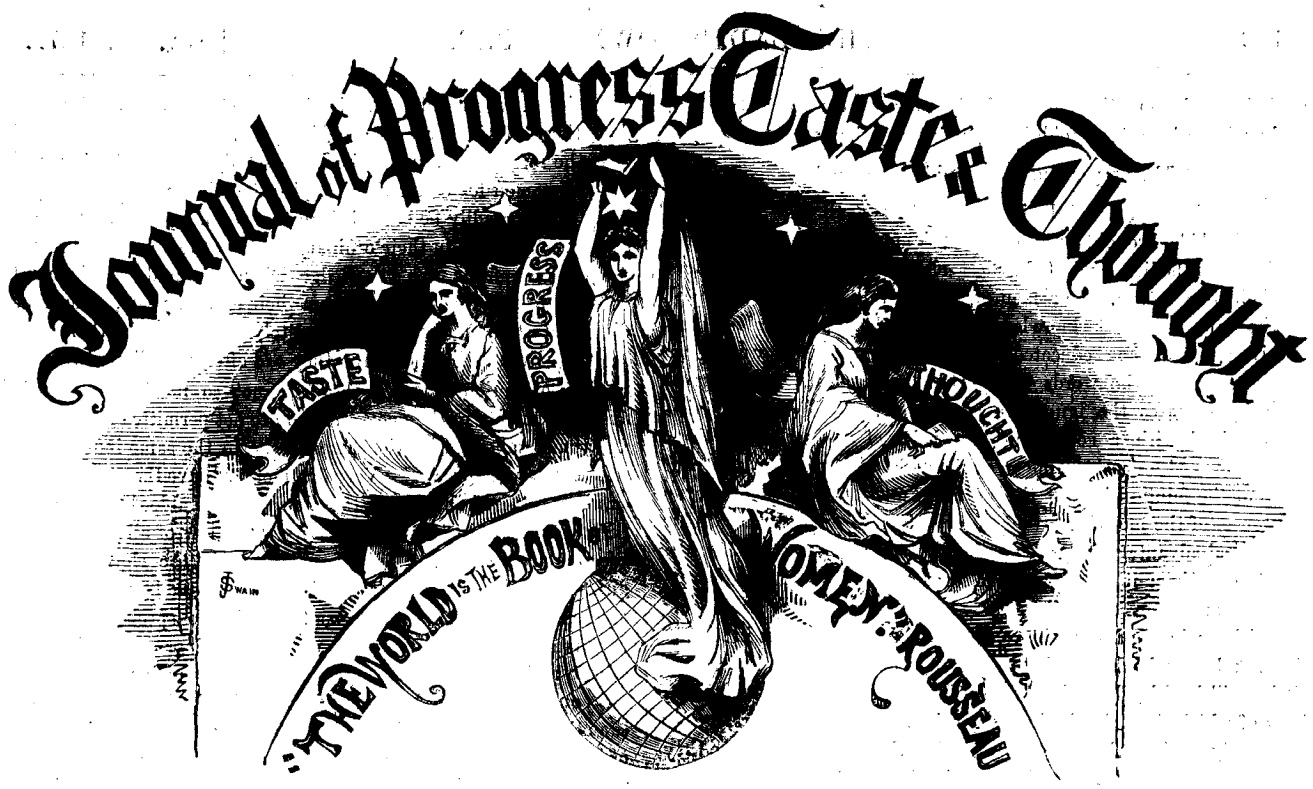

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The Lady's Own Paper.

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CONTENTS.

WANTS OF WOMEN.

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PHYSICAL EDUCATION.

By Sophia Jex-Blake.

Though Moral and Mental Education naturally take precedence of Physical Education, it would not be difficult to show that the last is, in some respects, the most fundamental of all, and that it exercises a very important influence on both the previous questions. It is certain that, at least, what are called the minor morals, are greatly affected by the condition of health of those expected to practise them, and many a woman has been called selfish, cowardly, ill-tempered, and fifty things beside, when, in truth, she needed medical care far more than moral culture. It is hardly possible for those who are themselves in robust health to make due allowance for their less fortunate sisters, and to understand that the good temper on which they plume themselves may be simply another word for unimpaired digestion, and their high courage, or fine flow of spirits, the mere result of nerves untried by bodily suffering. Were these things better understood, much misplaced self-satisfaction might give way to sincere sympathy and compassion towards those to whom little but blame is at present awarded. Nor is it less certain that intellectual achievements depend, to a very large extent, on physical conditions, and that many who are supposed incapable of successful mental labour might be ready to compete with the ablest, if the failing powers of body could keep pace with the unsuspected activity of mind.

The above remarks are, of course, often applicable to men as well as to women, but they have a much wider significance when applied to what is proverbially termed the weaker sex. It has been often said most truly that no one can rightly estimate the relative powers of men and women till the same opportunities of education have been open to both for at least a generation, and I think it would be quite equally just to argue that no true conclusion on the subject can be reached till the average health of women is brought up to the standard which is now common among men. I believe that the difference in the health at present enjoyed by the two sexes, is rather under than over estimated, and this partly because of a mistaken idea that it is a normal state of things for women to be much more "delicate" than men, and that feeble health among them, though to be regretted, is not a matter of surprise. I should like to see this idea done away with, once for all, as the first step in Physical Education. It of course is, and always will be, true, that each sex is more liable to certain forms of illness, and that the function of child-bearing exposes women to some contingencies which are not shared by the opposite sex. But there are some forms of disease which are much more common among men than among women, and from the nature of their occupations, the risk of their accidental injury is very much greater. I do not believe that the usually inferior health of women is by any means due, in the main, to defect of natural constitution, common to them as a sex, but far more to their very general ignorance of the laws of health, and to their modes of life, which, among the middle and upper classes at least, are usually much more unhealthy than those of their fathers and brothers. For every reason, all those who seek the true elevation of women must earnestly desire for them a higher average of health than at present exists, and, in order to attain to this, it is evident that we must aim at true physical education, including at once a far more accurate knowledge of the laws of life, and much greater and more general obedience to their commands.

With regard to the first point it is not so much a reform that is

needed, as the creation of a wholly new system of instruction. Although we have been told from our infancy that—

"The proper study of mankind is man,"

an utterly incomprehensible idea seems to prevail that women, at least, should be brought up in complete ignorance of the constitution of their own bodies, and of the most elementary laws and functions of their own nature. Our men of science talk regretfully enough of the very imperfect knowledge of physiology and hygiene commonly found among educated men; with regard to women we cannot even use the words "imperfect knowledge;" in the great majority of cases the ignorance is absolute. Well educated girls leave school with a competent knowledge of at least two or three languages, and a considerable acquaintance with mathematics, but without the faintest idea of the nature, function, situation, or even existence, of the most important organs of their own frames. What theoretical advantage is to be gained by such ignorance, one is at a loss to conceive; it is at any rate certain that the practical consequences are often most lamentably disastrous. Every intelligent practitioner has had experience of female patients, often in sickening numbers, who have, while mere girls, entailed upon themselves lifelong ill-health, through utterly needless disregard of fundamental laws of which they simply knew nothing. Young mothers, again, constantly go through the agony of losing their babies, because they never were themselves taught the simplest facts respecting infant life; and so, while overflowing with maternal tenderness, have, through utter ignorance, disregarded the simplest precautions. Nor is this all. The laws of hygiene being utterly unknown to most women, the sanitary arrangements of their households are correspondingly defective, and wholly unnecessary illness is thus constantly incurred by themselves and all dependent on them. With a ruinous economy, blinds are drawn down and shutters closed for the preservation of carpets and curtains, while human flesh and blood are paling and pining for want of the beneficent sunlight. Ventilation is often utterly omitted on the one hand, or on the other, such draughts and currents are established through the house as may well account for the coughs and colds of half its inmates. A corresponding ignorance of dietetics shows itself at the family table; every variety of hot bread and unwholesome pastry is abundant, and rich soups and sauces are warmed over and over again till they become almost poisonous; the one wish of the well-meaning mistress of the household being to please the appetite, since she has no means whatever of judging by another and more rational standard. Or, if she does not err on the side of rich living, she falls, perhaps, into the equally mischievous absurdities of vegetarianism, and thinks that she is really doing something praiseworthy in trying to confine humanbeings, with simple stomachs and active minds, to the food which was designed for, and suited to, the complex digestive organs and inert brains of the ruminant animals. Or, again, she takes up with the exaggerated theories of teetotalism, and, while threatening with every imaginable penalty the husband or son who wishes for a glass of wine, is quite unaware of her own inconsistency in pressing on all comers stimulants, hardly less pernicious, in the shape of strong tea and black coffee. Nor, even, is this the end of the mischief, for when illness has been quite unnecessarily brought into the family, it is more than probable that the wife and mother, with the best intentions, will either misinterpret and disregard the symptoms of the luckless patient, or will diminish his chances of recovery by the rash administration of half-a-dozen remedies, of all of which her knowledge is equally limited; or will, with equally good intentions, still further endanger his safety by insisting on placing him in the hands of the nearest practitioner of the latest and most fashionable form of quackery. It is, indeed, notorious that the utter ignorance of physiology in which most women have been brought up, leaves them but too easy a prey to every form of *quasi*-medical imposture, one fallacy often succeeding another in its empire over their minds, with a rapidity which would be amusing were it not so excessively sad. To most women the whole science of medicine appears as a great conundrum, the answer to which may be accidentally picked up in the streets by one person as well as another, so that their ignorance is doubly fatal, as it makes them unable to appreciate a truly scientific practitioner, whose claims rest in their minds on no surer foundation than those of the herbalist or clairvoyant.

If the foregoing argument has successfully shown the imperative need of women for better theoretical instruction respecting physical laws, it will readily be conceded, in the second place, that a great change is required in their ordinary mode of life, in order to reap the practical benefit of such knowledge when acquired. It is but too common to find that girls are, from their earliest years, placed at a disadvantage in many respects intimately connected with their general health. Even as little children they are often not allowed the same freedom of motion as boys; they are not so much encouraged to find amusements in the open air, and are not permitted to run, shout, and tumble about, with the same liberty, or the same indifference to soiled or injured dresses. Very few mothers have the sense to understand, or rather, I should say, the education to enable them to perceive that, since unlimited physical activity is the law of all healthy young life, the main, if not the only, desideratum, in the clothing of little girls as well as of little boys, is, that it should be warm, comfortable, and of so simple a nature as to require no special care for its preservation. There are, to my mind, few things sadder than to see a little maid of five or six years old, so tricked out in velvets and lace, that, on the one hand, her vanity is precociously developed, while, on the other, the poor child is for ever debarred from the healthy luxuries of racing and scrambling over hedges and ditches, and thereby, in point of fact, deprived of half her chances of growing up a healthy and vigorous woman. As years pass on, the case becomes worse and worse. The importance of *les convenances* is more and more strongly impressed on the girl, and her chances of healthy out-door games and pastimes are more and more cruelly diminished. A playground is a *sine quâ non* for a school of boys, but it is almost an unheard of luxury for their sisters, who are seldom allowed to swim or to ride, and who are not even encouraged to take the long country walks which become doubly neccessary in the absence of active out-door sports; and, so, fashionable girls come to consider two or three miles a formidable distance, although, if properly trained, they could walk four or five times as far with perfect ease. It is indeed, a very curious question, how far the inferior physical powers of women are really natural, or how far they are the result of negative training. The following very suggestive passage occurred in the *Westminster Review* for October, 1865, and it may well afford food for very serious consideration:—

"A traveller, recently returned from Africa, spoke at the first annual meeting of the Female Medical Society this summer a short speech, of which the following is the substance:—'I am a medical man. I have spent several years in Africa, and have seen human nature among tribes whose habits are utterly unlike those of Europe. I had been accustomed to believe that the muscular system of women is necessarily feebler than that of men, and perhaps I might have dogmatised to that effect; but to my astonishment I found the African women to be as strong as our men. Not only did I see the proof of it in their work and in the weights which they lifted, but on examining their arms I found them large and hard beyond all my previous experience. On the contrary, I saw the men of those tribes to be weak; their muscles small and flabby. Both facts are accounted for by the habits of the people. The men are lazy in the extreme; all the hard work is done by the women.'"

Without going so far as to say that the difference in strength between men and women has been artificially manufactured, we can hardly doubt that it has been greatly exaggerated by the different training given to each, and it is only when we happen to meet an exceptionally healthy woman—a type, in fact, of what all women should be—that we find with surprise how much more nearly than we had previously anticipated her physical powers approach those of an average man. Many arguments against the admission of women to professions are based on their supposed bodily weakness; but we may fairly hope that, when one or two generations have been brought up more wisely and healthily, it will become apparent that a woman in possession of really normal health is fully equal to any demands made on her by ordinary work, and that the present state of things is, in truth, exceptional and unnatural, depending, indeed, on the unfavourable agencies that are at work even after girlhood is merged in womanhood.

It would, in point of fact, be difficult to conceive anything less desirable, from a hygienic point of view, than the daily life

of a very large proportion of our countrywomen. Those who move in the fashionable world are immersed, during half the year at least, in a ceaseless round of dissipation, involving, as it does, the latest possible hours, and the nightly inhalation of the most vitiated air in one ball-room after another, and resulting, very naturally, in a state of bodily exhaustion, such as is rarely reached by simple hard work, whether manual or intellectual. The excessive lassitude resulting from such a life produces an unnatural craving for stimulants, and, though I am very far from believing all that is said about drawing-room alcoholism, it is more than probable that, in some cases, dangerous relief is sought in unavowed glasses of sherry, which tend only too rapidly to increase in number; while, in other, much more numerous instances, a hardly less dangerous habit is formed of resorting for the same purpose to the equally intemperate use of tea and coffee, which, in point of fact, often produce physical results not less deplorable. Indeed, I am much inclined to believe that (as I once heard stated by a very able physician), a greater amount of injury is done to the health of the educated women of this country, by the unlimited use of tea than by all the forms of alcohol put together; and it seems to me a most serious question how far the constantly increasing nervous complaints of women are in truth due to this cause. Time and space will not allow me here to do more than allude in the briefest way to the direct injury which the votaries of fashion often do themselves in obedience to Madame Rachel and her kind, though it is not half sufficiently known that almost every hair-dye which is not absolutely inert is distinctly poisonous, and that the use of paint and enamel of every kind fatally impedes the main physiological function of the skin, and, in the end, also destroys its texture and beauty.

Nor are the class I have already described the only Englishwomen who lead an unhealthy life. Even when the special evils above adverted to are absent, it is very rare, indeed, to find women of the middle and upper classes living sufficiently in the open air, taking an adequate amount of physical exercise, or in other respects conforming to the general laws of health. And, as I remarked at the outset that moral and mental education were very closely connected with the state of bodily health, so I may now say, with equal truth, that the fullest development of physical health can hardly be attained, unless moral and mental influences are what they should be. Nothing is commoner than to see girls just entering on womanhood suffering from a kind of general ill-health, which seems to involve almost every organ of the body, and which yet in truth depends mainly on mental weariness of an utterly vapid and purposeless life. This is, of course, far too wide a question to enter upon at this moment; and, indeed, for any exhaustive treatment of the subject which forms the title of this paper, a long and very elaborate series of articles would be required. I shall be satisfied for the present if in the preceding rapid outline I have been able to give some general idea of the great existing need of a really adequate system of Physical Education for women.

Madame Ronniger has left town this week on a short visit to Scotland, where she will lecture on Women's Suffrage and other subjects.

The exclusion of Women's voices from the choirs in all the churches under the spiritual direction of Archbishop Manning, lends an almost historical interest to a passage in the preliminary discourse to Professor Ella's recently-published Lectures at the London Institution. Burney, just one hundred years ago, speaks in rapture of the services, the theatres, the maestri, the schools of Venice. He relates that the evening after his arrival, Saturday, August 4th, 1770, he went to the Ospidale della Pietrà. The maestro di capella was a priest, and the performers, both vocal and instrumental, *were all girls*; the organ, violins, flutes, violoncellos, and even French horns were supplied by these females. Two other schools for female orphans, receiving the best possible musical education, under the known maestro Sacchini, and other maestri, Burney visited, and heard services by Zerlino, Glariano and Kirocher, in three parts for soprano, also accompanied by an orchestra of female performers.

DIRT.

Professor Tyndall's description of the atmosphere is rather depressing. We hope he only speaks of London air when he says, "The dirt and filth we live in is indescribable. In fact, so dirty is the air which supplies our lungs—and I would not say we could get on healthily without dirt—it is not possible to be more than approximately cleanly." Shakspeare talks of "trifles light as air;" our discussions rather tend to prove that subtle fluid a very weighty matter, in more senses than one, and every new discovery only makes the fact more plain. City air is never pure; therefore we ask those who are obliged to live in it, if possible not to content themselves with an idle saunter in a square, but, as frequently asopportunity offers, to break away from the daily routine, and, forgetting the last ball and the present flirtation, in along country walk to bathe their souls in Nature. Rapid movement, by quickening the respiration, brings a larger supply of oxygen to the lungs, and ,besides purifying the blood, gives such a sense of exhilaration to the whole system, that we often see the young literally *dance* along under favourable skiey influences —an excitation easily understood by those who know oxygen under the name of the laughing-gas; while even for the more mature the miserable frivolities of life, its petty cares and jealousies, fall away when brought face to face with the freshness of the morning air, or the holy calm of evening, when earth, and air, and heaven, are "like a nun, breathless with adoration."

But to return to Professor Tyndall. The "dirt" of which he speaks consists, he says, "in a great part of organic germs, of the functions of which in the animal economy we are yet ignorant." This is a hint which must not be lost sight of. If the elements of death are always at hand, it is not difficult to realize how easily they may be made to combine with other malignant agents. It is a fuller exposition of the fact that the aerial currents are the vehicles of good and evil, the carriers of life as well as of death and contagion; and as the dread of an epidemic is particularly prevalent just now, perhaps we could not choose a more interesting subject for a few observations.

At first thought it appears unjust that those who conform to all the rules of cleanliness and hygiene should be victims to others who live in direct opposition to both. Yet is it not probable there may be design in this arrangement? Were the rich able to isolate themselves from the class with whom epidemics almost surely originate, might not indifference to suffering which we should be sure to escape be the possible result? But now that it is an ascertained fact that, without the slightest contact, the denizen of the wretched lane can transfuse poison into the rich man's blood, selfish fear as well as Christian love becomes zealous for the removal of the dreaded danger. Not to excite needless alarm, but as a salutary warning, should we wish for the power of tracing contagion from the locality—we may call it the hot-bed—from which it first springs into life. Could we follow it as it creeps along—slowly and stealthily at first, stopping to gain strength at favourable spots—our object would be to teach a lesson of hopefulness and energy, rather than of despondency and dread. It is true, indeed, that we should learn from our investigation that Nature is merciless in punishing every infringement of her laws; but with rejoicing hearts we should also gain a higher and nobler idea of God's providence; for it would be manifest to the dullest mind that pestilence is not a blind curse sent from God's throne to slay His children indiscriminately, but a demon of our own evoking —the offspring of ignorance and dirt.

Imperfect as sanitary science still is, it has already conferred vast benefits on mankind. We know from past records that "the plague," which at one time men shuddered to name, no longer exists in Europe; and small-pox, though still a formidable foe, has lost much of the horror associated with it when even royalty was left to die untended. Those who lead simple lives and use the bath have rarely anything to fear from contagion; but if disease should cross our path, let us meet it with that calmness which will ensure the fulfilment of the duties which follow in its train. It might not be out of place to mention here that it is advisable to avoid contact with the sick when the skin or stomach is absorbing, *i.e.*, when the pores are open, or the stomach empty. But ventilation and cleanliness are the foundation of all sanitary precautions, and it is with

pleasure we strengthen our assertion by stating, on competent authority, that small-pox, which is the *bête noir* of the day, is seldom fatal when the patient is allowed abundance of fresh air. The chief danger is when the vesicles, which are the characteristics of the disease, break, covering the body with a kind of varnish, and this is obviated by frequent ablutions.'

But better far is it to obviate the causes of disease. One of the first of public duties is to improve the dwellings of the poor, and equally urgent is the necessity to make physiology a branch of ordinary education; for we shall vainly preach habits of cleanliness and other hygienic rules, unless we influence the minds of those we wish to benefit, and win conviction by the explanation of Nature's laws. One is ashamed of such continued reiteration; but what other way is there of attracting attention to subjects so long ignored? Physiology underlies all social questions; it is intimately connected with every domestic arrangement. We should have no infringement of sanitary laws, once their importance was understood; the increase of human happiness would be proportionate to the improvement in public health, and national prosperity would correspond with both.

No subject occupies philanthropists so much as the dwellings of the poor. It is but too true that man improves or deteriorates with his surroundings, and it is equally so that certain conditions soon introduce the squalidness of a hovel into a once comfortable home. The radical change wanted is *improved habits*, and for this we must depend on that education which would aim more at awakening the mind to what is wrong and remediable in the pupils' social condition, rather than at high mental development. Let one of the problems with which we exercise the young mind be the question, how can the blood be oxydized in a house where every window is shut—where dirt and impurity are allowed to accumulate unchecked? No child in any class should be allowed to grow up ignorant of the fact that the quantity of air which suffices to purify the blood of five persons cannot do so for eight.

If space permitted, we would like here to offer some remarks on education, and the capacity of the eye as a teacher, especially in connection with our subject. It is difficult to know anything well without a large knowledge of a great deal more, and we have often thought that even to teach the alphabet judiciously, one would want to know everything. Our dreams for human happiness require a large basis to insure stability. Let us enumerate a few essentials. In our desire for improved habits and improved dwellings among our people all will sympathise; but to these we would add other requirements, on which there is a greater diversity of opinion. We long to spread in society the habit of abstinence from intoxicating drink, not as an act of mortification or self-denial, but as a custom arising from an educated conviction of the utter inutility of alcoholic stimulants, believing them to be not only useless, but injurious. Our substitute for stimulants would be the Turkish or Hot Air Bath, which produces neither crime nor degradation, which brightens the intellect instead of dulling it, preserves and restores health, and is the best antidote to contagion—the aspect under which we wish now chiefly to consider it. We have dwelt on the deleterious effect of animal respiration on the surrounding atmosphere; we must equally remember that the pores breathe as well as the lungs, and exhale poison as they do. Having, however, exceeded our limits, and fearing the *soupçon* of a yawn, we defer the consideration of this and other matters to a future occasion.

An Irish Sister.

The arrangements are, we believe, complete for the meeting on Women's Suffrage at the Lambeth Baths, next Wednesday evening, under the auspices of the London National Society. The Rev. G. M. Murphy, whose name is well known throughout Lambeth for his earnest and successful efforts in the sphere of social reform, will take the chair; and among those by whom he will be supported are Mr. Robert Applegarth, Mr. C. M. Barker, the Rev. James Harcourt, Mr. Percy M. Hart, Mr. George Prichard, Mr. D. Morgan Thomas (barrister-at-law), and several ladies.

PARISIAN SKETCHES.

By the Chevalier de Chatelain.

The Rue des Lombards.

[Continued.]

Meantime, the two bands of robbers, composed of the refuse of society, that infested the cemetery of the Innocents, were each expecting the return of their invincible and valiant chief; but night after night followed, and their hopes were still frustrated. On the other hand, the mansion in the Avenue des Charniers (for such was the former name of the Rue des Lombards) was silent and deserted; the servants had been all dismissed, as their masters had set out on a long journey; and as to the good city of Paris itself, it appeared, ever since the audacious and successful attack upon the Prévot's house to have recovered its long-lost tranquillity as if by magic; the Prévot alone was put out, and vainly sought for his daughter's ravisher, whom, of course, he was unable to find, seeing, that the communications were not quite so easy then as now-a-days, and that the man who would have been bold enough to prophecy the invention of the post, of the telegraphs, or of railroads, would have been treated as a sorcerer or a maniac. No wonder, then, that days succeeded to days, months to months, and years to years, without the Prévot's hearing any news of his daughter, the bandits of their chiefs, of the mansion, of the charnel house recovering its former inhabitants! It happened at last that an adjoining house having caught fire, it became necessary, in order to stop the progress of the flames, to force an entry into the deserted dwelling. There was found, upon a bureau, a parchment document, all covered with dust, containing a donation, signed by the brothers Lombard, of the mansion, with all his tenements and dependencies, and all the furniture therein contained, to the poor. Accordingly the mansion and all its appurtenances, was sold, by the direction of the magistrates of the town, and funds proceeding from the sale was appropriated to the poor, according to the benevolent intentions of the donors; and as at that time the Avenue des Charniers was very narrow, the City purchased the mansion, and caused it to be pulled down to widen the public way, after having decided that the street which should traverse the site of the mansion should bear the name of the two benefactors of the poor, and be henceforth called the Rue des Lombards.

Now it happened that in filling up the cellars of the mansion, the attention of the workmen was arrested by the hollow sound produced by some stones rolling in a certain direction, and having cleared a space sufficient for investigating the cause of what they heard, they perceived a trap-door opening into a vault that led to the cemetery of the Innocents. Nothing, however, was found in the vault, except two masks of polished steel, but covered with rust, of tolerable workmanship for the age, and exactly alike. Numerous were the conjectures built upon this barren data, while the real destination of the subterraneous passage remained an unsolved mystery. It was only a long time after that the last surviving Lombard, having retired into a convent in Sicily, on the death of his brother and the Prévot's daughter, confessed, upon his death-bed, the whole story of the errors of his youth, as he called them, and bequeathed a considerable sum to the poor of the parish of St. Mederic, in Paris, while he left the surplus of his riches to the monks of the abbey where he ended his days, who were nothing loth to accept the legacy, notwithstanding the source it was derived from.

Since this epoch, so far removed from our days, the physiognomy of this portion of ancient Paris has undergone considerable changes. The cemetery of the Innocents, after having furnished the materials for one of the vast galleries of the catacombs, has made way for the Halle; the beautiful fountain, due to the chisel of Jean Goujon, now raises its head on the spot where the vaulted tomb once stood; the Avenue des Charniers has likewise disappeared, and has been succeeded by the Rue des Lombards, which became the head-quarters of the dealers in drugs and sweetmeats. Towards 1720, one Berger purchased the ground on which now stand numbers 46 and 48, and which formed a portion of the very site where stood formerly the subterranean passage of the Lombards. He there established the

firm now famous throughout Europe under the title of Le Fidèle Berger, which has the happy privilege of furnishing sweetmeats to all the Courts of Europe, besides being the hereditary purveyors to the Royal Family of France, having the honour to number amongst its customers, Louis XV., Louis XVI., Louis XVIII., Charles X., and Louis Napoleon. It is the Fidèle Berger that furnished the *dragées* for the christening of the king of Rome, the Duke of Bordeaux—called by Chateaubriand *l'Enfant du Miracle*, and all illustrious families of the Empire and the Restoration; and even in these days of rapid improvement, it is still the Fidèle Berger that maintains the superiority amongst his numerous rivals. Every year, when that day, so dear to childhood, and even to the fair sex in general, that golden day known by the title of New Year's Day, comes round, it is a sight to see the bazaar of sweetmeats besieged by the eager crowds of customers. The visitors standwaiting for admittance as at the doors of the French or Italian opera-houses. The police have no sinecure in repressing the incessant tumult of the mighty tide of human beings, ebbing and flowing like the surges of the ocean. Scarcely are the carriages able to drive up to the entrance of this temple dedicated to sugar-plums, whither China, Persia and Arabia send their yearly tribute; the former of its richer tissues enrap these nectar-distilling sweetmeats in a fitting shrine, and the latter of its sabœan odours to steep them in the most dainty aromas. It is said that at Athens the very herb vendors were able to distinguish by his accent the Athenian of pure blood from the native of all other Grecian cities; it is the same with the *dragées* of the Fidèle Berger, and Brillat Savarin was of our opinion, the real amateur cannot be deceived on this head; moreover, the Fidèle Berger has a kind of claim to the good graces of all who wield a pen, and call themselves authors, for we cannot forget that the poet Gilbert, of unfortunate memory, began his literary career under its auspices. It was in writing devices for this firm, in which he held a very modest place, that he struck out the first spark of the genius that subsequently blazed forth in all its glory in his beautiful work, entitled, "La Satire du XXIII *ième* Siècle," and those yet more touching lines, instinct with such deep melancholy, beginning:

Au banquet de la vie infortuné convive
J'apparus un jour et je meurs;
Je meurs et sur la tombe ou lentement j'arrive
Nul ne viendra verser des pleurs!

Poor Gilbert! alas! hadst thou been endowed with a less mighty genius, and, above all, with a soul less noble and less aspiring, France would, indeed, have numbered a great poet the less, but thou wouldst not have died miserably in a hospital, where many other unappreciated genius, like Hegésippe Moreau, of our own times has fallen a victim of the apathy and selfishness of his fellow-creatures.

The Edinburgh Literary Institute has set apart a large and elegant room, fitted up with special regard to comfort and convenience, for the exclusive use of lady subscribers.

A capital illustration of the great good that may be accomplished by ridiculously small means, when perseveringly carried out, is seen in the history of the Redland Duster Society. Some dozen years since, under the influence of the noble career of unostentatious, active philanthropy of Miss Mary Carpenter, of Red Lodge House, Bristol, a few little girls, who desired to do something for India, but had neither skill nor money to bestow, determined to meet together and earn a few pence by hemming dusters, remembering that the widow's mite was approvingly accepted. Their example in its turn incited to extended efforts, and gradually the Redland Duster Society became of some importance. The fact is worth mentioning in these pages, that the report of the native mission school at Negapatam shows that during the last year the Society sent funds to the amount of £37 4s., which sum, with an equal amount from the Government, has been the means of giving a good education to between 50 and 60 little Hindu girls!

REVIEWS.

The Story of a Life. By W. A. Gibbs.

Harold Erle: A Biography. By the Author of "The Story of a Life." [*Provost and Co.*, London.]

Some acute individual has somewhere remarked, speaking for the public weal, that he did not care who made the laws, so that he had the making of the songs. As is the case with most paradoxes, there is much truth and some fallacy in this *dictum*; the chief point of which, after all, is to show the influence that Poets and Poetasters, too, have on their generation. During a revolution, a great war, a grievous famine, and the like, a poet is almost sure to come to the front with the other leaders of men necessary for a country in each of these national trials. Religious convulsions are generally heralded by lyrists, who propagate their tenets in hymns more or less striking and attractive, and they win the attention and secure the belief of those who would otherwise have withstood the allurements of the most skilled orators. National hatreds are fostered and crowned by song. The baby Prussian, in the first quarter of the present century, lisped his ardent desire to avenge Napoleonic raids in the stirring *Liéder* of his musical Vaterland, and he sang them until their vengeful echo died away, gratified, in the avenues of the Champs Elysèes. *En revanche*, the infant Gaul will treasure a sheaf of deadly verse, which shall last him until his manhood has effaced, with the blood of the brutal and haughty Prussian, the stains of Metz and Sedan. In fine, to perpetuate a nation's prowess, its religion, its likes and its dislikes—to say nothing of its loves, fashions, dinners, and carousals—a poet is needed; and to do him justice, he, or some imitation of him, is generally to the fore. It is a moot point whether the Poet makes his Age, or the Age makes its Poet. Personally, we favour the latter proposition, seeing that, although each age is made by the joint actions of its worthies, yet, as such action is always progressive and piecemeal, each age is incomparably stronger than any one of its great men. It has been given, now and again, to some few men, as philosophers, soldiers, or prophets, to leaven the world, or, at all events, a considerable section of it; but this has rarely, if ever, been a poet's lot. Poets, like politicians, are strongest when in opposition, and are never more influential or more valuable than when, in the persons of good and pure men, they assail by satire, by patriotism, or by lamentation, the vices of a corrupt or feeble generation. As a rule, however, the times manufacture their own songsters. If Pan be in the ascendant, Arcadian verse is sung in all keys. "The piping times of peace" bring forth love ditties and the so-called *vers de Société* with damnable iteration. The rule of Mars gives us war-songs that stir whole peoples as with the sound of the clarion and the ring of steel. Religious fervour creates melodies which seem grandiose as the echoes of the immortal Songs of Zion.

So far as "Merrie England" is concerned, this is emphatically what one may term the Brummagem-age; consequently, by a natural rule, most of her living poets are of pinchbeck. The remembrance of the 19th century will probably descend to posterity as a period which, having few distinctive qualifications, was above all a period of clever imitations. Our churches and our public buildings are pretty travesties of Gothic and Rénaissance models. Our chains and our gewgaws are massive electro-plates. Our National Church, in its most vigorous section, is a mild imitation of Catholicism. The main features in our National Drama are legs and break-downs, while the *chef d'œuvre* of our most musical (if somewhat unsavoury) existing poet, is a tame rendering of a Greek drama. *O tempora! O mores!*

Suffering, as all reading and thinking persons must have suffered, from the inane and enervating streams of verse, poured out perennially by those two Arcadians, Tupper and Tennyson, it is indeed a treat to lovers of verse to find one poet who can write for the instruction and edification of an "Age of Little Men," without pandering to its weakness and its vices to secure a good commercial return for his verse. We can well believe that the amount of Mr. Gibbs' banker's balance, *quoad* literature, will, for some years to come, at least, be in a very far less satisfactory condition than those of the two poetical Doctors of Civil Law, who have for many years drawn upon the great British public, in more than one sense, to their own exceeding great reward.

Mr. Gibbs is neither unctuously pious nor pre-eminently blasphemous. He does not bespatter our sovereign lady, the Queen, and her belongings, with obsequious and fulsome laudation. And, stranger than all, he is not even a member of a Mutual Admiration Society—a co-operative movement, by which most of the "poets who pay" (to use a bookseller's term) have derived their remunerative powers. He has not married a lady of title, nor, to our knowledge, has he one solitary newspaper in his power or pay. Many of our readers will scarcely credit him with a spark of the Divine fire when we add that he does not habitually get drunk, is no tobacco-sot, is neither politician nor place-seeker; but one bringing simply to his aid, in the great mission to which he is called, a faultless ear, an exhaustive knowledge of his own language, considerable powers of expression, and a well-defined notion of the truths and morals which he wishes to impress upon his countrymen. What will commend him, as much as anything else, to the women-readers of the day is, that his mind and utterances are truly masculine; whereby he towers head and shoulders above those male but effete versifiers who, for lack of better, have so long foisted their effeminate wares upon the public.

The title of Mr. Gibbs' first published work, "The Story of a Life; or, Seven Years' Writing for Seven Days' Reading," is in itself suggestive. Modern poets write habitually to a publisher's order or a public's demand. If they followed the Horatian motto, and kept their creations by them a few years, the plan would be a sound one for their own fame and for their readers' good, even if the pecuniary results were less brilliant. The *mottivo* of this work is derived from a family placed in the happiest temporal circumstances, endowed with talent and many noble and beautiful qualities of mind and body, yet fore-doomed to extinction by reason of hereditary insanity. This conception, together with its bearings upon the characters of diverse ages and sexes, is worked out with consummate skill, and the hovering of this terrible curse over the thoughts and actions of the *dramatis personæ* is interwoven with the higher and happier details of the story, in a manner that would do honour to Goëthe:—

"Subtle, invisible, intangible,
Not to be overcome by meeting it,
Not to be warded off by strictest heed,
Never to be escaped by fleeing it;
But always lurking and for ever there,
Like deadly serpent in a tangled wood."

The tone of the whole poem is, as can be surmised, deeply tragic. The fundamental idea is mournful, and mournful must be its outgrowths. There is here no modern prettiness of plot, seeking to make everything comfortably dovetail above the word *Finis*. Poetical justice, as it is grotesquely termed, finds no place in the working out of a human problem as insoluble as most of those we find in real life. The characters are no mere *marionettes* dancing to the ordinary tunes which form the *répertoire* of ordinary verse-mongers. On the contrary, they seem to live, to move, to have their being, fixing themselves in one's memory as though we had met them face to face in our passage through this vale of tears.

"Harold Erle" is a modern biography told in graceful verse; indeed, it is a new "Childe Harold," written by a man who, *plus* Byron's power of depicture, possesses devotional and philosophic sentiments, which give a tone to this book which usually is lacking in fashionable poetry:—

"Not his to shape with dainty art
Lascivious legends for a languid ear,—
Nor his the pliant voice to join the choir
Of Baal's priesthood in their choral chant
To gods of popularity and gold;—
But with straightforward singleness of aim
He seized the right and struck with it at wrong
E'en in defiance of a world in arms!
No need constrained him, and no wealth allured."

Here one has, in his own words, the man and his work; and when it is added that, in tracing the career of Harold Erle from boyhood to the fulness of wedded bliss, the tangled problem of our lives is handled with a rare insight into human motives and their results, forming, not unseldom, the text for deep, yet graceful evolution of philosophic and classical theories, one has, perhaps, said enough to excite the thoughtful reader to turn from the roses and raptures of the vice of Tennyson and his imitators, to "the lilies and languors of virtue," as shown in the glowing and interesting pages of William Alfred Gibbs.

BERTHE DE BEAUXYEUX.

THE BASES OF THE TEMPERANCE REFORM. By the Rev. DAWSON BURNS, M.A., F.S.S.

CONVOCATION REPORT ON INTEMPERANCE. [*United Kingdom Alliance*, Manchester.]

IN the first of these volumes we have an elaborate exposition of the evils of strong drink, and a forcible appeal in favour of temperance. Mr. Dawson Burns enters upon his subject with earnestness, and treats it with vigorous language and powerful logic. He explains the poisonous nature of alcohol, its baneful effect on the living system, its uselessness as a medicine, and the ruin, moral, physical, and commercial, of which it is the active and potent cause. "Crime of every form and degree," says our author, "from petty larceny to red-handed murder, could not prevail as it does, did not Strong Drink and the Drink-shop engender, nurse, train, stimulate, and develope it. If it were true that poverty is the principal cause of the more serious crimes, yet Poverty finds it mainsprings in the Bottle and the Tap." (p. 132.) We might readily find many passages in the book excellently fitted for quotation here; but we prefer, instead, to recommend the whole to the careful perusal of our readers. For, as Mr. Burns well observes in his Preface, "There are many opponents, who, if better informed, would be converted into friends." It is, indeed, true of the Temperance Movement (as it is, also, of the Women's Suffrage and other reformatory agitations), that the great body of resistance which meets its progress is impelled by ignorance. Let the water-drinker educate his opponents, and he will make them his partizans. If more evidence of the grievous results of "strong drink" to the country be needed than that contained in Mr. Burns' treatise, the curious reader has only to examine the statements made in the "Report by the Committee on Intemperance for the Lower House of Convocation." This book is a complete epitome of the extent, the causes, the results, and the remedies of intemperance, But, alas! the evil of drink is so huge and wide-spread, the ignorance of all classes on the true nature of alcohol so deplorable, and the knavery of those whose gain depends on the beer and wine trade, so pitiless and so diabolic, that the chances of reform in the matter are wondrous small. Before us now there lies the November number of an American paper called *The Household*, a publication which we always welcome with pleasure. Casting a glance at an article upon its first page headed "The Wine Question in Society," we read these words:

"Society bids us furnish wine at our feasts, and we furnish it as generously as if we did not know that a certain percentage of all the men who drink it will die miserable drunkards, and inflict lives of pitiful suffering upon those who are closely associated with them. There are hundreds of thousands of people in polite life in America who would not dare to give a dinner, or a party, without wine, notwithstanding the fact that, in many instances, they can select the very guests who will drink too much on every occasion that gives them opportunity. There are old men and women who invite young men to their feasts, whom they know cannot drink the wine they propose to furnish, without danger to themselves and disgrace to their companions and friends. They do this sadly, often, but under the compulsions of social usage. Now we understand the power of this influence; and every sensitive man must feel it keenly. Wine has stood so long as an emblem and representative of good cheer and generous hospitality, that it seems stingy to shut it away from our festivities, and deny it to our guests. Then again, it is generally offered at the tables of our friends, and it is so difficult, apparently, for those who are accustomed to it, to make a dinner without it, that we hesitate to offer water to them. It has a nig-

gardly—almost an unfriendly—seeming; yet what shall a man do who wishes to throw what influence he has on the side of temperance?"

Aye! what shall he do? This is one of those matters in which there can be no compromise. If we desire, as much as we can to stop excessive drinking, we must resolve also to stop "moderate" drinking. Alcohol must be regarded as a Poison, and the ignorant idea of the vulgar and uninformed that it is at all useful or even harmless, must be boldly combatted and crushed. None of us would give our guests a glass of hemlock, or prussic acid, or other deadly decoction. Why should we give him, then, a glass of Alcohol, because it is a rather slower poison? This question of Temperance is one foremost in the ranks of Progress. Its advocates need the aid of a firm and constant Courage. To all those who know the truth, and who yet shrink from the duty that knowledge brings them, because society still remains vulgar and obtuse, we have a few brief words to says—words of encouragement. Do not yield to false shame. Honour to you, honour in the highest if you have courage to be the pioneers of a better Age, of a wiser generation than your own. Be not afraid of losing your friends, because you cease to offer them the poisons you have been wont to give. Explain to them your convictions on the matter. If they desert you in consequence of your behaviour, you will understand that they were never *your* friends, but the friends of your wine; and you may rejoice at the loss of such friendship. If they were ever your friends, they will not forsake you because the port or the sherry no longer adorn your table. It is only the false friends you stand the chance of losing, not the true ones. Their hand grasp will be as genial, their intercourse with you as frank and pleasant, their visits as frequent and as long when you have only clear water or Mocha coffee to gladden your symposia, as ever they were in your former days of old Madeira and milk punch.

THE COMPLETE HERBALIST; OR, THE PEOPLE THEIR OWN PHYSICIANS, BY THE USE OF NATURE'S REMEDIES. By Prof. O. PHELPS BROWN. [2, King-street, Covent-garden.]

THIS book, although it bears on its title-page no name distinguished in the annals of the medical schools, nor weighted with an imposing addenda of alphabetical honours, yet commends itself to us as the well-considered work of a sensible man. Its author is one of the pioneers of a reviving school of hygiene. He asserts that the remedies for all our national diseases of body can be found in our own meadows and hedge-rows; and, recurring to the long-discarded theory of the old physicians, teaches the treatment of all disorders by means of simples, to the exclusion of mineral drugs and chemical combinations. In a remarkably scholarly preface to his work, our author names the various schools of medicine from the age of Hipprocrates to the present time, briefly describes their different theories, traces their origins, and deduces conclusions which prove the expositor to be a man of genuine study and serious thought.

The book is absolutely what it professes to be. Every herb and plant of our country, valuable for curative purposes, is minutely described in letter-press, and carefully figured with all its parts in the margin. The most unlearned in botany cannot therefore be at a loss to identify any plant with such a directory as this open before them. At the close of the volume, valuable information will be found on special diseases, their cause and cure; and in particular, much plain and sensible counsel is given to women on the treatment of disorders incident to their sex. The book is perfectly free from anything approaching to quackery, and a reason, clear and definite, is adduced for every mode of cure advised. We are greatly pleased with "The Complete Herbalist," and heartily wish that by perusing it and similar works, some portion of mankind could be induced to reject as baneful the use of those noxious mineral compounds now included in our national Pharmacopœa, and with which thousands poison themselves every year. There was a time when every lady had her herb-garden, and prepared her own simples, teas, and aromatic lotions. In these days the shelves of the chemist's shop are ransacked instead, and mercury, antimony, and arsenic usurp the place of wholesome, healing balms.

MISS BEEDY, M.A., addressed on Wednesday, the 20th instant, a large meeting at Banbury, on the subject of Women's Suffrage.

THERE is internal evidence of a womanly hand and pen having been concerned in the authorship of an admirable article on the subject of Dogs, in the last number of the *Quarterly Review*. In that portion of the article which refers to the cruelty of vivisection, and in another passage even more unmistakably, the evidence is strong enough to swear by.

LECTURING to the theological students at New College, St. John's-wood—one of the principal Nonconformist seminaries in England—Mr. Scrivener, the eminent Greek scholar, gave some highly interesting details of the part borne by a lady in the great work of Biblical revision. The lady was a member of the late Dr. Alford's congregation in Marylebone, during his incumbency of an Episcopalian chapel there, before his preferment to the Deanery of Canterbury. The doctor was engaged at the time in the great work by which his name is imperishably identified, and being, so to speak, saturated with the new lights which critical investigation poured into his mind, he was very much habituated to the use in the pulpit of the mature points which study yielded to his hand. The lady's interest, quickened by some fine example of scholarly acumen, did not end with the reception of what could be gathered by an ordinarily intelligent and appreciative English mind. She mastered the Greek tongue, learned for herself the subtle distinctions of readings and texts, and is now so thoroughly accomplished in her vocation, as to have contributed to the clearer understanding of several most important and valuable passages of the New Testament.

THE example set by Mr. Ezra Cornell in founding a college or university wherein young men should be educated for the practical concerns of life, without even for a time withdrawing them wholly from their ordinary mechanical, manual, or professional avocations, seems to have called into exercise a kindred spirit of munificence on the part of a lady, Miss Sophia Smith, lately deceased at Hatfield-Massachusetts. The object this lady had in view was the establishment and maintenance of an institution for the higher education of young women, with the design to furnish them for means and facilities for education equal to those which are afforded now in colleges to young men. The result is the erection of buildings and the settle, ment of a scheme for what is known by the name of Smith College, at Northampton, Massachusetts; the funds for the purpose amounting to nearly £80,000, of which the trust created by the will forbids the expenditure of more than one-half in the acquisition or erection of land and buildings. The requirements for admission, our authority states, will be substantially the same as at Harvard, Yale, Brown, Amherst, and other New England colleges; the curriculum will occupy four years; the studies of Latin and Greek, of the English language and literature, and modern languages, will be extensively pursued; in physical science, particular regard will be paid to those branches—chemistry, botany, anatomy, and physiology—which are peculiarly fitted to woman's nature, and indispensable for her work; and the science of mind and of ethics will, for the most part displace mathematics, without necessarily, however, excluding them from the important function they are calculated to fulfil in the disciplining of the mind for the highest intellectual labours. So far as may be possible, facilities are to be given for the pursuit of other special studies, and the preparation for professions and employments; the system of training being such as to fit young women to become teachers and authors—teachers in the highest schools of the United States. Thus, more time will be devoted than in other colleges to æsthetic studies—to the principles on which the fine arts are founded, the art of drawing and the science of perspective, the examination of the great models of painting and statuary, a familiar acquaintance with the works of the great musical composers, and the acquisition of musical skill. Especial attention will be given to elocution, and the exercises will be pursued as a means of promoting health, as well as with the aim of improving the pupils' style of reading, singing, and conversation.

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The Lady's Own Paper,

A JOURNAL OF TASTE, PROGRESS, AND THOUGHT

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1872.

IN MY LADY'S CHAMBER;

A STORY OF

HER DECEASED HUSBAND'S BROTHER.

By the Editor.

CHAPTER XII.

"FAUST AND MARGUERITE."

"Sir,—

"We beg to inform you that the pearl ornaments were yesterday sent as you desired to the address given at Park-lane, but were the same evening returned to us. Under these circumstances we have thought it best to transmit them to you with this explanation, while we await your further esteemed directions.

"We are, Sir,

"Your obedient servants

"Bright, Burnisher, and Co."

This was the note that Vane Vaurien held in his hand as he sat in the solitude of his bachelor *adytum* in a well-known West-end locality, on the morning after the last opera of the season. This was the note he read several times with the blandest countenance and serenest composure of nerve and muscle, as though the announcement in question had been an expected invitation to dinner or a document of any other ordinary and sublunary description. This was the note which in a state of perfect equanimity he refolded and tore into many small pieces, not performing that destructive operation with the least resentment, vexation, or malignity, but much in the same manner as he might have broken a biscuit at luncheon, or crushed a wafer at a ball-supper.

Which, having done, Mr. Vaurien arose, took from its place before him that velvet *étui* which had lain eighteen hours ago upon the toilette table of Fräulein Stern, and locked it carefully up in the principal drawer of his *escritoire*, dropping the key thereof in his purse afterwards with an air of grim and resigned resolve, which said more plainly than any enunciation could have done; "Very well, we will try another way."

Mr. Vane Vaurien, standing with his back towards h s empty fireplace, his faultlessly trousered legs wide asunder, and his caoutchouc visage pinched into the semblance of a meditative smile, was a moral study. For, not even alone, could this man be sincere and natural, he was steeped in artificiality to the eyelids, and the four walls of his private sanctuary, if they had been really possessed of those auricular appendages with which proverbial tradition has accustomed us to associate such combinations of lath and plaster, would have heard nothing to his disadvantage. Now he smiled urbanely, not that there was the least ostensible incentive to mirth in anything that had recently occurred to him, but merely because he was sensible of some annoyance and much vindictiveness; and it was so completely his habit to disguise emotion that even in the perfect solitude of his own chamber he was false and deceptive.

False, yes, but any philosopher or observer of humanity who might have penetrated to the lair of this bipedal fox, would have read his character there at a glance without need to study the physical appearance of the cunning animal himself. For, if walls have not always ears, they are never without tongues, and when a man or a woman has any individuality worth the telling at all, it is plainly told in the garniture and *manière d'être* of the *tabagie*, or the boudoir.

We do not reflect when we nail up our favourite pictures, lay down our particular style of carpet, hang our pet curtains, dispose our chosen statuettes, and bestow the furniture, books and nicknacks which we most affect in our own peculiar *sancta-sanctorum*, that we are in actuality nailing up, laying down, hanging out, and parading our own heart, soul, mind, and habitual mode of thought, nay, even sometimes, the very history of our life. But so the thing really is. And Vane, standing here like a substantial, personal, breathing Lie, was convicted of his falseness upon every side, and pilloried by his own hand in the unblushing shroudless nudity of Truth on each one of the walls which environed him.

He was there—on the top of the looking-glass above the mantlepiece, carved out with his own crest and monogram in the elaborate borderwork of the oaken frame; he was there in the luxurious voluptuousness of the sloping satin-cushioned arm-chair by the *escritoire*;—there, too, in the box of matchlessly flavoured Manillas that lay open upon a heap of the day's journals. He was there—interwoven, and emblazoned and twisted inside out with his initials, and his coat of arms, and his motto, and his baron's crown, and his name, and his armorial bearings, and his heater shield, upon every book-cover, and chair-back, and casket-lid, and trinket in the small apartment. He was to be walked upon in the device of his own gaudy Wilton and hearthrug, where he was let in some fifty times by means of a mediæval monogram upon a diapered background. He obstructed the daylight in the window-casement opposite the door, under the emblem of an obese mammal of extinct species, rampant and ferocious, surrounded by scrolls of an heraldic nature and thickly pervaded with Siamese-like twins of the letter V, richly illuminated and much contorted; the whole magnificent conception being executed in stained glass of the most brilliant order, and fitly enshrined, like a glorified sampler, in an embrazure of dark oak, profusely adorned with similar celestial hieroglyphs.

He was there again,—framed and glazed and mounted, all round the room, with bits of bright water-colour, copied from the antique undraped,—photographs of French pictures, among which was conspicuous, a recent painting of Phyrne's trial,—malignant caricatures of certain persons in public and private life whom Vane hated,—pencil sketches of an architectural character, exclusively devoted to the promotion of the fame, honour, and glory, of the most ancient and puissant House of Vaurien, which, it would appear from various minature cartoons of historic nature ornamenting the room, was originally of Norman extraction, and imported itself into more northern climes about the date of the Conquest, in connexion with the pippins and chicanery of the same celebrated nationality. They had been powerful folks once apparently, these *Sires de Vaureme*, and had held potential fiefs under mighty monarchs long defunct, but Time, the universal destroyer and impoverisher, had mercilessly alienated their territory and unkindly corrupted their title, so that the present chief representative of the family,—which had become, by the way, an exceedingly numerous one,—was only plain John Vaurien, Esquire, of Guingamp House, Bayswater. Ah! *Quid rides? Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis!* Well, and he was also here in a collection of heterogeneous "reminders," turn up or tossed aside beneath scattered *cartes-de-visite* of Cora Bell,—popular actresses,—and vignetted Daphnes, Venuses, and Andromedas, in a condition of primitive nudity, if not of primitive innocence; there—in a packet of elaborate prospectuses printed in true Tory cerulean, for a novel establishment to be called the "Topboot Club," which, provided a sufficient fund could be realized for the realization of the scheme, was destined to be a metropolitan paradise of epicurean delights, wherein the pleasure-slipper should

bo blissfully. hunted "from morn to dewy eve;" and whereof Vane Vaurien, Esquire, with the *disjecta membra* of some three alphabets after his illustrious patronymic, was announced as presiding functionary, secretary, and Pontifex Maximus.

Everywhere around him, in brief, was the mark of the beast who inhabited this resplendent and archæological den. Here were legibly inscribed, as though each attribute had been emblazoned in order upon a monumental tablet, the

Self-conceit,
Indolence,
Complacency,
Arrogance,
Vanity,
Luxury,
Sensuality,
Vindictiveness
Extravagance,
And Utter Worldliness
of Mr. Vane Vaurien.

And all the vices in this formidable category are merely different cases and inflexions of that one comprehensive noun, Selfishness; for Vane was his own god, and his religion consisted in abject devotion to the pleasure and glory of his omnipotent deity. All men serve themselves in this world, of course; it is an obligation necessarily attaching to individual existence, and to our present condition of being, that every person should act continually and inevitably to please himself; but our nature is dualistic,—spiritual, and sensual, and some men prefer to please the higher nature, some the lower. When we say that a man is selfish, we merely avail ourselves of a *facon de parler*, and we mean that the individual of whom we speak prefers to gratify his baser rather than his nobler self. We all seek rewards of some sort; it is healthy and natural to do so; only the man of pleasure—the selfish man—as we should commonly call him—seeks for himself the reward of the senses, while the philosopher and the religionist,—the self-denying men, as we should say in ordinary parlance, seek for themselves "the peace which passeth understanding." The difference between the two classes lies not, therefore, in the motive of action, but in the mode of expressing it; the selfishness of the worldly man is grosser than the selfishness of the higher minded. The thieves that robbed and well-nigh murdered the traveller from Jerusalem to Jericho, were flagrantly selfish in their conduct. They did not care what became of their victim if only they got off safely with the booty of which they had despoiled him. The Priest and the Levite were selfish also in another degree. They minded nothing whether that deserted wretch by the wayside lived or died, so long as they were spared trouble and annoyance. And the good Samaritan was selfish too. He choose to sacrifice his time and money, and to incur much fatigue and inconvenience because his kind heart would not suffer him to witness misfortune without obliging him to relieve it, and because he knew that the pleasure his spirit would enjoy by means of a good self-denying action would outweigh the pleasure his senses would be able to afford him if he were to gratify them by pursuing his journey in undisturbed physical comfort. So he parted with a few coins and hours of the day, and gave himself some pains and much responsibilty for the sake of bearing about in his heart the priceless peace of God. And he made thereby a better bargain than anyone else in the story.

Just so much as this *en parenthèse*, to get rid of any possible misconception on the part of my reader with regard to the motives of behaviour actuating the various *dramatis personâ* of this fiction, and to have it thoroughly understood that whenever in the future I may characterize Vaurien's career as one of eminent selfishness, I shall employ that latter substantive to designate only an unworthy and ignoble principle, for which, unhappily, we have no fitter name in our language. And yet it is natural to man to have so great a faith in his own virtue, that Vaurien, really believed himself to be generous. He was fond of giving expensive club dinners to his associates, and had been heard to boast that in his youthful days when fortune had not smiled upon him so kindly as she did in later years, he had expended his only remaining ten pound notes in entertaining friends, not knowing the while from what quarter or after what manner more current coin of the realm was to be collected for the replenishment of his empty coffers. This statement may or may not have been strictly correct, but its enunciation sufficed at least to furnish some idea of the very peculiar views regarding morality which must have pervaded the mind of this gentleman, who believed it a generous thing to spend such worldly substance as he had for the delectation of his boon companions while he obliged his creditors to suspend their lawful claims year after year, and accustomed himself to write witty and malicious articles in strong-minded journals against his personal enemies.

And, truth to tell, Mr. Vane Vaurien had contrived, by means of this last agreeable habit, to inspire considerable dread and respect among certain small celebrities. Reputation, beauty, erudition;—nay even wealth itself, seemed to lose prestige under Vane's skilful manipulation in the columns of the "*Stiletto*," or the pungent pages of the "*John Blunt*." One and all he delighted to asperse and discredit whether by trenchant sarcasm or pointed inuendo, nor did he ever enjoy intellectual pleasure so great and genuine as that of doubling-up and putting into vigorous verbal chancery some parvenu lordling, speculative philanthropist, or political enthusiast. However, it must be admitted, in justice to the unhappy subject of our remarks, that Vane never gratified any baser craving than that of spleen by these terrific onslaughts upon the characters and attributes of his acquaintances. Frequently, indeed, did rank and lucre endeavour to prostitute the pen of our literary Free Lance to their own purposes, but the appeal was always futile, unless it really engaged his personal interest, for Vaurien who spared neither man in his rage, nor woman in his love, still possessed his own adamantine notions of honour, and could repudiate a bribe with as much noble scorn as a Spartan philosopher. No doubt he was troubled with great moral aberration and obliquity of mental vision, but after his lights as a thorough man of the world, a reckless scoffer, a pitiless giber of other men's faiths,—he yet believed in his own rectitude and brought forth fruit after his kind.

And, although the constant occurrence of such unamiable episodes as those we have indicated, in a gentleman's personal history, might seem to demonstrate a disposition unblessed by kindness, or even geniality, yet Vaurien was unanimously voted among those who were acquainted with him, one of the best companions a fellow could invite to his table, and as a host, the very pink of cordial hospitality and *bonhomie*. Observers of humanity, however, know well that this sort of artificial liberality is but the obverse of natural meanness, a mere development of that ignoble love of self, and inordinate desire for applause which underlay the whole of Vane Vaurien's character and coloured the motive of every action he performed. And for the present at least, he had his reward. "So long as thou doest good unto thyself, men will speak well of thee," saith the Wise Man, and Vane was a living verification of the adage. He had the *entrée* of all the best houses in town, he was upon easy terms with most of the literati and artistes of the day, he had an engagement in his memorandum-book for every night in the week he had once dined with Ab del Kadir, he had edited several volumes by well-known authors, had been "familiar" with the pretty and fascinating actress who used—poor child!—to do Prince Prettypet at Astley's, and who, by the way, had been Cora's predecessor in Vane's affections,—he was affiliated to several of the best Masonic Lodges, had entertained at dinner a celebrated prelate of the Catholic Church, and had talked face to face with the Queen of Spain.

And these were not things to be sneezed at in a general way, for which reason, Vaurien was accustomed to make the most of them on all occasions, well understanding that worldly advantages, like the heavenly talents of the parable, do not increase by concealment, but by usury.

Was he satisfied with the catalogue of those advantages now, as he stood with the back of his glossy head presented towards the crested and monogramed looking-glass, and his lustful eyes riveted on the particular drawer of the bureau which contained the rejected pearls? One would be tempted to guess not, even in spite of the equanimous smile that curved his waxed moustaches, for notwithstanding its mellifluence it was not by any means a smile of gratification, and the lofty altitude of his thick dark eyebrows manifested at least the presence of some considerable disturbance of an unpleasant nature in the mind of their wearer. But these scanty tokens were the only signs of annoyance perceptible in the outward and visible demeanour of Mr. Vaurien. Your practised villains who clench their hands, gnash their teeth, and flash fire from their eyes upon the occurrence of every rebuff or provocation, belong to past ages or to remote climes. Every civilised man who has the address and the education to sin cleverly and systematically, is also necessarily calm and uniform in his outer seeming. It is usually virtue, not vice, that is demonstrative. Vane Vaurien contemned all exhibition of emotion except that of love. He hated without fatigue or display, by being simply malicious and sardonic towards the object of his wrath, he was elated without hilarity, he bore disappointment or loss without secluding himself, and could stare as serenely upon the struggles of a fallen cab-horse suffering under some inhuman master's kicks and blows, as he could aim his pistol at a young bird in the nest, or receive intelligence of the death of a man whom he had the day before invited to dinner. So excellently bred, so exhaustedly gentleman-like was Cora Bell's *cher ami!*

But if in his solitude Vane was the placid and emotionless creature just described, how surprisingly *debonnaire* he became as certain masculine voices sounded on the landing outside his brilliant sanctuary, and

Mr. Richard Dyce Rankin, closely followed by Carew, appeared upon its velvetty threshold!

"My dear fellows, how are you? Where do you come from, eh?" Both queries with much *empressement*.

"Come from breakfast," responded Dick, dropping himself easily into Vaurien's smoking chair; "and are pretty jovial, thanks."

"Chirpy, in fact," interpolated Carew, "and if we had a bit of weed a piece, we should be in full song in no time!" Vaurien took the hint, and produced the Manillas with the necessary combustibles. A short pause ensued, consequent on the preparation of the three cigars, and during that silence, Rankin caught Carew's glance and winked at him significantly, upon receiving which confidential token, the latter gentleman forthwith opened conversation on this wise.

"Splendid night at her Majesty's, last night, wasn't it, Dick?" he observed, craning out his chin and fixing a fusee in the end of the cigar he held between his teeth,—"good idea to finish up with Faust. Best thing Adelheid does,—my 'pinion."

"Golopshus!" said Dick readily. "Yow saw her play that the first time she did it Vau; we all went together you remember, Somers and Cora Bell were with us."

"Yes, I recollect," answered Vane shortly, looking at his boots.

"And you admired the German piper so much you know, and made your poor little Venus confoundedly jea——."

"Leave Mrs. Bell's name alone, if you please, Rankin," interrupted Vane; "that's humbug."

"All right, old fellow, don't draw it with a head on! I beg the fair one's pardon. But she was, all the same."

Dick knew that Vaurien secretly liked to be reminded of Cora's weakness, because the knowledge that his friends had observed and remembered it was flattering to his vanity, and for that reason he would well bear their insisting upon it. Carew also seized the occasion, and in his turn took up the wondrous tale.

"Poor Cora!" said he, blowing her reputation away from his lips in a fragrant cloud. "Too bad, by Jove! I'll be hanged if it isn't! Did you see Adelheid last night, Vau? Think I spotted you in the stalls."

"Yes, I saw her. Never miss a last opera, unless I can't help it, eh?"

"Tell you where she acts best," observed Rankin, critically; "when she finds the jewels. That's out-and-out nature and no mistake! One forgets the *prima donna* then, and fancies she's actually Gretchen! She looks as pleased as if somebody really had given her a lot of sparklers, by George!"

For a second Vaurien regarded the speaker and his companion keenly, but as Rankin was only lounging indolently in the smoking chair and looking at the ceiling, and Carew was obtusely contemplating the end of his manilla, Vaurien put on his milkiest smile and nodded acquiescence after the manner of a *connoisseur*.

"Told you there was stuff in her that night, you know. She'll be A. 1 next season, eh?"

"Wonder who gave her those opals she had on yesterday evening," soliloquized Carew. "She's too fresh to have got on with the Dooks and Wiscounts already!"

"Brabazon, I dare say," suggested Rankin.

"But she picked up a thing or two off the boards last night. You know Brabazon well, don't you, Vau?"

"Yes," returned Vane, with a curl of the lip that indicated something between a snarl and a smile, "tolerably well. He's in the F. O., you know, eh?"

"Rather a queer thing for a baronet to be Queen's Messenger, isn't it?" questioned Carew.

"Why doesn't he live at his place?"

"Oh, his place isn't much," said Vane, looking at his finger-nails; "only a little shooting-box up somewhere among the hills in Wales. There are a few rents, but they wouldn't keep him respectably, so he leaves the thing to his bailiffs and keeps in town. They give him a very good income at the F. O., and he likes roaming. Besides, Diana hates the country, and they couldn't do a town house decently upon the Welsh rents alone."

"Brabazon's not a marrying man, is he?"

"Should'nt think so," said Vaurien, still contemplating his nails, "he hasn't the manner, eh?"

"Didn't know you were acquainted with the Fräulein, old fla," quoth Rankin, abruptly, at this crisis of the conversation.

"Who told you I was, eh?" said Vane blandly, not relishing at all this close connexion of Adelheid's name with Vivian's.

"Saw her bow to you in the park the other day, and then I found out that Somers had introduced you."

"The deuce!" muttered Vane, irritably. "Who told you that, eh?"

"Fred himself. I was saying how surprised I was to see her recognize you, as I was sure you didn't know one another at the beginning of the season, and Fred heard me and told me about his taking you to the Lennox's to meet her."

"Fred says the Brabazons and Adelheid are all going over to Paris in the end of October," remarked Carew, with adroit opportuneness; "the siren is going to captivate the gay capital during the winter. Paris will do her good. She's lovely, she's divine—but she wants training—badly, I should say."

Vane was evidently interested. This was news to him.

"They'll go down to the Welsh mountains, and do a little breezy first, I suppose, eh?" said he. "Brabazon can hardly afford the German waters as well as Paris. Have another cigar Dick, eh?"

"No, thanks. Must go now. I've got a confounded appointment with one of the children of Israel at two-thirty. Coming, Carry?"

"Wait a minute, and I'm all there," replied that latter worthy, picking up his hat. "Ta-ta, Vau!"

"Ta-ta, old fellow," responded Vane in a tone of the most unctuous friendliness, accompanying his visitors to the staircase, "mind you pitch into the Hebrews strong, Dick! And be d——d to you both," he concluded as he closed the door behind them and walked back alone into his sanctum.

"I say, Carry," said Rankin, when the two friends had issued forth into the street, "he's a wakeful fowl, isn't he? What'll he do, do you think?"

"Do?" repeated Carew, with some contempt. "Why, go to Paris when she goes, of course."

"Ah,—but are you certain about the jewellery?"

"Well, it's a pretty powerful guess. I saw him come out of Bright and Burnisher's, and I looked in directly afterwards and spotted the things he'd been choosing. He's not the man to give pearls or diamonds to Fifine or Minnie Herbert, or any of that lot."

"Might be for Cora, perhaps?" ventured Dick interrogatively.

"Pouf!" cried the other with such indescribable scorn that Rankin abandoned the idea as preposterous and untenable from that moment;—"Cora! What does he want to give *her* pearls for—*now*? And she hasn't even the advantage of being the fashion, as Fifine and Minnie are! Nonsense!"

Only consider, Mrs. Archibald Bell, after what manner these loose men speak of you and your like behind your backs! This sort of discourse is the only reward society has taught them to render to your philosophic complaisance! Is it worth while——?

"I say," recommenced Dick, after a minute's pause, "Fred won't like it, will he? He introduced 'em, you know."

"No, Fred's an awfully steady goer. How do you think it'll end?"

"Not as Vau hopes, I'll bet you a couple of ponies!"

"No, will you though? I'll bet on the jewellery! Depend upon it Goethe's Gretchen is pretty true to Nature, even when it's only a sham Gretchen that's concerned! Faust 'll be the winning horse again, you'll see!"

"Done with you!" said Dick Rankin. "Enter that in your note-book. A pair of ponies on the integrity of Fräulein Adelheid Stern, *versus* the beguilements of Vane Vaurien Esquire, pearls inclusive. Think Cora Bell knows about Vane's *penchant?*"

"'Course she does," quoth Carew, with much more disdain than before. "Why, she knew it that first night at the Opera!"

"Then," rejoined Rankin decidedly, "she'll wing him somehow. And that's another toss in favour of my luck, by Jove!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

WHY should not the French have a Queen? They have tried nearly every other form of government, and there is no country where novelty has greater charms for the inhabitants. If change is the order of nature, it seems to have its head-quarters in the French capital. There are other industrious communities governed by Queens: the bees, for instance: and if the reign of a Queen in France were to have as benign an influence on that country as on our's, it would be a succession of happy days for our near neighbours. A Queen on the throne enlists all the chivalric feelings, and if mistakes are made, and paraphrasing the saying of the Duke of Wellington, that he is the best general who makes the fewest mistakes; and mistakes must be made in the course of any human government—men are more ready to make excuses for and pass over the mistakes of a Queen than those of a King, an Emperor, or a President.

CORRESPONDENCE.

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

WOMAN'S PLACE IN LIFE.

To the Editor of the "Journal of Progress."

Madam,—

Will you allow a hardworking man of a more than usually varied experience of life, to offer a few words of advice to those ladies who are working so energetically in the cause of intellectual development *versus* frivolity?

First, I will say that I admire and applaud their efforts; and, although a married man, feel exceedingly grateful to them, both on national and on private grounds: on national grounds, because, as a nation, we are hurrying so rapidly down the road which, paved at first with frivolity, and then with immorality, leads to national degeneration and extinction, that unless something is done to stop us we are lost; and on private grounds, because no penance that a man can be subjected to exceeds in misery the being placed at a dinner-party between two young ladies "of the period," whether married or single.

In short, I fully recognise that "the period" is a very bad period, and requires great reform. The resemblance between the present state of England, or, at least, of London, and the social condition of ancient Rome in its decline, is painful. The historical accounts of the latter might almost be taken, unchanged, as descriptions of the former, with a few unimportant changes of name. The women paint their faces, dye their hair, and, just as in ancient Rome, wear great bunches and tails of false hair, chiefly (now as then) borrowed from German heads. The men lead a life of unmanly luxury, varied by feverish excitement, while commercial morality is conspicuous by its absence. We are over-run, too, by foreigners of every kind, both wealthy and needy; men without a nationality, without family ties, and with no other object in life than to make money: Jews, Greeks, Levantines, Parsees, South Americans, Spaniards,—men who, if they become too notorious in one country simply move to another, but never feel any shame, provided only they can make money. So rapidly do these unscrupulous persons make money, that they are giving a tone to English life. London merchants do things which their fathers would have shuddered at; while the theatres have, as a rule, become places which young girls had better never enter. And all this in spite of more agencies for good than ever existed before; more schools, more colleges, more science, more knowledge, more liberty, juster laws.

It is evident, therefore, that there must be something radically wrong somewhere, and I believe it is in the education of women. A most amazing stride has been made in the knowledge of the average English gentleman, more especially of the average professional man, but no advance whatever has been made in the education of the average English lady, excluding the comparatively few, who quite recently have begun to insist on being taught to understand what their husbands, fathers, and brothers talk about. The result of this stagnation is, that the average English lady is no longer capable of being the friend and companion of the average English gentleman, as well as his wife. Consequently she is treated, and comes to regard herself, as a doll; she is painted and petted, and is in danger of sinking into an altogether inferior intellectual position. This I feel at liberty to say, because my wife is my constant companion, and the best friend I have got.

But, now for the advice which I have asked your permission to offer. I am bound to confess that the last two numbers are the only impressions of your Journal which I have ever read, but I have read them carefully, and with somewhat mixed feelings. With much I entirely agree, as, for instance, with almost the whole of Miss Shirreff's admirable article on "Intellectual Culture." But there is a good deal, also, that I venture to think requires a little outside criticism. Some of the writers seem to me to look upon woman too much as if she were a newly-discovered creature, to be observed and experimented with, to read papers upon, and finally, perhaps, to be labelled and put away in a musty museum. This, at least, was the effect produced upon my mind on reading the sentence in which "L. A. A. S." deprecates women being "debarred from the performance of police duties, or the entering into the Army or the Navy, or even the breaking of stones." In the article signed "A. B. Le Geyt," we men are rather severely handled, and in particular, great doubts are thrown upon our chivalry; such doubts, in fact, that, coupled with some other similar expressions, it is plain the writer thinks such a thing no longer exists. I desire, therefore, to say that I never insulted a woman in my life, either in her presence or behind her back. This is no doubt but a negative claim; however, the first Lady in England so far recognised my claims of a positive nature, as to fasten to my coat with her own hands the cross which bears her name, because I had rescued a wounded brother-officer from under the guns of the Redan in the Crimea; and on another occasion, and also voluntarily, I exposed myself to what was expected to be certain death every moment for a period of about three hours, and in the language of the *Gazette*, "saved the lives of probably hundreds of the Light Division." I hope, therefore, that my claims may, to a certain extent, at all events, be admitted by the severe writer referred to. It will be seen, also, that I know what the Army is, and write with *connaisance de cause*.

Let me, then, warn all ladies anxious to stamp out frivolity and to reform social life, that if they talk about women entering the Police, the Army and Navy, or breaking stones, as even a *possibility*, they will entirely defeat their object and bring ridicule upon a good cause. How could a woman act as a policeman? She is not as strong as man, and she is more liable to injury. How, then, could she apprehend a desperate burglar armed with a "jemmy?" Again, what utter desecration to mangle the graceful forms of women on the battle-field! War is bad enough, and brutalising enough, as it is; but what would it be if men were to butcher women, as well as each other? The idea is too revolting. Let me assure the two writers alluded to, that if men continue resolutely to shut out women from such occupations as those indicated, it is because we desire to screen them from some of the worst ills of life for *their* sakes, and to keep them pure and innocent for *our own*. In common with most men, I will freely admit that good women are better than good men. They are purer, less selfish, more capable of self-sacrifice, more refined, more ideal. We wish to keep them so. They are the link between us and that better state of existence which, in some form, most of us believe in But, it should also be remembered that a bad woman is more utterly bad and degraded, and certainly far more powerful for evil, than a bad man. They have farther to fall, and their momentum carries them lower. Therefore, it is that we are so afraid of women becoming familiarized with coarse sights and sounds, that we shrink from the idea of a woman practising daily in the law courts, or associating daily in any kind of business with men, and hearing—again, I admit our coarser natures—coarse, vulgar jokes and oaths. Therefore, it is, also, that we are repugnant to the idea of women studying medicine and surgery in the same classes with men. By all means, let them study these things, but by themselves; and let them, if they like, monopolise the medical treatment of women.

The notion that "the morals of men, more especially, would be purified by companionship of a healthy nature with women," is worse than chimerical; it is essentially false. In every instance where women work with men they are deteriorated, instead of elevating the men. Innocence, in the sense of ignorance of impurity, is the best preservative of purity. "Familiarity breeds contempt." But let women insist on better education; let them insist on equal political and civil rights with men; and, I believe, the majority of Englishmen are already with them. We are, however, *frightened* at the class of ideas that I have indicated above.

I enclose my card, and remain, Madam,

Yours faithfully,

A Hard Working Man.

24th Nov., 1872.

The Metropolitan Board of Works, above all persons in the world, have committed to their charge the operation of the new Act for the Protection of Infant Life. Among the reports of the superintending architect at the Meeting of the Board on Friday last, there appeared an application for a certificate for the keeping of children under the Act. Mr. Runtz (member for Hackney) passed a severe stricture on the measure, which, he said, was adopted at the close of the Session, in so mutilated a form, as to be very nearly incomprehensible. The Legislature had not defined what an infant was. He proposed a reference to the solicitor and the superintending architect jointly, to report what, in their judgment, were the principal defects of the Act, with a view to amending them. The public felt interested in the subject, and steps ought to be taken to render the Act efficient. Mr. Fowler (member for Lambeth) doubted the efficiency of the superintending architect for the task of looking after the welfare of children; while Mr. Runtz thought that gentleman a very fitting authority in the matter, as he had to inspect the sanitary condition of places for the reception of children.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTES.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew MacCallum and party have arrived at the Pyramids, and gone up the Nile to the second cataract.

Sixty-nine out of one hundred and thirty candidates for admission to the Medical Classes for Women at St. Petersburgh, have been accepted, and are now pursuing their studies.

The Princess Louis of Hesse, better known to the people of this country by her maiden designation of Princess Alice, writes on the Employment of Women for the forthcoming number of the *Contemporary Review*.

Herr Ernst Pauer's third lecture at the South Kensington Museum, on the Clavecin and Pianoforte, given on Wednesday, the 20th instant, was largely occupied with details of the career of Carl P. Emanuel Bach, Haydn, and Mozart, and sketches in outline of the epic, the lyric, and the dramatic styles of music.

The series of articles on Wants of Women, of which the third appears in the current impression of this journal, will be continued during three future weeks by the publication of papers from the pens of Miss Elizabeth C. Wolstenholme, Madame Bodichon, and Miss Julia Wedgewood: each treating of a special subject.

In a recent essay on Decorative Art, read before the Institute of France, M. Charles Blanc takes up the consideration of Dress as a Fine Art, a subject which was dealt with in an article in our own Journal eight weeks since. The real point of the essay was to establish the fact that the beautiful, the harmonious, the becoming in the feminine art of dressing, are governed by inexorable laws of order and taste, which fashion may trample on, but can never annihilate. M. Blanc holds that the shape and proportion of the human figure is the basis and law of dress. Dress, in fact, is to be drapery: it is to cover, protect, and adorn the figure—not to construct outside and around the woman an entirely different shape, unknown to Nature and abhored by Art. The author quotes with a certain amount of commendation the saying of a clever authoress, that a woman may dream in a blue bonnet, but cannot be allowed to weep in a bonnet of rose-colour; and he professes to trace out the expression of French emotion and change in the dresses and colours of the past few generations. At the time of the Revolution, the outlines and the colours were all bold, agitated, and striking; there was a general craving for novelty and sensational effect. Under the First Empire, there was a cold and stiff mock-majesty—an awkward imitation of the antique. The very cut of a woman's dress became "the faithful image of the moral immobility which despotism engenders." The Restoration brought a mimicry of chivalry and devotion—a reminiscence (so to speak) of Mary Stuart, or, perhaps, of the Crusades. The triumph of the *bourgeoisie* under Louis Philippe introduced a costume suited to a sedentary life and domestic pursuits; while that of the Second Empire was all for show and for movement. M. Blanc, not content with the statement of these points, argues and expounds them, and his discourse is marked by much force and perspicuity, grasp of details, and original consistency. There is, no doubt, much to be said on both sides of the question of which he treats, and we welcome his contribution to the discussion of this important theme with only one thought of hesitancy, and that lest the clothing of the person should to many people serve as a fitting excuse for leaving the personality uninformed. But why should controversy go on for ever about women's dress exclusively? Have men no hideous fashions?

The third lecture of Mr. Sedley Taylor's course at South Kensington, on Sound, was given on Saturday last, and was devoted to the elucidation of the phenomenon of resonance. The subject was treated with great clearness, and well illustrated by experiments, which ladies were invited to make for themselves after witnessing the lecturer's mode of conducting them.

Some of our contempararies are a little too killing. Having the lives of the celebrities of the day all ready docketed in their biographical pigeon-holes proves occasionally too great a temptation to them. The last person they have been slaying by anticipation is one we could ill-afford to lose, Miss Eliza Cook. At a sensational period, when *Punch's* Paterfamilias declines at the circulating library a novel written by a lady, because he "wants something that his daughters can read," it is well to note that Miss Cook has never penned a line but of the best and purest moral tendency; which is something to begin with; although we quite hold that when an English lady's pen "kicks over the traces" (if so extravagant an image may be permitted), it is more an exception than the rule. Such anticipatory demises, however, in the public prints may be said to possess one good point, namely, in as much as they enable the person concerned to have a glimpse of how the world may regard them in future, and enjoy, as it were, a position of their own well-earned posthumous fame, when the remarks are of the nature that have been called forth by the late announcement and contradiction. There can be doubt that many of the simple lyrics of Miss Cook will live far more in the hearts of the people than the more belauded compositions of the "curled darlings" of this hour's Parnassus; and moreover, it may be observed that she has never fallen into the special poetic vice of the day—an obscurity that rather leaves the reader to pick out thoughts from the darkness for himself than presents them to his view; a short-coming which can only really deceive those who take tenebrosity for magnificence. Eliza Cook always knows exactly what she means when she writes; a great virtue in the present day.

Spiritualists, beware! It is a fact that a lady named Lowe, the wife of a clergyman at Exeter, and possessed of considerable property in her own right, has been, at her husband's instance, incarcerated as a lunatic, first at Breslington-house, Exeter, and afterwards at other lunatic asylums, on the ground of her being a Spiritualist. She was subsequently removed to Hanwell, and then to Hammersmith. Her affidavit embodied a number of letters from her to the Commissioners of Lunacy during her confinement, in which she protested that she was confined merely on account of her religious views, and earnestly demanded a trial by jury on the question of her sanity. At last, after long waiting, an inquisition was ordered to be held, and thereupon she was liberated. Had this lady lived and moved some three centuries earlier, she would probably have expiated her Spiritualism at the stake or in the river as a Witch. The more enlightened views of justice and religion held in our day condemned her to life-long imprisonment as a lunatic. Have we made so much progress after all? Or, have we not rather merely shifted our ground of intolerance and persecution? When some of the views of this unlucky victim to bigotry were heard in court, the vulgar British public found great cause for mirth in the idea of "spirit influence." To the dull minds of unreasoning folks the alleged miracles of to-day must, of necessity, be impositions or mythic inventions, and those who accept them either fools or mad. We are not here defending the truthfulness of the evidence on which Spiritualistic conclusions are founded; but we cannot help thinking that much of the clamour and ridicule which are brought to bear upon the propagators of new ideas (so-called) would have consigned Christianity, its Founder and Fathers, eighteen centuries ago, to the limbo of absurd fancies and the sphere of idle speculation. "'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view." Those who laughed at the tenets of Spiritualism, no doubt, believe devoutly in all the miracles of antiquity. The jeering crowd of unbelievers were ready, in the early days of the Christian Religion, to echo, "Paul, Paul, thou art beside thyself!"—"These men are full of new wine!" Opinion is the same in the world to-day; man is unchanged.

Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

The friends of this cause are eranestly desired to co-operate with the Ladies Committee by forwarding to me suggestions, which will be gratefully received; by remitting subscriptions, which will be needed to carry on the largely-extended work; and by organizing influential Local Committees, the names of whose members, with an application for Union with this Society, should be sent to this Office.

JOHN COLAM,
SECRETARY.

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