642, when her place was taken by Angélique, who, in virtue of four successive elections, governed the community from 1642 to 1654. The close connexion between Port Royal and the Arnauld family still continued. In November, 1646, Angélique writes to her brother, M. d'Andilly, of three of his daughters who were boarders in the house,—'Your daughter Charlotte wishes to take the veil on the festival of the Presentation of the Blessed Virgin. . . . She is the tenth of her name who has given herself to God in this house. I pray God that the other two may make up the dozen.'"

The influence of this remarkable family was long felt at Port Royal. When, in later years, the persecution arose on account of suspicions concerning their orthodoxy, La Mère Angélique's character shone forth with undiminished lustre. Not only humbly trusting in God herself, she is constantly engrafting that faith in others. In the last agony of an incurable disease she is the consoler and adviser of all in their trouble.

La Mère Angélique died when she had nearly completed her seventieth year. We part from her with regret: so noble a woman must necessarily exercise great influence over those with whom she came in contact. And in later years we find the nuns of Port Royal thoroughly imbued with her spirit of humble piety and unbounded trust in the goodness of God. This is only one character out of many equally important in their relation to Port Royal. We find by the following extract that Antoine Le Maître, the powerful advocate of Paris, yields to the persuasive tones of St. Cyran, and leaves his richly-deserved triumphs to follow his new life with all the energy and strength of his character.

"A crucifix, dusty and neglected, which, though suspended over the bench he had never seen before, now irresistibly attracted his eyes, and moved him, he says, more to tears than to eloquence. An envious rival marked the change, and said with a sneer, that Le Maître's speeches had less effect in convincing the judges than in lulling them to sleep. The orator was not yet so dead to the world as to be indifferent to the taunt. At the next sitting of the Court he gathered up all his strength, and fixing his eyes on his rival, spoke to him, and him only, in such a manner as to convince the world that the talents of which he renounced the exercise were still in their meridian splendour. 'He left the court,' says Fontaine, 'resolved to sacrifice to God powers so rare, and to render mute for ever a tongue which was the admiration of all France.'"

The resolution was steadfastly kept. When the Courts again commenced their sittings, and Le Maître failed to make his appearance, the news was soon bruited abroad through Paris, and created the utmost astonishment. Many persons, and among them some

even of his own relations, looked upon the change as the result of youthful enthusiasm, which would soon pass away. His uncle—Henri Arnauld, afterwards Bishop of Augers—advised him to enter the Church, and to strive after the rewards which she offers to a laudable ambition. But his intentions were at once more fixed and more self-denying than friends or indifferent critics could believe. He wrote a letter to the Chancellor, thanking him for his past protection, another to his father, in the hope of making some impress upon his heretical opinions and irregular habits, and in both he declared his fixed resolution not to exchange the legal for the ecclesiastical career, but to devote the remnant of his days to solitary prayer and repentance.

The account of Pascal's life is one of the most interesting in the book, but too long for more than a passing comment.

It is difficult to leave the book with such names as Arnauld, Francis de Sales, St. Cyran, Singliu de Saçi, Racine, Boileau, and Hamon unmentioned; but a general abstract of such a history is impossible, and therefore we have done what we could in giving here and there an instance to illustrate the spirit by which those connected with Port Royal were actuated, and in some slight measure to express our delight with the manner in which the author has fulfilled his task.

In a clear and graphic style, and with a perfect knowledge of his subject, he has placed before us groups of men and women endowed with powerful intellects and warm loving hearts; who, closely allied with the fortunes of Port Royal and with the political and social events of the age, so interest us, that we are drawn on irresistibly to the downfall of the convent—the last act of all.

How wide has been the influence of these characters. Even now, nearly two hundred years afterwards, the spirit which was in La Mère Angélique will we are sure be felt by many of our countrywomen. With such an example before us we ought to go boldly to work, not perhaps in the same way, but each in our own sphere endeavoring humbly to do good to others while perfecting ourselves. Mr. Beard, we are sure, will be well content with the reward of his labors if he finds—even in the smallest degree—that his book has influenced others to follow the noble example of his heroine.

XXII.—OPEN COUNCIL.

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

To the Editors of the English Woman's Journal.

LADIES,

Will you kindly allow me a little space for a few words relative to S. E. M.'s letter, in your last number? Referring to the study of "physiology and diagnosis," she says, "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 small expense?"

Perhaps your correspondent and some of your readers may not be aware that there are at the present moment two excellent classes for instruction in physiology open to women on very moderate terms. One conducted by Professor Huxley, in the Museum of Practical Geology, Jermyn Street, open both to men and women. The other just instituted by the Council of University College, by request of the Ladies' Sanitary Association, and conducted by Mr. John Marshall, open to women only.

I am, Ladies, faithfully yours, S. R. P.

To the Editors of the English Woman's Journal.

LADIES,

The article in the last number of the *Cornhill Magazine* on "The Turkish Bath," clear and sensible as it undoubtedly is, will be likely to disturb the minds of many who, while indulging their natural love of cleanliness and comfort, have flattered themselves that they could secure both in the privacy of their own homes, where the costly appliances of the Turkish Bath are inadmissible.

I need not dilate upon the diverse influences of climate and soil, which would send the poorest Turk for his greatest relaxation and luxury to the public baths, and an Englishman of the same class to the warmest nook of the ale-house; but taking it for granted that the very poor will seek and obtain admission into those admirable institutions for the promotion of cleanliness now so generally provided, and that the wealthy will erect spacious baths on the Eastern plan for their own use, what is to become of that numerous class who live in ordinary dwelling-houses, boasting no superfluous accommodation of any kind, and who, regarding cleanliness as a decided necessity of their being, yet cannot find time or perhaps feel any inclination to enter any public bath save that of the open sea?

Must they quietly resign themselves to the melancholy state of invisible uncleanness so graphically described by the writer of the article alluded to, or continue to endure an anxious and fretful existence? I would venture to suggest to all such harassed individuals, that, from my own long experience, nothing more conduces to health, strength, and comfort (and can these exist without strict cleanliness?) than washing from head to foot with warm water and soap every night, and jumping out of bed into a cold bath every morning; using, of course, strong friction afterwards with rough towels. As this may be done in the ordinary bedroom or dressing-room of an ordinary house, with very little trouble and no expense, except the first outlay in a sitz, shallow, or other kind of bath, it may be recommended to all with whom cleanliness is considered desirable as an existing state and not an occasional luxury, and who would prize a plunge in the salt waves when attainable far beyond the questionable delights of heated rooms and shampooing attendants.

I am, Madam, yours respectfully,

A SUBSCRIBER.

To the Editors of the English Woman's Journal.

LADIES,

Referring to another letter in your March number, signed A. E., I beg to say that the plan for the X. Y. Z. fund is not a mere suggestion, but a carefully arranged business, which has received the sanction of the Board of the Governesses' Benevolent Institution.

In order to explain on what terms the scheme is permitted by that Society, I here give an extract from the Report of the Institution for 1859, page 48:—"It has been a great desire of the Board of the Governesses' Benevolent Institution to facilitate all arrangements for the benefit of governesses without laying down dogmatic principles according to their own views. Any *branch* of the Society can thus be supported without committing its supporters to *other details*, their *subscriptions* being specially devoted to that peculiar fund."

A reference to the Circulars will show that the X. Y. Z. fund is merely an effort by an individual interested in the cause to increase the number of *annuities* in the *Governesses' Benevolent Institution*, which are still *painfully few*, every governess being asked to make a small *sacrifice* for so great an *end*.

I agree with A. E. in thinking every means should be taken to circulate the papers, and for this purpose I would suggest that all ladies interested in the X. Y. Z. fund should obtain these circulars, and place them for distribution in the hands of such stationers and booksellers as would kindly undertake the office.

As *all governesses* require books, papers, &c., for themselves and their pupils, the papers might thus be very extensively circulated, and in time produce good fruits.

I also agree with A. E. in thinking it very important to interest employers in the 5s. subscription, for young governesses, like other young ladies, are not apt to be provident.

I remain, Madam, yours faithfully,

X. Y. Z.

P.S.—Ladies can obtain Circulars on application to 32, Sackville Street, London, W.

To the Editors of the English Woman's Journal.

LADIES,

An interesting letter appeared lately in the *Gardener's Chronicle*, from Mr. F. Steinitz, from which I make the following extracts, thinking them not unworthy of your notice.

“The January number of the *Technologist* contains an article by Mr. T. D. Rock concerning everlasting flowers, from which the following is an extract:—

““It is surprising that amidst this universal taste for flowers, and the enormous traffic in the artificial, so little attention has been hitherto bestowed upon those flowers commonly known as “everlasting,” and which are so well adapted for purposes of decoration. . . .

““A quiet trade in these imperishable flowers already exists. On the Continent as well as in this country, wreaths are made of the small yellow variety (*Gnaphalium arenarium*) and are sold in large quantities for adorning the graves and monuments of the departed. The railings which surround the column of Napoleon, in the Place Vendôme, at Paris, are literally covered with these wreaths, producing a singular effect. In Germany, baskets and bouquets of everlasting flowers and wreaths are sold in the bazaars for decorative purposes; and within the last few weeks, a quantity of these elegant posies, &c., have been imported into this country, and readily realized from 1s. to 7s. 6d. each, according to size and quality, whilst they certainly surpass, both in form and color, anything ever produced of an artificial kind. Mixed with the everlasting flowers in these German nosegays appear several of the beautiful grasses recently in high favor with horticulturists, as well as a sprinkling of flowers not naturally everlasting, but which our ingenious friends profess to have preserved by a peculiar process.

““Wreaths of a yellow variety of everlasting flowers, about the size of a farthing and strung together transversely, are worn by the natives of the Sandwich Islands as a kind of head ornament.

““It only remains for us to suggest the extensive cultivation of all the varieties of everlasting flowers in this country, for the formation of winter decorations and the artistic grouping of them with grasses, &c., would furnish another branch of employment to our large surplus of female population, who ought to be encouraged and educated in the manufacture of many little elegancies, for which we are now entirely dependent upon the foreigner.”

G. A. J.

XXIII.—PASSING EVENTS.

WE have this month to record the death of Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, who departed this life at Frogmore House, about half-past nine o'clock on the morning of Saturday, March 16th, after long suffering from that most terrible of all maladies, cancer; sufferings borne with exemplary resignation and fortitude.

The prudence, forethought, and loving wisdom with which the Duchess of Kent directed and superintended the education of her royal daughter, the Princess Victoria, sowed the seeds of a rich harvest, for which the nation at large stands her debtor, and cast a halo around her memory which only the good deeds of a well-spent life can confer on prince or peasant.

The modest retirement, prudent forbearance, and unobtrusive benevolence of the royal mother of our beloved Queen, endeared her to all who knew her, and the cordial and heartfelt sympathy of the nation in their Sovereign's bereavement is owing no less to the gratitude and respect borne to the memory of the deceased royal lady than to the earnest and deep-seated affection so universally felt for Her Majesty, and which makes her joys and sorrows the joys and sorrows of her people.

The Bourbon struggle in Italy is at an end. Messina and Civitella del Tronto have at last surrendered to the troops of Victor Emanuel, and though the presence of the ex-King of Naples at Rome adds to the embarrassment of the Papal Court, it has, politically, no significance. The reign of the Bourbon is over; and if only, as now seems possible, a peaceable solution of the Roman difference should be arrived at by the withdrawal of the French troops before the pressure of public opinion, (which no one better than Louis Napoleon knows how to defer to when it suits his purpose,) Venetia will remain the only Italian problem to solve ere Victor Emanuel can indeed be hailed "King of Italy."

In France, the speech of Prince Napoleon, and the uproarious discussion in the Senate, are the leading events of the month. A cotemporary states, that Louis Napoleon "has commemorated the recent outbreak of party feeling against his Government by snapping up the well-known Blanqui, returned to France under the late amnesty, and along with him a crowd of less distinguished members of the same party, to whom no allusion has been suffered to be made. By this time these poor men are probably on their voyage to the swamps of Cayenne, or the deserts of Africa; an exile from which, in all human likelihood, not one of them will ever return."

The funeral ceremonies of those who fell in the massacre at Warsaw were conducted with great solemnity and perfect order. The city is in deep mourning. Photographic portraits of those who fell are sold in large quantities, and the graves of these victims are decorated with wreaths and *immortelles*. The address to the Emperor has received an ambiguous reply; and the only certainty is, the concentration of troops upon Warsaw which has been going on since the massacre. Hungary as yet is quiet, but evidently ready and anxious to come to a struggle with Austria. It is at best but armed peace which we have either in Europe or America; and there is no telling what a day or an hour may bring forth.

In the United States, (what mockery there is in the words,) Lincoln has entered upon the presidency, and in his inaugural address announces his firm determination to preserve the integrity of the States, and to uphold the Federal Government in all parts of the Union, levying revenue and taxes as usual, leaving the *onus* of resistance and aggression to the seceding States, should they determine to resist the law. Lincoln enters upon office prepared to stand by the constitution in letter and spirit, and, in accordance with this, has announced his intention of upholding the slave States in all their existing rights, though the extension of slavery beyond its present

boundaries will not be tolerated during his administration. The inaugural address is manly and straightforward, and, though firm and resolute in tone, is conciliatory in expression and in the resolve to uphold the law of the Union both in free and slave States.

We can only allude here to what is called "the Yelverton case"—to note the rotten state of the marriage laws of the United Kingdom—by which facility is afforded to every profligate ruffian, cunning enough to acquire knowledge of them, to pervert them to his own infamous ends. Manhood is disgraced in the person of Major Yelverton and all like him, and it is a sign of the healthy moral tone pervading the middle and lower classes he so despised, that no execration is deep enough for him and his deeds, while the feeling of sympathy for his victim is universal and spontaneous.

We are glad to observe, as an immediate consequence of this painful case, that the Lord Chancellor's Bill proposes to enact that in Ireland a marriage may be lawfully solemnized by a Roman Catholic priest between a Roman Catholic and a Protestant, provided three weeks' notice be given to the registrar of marriages, and provided the marriage is solemnized between eight o'clock and two, in presence of two witnesses, in a Roman Catholic church in the registrar's district. But a mixed marriage is still to be void if *both* parties know that these provisions are not observed.

The statistics of the Divorce Court, as shown in the return just made, give 604 suits for dissolution of marriage up to the 20th of August, 1860. The causes which led to these suits extend over a number of years—from 1823 to 1860. Out of the 604 petitions, 222 are said to have arisen from acts committed since the passing of the new Divorce Act. This last return, however, must be taken with reservation, as it rarely happens that a suit is commenced immediately after the crime is committed, and the years 1855-6, and part of 1857, must be taken into account. Lord Campbell has obtained a committee with the view of assimilating the laws of divorce in Ireland, Scotland, and the British dependencies abroad to those of England.

The Workhouse Visiting Society's Industrial Home was opened on Monday, March 18th, by the Bishop of London. Extensive repairs in the house have been required, which have occasioned a delay of some months in starting the Home, but both in accommodation and position it is admirably adapted to its purpose, and will contain between thirty and forty girls. Five were present on the day of the opening, three being sent from London workhouses, and one from the Windsor Union; all are sixteen years old, and bear good characters. The back room on the first floor is fitted up as a chapel, and in it afternoon service was performed by the Rev. A. W. Thorold, Rector of St. Giles's, and visitor of the Home. A special prayer was used on the occasion, and two hymns were sung, after which an address was made by the Bishop, chiefly on the object of the Home, and of the Workhouse Visiting Society generally, which he commended to the prayers and interest of all present. Above 120 persons were assembled, including Miss Burdett Coutts, (who has so kindly assisted in establishing the Home,) Hon. Mrs. W. Cowper, Lady Grey, Lady Ebury, Lady Wood, Hon. Mrs. Wellesley, and many clergymen and members of the Society. So hopeful and encouraging a commencement is, we trust, the omen of a prosperous future for the "Industrial Home."

By request of the Committee of the Ladies' Sanitary Association, the Council of University College have instituted a course of twelve lectures to ladies, on Physiology applied to Health and Education. The lectures to be given by John Marshall, Esq., F.R.C.S., F.R.S., at University College, Upper Gower Street, W.C., on the following Saturday mornings:—13th, 20th, and 27th April; 4th, 11th, 18th, and 25th May; 1st, 8th, and 15th June, at 3 P.M.

Recent statistics regarding the population of the islands of New Zealand, show that in December last the European population exceeded that of the native by 17,294. In a European population (inclusive of soldiers and their families) of 73,343, there were only 30,891 females to 42,425 males, leaving a deficiency of 11,561 females. We commend this fact to the attention of all interested in promoting the emigration of women.