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### KINDER-GARTENS.

THE education of children, "the subject which involves all other subjects," is a problem of surpassing interest and importance to this and all succeeding ages; and it is, unfortunately, a problem the solution of which has not been as yet more than vaguely and faintly attempted. "To educate rightly," Herbert Spencer bids us remember, "is not simple and easy, but a complex and extremely difficult thing, the hardest task which devolves upon adult life." Yet in daily practice, while we apply the investigations of science and the fruits of experience to the rearing of cattle or the breeding of poultry, and consider the improvement in horses and dogs an affair of almost national importance, we leave the education of children to parental instinct, that is, for the most part, to the thoughtless, hap-hazard treatment of foolish, ignorant, or vicious parents, who think it no crime to bring children into the world for whose welfare they make no provision. They consider the child to belong to themselves, to be used according to their pleasure; perchance their very slave; whose nature they may outrage for the sake of its labour; whose very childhood they may obliterate; or, at best, they stupidly imagine that they have fulfilled their parental duties when they have coerced, and thwarted, and crammed it with knowledge for which it feels disgust, but which it cannot possibly digest or assimilate, until

finally its perceptions become dulled, and its mental development is retarded or arrested. The cries of infant miseries may be heard all over the world—cries, alas! too weak to catch the ear of the multitude in this busy, noisy age; and many a child whose destiny it is to become a free man, is unfitted for freedom by the slavery which, under the misnomer of education, it endures in early life.

That automatonism and asceticism must eventually disappear from infant education, is beginning to be recognised. It is now acknowledged that pleasure is healthful to children, and pain hurtful. "The generic tendency of all pain," says Herbert Spencer, "is to quench activity; and this is the more especially true when fear accompanies the pain." And it is known that a happy childhood is "an auspicious inheritance" which, for the child's own happiness, and for the benefit of others, deeply influences its character for its whole after-life; and although young children, who are naturally so open to development through every impression on the senses, are still tortured by being obliged to learn dry lessons from books, yet the world is beginning to perceive that the development of the faculties is not a less important part of education than acquisition of special knowledge; and, above all, the frown and the rod are fast losing their credit, and severity in a teacher has ceased to be a recommendation.

There is much meaning in the satirical saying, that we give ourselves infinite trouble to teach children to walk and talk, and no sooner have they acquired a tolerable mastery over these accomplishments than we turn round and take just as much pains to make them sit still and hold their tongues. We force the child to do what is beyond its power, and contrary to its nature; we try to form it, as a Dutch gardener trims and trains his shrubs into grotesque forms, according to our conventional ideas of what a child ought to be, instead of taking care it shall develop into what God and Nature intended it to become. There are few thinking parents to whose conscience some accusation of our present system of child-education does not occur. It is for these parents that the Kinder-Garten, the educational system of Froebel, would, if they understood it, have the greatest interest.

For more than twenty years the system of Froebel—the lover of children, and acute observer of their childish instincts—has been known and carried into practice in many parts of Germany, and is gradually spreading over Europe. Froebel gave up a successful career as a naturalist, and after having for years devoted himself to the study of Nature, and learned some of her great laws of development and modes of operation, he turned his attention to human development in particular. Tracing the sympathy between mother and child and seeing that the mother is the true natural educator of the child he perceived that the maternal instinct must be brought under the guidance of reason and experience before it can act with security for the infant; that the present ignorance and inability of mother must be corrected by the subject of infant training being made a branch of education in every girls' school.

Froebel was the pupil of Pestalozzi, and retaining all that Pestalozzi gives, he adds to it that which is needed, besides, for the development of the heart, the will, and the active energies. Pestalozzi's method converts seeing and hearing into the channels for receiving and comprehending impressions of objects. Froebel contrives to bring the child's activity into play, to unite the means of mental development with the work of the child, to follow the direction which the child's activity voluntarily takes, to let it do, and act, and learn by its own experience.

The term "Kinder-Garten," or *Jardin d'Enfants*, is often misunderstood to mean a garden for children, in which education is to be carried on. This is not the case; although gardening and outdoor exercise and amusements enter largely into the system. It means a garden of children, who are themselves the plants, to be surrounded with conditions suitable to their necessities and capabilities and carefully managed and aided in their self-development by the judicious gardener. The term "Nursery," in English, being used in two senses, seems to correspond with this idea.

It is not the intention to separate the children in the Kinder-Garten from the mother. There must be co-operation of home and school, if education shall become truly successful. Love of home and of parents is kept alive by a short absence, during which the child is continually reminded, in play and song, of the love it feels for them, and every little work it accomplishes is taken home with delight to give surprise and pleasure. In Froebel's "Nursery Songs for Mothers and Children," he has made a collection of the songs and games well-known and traditionally preserved by all European nations, and these he converts into a form of unfolding the child's mental and bodily capacity. It is the most simple forms that are best adapted to fix an infant's attention; these it demands, that it may examine them by all its senses; and when it refers everything to its mouth, it is not merely to satisfy its sense of taste, or to appease the pain of teething: it examines objects with its tongue on the same principle a blind man examines by the touch. Froebel's first gift to the infant is a box of soft balls of various sizes and colours, upon which it can concentrate its awakening faculties; and there are a number of games and exercises of the fingers and hands connected with these balls which it would be hard to describe.

During the first years of life constant activity of the body is an impulse of nature, and play is a law of the child's being. It is upon this fact that the system of Froebel is founded, and upon which the importance of the Kinder-Garten rests. The first necessity the infant feels, after that of nourishment, is of movement. In the healthy child this never fails. The first condition of all activity is the free development of the members and organs of motions. The effects of the repression of this instinct of constant movement is sadly to be seen in the stunted growth, and awkward gait of the little children who are kept sitting on forms for hours together, especially in work-houses and orphanages. The Kinder-Garten provides for this tendency to activity by supplying the proper materials for play, and guiding the children in their games and exercises in which they take delight. In the words of Herbert Spencer, "we see in all these actions by which the muscles are developed, the perceptions sharpened, and the judgment quickened; a preparation for the safe conduct of the body among surrounding objects and movements; and for meeting these greater dangers which occasionally occur in the life of all. What we are

chiefly called upon to see, is that there shall be free scope for gaining this experience, and receiving this discipline. Another necessity, which asserts itself almost as strongly as that of physical movement, is understood, and gratified in the Kinder-Garten. It is the love of digging and rooting in the earth, moving and carrying it from one place to another. That which captivates and attracts the child the most, is to handle everything, and to work in order to carry out its own fancies, to imitate what it has seen others do, and to test its own powers. It will plant its little garden even with cut flowers. This is Nature's method of teaching. The child is an experimental philosopher, and must have materials upon which to learn the ordinary properties of matter.

Froebel thought very much of the importance of a garden in infant education. These early associations render a child sensible of the impressions of Nature, and next to that of home affections exert the most efficacious influence on the mind. It is in the garden that the child makes the most passionate and voluntary efforts to accomplish something useful and good. He digs, and rakes, and waters, and watches with impatience the opening of the blossoms. He runs with them to surprise the mother. He loves the plants, and the pet animals, and their dependence on him for care awakens in him the first unselfish affection, the first sense of duty; and at this early age how few are the ways by which the practice of a duty can be inculcated! for it is a mistake to imagine that a task that is painful and contrary to the instincts of a child, will give it moral strength. The love of duty can only be learned by easy degrees. The child's inclination must urge it to undertake something which is difficult; and which will bring its own unselfish reward when accomplished. To awaken a feeling of tenderness and of self-denial is the happiest of influences. "Virtue," says Aimé Martin, "is not merely taught; it is inspired."  
A. H.

#### AN ARGUMENT ON THE WOMAN QUESTION.\*

SOMEWHERE in America a story is told which illustrates, perhaps with some extravagance, the ease with which we commonly bear circumstances that greatly concern other people. The rector of a parish church preached a powerfully affecting sermon, which suffused the eyes of all who heard with tears; save one, who, amidst the weeping of the whole congregation, exhibited the most stolid indifference. Inquiry was made into the cause of the preacher's failure to melt this one cold and obdurate heart; but the answer returned by its owner to the question that was put to him was all-sufficient: he belonged "to another parish!" In a great measure this stranger exhibited the counterpart of a phase of character which is pretty generally displayed amongst human kind. The power of a most eloquent discourse, delivered with all the rhetorical arts that are calculated to impress the mind, will often fail to elicit a responsive echo, where, from the want of habituation to the speaker's mannerisms, from the lack of a due acquaintance with the points whereon he dwells, or from the undue repression of some one of the many qualities which make up an approximately perfect type of intellect and character, there is not in the first instance a high degree of sensibility to a given order of impressions. The mine is not fired because there is a break in the train of powder too wide for the accumulating explosive force in the preliminary stage to overleap. The continuity of the chain being broken, the electricity which is designed to reach its farthest point, there to work out its ultimate mission, is stopped ere it has traversed the entire course, and from the severed link exudes idly into the air. So is it with all those great questions of alleged wrong which, now and again, some effort is made to remedy by inclusiveness of representation; and especially with regard to what is called the Woman Question, which involves all the vital interests of society in its discussion and settlement.

Hitherto, men have enjoyed a monopoly of political power. Many men still think that monopoly perfectly right and just. They assert

\* The opening speech of a debate delivered before an audience of working men.

that to a considerable, though undefined extent women are capable of representation by means of and through the votes of male electors. It seems to be forgotten that men are swayed—subtly; unconsciously—by considerations whose force is mainly derived from the masculine character, such as it has been moulded by long ages of political life, of commercial activity, of personal enterprise, and by the perpetual strife of intellect against intellect to which these give full and free scope. With this process of development by which man has reached his present high standard of refinement and civilization, woman has had little to do; and therefore, immediately she seeks the merest foothold, there is on the instant an outcry that she is stepping out of the sphere she is fitted to adorn. This process, moreover, has established gradually but surely as broad a line of demarcation between the thoughts and wishes, the views and aspirations, of men and of women who, in this busy world, think only of problems as they arise before them, as there could be if the sexes were wholly sundered by an universal fiat of divorce. There must always be a want of sincere, perfect, loving sympathy between any two persons, who have not the fullest knowledge each of the other's thoughts, and the most entire confidence in the purity and genuineness of motive and impulse underlying all their relations one towards another. If it were otherwise, and one-half our race were gifted with that clear insight which those pretend they possess who say that, as men, they represent also women, it would almost necessarily follow that the great mass of mankind would be wedded, and the great majority of marriages would be marked by unalloyed happiness.

Millennial bliss is yet too far from us to entitle it to be regarded, except in rare instances, as anything more practical than an idle dream. Its pursuit was held forth in the chivalry of past ages, when women were dependent, and knights vindicated their unsullied honour and redressed their wrongs. Then, the plea of vicarious representation might have been valid; then, also, it might have been urged that woman, loved and revered, sung by poets, and protected by her admirers, had no special need for representation at all. The flower of the old chivalry has faded, however. We have instead hard, gripping necessities for the satisfaction of which most men must strive. We have such an immense preponderance of women in our population, at the same time as we have means larger than were ever possessed before, but so unequally distributed, and often subject to so sudden mutations of fortune, that both the power and the will to maintain them all in decency and comfort without actual labour on their part is rapidly dying out in our midst.

We are brought, then, face to face with a number of startling problems; notably, among them, the Pauper problem, the Industrial problem, and the problem of Morals. Of these, the first may be sub-divided at pleasure, so as to form an accumulative argument of almost irresistible strength in favour of the inclusion of women in our scheme of Parliamentary representation. The great French war drained the country, in the earlier years of the present century, of its yeomen, its yeomen's sons, and the stalwart tillers of the soil; it also gave rise to a persistent struggle, the end of which is not yet, to remove from class to class the grievous burthen of a crushing load of taxation. The death of the farmer fighting his country's battles on some foreign field left the care and labours of the farm, which hitherto had yielded subsistence to his family, upon the responsible hands and shoulders of his widow. But the widow had no vote; that died with the husband—died when it was more than ever necessary to the landlord class that votes should be had, to preserve their political privileges and status undiminished, against the inroads of the growing middle class in towns, whose manufacturing enterprise had gained for them inordinate and unsound prosperity from the excitement which a vast destructive trade had caused. Need it surprise anyone capable of tracing out the several links in a chain of circumstances, that the non-possession of votes by competent women in a long and desperate crisis in our history was the primary cause of those tremendous evils which threaten, sooner or later, to bring vast changes in their rear? Morally and socially, gross wrong was done whenever a widow received notice to quit her holding for any cause other than non-payment of her rent; politically, the act of the landlord was defensible. In the war of classes that keenly divided

the nation into hostile camps; each fighting for its own hand, and the astute middle class snatching the prize of victory in the very heat of the triumph of numbers; when Socialism reared its head above the level of current politics, and preachers of revolutionary dogmas proclaimed their erratic faiths to thousands of illiterate hearers in every corner of the United Kingdom: was there any wonder that those who hitherto had desired still to retain a hold upon the power of legislation, and that for the sake of votes for their own, women, who had no votes under the law, must surely give way? You will perhaps say that, however defensible, in a political sense, the cruelty is such as should have aroused a general outcry of reprobation for the act from one end to the other of the land: that the mischief to the community of turning away from places where they had become rooted, a large number of good citizens, and reducing them to a condition of helpless penury, if not of absolute destitution, must have been so irreparable, that this, being foreseen, would prevent the wrong from actual perpetration. Granted: but to the first point it may be replied, in anticipation of its being urged, that it is only out of this and other social wrongs that the newspaper press has drawn its life, and there were no means of evoking the indignation of the people when such deeds were being almost daily perpetrated; and to both first and second points it may be answered, that every class of the electors must have had quite enough to do to deal with its own interests, without undertaking the redressing of women's wrongs; besides which, intelligence was not so generally diffused, nor was there any such universal recognition of the laws of social and political economy, as would have opened the eyes of the people at large to the injury that was being wrought. It is probably in this direction that we must seek for the causes of disappearance of the yeomanry, once the pride of England, during the last 170 years, until they are now nearly extinct; as also for an explanation of the vast decrease in the number of separate holdings of land—a sure sign of decay in national prosperity, which has been stated (upon what authority it is not easy to ascertain) to have been not less than 180,000 during the wars of Anne and the first three Georges.

The expulsion by degrees of so many women, simply on the ground of their being political non-entities, from the one sphere of occupation to which they had been all their lives accustomed, swelled the gaunt army of dependent persons. Had the theory of representation by male relatives and male electors been true in fact, as each female tenant quitted her holding, there would have been at least some attempt made, by the opening of new channels of employment, to mitigate the harshness of the decree which turned her penniless adrift. That no such effort was ever made, even partially; that whatever efforts might have been put forth must have been shorn of much of their intended effect by the necessary incompatibility of the new prospect with the whole tenor of the former life; and that the traditional prejudice against women as tenants is so strong as still to exclude them generally from the care and management of farms, and in towns where parties are pretty evenly balanced from the occupation of dwelling-houses also, are sufficient evidence, without travelling over any more extended area of employments, of the miserable shortsightedness and injustice from which all who are unrepresented are liable to suffer. Since the time when these things frequently happened, women have been continually seeking new spheres of industry. Hundreds of thousands plied the needle, till the market became so overstocked with them, and their toil so unremunerative, that Society stood aghast, thirty years ago at the wretchedness and want of many of its members. With painful stages, women have slowly progressed upward. The introduction of new industries has created resources not before available for the maintenance of younger women. Needlework is no longer the only resource of the uneducated, nor is the profession of teaching the solitary calling to which the educated may betake themselves. Yet nothing has been gained easily. We have waited for a wild cry of despair, to offer women a bare chance of earning bread; and on the other side men have rudely pushed women back by the strong hand of prescriptive right, when they have sought to enter spheres for which there was no natural or sexual unfitness on their part. It is only by a species of humane courtesy, a sentiment of pity for their weakness, that women are permitted to carry on the com-

mercial pursuits of their deceased husbands and fathers. But why this pitiful courtesy? Are women such reckless and unprincipled traders that men cannot trust them? Are they so litigious that their disputes on money matters daily task the patience of courts of law? Are they so incompetent, that in proportion to their numbers they fill the *Gazette* with their failures? If you ask *how* women succeed, the answer may be found in the fact that in great Continental cities women carry on trades to an almost unlimited extent; if you ask *why* they succeed, the reply must be, that the providence and forethought in the minutest details, which the opponents of Women's Suffrage urge as a reason for their (alleged) inability to grasp imperial questions, keeps them from getting beyond their depth.

But why should not women enjoy the franchise equally with men? The ground of the principle of the franchise is that inherent in property: and the right to hold property is not withheld by law from unmarried women and widows—those who, having separate interests, need, and for whom we claim, representation. It depends in no way upon the intelligence of the electors, and if it did the women would fairly enter into comparison with men. It has nothing to do with brute strength, for the weakest of women might, under the ballot, give votes as freely as the most powerful of men; and if it were not so, the right being conceded, Society would be bound to protect its legitimate exercise. It is vain to urge that they have vast influence behind the scenes and in society; for that influence can never avail in lieu of direct representation, and it is generally not the influence of the unmarried and the widowed, against whom propriety shuts all doors. It is absurd to suppose that the single act of giving a vote would destroy the moral purity of woman's nature, or rob her of that sweetness and light which make many a home joyous. Since the machinery of Parliamentary, School Board, municipal, and parochial voting is now closely assimilated, and there is no more reason to fear that deterioration among the two-and-a-half millions of women not dependent on men, than among the 1,100 women-householders who voted for Mrs. Grey's candidature in the Chelsea division of the School Board, or the large, unascertained number voting in Marylebone for Mrs. Garrett-Anderson. That women will talk politics is, no doubt, true; they talk politics at present. That many of them will pursue public interests professionally, is, no doubt, true; why should they not if they pursue them well? That some will hold before them an ideal which they think nobler than marriage, may also happen. It happens now; and the world is infinitely the better for the spinsterhood of Florence Nightingale and Lady Burdett-Coutts. "Marriage is honourable in all," but it is not the mission set apart for all. One would be at liberty to infer from the grave fears which some men entertain lest women become politicians, that the grand aim of our representative system was to force into union with the individual voter the woman he loved. Suppose the wildest chimera that ever sat as a nightmare upon Mr. Pleydell-Bouverie, Mr. Beresford-Hope, or Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen to be realized; that women everywhere studied politics, and made their drawing-rooms the arena of political discussion; that the laws of political economy entered into the conduct of households; and that a lover, when he asked a woman's hand in marriage, should be cross-examined as to the colour and complexion of his political creed: what, after all, does it imply? Simply, with a little extravagance, that woman takes the place for which the higher law of her being, the law of nature and the law of God, intended her, as the fitting companion, the sympathetic friend, the affectionate counsellor and adviser of man, educated by her protection of her own interests for the assistance of those of her future husband or her brother; so that the bright halo hitherto seen here or there only in the home might be diffused through all the relations of life, and the whole community be the better and the purer for its irradiating influence.

J. T. DEXTER.

## HYGIENE.

If physiology be such an important branch of education, why has it been so long a neglected study? is the natural question of every reflecting mind. Let us make it the topic of a day's *causerie*. Without presuming to dogmatize on a subject we have never seen discussed, perhaps our friends may find a germ of truth in our tracing to remote causes, a neglect which we do not consider entirely accidental, though likely to have a very vital effect on human happiness.

When Christianity first shed its glow on the world, and intoxicated men's souls with its holiness and beauty, the desire for martyrdom became so great a passion among the converts to the new faith, that they rushed in crowds to the tribunals, begging to be put to death. Again, as persecution died away, the mind, purified by Christian precept, and loathing the corruption of the world in which it lived, sought its escape in solitude, and the deserts became peopled with anchorites, whose austerities were a kind of beacon in the surrounding darkness, familiarizing men's minds with ideas of self-denial, mortification, and self-sacrifice, hitherto unknown to the world; and hence the asceticism of the desert was, we may suppose, a necessary phase in Christianity. But, as was natural in such a life, zeal often grew into fanaticism, and no indignity was too great to be inflicted on this body of death. The example of the Apostles and early Christians, who frequented the public baths, was forgotten; and to wash the person came to be such a forbidden luxury, that it is said an old abbot, who scandalized his monks by washing his feet, with a true perception of the real character of sanctity, rebuked them in the words, "I strive to kill my passions, but not my body." However it remains an unchanged fact, in all ages, that a feeling of impatience against the earthly clog which impedes its highest aspirations, is the natural accompaniment of a spiritualized mind. Yet it should not be forgotten that God has chosen this despised "clog" to be the instrument by which he wills us to work out his Divine ordinances and neglect of its wants, and contempt for its infirmities, while almost certain to lessen our capacity for usefulness, may often be but an unconscious manifestation of a pride which brooks no physical obstacle to the object set before the mind. But at the remote period of which we speak, and under the circumstances we describe, when the dissolution of the world was of constant expectation, it was, perhaps, inevitable that religious enthusiasm should dominate over all hygienic or prudential considerations. It is recorded that when too late many of the saints became conscious of the undue severities they had practised, and when life was ebbing away. "I have sinned against my brother, the ass," was St. Francis Assisi's pathetic acknowledgment of this error. But the contempt contained in these words, "my brother, the ass," has come down to us even to the present day, and, perhaps, to it we may trace that carelessness of physiological culture which unfailingly brings dirt, poverty, and disease. Parallel to the idea that it was sinful to wash, grew up the supposed duty of entirely ignoring the existence of any bodily function, until now, in the nineteenth century, with all its boasted civilization, we find not only the most complete ignorance of all the laws of life, but a very diffused idea that it is immodest to teach them; and the groans of "my brother the ass" are habitually overlooked, until, for its greater punishment, it at length falls into medical hands, with what result most suffering donkeys know.

Far be it from us to undervalue the virtue of self-denial. Repulsive as it is to nature, the epitome of life is contained in St. Paul's words, "I die daily." Though the austerities of the desert are impracticable to those breathing less wholesome air, and taxing the mental energies more severely, the law of self-restraint, remains an inevitable necessity; and we grieve to say that, so far from tending to push this duty to its extreme limit, the tendency of the age is to escape from a decree from which Paradise was not exempt. If physiology can aid religion and morality in the enforcement of the divine precept of self-denial, will it not be wise to accept its aid? Nature's laws, rightly understood, enforce simple habits and active lives. One of the primary laws of health—without which there can be little usefulness—obliges us to cultivate that bodily purity which

Portrait Albums are now to be found on every drawing-room table. No article is more welcome as a gift. They were badly bound when first introduced, but are now got up in the most perfect style, with leather joints, so as to last for years, at extraordinarily low prices for 60, 100, 300, or 400 portraits, by Parkins and Goto, purveyors of fancy articles to H.R.H. the Princess of Wales, 27 and 28, Oxford-street, London, W.—Advr.

ought to be the external type of "the clean of heart;" but the necessity for this habit can only be made intelligible by some knowledge of the structure of the skin. Physiologists call the skin a supplementary lung, which we shall not occupy space by describing here, beyond mentioning its 7,000,000 of pores, which are the mouths of the great drains of the body, and are of such extreme minuteness, that one drop of water would have to be divided into 1,700 parts before it could or can make its way through the orifice of a single pore. If God makes nothing without a use, is it not only reverent acknowledgment of his wisdom to endeavour fully to understand the purpose of this elaborate net-work of ducts and drains. Let it now suffice to say, that the skin breathes out poison in the form of carbonic acid gas, taking in oxygen in exchange. In other words, it is always exhaling what is called insensible perspiration, and, under certain circumstances, that denser moisture which is perceptible to the senses; and so essential to health is this constant action, that a partial closure of the pores is as sure to produce some derangement of the system, as entire closure would death, in a few hours. Remarkable as such a fact is, where have we ever seen it taught? As far as our knowledge goes, there is, or was, a chapter containing some references to it in the National Schools' Fourth Book, which only a few in every hundred children reach; and there is not a trace of allusion to the subject in any book we have ever seen used in the education of the richer classes. On the contrary, so strong is the prejudice against this teaching, that we have known children removed from a class in a superior government school, because the teacher proposed instructing them in the rudiments of physiology!

Without delaying to bewail this fact, is it not time that we should begin to organize a new system? It often occurred to us, when we heard of ladies sailing for the Crimea, and offering their aid as nurses in the late war, how much more certain good they could do at home. We, however, only give this as a passing thought, for minds are variously constituted, and what one individual, through a sense of right, feels a strong impulse to accomplish, it is arrogant in another to blame. Still there may be no harm in reminding our sisters that there is a plentiful harvest to reap at our very doors, if only our eyes were opened to the fact. The ignorant, the unwashed, the sick, claim our sympathy at every step we take. Many a young lady's life would be brightened by the simple fact of undertaking to teach a class how to make their homes happier, through personal and household cleanliness. A little knowledge and experience would soon awaken dissatisfaction with mere face and hands washing, the now stereotyped form of child's ablution; for the grimy skins under the clean pinafores of the little whited sepulchres would revolt both conscience and common sense, were it only because the false semblance of a cleanliness, which does not exist is a practical delusion and a lie. If the work we propose were only commenced, what a number of enthusiastic young friends we should count asking for some safe and attainable mode of ablution where numbers could wash together! Thank God! the requirement is easily gratified. Through the intuitive genius of a lost friend to humanity, a once general health-agent has been rescued from comparative oblivion, and spread from our country to all the civilized world. We shall always regret that when it first received the title of the Irish Bath from its opponents, as a mark of hostility and contempt, our request to our countrymen was overlooked, to imitate *Les Gueux* in the Low Countries—to catch up with pride an appellation which was given in scorn; but the opportunity was lost, and the modern hot air bath is better known as the Irish Bath in Germany than at home.

Still Ireland possesses one undisputed honour. Here the claims of the poor to share the luxuries of the rich, have been more usefully and practically considered than in any other country, and the People's Bath at Cork, with its record of 126,841 baths taken in the eight years of its existence, sets aside for ever all question of its suitability to every age and class. Judging of public feeling by the tone of the leading journals, the time seems not ill chosen for the friends of our new hygiene in the metropolis to organize a movement for the purpose of sharing the honour of a People's Bath with the sister city. It is painful to remember that so great a memorial of Dr. Barter's benevolence now mourns its lost benefactor; but it is right to add that

though Cork chiefly owes this boon to one who has made the world his debtor, all the early part of the labour was exclusively woman's. We know no better outlet for charity, no nobler occupation for a few ladies, than the work we propose. Instead of the selfish precaution of guarding against one disease or another, let us vow ourselves to a war against Ignorance, Dirt, and Drunkenness, from which all epidemics spring, and not only shall we mitigate their severity, but gradually they *must* die out.

AN IRISHWOMAN.

## REVIEWS.

WORDS OF WEIGHT ON THE WOMAN QUESTION.—[Longmans, Green, and Co., Paternoster-row.]

THIS volume may be fitly described as an encyclopædia of facts and opinions on the subject of the Enfranchisement of Women. Without pretentious heralding of preface, lacking even the trivial honour of publicity for the author's name, the aim which is throughout steadily and consistently adhered to is the presentation of effective quotations from all accessible authorities, arranged so as to form a consecutive argument; the collecting of the scattered rays of light into a focus, so that they powerfully illuminate every conceivable aspect of the great question. The work is one the importance of which cannot be over-estimated in the present position of the Women's cause. Gradually, as one reads on and on, the conviction is surely grounded that the Woman Question, so-called, is the most prominent question of the time; that it involves much more than the demand of women of active minds and ample leisure for a political right, the issues of which they have not fairly mastered; that it points to the re-settlement of all the relations of the sexes, upon a basis more strictly consonant with the changed conditions under which society now exists than those stereotyped notions would allow which have been inherited from the crude ages now buried with the dead. It is quite easy to conceive that the marvellous exercise of womanly love, and faith, and patience, which the codification of nearly 1,200 declarations has called into play, was not, in the first instance, intended for the public eye. Collected for the purpose mainly of personal edification and comfort, the results of the compiler's extensive research are published in the view of making them both interesting and useful to many, whose mental digestion is too weak for the due assimilation of more deep and serious treatises on the subject. But this modest justification of the act for which an unknown benefactor deserves our cordial thanks, may well be enlarged and carried up to a higher level by any one, who, having tested the genuineness of the lady's effort, may speak in praise of her success. Every order and range of intelligence and culture; every school of political theorists and public men; every existing community of a religious nature, yields in turn its contribution, either of statement or of protest, of reluctant confession or of mature and voluntary advocacy, to the general treasury of argument in behalf of justice and equality of treatment for women. Could any service of greater appreciable value be rendered by pen or tongue to the vanguard of Women's progress? Not every one, however sincere and earnest may be the interest exhibited in any scheme of social reform, possesses sufficient powers of concentration to direct the mind at any moment to the vigorous examination of apparently new aspects of the question; nor is it commonly found that either men or women of trained intellects are gifted with those resources of memory, which make the happy possessor practically independent of such helps as a dictionary of classified quotations can, in proportion to its comprehensiveness, well afford.

The ponderous and erratic orthodoxy of Spurgeon, and the logical scepticism of Lecky; the dogmatism of Alexander, and the incisive reasoning of Stuart Mill; the subtlety of Michelet, the tenderness of Shelley, the passion of Byron, the statistical penchant of Duchatelet, the various ideas of the grave Quarterlies, the eloquence of Gladstone, and the powerfully attractive historical and social analysis of Disraeli, are all brought successively to the fore, reminding the reader of that fine description Solomon gives of words in season—hey are "apples of gold in pictures of silver."



## WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE AT AYR AND PAISLEY.

Mr. E. H. J. Craufurd, M.P., has discovered that his seat for Ayr is somewhat thorny. He has addressed his constituents, has answered innumerable questions, has been heard amidst a storm of mingled cheers and hisses, and has received such treatment from the canny Scotch folk as might well induce any conscientious public man to resign the trust he is accused by a majority of the electors of betraying. The people of Ayr seem to be remarkable for very plain speaking. One of them, in the scene which followed the catechising of the unhappy Member, actually moved that he was "one of the greatest humbugs that ever represented Ayr;" a sentiment which elicited loud cheers, and was so far accepted by a crowded assembly in the Queen's Rooms, that they carried, as declared by the Chairman (who was favourable to Mr. Craufurd), a resolution of "No confidence." As if to complete his discomfiture, and prove the truth of the opinion of his merits so emphatically cheered at the meeting of his constituents, Mr. Craufurd had to hear and answer a deputation appointed by the Ayr Women's Suffrage Committee. Mr. H. C. Grey and Dr. Macdonald (the Rector of the Academy) explained the views of the deputation, which Mr. Craufurd professed himself glad to hear. He could not, however, assent to what had been said in favour of conferring the suffrage upon women. Mr. Grey, he said, stated that the principle of legislation hitherto had been that property gave a vote. That was not exactly the fact. Property was not the foundation of a vote, but rather the measure of a voter's capacity. We should have thought the measure of a person's capacity was scarcely so much his ownership or tenancy of so many bricks, as the intelligence displayed in the use of his political privileges; but Mr. Craufurd may have feared that his own condemnation would surely follow in the wake of such an admission as that. Indeed, upon the very pretence which Mr. Craufurd insincerely puts forth, women should certainly have the franchise granted to them. The Baroness Burdett Coutts possesses so much property, that the measure of her capacity must be infinitely above and beyond comparison with Mr. Craufurd's own; as also must be the capacity of some thousands of women who never had the chance of enlarging its measure by the use on all hands of the title of M.P. "The engineer hoist with his own petard" is a feeble simile to employ concerning Mr. Craufurd. However, as change is the fashion of this world, or, more properly, of the political chameleons it contains, the hon. gentleman's views may undergo considerable modifications; especially as he promises, in spite of his opposition on principle—which he might spell with an *a*—that "if women themselves give a decided opinion on the matter, he will give it the fullest consideration."

A large attendance was gathered in the Old Low Church of Paisley, under the presidency of Mr. James Arthur (of Barshaw), on the 2nd instant, to hear a lecture in promotion of the cause of the female franchise from Miss M. E. Beedy, M.A., one of the graduates of Antioch College, St. Louis, U.S.A. The subject was "Woman Suffrage, considered in its Industrial and Political Aspects," and during more than an hour Miss Beedy kept the attention of her hearers, among whom were many ladies, and elicited frequent laughter and applause by the logical acuteness and mature eloquence she displayed. Provost Murray proposed, and Mr. Thomas Coats seconded, "That this meeting holds that every person whose name is on the valuation roll should have a vote, irrespective of sex," and the motion was unanimously adopted. Mr. P. Comyn MacGregor, in a clever and amusing speech, proposed the adoption of petitions to Parliament in favour of removing the political disabilities of women. He confessed he never had much love for the Whig proposals of Reform; their £8, and £7, and £6 schemes seemed to him just a tinkering at Reform for party purposes only; but when Disraeli propounded his Reform Bill, for the first time placing the franchise on a principle, that of giving a vote to every householder rated for the poor, he was amazed that the House of Commons put in the words, "male householder." He was very much surprised to be told that afternoon by Miss Beedy, that their County Member, Mr. Bruce,

was a great opponent of Women's Suffrage. Mr. Bruce was to be in that neighbourhood early in January next, and he would advise the ladies of Paisley to see him on the subject; possibly his multifarious and harassing official duties had prevented him giving the subject sufficient attention. In some respects he pitied the man who had been dropped on Fortune's hill. The man who had never been baffled in his business projects, or baffled in his political schemes, or baffled in his literary aspirations—such a man could never, so to speak, enjoy the sunshine they might have to-morrow, not having experienced the gloom they had to-day. But he had no hesitation in saying that the man whose lot it might have been to lie for weary weeks and months on a bed of sickness—to find his strength (of which he might have been unduly proud) oozing away, the feebleness of childhood creeping over and mastering him, and despondency taking possession of his soul—he said that such a man, if returning spring brought with it to him renewed health and strength, and enabled him again to mix in the world's busy throng, was able to appreciate the lines of a deceased Paisley poet:—

A flower that's ever in its bloom,  
A gift sent from the sky,  
A light man's darkness to illumine,  
In women's virtues lie;

and certainly he would not be the man to deny to those ministering angels all the rights of citizenship. Mr. William Robertson seconded the motion, and a memorial to the Prime Minister was afterwards adopted on the proposition of Baillie Watson.

In a brief editorial ament this meeting, the *Paisley Herald* observes that Mr. Arthur (of Barshaw), was exceedingly happy and neat in his complimentary remarks to Miss Beedy at the close of her lecture. He alluded to the many eminent men who had preceded her in the classic "Old Low," and truthfully said that not one of them had delivered a finer lecture. Fine was the exact word to use. Daniel O'Connell had spoken there—he was broadly and magnificently, yet a little coarsely, eloquent. The voice of Fergus O'Connor had resounded within the old walls, sensationally oratorical. The echoes of John Crawford's voice are not yet quite stilled, when, on a long-ago memorable occasion, the rebound of his rhetoric was so great, that fears were entertained for the stability of the old building, and he was gently removed from thence to the Saracen's Head Inn. The lecture of Miss Beedy was a beautiful piece of composition, and so well delivered, abounding in the nicest antithesis and most finely-polished sentences. To use a word in its ancient meaning, it was a most *distinct* lecture; too fine for an ordinary audience, such as the accomplished lady may encounter in other parts of Scotland, but her most polished shafts and her most refined arguments, refined almost to a fault, were not thrown away.

IF THERE ARE ANY LADIES who have not yet used the GLENFIELD STARCH, they are respectfully solicited to give it a trial, and carefully follow out the directions printed on every package, and if this is done they will say, like the Queen's Laundress, it is the finest Starch they ever used. When you ask for GLENFIELD STARCH, see that you get it; as inferior kinds are often substituted for the sake of an extra profit. Beware, therefore, of spurious imitations.—ADVT.

FROM J. Hounsell, Esq., Surgeon, Bridport, Dorsetshire: "I consider BUNTER'S NERVINE a specific for tooth-ache. Very severe cases under my care have found instantaneous and permanent relief." From E. Smith, Esq., Surgeon Sherston, near Cirencester: "I have tried BUNTER'S NERVINE in many cases of severe tooth-ache, and in every instance permanent relief has been obtained." Sold by all Chemists, 1s. 1½d. per packet or post-free for 15 stamps from J. R. Cooper, Maidstone.—ADVT.

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TO CONSUMPTIVES.—A Grateful Father is desirous of sending by mail, free of charge to all who wish it, a copy of the prescription by which his daughter was restored to perfect health from confirmed consumption, after having been given up by her physicians and despaired of by her father, a well-known physician, who has now discontinued practice. Sent to any person Free Address O. P. Brown, Secretary, 2, King-street, Covent-garden, London.—ADVT.

## MISCELLANEOUS NOTES.

A MEETING in furtherance of the Women's Suffrage movement was held at Reading on the evening of the 12th instant.

LORD LYTELTON, distributing the prizes won by successful students at the St. Martin's School of Art, noticed with regret that the proportion of female students was smaller than in many other institutions with which he was acquainted.

LECTURES to ladies are to be given in Leicester. A meeting was held on the 7th instant in the Mayor's parlour, and an influential committee was nominated to make the necessary arrangements. Much interest was evinced in the object, and the attendance of ladies at the meeting was numerous. A conference was to be had with Professor Morley, who would probably deliver the first course.

THE *Loughborough Monitor and News* refers in highly complimentary terms to the lecture on "The Songs of Scotland" recently delivered at the Town-hall by Madame Ronniger, before the Literary and Philosophical Society. The *Monitor* says that Madame Ronniger is evidently an educated woman of a high order, and her lecture, which was given in a clear and distinct manner, deservedly called forth the plaudits of the audience.

Mrs. NOEL TWATCHER has commenced preaching at Islington. A sister of Mr. Spurgeon has been preaching some time in the country, and with great success. The Wesleyans have many women engaged in giving exhortations in mission rooms, cottage-lectures, and occasional addresses. The secessionists from the conference body, however, are the only religious societies that in England regularly admit women to the pulpit as on a level with clergymen in full orders.

THE *Globe*, following the *John Bull* and the *Standard*, declares its adhesion to the movement for Women's Suffrage, and has published a well written and fairly reasoned article in behalf of the proposed inclusion of women in the lists of Parliamentary voters. "Time, perseverance, and the right," our contemporary observes, "generally make way. Once let the righteousness of a cause be so clearly manifested that no one can deny it, and the crowds who follow their leaders like sheep come round to the principle they were among the first to give at. This is the case with the female franchise movement."

Mrs. FEAST presided at a Conference on the Women's Suffrage question at Birmingham, on the 6th instant, at which Mrs. Arthur Arnold and Miss Lydia Becker read papers, and among the speakers were Messieurs Capern, Elmy, Hawkes (Alderman), and Langford, Professors Hunter, M.A., and Massie, LL.D., the Rev. Urijah J. Thomas (of Bristol), and Mesdames Binns (of Birkenhead), Sims (of London), and Sturge (of Birmingham). Mrs. Arnold mentioned, with other interesting facts bearing on the subject, that 90,000 women ratepayers recorded their votes in the various municipal elections throughout the country, in the month of November. A large public meeting on the evening of the same day was addressed by Mrs. Fawcett, Miss Sturge, Miss Rhoda Garrett, Miss Agnes Garrett, Professor Fawcett, M.A., M.P., the Rev. R. W. Dale, M.A., &c., &c., in the Birmingham Town-hall.

THE plan of a Home for Governesses, many of whom will else scarce be able to bridge over the winter, with coals and provisions at so largely-increased prices, is described in detail in a long letter which is addressed to us by Miss Jane B. Cooke, of Berners-street. The scheme is intended for the advantage of daily governesses rather than others, and to be conducted on such a scale as, without charity on one hand or gain on the other, to be practically a self-supporting institution. The great difficulty of all such establishments, that, sooner or later, a given proportion of those who avail themselves of their existence must become dependent on their exceptional charity, is proposed to be met by means of a special fund, to be spent at the discretion of the Lady Superintendent in the maintenance as guests of deserving cases for a limited and reasonable period. For this object it is estimated that £500 will be required, a sum towards which not quite £100 is already promised. Miss Cooke is anxious before commencing to ensure the remainder.

THE remains of Lady Doughty were interred on Tuesday in the family mausoleum. The coffin bore the inscription: "Pray for the repose of the soul of Mary Katherine, daughter of James, Ninth Lord Arundell, of Wardour, and widow of Sir Edward Doughty, Baronet, who departed this life December 12, 1872, aged 77 years." High mass was performed in the private chapel at eleven o'clock by the Right Rev. Bishop of Southwark, assisted by the Rev. Thomas Quinn, family priest, and about ten other clergymen were present. Amongst those who followed the remains were Lord Arundell, Lord Clifford, Sir A. Neave, Mr. C. Weld, Mr. Talbot, Mr. Greenwood, Mr. Arundell, Sir P. Radcliffe and Master Radcliffe, and the Hon. E. Arundell.

THE failure of one lady-student at Edinburgh to pass an examination, entitling her to proceed further in the study of medicine, was made matter for jubilation recently in the columns of the *Lancet*, which, with the insincerity of a professional quack, always wise after the event, saw in the circumstance an end of the claims of women to receive a scientific training at the University. A few moments' reflection would probably have led any calm and logical mind to suppress a reference, which must have borne the look of a cowardly blow, at the very least, to say nothing of there being in it something more than a faint suspicion of treachery. However, it would appear that the end is not yet; scarcely the beginning even. The steadfastness, determination, and perseverance of women are not to be repressed by disingenuous sneers, even though they come from the *Lancet*; and it is satisfactory to know that the law of Scotland, as interpreted by the highest judicial authorities, is clearly on the side of the women as regards their admission, if qualified, to the privileges which they claim. The *Scotsman* has, indeed, a sarcastic leader on the hopeless muddle into which certain medical men of Edinburgh have been recklessly led by their legal advisers. They had, in defiance of a vote of the Court of Contributors to the Royal Infirmary, closed the doors of that institution against lady-students of medicine; and fortified by an imposing array of names of eminent counsellors, they defended their cause in the Court of Session with a zeal far in excess of their discretion. The *Lancet*, no doubt, will predict that the result was never for a moment doubtful; the dog-vane pointed at a previous date to the decision at which the Court has arrived, as having from the first been morally certain. We await with becoming humility the deliverance of the Oracle. "The best excuse, perhaps, that can be made for the ridiculous blunder into which so many legal gentlemen solemnly strutted in this matter, and out of which they will now have so humbly to creep, is," our northern contemporary suggests, "that they erred not so much from ignorance of the law as from the amiable desire to please and aid some great medical potentate. 'It is the curse of kings to be attended by slaves that take their humour for a warrant.'"

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## The Lady's Own Paper,

A JOURNAL OF TASTE, PROGRESS, AND THOUGHT

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1872.

### IN MY LADY'S CHAMBER;

A STORY OF

HER DECEASED HUSBAND'S BROTHER.

BY THE EDITOR,

CHAPTER XVII.

"FUIT ILLIUM!"

PARIS, like Troy—has been! That is to say, at least, that the Bois de Boulogne—that wonderful garden of the world, wherein so lately Paris used to drive and promenade, and dance, and sing, and skate, and make love, wherein all the year round a People were wont to play under the great shady trees and among the dainty fairy-like isles and lawns,—the Eden of our modern earth, is lost, laid waste and desecrated. The French nation has tasted once more of that dangerous Tree (do they call it the Tree of Liberty?—the Old Serpent did), whose fruit is madness, and death, and division; within their Paradise they have seen the dread presence of the Angel of Famine, and at the gates of their despoiled garden the glare of the fatal flaming sword. But Paradise will be regained. Already the men and women who last week were wearing crape and devouring rats, are feasting at the *Café Riche*, and dancing the *cancan* in the *Maison Rouge*.

It happened, while the Prussian army lay at the doors of Paris, and the hours of the doomed city were at their darkest, that I spoke to a French lady whom the disasters of the war had driven to England. She smiled at the sensation articles in the newspapers. "Ah," said she ineffably; "*tout ça ne fait rien! Ce n'est qu'une petite malheur qui est arrivée à la France!*" Yet this woman had lost two sons on the day of Sedan! These Parisians are madmen, or children, if you will. But they are Spartan children, and it is the insanity of the ancient King Leonidas that flashes in their veins.

However, in the year of which we now write, the charming Wood of Boulogne was intact, the "Wacht am Rhein" was not so familiar a strain in the world's mouth as it has since become, and the Parisian *grandes dames* still wore the "*couleur Bismarck*," and petted the Prince Imperial.

The season was young yet in the gay city, but the Opera was open, and the *salons* of the British Ambassador were already well-filled with guests, among whose many illustrious names were included those of Cairnsmuir, Brabazon, and Stern.

On a particular evening, early in November, there was a reception of unusual brilliance at Lord and Lady Cowley's. The wide, lofty-walled apartments of the Embassy House glittered with scintillating wheels of light and burning waxen tapers; but the huge windows of the drawing-rooms, which, in warm weather, are usually open to the charming quadrangular garden, were on this occasion closed and heavily draped, for the chill November atmosphere rigorously precluded any sylvian arrangements with fountains, orange trees, or Chinese lanterns.

Within, however, the luminant air was laden with the odour of a thousand rare flowers. Great jars of tall, tropical-looking ferns and blossoming shrubs, oleanders, climbing stephanotis, and cape jasmines, adorned every available nook, graceful, feathery grasses, and stately, vast-leaved plants of the palm tribe, intensely green and redolent of the South, reared their colossal forms above the heads of the moving, bejewelled throng that surged through the *salons*. All was dazzle, and quiver, and tremulous, prismatic sparkle—a scene out of the Arabian Nights, a vision of oriental light and beauty. In the very centre and focus of the fairy pageant, where the radiance seemed brightest and the susurrating murmur liveliest, sat Adelheid Stern, attired wholly in white of some sheeny, soft material, and crowned only by her hair of gold; like a St. Joseph's lily with its petals of snow, and its shining, aureoled corolla.

Close beside her was the vivacious Miss Diana, severe of coiffure and brave of speech, disseminating her verbal pellets and quaint, amusing *mots* among the numerous, "*monde*," masculine and feminine, of her *protégée's* admirers.

Suddenly there was a little stir in the talkative group, and two new knights-errant entered the lists and advanced towards the *fauteuil* occupied by the presiding Lady of Beauty.

They were Vivian Brabazon and Tristan Le Rodeur.

"Fräulein Stern," said Vivian, "allow me to make you acquainted with M. Le Rodeur; an artist like yourself, and a friend of Lady Cairnsmuir. Two such devout adorers of nature as you and he, ought not to remain unknown to each other."

With the Nixie smile upon her lips Adelheid turned her crystal eyes upon Tristan, and as he met the glance, a perceptible start and flutter agitated the people surrounding the beautiful singer. "Good heavens!" thought everybody at the same instant, "what a wonderful likeness between the Fräulein and M. Le Rodeur!"

And so there was—just for that moment—but no more. The sudden odic light that had flashed from Adelheid to Tristan when they first looked at each other, sank, and the strange illusion faded with it. Everybody wondered what they could have been thinking of, Adelheid and Tristan were literally "as different as light and darkness."

Vivian dropped into a seat beside his sister and she handed him her bouquet to keep him there. "So you have found a new acquaintance for our Adelheid, Vi! A splendid face! Come—I must hear all about him!"

"Well, Di, you know Lady Cairnsmuir, don't you?"

"Her daughter, Lady Ella, introduced me to the Countess this very evening."

"Exactly, and she introduced me too. And thereafter it followed naturally that the Countess in her turn presented to me her *protégé*—this Le Rodeur—whom she has just brought from Rome. I was greatly struck with the young fellow's face—it is not only uncommonly handsome, but meteoric in look, there is a perplexing contrariety in it, a "*je ne sais quoi*" which took my fancy at once."

"So you brought the enigma to Adelheid to solve for you! Well, she will do it if anyone can."

"That was not precisely my motive for making the introduction, Lady Cairnsmuir spoke highly to me of Le Rodeur's talents as an artist, and it occurred to me that while he and Fräulein Stern remained in the same city, perhaps I might induce her—I mean—perhaps you would like—"

"Excellent!" said Miss Brabazon, pouncing at once on the unspoken idea, that is the Very thing! But is Le Rodeur a portrait painter?"

"I have not mentioned my notion to the Countess, because I fancied it would come more gracefully from you. But at any rate, the first step, it occurred to me, would be an introduction between Le Rodeur and the Fräulein."

"Take me to Lady Cairnsmuir," said the impetuous Diana, springing from her seat; "while these two inaugurate their acquaintance, I will talk to the Countess about the *chef d'œuvre* her *protégé* must paint for



me! Only conceive, Vi, how divine a picture our Adelheid will make!"

And linking her plump arm in Vivian's she rustled across the *salon*.

My Lady was seated in the most deserted corner of the rooms, fanning herself with a languid uninterested gesture, and occasionally interchanging a few words with her daughter, for whom these brilliant crowds and gorgeous displays had ceased their attractions. Like Tristan, she felt that she had become old.

Diana alighted like a bird of prey upon the nearest ottoman and swooped down at once on her quarry.

"Lady Cairnsmuir! Do you know I've come here to be so inquisitive! I want you to tell me what is M. Le Rodeur's particular branch of art! Is it landscape, for example, or flowers, or still-life, or what? Pray, pardon my abruptness, your charming *protégé* interests me wonderfully!"

For some indefinite reason this torrent of loquacity annoyed Lady Ella. She had always considered Diana Brabazon *too pronounced*, and the sudden attack of interest which that vivacious lady now professed for Tristan was curiously irritating and repugnant to his sister. She moved away slowly, to join her father and a group of stately *causeurs* at a little distance.

"Indeed, Miss Brabazon," answered my Lady, in her own particular unapproachable style of serenity, "I cannot undertake to answer your question with certainty; Le Rodeur's talent is undoubtedly great, but he is extremely young, and his scanty practice and experience have not yet wedded him to any special class of subjects. I brought him to Paris with the idea that the thing he most needs at present is opportunity of observation. He has hitherto passed an isolated life, and as I have a theory that in order to succeed in the world, it is necessary to know something of it, I advised Le Rodeur—at least for a short time—to study men more, and Nature less. Too hasty a choice in art, as in social life, is a grave error, the consequences of which it is often impossible to retrieve. For this reason and for others of a similar character I thought it wise that Le Rodeur should learn early how the world judges, criticises, and decides; what particular combinations determine success, and what failure. No one can arrive at a fair estimate of himself and his performances until he is launched upon the social sea, has mingled familiarly with other people, and thereby idealized himself and found his own level. But I am glad, Miss Brabazon," added my Lady, checking herself, "that you are already interested in young Le Rodeur."

"It is impossible to look indifferently upon such a face as his!" cried Miss Di. "Yet I must own indeed to some disappointment at the account you give me of M. Le Rodeur's pursuits in art. You must know, Lady Cairnsmuir, that I had hoped——" But at this moment Diana suddenly paused, and an expression of keen surprise overspread her face. Tristan himself stood before her, with Adelheid upon his arm.

"Miss Brabazon," said he eagerly, "you must consider me already introduced to you, if you please, for I have a favour to ask at your hands. I made my request first to Fräulein Stern, but she immediately referred me to you, since, without your permission and acquiescence, she tells me, her own consent is never given to any proposal. So I do hope, Miss Brabazon, that you will not be hard-hearted on this occasion, for I assure you that the pleasure it is reserved for you to give me is very great, in proportion as my desire for it is violent. And you, dear Countess," added he, excitedly, turning to my Lady, "your sanction also is necessary for the realization of my scheme! I feel myself transported with a longing that increases even while I speak, a longing so earnest and intense, that it resembles a passion,—a mania,—an uncontrollable *furor*! I am seized by an impulse altogether new to me; a magnetic fever, which inspires me a thousand singular hopes and prognostications—a desire in short—to *achieve*!"

My Lady, leaning back in her *fauteuil*, fixed upon him a look of peculiar meaning. "What, Le Rodeur?" said she, wickedly, "have you then already outgrown your old age?"

"Already, *chère madame*," he answered, with a scarcely perceptible glance at the beautiful actress, whom Diana had beckoned to a place beside her on the ottoman.

"But, M. Le Rodeur," expostulated Miss Di, with some natural impatience, "this favour you covet with so much ardour, this frantic desire,—you have yet to give it a name! We wait for an explanation of your new-born enthusiasm!"

"It is then—" began Tristan, but suddenly he paused and hesitated.

"Only,—to paint my picture," concluded Adelheid, with a divine smile.

#### CHAPTER XVIII

THE Grand Opera-house once more, but this time in Paris. The scene is so gorgeous and brilliant a one that as we enter to take our

places in the stage-box reserved for us, we cannot refrain from casting a glance of surprise and gratification at the splendour with which we find ourselves surrounded. The whole huge horse-shoe of the *auditorium* seems one gigantic mass of gold, relieved only by the clear blue of the ceiling—a blue which is as pure and as transparent as the sky of one of Claude's masterpieces. The design of the vast picture which decorates the roof is of course illustrative of mythological incident, and the colouring and style with which it is executed are singularly bold and flowing. But it is towards the centre of this magnificent ceiling that our attention is chiefly directed, for there a circle of glittering stars, blending its effulgence with the sparkle of the great chandelier, creates a strange illusory effect of distance, and makes the pendulous wheels of light below appear as though they had descended from their proper sphere in the sea of blue overhead.

On each side of the proscenium and at the two correspondent curves of the theatre, enormous massive columns support the roof, and over the archivoltes which surmount them are four colossal eagles, whose burnished golden wings reflect the light. Mirrors and gold glitter wherever the eye turns, the whole front of the house flames with auriferous brilliance, the open spaces between the graceful lines which circle the *auditorium* are filled with all kinds of shining ornaments, bas-reliefs, arabesques, garlands, harps, timbrels, lyres, syrinxes, cymbals, tambours, carved in miniature upon a delicate groundwork.

Haroun Alraschid himself never devised anything more superb. For the Opera, operatic arrangements, and all things thereunto pertaining, form a class among those *spécialités* which they manage better in France. In common with many of the Continental nations our "lively neighbours" have for some centuries past made "*la culte des beaux arts*" an affair of State. Perhaps for important reasons connected with moral and intellectual education, perhaps for mere purposes of entertainment, music and its professors have always held a high place in the esteem of the French people. It was so under the House of Valois, under the Bourbons, even during the dismay and panic of the first Revolution, and especially while Buonaparte remained in power. In the beginning of the year, 1854 the ex-Emperor Napoleon, obedient to the genius of the French nation, adopted the Opera as a pet child of the Imperial household, and put it under the peculiar control and care of some of his chief officers, and of a commission composed of public men, at once competent and distinguished.

But let us for the present suspend our little historical *résumé*, and watch the influx of the audience that is filling the house on all sides of us. In a conspicuous position upon the first tier, we note at once the Brabazonian Amazon and her inseparable brother; then a little further on, the Cairnsmuir family with Tristan Le Rodeur in the rear, just a little behind my Lady, his wonderful eyes bright with expectation, and his smooth olive cheeks a trifle less pale than their wont. My Lady looks splendidly handsome and stately to-night, and not a few marchionesses and duchesses, many years her juniors, grow uncomfortably envious as they turn their *lognons* in the direction of her box, and mentally compare the unfaded lustre of her natural complexion with the dullness of their own be-rouged and enamelled charms. They remark to one another with pretty glances and airy tones of graceful criticism, that *miladi la Comtesse* has worn remarkably well.

But who is this, below us, making his way through the genteel mob in the arena, with an ease and coolness of manner perfectly astounding, while other people close beside him continually lose themselves in all kinds of confusion and perplexity? Who is this, gracefully dropping himself into his luxurious *fauteuil*, running his glance rapidly over the fast-filling *auditorium*, settling his heavy waxed moustaches with supercilious contentment, and acknowledging acquaintances through his eyeglass with such an ineffable air of *petit maître*? Who is it but Vane Vaurien—perfectly handsome, superbly colossal, faultlessly attired—Vane with his falsest smile and most captivating manner, disseminating with every movement a breath of delicious perfume, and inspiring all the women about him with unaccountable restlessness?

Carry's prediction then is verified. Vaurien the Vicious, has come to Paris in pursuit of Fräulein the Fair! Apollyon is abroad,—*garde à toi ma belle Adelheid*!

There is a swell in the soft music, a sudden springing up of light round the stage, a little ruffle and stir like a cool breeze through the house, and the Fräulein herself is before us. She raises her crystal eyes and sweeps the gay glittering circle with one swift steady glance, that rests, only for an instant, upon the handsome face of the boy-artist at Lady Cairnsmuir's elbow, but brief as is that mute acknowledgment of his presence, it is perceived and noted by other eyes than Tristan's,—eyes which suffer no gesture or sign on the part of the fair, German to escape their greedy cynosure. And when the curtain falls on the first act, Vane languidly rises in his seat, strokes his smooth moustache, views his foxy face with stealthy admiration in the nearest

mirror, pets the exotic in his button-hole, and turns his opera-glass on Lady Cairnsmuir's box. Not suddenly, but by degrees, as he comes to it in his telescopic round of the theatre. And instinctively, Le Rodeur knows that he is being looked at, looked at with an intention, distinctly different from the casual glances of recognition and of approving criticism of which he also knows himself to be the focus. An irresistible tremulousness comes upon him on the instant, as though a door had been opened behind him, and a sudden draft of disagreeable wind admitted. For, in fact, as the sagacious reader may have already divined, Tristan is one of those peculiarly gifted, and rarely found individuals, anent whose subtle capacities and emotions Baron Reichenbach has written at so much length, and to whom the results of the many curious experiments related in his *Odsche' Briefe* have induced him to apply the name of "sensitives." But the scrutiny, annoying as it is to Le Rodeur's system appears to impress our friend below with a sense of at least as much dissatisfaction. He removes his lorgnon and sits down, softly and jauntily of course; he could do nothing otherwise, but for a minute there is a shade of perplexity about his curved eyebrows, and a twitch as of displeasure under the ends of his big moustache, that do not augur any amiable intentions on the part of Mr. Vaurien towards my Lady's favourite. During the subsequent progress of the Opera, Vane concentrates his attention upon Fräulein Stern with even closer assiduity than before; and when the fourth act is ended, he rises, and goes leisurely out of the *auditorium*. Someone, stepping from behind a curtain at the door of a saloon, meets him, and silently puts into his hand a bouquet, composed of such rare un-English flowers as never grew in the old-fashioned garden of Corisande; flowers with heavy waxen-like petals that look so creamy and temptingly luscious they seem meant to be eaten; strange aromatic flowers which, at this season of the year, must have been paid for in paper.

Carrying the bouquet, Vaurien wends his way with that same well-bred jaunt air, through a curiously intricate labyrinth of galleries and corridors, which appear familiar to him, for he follows his Norman nose with no uncertain step, and presents himself in due course among the *couloises* of the theatre. Here he is recognised by some of the feminine subordinates, who stand waiting and chatting about the "flies," and a little outburst of Gallic smartness immediately greets the new arrival.

"Ohé Lambert! D'où viens-tu? Et ta sœur? Mademoiselle Nu-jambes n'est plus ici! Elle vient de mourir d'un désespoir affreux hier au soir! 'Ah, fripon—scôlerat,' a-t-elle dit avec son dernier soupir, 'il me quitte pour les grimaces d'un véritable loup-garou!' Mais allez donc—Alphonse, insensé—cherchez Madame Cocotte, monsieur l'attend, voyez-vous! Oh le beau lion! Ya t'en!" And so on. But after loitering a minute Vane goes on, picking his way over the dangerous pitfalls and "timber" of the back stage, with a dainty lightness that somehow suggests the idea of lifted petticoats; and finally crosses to the region of the dressing-rooms.

Here he falls in, unexpectedly, with Vivian Brabazon, who is leaning against the wall, and talking lazily to one of the "officials" on duty. Vane strokes his moustache ominously with his unoccupied hand, and utters the short little interrogatory flourish which always haunts his conversation, like the ghost of a cough, murdered long since and yet unpropitiated.

"Eh! How are you, my dear fellow? Miss Brabazon well? Saw her in the theatre,—eh? Bouquet? Yes—well it is a good one. Glad you admire it."

A few common-places ensue, then a door beside the speakers clicks and opens, and Fräulein Stern appears dressed for the last act. What need to dilate upon her glorious beauty as she stands here diademed and jewelled, in her trailing robes of bright rose-coloured satin? She wears a little rouge necessarily—the garish theatre-light requires it, but even here where the glare is more subdued, one would scarcely perceive the shell-like *taint* to be artificial, it seems upon her fair skin to be rather the effect of excitement, a natural flush which one half expects to see suddenly dispelled when she perceives Vaurien, and quivers visibly, as if the sight of him had dealt her an actual blow. Has this man no sense of shame,—she wonders,—no delicacy, no heart, that he is here again, that he comes out of his way thus to thrust himself in her path at each new turn? She looks rapidly from Vane to Vivian, perhaps for protection, but the former is already beside her, tendering his bouquet with some low-spoken words of compliment which she scarcely comprehends, and she takes the offering instinctively, for Vane has a snake-like fascination and power of command which even she is unable to resist, and though she refused the pearls he *sent*, she cannot refuse the flowers he *gives*.

But there the little episode terminates, for Vivian with a lover's readiness and dexterity, anticipates his rival's obvious intention, and draws the Fräulein's arm within his own to lead her to the stage. At the touch she resumes her dignity, Gretchen gives place to Lucrezia

Borgia, she gathers her sweeping draperies around her, turns her eyes coldly upon Vaurien, bows him a graceful dismissal—unmistakable in its purport—and sails away, a queenlier and prouder Fräulein Stern than we have yet beheld her.

From the spot where he stands, Vane can just catch a glimpse of the lighted *auditorium*, and that glimpse includes the dark melancholy face of Tristan Le Rodeur, addressed intently towards the vacant stage with eager earnest eyes yearning for some beloved object, as the eyes of benighted men yearn for the coming of a light, or the eyes of castaways for the nearing of a sail. Vaurien glances swiftly at the watchful face and then at the retreating figures of Adelheid and her cavalier.

"So!" muses our scion of Norman antiquity, "here are *two* fools to be got rid of! And they *shall* be got rid of, for the girl's worth the trouble. She's more magnificent than ever—never looked so superb before to-night I believe! By Jove—new idea—I'll marry her too! Don't know why it is, but the harder the running is the more I want to win the cup. Nothing strange after all though, I suppose? It's the hunting instinct—natural to man. Well—*passer le temps*—must do something! Brabazon I think I can put down—don't believe she cares about him. But you, you young Leander," apostrophizing Tristan, "who the deuce are you? In a Countess' box, too! You are the most dangerous!"

In substance this is the warp and woof of Vaurien's reflections, but all that he actually utters is a single word, pregnant with expression and fixed resolved.

"D——n!"

With that he turns away and picks his dainty path back as he came.

An hour later, as Vaurien strolls home with a Manilla, the night is not a cold one—Adelheid's brougham flashes past him, and he sees her within it, seated beside the Amazon, and talking animatedly with Vivian, who is leaning towards her from the opposite seat, his eyes rivetted ardently on her face, and his hand resting upon hers.

There is no pride, no aversion, no repellant hauteur on the lovely features now, she is made of kindness, and smiles, and gay happy beauty. The smiles and softness are for Vivian and the Cairnsmuir Adonis—the pride and aversion for himself alone!

D——n again!

## CHAPTER XIX.

### "YOUTH AT THE PROW AND PLEASURE AT THE HELM."

MEANWHILE, Tristan's picture of Adelheid Stern was begun and grew prosperously. It was Miss Brabazon's whim, delightfully adopted by the young artist himself, that her beautiful protégée should be painted in the character of Hypatia. Not Hypatia the agonising victim, but Hypatia the ardent, successful orator, in the full pride and triumph of her noble career. Tristan's conception of the subject was splendid, and his outlines full of masterful power, but his colouring which was curiously unconventional, gave the picture a weird, startling effect, not unlike that which he himself was everywhere wont to produce by the peculiarity of his appearance and conversation. The woman philosopher, with gleaming, unbound hair and flowing robes stood erect as before an audience, in the act of delivering some impassioned discourse, her eyes dilated with a rapture of intense appeal, and upon her exquisite face, the confidence and enthusiasm of an inspired Pytho-ness; but the eerie-like light upon the lifted head and the fervid shadow introduced by way of contrast, gave an unreality to the subject, and impressed the beholder with the idea that the picture was an allegory in colour; forcible and didactic certainly, but no faithful rendering of actual flesh and blood. It was such a composition as one may imagine the famous somnabulist-painter to have wrought in his extatic sleep,—the picture of a vision—the work of a dreaming, fantastic brain.

Now it came to pass, of course, that during the progress of this very dramatic portrait, painter and model lived much in each other's society. Every morning in fact, the hours intervening between breakfast and luncheon were devoted to the pursuit of Art in Tristan's *atelier*, on which occasions Lady Cairnsmuir or Miss Diana always "assisted" (in the French sense of the word) and not infrequently, both chaperones were present together. So it naturally resulted that my Lady and the communicative Amazon became, before long, a pair of tolerably sociable gossips, united in cordial agreement upon at least one important subject—the absolute peerlessness of Tristan and Adelheid. And with these two—our hero and heroine—how fared they? Does the reader expect to be told that they fell in vulgar, lawful love with each other, as many a couple of tame pigeons would have done under similar tempting circumstances? Ah, but this boy and girl were *not* tame pigeons, but wild rock-loving birds of a very strange plumage, nowise related to the milky-silky doves which drew the car of Aphrodite; and the fellowship which arose between them suited in kind with the rarity of their natures. Tristan was not unlike Shelley's Prince Athanas. Like

that eccentric rover, he lived in fantasy, with "a cloud and a burden upon his eyes," yet "unenslaved of aught in heaven or earth;" but the likeness was still with a difference, for it was the fate of Athanase to be betrayed by Pandemos, the earthly and unworthy Venus, and the true Lady of his soul only came to him hand-in-hand with Death. But Fortune, kindlier to Le Rodeur than to the vagabond Prince, gave him his twin-spirit earlier, and as though to amuse herself by fostering the hectic illusions with which he had overlaid Life and its absurdities, granted him the realization of his Ideal, and enriched him in the very morning of youth, with the gift of a sympathy as actual and perfect as that which endeared the first woman to her yearning spouse in the original Garden of Hesperides.

Between Tristan and Adelheid therefore, arose no ordinary shame-faced attachment with blushes for sweetening, and marriage as its goal; no, nor did they fall victims to that more hysteric passion celebrated by the author of "Poems and Ballads," for the muse of Mr. A. C. Swinburne never tuned her voluptuous notes to the heart-strings of Adelheid Stern, and would have had as little fellowship with her as with the Virgin Mary. Love is not the same emotion to the children of genius and to the children of clay. This is a thing which has been so often said, and in so many various ways, that it is now regarded as a sheer truism, but yet I doubt whether it be really admitted or comprehended on all hands. It has often occurred to me, that a very telling and agreeable essay might be written upon the different causes and sources of the master-passion, and that it might be interesting as well as amusing to compute the statistics of the heart, and inquire what intellectual or emotional agent is most active and effective in arousing human love. There are, for example, the loves that have their birth in pity, such as Beauty's for the unfortunate Beast; the loves which are the offspring of admiration, such as Medea's for the hero Jason; the loves which are due to respect and esteem, such as that of Annie Strong for the old Doctor; the sudden loves of fascination, the dutiful loves of gratitude, the unruly loves of desire, the love which begins in positive aversion and repugnance to its object; and the love—perhaps commonest of all—which is based on the gratification of personal vanity and delight in conquest.

But better and rarer far than any of these, is the love which is born of sympathy, the only passion which really deserves to be called magnetic; a passion, which wherever it exists in its integrity, needs no explicit declaration and yet knows neither reserve nor bashfulness. This "perfect love," indeed, is the ideal marriage, into which the question of "first and foremost" does not enter. It is absolute union, and therefore absolute equality. But as it exists only between rare and poetic souls, and sometimes under circumstances which the "brute world" condemns, it is very seldom appreciated, and many deny even the possibility of its existence, at least on this side of Styx.

Of all the poets, I fancy that the two Brownings have described it the most delicately.

And this is the love which Tristan and Adelheid bore to each other.

They were pleasant days that Lady Dolores and Diana spent in the pretty little studio allotted to the boy-artist; days which floated by like rare music or sweet odours, peaceful serene elysian days that to one storm-beaten heart at least, were like the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.

In Tristan's atelier the effect of refined feminine supervision and adjustment were pre-eminent. The deft artistic fingers of Adelheid and the two elder ladies speedily converted the painting-room and its adjoining ante-chamber into a pair of the daintiest boudoirs imaginable; and those potent charms of taste and fitness which belong exclusively to the womanly element, never signalized themselves more conspicuously and enchantingly than in this little Parisian haunt of the Arts and Graces. A piano had been imported into the larger apartment allotted to the important business of the day, in order that when Tristan was tired of handling the brush, and Adelheid of enacting her solitary *tableau vivant*, the pleasures of the easel might be exchanged for those of song, and leisure be afforded our young Raphael for the enjoyment of his matutinal cigarette. And, sooth to say, he was often joined in that pleasant oriental recreation by the lively Diana, always ready to promote any infringement, however small, of masculine prerogatives; and even by the serene peeress herself, with whom Tristan was all-powerful; one word from his lips or one glance of his eyes would have sufficed indeed to beguile her into the commission of far more preposterous and outlandish extravagancies. It must not be supposed by the intelligent peruser of these authentic pages that either her Ladyship or her sage coadjutor were so lost in their Sybarite-like bliss as to be wholly unmindful or careless of the consequences which might, possibly at least, result from this familiar intercourse between their respective charges; but the matter presented itself to Miss Brabazon in a very different light from that in which my

Lady regarded it. Diana readily entertained a few uneasy qualms on behalf of her brother, for the ultimate success of whose yet unproffered suit she had not ceased to hope; and although she endeavoured to dismiss her fears when she perceived the perfect ease of speech and manner which speedily began to characterise the friendship of these two eccentric and unacknowledged waifs and strays, she could not altogether rid herself of a lurking suspicion that if they were to make love to one another, this was just the free and unembarrassed way in which they would do it. Our Amazonian friend was a shrewd observer—most ladies of her calibre are—and she knew well that if the fair Adelheid were not as other women are in disposition and behaviour respecting ordinary topics, she was likely to be doubly peculiar in any affair immediately concerning her own heart. Diana was painfully aware too, that the strong contrast existing between the mysterious young visionary with his poetic temperament and romantic idealism, and the diplomatic Sir Vivian, who notwithstanding his generous nature was yet thoroughly a man of society—was a contrast not likely in Adelheid's estimation to tell much in the baronet's favour; reflections which from time to time considerably troubled his impetuous sister, and even caused her once or twice to feel something like regret for the part she had taken in promoting this new intimacy between her sister-in-law elect and Lady Cairnsmuir's favourite. But the Countess, whose senses were quite as acute as Miss Brabazon's upon any subject which affected Tristan, treated this important matter very differently. Though she had some vague intention of acknowledging the son of Jean Le Rodeur at some indefinite future time under some indefinite future circumstance, it was quite impossible, she knew, that he could ever become her heir or her husband's, and his marriage, therefore, was a subject about which it was unnecessary to interfere. If this brilliant songstress were willing to become her son's wife, my Lady could see no objection to the match. Tristan was exceptionally handsome, the girl was remarkably beautiful; he was dark, she fair, both were artists, their opinions and views of life seemed similar; and money was not likely to be wanting upon either side. Dolores, who had already conceived an ardent admiration and tenderness towards this sweet German girl, felt that she should be no-wise ill-disposed to enfold her in the embrace of a mother, nor even loth to accord her a just share of her darling's affection. But neither the Countess nor Miss Brabazon dreamed in what sort of a tragedy this pretty domestic melodrama was destined to find its *dénouement*.

On a certain singularly warm and pleasant afternoon, somewhere towards the beginning of December, a little before the early sunset-time, while the soft sleep-pervading air of Paris was yet full of the day's glow, and the dim phantom-light of the dead summer seemed for a brief space to have returned as in a dream to the slumbering world,—the high unearthlike notes of a voice which might have been indeed the voice of Israfil, the sweetest singer among the seraphs, floated through the reposeful delicious quietude of Tristan's firelit studio. With her fair gleaming fingers upon the keys of the piano and her electric eyes stedfastly addressed towards the fading daylight, Adelheid Stern, habited in white classic drapery, and aureoled with the long streaming masses of her moony hair, seemed less a heathen Hypatia than a Saint Cecilia leading the divine minstrelsy of a heavenly choir.

At her feet in a half-reclining attitude upon a low tabouret, the motionless figure of Tristan Le Rodeur in his usual fantastic attire, his dark weird face uplifted to hers, and his hands clasped upon his knee, completed a wonderful picture, which my pen lacks cunning to depict. For, indeed, to render faithfully such scenes as this, one has need, not of one solitary art, but of the whole circle, and nothing can fairly develop the vivid passages of imagination except the resources of the stage. I suppose all writers, however powerful and highly dowered with the gifts of language, must at times be keenly sensible of the impotency of their particular craft, and of its inadequacy to suffice for the conveyance of their glowing fancies and redundant visions. Does the painter also at times wish that it were possible to fix with his brush the sound of some passing melody, or thirst to endow his mimicked streams with the silver swirl and babble of their living originals, or to fill the copious foliage of his voiceless forests with the quiver of that incessant motion, which is as much a part of the Nature he seeks to imitate as its less subtle attributes of form and colour? Whether or not these Promethean yearnings do really occur to masters of the pen and pencil I have never heard; the fancy that such experiences are probable, originates simply in the dissatisfaction which is forced upon me by the consciousness of my own incapability to describe certain scenic effects which my mind conceives with perfect vigour, and especially such scenes as this one now before me, which owes its principal enchantment to the influence of sweet and lingering sounds. The mere picture of the silent room is beautiful enough, with its curious contrasts and rare blended hues; Tristan's tall easel by the window, just tipped and

touched about its corners by a mellow smirch of sunshine, close beside it a chair of the renaissance date, with a faded satin cushion in it, and, thrown carelessly across one of its carved elbow supports, my Lady's velvet mantle deeply bordered with sable—wonderful in its capacious folds, and smooth rich shadows. In the little ante-chamber beyond, my Lady herself seated cosily in a *chaise longue*, and discussing at leisure the contents of a pretty Japanese tea-cup, is dimly visible through the fragrant slow circling cloud of Miss Diana's cigarette, the absence of which magic vapour indeed would leave something lacking in this charming picture to at least one of the senses. The little coterie have lunched *en quartette* in Tristan's apartments, and this is the approved and established hour of Kettledrum, a domestic rite which few ladies care to neglect under any circumstances; and especially when the prospect of a and long-fatiguing evening lies before them, the grateful repose of the sunset hour, and the refreshing aroma of the ante-prandial Pekoe are trebly precious and enjoyable.

And this afternoon is one of Lady Cairnsmuir's happiest. Through the soft rolling folds of delicate smoke-wreaths she sees as once Lord Surrey saw in the enchanter's mirror, a vision not indeed of the present, but of the past, a picture from the romance of her old dead love, revived in the gracious youth and beauty of her only son. She sees him with his father's face raised towards the fair woman beside him, the rapture of his father's smile upon his lips, and in his eyes the old ineffable light of tenderness that was wont to illumine the eyes of Jean Le Rodeur when they looked on her—on her, just two and twenty years ago!

What a charm there is in beautiful music! How it floats and falls and swells through the lazy air of the studio; how it thrills my Lady's heart and mingles itself and its rich solemn sweetness with the dim haunting shadows of things gone by that people her reverie as she sits here in the faint light of sundown, drinking in the balmy melody and gazing her fill at the face that is so like the face of the Dead!

But the witchcraft of Adelheid's minstrelsy, like the matchless song which the fatal sirens sang in old times, and the aromatic breath of that yet more seductive goddess Nicotine, have together woven so potent a spell about the impressible senses of Miss Diana, that she not only forgets for the nonce to shake her bangles and contort her eyebrows, but absolutely abandons herself, bangles and eyebrows inclusive, to the placidity and torpor of an afternoon siesta. And if the somnolent divinities aforesaid permit any illusive visions to visit her comfortable *dormeuse*, they are probably not of the past but of the Future, that gracious liberal future—with a large F—anticipated by Tennyson's sapient Princess, when everywhere—

“ . . . . with equal husbandry,  
The Woman shall be equal to the Man.”

But while Adelheid sings on in the rolling German language she best loves to use, and my Lady always listening, unconsciously anglicises the verses as they float from the singer's lips, a certain word often repeated with plaintive iteration, and the dawning of a peculiar smile upon Tristan's lifted face, fix her attention with sudden and awful intensity, and with a convulsive gesture she starts forward as though the thrilling touch of a spectre-hand had awakened her from some feverish mesmeric slumber. For thus it was that the lovely German sang:

“Cool silence broods where yonder last  
Pale rose of twilight dies;  
Drop down on me the vanished Past  
O Night of stars and sighs—  
Calm fateful stars that fire the vast  
Dim meadows of the skies!

“One tender dream of deep delight  
The Day's rude passion mars,  
Its veil of sunshine from my sight  
One blessed presence bars;  
More sweet to me the stilly Night  
Of floating Winds and Stars!

“Ah, sweet lost Love! my sorrow's Queen!  
Return,—this hour is thine!  
Stoop from the starry heaven and lean  
To touch this soul of mine,  
With eyes imperial and serene  
As yonder spheres divine!”

With a hasty glance at the oblivious Miss Brabazon, her ladyship rises, and passing into the larger apartment, seats herself gently beside the piano.

“Child,” she says, in a low voice, as she lays her hand upon Adelheid's, and meets the crystalline eyes tenderly with her own, “I want you to tell me your story.”

The request is certainly abrupt, the manner of it is infinitely earnest and caressive.

“My story, Countess? What—my story as a child in Germany, before I met—”

“Yes! yes! Before you met Miss Brabazon!”

My Lady's words are urgent, and she scans the beautiful features with eager scrutiny, in which there is blent a strange expression of yearning.

With a little soft sigh, Adelheid withdraws her own gaze, and yielding one white hand to Tristan's, while the other strays and flits, swallow-wise over the keys of the piano, dipping now and then upon some dreamy, wave-like chord, she gives, in the sweet, broken accents of her uncertain English, the long-desired sequel of Frau Engel's romance—the missing record which the broken-hearted mother of Dorothea strove so unweariedly and so vainly to discover for more than thirteen hopeless years. In murmured child-like tones she tells how she crept out from the wharf-inn by the river-side in London, and wandered, a homeless, lonely little fugitive from town to town, sometimes begging and sometimes dancing for a dole of bread or money, but always making her way towards the sea, and always steadfast in one intent—to reach Antwerp somehow, and find her grandmother. Softly and pathetically she tells how at last it chanced she met with some strolling minstrel going abroad, German adventurers on their return to “Fatherland,” who took a fancy to the little ragged, fair-haired child, and for the sake of her pitiful story and of the tie of common nationality that bound them to her, carried her along with them to Hamburg. And there the party divided, some went one way and some another, but Adelheid, always steadfast in her own intent, would go with none, but broke away from them one day in the early dawn, and went on her travels alone, dancing and singing her way through the German villages with that one unchanging purpose in her baby heart—to reach Antwerp at last and find her grandmother. But that was not to be, for at Helmstedt the little singer attracted the notice of Di Brabazon, who had accompanied her brother on one of his political errands to Germany, and was amusing herself by wandering about some of the most picturesque hamlets she could find, and picking up rarities of “sorts” as it chanced, with coin or with pencil. And Di, greatly smitten by the beauty and the voice of this strolling fairy who belonged to nobody, determined upon carrying her off and “making something of her,” which design she contrived to execute under the colourable pretext of helping Adelheid to look for the lost grandmother.

So they went on together, Diana and the child, to Madeburg, where Vivian joined them; and little by little, through a thousand tricks and devices, Miss Brabazon weaned the thoughts of her adopted charge from the object of her pursuit, and brought her again to England.

While this recital lasted, Lady Cairnsmuir had never moved her eyes from the beautiful face of the speaker, whose right hand Tristan still retained in his, while its fellow rambled to and fro over the piano keys, and bird-like warbled among them. And now that the story is ended, the Countess bends forward eagerly, with that same strange deathly pallor upon her lips which Ella noticed at Rome on the night of my Lady's first visit to Tristan: and in low, hurried tones that seem like audible heart-beats, she asks a question.

“Your name,—your name? It is not Adelheid Stern!”

The answer is hurried too, for Di Brabazon's *protégée* is plainly surprised and disturbed.

“No. They Germanized the surna me abroad to make it sound more natural and easy, I suppose. I was christened Gretel Adelheid—the first after my grandmother, the second because my mother fancied it and by the second she always called me. But my father was an Englishman and his name was Laurence Starr.”

My Lady, still in the same watchful attitude, speaks again in a swift whisper.

“You told Miss Brabazon all this?”

“Yes; she said it was a chimera, a child's hallucination, and at last I almost thought so myself. She made me very happy and loved me and I forgot the grandmother I had never seen. Was it not natural,—how do I know there ever was really such a person?”

As she slowly utters the last words she fixes her marvellous eyes penetratively upon her interlocutor, divining that something at least of this buried romance is known to the Countess. Who rises from her seat by the piano, and passionately clasps the beautiful actress in her arms—once, twice, in silence; then holding her out at arms length gazes delightedly into the lovely face and cries, with falling tears of joy that well-nigh blind her sight.

“It is true! It is all true! You are the grandchild of the dearest friend I ever had,—of Tristan's nurse and mine! Thank God! thank God! O Frau Gretel, if from Paradise you see us now and bear witness that I have indeed found the child of your darling, bear me

promise that for the sake of the dead past and of the bond between us, the daughter of Dorothea shall be to me as my very own; and as my child long ago was dear to your loving heart, so dear henceforth shall Adelheid be to mine!"

With a tender significant gesture she replaces in Tristan's the hand which in her agitation Fräulein Stern had withdrawn, and lays her own expressively upon them both. It is an action not hard to interpret, and the eyes of the brother and sister artists meet in silence. My Lady has given them to one another for ever, and they need no spoken words of betrothal to cement their happy union.

But this charming little scene has not been enacted without some inevitable stir, and dozing Miss Di becomes presently aware that the Countess has vacated her *chaise-longue* in the tea-room, and that something of an agitating nature has been going on in the studio. The music, too, has ceased, and Diana thinks she hears somebody crying softly. Can these three be concocting some scheme of marrying Tristan and Adelheid? The poor Amazon grows positively cold as the idea shrills her awakened senses. At any rate no time is to be lost; she will

tell Vivian to speak his wishes *at Once*. The dear child will surely not refuse him when she hears him ask her with his own lips! Oh, surely not!

TO BE CONTINUED.

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