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The Lady's Own Paper.

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Modern Martyrs	33
Early Training: By Annie Beale.	35
Mr. Charles Kingsley on Education	36
Correspondence:—The <i>Civilian</i> and Women's Rights Movement: } By Delta. Society in Homburg: By George Browning	38
Verses of the Times: No. 2.	38
Magazines, Newspapers, and Pamphlets	39
Mademoiselle De Montausier: By Julia Pitt Byrne	39
In My Lady's Chamber; A Story of Her Deceased Husband's Brother: } By the Editor.	42

MODERN MARTYRS.

WHAT is the moral *raison d'être* of woman? Surely, to add to the world's apathetic dullness and insensibility the leaven of kindness and quick sympathy. If we be not tender-hearted, we women—we are nothing. Says Mr. Ruskin, "There is no injustice, there is no misery in the earth, but the guilt of it lies lastly with you, ladies, because you have not risen up against it. Men can bear the sight of it, but you should not be able to bear it. Men may tread it down without sympathy, but men are feeble in sympathy, and contracted in hope; it is only you who can feel the depths of pain; and conceive the way of its healing. Instead of trying to do this, you turn away from it; you shut yourselves within your park walls and garden gates, and you are content to know that there is beyond them a whole world of secrets which you dare not penetrate, and of suffering which you dare not conceive." Never, we take it, was there spoken in our day a truth more valuable, or a rebuke more deserved.

Every now and then, there comes to our knowledge, through newspaper, pamphlet, or personal observation,—the evidence of transactions, so infamous, revolting and pitiless, that were it possible to doubt the accuracy of the report, or the integrity of the witnesses, we should refuse to credit the existence among men of such vile and

horrible cruelty. Heaven has made some of our fellow-creatures feebler, less responsible, less intelligent than ourselves, and has given them into our charge and keeping. They are not gifted with speech, they have no appeal from our treatment of them, they labour for us without payment, they are bought and sold with our money. But they are, not the less, our fellow-creatures, of one flesh and blood with us, gifted with like senses and constituted with a like nervous system. We call them brutes; but indeed it is a pity we have for them no better name which might serve to remind us of the near affinity they bear to ourselves.

Last week, Miss Frances Power Cobbe, in response to an appeal which we made in our First Number, contributed a letter from her own pen, and an extract from Dr. Bigelow's writings, on the subject of Vivisection, as it is practised in modern scientific laboratories. Was there one among our readers whose heart did not burn with indignation, and thrill with horror at the mere recital of the tortures practised in cool routine in our medical schools? Is there one among our readers who would care to purchase for herself the benefit of scientific advice, did she know her adviser had gained his knowledge at the price of the atrocious guilt we have indicated?

A common torture in the medical Inquisitions is an experiment usually practised on dogs, for the purpose of demonstrating the pulsation of the heart. The organ in question is punctured by needles, which are, of course, thrust through the miserable animal's skin and he is either strapped down, or permitted to run about during the operation, as the operator may please. This is, however, so very mild a performance in the way of torment that it cannot be classed under the head of Vivisection. But what shall we say of flaying, nerve-drawing, eye-gouging, brain-extracting, and a hundred similar atrocities with which medical students are perfectly familiar? Is not the daily commission of such crimes as these quite enough to explain the cause of that demoralization and loose behaviour which unhappily stamps our medical students as a class? How are they to preserve any refinement of mind, any gentleness of conduct, any religion of heart while they are thus systematically trained in the practice of that worst of vices, cruelty, the very root and germ of

real sin? Of course they become hardened, rough, savage, and selfish. Nothing is sacred to them.

Moreover, may we not with some reason suspect that the existence of this custom of Vivisection is, in the minds of many medical professors, one great obstacle to the admission of women into the schools? May it not be here, possibly, that the secret of the masculine conspiracy against us, lies? Is this, perchance, the reason why the laboratory doors remain barred against us, even though the lecture room be open; this the motive of the curious reluctance men have to discover the mysteries of their surgical 'adyta' to our uninitiated eyes? If it be, ladies, then the sooner we break open those barred doors the better for humanity and for national morals; and the better for these poor members of God's creation "who groan and travail in pain together until now;" for women will never stand by to countenance, nor bear to witness, outrages such as we have described. Murders are paltry incidents compared to crimes like these; infanticide dwindles into triviality beside them, and wife-beating to the level of the tamest excitement.

For these Vivisections are perpetrated in cold blood, hour after hour, from noon to sundown, behind closed doors, quietly, deliberately, systematically; upon creatures that are utterly innocent, dumb, and defenceless, with no appeal, and no protector possible to them. Why do we talk about martyrdom after this? Every day our students behold any number of S.S. Lawrences, Sebastians, Pancrases, Jameses, and Lucys, with scored flesh, lopped limbs, and empty bleeding eye-sockets. Science has in our day more martyrs than religion had in old time.

But there are yet evidences of man's barbarity towards his fellow-beings displayed in other directions. Let us not shrink from investigating the matter further. Not very long since, during the past summer's Parliamentary Session, the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, held their forty-eighth annual meeting in St. James's-hall, Piccadilly, under the presidency of the Earl of Harrowby. H.R.H. the good Princess Louise, who seems always ready to help in wise and benevolent movements, was present on the occasion, and received, of course, a welcome of the warmest character from a large and enthusiastic audience.

In the report which was read at this meeting, special attention was directed to the short comings of legislative enactments in regard to the protection of many animals now subjected to exceptional torture, and it was added, that with a view to preserve the native birds of Great Britain, and to guard them against cruelty during the breeding season, all friends of the society in Parliament were earnestly asked to support the "Wild Fowl Protection Bill," then before the House of Commons. The disclosures of atrocious cruelty to small birds, recently made by journals of high repute, had, it appeared, induced the Ladies' Committee to make a public protest against the practices of bird-trappers and traders, in a letter prepared by Lady Burdett Coutts. The Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol moved, and Mr. Hoare seconded, the adoption of the report, and the motion was unanimously carried. H.R.H. the Princess Louise afterwards presented nearly 200 prizes to as many children, who had been encouraged by the offer of these rewards from Lady Burdett Coutts, to write essays on the subject of kindness to animals.

It is with the deepest interest and the most earnest concern, that we draw the attention of our readers to the work which the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is, year by year, striving to accomplish; not only in the particular direction named in the report we have quoted, but in regard also to miseries yet sadder and more terrible, which our domesticated brutes are made to endure every day, in this "Christian and enlightened land." Our streets are full of suffering. Staggering horses, old, lame, and asthmatic, writhing under the lash of the drunken or angry cab-driver; tired oxen and sheep, faint for want of water, leg-weary and bewildered—scared to blindness by the blows and vociferations of the ignorant herdsman; and, in hot weather, scores of miserable dogs, muzzled in obedience to an insane law whose makers seem to be unaware that dogs perspire through the tongue, and must therefore needs run with open jaws—these are a few of the sights which

greet us "whene'er we take our walks abroad" in the thoroughfare and by-ways of "Merrie England."

Nor have we yet recorded the worst. Ladies and gentlemen who like white veal, here is a letter, for the accuracy of the statements in which we are personally prepared to answer; a letter addressed to the *Daily Gazette* some time ago, by a gentleman whom we know well, and who has himself witnessed some of the horrors he describes.

"The public will not buy veal unless it is white in appearance. If a butcher were to present a dressed calf in his shop, the flesh of which was of the reddish colour natural to it, the public would conclude it was diseased, and would decline to buy it. I believe that the public do not know, or knowing, forget, the means by which butchers supply the demand for white veal. These means involve a systematic course of cruelty to every calf before it is slaughtered, and for that cruelty the public are in a great measure responsible, inasmuch as it would at once cease if they would be content to buy veal of the natural colour. When a calf is taken to the slaughter-house, it is always kept for some time before it is killed, in order that it may go through the process of having its flesh bleached.

"This is accomplished in the following way: A thin rope is passed round the poor animal's neck, and drawn tightly back towards the shoulder. As a matter of course, the blood-vessels in front of the rope become gorged with blood, and stand out prominently from the neck. The butcher then applies the blade of a set of *fleams* to one of the veins, a sharp blow from a wooden mallet drives the instrument into the vein, and the blood at once flows from the longitudinal slit thus made. The blood is allowed to run till the animal begins to give indication that it will soon fall over. At this point the rope is slackened, and the bleeding is stopped. Twice after this, and sometimes three times, at intervals of twelve hours, the wound is reopened, and as much blood drawn as possible without killing the poor brute outright. This is the process through which every calf slaughtered in Birmingham has to go. The exceeding cruelty of the system need not be dilated upon, because it is patent to everybody who will take the trouble of reflecting for a moment. To treat an animal in the way described is clearly against the Act for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals; but it is obvious there must be very great difficulty in obtaining a conviction against any butcher. Besides, it is very doubtful if one or two convictions would put an end to a system which is general in the trade. The public might be recommended not to purchase veal which had been whitened by this process, but probably two generations would pass away before the great body of the public had become so far imbued with humane feelings on the subject that butchers would feel that their trade would not be endangered if they ceased to torture their calves before slaughtering them. But local town councils have power to make bye-laws for the prevention of cruelty in slaughter-houses; and as there can be no doubt whatever about the abominable cruelty of this system of bleeding calves, the subject ought to have the attention of such councils without delay."

We have space only for a few words more. They shall be as suggestive and practical as we can make them.

It is the business of women to do kind and pitiful things. Ladies, let us draw up a Memorial on the subject of Cruelty to Animals, as it is practised in scientific laboratories, at aristocratic pigeon matches, in our public streets, and in the slaughter-houses of butchers; append an appropriate petition for some parliamentary enactment that shall render such practices punishable, and cause our protest and prayer to be duly presented for the consideration of the Lower House next Session. The Editor of this Journal will gladly receive communications on the subject.

We deeply regret to announce the serious illness of Mr. J. F. Maguire, M.P. for the city of Cork. This gentleman, it will be remembered, very ably supported Mr. Jacob Bright's bill for the enfranchisement of women last May. For some time past Mr. Maguire has been suffering from indisposition, which last week assumed an aggravated form. Absolute rest, however, may yet, it is hoped, restore our valued friend to health.

ON EARLY TRAINING.

THE biographies of celebrated men give honourable testimony to what a mother's early training can accomplish for her children, and not unfrequently tells us that their greatness, if not their learning, is due to that first tender instruction. From the days when St. Augustine acknowledged his debt to his Mother Monica, and confessed to owing his conversion to her teaching and her prayers, down to the present time, this testimony is unswerving. Through the sweep and progress of centuries, during slow and fast periods—in the backward middle ages as in the forward nineteenth century—the mother's lessons have been all-important. Perhaps this truth was never better deserving of mature consideration than it is now. It is old, doubtless, but is not all truth old? Scepticism may be rife in the land on most points, but all honest people will agree on this.

Let mothers, then, be up and doing in these stirring, progressive times, and face the duties that their untiring spirit imposes on them. They have to train their children as calmly as they may for a world of ever-increasing unrest, and to devote themselves to preparing them for a strife scarcely yet realized. We lament over an increasing population, and the luxurious requirements of civilization, but we should strike at the root of those matters by making our children more hardy and less pretentious. While school boards strive for plans to teach morality to the million—so raising them from the degradation of British ignorance to the rank of human intelligence—let cultivated mothers resolve that their offspring shall not degenerate through over-indulgence or injudicious over-tasking.

There was an old-fashioned theory, now like many other good old fashions, somewhat in disrepute, that obedience was the first lesson a child must learn. This lesson is not inculcated as it was when the mother of a celebrated living author said, that she kept a rod in pickle until her children could understand what obedience meant; then she put it by, seldom needing it. But the lesson is as valuable now as then. Children are sad radicals, and would overturn the house government if they could; so we advise parents to re-assert their conservatism. A ready obedience is certainly not yielded as it used to be; but in this clever age, children require a reason for submission to parental commands, and while explanations and arguments proceed, obedience ceases altogether. The fact is, that the rule of God and nature is inverted, and "parents obey their children in all things."

Mothers may mend this by once more taking to the rod in pickle, and even re-considering that obsolete proverb of the wise king, concerning the obnoxious instrument, which, wisely administered, is more efficacious than the secret cuffs of the nurse. There is much maudlin nonsense talked about the law of kindness—a good law in the main, but sometimes best maintained by the law of wholesome severity. We would not see the mother whip in hand, but we hold to the "rod in pickle," to be produced when incomprehensible reasoning fails. We are losing our common sense in uncommon obtuseness; in spite of the universality of genius. As every man and woman is now supposed capable of astonishing the world, so every child is set forth as one that *must* eventually astonish it. Foreign governesses are engaged to teach children strange tongues before they can speak their own tongues, which like the immortal Tichborne, they lose as soon as their mouth-piece vanishes. "Stepping-stones" to every science are laid at the doors of their minds, with little consideration for the weak legs that have to climb them, and all the "Ologies" are stuffed into heads, which parents do not perceive to be boxes too small to contain them. Half the mothers are quite satisfied if their juvenile prodigies can repeat a page of long winded eloquence by rote; strain their small fingers in abstruse piano-forte exercises, which cannot interest them; waste folios of paper in attempts at free-hand drawing, or spout Latin and Greek to the extinction of their friends.

Doubtless in this intellectual age, when brains will soon be at such a premium that there will be none left in the market, children must be taught, but not so young. Discretion is the better part of motherhood as well as of valour. Let us keep children in childhood

a little longer than it has become the fashion to do, and instil into them principles less abstruse than their tutors and governesses think necessary. We have ourselves been obliged to look in the dictionary secretly for very shame, for words that teachers have thought within the compass of their little pupils' ability.

Fashionable mothers, who bring up their offspring by proxy, should see to this, and not think they have done their duty when they have procured a well-paid nurse and an ill-paid governess. It has been wisely said that the "expensive"—in other words, the capable, governess should be engaged for the very young, inasmuch as it is quite as difficult to sow the seeds discriminately, as to tend the full-grown plant. It is unquestionable that the discreetly-nurtured youthful body and soul expand most freely into the stuff of which the good and great are formed; and it is this discretion which is required.

As the lives and spines of infants are hourly endangered by the jolts and jerks given by careless nurses to that modern bore, a perambulator, so are their mental spines jarred (when they leave the perambulator), by injudicious teachers, who know about as much of their tender nerves as does a quack-doctor. It is one thing to give the body air and exercise, and another to give it spine complaint; and it is one thing to afford the mind healthy bracing, and another to set up brain disease. A clever medical man said not long since, that if the present over-tasking system continued, all the union houses would be turned into lunatic asylums. Let parents think of this and if the next generation must be more cultivated, scientific, and let us hope, moral and religious, than this; if men and women are to strive equally for position, power, and place, give them a bracing, healthy childhood. Many of the degenerate children of the City are so young, that they look scarcely human, as they wallow in the alleys, and yet they are sharp beyond their years. Alas! they have no fresh air, and their minds have received over-much of a sad worldly wisdom instilled by penury or sin. Well-to-do parents may avert this degeneracy from their children, both in town and country, if they will think more of their physical and moral health, and less of their too-early intellectual development and their fine clothes. The innocence and grace of childhood are lost in the unnatural effort at bearing about too much learning and too many frills; and its simplicity disappears with its roses beneath a blight of dissipation. Fashionable mothers give juvenile balls at which their Tom Thumbs and Minnie Warrens dance, flirt, and talk in imitation of their elders, adorned with laces, ribbons, white boots, and fans, and provide them with suppers as unsuitable for their digestion as their manners and clothes are for their age. They had much better supply them with strong brown-holland pinafores and milk diet. It is no wonder that they are sickly, and that the town physician orders stimulants to keep up their already exhausting systems.

They drink wine and ale now-a-days, instead of milk and water; and parents tell you the doctors prescribe this improper dietary. Is it the beginning of what has been lately called "Drawing-room alcoholism?" It is certainly the beginning of what Canon Kingsley so ably and advisably declares to be the gradual decline in the physical development of the English nation. And yet it is not by over-strained athletic absurdities that it is to revive, but by early training, air, exercise, and sensible food.

A country physician said not long ago, that when his small aristocratic patients came to him from town they had been ordered several glasses of wine a day; he put them all upon milk diet, and they soon needed no more doctoring. It would be well if we all paid more attention to the healthful teachings of Nature, and less to those of an artificial regimen. By so doing we should help on progress, and in no wise disparage either scientific or artistic aids. Instead of giving "strong meat to babes," we should feed and educate them gradually, finding that the weakly shoot requires a different management from the full-grown tree. Above all, mothers in all ranks, should superintend their children themselves, and not delegate so important a charge to others. There is no work of charity greater than this, and no projects, however philanthropic, that should supersede it.

ANNIE BEALE.

MR. CHARLES KINGSLEY ON EDUCATION.

THE Rev. Canon Kingsley, as President for the year, on Thursday, the 10th inst., delivered the inaugural address at the Birmingham and Midland Institute, in the presence of a crowded and distinguished audience. He said:—There is an old rule which stands thus,—“Do nothing yourself which you can get any one else to do for you.” It sounded, at first, selfish and lazy, and yet he believed it held a truth. In the first place, mankind had not so many good workers among them that it could afford to waste power by letting two men do the work of one. In the next place, if another man was doing the work, he plainly saved them the responsibility of doing it, and so he deserved, not their envy, but their thanks. And, as he held ingratitude to be one of the worst of vices, he should begin by tendering his hearty thanks to this institute, and its former presidents, for having done so much that he should wish to have done, and said so much that he should wish to have said. The rising generation in Birmingham would certainly have no one to blame but themselves if they were not superior to their forefathers—he did not say in wisdom, for that was not to be taught or bought either at this or any other institute, but in knowledge. The student, if he wished to diverge from the narrow ruts of an old-fashioned grammar-school curriculum, had to find his way for himself; to search for himself for facts, for books which might contain the facts he needed scattered up and down in them. Probably he never found the books he needed; too probably, also, the books did not exist—certainly not the school books; and if he found them he had to arrange and to infer for himself, with what mother-wit he might possess, while they now had all, and more, done ready to their hand than he in his youth could do for himself, or even get done for him. Other men had laboured, and his dear young hearers were entering into their labours. If they asked his friend, Professor Henry Morley, how he got the materials for those lectures on English literature, in which he, above any man in England, had the right to be heard, lectures at which he would gladly sit at his feet as a disciple, and which moved in him as much energy as he was capable of; if they asked him, he said, how he came to know all that, he might be too modest to answer them; but he (Canon Kingsley) would answer for him—not by other men’s speech, but from his own work; not by attending lectures, though he might have done that and profited by them, but by that which alone could make lectures profitable to him—by honest private toil, by long and careful study of the documents themselves, by deliberate and original thought about them, spread, he doubted not, over many years. The once famous Sir Nicholas Gimcrack, who tried to teach himself to swim by lying on his dinner-table, and striking out in imitation of the frog in his basin, taught himself at least the attitude of swimming; but by merely attending lectures they would not teach themselves even the attitude necessary for their subject—the attitude of mind by which the facts were discovered, by which they must be understood, by which they must be turned to use—they would not acquire the inductive habit of mind which arranged and judged of facts. Still less, therefore, would they acquire the deductive habit of mind which made use of facts after they had been arranged and judged, and the lecturer would be to them but a sort of singer, a player upon a fiddle, who made for them pleasant and interesting noises for a while, producing mere impressions, which never sank into the intellect, but merely touched the emotions, to run off them, at the first distraction, like water off a duck’s back. He would therefore advise his younger friends to remember this for themselves in this age of periodical literature and learning made easy, that we were all too apt to forget that we must work for ourselves; that good lectures, like good reviews, were not meant to see for us, but to teach us to use our own eyes; and those they must use at home, in hard study, personal study, continuous study—and study, too, rather of one subject than of many subjects, in order that, by learning how to learn one thing thoroughly, they might learn how to learn anything and everything else in its turn. If the students would bear in mind this homely saying of his they would find, he doubted not, their admirable programme of lectures and classes as useful as it was comprehensive. He saw no branch of knowledge omitted

which could be taught in such an institution. He should like to see, among these modern language classes, a class for Spanish, and, if possible, another for Portuguese. The Spanish was the more important, for Spanish would carry a man far in a Portuguese-speaking country, while to him who had mastered Spanish, Portuguese was an easy acquirement. But Portuguese might be a most useful tongue to any young man acquainted with mechanics, and specially with engineering. Brazil—already the most charming, and to be hereafter one of the richest countries in the world—offered, he was assured, splendid openings for enterprising Englishmen. The knowledge of Spanish, on the other hand, was the practical key to the greater part of South America, to Cuba, to Mexico, with its vast undeveloped wealth; and to the scarcely less wealthy south-western territories of the United States. He could speak with authority on this point. His eldest son, he was proud to say, was now working gallantly as a civil engineer in Mexico, and, if he succeeded, an integral cause of that success would have been his thorough knowledge of the Spanish language and of Spanish manners. Our American cousins were becoming suddenly quite aware of the value of the language, and there was a rush for Spanish grammars and dictionaries among the most daring and the most cultivated of the adventurers of the Far West. There would be a second rush of the same kind, when (as will most surely happen shortly) the waterway of the Orinoco, Meta, and Magdalena were opened up to their sources, and the vast wealth of Venezuela and New Granada should be at last put within the reach of science and capital, and Ciudad Bolivar and Santa Fe de Bogota would be trying—and it ought to be not in vain—to rival the great cities of the United States. He trusted that in that day young Englishmen would not be behind young Americans in the work of colonization and civilization. Rather he trusted to see them, as they are becoming now along the eastern slopes of the Rocky Mountains, not rivals, but partners, friends, and brothers-in-arms in the noble fight against the powers of wasted nature; but such they can only become by knowing, as a simple preliminary, the manliest, perhaps, as well as the wittiest, of modern languages. The other subject on which he begged leave to speak somewhat at length was one very near to his heart. He wanted the science of health taught more widely, more systematically, than he found it taught anywhere. He wanted, for instance, in their lectures on physiology, a superstructure built up of a school of health and disease; not for medical men merely, but for the people of every rank. Might he ask them to look at this subject from a point of view which he was convinced, as far as he could see, was one founded on facts? We talked of our hardy forefathers, and rightly. But they were hardy just as the savage is generally hardy—because none but the hardy lived. In spite of that hearty diet and that wholesome outdoor life which made “the common folk of England the English wild beasts,” as Benvenuto Cellini called us, fortified with those great shins of beef, able to say of themselves, in a State paper of 1515: “What common folk of all the world may compare with the commons of England in riches, freedom, liberty, welfare, and all prosperity? What common folk is so mighty and so strong in the field as the commons of England? In spite of all this, he said, the population of this island increased slowly, if at all, for centuries. Those terrible laws of natural selection, which issue in the survival of the fittest, cleared off the less fit in every generation, principally by infantile disease, often by wholesale pestilence, and left, on the whole, those of the strongest constitutions to continue a sturdy, valiant, enterprising race. Then came a sudden change. In the first years of this century influences well known to them all produced an unprecedented and enormous increase of population, of human beings who could find employment, marry, bring up children, live more or less civilized lives—an event, he held, to thank God for. The rapid increase of population during the first half of this century began at a moment when the English stock was specially exhausted—at the end of the 25 years’ French war. At the beginning of that war, and, indeed, ever since the war with Spain in 1739—a war popularly snubbed as the one about Jenkins’s ear, but which was, as he held, one of the most just and the most world-important, as it was certainly one of the most popular wars in which this country ever

engaged; after, too, the famous "forty fine harvests," of the 18th century, the English people, from the gentleman who led to the common soldier or sailor who followed him, were, he believed, one of the mightiest and most capable races which the world has ever seen; comparable best to the old Roman, at his mightiest and most capable period. Year after year, till the final triumph of Waterloo, battle, disease, fatigue, had been carrying off our stoutest, ablest, healthiest young men. The middle classes, being most engaged in peaceful pursuits, suffered less of this decimation of their finest and youngest men; and to that fact he attributed much of their increasing preponderance, intellectual, social, political, unto this day. Yet a peace, prosperous and civilized, was fraught with dangers. Tens of thousands now lead sedentary lives, stooping, asphyxiated, employed as small a fraction of their bodies as of their minds; and that such a life must tell upon their offspring—it might be for generations to come—what medical men did not know full well. And all this in dwellings, workshops, mines, and what not, the influences, the very atmosphere of which tended to ill-health, and not to health, to drunkenness as a solace under the feeling of ill-health, and to depressing influences. But now—and this was one of the most fearful problems with which modern civilization had to deal, we interfered with natural selections from conscientious care of life just as much as war itself did. War killed the most fit to live. We spent vast energies in saving alive those who, looking at them from a merely physical point of view, were most fit to die. It was palpable that in so doing we year by year preserved a large percentage of weakly persons, who, marrying freely in their own class, produced weakly children, and they weaker children still. After watching and comparing the histories of many families, indeed, of every one which he had come in contact for now five-and-thirty years, in town and country, he could only fear that their opinion was but too well founded on fact, that in the majority of cases, in all classes whatsoever, the children were not equal to their parents, or they again to their grandparents of the beginning of the century; and that this degrading process went on most surely and most rapidly in our large towns, and in proportion to the antiquity of those towns, and therefore in proportion to the number of generations during which the degrading influences had been at work. It was still a question whether science had fully discovered those laws of hereditary health, the disregard of which caused so many marriages disastrous to generations yet unborn. But much valuable light had been thrown on this most mysterious and most important subject during the last few years; nay, our light, and he thanked God for it, was widening and deepening month by month. And he doubted not that, in a generation or two more, enough would be known to be thrown into the shape of practical and provable rules, and that if not a public opinion, yet at least what was more useful far, a wide-spread private opinion, would grow up, especially among educated women, which would prevent many a tragedy and save many a life. But as to the laws of personal health, enough, and more than enough, was known already, to be applied safely and easily by any adult; however unlearned, to the preservation, not only of his own health, but to that of his children. The value of healthy habitation, of personal cleanliness, of pure air, pure water, of various kinds of food, as each tended to make bone, fat, or muscle, provided only—provided only, ladies and gentlemen—that the food be unadulterated, the value of various kinds of clothing, of physical exercise, of a free and equal development of the brain powers, without undue overstrain in any one direction. In one word, the method of producing, as far as possible, the *mentem sanam in corpore sano*; the wonderful and blessed effects of such obedience to these laws of nature, which were nought but the goodwill of God, expressed in facts—their wonderful and blessed tendency, he said, to eliminate the germs of hereditary disease, and to actually regenerate the human system was known; known as fully and clearly as any human knowledge need be known; it was written in dozens of popular works and pamphlets. And why should this truly Divine voice, which cries to man, tend to sink him into effeminate barbarism through his own hasty and partial civilization? It was not too

late. For their bodies as well as their spirit there was an upward as well as a downward path. They, or, if not themselves, at least the children whom they had brought into the world—for whom they work; for whom they hoarded, for whom they would give their lives—might be healthy, strong, and have all the intellectual and social, as well as the physical advantages which health, strength, and beauty give. In a great manufacturing district, which specially needs those laws to be known and obeyed, you have this institution always teaching physical science. It would not, therefore, go beyond its province in teaching the physical science of health. Their Animal Physiology Class is, no doubt, a sound and useful one. It could not well be otherwise while its text book was Professor Huxley's *Elementary Lessons*. Teaching of that kind ought, and will, in some more civilized society, be held as a necessary element in the school course of every child; just as important as reading, writing, and arithmetic; and was the most necessary and most important branch of technical education—namely, the act of keeping themselves alive and well. But after they had taught the conditions of health, should they not teach also somewhat of the causes of disease—of those diseases especially which tend to lesson wholesale the physical condition of dwellers in towns exposed to the unhealthy influence of an artificial life? Women should be taught those things as well as men, for it was the women who had the ordering of the household, the women who have the bringing up of children. And if any say, as they have a right to say, "But these are subjects which can hardly be taught to young women in public lectures," I reply, "Of course, unless they are taught by women—women, of course, duly educated and legally qualified." Let them tell young women what every woman ought to know, and what her parents would very properly object to her hearing from men, or in the company of men. This was one of the main reasons why he had for twenty years past, and should as long as he lived, advocated the training of ladies to the medical profession. And now, thank God, he was seeing the common sense of England, and, indeed, of every civilized nation, coming round to that which seemed to him when he first conceived of it, a dream too chimerical to be cherished, save in secret; and he trusted soon to see a supply of lady-doctors sufficient to fulfill that old dream of his, and to establish in every great town of these islands health classes for women. Without healthy bodies you will not, in the long run, have healthy intellects. Of morals, I say nothing. They are quite independent, as far as my reading and observations go, of either healthiness or unhealthiness, and I thank God sincerely that such is the case. But wherever you have a population generally weakly, stunted, scrofulous, you will find in them a corresponding type of brain which cannot be trusted to do good work. It may be very active, it may be very quick in catching up new and grand ideas—all the more quick on account of its own secret malaise and self-discontent; but it will be spasmodic, irritable, hysterical. It will be apt to mistake capacity of talk for capacity of action, excitement for earnestness, virulence for force, and cruelty for justice. It will lose manful independence, individuality, originality, and when men act they will act from the consciousness of personal weakness, leaning against each other, swaying about in mobs and masses. These were the intellectual weaknesses which, as far as he read history, followed on physical deterioration in Imperial Rome, in Alexandria, in Constantinople. Have they not seen them reappear in most fearful shapes, in certain classes in Paris, even but the other day? He did not blame. He did not judge. This theory which he held, and should hold to be fairly founded on a wide induction forbade him to judge and blame, because it told him that these defects were mainly physical; that those who exhibited them were only to be pitied as victims of the sin or ignorance of their forefathers; while those who excited these physical phenomena for their own ends, and made capital out of the weaknesses of fallen man, were the most contemptible, and yet the most dangerous of public enemies, let them cloak their quackery under whatsoever patriotic, or scientific, or even sacred words. He would make men and women discontented with their own physical frame, and at that of their children. He would accustom

their eyes to those precious heirlooms of the human race, the statues of the old Greeks; to their tender grandeur, their chaste healthfulness, their unconscious, because perfect, might, and say, "There, there are tokens to you, and to all generations yet unborn, of what man could be once; of what he can be again, if he will obey those laws of Nature which are the voice of God."—*The Times*.

CORRESPONDENCE.

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

ERRATA.—In Miss F. P. Cobbe's letter on Vivisection, published in our last Number, the word "anæsthetics" upon line eleven, was inadvertently rendered "an æsthetic."

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE LADIES' OWN PAPER."

MADAM,—

My son, who is in the Civil Service, has called my attention to an article in his favourite paper, the *Civilian*, which should not, I think, be passed over in silence, as there is a great deal in it which requires an answer from those who have at heart the welfare and improvement of woman, and which suggests the care and caution such should use in their proceedings just as hostile shots reveal the points which the defending force must strengthen. It is difficult to imagine the state of mind of a writer who regards us as "fair creatures" whom he is willing to "fall down and worship," provided they do not "enter fully into the discussion of political and social questions." Are we so wrapt up in the grace and beauty with which he credits us, but which is by no means impartially distributed throughout the sex, that we can take no intelligent interest in matters which must concern us as much as men, since it is impossible to separate the interests of the two sexes? Would a modern Apollo, however conceited, be quite happy to spend his time in the contemplation of his own Dundreary whiskers? As, however, this writer consents, in consequence of our forward behaviour in venturing to meddle with such questions, to "forget sentiment and custom," and argue with us seriously, I am obliged to point out that he has not kept his promise. The points at issue between those women who wish for certain reforms in their social and political condition, and those men who think there is no occasion for any change in it, are precisely similar to those on which men perpetually differ from men, and carry on an unceasing controversy in Parliament and in the Press. But who ever heard the opponents of law reform, for instance, accuse their adversaries of taking up the question in order to "amuse their luxurious leisure," or as a "mere interlude between the serious business of dressing for the day?" So it is, of course, particularly easy to level sarcasms at women, on the subject of dress, because theirs lends itself to greater variety of shape and colouring than that of men. The present fashion of men's dress makes it difficult to treat it from an æsthetic point of view. But there seems no reason why it should be more frivolous to write on the arrangement of colours, etc., in dress than on similar points in house-decoration, glass, or china, upon which subjects men constantly write. To object to such an article merely because it appears in a journal intended to support the cause of female progress, is what I should be inclined to call uncommonly captious, but that I see our critic thinks it objectionable to justify objections.

I should like to add one word on a subject of which this article shows the importance. We must not make this matter a war of the sexes. All men are not insensible to the claims of justice. We have on our side what the *Civilian* calls a "few men of genius, amiable writers, who can be cajoled, and political nomads, who are glad of any new cry for Parliament and the platform;" which being interpreted by an unprejudiced reader, means, that a good many of our best thinkers and writers have come to the conclusion, that something must be done to improve our condition, and have pledged themselves to do it. This being the case, it only remains for us to help them by all practical means, and carefully to avoid the extravagance of pretension which has disfigured the movement elsewhere, and which plays into the hands of such ungenerous adversaries as the writer of the article in the *Civilian* on "The Women's Rights Movement."

I remain, Madam,
Yours faithfully,

A

FROM OUR OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT.

Hombourg, Prussia, Oct. 12, 1872.

From this gayest of all gay places I write you a few lines because I think they may be interesting. This afternoon I have devoted to the

study of facts and faces in this palace of broken resolutions. Characters of every phase and form meet together here—good, bad, and indifferent; but all succumb more or less to the influence of the perfumed air, the magnificence of the "saloon" and the glitter of the gold. "Faites vos jeux, messieurs!" "Le jeu est fait," and thousands change hands in less than one minute. The infatuation is beyond all description; on one side of the table is an old German baron, his private secretary at his side holding the card carefully pinholed as to the number of times rouge au noir have turned up, staking in the quietest manner possible his 6,000 francs, while opposite sit three of the most heart-rending wrecks of feminine grace, setting a napoleon with the greatest possible concealed emotion and expectancy—ruins of human nature, attempting to appear juvenile by dyeing their tresses the correct colour, and wearing roses in their conical hats, where ivy would look far more at home. Nothing can be more distressing to behold than Nature bolstered up to such an indecorous extent. But the love of riches is not confined to those far advanced in years, if not in sense. A face beautiful to look at, charming in feature, exquisite in expression, a face beaming with sweet smiles, innocent and good, confronted me as I entered, near to the old calculating baron, and soon became absorbed in play. An hour afterwards I saw that bright and happy radiant face—how changed!—a hectic glow shone on the soft cheek,—an undecided lengthening glance at the green cloth, and the last five napoleons left the tremulous agitated fingers, never to be touched again, for the cruel, hard-hearted croupier raked this last hope—that hope that nearly reached a prayer—towards the piled up, glittering gold heap. There is more philosophy and study of character to be gained in this region of gold scramblers, than double louis, or thousand franc notes. One poor peasant fellow, this afternoon, having lost his last florin, adjourned to the town, where both watch and overcoat were converted into current coin. He returned to the hard task of attempting to retrieve his losses—a vain endeavour of his, as in most other cases of the kind. To the old proverb of "a bird in the hand is worth ten in the bush," the Italians give greater latitude, for they say, "worth ten in the bush," and were you here, you would agree with the Italians, although the play is perfectly straightforward and correct. Next year the proprietors of the tables here will continue their enticing game at Monaco, where doubtless there will be no lack of moths hovering round the lure, obliged to creep away to their homes wounded, and with crumpled wings.

GEORGE BROWNING.

VERSES OF THE TIMES.

NO. II.

* A NEW ARRANGEMENT OF AN OLD DITTY.

O who will on the boards so free,
O who the chair will fill?
O who will up and follow me
To pass a little Bill?

The Ministry has locked the door,
The Premier keeps the key,
But neither bolt nor bar shall part
My Right to Vote and me!

I know the journals of the day
Abuse us sharp and sore,
But there shall come a time when they
Shall rate at us no more!

Fierce Bouverie shall silence keep
And Scourfield cease to quote,
For Ladies then as well as Men
Shall have a Right to vote!

We've promises from Jacob Bright
With Members brave and true,
A gallant band to lend a hand
And drag the measure through!

To win next year we do not doubt,
Although we're waiting still,
And ere the next new Session's out
We'll pass that little Bill!

N. K.

* "O who will o'er the downs so free."

MAGAZINES, NEWSPAPERS, AND PAMPHLETS.

The *Anti-Game-Law Circular* is a new fortnightly publication, issued by the Anti-Game-Law League, whose sole object is the abolition of the existing Game Laws. As some of our readers may be interested in the matter, we append in order the reasons which have induced the movement of which this Circular is the accredited organ.

1. Because the Game Laws diminish the area of land under cultivation.
2. Because they promote the aggregation of land in enormous holdings, and render impossible the acquisition of homesteads by the Labourer and Artisan.
3. Because they lessen the capital employed on the land, and diminish the quantity of food produced.
4. Because they cause the multiplication of wild animals, which consume and destroy an enormous quantity of food.
5. Because they thus enhance the price of food.
6. Because by creating a legal offence, which is no sin, they form a manufactory for the production of criminals to the extent of many thousands annually.
7. Because they greatly injure the nation for the sake of the wealthy class.

The Circular contains some well-written articles, letters, and verses.

Canadian Illustrated News.—The "pictures" in this paper are wonderfully well executed. One especially in the number for September 21, upon page 185, has all the delicacy and clearness of a pen and ink etching. It is a copy from a photograph of the beautiful Falls of the River Mas-kinongé, at Ste. Ursule.

For *The Household* we have no words but those of cordial praise. This paper is a periodical encyclopedia of domestic science. In its columns every branch of home-life is ably represented. "What a pity," we thought, while turning its pages, "that no similar journal is published in England for the benefit of the English house-wife! Again we find America a-head of us,—even in the domestic-serial department!"

Of course *The Social Review* is good. Mrs. Amelia Lewis carries out her programme well, and her paper represents very thoroughly the educational and social interests of the people. A literary and art-supplement enhances the value and attractions of the journal.

We have this week received *The Englishwoman's Review*, *The Week's News*, *The Scholastic Register*, and the *Annual Report of the Infirmary for Epilepsy and Paralysis*. These we shall notice next week.

A BRACE OF WIFE BEATERS.

IN a case which came before the magistrate at Wandsworth, not long since, a greengrocer named Groves, living at Putney, was fined £3 for assaulting his wife. In default he was to go to prison for a month. Turning to his wife, who was in court, the culprit bade her pay the fine, which she did. So the wife was fined for her husband's ill-treatment of her! How very much more satisfactory would the sentence have been, had the wife-beater been adjudged some punishment of a personal nature. Suppose, for example, he had been ordered a beating in his turn.

Here is another pretty little incident of a similar sort, taken from last week's police reports of Hastings:

Daniel McCarthy, labourer, a native of Brighton, was charged with violently assaulting his wife.

P. C. Thwaites, 21, deposed that about three o'clock in the afternoon he was near the Ship Inn, Bourne-street, when he heard some screams of murder from that direction, and on going there he found the prisoner's wife lying in the yard on her back. Her face was covered with blood, and from what he was told there he went in search of the prisoner. He found him at the Crown, and charged him with assaulting his wife. He said he did it because she was drunk.

James Coomber, the landlord of the Ship, said the prisoner, and his wife had been lodging with him for some time. They went out in the back yard, and on going out he found prisoner had hold of his wife. He told him to let her alone. He went in again, and hearing cries of murder, he sent for the police.

Mrs. Caroline Smith, wife of the manager of the Baths, Bourne-street, stated that she saw the prisoner hit his wife violently in the face and seize her by the neck.

Prisoner, in defence, said his wife got drunk. He wanted some money to buy some fish and she would not give it to him. He took hold of her to get the money, but she would not give it him. He only went out into the back yark to protect her, as there was a ferocious bull-dog out there who had bitten the landlord. He denied having beaten his wife.

The Mayor without any further remark ordered prisoner to be imprisoned for seven days.

MADemoiselle DE MONTAUSIER.

Parvula, pumilio, χαριτων μια ; tota, merum, sal.—Luer.

"Who is *Mademoiselle de Montausier*?" we think we hear some of our readers exclaim; for—we can hardly tell why—a distinct place has not yet been allotted to her by biographers: she is nevertheless the subject of many interesting anecdotes in the chronicles of the times, and well known in her subsequent life as Madame la Duchesse d'Uzès, for the Hotel Rambouillet expired under that name, which it assumed after her marriage with the Duc d'Uzès—we find but scanty and incidental details of her married life by no means corresponding in interest with] the promise of her early years.

Julie-Maure de Sainte-Maure de Montausier, born in 1647, was the eldest and only surviving child of the Duc de Montausier, by Julie d'Angennes, whose fame still lives in the celebrated "*Bouquet de Julie*." Moreover, she came into the world under the protection of the *ceinture de Ste. Marguerite*; who can say whether it was to this cause or to her singularly auspicious parentage that she owed that extraordinary precocity which makes us hesitate whether to place her under the category of *enfants célèbres* or *enfants terribles*.

Many French children seem to be born women of the world, but this little lady may be said to have been born an accomplished "*Précieuse*." The first instance of her intelligence on record introduces us to a very youthful person, said by Tallemant des Réaux, to have been "not long weaned," when a fox was brought to the house, and was taken into her nursery to amuse her. She no sooner saw the "vermin," than she grasped her coral necklace with both her little dimpled hands. Her nurse inquired why she did so; she replied, "It is because I do not want him to steal it. You know he might be as cunning as *Æsop's* foxes."

Some months after, when walking in her papa's park, a man was pointed out to her as the master of the fox, and she was asked what she thought of him. The young lady looked at him for a moment, and then answered: "He looks, to my thinking, as sly as his fox." She was not yet five years of age when Mgr. l'Evêque de Grasse ("*Le Nain de Julie*") asked her how long it was since her doll had been weaned.

"And you," said Mademoiselle; "how long have you been homo from nurse; for you are very little bigger."

One of her aunts having taken the small-pox, the child was removed into another house near at hand; a lady who went to see her there enquired whether she had thought of her dolls and had brought them away to a place of safety.

"The larger ones," said she, "I left behind, but the little ones, of course, I brought with me."

Apròpos of dolls, this remarkable little damsel was seven years old when "*la petite des Réaux*," a niece of Tallemant's, went to spend the day with her. Her youthful visitor being two years younger than herself she thought it incumbent on her to keep her in her place; she therefore brought out for her amusement her family of dolls, which she had herself discarded some time before to take up with more serious occupations.

"Now then," said she, when she thought her guest had played with them long enough, "we will put them to sleep." "You mean, pretend to put them to sleep," retorted the other, who seems to have been likewise of the *précieuse* school, and did not altogether relish the subordinate position in which she was placed.

"Not at all, my dear," said Mademoiselle de Montausier; "they are really asleep; see, they don't move."

"Oh, very well," replied the other, offended in her childish dignity; "let it be so if it pleases you; but don't imagine you have made me believe it," and on her way home she assured her attendant that she should never go to the Hotel de Rambouillet again to be treated like a child by another child.

At the age of five, Mademoiselle de Montausier declared her determination to have done] with dolls; and on the day on which she attained the mature period of one lustre, taking a little stool, she seated herself beside her grandmother's couch, saying, "Now

grandmamma, let us have a little talk on affairs of State, for you see I am five years old to-day."

We must remember that she heard nothing talked of but *fronderie*, and being an only child, adored by her parents, she was continually in their society. It is remarkable under such circumstances how unnaturally precocious a child's mind may become.

Mgr. de Nemours, when Archbishop of Reims, one day asked her if she would marry him.

"I think not," said the child, "and should therefore advise you to stick to your archbishopric."

To another gentleman, who kissed her, she observed: "Understand that when I am kissed I like it to be in earnest."

She had been heard to repeat once or twice a story in which were some details of a scandalous nature.

"Fie, fie," said her mother; "where could you have picked that up?"

"Stay," said she, reflecting; "Where *did* I hear it? . . . O, yes. I think it must have been from Grandmamma de Montausier." And so it proved, for the particulars had been mentioned in her presence at Madame de Montausier's house.

At the time she was five years old she wished to stand sponsor for a newly-born relative. The *curé* de St. Germain demurred, saying: "She cannot surely be seven years old?" "Catechise her," replied her mother. The *curé* questioned her closely before nearly a hundred people. She answered, without hesitation, and without making a single mistake, to the astonishment of all, and appeared so thoroughly to understand the nature of the duty she was assuming, that it was impossible to object any longer.

She had a great desire to compose a comedy and act it with her young companions, and when talking of this project with Madame de Rambouillet, she observed:

"We must ask M. Corneille to look it over before we put it on the stage."

Mademoiselle Julie de Montausier was fond of "making believe" to be a grown-up lady, and the performance was found so amusing to lookers-on, that when visitors came to see her parents, they were frequently entertained by the sight, without appearing to the child, to notice her. One day when *Ménage* was at the house, her mother called his attention to the young lady's proceedings, little thinking what was to follow: Having summoned the page, this *enfant terrible* said to him with the greatest gravity:

"You will be good enough to remember that I am not at home this morning, especially for M. *Ménage*." Her mamma's confusion at the unlooked for disclosure may be imagined.

Her father had a page who was addicted to intemperance. On one occasion when he had been intoxicated, Mademoiselle called him to her the next morning, and reprimanded him. "I wish you to know," said she, "that in such matters I am exactly the same as papa; you will find no difference."

"Take this broth to please me," said her nurse to her one day when she was ill. "I shall take it to please myself," answered she, "and not to please any one else."

The most amiable trait that has descended to us of the character of this sophisticated young lady, who seems to have been a woman without ever having been a child, and who, though she may have been a wonder, does not stand before us surrounded by any of the winning graces of infancy—is to be found in the distress she felt at her grandmother's sorrow for the loss of her husband. We are pleased to find she had a heart somewhere, and there is something very sweet in picturing her as, for once, descending from the false pedestal on which a mistaken training had placed her, and coaxing her grandmother with childish caresses to dry her tears, though even then her language is that of an experienced mourner.

"Consolez-vous, ma petite-bonne maman," said she; "voyez-vous, Dieu le veut;" and she added, much after the manner of a director, "Allons; ne voulez-vous pas ce que Dieu veut?"

This theoretical comfort she followed up by spontaneously ordering masses to be said for the repose of the soul of her grandfather!

"Oh, my dear child!" said the governess, "if your poor dear grandpapa could only have known that, how he would have loved you!"

"Well!" coolly replied Mademoiselle; "do you suppose he does not know it, now he is before God?"

We fancy the poor governess must have been often puzzled how to manage such a child, and if there ever was an infant-pupil who, on being told that she was to believe God made all things, sharply replied: "And, please, who made God?" that pupil surely must have been Mademoiselle de Montausier?

Madame de Rambouillet was much alone at Paris after her husband's death, and then it was, that the good points in her grandchild's disposition developed themselves, showing what she might have been had she but been brought up in a more natural atmosphere: she always loved to be with the old lady, and by a thousand little thoughtful acts became her joy and consolation as well as her pride.

She was not more than nine years old when, having read of the "Feast of Flowers" in the *Kypradaia*, she took into her head to get up a representation of it as a surprise to Madame de Rambouillet; we are assured that nothing could be more tasteful than the dresses prepared for herself and her little companions by her own direction, and all the arrangements of the *fête* were admirably managed under her supervision.

Having conformed to the Catholic religion, no member of the church could be more jealous of all its ordinances than the Duc of Montausier; fearing, therefore, lest his mother, who was still a Calvinist, should tamper with his daughter's faith, he declared his intention of instructing her himself in religious dogma, and would allow no interference on this point from any one. The little Julie was as docile as amiable, and as intelligent as docile, so that she fell into all her father's wishes in the most filial spirit, and he had the delight of seeing all his efforts in her behalf crowned with the happiest success.

Père Petit says that at ten years she had read the Old and New Testament through, and replied with wonderful acumen to any question she was asked thereon, no matter how difficult. "It was a strange selection for the reading of a child," says this biographer, "and the choice seems to betray some of the old leaven of Calvinism in the father who enjoined it."

When her parents followed the Royal Family to Bordeaux on the occasion of the preliminaries of Louis XIV.'s marriage with the Infanta Maria Theresa of Austria, they were accompanied by their daughter, who, both there and also at Augoulême, where the Monarch and the Queen-Mother halted on their way, were the guests of the Duc de Montausier; these Royal personages evinced the greatest admiration for the young and beautiful heiress, and she and the young Monarch were greatly smitten with each other. It was on their return, and just before the time had come for Mademoiselle de Montausier to be presented, that she was seized with the small-pox, and some time elapsed before she was sufficiently recovered to appear at that Court, of which she afterwards became the brightest ornament. In 1654 the Duc de Montausier tore himself away for a short time from his engrossing duties at Court, to occupy himself with the marriage of his daughter, for whose hand—as may be supposed—numerous competitors were contending. After refusing several brilliant offers, the Duke fondly thought he had found in the young Comte de Crussol, the son-in-law he desired.

Emanuel was the only son of the Duc d'Uzès, one of the most important and ancient families in France; and Tallemant gives us to understand that the utter individual nullity of its two last representatives had not been able to destroy the prestige it enjoyed; in the *Mémoires du Comte de Rochefort* we find evidence of the superiority of his intelligence over that of his father and grandfather; it would seem, also, by this testimony that he possessed a courage in which they were altogether wanting. His temper, however, was quarrelsome, and had the Duc de Montausier well considered the probable effect of the necessary contact with it on his own irritable temperament, he would certainly have avoided contracting a relationship which was to

result in so much unhappiness. At this time, however, all appeared bright and promising, and Montausier does not seem to have even dimly suspected any mischievous consequences.

While the Comte de Rochefort praises the wit and good sense of the Comte de Crussol, Tallemant supplies a very different account of his mental qualifications, and declares the young man was chiefly remarkable for his *naïveté*. An instance we find of it in the *Ménagiana*—if true—helps us to conceive the character of the bridegroom elect. It runs as follows :

M. d'Uzès was *chevalier d'honneur* to the Queen ; this Princess having asked him one day what o'clock it was, he replied, "the hour that pleases your Majesty."

Ménage contends that this was by no means so simple an answer as might be supposed, and had it come from some other lips, might have been regarded as an extremely adroit and suggestive reply, as it gives rise to many profound reflections. "The most natural of which," he says, "is that Princes, being masters of their actions, have it in their power to regulate the time instead of being regulated by it."

The Chevalier de Méro, in p.p. 177-178 of his *Discours de la délicatesse*, reports on this subject a remark made by the Duchesse de Lesdiguières upon the passage in one of Voiture's letters, in which he says : "Madame la Princesse was pleased to take a walk until supper : " to wit, that these words smack of the *bourgeoisie*, seeing that persons of quality are not tied down to any hour for their meals. The Duc d'Uzès, however, to whom, as to the Seigneur Gaulard, a whole catalogue of *naïvetés* is attributed, was very likely unconscious of the philosophy of his speech.

The marriage of Mdlle. de Montausier took place on the 16th March, 1664, and the Comte succeeded to his father's title and estates, becoming thereby Duc d'Uzès in 1680. A few months after his marriage, to the surprise of all, the young Comte took himself off to Hungary, with Coligny, who was sent by the King of France at the head of 6,000 auxiliaries to aid the Emperor of Germany against the Turkish invasion. Montausier, so far from checking this resolution, looked upon the bravery and spirit displayed by his son-in-law with noble pride, and not only advanced him large sums of money, but gave him to accompany him in this expedition, the Lieutenant of his Guards, an officer whom he cherished no less for his probity than his military tactics.

As regards the youthful Comtesse de Crussol, it is with regret we read the following observations of Tallemant des Réaux, one of the best authorities for all that concerned the Rambouillet and Montausier families, but at the same time one of the most malevolent : "It is a pity," says he, "that her eyes were askance, for her mind was most upright ; she was also tall, well-grown, and well-made, but as she grew up," he concludes, "*elle s'est gâtée pour l'esprit et pour le corps.*"

It would have been well had he been more explicit, for other writers lead us to a very different opinion of the after-life of Julie de Montausier. According to Père Petit's biography of the Duke her father, she must have been a model daughter, a model wife, and a model mother ; the devoted filial affection with which she tended her mother in her protracted illness, consoled her bereaved father after the death of his adored wife, and nursed him during his declining years, speaks volumes for the tenderness of her heart and the excellence of her character, and we cannot but wish to believe it.

She had much to contend with in the irritable temper and quarrelsome disposition of her husband, who, after repeated disputes with her father, followed by as many reconciliations, finally broke with him not long before his death, declaring that he considered all at an end between him and the Montausier family, and that he had resolved to obtain a formal separation from his wife. This was shortly after the marriage of their only daughter with the Marquis d'Autin, at the Hotel de Rambouillet, where the wedding festivities were conducted in the most private manner, the Duc de Montausier being at this time too infirm to admit of his being present at a larger or more public gathering.

As the Duc and Duchesse d'Uzès had for some time past made the

Hotel de Rambouillet their home, the Duchesse continued to reside there with her father, to whom she had become indispensably necessary after her husband had left her. The young Comte de Crussol, his grandson, remained with her, and was tenderly loved by the aged Duke, who delighted during his last illness in having this child about him. The Duchesse had early impressed on the boy a feeling of veneration for his illustrious grandfather, and when she led him to his bedside to receive his patriarchal blessing, he would talk to him in the most affectionate tone, and endeavour to instil into him those principles of honour, integrity, and Christian duty, which had been the laws of his own exemplary life ; the young Comte listened with an attention beyond his years, and promised his grandfather that he would store up his lessons, and endeavour to regulate his life by them. Unhappily he did not live to fulfil this intention. The last reconciliation between the Duke and his son-in-law having been effected by the intervention of several of their common friends, the Duc de la Rochefoucauld, the Duc de Beauvilliers, and the Prince de Condé, a new mediation was attempted with a view to a similar issue by Flechier and Bossuet in 1690, when Montausier was very near his end, and was most desirous to be at peace with every one ; notwithstanding this readiness on his part however, the Duc d'Uzès, although he came to the interview, refused in the most determined manner to make up his quarrel with his wife, and Montausier went out of the world deploring the unhappy fate of the child he so tenderly loved, and who had shown herself so devoted a daughter.

She, however, survived him but a short time, for she died in 1695 ; still during that brief space of time occurred the death of M. d'Uzès, and also of her only son the young Comte de Crussol who was killed at the battle of Nerwinde, 29th July, 1693.

JULIA PITT BYRNE.

A CURIOUSLY virulent gentleman, raving in the *Civilian* * against the Women's Rights Movement, informs us incidentally that we have no warrant, grammatically, for the use of the phrase "exquisite loveliness." We fear that our angry friend's education has been somewhat neglected in a few particulars. Else he would scarcely need to be reminded, by a woman, that the term "exquisite" is compounded of two Latin words *ex* and *quæro*, and therefore means "sought out," complete, accurate, a state of being in the highest degree. Our best authors, therefore, speak of "exquisite pain," "exquisite terror," or "exquisite sensibility," with perfect correctness. Another time we recommend Mr. Fury to be sure, before he attempts to operate upon other people's eyes, that he is troubled by no beam in his own mental optic.—EDITOR OF THE *L.O.P.*

* Is not this a misprint—should it not be *Un-Civil-ian*?—ED. *L.O.P.*

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The Lady's Own Paper,

A JOURNAL OF TASTE, PROGRESS, AND THOUGHT.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1872.

IN MY LADY'S CHAMBER;

A STORY OF
HER DECEASED HUSBAND'S BROTHER.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER V.

MORNING LETTERS.

My Lady's bedchamber in Belgravia. My Lady was a woman of singular taste and of much wealth, and there was nothing amiss, nothing wanting in this perfectly appointed room of hers. Through the webby folds of my Lady's window curtains came the tinted paly light of an early May morning, streaming down along the thick soft carpet upon which no step could ever sound, kissing its own bright reflection in the tall cheval beside the ornulu cabinet. My Lady's toilette table was spread with all manner of pretty French bijouterie, dainty perfume caskets, delicate porcelain ornaments designed for a dozen impossible uses, cases of Parisian cosmetiques, hand-mirrors with jewelled and monogrammed handles, tiny transparent china-trays, and ringstands of Bohemian glass, that looked at though a touch from any but the fairest of fingers would destroy their bloom and crush their fragile pedestals.

At the foot of my Lady's couch there stood a little rosewood table curiously inlaid with ivory, and upon it a vase of embossed silver in which was placed the five-guinea bouquet my Lady had carried the night before to the crush at the Duchess of Hautton's. But my Lady herself lay dozing out the quiet morning hours among her eider-down pillows, her comely bosom heaving serenely beneath the rich Valenciennes of her night-dress, and the long plaits of her blue-black hair lying unbound about her shapely throat and neck.

Dolores, Countess of Cairnsmuir, had long been held a great beauty among the connoisseurs of the London seasons, but she was past her hey-day now, and her daughter, the Lady Ella, sole heiress to the Cairnsmuir

estates, but not to the Cairnsmuir title, had been presented last month, and though it was hardly supposed that she would ever rival her mother's charms of lovely person and stately presence, yet the heiress was no longer spoken of as a child, but as a woman, and speculations touching her matrimonial prospects were already mooted over kettledrums and morning chocolate.

Noiselessly my Lady's maid came gliding by-and-bye into the chamber of her noble mistress with the morning *awakener* and the results of the early post; and my Lady, turning her drowsy eyes upon the little Sevres tea-tray as the attendant deposited it on a console by the bedside, wearily bade her return at ten, for she found herself too tired to rise at present. Then, as the door closed softly, the countess lifted her languid head from the pillow and glanced at the envelope of the topmost letter. It bore the "Roma" post-mark, its contents were evidently of bulky dimensions, and the sight of the handwriting that addressed it caused the cheek of my Lady to whiten suddenly, and her dark eyes to glow with strange agitation as she tore the sealed paper in tremulous haste. Her lassitude, her fashionable weariness, her graceful *laissez aller* were gone in a moment, and she sat up among her lace-fringed pillows as wakeful and alert a creature as a dairymaid at cock-crow. The packet contained two letters, one, a fine feminine specimen of calligraphy, with a tendency to unmistakable Germanism in many of the capitals; the other written throughout with the bold free hand of a man, in the Italian language and signed, *Baldassarre*. With a nervous eagerness of touch the countess opened the Italian letter first, but she had not turned the first of its pages before the tears began to gather heavily under her long drooping lashes. For the most part the letter was an account of a death-bed at which the writer had attended, and the words in which the scene was described were singularly touching and poetical, for he who had written them was an artist, and he spoke out of the deep of a grand and tender soul, the soul of the master poet-painters of old divine *Italia*.

"As for Tristan," said the letter, ending the pathetic record, "I had hoped that he would have lived here with me, and continued his studies in my house, but Frau Engel as soon as she perceived herself to be dying, charged him earnestly to seek your ladyship, either in London or in Paris, and Tristan himself so intensely longs to see you that I have no heart either to desire anything contrary to the wish of the good Frau, or to restrain the natural impulse of my dear boy. But when, where, and under what circumstances you are to meet him, all this, of course, madame, must be decided only by you. Tristan, always impatient to see your face, would fain go to London at once, but unless you are prepared to end so soon a secrecy, which, I cannot persuade myself need ever have begun, I think it best your *rendezvous* should suffer a longer delay, until you are able to meet in Paris.

"The years of my life double those of your ladyship's, and I scarcely believe, therefore, that you will think ill of me for ending here with a protest and an anxious prayer. It is true, madame, that I do not understand the penalties of your great position among the *noblesse* of England, nor am I able to enter into the spirit of your national customs and prejudices, so that if I seem to you to offer ignorant advice or to speak foolishly upon a subject I cannot comprehend, you will the more easily know how to forgive my faults. But is it necessary for the support of any dignity that a pure love and a natural duty should be sacrificed, that a mask should be held before the face of a woman for a life-time, and a trespass against an artificial *régime* concealed from the knowledge of the world with as much scrupulous solicitude as though it were a crime that had broken the laws of God? Believe me, madame, no good can ever come of a secret. All mystery is wrong and unnatural, all reserve, except with villains, is gross error. Secret societies are bad, secret tribunals are bad, secret assassinations are worse than open murders; but secrets in families are more deplorable in their results than any other social wrongs possible. They break confidences that ought to be sacred, they taint loves that ought to be untarnished, they destroy peace that ought to be absolute. To keep a secret from our dear ones is to lie with a thorn in our pillow, for where we should be most at rest, there instead we are constantly uneasy. Take courage, madame, I beseech you, even if the confession of your past must involve your disgrace in the future. I know nothing of the society in which you live, nor of your English law, and but very little of your national opinions and religion; but, surely, surely, if all were known, no disgrace, no shadow of blame could rest upon you in the thoughts of those to whom you are dear. And what, compared with them, is that world whose favour you value so highly, whose censure you so terribly dread? It appears to me, indeed, that, after all, we need not look far for a solution to the problems of the day concerning natural theology, its true meaning and its most frequent form, for men must certainly be their own Gods, since they fear one another's opinion, and worship one another with far more unwearying devotion and awe they pay to any other order of being.

"I have no more to say. The letter I have the honour to enclose for your ladyship, was given to me by the dear Frau three days before her

death. She wrote it, she said, some months ago, but for several reasons hesitated then to send it to you. But now she desired me to let you have it. I do not know its purport. Tristan will remain with me, sharing my studio, until we receive an intimation of your wishes with regard to his future movements, and I cannot help adding that he has so free a hand and so large a love for his father's art, that if only Heaven gives him years wherein to work, I believe he will win for himself that golden success and happy fame, which Death, always envious of the highly-gifted, denied to the genius of Jean le Rodeur.

"I kiss your ladyship's hands."

And the letter that was enclosed ran thus:

"MY DARLING CHILD LORA,—

"I am such an old woman now, and the life I have lived lies so far in the haze of the distance behind me, that I believe the end of my journey must be very near, and I do not wish to die until I have told you my history—that history, dear Lora, that you so often begged me to tell you when you were a little tender-hearted child, sitting at my feet—that history about which you used to speculate so fantastically when you grew to be an imaginative sympathetic girl.

"I have always been known to you, dearest, as Frau Engel, and I believe you used to fancy for me in the dim past some Alcyone-and-Ceyx-like romance, with married bliss as perfect and briefly sweet as the happiness which that classic pair enjoyed, and a catastrophe as sudden and as tragic as that which broke the heart of the faithful Alcyone. But I never related the story you longed so much to hear, because in the first place, I did not wish to revive a dead bitterness in my own soul; and, secondly, because when you were a child you could not have understood such a story as mine; and when you were grown a woman I was ashamed and afraid to tell it you. But now that I am sure I have not much longer to live, I feel it hard to keep silence, for if I do, I shall leave the work of my life unaccomplished and my duty unperformed. And since, in order to complete that work of mine and to perform that duty, it is necessary that at least one person remaining upon earth should know my past; I have chosen to tell it to you, as well for reasons which I will tell you by-and-by, as because you are my dearest and best beloved, and I have no friends nor relatives left to me elsewhere, or if I have I do not know where they are—I dropped out of their world so long ago.

"For I was never a wife, Lora, although I was once a mother. That was wicked of me, and my aunt and uncle with whom I lived then,—being an orphan—thought it so dreadful that they turned me out of their house with my baby-girl, and I had to live alone. My child's father could not marry me, as I had believed he intended to do. He told me that if I had not understood he had already a wife in Spain, that was no fault of his, for he had taken it for granted that I knew it from the beginning of our passion, and if not—why then I ought to have counted the probable cost of my sweetmeat before I tasted it. That made me nearly mad. I flung the money he gave me after him, as he turned away from my door; and when he was gone and the night was dark, and the stars out over all the peaceful Heaven, I ran with my baby to the convent of *Notre Dame de bon Secours*, close by the house in which I lived. I shall never forget, Lora, how calm and infinitely restful the convent chapel and the long quiet corridors seemed to me as I passed along them with the sweet-faced sister who conducted me to the room of the *Mère Supérieure*. All the winding and corners of the building were fragrant with incense, and the nuns were swinging censers and chanting the hours in the aisles of the sanctuary, and the deep solemn swell of the organ and the sound of the singing voices, subdued and toned with distance, impressed upon me a strange new sense of serenity and religious peace. I fell at the knees of the reverend mother, and told her all my story. How sweet women are when they are kind; I felt sure when I saw this woman, and heard her gentle words, that God could not be hard to deal with, since one who devoted herself to His service, and was only a servant of His, was so plentiful in compassion and tenderness. She took my baby, and the sisters had the charge of it from that day; but I went back into the world to earn my living and the child's.

"It was then, my dearest, in a happy hour, that your father met me at Carlsruhe, and you became to me, my Juliet, and I your nurse. You were not six years old when the dear God put you thus under my care, and seeing you such a desolate and lonely child, my heart was drawn towards you, and you loved me so much in return, that when the Baron spoke of revisiting Scotland, I could not resolve to let you go without me, and your childish tears and entreaties moved me beyond the power of resistance.

"So I caught you to my bosom, and promised I would not leave you—how could I have forsaken such a forlorn, motherless little being—and we went to Arisaig Towers together. And I stayed with you, coming and going year by year about Italy and the Rhineland, for more than fifteen years.

"It was on the feast of St. Dorothea that I gave my child to the abbess,

and the nuns baptised her by the name of that holy martyr, and I thought that when she grew older, she also would have become a sacred virgin, as her heavenly patroness has been. But while she was still a child, not yet sixteen, the sisters noticed her singing in chapel, and they thought her voice so singularly beautiful that they resolved to have her taught by the best masters, that she might be better able to employ her wonderful talent in the services of the Church. And the master who came to the convent-school to teach her was an Englishman, named Lawrence Starr who had recently come to Germany to be conductor of an operatic company in Wiesbaden during the season. He fell in love with my child, and told the abbess that if she liked to consent to the marriage he proposed, he would make a great *artiste* of Dorothea, and a grand name for her in the future; that it was not fit such a voice as hers should be hushed between nunnery walls, and that her vocation evidently lay elsewhere. The good mother was very sorry. She pleaded that no gift of God's could be better used than in His service, and that fame was a very flimsy matter after all, and not at all worth the price that had to be paid for it; but Dorothea was dazzled by her lover's fine predictions, and she begged so hard and so tearfully for her freedom, that the sisters wrote to me for my consent; and I gave it—God forgive me! I could not foresee the future of my darling! You and I were at Rome for *that last time*, when this wedding took place at Wiesbaden, and I think that Dorothea's prayers and the kindness the *Mère Supérieure* showed to the lovers, had some share towards softening my heart toward you who were just then in the like plight. I did not care to be less kind in such a matter than the reverend mother, and you pleaded as fervently for your 'happiness' as Dorothea did for her's. Poor children, both of you! Poor unfortunate, foolishly-indulged children! Well, Lora, you were married, and so was she, and the joy that followed was brief enough. Dorothea's husband gave up his engagement in Wiesbaden and took her to England and brought her out in some London concerts. Eighteen months after, you and I parted for ever, you were left alone at Arisaig Towers, and I was back in Germany with little Tristan. All this time, from the first week of her wedded life until I quitted Arisaig, my Dorothea wrote to me often, and once or twice her husband wrote also. Then I heard that a daughter was born to them, and then the letters became fewer and shorter, until at last there was silence altogether. I wrote again, and again, but there was no reply, and one day a packet reached me, containing most of my letters with their seals broken, returned by the officials of the English post-office and marked '*unknown*.' Then all my great love for my darling burst out into a flame, and I resolved to go to England to look for her; if she yet lived to hold her once more to my heart; if she were dead, to find the place where they had made her grave.

"I sold everything I had, my home, my goods, and all my living, and I went to England with only little Tristan for a companion, to seek my daughter. First I visited the house where she had lived, and found it to be a small villa in one of the fashionable parts of Kensington, but there were strange people there who knew nothing of their predecessors, beyond the fact that they were not commonly reported to have been very happy together. I made numberless inquiries, I wandered up and down among the suburbs, I addressed myself to all the concert-hall agents and musical managers round the metropolis; but to no purpose. All I could learn about Dorothea was little enough; her name was known certainly to one or two directors and lessees, but for some unexplained reason she had ceased to be connected with any company of public performers, and her husband had long ago retired from the profession. For five years, dear Lora, I wandered about the country with little Tristan, seeking the child I had lost, until at length I had spent all my money in a vain pursuit, and I went back to Germany, broken-hearted and penniless. It was during those terrible years of disappointment that I acquired the white hair you wondered at so much when you saw me at Mayence in '61. I was not forty-five when I returned from my wanderings, but I was old—old with shame, and disgrace, and loneliness; old with anxiety, and with the bitter experience of the yearning of a love that was defeated, and of intense desire and hope deferred. It is the worst form of old age that humanity can endure. I went to work again when I got back to my old home at Wiesbaden, and I worked on with Tristan for two more years. One day a letter came for me from England. It was from my lost darling. Ah, Lora! such a sad story that I should have wept with pity and burned with indignation over it, had it only been the story of a stranger; but it was *her's*; and I stamped my foot and shrieked aloud in my furious anger. My darling had never been happy, she said, since she left the convent, but she would not tell me that in her letters for fear of making me sorrowful. Her husband was a wicked man; and he gamed and drank, and lived dissolutely, while he made her sing for the support of his vices. She had one little child, a girl, and from the time of its birth, she became an invalid and her beauty faded. But Lawrence made her sing the more, and he drank the harder; and the child he hated, and he grew to hate the mother too, until at last one day he left the house

and went to live with another woman, as bad as himself. Then my darling thought she was free, and she toiled early and late, and gave lessons, and put some money in a 'savings-bank, and did well for a time. But one day, almost two months after he had left her, Lawrence Starr met her at the door of her house as she came home from receiving part of her salary, and he forced open her hand and took the money from her. Then he called in a broker and sold everything she had bought during his absence, except a few things in one small room where he chose to sleep. So she went to the bank to fetch a little of the money she had placed there for herself and her child, but the clerk told her her husband had been already, and had drawn out every penny. In her despair my darling applied to the magistrate of the place, but he could give her nothing but sympathy. Her husband was a scoundrel no doubt, said the justice, but his actions were warranted by English law. All she had belonged to him, she had no legal right to her own earnings, even if her husband chose to spend them upon his own debaucheries. He had not deserted her in the eye of the law, for he was now under her roof, and consequently, no order of protection could be granted her. If he starved or assaulted her, that was another thing, but she had not complained of actual cruelty, and the law took no cognizance of marital robbery ('appropriation' the magistrate called it). The husband was supreme owner, and the wife's duty was submission to her lord. She could claim nothing of her own, nothing could belong to her, she and her's were absolutely his. My darling cried out 'was this English justice?—was this the chivalry of British legislation?' The magistrate shrugged his shoulders. Husband and wife were one, he said, in the eye of the law; they were not treated as separate persons, for the husband represented his wife as well as himself. 'Say rather,' she answered, 'that in the eye of your law the wife is *un-represented*. Your law deals with a fiction of its own creation, for no two persons can ever be actually one. You do not legislate for heavenly unions, but for earthly alliances, and the law should be fitted to the existing state of things, for that state cannot be moulded to suit the law.'

"The magistrate smiled. He said there would be a pretty subversion of masculine authority and terrible disorder in homes if wives were to be recognized as *femes soles*, and permitted to own their personal belongings themselves. Most women did not repine at their condition, but her case was an unhappy exception. 'Do you think it is, sir?' she asked him. At that the magistrate looked uneasy, and muttered something about unfortunate depravity, and wishing it were otherwise, and said he must go to his lunch. My darling went home then, but her heart was broken, and she wept night and day. Some friend she had made at one of the theatres died, and left her a legacy of £500. But the law gave her no right to it. It was paid to Lawrence Starr, and he squandered it in six months among his low paramours and bottle companions. But by the end of that six months he had drunk himself into a fever upon that money, which, if there be such a thing as moral right, was rightfully his wife's, and he died raving, a criminal as systematic, and as barbarous as ever went to God's judgment. This happened a year ago, she said, after a married life of nine miserable years. She had lived alone for the last twelve months, but now, she knew that she could live no longer, and she was coming back to Germany, out of the hateful country where she had suffered so much, that she might die in her old home and be buried in the cemetery, where the sisters were wont to pass to and fro by the long green mounds.

"She wanted me to go to Antwerp to meet her and little Gretel, and she added the date of her intended arrival at that place. Tristan was nearly nine years old then, and the good Baldassarre had come to Wiesbaden in order to take us both to Rome.

"So I left my dear boy in the care of the Maestro, and went full of joy to Antwerp; but when the boat came in on the appointed day Dorothea was not among the passengers. I waited a fortnight at Antwerp, thinking that each day might bring my dear child, but I waited in vain. I could not write to her, for she had not been able to give me any address in London, and I could get no news of her from the captains whom I questioned. There was only one chance remaining to me, and that lay in a second journey to England. So I wrote to Baldassarre, begging him to have a care of Tristan until my return to Wiesbaden, and then I set out once more on my pilgrimage. After many weeks of laborious search and tedious enquiry, I found that my darling had arrived at a second-rate hotel by London-bridge, on the evening before the date she had named in her letter for our meeting. She was very ill when she entered the house—so the landlord related—and fatigue and debility barely permitted her sufficient strength to walk. Little Gretel was with her, and they occupied a room together, overlooking the place of embarkation. In the night my darling died. Much trouble, the landlord said, was taken to discover whether there were any relatives or friends who could be summoned to remove the body, but to no avail, and the child protested that she and her

mother were absolutely alone in the world, save for the German grand-mother whom they had been on their way to visit, when death arrested their progress. But the child did not know the name of this grandmother nor her place of abode, or if she had heard either mentioned, had, with a child's shortness of memory, forgotten it. So the parish authorities were called in, and my darling was laid in the grave of a beggar. As for little Gretel, the landlord had arranged to send her to the workhouse, but when the child was told of his charitable intention, she 'trudged,' no one knew whither, and I daresay no one cared very much to inquire. She was a waif and a stray. 'Had Mrs. Starr no money with her?' I asked. Not more, the landlord answered, than sufficed to recompense him for the trouble, loss, and expense, to which he was put by—the *inconvenience of a death in his establishment!* Dear God! how hard these trading creatures are! What dry gounds the world's worm makes of human hearts! I thought of the sweet-faced Pèrè Supérieure and her gentle nuns of *Notre Dame de Bon Secours*, and sighed to think what a pitiful exchange my darling had made.

"But I never found little Gretel. Sorrowfully I went back to Wiesbaden, and there I found Baldassarre waiting for my return. We journeyed on to Rome, he and Tristan and I, and from that day to this I have never rested in my search after my grand-daughter. Every Spring, for thirteen years, I visited my old home and made enquiries among the neighbours about her, for I thought 'maybe the child has found her way to Wiesbaden, or yet may find it.' But she did not come. I put notices in the newspapers, home and foreign, and I wrote to the matron of that workhouse in London, to which the poor child was to have been sent, that if ever tidings were heard of her, they should be repeated to me; but nothing that I did availed to elicit the least response. Now I am dying at the age of sixty, and all my life has been a life of wandering and futile toil; but I write this to you, Lora mine, at the last, not only for the reasons I gave you in the beginning of my letter, but because chiefly it is borne upon my soul with the light of the sunset in which I stand to-day, that to you God will commit the success He has seen it good for me to miss. I believe, dearest, that in heaven it is appointed to you to find the child of my darling. It is meet that it should be so, for so will my penance be the better accomplished, and the bond between your soul and mine be made the more perfect in strength and fitness. We Germans are a nation of idealists and metaphysicians; we see visions and dream dreams all our lives, but the spiritual faculty is strongest within us as we near the Eternal Hills and see them revealed in the transcendent glow of the sun-down. Some among us are prophets then. But if, indeed, through the charity of the good God, it should ever be given you to find Gretel Starr, remember that I loved and nourished Tristan, and let the child of my darling be dear to your heart for the sake of her grandmother, and of the years that are gone by."

There the long letter ended. And my Lady, in the solitude of her chamber, bowed her queenly head upon the close-written pages, and wept such heavy, dangerous tears as the darkling clouds of heaven weep in summer. They were, in truth, the first drops of a thunder-storm.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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The GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER cures the following complaints:—Indigestion, or wind in the stomach or bowels, giddiness in the head, dimness of sight, weak or sore eyes, loss of memory, palpitation of the heart, liver and bilious obstructions, asthma, or tightness in the chest, rheumatics, lumbago, piles, gravel, pains in the back, scurvy, bad legs, bad breast, sore throat, sore heads, and sores of all descriptions, burns, wounds, or white swelling, scrofula, or king's evil, gatherings, tumours or cancers, pimples and blotches on the face and body, swelled feet or legs, scabs and itch, erysipelas, jaundice, and dropsy, and fevers of all kinds. These pills clear the blood from all impure matter, from whatever cause arising.

In boxes at 1s. 1½d. each. Sold by most chemists, or from the Establishment, 34, HIGH STREET, SWANSEA.

Wholesale Agents—Barclay and Sons, 29 Farringdon-street, London; and Messrs. W. Sutton and Co., 10, Bow-churchyard, London.

TESTIMONIAL TO MR. THOMPSON.

Admington, Gloucestershire, May 22, 1871.

Sir,—Your Burdock Pills have done me much good. I was suffering from palpitation of the heart, with a full and painful sensation about the chest and stomach, a feeling as though I was choking, with a great swelling in the bowels, a pain across the back, and on all the very bad taste in the mouth. I tried doctors and all the pills and medicine advertised, and they done me no good. I still got weaker, and more nervous, and I was afraid to go to bed, such a dread and palpitation of the heart. At last I saw your advertisement, the Great Blood Purifier, Thompson's Burdock Pills, and as my uncle was a doctor, and often said that Burdock was worth a guinea a grain for strengthening the blood I thought I would try them, and the first dose that I took removed a large quantity of black matter, like decayed liver, and the pain in my back and bowels was removed. All the doctors I consulted told me my liver was diseased. I suppose the pills were carrying it off from the system. I had only taken one box, when I could eat, drink, and sleep. I seem to have new blood and liver, also new life.
Yours truly, G.M.

P.S.—I had great giddiness in the head, but I am thankful to say it is also gone.

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is the only kind used in her Majesty's Laundry. If there are any Ladies who have not yet used the GLENFIELD STARCH, they are respectfully solicited to give it a trial, and carefully follow out the directions printed on every package, and if this is done, they will say, like the Queen's Laundress, it is the finest STARCH they ever used. When you ask for GLENFIELD STARCH, see that you get it, as inferior kinds are often substituted for the sake of extra profit. Beware therefore of pious imitations.

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This excellent Family Medicine is the most effective remedy for indigestion, bilious and liver complaints, sick headache, loss of app-tite, drowsiness, giddiness, spasms, and all disorders of the stomach and bowels, or where an occasional aperient is required, nothing can be better adapted.
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AKHURST'S GOLDEN LOTION
Positively Cures SCURVY, RINGWORM, ITCH, REDNESS, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES, ERUPTIONS, ECZEMA, and every form of skin disease with absolute and unfailing certainty. It is not poisonous or in the slightest degree injurious to the Hair or Skin. Testimonials and Directions accompany each bottle. 2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d. per Bottle, large size 11s. Of Chemists EVERYWHERE; or direct from the Proprietors, W. E. AKHURST and CO., Manufacturing Chemists and Merchants, 8, Lamb's Conduit-street, London, W.C.

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produces that great feminine charm—a beautiful complexion, with a perfectly clear, smooth skin. To those afflicted by cutaneous disorders, however severe, this purifier is a safe, certain, and instant cure—for young children, especially—when all other applications have failed, as well as for adults. To those ladies who, more particularly at this period of the year, are subject to skin disfigurements, this invaluable botanical extract is the greatest boon ever offered. Such is its surprising efficacy that to those arrived at the meridian of life it imparts all the freshness and bloom of early womanhood; whilst to the perfect safety of its use the medical faculty will amply testify. For this most agreeable, invigorating preparation, long the ancestral secret of a lady celebrated for her great personal beauty, apply confidentially, by letter only, to "Mrs. S. J. M.," 24, Old Cavendish-street, W.

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FACE POWDER.
For Beautifying and Preserving the Complexion.
IN PACKETS, 6d.;
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TOOTH PASTE.
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OLD SILVER BOUGHT OR TAKEN IN EXCHANGE.

28.CHEAPSIDE.

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WHITE AND SOUND
TEETH can only be obtained by the use of

Rowlands' Odonto,

which removes all tar-
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It renders the breath
pure and fragrant.

Price 2s. 9d. per Box

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TIVE LOZENGES, for imparting tone and
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nervousness, depression of spirits, trembling of the
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ARTIFICIAL TEETH, on vulcanised base, at a tooth
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PANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT, requiring Baron Liebig,
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Excellent economical stock for soups, sauces, &c.

NATURE'S PERFECT REMEDY FOR ALL
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WILLIAMS'S (PONTARDAWE) WORM
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(Prepared from the original receipt).
Have been considered for nearly 20 years by the pro-
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surpassing by far all the once celebrated Indian and
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(PONTARDAWE) WORM LOZENGES on Worms, as
testified by thousands of testimonials. They also
strengthen the system and purify the blood, which make
them invaluable in fevers, relaxation of the bowels, con-
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innocent to the most delicate child, they can be
administered with perfect safety to children of all ages.

The following symptoms vary according to the kinds
of Worms and the train of evils caused by them:—
Variable appetite, foetid breath, acid eructation, pains in
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WITHOUT STAINING THE SKIN.

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 These Dyes will be found useful for dyeing articles of
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 Grains, 20 inch, from 1s. 11d. to 2s. 4d. ditto from
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PILLS, effectually purifying the blood and strengthening
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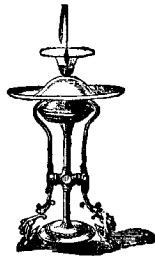
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By Her Majesty's Royal Letters Patent.

This Polish is strongly recommended to the public as being the best ever yet manufactured for
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By the use of this Paste 75 per cent. of labour, time, and expense will be saved, and it produces
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