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VIVISECTION.

By HENRY J. BIGELOW, M.D., Professor of Surgery in Harvard University. [Communicated by Miss Frances Power Cobbe.]

How few facts of immediate considerable value to our race have of late years been extorted from the dreadful sufferings of dumb animals, the cold-blooded cruelties now more and more practised under the authority of Science!

The horrors of Vivisection have supplanted the solemnity, the thrilling fascination, of the old unetherealized operation upon the human sufferer. Their recorded phenomena, stored away by the physiological inquisitor on dusty shelves, are mostly of as little present value to man as the knowledge of a new comet or of a Tungstate of Zirconium; perhaps to be confuted the next year; perhaps to remain as fixed truth of immediate value,—contemptible, compared with the price paid for it in agony and torture.

For every inch cut by one of these experimenters in the quivering tissues of the helpless dog or rabbit or Guinea-pig let him insert a lancet one-eighth of an inch into his own skin, and for every inch more he cuts let him advance the lancet another eighth of an inch,

and whenever he seizes, with ragged forceps, a nerve or spinal marrow, the seat of all that is concentrated and exquisite in agony, or literally tears out nerves by their roots, let him cut only one-eighth of an inch further, and he may have some faint suggestion of the atrocity he is perpetrating, when the Guinea-pig shrieks, the poor dog yells, the noble horse groans and strains—the heartless vivisector perhaps resenting the struggle which annoys him.

My heart sickens as I recall the spectacle at Alfort, in former times,* of a wretched horse, one of many hundreds, broken with age, and disease resulting from life-long and honest devotion to man's service, bound upon the floor, his skin scored with a knife like a gridiron, his eyes and ears cut out, his teeth pulled, his arteries laid bare, his nerves exposed and pinched and severed, his hoofs pared to the quick, and every conceivable and fiendish torture inflicted upon him, while he groaned and gasped, his life carefully preserved under this continued and hellish torment, from early morning until afternoon, for the purpose, as was avowed, of familiarizing the pupil with the motions of the animal. This was surgical vivisection on a little larger scale, and transcends but little the scenes in a physiological laboratory. I have heard it said that "somebody must do this." I say, it is needless. *Nobody should do it.* Watch the students at a vivisection. It is the blood and suffering, not the science, that rivets their breathless attention. If hospital service makes young students less tender of suffering, vivisection deadens their humanity, and begets indifference to it.

In experiments upon the nervous system of the living animal, *whose sensibility must be kept alive*, not benumbed by the blessed influence of anesthesia, a prodigal waste of suffering results from the difficulty of assigning to each experiment its precise and proximate effect. The ruffled feathers of a pigeon deprived of his cerebellum may indicate not so much a specific action of the cerebellum on the skin, as the more probable fact that the poor bird feels sick. The rotatory phenomena, once considered so curious a result of the removal of a cerebral lobe, were afterwards suspected to proceed from the struggles of the victim with his remaining undamaged and

* Still going on, I fear. (F. P. Cobbe.)

unpalsied side. Who can say whether the Guinea-pig, the pinching of whose carefully sensitized neck throws him into convulsions, attains this blessed momentary respite of insensibility by an unexplained special machinery of the nervous currents, or a sensibility too exquisitely acute for animal endurance? Better that I or my friend should die, than protract existence through accumulated years of torture upon animals, whose exquisite suffering we cannot fail to infer, even though they may have neither voice nor feature to express it.

If a skilfully constructed hypothesis could be elaborated up to the point of experimental test by the most accomplished and successful philosopher, and if then a single experiment, though cruel, would forever settle it, we might reluctantly admit that it was justified.* But the instincts of our common humanity indignantly remonstrate against the testing of clumsy or unimportant hypotheses by prodigal experimentation, or making the torture of animals an exhibition to enlarge a medical school, or for the entertainment of students, not one in fifty of whom can turn it to any profitable account. The limit of such physiological experiment, in its utmost latitude, should be to establish truth in the hands of a skilful experimenter, with the greatest economy of suffering, and not to demonstrate it to ignorant classes and encourage them to repeat it.

The re-action which follows every excess will in time bear indignantly upon this. Until then, it is dreadful to think how many poor animals will be subjected to excruciating agony, as one medical college after another becomes penetrated with the idea that vivisection is a part of modern teaching, and that, to hold way with other institutions, they, too, must have their vivisector, their mutilated dogs, their Guinea-pigs, their rabbits, their chamber of torture and of horrors to advertise as a laboratory.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS FOR GIRLS.

THE discussion at the Social Science Congress lately held at Devonport on the public provision which ought to be made for the secondary education of girls was especially interesting, and both Miss Shirreff and Mrs. Amelia Lewis contributed by their earnest appeals to public opinion in favour of better education for girls, to assist the movement in favour of establishing a ladies' college under the auspices of the Devon and Cornwall branch of the National Educational Union. As the Rev. J. Metcalfe observed, at a meeting held to promote this object, a "ladies' college" means no more than a public school for girls, conducted precisely in the same manner as the public schools already established for the use of boys.

It is, in fact, only establishments thus conducted which can secure that *method* in education of which Miss Shirreff lamented that girls were deprived, and supply a scheme of instruction and training which, as Mrs. Amelia Lewis observed, could alone fit a girl for rational and thoughtful aims, and enable her to shape her own course as time elapsed, to apprehend the duties of a wife or mother with greater seriousness, or to acquire individual proficiency in some remunerative occupation. We will, therefore, consider a little how the public school system as applied to girls will be likely to affect their mental and moral condition. One of the witty sayings, rightly or wrongly attributed to Tallyrand, conveys a severe imputation on that system: "It is the best there is," said he, "but that is abominable." That there are faults in its working there can be no doubt, but it has some characteristics which, taken together with the fact of the limitation of some of its abuses which would naturally follow on its application to girls, make it especially likely to have the most beneficial effect upon them.

Want of system, or a narrow system are the two great failings in female education as at present conducted. It is of the last that we particularly wish to speak, because this fault pervades the majority of girls' schools, the teaching at which can scarcely, as often happens in the case of home education, be absolutely without method. A system there is, and one too often most carefully arranged and rigorously carried out to the furtherance of one dis-

tinct object, that of cultivating, without really emancipating the mind. Very much mental training is given, very much knowledge imparted, but the key of knowledge is withheld. The pupil is to know a multitude of facts, but to draw no inferences therefrom which deviate in the slightest degree from those sanctioned by the opinion of the majority, and endorsed by that of "good society." The care with which the education of girls is too often directed to the one end of enabling them to play their part in the world without acquiring any real independence of thought and character, greatly resembles the surprisingly successful system pursued by the Jesuits, who have always known how to combine great proficiency in various branches of technical knowledge, and especially in classical scholarship, with the most complete intellectual slavery. The fact is, that the present narrowness of female education has its root in a deeper soil than that of conventionality and the worship of Mrs. Grundy. It arises from the power of the idea, now slowly, very slowly, modified by the progress of humanity, that woman is essentially dependent on man, and that her intellectual acquirements must be calculated, not to her capabilities as a human being, or to the exigencies of her own individual position, but to the adaptation of them to man's convenience.

The books which appeared some thirty, nay, twenty years ago, on the subject of female education exhibit in an almost ludicrous light the power of this idea on every branch of knowledge when applied to the mental training of girls. The story of the German princess who was brought up in no religion, as it was not known whether she would marry a Protestant or Catholic prince, is but a slight exaggeration of the degree to which girls' instruction was subordinated to the requirements of their possible lords. Whatever was learnt, whether in theology, history, ethics, or any other subject on which the human mind is capable of acting and judging, was to remain in the memory, but by no means to bear fruit. Decided opinions were reckoned unwomanly; all this chaos of imparted matter was to lie inert and useless till the legal authority, father or husband, gave the signal for its arrangement, and suggested the direction in which it might be utilised. The power of, in some measure, appreciating the male understanding, and of affording something like companionship to the superior being, was very evidently the principal aim of the style of education then in favour, often expressed with a *naïveté* which now excites a smile.

Such an education as that which Miss Shirreff and Mrs. Amelia Lewis have in view, and which was described by the latter as that which would enable a woman in her after-life to procure remunerative occupation, is still a complete novelty. There has been no wish to help women to any such thing, save among the lower classes, whose necessities compel them to encourage the labour of women as well as men, but there is a vast opposition, partly conscious and partly unconscious to any distinct effort towards rendering women more self-supporting, or to lifting any of them from the dead level of decorous and submissive uselessness to spheres of labour suited to their varying idiosyncracies. The few women who emerge from the drawing-room or "parlour" to do any positive work which connects them with humanity at large, and takes them out of their usual purely ancillary position, do so as a general rule very much in spite of their education rather than in consequence of it.

The great merit of a public school system as applied to girls is that it clears away at once the great evil of all our past female education, the application to them of a peculiar method supposed to be suited to a peculiar position, one of dependence on other minds, and of absolute subservience to their opinions and wishes. Once educate girls as boys are educated without *arrière pensée*, but with a single-hearted desire to give them all the knowledge possible, and especially to teach them how to use it with a regard to their own personal advancement, and the capabilities of the female mind will have a real chance of being duly developed. When girls are taught to use knowledge not as a means of receiving ideas on authority, with some degree of intelligence, but as giving the data on which to form their own, the female sex will pass out of the probationary stage in which it has so long remained, and will rise to a share in the better day, the approach of which is heralded by the achievements of science, and the severe sifting to which all

* Query. Editor L. O. P.

systems of human thought are now subjected, and whose first dawn will glimmer on the horizon when the right to learn and labour is conceded to all without distinction of sex.

WHY ALL EDUCATED WOMEN SHOULD STUDY PHYSIOLOGY AND HYGIENE.

By Charles R. DRYSDALE, M.D., M.P.C.P., M.R.C.S., physician
to the Metropolitan Free Hospital of London, &c.

IN an admirable address to the students of the Scottish University of St. Andrew's, in his capacity as Lord Rector, Mr. J. S. Mill a few years since pointed out what young persons ought to study before entering life, or before taking up any profession or calling of a special character. The advice contained in that magnificent address would have been given by the great writer as well to young women as to young men; and it may be said that in the minds of the most enlightened persons of this time the notion that men alone should study seriously the arts and sciences is a completely exploded doctrine. The three angles of a triangle appear to a woman, just as they do to a man, equal to two right angles; and the properties of the ellipse or hyperbole were just as correctly understood by a mind like that of Mrs. Somerville, or the illustrious translator of our Newton, Madame du Chatelet, as they are to any male brain. Rosa Bonheur's cattle are as like nature as those of Cuyper or Schneydu, and so on throughout the various arts and sciences. The brain of a woman is, indeed, quite as large (if not larger) for the size of the body as that of a man; and those of us who know well many educated women, are at a loss to understand why other men fail to recognise how often many of their own female friends excel them in powers of mind in many directions.

The object of this short paper is to assert my earnest persuasion of the immense loss that civilisation sustains at present by the complete exclusion of women from the study of the sciences; but, above all, from the study of the science of organic life. This exclusion of women from the knowledge of anatomy and physiology is lamentable in every way; and perhaps can only be accounted for in this polite age by the long-continued traditions of the celibate clergy, which quite degraded women and made them something unnaturally perverse and dangerous. Fortunately for us these traditions are now losing hold, and natural science is *beginning* to be prized as it ought.

Why should women study anatomy and physiology? Because, without a knowledge of what the human animal is and what organs it possesses, no theory of society or morality is worth anything. It is, indeed, mainly from the want of a knowledge of such facts that men have committed so many inhuman acts and entertained so many cruel theories concerning conduct. But, besides this argument, which, of itself, is quite conclusive, we have to notice the abject manner in which women are yet, in the most civilised countries, thrown entirely upon the tender mercies of men in all that relates to the regulation of their health, habits, and customs. The male clergyman, of course, considers himself able to lay down the law on all serious affairs which concern women, without a doubt. But the medical man, who, to do him justice, for the most part is well aware of the glorious uncertainty of physic, is often reluctantly compelled to take the entire charge of his female patients' diet, regimen, and physical habits; in so far as he is able to contend against any sudden caprice of fashion, which to-morrow may insist on tight-lacing, low-dresses, or late dinners, &c. Who is there that does not see that such a state of matters is a great detriment to the whole of the female sex; and that it is high time that as many of that sex as may have the requisite funds and opportunities, should endeavour to make up for lost time, and instruct themselves in such important topics as that of anatomy and physiology. Such women as Mrs. Anderson and the lady M.D.'s of Boston and the rest of the United States, are the true pioneers of a happier state of human society, where men and women shall no longer be sentimental idealists as hitherto, lamenting that they have bodies at all, and heartily ashamed of the whole details of their bodily functions.

Those who understand what the aim of the Utilitarian school of moralists is, will, perhaps, follow what I mean, when I assert that the irrevocable marriage contract of this present day is so often miserable, and so often leads only to over-population, the shallows of poverty, and the "struggle for existence," which disgrace England and Germany even now, *mainly because* wives and mothers enter on their important duties entirely ignorant of the construction of their own bodies, or the consequences of their physical acts. Little advance can be expected in morality then until our women on a grand scale commence to study the only science which can lead to a sound knowledge of human life, its duties and responsibilities—physiology.

The science of hygiene is of recent formation, and could not have been, perhaps, brought to any great perfection before this century. Thanks to discoveries in chemistry and in other sciences, due to great men about the commencement of the 19th century, and to the comparative cessation of those murderous conflicts which even now occasionally afflict our civilisation in Europe, we are able now to lay down a great body of doctrine respecting the laws of health, and the rules whereby average human beings may be guided towards the attainment of an existence long in duration, and free from pain and disease. Such is the province of hygiene, which concerns itself with the air we breathe, the habitations we live in, the food we eat, and the liquids we drink; which treats of climate, of soil, and of water-supply, as well as of the various proclivities to disease which assail us from inherited organisation, and informs us of the means of improving the race by selection of healthy parents. Hygiene is concerned too with the health of the mind, and warns us of the dangers of ignorance, in causing various mental disorders, as well as of excessive work of the brain, so common in our over-peopled countries at present. On celibacy and marriage, hygiene has much to say, and on the relations between the supply of mouths and meat it has a right to be eloquent. If such a catalogue of subjects be not enough to enlist the interest of women, hygiene treats of the management of infants in health and disease, and shows why so many of them are a prey to rickets, scrofula, and consumption, in our large towns. In short hygiene teaches us how to have "a healthy mind in a healthy body," *to live the whole of our life*, and to assist as many of our race to do the same as will attend to the voice of science.

BURNING OF THE ESCURIAL.

Who shall say that fate is altogether blind and unrecognizant, or that certain poets who tell us of marvellous portents, omens, and auguries, have drawn very largely on their imagination?

Lightning from heaven has smitten the Palace of the Escorial, and reduced to a charred and shapeless ruin a large portion of the sombre magnificent building, which has so long been to the world as the very emblem and glory of Spain. Upon that funereal pile of costly greatness and gloomy pomp the dead past of Spain has been burned to embers; and it was heaven itself whose fiery brand ignited the pyre. Old Spain is dead, and Europe has beheld the flame that consumed her royal corse. To carry the allegory yet further, we may record our prayerful hope to see the birth of another and a nobler Spain, arising like the youthful Phoenix, vigorous and strong, from the ashes of its dead progenitor; a Spain more merciful, more liberal, more enlightened than the Spain of past and twilight times; the Spain of days to come, with lifted head and clear, far-seeing eyes, and the pure new gleam of dawn upon her regal brow. Perished is the symbol of a bigoted superstition, and a persecuting creed; fallen is the sign and token of intolerance and cruelty. Ah, may the dark realities pass away with their emblems for ever, and may Spain, regenerate, wise, and great, know them henceforth no more in the fair and golden day that breaks upon her even now!

A CURR but telling recommendation of the ballot appears in the announcement of the election expenses at Pontefract. Those of Mr. Childers amounted to £243 16s. 8d., while Lord Pollington's were £426 0s. 6d.

REVIEWS.

CENTZONTLI, and other Poems. By MARIA ATHERTON. [*Hodder and Stoughton, London.*]

THE VIOLET CHILD OF ARCADIA, and other Poems. By the Author of "VASCO." [*Longmans, Green, and Co., London.*]

It is surely much to be regretted that books of verse, whose authors are not pre-eminently known to fame, should prove the losing speculations they are almost invariably fated to be. To our mind it is far pleasanter to take up in leisure moments such volumes as those now before us than to con the pages of any one of those three tomed novels, whose writers are reputed to realise year by year considerable returns of solid coin. Verse and song in these commercial and sordid times go begging sadly in the literary market, and only the rich among the devotees of Apollo can afford to make their inspirations known to the apathetic crowd. Patent a pill, invent a new paletôt, illustrate a comic song, elucidate a new liqueur from tea, and Fortune may smile a golden benison on your efforts; but never, if you seek to conciliate the coy goddess—O never publish a book of poetry! Nevertheless, though "here be truths," let us record a hope that Maria Atherton and "the Author of Vasco" may find no just cause to regret the production of two such charming volumes as "Centzontli" and "The Violet Child of Arcadia."

For they are charming volumes, both, full of lovely conceits, fantastic imageries, and beautiful thoughts, which make us wish, as we read, for a closer knowledge of their authors. Each book is named after one of the poems contained in it; the title "Centzontli" being, it seems, another, and no doubt, politer epithet for the American mocking-bird, whose echoing note and quaint mimicry have already inspired our modern versifiers with so many brilliant fancies, that one might term him, not inaptly, the Poet's Jester.

Here is a pretty word-picture of an English garden, a graceful little sketch with which "Centzontli" opens, and which strikingly recalls one or two paintings from the brush of Millais in the earlier days of his pre-Raffaellism, when he specially delighted in fallen blossoms, emerald lawns, and sharp bars of sunset colour backing a foreground of tall sunflowers and laden fruit-trees.

"Wandering 'mid early summer's bloom
Through a sweet garden of perfume,
Where little sprigs of mignonette
Were shaking off their dewdrops wet,
And lifting up their drooping heads,
Shedding their sweetest fragrance round:

"I do remember well that scene,
Of shady walks and alleys green;
The little chequered beds of flowers,
The quaintly-clipped fantastic bowers;
The apple-blossom's leaflets shed,
In pink and white upon the ground;

"The wall-flowers and the creepers tall
Climbing across the dark old wall;
And the long avenues so gay
With the laburnum's yellow spray,
Tossed here and there amid the screen,
Like fairies dancing on a green.

"Wandering 'mid early summer's bloom
Through that sweet garden of perfume,
Where stately tulips sought in vain
The charm of lowlier flowers to gain,
And stole from every bud a hue,
In hope to catch its sweetness too;
Where roses blushed, and lilies waved,
And rich anemones grew wild;
Daisies which had the winter braved,
And many a sweet carnation smiled.

Quaint and tender enough,—these lines,—are they not?

But Maria Atherton is not quite so successful as this throughout all her pages. Towards the close of the book, we find a few verses we would rather not have met with in her collection. For example, she gives us, under the title of "Hymns," two parodies—they are scarcely anything better—on "Jerusalem the Golden," and "Glorious things of thee are spoken," into both of which, while preserving their original form and style, she contrives to introduce a curious vein of Protestant fanaticism, and thus, we need hardly add, effectually expurgates from the letter of these two religious poems that splendid Catholic spirit which has made them so universally famous.

In order to make our meaning clearer, we subjoin the following extracts from Maria Atherton's compositions:

"Jerusalem the holy,
The Church of the First-born,
Where shining angels gather,
More radiant than the morn,
We see no temple in thee;
No crucifix is found;
No censers swing their odours;
No convent bells resound."

And here again:

"Lo! He rises—brings salvation,
Life and healing in His hands;
Church of the regeneration
Purifies from priestly bands.
Captive Zion hears the story,
Shakes her ritual dust aside,
Wakens crowned with light and glory,
Precious, pure, Emanuel's Bride."

(The italics are Maria Atherton's.)

But our author's Protestant proclivities are still more evident in other parts of her book. Two hymns, called the "Reformation Star" and "Protestant and Free," were sung, a footnote informs us, at a meeting of the "Protestant Association." From these we refrain to quote, for, speaking personally, sectarian feuds and religious controversies are utterly indifferent to us; and, speaking professionally, they are not in our province. But we must always be sorry to find poets, who ought specially to be peace-makers, lending their talents to stir up strife and bitterness of spirit, or even so much as to countenance such feelings in others.

On the whole, our verdict is, that the freshest, most vivid, and spontaneously brilliant poem in the collection is a short one of only half-a-dozen stanzas, written, we are told, when its author was 17 years old, and entitled "The Millennium." It has the ring of true gold in it, and contains greater evidence of power and inspiration than any other of the longer and later written pieces.

We advise our readers to get the book, which, by the way, is a beautiful specimen of artistic work in type and binding—and judge for themselves whether they are disposed to indorse our opinion.

It is not the first time that "THE LADY'S OWN PAPER" has chronicled the literary achievements of the "Author of Vasco." Although he still conceals his identity from fame, he is already known under anonymous guise as the writer of *Day-Time and Night-Time*, *Rinaldo* and *Holy Dreams*, and we are presently promised a volume of sacred poems from the same prolific pen.

The subject of our present critique is named after the third, but we think not the best work of the collection. The opening poem, "The Lost Maiden," is a graceful sketch from the story of Persephoné and is, like the two following pieces, a most successful attempt to reproduce in an English form the old style of the Greek drama. As in Algernon Swinburne's "Atalanta in Calydon" (which last name, by the way, our author more correctly renders, "Kalydon"), the "Chorus" plays a great part, and, according to ancient usage, relates the plot and describes the situations as the drama progresses.

Sweetness, grace, and an agile command of rhyme and metre, with a quick sense of appropriateness, and an unusual power for description, appear to us the salient characteristics of our poet. In

his shorter and less ambitious flights he is often plaintively sad and richly metaphoric, but never maudlin or uncouth. We especially admire a charming little poem on p. 75, called "An Autumnal Frost." It is dainty, sparkling, and brilliant as the fairy crystals, which it describes. Albeit the "Author of Vasco," is not dowered with the highest gifts of the Muses, he is yet liberally blessed with the wealth of fancy, and like most of his privileged kin, is child-like too, and finds himself scores of fays, elves, and mermaids in every lovely nook. So pure and sweet a singer should be trebly welcome to us in these unimaginative days, when the hard cut-and-dried philosophy of facts and figures is insidiously making its way into the brains and writings of our very bards. "More power," therefore, as our good friends of Erin say, to such pleasant and tender-hearted writers as the nameless "Author of Vasco." Long may he and his compeers sing and flourish!

MAGAZINES, NEWSPAPERS, AND PAMPHLETS.

We have received *Belgravia*, *Tinsley's Magazine*, *Good Words*, *Sunshine*, *St. James's Magazine*, *Golden Hours*, *The Free Sunday Advocate*, *Aunt Judy's Magazine*, and *The Women's Suffrage Journal*, for October. *The Anti-Game Law Circular*, *Canadian Illustrated News*, *The Household*, *The Christian Union*, and *The Science of Health*, Magazines for recent dates: *The Social Review*, *The Sunday Times*, *The Church Herald*, *Fun and Judy* for the current week; and the following pamphlets: *The Sea Side*, *Simple Questions and Sanitary Facts*, *Progressive Spiritualism*, *How to Live on Siapence a Day*, *The Spirit Circle and the Laws of Mediumship*, *Human Physiology, Illness, its Cause and Cure*, *Mediums and Mediumship*, *The Philosophy of Death*, and *Hot Air Baths for the People*. Besides these we have to acknowledge the receipt of three songs—"Gone," "Ever the Same," and "There's Life in England yet."

As it is quite impossible to notice all these publications with adequate care in one week's issue, we propose to break our critique into three or four divisions, and take the "monthlies" to begin with. Since writing our last brief notice, we have had time for a closer examination of *Cassell's Magazine*, which is really most delightful this month. "Little Kate Kirby," by F. W. Robinson, is absorbingly interesting, and bids fair to rival in power its author's former stories—"Anne Judge, Spinster," and "Poor Humanity." The situations are thrilling without being vulgarly sensational, and the characters are sketched in with a masterly hand. "Victoire's Faith" is a pretty pathetic tale in two chapters, by the writer of "Patty," and is told with so much touching and tender simplicity that the pages more than once grew misty before our eyes as we read. Other talented contributors enrich the Magazine with many a lyric, essay, and descriptive article; while the illustrations are both numerous and good. *Belgravia* contains part of Miss Braddon's well-nigh finished novel, "To the Bitter End;" a poem, "To-morrow," prettily illustrated, and many papers of interest and attraction, among which we specially note G. A. Sala's "Imaginary London, A Delusive Directory," replete with humour, and a brief, quaint article, by William Sawyer, called "Serious Oddities."

The gem of *Tinsley's Magazine* is to be found, we think, under the heading of "Female M.P.'s;" and much as we are tempted to sub-join an extract from the paper, we feel that it should be read in its entirety to be appreciated, and so refrain from any transcription of it. "Diana Temple," a story in four parts, reads well also, but is not yet concluded.

Good Words, under its new editor, flourishes as greenly as ever, and this month is pregnant with interest. Of course, having regard to the recent loss which this Magazine has sustained in the death of Dr. Norman Macleod, some pretty simple verses improvised by him, and now presented to the readers of *Good Words*, must be considered the chief attraction of the current number, unless indeed, we be disposed to set a greater value on his "Sermon preached before the Queen at Balmoral." Professor Plumtre, Holme Lee, Dr. Carpenter, Dr. Vaughan, and Sir Arthur Helps, also contribute bounteously to the Magazine; a "Conversation of Certain Friends

in Council" being particularly good, both in subject and treatment.

Sunshine is pretty and pious as usual.

In *St. James's* is the continuation of a most exciting series of "Adventures in South Africa," which dwarfs in interest most accounts of dangerous expeditions and hairbreadth escapes. Five full-page illustrations, aptly drawn, accompany the narrative. We remark also a good paper on "Modern Minor Prophets," well written and worthy of perusal.

Golden Hours will no doubt be acceptable to many readers, but we like it less than the other periodicals on account of the bitter spirit in which its contributors appear accustomed to indulge towards the Roman Church. An article on "Christ and Womanhood" is particularly Protestant in feeling, and we fear its author seeks to destroy in the minds of his readers some of the most lovely and valuable of Catholic teachings.

The Free Sunday Advocate is an instrument of incalculable benefit, and we accord it our warmest welcome. If the League, at whose instance it is published, succeed in their laudable endeavours to render our national rest-day more pleasant, cheerful, and profitable to the masses, it will accomplish a greatly needed change, and merit our most cordial congratulations.

Aunt Judy's Magazine, which comes next upon our list, has always many claims on the attention, nor are they missing this month. Best of all, we like a paper named "Mimicry," upon some peculiar formations in the insect world. Nevertheless we cannot pass by "Hunting Grounds of our Youth" without a word of censure. Alas! for the education of our little ones when such counsel as this is openly disseminated for their behoof:—"What have you not got to do in a wood? Birds' nests to rob, squirrels to pursue, moths to entice to their fate. . . . Have you only got the fields to fly to? Even here you can get your sport. (!) Larks get up rather as partridges do, and are good practice, and make nice pies. Use small shot for them." Then follows a long cruel piece of advice on the best method of trapping little birds, an atrocious specimen of perversion in morality which we have not patience to cite, and which is a disgrace to any magazine intended for the perusal of children. We are very sorry for its readers, but sorrier still for its author, S. H. Gatty.

The Women's Suffrage Journal, edited by Miss Becker, is never anything else than good, and is, of course, composed only of such matter as is specially interesting to thoughtful and earnest women. Everyone of us ought to take it in and read it regularly.

With this we come to the end of the "monthlies" on our list. Notices of those other papers and pamphlets whose names we have recorded must perforce be reserved for next week's commentary.

LORD SHAPTESBURY, presiding and speaking at a meeting held on Monday night in the Polytechnic, Regent-street, touched upon the necessity of an education for women, which should enable them to help themselves. This, he observed, was a necessity, seeing we had now six hundred and forty thousand more women than men in this country—women who now were "wasting their sweetness on the desert air."

THE BALLOT IN WAKEFIELD.—On Saturday the Ballot came into play in Wakefield for the first time, when there was a municipal election extraordinary in Northgate ward. The candidates were Mr. J. Unthank, chemist, Liberal; and Mr. J. Ledger, leather-currer, Conservative. The Northgate ward is the largest in the borough, and the electors number about 800, with a strong Irish element. The polling, which was held in one of the national schools, commenced at 9 a.m., and closed at 4 p.m. The voting was rather slow, the delay being mostly caused by the illiterate voters, of whom there is a large number in the ward. The Conservatives—for the purpose, as they openly declared, of defeating the intentions of the Act—carried out the plan adopted at Preston. On Friday cards were delivered to all the voters, which they were requested to fill up and give to the agent who was stationed outside the polling-booth. A great number of voters did so, and the more ignorant among them seemed to think they were obliged to comply with the request. Some indignation was expressed by the Liberals at the course adopted by their opponents, and there can be no doubt that the entrance to the polling-booth was greatly obstructed by the plan pursued by the Conservatives, and the Conservative agent was forced to give up his position. The casting-up of the votes commenced about half-past 4, and was finished about 6, when the result was declared as follows:—Ledger, 269; Unthank, 224: majority for Ledger, 45.

CORRESPONDENCE.

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

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE LADY'S OWN PAPER."

MADAM,—

You invite correspondence on the subject of Vivisection. Permit me to send you part of an address by an eminent American physician, Dr. H. J. Bigelow, which I think well worth being reprinted. You will do excellent service if you succeed in banding women together against this truly fiendish practice, and in rousing them to the duty of refusing medical aid from men whose skill, whatever it may be, has been obtained by the continual infliction of torture upon animals. I am entirely of Dr. Bigelow's opinion, that where a new operation has to be tried, or a special problem in physiology to be determined, a man of science, aware of all that has been already known, is perfectly authorised to make the required experiment upon any animal; using an æsthetic whenever it may be possible to do so. The error, or let us say frankly, the *crime*, lies with those who spend their lives in the perpetual invention of fresh agonies for the gratification of mere curiosity, and who invite young students to study physiology upon the living body as a more interesting and sensational mode of illustrating scientific lectures. Since the visit of a certain renowned vivisector to the United States, I am informed it has become the regular practice in the medical schools in that country to teach lads to witness and perform the most frightful operations upon sensitive creatures; and it is to be feared that the mystery connected with the newly-opened Brown Institute in London hides an organised arrangement for perpetual experimentalisation of poisons, mutilations, and tortures of all kinds upon the very brutes for whose merciful tendance in illness the founder had designed the Institution. A severe critic on our sex has alleged that women are inferior to men, even in the matter of tenderness of feeling. I confess I shall believe him when I hear of a female Vivisector, or of a woman who would not shrink from purchasing her own recovery from disease at the price of the agonies of a score of affectionate and intelligent animals.

Yours, &c.,

FRANCES POWER COBBE.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE LADY'S OWN PAPER."

MADAM,—

Might not "The Lady's Own Paper" profitably take up the subject of Dress as opposed to Fashion; Taste *versus* Toilette?

Women's clothes are neither convenient nor beautiful. I hardly know whether they are more ugly or inconvenient, or more inconvenient than they are ugly; they seem to be both in the highest possible degree. They are costly—so costly, that in France, some three or four years ago, one-fifth of the income of a married couple moving in "good society," was considered only a fair portion for madame's pin-money. This pin-money was all spent upon the lady's wardrobe, or on the accessories of the toilette; these last being, perhaps, the most expensive part of a trousseau. Fashionable Frenchwomen would endorse the sentiment, "Give me the luxuries of life and I will dispense with its necessities."

Ladies' dresses are so extravagantly dear that men of small incomes cannot venture to marry the wearers of them. It has been said that in the East it was "in vain that the Laws and the Prophet sanctioned polygamy when the bills of the milliner forbade it." The "bills of the milliner" for very many men in this country amount to a prohibition of monogamy.

Sometimes "out of evil cometh good," but we are not justified in tolerating the evil of late marriages, or no marriages at all, for the sake of the possible recruits we, emancipationists, may pick up amongst disappointed spinsters.

In order to keep up a fashionable appearance, weak-minded women are led into extravagances which destroy all their peace and comfort, and bring utter wretchedness on their families. It would be easy to enlarge on this theme, but, unfortunately, most people can recall cases that have come under their own observation—cases where fashion has robbed the hard-worked father of his well-earned comforts; the children of their health-giving holiday excursions; the servants of very bread! If the middle-class matron *must* have four bonnets a-year (averaging two guineas each bonnet), and everything else *en suite*, whence is the money to come wherewith to satisfy papa's whims and crochets, or to send the chicks to the country, or even to deal fairly by the domestics? "Echo answers where?"

And the clothes themselves for which so many good things are sacri-

ficed! Those two-guinea bonnets—meaningless little head-dresses, made up of ends of ribbon, artificial flowers, laces, and what not? Those bonnets in which even Mr. Darwin, notwithstanding his extraordinary aptitude for seeing all things in one light, could hardly trace the "ancestor-form" (so completely have they departed from all useful, beautiful, or *natural* shapes). Those bonnets, are they worth all that is sacrificed for them?

They are not useful, for they afford no protection whatever to the face, and they answer the purpose of keeping the head warm less well than would any other kind of head-gear. They are not becoming, as anyone must acknowledge who has compared bonnets with hoods, or veils, or even with caps. They are not beautiful in themselves, as an artistic eye must at once perceive. Even the votaries of fashion admit that the "sweetest" Paris bonnet is absurd when it is a year or two old. It is absurd,—not only when out of fashion, but also when it is the height of the fashion. If our modern style of dress were even tolerably sensible, instead of being wholly senseless, would the fashion-plates of a few seasons back seem so "funny" now? If garments were so contrived as to fulfil some useful purpose they would be sure to have always a something of beauty in them. They would have a look of utility, which is always accompanied by a certain dignity. It would not take very long to show that fashionable clothes are about as little serviceable, in every sense of the word, as they well can be.

And, besides the costliness, the ugliness, and the uselessness of our costumes, the present style of dress is chargeable with another grave fault: it is unhealthy. Poisonous dyes are used to produce some shades of colour; clothes are so made, that the action of the limbs is impeded (for instance, it is hard to walk fast, or for long in a skirt that is made heavy by folds and plaitings about the feet and ankles), stays, high heels, and a host of other things, which are fashionably indispensable, are injurious.

With so many reasons for desiring reform in dress, is it too much to hope that an intelligent discussion of the subject would be productive of good results! Will your readers, who have "views," enter into the matter, and give us all the benefit of their cogitation?

I am, Madam, yours faithfully,

E. M. L.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE LADY'S OWN PAPER."

MADAM,—

Allow me to congratulate you very sincerely on the establishment of a Journal, which will, I trust, prove a useful medium for the expression of thought and opinion by enlightened and cultivated women—women who, whilst conscious that they have *rights* which ought to be recognized, are nowise desirous of "being turned into men," as a late pamphleteer has assumed to be the case. It is no wonder that many persons should be alarmed at the prospect of such a catastrophe; but I think their fears are utterly groundless. The dread that if women are allowed free scope in which to develop their nature they will be no longer women, is surely a contradiction. It would indeed appear that those who insist so strongly on keeping the sex in a state of artificial repression, cannot trust Nature, whom they evidently suspect, by their anxiety to interfere on her behalf. Now, I hold that:

"Woman is not undeveloped man, but diverse."

And I likewise hold that this diversity cannot really be effaced, and is essential to the perfection of humanity. The woman's part in the great scheme of creation is quite as important as that of the man; and we cannot expect coherent progress whilst one-half of the human race is kept in a state of enforced repression. It is impossible truly to estimate the loss to the world involved in the denial to women of "the first and greatest need of human nature—Freedom." The gifts, faculties, and feelings that were intended to be used for the benefit of the possessor, and of those around her, remain in abeyance, or are perverted in unhealthy action. And as the distinguishing characteristics of women, mental and moral, are just those in which men are apt to be somewhat deficient, the result is, that in most fields of thought and action, only one side of the human mind is represented. A celebrated woman once remarked, that all efforts for social good would more or less fail until the masculine and feminine elements were combined in due proportion; and a still more celebrated man declared that the public and political life of Europe suffered grievously from the want of the feminine element, and prophesied many years ago, that America would take the lead in the modern world, on account of the greater scope which women had in the States.

I desire, therefore, not only on my own behalf and on that of my sex, but on that of the whole race, that woman, *as woman*, shall take her rightful place, and shall contribute her quota to the stock of human

thought and intelligence. In doing so she will, whilst raising herself, raise man also. Lamentable as are the results to women of their present state of bondage, the results to men are, from one point of view, even worse; for injustice and oppression are always more demoralizing to the wrong-doer than to the victim. Mr. Mill has very truly said, that "all the selfish propensities, the self-worship, the unjust self-preference which exist among mankind, have their source and root in, and derive their principal nourishment from, the present constitution of the relation between men and women." This is not an exaggerated statement; we know how injurious the exercise of irresponsible power is; and it must be more or less deteriorating, even to good and unselfish men, to grow up with the idea that woman is the property of man; created for his service and convenience, and only existing for his pleasure and benefit. I saw this theory stated tolerably clearly lately in a letter to the *Standard*, written by "a woman." According to this lady: "If we ask, 'what is the *raison d'être* of woman's existence?' it must unhesitatingly be answered, *Man*. A bolder enunciation of this fundamentally important truth would clear away much of the rubbish of the woman question."

Is it not melancholy to see such abject subserviency! or, probably, pretence of subserviency; for I think it is usually observable that those women who so loudly proclaim that they do not desire or appreciate rational freedom, are apt to be tyrants in disguise, who flatter the weaknesses and selfishness of men in order to obtain power over them.

But the dawn of better things is manifest; women are beginning to feel that they have not received from the Creator the gifts of intelligence and free-will only to be refused and stifled; and the best, noblest, and most thoughtful men are earnestly striving to obtain for the weaker sex a share in the advantages which have been monopolized by the stronger. The claims of woman for higher education, and for a voice in the legislation which she is expected to obey, are beginning to be recognized; and a time is coming when the highest gifts delegated to humanity shall not be allowed to rust and waste because of the sex of the possessor. I shall conclude this letter with a quotation from the writings of a man whose name is a guarantee for liberality and generosity of thought, and I think and hope that your Journal will help towards the improvement in woman's position to which this writer looks forward:

"There is light upon the horizon. Woman has contended with the apathy of her own sex, with the prejudices of society, with the ignorance and brutality of men; but the time draws near when she shall have her reward. What she can do she will be allowed to do, she will be helped to do—to save her life, to save her soul. She will be helped to education and to employment. She shall not always wander about our streets homeless, because she has found the hunger and dulness of life not to be borne. She shall not starve in garrets, because every gate save the open gate to ruin is barred and bolted. She shall not sit, listless and petulant, in blooming health in our fashionable drawing-rooms, without an aim or interest, waiting for some good or evil—she hardly cares which—to come and break up the monotony of a life which has the promise of all things and the possession of nothing." *These are noble words, and I could find much to say in connection with them. But, fearing to trespass too far on your space, I will reserve further remarks for another time.

I am, Madam, faithfully yours,

IERNE.

Bath, October, 1872.

* "Thoughts for the Times." By Rev. H. Hawsis."

MISS M. CRUIKSHANK has recently been elected one of the members of the Stromness Parochial Board.

MR. AND MRS. MACCALLUM left England for the Nile on the 9th inst. Lovers of Art will look forward with interest to the results of Mr. Callum's studies in Egypt this winter.

THE *Abalabādhav*, or *Woman's Friend*, a Bengal paper, contained recently a very telling article on the agitation for Women's Suffrage in England, and compared the legal degradation of English women with the far superior condition of their Hindū sisters. Alas for Christian Albion!

THE NATIONAL SOCIETY FOR THE PROTECTION OF YOUNG GIRLS.—We have pleasure in announcing that Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne), has kindly consented to become the patroness of the National Society for the Protection of Young Girls, at Woodhouse, Wanstead, Essex. About six months since the Marquis of Lorne became one of its patrons. There are now in the school between 70 and 80 young girls, who are fed, clothed, educated, and trained for domestic service. The 37th report may be had at the office, 28, New Broad-street, E.C.—*Times*, Saturday, Oct. 5.

ARCHBISHOP MANNING ON DRINK.

ON Tuesday afternoon the largest meeting which has been held on Clerkenwell-green took place under the auspices of the Catholic Temperance Society (Hatton-garden Branch). It was held in the usual place where the Reformers generally assembled, and at three o'clock some 3,000 Irishmen and Irishwomen were on the "Green." A platform was constructed by means of two vans, and on this the Rev. Father Lockhart, the Rev. D. Mitchell (Stratford), Mr. P. O'Leary, Mr. Campbell, Mr. Mehegan, Mr. Horrigton, Mr. Kennedy, Mr. Scannell, Mr. Monaghan, and several delegates from the newly-formed Catholic Temperance Society, were present. At half-past three o'clock Father Lockhart commenced the proceedings by reciting the Lord's Prayer and the Ave Maria, the whole meeting, with few exceptions, being uncovered. The Rev. Mr. Lockhart then addressed the meeting, which by this time was composed of about 5,000 people. He advocated the cause of temperance in a vigorous way, and spoke on until Archbishop Manning arrived, accompanied by Father Collett, Father Crescatilli, and Father Simon. There were loud and enthusiastic cheers as Archbishop Manning appeared on the platform.

The Archbishop, addressing the meeting, said this was the first time he had spoken to an open-air meeting, but he came there to ask every man, woman, and child in London to keep from drink. There were 200,000 Catholics in London, but how many of them practised their holy religion? The man who drank was never sure or safe of himself, and nothing would do for those who were really fond of drink but to give it up altogether, and become total abstainers. His Grace then spoke of the great injury which drink did to the working-classes, and was loudly cheered on leaving. Messrs. Campbell, Hennessy, and others addressed the meeting, which then concluded.—*Daily Telegraph*.

VERSES OF THE TIMES.

No. I.

By this we hold:—No man is wholly great
Or wise, or just or good,
Who will not dare his all to reinstate
Earth's trampled womanhood.

No seer sees truly, save as he discerns
Her crowned co-equal right;
No lover loves divinely, till he burns
Against her foes to fight.

That church is fallen, prone as Lucifer,
God's bolts that hath not hurled
Against the tyrants who have outraged her,
The priestess of the world.

That press, whose minions, slavish and unjust,
Bid her in fetters die,
Toils, in the base behalf of pride and lust,
To consecrate a lie.

Once it was Christ, whom Judas, with a kiss,
Betrayed, the Spirit saith;
But now 'tis woman's heart, inspired by His,
That man consigns to death.

Each village hath its martyrs—every street
Some house that is a hell;
Some woman's heart, celestial, pure, and sweet,
Breaks with each passing bell.

There are deep wrongs, too infinite for words,
Man dare not have revealed;
And, in our midst, insane, barbaric hordes
Who make the law their shield.

Rise then, O woman! grasp the mighty pen
By inspiration driven,
Scatter the sophistries of cruel men
With new commands from Heaven.

Man, smiting thee, moves on from war to war;
All rights with thine decease,
Rise, throned a queen in heaven's pure morning star,
And charm the world to peace!

T. L. HARRIS, New York.

NOTICE.

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The Lady's Own Paper,

A JOURNAL OF TASTE, PROGRESS, AND THOUGHT.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1872.

IN MY LADY'S CHAMBER;

A STORY OF

HER DECEASED HUSBAND'S BROTHER.

BY THE EDITOR,

CHAPTER III.

"FLYING SOUTH."

EVENING has set in over the city of Edinburgh. All down the broad clean streets the lights twinkle and wink at each other through the blue, dim twilight, and every here and there in the Old Town round the Grass-market some solitary candle sheds its yellow glare out of a twelfth story window, like a proud patriarchal Eye looking down superciliously on the lower luminaries of modern creation.

There is a great deal of bustle and confusion at the railway station, for the last and most important train of the day is about to start on its southward journey, and travellers, luggage, and *colis de voyage* are pouring in upon the scene of preparation from all quarters.

Rep, who since we last saw him, has regaled himself with a frugal symposium at the "Caledonian," is here now, standing apart from the scufflers, and so intensely engaged in a minute inspection of the second-class ticket for London, which he had just taken, that he does not notice how narrow an examination is being made of his own personal appearance by a stranger lolling against the opposite wall, in seedy-looking costume, with gloveless hands plunged wrist-deep in his pockets, and a dissipated white tie clinging limply about his neck, curiously suggesting the idea of its having been up all night. "Take him for all in all," as the immortal one remarks upon a different subject, you will hardly look upon the like of this particular individual again in any novel relative to modern existence, for the man is a remarkable anomaly. He is not the sallow, lantern-jawed, hungry jackal that a back view of his person might suggest, but very much to the contrary; handsome and youthful enough to

please the most fastidious Venus, and if the robing of his outer man could but be entrusted to artistic hands, the result would doubtless be an especially dangerous one for the impressionable heart of the Paphian goddess. But if the Immortal One aforesaid is correct when he observes elsewhere that the apparel oft proclaims the man, it would be a curious problem to determine what sort of a man it proclaims in this particular instance. Primo—a long rusty coat, closely buttoned from the chin to the waist; shall we therefore infer that the wearer, not being a pampered child of Fortune, has recently committed some conventional inner garment to the temporary custody of an avuncular relative? Secundo—a pair of pantaloons, ragged round the tops of the boots, and baggy at the knees, generally suggestive of nothing but contemptuous disregard of elegance and sullen compliance with the requisitions of modern purists; shall we surmise upon this evidence that our new acquaintance is not liable to poetic frenzies on the subject of the Beautiful, and that his sense of moral rectitude is scarcely acute? Tertio—the dissipated necktie before noticed, which might indicate either a convivial parson, a young curate just out of his first sermon, or an itinerant waiter of the greengrocer genus, retiring to his domestic circle after an evening of severe professional exertion, passed in a hot dining-room during the height of the dog-days. And the crowning object of all the rest is an old silk chimney-hat of the penultimate fashion, garnished economically with an expansive cloth band, as though by way of mourning for other garments, of the same ancient family that had been and were not.

Rep's valise lies at its owner's feet, newly decorated with a small card fastened conspicuously above the hasp of the lock, and bearing in very legible characters a notification to the effect that the property thus distinguished appertains at this time present to Mr. Smith. This fact the solitary gentleman opposite Rep has duly digested, but either because he is struck with the singularity of the patronymic itself, or because he takes it ill of Rep that he is not somebody else, his observant eyes continue obstinately fixed upon his unconscious *vis à vis*, as though he were endeavouring to identify every particle and shred of Mr. Smith's attire, from the centre tuft of his Scotch bonnet to the heels of his patent leather boots. In his natural man this inquisitive neighbour of Rep's is not unlike Rep himself. Both are tall beyond the ordinary standard, both have dark, curly hair, and brown eyes; and perhaps if the stranger's face were better acquainted with saponaceous and aquatic applications, both might have the same clear blond complexion. Probably, too, there is not really the disparity of age between the two young men that might at first be supposed, only that whereas the physiognomy of the unknown is stamped in every line with the image and superscription of the world's current coinage, the face of the fugitive aristocrat is virgin gold, *pur et simple*, no alloy as yet has entered into its composition, no conventional die has struck suspicion or artificiality upon its fair, smooth surface. Now Rep being naturally somewhat anxious for the hour of his departure from Edinburgh, yields to that foolish curiosity customary with persons in a hurry, who, by way of hastening the progress of the Winged One, consult the oracular powers. His watch is in requisition, and out it comes accordingly. But Mr. Smith's gold repeater, unlike the luggage of Mr. Smith, displays upon its outer case, not the ordinary floral design or unpretentious monogram that might reasonably have been expected to adorn the metallic possessions of so humble an individual, but an engraven combination of certain initials, among which the pseudonym "S" has no part, which initials are not only fearfully and wonderfully interwoven, but are further surmounted by an unmistakable pictorial allusion to the coronet of a noble house. All of which inharmonious details, as being connected with and involving the centre of the strangers's observation, are duly and silently appreciated by that astute spectator, and mentally digested by aid of the outward and visible accompaniment of a portion of very strong and unsavoury tobacco, imbibed through a huge meerschaum, on the expansive bowl of which is exhibited a medallion visage of sagacious lineaments, strikingly suggestive of the larger face behind it done to a mulatto.

But Mr. Smith, scenting the atrocious fumes of this noxious narcotic, waves his hand to disperse the objectionable vapour, and shifts his position slightly to be out of its reach; another evidence of fastidiously cultivated taste, which the smoker duly estimates.

By-and-bye the Babel in the noiser part of the station culminates in the savage and violent and [tintinnabulation of a monstrous dinner-bell, and much fierce reiteration of the fact that the mail train is about to start for a curious variety of places, whose distinctive appellations it is amazingly difficult to determine even after repeated hearings. Hereupon, the strange young man removes the meerschaum from his lips, taps the bowl downwards against the side of the wall, stirs out the clinging contents with his penknife, pockets both instruments, and lounges on to the platform, whence Rep is already to be seen stepping with exemplary celerity into a second-class compartment near the end of the train. The

hybrid stranger pauses, jerking in his hand a small, battered portmanteau, and eyeing the struggling passengers till they have all drifted past the carriage in which Rep has chosen to locate himself, and surged up to the fore-part of the train. Then, sauntering nonchalantly towards Mr. Smith's compartment, the unknown opens the door slowly, chucks his portmanteau upon the seat, and throws himself after it with the same cool air, closing the door just as the red-eyed engine, with a scream like an ogre in a fit, pants it way out of the Edinburgh station. Rep congratulates himself. So far at least his *incognito* has succeeded, and a whole day's flight is safely accomplished. To-morrow night he will be in Paris.

"Your name's Smith, I see?" says the stranger, with abrupt familiarity; nodding confidentially as he speaks at the label upon Rep's valise. The voice is strangely unlike the face, so wonderfully harsh and coarse in its untutored intonation, that even had the question itself been less startling, the very sound of its utterance would have disturbed the most uninterested listener. Rep changes colour. Vague surmises concerning the national habits and customs of detective police rush into his mind, for this peculiar method of opening a conversation is, to say the least of it, embarrassing.

"Yes," says he, as carelessly as possible. Then by way of returning the compliment in kind, he adds with some touch of asperity:

"What's your's?"

"Jones," returns the laconic stranger, with as little surprise and hesitation as though this were the identical inquiry he had been constantly answering from infancy.

"Oh," rejoins Rep, rather feebly, for want of that more appropriate remark which does not suggest itself.

There is silence for some time after this little bit of verbal fencing, and the train flies on southward. Then the man in the dissipated tie leads off again upon a new round.

"You're quite sure your name's Smith, aren't you?" he asks, pointing the question straight into Rep's eyeballs with a quick, bird-like jerk of his head, and a sharp glance out of his own beady orbs.

"Quite," rejoins Rep, all his former discomfiture returning with redoubled strength. "Why?"

He is in so much trepidation now that he almost chokes himself with the enquiry, and the stranger grins at him in sardonic delight.

"All right," he replies, coolly. "Because mine ain't Jones."

"Not Jones!" falters Rep, a prey to all manner of awful terrors.

"Nor anything like it," returns the strange man, decisively.

"Then why did you tell me it was?" inquires Rep, not unnaturally, for he is beginning to lose a little of his discomposure now in a sense of rising indignation at so much gratuitous impertinence.

"Because," answers the other again, actually winking upon his fellow-traveller, "I thought one good turn deserved another. By the by," he continues, taking out the meerscham once more, and striking a fusee on the heel of his boot, "you don't smoke, do you?"

Rep is strongly tempted in his reply to be personal towards the quality of the stranger's tobacco, but he restrains the words on his lips, and contents himself with a brief negative.

"Thought not," says the stranger, coolly. "Hope you won't mind me." Then after a little pause of unctuous enjoyment,

"You're going to London, of course—right away?" This is said so decisively that it sounds more like an assertion than an enquiry, and Rep instinctively conscious of the fact, proffers no answer. "Well," continues the smoker, puffing out his information in sudden splenetic detachments, "F ain't, I'm going to Liverpool, 'cause I'm due for America."

At this period Rep cannot help committing himself to a marginal comment on the excellence of the arrangement, and the highly satisfactory result it is likely to ensure to all parties concerned in the translation. Another pause and a longer one, until the pipe is smoked out and consigned again to the place from whence it came. Then, after some forty miles of silence, as though no time had elapsed since the last words of this desultory conversation were uttered, the strange man resumes familiarly: "Yes, America's my destination. Suppose you're off to the continent, my lord?" Mr. Smith is aghast. Indefinite ideas of ringing a bell somewhere, and calling for some impossible assistance flash across his mind, and he almost rises from his seat in the excess of his agitation. Who can this insolent—this imperturbable—this inquisitive—this presumptuous fellow be? Is he a *clairvoyant*? Is he connected with Scotland-yard? Is he an escaped felon—a truant debtor—a criminal flying from detection? Well, Rep, the last guess is the nearest to the truth. For, reader mine, as it is always embarrassing to be introduced to the society of any individual whom you do not know by name, and as the stranger now under discussion, for certain reasons which will appear hereafter, is not very likely personally to furnish enquirers with information concerning his Christian and ancestral designations, it may be as well to assume professional omniscience on the subject, and predicate before further proceeding with this veracious history, that the gentleman

now occupying so large a share of Rep's attention, is the expanding flower of a promising blossom, reared some five years since with other delicate blooms of the same attractive species, in the hothouses of a theological college which shall be anonymous; and that, though in fact he may answer to a world of aliases, the only name to which he can claim a legal right is that of the Reverend Romeo Golightly. Now, it happens that this young gentleman of the cloth, during the two hours which have passed since his first acquaintance with Rep, has been resolving beneath his hat a little scheme of considerable interest, in the details of which his *oupaigon de voyage* holds a prominent part. But delicacy of mind is hardly a component element in the peculiar organisation of the fugitive ecclesiastic, and it is not in his experience to be greatly troubled with embarrassment upon any such question of "give and take," as that which at present occupies his thoughts. So he walks into his subject with characteristic coolness, and perceiving the telling effect produced by his last venturesome shot, follows up the advantage without loss of time.

"Don't make yourself uneasy, Smith," says he, lolling composedly across the whole length of the unpartitioned seat, and looking askant at the dismayed expression upon Rep's countenance. "Think you said your name was Smith, didn't you? More like another breed, though, from my point o' view. 'Fraid they'll leg you, Smith, before you've done with Babylon. Look here, advice of a friend you know, Smith; that get-up of yours isn't good for your little game. Devilish bad, in fact. I'm out of the country to-morrow morning. You're off to Paris. Hair's dark and curly. So's mine. Eyes brown. So are mine. Figure's tall. So's this child's. Chuck those togs of yours over here, get inside these instead, and give up that bad habit of washing that you've contracted, for a few days. What d'ye say, Smith?"

But Smith was too much astonished to say anything at present. "This rascal," he ruminates, "must be flying from his creditors. He wants to get me taken up by mistake in his place. But suppose they should really spot me in London? This fellow knows me evidently—knew me at once—why should others be less clever than he? It would be so ignominious, so annoying to be taken back to Kelpies like a runaway schoolboy. After that letter to Roy, too! Who can this scamp be?"

The voice of the eccentric stranger breaks in upon his musings with its ordinary suddenness and pertinence. "Don't trust me, I see," it says: "Natural, no doubt. But I ain't in trouble. I'm off 'cause I've come into some property that other people think I've no right to. Old boy's died and left his little bit of cash to me, and nephew's cut up rough about it. That's a fact. All the same. Keep your togs."

They fly on in silence again through the darkness of the growing night. Rep drops the carriage-window softly, and peers out into the bleak, open air. There is no moon, no starlight, only a great looming mass of black cumuli, piled up like a range of phantom hills across the wide horizon; only sudden white puffs of steam from the engine, that fly, glinting past the wheels, and fade swiftly in the darkness behind the rushing train. They are nearing a station now, the speed is slackening; slower, slower. They must have gone a long way! How far now?

"Think this must be my station," says Rep's companion, answering the unspoken query with curious appropriateness. "Preston? Yes."

He shakes himself together with the words, and runs his fingers lightly through the rumpled curls of his hair. Slower still. Rep quivers all over with trepidation and anxiety.

"Look here!" he cries desperately, "Do you *really* think they'll spot me in London?"

"Not a doubt of it," returns the other with ready conclusiveness.

"Here, then!" cries Rep, tearing off his Scotch cap, and hurling it on the opposite seat; "make haste! I'll exchange! Where's your coat?" Mr. Golightly is quite ready with that and with anything else that may be required of him. "Keep your bags, eh?" inquires he, as he jerks on the upper part of the viscount's costume. "All right. No apologies. Let's have a look at that gold clock of yours with the crown on the outside. Find another in my pocket. 'Taint marked, mine ain't."

There is a sudden gleam of lamplight through the window, a confusion of voices outside, a sharp slamming and clicking of doors and the hurly-burly of hurrying porters shouting indistinguishably the name of the station. "Hi!" shouts the clerical reprobate thrusting his bonneted curls out of the window. "Here you are! Open this door, Preston! Ta, ta, Smith!" He leaps arily on to the platform, the yellow flickering gaslight flares full in his handsome, leery face for an instant, and the next he is gone; and the train plunges on again with a shriek and a snort, and sweeps down into the solitary darkness, and the gloomy void of southern night.

HERE ENDETH THE PROLOGUE.

CHAPTER IV.

TWENTY YEARS AFTER.

Twenty years! What a long, long time when it is at the beginning of a career; what a little span when it is at the end of a life! When we

are twenty years old, we boys and girls of the rising generation, what important discoveries, what brilliant *coups*, what surprising achievements and names renowned, we purpose to set on record in our biographies during the next twenty years! When we are forty, we men and women of the world, we have changed all that! The gilding is off our gingerbread then; the retrospective road is dark and shadowy behind our weary steps. We may have realized the hard fight and the toil and the struggle perhaps, but the palm of triumph was not given into our outstretched hands. Theseus-like we may have heaved up our granite boulder, but the sword and the sandals of Egeus were not beneath it.

Life is so often compared to a pilgrimage, and the world to a desert, that the familiar similitude loses its point for us through frequent repetition, but, heavens! how pertinent and apt a figure it is! How close to our inexperienced, unpractised eyes appear those magnificent palaces, those princely domes and marble fanes, that garden of pleasures, that glittering river of refreshment! *Allons, allons! vite! courage!*—a few more hasty paces, a few more decisive steps will bring us to the gates of our Salem, to the embrace of our beloved, to the realisation of our dearest hopes, and we shall be at rest in the haven where we would be! Alas, no! It is a Mirage, and the faster we press towards it, the more swiftly the fair vision recedes before us. Long miles are traversed, long decades are passed, but the City of the Sand that seemed so near us in our youth is still unattained in our age, feebleness and famine and drought overtake us, and we lie down, still in the Desert,—to die!

Twenty years! Tiny babies that were crooning and whimpering in their bassinets at the time of that mysterious disappearance of the heir of Kelpies, grew into fair, graceful girls and stalwart youths; coy blossoming maidens that blushed beneath the passionate glances of their lovers then, expanded into comely dames with troops of chattering little ones about their knees, and lappets of matronly lace upon their shapely heads. Twenty seasons came and went in London, twenty sessions worried and babbled themselves out, one after another, births, deaths, and marriages increased and multiplied; until that midnight defalcation of the discontented viscount had become an event of the long past.

And again fashion and society reigned in the halls of Tyburnia and Mayfair.

The opera opened. Very great things were expected in the way of art and talent this spring behind the footlights of Her Majesty's, for several *débutantes* were to be "on" there, of whom wonders had been predicated by the *cognoscenti*, and in particular one youthful cantatrice new to theatrical renown, concerning whose exceptional ability the Thespian votaries and grand tier *habitués* allowed themselves much use of adulatory comment and many notes of admiration.

Adelheid Stern, in short, was not only a rising *artiste*, rich in histrionic and vocal qualifications, but she had also been gloriously dowered by lady Nature; her hair carried imprisoned sunlight in its crispy luxuriant meshes, her eyes discovered in their clear translucent deeps the incessant heaven of a stainless soul. Adelheid's face was a picture to be adored, not with the passion of love that consumes us for a beautiful woman, but with the reverent devotion that moves us for a lovely saint; such a face as that which Ary Scheffer has given to Dante's Beatrice, spiritual, wrapt, far-seeing; grand in its divinity of beauty, sweet in its angelic tenderness. And yet, for all her queenly presence, her wealth of loveliness and power of song, this opera *débutante* was a mere German peasant orphan, whom Miss Diana Brabazon had picked up somewhere among the States, and educated at her own expense to enchant the eyes and ears of the British public. Only that. But so far Fräulein Stern had been an undoubted hit, and the B. P. were "awfully fetched" about her, and the dilettanti were immensely charmed, and the Fräulein's patroness herself was wild with pride and jubilation. Adelheid was gratified too, no doubt, at her success, yet her chief delight was not centred in her audience, but in her art, and to that she was absolutely devoted, absolutely bound with a whole heart and an unwearying love. Art was to her, not a profession, but a vocation; and to become worthy of it, such a religious delight and duty that day by day out of the fullness of her innocent, childish spirit she thanked her "lieber Gott" for the good gifts He had given her, and prayed that she might have grace of Him to make the lives of others happier and lovelier for the music with which she was able to charm, and the noble passions she had the power to waken and create in the hearts of men and women. What a strange phase of the theatrical trade for the blasés languid loungers of opera stall and omnibus box! It was the first night of Gounod's Faust, and Marguerite was to be played by Fräulein Stern. Miss Brabazon, brimming over with excitement and anticipation, was sparkling in a stage box, under the espionage of her only brother, whom she greatly affected, and without whom she was never to be seen abroad; for the parent Brabazons were not, and Diana and Vivian, the sole representatives of the house and lineage of Brabazon, kept their tiny estate in Salop, and

their mutual villa in the best quarter of cockaigne and lived together in the bond of peace and in all virtue.

Adelheid's patroness was past her *première jeunesse*, and the ladies of her acquaintance guessed her, with tolerable accuracy, at thirty-five. And a splendid woman too! A trifle too tall, perhaps, still her delicious embonpoint softened that mistake, and the small, graceful head poised, flower-like, above her white, round neck, and pillowy bosom, was ravishingly piquant in effect. What are girls of sweet seventeen or twenty in the presence of a beautiful woman at her prime,—blushing, unopened buds, by the side of the matured, richly perfumed rose?

Diana's long coils of hair were of that peculiar madder-brown, in which modern French painters delight so greatly, full of rich, glossy shadows, and mellow pinky lights; coils that seemed to reflect the deep, glowing radiance of the ruby bandeau arching them, for the Brabazon contemned chignons and curled tresses, and delighted in the natural simplicity of a statuesque coiffure. Vivian, her senior by two years, was a man of goodly parts, well-favoured in countenance, heavily moustached, and colossal in stature; but that material which his sister displayed in plump beauty, he developed in muscle, and his biceps were a source of continuous envy to all his athletic friends.

Almost facing the Brabazons, upon the opposite side of the house, sat another woman, with whom we shall have much to do in the course of this eventful history; Mrs. Archibald Bell, the wife of a country curate, whose name was never heard but in connexion with the sayings and fittings of his eccentric spouse, and who plodded soberly on from month to month among the backwoods and primitive lanes of Littlebog-cum-Mudbury, a sequestered parish somewhere up by the Welsh borders, in blissful innocence of his fair Cora's metropolitan experiences. For Cora was popularly supposed to be afflicted with delicate health, the rigorous inconveniences of which were only to be mitigated by frequent visits to the West End, and it was an actual fact incontrovertibly established by many salient proofs, that the air of the country in general, and of Littlebog in particular, was certainly in her case inconducive to a condition of physical salubrity.

Cora had a large circle of friends dotted round and about the Baby-lonish city, most of them aunts and uncles on her husband's side, who, because their nephew was not particularly sagacious, and had been penniless before his marriage, were the more prone to consider the pretty wife, who had brought him four hundred a year, a prodigy of wit and learning, whom it was an honour to entertain whenever she pleased to bestow the joys of her society upon their respective establishments. Cora's father had been an actor in his youth, in his manhood a prosperous merchant, and at his death a wealthy testator; but his sons were seven, and their debts were many; and it came to pass that by the end of five years after the old gentleman's demise there was not much of the original property remaining in the hands of the family. In this respect, Cora was the best off among the survivors, for she was an only daughter and the youngest of the brood, in virtue of which pleasing accident the testator aforesaid had bequeathed her an extra five thousand, and had caused the same to be settled upon her for her separate use, so that she had an independent income, and wrote her own cheques upon the "London and County." And, in fact, both Cora's parents—they had been good old people in their way—had so spoiled and petted and indulged their youngest darling, that if their tenderness had not actually created that deplorable delicacy of her constitution, at least it had greatly fostered and encouraged it; and could they only have lived, poor souls, to witness the foolish and undesirable marriage that Cora was pleased to make two years after the death of her widowed father, their last moments would not have passed away in that peace and serenity of mind which had edified their children so notably. Mrs. Archibald Bell was by no means a beauty, but she was fascinating and clever, and possessed a very feminine knack of making the most of the charms she had. Her hair was frothy, golden, and luxurious but it was crimped and dyed with aureoline, and her chignon had once been the property of Truefitt the Great. Her complexion was white and ruddy, but pearl-powder and bloom of roses had a large share in its production, and her confidential maid had been heard to affirm to somebody else's abigail, that her mistress's figure was so far from being Nature's handiwork that it would be possible to bury a good sized bodkin in its head in the corsage of her dress without inflicting the least injury upon her person. But, however illusive and artificial Mrs. Bell might be, she was at least a delightful illusion, and contrived to look well from the topmost curl of her elaborate coiffure to the scarlet heels of her fashionable *botines*.

To-night there was not a more bewitching creature in the opera-house than she, certainly none more remarked and loquented. Her escort sat beside her, fingering her bouquet and exchanging verbal passages of arms and repartee with two or three men lounging behind the seat of his *chère amie*. He was a tall, loosely made man, of middle age, with

a flexible countenance as full of lines and creases as the face of an india-rubber toy; jet-coloured moustaches much curved and waxed at the ends, and coffee-hued eyes shaped almond-wise and set obliquely in his head, as are the eyes of the Chinese.

This was Vane Vaurien, a very complete and satisfactory specimen of the *genus homo*, known as the "Man about Town," a fellow who dined every day at his club, and was always met everywhere by everybody, who always knew the last good thing that had been said, and was invariably able to furnish particulars of the latest scandal, but concerning whose place of residence and manner of living little was understood beyond the fact that he was a bachelor and had no ostensible profession, but all the world readily admitted that he was a very great authority upon subjects connected with the turf, and in fact, it was generally supposed in polite circles that unlike many individuals of literary occupation, *he lived by his books*, and potted a good round sum yearly by means of such authorship; but, parenthetically, it was whispered in the strict confidentiality of certain *tabagies* that Vaurien knew rather more concerning the intricate mysteries of "roping," "milking," and "nobbling," than was quite consistent with the unblemished honour of a gentleman. How and when Cora had managed to pick acquaintance with this worthy, were circumstances not generally known either among her people or his, but the friendship, once formed, was a fast one in two senses, and the pretty parsoness was seldom on view at the Opera, the Academy, or in the Row, whether with aunt, uncle, or cousins, but there was a lurking suspicion of Vane round the corner, and an aroma of his particular manilla and "pomade Hongrois" hovering in the air about her dainty little person. But to-night the *chère ami* was not quite so devoted in his worship as it was his wont to be; and Cora, following the direction of his most frequent glances, discovered much to her annoyance and mortification, that the centre of his attraction was no other than Marguerite herself. And after the first act, Vane made no secret of his admiration.

"Jove, Rankin!" said he, turning to the man behind him, "that Stern's a splendid creature! eh? Perfect points!"

"Hang it, Vaurien," interposed a second lounge, speaking from the back of the *loge*, where he was lolling against the wall with his nose in the air and his arms crossed; "can't you talk English? What confounded shop!" At the sound of the voice, Mrs. Archibald turned with an airy laugh, and tapped the speaker playfully with the tip of her spangled fan.

"Why, Captain Somers! I had no idea you were there! You turn up like a Greek chorus with a commentary, or, like the ghost in Hamlet, talking unexpectedly when nobody's looking! Droll fellow! Come and sit by me, for I have no end of questions to ask, and there's nothing to be got to-night out of this abominably odious wretch!"

She transferred the tap to Vane's coat-sleeve as she uttered the last words, identifying thereby the object of her complimentary allusion. Fred. Somers drew his seat to her side in obedient amusement.

"At your service Mrs. Bell," said he, leaning forward and sweeping the house with his swift, clear glance. "Question Number One, if you please?"

"Who are those people in the opposite box?"

"Brother and sister: Sir Vivian and Diana Brabazon: live at Park-lane. He's a Queen's Messenger—Foreign-office chap, you know; she's a strong-minded lady—talks Greek, and goes in tremendously for Mill's logic, and the National Society for the Propagation of Female Suffrage. Fräulein Stern's her protégée. Lives with the Brabazons, in fact. Diana chaperones her, and let's her hang out at their place; and she's got a boudoir there to herself, and her own brougham. Lucky fellow, Brabazon, isn't he?"

"Very."

Cora was immensely interested in the baronet, and raised her lorgnette to examine his facial perfections.

"Does the brother live there too, then?" she asked after a little pause.

"Park-lane? Well, yes, it's his place, you know, as much as Diana's; but he's got chambers, too, of course."

"Where?"

"Oh, somewhere or other; I don't know the fellow. Daresay Vaurien 'll tell you if you're curious on the subject. He knows an awful lot about the F. O. Friend of one of the under secretaries, I believe."

"Oh, he's quite intent on the stage to-night, and can't spare a word or a look for me!" Mrs. Bell turned towards the recreant one as she spoke, with a little *monce* of deprecation, and lifted her pretty shoulders slightly with an air of helpless wonderment, curiously enchanting to see.

"Eh, *ma belle dame*? A thousand apologies! But absolutely, Marguerite's matchless, you know, eh? Never saw a better strain!"

"Never heard a better strain, you mean, I suppose," suggested Somers, with much disgust. "Do be intelligible, Vaurien. Fräulein Stern's not a filly."

"Anyhow," said Dick Rankin, criticizing the young *prima-donna* through Cora's opera-glass. "She's magnificent. That's *real* beauty, and no mistake!"

"*Pouf!*" rejoined Cora, somehow piqued by the emphasis on the adjective, with a pout of her painted lips and a toss of her dyed ringlets; "how do you know that? They make up horribly for the stage."

"*Can't* make up a profile, at any rate," responded Rankin, sententiously. "And her's is faultless."

Whereat Mrs. Archibald's eyes flashed, and she held her peace, for the observation was cruelly personal. Cora's features were irregular, and her nose far too retroussé to be beautiful, and the line of her forehead was remarkable neither for nobility nor grace. But Vaurien perceived her discomfiture, and was ill-bred enough to wink at Dick Rankin and laugh.

And Cora saw the wink and heard the laugh, and never forgave either.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE MARRIAGE OF MISS FOX AND PRINCE LICHTENSTEIN.

THE following notice of the Princess Alexandra appears in an account of the marriage of Miss Fox and Prince Lichtenstein given in an American correspondence to *The Missouri Republican*:—

"The wedding party went up to the altar, (the two high-backed old English carved oak chairs still being vacant,) and they passed on to the Sacristy to await the arrival of the Prince and Princess of Wales. Prince Arthur, the Duke of Edinburgh, and the Prince and Princess of Teck, had come; but their Royal Highnesses were yet expected. Should anything take place without Alexandra, if never so much waiting can secure her presence? Of the two hours I spent in the church I am sure I gave myself a solid half-hour to look at this beautiful woman. There is about her so much of the poetry of womanhood; so much of what the great artists tried to give their Madonnas; so much of what the great Leonardo did give his Mona Lisa, though after four years of work he gave it up in despair, and yet this very despair was his triumph. He suggested what he could not express—what can not be expressed, for its very charm is that it is only a suggestion. These years of English living, of English maternity, and of English royal sorrow, have not given her one trait that is English. Outline, attitude, movement, and expression, are as much opposed to the characteristics of this insular nation as spirit is opposed to matter. Gravity forgets its law for her; she seems poised rather than posed, and her movements—it is Hebe on clouds—does she walk, or does the elastic force underneath just toss her on? Her small head is delicately set, and her face bears an expression of just the gentlest eagerness, just enough to suggest that she knows there are better things to be had, without furnishing the slightest trace of discontent with what she has attained. Everything about her is exquisite, yet outside of it all there is a something that seems to try to conceal the excellence or suppress its effect. On this day she wore a soft brocade, with alternate stripes of grey, cloud-blue, and white, almost covered up with flowing sleeves and pannier of white lace; and over the slight body a sleeveless jacket of dark Prussian-blue velvet.

"It was more Madonna-like and ethereal than princely or royal. Then, as a seeming apology for this too exquisite cloud-like effect, there came the little bonnet of only the two shades of blue, with the darker predominating. You wanted a halo, but in its place were these dark blue bands against the brow; and over her face was a closely-drawn black net veil, which was not even slipt aside as she signed "Alexandra" in the marriage registry. Was she unconsciously giving an omen that dark clouds ever hover about royal heads?"

"This beauty, which seems almost to excuse itself for being, has a wonderful charm; and I saw many radiant faces as she turned on them a pleasant look, for she seemed too modest to smile. "If queens must be, just to lead the English world of fashion," I said, "let them be Alexandras; possibly it is better that they should not think, better that they simply live the beauty that men and women dream of for women."

COMPLETE MARRIAGE.

THE following wise words of Theodore Parker's on "Complete Marriage" deserve repetition:

"Men and women, and especially young people, do not know that it takes years to marry completely two hearts, even of the most loving and well-sorted! But nature allows no sudden change. We slope very gradually from the cradle to the summit of life. Marriage is gradual, a fraction of us at a time. A happy wedlock is a long falling in love. I know young persons think love only belongs to brown hair, and plump, round, crimson cheeks. So it does for its beginning, just as Mt. Washington begins at Boston Bay. But the golden marriage is a part of love which the bridal day knows nothing of. Youth is the tassel and silken flower of love; age is the full corn, ripe and solid in the ear. Beautiful is the morning of love with its prophetic crimson, violet, purple, and gold; with its hopes of days that are to come. Beautiful also the evening of love, with its glad remembrances and its rainbow side turned towards heaven as well as earth.

Young people marry their opposites in temper and general character, and such a marriage is commonly a good match. They do it instinctively. The young man does not say, "My black eyes require to be wed with blue, and my over-vehemence requires to be a little modified with something of dullness and reserve." When these opposites come together to be wed, they do not know it, but each thinks the other is just like himself. Old people never marry their opposites; they marry their similars, and from calculation. Each of these two arrangements are very proper. In their long journey these young opposites will fall out by the way a great many times, and both get away from the road; but each will charm the other back again, and by and by they will be agreed as to the place they will go to, and the road they will go by and become reconciled. The man will become nobler and larger for being associated with so much humanity unlike himself, and she will be a nobler woman for having manhood beside her that seeks to correct her deficiencies and supply her with what she lacks, if the diversity be not too great, and there be real piety and love in their hearts to begin with.

The old bridegroom, having a much shorter journey to make, must associate himself with one like himself. A perfect and complete marriage is, perhaps, as rare as perfect personal beauty. Men and women are married fractionally, now a small fraction, then a large fraction. Very few are married totally, and they only, I think after some forty or fifty years of gradual approach and experiment. Such a large and sweet fruit is a complete marriage, and it needs a very long summer to ripen in, and then a long winter to ripen and season in. But a real, happy marriage of love and judgment, between a noble man and woman, is one of those things so very handsome, that if the sun were, as the Greek poet fabled, a god, he might stop the world in order to feast his eyes with such a spectacle.—From *The Household*

A LIBRARY edition is projected of the works of the Brontes, which will possess additional value from the identification of places named and described by the graceful pens of the fair sister novelists. It is to be in seven volumes, of which the first is promised in three weeks' time.—*Parochial Critic*.

OF 154 candidates who presented themselves at the Cambridge examinations for women, 37 failed to pass in English history and literature and arithmetic. The entries showed an increase of 27 upon last year, while the failures showed an absolute diminution of five, and, of course, a more considerable proportional decrease.—*Parochial Critic*.

THE Romish Church thoroughly understands the importance of early education. She has a ritual and a faith exactly adapted to strike the impressible and imaginative mind of a child. Incense and priestly robes, high altars and images, a titled hierarchy, culminating in a distant and venerated Holy Father, and, over these, the shining array of interceding saints, with the tender Virgin at their head—all these appeal very strongly to the vague, religious fancy of a child, and he accepts with ardour what pleases him so well.—From the *Christian Intelligencer*.

True Economy is found in buying the best article at the lowest market price select your purchases from a reliable source, where the high standing of the firm is a guarantee to you that you will be well served; this is always found with Horniman's tea; it is strong to the last, very delicious in flavour, wholesome and invigorating, as well as cheap. Sold in packets by 2,538 Agents, Chemists Confectioners, &c.—ADVT.

ERRATA.—We are requested to state that in consequence of a misunderstanding connected with the transmission of the proofs by post, the article in last week's number, entitled "On Fine Art in Dress" contained various misprints and inconsistencies.

WRITING in a late number of the *Contemporary Review*, Miss Wedgewood deals with great logical power with the argument that the concession of the Parliamentary suffrage to women would exercise a prejudicial influence upon married life. "We have built up," she says, "an artificial barrier between men and women, so as to make moral sympathy between them impossible. It is, therefore, in the interests of all we are said to endanger, that we seek to obtain for our sex that educating influence which belongs to political recognition. To make women feel that they belong to a larger whole, that they are connected with the past and the future, and cannot act as mere isolated individuals, must be best, even for that particular aspect of their lives, under which alone men are inclined to regard them. It is quite true that the suffrage given to women as holders of property—given, that is, on the only terms which are possible without a return to the false principle of legislating for women as a class apart—would give whatever power it did give to those women who are not men's actual or probable wives. But if it tended in any degree to set before men and women a common ideal—if it awoke on both sides the sense that there was a larger life in which they were sharers, a life not exalted by their mutual relations—if it made them feel themselves in any degree more capable of judgment of each other, and therefore, of a truer sympathy, it would be a step towards a kind of union between average men and women, such as is now seen only between the most exceptionally gifted specimens of the race."

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

PORTRAIT ALBUMS are now to be found on every drawing-room table. No article is more welcome as a gift. They were badly bound when first introduced, but are now got up in the most perfect style, with leather joints, so as to last for years, at extraordinarily low prices for 50, 100, 300, or 400 portraits, by Parkins and Gotto, purveyors of fancy articles to H.R.H. the Princess of Wales, 27 and 28, Oxford-street, London, W.—ADVT.

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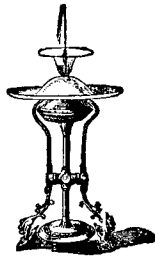
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