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XLI.—ANNALS OF NEEDLEWOMEN.

CHAPTER III.

POVERTY is, at all times, sad to contemplate; and the ravages that it makes, both morally as well as physically, on those who fall beneath its influence, deeply to be deplored. It is sad to see the bright spirits of youth checked, and beauty dimmed, by the pressure of need; to behold men and women in the prime of life, with latent energies and capabilities, crushed by the want that gnaws within, or to witness old age and infirmity debarred from the necessary comforts that should cheer its decline.

It is sad to go among the sons and daughters of toil and recognize minds, that under more favorable circumstances might have expanded to the reception of knowledge, shut out from such acquirements by the hard struggle for existence.

Thousands of human beings are, however, yearly born to this state of poverty—individuals who would never awaken to an appreciation of the more refining influences of life, did not both duty and inclination call Christians forth to labor among them for their improvement and welfare.

Every condition of life, however, has its comparison; and whilst the state of the parochial poor excites our commiseration and activity—the more so from the fact that their ignorance increases their social disorganization, there is a higher class of distressed humanity continually found among them, whose position it is still sadder to contemplate, and who claim a still larger share of our sympathy. I refer to those who, early nursed in luxury and wealth, have from adverse circumstances, over which, in many cases, they have had no control, fallen into want and wretchedness.

Independent of the positive privations such persons endure, an additional pang is mingled in *their* sufferings, more poignant than that inflicted by hunger or cold, viz., the craving of the mind for the *entourage* of accustomed refinements, against which Poverty so rudely shuts the door. Alas! the associations of vulgarity, from which the educated mind shrinks with horror, are almost unavoidable evils in connexion with extreme poverty. Want, in its exterior arrangements, has no separate organization for decayed

respectability, and many a poor lady who has sought employment at "Needlewomen's Hall"—for so the Home is sometimes termed—has told me with tearful eyes, that what most tended to crush her spirit in her altered fortunes was, not the meat-less meal, or the fireless grate, nor the absence of rich attire, but the coarse atmosphere into which her circumstances had driven her.

Small houses or low-rented apartments and provisions are not to be met with in the best neighborhoods of London, and to be forced into cheap lodging-houses and garrets, driven to pawnbrokers' shops, and low costermongers' stalls for the necessaries of life, to be exposed to the contagion of dirt and foul air, to have the eyes continually offended by coarse sights, and the ears by revolting sounds—this is what tends, more than anything else, to engender a heaviness of spirit that nothing but faith in the power of an Almighty Father can remove.

One or two, among many cases of a similar nature which have enlisted my sympathy, I now purpose to detail.

One morning, soon after the formation of our Society, a woman, who bore upon her countenance unmistakeable traces of *the Lady*, notwithstanding the rusty black of her attire, applied for permission to come and work in the rooms. Requesting her to be seated, I remarked that she looked very delicate, and added, "I hoped she was not entirely dependent on her needle for support." She colored, as if I had touched a sore point, but after a moment's hesitation, replied, "Not entirely, Ma'am, my son-in-law pays my rent; but my health is very bad, and for days together I can do nothing." "Are you strong enough," I then asked, "to come here to work?" "I live near, Ma'am," she said; "but I think it would do me good to come—I am so lonely at home, that I make myself worse by thinking of my troubles; perhaps I might be cheered up here—I am not naturally low-spirited."

Without then entering farther into her history I gave her a ticket of admission, and dismissed her. The next day Mrs. D—— took her place in the workroom, where she very shortly became a great favorite with the matron and others. There were few visitors who came to the place that failed to notice the old lady, and to say a kind word to her. A seat had been assigned to her at the top of the room near the window, and she generally attended about four days out of the six; but on account of her state of health the matron had orders to be very lenient with her as regarded hours. Sometimes she would only come for half a day, and then be obliged to leave, being seized with attacks of pain which compelled her to lie flat on her back on the floor. Her earnings were very small certainly, not exceeding four shillings a week; but she always expressed herself grateful when paid, and acknowledged the Hand that had led her to the house, as she said. "The regular employment and society it gave her had made her feel better and happier than she had done for many a year." I frequently heard her singing over her

work, and her countenance was always so bright and cheerful that we had nominated her "our sunbeam."

Although she seemed to have a kind word for all her companions, there was a certain dignity of manner which caused some of them to say, "Mrs. D—— held herself better than they." Mrs. D—— would frequently come into my room on some errand, and then linger to have a little chat, proving by her conversation a superiority of mind over many of those by whom she was surrounded. She became at last a privileged person in the household, and was sent for out of the workroom from time to time to fill little offices of trust. Generally speaking, there was great courtesy shown her by the other workers; but, sad to say, green-eyed jealousy at last crept in among them (on account of the few favors shown her).

It appeared that our old friend was in the habit of eating her dinner alone, and remaining to wash her hands when the rest had left the kitchen, and I believe she was *even* further accused of bringing her own towel. Such exclusiveness gave rise to some unfeeling remarks among one or two of the lowest class of her associates, and they nicknamed her, "my lady." This she at first bore in silence, but once or twice I observed that the brightness had gone from her face, and asked her the cause. She told me that "So and so" (mentioning their names) "had been teasing her; but she did not know in what she had offended them, and thought perhaps she'd better keep at home."

I smiled at her fears, and said, "We couldn't get on without her, and I would speak to her tormentors," which I did, but this reproval only made matters worse; and later, several times when Mrs. D—— came to work, she found her seat occupied, and could not regain it without appealing to the matron.

One day, when thus supplanted in her favorite post, a regular storm occurred on the question, and the old lady's hitherto meek submission under the taunts against her gentility gave way, and, roused to anger, she returned the jeers of her unkind companions by informing them "That she was in truth a lady born and bred, and had never been accustomed to such low associates as they were; but that in future she would rather beg her bread than put up with their low and vulgar remarks." Retorts followed, and by the time I entered the room my old friend was in such a state of excitement that no reason would calm her. The thrusts that had lately daily irritated her were now all repeated by her as wrongs requiring redress, and sobbing violently, she demanded that the offenders should be dismissed from the establishment.

I was much grieved that this state of affairs had not been put a stop to before such a climax had been reached; now there was evidently so much anger on both sides, and so many harsh remarks, that it was difficult to render justice without being accused of partiality. I, however, supported Mrs. D——'s cause, as far as I

could consistently do so, and persuaded the old lady to return home and try to compose herself there. When she had left, her assailants were severely reprimanded for the trouble they had given, whilst it was represented to them, that age and good conduct ought, under any circumstances, to have ensured more respect and consideration.

The next morning the matron received a note from Mrs. D—— to say she could not make up her mind, after what had occurred, to return to the Institution, and begged her seat might not be kept for her. This note being placed in my hands, I wrote at once a few lines to say I intended calling on her as soon as I could find time, and enclosing a little pecuniary help, sent it by a messenger, with orders that she was to deliver it herself to Mrs. D——, and bring me word how she was. My envoy found her suffering from one of her worst attacks of illness, and lying on her back on the floor of her room—that position affording her most relief when thus afflicted. She was in great pain, and often unable to help herself. I was prevented at that time from paying her my intended visit, but another lady who did so, showed her great kindness. Shortly after I received a most touching note from Mrs. D——, the purport of which was to acknowledge a trifle I had sent her. She said, "She longed to see me again, but felt ashamed to face me after the temper she had exhibited at our last interview;" She added, "she had thought and prayed over it frequently, feeling, in a religious point of view, how much she had sinned, and thus allowed others to triumph over her, and think her religious profession only nominal. God had been so good to her in raising her up friends, and she now felt her ingratitude in not bearing more cheerfully such little crosses as had been placed in her path; she trusted I would forgive her, but begged me as a favor to allow her in future to have some work to do at home, where no one would quarrel with her."

The letter was written in a humbled spirit, but still a feeling of wounded pride might be traced throughout. I determined to answer it in person, hoping to persuade my old friend to accompany me back, and, by myself re-establishing her among her fellow-workers, smooth the awkwardness of the return, and put an end to all grievances. Securing her address, I sought the lodging and was directed to the topmost story of a small but respectable house in —— Street. Ascending the narrow staircase, I tapped at her door and received permission to enter. Mrs. D—— was sitting on a low chair by a small fire, and started when she recognized me as her visitor. She appeared really distressed, "Oh, Ma'am, what a poor home you have found me in! it is very kind of you to come, but I wish you had let me know." I begged she would make no excuses, and, sitting down, questioned her as to her health, &c. "She was much better in body," she replied, "but very unsettled in mind; she couldn't forget how she'd let herself down by giving way to her temper, and she had not even the courage to go and fetch work from H—— Street for fear of again encountering ridicule." I told

her this was only pride, and that I was come to take her back again; that while she had certainly forgotten self-control, we were all subject to like infirmities, and by care in avoiding such outbreaks of temper in future she would best show her sorrow and repentance. That I felt sure every one in the workroom wished to forget the past, and was ready to welcome her again among them. She consented at last—"If I wished it she would go, because it hurt her so to vex me. Ah! if I only knew what changes she had seen in life, I should indeed pity her, and not wonder how angry she had felt at the hard things said to her."

During our conversation I had taken a survey of Mrs. D——'s room—it was certainly not more than ten feet square; a sofa-bed, which was very scantily furnished with bedding, occupied one entire side, a patchwork quilt covering the whole; facing it stood a chest of drawers, over which was a neat little book-shelf, containing a few old-fashioned volumes. The two chairs we occupied, and a small round table stood near the fire-place. The only remaining bit of furniture surprised me, so out of character did it appear with the other articles in the room. It was a cottage piano, the upper part of which reached the ceiling, and it was carefully covered with green baize. The very possession of such an unaccustomed luxury in a poor person's dwelling proved it must be connected with the history of some bygone time, and my curiosity was at once aroused. I turned from the piano to its owner—she saw my look of surprise, and before I had time to put any question, said, with a sigh, "Ah, Ma'am! that piano is my only friend here; I don't think I could live without it; music was always my delight when a child, but I little knew what solace it would be to me in old age." "How came you by it?" I asked. "It belongs to my son-in-law, Ma'am," she answered; "he has lent it to me." "Indeed!" I said; "and when do you find leisure to play?" "Oh, between times, and at night when I'm tired of work, then I sit down and refresh myself with some old tune." "When did you learn?" I continued. "When I was young," she replied; "no expense was then spared on my education. I had good masters, and was considered to play well, I believe." "Will you play something to me now?" I said. "Do let me hear you." She shook her head at first, but when I pressed her more, crossed the room, and opening the instrument, sat down, while I watched her movements with attentive interest. I wish some one could have photographed the scene: her dress was shabbier than any I had seen her wear previously, showing that she must have appeared in the workroom in her best attire, but she was nevertheless neat in the extreme; a scanty black gown, surrounded by a little old-fashioned round cape, with a nicely quilled white cap, gave her an air of antiquity, such as one sees in old pictures, and as she sat at the piano, with her back towards me, I could not but admire her appearance. For a few moments "amid the keys her fingers played," and then slowly and sweetly she struck up some old airs,

"favorites," she said, "of her father's." It was most affecting to watch her; as she played her whole countenance seemed to change, and care vanished. The sight before me made me realize the value of cultivating in childhood the talents God has given us. Amid the ruins of her fallen fortunes, apart from old friends and associates, surrounded by poverty and neglect, this old lady was yet able to draw from her own treasured resources a balm which, she said herself, "was better than any medicine, for it soothed both the body's pain and the mind's distress."

For some time she played on, turning round to ask, from time to time, "if I knew this air, or remembered another! *This* hymn she had played in *such* a church, that Scotch air was a favorite with her children." Thus she retraced old times and scenes, till she seemed to live among them again. It would be difficult to convey the feeling of respectful pity that I experienced as I listened to her; at length closing the piano, she again sat down by me, and with her memory refreshed by the recollections the music had brought back to her, she recounted the sad history that had reduced her to her present state of poverty. While doing so, she cried bitterly; but the tears seemed to relieve her. Mrs. D——'s father was a large manufacturer, who had amassed much wealth in the glass trade. His country-house was at a little distance from M——, where my old friend had been born. Her childhood and early womanhood were nursed in that luxury which is peculiarly seen in the class of life to which she belonged; no expense had been spared on her education, or on the gratification of her tastes and pleasures, and her parents lavished on her every possible indulgence. They had a large circle of acquaintance, and went out a great deal in society, into which she accompanied them. Mrs. D—— here told me that, being very lively, she was much courted and admired, and with the pride that would show *what* she had been, recounted to me many passages of her youth; gave an account of the gay parties over which she had presided, of the dresses she had worn, and of many incidents which rose to her mind as she told her tale—the remembrance of her former life evidently afforded her pleasure to repeat. I could see that the society she had mixed in was of a very gay and thoughtless kind, that among which a young girl, left much to herself, was not likely to make many permanent friends.

She was very young when her position was entirely changed by the rather sudden death of her father; he left, however, a large property to his children, dying worth £40,000 in money, which was divided among them. But the protection which had hitherto shielded them was gone, and gay, thoughtless, and improvident, Mrs. D—— soon fell a prey to one of the many fortune-hunters who are on the look-out to provide for themselves a life of idle pleasure by reaping the benefit of others' toil.

The successful candidate for her hand was a young medical man in the neighborhood, whom she had occasionally met at

some of the parties she frequented. It appears that after her father's death he lost no time in improving his acquaintance, and shortly succeeded in gaining her affections. They were married. She must have had few business friends, or they would have taken care to tie up a portion of her fortune, so as to preclude the possibility of her ever being dependent on others. No such settlement was, however, provided, and it was not long before she discovered the mistake she had made. The command of money only fed her husband's taste for idleness, and from one extravagance he launched into another, till the money which Mrs. D——'s father had amassed with care, soon dwindled away. Mr. D—— then, alarmed for the future, tried his hand at the gaming table, hoping with the little sum that remained to redeem their falling fortunes. The result may be well anticipated; ere many years were over, the gay, lively girl, who had thought herself richly provided for through life, was a neglected, wretched wife, with several young children to support, and a husband notorious for his vices—a gambler, a drunkard. Many were the years of wretchedness and sorrow that now became Mrs. D——'s lot. Troubles of every kind seemed to surround her, and her talents had to be turned to account for the maintenance of her children, while her husband lost no opportunity of indulging his sinful pleasures. Delirium tremens, however, followed this long course of self-indulgence, and he was finally obliged to be sent to a lunatic asylum; a step, which though it caused much pain to his wife, must, in the end, have been a cause of relief in the daily cessation from anxiety and ill-treatment.

Mrs. D—— removed far from her old neighborhood, and resigning herself to her altered fortune, devoted herself to her children. Several she lost in their infancy. At first she received help from her friends and relations, but as years rolled on, death deprived her of some, and distance of others. Poor relations are not often sought out, and when unobtrusive and retiring, they are soon lost sight of and forgotten. Such now became the case of our poor friend. Mrs. D——'s former position in society, in the gay and indulged days of her girlhood, was nothing but a dream of the past,—a dream, of which not one link remained to connect it with the hard realities of life she now endured, save memory; and that memory she kept alive by rehearsing on her instrument every tune or melody that recalled the events of brighter days and bygone hours of happiness. Music was a gift of which no one could deprive her, and amid all her poverty she seemed to have contrived, either by hire or loan, to provide herself with a piano of some kind, to secure the indulgence she so highly prized.

The one she now had was certainly not a first-rate instrument; but its keys, when touched by her hands, had power to emit sounds that could cheer her. Its tones could conjure up the past, and soften the asperities of the present; and as she softly sang the words of favorite hymns, they seemed to carry her in spirit into a future

world—that Home where toil will be no more, and where sorrow will be forgotten in the universal harmony of light and sound that reigns in that heavenly place.

Hitherto in my acquaintance with Mrs. D—— there had been, I could now evidently see, an attempt to conceal the extreme poverty in which she lived; but now, having invaded her citadel, concealment was no longer possible. She had, indeed, descended from affluence to its most opposite extreme, and when once she perceived that I recognized this fact she made me fully acquainted with all the privations she endured. Her chief support was obtained from her children, one or two of whom were married. They, however, had families, and what little was spared was evidently thought an effort and burthen. Still, they paid the rent of the little room their mother occupied, and made her besides a weekly allowance of two shillings; now and then some trifling sum was sent her from one source or other, and this, added to what little Mrs. D—— could make by her own exertions, formed her only resources.

She had one daughter who had been away for some time, either in service or with her sister, but who sometimes came home to her mother for a few weeks at a time. I found Mrs. D—— had no blankets on her bed, and scarcely any warm clothing; whilst several of her possessions, both in furniture and wearing apparel, were lying amid the *omnium gatherum* of hoards and relics which poverty's need had taken to the pawnbroker's shop.

I procured for her a little assistance, and wrote to some friends from her old neighborhood, who established the truth of her tale. Her gratitude for what was done was excessive. One lady interested in her sent a pair of blankets, another occasional supplies of soup, whilst very many additional comforts found their way into her humble dwelling. It was a great effort on her part to return to the workroom after leaving it under such circumstances as those before narrated; but she was welcomed as if nothing had occurred to disturb her former position there, merely receiving the welcome of an absentee recovered from sickness. Fortunately, the two women who had caused her the most annoyance by cavilling at her somewhat exclusive ways, had left during her absence. I advised her for many reasons thus to relieve the monotony of her lonely life by associating with others instead of continuing to work at home.

Mrs. D—— soon regained her cheerful countenance, and for some months all went on satisfactorily with our old friend. I frequently received from her little presents, such as a pincushion, or a mat, or a bunch of flowers—marks of attention which I prized as the offerings of a grateful heart.

The Autumn came, and I left town for a time, and on my return, a couple of months later, not seeing Mrs. D—— in the workroom, I inquired for her. I was informed in reply, that she was gone out

of town to visit her daughter in W—shire, to help to take care of the children during her confinement. I rejoiced to hear this, as I thought the change most desirable for her. Other cases of interest soon occupied my mind, and for a long time I heard nothing whatever of my friend. It must have been full three months later, or even longer, when a letter from Mrs. D—— reminded me of her existence. She wrote to say she had returned to London, to renew her thanks for the interest I had taken in her, and to send me, as a token of gratitude, a present of work she had had done while in the country. She told me she grieved much that she could not return to work with us as before; for, independent of the little additional comforts her earnings had secured, the occupation had been a great relief to her mind. But her friends did not like the idea of her going to work at a *charitable* institution, and had threatened to withdraw the little help they allowed her if she did so again. She hoped, therefore, that I should understand the reason, and not take offence—what could she do?

To feel vexed with the old lady was quite out of the question; it was only another arrow in the quiver of experience of the false pride of this world, and the unjust stigma attached to honest labor. Evidently the friends, who had eked out with grudging hand the scanty charity that had occasionally reached her when living alone and unknown, had had their pride aroused at the idea of strangers having access to her, and questioning her as to their want of liberality or neglected duty, so they at once took measures to prevent the reflections on them that might possibly thus have occurred. Mrs. D—— therefore left our Home, much regretted by many of its inmates. From time to time I hear of her, and I believe she is sometimes visited by some of those who became interested in her history, and who still render her a little assistance now and then. I trust sincerely that her own friends also have been more forward to provide comforts for her, those comforts so necessary to declining years. I heard a rumor lately that her married daughter wished her to leave London, and live near her and her husband. I hope such an arrangement may eventually be carried out.

Mrs. D—— is only one out of many such broken-down wayfarers who have passed through the Society's doors, having been directed to its shelter as a temporary refuge from pressing need. The few benefits she received were not, however, entirely unreciprocated, for she has left a bright and pleasant memory in her track.

There are lessons, too, to be gathered from a retrospect of every individual life that comes beneath our notice—lessons of precept, example, and warning.

The blight of the poor old lady's earthly prospects, whilst apparently on the pinnacle of prosperity, teaches us indeed the uncertainty of putting our trust in riches, and also the necessity of a proper prospective arrangement of such worldly goods as may fall

to our share. Her subsequent trials and sorrows, Mrs. D—— said, she saw had not been sent so much in judgment as in mercy; they alone had brought her on her knees to seek God in prayer, and had aroused her from that careless indifference to her soul's welfare which accompanies, alas! unchecked prosperity. Experience, indeed, proves to many of us that, to wean us from undue attachment to the world's pleasures and ease, heavenly wisdom frequently uproots from our path the false props on which we are trusting. Placed in rough and thorny ways, and brought personally into contact with realities, our hearts sooner become softened; and in our trials, frequently learning our utter incapacity to help ourselves, we are brought by grace to seek and find peace of mind, a reliance and a trust, fruits of a faith unknown to us before; and which, although outwardly surrounded by the hard crust of adversity, we would not exchange for our former wealth and indifference. L. N.

XLII.—LADY HESTER STANHOPE.

Much has been said and written lately about the supposed riddle of history, by which masses of men sometimes grow better and sometimes worse, or by which the powers at work in human society are supposed to make human efforts delusory. But without countenancing that revival of Comte's philosophy of chance, which would reduce this life to a web woven out of the machinery of circumstances, or turn statistics into a horoscope for foretelling the future, it may be admitted that the most important warnings for our present conduct are to be gathered from the history of the past.

What has been, will, in one sense, be likely to repeat itself to the end of time. There is a strong family likeness in human nature, which should lead us to look into our own hearts when we read the lives of others, and teach us to interpret them by our own experience. And whilst to the superficial reader it appears as if history revolves merely in perpetual cycles, bringing round again the same heart-stirring crises of intensity and excitement, and the same monotonous periods of mental and physical stagnation; he who looks deeper may discern in its pages an infinite diversity as well as similarity of character, and may admire the marvellous combinations of which nature is susceptible.

Thus the age of passionate sentiment, represented by Byron and Moore, is followed by another whose earnest motto is "Work;" and the natural reaction from a century of science and material progress, is to be found in that tendency to mystical poetry which protests against the misuse of formulas and technicalities. We need not refer to the pages of Thackeray to trace the metamorphosis which manners have undergone since the days of George III.

and George IV.; and few of us would wish to revive the senseless frivolity and dull conventionality which pervaded society during the youth of Lady Hester Stanhope. "The study of books," said Montaigne, "is a languid and feeble notion, whereas conference teaches and exercises at once. I had rather forge my mind than furnish it." There is little occasion to envy the abstract culture of the mere scholar, whose "heart is laid asleep on the activity of the intellect," and who, with insensibility to outward things, leads an apology for a life; but still less need we desire that exciting and promiscuous association with the world which is likely to dissipate instead of concentrating the affections, and which usually perverts all but the strongest hearts. Better the eloquence of "restrained feeling" than the constant gossip which is inappropriate to high and deep sentiments, which has much "esprit," but little soul, and which skims the "surface of the stream," but leaves the depths of feeling unstirred. Better live in ignorance of the pleasures of conquest or the triumphs of beauty, than run the risk of trifling with all that is noble and great, by setting up the idol of "self" for admiration, and by allowing the craving for power to become a permanent instinct.

Nature and circumstances from the birth of Lady Hester Stanhope seemed to combine to nourish her egotism and flatter her vanity. She was subjected from her childhood to the most extraordinary influences. At the period of the French Revolution, a portion of English society was infected by the ideas which had gained ground in France. William Pitt himself was at one time not free from a certain modified admiration for the doctrines of Thomas Paine. But being thoroughly practical in his nature, he no sooner entered into public life, and saw his country engaged in a perilous struggle, than he forgot his philosophical dogmas, and sacrificed his theories to the exigencies of his times. "Tom Paine may be right," he would say to his friends, "but his disciples have no common sense. If I were to favor his doctrines, we should have a bloody revolution, and, after all, things would be just as they were before." His brother-in-law, the father of Lady Hester Stanhope, remarkable for his inventive faculties, but still more for his eccentricities, was, however, one of the most earnest advocates for English republicanism. Radicalism with Charles, Earl of Stanhope, was a favorite way of making himself remarkable. He came forward as one of the most bitter enemies of the caste by which he was distinguished. But his opponents declared that this abnegation had nothing superhuman in it, but that this enemy of tyrants was in fact himself half an idiot. In the middle of winter he would sleep with open windows under a dozen coverlids. In the daytime he would shiver in insufficient clothing, and live on brown bread, and tea without sugar. If these be symptoms of insanity, Dr. Winslow may add a fresh chapter to his book. But, lunatic or not, the Earl of Stanhope was undoubtedly so absorbed in his inventions or

political reveries, that he seemed scarcely conscious of the life which was passing around him. Lady Stanhope, his second wife, passed her time in a round of frivolity and visiting. She was seldom at home unless it were to dress herself for fresh soirées; she dined out nearly every day, and was constantly to be seen at the opera. This woman of fashion who had succeeded Pitt's sister, was a Grenville by birth, without brains or heart—a silly dressed up doll. Between these parents, so completely strangers to each other that the one only returned from her gaieties just before daylight, when the other was rising to engage in his politics and philosophical pursuits, the children grew up scarcely seeing either the one or the other, and entirely confided to the care of a governess, who endeavored to restrain in every way the moral and physical development of her pupils. Now teasing them with bad Italian and German, and now torturing them with backboards and devices for shaping their figures, this Swiss governess succeeded in inspiring her pupils with the strongest abhorrence for herself. Proud, energetic, and capricious, Hester imbibed from her treatment the greatest horror of all education in general. She was right so far, that much which is called education now-a-days only succeeds in deforming the natural character, through want of judgment in the teacher. We cannot nourish delicate plants by drowning them with water, and precocious development in some particular faculty may dwarf the whole powers of the mind. Speaking forty years afterwards from the royal nest which she fancied she had built for herself among the rocks of Syria, this disdainful woman referred with scorn to her unfortunate education. "They thought," she said "to reduce me to a fashionable Miss; they even imagined to flatten my foot, the arch of which is so high that a kitten might pass underneath it. Stupid creatures! as if they could not recognise by this the nobility of my race."

Hester Stanhope soon showed herself gifted with a powerful memory, and astonishing activity. At two years old she was said to have made a straw bonnet, the model of those which were worn at the time; a feat which was thought so extraordinary for her age that her father had it preserved as a family relic. Like Pitt, to whom she delighted to liken herself, she had the faculty of never forgetting what she had once seen. Were it only a tree, or a stone in the road, that tree or that stone would stand out with its peculiar color or angles before her eyes for ever. Like all egotistical persons, her will seems to have exercised an important influence over this memory. There are some things we do not care to retain in our minds, and these we speedily reject. The power we all possess of ignoring some circumstances in our past lives and magnifying others is often ludicrous to our hearers; but the memory is with many of us an optimist, till in moments of difficulty or distress the impartial panorama of our whole lives is stretched before our unwilling eyes.

A love of management was one of her earliest characteristics. Her sisters and the servants of the house were accustomed to ask her opinion from a child, whilst the indirect influence of her powerful will would often change the foibles of her mother, and alter the sterner resolutions of her father. In one of his fits of political enthusiasm, the Earl of Stanhope put down his carriages and horses. Poor Lady Stanhope looked sulky without complaining, and a miserable despondency settled over the household. Hester determined to set it all to rights. She borrowed a pair of stilts and stumped gravely down a dirty lane in front of her father's window. "Why, girl," he cried out on her return, "what horrible machines have you been using?" "Oh," said the child, "it was nothing at all; I only put on my stilts to walk through the mud. It is poor Mamma who feels these things; she has been used to her carriage, and her health is weak." A few days after, Lady Stanhope had a new carriage from London, but with no armorial bearings.

"Nature," said Lady Hester, "always fashions us in her own way, but men take infinite pains to alter her intentions. We had a governess who thought to improve our figures by squeezing them between hard planks of wood. It was just the same with our minds, that they thought to improve by confining under the most ridiculous prejudices." As a child, she was remarkable for that curiosity which is always so fatiguing to ill-informed persons. Her questions were invariably answered by, "That is not proper for you to know," or "You must not talk till you grow older," and the like. But this state of things was not destined to last for ever. Hester was growing into womanhood. The democratic opinions of her father were sometimes so expressed that they could not fail to be displeasing to persons in high places. The ties of family were not likely to purchase immunity for the brother-in-law of Pitt. Several political friends of Lord Stanhope had already been imprisoned, and the peril which threatened him was imminent. At this crisis, a way of escape was opened for our heroine from the wearying artificial culture which she had so long impatiently endured; she determined at once to emancipate herself from this terrible thraldom, and to fulfil the duties of filial affection by moderating the anger of her uncle and going to reside under his roof. Mr. Pitt, who in the loneliness of his bachelor life was not always free from weariness and ennui, was not sorry to have his home brightened by the presence of his young and beautiful niece.* Hester seems always to

* Yet it must be remembered that Pitt was risking the future comfort of his life by thus ensuring the happiness and safety of his niece, and affording her a delicate and generous protection. That his friends considered he was taking a step likely to interfere with the quiet routine of his bachelor existence may be inferred from Lord Mulgrave's remark,—"How amiable it is of Pitt to take compassion on poor Lady Hester, and that in a way which must break in upon his habits of life. He is as good as he is great!" See "Life of Right Hon. William Pitt." By Earl Stanhope.

have performed her duty to him, in halving his cares, sharing his burdens, and entertaining his friends. She represents herself as received with gratitude and *empressement*, by a man who had resigned the happiness of earthly affection, that he might consecrate himself more entirely to the grandeur of his task.

At twenty years of age, if we are to credit her own description, Hester was remarkable for a complexion so brilliant, that a pearl necklace could hardly be distinguished from the whiteness of her skin. Her figure was not far from six feet, and beautiful in its proportions; her face, oval; her head so well poised on the shoulders, and the cheek so rounded, that Brummell once remarked with his accustomed impertinence, "For Heaven's sake, remove those ear-rings, and let's see what's underneath." For the rest, the eyes were blue, approaching to grey; and the features so far from regular that she was wont to say of herself, that it was "homogeneous ugliness," and nothing more. Her greatest charms consisted in her ever-varying expression, and in the striking contrasts of an organization which was ever tending to extremes. Faces like this, without being perfectly regular, are a perpetual surprise to the beholders, from the strange expressions which perpetually draw new contours in the lines of the mouth and chin. In common with those excitable natures, which seem as though they were forced to exhale an excess of power in order to go on in their natural way, Hester was said to be tragically beautiful in her paroxysms of enthusiasm or passion; whilst, like a meridianal sky, these storms of rage (which she had never learned to control) would clear the atmosphere and leave a benigner influence behind. Unlike the frivolous beauties of her time, she had too correct a taste to spoil her appearance by that finikin care in her toilet which may generally be attributed to an excess of personal self-love. The belles of that day were generally over-dressed, condemning themselves to perpetual labor in thwarting the purposes of nature, or in imitating some aristocratic type. It is easy to imagine how favorably Hester, with her easy manners and sparkling wit, must have contrasted with these beauties of ebony and ivory, who were always changing their dresses, but never their features. For the rest, her reminiscences (like those of Mrs. Delany, Fanny Burney, Lady Charlotte Bury, and Nathaniel Wraxall) do not furnish us with the most pleasing picture of the epoch in which she lived. Even on those women who kept themselves free from the darker vices of the times, society inflicted this injury, that it was not only the hotbed for their own self-conceit, but the unlimited association with others was almost certain to deprive them of simplicity, and to teach them to value the showy above the genuine. The women of those days seem to have been haunted by self-consciousness; their natural food was flattery, they mistook sympathy for compliment, and moved everywhere as if the world were made of looking-glasses. The favorites of those days were

not ashamed of perpetual competition to get the better of each other, forgetting that there is an essential meanness in all such vulgar rivalry. No truer sign could be given of the degradation of this period than in its low triumph in a want of reverence, which was boasted by minds endeavoring to escape their own littleness "by elevating themselves into antagonists of what was above them." Nothing was known then of that shame or feeling of profanation by which, as Novalis says, "the more sensitive natures protect, as by a natural instinct, their most sacred treasures from the curiosity of the vulgar." Religion, friendship, and love were treated with the utmost flippancy. The consequence was, the world was distrustful of the truest and highest feelings. It jested about human love with a bantering irony; it tossed from it the solemnities of religion with a laugh of mocking doubt; it not only laid a cold hand on youthful visions of romance, but turned from the grandest realities with a scornful *nil admirari*, and jeered at the good and great with bitter and detracting witticism.

No wonder that such society as this should beget distrust and pride; no wonder that the sensitive heart could not bear to have its pearls trampled upon, but locked the doors of its treasure-house and would not give the key to every passer-by. In this state of things, we have the explanation of much of the hauteur and reserve of Lady Hester's character, and also of that cherished mania for self-aggrandisement and rank, which was afterwards developed almost into insanity. Some secret and strong feeling is often a desideratum in such a character. Enthusiasm, when felt by women, is generally experienced to a most intense degree. More impressionable and impulsive than men, the greater is the need for some private and satisfying good, and the greater the tendency to incorporate outward things with their own humanity. The history of enthusiasm amongst women remains yet to be written. The devotional tendencies of such minds as Madame Guyon, S. Theresa, S. Catherine, the Mères Angeliques, Joan of Arc, the Maid of Saragossa, Elenora Prochaska, &c., would form an interesting physiological study.

Amidst all the excitement of a residence with her uncle, the numerous attractions of society, and the enthusiasm with which she threw herself into political pursuits, Lady Hester seems never to have thought seriously of marriage. Many surmises have been made as to the reality of her affection for Lord Camelford. This cousin of hers was by her own description in every way a "true Pitt," strongly characterized by the family energy and pride. His height was greatly above the average, and his reputation as a famous duellist gave him as much prestige amongst his military friends as it caused horror in the private circles where he was safely admired at a distance. With a sort of fanciful generosity, this man was wont to seek the most miserable and neglected creatures in the bye-corners and taverns of London. When he had

found some peculiar case of distress, he would slip a bank-note into the hand of the sufferer, and be fully prepared to fight him if he attempted to follow him or ascertain the name of his mysterious benefactor. Camelford was a personification of that kind-hearted muscularity which has become popular in our days. The prestige of power and force, not to speak of his singularity and independence, were likely to have recommended him to Lady Hester. But a family quarrel—a dispute with Lord Chatham, founded on the rights of succession—was sufficient to render him unpopular for ever with all faithful and devoted Pittites. As to Lady Hester, it was not likely that her fancy for him amounted to anything more than a transient liking. Her admiration for Pitt knew no limits; and satisfied with such a friendship, it is not wonderful that she should have imitated his resolution of remaining single. This resolution did not protect her from the vanities of a coquette. Years after, when age had obliterated every vestige of her beauty, she would linger, with the pleased volubility of a child, on the remembrance of her past successes. Mr. Pitt, in his private life, seems to have been by no means indifferent to external appearance. We laugh to read the stories of his drinking out of Miss W——'s shoe, of his stooping to arrange the folds of a lady's dress, and of his rallying another on her aërial appearance in ball costume, and declaring that wings were likely to spring out of her shoulders.* His attention to others, and his regard for their feelings, seem to have been extreme, but he could occasionally be very bitter. For instance, he could be scornful when the Bourbons were mentioned; and when Louis XVIII. came to England, he would only address him as a Count. He used to say, he was not fighting to re-establish the Bourbons, but only to let the French have some stable government.

Excitable in her character, and passionate in every change of her mood, Hester could never do anything in moderation. At one time she would throw herself with wild delight into the fever of the dance. Dazzled herself as she dazzled others, and pleasing them or offending them by her wit, she would remain oblivious of the passing hours, till her return late at night would disturb the slumbers of the good-natured Pitt, who would afterwards declare that he had been dreaming of the Masque of Comus, and that the sound of her laughter was like the reality. At another time, passing to the contrary extreme, she would envy a hermit's existence, and be overtaken by that passion for isolation and an existence in a desert which Byron's sentimentalism had propagated. In minds like hers, pleasurable sensations are often awakened by

* These stories must be accepted with due reserve. They were probably about as credible as much of Lady Hester's gossip. But for an account to Mr. Pitt's stedfast attachment to Miss Eleanor Eden we may refer the reader to the "Journal and Correspondence of William, Lord Auckland." Edited by the Bishop of Bath and Wells. Second Series. Bentley.

the most violent contrasts. The quietude of nature would come to her with a new meaning, after the noise and riot of the city, and the cool breezes would be refreshing to her head, aching with excitement and activity. Then again, easily wearied of the most beautiful scene when constantly beheld, the eager dancer and the passionate anchorite would engage her unsatisfied energy in games of ambition and parliamentary intrigues. She would vaunt her power over the Grenvilles; she would launch her sarcasms at Canning.* She would stand by rejoicing when the people at Weymouth insisted on moving the horses from Mr. Pitt's carriage, and dragging it in triumph through the place. At one time she would change the dress of a whole regiment of militia by telling them they looked like so many "Tin Harlequins." At another she gave the cut direct to Lord So-and-so, because she pretended she only saw a "great chameleon in pigeon-breasted colors;" he being attired in his court-dress. A characteristic trait, illustrative of one of her various tastes, may be found in her constant reference in after days to a little cottage on Sevenoaks common, which she declared was better suited to her tastes than anything she had ever seen. This paradise was inhabited by three old maids, whose principal pleasures in existence were good beer, capital cheese, and large rounds of boiled beef. These prosaic likings were continued to the end of Lady Hester's existence. She was ever haunted by the idea that a quantity of food, perpetually taken, was necessary to support her large frame; and, deaf to the suggestions of her physician, she thought it necessary to eat every hour during the latter years of her life, and to have dozens of gimcracks and messes on a rickety table by her side, so that constantly, during the watches of the night, she might be able to ward off the exhaustion of nature.

Wearied by the fatigues and harassed by the troubles of his office, Mr. Pitt would occasionally retire with Lady Hester to his simple retreat at Walmer. A little farm-servant was his principal valet; a single room, furnished with a few chairs and a writing-table, became the cabinet of the great minister. The cooking was of the most simple kind. We hear again of huge hunches of bread and cheese which Lady Hester would devour with the appetite of a plough-boy, delighting in the escape from stiff dinners and unnatural made dishes.

The ministerial life, as described by Lady Hester, seemed any-

* Earl Stanhope describes Mr. Pitt as being occasionally discomposed by the lively sallies of his niece, which did not always spare his own Cabinet colleagues. On one occasion, Lord Mulgrave (Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs) came to "breakfast with Pitt, and desiring to eat an egg, could find on the table only a broken eggspoon. 'How can Pitt have such a spoon as this?' he asked of Lady Hester. 'Don't you know?' answered the lively lady; 'have you not yet discovered that Mr. Pitt sometimes uses very slight and weak instruments to effect his ends?'" "Life of Right Hon. William Pitt." By Earl Stanhope. (Murray.)

thing but a bed of roses. A despatch from Lord Melville would arouse Pitt from his slumbers in the morning. He was obliged then to set out for Windsor, seizing the spare moments to swallow some breakfast. Then, perhaps, would arrive the secretaries with their papers; then, with a bottle of cordial in his pocket, he would repair to the House, where sometimes the political struggle would last till three or four in the morning. Then, instead of retiring to bed, Pitt and his principal adherents would chat together over a hot supper, and spend two or three hours in preparing the campaign of the morrow. And "wine and wine!" (as Lady Hester naïvely added.) Scarcely up the next morning, when tat-a-tat-tat! twenty or thirty people one after another, and carriages waiting in vain before the door. Such a state of things could not possibly be continued, and Mr. Pitt was committing suicide in detail. It was the very excess of life, as Carlyle would say, the restless play of being which brought on disease: the "spirit wore holes in the tabernacle of flesh." Lady Hester was wont to vaunt the noble straightforwardness of her uncle, in refusing bribes and large offers of money which were sent to him from the so-called "disinterested" citizens of London. One day a carriage stopped before the house of the minister, and four men descended from it bearing in their hands a casket of gold, containing bank-notes to the amount of a hundred thousand pounds. Pitt received them civilly, declining their present, and without listening to a word they had to say on the object of their visit.

With the petty vanity for which she was so remarkable, Lady Hester liked to fancy she had always exercised an important though an indirect influence on public affairs. She obtained appointments for her protégés, and instructed them how to act in certain cases, and even dictated petitions on matters of political consequence. Being more or less powerful during the lifetime of Pitt, she was always of sufficient importance to run the risk of being spoilt by adulation. In the society in which she moved, the contagion of the world's "slow stain" was ever at work, and in the life which she led it was almost impossible to keep the best feelings of the heart in untarnished simplicity.

(*To be continued.*)

XLIII.—LIVES FOR LEAVES.

Part II.

Having adverted to cases of suffering and death, we will look in upon them at work. It cannot be said that these work, "as prisoners work for crime;" for our Government would surely demur to the responsibility of placing the worst criminals in a like position, *unless* the execution of the task were a positive necessity.

Well, here they are—forty of them. The room is large enough to admit of their sitting conveniently, but, being seated, it is not so convenient to rise and move hither and thither. Such an apartment is close enough at any time of the year, and under any circumstances, with such a number of breathing beings as occupants. But what if we tell that through the long summer day the windows may never be opened? This precaution is necessary to prevent the fluff (powder) from being blown into the eyes: the faintest breath would raise a cloud, and should the powder be actually blown into the eye, inflammation and, perhaps, blindness might result. Some have used preservers, but the fluff, accumulating on the glass, dimmed the vision; and these were not found to answer. I do not say that this rule is never infringed—on some close, sultry day, when the breeze seems too faint to lift even a particle of dust, a sash may, perhaps, be raised without risk, but I say that the contrary *is the rule*.

But must not the workers themselves breathe on the powder at times? some may inquire. The thought occurs naturally, but I have not finished my picture.

Unlike the flower-maker, whose task is temporary, the leaf-maker is compelled to use great precaution. The head is enveloped in towels. One of these is drawn from behind and brought over the forehead, so as to protect the eyebrows and eyelashes, (one effect of the powder being to cause the hair to fall off.) This towel is pinned behind the neck, the other part falling on the back, shielding the upper part of the clothing. A second towel is folded and twisted in a peculiar manner, so as to lie closely below the eyes—a sort of knot pressing on either side of the nose to prevent any accumulation. This cloth is passed behind, and pinned like the former. A third is plaited in two or three folds in the middle, where it is pinned to the second above the nose. It is then carried behind and fastened like the other. This last towel falls in the front; and thus the head, face, neck, and shoulders are protected. Some have their arms and hands also bandaged, but the dust lodges about the nails, which sometimes become loose and fall off. And now it will be perceived that the worker does not breathe upon the fluff.

But it may be asked in amazement, "Is it possible people really sit muffled in all these cloths in an apartment with closed windows, and that in the warm weather? can it be endured?"—It *is* endured.

Nor is this all. Before each of these forty women is a burner with eight or nine jets of gas. These are required to keep the wax-pot, in which the leaves are dipped before sprinkling, constantly simmering.

Under such circumstances, then, we find the leaf-hand at work, and we have only to imagine the room to be "*all of a smoke*" with arsenical powder, to gain a tolerably correct idea of the scene.

There is a constant demand for water: the burden of the general

craving seems to be, "Give us water, or else we die." The pitchers are perpetually emptying and replenishing, the girls rising in turn and applying the grateful beverage to the lips of their companions, and thus a quenchless thirst is unceasingly appeased.

It may be supposed that the power of endurance so cruelly and constantly taxed will sometimes fail. Now and then a hand will falter, and a head will droop. In such case the chin-cloth is removed, and the fainting girl carried out: instances of this kind are of daily occurrence, and it is no uncommon thing for warehouse assistants, &c., to pick their steps hurriedly by corpse-like forms lying about on the stairs or landing, or where else they have been left, till they should "come to."

This sketch is from the life. No mere supposition or imagination has suggested it, and yet, if applied to each and all of these establishments, there might be found some slight discrepancy. Just as several flowers from one root vary in form and development, so our description might fail to correspond exactly with every other. But such variations have reference only to minor and unimportant details: as, for example, the mode of muffling the head and face, which is sometimes effected by one long towel; or which sometimes resembles that in which female "dry hands" on pumice stone protect themselves, amid a cloud of dust, in which it seems strange that they can live and breathe, till we remember that a woman can live and breathe when the atmosphere is charged with arsenic.

There is nothing more surely calculated to injure the cause of any class of sufferers, than exaggerated statements of their wrongs and hardships. These may *excite* sympathy in an increased degree, but the truth will transpire, and that sympathy will fall below the average at which a correct and candid representation might have sustained it. It is right therefore to explain, that flower-makers have many and great advantages over their sisters in other departments of trade. Unlike the thousands in our City houses who work from morning to night under lock and key, and who, as one expressed it, "work from night to morning besides," the flower-maker has generally proper seasons of rest and refreshment. With the generality of tradeswomen, a walk at noon, the welcome change of the dinner hour, would be deemed a luxury indeed. And then they break off entirely for tea,—a circumstance which will appear trivial, or as a matter of course perhaps, to some who may not be aware that there are City warehouses, and sweaters' dens especially, where a female never rises from her seat or puts aside her task for any such purpose. Why it is that flower-makers have these privileges above most other in-door workwomen, I do not understand; but the rule, as stated above, appears to have no exception.

And the rate of remuneration, too, is high—higher probably than prevails in any other class of female operatives. Indeed, few things appear at first sight more enigmatical than the position of these

leaf-makers as contrasted with their means. How *can* a female who earns from twenty to thirty shillings per week, be so very poor? And why, of all places in this beautiful world, should she make her home in a desolate garret, or in some hard-to-find nook, in a low neighborhood, where the blessed sun steals sadly, as if in sorrow that creatures "made a little lower than the angels" should ever dwell there? To those who may have studied the habits and position of industrial females in this metropolis, the answer will be plain. Nor, in strict truth, will the explanation reflect much credit on their economy and general frugality. This can hardly surprise us; they have never been instructed in these essential principles, and "we do not gather grapes of thorns."

None of these admissions can be understood as an apology for all the waste of health involved in the manufacture of emerald green leaves. The great fact remains—that health is totally incompatible with this employment, as at present pursued; that not one of all the host engaged in it, can be said to enjoy this inestimable blessing. So much negatively. Who may tell the actual pain and suffering silently borne from day to day by these persons, or imagine their condition, when compelled to desist from their deadly toil? Oh, it is pitiable to regard them under such circumstances! How difficult to answer that pathetic, interrogatory look which searches you as you hesitate at the anxious "What do you think I can do?"—that is, if you answer advisedly and in accordance with possibilities. Better be dumb in your sympathy, in presence of *such* appeals, than thoughtlessly reiterate the common speculative, "Couldn't you do this?" or "Couldn't you do the other?"

If any one fact be clear and indisputable, it is surely clear that the employment of emerald green in the manufacture of leaves, flowers, fruits, and other ornamental devices produced by artificial florists, is an evil. The next practical question is—"Does it admit of a remedy?" Happily the ready answer is—"It does." Two or three forms of amelioration are suggested.

An antidote in the form of hydrate peroxide of iron has been recommended. A medical gentleman is of opinion that if this powder were mixed in treacle or something of that kind, and kept in the establishments for continual use by the women, much of the suffering we have adverted to might be prevented. This question certainly demands attention. There is little doubt that this medicine *would* be most beneficial.

Mr. Paul, the gentleman alluded to, has had large experience and great success in the treatment of this "artificial flower disease," as it has been denominated by another gentleman of the faculty, and it is to be fervently hoped that this suggestion will be attended to. But *will* it be attended to? This seems a strange question, but it is by no means certain that the females will, in any considerable number, avail themselves of it. The same ignorance and

want of confidence in superior intelligence, which renders it necessary for benevolent individuals, in building houses, to smuggle pure air by means of invisible ventilators, and thus secure the contraband blessing against opposition from brown paper, will, it is to be feared, render it necessary to force hydrate peroxide of iron down refractory throats.

Some few days ago the writer visited a female of whose recovery little hope was entertained. She was attended by Mr. Paul, and was taking this medicine,—a brownish powder, dry. This person stated that her employer had heard of the proposed antidote, and seemed to object—believing it to be of no use, &c. The boon, instead of being hailed with gratitude, seemed likely to be frowned down. I feel as though I were taxing the credit of the reader in this statement. Well, it does seem hard to believe that any employer should not gratefully accept such a proposition, or endeavor to enforce upon his workpeople the necessity of availing themselves of the antidote; on the other hand, it is hard to believe that a dying woman would lie. On the whole, it seems plain that nothing short of legal prohibition can effectually remedy the evil. Mr. Paul is himself of this opinion, and it is to be hoped that this will follow as a consequence of the commissioned inquiry about to be instituted by Government, and which will include in its investigation the case of the poor leaf-worker.

But a long time must elapse before the report of the Commissioners be submitted, and longer still must it be ere any measures can come into operation which may be based upon it. Season after season will pass away, and there will be the same havoc of health and life as before. One can hardly regard the necessity for legislative interference otherwise than as a reflection upon the ladies of this country, and to them we would especially appeal. It is they who must henceforth be responsible for the evils resulting from the noxious manufacture; will they resist the fiat of Fashion? Will they consent that life shall be sacrificed for leaves? It matters not that they consent with pain and regret; will they consent at all?

To redress this grievance is peculiarly and emphatically woman's province, and the cause may thus be stated—Humanity *versus* Fashion. If common sense rebel against the decrees of the latter, we usually ignore common sense; and there are not a few who, if required, might be prepared to sacrifice common decency at this shrine. But are we English women so entirely the slaves of Fashion that, if humanity stir within us, we must stifle it at her bidding?—No.

Perhaps there is no woman who, if she felt that the perpetuation of this evil depended on her conduct alone, would not abjure emerald green at once and for ever; but what is most disheartening at every call for common effort, is the tendency of most persons to merge their individuality in the multitude; and so, when hearty and simultaneous co-operation is demanded, and would meet the case,

(and energetic co-operation will meet *any* case, "heart within and God o'erhead,") such persons become all at once very modest and retiring. They reason by a sort of mechanical process, blindly accepting such deductions as are found most in accordance with their own indolence or want of decision. "Poor creatures," they will say, "how shocking! What a good thing it is that somebody is going to do something in the matter, but *I*, of course I can do nothing. It cannot make any difference if there are two or three green leaves in the spray, they are *so* beautiful," or, "My purchasing a single green wreath cannot do any appreciable harm." But what, my dear madam, if ten thousand be reasoning thus besides yourself?

There are others who are credulous or incredulous at will; they are doubtful of every representation which makes out a case for their sympathies. They *have* sympathies in common with others, but these centre in themselves—are not emanating. As sickly plants, warped and weakened, bend towards their own root instead of expanding into their original design, so these women, chiefly through a fault of education, have conceived a vague sort of notion that they are exempted somehow from general duties and responsibilities. Such persons occupy a neutral position "in the world's broad field of battle;" they stand aloof from the earnest and the active in life's troubled scenes, being, as they are sometimes denominated, cyphers in social existence. Nay—there are no cyphers; for good or ill we have our being. More fitly might such be termed social nebulæ, obstructing the genial influences of philanthropy and "destroying much good." Never was there an appeal for redress of wrong to which the response was more simple and easy. No pecuniary sacrifice is required, no wearying toil, no moment of time. I do not of course allude to those who are always ready to undertake any and every good work,—to whom the patriarchal claim is due: "The cause that I knew not I *searched out*." These neither seek nor find human recompense; we miss them when they are dead and things get complicated; but in the present case, no opposition or self-denial such as they are wont to encounter every day is required. All that is needed to cure the evil in question, is a mere negation,—that ladies generally should decline emerald green in purchasing artificial flowers and devices. Let the poison flowers hang in the windows, and let the shopmen take them in and out for aye, for any favor of yours. Soon would tradesmen complain of "green stock on hand," and orders would be at a dead stand at the manufactories, so far as this article is concerned. Not that any loss would accrue to the manufactories, for there are leaves of every color of the rainbow, and black and white besides, and other hues would be accepted instead of the green.

It cannot be doubted that the large majority of ladies need only to be apprised of this iniquity to be induced to withdraw their countenance from the system; but the *few* of the character we have

specified will need line upon line. It sometimes happens that they whom the higher motive fails to influence, will yield to the lower. On the ground of self-interest, therefore, is our appeal to such. "Emerald green," says a physician, "is exceedingly injurious to the wearer. Head-ache, and sometimes erysipelas, is the unsuspected result of green wreaths." From our own observation, we can attest that they cause the hair to fall off, and produce eruption on the forehead—an unsightly appearance, you will allow. Besides, they are dangerous even in a dustbin; and should your child by chance lay hold on one, and, as he naturally would, put it to his mouth, death would inevitably ensue.

We have known ladies to decline purchases of this kind on account of their cheapness. The article is pretty, but from its low price it is suspected to be inferior. The West-end tradesmen know this very well, and make considerable capital of this scrap of observation. Did you demur to the beautiful wreath because it was "Only two and sixpence?" Be it known that I can purchase its exact counterpart for considerably less, somewhere else. If the objection of cheapness deter a few in such a purchase, let all the fashionable world know, that emerald green is CHEAP—cheap, though human lives are expended in its production: for flesh and blood are cheap; though actual labor is not underpaid, health, and youth, and happiness may be commanded for nothing.

If the simple, truthful delineation of human suffering fail to awaken general, practical sympathy, what else can be urged? "The quality of mercy is not strained;" it comes down gently as the dew; and not the earth, cleft by drought into a thousand fissures, needs genial rain more than do the weary and heavy-laden among those who minister to our necessities unobserved, and in the distance call for the interposition of holy mercy. Let it be borne in mind, that every purchaser of the noxious material is the agent of a real, appreciable infliction of suffering, which will be felt somewhere: and when the beautiful wreaths compel our admiration and cause us to hesitate, let us not close our ear to the monition—"This is the price of blood!"

XLIV.—A JUNE MORNING.

THE martyr Poppy burned away
With a self-kindled flame.
With gentle violence the Sun
Unto a sweet bud came,
And kissed it till it did disclose
The royal beauty of the Rose

The golden Lilly held its urn
To catch the sunshine—silver light
Filled up her fairer sister's bloom;
But both, when sunset fades to night,
Will drop to pieces—like the cup
Of Fairies when their spell breaks up.

The Honeysuckle raised in air
Its thousand little rosy horns,
That the kind Sun with honey fills
This fragrant June's exulting morns.
There from his nest the Throstle sees
The banquet of a thousand Bees.

WALTER THORNBURY.

XLV.—TÆDIUM VITÆ.

"CREATION'S over—man, you know,
Was God's last work—each wind that blows
Howls the old tunes—Ah! see I pluck
The million millionth Rose."

Bah! you but skim the sea of truth—
Nothing is old to the fresh brain.
In every blushing dawn I see
Creation's morning o'er again.

Hope blooms anew in every leaf
That ruffles out upon yon beech;
The birds sing of Eternal Love,
And struggle for the gift of speech.

See this broad Sycamore; each leaf
Framed on the pattern of last spring,
The old jags cut in the same way
As when Ahab was King.

And mark these white stars in the grass,
Rose-tipped as in the Tartar fields,
The day that, crowning Tamerlane,
His horsemen clashed their shields.

Our Arts may die—but Nature works
On old and very settled rules,
And needs no Fashion's pattern-book,
No second course of model schools.

Nothing is old, my weary friend;
The world has an eternal youth,
In every opening flower I see
New Beauty, Wisdom, Love, and Truth.

WALTER THORNBURY.

XLVI.—OUR SHADOW.

IT falls before, it follows behind,
Darkest still when the day is bright;
No light without the shadow we find,
And never shadow without the light.

It walks when we walk, it runs when we run,
From it we cannot flee away;
Yet it tells which way to look for the sun,—
We may turn our back on it any day.

Ever mingles the light and shade,
Which makes this human world so dear;
Sorrow of joy is ever made!
And what were a hope without a fear?

A morning shadow o'er youth is cast,
And gently softens its blinding glare;
A shadow lengthening across the past,
Fixes our fondest memories there.

One shadow there is—we see not here
Its breadth of darkness by day surrounded;
Yet, 'tis but the night side of the sphere
Moving into the light unbounded.

ISA CRAIG.

XLVII.—"THOUGH THIS BE MADNESS, YET THERE'S METHOD IN IT."

SIX months ago, the attention of the High Court of Chancery, of an army of lawyers, and of the gossip-loving public, was intently turned to the question whether a certain young gentleman, undeniably possessed of more money than abilities, should be classed among the insane. Strenuous were the efforts made to prove that "madness in great ones must not unwatched go;" but the effective distinction maintained by Dr. Conolly between recklessness and a

disordered brain, procured the re-installation of the young gentleman into his rights of liberty, and such remnants of property as the procedure was supposed to leave him master of. Amidst the universal debate and numerous references made at the time to medical authority, we do not remember to have heard or seen the title of a very remarkable and interesting work published last year in Paris: "La Folie Lucide étudiée et considérée au point de vue de la Famille et de la Société. Par le Docteur Trélat, Médecin à l'Hospice de la Salpêtrière; Ancien Médecin préposé à l'examen des aliénés recueillis chaque jour par l'administration; Ancien Membre du Conseil de Salubrité du Département de la Seine."

This book, as its name implies, is not a merely scientific treatise suited for the use and guidance of scientific or professional men. *Les aliénés lucides*, defined by M. Trélat as insane people who yet reply with exactitude to questions addressed to them, and show no sign of madness to superficial observers, are considered *in their family and social relations*. A large proportion of his examples are feminine, and touch on so many questions which are practically useful and interesting to the readers of this Journal, that it is amply worth while to draw their attention to the book.

The great hospital, or, as we should rather call it, the Asylum of la Salpêtrière, is put to a double purpose. Of its enormous population of 5000 women, 3,500 are aged and infirm persons, who here find a resting-place for their last days, and 1,500 are insane. M. Trélat is one of the medical officials appointed for this latter department. He resides with his family in a suite of fine old rooms (*Louis Quinze*) attached to the hospital, and has been engaged in attending to the afflicted inmates for twenty-two years: such are his ample credentials for claiming the attention of English readers.

The motive of his work is to draw attention to the vast amount of hidden madness existing in the world; madness which breaks forth in violent, cruel, and unreasonable conduct, and perhaps passes away to the grave without ever being characterized by that name, and which, while on the one side it frequently lapses into hopeless and evident mania, shades off, on the other, into the debatable land where vicious propensities or uncontrolled feelings contend for empire in the tottering brain. As might be expected, M. Trélat, from his constant attention to this one subject, and from the scientific character of his intellect, inclines to see madness where the divine and the moralist would testify against wilful indulgence in sin. But this maintenance of a debatable land between the two arenas of judgment is inevitable. In so fine, so subtle an organ as the brain, whose operations during life must ever remain hidden from our sight, and whose condition after death rarely betrays any but the coarser forms of injury, we shall probably *never* detect the points at which the feeble or the evil will succumbs, and organic mischief commences; and happily, unless the subject, in a comparatively few instances, offends against the law, it is not ours to judge.

In this, as in a hundred other questions, there is a limit of common sense, beyond which we need not press the scientific or the religious question; and M. Trélat's object in writing this book is eminently direct and practical; it is to assist magistrates in administering the law, to guide parents in the training of children, and to give some broad warnings and efficient rules to those in danger of allying themselves in marriage or in business with persons whom he considers mad, although they may perchance have method in them; —to quote his own words, he would "*diminuer de grandes calamités en mettant à même de les craindre, de les reconnaître et de les éviter.*"

His book consists of an introduction, descriptive of two classes of insanity—that which is easy, and that which is difficult of recognition; followed by fourteen chapters, each devoted to a different form of *la Folie Lucide*, and headed by a special title, as,—

Imbeciles, and weak-witted people;
Monomaniacs;
Jealous patients;
Drunkards;
Wasters and speculators;
Proud patients;
Malicious patients;
Suicidal patients;

and so on; each class being of course specified by examples which have *not* broken out into what would be ordinarily called madness; or at least in which the madness has supervened after a long course of questionable action, which is just what M. Trélat desires to call attention to. The examples are partly taken from his private practice, partly from cases under his care in the Salpêtrière, and form a curious biographical collection. Some of these we purpose to place before our readers. They point their own moral in almost every instance.

But first to the Introduction. After alluding to what he considers the exaggerated signs required by tribunals twenty years ago, before they would let off a prisoner on the ground of insanity, M. Trélat puts the broad proposition, "that many insane people are living in the midst of us; take part in our actions, our interests, and our affections—which they compromise, trouble, and destroy. Sick minds exercise a profound and prejudicial influence over sound ones; examples of which will be found in the following chapters. We know few greater misfortunes than the entrance of such an insane person into a family. . . . With the best wishes for the true welfare of such, we desire that the kindness shown to them should be suitable to their condition; that they should be the governed and not the governors; above all, we desire that they should be known in order that their alliance should be avoided; for such marriage perpetuates the evil, withers domestic joy, strikes at family life in its right of worthy heritors, and in its hope and its duty of bestowing worthy citizens upon the State."

M. Trélat then remarks, that many of the class he wishes to indicate "resemble rational people; are attractively formed; are charming in society, where they love to shine; gifted with self-government, they reserve their caprices, their exactions, their wounding pride, and in some cases their fury for their families." Sometimes it is the woman who tortures her husband by the most frightful language, while his friends congratulate him on her amiability; sometimes it is the reverse. One of the examples given farther on in the book, relates how a wife and mother kept the secret of her husband's nightly violence from all the world until the wretched man terminated his existence by suicide. In the daytime he was reasonable, and no one suspected his true condition, which she herself perhaps hardly attributed to its true cause. In another case, a husband who thus broke out into the wildest excesses was undiscovered for ten years, until one day when some friends were dining with him in the country. Suddenly the maniac, whose fits had been religiously kept secret, jumped up, pulled out his wife's comb, unrolled her hair, twisted it round his arm, and dragged his victim on the gravel of the terrace where he and his guests had been sitting. They surrounded her, shuddering with alarm; but she it was who quieted the unhappy man, saying to the friends, "You knew nothing of this, though it has lasted for ten years. You pity me, and with reason; but pity me much more for what has happened to-day, than for what occurred in the past; for my greatest grief is, that you have become aware of what I was so thankful to be able to hide from you. This scene has been regularly repeated two or three times every week." This man died in a madhouse, where he was eventually obliged to be placed; yet for all these years he had lived in the world, conducting his affairs, and shielded by the heroic patience of his wife.

Pinel speaks of patients who speak, write, and read with perfect rationality; yet who will tear their clothes and their bedding, and then suggest a very plausible reason for what they have done. Esquirol mentions a lady who carried her abuse of her husband to the point of insanity; and spread evil reports of her friends and acquaintance, as if "*le démon du mal*" had inspired her words and actions; but if she went into society, had the adroitness to hide her propensity perfectly. And also another, who said her husband understood nothing of business, and was ruining the family, while her own perversity at length necessitated her being placed under care; when she treated the other patients, doctors, and servants with the utmost disdain, wrote letters to the Préfet de Police, to the magistrates, and lawyers, which deceived them all, never losing her self-possession before strangers, overwhelming with sarcasm those whom she thought weak, yielding as soon as she was energetically opposed; veritably crazy, and yet sane enough to be a mischief-maker and a pest in every house where she was placed.

Guislain mentions other patients who are capable of arguing

with accomplished logicians; nothing can be more *spirituelle* than their controversies. He speaks of one lady who was "*un vrai tourment*" for him and for every one else in the house. She attacked him with her wit, and passed all his replies in an analytical crucible, and that with a profundity which astonished all who heard her.

The lucid insane may be found under various heads. For instance, imbecile or weak-witted people are lucid, and their moral or intellectual incapacity does not always show itself on the surface. It is not long since, according to M. Trélat, that a father had to plead for three years against a governess whom he had placed over his daughter, and who had profited by her ascendancy over the child's weak intellect to lure her from the paternal home. Nay, girls who fairly come under this head often marry; but are found incapable of managing home, children, or expenses, and after some time are sent away to an asylum, where they should have been from the first. M. Trélat has under his care at the Salpêtrière several imbecile wives and mothers. Again, monomaniacs and jealous patients are ordinarily lucid, as are drunkards, in the intervals of their fits; and so are wasters, and proud, malicious, and suicidal patients; *sous-entendu*, of course, that we speak only of cases in which, according to medical judgment, these qualities are pushed to the point of insanity. There are even maniacs whom, in their wildest fits, hear, understand, and reply reasonably to every question put to them; they lose nothing of what passes around them, attend to it, and turn it to profit as regards their own evil intentions. The lucid insane, whether maniacs or monomaniacs, are those whose insanity is the most disputed by the world, and who yet do the most mischief. Guislain says that the medical man often finds himself obliged to combat the inexperience of families, "*et bien souvent son opinion sera considérée comme une tendance qui le porte à ne voir partout que des aliénés, mais ordinairement de tristes réalités finissent par ouvrir les yeux aux moins clairvoyants, et donner gain de cause à l'homme de l'art.*" It is rather by what they do than by anything they say that patients of this class betray their madness, and no limit can be assigned to the amount of self-control they may exhibit. Some among them, says M. Trélat, secretly entertain the most absurd ideas, such as a transformation of name, title, or person; even to believing that a student in the asylum is a foreign prince. Such a delirious persuasion will often be hidden for many months, even for a whole year,—and at last, in some moment of pride or passion, it will be let out. M. Trélat says he has never had to repent of patiently watching for the moment of self-betrayal; it is sure to come sooner or later. One day the administration desired that a patient should be set at liberty against his advice, but she was soon sent back. Such are the chief points touched upon in the Introduction. We will now take one by one the chapters devoted to such classes of the lucid insane as are most dangerous and most common. They are nearly all *incurable*, he

assures us; and in so far differ totally from the incidental subjects of fever, delirium, or sudden mental overthrow. It is a deep, a dangerous, and often unrecognised form of misfortune which he classifies under the following heads, each supported by examples.

The first we will take is one which comes under the head of monomaniacs, or insane people possessed of some one delusive idea, such as that they are "perpetually persecuted," or "have invented perpetual motion," or can raise the dead, or are owners of a great fortune; are kings, princes, gods. Many such, says M. Trélat, are abroad in the world; are married, and are parents of families; conducting their affairs in an ordinary manner.

Mademoiselle M—— was the daughter of an officer killed in battle; she was intelligent and highly educated; but her family being poor, and having exhausted their resources in the education of herself and her brother, she was subject in her youth to extremes of privation. In 1850 this lady obtained a situation as post-mistress; which for many years she filled with honor, until a deficiency in her accounts caused vigorous measures to be taken against her, involving, of course, the loss of her position. She was about to be tried, when the authorities bethought them of sending her to M. Trélat for examination. Shortly after her arrival at the Salpêtrière, Mademoiselle M—— wrote him a clear and spirited letter; in which, after explaining to him what she considered satisfactory reasons for the monetary deficiency, and detailing plans by which she had intended to replace the missing sum, she appeals urgently against being shut up as insane. "Who," she emphatically asks, "who has dared to sign an order for my sequestration in an asylum, and in so doing has signed a warrant for my moral death, and perhaps for the dishonor of my family? Who are they who stifle all my appeals, and seem to wish to bring about the very malady of which they accuse me, and to dispossess me of that health and reason which hitherto has succumbed to no suffering, to no trial? You have yourself had a mother, a wife, a daughter. Which of these ladies would you not have preferred to see in her grave rather than condemned to a fate like mine? You will allow, Sir, that at this date such facts are of the utmost gravity."

"I have the honor to enclose copies of my various appeals; be so good as to submit the facts which they affirm to a serious examination; and if your own position does not authorize you directly to restore my liberty or send me before court, be kind enough to let me know, and I will send you a complaint addressed to M. le Procureur Impérial, and a petition for the Emperor, trusting to your kindness in seeing that each arrives at its destination."

Shortly afterwards Mdlle. M—— wrote to her brother in language equally clear, and breathing a spirit of vigorous independence, mixed with a touching sisterly affection. In a letter addressed to the Directeur Générale de l'Assistance Publique is the following sentence: "I have never weighed upon the resources of my own

family; and I have helped them whenever it was possible to do so, even at the risk of injuring my own interests; I have shared my dwelling and my food with them, and have never accepted as much from them even for four-and-twenty hours."

These and many other letters are remarkable for strength and precision; and so far no trace appeared of the slightest flaw in the mind. For a considerable time the most prolonged conversations, the most elaborately contrived trials, betrayed nothing; but as Mdlle. M—— was much given to writing, M. Trélat indulged her to the utmost, and took care to read attentively all that she put upon paper. And thus it was that she let the cat out of the bag. One of her letters to her brother, a letter four pages in length, and full of admirable arguments, was finished off by these five words, penned in a handwriting much smaller than the rest of the letter: "*I am—we are rich.*" That was enough. M. Trélat understood it all at once, and a very short time proved him right. The delirium made rapid progress. At the end of some weeks Mdlle. M—— wrote to the Préfet de Police, to the Préfet de la Seine, to the Archbishop, to the Prince of Muscovy, to the son of Marshal Exelmans, to several counsellors of state, to the professors of the Ecole de Droit, to the Registrar-General, to M. Paillet, to M. Coquerel, pastor of the Protestant church in Paris, to the Minister of the Interior, to the Minister of Finance, and to the Emperor. This clear and precise intellect yielded to the monomania of making inventions. She undertakes to do away with the fraudulent obliteration of stamped paper; *vide* letter to the Minister of Finance, December 3rd, 1853. She proposes to remedy the impossibility which has hitherto existed of exercising an efficient control over the distribution of town and suburban letters. (Letters to the Postmaster-General, and to the above minister; likewise dated December, 1853.) Moreover, the attentive analysis she has made of the sand brought to the Salpêtrière and the petrifactions and numerous bits of charcoal which she finds therein, prove to her that there is both a petrifying spring and a coal mine near Paris, which cannot be far from the surface. (Letters to the Préfet de la Seine, and the Minister of the Interior.) At the same epoch she unfolds to the Archbishop, the Minister of the Interior, and the Emperor, a new system of the universe. This is not a little grandiloquent, and shows that the clear mental powers were failing in their application; nevertheless she treats, and not ill, of spirit, of matter, of the Divine Creator; of the stars, of mankind, of organic life and of death, in theories which it would require a volume to develop. At the same period she gives the Emperor and her favorite minister a design of a tomb which shall contain the body of the First Napoleon, together with that of the Empress Josephine, the Queen Hortense, and the Duc de Reichstadt. Lastly, in May, 1854, she memorializes the minister on the extinction of pauperism, and the organization of labor, opening thus: "The

State would put an end to the industrial and commercial crisis, if it would itself take the helm of this important governmental machine, and would direct it as it does those of Justice, of War, of the Marine, and of Finance;" thus reproducing the very idea debated upon at the Luxembourg in 1848.

In spite of medical treatment, this poor lady became worse and worse. In June, 1854, she writes to the Préfet de Police, making grave revelations concerning public safety, the personal security of the Emperor, and plots hatched at the Salpêtrière, in connexion with somnambulists and magnetizers. These evil-minded persons, according to her, possess false keys, pick locks, forge and intercept letters. Alluding to a notification of her own death, which she affirms to have been inserted in a provincial paper, she deprecates the idea that her own family, her brother, his wife and his children, could be accomplices in such a plot. Rather would she think them also victims of deception, tortured in a thousand ways without knowing whom to accuse. But never, for her part, will she cease to denounce these vile machinations, never until she ceases to live. "*Je ferai mon devoir, advienne ce que pourra.*"

M. Trélat selects this case as a specimen which was particularly difficult to detect in its earlier stages; although it later became perfectly defined and characteristic of one form of monomania. The patient's language was at first so clear, so reasonable, and her whole behavior so irreproachable, that he imagined she must have been sent to him from a feeling of indulgence, and a wish to spare her an appearance in a criminal court. She had known so much poverty and suffering! When she obtained her *bureau* as postmistress she was already in difficulties, and all her efforts and all her patience could not suffice to clear her path. Her gleam of good fortune had come over late, and perhaps, he thought, the authorities had allowed themselves to be softened by these touching considerations. But he was soon undeceived. It was a lunatic who was submitted to his investigation. In spite of her difficulties, her accounts were irreproachable until her reason was shaken; and he afterwards heard that she had been subject to hallucinations even before she was sent to the Salpêtrière, imagining that her sleep was broken by violent noises. This woman's intellect had assuredly been rich and vigorous. It was a pity she had had to struggle so sharply with the difficulties of life. M. Trélat observes that he never saw her until the spring of her mind was broken, but even then it showed the original power which a wider and unembarrassed career might have developed and preserved. She was sent away from the Salpêtrière to a provincial asylum, where he lost sight of this interesting patient, for whom he feared general paralysis as her final doom.

Another highly interesting patient had been a governess, speaking English as perfectly as her native tongue, and thoroughly intelligent by nature and education. She came of a Protestant family, and

hearing that M. Adolphe Monod, the celebrated Protestant minister, was consumptive, she wrote to a friend a long letter, full of feeling, in which she mentions one of her own cousins having been re-established in health by a certain English Dr. W. (Williams?), famous for consumptive cures, and begs the lady to whom she addresses herself, to communicate with Madame Adolphe Monod, and to urge her applying to Dr. W. Nothing can be more timely, more sensible, more clearly and persuasively expressed than this letter. Yet this amiable, sensible woman, who sits in the *atelier* executing fine sewing and embroidery in the most delicate manner, believes that she is constantly receiving electric shocks, through the malicious agency of persons unknown, but who ought to be put down by Government. She likewise is under the impression that her food and drink are poisoned, as by ratsbane; and complains bitterly about it, in terms as expressive as those she used in her more reasonable epistles: all her communications are written in a fine close hand, covering not only the four pages, but several others besides. These are often filled with satire, from which nobody escapes, neither physician, students, governor, steward, nor even the magistrate who from time to time inspects the asylum. After touching up a conceited deputy-inspector in one of her letters, she suddenly observes, "Something about him gave me the notion that he had been sent by some friend of the D——'s." Now this family is one which has rendered Mdlle. Anna great service; and who, having had reason to complain of her conduct to them, have yet continued to show her kindness; without ever being able to dispossess her mind of its grudges against them. The same thing has occurred in respect to others who have endeavored to serve her, and have only received dislike and abuse in return. M. Trélat then alludes to the point of this case: that from her earliest youth, and long before she entered the asylum as insane, she never was able to remain long in any one circle of people, because she conceived suspicions against them, and soon went from suspicion to abuse. Thus the weak point in the intellect could be seen on looking *backwards*. It did not develop into patent insanity until Mdlle. Anna was twenty-eight years old; yet what an amount of mischief may not such a character have accomplished while yet she remained abroad in the world! How many people may she not have set by the ears by entertaining and communicating her suspicions from one to the other, at a time when accusations more probable than that of "ratsbane" flowed from her tongue! It adds not a little to the pain with which such a case is regarded, that this poor lady, naturally of doubtful sanity, in spite of her undoubted possession of piety and intellectual gifts, should have been exposed to excessive labor in a Parisian school, where she gave daily half-a-dozen lessons on the piano; acted as butler, rang the bell for meals, tasted every soup and viand before it was served, took the bread from the baker and kept his account, executed commissions for the pupils and parlor boarders; and in addition practised six hours a day to perfect herself

in music, getting up at four o'clock in the morning for that purpose. Her salary in this school was 250 francs, or £10 *a year!*

The two following examples are taken from good French society. Madame V——, who is nearly sixty years of age, is rich, educated, amiable, and perfectly lucid. She is fond of going about to concerts, plays, and to watering-places, both in France and Germany. Yet her unfortunate husband, who has been devoted to her for five-and-thirty years, has known no peace or happiness in the domestic circle. To a morbid condition of the sense of touch, which renders her unwilling to put on clean clothes, and causes her to be hours over her toilette, and never to be ready for any of her meals, she adds a nervous horror of tallow or grease; and will not live in a street where there are any shops, lest perchance a grocer's may be found among them. Unfortunately, her daughter begins to exhibit the same peculiarities. M. Trélat remarks that Madame V—— was herself an only daughter, and that the education of such is often calculated to foster any inherited fault or monomania.

Again, M. W—— is forty-five years old. He spends almost all his time in his study, where he is supposed to be pursuing serious literary investigations. When visible, he complains of over-work and the effects upon his health of night watching. His wife, an intelligent and agreeable lady, is urged by his friends to attempt to moderate his intellectual ardor. She replies sadly that all her endeavors are of no avail. But she carefully conceals the reason. This gentleman passes his days in counting how many times the letters S, T, C, or V, are repeated in Genesis, Exodus, Numbers, or Deuteronomy, as likewise how many pages in a given edition begin by a D, or a B, and end by an N, in the Book of Kings or Solomon's Song. He will allow himself to go unwashed for a fortnight, while his whole faculties are absorbed in reckoning the contradictory opinions enunciated by the same author; and having passed one, two, or three years in the uninterrupted pursuit of this kind of literature, he devotes himself with equal assiduity to taking to pieces all his clocks and watches, and fitting them together again. His servants are ordered to say to all visitors, that "*Monsieur* is too seriously engaged for him to be disturbed;" and his faithful wife will probably keep the secret to the day of his release by death.

One very curious form of lucid insanity, only suggested by a female example given a few pages back, is that of inventors. Some twenty years since M. Trélat, while temporarily supplying the place of another Physician at the Bicêtre, the male asylum near Paris, attended a patient who claimed to have found out the principle of perpetual motion. He was a married man, and had ruined his family by his trials and attempts at invention. He asserted that he could communicate perpetual motion to a wheel by means of stagnant water, and when remonstrated with, invariably and politely replied, "Allow me to observe, *M. le Docteur*, that I acknowledge your entire competence in

the medical art, but that I cannot accord to you the same infallibility in respect of mechanics." A reply which silenced the excellent medical man!

Now M. Trélat was acquainted with M. Arago, whom he accordingly sought at the Observatory, and asked if he would kindly give his assistance in persuading the monomaniac that his favorite scheme was a delusion; for at that time M. Trélat believed that such a cure was possible. M. Arago agreed to do his best; and the next morning the Doctor attacked his patient with "Well, sir, will you accept an opinion of which you cannot doubt the weight? Have you faith in M. Arago? Do you think *he* possesses sufficient scientific knowledge to induce you to confide in him?" "Yes, Doctor." "You will give in to him, then?" "Yes, Doctor." "I don't want to take you by surprise; think well about it before you promise, and give me your answer before I leave the asylum." At the end of the daily visit the patient came and assured him that he would entirely yield to the enlightened decision of M. Arago. On the morrow, therefore, M. Trélat took his patient to the Observatory, and arrived there just at the moment when M. Arago, having given his lecture on astronomy in the amphitheatre, had re-entered his own room in company with Humboldt, then in Paris, and following his friend's course. There the poor inventor was received by the two great *savans*, appearing nowise discomposed at their presence, but entering respectfully into the conversation which they held with the greatest kindness and condescension.

After listening patiently and at length to the discourse addressed to him by the patient, M. Arago replied, "There can be no motion without a moving power, sir. Whether you seek this moving power in the mind, in running water, in the tension of a spring, or in the condensation of steam, or other change in the volume of bodies, it is certain that you can never do without it. Either you must depend on the arm of man, animated by the life which flows from God, or on the motion communicated by agents equally set in movement by Divine Power. You will never turn a wheel by the help of stagnant water. You have agreed to abide by my opinion; I have expressed it. Believe the three people here assembled, who are all absolutely of the same mind. I assure you that you are deceived." While listening to these latter words, the patient suddenly melted into tears. Arago and Humboldt were deeply touched, and M. Trélat felt hopeful that a real impression had been made upon the monomaniac. But hardly was the latter thirty paces from the Observatory than his tears were dried, and his pride restored. Stamping on the ground, he exclaimed, "Nevertheless, M. Arago is deceived. I do not require a moving power—my wheel turns by itself—it revolves in stagnant water!"

BESSIE RAYNER PARKES.

(*To be concluded in the next Number.*)

XLVIII.—AN IRISH NEWGATE "IN THE FIELDS."

By J. Herbert Stack.

I had heard a great deal of an Irish Convict Prison at Lusk, near Dublin, a place where the prisoners were mainly employed in field and farm work, and I resolved to see for myself the results of the "Irish system" of reforming criminals. I confess that I was surprised, not to say startled, at some of the phenomena; and instead of speaking *de haut en bas* as if I were an animated and very big Blue Book on a very high library shelf, I may as well confess at the outset, that though generally interested in the question of criminal treatment, I knew at that time very little of the matter beyond what every reader of the newspaper must know when a third leader in his morning paper begins with "The question of what shall we do with our criminals is now," &c. &c. Our readers know the rest. Instead of reading over such articles in hot London, let him cross the Channel, and on a July morning—not too warm, for there are clouds enough to keep away the direct rays of the sun, (an Irish sky is rarely cloudless) take a ticket with me, and run down for a few hours from Dublin to Lusk.

My companion had promised that I should judge for myself, and as we rolled down we talked of everything but convicts; and by an odd straying of mind, my eyes would keep dwelling on the initials "D. D." of the railway carriages (Dublin and Drogheda Railway), until I thought that as the Pope blesses bells and factories, and trains and railways, the highly Protestant Trinity College, Dublin, had changed all the "cars" into Doctors of Divinity. We got out at Lusk station. The convict prison was further on a few miles. "Should we take a car or walk?" asked my friend. With the true contempt of a cockney for any effeminacy, I said, "Walk, of course." On we walked on a thoroughly country road, the fields making pleasant little annexations of grass on the pathway, country conquering town,—or, at least, trying to cut off its communications. When we had walked on a mile my friend pointed out some low huts against the sky, a quarter of a mile off: the country is here rather level, with a very gentle elevation from a sandy coast three miles away. "There is the prison," he said; "we can go the nearest way through the fields." There were very few houses in sight; the air felt very fresh after the warm hard flags of dry Dublin; my walk on the country road was pleasant, and now the grass under my feet was pleasanter still. I thought, "This is better than London air;" and my first idea was, why are not the morning papers, and all the printing presses, set up here among the fields, so that contributors and printers, and all, might get a breath of fresh air? (Imagine an Editor writing a leading article under a tree, or the printer's devil

picking daisies; the thought is too affecting!) Walking amid the "alien corn"—alien unhappily to London longings—I got peevish at thoughts of the town life to which I must return, and turning sharply to my friend, I said:

"Who are the prisoners sent here:—interesting offenders, men convicted of light larcenies, sentimental fathers of families, who stole a loaf for their children's sakes, young men who have seen better days, and who never before knew sin?—eh?—and why should they be selected for the boon of a prison in such fine fresh air?"

"No," he said; "all the men here are men who were convicted of serious offences, and who received sentences of penal servitude—sentences equivalent to the old transportation sentences. There are here thieves of all kinds; men convicted of felonious and brutal assaults, burglars, and habitual pickpockets."

Pretty Arcadians for such a scene!

We were walking up a gentle incline: in the distance the sea melted into the sky, and the half-ruined, ivy-clad tower of Lusk church made a kind of point to rest the eye traversing the landscape. "This way, through the hedge," said my companion, and through a low wild hedge we pushed our way.

"What do those rusticated burglars do, then, down here?" said I. "Are they allowed to play with centre bits in leisure hours, or are crowbars entirely kept out of sight?—of course you have a strong body of police on the premises?"

"There are no police," rejoined my informant.

"No police?—convicts in prison and no police near. A strong force of warders then?"

"There are two warders to fifty-four convicts."

"Old burglars amongst them!" I exclaimed.

"Yes."

At this, I thought I had heard quite enough of the Irish Convict System. I hurriedly inquired when did the train return to Dublin, and I anxiously glanced towards the two large hut buildings. The train did not return for two hours; but I felt rather hungry, I pleaded, and luncheon at Spadacinni's would be waiting. "Oh, we might manage to get some tea at the huts." My feelings were (as some great prose writer has previously remarked) of a mixed nature. My companion was an enthusiast about the reformation of Irish convicts; he thought that even very "bad" specimens could be reformed; but could *I* share his enthusiasm, or was *I* bound to run his risks? Every man is not an Allen Gardiner, to face a horrid death in Patagonia; the spirit of John Howard is not in me, or, as I thought, more aptly, I am not a Van Amburgh of tamed burglars.

My companion, reading my thoughts, said, "Why, you are on the farm now."

"The farm!"

"Yes: the convicts do all the farm-work,—some are now making

hay, others ploughing: in a few weeks we shall be reaping the oats. This is one of the fields: that hedge we came through was the boundary of the prison farm."

A prison farm bounded by a little hedge I had just pushed through! and I was walking in a prison field!

I was about to ask how the prisoners were guarded while working in the fields, when my companion said, "Here they are." As we came to the crest of a headland, there were some twenty men raking hay, distant some fifty yards from us.

"Prisoners!" I cried, in a hoarse whisper.

"Yes."

Some of them had pitchforks!

My companion was one in authority—one of their masters: I fervently hoped they owed him no grudge, for here was a chance of paying it off. A short run, and twenty armed men would have been round him—burglars and all—and in a few seconds the convicts could be well avenged. Habit and use made me think pathetically of the way in which the newspapers would put the news, "FEARFUL OUTRAGE BY CONVICTS," &c., with the secondary paragraph, "A gentleman from London, who wore a light coat and white hat, was also set upon by the infuriated men, stabbed in several places, and brutally murdered. He was a man of great literary promise, and had he lived," &c. I hoped less would not be said, but even with that flattering prospect, I still hoped to rob the penny-a-liner of his fee.

On walked my friend, and we neared the group. To my eye they were ordinary Irish peasants working in a farmer's field—the farmer himself looking over them—for a steward-like man in a linen coat and straw hat was superintending them.

"A good crop of hay in this field?" said my friend.

"Yes, indeed, sir;" and then ensued much farm talk, rather unintelligible to me, about grass, and meadow lands, and top dressing. I still kept my eye on the men at work—especially looking out for burglars. There was no uniform dress; the men had their coats off, and as to their other garments, wore vests and trousers of various colors. Some of the men were young men of twenty, with honest, open faces: some had the bullet head, low forehead, and strong chin of the criminal classes. We went close to the men (I did not at all like it, but I thought it better to stick close to my friend: I might offend these dangerous fellows by superciliously standing aloof,) and my companion talked to them. I found he knew some of them by name, and all by sight. Some had been at Bermuda; some in convict hulks: all had come through the "intermediate prisons." I noticed how free from servility was the manner of the men: much less servile in fact than ordinary Irish laborers. They had no rudeness or stiffness, however; they answered his questions cheerfully and readily, and then returned to their work, laughing and chatting amongst themselves, in our hearing, and quite freely.

We walked away: I so puzzled at what I had seen that I did not know what to ask first.

"But," I exclaimed, "they can easily run away."

"There has not been even an attempt at escape."

I said, "This is too good a joke. Do you mean to tell me that they like it?—what do they get to eat?"

"They simply get prison diet; as little bread and meat as is consistent with keeping them out of hospital—no more, no less. The men mowing get tea in the afternoon. Neither tobacco, nor spirits, nor bēer is allowed. The men, according to their good conduct and industry, can earn a right to a certain gratuity: the greater part of that gratuity is placed to their account to be given on release; but they get sixpence a week. As a proof that the diet is not luxurious or indulgent, they generally spend that sixpence a week in buying extra bread."

"Then, they are not better off than the prisoners in any of our gaols."

"Not half so well fed as some of the prisoners in English gaols, who can earn pudding and beer by good conduct."

"Then, why do they not run away?"

"There are two reasons, I think," and we rested on a stile to look back at the men tossing the hay about. The smell came to us pleasantly, and we could still hear an occasional laugh, or a voice momentarily raised.

"This Lusk prison is the final stage of the convict's prison career. After nine months of hard living and secret cell confinement in Mountjoy prison, he goes to Spike Island, where his 'probation' commences. The rules there are very strict, the industry required severe, the discipline stern. If he is obedient, industrious, and attentive to teaching, he gets released from unattractive Spike Island many months (sometimes eighteen or twelve months) sooner than a man who is fractious or idle: and his release from Spike Island sends him here. At Spike Island the prisoners know what is before them; by good conduct they soon earn a passport to this comparatively pleasant place; by bad conduct they may remain at Philipstown, with all its hard rules and stern system, for the whole term of the sentence. Thus, the men who come here have purchased the right to come by a long course of practical good conduct—not professions of piety or amendment, but 'patient continuance in well-doing,'—and they are, as it were, taking leave of their prison career and coming nearer every day to the renewal of their old free life, in a state of society having some of the characteristics of both. Some of the men here succeed in reaching this colony only for a few months before their release; but the very fact of their having reached it seems a proof of their amendment so far:—they are as well behaved as any of the other prisoners."

"In Mountjoy and Spike Island do the prisoners know of this comparative paradise for prisoners?"

"Yes, they know all about it from the very first. The whole system is explained to them, and from its rules, as so explained, we never depart. The man knows that the officers cannot favor him, or any one else—that each man must work out his own release from the regular prisons by a steady accumulation of good marks."

"A man's stay in Spike Island is not regulated by the term of the original sentence?"

"No—not at all. The original sentence includes the whole time in which the man is under our rules or supervision; but the time he spends in Mountjoy, the first and most penal jail, the time he spends in Spike Island (the second jail, where he has some intercourse with his fellows, and a probationary opportunity of showing good conduct), and the time to be spent here are regulated by the marks earned by the man himself,—by his own good conduct. If a man behaves badly, his whole four or seven years may be a period of severe penal detention at Mountjoy and Spike Island—never entering Lusk. On the other hand, a man who behaves well may spend the last eighteen months of his term of sentence divided thus: —nine months here and nine months on ticket of licence. The nine months here are spent as you see; the nine months on ticket of licence in employment generally obtained for him by our lecturer—a man who, by his peculiar energy, exercises here the functions discharged in England by a society, the Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society. *We* interfere here, not through any morbid feeling for the prisoners, but out of consideration for the society into which we throw back the men. We think it right before we make the prison bonds quite free to try them as to how they *will* fly. Our Spike Island probation shows energy and honest earning of good opinion. Here in Lusk the men are almost free; on ticket of licence they are quite free, but under our *surveillance*. Surely, should there exist any wish, latent for some time, to return to the old paths of crime, this course of probation would bring it out."

Our talk ended, we walked up the fields, the superintendent following us, and pointing out here a fine field of grass, there a noble field of oats, the rich luxuriance of which attracted even my unpractised eye. We came upon a man ploughing: two fine horses were yoked to the plough, and the man himself was a fine well-made man of forty, and he stood near us for a few minutes wiping the sweat off his brow. He turned and moved on, grinding his plough deep into the soil, and making a clean, straight furrow.

"He is hired, I suppose," said I.

"No, he is a convict."

"A convict!"

I do not know why it was, but this seemed the most astonishing metamorphosis of all. That a pickpocket or burglar should be seen handling a pitchfork and tossing hay, was not quite strange (though their doing it for a continuance was remarkable enough); but a criminal "following the plough" seemed an odd "derangement of epithets."

I stood watching the receding figure of the man, as his shoulders bent, keeping the ploughshare deep in the earth, while the horses—quiet, sturdy, strong beasts—patiently dragged on with that proud, slow movement with which heavy horses do their work.

"Now, what crime did that man commit?"

"He was convicted of burglary—a second conviction. He had been well known to the police."

I thought of the former scenes of that man's life; the burglar's weapons, the bludgeon and the centre bit, the crape mask, the blackened face, all so contrasting with the instruments which he now handled so well. How different his life then and now! Then the day passed in "fixing" some crime; the night in prowling about, or snatching sleep in some den far from the police. Now

"Each morning sees some task begun;
Each evening sees its close."

Here, in the open country, he lives in a healthy house in immediate contact with nature—the smell of the fresh earth to inspirit him—turning up a daisy as often as Burns himself.

I did not speak to the prison ploughman. I do not like to see such men made shows of—trotted out for the edification of visitors, expected to give "good" answers, and to be patterns of propriety. Besides, what the man was actually doing, and had done, was the best thing we could see. We walked up to the huts, and I saw in a plain, simple uniform the two warders, the only guards of fifty-four men, sleeping each night in the two huts. We visited a little pig-stye, and the steward answered some ordinary question about the time of the coming Baconian process, as applied to pigs.

"The pigs, of course, belong to the convict farm?" I asked.

"Yes."

"Ah! that's curious; these men, lately thieves and burglars, now by honest industry grow their own bread and breed up their own bacon. What a pleasure it must be to them to sit down to their table and see their own farm-produce smoking on the board!"

My companion laughed. "No," he said; "you go a little too fast; the convicts never taste this bacon—it is too good for them."

"Too good for them!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, they are fed on contract meat, which costs less than this bacon. We sell these pigs at a good price, and apply the profits to carry out the expenses of the establishment. For Lusk, you must know, is a very peculiar Government prison—it is self-supporting; the convicts are a self-subsisting colony."

"But it seems very hard not to give them their own bacon."

My companion paused, and said, "It may seem hard, but if we gave them the bacon they would be better fed than the majority of the farm-laborers around. That would have a bad moral effect on the community. In England, some of the opponents of the Irish system talk of it as over-indulgent; in fact, it is the most rigid and severe prison system in the world. We *never* relax our rules; no

officer of the prison can grant any indulgence. The prisoners, by good conduct and industry, earn their right to certain changes in their work,—to a change from the lone cell and silent rigor of Mountjoy, to the common industry and less irksome restraint of Spike Island, and to the comparative freedom here. But all through he is working out, with hard labor and strictly proper conduct, his right to these things. If a man behaved badly here, or relaxed in his industry, he would be remitted to Mountjoy Prison; and as the very best of them have had eight months of its severe life, they know what to expect."

"I am surprised they keep up their spirits: such an iron system presses very hardly on them."

"Yes, but only *the system*. There is no personal despotism—no stern men in brief authority ruling them harshly. The convicts often talk to the officers about the rules being hard, but the officers point out that they press equally on all, and that if the rules were relaxed for one convict, all could claim the same indulgence, and that would 'never do.' I have often heard the convicts say, 'Yes, I see; that's fair enough,' and go back to their work sad, but satisfied. The system is not secret; it is open. It is not personal; it is self-working. The convict counts up his good marks as eagerly as the officers, and they know perfectly when they are to be moved to Spike Island, when to Lusk, when on ticket-of-licence, and when they are to be entirely free. I remember hearing a dispute between one of the higher officials and a convict. The official maintained that the convict had only earned a certain number of marks; the convict claimed more—not whining, but firmly and respectfully; and after some comparing of books and notes, the convict was found to be right, and went away quite triumphant. It is this characteristic of the system which gives the convicts the energy and the cheerfulness to struggle against the naturally depressing influence of a career that from beginning to end knows no indulgence. We have no pampered or petted prisoners here: all work hard, and feel from beginning to end that they are going through a purgatory, fitting them for the free world."

During my inquiries that day, and during my stay in Dublin, I ascertained the *rationale* of the Irish system throughout. I visited Smithfield, the terminal residence of artisan prisoners—corresponding to Lusk, the terminal residence for agricultural prisoners. *All* prisoners pass through Mountjoy: on leaving that first prison they are sent to Spike Island, if they are unskilled laborers; and are sent to Philipstown, if they are artisans. From Spike Island the laborer gets promoted to Lusk, as we have seen; from Philipstown the artisan gets promoted to Smithfield, where he has privileges corresponding to those enjoyed at Lusk. But in this paper, I prefer to dwell exclusively on what I saw and heard amid the fields of Lusk. The Eclogues and Georgics of convict life have a pleasant strangeness; and Bill Sykes *sub tegmine fagi*, and earning his bread in the sweat of his brow, is quite refreshing.

XLIX.—NATIONAL EDUCATION AND THE REVISED CODE.

LADIES,

The debate in the House of Commons, on Monday, May 5th, settles the question of Government aid in National Education, for the present; but it is evident that the important question which has now been raised will not rest where it now stands. The minority on Mr. Walter's motion on certificated teachers was so large as to show that a majority of the House might be expected to be with him on a future occasion; and we may at any rate be sure that principles will now be discussed by the country, of great importance to National Education; will you, then, permit me, as one who has had long and varied experience on the subject of education and the assistance given to it by Government, to offer a few remarks in your valuable pages?

The original Code was framed many years ago on this subject to meet the existing wants of the nation. The special idea of it was to help and stimulate voluntary effort, and in doing so to assist in raising the standard of education, and to secure a good teaching power in schools for the working-classes. We will assume the system framed met the wants of the time. Since that period Minute after Minute has been added, greatly complicating the system, and leading to continual alterations; the schools that are helped have enormously increased in number, and still more have the numbers increased of pupil-teachers—young persons who at the early age of thirteen accept this training for a profession at the expense of the nation; even scholars are bribed to attend by a Capitation Grant on mere attendance. And yet, as was truly remarked in the leader in the *Times*, on March 29th, "the system has expanded in every direction except that in which it was most wanted—the instruction of the poor, the remote, and the unfriended." Now, it cannot be denied that the educational grants under the system adopted did at first give a very great stimulus to voluntary effort, raised the educational standard of the laboring classes, and has compelled the class above to feel the necessity of raising their standard also. But the time has for many years arrived when a continuance of the same amount and kind of aid is not only unnecessary, but injurious to the general education of the country. I could point to numerous schools where the voluntary effort has slackened as the Government aid has increased. There are multitudes of schools which receive no aid at all, equally good with those which are receiving it largely. The laboring classes in general have learnt the value of good education, and, if left to their own unbiassed choice, always will select for their children the best schools they can. There is no ground for the fear expressed by many, that the quality of the education of the superior laboring

classes will suffer, even should considerable aid be withdrawn from their schools. But more, the system of pupil-teachers, which may have been necessary when first established to secure a number of teachers of sufficient intellectual training, has now become an impediment in the efforts to educate "the poor, the remote, the unfriended." Hundreds of thousands of pounds are annually spent in giving a profession gratis to some favored thousands of young persons, but those who are so educated and trained cannot by any means be proved to be the very fittest for the purpose. The office of teacher is, beyond all others, one requiring very special qualifications and mental adaptation. How can it be predicated whether young boys and girls of thirteen possess these qualities, and will, when arrived at adult age, throw themselves into the profession with that love which will secure their due fulfilment of its high duties? They cannot, as is proved by the multitude who go through their time; and then, having been paid by the country for receiving a good education, avail themselves of it elsewhere. Besides, if they do persevere, and obtain high intellectual qualifications in a normal school, these do not prepare them for the more difficult kinds of teaching which are to be grappled with in Ragged Schools, in Industrial Schools, and in Reformatories. Such schools have been refused Government educational aid because they had not certified teachers and pupil-teachers, and the managers have been treated as if they were contumeliously unwilling to conform to Government regulations. The fact has been that such teachers neither can nor will undertake the difficult work. Repeatedly have I applied to training schools to obtain teachers for such schools, and always without success; several times have I asked young persons who have gone through the pupil-teacher training to become assistants in such a school; not one has ever responded. The training they have gone through has *not* prepared them for such work. The existence of this system as a *sine quâ non* in educational grants has been the grand obstacle in the way of neglected and destitute districts and children obtaining any fair share of the Educational Grant, though for the good of society, as well as their own, it is they who ought to be especially considered in the distribution of it. Then there would be no longer a dense underlying mass of ignorance in our country as there is now, rearing up children for our reformatories and workhouses. As is truly said, Ladies, in the leader to which I have already referred, Statesmen should now, "in consistency, give a thought to the very poor, to the remote rural parishes, and to the rest of the million or two now outside the educational fold."

The Revised Code, with the changes introduced by Mr. Lowe, appears well calculated to check many of the growing evils of the old one, and to extend the advantages of the Educational grant into the neglected districts. National and British schools will no longer be able to receive four or even six times the amount raised

by the managers, and these will be thus induced to increase voluntary effort, the responsibility of their staff being now left on themselves instead of resting on the central office. All money will now be paid to the managers, and it will be for them to take care of the condition of their school, for the grants will be entirely withheld if this is not satisfactory. The present arrangement of standards of examination will secure a steady progress in the scholars, while it by no means fetters more varied instruction. An average of 10*s.* per child may thus be obtained in most schools; and as this is considerably less than what has hitherto been given in many, the difference, with what will be withdrawn from the Fine Arts' department and other expenses which will be lessened, allow of a considerable extension to poorer districts, without materially increasing the expense to the country. Evening schools, also, will be encouraged by the aid offered, and these are peculiarly important for young persons at the critical age when they are beginning to enter into life. Mr. Lowe's principles are good to help voluntary efforts, both personal or pecuniary, and to give aid in proportion to results. It is to be desired that these principles should be carried out thoroughly and impartially. But an obstacle still exists to the general applicability of the Revised Code to all schools impartially. The whole grant is to be withdrawn "if the principal teacher be not duly certificated." Now, surely, as the Revised Code is based on the principle of results, it may be safely argued that a school cannot be in a good and satisfactory state, according to all the criteria laid down, unless the principal teacher is a good one. Also, as we have before seen, the possession of a certain amount of knowledge, and the fact of having gone through a pupil-teacher training, by no means tests the possession of the peculiar qualities of a good master. Why need there be any certificate of competency beyond that afforded by the state of the schools? Yet if a certificate *must* still be regarded as an essential, surely all who prove themselves to be good teachers by a favorable inspection of their schools, should be admissible at once for examination for a certificate, instead of waiting, to the loss and injury of the school, for one or two years as now provided. Surely, too, the teachers who, having received certificates, are paid £30,000 annually by Parliament for teaching in workhouse schools, may be regarded as certificated to teach in other schools also. A trifling alteration will effect this. Assistant teachers are required in all schools where there are not pupil-teachers, or there is a fine of £10; but these assistant teachers are required to have been first pupil-teachers. This system is inapplicable to the schools of which we are speaking; young and inexperienced boys and girls are of little use there, while they occupy an undue share of the master's attention, and even then do not obtain a good training; but young persons of sixteen years of age or more who devote themselves to the work, have been proved to obtain an excellent training in such schools,

and to be useful in them. Let them, after their efficiency has been duly tested, be recognised assistants, and all real impediments will be removed. The additional changes here suggested are small, but I believe that they will be the means of affording aid to the portion of the population as yet unaided, and respecting whom there has been so much difficulty. Let the principle be borne in mind that the Parliamentary Grant should be so administered as to help those who cannot help themselves, instead of those who can and will obtain education whether they have help or not. Let us then fairly and fully test the new system, and if it does not, after trial, meet the existing wants of the nation, use every effort to have the system placed on an entirely new footing.

I remain, Ladies, yours sincerely,

MARY CARPENTER.

BRISTOL, *May 8th*, 1862.

L.—THE GIANTS OF GUILDHALL.

NOT unaptly does Social Science this year take up its temporary abode in the Guildhall of London; which ancient building, dating from the reign of Henry IV. and the year 1411, incorporates, as it were, the story of our laws and of our commerce from age to age. Its name is derived from the Saxon *gilden*, to pay; because every man belonging to the fraternity or company called a Guild, was bound to pay something towards its charge and support. As to the companies themselves, the origin assigned to them is that of embryo Peace Societies. It was a law among the Saxons that every freeman of fourteen years old should find sureties to keep the peace or be committed—the presumption being that he would not keep the peace! Thereupon associations of ten families were formed, who became bound for each other, and paid fines out of a common stock. Such appears to have been the signification of the word in the Saxon country; its adoption in England in the commercial sense is given to the seventh century, when we are told it came into general use in many parts of Europe. From thence forward we find merchant guilds, and guilds for all manner of trades and manufactures.

Each of these had their own halls; such as that of the Goldsmiths, in Foster Lane, Cheapside, of the Fishmongers, near London Bridge, which are only two out of the twelve great Companies of London. The Guildhall, *par excellence*, is the court of judicature for the City, to which the different companies each subscribed liberally, while the generosity of individuals assisted in its decoration. The executors of Whittington paved the great hall, with "hard stone of Purbeck." Divers Aldermen contributed to the glazing and

heraldic splendor of the windows. A goldsmith, who was also Mayor, built a kitchen in 1501, and opened it by a feast. But, alas! all this magnificence suffered in the Great Fire of London: the roof of carved oak was destroyed, the front seriously injured, and next to nothing but the crypt appears to remain of the original building; the reparations, as usually happens, barbarously making away with what the devouring element had left. Still, there is the old name, the old site, the old foundations, and that peculiar identity which a building, if only gradually repaired, possesses in common with a human being who, by virtue of an interior soul and of the faculty of memory, remains essentially the same, though outwardly renewed every seven years.

In the different courts of this historic hall—such as the Court of Common Council, the Court of Aldermen, the Court of the Wardmote, &c., Social Science will reign supreme, from the 4th to the 14th of June, as the guest of William Cubitt, Esq., Lord Mayor of London, who at a meeting held at the Mansion House, on the 11th of last February, graciously invited the Association to partake of the hospitality of the City, expressing a hope that the Companies would give their hearty support, "and thus ensure the usefulness and success of the proceedings." A new feature also occurs, in the visit to England of the Congrès International de Bienfaisance, which will hold its session simultaneously with our Association: Burlington House having been granted for the purpose. The Congrès includes a large body of foreign jurists, economists, statisticians, and philanthropists; and the Metropolitan Meeting, taken as a whole, will thus be made to assume an international character, and the evening soirées will bring the two bodies together in one focus.

It needs but to look at the volume of *Transactions* for 1861, lately brought out by the Association, to be convinced of its eminent usefulness in collecting facts, arousing thought, and bringing together those who are working in different parts of the same field. In the Introduction, Mr. Hastings sums up the result of the papers read and discussions held in the several departments, and we believe that there are none of the many writers and speakers who spend the rest of the year in their own several neighborhoods, engaged in professional duties or in works of charity, but would testify to the practical help they have received through the action of the Association, either by the communication of new ideas, or by being made acquainted with those who could assist their objects. Moreover, in so far as any project can be benefited by being made a subject of popular discussion, this benefit has been frequently conferred. Perhaps we in England are inclined to overrate the advantages of publicity, but inasmuch as it is apt to condense sympathy into the practical form of pounds, shillings, and pence, many a kindly work of mercy has cause to rejoice that its name came up at the Social Science.

To women, the Association has ever been most just and courteous.

They have, from the first, been allowed a free voice in regard to all those departments of social life which naturally fall within their sphere as Christian citizens; and the result has justified their admission, since the most generally respected of the sex have dignified the sections with their presence or with their written contributions. "The Association," says Mr. Hastings, "has twice received (at Liverpool and Dublin) from the hands of Miss Nightingale the most valuable information and advice as to the proper construction of hospitals, and the best plan for obtaining hospital statistics."

The papers contributed on these subjects to the Liverpool meeting having been printed separately, by order of the Council, were sent to every hospital in the United Kingdom; and their contents, it is known, have exercised a beneficial influence over the authorities of those institutions.

Miss Nightingale, though by far the most experienced and influential, is not the only lady who has lent her aid to the Department of Public Health; the Ladies' Sanitary Society, which is affiliated to the Association, has rendered the most important services by its practical exertions in the cause.

The Workhouse Visiting Society has also been developed in connexion with the Association, and Miss Twining's persistent efforts to arouse public opinion on the condition of the recipients of legal charity have resulted in practical improvement in many workhouses, besides awakening that degree of general interest on the subject which renders it much easier to introduce modifications in law. The great need in this, as in all works of charity among us, is of more workers, more lady visitors, more people in each town determined that *their* particular workhouse shall be well managed, well classified, and rendered a social disinfector rather than a fresh source of morbid injury.

As we turn over the pages of this volume, each subject, each reference, recals the animated intellectual interest, the bright social gaiety of last year's meeting in Dublin. In this year the evening arrangements are particularly complete, and the leading journal exhorts England to show liberal hospitality to the numerous foreigners who are our invited guests. One great loss has, however, truly "thrown a gloom over the prospects of the year." It was hoped that the Prince Consort, who took a warm interest in the welfare of the Association, "would have consented to preside over the London meeting, and lend to its proceedings the invaluable aid of his intellect, experience, and European reputation. The grave which has closed over this and so many other expectations, has deprived the nation of one of the warmest and most enlightened promoters of Social Science."

Ere these lines are printed and published it will be the very eve of the great Congress. Let us gratefully wish for an ample measure of success, popularity, and usefulness to the Giant of Guildhall.

LI.—ALL SAINTS' HOME.

For many years past the nursing at King's College Hospital has been superintended by the ladies of St. John's House, and now a second great institution—that known as the North London or University College Hospital—has been given into the charge of a sisterhood of the Church of England, resident at All Saints' Home, Margaret Street, W.

Of University College Hospital it suffices to say that it was founded in 1833, for the relief of poor, sick, and maimed persons, and the delivery of poor married women, and for furthering the objects of the College by affording improved means of instruction in medicine and surgery to the medical students, and that the first stone was laid by Lord Brougham.

The Committee having for some time anxiously directed their attention towards securing improvement in their system of nursing, made a temporary arrangement with the All Saints' Home to supply nurses to the two upper wards of the Hospital, which nurses were under the supervision of their own Superior, but at the same time subject to the control of the Matron of the Hospital. This temporary arrangement ceases on the 2nd of June, and the whole charge of the nursing department is to devolve on the Superior of the Home.

The precise nature and objects of All Saints' Home is best explained by the Chaplain, Mr. Richards, in a circular bearing date 1860. He states that,—

"This Institution was begun in a very small way in 1851 by the present Superior, who took charge of three old women and two orphan girls out of the district of All Saints. Very soon the number of inmates increased so as to fill the house in Mortimer Street, when another was added to it; but the two were soon found to be inadequate; and so the work, year by year, grew and multiplied.

"Other ladies having now from time to time joined the Superior, it was in 1856 determined to take a long lease of their present residence in Margaret Street; which was dedicated by a special Office to God's Service by the Bishop of Oxford, acting for the late Bishop of London, who was by severe illness prevented from attending; and at the same time the ladies, having previously formed themselves into a Sisterhood and elected the present Superior to be the Mother of the Institution, presented her to the Bishop for his Confirmation and Episcopal Benediction.

"The Sisters are governed by rules and statutes allowed by the Bishop of London, who has very kindly consented to be the Visitor—and they elected the Rev. W. Upton Richards, being the Incumbent of the district, as their Chaplain. They call themselves 'Sisters of the Poor,' and it is the *one* wish of those engaged in this work, to make it as far as possible the Church's expression of sympathy for all who are in want, or sickness, or sorrow.

"The Works in which the Sisters are engaged are various. They teach in the schools of the district, and visit and nurse the poor and sick at their own houses. In the All Saints' Home they take charge of orphan girls—receive aged and infirm women, incurably sick women, and young serving girls. These latter, as well as the orphans, are trained up for service, and are

instructed in the various kinds of household work, and if any show an aptitude for teaching, they are trained to be schoolmistresses. There is also an Infant nursery, which the Sisters have lately considerably enlarged, where mothers, who have to go out and work for their living, may leave their children for the day. There is also an Industrial School, in which all kinds of plain needlework are done; and the Sisters themselves are ready to undertake Fancy and Ecclesiastical work, at the customary charges,—and also illuminate texts, markers, &c.

"Attached to the Home is a Pharmacy, where medicines are dispensed by the Sisters to the sick and needy, under the kind supervision of able and experienced Physicians, who regularly visit the Institution and give their services gratuitously.

"A Mortuary Chapel has also been added for the reception of the dead previous to burial: this is available to all who may apply: an incalculable boon in a thickly populated district, where even the living are too much crowded together for health and cleanliness.

"The Institution depends entirely on *voluntary* gifts and offerings; and the Sisters are glad to call at the houses of the rich for their broken victuals, whenever they have permission to do so. This has been a very fruitful means of support, especially in what is called the London season, when the families are in town.

"At this present time the Institution consists of ten old women, thirty-two orphans, forty serving girls, and seventeen incurables, making altogether, including the Sisters and others who help in the work, a family of upwards of a hundred; and since its beginning many more persons have passed through it, deriving more or less benefit from its charity.

"The Sisters have lately taken a small house at Harlow, in Essex, whither they can send from time to time such of the inmates as may require country air. This Convalescent Home, though adding greatly to the expenses of the work, is yet almost indispensable.

"There are associated with the Sisters some ladies living in the world, who are called 'Outer Sisters.' They give assistance how and when they can —some by personal attendance in the house, others by money, or by needlework, or by finding places for the serving girls, but all by their prayers.

"A very large sum, as may be imagined, is annually needed for the carrying on of so vast a work; the expenses, for instance, attending the proper care of the sick and the dying, and the additional house at Harlow, are necessarily very great. The Chaplain would therefore wish to commend the ALL SAINTS' HOME most earnestly to the Christian charity of all who are able to give, bidding them to remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how He said, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.' God has hitherto wonderfully prospered the Institution. May He continue to vouchsafe His blessing on the work, and put it into the hearts of the faithful to give of their abundance to these Sisters of the Poor for Jesus' sake.

"Give alms of thy goods, and never turn thy face from any poor man: and then the Face of the Lord shall not be turned away from thee.

"W. UPTON RICHARDS,
"*Chaplain.*

"*November*, 1860."

The Superior has lately issued the following regulations regarding the nurses to be employed by her, which we give at length on account of their practical utility, as a guide to those who may wish to apply for such situations under the sisterhood:—

"Women of a superior class received to be trained for nursing the sick poor in hospitals, and for private nursing in the families of the rich.

"Applications to be made to the Mother Superior of All Saints' Home, 82, Margaret Street, Cavendish Square, W.

"Probationers admitted between the ages of twenty and forty-five.

"The time of probation to be three months; during which period the Probationers will receive no wages, and will have to find their own clothes, with the exception of caps, which will be provided for them. Their dress must be neat and simple.

"No Nurse or Probationers allowed to wear a crinoline, either in the hospital, or while engaged in nursing in private families.

"The following is the Scale of Wages which will be given:—

	£	s.	d.
1st Year	10	10	0
2nd ,,	12	0	0
3rd ,,	14	0	0
4th ,,	16	0	0
5th ,,	18	0	0

"After the fifth year a Nurse will receive £20 without further increase.

"Each Nurse will have two print dresses and two best dresses given her every year; she will also be provided with caps, collars, and aprons, and she will be always expected to wear the dress provided for her, while at the Hospital, or at her work elsewhere.

"The out-door dress of the Nurses will be left to themselves to provide, but it must be plain and neat, and flowers are strictly forbidden.

"The Nurses and Probationers will be found in everything in the way of board; also in medical attendance and washing.

"The Nurses must give a month's notice before leaving, and will receive the same from the Superior, except in cases of bad conduct or wilful disobedience, when they will be liable to instant dismissal.

"The Probationers must be Members of the Church of England, and will be required to produce certificates of baptism, and, if married, of marriage also, and to bring testimonials of good character; they must also be able to read and write.

"The Probationers and Nurses will be entirely under the authority of the Superior, and of any Sister whom she may place over them in their work.

"They may receive no gratuities from patients under any circumstances whatever."

LII.—THE ROYAL MATERNITY CHARITY.

A GREAT public dinner, held at the London Tavern on the 13th of May, the Lord Mayor presiding, to which, for the first time, ladies were this year admitted, has drawn our attention to a City charity which has reached the age of one hundred and five years, and possesses features peculiarly demanding our notice.

In 1757 a Mr. Le Cour, a benevolent inhabitant of the City of London, bethought him that the Lying-in-Hospitals were, after all, a melancholy substitute for private charity, inasmuch as they removed the mother from her home at a time when in another class of life such removal would be looked upon with the greatest pain and repugnance; and he it was who, with the aid of a few humane people, set on foot the Royal Maternity Charity for affording gratuitous medical assistance at home,—a much safer, as well as cheaper, form

of charity. In a hundred years the extraordinary number of 385,488 women were thus attended at their own dwellings; an average of nearly 4000 a year.

The special point, however, on which the reports lay most stress is, that the women are attended by practitioners of their own sex; a large staff of carefully educated midwives (of whom there are now thirty-four) are employed under the superintendence of the appointed physicians. These midwives are located in various parts of London—the area of the Charity's operations extending to three miles in every direction from St. Paul's Cathedral. They are not restricted in the exercise of their profession to the patients of the Charity solely, though such patients are at all times, and without exception, to have the preference; their services are available to any other persons who, either from choice or necessity, may be desirous of employing a midwife instead of a medical man; and as these occasions are not rare, some of the midwives having from fifteen to twenty *private* patients per month, it is not among the least of the advantages incident to the establishment of the Royal Maternity Charity, that it is the means of keeping up a class of respectable, intelligent midwives for such emergencies.

Viewing the question financially, the argument is greatly in favor of home attendance. The thousands that are benefited could not at anything like the expense, if at all, be received into the hospitals. The average cost of each patient is only 7*s.* 3*d.*, and this charge includes not only medical attendance and medicine, but rent of office, printing, salaries, and every item connected with the management. No costly building absorbs the income, no patient can be refused for want of room, and a certificate of marriage is the only test of eligibility.

In a sanitary point of view, the success of the Charity has been remarkable. Two of the London Lying-in-Hospitals have lately been temporarily closed, to check the fever which was desolating the wards; but not a single case of that fatal disease exhibited itself during the past year; and among the Charity's numerous patients, out of 4,110 women attended in 1861, only *eleven* deaths from all causes are recorded: three of which were the result of previous organic disease, reducing the real number of casualties to eight, or one in 514 cases.

Should any of our lady readers desire to make themselves more perfectly acquainted with the details of this excellent and rational charity, they can procure reports and all information from the Secretary, at the office, 2, Chatham Place, Blackfriars, London, E. C.

LIII.—THE NEW TURKISH BATH IN VICTORIA STREET.

We can vouch for the perfection of the Ladies' department of Dr. Barter's new Turkish Bath in Victoria Street, which was opened to the public on the 19th of May. It is very large, lofty, subdivided into compartments, and ornamented with white arabesques and mouldings like the buildings in its native land. The hot air bath is now almost naturalized among us, not only as a medicinal agent, but as a luxury for the higher ranks of society. The new establishment contains three classes, of which the third costs only a shilling; the object being to bring it as much as possible within the reach of the industrious poor. In Turkey it is used by all classes, and is the chief remedy for numerous diseases.

In a lecture delivered on the 14th by Dr. Barter at the Hanover Square Rooms, (the Earl of Albemarle in the chair,) he drew attention to the statements of Dr. Power, the physician of the extensive lunatic asylum of Cork, who has had the Turkish Bath in use among the patients for more than a year. Seventeen persons had been perfectly cured by it, and sent home to their friends, and from fifty to eighty patients are now daily submitted to its influence. Last year the percentage of cures on the cases admitted were more than double those in any asylum in England.

Dr. Goolden of St. Thomas' Hospital, in seconding a vote of thanks to Dr. Barter, said that he had endeavored to introduce the Turkish Bath into that establishment, and that he had been supported by the bulk of his medical colleagues; he hoped that the new Hospital would possess one.

In warmly recommending the beautiful new Bath in Victoria Street to Ladies, it is perhaps superfluous to add that sickly or very delicate people should consult their physician before resorting to it, and be strictly guided by advice in regard to the time and manner of the process.

We have received the following letter on this subject, which we transfer from Open Council to this page :—

To the Editors of the English Woman's Journal.

Ladies,

I have followed with considerable interest the various discussions on medical subjects which have lately appeared in your Journal, and have often thought how much they may, and will, be simplified when your contributors turn their attention to an innovation now silently growing up among you—I allude to the newly revived Turkish bath, and it is not without surprise that I see a Journal, which devotes so much attention to sanitary subjects, overlook the most remarkable sanitary aid which Science has yet offered to modern civilization. Through Dr. Barter's rare appreciative qualities and great ability Ireland is now taking the lead as the Instructor of nations in the most important of all Social Sciences, and it is with no small pride that I refer to the Hot Air Baths, at Victoria Street, in your own Metropolis, not

only as an evidence of Irish talent and enterprise, but as marking one of the greatest revolutions of our time. Through the aid of this blessed Institution many problems will be solved, and difficulties removed, out of the way of that portion of the female sex who wish to devote themselves to the service of others from simple love, as well as those whose circumstances require that their services should be remunerative. A small amount of medical knowledge will in future enable us to save life on a large scale, and whether admitted or not to the dignity of M.D., nothing but the will need henceforth prevent women from exercising to the fullest extent their vocation as the friends and consolers of suffering humanity.

We are used to hear medicine called a two-edged sword, wounding while it heals. Without committing ourselves on the question, whether this treacherous and uncertain agent is necessary or not to the cure of disease, at all events we know how impossible it is to calculate the effect of medicinal substances, as, for example, the simplest opiate, on different constitutions; and no physician denies that secondary symptoms often so mask disease, particularly in its chronic form, as to make it almost impossible to fix on the organ first engaged. If those assertions are facts, does it not often require an amount of ability, verging on intuition, to decide on the best medicines to administer; and if the fortunate rich are lucky enough to have such talent at command, we know that this order of mind is only granted to the few, and that the great mass of mankind must necessarily depend on the ordinary, common-place physician. In this difficulty we find the advantage of a treatment which, based on general as well as certain physiological laws, can be made universal in its application by the most ordinary intelligence.

This is why I venture to assert that the time is come when women can, in a great degree, combine the character of nurse and doctor. Their quick perceptions, ready sympathy, and patient endurance, qualify them for the duties of both; and we thank God the Oriental Bath, and a new hygiene, will facilitate their fulfilment of a trust which society will gradually repose in them.

If these few words attract the attention of any one benevolent mind, and join it to our cause, my object is more than fulfilled. So much is involved in the question I advocate, that its advancement is one of the blessings I pray for in the daily petition, "Thy kingdom come."

I remain, Ladies, with much respect,

Your obedient Servant,

AN IRISHWOMAN.

LIV.—OUR FRENCH CORRESPONDENT.

LADIES, Paris, *May* 17*th*, 1862.

Since my last letter was published in your Journal, the determination of the *Carême* has been, owing to the London Exhibition, quickly followed by the closing of the *salons*, and, to a certain extent, the suspension of social life in Paris. But as the yearly Promenade de Longchamp has been more than usually crowded by persons of a decidedly *bourgeois* aspect, the cessation of gaiety in this capital will, it may be hoped, be confined to the uppermost strata of society; for only those who are pretty certain of staying in town during the hot weather now take part in the gay pilgrimage which the

Parisians make in the middle of the Holy Week. In the reign of Louis XVI. the contrary might have been augured from the style and rank of those who annually flocked to the Abbey built by Isabella of France, daughter of Blanche of Castille, and sister of St. Louis. In those days, light and air, or the right to amuse oneself in public, was confined to one class. The *classe ouvrière* had only narrow fœtid streets to walk in; Parks and Royal Gardens were religiously closed against them. Neither did they frequent the dusty roads or the narrow alleys in and about old Paris, without being in danger of some possessor of a carriage driving over them. It is therefore not without a certain pleasure that the Longchamp promenade, such as it appeared three weeks ago, can be compared to those which took place about eighty years since. No white capped *bonne* or cleanly clad blouse with a dinner in a basket, and surrounded by lively little boys and girls flourishing skipping ropes about them, then made their appearance on the road between Porte Maillot and the spot where the Prefect's villa now stands. There was no medium between a few miserably clad peasants who appeared in the character of passive spectators, or most probably envious ones, and seigneurs and ladies, whose rich garments and luxurious air contrasted strongly with the ragged ones of Jacques Bonhomme. From the Faubourg St. Germain to Longchamp the road was, eighty years ago, filled with equipages and dashing cavaliers. The former, could modern springs be completely ignored, were more luxurious than anything of the kind that is now manufactured. Their panels were painted by masters in ornamental art. Reclining in them, on silken cushions, were powdered ladies in the most superb toilettes, and glittering with diamonds or precious stones. They included the most nobly born dames in the Court of Marie Antoinette, the wives and daughters of the Paris bankers, and the female celebrities of the Paris theatres, whom fashion then allowed to *tutoyer* the Queen. The spirit of rivalry was then as strong as it is now, or perhaps stronger, for the field was narrower in which the ambitious strove to shine. It is not therefore surprising that on the occasion in question all were bent on outrivalling each other, whether as regarded the paint upon their cheeks, the richness of their brocaded silks, laces, or jewellery, or the elegance of their carriages and servants' liveries. Amongst the cavaliers then and there who strove to trot their horses *à l'Anglaise* were Princes of the blood royal, Ministers of the Crown, Governors of Provinces, *Fermiers Généraux*, the gentlemen of the king's household, and the lions of the Paris *salons*. As their descendants yet do in the opera and other public places, they stared through *lorgnettes* at the ladies, and criticised aloud their dresses; while the milliners and tailors, who formed an item, but a very small one, in the *bourgeois* ranks, anxiously looked on to see which of the beauties was most likely to bring their cut and style into fashion.

Such was the Longchamp pilgrimage in the reign of Louis Seize.

These gay-looking ladies and gallant cavaliers were all going to hear an Office called *Des Ténèbres* chanted by Mdlle. Lemaure, with even less devotional feeling than Paris feels when hurrying off to hear Rossini's celebrated Stabat chanted at St. Eustache. Without Mdlle. Lemaure, the Office in question would not have greatly interested the gay crowd that went to hear it. That centre of attraction was a favorite public singer who suddenly became disgusted with her profession, retired to the convent of Chaillot, but finding it too rigid in its discipline, decided upon trying how Longchamp would suit her. That religious house was entirely what answered an actress who was not altogether tired of the world, although she was tired of the theatre and jealous of Mdlle. Clairon's reputation. From the time of its foundation it had, unless at rare intervals, enjoyed a rather worldly reputation for a convent; and at one particular period greatly scandalized the truly devout Mère Angelique, the Superior of Porte Royale, and sister of the celebrated Pascal. From the date of its foundation till an early period of the fifteenth century, it did not, however, set a very bad example to the other houses of the Order of St. Francis, but ostensibly followed the rules prescribed by him. Henry IV. frequently left off hunting wolves in the Bois de Boulogne, to breakfast with the Nuns living in its outskirts. Anne of Austria, during her young days, was the means of introducing a still greater laxity of discipline. Shortly after she first took refuge there from sundry domestic torments inflicted on her by Louis XIII., the sisters adopted the custom of wearing jewels and colored clothes instead of the habits in which they made their vows. This innovation was followed by another still more obnoxious to the religious world of that day, for the nuns discovered that it was no sin to take walks outside the precincts of the Convent, or to receive gay courtiers of either sex in their parlor. St. Vincent de Paul deplored these deflections in a long letter to the Archbishop of Paris, who, acting on the advice given in it, put a stop to such practices as he judged to be scandalous to religion. But during the early part of the reign of Louis Quatorze, a relapse took place, Longchamp became gayer than it had ever been, and treated very lightly the Franciscan discipline till it was dissolved by the Revolution.

When Mdlle. Lemaure retired to it, a number of the *habitués* of the Opera went to hear her sing in the chapel. This so greatly pleased the Superior that she determined to outrival the stage, and accordingly did all in her power to fill the choir with fine voices, some of which she drew from the choruses of the opera by means of higher wages. This rivalry became known in the *salons*, where it was considered "original and amusing." The leaders of fashion became curious to hear the voices of the conventual *troupe*, and fancied that they could by going there during the Holy Week not only serve their souls, but find an opportunity of showing to advantage their new spring toilettes.

A fleeting fashion soon became a custom, and devotion failed to mask dissipation and vain ostentation. The Archbishop of Paris interfered, but Voltaire had converted the nobility and *beau monde* into *révolutionnaires*, without their ever suspecting anything about it. They therefore laughed at the Prelate's orders, and went on with their annual pilgrimage to the abbey, where, instead of listening to hymns chanted by the choir, the pilgrims sang songs not the most moral, in some *cabaret* which it became the fashion to frequent.

The destruction of the convent did not destroy the prestige which was attached to it. The Reign of Terror had hardly ended when Mesdames Tallien, Beauharnais, and some other celebrities of the Directory, agreed to revive the pilgrimage, which has since fallen into the hands of the *bourgeois* and *ouvriers*. But the spot possesses some strange fascinations for the great and wealthy. When it was proposed to have the annual racecourse of La Marche at Vincennes, the fashionable world was unanimous in rejecting it, and carried their point more successfully than they had expected. The Sunday before last the aspect of Longchamp was more brilliant than it had ever been in its palmiest days of yore, although the *plebs* of France were very numerous in their attendance there; more than eight hundred ladies were seated in the stand-houses, an Emperor and Empress, King and Queen, and divers reigning Princes and Princesses, were in the balcony, to say nothing of the foreign Ministers, Ambassadors, and other European celebrities.

Within the past month several printers and compositors have been brought before the Correctional Tribunal for uniting in a strike which took place among the workmen employed in M. Paul Dupont's establishment, because some women were admitted there to work as compositors. A few of the accused have been acquitted, and the rest sentenced to be fined and imprisoned, which has caused a great deal of discussion in the newspapers. Owing to the threats of their operatives, the directors of some of the principal journals who lately advocated the admission of females into whatever trade or profession in which they could succeed, wrote against the innovation of M. Paul Dupont. They alleged, that were women allowed to enter the trades now exclusively appropriated to men they would injure the latter by causing a reduction of wages, and do no good to themselves by the attempt. But a visit to the Imprimerie Dupont would convince any reasonable person that such conclusions were too hastily formed. There are about sixty women employed in it, some as folders and binders; and all the composition, proof reading, and ruling of an immense establishment, is done by about a dozen girls. The maximum wages of the folders and those who stitch the leaves together are not more than three francs a day, and the minimum two francs. The compositors' wages vary from four francs to six francs, and those who do the ruling and proof reading obtain from four to eight francs. The director says that he has every reason to be satisfied with the result of M. Dupont's philanthropy,

and is of opinion that organized as the establishment is, morality is more likely to increase in the neighborhood than decline. No man or woman is allowed to work in it unless their family are employed, so that husband and wife, parent and child, may be constantly under the eye of one another.

Curiously enough, the *ouvrières* are all called *dames* and *demoiselles* by the overseers. They seem to me to be cheerful and contented, as they appeared flourishing and well-dressed. All of them said, in answer to some questions, that it was infinitely less fatiguing to work as they do, in a printing *atelier*, than to do sewing sufficient to support themselves, and expressed a belief that there was little danger of being out of employment during the summer months, as there is no *chômage* in the printing trade.

It is true that some complaints were made about the unhealthy effects of the antimony which is used in the types. But one woman remarked that its effects are very trifling when compared to those produced by ill-paid work, which is never given for more than nine months in the year.

E. J.

LV.—NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Impressions of Rome, Florence, and Turin. By the Author of "Amy Herbert." Longman and Co.

THE anxiety with which a free people, satisfied with the stability of their own institutions, must ever watch the efforts of a neighboring State to obtain a freedom based upon similar foundations, renders every new work upon Italy a welcome addition to our current literature. The reign of Classic Italy is passed, and we no longer rest content with learned disquisitions upon the buried treasures of antiquity, with Eustace, Forsyth, and Gell, not even omitting Byron, though his burning strains might infuse warmth tion the cold relics of a bygone prosperity; but we look to modern Italy as destined to take no mean place amid the kingdoms of Europe. It seems but yesterday that Italy lay bound at the feet of Austria. At the great gathering in 1851 her sculptors were *compelled* to send their works for exhibition in conjunction with Austrian produce; and we can well remember how the choice of subjects indicated the feelings which agitated the unwilling exponents of their country's genius yet their country's bondage. In the present International Exhibition, Italy ranks as an independent state: her sculptures, her paintings, her industrial arts, even to raw productions, machinery and agriculture, each and all are severally represented, while busts and statues of Victor Emmanuel occupy conspicuous positions in the building.

Italian progress is particularly observable in the architectural

designs, for which Florence is pre-eminent. Baths, Universities, Courts of Justice, Military Colleges, Public Libraries, take the place of renovated ruins and classic restorations.

Any work by the author of "Amy Herbert" cannot fail to be acceptable to a large class of readers, and it is with much pleasure that we recommend the book now under review. It does not, however, appear that Miss Sewell's visit to Italy included very definite objects; her reminiscences are rather the familiar descriptions of ordinary sight-seeings than any minute investigations into the social conditions of the inhabitants. Indeed, she herself states that "the following reminiscences of a few months in Italy are published at the request of private friends, and for the possible amusement of such persons as may have somewhat of a personal interest in the writer. To the public generally, they can offer no information which has not already been given by other travellers." Nevertheless, with a writer at once so acute and full of so much tender sympathy, it were impossible but that allusions must drop from her pen bearing upon the topics of the day.

Our authoress entered Italy in the spring of last year, by the way of Civita Vecchia, across the Campagna—the dreary solitude of which she well describes: without villages, without cultivation, without life, yet in its way most beautiful—most poetic. Many pleasing extracts might be selected from the sojourn at Rome, but we must confine ourselves to a few only—the first relating to one of the most interesting relics of Christian antiquity.

"Another glimpse of very old Rome may be had in the Church of S. Clemente, which, tradition says, was built on the site of the house of St. Clement, the fellow-laborer of St. Paul; and which is, unquestionably, a very early church, for it is mentioned by St. Jerome as existing in his day.

"From the vaulted chambers underneath the church, which have been lately opened, you look down a dark passage which formed one of the streets of the ancient city, and perhaps this, almost more than anything else, impresses upon the mind the fact that old Rome is, for the most part, buried beneath the modern city. How it became so is a question which has never yet been clearly settled; but I suspect we have not the slightest idea of the dilapidation and decay of the city during the Middle Ages, caused by the fierce internal quarrels of the Roman nobles, and the invasions of foreign enemies. Buildings once allowed to become ruinous soon form an accumulation of soil and rubbish, and this would be increased by the *débris* brought down from the hills. A gentleman living in Rome said to me, when we were speaking upon this subject, that after watching the effects of a torrent of rain in Rome at the present day, he had no difficulty in comprehending how the level of the city had been raised.

"San Clemente is—like the Church of St. Ambrose at Milan—most instructive for persons who are at all interested in working out the customs of the first Christians from the architecture of their buildings. Dating, as it does, from such an early period, it must be a very fair exponent of the religious practices of those days. It has the atrium, or court, which was first used for the catechumens; and the enclosed choir, in the centre of the building, which, however, was by no means concealed, but only shut off from the rest of the church;—at the side, by a low marble wall, and at the back

by a screen formed of panels of marble net-work. There are also two ambones, or pulpits, on the right and left of the choir, which are said to be, in form, like the heathen Rostra, and from one of which the Gospel was always read. Similar arrangements are to be seen in the Basilica of S. Lorenzo; and, in fact, these two churches were more interesting to me than any others in Rome. In both there are exquisite specimens of marble mosaic,—not meaning by this the mosaic pictures in the vaults of the Tribunes, or over the arches, which are more curious than beautiful, but the patterns worked out on the ambones and altar, and especially on the beautiful candelabrum in S. Clemente. The pavements of these churches, and indeed of many of the Roman churches, are remarkably handsome in themselves; but persons who, on hearing of rich mosaic floors, expect to see brilliant colors, will be greatly disappointed. The patterns are in themselves extremely good, but time has naturally left traces of its work,—the hues have faded, and the stones are worn."

The studios of Rome are still the favorite resort of visitors. The criticism which Miss Sewell passes upon some of the works of art which now adorn the International Exhibition has been endorsed by popular opinion.

"Modern sculpture is another very large subject of Roman interest Every one talks about it, and every one knows some one who *dabbles* in it Sculpture and the excavations seemed to me to be, in Rome, what law cases are to a barrister, and classes and degrees to an Oxonian; they formed the small talk of society, and though, as usual, they became after a time rather vapid, yet it is a sign of the charm which Rome possesses, above all other places, that even the little nothings which it suggests have in them the germs of really valuable information. The studios are open to every one, and are as necessary a part of sight-seeing as the Vatican or the Capitol; and people are less afraid of giving an opinion upon them than upon ancient art. It would be heretical to criticise the Apollo, but one may fairly be allowed to pass judgment upon Gibson's colored statue of Venus, or Pandora. I believe I am in the minority in saying that I admire them,—the Pandora especially. I should not like to see coloring commonly introduced into sculpture; it seems to require a delicacy of taste which must be very rare, and which, if wanting, would render the attempt a fatal failure. A colored statue which is not beautiful must be a monstrosity. It would be a representation, not a suggestion. But the charm in Gibson's statues is exactly this, that they are suggestive. Pandora is not a woman with a flesh-colored complexion and black eyes, but an exquisite creation of a being so human and life-like as to touch one's sympathies, yet so ethereal in the tint which is shed over her, that she is felt to be as yet unsullied by the evil to which ordinary mortality is heir. Only in the sweet sorrow of her most lovely face can be read the foreboding of the consequences of her own rashness. I saw two other very perfect statues in the studio of Mr. Storey, an American gentleman,—Cleopatra, and the Libyan Sybil. In both there was a careful observance of the Egyptian type of countenance and style of dress,—and I was surprised to see how extremely beautiful they could be. Cleopatra is generally represented as a Greek, and it is difficult to imagine her anything else; but the Egyptian features, and the low ornamental fillet—to an English taste, generally so destructive of beauty—certainly did not in this case in the least detract from her charms. The Sybil was wonderful,—so earnest, thoughtful, sorrowful,—so impressed with the weight of her own powers, and so very beautiful—yet not in the least according to any regularly acknowledged type of beauty; exaggerate the features or the expression in the slightest degree, and she might be repulsive, even coarse."

Yet to many there is inconsistency in representing Cleopatra of

Egyptian extraction. She was certainly by descent on her father's side a Greek, but equally probable it is that by intermarriage she may have derived through her mother the lineaments of the ancient race; and this is what the sculptor has been so happy in rendering, —just so much of the Egyptian type of feature as to accord with the dress and accessories, yet elevated and refined by admixture with the pure Greek ideal. In all respects this statue is a wonderful impersonation, and far in advance of that inexorable law of custom, which has hitherto cramped the powers of the imagination, and compelled the artist to abide by arbitrary rules and traditions. More daring still is the realistic attempt to tint the pure white surface of the marble. With Gibson's tender handling the art will not suffer by what, in less sensitive minds, would degenerate to vulgar imitation. The very mention of art, and the poetry of art, recals painfully to mind one who has passed away from among us,—Mrs. Browning: there is something very touching in the following allusion to her memory:—

"The pleasure which will ever stand out prominently in the retrospect of my last days at Rome is a visit—the second I had made—to Mrs. Barrett Browning. The short intercourse has now been rendered so sacred by death, that I only refer to it from the wish to express, not merely the admiration which all must feel for her great poetical powers, but the personal regard inspired by the charm of her winning manner, her cordiality and quick sympathy, her self-restraint and thoughtful consideration, when, in the course of conversation, any sentiments at variance with her own were brought forward. Mrs. Barrett Browning was the one person in Rome of whom every one who knew her spoke with respectful affection; and, slight as was our acquaintance, it has left an ineffaceable impression of the working of that spirit of Charity which, when all shades and differences of opinion shall be lost in the light of God's knowledge, will, we are told, last for ever."

Quitting Rome, Miss Sewell proceeded to Florence, on which she makes these suggestive remarks:—

"The great distinction between Florence and Rome seems to me to be that the former has, in comparison with the latter, no soul; which is a cant and somewhat sentimental mode of expression, but must be accepted as embodying a true meaning. The soul of a place is, of course, the aggregate of the deeds, and words, and thoughts of the men who have lived in it, or been connected with it. It is not only that a city which takes its rise from the Middle Ages cannot compete with one which dates from seven hundred years before the birth of Christ, but that all the associations and events connected with Florence are of a less ennobling character. Florence and the Medici are inseparable,—and what can be said of the Medici? what can be felt about them? how can they inspire enthusiasm? All connected with them is luxurious and selfish—great vice, with a thin veneer of art. And it is quite strange how one feels this in Florence. The spirit of the Medici haunts the city to this day; and there is nothing before them,—no Palace of the Cæsars, no ruins of the Forum to carry the mind back to the wonders and speculations of antiquity,—and nothing since, if one excepts the stirring associations of the great Cinque Cento Hall, in the Palazzo Vecchio, in which the Deputies met to vote the annexation of Tuscany to the kingdom of Sardinia.

"You have no thought of mobs or poverty in Florence. It is the city of the 'upper ten thousand.' Giotto's most exquisite Campanile, with its inlaid

colored marbles, and delicately worked carving, is the perfect embodiment of its spirit. But—is it severe to say?—it is all of the earth, earthly. Drive through the streets of Rome, and you return actually oppressed with the questions which have been suggested to your mind. You are not satisfied with anything, past, present, or future, but you must think; you must settle, or endeavor to settle for yourself, what the world's history means. Drive through the streets of Florence, and you do not think or wonder; you simply accept earth and its enjoyments, and that in the most tempting and delusive form of calm, dignified, artistic beauty. If mankind, as they are, were to be immortal upon earth, Florence might be (so far as satisfaction was possible) a thoroughly satisfying resting-place.

"For although thus earthly it is essentially different from Paris. There is nothing in the least frivolous about it; and it can scarcely be called gay—if by gaiety is meant brightness without depth. There is, indeed, some display of fashion in the Cascine, where carriages all meet in one central open space in front of the royal dairies; and where gentlemen loungers go from one to the other, talking to their acquaintances; yet this is but a small element in Florentine life—very little of it is seen in the streets. No doubt there has been a change since the Grand Duke's departure. Some friends of mine, living in Florence, told me they could perceive it, but Florence could never have been merely fashionable; and this to many persons must constitute a great attraction, since nothing is more wearisome than a fashionable social atmosphere, if you cannot throw yourself into it. What there is below this external prosperous surface, a stranger, spending only three weeks there, cannot be supposed to know. That it is essentially a *respectable* movement which has revolutionized Florence is evident, if it were only from the order and decorum of the streets."

While Florence may express the indolent enjoyment of Italian life, Turin is described as being the "very heart, containing the life-blood of Italy."

The institutions of the city express the national feeling. Even the Museum is no repository of curiosities, but of modern treasures.

The account of a visit to the Parliament is interesting.

"We went between three and four, (for Italians do not hold their sittings as late as we do,) and had some difficulty in finding our way through the halls and staircases of the strange old Palace, which is now the Chamber of Deputies,—but we did at last reach the gallery of the Corps Diplomatique. The Chamber is handsome;—semicircular; the benches covered with crimson velvet, the desks in front green. There were about two hundred members present: grave, earnest, gentlemanly-looking men, with papers and writing materials before them; attendants in black, with tricolored scarves round their arms, were moving about amongst them continually. The Ministers sat at a long table fronting the semicircle; the President, (Speaker, we should call him,) with the clerks, were on a raised daïs behind them. The President was Ratazzi, who was Prime Minister when Cavour retired after the Peace of Villafranca. An Italian gentleman who was in the gallery with us told us the names of some others: General Fanti, one of the Ministers, who took Perugia after the entrance of the Papal troops; Crespi, an ultra-liberal; Farini, Lanza, Poerio—the Neapolitan who was so many years in exile—a pale, worn-looking man, with a face full of thought and quietness; and the Marquis de Cavour, the Count's brother, who sat alone, reading a paper, and left the House before we did. The discussion going on, it was impossible to follow, except once, when the Deputy who spoke was near us, so that we could catch his words. We learnt afterwards that it was an important one, though not what we should have been likely to understand easily. It referred to the funding and uniting of the debts of all the States

which have given in their adhesion to Piedmont, so as to make them not the debts of separate provinces, but of the kingdom of Italy. Of course this is a grave matter, essential to the well-being and unity of the State. The President read some proposition, and then the Deputies discussed it, in short speeches, with a little action, but not as much as I expected, and in a very temperate tone. When all had said their say, hands were raised either to affirm or negative the proposition, and so they proceeded to the next. After all the propositions had been gone through, the Deputies left their seats, and passed singly before a table placed behind the Ministers, and on which stood two vases,—a white and a black one. The clerk called their names, (at least so I imagined,) and then each Deputy, as he went by, placed two balls, a black and a white one, in the vases. The balls in the white vase were counted, and those in the black thrown away, as having been merely used as a blind. When white balls predominate in the white vase, the question is carried. On this occasion there were only seven negatives.

"All this would be common-place in England, but I cannot tell you the feeling it gives one in Italy; and now all is so intensely sad and earnest. Not only the prospects of the country, but the very existence of thousands, must depend upon the action of the Parliament. A little weakness, a few false steps,—and Austrian bayonets may be in Piedmont, and Poerio may again be in a Neapolitan dungeon."

Our readers will observe the neat typography of this little book, and notice with pleasure that it has been printed at the Victoria Press.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

TRAVELS and Essays are the prevailing characteristics of the new publications of the month; the one to remind us, amid the bustle of no ordinary season, of mountain solitudes and green retreats, the other to offer agreeable reading for the half-hour which may chance to be at command.

The members of the *Alpine Club* (Longman & Co.) are again forestalling the vacation by vivid descriptions of their exploits last summer. The papers well express the daring spirit of their contributors, but in the words of a cotemporary review: "For weak brothers and sisters the Club has no concern, and they may take mules or carriages by the easiest and longest routes. They are of no other conceivable use than to buy the first and second series of 'Peaks and Passes,' and to marvel at the enjoyments and miseries of the jovial members of the Club." We will not inquire at what distance Mrs. Henry Freshfield follows these reckless climbers in her "Summer Tour in the Grisons and Italian Valleys of the Bernina." (Longman & Co.) The book is illustrated with full-page tinted lithographs, and is very pleasingly written. "Across the Carpathians" (Macmillan & Co.) is an attractive book of travel, due to an English lady, who carried the love of exploration to more unfrequented regions. Two ladies formed the bold plan of a journey from Presburg to Cracow:—how they accomplished it, and how their good sense and *savoir faire* carried them through

every dilemma and difficulty, we must leave to our readers to discover. The book is well-written, and will repay perusal. Besides these works, we may mention "A Vacation Tour," by J. Tyndall (Longman); "Vacation Tourists," edited by Francis Galton (Macmillan); and in more distant lands, "Thebes: its Tombs and their Tenants," by A. H. Rhind (Longman); and an illustrated work on Egypt by Fairholt, "Up the Nile," illustrated by numerous woodcuts by the author.

"Essays on Scientific and other Subjects," by Sir Henry Holland, (Longman,) contributed to the *Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews*, have just been published. The subjects treated range over a wide field of Literature, including History, Biography, the Progress of Science relative to Life and Organization, Physical Geography, and the marvellous advances made in modern Chemistry, and the art of investigation.

For sixteen years the lamented Hugh Miller was a constant contributor to the pages of the *Witness* newspaper. It has been suggested that these articles, published in a collected form, would be acceptable to the public. The first volume has just appeared, under the able superintendence of Mr. Peter Bayne. (Black.) The essays are as varied as the subjects of which they treat.

The first volume is now out of Mr. P. M. Irving's "Life and Letters" of his Uncle, Washington Irving. (Bentley.) The materials were arranged by Irving himself, with a view to publication after his decease. A Biography of Geoffrey Crayon will be as acceptable here, or even more so, than in his own country.

The author of "Rita," in the new novel of "Carr of Carrlyon," (Smith & Co.,) more than sustains his reputation. The plot is conceived with great power, and worked out with skill and consistency.

"The Channings," by Mrs. Henry Wood, (Bentley,) has just appeared in a three volume novel, reprinted from the *Quiver*. It more than sustains the high reputation of its gifted author. The same ingenuity is maintained in developing the plot, the same strong and decisive grasp of her subject, the same extraordinary skill in delineating character, while less tragical than "East Lynne," it will be the more acceptable among some classes of readers. We may also observe that "East Lynne" is now publishing in the cheaper form of one volume.

The "Pearl of Orr's Island," complete, and "Agnes of Sorrento," by Mrs. Beecher Stowe, are published in a collected form.

"The History of International Exhibitions," by Blanchard Jerrold, (Kent & Co.,) has a melancholy interest from having been projected under the direct sanction of the Prince Consort. The first of a series of twenty parts is now before the public. The object of the work is to show the tendency of international gatherings and their results, commencing from the earliest period of these noble experimental efforts towards the union of nations, up to the Exhibition of 1862. It is touching dangerous ground to comment upon the

official handbooks to the Exhibition. The sweeping criticisms of Francis Turner Palgrave in the Guide to the Fine Art Collections, will not be accepted without much contradiction. Hunt's "Synopsis" of the industrial departments will be found very useful to those who have not courage to hunt out objects of special interest in the bewildering pages of the Official Catalogue. Speaking of guide-books, we observe that the "Table of Cab-fares," published by Houlston & Wright, has been compiled under the special direction of Sir Richard Mayne. *Galignani* has just issued a new Paris guide for 1862.

"A Handy Guide to London," by Messrs. Chambers, price one shilling, contains much information useful to strangers at the present time. Besides a general description of all objects of interest in the Metropolis itself, it gives pleasant sketches of easy excursions in the environs. The index shows that the information is of the latest kind.

"The Pupil-Teachers' Hand-book to the Government Examinations" (Watson) will be found a good manual for reference. It contains questions adapted to each year of apprenticeship.

"The Companion to English Grammar," by Jacob Lowns, (Longman,) is specially adapted to the tuition of advanced pupils.

The success of the Children's Movable Books induces Messrs. Dean & Son, the original inventors, to issue a new series, depicting the exploits of Blondin and Leotard.

"Patience Hart's First Experience of Service," by Mrs. Sewell, (Jarrold & Sons,) is a well-written story of domestic life. Her books have obtained a very wide circulation, but even her readers will be surprised to learn that her ballads, entitled "Mother's last Words" and "Our Father's Care," have reached conjointly the extraordinary circulation of 360,000 copies.

"St. Clement's Eve," by Henry Taylor, the well-known author of "Philip van Artevelde," (Chapman & Hall,) is now before the public.

"Walter Chetwynd," by H. Bouverie Pigott, (Kent,) is a pretty story of two young ladies who are unfortunately attached to the same young gentleman; and as all the world loves a love-story told with tenderness and animation, we are not surprised to hear it has had a considerable circulation in Ireland—its native land—nor that it has found its way into London libraries. Alice Chetwynd, the cousin, is not also the beloved lady;—that being reserved for the orphan, Etta Vernon. Yet it is Alice who marries the hero, and to whom he behaves so tenderly that she never finds out her mistake till—but we will leave that time to the reader's penetration. The concluding part of this book, of which the scene is chiefly laid in Italy, is the most vivid in tone; but H. Bouverie Pigott is rather hard upon *artistes*, who often mate worthily with the best of the land, and whom the kindred spirit of Literature ought truly to uphold bravely, if they uphold themselves honestly.

LVI.—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.

FEMALE MEDICAL COLLEGE.

LADIES,

The admirable paper on "Female Physicians" by Dr. Gregory in your March Number, has called forth unmingled praise, and prompts me to address you upon the subject. It may not be known to your numerous readers that the nucleus of a *Female Medical College* has already been formed in London, and a circular will shortly be issued, inviting the co-operation of all who feel an interest in the social, moral, and physical well-being of the sex.

Woman in all ages of the world has been more or less connected with the *Healing Art*, and there can be no doubt that, in the words of the learned Doctor, "her sympathy with suffering, her quickness of perception, and the aptitude for the duties of the sick room, render her peculiarly adapted for the ministrations of the Healing Art.

The Committee has already had applications from several highly respectable ladies, who are ready to enter upon the requisite course of study to fit them for practical usefulness. I need hardly add that your most valuable aid is confidently hoped for in pushing forward this great and much needed reform.

I remain, Ladies, yours very truly,
ONE OF THE COMMITTEE.

To the Editors of the English Woman's Journal.

LADIES,

The long letter of your correspondent, "A Physician," has, I should think, taken none of your readers by surprise, for we can all understand that it is not in nature for medical men to look forward with complacency to the contemplated invasion of their territory by women physicians. As I, for one, consider that this invasion will have to be contemplated for a great many years before it can be effectually carried out, I will in the meantime, if you will allow me, give your readers a few of my observations as to the position and prospects of lady nurses in this kingdom at the present moment. I strongly suspect that they are not in such high favor with the medical profession as these gentlemen would willingly lead us to believe.

Of course, I do not mean to assert that doctors do not like to have good, sober, clever nurses under them to carry out their directions, and help to bring matters to a happy conclusion. But I do mean to assert that the generality of medical men dislike to see what are called "educated women" take to nursing as a hobby, for this reason, most probably, that having been encouraged and stimulated to worthy objects in their youth, they know by experience how dear a pursuit can become, especially if it has it in its nature to lead into a wide intellectual field. Now nursing, with a person who has leisure and some intelligence, and who associates with educated people, might very naturally lead to the study of Physiology, and what a world of pure delight would that happy accident lay at her feet! What a revolution in all her habits of life would naturally follow from such a discovery!

I can remember that near twenty years ago, I held the opinion (which I still hold) that every young lady should, when in mind and body she had

become fit for so trying a scene, attend at one of the Hospitals, and acquire betimes not only skill and knowledge, but courage and presence of mind, so that she might be useful instead of troublesome in a painful emergency, and be a competent nurse in the severest illnesses, not apt to be disconcerted or terrified by the sufferings or the irritability of the patient. I was expounding my views one day to a gentleman, a very intelligent, good-natured man, fancying myself safe for once, for is it not obviously everybody's interest that there should be an abundance of capable nurses in the world? But, oh, lame and impotent conclusion! My friend fixed upon me, when I had done, a severe look of deep conviction, while he uttered the fatal sentence: "She should learn to cook." Your Correspondent loves to tell of the intelligent ladies with whom he has exchanged ideas, and I, in my turn, may be allowed to mention a casual acquaintance of my own who made a company very merry by relating to them how, when he was finishing his education at one of the great hospitals, a lady of very high quality, the Hon. Mrs. H—— presented herself there with the truly modest and womanly request to be allowed to train herself as a thorough nurse. But the medical gentlemen smelt treason, "and," said my casual acquaintance, "we soon contrived to get her out; we soon made the place too hot to hold her!" Nor was it even pretended that she gave trouble or offence in any way; that would, of course, have altered the case entirely, and would, as it were, have taken the sting out of the incident; but as I, in spite of crinoline and other unfavorable appearances, still indulge a vague hope of some unknown good to befall women in some remote age of the world, so these gentlemen seem to be troubled with a vague fear answering to my hope. I could give many more instances of the same kind, but two are quite enough; and the elder portion of your readers can, no doubt, furnish their own supply from their own observations. As for the female intellect being either this or that, I answer that it has never been tried; your correspondent admits as much, when he talks of the immense difference in the training, in early youth, of the two sexes. I do not wish to speak of medical students, nor to inquire if they invariably show such vast powers of mind and intellect as your correspondent thinks essential in the medical profession, because such an inquiry would but little help the present discussion. One thing is certain, that the blindfolding of one sex does not enable the other to see more clearly; what is really good for women will be, in the end, really good for men, though it may not be precisely that sort of good that they have wished and prayed for.

I am, Ladies, your obedient Servant,

April 21*st*. A. S.

To the Editors of the English Woman's Journal.

LADIES,

I think you will agree with me that public opinion treats our sex quite as liberally as Bluebeard treated Fatima. In literature, art, science, almost every door flies open to us; we may be artists, antiquarians, heralds; we are free to write novels, sermons, cookery books, histories, plays, to go down mines and up mountains; we may be chosen fellows of learned societies; disagree like any doctors; tame horses; stock oyster beds; acclimatize the apteryx; in short, whatever work a woman finds for hand or brain, only let her do it well, and now-a-days public opinion will smile approval on her activity. *Almost* every door, I have said, is open—not every one; there is the old door kept fast locked, with its ghostly sights behind it, and that ominous spot of blood on the key. All as in the nursery tale. Only the Bluebeard closet has grown into the dissecting room of the hospital. And supposing public opinion braved, and this grim but indispensable portal to the medical profession passed, can we

believe that the female M.D. would leave behind her there every especial drawback to her success? Those which must, in most cases, attend her through life, have been kindly and wisely set forth by a physician in your last number. I can add nothing that would clench his arguments; they embody the views and feelings which many intelligent, delicate-minded women express on *this* subject. At the same time, there appears to be a social want which might be admirably supplied by the very class of women who, had they been of the other sex, would have practised physic *con amore*. Why should not their natural instincts be so developed that we might have a really superior staff of nurses above the menial class. Power, patience, tact, and sympathy, all the high qualities which make up the gift of healing; are not these wanted to the full as much in the nurse as in the doctor? Most medical men in large practice have cases on their list where the services of a thoroughly trained "nursing friend," as head in the sick-room, with a servant or common nurse under her, would be both appreciated and remunerated. Apart from the question of remuneration, it seems highly desirable that some one female member of every middle class family should be regularly trained for nursing. How often an ill-spared guinea a week, besides board, has to be paid to a professional nurse, because in a houseful of women there is not one who can supply those cares which the patient absolutely requires! In fiction, we know the heroine can cover up her harp, lay her embroidery aside, and start up a ready-made Florence Nightingale at half an hour's notice. But where the suffering to be soothed is terribly real, these impromptu volunteers can help but little towards it. Ladies, have we not all of us known some sick-room where the wife, daughter, aye, mother even, who would have gladly given her own life for that of the sufferer, could not wash and shift the patient properly, could not spread a plaster, make a poultice, or prepare so much as a comfortable cup of gruel? I believe medical men could tell many sad stories of middle-class sick-rooms where pain was aggravated and danger heightened by nursing of the amateur, unhandy sort. Let us supply all deficiencies in our own especial province before we prepare to pass, as some would say, beyond it.

One branch of medicine our grandmothers considered especially their own, though we have let it slip out of our hands. Any lady living in the country might become proficient in this with little cost beyond time and painstaking. I refer to the practical knowledge of vegetable medicines. I remember in this village an old lady, the relic of a bygone generation, who practised this art. She knew every herb in the district, the properties of the root, leaves, flowers, its growth, and the exact time when, in her own words, it was "at its highest virtue." Being the wife of a comfortable farmer, she did not, like Molière's draper, give her wares to her friends for money, but her simples, distillations, confections, &c., were not the less at the service of all about her. It would be difficult to exaggerate the good this kind-hearted woman did in a village quite three miles from the nearest doctor. "Take your child to Mrs. ——," he would say to many a mother, as he went his rounds, "she'll doctor it as well as I can, and charge you nothing into the bargain." Only yesterday this same surgeon said to me, when speaking of Mrs. ——, "Why, her ointments for burns and scalds were better than mine; they were so admirably made up. Then, when the clerk's wife had a cancer, that good old soul dressed it every day for two years. I wouldn't meddle with it—ointment, bandage, dressing, it was all as perfect as could be." So the doctor went on, recalling case after case, and his concluding remark is worth a thought,—"When I began to practise here, forty-five years back, there was hardly a parish without some good woman of this sort in it. They are all gone now; Mrs. —— was the last of them, and it's a bad job for the poor that there is nobody to come in their place."

I listened to my old friend, thinking why should not some of the workers among us, my sisters, revive this useful order, and graft the study of medical botany on the patience, kindliness, and skill of these old-fashioned herbalists.

Why not make it our business to select and cultivate herbs, study those delicate processes of drying which preserve their virtue; prepare powders, salves, syrups, &c., so well that chemists and dispensing surgeons would gladly purchase them of us? With apologies for so long a speech in council,

I am, Ladies, yours faithfully,

C. M. W.

LVII.—PASSING EVENTS.

PUBLIC AND POLITICAL.

The Great International Exhibition has been the one absorbing topic of the month. The ceremonial which inaugurated the opening was conducted with all the splendor and solemnity of which the circumstances permitted; but it needed not the sable liveries of the attendants, the deep mourning habits of those nearest allied to the throne, nor the touching allusions in Tennyson's Ode, to remind the nation of their irreparable loss. From the magnificent spectacle the eye turned sadly away; and there was not one amid that vast gathering whose thoughts were not with their Queen, following her in her journey towards the northern retreat which *he* had loved so well, and to which she had now retired in her loneliness and grief.

It is hardly necessary to say that the Crown Prince of Prussia received the welcome which must ever await one so nearly allied to our Sovereign, and the speech which he made at the annual dinner given by the Royal Academy, deepened, if possible, the favorable impression he had made on this country.

The Queen remains in strict seclusion at Balmoral. The aspect of the Castle is described as most melancholy: Her Majesty seldom drives beyond the limits of the estate; yet it may be observed that nearly every cottager within the demesne has been visited by the Queen. The Prince of Wales is still in the East, visiting every spot of interest, and thus acquiring that information which the enlightened mind of his father considered so necessary in the education of Princes. The King of the Belgians has been seriously ill. It is understood to be the express wish of Her Majesty that he may be present at the approaching marriage of the Princess Alice, and represent the Prince Consort.

Among the foreigners who have flocked to this country, none have been received with more cordiality than the Japanese Ambassadors. They afford a marked contrast to most semi-barbarous nations, being desirous on every occasion to acquire information. It has been observed that the Woolwich Arsenal, especially the gunnery department, excited their greatest attention. They have also visited the Hospital and other public institutions.

The Volunteer Review at Brighton on Easter Monday was a complete success. Lord Clyde is understood to have expressed his unqualified admiration at the soldierly bearing and strict discipline of the Volunteers.

The Queen Dowager of Prussia has printed the manuscript prayers of King Frederick William IV., and distributed a number of copies among her royal relatives by way of Easter gift. To the public at large this royal manual of devotion is not yet accessible.

SOCIAL AND INDUSTRIAL.

The month of May is always remarkable for the annual meetings of Charitable institutions. Too numerous for us to record, we must content ourselves with noticing those which come within our peculiar *spécialité*.

Governesses' Benevolent Institution.—A meeting of the subscribers

to this institution was held at the Hanover Square Rooms—the Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot in the chair—for the purpose of receiving the report of the board of management and of the auditors for 1861, and to elect five annuitants of £20 from the list of 149 candidates. In addition to the £10 kindly collected for the highest unsuccessful candidate, the board propose to lessen the disappointment of failure by giving £10 to each of the next five upon the poll. The Secretary read the report of the board of management, which was of a very elaborate character, and most satisfactory. The cash account to December 31st, 1861, showed:—Total receipts, £12,203 9*s.* 5*d.*; expenditure, £17,804 10*s.* 3*d.*; balance in bankers' hands, £520 17*s.* 10*d.*; provident fund receipts, £19,036 5*s.* 1*d.*; expenditure, £17,804 10*s.* 3*d.*; balance, £1,231 14*s.* 10*d.*—total, £19,036 5*s.* 1*d.*, which, with the amount of receipts on cash account, made total receipts £31,239 14*s.* 6*d.* The usual complimentary votes of thanks to the committee of management, the auditors, Mrs. Laing, the honorary secretary, &c., were passed.

The Twentieth Anniversary of the Ragged School Union was celebrated under the auspices of Lord Shaftesbury. Connected with this Institution is the Shoe-Black Brigade. Since it was established, the London shoe-blacks have earned £11,955; and the united earnings for the last financial year amounted to £4,548,—a sum which represents the polishing of no less than 1,119,320 pairs of boots. In the collection of rags and other refuse there is a wide and valuable field of industry, and both paper-makers and philanthropists have the deepest interest in the prosperity of this new ragman's *rôle*. The operations of this brigade have commenced, the boys having begun their perambulations in the western and northern districts. Five trucks, similar to those used by bakers, are at work. Each truck, which costs £15, is attended by three boys in uniform. These carry a printed tariff of prices to be given for the articles they purchase, fairly drawn up in the interest of the vendors. The central depôt is in Albion Place, London Wall.

In Limehouse, four children have died from the effects of arsenical paper-hangings. Dr. Letheby examined the green paper, and found that it contained arsenic in the proportion of three grains to the square foot.

Several deaths have been lately occasioned by the dress catching fire, owing to the prevailing fashion. It is observed that the production of crinoline is going on at a flourishing rate in Sheffield. One firm alone sends out no less than twenty tons weekly of the delicate material, while the total weekly "make" of the cutlery capital amounts to no less than 150 tons. This rate of manufacture has been maintained throughout the whole of the past winter, and promises to increase as the summer advances. Already enough crinoline has been manufactured at Sheffield to encircle the globe again and again.

Some hope is entertained that the measures proposed by President Lincoln to do away with slavery may lead to beneficial results.

According to the census of 1860, there were 259,078 free Negroes in the Slave States of America, and 222,745 in the Free States. The excess of white females over males in New York was 19,363, and the excess of negro females, 1,690. At the present time, the excess of females over males in New York is about 50,000.

The following grants for charitable purposes are amongst the estimates submitted to the Victorian Legislature this year, viz.:—£75,000, for the support of the charitable institutions of the colony, £5,000 for the maintenance of deserted children, £6,000 for assistance to the aborigines, and £125,000 for education.

The irregular supply of cotton, consequent upon the American differences, is seriously felt in our manufacturing districts. In Lancashire especially, the distress is very great. It has been suggested, that if collecting boxes were fixed in conspicuous places in the International Exhibition, many would gladly contribute their mite towards alleviating the necessities of the Lancashire operatives.

THE bursting of the dykes at Lynn has laid a large tract of arable land under water. The destruction of property is described as serious.

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

THE Charities of London do not stand alone in receiving the generous assistance of Madame Lind Goldschmidt. A few weeks ago, when Madame Goldschmidt was on her provincial tour, she visited Northampton, and whilst there inspected the improvements of the church now in progress under the auspices of Mr. Scott, the architect. Hearing that a large sum of money was yet wanted before the restoration could be completed, Madame Goldschmidt, with her usual generosity, volunteered to sing gratuitously at an oratorio in aid of the building fund. The offer was eagerly seized by the committee, and the *Messiah* was performed in presence of an audience of about 2000 in the Corn Exchange; every nook and corner of which was crowded, whilst hundreds were unable to gain admittance. Altogether, the oratorio was a great success, and it is expected that the building fund will receive about £500 through the munificence of Madame Goldschmidt.

A NEW REVIEW is about to appear in Paris, entitled *L'Indépendance Parisienne*. It will embrace an examination of all the new works that make their appearance, and will be supported by some of the first literary men of the day.

SOME time ago we mentioned that the author of "Adam Bede" had completed another novel, which we hoped might be published in the course of the spring. It was, however, decided that it should first appear in the pages of *Blackwood's Magazine*, where it may now be read in monthly sections, under the title of "The Chronicles of Carlingford."

MRS. S. C. HALL has retired from the editorship of *St. James's Magazine*. After the recent Chancery suit over the reprint of "Can Wrong be Right?" no one can feel surprise at Mrs. Hall dissolving her connexion with the proprietor of the *St. James's*.

MRS. WIGHTMAN, of Shrewsbury, has realized the sum of £700 by the publication of her temperance book, "Haste to the Rescue," which she has given towards the erection of a Working Men's Hall in Shrewsbury. The foundation of the building was laid last week by the Bishop of Lichfield. It will cost upwards of £3000, about £2000 of which has already been subscribed.

ENGLISH WITHOUT A MASTER.—For the use of the numerous Frenchmen who propose visiting our International Exhibition, Parisian publishers are issuing numerous contrivances for teaching our difficult language. Among them may be mentioned the *Méthode Glashin*, which is described as "approved by the University." "English as it is spoken," the author assures his reader, may be acquired without a doubt by the aid of his little book. Here is a specimen of his phonetic English:—

"Goudd morninne, Seur—Aï amm verré ouel, zhannke godhe—Ainnd you Seur, aou ar you?—(note *familiar*)—Aïammverré happé te si you ouel."

"If you read the above pronunciation to an Englishman," say the directions, with great *naïveté*, "and he understands you, you may rest assured that you possess the veritable English accent, so difficult to acquire!"

MISS MACIRONE is well known as a composer of taste and originality, as well as a performer of correct and graceful execution. In both capacities she welcomed and entertained a large audience at her concert on the 20th of last month. She was well and ably supported by some of our best performers, both vocal and instrumental, but the chief attraction was felt to be the varied and interesting compositions of the *benéficèaire* herself.