

Insanity

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Wellcome Collection
183 Euston Road
London NW1 2BE UK
T +44 (0)20 7611 8722
E library@wellcomecollection.org
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MS

83994

Two little Booklets

Composed, written, ornamented,
and finished entirely, by a Lunatic
in Colney Hatch Asylum June 1908.

The image shows the front cover of a book. The cover is a light cream or off-white color. It is framed by a decorative border in red ink. This border consists of a wavy, scalloped outer line. Inside this line, there are stylized floral and leaf motifs, including large flowers and smaller buds, arranged in a repeating pattern. The background of the cover is filled with a fine, light blue dotted pattern. In the center of the cover, the word "HOME" is printed in a purple, serif font. Each letter of "HOME" is filled with a dotted pattern, matching the background. The letters are slightly shadowed, giving them a three-dimensional appearance.

HOME.

83994



Home

To be discreet, chaste, keepers at home. Titus ear

Home, what a sweet and enchanting sound! What a happy musical ring the word has! How pleasing it always falls upon the ear, not dull, sour, or bitter, but, our ain fireside. The place that has no equal. It is citidal and palace all in one

Much has been written and opined about home as to its merits and demerits, but whatever may be said

upon the subject. to most all, Home is always home in the fullness of its meaning. To each and every one alike, there is no better haven.

It is a place where every one feels they can do as they like, with perfect freedom. Those who believe that home sweet home is only an abstract idea which stands in need of being transposed into the concrete are much mistaken.

Of course I do not mean to say there is not a great difference in homes. They differ with the classes, some are kept clean, some untidy, and some even

dirty; but whatever may be its state it is home to the individual that inhabits it. Homes differ according to their location. In the country they are found scrupulously clean and neat. In fact cleanliness generally prevails there. Some of the most pretty homes may be seen in the country. To the eye that is educated for simplicity there is not a more enchanting sight. You will suggest perhaps, the surroundings are most favourable. True, the ambient air, enchanting sunshine, combined, with a profusion of fragrant flowers exalting sweet perfume

do throw a charm over the whole and imbue it with poetry. In the country there is a peaceful calm which prevails all around in contradistinction to town life where rush and turmoil are the order of the day. To see the country folks busying about like so many bees in their hives and each contributing to the comfort of the whole.

I suppose each one has his, or her idea, about the construction of a home, and not two alike up on the subject. Not like our

feathered friends. they will construct according to their species. I sometimes think people would do well to study the nidification of birds, an instructive lesson may be learned, both in beauty and economy. But I must not digress further.

Now a home requires other things beyond the necessary furnishing. It requires beautifying with Love, Peace, and Concord. These three graces must have a prominent position given them for

They are most essential to a happy home. Home should not be merely a place where the frugal meal may be taken. It should be to the poor man what the castle is to the rich.

There is another indispensable adornment, and, I may say, the exquisite charm of song. Yes, there must be song in the home.

Mrs Hemans is very definite and very precise in her beautiful lines

There woman's voice flows forth in song,
Or childhood's tale is told,
Or lips move tunelessly along
Some glorious page of old.

Some will say this deals with evening amusement and it is not always evening. Those who are so callous as that I am sorry for them. Charles Lamb's suggestion is better than that, when he said, There should be in every house a baby rising six months, and a kitten rising six weeks. Of course the suggestion is slightly impracticable, kittens have a knack of growing, so too have babies. I do not know of a fairy-land where babies can be purchased ad lib.

The song of a mother and the

crooning of a child. the very canon of music, should gladden the heart of every man. Then there is the play of the children. "Happy innocent childhood"

This is one thing, and the chief one, to be added to our ideal home.

The sweetness of the woman who is the reigning spirit. She does more than reign. She is more than queen to a kingdom. In the sweet home there should be a loving woman who is the centre of its soul. Every ones happiness

belongs to her. she does not recognise her own worth, or she would be frightened; or if she found out her own preciousness, it would take her breath away. I have stopped to pause while reading the lives of those fusly old saints, and have felt disgusted with them for the contemptuous manner in which they have expressed themselves about women. I have wondered if they ever realised that the being who bore them

was a woman.

The Germans have a beautiful word. Instead of saying housewife or housekeeper they say house-mother.

Mother, the highest title that can be bestowed upon woman.

What is home without a mother?
or a hearth without a child?

Mother is the first one missed and the first one called for all through our childhood, age, and through our manhood too. She will always say my boy it is

ingrained in her soul. To her we never grow out of our childhood. And should we fall into disgrace and become the unhappy victim of the world's censure and all is against us. It is she with those loving upturned eyes and outstretched arms bids us 'come home'. Yes, she will shelter us, feed us, and believe us when no one else will.

Homes undergo great changes with time and circumstances. Change all the possessions and it remains unchanged. Transfer the household and still it is home. but take the circle of love, peace, and concord away, and everything is

gone and leaves not a wrack behind. The word home has a complex-meaning Dwelling place and domestic property. It is dear to most of the English speaking race and they are proud of it.

Every man should be happy who has a home, with its queen to preside in, and give solace and comfort.

She will always pour oil on troubled waters. And when domestic trials appear, caused by shortness of work and such like, she will meet the situation.

She is like a fair column that upholds an arch. Because, though it is built so fragile. It is built truly.

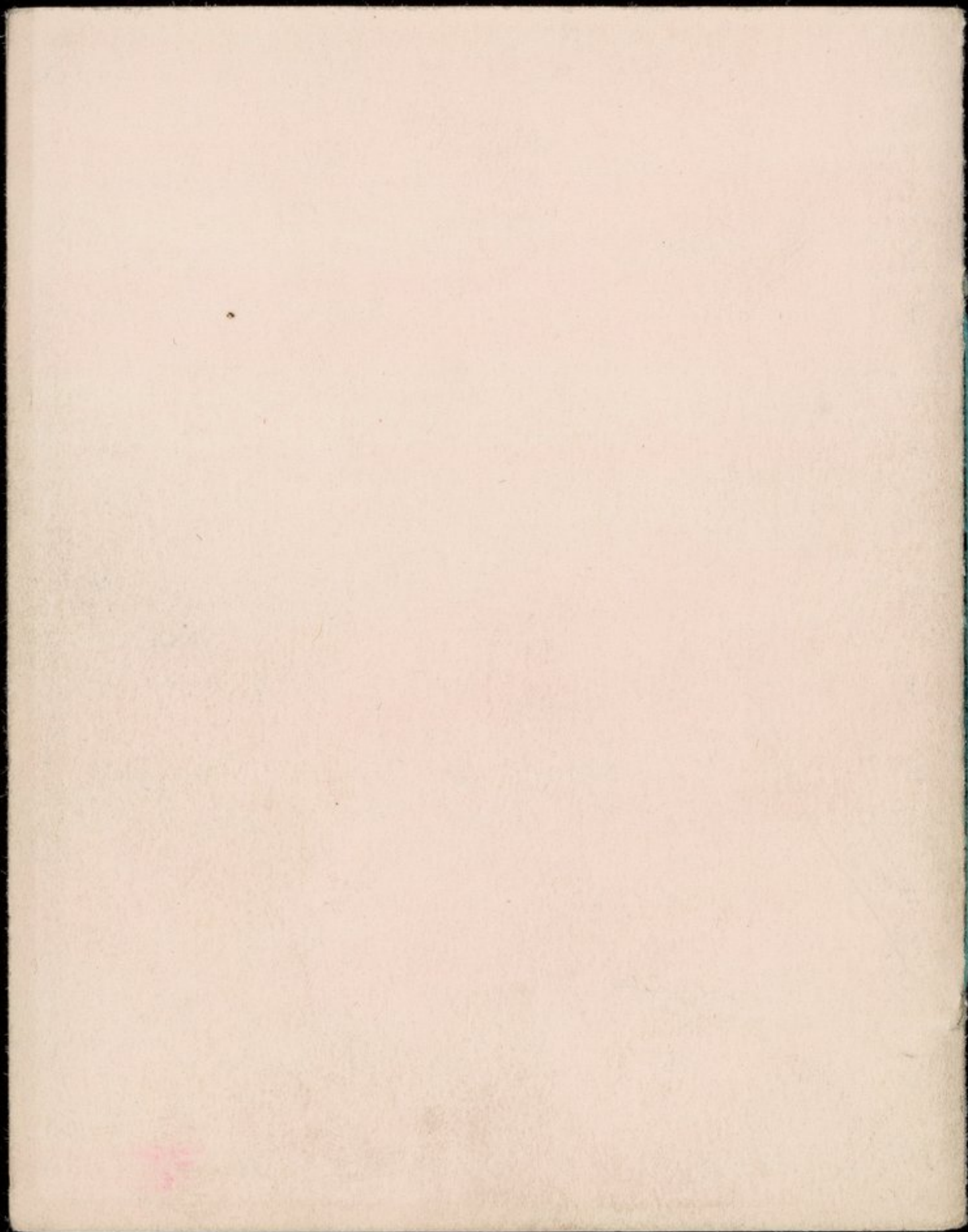
I have made an ideal country home but to the townsman I would say do not despair. If you cannot have the sunshine, ambient air, and

Jessamine noiled against the wall
And rows of roses sweet."

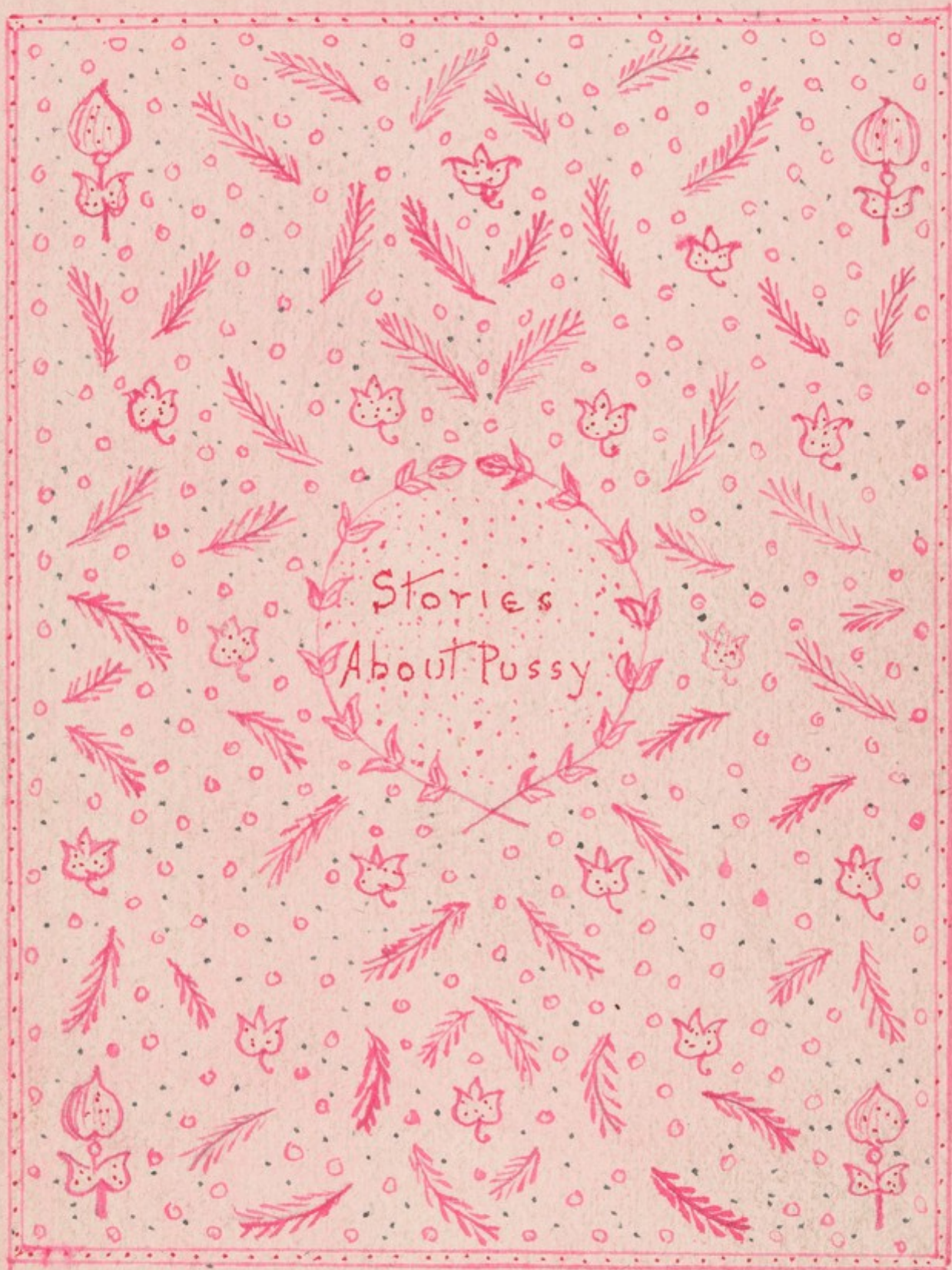
outside. Have them all within, and make your home a rosary; you have your roses in those blessed peices of innocence which God has given

you. and they always contribute so
largely to making Home sweet Home.

Scriblerus.



Stories
About Pussy



82994



Stories about Pussy.

But Hodge shall not be shot, no, no, Hodge shall not be shot. Dr Johnson.

One and all, have read in their story books about Whittington and his cat. How in the year 1429 he sat upon a stone at the top of Highgate hill and listened to the chimes of the city bells, bidding him turn again to become thrice Lord Mayor

of London, and how his cat accompanied him on the expedition. Well, to be correct Whittington did exist, but not the cat, and the stone was placed there to commemorate his return to the church which he had left in despair. The bells chiming him back by promise of future greatness. It is not of Whittington and his imaginary cat that I am about to write but pussy herself the favour

ite of the household especially the young members of it.

I do not agree with Buffon and other writers setting down the cat as an animal incapable of personal attachment. Pussy has proved quite the opposite.

Perhaps a few remarks on pussy's domestication will not be out of place here.

It is believed that the cat was originally domesticated in Egypt. It was

seldom kept by the Greeks and Romans, and was rarely seen in Europe till long after the Christian era. Since then pussy has made great progress and has established herself in our hearts and homes.

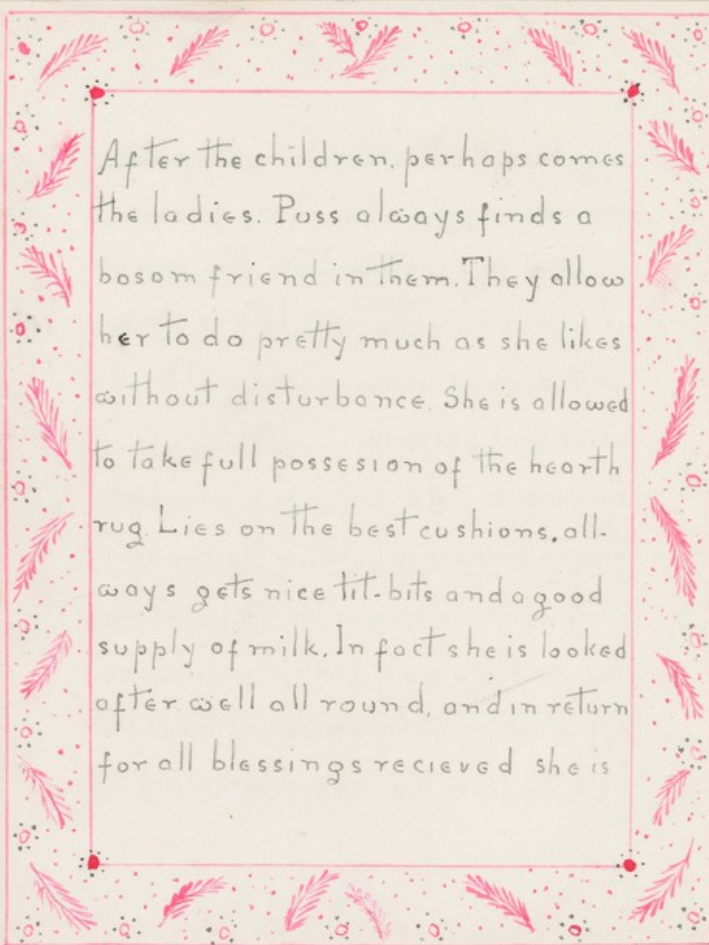
I do so love to see a child nursing a cat rocking too and fro singing the old ditty

"I love little pussy her coat is so warm
And if I don't hurt her she will do me no harm"

And neither will she. It is surpris

ing to note the reciprocity between cat and child. Pussy gives every indication that the position is agreeable to her. I have observed myself how united cat and child will become

I knew an old cat once, who was never happy except in the company of children, and even when he was old and feeble, would start off at the merry voices of the children to join them in their play.



After the children, perhaps comes the ladies. Puss always finds a bosom friend in them. They allow her to do pretty much as she likes without disturbance. She is allowed to take full possession of the hearth rug. Lies on the best cushions, always gets nice tit-bits and a good supply of milk. In fact she is looked after well all round, and in return for all blessings received she is

only expected to catch, or keep away a few mice.

But puss has her troubles like most of us, and though she is well cared for, she is subject to the evil hour. Should she be seduced and commit a breach of confidence. Such as becoming too familiar with the pet canary, or linnet or stealing the young chicks. This will at once bring down a severe censure and chas

tisement with it. But puss is al
ways secure in those competent
little pleaders the children who
will bring about about a speedy
reconciliation, and she is soon
reinstated to her original favour.
But puss has a family pride and
she stands upon it, not perhaps
without good reason.
Her ancestors have had great
and noble admirers from a

Pope downwards. Puss has even
played the part of almoner and
purveyor combined.
Sir Henry Wyatt, when confined
in the Tower owing to the trouble
he was in respecting the marriage
of Queen Mary was supplied
with live pidgeons by puss, which
saved him from starving. This
caused him ever afterwards
to have a kindly feeling for his

feline friend who supplied him with the means of sustenance. A story is told of Tasso, who having exhausted the credit of all his candle makers besought his cat to supply him with light from her luminous eyes. This may sound rather quixotic, especially as poor Tasso became demented towards the end of his life. Nevertheless it is wonderful the amount

of fire there is in the cat's eyes when seen in the dark. They look like two burning orbs.

The great Horace Walpole would be one of the last men one would expect to see grieve for a cat, but he did so, and still further. At the death of the poet Gray he immortalised poet and cat together.

All who have read Boswell's

Lif of Johnson will remember Hodge Johnsons cat. On one occasion how Bossy grew quite jealous because of the exchange of carcasses between master and pet. However he covered up his antipathy by pronouncing Hodge to be a very fine cat.

Sterne we are told was very fond of his cat. Once when writing to his daughter he says

As to my pleasures they are few incompas. My poor cat sits purring beside me. Then he speaks of her dog. he too might share pussys priviledges. if he would give up his devilish tricks and leave the cat alone.

When Pius the IX sat down to dine his cat came in with the soup, mounted a chair oppersite him and decorously looked on to the

end of the dinner, when he received his at his master's hands. Abbé Galaini was an ardent lover of puss. He declared life would be unbearable in Naples if not for the companionship of his two cats. They were valued above everything else by him. Loosing one through the negligence of a servant Galaini swept the hou-

se and declared he would hang himself if puss was not found. Fortunately "the cat came back" and so averted a dreadful tragedy.

Bishop Thirwell, the Greek historian was a lover of puss, and a most indulgent one too. His self-denial was told by a friend who visited him in his retirement. Thinking he did not look com-

comfortable. ask him why he did not sit in the easy chair. Don't you see who is there said the Bishop pointing to a big cat fast asleep on a cushion curled up and comfortable. The great churchman gave preference to pussy's comfort before his own. Like Mohammed, who cut off the sleeve of his robe rather than disturb his Muezza.

Some men have kept a number of cats like Rich the harlequin. Peg Woffington once paying him a visit, found him sitting with a play book in one hand and a cup of tea in the other surrounded by over a score of cats of different varieties. The number may appear large, perhaps, personally I would rather share Rich's taste than be bored with

uncongenial companions.
Chesterfield provided for his
cat by his will. This showed a
right good will indeed, towards
puss.

Prominent Frenchmen have
been great friends of puss.
Richelieu the ruler of France tho-
ugh not particularly fond of
cats had a passion for kittens.
Colbert is said to have shared

the same passion. Chateaubrand
loved the cat for its independant
spirit. When in London he lodged
with an irish widow, who had two
beatiful white cats which she lost.
This caused a house of lamentation
in which Chateaubrand sympathe-
tically shared. Montaign thought
out his beautiful Essay, while strok-
ing the back of his Tabby.
It would be appro to the subject
to explain the word Tabby, as ma

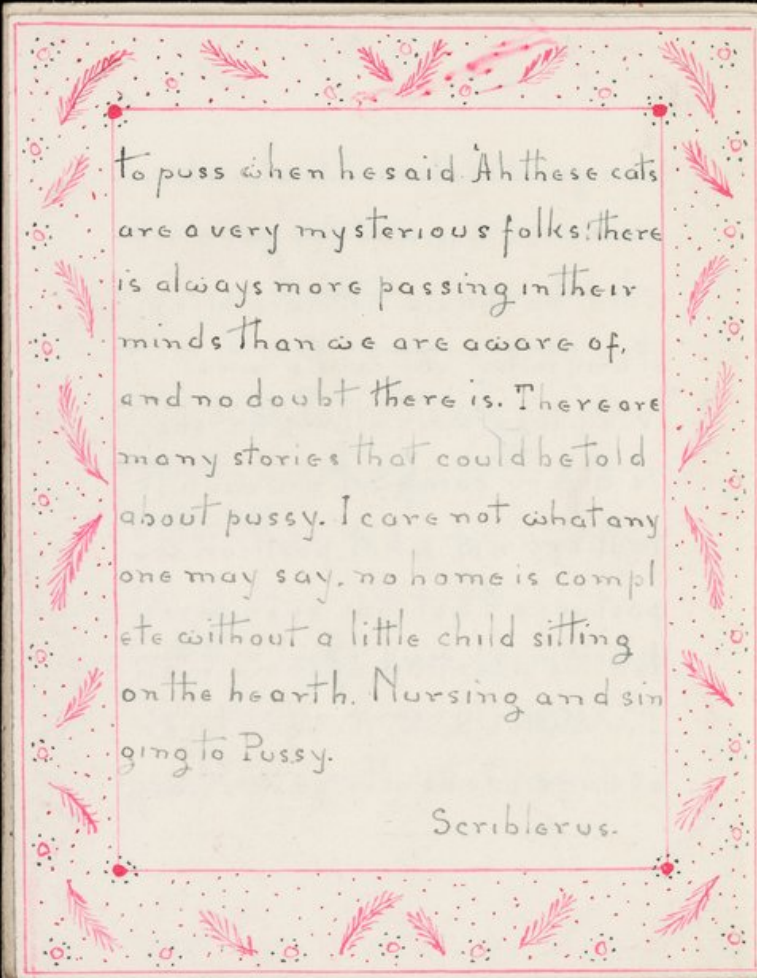
ny may not know its origin
It is a corruption of the word
atabe or atab, the name of a str
et in Bagdad famous for its wat
ered silks. The cat's back resemb
ling the markings of the silk.

Victor Hugo had great affection
for his lazy Chanoine.

Gautier loved puss from his boy
hood and no present was so
acceptable as a cat. Once he

was greatly alarmed when he
recieved a white Angora. He
said he should not dare offer
it anything but white mice.

Well, take puss all round she
is a very compact animal. It
matters not what position she
postures. That has even arres
ted the attention of some men
Sir Walter Scott, though a lover
of dogs, evidently gave a thought



to puss when he said. Ah these cats
are a very mysterious folks, there
is always more passing in their
minds than we are aware of,
and no doubt there is. There are
many stories that could be told
about pussy. I care not what any
one may say, no home is compl
ete without a little child sitting
on the hearth. Nursing and sin
ging to Pussy.

Scriblerus.

