

THE  
ENGLISH WOMAN'S JOURNAL.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

VOL. VII.

May 1, 1861.

No. 39.

XXIV.—INSANITY AMONG WOMEN.

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IN directing his attention to the important subject of insanity among women, the first question which arrests the inquirer is, does this terrible disorder exist in a greater or less extent among them than among the male population? I say "terrible," not because it is non-physical or supernatural, but simply because it must be classed among the most terrible forms of bodily disease. For strip it as we may, and ought, of all the horrors which the ignorance and the superstition of man have thrown around it, that disease must remain terrible which can destroy our noblest and kindest feelings, can represent our best friends as our worst enemies, and can convert the mother, guarding her infant from never so slight an injury, into its determined murderess.

Writing as I am in a ladies' magazine, I should have felt it scarcely polite to have put the above question, had not the magazine already contained articles in which the greater amount of mental disease among the fair sex is intimated. It would have seemed to me, that to admit, for a moment, the possibility of having to reply to the question in the affirmative would shock any gentleman's instinctive notions of gallantry. It is an indescribable relief to me, however, not to be reduced to so painful a necessity, and to be able—although some physicians have been rude enough to assert, and apparently prove, the greater liability of ladies to lose their wits—to unite in opinion with those who have rebutted so outrageous a calumny. Let us for a moment glance at the latest returns of the numbers of the lunatic population of England and Wales. The returns of the Commissioners in Lunacy and the Poor Law Board combined, give us for January 1, 1860:—

Males . . . . .	16,592
Females . . . . .	19,878
Total . . . . .	<u>36,470*</u>

\* The difference between these figures and those in the article "Insanity Past and Present," page 317 of the ENGLISH WOMAN'S JOURNAL, arises from

In regarding the absolute excess of females which these returns show, (namely, 3,286,) the greater number of females in the population must not be overlooked. If, making allowance for the increase in the population of England and Wales since the last census, (1851,) we roughly estimate it at 19,927,609, (on January 1, 1860,) we shall find that there were:—

Males . . . . .	9,763,161
Females . . . . .	10,164,448
Total . . . . .	<u>19,927,609</u>

The excess of females being 401,287. Still, even when this disparity in the proportion of the sexes is taken into account, the proportion of existing cases of insanity will appear greatest among females—1 person in 588 being insane (or idiotic) among the male, and 1 person in 511 being insane (or idiotic) among the female population. Other circumstances, however, must be considered before we infer from such facts the greater liability of the female sex to insanity. Thus it will be found, from an examination of the last census, (1851,) that the number of females living above the age of fifteen years exceeds that of the males at the same period of life by eight per cent., *which is double the excess which exists at all ages*. That this is a period of life which for our present purpose must be considered, will be clear when it is remembered that insanity rarely occurs under fifteen years of age. With this adult class, the proportion of the sexes would be represented thus,—1 lunatic in 380 males, and 1 in 334 females, by which the disparity is considerably lessened. Dr. Thurnam found from the census of 1841 that the excess of females over males between twenty and fifty years (a period comprising the age most liable to attacks of mental disease) was “still greater.”\* This, however, I find, does not hold good as regards the census of 1851, which shows the excess at this period to have been rather less than that which obtains above fifteen years, namely, 6·9 per cent. I cannot, therefore, employ Dr. Thurnam’s argument at the present time. But if we take the decade between

the latter being the returns of Private Patients for January, 1859, instead of for January, 1860. It may here also be explained, that the proportion of lunatics to the population given by the writer of the above article differs from that stated in the present paper, partly in consequence of this oversight, and partly in consequence of the difference in the estimated population. It has here been assumed, that it increased between 1851 and 1860 in about the same ratio as during the previous ten years—the proportion of males and females being preserved. In consequence of emigration, however, this estimate is probably too high. Although not connected with the liability of the female sex to insanity, I would here repeat a statement made in the “Manual of Psychological Medicine,” (1858,) that it is very probable the number of the insane in England and Wales is actually as high as 1 in 300.

\* Statistics of Insanity, p. 146. It would seem that in 1841 the excess was not much greater, for while above the age of fifteen or twenty it is stated to have been “about eight per cent.,” it was not more than 8·36 between twenty and fifty.

twenty and thirty\*—that during which, probably, the largest number of first attacks of mental disease happen—we find that the preponderance of females is at its maximum, namely, 9·8 per cent. If, therefore, the relative liability of the sexes to insanity were equal, the absolute number of insane women would necessarily exceed that of the insane men.

Again, it must be remembered that the numbers which compose two classes of insane persons at a certain date, do not accurately represent the numbers who in each class *become* insane, which is what we want to ascertain. We may familiarly illustrate this important distinction by supposing that on the 1st of January, 1860, there were 1000 subscribers to the ENGLISH WOMAN'S JOURNAL, 500 of whom were patients in hospitals, and 500 were persons in the enjoyment of good health. Suppose further, that the same proportion held good in 1870. The number of subscribers would appear to be equal, and would actually be so at these dates; but the number of persons who during the ten years *had been* subscribers might have been widely different. Very many of those who in the hospitals had subscribed would have died, and others supplied their places, while among those not in hospitals there might have been few fresh subscribers. When we apply this obvious principle to the present subject, and ask, How many men in a certain period of time *become* insane, and how many women? we naturally inquire whether the mortality in asylums is greater in one sex than in the other. The reply to this question is, that in asylums many more men die than women, and that consequently the number of women *accumulate*. Hence, at any particular date, as the 1st of January, 1860, the number of females in asylums (both absolutely and in proportion to the population) may have been larger than the males, without more women *becoming* insane than men. At the York Retreat the annual mortality from 1796 to 1860 was 6·06 per 100 males resident in the institution, and only 4·46 per 100 females resident. It would therefore follow that the proportion of female deaths to male deaths was as 100 to 135, or, in other words, thirty-five per cent. more men than women died. In many other institutions for the insane the excess is much greater, even double, but for the present purpose it is sufficient to adduce the experience of the Retreat to show how certainly it must happen that at any given period the females in an asylum will, by reason of their low mortality, exceed the males, without more females having been admitted, (that is attacked with insanity,) whether we have regard to their number absolutely or in proportion to their excess in the general population. Dr. Jarvis, of Massachusetts, has prepared tables showing the relative number of *admissions* of patients of

\* Or, if we take that between thirty and forty, when attacks of insanity occur more frequently, according to some statistics, the excess is still 5·5. I have calculated these figures from a table of the numbers living at each age given in the *Statistical Journal*, by J. J. Fox, M.R.C.S.

both sexes into various asylums. His first table is derived from 159 asylums in England and Wales. Of the total admissions—70,582—35,672 were men, and 34,910 women, the excess of the former being 762. Another table shows that of the admissions into American, Scotch, Irish, Belgian, French, and German asylums for the insane—54,446 in number—29,114 were men, and 25,332 were women, the excess of males being 3,782, or fourteen per cent. About the same result is exhibited in a table prepared by Dr. Thurnam, in which the admissions into various American, Continental, and British asylums (excluding Bethlem and St. Luke's\*) amount to 48,103, of which, 25,601 were males, and 22,502 were females, the excess of males being 13·7 per cent. In nine English county asylums the excess was twelve per cent.

It would have been satisfactory could we have stated how many persons have become lunatic in England and Wales during a certain number of years, distinguishing the sexes, and comparing them with the males and females in the general population between the ages of twenty and fifty. We cannot, however, do this, since there is no return made in the Poor Law Commissioners' Reports of the *admissions* of lunatics into workhouses, and of the number of fresh cases annually added to the class "with their friends or elsewhere."

A consideration of the foregoing facts, however,—the excess of females in the population of England and Wales—their still greater excess between the ages of twenty and thirty, when first attacks of insanity occur, in all probability, most frequently—the fallacy of drawing conclusions from the existing, instead of the occurring cases of insanity—the accumulation of females in asylums in consequence of their low mortality—and lastly, the fact that in England and Wales the admissions of *males* into asylums exceed those of females—will suffice to show that the apparent greater liability of females to insanity, is *only* apparent, and is, in short, the opposite of the truth.

While, however, in the face of the foregoing statistical facts, I cannot join in the conclusion that in England more women become insane than men, I none the less unite in the opinion that there is something wrong in the circumstances by which women are surrounded which allows of the amount of insanity which no doubt does exist, and, so to speak, unnecessarily exists.

It is not easy to fix the relative value or importance of the favorable and unfavorable agencies which, as regards the induction of insanity, affect the female world. Regarded from a physical or constitutional point of view, there can be no doubt that for obvious reasons the nervous system of women is peculiarly exposed, at times, to the unfavorable action of bodily disorders. In illustration

\* In these asylums the proportion of the sexes was reversed. With some Continental asylums the same fact obtains. Into the reasons for these exceptions we cannot now enter.

of this remark it may be stated, that at Bethlem Hospital, Dr. Hood, out of 359 cases of insanity among the women, traced 238, or 63·2 per cent., to disorders more or less peculiar to the female sex. Again, the average weight of the female brain is less than that of the male by from four to eight ounces, (or, as it would be more courteous here to say, it is not so *dense*,) from which it might, *à priori*, be supposed that women would be less able to cope with the turmoil and worry of life. Possibly these few ounces are taken from that portion of the organism by which abstract and purely ratiocinative operations of the mind are performed—leaving the portion devoted to emotional acts or states absolutely the same as in man, but relatively larger. To this relative excess of the emotions in women I shall return shortly.

It must be admitted then, that there are causes acting unfavorably upon the chances of insanity among women, the existence of which may be said to be native to the sex.

These causes, however, are, I think, fairly balanced by the immunity which woman enjoys from the countless exciting causes of insanity to which man is exposed. Man's responsibilities—his incessant struggle for position, or even existence, in the battle of civilized life—and his greater tendency to excesses of all kinds, endanger the integrity of his brain beyond our calculation, and are the never-ceasing occasions of its overthrow.

The immunity of which I here speak must not be estimated merely as *one* cause to set against the rest. Its operation is manifold. If we considered the abuse of alcoholic stimulants alone, we should have one agent of prodigious importance, in regard to which woman is infinitely less exposed and tempted than man;—notwithstanding the grave assertion of a recent French writer, that “towards forty years of age every well-bred English lady goes to bed intoxicated”! Wild speculation in business also, and the gains and losses consequent thereon, produce, like intemperance, a large amount of insanity, and here again women, as a class, are favorably placed.\* And so we might go on enumerating very many circumstances highly important in relation to the generation of mental disease, to the influence of which man is daily exposed, and from which woman is in great measure exempt.

If, then, I am right in supposing that the comparatively retired life which women lead ought not only to neutralize but powerfully outweigh the unfavorable circumstances which I have mentioned, it is important that they should consider, whether there does not exist among them a larger amount of insanity than needs be, and if so, wherefore? There are various reasons, I believe, why there is more mental derangement developed among women than there should be. The observations which have already appeared in the *ENGLISH WOMAN'S JOURNAL* have touched upon most of these, and have, indeed, almost exhausted the subject. The errors of prevalent systems of education cannot be too strongly insisted upon by

all who are anxious to adopt prophylactic measures to lessen the extent of insanity. In what condition of mind does the young lady of the present age leave school? Is the mind strengthened, as well as crammed with words? Words alone, as a great writer tells us, are apt to become the tyrants of thought, and thought, under such circumstances, the slave of some conceited dogma. Has a healthy direction been given to thought? Is the power of *self-control* developed? Is she the better prepared for those useful walks of life for which woman is so admirably adapted? It is to be feared that these questions must be answered in the negative, in regard to a considerable portion of the young ladies of England. Too often they leave the schoolroom with a superficial knowledge of every subject except that of music. The powers of the mind have not been really trained; the faculty of attention has not been exercised; the mental functions which are concerned in discriminating, analyzing, comparing, have scarcely been employed; the imagination and some of the perceptive faculties have been called forth to the neglect of the higher and sterner qualities of the mind. It is the statement of a female writer—and as such I cite it, in preference to any other—that, “When we meet in society with that speechless, inanimate, ignorant, and useless being called ‘a young lady just come from school,’ it is thought a sufficient apology for all her deficiencies, that she has, poor thing! but just come from school. Thus implying that nothing in the way of domestic usefulness, social intercourse, or adaptation to circumstances, can be expected from her until she has had time to learn it. . . . The case is too pitiful to justify any further description. The popular and familiar remark, ‘Poor thing! she has just come home from school; what can you expect?’ is the best commentary I can offer.”\*

If the neglect now complained of in the education of women were accompanied by a proportionate development of the *physique* there would be less cause for regret, but unfortunately the bodily powers are, but too frequently, neglected also. When this happens, the chest is not allowed to develop itself in proportion to the demands of the respiratory system; the spine is in many instances weakened or distorted; where a tendency to scrofula or consumption exist, these diseases are developed; and lastly, the seeds of insanity itself may be, and no doubt often are, sown, though the bitter fruit may not be tasted until after twenty. The neglect of physical health is not only injurious in its direct effects upon the system, but is closely associated with the absence of instruction as to the laws upon which depend the possession of a sound mind in a sound body. On this subject the young lady often leaves school profoundly ignorant. She continues to infringe these laws as she advances to womanhood, and then, should it fall to her lot to bring

\* “The Women of England.” By Mrs. Ellis. The writer’s copy, borrowed from a public library, has the above passage scored, with the addition in the margin, “*These bipeds abound everywhere!*”

up a family, or to have the charge of the children of others, she unwittingly fails to observe those conditions of our being the infraction of which is followed, as surely as night succeeds to day, by bad health, consumption, or insanity. If it is admitted that, thanks to the diffusion of sounder principles, much is being done to improve the character of female education, this circumstance does not prevent the existence of much present insanity being traceable to a grievously faulty system of female education; nor is improvement in this respect so great, or widely extended, that it is no longer necessary to insist strongly and repeatedly upon the connexion which exists between the production of mental disease and an education which fails to give strength to the character and vigor to the body. In some schools the praiseworthy attempt to raise the standard of education has been injurious in this direction if beneficial in others, simply from overlooking the necessity for sufficient physical exercise, and pure air by day and by night. It is of the first importance, therefore, that the right mean between these two conditions of the integrity and healthy development of the entire constitution—mental training and bodily exercise—should be steadily kept in view by the practical educator. One cannot fail to be often struck with the *superficiality* of the present mode of educating women, and its necessary influence upon the feminine character of this age. Compare the education of a high-born lady of two or three centuries ago with that of the present day. Few but distinct were the objects presented to her mental vision compared with the confused and confusing medley now often brought before it. Some, like the mother of Lord Bacon, were excellent classical scholars. Many of the ladies of England, it is true, were engaged in the mechanical, and perhaps it may be called soul-less, occupation of tapestry work. It might be worth a thought, however, whether even this employment (regarded from our present point of view) was not equal, I had almost said superior, to the scientific, historic, theologic, metaphysic, and linguistic patchwork which frequently constitutes the mental furniture of the modern young lady. It is the same with the lower classes of society. It is no longer enough that a girl intended for service should read, write, and sew well. This, indeed, she is seldom taught *really* to do, either in our National or Lancasterian schools, for *instead* of these essentials she is too often taught, or made to repeat, certain geometrical terms, a variety of scraps of knowledge which hardly sink below the surface of the brain, and merely serve to block up the way, so as to prevent the entrance of really useful knowledge. I have known several girls, after attending some years at such schools, *and even acting as monitors*, entirely forget the art of writing after being in service for a time! It is granted, of course, that for neither class—the girl of high or of humble birth—should we desire an exact return to the systems of our forefathers and mothers. Let us look to the past—*not to copy, but to learn*. Let us study the present

in relation to the future; that is to say, with constant reference to the practical duties which will inevitably devolve upon women; for, important as is the education of circumstances, all must not be left till these arrive. Miss F. A. Martineau has unhappily failed at Norwich in her admirable attempt to conduct a school where "every girl might know how a house should be kept, and should acquire habits which would hereafter make all the difference between a tidy and happy home or the reverse," but it is to be hoped this temporary failure will not discourage others from making the attempt. As bearing upon the subject of the production of insanity, both among men and women, the reader scarcely needs to be reminded of the vast importance of "a tidy and a happy home." Among the moral causes of insanity, domestic troubles stand prominently forward, and have been aggravated, or even induced, by the want of such a home, in numberless instances. The writer has carefully investigated the ascertained causes of the attack in nearly thirteen thousand cases of insanity admitted into British, American, and Continental asylums, and has found that in all the asylums referred to, the most frequent moral cause was domestic trouble or grief. At the Asylum of St. Yon, Dr. Parchappe observed, that, while with males the order of frequency of the causes of mental derangement was:—1. Intemperance; 2. Reverse of fortune; 3. Domestic troubles; 4. Loss of friends, it was very different with females; namely, 1. Domestic troubles; 2. Loss of friends; 3. Reverse of fortune; 4. Intemperance. This marked difference between the sexes illustrates another point to which I have adverted, the comparative immunity enjoyed by women (by reason of their different habits) from the injurious, maddening influences connected with the abuse of alcoholic stimulants—an immunity which may perhaps be set against the unfavorable constitutional circumstances under which they labor.

Among the middle and lower classes of society, insanity is doubtless caused by mental disquietude and by want. The miserably paid, harassed, and often ill-used governess, not unfrequently becomes first a prey to dyspepsia, then a victim to the constant use of quack and other medicines, and lastly the subject of melancholia. She is sent to an asylum, and, unfortunately, but too often suffers greatly from having to mix with totally uncongenial associates—companions in misery and in pauperism, but separated by wholly different habits and tastes. Dressmakers, again, may become insane from their weary, ill-remunerated mode of obtaining a livelihood. These considerations are calculated to strengthen the efforts of those who are endeavoring to obtain a much higher remuneration for woman's labor, as also to extend its area. The latter object, if successful, must ensure the former, for the more women are employed at the printing press, the Post Office, or with the telegraph, the fewer will there be to swell the numbers now



engaged in the ill-paid departments referred to. In connexion with devising plans for increasing the comforts of women, and so far lessening their chances of becoming insane, I would remark, that the plan proposed by "An Old Maid"\* of establishing houses where gentlewomen could live together for mutual protection and council, and where they would live at less expense, escape the loneliness of solitary lodgings, and secure the wise division of labor, is well worthy of consideration. In regard to governesses, much misery may be averted and insanity prevented by the "Governesses' Benevolent Institution," which endeavors to afford assistance in distress, provide a home during the intervals between engagements, and secure annuities for the aged.

It will be seen then, that in the various grades of society very different agencies are at work, having the same issue—insanity. In regard to the lower classes, the deplorable effects on women of the husband's drunkenness, of want, of brutality, and of neglect in illness, are they not written in the blue books annually published by the Poor Law Board? If such poor women escape the evils of luxurious living, they suffer deplorably in illness from insufficient food and unfavorable surroundings. It is not difficult to believe that the poor woman after her confinement is greatly more exposed to the risks of insanity by reason of noise, worry, exposure to cold, and bad victuals. During the months which follow, the wants of the child are a heavy tax upon the mother, and drain away her already diminished strength. She requires all the food she can get, but her husband's wages are no higher. Two people at least suffer—mother and child. The former becomes bloodless, weak, dispirited; the latter's constitution has its foundations laid in squalor and in want. The writer has repeatedly witnessed this condition of things terminate in the mother's insanity. Medicine avails little when the all important prescription of an ample diet cannot be obeyed. It is but mockery to say, "You must live well." "How *can* I, sir?" is the unanswerable reply. Madness and poverty advance with equal steps. The house is in confusion; the husband himself gets no rest, probably loses some days' work; the children—but it is needless to complete the dismal picture. The only remedy is the county asylum or the workhouse. Pauperism and insanity, each produces the other. For it is clear that while insanity causes pauperism, poverty is a grand agent among the lower classes in causing insanity. This is one of the many ways in which modern civilization may be truly said to be associated with more mental derangement than is a state of barbarism. Poverty may of course have its origin in non-preventible circumstances, but, so far as it arises from drunkenness and idleness, so far must these be regarded as the common parents of poverty and insanity.

Among the higher classes of society, much of the insanity that exists may be traced to luxurious and artificial modes of life;

\* "My Life, and what shall I do with it?"

indulgences which both enervate and excite the nervous system; fashionable follies which aggravate the liabilities to constitutional disorders; and habits which grievously interfere with the healthy development of the physical and mental powers. Injudicious training, the unwise or exclusive direction given to the pursuits of young ladies, contain unquestionably the germs of evils which cannot be estimated statistically, but which none the less blight the mental prospects of many. To some, and an increasing, extent, the same vices of education and living prevail among the middle classes of society.

No one acquainted with the causation of mental disease hesitates to attribute to excessive emotion, or the unhealthy excitement of the feelings, a mighty influence in the production of insanity. The imagination of women is greater than that of men. It becomes, therefore, all the more necessary to repress its tendency to morbid development and unlimited exercise. In a variety of ways is the emotional and imaginative nature of women acted upon in the upper classes of society. One source of disordered action is undoubtedly to be found in the practice of devouring an unlimited quantity of trashy novels. It is true that the character of works of fiction has undergone a great change since the time when Burns wrote—

“ Oh, leave novels, ye Mauchline belles;  
Ye're safer at your spinning wheel;  
Such witching books are baited hooks,  
For rakish rooks like Rob Mossgiel.  
Your fine Tom Jones and Grandisons,  
They make your youthful fancies reel,  
They heat your brains and fire your veins,  
And then you're prey for Rob Mossgiel ”—

But the large proportion of frivolous literature consumed by many young ladies is of a description admirably calculated to weaken the understanding, dilute the ideas, and develop the imaginative faculty at the expense of the reason.\* The ability to write and talk with ease, though superficially, may be acquired, but it is to be feared that an observation made somewhere by Hannah More is but too true, that those who early begin with writing and talking like women, commonly end with thinking and acting like children. The religious novel, the sentimental novel, the romantic novel, when constituting the major portion of ladies' reading, carry them into an ideal world, and fail to fit them for the stern facts and the sober realities of existence. Inveterate novel readers have about as little control over themselves as dram drinkers, and find themselves unable at last to forego, for an hour, the fascinations of their literary glass when required to grapple with the practical realities of life.

\* It must always be exceedingly difficult to demonstrate the connexion between excessive novel-reading and insanity. Still, Esquirol traced this connexion in 8 out of 192 cases in which mental derangement was due to moral causes.

Absorbed in their own world of romance, those whose reading almost exclusively consists of works of fiction become of necessity selfish, and exceedingly uninteresting to those who happen to be their companions. Well indeed would it be were all willing to regulate the *amount* of fictitious literature they attempt to digest, or rather to swallow, by the test employed by a lady friend of mine, who, dreading the gradual mastery over self-control, used to lay down her novel the moment she found it tended to interfere with her prompt attention to her husband or her children. A book might be written on the evils which have arisen from yielding to the temptation "just to finish the chapter" of an absorbing novel.

The objects to which women devote their attention are, however, more sensible than they were in the early part of the last century. The description given in the *Spectator* of the "Amusements of the Female World," applies, it is to be hoped, to but a small portion of it now. The writer, dating his letter March 12th, 1710, says, "Their amusements seem contrived for them rather as they are Women, than as they are reasonable Creatures; and are more adapted to the Sex than to the Species. The Toilet is their great Scene of Business, and the right adjusting of their Hair the principal Employment of their lives. The sorting of a Suit of Ribbons is reckoned a very good Morning's Work; and if they make an excursion to a Mercer's or a Toy-shop, so great a Fatigue makes them unfit for anything else all the Day after. Their more serious Occupations are Sewing and Embroidery, and their sweetest Drudgery the Preparation of Jellies and Sweet-meats." Eighty years after this was written, Wilberforce said, "There is no class of persons whose condition has been more improved within my recollection than that of unmarried women. Formerly there seemed to be nothing useful in which they could be naturally busy, but now they may always find an object in attending to the poor." This, and devoting time, thought, and money to the instruction of children who would otherwise be sunk in heathen darkness, Wilberforce characterized as "truly magnificent, the really sublime in character." Since the time of Wilberforce, the public objects of a philanthropic character to which English ladies have devoted their time have vastly increased, and no doubt with the greatest benefit to themselves and to the community. Here, then, there is a decided gain; and it is to be hoped that the advance made in this direction will so extend as greatly to neutralize the unfavorable influences exercised by many of the grave errors of modern education. Women may be so educated as to have their minds strengthened, not weakened, without being rendered offensively masculine. We are reminded of a scene in a popular work of fiction, "Valentine Vox," which very graphically illustrates this remark. Valentine and his friend Louise are conversing together, and the former gives her some good advice in regard to strength of mind. "Yes, my dear," she replies, "this mode of bidding defiance to Fate by standing erect, and with a bold front

exclaiming, 'No circumstances shall ever bow me down to the earth; no series of troubles shall ever break my spirit; nothing shall ever prevent me from grappling with an enemy who will be sure to conquer me if I fail to conquer him;' this, I say, is all very correct and very laudable in you men, and nothing more than we have a right to expect; but with us it is totally different, my dear: we haven't the strength, we haven't the nerve to bear up against these things; we are more sensitive; our feelings are more acute; our hearts are more easily wounded, more delicate, more tender, more susceptible of sad impressions; this boldness is not to be expected from us."

"I have often," said Valentine, "I have often thought it a pity that it should be the fashion to cultivate female weakness."

"The fashion to cultivate female weakness! The fashion, my love!—*the idea!*"

"Doubtless in your view it seems very absurd, but if you examine the morally enervating tendency of the present system of female education, you will find that weakness in every point is cultivated studiously, and that therefore the application of the term 'fashion' is correct."

I do not adduce the foregoing to prove that even before Napoleon III., that perfect gentleman, Valentine, and the amiable Louise battled for "an idea," but to observe that it must be admitted, Valentine's impertinent caricature of the faults of female education contains some grains of truth in it. They are grains, too, which unhappily may germinate in insanity, for that education which fails to fortify the mind and augment its power of self-control is that which will undoubtedly expose it to great risk of sudden and permanent overthrow. To advocate a healthy, rational, *bracing* system of female education is one of the various designs of the ENGLISH WOMAN'S JOURNAL. So far as it succeeds, it will lessen the tendency to mental derangement among women arising from the vicissitudes and calamities of life. In this and other ways will the great and blessed mission of woman on earth be advanced. On this subject of woman's mission, a living writer\* so well expresses himself that I need offer no apology for concluding these somewhat desultory observations by citing his remarks. "Much has been said of late years," he observes, "about 'woman's mission'; and it is well that she should understand that she has a mission as well as man. This consists not in her being called to do the same things that man does. . . . Women are not to be men, in character, ambition, pursuits, or achievement; but they are to be *more*; they are to be the *makers* of men; they are to affect, for all that is good and great, those with whom they are linked in life; and they are emphatically to guard and mould in their infancy the advancing crowds of the coming age. . . . As I have often said, and will say again, for it is a great truth, though it may be oddly expressed, if 'the child is the father of the man,' the

\* The Wife, or, a Mirror for Maidenhood. By Rev. Thomas Binney.

*mother* is the father of the child,—of *that* child that is to be the progenitor of the future man, the mental and moral being, who is what he is by being what his mother allows him to be, or has made him to become, in the nursery and the schoolroom, at play and by her side. Young women should look forward and take large and rational, sober yet stirring views of life,—of their ‘high calling’ and their glorious ‘mission,’—such as are suggested by representations like these. They would soon learn to be offended by being talked to and thought of as if they were meant for the amusement of an hour; were fitted only for the trifling or the superficial; or to make the spring time of life, for themselves or others, a holiday or a song. It is as great a thing to be a woman as a man; the world has as serious tasks and duties for the one as for the other; and they alone are the wise of their sex who early learn to understand this,—and who study to fit themselves for the career before them by the cultivation of the qualities which will be found to last, and by the formation of those habits of character and life which will fortify and befriend them amid the obligations and struggles of coming years.”

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## XXV.—MADAME LUCE, OF ALGIERS.

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A SHORT account of the life and labors of Madame Luce, of Algiers, appeared four years ago in a Scotch journal. Having lately had access to the numerous private and official documents required by any writer seeking to do justice to one of the most remarkable of living French women, I offer to our readers a detailed account of her efforts in the cause of education and civilization, hoping thus to add one more portrait to the gallery of our contemporaries who have deserved the gratitude of their kind.

B. R. P.

Mademoiselle Eugenie Berlau was born on the 6th of June, 1804, in the Hotel de Ville of Montréchat, a little town in Touraine containing a population of 2,400 souls. Her father, an architect and engineer by profession, was at that time *Secrétaire de la Mairie* at Montréchat. The family had apartments in the Hotel de Ville, and thus it was that in a room near that in which the judges were holding the assizes, on the Monday of the great Feast of Pentecost, the little daughter who is the subject of this narrative first saw the light.

The origin of the Berlau family is sufficiently mysterious. Somewhere about the middle of the last century, the Prior of a monastery in Picardy arrived in Touraine, bringing with him a little boy of four years old. The child was called Berlau, but nothing was ever known of his birth or relations. Carefully educated by the Prior, who remained in Touraine attached to a

religious establishment, the lad grew up to the age of twenty, when it became necessary that he should adopt a profession. While walking thoughtfully along a road considering to what career he should devote himself, the fatherless boy noticed a scrap of paper lying at his feet, whither it had been wafted by some chance wind, or dropped by some careless passer-by. Stooping, he picked it up, and found it to contain a geometrical problem, lost probably by some scholar on his way from school. Young Berlau took this incident to be a hint from Providence, and resolved to become a Professor of Mathematics. He did so, and secured a respectable position. His religious protectors obtained for him a good marriage with a *demoiselle* of a family of Touraine, by whom he had three children; one of these was the father of Eugenie Berlau.

This little girl was the twelfth child of her parents; she had for playmates a little sister younger than herself and a niece of her own age. Her other brothers and sisters were away and settled in life, and we only hear of one brother, who appears to have been a surveyor, having adopted the family taste for mathematics; for he received a salary of twenty-five francs a day for assisting in the work of dividing France into departments, when the geographical boundaries of the poetic old French provinces, so famous in the romance of history, were swept away. When Eugenie was four years of age, she went to live with her parents at an old château in the environs of Montréchat. M. Berlau was anything but a rich man; the salaries of French officials are on so small a scale as to enable them with the greatest difficulty to bring up a family even much fewer in number than was his large domestic circle; and neither his profession nor his land appear to have raised his income to 5000 francs, or £200 a year. How French households get on at all, and contrive to bring up their children, to settle their sons, and to marry their daughters, is a subject of constant astonishment to English people well acquainted with French interiors. M. Berlau, however, accomplished it, as do hundreds and thousands of others; and we see that he was, besides, a small *propriétaire*; that darling ambition of the French citizen since the Revolution divided the land and threw it into the hands of the people.

At the old château Eugenie remained for many years, a dreaming, studious child, constantly wandering about out and in-doors, much given to botany, and knowing every tree and plant and leaf native to the woods and fields of Touraine. But in order clearly to understand the influences which surrounded this remarkable woman in her young years, it is necessary to form a conception of provincial life in France, of which little or nothing is known in England. We have a custom of constantly repeating that *Paris is France*, one of those shallow observations which come to pass current from sheer carelessness, like a bad shilling. There are senses in which it is only too true—the political sense, for instance. Since the time of Louis XIV. the different governments have successively and persis-

tently aimed at and attained an increase of political centralization. The country is ruled through its remotest fibres by officials sent from Paris, and the conqueror of the Capital is lord of the Kingdom. But in deeper social senses, Paris is still very far from being France. There is a solid and a vigorous life in those old provinces, whose boundaries, destroyed in law, are still fresh in the hearts and on the lips of the people, which even yet testifies to local individuality, and which was much more impressive fifty years ago. Berry and Touraine have been fondly described again and again by the two greatest novelists of modern France. Georges Sand is a native of Berry, and has resided much on an estate which she possesses there; Balsac was from Touraine, and writes of it with passionate enthusiasm. If the works of these authors were not disfigured by moral blemishes which render most of their books rightly unacceptable to the English public, they would long ago have convinced our cultivated readers of the miserable fallacy involved in the notion that "Paris is France."

Brittany, again, affords the most marked example that can well be imagined of persistent adherence to old customs and loyalty to old beliefs. "La vieille Bretagne," as it is commonly called, is cousin-german to our own Wales. Such names as Pen-hoel and du Guenic might be found in the valleys of Cader Idris, yet they are adopted by Balsac in a novel whose opening scenes are laid in Brittany. It was Brittany, once intimately connected with the fortunes of King Arthur, (and where Merlin got into that terrible scrape, and allowed his lady-love to enchant and imprison him by one of his own spells,) which longest remained faithful to the Bourbon cause. Many of the actors in the last war of *la Vendée* are yet alive, even the heroic *Madame* in whose cause Felicie de Fauveau compromised herself, the Duchesse de Berry herself, is not yet dead. In Burgundy, again, and in its capital town of Dijon, now one of the chief stations on the line between Paris and Marseilles, strong traces yet remain of local provincial life. In Dijon are to be seen the town houses of the old *noblesse*, dating from the days when such of them as were not immediately connected with the court spent part of the year (as they did in England) in the county town. And it was far from being a mere individuality of residence or of local duties. If the *noblesse* were provincial, so were the gentry, while the horizon of the farmers and the peasants was wholly bounded by the neighboring hills and rivers. Very different was the French woman of the provinces from her Parisian sisters; different in dress, in manners, in ambitions. In some ways more stiff and conventional, more enslaved to the gossip of small circles and the approbation of a petty sphere; yet brought nearer to the realities of life, enjoying more freedom of action, mixing among the poorer neighbors, cognizant of their family histories, and involved in their experience. The French woman of the provinces, whether noble lady in the chateau, or daughter to the squire or the farmer,

was, and is, a different creature to the image we in England form to ourselves of the denizen of Paris. I have known, personally, several French women of the middle class, born and brought up in the provinces, and they have all possessed a certain shrewd, practical simplicity of character which shows how much latent stuff there is in the French race in districts where Paris, with its talents and its splendors, its unstable powers and treacherous brightness, is comparatively unknown.

Thus, amidst strictly provincial influences, Eugenie Berlau was allowed to grow up in a very natural way. Her education was somewhat irregular, she read indiscriminately from the books in her father's library, and mixed much with the country people, endeavoring to inoculate the shepherds on the estate with a love for the beauties of literature; for which efforts they probably expressed more gratitude than appreciation. However, she describes one old peasant woman who had been taught to read, when a child, by no less a person than M. Voltaire. This old woman's son was Principal of the College of Blois, but she never could be induced to quit her condition in life, persisting in cultivating a market garden with her own hands, and taking the vegetables herself to market, with the help of a donkey. On one occasion Eugenie frightened her family out of their wits by a Quixotic absence of several hours, during which she had mounted another tired old woman on her own donkey, and driven the beast into Montréchat, whence she did not return till night.

Notwithstanding her wild life, the little girl was, however, extremely *sage*. She made her *première communion* at eleven years of age, and was so well up in her Catechism that the *curé*, instead of having to teach her, made her a little *moniteur* to instruct the other village children. Shortly after this she became a godmother! The first of the many kindly adoptions of her after life. She was now growing up very tall and strong, giving early promise of the personal vigor and beauty which distinguish her even now, after the lapse of more than half a century of manifold trials and labors.

The Berlau family were strong Royalists, and Eugenie's childhood was passed just at the most stormy time, when the Bonapartists and the Legitimists were openly or secretly struggling for the supreme power. One day during the *Cent Jours* she was visiting a married sister who resided some miles from Montréchat. In company with several other children she went to see an old tower, situated in the midst of a garden. In this garden was an outhouse, the door of which was fastened. The children, bent on discovering what was inside, poked and peeped till they managed to see that it was full of arms, piled up; Eugenie, with characteristic daring, made her way in, and there found, not only the weapons, but an immense black flag, on which glared in great white letters this sinister motto, *La Nation Outragée*. It was a Bonapartist banner, and the little royalist, much offended, seized it with both hands and tore it



right in two! Napoleon was in temporary authority during the famous Hundred Days, and the family were in a deadly fright lest the Bonapartists of the neighborhood should know what had occurred. They were obliged to buy the silence of the servant who was with the children, and Eugenie went back to her parents with a reputation for patriotism somewhat dearly purchased.

Another whimsical *historiette* of those bygone days is as follows. At a dinner party in the neighborhood where the Berlau family were present, the politics of the guests were mixed, and it was proposed to pit Mademoiselle Eugenie against a certain little Master A——, whose father was a Bonapartist, in a sort of musical tournament. The children were put one on each side of the dining-table, and were to sing alternate songs in honor of their respective parties. Eugenie, who possessed a great store of songs and ballads in honor of the Fleur-de-Lys, struck up valiantly, and Master A—— followed with *his* side of the question. Song after song proceeded for some time without any flagging, but the moment came when, alas! Master A——'s memory was completely exhausted, whereas Eugenie, to whom her papa brought sheets of royalist rhymes whenever he went to town, continued crowing triumphantly like a little cock, to Master A——'s infinite disgust and mortification. The guests endeavored to make it up, and proposed that the young people should kiss and be friends. But I am sorry to say that though Master A—— was fourteen years old, and considerably the senior of Eugenie,—he probably thought that a young lady with such strong political principles and audacious lungs was unworthy of the privileges of her age and sex,—he absolutely refused to kiss and be friends, and, lamentable to relate, he rushed across the table and dealt her a hearty cuff, which it is whispered that Eugenie returned with interest. Many years after, when Eugenie was a young married woman, she accompanied one of her sisters to a chemist's shop. Her sister asked, "Do you know that young man across the counter?" "No," said Eugenie, "I have never seen him before." The sister then said to the chemist, "Do you not know this lady?" "I have not the honor of being acquainted with *Madame*," replied he politely. "Have you then forgotten the little girl whom you cuffed because she outsang you, in 1815?" At that time the Bourbons were safe and sound on the throne of France, but their youthful defender had changed her politics and had become republican!

When Eugenie was thirteen years old, her family suffered severe affliction by the death of the brother nearest to her in age, a fine young man of twenty, who was at college at Poitiers. Her father and mother were so overwhelmed by this blow that she dreaded their sinking under it, and persuaded her father to quit his country life and remove once more into Montréchat. As a further means of creating a little more movement in the house, she opened a small school, of which the pupils were as old as she herself, but at

thirteen she was so tall and womanly that no one would have guessed her age; three years after, when one of the Inspectors came to Montréchat, he told her to make haste and grow older, in order that he might give her a regular certificate as schoolmistress.

But other plans were entertained for Eugenie by her family; her parents wished to see her and her younger sister married before they died, and when a "young gentleman from Holland" came to Montréchat, and admiring the beautiful girl would willingly have married her, there would probably have been no difficulty in arranging the affair, but that Eugenie liked somebody else—the son of a *juge* in that part of the country. But, alas? the young favored lover died of consumption while Eugenie was yet under twenty, and she was too depressed and disheartened to make any opposition when her parents proposed to her a M. Allix as a husband. She overheard them talking one night about their extreme anxiety to see her settled, and thus it was that at the age of twenty-one, in January of the year 1826, she became Madame Allix. Little is known, and nothing need be said, about this marriage, but that it was a very unhappy and unsuitable tie. M. Allix had been brought up for the priesthood, which idea he had renounced as the time approached for taking holy orders. Why he married, and why once married he did not make his young wife happy, is one of those sad mysteries which are best left in the shadowed privacy of domestic life. That Madame Allix three times returned to her father's house, and at last, with her father's consent, fled to Algiers, then recently acquired by the French, is enough to say; and so great was her distress, and so moving her representations, that on M. Allix sending to inquire for the fugitive, the Algerine authorities actually sent back word *that no such woman had been heard of in the colony!*

Madame Allix had left her only child, her daughter, in her mother's care, and now commenced a severe struggle for her own maintenance. In those early days of the colony, there was little for an educated lady to do, and Madame Allix courageously accepted any and every employment she could find. She gave lessons occasionally, but she also took in sewing, and even *washing* for the military hospital; owing no man anything, and earning honorable bread. In this way passed many years, obscure years of industry, and unmarked, so far as the purposes of this biography are concerned, except by the death of her father in 1837; but during which Madame Allix was slowly maturing a plan destined later to produce much fruit; a plan for the education of Moorish women,—a school in which girls of Mohammedan family should be taught the language and somewhat of the civilization of the conquering race. The Government had already established schools for instructing native boys in French, &c., but these institutions were not flourishing; the Mohammedans dreaded entrusting their children to Christians, more particularly if the Catholic priests had any share

in the work; and one Muphti, a Mohammedan ecclesiastic, was actually deported to the Ile St. Marguerite for contumacy upon this subject. As to the girls, nobody ever thought of them; and, indeed, any European who came to know the ways and customs of the Moresques, the religious and social tyranny under which they suffer, and their own utter debased ignorance, might well despair of effecting any sort of good among them. The lower ranks walk about the streets closely veiled, excepting a narrow slit for the eyes; but the upper class of Moorish women rarely stir out except to the bath or the cemetery. Three or four times a year to the mosque completes their part of the religious ceremonies enjoined by the Koran. They have very little to do with religion; active charity is impossible under the multitude of restrictions amidst which they exist; they can neither read nor write, and they are not taught any manual art by which women deprived of other means of subsistence might gain their daily bread. Neither can they be said to be housewives. The simple *manière d'être* of the Eastern nations, their fine climates, their scanty furniture, their idle, slovenly existence, give no sort of scope to the virtues of a farmer's or of a mechanic's wife. To "suckle fools" is indeed the duty of mothers all the world over; but the corresponding occupation of "chronicling small beer" is no part of the vocation of a Moresque. To wash their linen and hang it out to dry either on the rails of their court or on the terrace-roof which is possessed by every house; to clamber over the said roof and its partition on to their neighbor's, (the received way of paying calls in Algiers,) there to drink coffee and to offer the same in requital; to dress up very fine upon occasion—gauze, silk, ribbons, and jewels—and very shabbily and dirtily on other occasions in the *débris* of former splendor; such seems to be the idea of life entertained by, or permitted to, these poor creatures. In sickness it is still worse; they refuse to take the commonest precautions, preferring the "will of Allah" to any of the alleviations of science and skill. They object to being visited by French medical men, because the intruder is of the other sex; and, even if they did not object, it would probably bring them into great trouble with their husbands. Whole families die off for want of vaccination, or proper separation of sick and well in fever. They do not know their own ages, in which they are no worse than the men; for it is only of late years that the French have procured the regular registration of children, male and female; while, for the crowning affliction and degradation of their lives, they are liable to be sold in marriage at the age of eleven or twelve, while yet mere children: they assume the veil when eight years old. We read in Mr. Morell's book upon Algiers that "Moorish women are valued by *weight*!"—a somewhat singular standard of feminine elegance; and that "marriages among the Moors, as with most other Mussulmans, are contracted through third parties and gossips—the young people never meeting till the wedding-day."

Such was the human material which Madame Allix dared to conceive of as capable of being raised to something approaching the condition of her European sisterhood. This was the way in which she set to work, being profoundly persuaded that till something was done to alter the social spirit of Moorish interiors, no true amalgamation with the conquering race could ever take place.

While collecting her small funds, and laying her large plans, she perfected herself in the knowledge of the native language; and in 1845, fifteen years after the conquest, she commenced a campaign among the Moorish families of her personal acquaintance, endeavoring to persuade the fathers and mothers to entrust their little girls to her care for a few hours every day, that they might be taught to read and write French, and also to sew neatly—an accomplishment in which the Moresques are as deficient as they are in Latin and mathematics. By dint of coaxing, presents, entreaties, and the most solemn assurances that she would not interfere with the religion of the children—by using, in short, her personal influence with all the energy of a philanthropist and the tact of a Frenchwoman, she contrived to get together four little girls, whom she installed in a house she hired for the purpose, and she began to teach them without an hour's delay. In writing this account I follow a long memorial addressed by her to the Minister of War, corroborated by my own personal observation on the present state of the school. By degrees, as the rumor of her plan spread among the Mussulmans, one child after another dropped in upon her, till the numbers ran up to thirty and to forty. Finding it answer beyond her hopes, she then began to demand support from the local government—the same support which they gave to the education of boys—telling the officials that it was in vain to hope to rear a better, a more rational and civilized race of Mussulmans, so long as their wives and the mothers of the next generation were left in worse than the ignorance of the brutes, to whom God has given sufficient intelligence for the performance of the simple duties and the enjoyment of the simple pleasures of their state. But the Algerine officials saw no manner of good in educating Moorish women; they did not believe that “as the wife is so the husband is,” reversing Tennyson's stanza in Locksley Hall; and though they complimented Madame Allix upon her energy, they declined allowing her pecuniary assistance. She, who had counted on demonstrating to them the value and the success of the experiment, was almost in despair. The expenses were heavy, and altogether defrayed by her; the children had to be bribed to come—and to be helped, such as were of poor families, by food, clothing, lodging, and school-books. It all fell on her small means, and though the school was answering in its moral and intellectual ends, there seemed nothing for it but to close it, and lament over the failure of so noble an experiment, and the waste of much time and money. The 30th of December, 1845, came, on which day the Council of

Administration was to meet. On the day previous, Madame Allix sent in a long report to Comte Guyot, *Directeur de l'Intérieur*, a man high in office, who had always felt and shown great personal sympathy with her enterprise. We give this report at length; it describes with a touching mixture of pride and pathos the hopes which she had entertained, the struggles which she had undergone, in pursuit of her idea.

FIRST REPORT, ADDRESSED TO M. LE COMTE GUYOT, DIRECTEUR DE L'INTERIEUR. DECEMBER 29TH, 1845.

MONSIEUR LE COMTE,

When, about five months ago, I had the honor to communicate to you for the first time my project of opening a Moorish school, I possessed none of the pecuniary resources necessary for carrying this plan into execution; and I counted for assistance on your good will, and on the support of the Administration of which you are the chief. Having since then acquired some private means, I thought it my duty to attempt, on my own responsibility, a scheme which success alone could render permanent. I considered this even more desirable, because the delays of Government would have indefinitely retarded realization, and perhaps so far have discouraged me as to have damped my good intentions for ever.

Now, when accomplished facts have justified my expectations, I take the liberty of making known to you the new state of affairs which has resulted, in order that the sacrifices which I have made up to the present date may not be entirely lost to my family, and that the Administration may take those measures which are necessary for the permanent establishment of the work.

At the point at which matters are now arrived, I absolutely cannot go on without the help of Government. The charges which I have hitherto defrayed have exhausted all my resources; those which the present requires, and those which I foresee in the future, are beyond my private means. It does not now concern a few pupils gathered together against the will of their relations, in order that they may receive a few notions of European education; it concerns from two to five hundred young girls, flocking from every corner of Algiers, and from every part of the regency, as if by contagious impulsion, and also that I am obliged to receive all comers without hesitation, under pain of losing in one day the fruits of my experiments and my devotion.

Face to face with such a situation of affairs, the Government cannot hesitate. To be or not to be, this is the problem laid down. If they do not immediately come to my assistance, I see myself obliged to renounce my work, with the bitter regret of having uselessly sacrificed both my own well-being and an earnest ambition. If, on the contrary, a benevolent hand,—if yours, M. le Comte,—brings me that energetic assistance which I require, Algeria will become from this date a unique creation, worthy of your reputation, worthy

of the part which France plays in the world, and of which the probable result is nothing less than the fusion of two civilizations until now irreconcilable.

I have too high an opinion of your character, M. le Comte, to believe that you can hesitate before so great and so noble an undertaking. I shall therefore lay before you in a succinct manner what I have done in the past, what I have obtained for the present, what I foresee in the future, and the probable expenses which the unlimited expansion of the new Institution will necessitate.

The expense of rent, furniture, school-books, clothes for the pupils, native servants, and other casual matters, rise to about the sum of 2000 francs, (£80.) In this I do not reckon the personal embarrassment which the settling down has caused me, nor the hard work which I have undergone in order to make the school succeed. I would however observe, M. le Comte, that in following this new career I have been obliged to give up my private pupils; that is to say, at least 300 francs (£12) a month. Therefore, the smallest sum which could indemnify me for the past would be 3,500 francs, (£132.)

I have now in my school thirteen children; five will be brought to me two days hence, four others before the end of the month. Ten offers of pupils have been made to me by Moorish families residing in the town;—and without exaggeration I may say, that if I were to accept all who may be sent, I should have more than a hundred before two months had elapsed.

Of the thirteen scholars now in my schoolroom, only two belong to parents in easy circumstances; the others were brought to me in rags, and so dirty that the least fastidious person would have objected to touch them. Many of them were orphans, and nearly all had need of at least one meal a day to sustain their feeble existence. I was therefore obliged to think, in the first place, of clothing them suitably from head to foot, in order to accustom them to ideas of propriety in regard to their little persons; and that with sufficient uniformity to prevent jealousy one of another.

This first care attended to, it was necessary to feed them. I chose a negress, that she might prepare the food according to native custom. She has been with me for a month, and the children are well pleased with what she gives them, and partake, in their schoolroom, of a far wholesomer and more abundant meal than they could procure at home. I have even given them a little coffee, in order to come as near as possible to their domestic customs, which I have made it a law to respect as much as possible. This watchful care, exerted every moment, has begun to bear fruit. The young children, who looked so miserable a few days ago, already present a satisfactory appearance, and exhibit a marvellous change. They no longer have withered little faces hollowed by want and embruted by trouble; but joyous countenances full of life and animation, getting healthier every day in the most striking manner, and becoming, because they

are happy and comfortable, hardly recognisable by their own relations.

In a moral point of view the effect is even more remarkable. The young native girl possesses a vivacity, an intelligence, a promptitude of understanding, and a dexterity of motion which is unexampled. All the children of my class have learnt in one lesson, and without any necessity of repeating it, the simple elements of sewing, which I thought it best to begin with, and some of them show an aptitude for reading French which would seem prodigious in Europe; and it is to me a true satisfaction, nay, even a vividly felt pleasure, to see them crouched side by side, working emulously at their little tasks, and teaching one another any part which may not have been learnt, or may have been forgotten by any one amongst them. Moreover, their frank and lively character, their caressing and affectionate manners, give me every hope of obtaining in future a strong hold upon their hearts.

Such is, M. le Comte, without exaggeration, without drawing any picture for effect, the actual situation of the Institution, whose principle you have kindly approved from the first. Thus regarded, it merits the utmost attention of serious men who sincerely desire the growth of African civilization, and on this head I venture to propose to you the following conditions.

To defray in some way the expenses undertaken by me up to the present date, expenses which have crippled my private resources, and which it is henceforth impossible for me to continue.

To assure to me in the future the expenses of lodging, furniture, and service, and a suitable remuneration for my labors.

To assure also sufficient salary to the native sub-mistress, who is indispensable to me for teaching the needlework and embroidery peculiar to the Arabs.

To assure to me ten francs a month for the food of each day-scholar.

To assure to me for each child placed wholly in my charge a sum equal to its expenses, which cannot be less than 400 francs (£24) a year.

It seems to me, M. le Comte, that in thus bounding my requests I am keeping within the most modest, and I would even say the most disinterested, limits. I feel, more than any other person can do, all the good I can effect, I have faith in the future of my undertaking, and I have no wish to compromise it by exaggerated pretensions. I have besides shown, up to the present time, that the sense of a great duty to be done has weighed with me more than all other personal considerations. The time has arrived, M. le Comte, in which to bestow on my efforts the recompense which I desire, and to consolidate for ever the happy result which I have obtained.

I hope that the preceding exposition will suffice to shorten the last administrative obstacles.

I remain, &c.

Having sent in this report, Madame Allix waited over the 30th of December in breathless suspense, hoping that something had been said in Council about her school. Evening came, and she learnt that they had not even mentioned her!

(To be continued.)

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## XXVI.—FRUITS IN THEIR SEASON.

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### VII.—KING PINE APPLE.

“THE king never dies,” is an axiom no less true in the fructal monarchy than in the monarchy of Britain, for a fruit of no season, or rather of all seasons, is the regal pine, on whose head the crown, held indeed by right divine, has been deposited by the all-ordering hand of Nature herself. Even yet more than the orange is this fruit entirely a delight of modern days, a joy with which the ancients intermeddled not; for it was guarded in a Transatlantic Hesperides by dragons of the deep, far beyond the power of any classic Hercules, till the Genoese ocean conqueror fought his way through all opposition, and won for the denizens of the old continents all the treasures of a new world, and among them this sovereign glory of all fruitdom. The pine apple is indeed now so plentiful in some parts of Asia, and in Africa, even in the most uncultivated places, that some have thought it must have been indigenous to the tropical parts of the three continents, but this idea is negatived by the fact that no mention of it appears in the works of any author who wrote before the discovery of America. According to Beckmann, who dedicates a chapter of his “History of Inventions and Discoveries” to this subject, the first who described and delineated the fruit was Oviedo, who, in 1535, was Governor of St. Domingo, and who published a General History of America. This enterprising Spaniard made great efforts to introduce the new dainty into Europe, but it could not sustain the long, uncertain voyages of that period; the fruit was always spoiled long before arrival, and the shoots or slips of the plant also perished by the way. A French monk, who had resided for some time in Brazil, next described it under its Peruvian title of *nanas*; and Jean de Lery, a Huguenot chaplain—who remarked on its exhaling so strong a scent, resembling that of strawberries, that it could be smelt when afar off in the woods, and being so delicious in taste as to take rank unquestionably as the best fruit of America—was the first to use the word *Ananas*, its present botanical cognomen. The prefix *Bromelia*, given to it by Linnæus, was derived from Olaf Bromel, a Swedish naturalist, who died in 1705. Transplanted from Brazil to the West Indies, it was thus brought a little more within reach of the longing palates of Europe, and by the middle



of the seventeenth century the interesting stranger reached our shores. In 1661 Evelyn records that he "saw the famous Queen pine brought from Barbadoes and presented to his majesty; but the first that were seen in England were those sent to Cromwell four years since." In 1668 he says again, "I was at a banquet which the king gave to the French ambassador. Standing by his majesty at dinner, in the presence, was that rare fruit called the King pine, growing in Barbadoes, in the West Indies." His majesty, after cutting it up, was pleased, in Eastern fashion, to give a piece off his own plate to this worthiest of his courtiers, that he might taste as well as feast his eyes upon a novelty he had never seen before, but this further acquaintance only induced disappointment, for, "in my opinion," he continues, "it falls far short of those ravishing varieties of deliciousness described in Captain Ligon's history and others; but possibly it might be, or certainly was, much impaired in coming so far." This was a distressing discovery for the *blasés* gourmands of Charles's court, in search of a new sensation, for the boldest of them would hardly have dared to undertake a voyage to the West Indies for the sake of getting fresh pine apples, and the need therefore became pressing that some other means should be tried to secure the enjoyment of charms so exquisite yet so fleeting as to be thus dissipated by a few weeks' voyage. A Dutchman, Le Cour, of Leyden, was the magician who, after many laborious and costly efforts, succeeded in first devising a spell potent enough to compel the royal foreigner to bloom beyond his native tropics, and present himself to European admirers in all the fulness of his attractions.

A picture at Kensington Palace, in which Rose, the royal gardener, is represented upon his knees presenting a pine to Charles II., has led some to think that he was himself the grower of the fruit, but it is more probable that he was only its purveyor, for one of the Sloanean MSS. distinctly affirms that the ananas was not introduced into this country until 1690, in which year it was procured from Holland, as a botanical plant, for the Royal Gardens at Kew. The memory of the first that bore fruit in England is preserved in a landscape in the Fitzwilliam Museum, at Cambridge, in which one is introduced for which this honor is claimed. It is stated to have been grown in the garden of Sir Matthew Decker, at Richmond, where fruit-bearing ananas were certainly to be seen flourishing in 1726. Ten years before this date, Lady Mary Montague had recorded in one of her lively letters her introduction, at the dessert table of the Elector of Hanover, to this noble fruit, but the allegation, often repeated by careless writers, that she had never even heard of such a thing before, is an error palpable enough to any one taking the trouble of referring to her own words on the occasion. After expressing her surprise at the superiority in number and beauty of the orange-trees in the garden at Herrnhausen to any she had seen in England, she continues: "But I had more reason

to wonder that night, at the Royal table, to see a present from a gentleman of this country of two large baskets full of ripe oranges and lemons of different sorts, many of which were quite new to me; and, what I thought worth all the rest, two ripe ananasses, which to my taste are a fruit perfectly delicious. You know they are naturally the growth of Brazil, and I could not imagine how they came here, but by enchantment. Upon inquiry, I learnt that they have brought their stoves to such perfection they lengthen their summer as long as they please, giving to every plant the degree of heat it would receive from the sun in its native soil. The effect is very near the same, and I am surprised we do not practise in England so useful an invention." The deficiency was soon supplied, for, by 1730, pine-stoves were established in all the principal gardens of Europe. Many, however, were capable of appreciating pine apples who were quite unable to indulge in a luxury so costly as these stove-grown nurslings of art, and an effort was therefore made to extend their importation, for a pine might be bought in the West Indies for sixpence which costs the English grower almost as many pounds. Phillips, writing in 1821, mentions that even while his pages were in progress the fruit had just been imported, for the first time, as an article of commerce, from the Bermuda Islands, the consignment consisting of about 400; and the Oxford Street fruiterer who had purchased them informed him that about two-thirds of the number arrived in good condition, and that a regular supply might therefore be expected for the future. This author was, however, in hopes that forcing would soon reach such perfection that there would be "African gardens" on the banks of the Thames, and looked forward, therefore, to the speedy arrival of the time when pine apples would be "cried through our streets two for a crown," a hope whose fulfilment is as much exceeded in one respect as it is fallen short of in another, by the supply at the present day, street-sold at a half-penny a slice, but, alas, of insipid imports, instead of full-flavored home growths. These come chiefly from the Bahamas, where they are grown as turnips are in our fields, and with so little care that excellence can hardly be expected, though probably the great demand, excited by this abundant importation, may cause more attention to be paid to them, and thus eventually improve the supply.

The leaves of the *Bromelia Ananas* are very like those of the Aloe, but less thick and succulent, and are mostly armed with thorns, though in the variety called the King pine the foliage is quite smooth and without prickles. Though the first leaves of seedling pines are very small and tender, much resembling the smallest blades of grass, when full-grown they are from two to three feet long, and from two to three inches broad, and of that dusty bluish-green color which mostly characterizes sea-shore vegetation. In the centre of these leaves rises a stem, varying in height from a foot to several feet, on which are clustered numerous small close-

sitting flowers, consisting of a three-cornered calyx and a corolla of three petals, within which are seen the pistil and six short stamens. Lilac, purple, or bluish in color, these flowers, with their accompanying bracts, are scattered upon and half buried in the substance of the common thick fleshy receptacle which supports them, and which, after the flowers fall off, increases in size, and the calyces, the bracts, the axis itself on which all are arranged, distended with the same juices, combine to form a succulent mass denominated the fruit, the points dividing the surface into triangular spaces, called by gardeners the "pips." It is, on a large scale, what the mulberry is on a small one, and equally with that is termed by botanists an "aggregate fruit," being formed of a number of ordinarily distinct parts, all grown together and fused into one another, forming a single head or cone. In the species called the "Penguin" the walnut-sized fruits into which the flowers develop remain detached, though so close together that at a little distance the cluster looks much like an ordinary pine apple. The "crown" is, in fact, merely the end of the stem, or branch on which the flowers are arranged, finishing in a terminal cluster of leaves, which, from their position, being thus above the fruit, form for it a natural diadem. In one species, never cultivated in England, but which abounds in China and the Indian Archipelago, each flower on the spike has a separate branch growing through its centre, and bearing a pine surmounted by a crown, so that a whole cluster of separate fruits is thus produced upon a single stem, and, as an old writer expresses it, "the whole plant together looks like a father in the middle and a dozen children round about him." Within some at least of the conglomerate group of united berries or capsules which compose the cone of the Ananas may perhaps be found its small oblong and numerous seeds, which are plentifully produced in the wild fruit, but are rare in cultivated specimens, owing to the extreme succulence attained by every part. When present at all, it is found that the cells which contain seed lie near the centre of the fruit, while the abortive seed-cells are mostly situate close to the rind, a fact which led Professor Martyn to conclude that some of the flowers might be male and others hermaphrodite.

In the West Indies the Ananas has been commonly grown from seed, but the ordinary mode of propagation in this country was by means of planting the crowns, which, however, are now less in repute than formerly, the suckers or shoots from the middle of the stem being preferred. The first great improvement which took place in their cultivation was the substitution of hotbeds of horse-dung and tan for fire heat, an increase both in size and excellence following the adoption of a system recommended also by the comparative cheapness. The plant, however, was still looked on as a triennial, a date of duration rather arbitrarily assigned to it, since, though it is certainly its nature to bear fruit once only and then to perish in its native tropics, this aim and end of its existence is not unfrequently

accomplished within the course of a single year, while all the care bestowed upon it by our gardeners often failed to obtain the desired consummation before the lapse of four years. Of late, however, so great has been the progress of the craft both in knowledge and skill, that fruit is now produced in fifteen months or less, and with a comparatively small amount of care and labor, which a short time ago cost three or four years of continual toil and expense. Formerly, too, it was considered impossible to "swell off" a pine in winter, so that if a plant showed fruit late in the autumn, it was forthwith consigned to the rubbish heap, cast out and trodden under foot as a useless bringer of untimely births. Now, however, they are at liberty to bear and bring forth when they will, sure of a glad welcome at any time for the tender progeny, for it has been found that the grand secret of fostering them into perfection consists more in the proportioning of heat to light than in the unvarying amplitude of either, and that by lessening the temperature of the pinery at night, or in dark sunless days, these children of a land where winter is unknown may brave his frowns with impunity, and their growth, though it may be retarded, will still steadily continue, and an uninterrupted succession of heirs to the crown keep up the glory of the family through every change of season. They make most progress, however, in spring and autumn, for, accustomed in their native climate to grow beneath the shades of loftier vegetation, they shrink from the unmitigated glow of even an English summer sun, and, except when the nearly ripened fruit requires just a few finishing touches of powerful solar influence to bring out its fullest tones of color and taste, loves best that the bright rays should gleam into its greenhouse abode only through a leafy screen of vines trained over the rafters. Too much air, however, can hardly be given, for though fruit will swell to an unhealthy corpulence when grown in close pits, the flavor proves far inferior to that borne by plants more happily situate in light and airy houses. As regards vegetable as well as animal life, "the worth of fresh air" is only now beginning to be generally understood; but the appearance of the denizens of such different abodes pleads powerfully as plainly in favor of the attendance of "the Cheap Doctor," for when grown in pits the leaves of the pine apple are long, thin, narrow, and flabby, and the tall slim fruit-stalk so weak that it cannot without support stand upright under the weight of its watery tasteless fruit; while plants that have been reared in houses ever rejoicing in the surrounding light and air have short, thick, and broad leaves, stiff as those of an aloe, and sturdy unbending fruit-stalk, proudly upbearing its luscious load of sweet well-flavored fruit, crowned with a well-proportioned coronal of short vigorous leaves seldom exceeding half the height of the fructal cone, for an over-luxuriant crown would only betoken an undue drain upon the wearer. Some of the finest pines indeed, in point of flavor, that have ever been grown beneath an English sky, matured their fruit beneath its full

influence, in the free open air. This experiment was tried in 1847 at Bicton, in Devonshire, where some plants in pots, to which no fire-heat had at any time been applied, were placed out after they had blossomed, in the month of May, in beds of leaves in the open garden; a bank was thrown up around them to keep off currents of cold wind, and the whole surface of the ground, for some distance, covered with charred hay, the black substance so increasing the heat-absorbing power of the ground as to repel night frosts and maintain a healthy growth during the daytime. Though the temperature of the immediate spot was occasionally below forty degrees, —some nights had been frosty, and some days quite sunless,—the fruit matured to an average weight of four pounds, and in one instance to six pounds, and its flavor was perfect, a result which could not be attributed to high temperature or long continued sunshine, and therefore could only be traced to the free access of air constantly passing over the plants to nourish and invigorate them. So bold a system could, however, be hardly relied upon as generally applicable, and the special advantage it offers is combined with others in one of the newest modes of culture, which consists in heating the pine-pit with pipes of hot water under its beds of tan, while other pipes, communicating with the outside at some distance from the pit, keep up a continual supply of pure air.

So delicate a feeder, subsisting principally upon the lighter elements, can afford to be very indifferent to the grosser aliment derivable from soil, and the Ananas is therefore content to root in the poorest substance that can just form a vehicle for its delicate nourishment. Sandy soil, taken from heaths or commons, is much used, on account of its porosity, and one famous pine-grower recorded that he had made the experiment of planting it in mere moss mixed with broken pots, when the plant made quite as much progress as those in rich compost, an evident proof that water and air constitute the principal food of the pine apple. Dr. Lindley yet further asserts, that all the Bromeliaceæ, as plants of this family are termed under the modern nomenclature, are capable of existing in a hot dry air without even contact with the earth, on which account, he says, they are favorites in South American gardens, where they are suspended in the buildings or hung to the balustrades of the balconies, situations in which they flower abundantly, filling the air with fragrance. In accordance with this great botanist's statement is the testimony of the practical gardener Spechley, who wrote a very complete treatise on the pine apple, in which it is mentioned that a large sucker will vegetate after having lain six of the hottest months of the year exposed to the sun in the hothouse, whereas almost any other plant of the same size and substance would in that situation lose its vegetative powers in less than one-tenth of that time. Successful culture, however, depends greatly upon a proper degree of humidity, and the hygrometer should be considered as indispensable an instrument in the

pinery as the thermometer, for, according to the learned author of the Theory of Horticulture, "The skilful balancing of the temperature and moisture of the air constitutes the most complicated and difficult part of the gardener's art." It affords a pleasant prospect, however, of future increased popularity for a luxury still only to be enjoyed in perfection by the comparatively wealthy, to find a professional pine-grower bearing witness that "this incomparable fruit is more easily brought to maturity than an early cucumber. Though liable to the attacks of insects, it is less so than the peach, and is less speedily injured by them than the common cabbage. It is also subject to very few diseases;" the writer's testimony as to the ease with which it may be cultivated being finally summed up in the expressive dictum, that "every one that can procure stable dung may grow pines." Whatever difficulties there may have been in its management have certainly only sufficed to call forth all the more energy in contending with and overcoming them, for to be a successful pine-cultivator has long been the acme of the British gardener's ambition. He might be great in grapes and admirable in asparagus, his flowers might be faultless and his strawberries superb, but he still held but a second-rate position if with all this he were still unable to produce a perfect pine, since in proportion to his ability in this respect were his services valued by the rich and the noble of the land. Thus incited, the triumph has been complete, and gardening art can now boast that the pine apple can be procured in Britain in as high perfection as in almost any tropical climate, and nearly as rapidly, most kinds being brought to maturity in from fifteen to eighteen months, some sorts even, such as the Queen, being ripened within a year of their setting. The Providence pine still requires two or three years, or even longer if the largest fruit be desired, but in this case flavor will be sacrificed to size, for the best fruit rarely weighs more than from four to eight pounds; and the tediously ripened twelve or fourteen pounder—for even this weight is sometimes attained—may, as a showy ornament, please the eye, but must never be expected to afford much delectation to the palate. These giants are, however, quite the growth of modern days, for in 1821, when a Providence pine grew to such magnitude as to weigh ten and a half pounds, the monster was thought a marvel so unique as to be worthy of being formally presented by the Horticultural Society to His Majesty the King, at whose Coronation banquet it was served up in state.

Miller, writing in 1737, enumerates but five varieties of the Bromelia Ananas, yet a table compiled a few years ago mentions no less than fifty-two; but the Queen, (believed to have been the first sort introduced here,) the Providence, and one or two others, are still the most usually grown and the most esteemed. One of the most curious is the Striped Surinam, which has leaves beautifully variegated with stripes of dark green and delicate white, tinged with a fiery red and a cylindrical fruit variously marbled with red, green, yellow,

and white. Both leaves and fruit are very beautiful, but the latter is worthless save as a curiosity, for it has little flavor, and is not produced until the plant is at least eight or nine years old, nay, sometimes twenty years elapse, and still it "*lives and makes no sign.*" The Blood Red Pine, an import from Jamaica, has purplish red leaves, lilac flowers, and fruit of a reddish chocolate color; while the variety called the Green Pine, unfit to be eaten while it remains green, is of an olive color when fully ripe.

As regards cultivated pines, reared in countries where they must be regarded as exotics, France stands next to England in the successful management of her pineries: the fruit may be obtained in the shops of Paris through every week of the year, and at Versailles they are equal in excellence to any that John Bull can produce. In one or two of the Southern provinces of Spain they are grown in the open air but the Italians prizing the *dolce far niente* beyond any other sweet in nature, even the nectareous pine cannot compete with it, and Loudon, in his tour through continental gardens, found this fruit quite a rarity in their country. A few there were in the royal gardens at Portici, and a few again in the Pope's gardens, but even these were but sickly, yellow-leaved monuments of neglect. Energetic Sardinia, indeed, in this as in all other things, has been ahead of its fellows, for as long ago as in 1777 its king sent a gardener to England to study the culture of the Ananas, who on his return published a tract detailing what he had learnt, and giving the plan for a pine-pit; but the climate is so dry that an extra supply of water becomes necessary, and sufficient attention not being paid to this, the plants do not thrive so well, and the fruit is but small.

In Prussia, most of the best fruits now grown there were introduced by the Great Frederic, who was passionately fond of them, as may be judged from his letters when Crown Prince to Voltaire, in which he speaks of his "dear garden," and says, "I burn with impatience to see again my vineyards, my cherries, my melons." The pine being his special favorite, he had large numbers grown in pits, to keep up a continual supply, and the state of his pinery was one of the last subjects that occupied his ever busy mind before he was himself gathered by the great Reaper, for on his dying bed he inquired after the ripening of one of the fruits from which he had promised himself a farewell feast. In Baden there are pines on the Grand Duke's table every week throughout the year, and besides 400 cut annually for the dessert, about 300 more are used every year for the purpose of making wine, which is of very delicious quality. "*Cardinale*," too, which figures at high festivals in some parts of Germany as fit nectar to associate with ambrosial *marzipan*, is composed of champagne mingled with other delicate liquors and poured upon preserved pine apple.

In a natural state, the Ananas is peculiarly abundant in Sierra Leone, where, battenning on moist and decayed vegetable matter, it attains extraordinary size of foliage, destroying every other plant

except the timber trees which overshadow it, and forming an almost impenetrable thicket, obstructing the traveller's progress in every direction. Yet the fruit it matures, even in this savage state, is, in a climate so suited to it, equally delicious with that which may have been reared in England at royal cost, under the watchful care of the most scientific gardener. In Surinam, says Stedman, Ananas grow spontaneously in such plenty that they are common food for hogs; a regale sufficient, one might imagine, almost to reverse the charm of Circe, and endow these privileged porkers with a super-porcine nature. At Trinidad they are said to attain the largest size, and at Burmah their greatest excellence; the British army, who found them growing wild in the woods in the latter country, having passed this encomium upon them, but they have never been brought thence to England. That high authority Humboldt, however, pronounced in favor of quite another locality, for after mentioning that there are certain spots in America, as in Europe, where different fruits attain their highest perfection, and indicating what various places are famed for, he proceeds to add decisively, that "the pine apple should be eaten at Esmeralda [in Guiana] or in the Isle of Cuba," where, growing in parallel rows like agricultural crops, they are "the ornament of the fields." There is hope then still for the "used up." When all else hath palled by repetition; when steaks beside the very gridiron shall be insipid, and whitebait be flavorless even at Blackwall; when not even the nearest murmur of the stream whence it was drawn can give savor to Scotland's trout, and the effulgence of Italy's sunshine fails to gild Neapolitan maccaroni with a relish; even then the world holds still one charm untried, and it cannot be said that all life's pleasures are exhausted while a voyage to Cuba may secure, in the fragrant bowers of the "lone star of the sea," the yet unknown felicity of tasting *a perfect pine!*

Should dull imagination be able but faintly to conceive the bliss, it may be aided by that unsurpassable description of one of our early voyagers, which caused poor Evelyn such woeful disappointment, when not even the touch of royal fingers could impart to the morsel vouchsafed him of a long-kept sea-spoiled import more than the mere ghost of a flavor thus glowingly depicted. An old writer had already observed that the Ananas was "a fruit of such excellence that the gods might luxuriate upon it, and which should only be gathered by the hand of a Venus;" but this is mere vague panegyric. The worthy Captain Ligon tries to tell in what this excellence consists, and not quite in vain, for surely if words can convey the idea of a taste these do so. "Now," says he, "to close up all that can be said of fruits, I must name the pine, for in that single name all that is excellent in a superlative degree for beauty and taste is totally and summarily included. When it comes to be eaten, nothing of rare taste can be thought on that is not there, nor is it imaginable that so full a harmony of tastes can be raised out



of so many parts, and all distinguishable. When you bite a piece of the fruit it is so violently sharp as you would think it would fetch all the skin off your mouth, but before your tongue have made a second tryal, upon your palate you shall perceive such a sweetness to follow as perfectly to cure that vigorous sharpness; and between these two extremes of sharp and sweet lies the relish and flavor of all fruits that are excellent: and those tastes will change and flow so fast upon your palate as your fancy can hardly keep way with them, to distinguish the one from the other, and this at least to a tenth examination, for so long the echo will last." Not ambrosia itself could more than merit such poetry of the palate as this, and if the object which inspired can indeed realize it, then surely the fabled land of the Lotos-eaters could have been no other than a place of pine apples.

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## XXVII.—THE LEGEND OF THE ALMOND TREE.

“DEMOPHOÖN! Demophoön!”

Mount Rhodope renews the moan;  
And Hæmus' heights from cliff to cliff  
Re-echo back the plaintive groan.

“Demophoön! Demophoön!”

Proud Hebrus swells in sympathy,  
Forgets awhile his golden sands,  
And sobs and murmurs piteously.

The sad Ægean bears the cry  
Through all its thousand island caves;  
The Nereids cease their wreathèd dance,  
To listen to the moaning waves.

Poor Phyllis, hush;—far, far away  
Thy lover hears and heeds thee not;  
Perchance for some Athenian maid  
Thou and thy love have been forgot.

### DIRGE.

“Raise the funeral pyre on high,  
Torches bring and perfumed wood,  
Build it where the violets lie,  
In the woodland solitude.

“Gently lift the royal maiden,  
Lift her from the fatal deep;  
With the pangs of love o'erladen  
She has sought eternal sleep.

“Eros hover round her still,  
Hermes of the magic wand,  
Guide her wandering shade until  
She has passed the Stygian strand.

“Higher still, and ever higher,  
Darts the lambent forked flame,  
Bards yet unborn shall strike the lyre  
To chant poor Phyllis’ requiem.”

Too late her lover gains the strand ;  
“Too late,” each murmuring leaflet sighs ;  
No eager step—no outstretched hand—  
“Too late,” the whispering breeze replies.

But, lo, what miracle divine ?  
What vision meets his startled eye ?  
Has gracious Jove vouchsafed a sign,  
A token love can never die ?

From Phyllis’ mouldering ashes springs  
A lithe and graceful almond tree ;  
Aloft its leafless arms it flings,  
As praying Heaven beseechingly.

He clasps the trunk in fond embrace,  
As once *her* form in happier hours ;  
A roseate blush from tip to base  
Bursts forth in wreaths of perfumed flowers.

And ever as sweet spring returns,  
She throbs again with passion’s thrill,  
And ever with each waning year  
She weeps for joys remembered still.

While Love, when crowned with Joy, must fade,  
Hers will through endless years abide ;  
While every almond tree repeats,  
How well she loved, and grieved, and died !

E. G. H.

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XXVIII.—UN CONVOI.\*

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QUE la cloche, ce soir dans les airs balancée,  
Rend un lugubre accord !  
Sa languissante voix vibre dans ma pensée  
Comme un appel de mort.

Voici que le soleil, pour la vague profonde  
Délaissant l’horizon,  
Comme un doux : “au revoir !” au front vieilli du monde  
Jette un dernier rayon.

\* These verses are from the pen of Madame Pape-Carpentier, a French lady, whose works of practical benevolence we shall, before long, introduce to our readers, but whose fine and delicate genius would have assured her honors as an artist, had she been less absorbed in labors which command respect.

La lune s'est levée : à sa lueur obscure  
 S'éveillent les zéphyr,  
 Et la nuit parfumée étend sur la nature  
 Son manteau de saphirs.

Je vois sur le penchant de ce coteau rapide  
 Les taureaux mugissants,  
 Dociles et soumis à l'enfant qui les guide,  
 Revenir à pas lents.

Tout charme, tout séduit dans ce riant empire,  
 Tout y parle d'amours ;  
 Et sur des tons divers chaque voix semble dire :  
 Aimons ! aimons toujours !

Toujours !—eh quoi ! ce mot qui m'avait tant charmée  
 Est-il sincère aux champs ?

Oh ! si dans ces beaux lieux on est toujours aimée,  
 J'y veux—mais quels accents ?—

Des pâtres, tout-à-coup, qui donc a pu suspendre  
 Les amoureux transports ?

Quel sinistre concert, au vallon, fait entendre  
 Ces lugubres accords ?

Je vois au pied des monts une foule éplorée  
 Qui suit un prêtre en deuil ;  
 Et puis la croix d'argent, image révéérée,  
 Brille auprès d'un cercueil.

Vers le séjour des morts le cortège s'avance  
 A pas lents, mesurés ;

Aux chants interrompus succède un long silence—  
 Puis des hymnes sacrés—

Oh ! ne puis-je savoir qui la tombe jalouse  
 Arrache à ses amis ?

Est-ce un triste vieillard, est-ce une heureuse épouse ?  
 Une mère, ou son fils ?

Je vois un bouquet blanc—Ciel ! une jeune fille !—  
 Infortunée ! hier, l'espoir de ta famille,  
 Peut-être tu sortais de ton riant berceau—

Aujourd'hui, pour demeure il te faut un tombeau !  
 Et peut-être qu'hier tu disais : “ O ma mère !

“ Quand Dieu prendra ta vie à ton enfant si chère,

“ Je veux fermer tes yeux et suivre ton convoi ;

“ Puis, prier pour ton âme et mourir après toi.”

—Et voilà qu'aujourd'hui c'est ta mère qui prie,

Qui pleure son enfant à son amour ravie ;

Et dans son désespoir amer, impétueux,

Tour à tour nie, implore ou blasphème les cieux !

Peut-être aussi, d'espoir et de fleurs couronnée,

Tu marchais à l'autel, par ton cœur entraînée—

Au lieu de chants d'amour, ce sont des chants de deuil,

Et tes flambeaux d'hymen éclairent ton cercueil !—

Vénérable vieillard, vous dont la voix murmure  
 Des accents de douleur,  
 Dites pourquoi, si tôt, de son haleine impure,  
 La mort glaça son cœur ?  
 Sa main saisit ma main, puis il guida ma vue  
 Dans un riant verger,  
 Là, sur la mousse en fleurs, une femme étendue  
 Dormait près d'un berger.  
 D'amour et de candeur la crédule jeunesse  
 Ornait son front si doux ;  
 Et sur elle planaient, humides de tendresse,  
 Les yeux de son époux.  
 Mais lorsqu'il aperçut le cercueil insensible  
 Qu'avait fermé la mort,  
 Sur les traits du pasteur passa sombre et terrible  
 Un reflet du remord !  
 C'est assez, j'ai compris.—Sans doute, infortunée,  
 Tu bénis ton destin ;  
 Heureuse de finir ta pénible journée  
 Si près de son matin !  
 Et moi, le cœur brisé, pénétrant dans la vie,  
 Sans y voir de beaux jours,  
 Je disai : En ces lieux non plus qu'en ma patrie  
 On ne s'aime toujours !

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## XXIX.—THE PORTRAIT.

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### CHAPTER III.

A FEW days after the unlucky mistake of the showing of the portrait, as I was on the point of drawing aside the heavy *portière* that hung across the entrance to the *salon*, I overheard a few words which made me pause, and sent the blood dancing in my veins from anger. Mrs. Bethune was in conversation with one of her friends, a lady who had always shown me great and marked attention, and as I was the subject of their remarks I could not help my hand being arrested when I heard Mrs. Bethune say, that "her nephew intended to marry me." "Are you sure Miss Lindores intends to accept Mr. Mansfield?" asked Lady C., in rather a dubious tone. "Could any one doubt it?" was the sharp rejoinder. "Emily has too much good sense," continued Mrs. Bethune, "to reject a proposal so advantageous to her, one not likely to be made a second time to a young person in her position."

I knew from the tone of her voice that the speaker was irritated at the idea that any one, especially Lady C., could be sceptical as to my acceptance of her estimable and accomplished nephew. My pride was too keenly wounded to find any consolation in being

called ultra-sensible, and my indignation was roused when I considered the coolness with which I was to be disposed of.

“So love is a luxury reserved only for heiresses,” I muttered to myself, as I sought my own room the more freely to indulge my resentment. “Portionless damsels must take what is offered to them, and accept as a God-send a human baboon, a male in a dress coat, a simpering fool, or, in short, any apology for a husband; and should an estate be coupled with the offered hand, any poor girl who ventures to refuse the great gift is supposed to be bereft of her senses.” As thus I kept on brewing all manner of bitter thoughts against Mrs. Bethune and her ugly nephew, I caught a glimpse of Sarah peering at me through the half-opened door of my apartment. “Bless us all, what’s in the wind now?” was the exclamation of the little old woman; one in frequent use when she was surprised or angry. “There is Master Edward tearing about the court because the carriage is five minutes too late; here are you dancing up and down your room as if it were too hot to hold you; and in the *salon* sits Mrs. Bethune as cross as two sticks. Heigho! French air must be fiery.” And the dragon (as Master Edward used to call her) looked at me with her little grey eyes so queerly and inquisitively, that even in the midst of my anger I could not resist laughing. It was clear I had not common sense when I determined to reject the nephew of Mrs. Bethune for a husband, in spite of that lady’s commendation of my prudence. Mr. Cleveland had absented himself for a whole week, and I perceived that Mrs. Bethune was becoming annoyed at what she termed his inattention. As I thought this rather exacting on her part, I defended the artist, and maintained that urgent business might have detained him, or occurrences over which he had no control. When this conversation took place we were walking in the gardens of the Tuileries. “You espouse the cause of Mr. Cleveland very warmly,” said Mrs. Bethune, while a slight color rose on her cheeks, and with an unpleasant smile on her lips. “Do you call it an affair of business escorting ladies to all the public places in Paris?” I looked somewhat confused, and before I could reply to this abrupt question I heard the voice of Mr. Cleveland close at my side. On turning round, there indeed he was, and two ladies with him, one elderly, the other young and pretty. He accosted us in his usual frank, yet not particularly demonstrative manner, and his presence soon restored me to good humor, even with the ugly Edward. We had come to the gardens to enjoy the sight of the merry little elves sporting with each other in white merinos and feathers, (the French seem especially fond of dressing their children in white,) and to watch the fresh young leaves now bursting into vernal beauty. All Paris appeared to be sunning themselves, not in the mode of drowsy Easterns or of careworn Englishmen, but heartily and truly, as if they had locked up their vexations and cares when they locked up their desks, or fastened their house doors. Every one

looked sprightly; every one seemed conscious that the sun shone, shone for his especial pleasure. That walk was one of the pleasant notches in my time stick. The joyousness of spring was in the air, the delicate hue of the tender leaves, as seen between us and the clear blue sky, refreshed the eye and filled the heart with hopeful gleams of light. The sparkling waters of the fountains, the ornamental statues, the merry voices of the children, and the animated countenances of the passers-by, all conspired to make up a charming picture, which fixed itself in my memory perhaps the more indelibly from the fact that Mr. Cleveland inhaled the same air, looked on the same young heralds of spring, heard the same ringing laugh of childhood, and, I doubted not, was equally happy.

The two ladies who accompanied him were an aunt and cousin, and I soon found that the younger of the two had no admiration of, or faith in, the doctrine of reserve. She was a talkative little lady with blue eyes and flaxen hair, and gave me her whole history up to that particular moment in a miraculously brief space of time.

When she had finished with her own biography, she began to give me that of her "darling cousin," as she called Mr. Cleveland, and ended by telling me in a whisper, that she was sure he was in love with me, "for he speaks of you without seeming to know it."

"Ah then!" I answered carelessly, "be assured he is not; for we never speak of those we love, we only think of them." The large blue eyes looked up at me with a bewildered stare; their owner laughed, and said I was talking nonsense. Miss Cleveland, it was evident, if not a *de Staël* in matter, yet might have vied with that *femme célèbre* in rapidity of speech. Her life moved at railway speed, and on her line there were apparently no stations to stop at.

On our way home, Mrs. Bethune, who had quite recovered her serenity, (when she had ascertained that the ladies to whom Mr. Cleveland had been so attentive were relatives and not strangers,) began to speak of her portrait. "I find I was wrong, Emily, in supposing that Cleveland did injustice to your picture. We have had a long talk about it, and he assured me, that if you persevered in your study of art you might one day become a first rate artist."

"And share the fate of Properzia," I added with a smile.

"In love or in art?" asked Mrs. Bethune playfully.

"Perhaps in both," I replied, in the same mirthful tone. I felt my face glow beneath the penetrating gaze of Mrs. Bethune, who seemed as if she wished to read my thoughts.

"I have fine news for you, Sarah," were my first words when on reaching home I met our dragon.

"Indeed!" said Sarah, with a significant shrug, and look of distrust.

"We are all going on Thursday week to the ball which is to be given by our Ambassador," I continued, not heeding Sarah's exclamation.

“I am sorry to hear you are so foolish. I wish we were away from this city of temptation,” said Sarah, with a very angry expression of face as she left me.

The expected Thursday evening came; and at ten o'clock I found myself at the British Embassy. The illuminated city, to which I compared a love dream, was now exchanged for an enchanted palace, in which I seemed to wander spell bound. Its splendor bewildered my outward senses, while other magic sights and sounds confused my brain. Light floated round me in rainbow hues; music and fragrant odours mingled with the air; men and women in rich attire, like the princes and princesses of fairy tales, passed and repassed before my wondering eyes. I was in dream-land, led on by a mighty magician, whose power was unseen yet irresistible. I saw, and yet I saw not; the real seemed changing into the ideal. I was like the enchanted lady of the castle, who knew not the delusion until another magician of yet greater power came and dissolved the charm and made the whole vanish. I almost doubted my own identity as I mingled with the glittering crowd. I was no longer simple Emily Lindores, but an altogether different person, and those around me seemed changed too. Mrs. Bethune looked unlike the Mrs. Bethune of yesterday. A soft tinge of pink, soft as the lining of the pearly shell, was on her cheek, her eyes sparkled, her jet hair shone lustrous with its circlet of diamonds, and over her whole person was shed an air of graceful refinement, denoting the woman of taste and of delicate nurture. The heir of Riverton was a degree less ugly and presuming, as he encountered many whose pretensions so far exceeded his that he must have felt less consequential in that distinguished assemblage of French and English by whom our Ambassador was encircled. Anyhow, I scarcely once looked at Master Edward, although Sarah had begged that I would keep an eye upon him. Truly, I was otherwise occupied in my enchanted palace than to think or look at Mr. Edward Mansfield. I turned him over to Mr. Cleveland's pretty cousin, in the hope they would arrive at a decidedly good understanding and keep beside each other the whole evening. I had a horror of being tormented by that intolerable fop, and did my best to get rid of him. Fortunately I succeeded by help of the young lady and her mother. I whispered in the ear of the latter that he was immensely rich;—so she at once kindly took him off my hands.

Cleveland alone looked the same, for he had been long since idealized by my imagination. In him I observed no change, unless it were that his eye had a dreamier expression in it, as if for him there appeared some hidden object on which he gazed, an object invisible to all save himself, while the moving figures near him were as shadows. Was he also under the magician's spell?

The night wore on. Fatigued with her exertions, Mrs. Bethune had seated herself near, and was in conversation with Lady C——

and some friends of the latter to whom in the course of the evening she had been introduced. Cleveland had disappeared; Master Edward was in attendance on the blue-eyed English girl, and no one seemed to be taking particular notice either of me or my movements. I considered it an excellent opportunity to try and get a breath of air; the rooms were becoming hot and crowded. I fancied I felt a slight current come from one of the entrances, so I made my way towards it in the hope of finding a cool spot to rest in for a few moments. I was, in truth, somewhat faint; the excitement, the dazzling splendor, the bewildering fancies, were growing oppressive, and I wished to be alone, were it only for a few minutes. My supposition had been correct; the current blew in from an open verandah running round that part of the building, and leading by a flight of broad steps into a garden. I quickly entered it, and seeing no one, I ventured to the top of the steps to inhale the fresh midnight air. I soon felt refreshed by the delicious coolness of the place. The verandah was filled with flowers, and here and there water sparkled up from miniature fountains. I seated myself by the side of one of the marble basins, leant my arm on its edge, and looked out at the moon and stars, as silently and solemnly they pursued their destined path, flinging as they went a pearly hue on tree and flower. How long I had thus been looking on the tranquil face of night, my senses steeped in oblivion of all save the one absorbing yet scarce defined feeling, I knew not. It might have been a moment, it might have been a year; with time I seemed to have nothing in common. I had a sense of the infinite; my soul alike disowned earth, limitation, time, and space.

I was gently awakened from my trance-like state by hearing my name whispered among the flowers; at least so it seemed to me. I started, for the sound came as an echo from the past; as if I heard the voices of my father and mother blent in one. I again heard the same whisper, like music stealing from a distance, strike on my sense of sound. I turned round, and saw Cleveland at my side.

“Emily,” he said, in a subdued tone, “do you know that I have been here ever since I missed you from the ball-room?”

Never before had Mr. Cleveland called me by my name; a name associated in my memory with remembrances of childhood, of singing birds, hawthorn-trees, daisied meadows, and running streams. I could not answer, for the past seemed the present, and the present became annihilated. He laid his hand gently on my arm, as it rested on the edge of the marble fountain. The fact of being there alone with Mr. Cleveland soon recalled me to my senses. I remembered that, however much people may feel, it is considered weak and silly to permit any emotions to be visible to others, and although it required a strong effort of will, I dashed aside the springing tears, drew my mantilla closer round me, and rose from my seat by the marble fountain. A stray moonbeam falling on my satin robe and lace-embroidered tunic, aided to dissolve



the vision of the past and bring me again to the present. The idea was fantastic, but my festal attire, jewelled armlet, and Indian fan seemed to reproach me for keeping them there shivering beneath the stars when they were put on to glitter in the glare and warmth of wax-lights. I likewise remembered that it was against rule to leave a ball-room and wander away by oneself; also, to meet a gentleman under these circumstances had the appearance of being intentional; moreover, it was, above and beyond all, an imperative act of propriety never to permit one of the other sex to pry into our heart secrets, until by spoken words they had given us to understand that their intentions pointed straight and direct to matrimony. Looks, I knew, were held by every prudent adviser to go for nothing. Hundreds of unsuspecting girls had been deceived by them, therefore in matters of feeling we could not be sufficiently reserved, and on this principle I acted.

I stifled the promptings of my heart, and assumed a bearing I considered suited to the emergency. The harshness and frigidity of the tone in which I replied to the gentle greeting of Cleveland grated and jarred on my own ear. What then must have been its effect on his? The expression of his countenance was altered in an instant. He did not again call me Emily, but drawing himself up, (he had been until then leaning against a pillar of the verandah close to the fountain,) said, with forced tranquillity, "Pardon me, Miss Lindores, if I have offended by calling you by a simpler title. I know not why or wherefore, but at that moment I could not have called you by any other name than Emily."

I held out my hand as a sign that I was not offended. Cleveland drew my arm within his, and for a few minutes we lingered by the side of the fountain.

"Shall I baptize you Properzia?" asked Cleveland, dipping his fingers in the sparkling water. "Perhaps you like that name better than your own?"

"No," I exclaimed hastily; "Properzia was unfortunate, and it would be an evil omen. I have become superstitious," I added with a smile, as we turned from the starlight, the fountain, and the flowers, to enter again the stifling ball-room. Cleveland did not reply. We had proceeded a few steps, when I perceived the figure of some one who appeared to be watching our movements, and as we approached, the figure receded, so that I could not exactly be certain, but I strongly suspected it was Mrs. Bethune. Cleveland made no comment, neither did I.

A sensation of uneasiness came over me, an undefined fear of I knew not what. A dark shadow seemed crossing my path, and involuntarily I shivered, as if suddenly chilled.

"Are you cold?" asked Mr. Cleveland.

"Not in the least," I answered, and we re-entered the room together. I looked round in search of Mrs. Bethune. She was standing with another lady near the door at which we entered.

“I fear the heat does not agree with Miss Lindores,” she said, as if to Mr. Cleveland, in a bland voice, not looking at me. “I have told Edward to call our carriage; it will be here immediately.” I saw the expression of the face of the speaker, although she had turned away from me. A large mirror was opposite her, and intuitively I knew, by a sudden pain in my heart, that the retreating figure in the verandah was that of Mrs. Bethune.

“Wherefore,” I asked myself, “should she thus have been acting the part of a spy? Why did she not come openly and speak to us? I became silent and grieved; and Cleveland, I fancied, looked uncomfortable. He continued to talk with Mrs. Bethune while the lady conversed with me, until Master Edward appeared to conduct his aunt to her carriage. Already the genius of evil seemed to be spreading his black wings to overshadow me; the lights of my enchanted palace were waxing dim, the fairy beings who had filled it by some mysterious agency were fast changing their forms; the violet odours were gone, and a presentiment of coming sorrow, even in that gay scene, was rapidly taking possession of me. The rude world of reality was displacing the bright land of vision. The singular conduct of Mrs. Bethune had confused me, and I dare say I parted coldly from Cleveland.

#### CHAPTER IV.

NEXT morning my head ached violently; and an indefinite feeling of not wishing to meet Mrs. Bethune kept me all the morning in my own room. For weeks past I had been anticipating the formal offer of the hand of Master Edward through his aunt, and it was from this I shrunk, as I knew that my rejection of her nephew would be looked upon as an act of positive ingratitude. Anyhow, I could not muster courage on that particular day to encounter the risk of a painful scene, so I delayed my appearance in the *salon* until the time when it was usual for Mrs. Bethune to receive visitors herself or to pay visits to some of her numerous acquaintances.

It was therefore late when I descended, and Sarah informed me that Mrs. Bethune had gone out in the carriage for a drive with Mr. Cleveland, who had called and asked to see me, as he was obliged to leave Paris suddenly. Such was the message I received from Sarah, who added that she told Mr. Cleveland I had so bad a headache that I could not see any one. “And it is just what you deserve, Miss Emily, for going to balls. I never saw any good come of them. I am thankful we are soon going back to England.”

“Are we?” I asked, scarcely knowing what was said; thinking only of Cleveland’s departure and his wish to see me. I knew not why, but Sarah never seemed friendly towards the artist, and used to look sullen and grave whenever his name was mentioned in conjunction with any of our plans. I abstained therefore from asking questions, in the hope of hearing details from Mrs. Bethune or her nephew as to our future movements, as well as those of Mr. Cleve-

land. With regard to the latter, I was informed that business had called him to the South of France; but that in all likelihood he would be in London very shortly. I was likewise informed that Mrs. Bethune intended to leave Paris in a few weeks. This was all I knew.

In the interval which elapsed before our departure for England, I succeeded in making Mr. Mansfield understand that his attentions and intentions were equally thrown away upon me. I knew that Master Edward was not a subject to waste feeling upon, so I told him the truth in definite terms. He got over the chagrin of having his whim crossed in a brief space of time, and his temporary disappointment worked him no harm. He soon whistled and joked as manfully as ever, and declared he would return to Paris or Rome whenever his aunt was safely stowed away in Yorkshire with his father. "I am in no haste to marry, since you will not have me," said Master Edward; "and my aunt will do for the old Squire just as well as any wife of mine." And the heir of Riverton strongly advised Mrs. Bethune to take up her residence at his paternal estate in the North. His aunt, however, had her own plans; and these were in direct antagonism to those of her nephew.

It became evident that my rejection of Mr. Mansfield was looked upon almost as a personal insult by Mrs. Bethune. After one or two conversations on the subject, in which she endeavored to show me the folly of throwing away such a chance, and tried to prove that, if not for my own sake, yet for the benefit of my family, it was my duty to accept the estate of Riverton and its owner, her manner to me became ceremonious and cool in the extreme, as she found all her arguments unavailing. Wherefore was Mrs. Bethune so anxious on this point, when the broad acres of her nephew could pick up a mistress any day who would not be so "fanciful" about a husband, as I was called. Our last conference ended in my being pronounced "an obstinate, self-willed girl, who did not know the blessings she was contumaciously rejecting." I had offended beyond forgiveness. The world wore rather a grim aspect as I quitted France, but, with the unfrozen faith of girlhood, straggling rays of sunshine penetrated through the gloom.

In Paris I had met with a rich subject for thought. True, my artist friend had vanished in a cloud, but in London he would re-appear. This was my solace. It was my intention to take leave of Mrs. Bethune the moment we reached England, as after what had occurred neither of us felt at ease. She was too well-bred a woman to be discourteous or rude, but I felt the gap that now existed between us. In London, which we reached in safety, I lingered a few weeks, in the hope of hearing from, or seeing, Mr. Cleveland. The day of my departure was fixed, and still no tidings of the artist. His name was never mentioned by Mrs. Bethune, his aunt and cousin we left in Paris, and Master Edward was almost oblivious of the existence of such a person, consequently I was in utter igno-

rance of his movements. It was therefore with disappointment in my heart that I journeyed home.

This was all I had acquired by seeing the world! I likewise perceived that the rich widow did not quite regard me as her equal, and this knowledge jarred against my self-respect. Sarah Dermid was the only one who unfeignedly regretted my leaving her, as, to use her own words, "I had become just like one of themselves."

I was warmly welcomed back by my kind aunt, whose tiny cottage was now to be my future home. Small indeed it appeared in comparison with our Parisian hotel, or my late domicile in the Regent's Park; nevertheless, it was more in unison with my prospects, and created no painful contrast to my real position, which had frequently been felt by me when surrounded by the almost Eastern luxury in which relaxing atmosphere I had passed more than a whole year. I had need of a more bracing influence, and of a severer mode of living than that to which I had succumbed during my visit to my rich cousin.

It is so pleasant and easy to indulge ourselves when every inducement is held out for that purpose; and it is folly to imagine that resistance can be effectively sustained in the midst of allurements, unless we arm ourselves with stern resolves to choose the rugged path. And more than this, unless a strong moral purpose endues us with strength of will to carry on our conflict, nine of us out of ten will return to our luxuries and our comforts, with the miserable confession on our lips "that the flesh is weak." This being the truth, it is well for the feeble in resolution, that another sort of force is brought to bear upon them; the irresistible force of necessity compelling them, for the good of their souls, to sojourn for a time in the wilderness of difficulties. This force was at my heels; I began therefore to prepare, mentally and physically, for struggle and exertion. Couches of down, servants at command, sumptuously adorned apartments, carriages, horses, and all the pomp of wealth, are but sorry preparations for a life of hard work.

To give up our carriage for a month, when we know it can be re-ordered the next, is nothing; the same with dress, houses, and retinue; self-imposed penances are often little more than a species of self-deception—pleasant illusions, under which we hug the idea of being extra righteous, spiritual, and charitable. The cross we carry at pleasure is no cross at all. It is the iron cross of necessity, the cross we cannot remove from our shoulders, the cross we must take with us wherever we go, and work with its weight upon us, which is the true one.

I will not say how many weeks rolled past before I could conscientiously declare that I was perfectly reconciled to the tiny cottage and our village girl for a "help," or even to our old-fashioned town itself, with its one wide street and market-place. It seemed in an unaccountable manner to have diminished in size, and to have lost a full moiety of its inhabitants; the tower of the

church, once an object of my admiration, had also dwindled in its proportions, and looked but an ordinary tower after all. In like manner the river, the bridge, the distant hills, each and all of them had changed for the worse. The whole appearance of the place seemed strange in my eyes. It took some time before they resumed their bygone shapes, and became familiar as of old. Such were a few of the results of my having seen another world beyond the walls of Carrington. Mrs. Richards cordially entered into my views for the future; at least the general view that I must work for my own living. In details we did not agree, for seldom can the young and the aged do so in matters of practical importance. The young, winged with enthusiasm and hope, wish to gain their point by flying, while the more mature, laden with the weight of a hundred experiences, walk warily. I had no pleasure in the thought of teaching little boys and girls to read, and for elder pupils I would have been considered too young. It was not the fashion at that time to entrust young girls to the care of other girls as young as themselves; staid, dignified women being supposed more capable of guiding and instructing them. I hear much now of the improved education of girls, but truly I would rather see it than hear of it, for, with all deference to public taste and opinion, I consider the present generation, in some aspects, far behind their grandmothers.

The reader perhaps may smile when I say, that to keep a shop or teach drawing divided my attention. Not, certainly, a shop in which butter and eggs were to be sold, but a shop as pretty as a drawing-room, with only the addition of a counter. And, let me add, the shop was to be merely the means to an end—to make a certain sum of money, with which I intended to go to Rome and prosecute my love of art. A somewhat odd notion; nevertheless it was entertained, until I was fain to abandon it from the reiterated assurances of Mrs. Richards that if I did anything of the sort I need never more expect to pass in society as a young “lady,” never more be eligible as a guest at select tea-parties. In short, I should be socially proscribed, and cut by all the genteel idlers of the town and neighborhood; and, worse than all, I should be shut out of the marriage market, as no clerk even could so far forget his dignity as to dream of marrying a person who preferred to work in public than starve in private, or act the idler on credit.

“No, Emily,” said Mrs. Richards, laughing, after she had listened to my scheme of establishing quite a pet of a shop, such as those I had frequently seen in Paris, superintended by women who looked as much like *ladies* as any of our best-bred town belles. “No, I must not suffer you thus rashly to victimise yourself. You, the daughter of a professional man—why, my dear, you would never be forgiven, and the whole community would turn up their eyes, (not to allude to their noses,) and call you a poor, low-minded thing, not worth a thought.”

“But,” I exclaimed, “if no one is willing to run counter to such

absurd prejudices, and make a public example of themselves, the follies of society may go on for ever—I care nothing for the opinion of fools, and I feel sure all right-minded people would support me,” I added, with great vehemence, and went on, as was my wont, to abuse the moral code, or rather the social barriers which seemed erected to keep the well-disposed from acting, and retain the idle in their idleness.

“If you knew the meaning, my dear child, of being placed under a social ban, answered Mrs. Richards with a smile, “you would not risk it for the sake of the prettiest shop ever seen; so pray abandon this project, and try another more in keeping with the taste—prejudices of your acquaintances.”

As my heart was not unalterably fixed on my fancied “bijou” of a drawing-room with a counter, after Mrs. Richards had rehearsed a few dire martyrdoms of women and girls who had renounced their idle privileges and taken to actual work, I gave in; yet not without a feeling of degradation as I descended from my pedestal and did homage to the bugbear of custom. To have run away with a common soldier or a footman would have been as dust in the balance: for the soldier might have been pre-eminently bewitching and a hero—the footman, a genius in disguise; but what under the sun could be said of a shop?

I began to hold in virtuous contempt the reputed wisdom of the public, and more than doubted the divinity of the mass. I lost faith in the many, and resolved to reverence only the few.

“Ten years hence,” my aunt used to say, “you may act as you please, for in ten years you will be better able to calculate consequences.”

Calculate consequences! what a disagreeable occupation; already the world was beginning to have a cold look, and the people in it as if their hearts (if they had such warm, soft substances within them) were frozen, waiting with anxious faces for a thaw. It was at last unanimously resolved that I should give lessons in drawing.

It may be presumed that as the occupation harmonized with my taste for art, I entered upon it *con amore*. Yet the fact was otherwise; I adopted the scheme because it appeared the only one I could at that time undertake, and because I felt myself fully competent to perform all that would be required of me as a teacher of drawing to the young ladies of Carrington. I had a presentiment that none of my pupils would aim at producing great works, or dream of becoming students of art in the proper sense, and my presentiment was verified after a few months' experience, greatly to my discouragement and weariness. The constant repetition of shreds of landscapes, paltry copies of flowers, butterflies, and the like small subjects, exhausted my patience, until at length the sight of the cottage I had to keep on the perpendicular, the stiff bushes I had to convert into trees, the bridges I had to prevent from

falling, made my head swim and my eyes ache. The majority of my pupils did not seem to care whether they made straight lines or crooked. The occupation was regarded more as an amusement than as a study. Had it been the fashion of the day to devote as much time to drawing as to music, perhaps some of my young friends would have been more assiduous, and made more satisfactory progress.

I persevered, however, although the task became heavier and heavier; frittering away, as it seemed to me, the energy that ought to be used for higher purposes, while the remuneration was a mere trifle. Mrs. Richards, however, was pleased. It was a commencement, and kept me beside her, which last fact was my best incentive to drudge on for at least a year or two. Months flew on, and still the image of Mr. Cleveland haunted me; not much to my comfort, for I could not decide that he had acted wrongfully, and yet I felt as if he had not acted rightfully. I argued the matter in every possible form, and invariably came to the same conclusion, which was but a lame one, for it kept me ever in the same state of suspense. I could only wait, I said to myself, and perhaps time would reveal what baffled and perplexed me; for I held firmly the belief that Arthur Cleveland was not a man of a light, capricious temperament, one who could love to-day and forget to-morrow—and I believed that this man loved me. The disquiet in which this suspense kept me rendered me less able to endure the petty trials of every-day life. Had my occupation been of an active kind it would have been better for me. Of this mental strife my good aunt knew nothing, and when, as was sometimes the case, I appeared dull, exhausted, and weary, she attributed the pale look and languid movements to want of exercise in the open air, and then insisted on my being “less devoted to business,” as she laughingly called my teaching.

Finally, I could not continue my lesson giving, and was laid up with a low fever.

*(To be continued.)*

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### XXX.—FOURTH REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE OF THE LADIES' SANITARY ASSOCIATION.

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THE Committee wish to remark that, through a change in the time of holding their public meeting, the Report which they now present comprises nine months only, instead of twelve as usual. The Committee fear, therefore, it will not fairly represent the Association's work; but they still trust it will not be found altogether unsatisfactory. While the progress made has been far from commensurate to the wishes of the Committee, or to the great want which the Association aims to supply, they believe it is sufficient to

give cause for much gratitude for the past, and strong hope for the future.

The receipts have been equal to the average, and forty-one new members have been enrolled, making a total of two hundred and six now on the list.

The Committee have continued to devote their chief attention merely to the diffusion of sanitary knowledge, for further experience has only confirmed their former belief, that they can thus effect more widely extended good, than by attempting actual sanitary work while their funds are too small to carry it on satisfactorily. They are very glad to state that in the Branch Associations and in many other instances this diffusion of knowledge has led to very satisfactory practical results.

The publication of sanitary tracts has been continued. The following have been issued :—

- 10,000 " Cheap Doctor."
- 5,000 " Power of Soap and Water."
- 8,000 " Sick Child's Cry."
- 8,000 " Work and Play."
- 8,000 " Never Despair."
- 5,000 " Pure Water."
- 5,000 " Wholesome Drink."
- 5,000 " Health of Mothers."
- 4,000 " Healthy Dwellings."
- 2,000 " Worth of Fresh Air."
- 2,000 " Warm Clothing."

In all, sixty-two thousand, making a total of one hundred and thirty-eight thousand five hundred tracts issued by the Association since its commencement. These tracts have been widely circulated throughout the country. A large number have been gratuitously distributed by the Association. Others have been circulated with the ordinary religious tracts by clergymen, district visitors, Bible women, and other laborers among the poor. Through the kindness of Mrs. William Baines, a large number of them are now being circulated among the inmates of the Endell Street Hospital. In all cases within the knowledge of the Committee the distribution has been attended with satisfactory results. As an instance of the approval of experienced sanitarians it is very gratifying to remark that the Committee of the Manchester and Salford Sanitary Association, who have for some years been engaged in the issue of sanitary tracts, have lately discontinued that part of their work, because they prefer to circulate the publications of this Association. Through the recent visit of one of the Committee to Leipzig, the tracts have been brought under the notice of Dr. Schrieber, an eminent sanitarian in that city, who has consequently issued a large number of similar publications, and has induced some of the Ministers of Education in the German States to aid him in circulating them. The Committee are very far from satisfied with the extent of their tract distribution. Their aim is, at least, to secure



the regular circulation of the tracts wherever there exist parochial organizations for visiting the poor. For this part of their work the Committee very earnestly ask aid. They much desire to give grants of tracts to all poor parishes, and also to sell at a great reduction to all persons engaged in district visiting and similar pursuits; but the Association's funds are quite insufficient for either of these purposes. By arrangements recently made with Messrs. Jarrold, steps are now being taken to extend the list of tracts considerably, and to increase the trade circulation.

The diffusion of sanitary knowledge by means of classes and lectures has been continued. Two classes have been formed, under the superintendence of Dr. Roth, for instruction in the laws of health and in Ling's system of educational gymnastic exercises. The pupils were exclusively female teachers in schools for the poor, and, as Dr. Roth most generously rendered his valuable services gratuitously, no fee was charged. Two of the pupils in this class have already introduced the exercises into their schools. The Committee are now endeavoring to organize another similar class on a larger scale, and they very earnestly ask the aid of all interested in the improvement of physical education.

The Committee, feeling deeply convinced that the need of sanitary knowledge is by no means confined to the poor and illiterate, requested the Council of University College to institute a Course of Lectures to Ladies on Physiology applied to Health and Education. The Council very readily and kindly granted this favor on the most liberal terms, and the lectures are now in course of delivery by John Marshall, Esq. It is a very gratifying fact that upwards of forty of the ladies attending them are teachers, who intend to impart the knowledge they are receiving to their pupils, who are for the most part children of the poorer classes. Thus, these lectures will eventually lead to the instruction of thousands besides those attending them. The following series of sixteen free evening lectures, especially designed for the working classes, has been arranged and partly delivered:—

I.—*On Healthy and Unhealthy Homes.* By Dr. Charles J. B. Aldis, in Curzon Schools, Mayfair.

II.—*On Catching Cold.* By Dr. Robert Druitt, in the National School, Agar Town.

III.—*On Water.* By Dr. Edwin Lankester, in St. George's National School, Borough.

IV.—*On the Health of Infants.* By Dr. C. H. F. Routh, in the National School, Aldersgate Street.

V.—*On Dress in Relation to Health.* By Dr. E. H. Sieveking, in Curzon School, Mayfair.

VI.—*On the Health of Infants.* By Dr. W. R. Rogers, in the National School, Agar Town.

VII.—*On Common Sense applied to Cooking, Nursing, &c.* By Dr. Waller Lewis, in the National School, Aldersgate Street.

VIII.—*On Howard, Cook, and Jenner; or the Health Reforms of the last Century.* By Dr. W. A. Guy, in St. Thomas' Charterhouse National School.

IX.—*On Drainage and Ventilation.* By John Marshall, Esq., in St. Thomas' Charterhouse National School.

X.—*On Drainage and Ventilation.* By Dr. T. Hillier, in the New Jerusalem Church School, Argyle Square.

XI.—*On the Use of Fresh Air.* By Dr. R. D. Thomson, in the National School, Manning Place, Marylebone.

XII.—*On Food, its Use, Abuse, and Adulteration.* By Dr. Henry Letheby, in Surrey Chapel, Blackfriars Road.

XIII.—*On Common Sense, applied to Cooking, Nursing, &c.* By Dr. Waller Lewis, in the New Jerusalem Church School, Argyle Square.

XIV.—*On Air, Warmth, and Light.* By Dr. B. W. Richardson, in Trinity National School, Marylebone.

XV.—*On Good and Bad Spirits.* By Dr. R. Druitt, in the National School, Manning Place, Marylebone.

XVI.—*On Public Health.* By William Rendle, Esq., in the Tailors' Labor Agency Lecture Room, Newington Causeway.

All the gentlemen who have taken part in this course of lectures have most generously rendered their services gratuitously. The Committee desire to express their sense of obligation for this very valuable aid, which they know was rendered in many cases at great sacrifice of time and labor. They have also very gratefully to acknowledge the kindness of those clergymen and ministers who have lent their schoolrooms and collected their people for those lectures. A medical officer of health of one of the largest districts in London has said of this part of the Association's plans:—"You ladies will do a good work if you only bring out us medical men to lecture to the people. We certainly ought to do so; and I believe many of us are quite willing. But we cannot put ourselves forward, or incur the expense and trouble of making the requisite arrangements; if your Association were only to do this, you would do a good work." It is encouraging to know that these lectures are also appreciated by the class for whom they are especially designed. The attendance has been almost invariably good; in most cases, the rooms had been quite filled, and in one nearly three thousand persons were present. The lecturers aimed at a simple, practical, interesting style of teaching, and in most cases the great satisfaction of the audience proved that the aim was attained. Many persons remained at the close of long lectures, to ask questions and to inspect the models and diagrams, and several instances of practical application of the instruction given have come to the knowledge of the Secretaries.

A member of the Committee, Mrs. William Fison, has devoted the principal part of her time to the promotion of sanitary improvement in various parts of the kingdom. Mrs. Fison has visited Manchester, and, by request of the Committee of the Manchester and Salford Sanitary Association, has organized a Ladies' Auxiliary, with every prospect of success. In this town, Mrs. Fison also delivered addresses to the town missionaries, to the pupils of the Ladies' College, and to several meetings of the working classes. Mrs. Fison afterwards delivered addresses at a series of meetings

and conversazioni held for the discussion of the means of effecting sanitary improvements among the poor in Andover, Bradford, Brighton, Brompton, Chertsey, Darlington, Highbury, Maidenhead, Middlesboro', Oxford, Reading, Stainton, Watlington, and Wilton. Some of these meetings were attended by district visitors and other ladies working among the poor, others by the poor themselves. Mrs. Fison afterwards visited London, and delivered sanitary addresses in Surrey Chapel, Blackfriars, to the ladies of the Rev. Newman Hall's congregation; in Paternoster Row, to the colporteurs employed by the New Colportage Association; in Exeter Hall, to the Ragged School Teachers; at Mr. Samuel Gurney's, to the London City Missionaries, and in St. Jude's, Whitechapel, to a meeting of district visitors. In Reading, Mrs. Fison has organized a Branch Association with every prospect of success.

Addresses have been delivered at various mothers' meetings by other ladies connected with the Association.

The Committee have very great pleasure in announcing that the Association has been recently affiliated with the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science. At the Glasgow Congress Dr. Edwin Lankester, the Secretary of the Sanitary Section, kindly acted as the Association's delegate, and a paper on its work by one of its officers was read, and afterwards published in the volume of "Transactions."

The Aberdeen Branch Association has made considerable progress. Subjoined are a few extracts from its reports:—

"The number of members is one hundred and sixty."

"The following lectures have been delivered:—

I.—*On Sanitary Reform.* By Alexander Thomson, Esq.

II.—*On Fever and Fever Poisons.* By the Rev. Dr. J. C. Brown.

III.—*On the Influence of the Mind on the Health of the Body.* By the Rev. A. Munro.

"This gentleman has also delivered a course of ten evening lectures to the young people attending the Crooked Lane Factory Evening School, and a series of lectures in the neighboring towns and villages."

"Five thousand four hundred copies of various sanitary tracts and pamphlets have been circulated."

"A tea meeting has been held, to which all the 'Bible-women' employed in Aberdeen were invited, with the view of securing their co-operation. Much valuable information was elicited from them, and it is believed they were much stimulated in the sanitary part of their work. A set of the parent Association's tracts was given to each 'Bible-woman,' to be lent among the poor in her district. A whitewashing brush was also given to each one, to be lent in those parts of the town where infectious disease has been prevalent. All promised their hearty co-operation."

The Brighton and Sussex branch has also made much progress. Subjoined are extracts from its Report and other papers:—

“The Association has now eighty-one members. The balance-sheet shows a very satisfactory state of the funds.”

“The Association has aimed at a practical realization of the objects of the parent Society.

“First by the dissemination of sanitary literature through every available channel. Grants of tracts have been made to some of the clergy and ministers of Brighton for their district visitors, to town and female missionaries, to the Maternal Society, the Lying-in Institution, and the Servants’ Home. In all, three thousand seven hundred copies of the parent Association’s tracts and other publications have been circulated. Some of these tracts have been greatly appreciated by the poor. In many cottages a desire has thus been excited to know more of the requisites for a healthy home; and in some cases persons have been found anxiously seeking to ensure them.”

“Secondly, by the delivery of lectures. The following three have been delivered in the Town Hall:—

- I. *On the Blessing of Clean Homes.* By Douglas Fox, Esq.
- II. *On the Vital Functions.* By W. E. C. Nourse, Esq.
- III. *On the Skin and its Functions, with especial reference to the Turkish Baths.* By R. Hughes, Esq.

“Thirdly, the Society has carried out its practical work by the employment of sanitary female missionaries. They have been instructed to read sanitary tracts in cottages, and to draw the attention of the inmates to the preventable causes of disease and death; cleanliness as the practical application of the three great sanitary agents,—Water, Air, and Light,—being earnestly inculcated. The missionaries have been supplied with brooms and brushes to lend to the poor, and have been empowered to have rooms whitewashed wherever they think it necessary. Also, to employ a woman to clean houses where there is sickness, and the occupants are unable to do this work themselves. The missionaries regularly present detailed reports, which are highly interesting, and show the imperative necessity for the co-operation of all classes in Brighton for the diffusion of information on the great laws of life and health. Many of the evils that exist in the homes of the working classes are such as arise from causes over which they have no control, and in many instances owe their origin to the ignorance of landlords and owners of property.

“Fourthly, cottage sanitary meetings have been held in some of the worst localities. At these meetings, the poor have been encouraged to give information on the sanitary evils from which they suffer, with a view to their remedy. Attention also has been directed to those evils which arise from their own personal habits. Addresses have been given, or tracts read, and minutes taken of the information received.

“Many facts might be mentioned to show that, small as has been the beginning of the sanitary work carried out in this manner, some important results have been obtained.

“The Committee are endeavoring to establish baths and wash-houses, and have already received special subscriptions for that purpose.

“A lending library of sanitary works is now in course of formation at the office.”

“A special fund has been opened to provide poor children with skipping-ropes, balls, and other toys, which induce healthy outdoor exercise.”

The Oxford branch is now fully organized, and is gradually enlarging its sphere of operation. A meeting of the working members is held monthly, to receive reports of the sanitary condition of their respective districts, and to discuss remedial measures. Pails, brushes, and whitewash are supplied to the poor. A course of popular sanitary lectures has been arranged for delivery in the Town Hall and various parochial schoolrooms. Dr. Henry Acland and other eminent sanitarians have arranged to take part in this course.

In presenting these encouraging reports from their Auxiliaries, the Committee beg to state, that there are several important openings for the establishment of others, whenever the Association's funds are sufficient to give the requisite preliminary aid. For this, as well as the other parts of their work, the Committee very earnestly ask further support. The Association's funds have hitherto been utterly insufficient to place it in the position which it must occupy before its work can be satisfactorily carried on. A thousand institutions for the cure of disease are supported among us on a scale which has made English munificence proverbial. *One* Association for the far nobler work of prevention is now instituted. Whether that one shall receive support commensurate to the importance of its objects, or not, is a question which the Committee respectfully offer. If the Association's funds be compared with the needed work, they seem indeed infinitesimal. The want of sanitary knowledge is not a merely local, but a national one. Where the Association has distributed one tract, thousands are needed; where it has delivered one lecture, a hundred audiences wait for instruction. So it is with all other parts of the work; all need to be indefinitely extended. But the balance-sheet will show that extension is not possible without an increase of funds. Believing, however, that the work is in accordance with the will of God, and that its aim is to promote obedience to His laws, the Committee trust that, with His blessing, it will prosper, and that many more who have at heart the health and happiness of their fellow creatures will come forward to assist.

Signed on behalf of the Committee,

GEORGINA COWPER, } *Honorary*  
S. E. SUTHERLAND, } *Secretaries.*

## XXXI.—APPENDIX TO THE LIFE OF MADAME MOJON.

DURING a late visit to Paris I had the pleasure of being introduced to many friends of the late Madame Mojon; by one of whom the original biography written by M. Emile Souvestre was placed in my hands. On examining this little book, (which was printed and largely distributed, but not published,) it was evident that the translation inserted last month in the ENGLISH WOMAN'S JOURNAL, and which, as acknowledged at the time, was from an American hand, was extremely faithful and almost entire. Two very remarkable and interesting letters were however omitted; the one from Miss Edgeworth, the other from Lady Byron. As the spirit of these letters must have been entirely lost in any attempt to *re-translate* them from the French of M. Emile Souvestre, the English originals were very kindly placed in my hands, by the nearest surviving friend of Madame Mojon, in order that they might be copied for this Journal. Of course neither of these letters is in any way private or personal in its contents. That of Miss Edgeworth refers to Madame Mojon's translation of *Frank* into Italian; while the occasion of Lady Byron's was the French Revolution of February, 1848.

A valuable book, which likewise contains constant mention of Madame Mojon, is also to be had in Paris, unless the small edition originally printed is sold out, namely, the *Fragments of the Journal and Correspondence of Sismondi*, published by Cherbuliez, 10, Rue de la Monnaie. The unhappy fate of Sismondi's manuscripts, consigned after his death by a too timid and shrinking affection to the flames, rendered any biography of this eminent philosophical historian a matter of much difficulty. Madame Mojon had, however, in former years, copied many extracts from his journal, besides being in possession of numerous letters addressed to herself; and another friend, Mademoiselle de Montgolfier, had written a memoir from various private sources, which thus became invaluable after the destruction of the mass of Sismondi's papers, and was published in 1857, when Madame Mojon had also passed away. To our present purpose, the evidence given in this volume to Madame Mojon's noble intimacy with him, is relevant and interesting. The writer of the preface says of her, "The persons to whom M. Sismondi wrote the letters which we now print—Madame Mojon, Mademoiselle de Saint-Aulaire, and the celebrated William Channing—were truly worthy of being linked in intimacy with him; it was not one of the least blessings of his life to be appreciated and beloved by eminent people. M. Emile Souvestre, whose premature death is deeply regretted, has written a biographical notice of Madame Bianca Milesi Mojon, which gives a true idea of the merits of this lady;—but when one has known

her, when one has been able to judge of the vivacity of her intellect, of the wealth of her heart, of the life which her brilliant imagination cast on all her surroundings, on anything about which she occupied herself; when one has followed her in her daily avocations, and seen how many joys and what a sum of happiness she created about her, then words are insufficient! She excelled in every relation of life; one does not know which most to admire; the wife, the mother, the friend, or the woman who thinks, speaks, and acts, who compassionates every misfortune, and numbers the flight of days by benefits bestowed. She recalls that magnificent line of Scripture, 'We are made in the image of God.' All those who have known her intimately, will weep for her till the day of their death."

Of the correspondence scattered through this volume we can only indicate the value and surpassing interest. It refers to every conceivable subject: politics, literature, life, religion. Many of the letters are addressed to Mademoiselle Saint-Aulaire, a young girl of sixteen, for whom Sismondi entertained a beautiful and paternal friendship. Those addressed to Madame Mojon, "Ma bonne amie," reveal the receiver as much as they reveal the writer.

The two following letters, however, published as they are in the biography of Madame Mojon, have a more special claim for reproduction here.

COPY OF A LETTER FROM MISS EDGORTH TO MADAME MOJON,  
DATED EDGEWORTH'S TOWN, IRELAND, APRIL 10TH, 1830.

I wish that I could write to you, my dear madam, in your own delightful language, which expresses in such a melodious, graceful, and natural manner, all that is grateful and pleasing to the heart and to the ear. But, alas! what your letter made me feel so agreeably, mine can never convey to you; unless, indeed, you are so kind (as) to translate me into Italian as you read. And certainly this would cost you no trouble, as I may judge by what I see of "Early Lessons." Frank appears to me much more agreeable in Italian than in English, and (if a foreigner may judge) he speaks that language with so much purity and facility that I can scarcely help thinking it his native tongue. Even his very name in Italy—*Benedetto*—sounds auspicious, more conciliatory and (pardon a pun) more *blessed* than his English appellation.

Accept, dear madam, my most sincere and warm thanks for the service and the kindness you have done me. I hope you are an author, and that you may some time experience similar pleasure, and as high gratification from seeing what you have written so graced by good translation. Unless you have been so fortunate, (and that is not probable,) you cannot from your own feelings judge how much I feel obliged.

It is delightful to me to think that my little *Early Lessons* will in future be read with pleasure by a rising generation of Italian

children, and that children yet unborn may bless me, through your means, for easy Early Readings.

Miss Smith, with whom I understand you are well acquainted, informs me that you were for some time in London. I am sorry I was not there at that time, as it would have gratified me to have made your acquaintance. If you should ever return to England, I flatter myself you will do me the pleasure and the justice to allow me an opportunity of offering my thanks to you in person, and of enjoying as much of your company as you could afford me.

It is scarcely to be hoped that you should think of a visit to Ireland. Foreigners, I fear, have a terrible idea of this country, and imagine that they would not live a day or sleep a night here in peace. But believe me this is a false notion; I have lived here almost all my life—a life of upwards of sixty years—and have had no reason to complain, but much reason to love and pity my countrymen. The reasons for pity have been, thank God, every year diminishing, the last year *most*. And now that religious and civil liberty have been added to the blessings of a fertile soil and warm hearts, good heads and ingenious and (without exaggeration I may say) *industrious* hands, we may henceforward expect the Irish will rise in the scale of nations. They will show that they can bear prosperity as well—better, than they have endured adversity. Among the prosperous circumstances to which I look forward for Ireland, now that security and peace are established here, I count on the increase of foreign visitors. May I then hope that la Signora Mojoni will some time be of that number? Perhaps not while I live, but these Edgeworths are a numerous and united family, and some of them will long, I trust, continue to reside at this their family home, and will always be happy to receive one who has been so serviceable and so obliging as you, dear Madame, have been to (your)

Grateful Servant

MARIA EDGORTH.

Addressed to La Signora Mojoni,  
Palazzo Balbi, Strada Balbi, Genes.

COPY OF A LETTER FROM LADY BYRON TO MADAME MOJON, DATED  
ESHAM, SURREY, MARCH 2, 1848.

DEAR MADAME MOJON,—Am I to congratulate you on being at last the citizen of a republic, or does the revolution achieved only show you another in the distance? Whenever I have seen the pupils of the Polytechnic School mentioned it has been with emotion on your account—twice particularly, once on a glorious, once on a mournful occasion. You would desire for your sons, I think, a voice in the affairs of the nation. They have it; may it prove a boon to them. In order to learn how far your views and mine coincide, I will briefly express my conclusions. I see a great gain, like others, in the improved moral tone of the popular party since the former revolution, in the absence of impiety, destructiveness, &c. There are



two points of view in which the recent events are still more gratifying to me, because, if the lesson can be read, they are most instructive in respect to the morale of politics,—Do as you would be done by,—1st, That the system of expediency has failed in the hands of, perhaps, the ablest man in Europe, with every advantage for the experiment. 2nd, That the masses *with a will and a conscience* have prevailed over the masses *paid to be without a will and conscience*—(the sin of armies!)

But I fear that the multitude is not yet qualified for universal suffrage—as long as it is deemed necessary by the leaders of the people to flatter them with fallacious hopes, as Louis Blanc and others appear to do, the beings so addressed are presumed not to be rational and enlightened. The vanity of the national character is always more or less an element in the feelings on one side, and in the calculations on the other; and what so unstable as vanity? When will the public anywhere dispense with something dramatic in their great men? Perhaps *we* have in some instances passed this stage of character. Neither the Duke of Wellington nor Lord Melbourne have the slightest tinge of that kind—perfectly single-minded and simple—so is the Queen eminently.

I go down hill a few steps every year, but without regret, and with more and more power of enjoyment in life.

Believe, dear friend, in that affection which time has proved to myself that I shall always feel for you. Remember me to Dr. Mojon, and your sons.

Yours ever,

A. S. NOEL BYRON.

This letter is addressed to:—

Madame Mojon,

Rue des Petits Hôtels,

Faubourg Poissonnière, Paris.

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## XXXII.—NOTICES OF BOOKS.

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*Silas Marner; or, the Weaver of Raveloe.* By the Author of Adam Bede. Blackwood. London.

WHEN a writer of the acknowledged eminence of George Elliot produces a new novel, the critic and the public alike shrink from the commonplaces of criticism. The mind that creates a work which immediately takes a classical rank in literature, has been admired, discussed, and analysed, looked at from this side and from that, until any remarks beyond a mere description of the book appear to be impossible. And as for description! why seek to put in feeble words the plot or the sentiments which the author has already expressed in incomparable English, and which every

creature in the kingdom who reads at all will probably read before the successive editions are exhausted?

To us, however, on poring over *Silas Marner*, the one-volumed novel which lies on all tables, there came especially this one reflection—what a wonderful power of growth and change lies in George Elliot's characters. Most novel writers, even of the very best, Sir Walter Scott, Miss Edgeworth, Sir Bulwer Lytton, paint with force and accuracy people who are what they are; who have been moulded by experience or inheritance into a certain character which is there represented, with more or less genius and fidelity, as reacting on surrounding people and circumstances. The plot is developed through the medium of actors as clearly cut, and in themselves as unchangeably defined, as the pieces on a chess-board. Sometimes it is true we see the profligate brought to repentance, the hard heart softened, the irreligious man converted; but we are merely told it, not shown it, and the change usually arises from some shock, some sudden blow, some interweaving of outward events by which the mechanical position of every body is changed, and in which therefore the chess-men acquire new powers of action. In a certain class of novelets for the young, which have been so popular of late years, such as *Amy Herbert*, *Gertrude*, *The Heir of Redclyffe*, and *The Daisy Chain*, great tact and skill are shown in treating of the growth of youthful characters; and to this probably, even more than to the dramatic interest of the tales, is owing their immense popularity. The circle of their action is somewhat restricted, but the books are essentially living.

It is, however, universally conceded that young people are not stationary, and that between twelve and twenty the exhortations of the clergyman, the advice of parents, and the thumps and bruises the young actors give themselves in the course of their own experience, are likely to produce some appreciable change. Edith becomes broader and gentler; Amy leaves off being "foolish little Amy;" and Guy adds strength to his gentleness and authority to obedience. But the grown-up people;—do not they change also? Are we not often called "grown-up children?" and does the soul which is to progress through an eternity make a practical stop after thirty years of life? To these questions George Elliot gives an unhesitating *no*. Not only in *Silas Marner* himself, who from a simple, tender, confiding Methodist, becomes, from the pang of one cruel deception, a moody miser, and is again redeemed by love of a little child into an affectionate man and a trusting Christian; but in *Godfrey* and in *Nancy* we see the same fine touches of variation. Nothing in literature seems to us more delicately true than that painting of the squire's eldest son—the fine young man of generous but vacillating instincts, early thrown into low company, so nearly lost, yet so wholly saved! And *Nancy*, almost as much feared as loved by her husband; yet who learns tenderness by self-communing, and meets him with such unexpected gentleness at last.

In fact, this story, though much slighter in construction, and less profound in interest, exhibits the same quality as "Janet's Repentance," and is but one of the episodes of the country life of Adam Bede.

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*Agnes Tremorne.* By J. Blagden. Smith, Elder, and Co., Cornhill.  
2 Vols.

THOSE who are acquainted with Miss Blagden's previous writings will turn with interest and curiosity to this longer and more sustained effort, as we have done; and we think that even the ordinary reader, who expects nothing but the average of temporary amusement afforded by a new novel (all the more when endorsed by Smith and Elder's name) will not have read many pages without seeing that the book pretends to be something beyond this, and must be judged by a higher standard.

From the first page to the last, through every passage of description, conversation, or comment, we are struck by the careful writing—not anything elaborate, still less pretentious, but eminently careful. This is no light praise; a reverence for the work, indefinitely yet always surely visible, is instinctively caught by the reader from the author, while as clever a work, when what is called "easily" and quickly (which generally means carelessly) written, is pretty sure to be as easily laid aside and as quickly forgotten.

There is then a great deal of care put into this story, and something more—a great deal of thought. It is not a surface book, nor has the writer lived a surface life, but has rather gone deeply into the problems of character and feeling, and the results are laid before us—fragments of more or less worth, but making up a whole which is valuable in proportion to its reality and depth.

The story is placed in Italy, but the leading figures are English, and the plot is easily and naturally developed. Slightly improbable it will be pronounced by many readers; but though real life seems to monopolise all improbabilities, we may now and then spare a few to romance writers without much complaint. There is incident enough, more than in most two volume tales, and yet it is so simply and quietly written, that the impression left is of a tranquil domestic story, where facts are, as they should be, subordinate to and not ruling life. And yet there is a murder and imprisonment, and madness and conspiracy, but all strung upon a silver thread of reflection and earnest thought which gleams unbroken from the first page to the last.

If we say that this book reminds us of "Transformation," it is not that the one is in the very least copied or suggested by the other, but rather that English life in a Roman atmosphere is as perfectly rendered by Miss Blagden as by her American predecessor, and also that the heroine is an artist. The first view of Agnes seated on the steps of the church, with her little child model and the palm

branch and the lily, is as pretty a piece of word painting as we remember, and worth in itself sending for the book to read, were there not so many things in it still better worth reading and thinking over.

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*Ancient Law; its Connexion with the Early History of Society, and its relation to Modern Ideas.* By Henry Turner Maine, Reader of Jurisprudence and the Civil Law at the Middle Temple, and formerly Regius Professor of Civil Law in the University of Cambridge. London. 1861.

THIS work of Mr. Maine's, in itself one of the most remarkable that has appeared for some time, is, we think, calculated to be peculiarly useful to women. Like Buckle's *History of Civilization*, it contains the latest results of thought and modern research on a general subject of the utmost importance, worked out with so much clearness and simplicity, and presented in a style so lucid and so free from all technical difficulties, that it is perfectly comprehensible to any person of moderate education and habits of thought. Indeed, we scarcely know whether the intrinsic value of many of the ideas, the arrangement of the matter, or the force and simplicity of expression, are most to be admired in Mr. Maine's book, or most calculated to make it of general use.

In some respects the history of law runs parallel with that of civilization, for not only is law the most powerful instrument of improvement, but it is also the most precise expression of the degree of improvement already attained in any state of society; and in the history of law we may trace the gradual encroachment of ideas and habits founded on the intellectual and moral parts of human nature, as in the history of civilization we see the gradual enfranchisement of humanity from the trammels of physical necessities. It is also probably in the history of law that we can best trace the history of opinion, and there is no more effectual way of shaking long-cherished and deep-rooted prejudices than by tracing them to their first origin, and showing their dependence on other ideas which have long ceased to exercise any influence on our own state of society.

It is from this point of view that there is much in Mr. Maine's work specially interesting in its application to the present legal position of women. To trace this position, from its first origin in the history of the family in rude societies, through all the various forms which the gradually awakening sense of justice has impressed upon it down to the present time, would be a task in which we could have no better guide than this work and the reflections which it obviously suggests. We recommend particularly the whole chapter on "Primitive Society and Ancient Law" to the attentive study of those who wish to form a true conception of the historical foundations of women's legal status; and we think the curious analogy between the modern English legal rights of a wife and those belonging to a son under the Roman law might very profitably be

followed out. It is, however, in this chapter, and in this chapter only, that we find one or two remarks from which, if we have rightly understood them, we should be disposed to dissent. After an admirable exposition of the history, or rather of the philosophy of the Roman *Patria Potestas*, or Authority of the Head of the Family, and after tracing it through such modifications as it underwent through the whole duration of Roman society, Mr. Maine says:—

“The furthest point reached was in the East, under Justinian, who enacted that unless the acquisitions of the child were derived from the parent’s own property, the parent’s rights over them should not extend beyond enjoying their produce for the period of his life. Even this, the utmost relaxation of the Roman *Patria Potestas*, left it far ampler and severer than any analogous institution of the modern world.”—P. 143.

We fear that there are some women who would scarcely be able to acquiesce in this last statement, since the existing law of England still permits a husband to dispose of his wife’s earnings by will.

Mr. Maine is of opinion that most of the disabilities of married women in regard to property in modern legal systems may be traced to the influence of the Canon Law, and that by “keeping alive and consolidating” them, “the expositors of the Canon Law have deeply injured civilization.”—P. 158.

We are surprised therefore to find that he thinks that

“No society which preserves any tincture of Christian institution is likely to restore to married women the personal liberty conferred on them by the middle Roman law, but the proprietary disabilities of married females stand on quite a different basis from their personal incapacities.”—P. 158.

It appears to us that it was not liberty, but the use made of it, which was inconsistent with Christianity, and that Christianity itself is far more powerful in such matters to prevent a bad use of freedom than the strictest laws are to prevent an escape from their own stringency. A glance at the moral condition of comparatively free and Christian countries, contrasted with that of enslaved or Mahomedan ones, will bear out our assertion as a matter of fact. Moreover, we are at a loss to conceive where any Christian sanction can be found for the subjection of women, married or unmarried, in person or in property, except such sanction as exists for negro and all other slavery. But the reasons which induce modern society to prefer the general tendency of Christianity to specific passages which are inconsistent with it, and are capable, for this and for other reasons, of being explained away, apply as much to the one case as to the other. The liberality of Mr. Maine’s opinions as regards women’s property, compared with the reserves he seems disposed to make as to their personal freedom, may perhaps be attributed to the fact that as a lawyer he has had practical evidence of the inconveniences of our present system in the one respect, but as a man can have no experience of it in the other.

It must not however be supposed that Mr. Maine’s book is unfavorable to an extension of the present legal rights of women.

With the exception of the single sentence we have quoted, there is nothing that could be so understood, for even in regard to the personal rights of married women he would appear to think the law requires some alteration, while the general tenor of his whole work, pointing in all things towards the future, exhibiting progress as the law of civilized society, and by its clear and masterly analysis laying bare the very foundations of prejudice on many most important social subjects, is in the highest degree favorable to all whose present legal position requires amendment. It is by the study of such works, opening the mind to the historical origin and philosophical connexion of our existing institutions, that women can best be fitted to demand and to exercise the freedom which modern society is more and more disposed to grant them.

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*The Works of William Shakespeare.* Edited by Robert Carruthers and William Chambers. Illustrated by Keeley Halswelle. W. and R. Chambers, London and Edinburgh.

THE names of W. and R. Chambers are a guarantee for the merits of every work published by them. This new edition of Shakespeare—in weekly numbers, and monthly parts price 1s.—is intended for family use; coarse or indelicate expressions are carefully removed, “without interfering with the clearness and harmony of the passage; but, in the few instances in which the verse would be rendered defective by the excision, a word better adapted for family reading is substituted.” Print and paper are alike good, and when complete, this edition of the great poet will be a valuable acquisition to home libraries.

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*The Shilling Family Shakespeare.* In which nothing is added to the original text, but those words and expressions are omitted which cannot with propriety be read in a family. By Thomas Bowdler, Esq., F.R.S., and S.A. Longman and Co.

WE cannot have too many good and reasonable editions of our national poet. Bowdler’s Shilling Shakespeare is a more costly edition than that of Chambers’s, each number containing less matter and being got up in a superior style. It will form a handsome addition to the bookshelves of all classes.

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*Harmony of Education.* Designed to assist those engaged in Teaching. By Miss Sarah Jolly. Second Edition. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co., London.

THOUGH somewhat dogmatic in tone, there is much sound thought in this little volume, and the advice it offers, and the suggestions it throws out, are calculated to assist in the object it has in view. We note with special approbation the regard shown for individual development of character and talents. Speaking of the period when childhood is passing away, Miss Jolly says, “Let the pupil’s own character be stamped on all she does, and as little as possible interfere with her lawful tastes and feelings.” We commend the chapter on imagination to all who have to do with the education of

children; it is written in a wise and comprehensive spirit, and throws considerable light on the difficulties which attend the possession of this faculty by the young.

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*Thoughts on the Vocation and Progression of the Teacher.* By Miss Sarah Jolly. Second Edition. Simpkin and Marshall, London.

AN earnest loving appeal to the teacher, based on a recognition of the dignity and importance of her vocation. Both these little books are written from an orthodox point of view, but, apart from religious tenets, they offer much that is valuable to the general reader interested in the subjects of which they treat.

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*A few Words about Children.* Addressed chiefly to Nursemaids. Price 1s. Longman, and Co., London.

SIXTY pages of sound practical advice, both as to moral and physical management. A little book which ladies should present to the young nurses and nursemaids of their acquaintance, having first perused it themselves. The author notes and laments the difference between the present generations of servants and those who have gone before, and is at a loss to understand the fatal alterations which have taken place in the character of servants. We confess, for our own part, that we hold the mistresses much more responsible for this change than the servants. The exaggerated claims of dress and society which characterize the present, leave little thought or time to the mistress of the household for that knowledge of her servants' characters and dispositions, and that regard for their well-being, which in the good old days converted domestic service into a service of love. The family servant many of us remember, was the family friend—identified with the joys and sorrows of her employers, between whom and herself there were sympathy and confidence. How many modern mistresses know or care what their servants feel and think, or care that they should feel or think at all, so that they can screw out of them what they consider the due amount of mechanical service for the pay given? And while thus treated, how can we wonder that servants on their side, give as little as they can, and "better themselves," as the phrase is, for a pound or two a year more. To servants as to friends, we must give ourselves if we would have more than eye and lip service. Where there are faithful and attached servants we may be sure that the masters have loving hearts and ready sympathies.

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*Sanitary Tracts.*

FOUR new tracts have been lately issued by the Ladies' Sanitary Association; two of them, "the Power of Soap and Water," and "Household Verses on Health and Happiness," are adapted for distribution among the poor, and are very good of their kind. The other two are of a higher class; the one being a lecture on "Healthy Dwellings, and prevailing Sanitary Defects in the Homes

of the Working-classes," delivered at the South Kensington Museum by Mr. Henry Roberts, Fellow of the Royal Institute of British Architects, the other a pamphlet entitled the "Health of the Parish," which tells just what nobody knows, namely, how to bring the law to bear upon nuisances of all descriptions. The author observes, "The modern Acts of Parliament which deal with such matters, are chiefly the Metropolis Local Management Act, 1855, the Nuisances Removal Act, 1855, the Public Health Act, 1858, and the Local Act, 1858. But to any one who wants leisure or taste for this kind of reading, (!) we offer the following practical hints, which it is right to say, are not drawn up by a lawyer, but by a physician, who has held the appointment of Medical Officer of Health to an important London parish, and which are a faithful representation of the manner in which those Acts have been worked in the parish for which he is responsible."

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### XXXIII.—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,

In the interesting account given in your last two numbers of the Lunatic Village, Gheel, (p. 94) the following passage occurs, "If, however, the originally incurable cases are set aside, the proportion of cures is from fifty to sixty-five in every hundred." Even this statement will doubtless surprise many who still regard madness as an inexplicable and hopeless affliction, instead of a "curable disease,"—but will you allow me to add the fact, that in our St. Luke's and Bethlem Hospitals the cures average *seventy* per cent. I believe, both for the sufferers themselves, and still more for the sake of those interested in them, such facts cannot be too widely known or too hopefully dwelt upon.

I am, Ladies, yours, &c. E. R.

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*To the Editors of the English Woman's Journal.*

LADIES,

Having read with pleasure your account of the Lunatic Village at Gheel, I shall feel personally obliged if you will kindly answer the following inquiries through the medium of your Journal. Is there a Protestant pastor at Gheel, who interests himself in the patients? In your paper it is stated, that were there sufficient Protestants a service might be conducted for them; but surely a few, or even one patient, should enjoy the privilege of at least occasional spiritual consolation and instruction in his own creed.

Though reasonable on many points, but obviously unfit for study, how are the lunatics (English and other foreigners) managed as regards the language, understanding and being understood? Also, how can they truly enter into the amusements, &c., of the village? To whom at Gheel should a letter be addressed requesting individual particulars? And is the pamphlet from which your paper is abridged to be obtained, (and where,) written in English?

If you, or any person acquainted with this subject, will be good enough to



furnish the information requested you will benefit your readers generally, and confer a favor on your correspondent,

N. B.

ANSWERS TO THE ABOVE CONCERNING GHEEL.

1. There was in 1860 no Protestant pastor at Gheel; the number of Protestants being apparently too small for the support of one.

2. French and German are the two current languages; we are not aware in what way patients ignorant of either language would receive communications. There are probably English interpreters.

3. The details of every-day life at Gheel can only be learnt by visiting the place; but the journey is neither long nor expensive.

4. M. Jules Duval's book is written in *French*. An account of Gheel was, however, published in the *Asylum Journal* for April, 1858, and January, 1859; also in the *Journal of Physiological Medicine*, edited by Dr. Forbes Winslow, the number being that of January, 1857. Articles on Gheel also appeared in the *Daily Scotsman* of the 5th and 11th of September, 1857; ditto, 5th of October, (Office, High Street, Edinburgh.)

5. Dr. Bulckens is the chief medical officer of Gheel, and any letter addressed to him would doubtless find him. M. Duval's book may be procured from *Guillamin*, 14, Rue de Richelieu, Paris. But we repeat that no one should think of sending a patient to Gheel without taking the trouble to *inspect personally* the plan pursued in the colony. \*

*To the Editors of the English Woman's Journal.*

OBSERVATIONS ON A FEW OBSERVERS OF THE VICTORIA PRESS.

LADIES,

Certainly among the wonders of the present day the Victoria Press claims a position. Some "wonder how it will get on," others "think women in the printing trade will never answer, printing always *was* done by men and always *will* be." Those persons who "wonder" how any new scheme "will get on," never give their firm opinion on the subject until they see which turn the scheme is likely to take; if it fails—"Ah, I thought it would never answer, it is not the sort of thing that is wanted;" but if it succeeds, "Well, I thought from the first it would succeed; I remarked it to so-and-so at the time;" and those persons who think "men always *were* in the printing trade, and always *will* be," generally give the same opinion on everything new. I question whether those persons would have liked our forefathers to have possessed opinions like theirs, and when printing was first introduced to have discouraged it, because printing never *was*, nor ever *would* be, in existence.

This printing office is now established, and has been in full employment for a year. Persons can now venture to give their opinions respecting it. The trade gave theirs long before any one else, and strange opinions they were; in one of the papers they remarked, to show how thoroughly useless the scheme would be, women at printing would "die off like birds in winter," certainly they used a poetical simile, but *why* women at printing should die like birds in winter, I cannot fathom. I could well understand it if the young girls were to work in the generality of men's printing offices, where, notwithstanding the quantity of gas they burn, ventilation of any kind is never thought of; and what with the impurities arising from the gas, and from the breaths of so many individuals, the air they inhale must necessarily be very injurious; but when they work in well-ventilated rooms like those of the Victoria Press, I cannot see any reason why they should "die off like birds in winter." I have also heard some printers remark that women "have not sufficient intellect or education to become compositors," from what I have seen of printing, there does not seem anything requiring so great an intellect or education; they work from manuscript,

which I am told they have to copy exactly, but sometimes it is not punctuated—and this is what the printers seem to think will be the great stumbling-block to women compositors—because they have to punctuate while they are composing from the manuscript. How is it then that some boys when they are first apprenticed to printing can hardly read manuscript, let alone punctuate it, how do they get on? They learn it mechanically while they are learning the trade. Then has Nature provided girls with such dull understandings that they *cannot* learn what these ignorant boys *can*? Printers also say, “The work is too heavy for women;” there is only one part of the work connected with the compositors that is heavy—and this, to my own knowledge, men are employed to perform at the Victoria Press. Notwithstanding all their opposition to bringing women into the printing trade, they now see it *can* be done, because it *is* done.

The trade seems to think this movement will tend to lower wages; but how I cannot tell, unless women were paid lower wages than men, then of course the reduction of men’s wages would be inevitable; but as they are paid from the compositors’ scale of prices, as Miss Faithfull told me, I cannot tell how it will lower wages. If women were paid lower than the standard rate, the work would not be any more remunerative than needlework, and the very object of this benevolent lady would be destroyed. Namely, a more suitable and more remunerative employment than needlework, for women of the middle class. There seems to be a strange jealousy existing among mechanics and artisans, of women receiving the same wages as men; why should not talent with them be thought as much of, and remunerated the same, without a distinction to sex? The same as in the world of art, if a lady paints a beautiful picture, is it not thought as much of and remunerated the same as if executed by a gentleman? In the theatrical world, too, does not a good actress receive as much applause, and as much remuneration as a good actor? Then why should such a difference be made among mechanics and artisans?

I saw from the “visitors’ book” kept at the Victoria Press, that there was no lack of visitors, most of whom were of the higher classes. I hope these visitors will render the Victoria Press material service. Some observers of the Victoria Press whom I have come in contact with, visit this establishment with the most remarkable ideas—they seem to imagine the young aspirants to the compositing trade are an amalgamation of curiosities congregated there under charitable auspices, instead of respectable young girls independently learning a business wherewith to support *themselves*, instead of being under the necessity of being supported by their parents or friends; and the said parents or friends have, it appears, to pay a premium of ten pounds for their apprenticeship, exclusive of the legal expense of the indentures.

In conclusion, I would submit the propriety of combining the whole of bookmaking under the one roof—printing, binding, and publishing—and in the process to employ as many women as possible, then an author could deliver his manuscript to the Victoria Press, and without any further trouble would have his book printed, bound, and published.

A.

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*To the Editors of the English Woman’s Journal.*

LADIES,

I find the following among Memoranda intended for your use, and mislaid during illness.

“The wealth of the City,” said the Chancellor of the Exchequer, on Monday evening, “is more than equal to that of twenty-five English and Welsh counties. The City of London, the City proper, is richer than Liverpool, Manchester, and Birmingham put together.”

Within the precincts of this noble, this unrivalled city, is a moderate sized house bearing on its door in ostentatious brass this inscription, City of

London College for Ladies. In which a tolerably good room is called "The Library." "Where is the library?" said I, to the Lady Resident. "The room you have just left," was her reply. "Pray allow me to go back, for I must confess that I did not observe the books."—"Oh, we have not any books!" "None at all?" "They bring their own books when they come; there is no money to buy books yet." "I dare say not; but does nobody give you any books?" "Oh!—*dear*—no!"

Such incidents have a curious effect when coming within a few days of each other.

I remain, Ladies, respectfully yours,  
G. H. L.

*To the Editors of the English Woman's Journal.*

NURSES AND NURSERY GOVERNESSES.

LADIES,

I wish to call the attention of all mothers in the upper and middle ranks of society to a lecture delivered on 1st of February by the Rev. A. J. D. D'Orsey, of Cambridge, in the course of which he severely censured the carelessness of parents in employing raw country girls (whose speech is full of vulgarisms) as the attendants of young children, as errors then acquired are seldom rooted out.

He suggested the establishment of Normal Schools, in which young women of the middle class, with good voices, cheerful dispositions, and distinct pronunciation, might be trained to the important posts of nurses and nursery governesses, affording congenial occupation to those who are above menial work, and leaving country hoydens to fill the more suitable situations of cooks, kitchenmaids, housemaids, &c.

Is not the trial worthy of consideration?

I remain, Ladies, yours obediently,

J. E.

*To the Editors of the English Woman's Journal.*

LADIES,

Your correspondent S. E. M. calls attention to the immense advantages which would accrue from your sex possessing a knowledge of the healing art. "Everyone," she says, "can imagine ten thousand cases in which a lady doctor might 'stand in the gap' and save life." The enclosed letter so entirely confirms her views, that I submit it respectfully to your attention.

Brighton.

M. D.

"THE MEDICAL DIACONATE.

*"To the Editor of the Exeter and Plymouth Gazette.*

"SIR,—Having already expressed to you my reason for believing that a clergyman does not necessarily forfeit respect by combining in certain cases secular and spiritual duties, I now proceed to consider the dicta of the British Medical Association, that 'the attainment of medical knowledge is, in itself, a matter of a lifetime, and that anyone (a clergyman especially) venturing to relieve the bodily disorders of his poor neighbors, runs the risk of killing more than he cures.' It is doubtless quite true, that the observant medical practitioner may through life find many opportunities of adding to his knowledge, and in this sense the attainment of medical knowledge may be the matter of a lifetime. But if by this dictum it be meant to assert, that none can with any safety minister to the relief of bodily ailments but such as have made medicine their professional and well-nigh exclusive study, then, sir, I own, this appears to me but a piece of the same '*red-tapism*' which led so many military authorities to ridicule the present great volunteer movement for the defence of the country. I would willingly

yield the palm of knowledge upon every subject to those who have studied it the most deeply and philosophically; but this need not make it impossible for others to have acquired at least a very useful degree of knowledge on the same subjects. The *really liberal-minded* and well-educated man, who devotes his life to that study, will always retain his position, and possess the largest power in ministering to the cure of bodies. But this is hardly the question at issue; but rather, whether it be not possible for the generally well-educated gentleman to possess such a knowledge of man's constitution, and of those means which Providence has placed within his reach for the preservation of health, as will enable him to relieve his own ailments and those of his poorer neighbors to a very considerable extent; and perhaps with as much success as those who, though legally qualified to practise medicine as apothecaries, may not always have carried their researches much beyond the starting-point in their profession. Of course, there will always be cases of incurable disease, and others such as to call forth the utmost skill of the most talented physician, but the successful treatment, after all, of the great mass of disease, does not seem so great a mystery as some would have us suppose.

"In 1836, if I mistake not, Dr. Dickson published his conviction, that there is a *unity* in all disorders, of which *ague*, or *intermittent fever*, is, in his judgment, *the type*. That again, all disorders, at least in their earlier stages, have periods of *remission*, recurring with more or less regularity. And hence his simple method of treatment, which advises in every case to take advantage of these periods of remission to support and strengthen the patient for a successful struggle with the paroxysm of disorder should it recur, and to *postpone* or *prevent* the recurrence of the paroxysm by administering the various well-known remedies for fever.

"The simple question is, (and it is one which every man of common sense can answer for himself,) will this theory of the *unity*, *remittency*, and *periodicity* of all diseases stand the test of experience?

"Let me ask, does not everyone on the approach of disease use some such language as this: 'I am sure I shall be ill; I don't know what has come to me. I am so cold and chilly, or I am so hot and burning in my skin, according as the hot or cold stage is present, and this *without the least reference to the peculiar development of the disorder* which may follow? It was by asking myself this, and similar questions, that I first convinced myself that Dr. Dickson's theory was true; and by following the advice which, some two or three years since, he most kindly gave me, in favor of my poor neighbors, I may safely say, that I have not practically found, novice as I was in the healing art, that I have 'run any risk of killing more than I cured,' although the diseases of my somewhat numerous patients have been pretty various, and not unimportant in their character. But, sir, one principal reason for this happy success has been, that my poor neighbors come to me as soon as ever they are ill, and do not wait for the development of their disorders. This, alas! they too often do before applying to a medical man. They are afraid of the expense. They have no messenger to send to the distance at which he resides. The overseer is from home, and they cannot get an order for the medical officer of their union, and thus much valuable time is unfortunately lost. Now the parson has none of these difficulties in his way, and thus is enabled to administer his simple remedies at the very earliest moment, and consequently with the best possible prospect of success.

"Dr. Dickson's instructions were given me during the short period of a professional visit to my wife, and have called forth great thankfulness to the 'London doctor,' as they call him, from my poor neighbors.

"Where, then, is the impossibility of good and great results from a regular instruction of the clergy, especially of the country clergy, in the healing art; or, at all events, of such of them as are conscious of any aptitude for such a study? I believe among our own poor at home, quite as much as among the

heathen inhabitants of other lands, the gospel truths will not be less readily listened to from the lips of the minister of God whose head and hands have contributed to the alleviation and cure of bodily disease.

“I am, &c.,

W. H. KARSLAKE.

“Meshan Rectory, Southmolton, Oct. 3, 1860.”

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## XXIV.—PASSING EVENTS.

### PUBLIC AND POLITICAL.

THE mortal remains of the late Duchess of Kent were privately interred in the family vault in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, their Royal Highnesses the Prince Consort and the Prince of Wales being chief mourners. The will of her late Royal Highness was proved on the 3rd ult. by the Prince Consort, the sole executor. The personalty was sworn under £30,000.

The bill for legalizing the marriage with a deceased wife's sister was lost, by a majority of five.

The ceremony of Mr. Lincoln's inauguration as President of the United States took place on the 4th of March. Much cheering accompanied the delivery of the address. Upwards of 30,000 persons were present, and every thing passed off peaceably.

Vienna, April 16th.—A law has just been published granting to women the right of voting at the elections of members of the Diet.

In the Victoria Legislative Assembly, on the departure of the last mail, it was proposed to discuss the propriety of raising £100,000 by the sale of Crown lands, to be expended in promoting immigration among females. The plan consists in employing lecturers to deliver addresses throughout Great Britain and Ireland upon “Victoria as a field for colonization,” and in distributing prize essays on the same subject. Assistance will be rendered to persons resident in the colony desirous of bringing their relations and friends over.

### SOCIAL AND INDUSTRIAL.

SOCIAL SCIENCE CONGRESS, DUBLIN.—A meeting to make arrangements for the reception of the “National Association for the Promotion of Social Science” was held on Saturday the 13th in the Mansion House, Dublin. The chair was taken by the Lord Mayor, and a number of the most influential persons in the City were present, and Mr. Hastings explained the objects of the Society. The meeting of the Association is fixed to take place on Wednesday, the 7th of August.

A meeting has been held at Nottingham for the purpose of establishing a society for improving the dwellings of the poor in the town and neighbourhood. Model lodging-houses for families too poor to occupy an independent house, also lodging-houses for single men and single women in populous districts, will form subjects for the consideration of the managers.

An article in the *Times* upon the Strike remarks:—“The demands of the men are so utterly unreasonable that it is difficult to believe they really intend turning out on them generally. Most of the wives of these very men work from twelve to fourteen and sixteen hours daily, at washing or as charwomen, and their children, as errand boys or in factories, work from ten to twelve hours; yet the delegates claim for the men themselves the right to leave off after nine hours' labour, having ten hours' pay.”

A public dinner in aid of the funds of the London Surgical Home for Diseases of Women was held at the St. James's Hall on the 17th instant. The Home is established for the reception of gentlewomen and females of respectability, suffering from curable surgical diseases, and aims at assisting those who are willing, and in some degree able, to help themselves; and by

requiring a weekly payment from each patient, avoids compromising those feelings of self-respect which would prevent the acceptance of hospital relief. Such an institution is deserving of public support.

**YELVERTON CASE.**—This action, which may be termed one of the *causes célèbres*, has given rise to a public demonstration in Dublin in favor of presenting a petition to Parliament against the present state of the law with regard to the celebration of marriages in Ireland. Resolutions condemnatory of the facilities given for clandestine and improper marriages, and recommending a simple, uniform, and efficient system of registration to be strictly and impartially enforced, were adopted. This celebrated case will be again brought before the Court of Common Pleas, Dublin, during the ensuing term.

The Courts of Law and the Police Courts during the last month have afforded abundance of cases calculated to interest our readers. An appeal was heard in the House of Lords of the representatives of the family (who are minors) of the late William Leigh Brook, of Meltham Hall, Huddersfield, against the trustees of the will as to whether the marriage of the testator with his deceased wife's sister, duly solemnized on the 7th of June, 1850, at the Lutheran Church of Wandsbeck, near Altona, in Holstein, was a valid marriage. Their lordships held that a person domiciled in England could not legally contract such a marriage, and that not in any case could the *lex loci* legalize a marriage in England which the law of England declared to be incestuous and contrary to the law of God.

The carpets of Smyrna and Caramania, so widely esteemed, are evidence of what woman's genius can produce. They are all woven by feminine hands. When a child is old enough to manage a netting-needle, wools of all kinds and colors are placed in her hands, and a cord is stretched between two trees, and they then say to the young workman, "It is with thyself to make thy dowry!" A rude model, the traditions of the village, the example of her mates, and the advice of her mother, are her only guides; she has no master but fancy, and it is according to the caprice of her taste that she assort the colors and combines the lines. The work drags slowly along. Every year adds a mite to its length, until finally comes the time when she is obliged to think of marriage. The hand of the workman is stayed, the carpet is sold, and the product becomes the dowry of a youthful wife. Another illustration, nearer to our own times. At Nantes, in France, there is a manufactory of stained glass which has already provided beautiful windows for various churches in Paris and elsewhere. Do the public know who painted them?  
—*Women.*

Mrs. Locke, widow of the late Mr. Joseph Locke, the eminent engineer, has just made known to the local authorities that, in consideration of the interest ever shown by her lamented husband in all relating to the town of Barnsley, and as a memorial to him, she purposes presenting the town with a park, or recreation ground. For that object a piece of ground, known as the High Style Field, has been purchased, and Mrs. Locke, through her agent, Mr. W. Wagstaff, of Great George Street, Westminster, states that she will have the place laid out in the manner the town may think best, build a wall round it, and erect a house for the keeper, the whole to be conveyed to the local Board of Health, together with a fund sufficient to insure its being kept up for the purpose for which it is intended. In addition to the above munificent present, Mrs. Locke has announced that she will make a donation of £2000 to the Barnsley Grammar-school, at which institution Mr. Locke was educated. Mrs. Locke has also made known to the heads of the Catholic school in Barnsley, the foundation stone of which was laid by Mr. Locke, and who for years had been a liberal subscriber to the old school, that she is prepared to present it with £1000, in remembrance of the interest so long taken in it by her lamented husband. Although the Locke family are members of the Catholic religion, the late Mr. Locke and his wife did not belong to it.

Miss Burdett Coutts, with her accustomed liberality and sympathy for the

distressed, has munificently intimated her intention to contribute the cost of a new life-boat (about £200) to be stationed at Plymouth. Miss Wasey, of Priors Court, has also contributed £200, in addition to £50 previously presented by her, to the Royal National Life Boat Institution.

The will of the late Miss Mary P. Townsend has been presented for probate in Boston, U.S. Her principal bequest is to the Home for the Relief of Indigent Females. She gives 20,000 dollars for the erection of additional buildings upon the estate in Charles Street, and 60,000 dollars "the income of which is to be applied to the support of those females who are called 'spinsters' or single women." The recipients are to be such as are reduced by poverty, not crime; to be Americans, and born of American parents; they are to be of the virtuous poor of this description, who are single from choice or necessity.

Mrs. Ann Macrea, to whom a Civil List pension of £50 has just been awarded, was associated with the late Joseph Lancaster in his earliest efforts for the promotion of popular education. Before any institution for the training of teachers for their work existed in England, Mrs. Macrea was busy under his direction, and with the sanction of the late Dukes of Kent and Sussex, Lord Brougham, and others of Lancaster's friends, in travelling through the country, organizing new schools for poor girls, and giving instruction in method to the teachers. When the British and Foreign School Society was established, now more than fifty years ago, Mrs. Macrea was engaged as the superintendent of the model school, and subsequently and for many years she had the supervision of the training department for female teachers. During that time she prepared the first systematic manual of teaching needlework which had ever been published for the guidance of female teachers—a work which produced a most salutary and widespread effect, and which is still in extensive use. Owing to her advanced age she has been compelled recently to give up active life.

#### ARTISTIC, LITERARY, AND SCIENTIFIC.

Miss Susan Durant has received a commission to execute one of the poetical marbles for the Mansion House, being, as far as we recollect, the first English lady who has ever gained an honor of this particular kind. The commission was awarded to her in open competition with numerous other artists.

The following is a list of the pensions granted by Her Majesty on the Civil List to ladies, for the year ending June 1st, 1860:—£50 per annum on Miss Barbara Bell, in consideration of the eminence of her late father, professor of law in the University of Edinburgh, as a jurist, and of her straitened circumstances. £50 on Mrs. Barber, in consideration of the zeal and intelligence evinced by her husband, the late Mr. Lewis Barber, as vice-consul at Naples, especially in obtaining the liberation of two British subjects made prisoners on board the *Cagliari*. £100 on Lady H. Brenton, widow of the late Admiral Sir Jahleel Brenton, in consideration of the late Sir J. Brenton's meritorious and gallant services in Her Majesty's navy. £75 on Miss Julia Hunt, in consideration of the valuable contributions of her father, the late Mr. Leigh Hunt, to English literature. £25 (additional) to Mrs. Mary Hadyn, in consideration of the merits of her late husband, Mr. Joseph Hadyn, author of the "Dictionary of Dates," the "Book of Dignities," and other literary works. £50 on Miss Jerrold, in consideration of the literary merits of her father, the late Mr. Douglas Jerrold. £100 on Miss Harriet Elizabeth Fourdrinier and Mary Ann Sarah Fourdrinier, on account of the valuable inventions of the late Mr. Fourdrinier, their father, in aid of the manufacture of paper, and the destitute circumstances in which they are placed. £100 on Miss Eliza Murphy and Miss Charlotte Murphy, as an acknowledgment of the eminent literary merits of their sister, the late Mrs. Jameson, and on account of their straitened circumstances. £50 on Mrs. Ann Macrea, on account of her long and successful services in the work of education. £100

to Miss Kate Southey, on account of the important services rendered by her father, the late Robert Southey, to English literature. £30 to Miss Julia Tilt, in consideration of her literary merit. £50 on Mrs. Henfrey, on account of her husband's (the late Professor Henfrey) contributions to anatomical and physiological botany.

Madame Bodichon, *née* Barbara Leigh Smith, has exhibited forty-four drawings from nature in Algeria, at the French Exhibition. The drawings were on view from the 10th to the 20th of the month, when the French Exhibition closed to make room for some pictures belonging to Her Majesty. The drawings appeared to excite a warm interest in crowds of visitors. Many of the drawings were sold on the day of the private view, and the collection elicited the admiration of numerous artists and connoisseurs.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

“Glancing down the columns of ‘Want Places,’ in the *Morning Post* of Thursday last, we see reason to believe that the *sex* have as little notion as the *lords* of the *pantry* of throwing themselves away, ‘unless they know the reason why.’ Mrs. J. O. P. wants to be a cook and housekeeper; in which ambidexter capacity (nice pickings both ways, no doubt) she has ‘no objection to the country, *part of the year*.’ When all the world goes out of town, what cook, indeed, or housekeeper of fashion, could remain behind? Another candidate, for the place of upper housemaid, has ‘no objection to a *short* distance from town.’ Possibly, Richmond, or Sydenham, might do; but beyond that radius,

“‘Barbarism itself would pity her.’

How we should like to give one of those delicate creatures a winter at Belmullet!”

“Great stress has been laid by the South on the assertion that the slaves, if not tampered with by white men, are loyal to their masters, and satisfied with their lot. I have reason to think and believe that they are mistaken. A lady who is a slaveowner told me only to-day that ‘niggers’ were so smart now-a-days they nearly all believed they ought to be their own masters, and that she had caught her ‘niggers’ on several occasions, when her absence was counted on, discussing the prospect of their freedom. She tells me that numbers of her acquaintance are in agonies of fear at the prospect of being left on their plantations without their husbands for a single night, and they have always expected in the morning to find that the ‘niggers’ had gone.”

A Warsaw letter of the 5th, in the *National Gazette* of Berlin, says that at a young ladies’ school the pupils the other day asked their superior, Madame Grote, to allow a *requiem* to be performed, and to grant them permission to wear mourning. Both requests were refused, and the young Amazons rose in insurrection. Madame Grote was obliged to fly, and it was necessary to call in some soldiers to restore order.

EXTRAORDINARY PROTECTION-ORDER APPLICATION.—A Mrs. Caroline Rawson applied at Worship Street Police-court yesterday for an order to protect her earnings against her husband, who, after treating her with cruelty, had deserted her, and was living with another woman. The magistrate granted the order. The applicant had scarcely moved away, vaguely expressing her thanks, as though something troubled her, when she hastened back again, and with an anxious face, said to Mr. Safford, the clerk, “Oh, please, sir, will you be so good as to tell me this:—I am given to understand that my husband is in very bad health, and what I want to know is, if he should die, can I be obliged to bury him?” Mr. Safford said he would advise her to do so, and if she reflected that she would so escape the censorious scandal of her neighbors, perhaps she might think so too. The applicant replied, “Thank you, sir; I am very much obliged; I think I had better bury him, and I will do so;” and, with a mind evidently much relieved, she hastened out of court.—*Record*.