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WANTS OF WOMEN

INTELLECTUAL CULTURE.

By Miss Emily Shirreff.

IN any enumeration of the wants of women, intellectual culture might almost deserve the first place, or, if any such classification be difficult when we have to estimate the relative claims of morals and intellect, at least, it will be conceded that it stands in the foremost rank, not only on account of its importance, but of the neglect with which it has hitherto been treated. This neglect springs from two sources—two false views that have done much to lower the tone of society: 1st. The notion that women's home duties require little or no mental cultivation beyond the commonest kind; 2ndly. That knowledge and high culture are chiefly to be valued as instruments of worldly success. These are the two fundamental errors that have kept women's education at the low point from which so many efforts are made to raise it now; and to these must be added wilful blindness to the fact, that great numbers of women, and yearly increasing numbers, are living and striving outside the circle of home duties, and that denial of better education is a denial of bread to some, of justice to all; since it is adding heavy weights in the race of life to those whom nature has weighted heavily already.

To look at this side of the question first; the progress of civilization tends to raise the average level of acquirements, and to exact more intelligent dexterity even in manual occupation, owing to the use of machinery, which leaves to the human hand to perform only what requires individual attention and care. This in itself is sentence pronounced against the ignorant, and should have been the signal for giving higher cultivation to all whom society expects to do something more than to be the slaves of the steam-engine. It is impossible, in this brief space, to do more than allude to the heads of this wide subject, and to point to the fearful struggle to which women are doomed, whenever forced to win their way against the competition of men who have enjoyed better education. If we look to higher avocations, we find the same thing. By great efforts some new opening is made for the employment of women, and then they are found to be too ignorant for the work. When new means of instruction even are provided, the want of accurate grounding in subjects they have been taught, disables a large majority of girls from deriving full benefit from the classes, which, it was hoped, would supplement the defective school teaching. They have never learned how to learn. The Cambridge Examinations for Women, on which such severe comments have been passed of late, reveal the same facts. But not only those who do go up for the examinations win little credit; but indifference, the surest proof of ignorance, keeps the number of candidates so low as to rejoice the hearts of our enemies. The valuable classes thrown open to women at Newcastle have been neglected altogether. Those whom it was hoped to benefit are either too ignorant to care for, or too ignorant to be able avail themselves of such advanced instruction.

One noble profession, that of teaching, has always been open to women, but its requirements are daily rising, and the difficulty of finding teachers qualified to undertake the work, as it is now beginning to be understood, is but too well known to all who are interested in education. The same neglect tells throughout, from the poor workers in some humble trade, to the courageous band who are nobly fighting their way through every obstacle into the medical profession; the same fearful injustice by which they have been

debarred means of early culture is weighting women in their path through life.

But now—if we turn to what seems the very stronghold of the opponents of women's education—to the sphere of domestic duties we shall see that society is suffering even more grievously there from the error it has so long sanctioned. In proportion as poisoning the well is more fatal than scattering poison here and there, so is ignorance fostered in our homes more deadly to the growth of true progress than any obstacles to knowledge in the outer world. Because a wide range of knowledge is not required, the necessity of those habits that are the fruits of mental discipline is overlooked; but even of actual knowledge more is called for than is readily allowed. Domestic expenditure is no small thing; the regulation of a household contains in germ all those questions of labour and capital that on a large scale threaten the peace of society; and in the infant drawing life from its mother's breast sleeps the germ of what may make it the curse or the blessing of a generation. It is supposed that religion and right feeling suffice to ensure the fulfilment of home duties; forgetting how wrong-headed right feeling may be! The extent of evil that an essentially well-meaning, pure-minded being can work among her fellow-creatures is not known, till we have watched it among those home responsibilities that are supposed to need no mental preparation. Let those tell who have seen what home can become under the guidance of an ignorant woman holding the purest Christian doctrine. See her married to a man far above her in intellect, and fretting his soul with her daily babbling about nothings; see her at the head of a large household, the slave of clever, unscrupulous servants; see her, with the charge of a family left upon her incapable hands, failing to understand even her own children, and wearing out their love by the want of sympathy and of indulgence for what is beyond its own sphere of knowledge, which characterizes the narrow, unimaginative mind!

On grounds, then, of interest, and on grounds more sacred than any worldly gain, mental cultivation stands prominent among the wants of women. But if we pause to consider such cultivation in itself, to see what its value to each individual life, how much may we add to the grounds on which such a want is based! The grovelling view of knowledge as the mere handmaid of gain or ambition; that view which is so far worse than mere ignorance, that it desecrates noble things—that is women's worst enemy; for as hitherto she has had few opportunities of contending for the prizes of knowledge, it has been thought no injustice to leave her without the training which would have enriched her own life with the fruits of mental cultivation.

Those only to whom truth and beauty are mere words, can ask the *cui bono* of any branch of knowledge that brings nearer perceptions of them to any human soul. And if this be true for men, how can it be less true for women? How can those whose earthly path is more circumscribed, whose worldly interests are less engrossing, whose daily life is often one of dependence and forbearance, not require, even more than the active and the free, entrance into those regions where the trammels of the actual are unseen, where passion enters not, and strife dies away in the solemn harmony of noble thoughts?

THE SUFFRAGE MOVEMENT IN SCOTLAND.—Since the meetings and lectures described a fortnight ago, no fewer than four additional lectures on Women's Suffrage, delivered by Miss Taylour, have come under our notice. At Beith, there was a very large attendance in the Assembly-rooms, and Miss Taylour is reported to have treated the whole subject exhaustively and in a very clear and eloquent manner. At Coatbridge, where the meeting took place in the Temperance-hall, such an impression was made that the newspaper of the district declares, if clearness and force of argument have any effect in gaining the franchise for unmarried ladies, who are in possession of landed property or occupants of houses, the right which is being claimed for them will not be long deferred. At Girvan, the resolutions submitted were unanimously adopted, and a large and influential committee was appointed; and the same result followed Miss Taylour's lecture in the Town-hall of Lochwinnoch.

PARISIAN SKETCHES.

BY THE CHEVALIER DE CHATELAIN.

THE RUE DES LOMBARDS.

WE rarely hear the name of a street mentioned any more than that of a person, without involuntarily seeking to find some analogy between the place or the individual, and its or his appellation. I don't know whether other people see the matter in the same light that I do; but when, for instance, I hear of Mr. Tallboys, Mr. Strong, Mr. Lord, or Mr. King, I feel disappointed if Mr. Tallboys turns out to be a very little man, Mr. Strong a weakly subject, and Mr. Lord and Mr. King to have nothing gentlemanly about them, either physically or morally; in like manner, when Paradise-row reveals itself as anything but Eden-like in its attributes, Prince's-street as more than unroyally shabby, New-street as older than most of its neighbours, the Poultry as a locality more specially unlike a farm-yard than any object in the Creation, Hill-street quite flat, and St. Martin's-in-the-Fields in the midst of houses; I launch out into the most merciless abuses of the "powers that be," who, either from apathy or from contempt of truth, allow our imagination to run riot in all the luxury of anticipation, in order to be hurled into an abyss of squalor and filth. The Rue des Lombards, in Paris, is amongst the number of those which deserve to come under this species of censure. Situated in one of the most populous quarters of ancient Paris, one, expects, on the faith of its name, to find it swarming with those establishments designated in London, by three golden balls, but which, in France, hiding their diminished heads during the day in the shade of some dark alley, only become visible at night by the light of a shabby lantern, and under the specious name of *Mont de Piété*, are the receptacles where, by the sanction of the same moral Government that has suppressed lotteries, but allows the Stock Exchange, the grossest extortion is practised on the poor, who borrow money on a few miserable rags at the exorbitant and usurious rate of nearly thirty per cent. per annum. And, as in the Middle Ages, it was, in fact, the Lombards who were first authorised to lend money upon pledge, I concluded that it was in memory of those arch-usurers that such name had been inflicted upon the said street. By dint, however, of minute researches in an old book that has become a sort of heirloom in my family, entitled "*La Truanderie ou l'art de guenser*," and which, I verily believe, is not to be met with in the *Bibliothèque Nationale*, I have been enabled to recognize the fallacy of any such speculations, and I fancy that I shall deserve well of all amateurs of antiquity, who delight in investigating the remains of ancient Paris, by presenting them with the fruit of my researches in various old tomes.

Be it known, then, unto you, gentle reader, that those Lombards of the Rue des Lombards (which ought more correctly to have been called La Rue du frères Lombard), were two twin-brothers of this name, so exactly alike in features that it was next to impossible to distinguish one from the other. Both inhabited the same house, or rather the same mansion, for in those days this was one of the best neighbourhoods of Paris, and both were equally the object of universal veneration; and, indeed, there was not that tale of distress that came to their ears, but which met with ready sympathy at their hands, nor was any calamity too sweeping for their prompt and efficacious relief. The only thing that seemed strange about them, was that, notwithstanding the daily and munificent alms they bestowed on all the needy that applied to them, the source of their riches, far from being exhausted, appeared, on the contrary, to increase daily, as though they had been possessors of Fortunatus's purse; but the good folks of those times gladly recognised the finger of God in all such effects without apparent cause. For was it not natural that Providence should heap its favours on these two young men, who proved by the noble use of their riches that they were most worthy to be entrusted with them? Besides this, every Sunday, or holy-day, they might be seen at church, edifying the faithful by their meek and proper behaviour; and, moreover, sundry pious foundations had sufficiently testified their zeal and respect for the ministers of public worship. The reader will, doubtless, enquire by what secret these brothers found means to increase their fortune? Various rumours were afloat on the subject. Some thought they

had discovered the Philosopher's stone; others hinted at a certain compact signed and sealed with the arch-fiend himself, until this sinister rumour had been peremptorily silenced by their regular attendance, every Sunday, at their parish church of St. Mederick (or St. Mary, as it is now called). Nothing of this kind, however, was the case; but every day, or rather every evening, an hour after the curfew had sounded, after disguising themselves beyond the power of recognition, and covering their faces with masks, the two brothers proceeded through a subterraneous passage to the charnel-house of the Innocents; in those days the haunt of all the adventurers, thieves, and beggars that infested the capital. The exit to this vault was by an isolated tomb, which the rabble-rout, who flocked in swarms to the cemetery each night, never ventured to approach from superstitious fears. On reaching the charnel-house the two brothers, who passed for one and the same person in the eyes of the bandits, separated, and each went to place himself at the head of a troop of robbers, one on one side of the cemetery, the other on the other. From thence these two troops, composed of the same number of men, and having the same watchword, spread themselves all over Paris, whose inhabitants were fast asleep, knocking down the patrol, scaling walls, and carrying fire and sword into the most opposite points of the town. Long before the first dawn of morning the two brothers had returned to the charnel-house, and reached the isolated tomb, and from thence the quiet refuge of their peaceful mansion. The police were completely at fault, and, as usual, they searched everywhere rather than in the right place, and never dreamt of the cemetery of the Innocents as a receptacle for thieves, especially as the latter had always the extreme precaution to surround the holy spot with a halo of supposititious terror, and moreover, to avoid levying black mail on any of the quiet citizens of the neighbourhood, if once in a way they happened to be abroad at undue hours.

Several years passed by, when, on a Sunday at mass, the attention of one of the brothers happened to be attracted by a young maiden of faultless beauty. He had no sooner set eyes upon her than he became violently in love, and being himself a handsome looking cavalier, he had soon the happiness to find that his passion was reciprocated. Isabelle was the only daughter of the Prévot of Paris. The latter, a very proud and important sort of personage, chose to look upon young Lombard's suit as a piece of impertinence, refused his consent to so unequal a match, and ejected the gallant in such a manner that plainly showed it was of no use attempting to soften his stubborn will. The lover, therefore, after counsel with his brother, determined to carry Isabelle off to some foreign land, after having first disposed of their immense possessions. Complete success attended their plan. They began by converting their gold into ingots, and sending them off to Italy; then, one day, they caused a secret intimation to be given to the Prévot of a plan for attacking and rifling the convent of the Dames de St. Chaumont, situated at one end of the Paris of those times.* That same night the robbers, according to the anonymous warning, were to carry off a young niece of the Prévot, and a large sum of money which had been that morning received by the Dames de St. Chaumont. The Prévot caught at the bait. In the course of the day he despatched his troops of archers to the spot mentioned, sending them one by one, and in various disguises, to avoid suspicion, and manned all the avenues to the convent; lastly, he repaired to the scene of danger, where he put himself at the head of a tolerable-sized troop, which he had introduced with the utmost secrecy into the sacred building, and calmly awaited the attack of the robbers, whom he hoped to surprise and seize to a man; but he had reckoned without his host, for, while he was busy with his warlike preparations, the robbers, instead of making the community of the Dames de St. Chaumont the theatre of their exploits, went with one of the two brothers at their head to lay siege to the Prévot's house, unprotected at that moment by its usual guards; and in the inevitable disorder occasioned by this sudden attack, the other brother carried off his mistress without even drawing his sword, and took flight with her while the robbers pillaged the

Prévot house, and stole everything that could be stolen. A few days after this event the brother, who had remained in Paris, joined the fugitives and his beautiful partner in Italy, and all then set off for Sicily, where their enormous wealth, the source of which ever remained a secret to Isabelle, enabled them to live in the most luxurious and delightful manner.

TO BE CONTINUED.

SHORT PAPERS ON HYGIENE.

BY CHARLES R. DRYSDALE, M.D.,

Physician to the Metropolitan Free Hospital.

No 1.—HISTORICAL.

THE science of Hygiene has only of late years been taught in Medical Schools. The cause of this lies in the fact, that this branch of medical doctrine pre-supposes a knowledge of many others; and hence Hygiene could not well be dogmatically taught until medical men became well acquainted with chemistry, anatomy, physiology, and, above all, with disease as seen on a large scale in hospitals or elsewhere. The 19th century has been so prolific in discoveries in all the sciences relating to animal life, that we have now acquired sufficient materials to aid us in laying down some rules for the guidance of members of our race, in the struggle against death and disease we constantly have to maintain, from the cradle to the grave.

Even in the treatment of disease far more is usually to be effected by a knowledge of the conditions of healthy existence than by drugs. Thus, the diseases of infancy are best treated by diet and regimen. Gout, consumption, diabetes, obesity, and a host of other diseases, likewise, are much better attacked by hygienic appliances, than by the *Materia Medica*.

In the early ages public health was entrusted to the priest, or lawgiver, before the man of science was permitted to make health a separate study. Moses, Lycurgus, and Hippocrates, are the three typical personages who represent this progress. Hippocrates, a Greek physician, living some 450 years before the birth of Christ, does not command, as the legislator of Sparta, or speak as the mouthpiece of Jehovah, as Moses does; he appeals to experience solely. One expression of the great Hippocrates might be quoted with advantage, even in these days. Referring to some ailments, which the vulgar of his day ascribed to the influence of the Gods, he says, "It appears to me that such affections are just as much divine as others are; and that no one disease is either more divine or human than another; that they are all alike divine, each having its own nature, and none arising without a natural cause." To seek out these natural causes is the province of Hygienic Science; to remove them, is that of the art of Hygiene.

Moses has a sanitary system of his own. He, above all, speaks of the avoidal of contagion, and sequesters the leper, as well as persons affected with non-contagious diseases. At a time when the distinction between diseases was not made out, the avoidal of contagion was, of course, very prudent. His prohibition of the marriage of near relations seems to be confirmed by the results of modern experience. The objection to pork as a food was, doubtless, more sentimental than hygienic; but with all its faults it seems that the hygienic law laid down by Moses was the means of preserving the life of the Jewish people during many of the pestilences which afflicted other nations in the Middle Ages. The removal of excreta, and the embalming of the dead, were most useful in hot climates, and can be well appreciated by those who visit Constantinople in modern times, and witness the carelessness exhibited in inhumation of the dead.

The hygienic laws of Lycurgus seem to have been at constant war with the dictates of nature. The head of the tribe pronounced the lot of the newly-born child; he sentenced it to death if he deemed it likely to become a weakly citizen. The child was taken from home and its parents at the age of seven, and brought up in public. Spartan women were subjected to a course of gymnastic training, almost as rigorous as that of the men. They were daily exercised in gymnastics, and contended with each other in running, wrestling, and boxing. So highly was health prized in ancient Greece, that Plato goes so far as to blame Herodicus for having taught by example how

* This convent was situated on the spot on which the Rue de Tracy now stands, between the Rue du Ponceau and the Rue des Filles Dieu.—*See DuLauré.*

weak persons might attain a ripe age, under the pretext, that the care of a weak constitution withdraws us from virtue, and renders us a charge on our country.

The gymnasia and baths of ancient Rome are great features of Roman civilisation. Under Justinian, there existed at Rome 815 baths, public and private. In the year A.D. 92, we hear of nine large aqueducts, which brought water to Rome; and the population of that city (probably about a million), were supplied with 332 gallons per head daily, or about ten times as much as we have now-a-days in London or Paris. Gymnastic exercises were much practised by the Romans, until the days of the gladiators, when cruelty and ferocity taught a contempt for human suffering and life quite incompatible with the progress of the science of Hygiene. It seems incontestable that the Romans were much better acquainted with the hygiene of Armies than we moderns have hitherto been; for they could move large masses of men across dangerous climates without losing many of them on the way. In modern times we have seen whole armies melt away by disease before coming to blows. Ancient civilisation was materialistic, and the perfection of the physique was chiefly studied by Roman lawgivers.

During the Middle Ages, there is no doubt that the ultra-theological warfare against the body produced most fatal results on public health: and, doubtless, many of the plagues of that time are due to the contempt inculcated by the monks of the day for cleanliness, good food, or other necessities of civilized existence. In the 19th century, however, a sounder philosophy is awakening, and human life is now much more secure, both against disease and against accident than it was in the days of Lycurgus, although we no longer have the number of dishes to our dinner regulated by law, nor get rid of the most weakly of our offspring by public functionaries.

The most famous writer on Hygiene, after the immortal Greek Hippocrates, is Celsus, who flourished about A.D. 30. It appears that even in his days the Roman ladies were in the habit of employing mercenary nurses to a great extent, instead of attending to their duties as mothers. If Parisian mothers would but read a dialogue between Aulus Gellius and a Roman lady on this subject, it is to be hoped that they would reform; and then we should hear less of excessive infantile mortality in Paris. After Celsus, arose a celebrated physician of Rome, named Galen; and his dogmas governed the medical schools of the Middle Ages until further observation of Nature overthrew his influence.

At the end of last century, Priestley, an English chemist, and a great Frenchman, Lavoisier, explained how we exist in the atmosphere, by separating air into its component parts. Another Englishman, the immortal Harvey, discovered in 1619 that the blood circulates through the system. The works of Tissot, Rostan, Londe, A. Combe, S. Smith, Parkes, Mapother, and Florence Nightingale, have thrown, during the last century, a flood of light upon the science of Hygiene. Jenner's discovery of vaccination in 1796 is quite recent. Before that, the practice of inoculation was introduced from Turkey into England by Lady Montague in 1726. In the year 1767, Sir George Baker explained the cause of a colic, with paralysis of the muscles of the arm, which was common in Devonshire, and showed it to be caused by lead-poisoning in the cyder districts. Anson lost 626 men out of a crew of 961, by a disease called scurvy, in the latter part of last century; but in 1796, when lemon juice was first given daily to the crews of ships, one vessel, the "Suffolk," was 162 days at sea without the loss of one man.

In 1348, the plague appeared in Asia, Africa, and Europe; and Froissart says it killed 43,000,000 persons. Between the 7th and the 17th centuries, England was invaded twenty times by the plague. It now exists only in Lower Egypt. A disease, called the "Black Pest," caused by a kind of mushroom growing on the rye, used to decimate the populations of many European states in the 17th and beginning of the 18th centuries. The cause of this disease being known, it has almost disappeared.

In modern days, we have our own horrors to contend with. Such are the caries of the jawbones among lucifer-match makers; the palsies of workers in lead, very commonly met with in London; the rapid consumption of stonemasons and grinders; the pallor of

miners, who pass their lives underground; and the scrofula and consumption of our town populations, shocking us on every side; ricketty children crowd our poor streets and unwholesome alleys. But the science of Hygiene has conquered many of the evils which war against our existence, and it will make far greater conquests in the future, when education is extended, and women, as well as men, become instructed in the conditions of health and longevity.

The discovery of the "Law of Population" by an English clergyman, Mr. Malthus, at the termination of the 18th century (1798), was probably the greatest contribution ever made to the science of Hygiene, since he showed that over-reproduction of our species in any given old country inevitably causes fevers, consumption, and infantile death. The next generation will, doubtless, carry out the views of Mr. J. S. Mill, and other followers of Malthus; and human life may at length become full of calm and innocent pleasures, and freer from those catastrophes which it has so often seen. Persons who have not studied this part of the subject are referred to Chapter XIII. of Mr. J. S. Mill's "Principles of Political Economy," where the dangers of large families in old countries like this are clearly and boldly pointed out by the author, the best and noblest specimen of the human race existing at this moment.

On some future occasion, the writer of these few remarks may perhaps enter into some of the details of the Science of Hygiene—such as the doctrines of ventilation, climate, diet, water supply, and the like. Much is now definitely known upon these important questions; and Miss Florence Nightingale, among others, has contributed greatly to our knowledge of the questions of climate and hospital construction.

THE BOY WHO HAS GOT A CAKE.

By the Author of "Flemish Interiors," &c., &c.

Oui; tout pouvoir a des salaires
A jeter aux flatteurs qui lècheut ses genoux;
Et les courtisans populaires
Sont, comme toujours, les plus serviles de tous.

—Lamartine.

Viri infelicis, procul amici!

Who is the individual who succeeds in life? whose enterprises are sure to turn out well; whose career is one continued triumph; whose progress an ovation; who obtains favours unsought—nay, who confers a favour when he asks a service; who makes friends unconsciously (for other men are proud to be able to say they know him); who can create sunshine with a smile, gloom with a frown, and without an effort give the tone to all that surrounds him. Who?

Who? but the man already enjoying such solid and tangible advantages that he could dispense better than any other, with the adventitious adjuncts of adulation and worship. Nevertheless, so it is; and the curled darling of Nature, the spoiled child of Fortune, finds himself, *ipso facto*, surrounded by a perfumed atmosphere of homage very agreeable, but, at the same time, perfectly natural, to him to breathe: his life is, so to speak, circumscribed by a vicious circle, for his prosperity increases and multiplies by feeding on itself—at once a cause and a consequence.

It may be a trite observation, but nevertheless one which has held good through all time: that "Gold attracts gold;" and in one particular, if in no other, Scripture and Society are agreed, namely, that "To him who hath, shall be given." The monied man, however, is not responsible for this result, the world chooses to have it so; adoring not merely gold itself but the golden calf compounded of it. Nay, the very reflection of gold has its value, for next to being rich comes the reputation of being in contact with some one who is. Experience altogether denies the assertion that *L'or est une chimère*: so far from this, if there is anything that a justifiable fastidiousness refuses to swallow, let it but be gilt on the surface, and the most nauseous pill glides smoothly down. Let the stream of the Pactolus be ever so muddy, any one will drink the water that has rolled over "sands of gold," even without the "orient pearl."

Thus no one, when receiving money, pauses to inquire whence it

comes or through what hands it has passed; men count their sovereigns and ring them, but they don't care to learn the history of the coins, nor trouble themselves as to what purposes they have antecedently served, and—clean or unclean—they sweep them unscrupulously into their pockets. Nor is it otherwise with regard to the man of wealth. Society, however patrician, is quite content to accept him as a fact-asking, no inconvenient questions, and if he should be followed by plebeian or even by unhallowed traditions, she will yet indulgently close her ears against their echoes, holding out her maternal arms to embrace him as a regenerated offspring, and fondly expressing more joy over the success of this one lucky, and persevering parvenu than over the un aspiring mediocrity in which ninety-nine simple-minded men are content to grovel.

Let, then, the antecedents of the man of fortune be what they may, let him do what he will, be what he chooses, even say what he thinks, it is all one: in our day *wealth*, and not charity, is the cloak that covereth a multitude of sins. Mammon is still the god of the world, and his votaries rear new temples to him every day; flunkeyism may be regarded as constituting the Nineteenth Century phase of that ancient religion. "Progress" has not materially altered it, so that the world makes way with the same obsequious alacrity for the gold-ringed man in the year of grace, 1872, as in the remoter times of the practical Apostle St. James.

"My good fellow," once observed to me a sagacious millionaire, who had pushed his own way with mighty success through the world; "take my word for it—money's the thing; there may have been a time when *knowledge* was power, but now-a-days money is power too; and if you must acquire one or the other, why, my advice is, go in for money. Remember this," he continued, laying his hand emphatically on my arm; "with the bulk of the world, it isn't what you *are*, but what you *have*." He was a hard, suspicious, close-fisted old fellow, without feeling, without generosity, yet obsequiously courted everywhere; the tyrant of his relations, the oracle of his acquaintance;—What he might have been to his friends I know not—I never could find he had any; and as I listened to his advice and reluctantly acknowledged its truth, I shuddered at the thought of ever coming to resemble him, and wondered whether it was not the mercenary, self-seeking, mammon-worshipping world that had made him what he was.

Very early in life I acquired my experience in this branch of worldly wisdom. It was the first lesson I learned at school, and I never forgot it. The establishment at which I was placed on leaving the governess who rudimentalized me, if not a public school, was nearly equivalent to one; and I think the "Burney-boys" licked each other into shape, much after the fashion of the Etonians and Harrovians. I had not been in my new sphere long enough to be initiated into its local customs, when I had a serious quarrel in the playground, and feeling I had been treated with gross injustice by a companion, I resented his conduct by pursuing what I considered the dignified course of sending him to Coventry to express my contempt for his conduct. It was at the dinner-table the next day—I remember it well—rice-pudding and all—that a chum of mine seated next me, having observed how the case stood, kindly proceeded to give me the benefit of his superior wisdom.

"I say, Green, you fool," whispered he, with a friendly nudge of the elbow in my ribs; "don't go and sulk with Boxer just now."

"Not sulk with him!" replied I. "What do you mean? Would you have me on terms with a bully, and a coward, and a li . . .?"

"Oh, stuff!" rejoined my adviser. "I know all about that; but it isn't the *time* to quarrel with him."

"What's the *time* to do with it?" pursued I, indignantly, in the same undertone.

"What!" exclaimed Sharpe, astonished. "Oh! . . . I see; you didn't know it;" and he put his mouth close to my ear, and blew into it the solution of the riddle:

"Why, *he's got a CAKE!*"

As I look back now, from my snow-capped eminence to the verdant flat on which I then stood, I smile, as Sharpe then smiled, at the bewildered gaze with which I met this information. What could the circumstance of Boxer's possessing a cake have to do with me or my disgust at his behaviour? But my intelligence did not

long remain obfuscated by this mist of simplicity and innocence, and before Sharpe had time to add: "Don't stare at a fellow like that! I tell you his hamper came this morning;" my eyes were opened, and I knew good and evil. From that moment I was a "boy of the world," and very shortly I was able to distinguish, as rapidly as any urchin in the school, between a boy who had, and a boy who had not, a cake.

One morning, not long after this, it was *my* turn to possess a cake a splendid cake, large, rich, and sugared all over the top; and I then began practically to experience the proud position at once attained by him who holds something that everybody else wants. But, alas! I had also to learn how rapidly the enthusiasm of which I had been the object was destined to melt away. My popularity lasted exactly as long as the cake, and disappeared with the last slice! This was my second lesson, and I laid that to heart also.

When I became a man, I did not put away childish things, for I found that proceeding quite out of date: I simply followed the same course in a larger way. When I came to study men and things for my own practical guidance, I found that, in grown-up life, a precisely analogous system was pursued; that "tufts" at the University took the place of cake at school—and that men established and entertained among themselves distinctions precisely similar to those prescribed among boys; so that men who had cakes were petted and praised, admired, and courted, while those who had none were over-looked and neglected, depreciated and snubbed. The conclusion I arrived at was that it was absolutely necessary for me to provide myself by all or any means with a cake of some sort.

Cakes, I discovered, might be of various descriptions, and so, as they were composed of ingredients in any way capable of distribution to other people, they always insured the popularity of the possessor. Wealth, rank, influence, genius, or whatever imparted to a name a reputation of any kind—for often notoriety seemed as useful as fame—were the cakes that appeared to me to render grown-up boys the spoiled children of society, and I began seriously to consider what I could possibly go in for, that would in time bring me this indispensable talisman.

Persius has written:—

Scire tuum nihil est, nisi te scire hoc sciat alter.

Let us substitute *possidere* for *scire*, and we may draw an acute inference from this line. I have often seen it occur that men, who I happened to know, were liberally endowed with that description of cake which the world most prizes—wealth, would enter society whither the knowledge of this important fact had not preceded them, and be received with the utmost coldness and indifference; in fact, according to the amount of their personal worth. No sooner, however, had the circumstance, that they were cake-holders, oozed out, than society began to distinguish in them graces and virtues it never even remotely suspected before; while, on the other hand, men who had adroitly given society to understand they were in the enjoyment of a cake they had not even the remotest chance of obtaining, found in the belief they had contrived to inspire an all-sufficing passport to social eminence. The owner of hereditary rank or wealth, however empty-headed, was always recognized as a substantial holder of cake, worthy of universal confidence. The man who had worked his way to a title, or had built up a fortune, or obtained a place of distinction in science, letters, or art; the man who could *do* anything that rendered him even a drawing-room lion; all such might be regarded as having achieved a cake, and with it its proportionate meed of adulation.

As I peered more deeply into the mainsprings of society, I began to wonder whether some of the most important of our political measures were not founded on the weakness of human nature generally for cakes? Whether, for example, the diffusion of Parliamentary suffrage among classes likely to be easily influenced by their superiors did not rest on the system of an interchange of cakes?—the nod or the familiar handshake, the condescending notice or the bland promises—the *seed-cake*, in fact, of the man of rank and importance, being sagaciously offered, and unsuspectingly accepted, as an equivalent for the support of the man of toil, whose *plum-cake* was a vote. Again, whether the concessions so largely accorded

to, and so ingeniously invented for, the conciliation of the lower orders on the short-sighted impulse of individual advantage, and regardless of ultimate consequences, might not be regarded as so many twelfth-cakes temptingly iced, over-laid with painted plaster ornaments, dazzling to the eyes, but bitter to the taste, and poisonous to the health?

In short, there was no discernible difference, except in its scale, between the greed which constituted the governing principle of school-boys and the self-interest which ruled the conduct of men: the primary basis of both being the value set upon other people's cakes—sometimes real, sometimes imaginary, sometimes substantial, sometimes conventional; but always the object of keen competition and eager pursuit.

It is melancholy and humiliating to believe that selfishness should take so large a part in the motives of our kind; yet is it not the mysteriously-authorized incentive to our highest aims? Modern philosophy has questioned whether this vice—

“ for time, a sin ”—

may not be, when

“ Stretched out towards Eternity, celestial wisdom? ”

And the Christian moralist may enquire, in the very words of the Roman satirist:—

“ . . . Quis enim virtutem amplectitur ipsam premia si tollas? ”

A STRANGE STORY.

SEVEN years since, an odd little gentleman, who styled himself Dr. Barry, and who was, in fact, a surgeon of the United States Army, made his appearance in London society. He had seen active military service, and had risen by his skill and assiduity to the post of Inspector-General of Hospitals; but at the period to which we refer he appears to have retired upon half-pay. Dr. Barry lived rather a secluded life in respectable lodgings in Northumberland-street, Strand, in a house which was at that time rented by a lady named Hughes, since deceased. He was on visiting terms with several members of the aristocracy, and was an intimate personal friend of Lord L———, who made frequent morning calls. The Doctor's habits, manners, and personal appearance, were such as to attract the attention of all persons with whom he came in contact. His landlady in particular was singularly curious to know all about the antecedents of her eccentric lodger; but as he paid his way with scrupulous punctuality, and was, moreover, undoubtedly respectable, her garrulous gossip gradually subsided into a dumb interest in the little gentleman, which was in no way likely to excite his irascible temper. His age might have been sixty years. In appearance he was weak and spare, and of fair complexion; neat in his person, and exact and methodical in his habits. His diet consisted solely of fruits, bread, and vegetables; and green tea and goat's milk were the only luxuries in which he indulged. A young black servant, who had been with him for some years previously, was his only attendant, and he appeared to be much attached to his eccentric master. Dr. Barry's health was feeble, but he constantly walked or drove out in fine weather, and whenever he was confined to the house by indisposition he was accustomed to amuse himself like Robinson Crusoe, with the gambols of his household pets.

The old gentleman was a bachelor, and a woman-hater of the most violent type. The sound of female laughter seemed peculiarly annoying to him; and whenever the musical ring of voices of the female population of the house resounded through his rooms, he invariably shouted—“ John, shut the door, and keep those she-devils out!” Oddly enough, although so hostile to the sex in general, he had his particular likings, and was most assiduous in his attentions to a certain lady of high respectability, whom he often visited, and to whom he was in the constant habit of writing. In this love affair John was his confidante, and, of course, had the singular privilege of being the bearer of the Doctor's tender missives, which were often read aloud by the writer before they were despatched. One day, however, came the *dénouement*. A letter in the delicate handwriting of the lady came by the post, and was at once handed by the faithful domestic to his master. The impatient swain of sixty hastily

tore the envelope open, read and re-read its contents, wept, read again, and then groaned out that he was “ rejected!”

We, however, must draw a veil over the grief of the poor little Doctor, which was of the most poignant kind, and we follow him to new quarters in Margaret-street, Cavendish-square, where he resided during the few weeks which preceded his death. Whether his love misadventure had seriously undermined his already delicate constitution or not, it is impossible to say; but it is quite certain that he fell seriously ill after leaving Northumberland-street, and was confined to his bed. Medical aid was, of course called in, but the patient was already past all earthly assistance, and a few months after the receipt of the fatal letter he died. Now comes the strange part of the story. A woman was called in to lay out the corpse, but after a slight examination of the body, she ran hurriedly down the stairs, and exclaimed to the landlady, “ You sent for me to lay out a man, but the deceased person up-stairs is a woman!” The consternation in the house was, of course, extreme. A medical man was sent for, who after an examination of the corpse, fully confirmed the statement of the woman.

It was discovered that Dr. Barry had no relatives, and beyond the remnant of his half-pay, he (or she) had absolutely no means whatever. The body was quietly buried, and some weeks after the funeral a brief paragraph found its way into the newspapers embodying the leading facts which are given above. We, however, can affirm, from actual and personal knowledge, that this strange story is strictly true, and it possesses a singular interest at the present moment, when educated women are making strenuous efforts to obtain a footing in the medical profession. Dr. Barry was reputed to possess great professional skill, and her promotion to high medical rank in the Army of the United States, is sufficient proof of the fact. No doubt she had concealed her sex with the view of following the bent of her inclination without fear of persecution. At the time when the learned lady entered upon her studies, Woman's Rights were as little understood in America as they were here a few years since.

If popular arguments were needed to convince dull minds, the story of this lady's life might be expected to do good service in the coming agitation for the higher education of women; but we have passed the stage of mere declamation, and no one whose opinions are worth consideration now ventures to urge that women should be deprived of the advantages of high professional education on the ground of their inability to accomplish the rough work which men are expected to encounter in the world. If women find their physical strength insufficient to enable them to cope with the arduous labours of the doctor, or the lawyer, we shall simply have no female doctors or lawyers. Women ask no quarter or consideration from men, but simply a fair field for the open competition of the sexes in whatever both or either may undertake. If the men win in the long run, they will not complain; but it is, at least, certain that many ladies are quite competent to fulfil the duties which have hitherto been monopolised by medical men, and we are quite sure that Dr. Barry's case is only one of many which might be cited in proof of the fact, if it were worth any-one's while to turn over the musty records of the past.

J. G.

THE series of articles on Wants of Women, begun in our impression of last week, will be continued during the ensuing month, by the publication of papers from the pens of Miss Sophia Jex-Blake, Miss Elizabeth C. Wolstenholme, Madame Bodichon, and Miss Julia Wedgewood, each treating of a special subject.

THE second of Mr. Sedley Taylor's lectures on the Theory of Sound was given on Saturday at South Kensington. The divisions of the subject explained by the Lecturer were, the definition of musical sounds; the physical conditions on which their intensity and pitch depend; and the consonant and dissonant intervals of the scale, and numerical relations corresponding to them. The third lecture of Herr Ernst Pauer's course on the Clavecin and Pianoforte, was delivered on Wednesday, when the illustrative selections were taken from the scores of Carl Bach, Haydn, and Mozart.

LETTER FROM ABROAD.

Aldorf, Switzerland. 19 Oct. 1872.

BEFORE retiring to rest, I must take up my pen to tell you how beautiful is this land of Tell and liberty. In passing the meadow of Rütli the whole Swiss history comes back again to the memory, fresh as the three springs that, the legend says, bubbled up from the ground where the three noble liberators, Stauffacher, Arnold von Melchthal, and Walter Fürst, took the oath to free their country from the Hapsburg yoke. A little farther, and Tell's Chapel can be distinctly seen. This is erected on the spot where Tell sprang from the boat and left Gessler and his attendants to the mercy of the waves; and, strange to say, to-day one of those sudden storms overtook us. The spray of the waves the wind lifts high up in the air, and dashes it against the faces of those on deck. Down in the village is the spot where Tell drew the crossbow to send the arrow, by command of the cruel, cold-hearted Gessler, at the apple on the head of his boy. Where the hat was, whereat all the people were required to bow to show their obedience to the dominant power, is now a tower.

To-morrow, we leave at 7 o'clock over the St. Gothard. Fortunately there was still a seat vacant when I made my application at the post.

By-the-bye, you have not heard from me since I left Homburg. At Baden-Baden I had the pleasure of saluting the Emperor of Germany. The Empress was also there, and the eldest son of the Crown Prince—a charming boy, without the slightest affectation.

Pallanza, opposite Isola Madre and Isola Bella. Oct. 24, 1872.

I find this commencement of a letter among my papers, and as my mind had fully been determined to send a few lines from this charming spot to you, those already written shall act as a prelude. Our passage across the St. Gothard was really about as miserable as any one could imagine, but it being the first time that my eyes had witnessed such bold scenery, where the snow and the sky seem blended together; I enjoyed it immensely. After we left Amdermatt at the next halting station, sledges were provided, and the journey was so wild and exciting, bumping about; on one side, mountains a mile or two high, and on the other a depth of two or three; it made almost the blood stand still to gaze below, for very often we found but a couple of feet separating us from the brink of the precipice. At last the diligence—for before we came to Airolo we were once more placed upon wheels—arrived at Bellinzona at three o'clock in the morning, instead of eleven in the evening. So many changes caused the delay. There were altogether, with baggage, sledges, and passenger-sleighs, 24. It was very pretty to see them all file down the mountain.

From Bellinzona we started the next afternoon for Locarno, where the inundations had caused serious inconvenience. It rained all day, so, although my arrangements had been made to leave for Pallanza, I remained in the hotel the entire 24 hours, without stirring, save to fetch a "Reminiscence of Raleigh." Then it was that my library proved useful. Shelley's and Mrs. Browning's poems I purchased in Wiesbaden, and besides these my little volumes of Goethe, Heine, and Burns, always make me feel that I have companions on the way.

At Aldorf, just before the post arrived, I thought there would be time to take a peep at the oldest convent in Switzerland, and made the attempt. On returning, however, I found to my surprise that the "post" had come and gone, and that my place was forfeited. However, by paying half the amount I could proceed the next day. This turned out to be the most fortunate thing possible that could have happened, for then I determined to return to Vitznau and ascend the Rigi. (Just at this moment it occurs to me that I wrote to you from Art; so forgive me for "old news.") However, after I left Art, Tell's history again appeared vividly before the mind, for I saw "Die hohle Gasse," in which Gessler breathed his last. Walking thence to Immensee (one of the most charming spots to choose for a residence), I breakfasted at the Hotel de Rigi, and then passed on to the Lake of Lowerz through Art. Here is the Rossberg mountain that tumbled down in September, 1806, burying the village of Lowerz and the neighbourhood with huge stone blocks. 900 persons were destroyed on that occasion. A

curious case occurred: a servant-maid, with three little children, were covered by the stones, but yet not hurt. Hearing the bells on the necks of the cattle the following day, the maid screamed out, and the shepherd heard her and called for help. When the stones were removed, the three little children were dragged out of the living grave with their preserver. The latter died but three years ago, and the three children are still alive. This is a subject for the Antiquarian Society of London, or will be in the future—a modern Herculeum and Pompeii affair. From the peasants I have picked up all the information I could about it, with a view, perhaps, of bringing it before the attention of our antiquaries.

This Isola Madre, just opposite my bed-room window, is a charming spot; Isola Bella beyond, half-hidden by the former island; and should I have my choice where to live for a couple of years, I would say either Baden-Baden, Immensee, on Lake Zug, or Pallanza on Lago Maggiore. These are the three most beautiful places whose acquaintance I have yet made.

This afternoon I leave for Milan; then to Verona, Vicenza, and Venice; proceeding to Florence *via* Padua and Bologna. While one is about it, it is just as well to go the whole round; therefore it will be another five or six days before I reach the Tuscan capital.

MILAN.

Here, at last, I have felt for the first time the truth of the couplet from Geibel:—

"All that I am, that I know, is due to the sensible Northland,

But for the secret of form, thank I the genial South."

This is a beautiful city, and its cathedral of white marble looks like a fairy palace in the moonlight. The rich blue sky, the pure atmosphere, and the living statuary cannot but call forth the highest tones of admiration from an appreciative and susceptible heart.

"*Rome, and then die!*" This, I believe, must be true, if Death does not overtake a pilgrim on the road thither. The former will be accomplished in a week or two; the latter is only a question of time with all of us. "Such is the fate of man!" The Cardinal might have added, "and woman too;" but these "reflections on the tomb-stones" might be left to another chapter.

GEORGE BROWNING.

THE SUFFRAGE MOVEMENT IN HASTINGS.—On Friday, the 15th instant, a meeting was held at the Castle Assembly-rooms, Hastings, to explain the grounds on which women demand the suffrage; and notwithstanding the inclement weather, it may be said to have been unusually successful. The Chairman (Major Evans Bell) remarked that this was no party question, for whilst it received on one side the support of Sir John Coleridge and Mr. Jacob Bright, it had, on the other hand, that of Mr. Eastwick, Mr. Charley, and many others. He pointed out how small a minority of women the extension demanded would admit to the suffrage, and deprecated, as totally unworthy of the 19th century, the argument lately brought forward in the *Pall Mall Gazette* and other papers, that the majority in elections simply carried weight, as a majority, because it represented a preponderance of *physical* strength.—Mrs. Henry Kingsley read a very interesting paper, introducing many instances of the law's cruel injustice to women, upon such points as the right to personal property, to due maintenance, and to the custody of children; and pointed out that these flagrant wrongs were likely to continue until women possessed the only legitimate means of reaching the heart of the Legislature.—Mr. John Stuart moved a resolution for the adoption of a petition to Parliament, to be signed by the Chairman in behalf of the meeting, in favour of Mr. Jacob Bright's Bill, and also requesting the members for Hastings to vote for the measure.—Mrs. Algernon Kingsford, in seconding the motion, remarked that the reason Mr. Kay-Shuttleworth gave in a letter she had received from him on the subject of the Suffrage, was expressed in precisely the same language as that given in another letter by Mr. Brassey. Both members considered that the indirect influence women already exercised amply sufficed for all present purposes. The speaker regretted that indirect influence should be needed, when a straightforward course would be less degrading to both men and women.—The resolution was carried almost unanimously, only one hand being held up against it.—Mrs. Ernestine Rose, though not on the platform, lent the weight of her eloquence to the cause, and quite carried away the audience by her skilful combination of sound logic and wit. The second resolution, relative to the appointment of a Hastings Committee to be in communication with the Central Committee, was moved by Dr. Hawkes, seconded by the Rev. Mr. Wooding, and carried unanimously. Dr. Cumming remarked (from his seat in the audience), that the question was one simply for time to carry, and another mark of the rapid advance of civilization. After a few other allusions to current topics connected with Women's questions, the meeting concluded with a cordial vote of thanks to Mrs. Henry Kingsley, and Major Evans Bell; and some influential names were enrolled on the local committee before the proceedings were quite ended.

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The Lady's Own Paper,

A JOURNAL OF TASTE, PROGRESS, AND THOUGHT.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1872.

IN MY LADY'S CHAMBER;

A STORY OF

HER DECEASED HUSBAND'S BROTHER.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER X.

"NOTICE TO QUIT."

It was somewhere about half-past ten, and chocolate and Burgundy were going on in Belgravia.

Not my Lady's chamber this time, but a spacious dining-room, somewhat lugubrious in aspect on account of the heavy drapery about the windows, and the grim stolid-looking furniture, hewn in massive mahogany of ancient date, that garnished the walls in pompous rows; as though each spectral chair were a monument to a departed member of the house, and the ponderous side-board, with its carven arms and low crypt-like doors, looming through the funeral gloom at the end of the apartment, were no less an ancestral fabric than the family vault itself.

An allegorical room truly!

Lofty was the corniced ceiling as the pride and station of the Cairnsmuir nobility, dark and mysterious the remote recesses of the apartment as the boding doom that environed the present fortunes of the dying earldom, formal and uncompromising the great bronze clock and statuettes on the mantelpiece as the character and outward man of their illustrious owner, and stoically serene as became the head of such a peerage under certainty of its imminent extinction, the four marble busts on their four fitted pedestals that decorated the corners of this parabolic chamber.

Statue-like too, and chilly, at the top of the table, immediately opposite the centre window, sat the Right Honourable the Earl of Cairnsmuir himself, sipping his noble chocolate, and patronizing at intervals in his own lordly style, the leading Conservative newspaper of the day.

He was not yet decided in his approbation of the principal articles, when the door beside him opened softly, and his political cogitations were

indefinitely postponed by the entrance of Lady Dolores, as languidly imperious and perfectly *coiffée*, as the staunchest conventionalist could desire.

"Hubert," said the Countess, "Ella has just reminded me that she has a stall to hold with Lady Miranda in the afternoon, at the Duchess' bazaar. Do you think Sir Godfrey would excuse a short invitation and dine with us quietly this evening? for I told him that Ella and I should drive in the park after luncheon, quite forgetting her engagement. He might think us intentionally oblivious, if no explanation were offered."

"If Templar had no other appointment for to-night," answered the Earl, majestically placing one of the ghostly chairs for Lady Cairnsmuir, "I am sure he would have been very happy to meet you. But he is in great request just at present. There is an important measure to be discussed in the Lower House to-night, and Templar's attendance is as necessary as the Premier's. More so, in fact, for the measure is his."

"Sir Godfrey is a powerful man in the Government," observed Lady Cairnsmuir.

"Immensely so," said the Earl. "He is the central figure of the Cabinet, and the greatest diplomatist of the day."

"Singular," remarked my Lady, toying with the pages of a new *London Society*, that such a man should have remained so long unmarried!"

"Very," assented the Earl. And a peculiar association of ideas forthwith suggested to him an enquiry for his daughter.

"Ella is taking her chocolate upstairs this morning. Lady Mount-Fidgette was imprudent enough to take her to two balls last night after the opera, and the fatigue was a little too much for her. I shall be glad for my part when the season is over."

"You never go out now, Dolores, it seems?"

The remark was not proffered in a tone of much concern and yet my Lady was palpably agitated by it. So much agitated, that a bright pink tint suddenly suffused her beautiful expressionless face, and the pallid fingers that dallied with the magazine quivered visibly. But the Earl had no great observation for trifling incidents, few individuals of the masculine gender are wont to note such things.

"I am tired of receptions," quoth Lady Cairnsmuir indifferently. "Do you know I think it quite foolish to give oneself so much exertion during such weather as this! I am sure this is quite the hottest July I can remember! But we have already accomplished two months of penance—there are not many more weeks to wait."

"And then you will be at home," concluded her husband, finishing his chocolate.

Again the even palor of my Lady's complexion was unaccountably disturbed, but the measured intonation of her voice when she next spoke, was, if possible, a thought more listless and wearied than before.

"Do you know, I have rather a fancy to visit Paris this autumn. I hope you do not object?"

"Paris! Rather early in the season for Paris, surely!"

"Rather, perhaps. But it is long since we were there, and I should like to reconnoitre a little before the gaieties begin."

So nonchalant, so languid, so serenely careless. And her heart throbbing so wildly, O, so wildly! all the time.

As you please, Dolores. But you will go home first, I suppose?"

"I would rather not, Hubert. I have not been very well this season, and I fancy—it may be a mere whim—that entire change of scene, of climate, and of surroundings, would do more for my health than the familiar air of Scotland, and the old routine of home life."

"But why Paris in particular?" argued the Earl, tenaciously. "If you want scenery and change, let us visit the Tyrol or Biarritz,—or the Holy Land."

"And make a picnic party to the Mount of Olives, and promenade while the band plays in the Garden of Gethsemane! I have too deep a respect for those sacred places to visit them in any other character than that of a pilgrim."

"Talking of pilgrims," said Lord Cairnsmuir, pushing back his chair a little nervously, "reminds one of Rome. I should propose Rome for a change, but you have always expressed so decided an objection to go there, that I never insisted much on the topic. We ought to go there, Dolores, no Catholics in our position are such strangers in the City of St. Peter as we."

"How long have we been married?" asked my Lady, after a little pause.

"Nearly eighteen years. And during all that time you have never permitted me to visit Rome in your company. I have been there some half-dozen times alone, you remember, while you preferred German watering-places or Swiss lakes. You must be well aware, Dolores, that your continued avoidance of Rome is a subject of some comment among our acquaintances. And you used to be there so often—at one time."

"It was a fatal place to me," murmured my Lady, with white lips,

and she pressed her hand upon her bosom softly, as though to still the turbulent feverish throbbing there.

"A fatal place?" echoed the Earl somewhat sternly. "It should be a sacred place, I think. All your ancestors are buried at Rome, and there, too, your own father is laid. You have never seen that last inscription tablet, Dolores."

She raised her dark eyes,—those strange phantasmagoric eyes that seemed always looking at some picture in the Past, and met his restless glance composedly.

"No;" I have never cared to see it. The latest fortunes of my family were none of the most brilliant, and I have chosen since my marriage to avoid a place where every spot of ground and every familiar name would awaken in my mind some melancholy reminiscence,—where every scene must of necessity be intimately connected with the saddest years of my life, and where, as you now remind me, my unhappy parents decreed that the last of the Arisaig Catholics should be committed to forgetfulness. It appears to me that whatever the world may be disposed to remark on the subject, the avoidance on my part of which you complain, has not been unnatural."

The Earl reddened in his turn, and the tone of his voice was softer as he hastened to reply. "I beg your pardon, Dolores. Perhaps you have acted prudently. We are unfortunate, both of us. Unfortunate!"

He sat for a minute moodily leaning his head on his hand and repeating the word again and again as though the sound of it had some gloomy fascination for him, and Lady Cairnsuir, watching him with impervious stony eyes, neither moved, nor uttered a word. She was very white now, and the hand that still lay upon her bosom had ceased to tremble.

"We will go to Paris, then," said the Earl, breaking the pause at last, and uncovering his restless face.

"No!" returned my Lady with sudden energy, a new light shining in the glance she bent upon him. "You have vanquished my resolution by challenging it, and henceforth my purpose is changed. Paris shall welcome us later in the autumn, but first let us make our track for Rome!"

"So be it then by all means," answered Lord Cairnsuir, with a polite concession of the subject. But he scrutinized his wife's countenance with some uneasy curiosity notwithstanding, and his thoughts reverted, possibly, to the peculiarities of her mother the late Baroness. The light tattoo of feminine steps sounded on the staircase without.

"It is Ella," observed Lady Dolores. "I should like to see the paper, please."

He handed it to her.

"You will see, by the way, Dolores, that Sir Godfrey made a long and most effective speech last night on the subject of that preposterous Bill for legalizing marriage with a deceased wife's sister."

"Uncompromisingly against the Bill, of course?" interrogated my Lady, with entire resumption of her usual languor.

"Of course," rejoined the Earl. "Uncompromisingly."

"Most proper on Sir Godfrey's part," remarked Lady Cairnsuir, glancing at the Debates as Ella approached. "I never heard a more impious or revolutionary measure proposed. The consequences of passing such an Act would be of too terribly disastrous a character to bear contemplation. Good-morning, my dear child. You have recovered from your fatigue I hope, by this time?"

"So I hear you were quite dissipated last night, Ella," said the Earl, touching her forehead lightly with his thin lips. "Two balls and the Opera!"

"Not exactly two balls, papa. One of the entertainments in question was a sort of *Conversazione*,—singing and talking, and supper, you know."

"I understand," said Lady Cairnsuir. "An 'At Home.' Tedious affairs usually. Whose was it?"

"Mrs. Lennox's, mamma. Lady Mount-Fidgette is very intimate with her, and seems to think her very clever. This was the third party of the sort she has given this season."

"Mrs. Lennox! Ah, of course. I had quite forgotten we had a card! She is fond of filling her rooms with celebrities. Nobody goes there who does not paint, or write, or sing, or do something else as clever and surprising. And Lady Mount-Fidgette is a poetess, is she not?"

"Indeed, mamma, I really cannot say. I daresay she may be. But there were some people there last night, whom I think even you would have liked to meet. Fräulein Stern, for instance,—the new *prima-donna*."

"Ah! Then the Brabazons must have been there?"

"Yes, both of them. Miss Brabazon sat by me a little while, and we talked together. I think she is very nice, though hardly quiet enough in her style. She seems to me to want repose."

"I should imagine, Ella, that you saw a great many fresh faces at Mrs. Lennox's? Her set is unique, but the members of it clique together, and one does not meet them elsewhere."

"I noticed a great many strangers. One gentleman attracted my attention particularly, on account of the assiduous compliments he paid the Fräulein, and the peculiarity of his name;—a Mr. Vaurien."

"Some French philosopher or novelist, I suppose?"

"No, I think not. Miss Brabazon told me something about him. She says he is a very recent acquisition of Mrs. Lennox's, and was only brought to the house for the first time a month ago by a Captain Somers, who is a friend of Mr. Lennox. It was on the occasion of the first of these parties, I think Miss Brabazon said. But oh, mamma! you don't know how exquisitely lovely Fräulein Stern is! She is quite as beautiful off the stage as upon it! Her expression is more like an angel's than a woman's. I am sure those old Italian painters would have given worlds to have seen a face like her's!"

"You remind me, Ella, by speaking of Italy," interposed the Earl, shifting his restless glance to and fro between the faces of his wife and daughter,—“to inform you that your mamma and I have just been making an arrangement for the autumn. We have decided to visit Rome."

Ella's eyes sparkled.

"How delightful!" she said enthusiastically; "I have longed so often to see Rome"

CHAPTER XI.

"PEARLS IN SILVER SET."

WHEN did this come, Parker?"

"This afternoon, Fräulein. It was sent from a jeweller's."

"Was there no message—no note?"

"None, Fräulein. It was left for your name, addressed as you see. Can I do anything else for you?"

"No, thank you. You can go downstairs now until the carriage comes for me."

"Very well, Fräulein."

This little dialogue took place early in the evening of the last opera night, between the *prima-donna* and her abigail, who had been arranging the coiffure and superintending the wardrobe of her mistress, and the subject of discussion was a small velvet *étui* that lay upon the toilette-table, newly despoiled of its outward wrapper. Adelheid sat motionless for some time after the maid had quitted the room, resting her chin upon her clasped hands, and looking down at the jewel-case with a peculiar expression in her Nixie eyes, that was neither exactly displeasure nor wonderment, but a puzzled mixture of both ingredients. While she sat in this attitude a sudden demonstration of brisk swift drumming like a roll-call on the outer paneling of the door announced the imminent proximity of Miss Diana, who, on the receipt of her *protégée's* permission to enter, straightway appeared, brilliantly habited and beaming with strongminded satisfaction.

"Just twenty minutes before dinner! So I have come to see how my Darling is getting on! Mind you make yourself as betwitching as possible to-night, and wear your opals in the first act, and don't let Parker forget your silver clasp! But what," cried she, suddenly arresting the gushing torrent of her exordium, and stooping over the velvet *étui* where it lay on the dressing-table,—“What Have We Here!"

Adelheid lifted the satin padded lid in the interior of which the name of one of the most fashionable West-end jewellers was inscribed appropriately in golden letters, and disclosed within the case a parure of pearls, finely selected and artistically disposed. "They were brought here for me this afternoon," she said, simply.

"My Darling child! How Beautiful!! Who is the donor?"

Adelheid raised her graceful flower-like head, and fixed her penetrating eyes strangely upon Miss Diana's, as though she would fain have referred the question just propounded to the arbitration of that sapiently minded spinster herself.

"Do you not know, *meine Königin?*"

"Vivian?" hesitated Miss Brabazon, flushing.

It was palpably a guess, and Adelheid's eyes fell.

"I cannot say," she answered in low meditative tones; "there was no message left with them."

"They are very beautiful!" said Miss Diana again, admiringly. "The giver, whoever he be, will certainly be at the opera to-night. Shall you wear them?"

Adelheid hesitated for a moment. "If I were sure," she said, at last, with the most child-like simplicity, "that they were really Vivian's gift I would certainly wear them, but I do not know who sent them, and I should not like to put them on at hazard."

"Ingenuous Baby!" cried Miss Brabazon, fluttering her delighted wrists,

"you voluntarily express in one naïve candid sentence, what any other woman would only suffer time or incident to-reveal! What a delicious Infant it is in the midst of such a world of Humbug! Come," she added, lifting the pearls from their velvet nest, and clasping them round the *prima-donna's* beautiful throat; "I will tell you what we will do. You shall wear them at dinner, and we will watch Vivian's face when he sees you enter the room. Let us hope, meanwhile, that he *did* send them to you. Shall we, Baby?"

Diana laid her white glittering hands on either side of Adelheid's face as she spoke, and raising it towards her own looked earnestly into the crystal-clear Elfin eyes.

"Shall we, Baby?" she repeated.

"I would much rather find that such a gift came from Vivian than from any one else," said Adelheid, "because Vivian is good and sincere, and he is dear to me; and because——"

There she paused, and a swift bright dye of carmine suffused her whole countenance, as though a sudden light of sunrise had been cast upon it, and her eyelids drooped uneasily beneath the ordeal of Miss Brabazon's steadfast gaze. That sagacious lady totally mistook the cause of this unwonted confusion, and her cheeks also tingled with emotion, for that minute she firmly believed that her dearest hope was actually upon the eve of fulfilment.

"She certainly loves him," she thought, "and before we quit this room she will tell me so.

"Because"—what? my precious darling," she whispered, drawing the fair Germanic face yet nearer to her own until the rich glossy madder of her shaded hair lay in brilliant contrast against her companion's shining yellow tresses. "Why, my pet is positively embarrassed! what can be the matter, I wonder!"

Miss Diana was quite prepared for a pretty confession in reply. It would have sounded well just then, for the *pose* into which she had instinctively beguiled her lovely *protégée* was one of perfect confidence and interesting agitation, the rippling crispy braids drooping over Miss Brabazon's supporting arm, the blushing face hidden upon the pillow shoulder of that fair politician, the two heaving bosoms pressed together in the close embrace of feminine friendship. It was like a picture by Millais—like a full-page illustration in the *Cornhill Magazine*.

But for once in her life at least, Diana was doomed to severe disappointment, for Adelheid's confidence was not at all of the sort she had fondly anticipated. The secret of her hesitation was not love but its very reverse.

"Because, *meine Königin*, if Vivian be not the giver, I think I know who is, and the thought of that alternative annoys me."

Miss Brabazon gently lifted Adelheid's head from her shoulder, and held her away at arm's length by both her hands, while she scanned the beautiful face narrowly. A terrible suspicion had dawned suddenly upon the emotional mind of Vivian's sister; a vague dread that it was just possible Adelheid might love someone else after all almost impeded her utterance, and her next query, emphatic and distinct as it was, had no sound above a whisper.

"What—Do—You—Mean—Child?"

"Only," answered Adelheid, beginning with a quiver in her voice like an incipient sob—"only—that there is lately a gentleman I do not like, who is always everywhere about me, no matter where I may be—at the opera, at the concerts, at the houses where I visit with you, in the park when we drive out. I see him continually, whenever I lift my eyes he is there, gazing through his lorgnon, entreating me to dance, lifting his hat, smiling, bowing, admiring! Always such flattery too, not like Vivian. Vivian never praises me—so! And this gentleman asked me the other day if I liked pearls, and I said, "Oh yes, so much."

She spoke hurriedly, and the foreign accent, ever clearly perceptible in her articulation, but always strongest in moments of excitement, added a curiously plaintive effect to the indignation of her protest, and appealed straightway to the heart of Diana Brabazon with all the touching force of a helpless simplicity, as though it had been the broken language of an injured child.

"Poor Baby! Do you know the name of this unpleasing gentleman?"

"Yes, I know it. But before I tell it you, *meine Königin*, we will see, if you please, whether Vivian really sent me this present." She touched the pearls upon her neck and regarded her patroness with so divine a smile that Diana's hopes caught fresh fire from its enkindling light, and she wound her arm impulsively about Adelheid's waist, kissed her with all the brimming affection of her energetic nature, and led her gaily downstairs into the with-drawing room. The bright twinkling radiance of a score of burning candelabra fell upon them as they entered the apartment, for Diana Brabazon loved to have her rooms brilliantly illuminated. Light of all sorts was dear to her, actually as well as metaphorically.

Vivian stood by a small bookcase glancing over a volume of

poems, and as the ladies entered he put it aside and turned his eyes upon Adelheid. But though he saw the circlet of pearls upon her neck, there was no consciousness, no avowal of personal gratification in the glance he threw upon them, and Diana, watching him intently, perceived the fact, and immediately relapsed into abject despondency.

"My dear Fräulen Stern," said Vivian, leading her to an ottoman, "I hope you intend to electrify us all to-night? You must expect an ovation you know, and a great many bouquets and bracelets!" Adelheid bent her sparkling eyes keenly on his face.

"Somebody has anticipated the appointed hour of my triumph," she answered, touching her necklace lightly; "I received this present to-day."

"Indeed?" said Vivian, observing it with some interest but no recognition; "I congratulate you! A very handsome gift, for I notice that the pearls are not of any ordinary description. They are exceptionally fine."

The tone of the voice was indifferent, almost cold, and if Adelheid had but heard it under those particular circumstances which had on one or two occasions associated him with Mrs. Archibald, she would have known its signification well-enough. It was suspicious—repellant—annoyed; the tone of a man who struggles to be courteous against an internal sense of vexation. Whose gift, he wondered, were these pearls; these pearls which pleased her so much that she intended to wear them upon the most brilliant occasion of her first season; this rare gift which she treasured so greatly that she would not let it lie an hour undisplayed?

She had not told him, and he was too discreet, or too proud, to solicit her confidence. It did not occur to him for an instant, that the name of the donor was unknown to her.

Adelheid quitted her seat, crossed the room, and, pausing by Diana's chair, murmured softly:

"Come with me to my boudoir, for ten minutes. There is just time before we dine."

And Miss Brabazon, to whom the will of this beautiful girl was ever undisputed law, rose immediately, and followed Adelheid with swift steps along the lighted corridor into the little fairy chamber with its gold and buhl and toy-like garniture, glinting here and there in the dim misty sheen of the moonlight that peered through the close-drawn curtains. Adelheid drew aside the rich drapery, and furled the silken blind behind it; and in a moment, all around and about her, the full flood of blue silent glory poured, tinting her sparkling hair with a brighter scintillation, and steeping her upturned face in a refulgence like that which gleams perhaps upon the features of meditative angels.

Adelheid was the very creature for a moonlight sonata. She looked as she stood motionless in the midst of that grave religious light, like a living poem by Schiller,—like a musical inspiration of Beethoven's or Mendelssohn's; so much a part of the moonlight, that to separate her from it would have seemed impossible—she was the incarnation of its loveliness—its majesty—its weird unearthly purity. And upon her white serene bosom the circlet of pearls rose, and fell like gleaming lantern-lights upon a peaceful tide, themselves a precious tangible embodiment of the spiritual radiance which illuminated them. Pearls and moonlight seem to have an affinity, they suit one another so well, and are alike so suggestive of passionless thought and hopeful tranquility.

Adelheid stood for a little while neither speaking or moving, only gazing up into the liquescent arc of the clear open night, as though her fairy soul were holding mysterious communion with the spirits of the higher firmament. Such a wild fancy indeed suggested itself to the mind of Diana Brabazon, and as she stood apart in the dense shadow of the curtain beside the beautiful singer, and marked the divine expression of her fathomless eyes and the rapture of her parted lips, it was a fancy which she almost believed to be actual truth.

Who was she, in reality—this strange supernaturally-lovely being, this gifted woman with her wondrous voice and crystal eyes, this waif and stray, without kindred or home, who Diana had lighted on more than ten years since, dancing and singing to an audience of gaping peasantry in the market-place of a German village? She had had her story to tell of course, but it had been wildly improbable, as all children's stories are, and Di Brabazon had put it down as sheer romance at once, and gave no more credence to it in her practical strong-minded common-sense than she would have accorded to the nursery-legends of Red Riding Hood or Margery Daw. But after all—who *was* she—this modern Undine, without human parents or natural home—this strange enchanting Enigma, who looked a goddess and spoke with the voice of an angel, and moved as though her limbs and her robes were pliant shapes of undulating æther?

An expression, almost of dread, crept over Di Brabazon's nervous countenance while she stood watching her *protégée*, and as her eyes wandered involuntarily from the pale illumined face to the violet-coloured folds of drapery that lay motionless about the feet of Adelheid, she thought with a shudder, that the glance had been given in instinctive expectation of be-

holding the long robe, not resting on the floor, but floating downward, and the form that wore it suspended in the unsubstantial stream of ghostly light.

A sweet lingering intonation that might fitly have represented the glamour of the moon translated into sound, thrilled through the tiny chamber, breaking the strange spell of gloomy silence which had already begun to press itself somewhat appallingly upon the lively senses of Miss Diana.

"What a glorious night it is! I am glad to think that the moon should shine so upon the night of my last opera! I shall sing the better for knowing that outside the walls of the theatre the skies are luminous and the stars looking down over the world, and the way to heaven clear and open!"

Di Brabazon came forward from the shadow and twined her arm about Adelheid's neck, with a gesture of mingled affection and reverence.

"I believe you were not intended to be an inhabitant of this gross planet, Adelheid," she murmured in subdued tones, for the influence of the hour was strong upon her mind, and it seemed to her that to speak with her customary energy would have been an outrage to the moonlight; "I think you ought to have been one of the people in Mercury or Venus!"

"No," answered Adelheid dreamily; "they are too near the Sun for me. And the rest of the planets have too many moons at night. I like best our own Earth as it is, with its single light like the clear steadfast eye of One great-hearted God. It is the singleness of the light that makes the beautiful shadows down in the deeps of the sky, and if it were not for those shadows we should know nothing of the Infinity that outlies the moon and the stars. That is why I love the night so much,—because by means of the darkness it shows us the grandeur of space. In the daytime we see nothing of that, there is a curtain of woven sunshine or of variegated cloud stretched above us, and all round we see bright colours, and hear human noises, and the homely cheerful sounds of life. But when the night comes, God draws the curtain away from between His face and ours, the sounds of the earth pass, the colours of earth dissolve, and instead of them we hear the silent *sound* of the Immensity, we behold the solemn shadows in the deep of Eternity. My soul seems to go forth at night, as though the Power of the universe drew it out from my lips, to lose itself in the fathomless sea of the pure firmament, and to drink in the meaning of the grand wordless language which God speaks at night when smaller tongues are mute. For the tremendous silence of that divine discourse which vibrates from the great Heart of God in the naked open darkness before all the palpitating worlds, is infinitely more majestic and splendid than any of the day's pageants and carols, which are after all only easy translations of the original language of the night, and are, as it were, put into little chapters and words of one syllable, for the use of those who are just beginning to learn the speech of Deity. But there are no words in any tongue of men that are able to express the force and the vastness and the power of these sublime hieroglyphs that lie before and above us! The things are infinitely above description, infinitely greater than words can convey. But if only we could *speak silence*, then I think something worthy of them might be said, but all sound is poor and impotent, in the presence of Immensity;—all the grandest and noblest doings of God are wrought in profound stillness."

She ceased, and turned her glowing crystalline eyes upon the watchful face of Diana Brabazon, who yet stood beside her, her arm resting softly upon Adelheid's white curved throat, and her broad bosom heaving with a fierce yearning desire that this lovely unearthly being might one day bear to her a nearer relationship than she had dreamed of when ten years ago she had first beheld the exquisite beauty, and heard the marvellous voice of the vagabond child in the streets of Germany. And with the reawakening of that desire came the remembrance of the words in which that evening Adelheid had spoken of Vivian—"He is dear to me." And she glanced at the pearl necklace.

Fräulein Stern followed the look, and without uttering a word, raised her two hands to her neck, unclasped the beautiful ornament and laid it gently aside upon a little inlaid marqueterie table.

"I shall not wear it to-night," she said, fixing Diana with her shining eyes; "it was not Vivian who sent it to me. Before I go to-night to my singing, I shall put it again in its case, seal it up and send it back to the jeweller from whose house it came here. And I want you to see me do it."

"Why?" asked Diana, monosyllabic with much bewilderment and a touch of fright.

"Because," answered the actress, touching the *parure* gently with the tips of her gleaming fingers, "you will then be able to bear witness, if ever I should come to need such evidence from anyone, that I accepted no gift from the man who sent me this."

"Who is he then?" gasped Di Brabazon, and an indefinable horror stole in upon her and made her articulation tremulous—"who is he, my dearest?"

"He is a gentleman," returned Adelheid, "from whose lips I have already heard enough to have just reasons for avoiding his attentions. And you know him well." She laid her finger upon a silver clarion-bell to summon her attendant.

"One moment!" cried Diana arresting the intended action with her own hand; "before you call your maid, answer me one question more. You told me this evening, darling, that Vivian was dear to you. Suppose now that he loved you, Adelheid,—that you were more to him than any other woman in the world; how would you return such a love,—how would you feel towards him?"

"As a sister," answered the beautiful German, steadily. The question raised no blush upon her pale face nor mingled the least embarrassment in the inflexion of her musical voice, and Miss Brabazon, regarding her with wonder, thought that had the inquiry been addressed to any other woman than Adelheid, she would at least have betrayed some confusion, whether she loved or not.

"No more than that?" said Diana presently,—"Never any more than that? Never as a Wife?"

She listened eagerly for the reply, with all her heart in her earnest dilated eyes.

"No, *Herzenskönigin*. Never as a wife,—as a sister—always.

And with that Adelheid turned her lovely face once more into the streaming glory of heavenly luminance, where it poured in like a living tide through the embrasured window beside her, but Diana could look at her no longer now; she stood still and covered her fallen eyes with her hand. For she was bitterly disappointed.

The argent tinkling ring of the clarion pierced the moony stillness, and revived her thoughts, and the silver bangles trembled responsive to no ordinary emotion as Diana laid her white quivering hand upon Adelheid's shoulder.

"And you will not tell me the name of the man who sent you the pearls?" she said.

"I would rather not, *Herzenskönigin*. It will be sufficient that you know they are returned to him."

TO BE CONTINUED.

REVIEWS.

OUR NATIONAL RESOURCES; AND HOW THEY ARE WASTED. By WILLIAM HOYLE. [*Simpkin, Marshall, and Co., Stationer's Hall-court.*]

THIS book was first published eight months ago, and it has already run through four editions. The present edition is issued in a cheaper form, to meet the requirements of the general public. The author himself styles his little treatise, "An Omitted Chapter in Political Economy," and the general purport of the argument is to show that although the facilities for the acquisition of wealth in England have very largely increased of late years, yet a considerable commercial depression has resulted from the improvident and unproductive character of much of our labour and expenditure. The student of Political Economy will at once perceive the new ground which Mr. Hoyle takes in his treatise. The whole range of the moral and emotional, which Political Economists have purposely set aside, in order that they might eliminate the accidental and variable causes and so give their subject a more scientific and universal application, our author now brings to the front, and plunging into the mass of statistics, which have been collected in the Government returns, with much eloquence and lucidity arraigns the improvidence of the times. Our readers will see that Mr. Hoyle is not offering them a treatise on Political Economy, with new theories of Rent or Taxation, but is pointing out the practical remedies of certain violations of the laws which Political Economy pre-supposes; a task which, from his wide experience, Mr. Hoyle is well able to perform. There are many interesting facts scattered about in these pages which will repay perusal, independently of the general argument. We will quote one of these as a specimen. Speaking of cotton manufacturing, he says:—"The differences produced in manufacturing between a dry east wind and a westerly one amount to at least five per cent. both in quality and quantity; that is, if, when a westerly wind blows, a mill, containing one thousand looms, manufacturers weekly four thousand pieces of cloth, that same mill, if the wind blows from the east for a week, will not produce more than three thousand eight hundred pieces, or even less."

than that, and what it does produce will not be so good. This arises from the fact that a moist climate is best adapted to the working of the cotton staples; a dry atmosphere makes the yarn tender and brittle."

Speaking again of agriculture, we are told that "considerably above one-third of the land of the United Kingdom is still wholly uncultivated."

We now pass on cursorily to the main argument. From a comparison of the returns of the last ten years, Mr. Hoyle concludes that the depressed condition of trade, which occurred after the close of the American war, was not in any way due to foreign competition, for the increase in the quantity of our exports for the four years ending 1869, as compared with that of the four years ending 1861, was ten per cent. But whilst our exports of manufactured goods have enormously increased, our home consumption has very considerably fallen off. The question arises then, what are the causes of this depression? We have not space to follow the author any further, but we can assure the readers of this Paper, and all who care at all for the moral as well as material welfare of the people, that there is much in this little book of which we ought not in these days to be ignorant, if we are to deal intelligently with the social problems which come before us for daily solution.

THE SPIRIT CIRCLE AND THE LAWS OF MEDIUMSHIP: A LECTURE.
By EMMA HARDINGE.

MEDIUMS AND MEDIUMSHIP. By THOS. HAZARD.

PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISM. (Report of a Conference held at Darlington.) [J. Burns, Southampton-row.]

IN these times, when every school-girl is expected to tell on her fingers' ends the respective names and sizes of her bodily bones, it would seem to be unpardonable if we neglected to furnish ourselves with, at least, some fragmentary knowledge of our spiritual economy. We cannot do better than take Miss Emma Hardinge as our guide, not only because she "hails" from the land of Emerson and ginsling, but because she appears to write with less regard to sensational effect, and with a more searching analysis of psychological phenomena. Mediumship, she tells us, is not involved in any peculiar quality of mind, but is entirely a physical endowment. Man is a triune organism, consisting, firstly, of an outer casement-matter; secondly, of the life element, of which there are two modes, attraction and repulsion, growth and death; and thirdly, of a spirit element, that which is not life, that which is not matter. Further, there are some organisms that generate a large amount of nerve, force, or life principle, and where this is of the positive or repulsive quality, it passes out through the organism and produces the magnetizer. Such persons are good nurses, physicians, &c.; they influence all who surround them, they project their sphere, either in healthful force upon the sick, or in magnetic force upon the weak. But where the magnetic force, instead of being of the positive quality, is of the negative or attractive quality; where it passes out of the organism in great abundance and perpetually draws into itself the force from other organisms, such persons are spirit-mediums. Spirit-mediums are of two kinds; those of a physical and those of an intellectual character; the former produce spirit-rappings, the latter spirit-writing and drawing, &c. And thus mankind become the instruments or wires upon which the life-lightnings from another and a better world may play. These manifestations prove, at least, the existence of the soul after death; our spirit-friend is already by our side; "the waves of mystery are receding, and in their place I behold that I am in the midst of infinity; the measure of time is passing away, and instead, behold! the rolling ages are only measuring and gauging the mighty depths of Eternity. And these are the revelations that cry, 'Be still, and know that I am God.'" We must congratulate Miss Emma Hardinge on the profundity of her conceptions, and we should not be loth to accept her guidance a few steps further into the spirit-land; but, as we turn the pages of Mr. Hazard's pamphlet on Mediums, we are warned that there is such an element as *spiritual stench*, and spirit-mediums have not unfrequently been made sick (even, at times, to vomiting), through

the presence of this spiritual aroma; therefore, we think it best to defer our researches, and we would advise our more delicate readers to do the same, to that distant period in the mysterious future, when the aroma that Mr. Hazard found so intolerable, shall have been taught to yield up its nose force to some spiritual chloride of lime.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[The Editor cannot be responsible for the opinions of Correspondents.]

A NEW OCCUPATION FOR WOMEN.
TO THE EDITOR OF "THE JOURNAL OF PROGRESS."

MADAM,—

Not long since there appeared in the columns of *The Echo* a correspondence concerning servants' dishonesty, which revealed a shocking picture of the deceit, meanness, and want of principle which thrives and flourishes unchecked in large establishments. Of course, by a certain class of sneering moralists, all this social iniquity is visited on the heads of the mistresses. They are incapable, they are weak, they are indolent, we are told, or such a state of things could not exist.

The fact which is most apparent is, that housekeeping is not made a *business*. Firms and companies conducted on the same *laissez-allez* principles would soon come to grief. Why, then, should not household management be rescued from the regions of empirical family recipes and old wife fabledom? It can be reduced to an exact science—by dint of reasoning and common sense, knowledge of the market prices and of the cost price of articles; the barefaced cheatery of unprincipled servants and unprincipled tradesmen can be effectually checkmated.

How can this be done when so many mistresses of households are scarcely aware of the difference of weight and measure, and regard the law of demand and produce as inscrutable mysteries? Servants and tradespeople thrive on this ignorance. They know very well what they want, and how to supply their wants. They combine, and they are wise in their generation. Mistresses must also combine, and, if they have not knowledge of common every-day things, seek assistance from such of their more practical sisters, as hard necessity has taught the need of "counting their pence."

Why should there not be a class of Lady Accountants or Domestic Auditors, who could aid the delicate, overworked mistress of a house, and teach the ignorant? An Auditor, quick and rapid at calculation, would soon put her finger on the item in the bill, the outrageousness of which had passed the eyes of the unsuspecting mistress. A rigorous and searching examination into accounts reveals the delinquencies in a house of business, and the same process of intelligent scrutiny will keep in check the domestic horde.

The Lady Accountant will not be brought into contact with the servants, nor molested like the Lady Housekeeper, to petty malice and spite. She, like the auditor in a house of business, will merely have to deal in figures, and to enlighten the eyes of the lady she helps, as to rational allowances of food, convincing by her experience the helpless neophyte, that servants *cannot* eat as much as ostriches, and backing her up in reasonable, business-like views as to management.

Many ladies would be thankful for such help, and many more are as competent to give it, if some enterprising person would inaugurate the movement, and create the "Society of Lady Accountants."

I leave these few remarks to the consideration of your readers, and remain,

AN ARDENT ENTHUSIAST FOR SOCIAL REFORM.

THE *Orchestra* is somewhat severely critical concerning the regulations of the Lectures to Women at South Kensington. These lectures are intended for the use of ladies alone, and our contemporary is vexed by a ridiculously rigid rule, which excludes not only prowling bachelors but even attendant brothers, husbands, uncles, and other natural guardians of the fair students. We do not know, he continues, that there is anything peculiar in the moral temperament of woman which precludes her attending to science if a man happen to be sitting near her; nor are we aware that astronomy is too delicate a study to admit of the presence of the mixed sexes without calling up a blush to the cheek of the young person. At the School of Mines, it appears that the two sexes meet in the lecture-room, and nothing awful takes place. Virgin bashfulness can there look on a crucible without a blush, even though a bold male sit close at hand; nor do the walls shake, even though comprising such words as Entozoa and Palaeontology are pronounced in the hearing of young men and maidens.

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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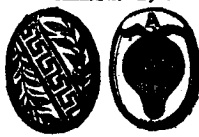
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