

The Lady's Own Paper.

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ADDRESS.

In issuing this First Number of our New Series we do not profess so much to supply an already acknowledged want, as to inaugurate a new combination of ideas.

Advocates of progress and reform in politics, education, and social manners, are apt, in their zeal for the serious and useful, to ignore the aesthetic; and by the vehemence of their crusade against frivolity, have, in the minds of many among the conservative party, identified the ethics of the liberal school with Vandalism and insensibility. There has lately come into the world of women a vast and wide-spread reaction, which, like most revulsions of thought, whether national or individual, is disposed to be extreme and intolerant. Some years ago we were exclusively domestic; now we are inclined to be exclusively politic. Once we were all for the feminine monopolies of the Bona Dea; now we will have nothing but Minerva and her manlike paraphernalia. This is a state of affairs which is doing a good cause great harm outside the charmed circle of the Amazonian camp. Home-keeping wives and women of idealistic tendencies imagine us to be a hard unlovely crew, with no interests beyond polling-booths and school-boards, contemners of art and taste, barbarous, implacable Gorgons, in whose vicinity no fair or graceful thing can endure, but whose very aspect freezes into stone all living forms of that heaven-given beauty which ought to be "a joy for ever."

The Editor of this Journal feels, therefore, that time is ripe for the establishment of a new and aesthetic school among "political women,"—a school which shall aim at uniting the worship of the Graces with the pursuit of liberty, the members of which, while claiming and asserting their rightful dignity and individual freedom, shall, none the less, uphold and preserve the distinctive charm and gentleness of true womanhood.

And in this sense it is hoped that our retention of the title by which this Journal has been already known for six years, may not be unsuggestive. "Lady" is a term which has suffered more grossly in the way of misapplication than its masculine equivalent

—"lord;" the false and degraded chivalry of modern days having made it a common term of address for all women above the rank of vassalage. Nevertheless, there exist some exquisitely lovely and thoughtful verses of Wordsworth's, which may furnish us with a fair excuse for our heading, and serve to remind us what sweetness and refinement of mind, what tenderness of heart, what purity of soul are expected of those among us who bear that honourable and significant Saxon title of "lady":—

"Three years she grew in sun and shower,
Then Nature said—'A lovelier flower
On earth was never sown;
This child I to myself will take;
She shall be mine, and I will make
A LADY of mine own.

"Myself will to my darling be
Both law and impulse; and with me
The girl, in rock and plain,
In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,
Shall feel an overseeing power
To kindle or restrain.

"She shall be sportive as the fawn
That, wild with glee across the lawn
Or up the mountain springs;
And her's shall be the breathing balm,
And her's the silence and the calm
Of mute insensate things.

"The floating clouds their state shall lend
To her; for her the willow bend;
Nor shall she fail to see
Even in the motions of the storm
Grace that shall mould the maiden's form
By silent sympathy.

ON FINE ART IN DRESS.

DOUBTLESS there are individuals to whose sordid natures beauty bears no divine mission ;

" A primrose by the river's brim,
A living primrose is to him,
And nothing more."

This ultra and hyper cultivation of ours in frequent instances systematically seeks to stifle the pure flame which naturally in every soul " burns upward " to the shrine of beauty—material as well as spiritual. The iconoclasts of former days have strong and vigorous followers and descendants in the hard cut-and-dried philosophy of a certain section of the society of to-day. In their ghastly intellectual idealism, these persons in matters of art and taste are constantly the most thorough materialists. To minds and organisations of this description, destitute alike of the artistic instinct and the perfection of beauty, the idea of Fine Art in Dress will doubtless represent vanity under the cloak of scientific affection, and frivolity decked out with spurious credentials. To such persons these remarks are not addressed. If in running they read, that is at present all that may be expected or hoped from them.

There are some natures hard and coarse enough to see no æsthetic sin in setting Aphrodite herself to scour saucepans or to scrub sculleries. They would without compunction employ the silver throat of a Nilsson to advertise the wares of a street-hawker, and the divinely-gifted vision of a Rosa Bonheur to mend stockings and make patchwork. To this heartless utilitarianism the heights and depths of beauty are an eyesore and a vain thing. They would joyfully reduce all the charm of the lovely or the picturesque to the dead level of respectability in ugliness. Dullness characterises their surroundings as it does their perceptions. The flash of colour, the ripple of laughter, and the magic of the sweet sounds, all come under their prosaic ban.

In view of the vexed question of dress, associations with reforming tendencies have at different times been started. Queens, or ladies of high rank, have in these matters occasionally endeavoured practically to influence their Courts or coteries. As they have undoubtedly a remarkable power in fostering the worship offered to fashion and general luxury, it might be supposed that their influence in a nobler direction would be equally effective and important. An English lady has lately organised a society for the purpose of reform in dress ; but, as against her are arranged the interests of the mercer and the general inclinations of her sex, it can hardly be expected that success will attend a scheme on a decidedly proscriptive and prohibitory basis instead of dictating set forms, and the taste and opinion of one individual to the million, the gist of what is needed might be summed up in promulgating the maxim, " Let dress be more of a study, and less of a fashion." I once knew a lady whose every toilette seemed a miracle of invention. In reality it was a simple artistic study. Whether grave or gay, plain or elaborate, cultivation equally with instinct in her attire had produced the most beautiful lines, the most exquisite harmonies or contrasts of colour.

I have very little expectation or hope of any real or lasting reform being attained by means of associations for the purpose of dictation on matters of dress. The old sumptuary laws gradually but surely gave way before the freedom of modern institutions. Better than any definite restrictions, however well-intentioned, would be the education of girls in Fine Art principles, the study of serious and useful discrimination and scientific knowledge, which are not generally characteristic of women, and though last, not least, the adoption of the maxims as settled, anxious of good manners and good society, that over-dressing, pretentious display, and inordinate love of change, are simply vulgar and indicative of a low state of education and taste. The necessary changes for the successive seasons will always prevent trade from suffering through a more reserved style of dressing.

But an undeviating and uncompromising opposition to all change would be as bigoted as fruitless. Reasonable variety is positively desirable on various grounds—and thus in some measure we are led to yield a certain countenance to fashion—for fashion is the particular style which grows out of a novel idea or a new combination.

Fashion when adopted with moderation is not inconsistent with good taste. It is its extreme worship which produces the laughable and eccentric forms of bad taste. The monstrous chignon, or the inelegant outline of attire simulating what would be positive deformity if natural, are among the sins we should wish avoided. Here, too, we might write *moderation* in letters of gold.

It is clear that in the flimsy field of dress there is scope for more earnest thought and consideration than are usually brought to bear on the subject. It is evident that to dress well there must be either the instinct or natural perception, or the conscious appreciation and real knowledge of art ; and, extravagant as the idea may appear to some persons, I would even affirm the absolute necessity for a morality and high principle in dress. If we have the former, we shall have positive beauty as the result ; if we have the latter, we shall at least gain the negative virtue of an absence of pretentious and worthless finery, the vulgarity of which is only equalled by its barbarism.

While drawing stricter limits to the vagaries of bad taste, greater latitude might be accorded to the inventive skill of good artists ; and because a sleeve or cape of a particular cut is being made by all the milliners in Europe, it is not a reason that another should not be worn if more beautiful, more practical, or in any way preferable to any special individual. While deprecating the right and desirability of a certain individualism in dress, from which would result a variety to be controlled by art knowledge, the line may be distinctly drawn where a variety is the consequence of imagination and where of restless vanity. An exaggerated and excessive love of change is unhealthy, and stunts instead of encouraging art. There can be no real development where there is incessant change. Thus the cheap jewellery of the present day, bad in workmanship and quality, and generally so in design also, stands in striking contrast to the devoted work of the artist-goldsmith of the past. It would, of course, seem fairer to compare the *best* work of our jewellers of to-day with that of the old Italians. But the finest and most artistic productions of which we can boast are those where the antique Etruscan or the Roman have served as models. Even the remains of barbaric times—Scandinavian, Celtic, and Moorish, show a grand simplicity of line and an imaginative power of which there is scarcely a vestige in the fashionable *bijouterie* of to-day. Though a design itself may be as good in pinchbeck as in gold, the intrinsic value of the material is not sufficient in the end to repay a labourious process in its use for works of the jeweller's art. When diamonds and sapphires and emeralds and rubies are to be set off, it is worth while to make workmanship and style so excellent that a perfect work of art shall be the result. And such *chef d'œuvres* are not to be changed and destroyed with every month or season. For this reason the defence in favour of cheap finery is less tenable. The ambition to possess a gem set by Cellini's skill is widely different from the desire for trumpery ornaments of glass and brass. And though we may be told that a chain of brass is as good as a chain of gold of the same pattern, we never do happen to see the grandly-designed Roman necklace in baser metal on the throat of the grisette, or the Etruscan jewel with its refined elegance heightening the beauty of Sarah Ann or Betsy Jane. And the moral disgust evoked by the lavish display of trashy finery is so intense as to leave little space for the charitable excuse, that Sarah Ann and Betsy Jane sport cheap lace and cheap silk from the same instinct which causes Lady Geraldine to soften her loveliness in the silky web of Flanders, or to dignify and enrich the fragile grace of her natural outline in rich folds of brocade or the jewelled flash of the embroidered peacock train.

In contradistinction to the intense love of change and variety in articles of finery, observable among our middle and lower classes, it is refreshing to note the real respectability and even force of character shown in the loving persistence with which the peasants of the Continent cling to their quaint and beautiful old ornaments—heirlooms of long buried ancestors.

Besides the actual beauty of these hereditary jewels, they possess an intrinsic worth in the substantial value of the materials of which they are composed, and, it is well known, they frequently form an important portion of a peasant girl's dowry. In her picturesque

costume, and adorned with the simple, noble old family ornaments, an Italian peasant forms a humiliating contrast to our own farmers' and yeomen's daughters, decked out in the seven colours of the rainbow, with the latest designs in cheap "Brummagem" ornamenting throat and wrists! How much then it is to be regretted that art-feeling among the masses is gradually vanishing, not only out of Europe, but even from the East! Manchester prints are taking the place of the ethereal gauze or soft-textured silk of the native manufacturer, and the exquisitely wrought embroideries of Indian handiwork. This may be very good for Manchester, but it is very bad for art and beauty and for native originality.

A somewhat striking anomaly is presented in the fact that in spite of their usual deprecation of the adornment of the outer man, all religions seem to have appropriated some distinguishing, and, in many instances, striking and effective forms of dress. The Roman Catholic prelate is gorgeous in the glories of colour and the rich tracery of point-lace. His fair co-religionists find in the cross and crucifix, the carved rosary, or painted scapular abundant scope for the display of high art proclivities. The Mahomedan and the Hindoo in every variety of turban proclaim the faith they profess. The Jewish High Priest in his sacerdotal robes is as distinct from the Protestant bishop as the Parsee from the Ancient Druid. The high-church duchess in her attire shews her creed as well as her rank, as plainly as the modest sister of mercy, or the quaintly clad quakeress.

These instances plainly prove that dress is to a certain extent typical and symbolical. In some cases the symbols are conscious and accredited, in others they exist, though perhaps only unconsciously felt and acknowledged. They are, however, always typical of some form of thought and belief, whether as immediate results or as indirect effects.

Our national art-schools have a great and beautiful work in hand, and their beneficial effects are evident in the technical exhibitions of the work of their students, and the immense improvement in our hardware manufactures. The time has now happily gone by when it was impossible to procure furniture, pottery, or article of apparel, at reasonable prices and of good design in our own country. The establishments and manufactories of Minton, Morris, and many others, are centres whence fine art principles, admirably applied, may find their way into every British home. It would be well if the members of these homes were always alive to the actual presence of the thing of beauty in their midst. The beautifying and adorning of home is woman's special province. Educate her, therefore, in the principles of art. Then independence, originality, and beauty of taste, with refined simplicity, will rule among the household gods. Every woman during some portion of her life should attend fine art classes for the cultivation of her artistic taste and feeling. I should be far from advising every woman to study painting for the sake of becoming a painter; but every lady would benefit by a certain amount of knowledge on the subject, and by the possession of a certain degree of proficiency in it. The study of ornament, and in connection with it, the exquisite structures of the plant world in relation to their adaptation in ornamental design, architecture, and textile fabrics, would prove highly useful, and at the same time most interesting.

In connection with our art schools may be mentioned the immense benefit and pleasure which might be derived from them by milliners, dressmakers, and *modistes* generally. The wealthy of their own sex would do well to institute free classes where these forced and fragile growths of our civilisation might find instruction, relaxation, and innocent amusement for the additional hours of rest, which it is to be hoped they may ere long call theirs. The life of the poor girls apprenticed to the trades which specially supply the wants of their fashionable sisters, is often no better than a mere apprenticeship to frippery and frivolity. But if the humble *artiste* of the needle could learn to find some expansion of the pursuits and principles specially within her own walk in life, if she could go to an organised source of beauty and taste, to refresh her jaded spirit in a direction which would be useful and beneficial in her own professional occupation, a result as important in its humanity as admirable in its

æsthetic tendency would be attained. Ladies might aid in this, and by a few kind words of enquiry, interest, and encouragement, help to make the work and lives of those who serve them more happy and beautiful. It would be a boon if all apprentices to the trades to which I have just alluded, could once a week or fortnight attend a class for the study of drawing, designing, or colour.

Lady customers, by interesting themselves and the mistresses of millinery establishments in such classes would benefit an industrious portion of their sex—one which specially appeals to them for sympathy and help. Then as a result we might succeed in lessening the number of ridiculous fashions; the faculties and instincts of mantua-makers and dress-designers would expand in higher directions, and their work would far better advance the interests of art, repay themselves, and please their employers.

M. JANE RONNIGER.

THE EDUCATIONAL AGITATION.

THOUGH so much has been said and written concerning education, and that much has usually been well worthy of the consideration bestowed upon it by members of learned societies and various debating clubs, the topic is still far from exhausted; the reason being that we cannot arrive at a generally satisfactory decision as to what our educational requirements are, and how best to satisfy them, until we make up our minds what to teach, and how to teach it; and the subject therefore, must still be talked and written about.

Amidst the mass of evidence, which of late years has so rapidly accumulated, two facts are overwhelmingly forced upon us, viz.: First, that our systems of instruction, with a few honourable exceptions, are lamentably deficient; second, that the education of girls, particularly, requires radical alteration.

With respect to systems of instruction generally followed, the main fault consists in relying too much upon mere routine, and not enough upon the natural powers of the human faculties. This being so, it behoves us first to look to our teachers; and if we may believe the evidence brought forward by competent investigators, we can but come to the conclusion that the methods commonly adopted involve an enormous waste of time and energy, both on the part of teachers and pupils, to say nothing of the money outlay which falls very heavily on the majority of parents.

Education, rightly understood, is a drawing out or development of the mental and bodily faculties. The true teacher's office is to be an awakener, or medium, whereby the pupil may be induced to make knowledge his own in a rational way. If we wish to nourish a child's body effectually we do not encourage him to swallow a large quantity of food without regard to its quality; in order to secure the desired end we only give the child a certain quantity of that kind of food which best suits its temperament and which its system most perfectly assimilates. As with the body so with the mind. Some children are naturally quick, others slow; it is well to remember that each class has some advantages not given to the other, and that the teacher's function, truly interpreted, is to turn these advantages to the best account. It cannot be denied that the greater number of our school systems do not turn out such an average of well informed, fully developed pupils as we have a right to expect, considering the time and money expended in the process. In numberless cases when our young folks leave school we too often discover them to be helpless; they have not been taught to stand well *alone*, have not been guided to rely upon their own powers to understand the *principles* of knowledge; consequently, they have no notion, or next to none, of applying their faculties out of the beaten track; they are quite at sea, and the wonderful revelations in store for those whose minds have been trained to climb from the known to the less known, are, to these poor unfortunates, as mysterious, hidden treasures, utterly beyond their ability to comprehend or grasp.

Knowledge is an inheritance of which all are entitled to a share as far as the capacities with which nature has gifted them will allow. By neglecting to feed and strengthen these capacities the

pupils are defrauded of their rightful due, and it must never be forgotten that retribution will surely follow as the just penalty of neglect. The great army of incapables will sooner or later hamper and harass us; they will not be shaken off like a useless garment, and those who are conscientiously and intelligently striving to reduce the numbers of these cumbersome squadrons are among the wisest benefactors of their kind.

At present controversial clouds of dust and smoke thickly envelope us, and we are as yet but groping in the semi-darkness; but in spite of our imperfect light there are hopeful signs appearing on the educational horizon. Earnest men and women are seeking to point out defects and suggest remedies, and the cry for a different class of teachers from those usually supplied cannot pass by on the wind altogether unheeded. We look upon the office of teacher as one of the highest and most honourable; and few who have had the opportunity of listening to an able instructor, and of observing the countenances of his pupils brightening with intellectual pleasure while he awakens their drowsy faculties, can consider teaching as otherwise than a most elevating profession. We are aware that, as a body, teachers are not greatly encouraged to aspire to the calling as one involving honour and reward. Even in America, where, indeed, we might have expected better things, teachers are often wretchedly paid, and but rarely treated with social distinction. This is saddening and discouraging. Let us hope, as our ideas of what is essential in teachers become clearer and more decided, the reproach which has been too long and too truly brought against the caterers for public education may be removed.

With regard to the second great fact forced upon us, viz., the desirability of placing the education of girls on an entirely new basis; this is a theme full of temptation to our pen.

The recent public discussions on the higher education of girls, in which Miss Carpenter and several well-known ladies have taken a very helpful and praiseworthy part, by trying to impress upon parents the necessity of teaching their daughters something more than those tricky accomplishments, which are supposed to fit them for the matrimonial market, induce us to hope for higher results in the future. It is only within recent years that the subject has taken anything like a hold on the public mind, and the efforts of Miss Beale, Miss Buss, Miss Davies, Miss Shirreff, Mrs. W. Grey, and others, coupled with the valuable aid given by many noted professors and public men, have been crowned with such measures of success as should stimulate workers in the matter to more energetic action.

We cannot on this occasion enter into the question of woman's natural fitness or unfitness for the highest education. For ourselves we are quite content to leave the solution in Nature's hands, she alone can conclusively decide the matter. But we are very anxious indeed that women should not be prevented from trying to do more, because certain persons think they know so much better than Nature what it is best for girls to learn. We are often reminded that the morality of a nation depends upon the social status of its women; and since a higher education will tend to give these a juster and clearer insight into moral questions, enable them to become more suitable companions for intellectual men—and so to enter more thoroughly and sympathetically into national problems—we are at a loss to understand the position taken by objectors who, while deploring or pretending to deplore the want of systematic culture in their female relatives and friends, yet at the same time laugh down the attempts of those who are bravely struggling to foster a desire among girls for self-development. We suspect that some gentlemen tremble in secret for the safety of their own intellectual laurels!

But apart from the benefits accruing to women themselves from an education tending to make them more self-reliant and useful, we contemplate with still greater pleasure the benefits likely to be reaped by posterity. Loving mothers can do much, but loving and intelligent mothers can achieve more. The first years of childhood are strewn with the seeds of future usefulness, and it is evident that the teacher's arduous task may be rendered much easier, if discriminating, well-informed mothers first prepare the ground for the educational harvest. Children are frequently driven to mischief because the activity of their minds impels them to do something;

their energies must find vent, and it is to the advantage of all concerned if these energies can be directed rightly and happily. To guide even these little ones in the best direction requires knowledge and tact in the guardians of youth; and before this knowledge can be generally possessed we must have a higher and more honoured class of teachers, and see our girls rationally and ungrudgingly educated.

EMMA WALLINGTON.

THE REVISION OF THE RUSSIAN BIBLE.

THE opposition that has been raised against a new translation of the Bible is one of the many daily recurring instances in which "history repeats itself." It reminds us of the almost forgotten tumult that agitated the religious world of Russia on a similar subject two hundred years ago; giving rise to all the now existing communities of Dissenters in that country, with few and unimportant exceptions. To understand that convulsion of the Russian Church we must go back to its earliest days.

In the latter half of the ninth century, while the Saracens ruled in Spain, and disputed the possession of Southern Italy with the Popes and Emperors; while the grandsons of Charlemagne were quarrelling over the division of his possessions in Italy, France, and Germany; while the Popes were increasing and consolidating their temporal power by their skilful interference in the wars and politics of Europe; while the Normans were the terror of Northern France, and before they had established themselves in the province to which they soon afterwards gave their name; while hordes of the same North-men, under the name of Danes, overran England, killing, burning, and pillaging; while Alfred, who was destined to deliver his country from their ravages, was being taught to read by his young French step-mother, Judith, daughter of Charles the Bald; while the whole of Eastern Europe, with the exception of Constantinople and the territory that had not yet been wrested from it by the Barbarians, was Pagan: the Russian monarchy arose, under Rurik, one of the above-mentioned North-men. At the same time the first Christian mission to that country (then called Muscovy), of which any authentic details have come down to us, was conducted by the Greek monks, Constantine and Methodius, brothers by birth as well as in religion, and natives of Thessalonica. The former was distinguished for his learning, and was called Constantine the Philosopher, but afterwards took the name of Cyril. Methodius was a skilful painter; and a picture of the last judgment, which he painted for Boigoris, King of the Bulgarians, is said to have touched the hearts of the Barbarian monarch and his subjects as much as the preaching of the two brothers, and to have been one of the chief means of their conversion to Christianity. Boigoris was baptised by the name of Michael, and sent ambassadors to Pope Nicholas I. Soon afterwards these pious and enterprising missionaries proceeded to visit the people dwelling on the banks of the Borysthene (now Dnieper), in almost perpetual winter, and in a degree of spiritual and moral darkness that made the task of conversion and civilization seem almost hopeless, yet so much the more needful. In order to instruct these objects of their solicitude in the Christian religion, they translated the Bible and Liturgy into the Muscovite or Slavonian tongue; for which purpose they had to construct the Servian or Ancient Russian alphabet, the letters of which are called the Cyrillian characters, and are derived chiefly, but not entirely, from the Greek capital letters, to each of which they gave the name of a word beginning with it.

Christianity was not received as the religion of Russia till the end of the following century; but the good monks, after much labour and many disappointments, had the satisfaction of seeing a Christian Church built by their new converts in the year 862, which was three years before Alfred the Great began to reign in England, and twelve years after the attacking of Paris by the Normans; while Basil I. occupied the throne of the decaying Eastern Empire and Adrian II. sat in St. Peter's chair.

Being accused of heresy on account of their using the Muscovite language in the services of religion, they went to Rome to answer

the charge, and so thoroughly satisfied the Pope as to their motives and the success of their mission, that John VIII. decreed that it was not sinful to employ the Slavonian tongue and the letters invented by Constantine in the Holy Scriptures and the prayers of the Church as, "He who made the principal languages, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, made the rest also for his own glory." Cyril died at Rome about the year 870—whether after or before the public announcement of the Papal approval seems uncertain, as different historians give the dates of these events a little differently. Methodius died at a great age as Archbishop of Moravia, which he had converted many years before. He built a church at Prague in honour of SS. Peter and Paul.

The Slavonian tongue is said to be the most extensively spoken of any except Arabic. It contains, however, many dialects so different from each other as to be practically distinct languages, and all of them so different from that in which Methodius and Cyril wrote, that the latter is now regarded as one of the classic tongues, dead to all but the learned. Slavonian is still used in the services of those churches among the Russians and Bulgarians which follow the Latin rite instead of the Greek; and also by some congregations of Slaves in Italy, and by the churches in Dalmatia and Illyria, the liturgical books having been revised from time to time for this purpose under various Popes. Some modern Illyrian hymns and prayers may be found in the works of the late Rev. John Mason Neale. A mine of interest and information to the curious in hymnology and liturgiology. Judging from these specimens this dialect must be largely mixed with Teutonic.

The Bible and the Liturgy, as translated by Cyril and Methodius, continued to be the standard sacred books of the Church of Russia till the middle of the seventeenth century, though for more than a hundred years before that period their revision and correction had been proposed and attempted from time to time. They were, of course, full of errors, the inevitable result of passing through the hands of countless transcribers, many of whom were ignorant and careless. The revision of the Scriptures was desired by the bishops and the more enlightened among the laity and clergy; the latter were, however, as a body, by no means remarkable for learning, piety, or morality; and those of the lower ranks among them shared the superstitious prejudice of the populace who regarded the old version, with all its errors, as the true Word of God, and any alteration of it as a heretical and sacrilegious innovation. As early as 1520, a learned monk of Mount Athos was employed by the Metropolitan of Moscow to restore St. Cyril's translation, as nearly as possible, to the state of completeness in which he left it. But the cry of heresy that has generally been raised by the ignorant, the bigoted, and the unthinking in all ages and countries, from the time of Socrates to our own days, against every step towards the enlightenment of mankind, did not fail to make itself heard on this occasion; and the work was suspended in obedience to popular clamour. The subject continued to be discussed nevertheless; and the advocates of revision succeeded in obtaining a decree in their favour from a council of the Church held in 1551. Instead, however, of proceeding at once with the execution of their long-cherished plan, the reverend clerics turned their attention to trivial subjects, on which the Church was at that time agitated, and which they treated as more interesting and important than the authenticity of their holy books. Sausages were to them an abomination, calling for a prohibitory decree; certain innovations in harness and driving were condemned as heretical, but their sternest censure was reserved for the heinous crime of shaving the beard, as a blasphemous and wicked disfiguring of the image of God, and consequently the greatest sin of which a man could be guilty. The Russians continued to cherish their beards till the time of Peter the Great, who delighted to repress the authority of the clergy, and who, about the end of the seventeenth century, insisted that the upper ranks, at least, should, in this, as well as in other respects, adopt the dress of the rest of Europe. Many who then submitted unwillingly to the commands of the Czar, carefully preserved their severed beards to be buried with them, despairing of admission at the gates of Paradise without this sacred appendage.

A few years after the council of 1551, a number of bishops under Nikon, their Patriarch, with the support of the chief bishop of the Church of Servia, which also used the Slavonian Bible and Liturgy—assembled at Moscow, and petitioned the Czar, Alexis Romanoff, to order the revision to be made; but it was not till 1667 that the measure was finally carried into effect, and the revised text acknowledged as orthodox by another council, which was presided over by Alexis, and attended by the patriarchs of Antioch and Alexandria, and by the representatives of those of Jerusalem and Constantinople.

Great was the clamour, and fierce the opposition. The new books were forced into the churches. An immense number of the people, and of the minor clergy rose in rebellion; many of them fled from their homes, and settled in the Ukraine, and in those parts of Russia where the authority of the Czar was less firmly established; or where, from the climate, and other natural disadvantages, they were less likely to be pursued; some voluntarily rushed upon the swords of their persecutors, or set fire to their churches and houses, rather than contaminate them by admitting the obnoxious books, and perished in the flames. Small remnants are still to be met with of Dissenting bodies which originated considerably earlier than the revision of the Muscovite Scriptures; but almost all the numerous Dissenters in Russia date their separation from the orthodox church from that event. The varieties in their doctrine and practice are infinite, and rival those of the different Protestant sects of Western Europe; but they may be roughly divided into those who have priests and those who have none.

The former, though they consider the Established Church heretical, believe in the validity of its orders, and those of their own sect, as having been carried on without interruption from the times of the Apostles. They continue to observe the rites of religion, though with some difference in the performance of the ceremonies. They regard shaving as a crime, and condemn as unclean some kinds of food allowed by the "orthodox" Church.

Those who have no priests consider that the Apostolic succession was broken by the heresy of Alexis and the Bishops, and that consequently no legitimate ecclesiastical orders can exist until Christ shall reorganise his Church at his second coming; meantime no marriage is valid, and baptism administered by the existing clergy is sacrilegious. They meet together for prayer, and some of them then preach to their brethren, but no one has any more authority than another to do so. They confess, and administer the sacrament of Communion to each other, believing that they possess the sacred food necessary to the validity of the holy rite, inasmuch as some consecrated loaves were saved from the old orthodox Church, which were worked up with fresh bread, and part of that again mixed with new, so as to perpetuate the existence of sacramental bread. The extremes of asceticism and of license alike find votaries in one or other of the different sects into which this great anti-clerical division has split, and whose idiosyncrasies are generally founded on some particular text of Scripture, which they take in a sense as peculiar as the view of Ezekiel xviii., 32: "Turn yourselves and live," and xxxiii., 11: "Turn ye, turn ye, why will ye die," which is said to be literally obeyed in a certain community in America, by the members spinning round and round like Dervishes. Some of them have so great an abhorrence of the clergy that they will carefully wash their houses after receiving a visit from one of them. We have not heard whether any of the enlightened clergy court this indignity by visiting the Dissenters from philanthropico-hygienic motives.

The first-mentioned division of the old religionists, those who have priests, have from the beginning included a large portion of the rich and industrious population of the Empire. About five-and-twenty years after the revision of the Scriptures, a considerable number of them left Russia, and settled beyond the Polish frontier, where they remained unmolested for fifty years, and established the prosperous colony of Vietka, numbering between forty and fifty thousand persons. The Empress Anne (1735) made them many promises of liberty of conscience and other privileges to induce them to return to Russia, which could ill afford to lose so great a number of her most progressive inhabitants. But as they would

not be persuaded to accept her invitation, Anne resolved to take them by force; and, trusting to the weakness of Poland, sent an army across the border for that purpose, seizing the unarmed and unsuspecting people and burning the houses and churches. The priests were sent prisoners to different convents, and the people to Siberia. Some of the sectaries, after a few years, again repaired to Vietka, for which they had an affection partaking of the nature of religion and patriotism; but another raid was made upon them, their houses were again destroyed and twenty thousand persons were carried off to Siberia, the population of which shows a large proportion of Dissenters to this day.

Edicts, granting complete liberty of conscience, have been promulgated and repealed since then, but at the present time, Dissenters are allowed to exercise their religion undisturbed, provided they observe the laws of the country, and do not draw the attention of the authorities to their heterodoxy by any interference in politics.

REVIEW.

ENGLAND, RUSSIA, AND PERSIA: A sketch, *Historical, Political, and Prophetic*. Being the substance of Three Letters addressed to the *Globe* by J. BERTRAND PAYNE, M.R.I., F.R.S., F.R.G.S. [Printed for Private Circulation.]

We have now before us a volume, the political importance and interest of whose contents are adequately matched by the artistic finish and admirable taste which distinguish its outward presentment. One might indeed divine from the delicate nicety displayed in choice of type and decorative detail which distinguishes the book, that its author is a gentleman of earnest Conservative proclivities, wedded to those æsthetic tastes which the stronger-minded and somewhat iconoclastic advocates of an opposite policy are too often inclined to discard.

This small volume consists of thirty-four pages, seventeen of which only are in English, the corresponding leaves containing a French version of the essay, printed in blue, while handsome margins and well arranged notes on the substance of the various paragraphs perfect the style of the book.

Our author introduces himself as the apologist of Persia. He touches with great ability, though of course always from a Conservative point of view, upon the long- vexed question of Russian rule and influence in the East; and opines that the policy of the British Government in regard to Asiatic affairs has all along been dangerously mistaken. In fact, this great Asiatic question resolves itself on examination into a very simple one. Two European powers only are present in the East; the Oriental knows but the Englishman and the Russian. It is to Russia that the enemies of our Indian Empire look for countenance and support, and everybody who possesses the smallest acquaintance with Indian affairs, or those of the bordering States, knows well that the agents of Russia are continually at work to extend her influence and territory at the expense of ours. Russia in Asia is a scheming and insidious power, always plotting by bribe or intrigue against British authority. Of these facts the author of the present volume is not only acutely cognizant, but also well qualified to treat, and he makes some very clever suggestions which are valuable from many points of view. On page 12 he observes that England has had "since the beginning of the present century," ample opportunity of observing the hostile policy of Russia with regard to "our Indian possessions, and the wealth and power thereto attached," and adds that "the selection of the Afghans as allies in lieu of the Persians was a huge and fatal error," productive of many disastrous results.

The reader will, no doubt, remember the principal events of the Asiatic war in 1856-7, and the outcry then raised in this country against the occupation of Herat by the Persians. We were then told that in the face of repeated warnings, and in violation of solemn treaties and agreements, the Shah had attempted to possess himself of an important station to which he had no manner of right, and which it was arrant perfidy on his part to claim. Herat, as all the world knows, is a position of vast consideration in the Asian continent, and has been termed, not inaptly, the Gate of the East. So grave and significant, therefore, the Persian attempt of 1856 appeared to the British Ministry of that year, that it was accepted as a just provocative to war, and the subsequent struggle sanctioned by the almost unanimous voice of the home authorities. Yet, Captain Payne informs us, that "so far as England is concerned, Persia has the strongest right, moral and political, to the possession of Herat." "For," he tells us, "by the ninth article of a duly ratified treaty between England and Persia, made in the year 1814, the Persians stipulated for, and obtained, the right to occupy Herat whenever it should so

please them." "Our then Minister at Teheran," he continues, "with that misconduct which is so often the disgrace of Englishmen . . . personally assaulted the Persian Vizier, took from him the signed treaty, and deliberately tore it up. . . . It is superfluous to add that Persia never concurred in this summary abrogation."

This incident in the history of our diplomatic relations with Persia will be a piece of news to most people, we imagine; but Captain Payne is not by any means the first critic who has openly censured British policy in regard to its dealings with the Shah. In February, 1857, Earl Grey, speaking in the Upper House on the Asiatic troubles of the preceding year, publicly avowed his conviction that our contention with Persia had been both unjust and impolitic. It could scarcely be maintained, he said, that we had the right to dictate the course which an independent nation should pursue in vindicating its own interests. Yet, such in fact, was the right claimed by this country in the late quarrel over Herat. If it was the bugbear of Russian influence which our Government professed to dread, the recent war showed to every man of sense the groundlessness of such a plea. At the same time, while fearing Russia and Russian ascendancy, we seemed as if bent on working out her ends, for nothing was more likely to throw Persia into the arms of that ambitious power than the late unjust invasion of Persian territory, and the destruction of Persia's standing army. To counteract the influence of Russia, Persia ought to be strong in herself and attached to our alliance, not forced into regarding us as her most dangerous and subtle foe. Captain Payne seems to be emphatically of Earl Grey's opinion, and he brings to bear upon his theory the force of much conscientious study and research. By means of scrupulous investigation into the natural resources of the Persian empire he unfolds to the political student an interesting subject for reflective thought, and suggests that England would do better to cultivate and develop affinities with Persia than to "lavish gold, brain, and labour on an alien, radical, and ungrateful State like America."

With regard to the genius of America we may or may not be of our author's opinion, but even those who are disinclined to pass so passionate a censure on the character of the "Almighty Nation," which has become the world's pioneer in most progressive movements, may yet observe with feelings of unmixed satisfaction and hope for the future, that a direct tendency towards more intimate relations with the peoples of the East is rapidly evolving itself among us. As to the many benefits and advantages—political, ethical, and commercial—which England is likely to reap from a closer intercourse and firmer alliance with the ancient empire of his Imperial Majesty the Shah, we leave these to our author's eloquence and his reader's intelligent appreciation to elucidate; while we content ourselves with commending the whole subject very earnestly to the consideration of speculative statesmen in particular, and in general to the foresight of all those wise and thoughtful patriots among us, who are not too much occupied with the smaller politics of the present, to neglect or ignore the growing perils and grander chances of the future.

COLOSSA.

MAGAZINES OF THE MONTH.

We have received *The Cornhill*, *Cassell's Magazine*, *The Leisure Hour*, *The Sunday at Home*, *Little Folks*, *The Quiver*, *The Family Friend*, *Human Nature*, *The Medium and Daybreak*, *The Dietetic Reformer*, *The Children's Friend*, and *The Drawing-room Gazette*.

The first of these presents us with another instalment of the interesting and charming story, "Old Kensington;" after which follows a carefully written paper on the origin of Shakespear's "Tempest;" then a remarkably pretty and suggestive article on "Gardening;" an historical sketch entitled "Wandering Troubadours," and a few pages of "Old America Legends." Next come some reasonable remarks about Coal, and the continuation of Pauls Gyulai's tale, "The last Master of an Old Manor House." Altogether the number is a good one, and well sustains the *Cornhill's* reputation.

Of the *Leisure Hour*, *The Sunday at Home*, *The Quiver*, and *Cassell's Magazine*, we need only observe that they still preserve their long-established character as popular instructors. *Little Folks* is excellent, as usual, and the encouragement to childish thought and talent afforded by the Editor's adoption of the "Prize Letter" scheme is most valuable and praiseworthy.

Mr. James Burns, of the Progressive Library, Holborn, is doing a great and good work, the object of which cannot be too widely known or cordially approved. In particular we commend the monthly journal, *Human Nature*, of which he is publisher. Our readers will find physiology, phrenology, psychology, spiritualism, philosophy, and zoistic science all well represented in the pages of this admirable serial.

Want of time and space compels us to postpone notice of a large number of books and pamphlets until next week's issue.

"You the cause, Rep? What's put that into your head?"

But he colours as deeply as a girl in saying the words, and his brother sees it as he draws the arm of the young malcontent gaily within his own.

"Come, come, old fellow," says he, with a light air; "what's the use of pretending that you don't understand me? I know about you and your mortifications as well as possible, and upon my soul, Roy, I'm awfully sorry I was born first. But you'll admit that I couldn't help it."

Roy starts perceptibly, and his shifty blue eyes fall.

"Deuce!" he mutters huskily, "you're an odd fellow, Rep. But you're wrong for once if you think I'm jealous—of you. I'm not quite such a hound as that—yet."

He speaks with a sudden bitter emphasis upon the last phrase, as though unconsciously reproaching himself in the unknown future, and his thin lips curl in prophetic disdain over the contemptible epithet which for the present, at least, he repudiates. And his brother looking good-humouredly into his face, perceives the sneer, and laughs arily.

"Dear old Roy! you must get over this kind of thing, if you please, as soon as possible. It bores me, and the form's bad. Of course you're not jealous of me. But the thing's natural enough, and quite explicable; only I don't want you to go away from Kelpies fancying I didn't know it, and didn't sympathise with you, and didn't understand your feelings about it, as upon my soul, I do, Roy. And I was afraid that unless I told you I did all this, a cloud would grow up between us little by little, and that as we shall see less of each other in the future, our separation would strengthen the misunderstanding, until at last the confidence and the—well, Roy—the love—that we have had for one another all our lives would be altogether done away, or at least, very greatly diminished. So, now, don't have any reserve from me, old fellow; but just take it for granted that I heartily enter into your regrets and your feelings, and be as amiable to me under the trying nature of the circumstances as you can!"

He ends with a gay *insouciant* smile and a merry sparkle in his chameleon eyes, but he has spoken earnestly for all that, and Roy knows it.

"Rep," answers he, faltering and confused, indeed, but far more deeply moved at heart by his brother's allusion to their friendship than he cares to express even to him; "you're an excellent fellow, and a hundred times fitter to be where you are than I; so there's nothing to regret. But the life of this place and the keeping up of the old house, and the future that lies before you as the master of Kelpies—all these things have so many charms for me—for you, I know they have none. I hate this—this commission business, and all the nonsensical hap-hazard of the life I must enter upon—a life of unsettled, dreary, desolate homelessness, apart from all the interests and security of the pleasant fire-side living you will enjoy here. And besides, Rep, if I could believe that the prospect before you was as pleasant in your eyes as it would be in mine were I in your place, then I—I don't think I should feel as I do now about it. But I know that to you your whole future career is just as intolerable as mine is to me. Now, isn't it, Rep? Frankness for frankness! I've answered you without reserve. Be equally candid in your turn!"

There is something of eagerness in the tone of the boy's appeal, and he turns his large blue eyes wistfully upon his brother's face, and keeps them fastened there with a longer pertinacity of gaze than one would have believed possible of such vacillating, quavering orbs; and the look that meets them upon the viscount's handsome countenance is soft almost to the tenderness with which we regard some helpless little child.

"Well, Roy, I won't deny it. You and I are not turned out in the same shape. If I had had a hand in my fortunes I shouldn't have stuck myself down here in the midst of deer-parks, and ancestral portraits, and good dinners, with a prospect of a fine old hereditary gout at the end of the chapter; and I shouldn't have cared to live for the joy of beholding my noble countless indite polite billets to her *amis intimes* upon double milled note with a coronet in the corner. I don't want the honour of a noble house to support, nor the glory of an unblemished escutcheon to worship, nor an ancient faith to swear by, nor an unsullied name to uphold and adorn;—all these things are as nothing to me, and worse than nothing, though I know that to speak so slightly of the family *Lares* and *Penates* is rank blasphemy in your conservative ears. I know that these words—ancestry—position—name—heritage—religion—*noblesse*—are no empty sounds to you, but real ideas, embodying all that life itself holds most dear and precious to you. To me they have hitherto simply represented the Inevitable, and as such I have tacitly accepted them, and with them the uncongenial duties and responsibilities they must some day bring to me. But they are not life—they are not even a part of it. That is denied me, for I must be an earl. Because I have a pedigree I cannot have liberty—because I have a name and a title ready-made I cannot make a name for myself—because I have a landed estate preserved and waiting for me all to myself, I cannot go out of it into the earth that is

made for all men, and seek my own fortune nobly like a man—because I have a crumbling old-world creed, antiquated properties, and an artificial régime to enlist my service, I cannot declare myself and my own heart as I long to do, nor lead the simple rugged nomad life I long to lead; for if I did, I should bring disgrace and contumely upon a house "that has never *et cetera*;" you know the stereotyped peroration, Roy, and you swear by it too, no doubt. Bah! '*Noblesse oblige*?' Indeed it does!"

By this time he has fairly stung himself into a fever of petulant indignation against the unnatural rites and ceremonies of civilized usage, and the brown scintillating eyes, variable as chameleon's in their ever-changing lights, seem absolutely to flame with the ireful spirit of boyish republican chafing at its conventional fetters.

"Good God!" cries Roy, forgetful in his immeasurable astonishment of the keeper's near proximity; "is it possible that you can talk and *feel* like this—while I!—Oh, Rep! Rep! you don't know what I would give for the birthright you contemn so vehemently!"

No reticence—no reserve in the tones of the younger brother now; his heart's desire is in the utterance of his tremulous lips, and his eyes are almost wild in their impotent yearning and plaintive despair. "Ah," he cries with a new touch of bitterness, "if only you were Esau and I were Jacob, what a nice little arrangement we might make between us; but unfortunately the Isaacs of to-day don't fall in with the views of their sons as they might be expected to do."

"What sort of potage would you offer me now, Roy?" laughs the viscount, flicking his spaniel's ears with a glove; "supposing that we were to take the chance of Isaac's turning out amenable, and conclude the bargain privately between ourselves? Come, now; I'm not proud!" "Jacob hadn't much to give," returns the other ruefully, "and I'm like him. But Esau was hungry, and so are you—morally and intellectually; and the potage you want is your liberty. There's my commission, too; but I shouldn't think the Household Brigade would be very much more in your line than Kelpies and a coronet."

"No, indeed, old fellow," says Rep, shaking his curly head in emphatic negation; "Life Guardsmanism is as little to my fancy as the other thing. Look here, Roy! I was born with the heart of a Bohemian and the tastes of the Wandering Jew, and instead of enjoying life in my own way, I'm billeted here upon fashionable society, and shall have to vegetate like a summer cabbage in my own garden! Nothing I am able to do here will be worth doing; nothing I do will be done well. If I go in for art, I can at the best be only a clever dilettante or a 'noble patron.' They'll let me admire other men's work, no doubt, and they'll talk pretty about my *specialité* for painting or what not; but I shall never be an *artist*—only a connoisseur; only a coroneted dabbler!" He seems to shake the words between his set teeth as he utters them, as though they were noxious things that he would fain destroy, and the arm that is linked in his brother's, quivers with the storm of his emotion.

"Dear old boy!" says Roy, throwing oil upon the flames, "what terrible radicalism! Peter the Great is your only parallel! He left an empire for a dockyard, and you will desert an earldom for a paint-box! What a pity you are not a Man of the People!"

"By Jove, Roy, I wish I were! I should like to feel that I could come and go freely wherever I would without fear of being pursued, and tracked, and announced by Court journalists; to know that I had no possession in the world, but that *all* the world itself was mine, and all the hearts in it mine to win! That wherever I found my home and my peace of mind, there I could set up my kingdom and pitch my regal pavilion, to furl it again when I should choose and go elsewhere, leaving no regrets behind me! I've got the Zingaro blood in my veins, Roy, I think, and no mistake!" With that he laughs again gaily, and whistles to Tory, wheeling and bounding up the broad steps of the terrace. *Gaiété de cœur* has always been Rep's speciality. But not so the younger brother's. No; for Roy has a jealous heart, and Rep stands between him and the peerage he covets. A dumb jealousy perhaps—a mere latent consciousness of uneasy discontent, for Roy is scarcely a man, and his life lies untrodden before him, and his passions have had no time to speak—as yet.

CHAPTER II.

"THUS ESAU DESPISED HIS BIRTHRIGHT."

STRONG and free over the awakening woods of Kelpies goes the blithe tumultuous wind, careering from bush to brake, from height to depth, at its own wild will, tossing aloft the tasseled sprays of the slender alders and larches by the bubbling waterfall. Snatching and scattering from their swaying stems the crisp, rusty leaves of the oaks and chestnuts, and whirling them hither and thither in eddying circles. Then hurrying off again in a new direction, roving and lingering and tumbling madly in and

out and up and down in all manner of nooks and corners, the very spirit of inquisitive, capricious, adventurous peregrination.

It is scarcely morning yet, and there is only the very faintest suspicion of a sunrise beyond the far eastern reaches of the heather moors; and all the broad landscape is reposing in that strange aspect of loneliness that the dawn always brings, the one solitary hour during which the World and Humbug seem most remote from our hearts; and Nature, like a little child, yet in the purity and confidence of her early freshness, speaks to us most familiarly and hopefully. There is no Regret in the dawn, no sense of satiate weariness, no quiet expectancy of a coming rest. These belong to the twilight of the evening, and with it they most surely come, grateful and sweet in their perfect order and fitness, the plaintive reposeful cadence of the day's Opera. But the low, clear light that broadens round our horizon every morning is emphatically an Awakening, open-eyed with wonder and anticipation; sanguine, trustful, untroubled by any memory of disappointment or wrecked desire, as the dawn of that first and unluckiest Friday of the world's history that added the disastrous name of Man to the catalogue of created things.

In the eastern wing of the old house at Kelpies, and directly facing the sunrise, are the windows of the viscount's apartments. Already their casements stand open to admit the free roving breezes that shake the thick masses of Virginian creeper upon the grey stone plinths of the façade and buffet the distorted cheeks of the grimacing ecclesiastics that form the gargoyles, with scourges of its scarlet tendrils.

Now and again an adventurous puff darts incontinently into the interior of the viscount's bed-chamber, and stirs the soft heavy drapery of the window-curtains, or sways the ponderous lengths of tapestry upon the walls, or even ruffles the curly hair of the young lord himself as he kneels beside a small travelling valise that lies opened upon the bearskin mat before the hearth.

Rep's face is graver now than when we saw it last, and the gay *insouciant* smile that curled his shapely lips yesterday is quenched this morning in a sadder mood. But there is not a shadow of regret, not a *souffron* of melancholy in the depths of his clear, well-like eyes; and if his handsome face be somewhat paler than its wont, it is blanched by no touch of apprehension nor faint-heartedness. One can read the spirit of a fixed immutable resolve in every curve of his expressive mouth; a resolve, not indeed calm and grand like the determination of manlier growths and riper lives, but at least earnest and enthusiastic, even though somewhat Quixotic in its character. *Ay de mi!* what a pity it is, *mes frères*, that so surely as we advance in our journey along the pathway of the years, so surely our shadow lengthens more and more before us, until at last it far exceeds the measurement of the soul that casts it, and we grow dimly bewildered between the phantom and our self. Who is that *preux chevalier, sans peur et sans reproche*, that can carry a light heart under a wise head through the whole of his campaigning? Theseus and Jason may indeed go out to seek labourious adventure and win themselves renown, but Ægeus sits alone at Sunium, and only watches for the return of the black-sailed argosy across the doleful sea; and the sage old Cheiron stays in his solitude among the crags and caves of the desolate mountains. And the heroes themselves of the argosy were jaded and miserable men when they drew their ships aground at Iolkos, and wept to see what strange unfamiliar faces crowded the home shores they had quitted long before in all the hopeful zealous enthusiasm of their youth. Yet they were heroes, and the deed they had wrought was a mighty one; but the heart knoweth his own bitterness, and the lion of the day, the victor, the popular favourite, the man of brilliant fortunes—these only feel, each one deep in the hidden adytum of his own soul, how vast and awful a failure is his very success, how profound a humiliation his very triumph. "Vanity of Vanities—all is Vanity!" This is the cry upon the lips of Solomon the King, the wisest of men, at whose imperial feet the world poured out every treasure, every glory she could give; this is the testimony of the patriarch Jacob before the throne of Egyptian Pharaoh, the result of his fortunate intrigues and successful ambitions; this the verdict of the mighty Macedonian, who wept that there were no more worlds to conquer; this the end of the life-long scheming of Columbus, of Raleigh, of Albuquerque, of Buonaparte. This, too, the touching complaint of the fallen Cardinal—the consummation of his glowing aspirations and laborious toils—so gross a cheat, so grim and pathetic a farce is human life:

"Vain, pomp, and glory of this world I hate ye;
I have touched the highest point of all my greatness;
And from that full meridian of my glory
I haste now to my setting; I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more!"

Indeed, a melancholy epilogue, but confirmed a thousand times in a thousand different mouths, in every language of the world; in every

corner of the earth. Petrarch, Horace, Spenser, Dryden, La Bruyère, Cervantes, Leopardi, Sir William Temple, Disraeli, Carlyle; poets, philosophers, statesmen, men of the world—what have they all to tell us, save the same dreary bitter experience?—" *Initium cecitas; progressio labor; error omnia!*" For the truth is, as the clever author of *Realmah* succinctly observes—" *man is not great enough for the place he holds in creation.*"

Ah Rep! Rep! the brave Alonzo of Aguilar carried no lighter heart than yours to his disastrous fate at Alpujarra; Sebastian of Portugal, when he weighed anchor in the Bay of Lisbon, and sailed across the gleaming waters to his death at Alcaçarquivier was as hopeful and romantic in his boyish zeal as you are now! For youth never believes in a common fate, and each young paladin goes out to his chosen campaign, undoubting that though others have perished upon the battle-field, he at least will return triumphant, he at least will be the single happy exception destined for success and eternal renown. Thank God for the Hope at the bottom of Pandora's box! Is it of such a hope that the wild, free wind whispers in the ears of Rep as he kneels here alone packing his leathern valise? Is it such a bright golden vision of the future that the breaking dawn prognosticates to his boyish heart as he leans here at the open casement looking out across his own ample inheritance, with its yellow plumed covers, its white chattering torrent of gleaming foam, its sudden dells and thyme-clad slopes, its level stretches of dark moorland, where the heron and the blackcock and the ptarmigan hide in the gorse and bracken by the still purple pools? Yet, at last, there comes a shadow of mournfulness into Rep's eyes as he turns them away from the familiar panorama, and fixes their clear, steadfast gaze upon a little miniature, set round with a single border of pearls, and hanging in a niche by the window upon a background of crimson velvet. It is a portrait of himself, painted three years ago by a hand that has lost its cunning now in the stillness and repose of death, the hand of his mother, the Countess Mona, from whose artistic taste and temperament Rep inherits, no doubt, his peculiar love of the pencil and canvass.

Slowly he takes the tiny picture from its recess, and stands looking at it in the misty light of the dawn, until he can see no longer for the tears that blind his sight. For alone in his own chamber, deeper expressions and graver manner often take the place of the gay bonhomme, which is Rep's distinguishing trait in society, and pulses of strong emotion beat sometimes behind the lips whose smile is always so ready.

"I can't leave this," he mutters, drawing his hand rapidly across his eyes with an impetuous characteristic lightness of action. "It's the only thing I possess of her painting, and wherever I go it shall go with me."

He lays it with gentle reverent touch in a corner of the valise upon a packet of old letters, addressed to him at Harrow in his schooldays, some in his father's writing, some in her's; treasured heirlooms of dead years, which Rep regards with tenderer veneration than he would care for Roy to know. Then he closes the valise, locks it, and rises to his feet, standing motionless, and looking down upon it as though he were considering what ought to be done next. Then he takes from an ebony console beside him a note, directed in his own hand to his brother, and goes noiselessly out of the room and down the broad plastered staircase wrapped in a travelling cloak and carrying his valise.

A moment he lingers upon the threshold of the old house, and looks behind him into the great empty hall he has crossed for the last time, the grey dim light of the early morning streaming in through the opened door and lying ghost-like upon cold marble pavement, making the darkness and the silence of the corridors beyond its reach more strangely profound. And Rep pauses and gazes back with a long-drawn sigh; this romantic departure from home, this deed of voluntary exile, this willing abdication of birthright, is not altogether the result of selfish promptings. Mistaken, perhaps, and very ill-advised, but not altogether selfish, else why, as he turns his eyes away from the familiar place, does he murmur encouragingly to himself, "He will be happier; it is better so!"

His footsteps echo heavily down the long avenue as he goes on his way towards the lodge, walking like a man in a dream, with his head drooping, and his bonnet drawn low upon his forehead. But the roving wind rustling tumultuously in upon him every now and then between the sturdy elm trunks, claps its friendly hand upon his flying curls in benison and cries, "*Courage, mon ami!* Listen to me, and hear me blow my own trumpet and beat my roll-call to liberty in every corner of the open heaven! Only think how delightful it is to be free, and unaccountable, and unrestrained like me! Too-hoo-too! Rat a plan-plan! Whew-w-w!"

Early as it is, the gatekeeper is up and about already, sweeping the fallen leaves from the entrance of the drive, and softly whistling Jacobite ditties to beguile his laborious solitude. Rep lifts his head and accosts the man with a cheery greeting.

"Hallo, MacIvor! you're just the fellow I want! I'm off by the early train, and you must take a commission for me!"

Whereat the gate-keeper looks perplexed and respectfully curious, but he only lays his besom aside by way of intimating his readiness to perform the viscount's behest, and answers deprecatingly :

"Ye' lairdship ain't a goin' to walk sure/y. It's ower twa mile ta ' station, and ye've got a case wi' ye. Winna ye ha' the dog-cart round? I'll be no five minutes puttin' o' to!"

Rep laughs and shakes the valise in order to impress his anxious retainer with a sense of its lightness.

"No, thanks, MacIvor; I shouldn't be worth much if I couldn't carry such a thing as this two miles. I prefer to walk, and I've allowed myself time to do it easily. But, look here; I want you to give this note to my brother; not now, he'll be fast asleep for the next four or five hours; but when you hear the breakfast gong, go up to the house and give it him then. Don't let anybody else take it; ask to see him and put it into his hand yourself. You understand, don't you, Mac?"

"Sure/y, my laird." He takes the note Rep tenders him and doffs his bonnet respectfully.

"Ye'll no be gaen for lang, mayhap?" he asks with the liberty of a privileged servant.

"I can't say, Mac; you know I'm never to be depended upon much. I come and go like the swallows."

"That's main trew, my laird. An' when ye gang awa frae us it's always the winter that comes behin', an' when ye come hame ye bring the simmer alang wi' ye! But God bless ye' lairdship wherever ye're boun'!"

Rep takes his hand with a sudden impulse too strong to be resisted, but does not speak again, perhaps lest the sound of his voice should betray him. Then the heavy gates of Kelpies close behind him with a dull, sonorous clang, shutting him out from his birthright, striking at his heart like the thrust of steel, barring the way henceforth between him and the home he will see no more. No more! What matter? Rep is now become a citizen of the world, and all the highways of earth lie open and wide before him.

And the letter that MacIvor has in charge to give to the new-made heir is this :

"DEAR ROY,

"I have gone to the life that I love. Think of me as though I were dead; give up the Household Brigade and go to Oxford instead; you will at least be a greater credit to the University than I have been. I will say nothing to you by way of attempting to dissuade you or my father from seeking me—I know that of course you will do so—I only warn you that all such search will be made in vain, for I have not blundered over my plans of departure, and I defy Scotland-yard. It will be easy enough for you to account to all anxious inquiries for my absence—let them think I am travelling abroad by way of inaugurating the recent attainment of my majority. My wayward character and disposition to ramble are pretty well known, and nobody will be surprised at such a sudden freak on my part.

"For the rest, dear old fellow, let the earl know that my last and most earnest petition is this,—that he will let you take the place I so willingly abandon to you, and forget that he ever had another son, or at least that if such an one existed once, he now exists no longer, but has gone with the things of the past. And so for the last time I sign myself by that household name that must henceforth be as unfamiliar in your mouth dear Roy, as it will be in the ears of your lost and affectionate brother, R. E. P."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ORDERS FOR WOMEN.—Mrs. Lionel Strauss, of Carlisle, has received from the Emperor of Germany, the "Cross of Merit for Maids and Matrons," as a mark of appreciation in high quarters of her valuable services rendered to the sick and wounded during the late war between France and Germany.

SPECTACLES.—Of all the gifts which science has so freely lavished on humanity, perhaps there is none that ranks higher than the means afforded of assisting the natural vision. The value of Spectacles when properly adjusted cannot be overrated, for they enable us to pursue our avocations, whether of duty or pleasure, with ease and comfort. From these observations it will be seen that the dangerous practice of wearing Spectacles purchased from those unacquainted with lenses should be avoided. We recommend those requiring good spectacles to try Mr. Bernard Davis, 480, Euston-road, Optician to the Ophthalmic Institution, manufacturer of microscopes, magic lanterns, dissolving views, &c., from whom catalogues may be obtained.—ADVT.

"MEDICINE AS A PROFESSION FOR WOMEN."*

THERE are now in America several women who successfully fill the position of city physicians. In the United States four women's medical colleges are already established, and in good working order. The Hygieo Therapeutic College has always admitted lady students on the same terms as gentlemen; and of late many eclectic and homœopathic medical colleges, yielding to that "vox populi" which we know is also "vox Dei," have opened their doors to receive the long excluded women candidates. Last spring a hundred ladies, all regularly educated, graduated as doctors of medicine; and there are more than a thousand women now practising medicine with success and skill in the United States. In England there is but one woman's medical college. Statistics like these are not without grave significance. Will English people remain content with a conservative and illiberal policy towards their women, while America sets us so fine an example? Nevertheless, let us be thankful that we have with us even now a few thoughtful and serious champions in the ranks of the medical faculty, gentlemen whose numbers are fast increasing, whose names are honourably known, and whose earnest labours in the good cause we shall long remember with gratitude when the necessity for them shall have passed away. Among these wise and generous friends is Dr. Charles Drysdale, M.R.C.P., M.R.C.S.; a man whose fame is securely established, and whose brave and conscientious advocacy of scientific and social morality marks him as a distinguished pioneer of the brighter and freer age to come.

Before us now is a small pamphlet entitled "Medicine as a Profession for Women," of which Dr. Drysdale is author, and upon the contents of which we propose to base a few brief observations. On page 7 of the little work it is noted that among the reasons commonly adduced against the practice of the healing art by women, is the assertion that professional life is incompatible with the duties of maternity, or the cares of a household. "But," replies our author, "be it remarked that this argument only holds good for mothers, and that it is neither necessary or just to make it imperative on women that they should either be mothers or nothing." . . . "To say that women must be excluded from active life because maternity disqualifies them for it, is, in fact, to say that every career should be forbidden them in order that maternity may be their only resource." And, indeed, we may observe, *en passant*, that unless Englishmen are prepared to uphold and adopt polygamy, they can have no rational ground for their objection to independent work on the part of women. Under the present monogamous system, and with the present disproportion in the relative numbers of the sexes, it is absolutely impossible for all women to be wives. Half our women must be men—men socially and politically. To oppose this necessary condition of things upon sentimental grounds is to assist in perpetuating those terribly hideous evils of starvation, dishonour, suicide, and insanity, which find such numerous victims among single women of all classes in the present day. For who does not clearly perceive that if a section of the feminine population—a population so overwhelmingly in excess—be dependant on man *legitimately*, the surplus multitudes of less fortunate women must either work for themselves, or become *illegitimately* dependent on the other sex?

And one would think that in the arena of the medical profession room would be readily made for women, since Nature herself has specially indicated the science of healing as a womanly vocation. "Although," says Dr. Drysdale, "I am in favour of women trying their powers in all trades and professions; there is none, I believe, into which it is anything like the same importance they should enter, as medicine." And most surely, for the cure of those complaints and disorders which exclusively affect women, modesty, fitness, and reason alike incline us towards the employment of the doctrix rather than the doctor. We have not space in this brief article to touch on the absolute *necessity* of admitting women to the study of medicine, if the interests of science be had in regard; but we may mention that many celebrated physicians have long held the opinion that the diseases of women will never be thoroughly understood or ably treated, until women are encouraged to throw new light on the whole subject by means of that intimate knowledge of the formation and working of their own physical and mental system, of which only they themselves can be adequately conscious and recognizant.

Of course, we are all well aware that at no very distant date the walls of the Medical Jericho must fall before us, and we shall enter triumphantly the once impregnable capital. Day after day, with steady march, and united unyielding ranks, our armies encompass the hostile city; and still with resolute perseverance our leaders sound the war-blast, and the

*By CHARLES R. DRYSDALE, M.D., Physician to the North London Hospital for Consumption, the Metropolitan Free Hospital, etc. [Baillière, Tindall and Co., 20, King William-street, Strand, London.]

eager hosts vociferate their brave and sturdy shout of challenge. More than half the work is already performed; the doomed foundations already quiver; courage and patience but a brief while longer, *et puis le bon temps viendra!*

By and by we shall boast better things than America.

CORRESPONDENCE.

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

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

MADAM,—

There must be many women-householders who are asking the question why they have not, since they pay taxes, an equal right with men-householders, who do so, to control the expenditure of the State, and exercise an influence over the Legislature, by the use of the Parliamentary vote. To such women, many of whom have freehold and other property to look after and regulate, to take care of children, to provide for the maintenance of others, and to fulfil almost every duty that can fall to a citizen, it may be a quite an insufficient and most unsatisfactory answer, to say, that, because they are "*women*," they may only do the duties and incur the pains and penalties of citizenship, but possess none of the *rights* which would naturally fall to men in their position. To such women may come the knowledge that it is a duty, from which they should not shrink, to demand a voice in the regulation of the laws and taxation, on behalf of themselves and their sisters, which should far outweigh any superstitious subjection to the other sex, which may have been inculcated on them before any real experience of life and human nature had come to them. Will you allow me, in your paper, to tell such women that I believe the best mode of proving the earnest feeling which we have would be to decline paying the State taxes, while we are denied representation in Parliament? I have twice acted on this conviction, and allowed my goods to be seized and sold, and another lady has, this year, done the same thing. I chose this mode of protest because it appeared to be the most practical and peaceable protest, and it had been proved effective in former years, in cases where men had to complain of injustice and constraint of conscience. With me it is also a case of conscience, for I consider that I cannot, justly, pay money to a Government of men only, when men and women compose the State; if even the laws passed were not specially unjust to women. If any woman should be sufficiently interested to wish for an amount of the seizures of my goods and consequent expenses, I shall be happy to send reply if a letter should be forwarded by you.

Your obedient servant,

A HOUSEHOLDER.

[The Editor wishes to call the attention of Correspondents to the practice of VIVISECTION in its relation to the interests of Science and Morality. Letters on this subject will be specially welcome.]

DUNOON.—THE WOMEN'S RIGHTS QUESTION.—A public meeting, at which Miss Tylour (late of Belmont) delivered an address on the Women's Suffrage Question, was held in the Free Church Academy, on the evening of Tuesday, Sept. 24. Provost Thomson occupied the chair; and on the platform were Miss M'Laren, secretary of the National Society for Women's Suffrage, Edinburgh; Rev. J. C. Johnston, and Bailie R. L. Smith, Dunoon. The audience, which was large and respectable, listened with great attention to Miss Tylour's eloquent and graceful address, and frequently applauded her during its delivery. At the conclusion of the lecture the Rev. J. C. Johnston moved, "That the ownership or occupation of lands and houses being the basis of representation in this country, it is unjust in principle to make sex a ground of disqualification; wherefore, this meeting authorises the chairman, at the proper time, to sign a petition, and forward the same to Parliament, in favour of removing the electoral disabilities of women; and further, agrees to appoint a committee to promote the Women's Suffrage movement in this neighbourhood, the committee to consist of Provost Thomson, Rev. R. W. Thomson, Kirn; Captain Young, Dunmore, Kirn; Bailie Smith, Dunoon; Rev. J. C. Johnston, Dunoon, with power to add to their number." Mr. A. N. Arthur moved, as an amendment, "That the meeting leave the people of Dunoon to take what action they may think proper when the subject again comes on for discussion in Parliament." On being put to the meeting, the chairman declared the motion carried by a majority. A vote of thanks to the chairman, proposed by Miss M'Laren, concluded the business.—*Glasgow Herald.*

COWPER'S HOUSE.

A correspondent of the "Times" calls public attention to the fact that the house at East Dereham, in Norfolk, where the poet Cowper spent the last three years of his life, is in danger of being pulled down, to make way for a "neat Gothic structure," which is to be called the "Cowper Congregational Church." The house, as it stands, is described as "no shaky ruin, no unsightly relic in painful and shabby dilapidation. It is a good solid house, a model of its period, and filled with Cowper's memory." It is at this moment, and has hitherto been, occupied as a dwelling-house, but a committee of the Independents at Dereham have effected the purchase, and are in possession of plans of the chapel which they propose erecting on the site. The correspondent appeals to "intelligent Nonconformists throughout the country, much more than to Churchmen, to expostulate with the Dereham Independents, to point out to them their mistake in vulgarising the name of Cowper into an advertising machine." He adds that "the existing Congregational building is ample, as far as room goes." By transforming Cowper's house into a chapel, he says, "the place will be deprived of half its special value, besides causing regret to every one in the neighbourhood except the committee." The letter, however, is not merely one of denunciation, for the correspondent has a suggestion to make, viz., "that if once the committee can be induced to reconsider their policy, the lovers of Cowper throughout England will raise the comparatively small sum that would provide an equally good building on an altered site, with some sort of added compensation." The "Daily News" follows suit, but as we have heard no more of the matter, it is to be hoped the "Times" correspondent is learning to become reconciled to the inevitable. Another suggestion, and that is more sensible, is, that in Olney, as a memorial, there should be a public hall, and a library, and a statue of the poet.

THE CORNELL UNIVERSITY, ITHACA.

This University entered on its fifth year on the 12th ult. The entering class, says the "New York Tribune," consists of about 200 members including a dozen ladies. The total number of students will not be in excess of the attendance of last year, and a number have left, it is stated, on account of the formal admission of women. The Sage College building for women has been begun, and will be completed within a year, at a cost of 150,000 dollars. It will provide dormitories to accommodate 200, and lecture-rooms for physiology, embryology, and kindred subjects. The McGraw building is just finished, and the libraries and cabinets are being arranged in it. The library consists of 36,000 volumes, including the Jared Sparks collection, recently added. Important additions in French, German, Italian, and Spanish literature have been made this summer. A course of lectures by Mr. J. A. Froude will begin in the latter part of the present month. Mr. Froude will lecture on "English Rule in Ireland," treating of it up to the present time, and it is to be hoped that Ireland will, at least until Mr. Froude has concluded his lectures, abstain from making herself more disagreeable than convenient, or from expressing her discontent in unusually loud tones.—"Pall-Mall Gazette."

A NEW PLAGUE.

The President of the Academy of Medicine of Paris has laid before the body a full description of what is called a new disease, and which has ravaged Illyria. According to the "Medical Press and Circular," it first appeared at Scherbiero, and that name has therefore been popularly assigned to the disease as well as the village. The village in question is miserably poor, and in a bad position as regards hygiene. The people live on salt meat, drink bad water, are miserably clad, and their abode is in a mountain gorge, where the wind has very little access. More than 3,000 cases have occurred in Illyria, but it seems now on the wane. M. Barth, the learned President of the Academy, went to study it at Porto-Ré, and found thirty-three cases in the hospital. At his discourse he exhibited a number of portraits. He recommended iodine of potassium as a remedy, and it appears probable that it would be found efficacious.

BURNING OF THE ESCURIAL.—The "Times" publishes the following telegram, dated Madrid, October 2:—The Escorial was struck by lightning to-day. The Pasco le los Reyes caught fire, and the flames instantly spread in the direction of the library, palace, and church. One tower has already fallen. A special train with engines and firemen has left Madrid. Fears are entertained that the whole of the world-famed pile will be destroyed. Great excitement prevails. The king has gone down from Madrid.

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

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

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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 23, 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, no appetite, a very bad taste in the mouth. I tried doctors and all the pills and medicines 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.

GRATIS, OCTOBER FASHIONS.

MESSRS. JAY being in constant communication with the Originators of the Newest Fashions in Paris, have resolved to publish a Monthly Mirror of Illustrations, drawn by a clever and experienced artist; a complimentary copy of which they will send on application to any certified address. The next number will contain the latest Autumnal Fashions in Bonnets, Mantles, Costumes, and varied Millinery, as exhibited at

THE LONDON GENERAL MOURNING WAREHOUSE,
245, 247, 249, and 251, Regent-street.
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LADIES requiring good and cheap BLACK SILKS are invited to look at the very excellent Black Gros Grain Lyons Silks, wide widths, Messrs. JAY are selling at £3 17s. 6d. the dress.

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JANUS CORD, an inexpensive and remarkably good texture for mourning wear. Janus Cord is cut from the piece in any required length. Dresses of the same material are also kept made up, and trimmed from 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ guineas the dress.

JAYS.

JANUS CORD.—Ladies who at this season of the year choose to wear black dresses, will find JANUS CORD, at about 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ guineas the dress, one of the most economical and best fabrics manufactured for ladies' dresses.

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NEAPOLITAN BAKING POWDER

MANUFACTURED BY

R. TADMAN AND CO.,

TESTIMONIAL TO MR. R. TADMAN,
London, June 10, 1872.

Sir, I have as requested tried your Neapolitan Baking Powder and find it excellent. Articles made with it retain for a considerable time their original freshness and crispness, and I can confidently recommend it as THE BEST I EVER TRIED.

I am Sir, yours truly,

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Refreshment Contractor to both Houses of Parliament.

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LOCKYER'S SULPHUR HAIR RESTORER is guaranteed to restore grey hair to its former colour in a few days. Quite harmless. Large bottles, 1s. 6d.; cases of three for country, 5s stamps. Pepper, 237, Tottenham-court-road, London, and all Chemists.

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28. CHEAPSIDE.

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LOZENGES, for imparting tone and energy to the nervous system. Pleasant to the taste, and possessing highly restorative properties, they will be found an invaluable remedy in all cases of debility, nervousness, depression of spirits, trembling of the limbs, palpitation of the heart, &c., restoring health, strength, and vigour in a few weeks.—Sold in boxes at 4s. 6d., 15s., and 32s.; by post 4s. 8d., 15s. 4d., and 35s., by E. Clever, 63, Oxford-street, London; and Westmacott, 17, Market-street, Manchester.

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LOZENGE for the Throat and Weakness of the Voice.—These Lozenges strengthen and produce a Charming Voice of silvery bell-like clearness, improve sustain, and increase the power and compass of the Voice, stop its decline, and impart elasticity to the vocal chords. Upwards of 5,000 testimonials. The following: tell their own tale.—CHRISTINE NISSON writes:—"I find your Lozenges most excellent for the throat and voice." JENNY LIND:—"I confirm the testimony already so general in favour of your Voice Lozenges." LOUISA FRYE:—"I have benefited much from the use of them." Mrs. GERMAN REED:—"I find they give an exquisite clearness to the voice." ARCHBISHOP MANNING:—"I approve very highly of them." Rev. CHARLES GORDON GUMMING DUNBAR writes:—"They certainly give clearness to the throat and mellowness to the voice." Sir MICHAEL COSTA:—"I am glad to give my testimonial to their efficacy." HERB THEOPOR WACHTEL, Court-Singer to the King of Prussia, writes, June 4th, 1870:—"Your excellent Lozenges are the best to clear the voice and clean the throat from phlegm." Sold by Chemists, in boxes, 6d., 1s., and 2s. 6d., or from MILES DOUGHTY, Chemist, 26 and 27, BLACKFRIARS-ROAD, LONDON. Post free for 7, 14, or 33 stamps.

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CAUTION.—None are genuine unless they bear the Inventor's Signature on the Wrapper around each box and the words, "Williams's Worm Lozenges" on the Government stamp. Full directions with each box.

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 CLASPS.—By these useful and ornamental new
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JUDSON'S SIMPLE DYES,
 Magenta Green Canary Purple Mauve
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Price Sixpence per bottle.
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 Grains, 20 inch, from 1s. 11d., 24 inch ditto from
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SARSAPARILLA and IODIDE of POTASH
PILLS, effectually purifying the blood and strengthening
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 LEY, 33 Bond-street, Brighton. Female mixture
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PRICES FROM 4d. TO 6d. A YARD.

FIFTY DIFFERENT KINDS, INCLUDING
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OF SUPERIOR QUALITY AND RICH AUTUMN COLOURS.

FINE FRENCH MERINOS, 1s. 6d. and 1s. 11d.

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ORCHARDS CURE FOR DEAFNESS.

MAY BE USED WITH PERFECT SAFETY.

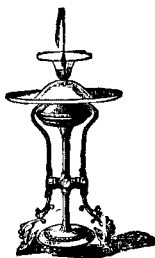
Contains nothing which can possibly injure the Ear. Price 13d. per bottle; free by post for 15 stamps.
GRATIFYING CURE.—Thomas Lockyer says: "About three months ago I was so deaf that I could not hear St. Thomas' bells (a very powerful peal) as I walked through the churchyard, and as to going to church it was no good at all, for I could not hear a word. After using two bottles of 'Orchard's Cure for Deafness' I was quite restored, and last Sunday heard every word at church.—Salisbury, June 27, 1870."

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Prepared by E. J. ORCHARD, CHEMIST, SALISBURY.

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IRLANG-IRLANG, VANDA, HENNA, JOCKEY CLUB, VIOLET, TEA, COFFEE, and oil
 sweet perfumes, from 2s. 6d.; three in a pretty box for 7s.

RIMMEL'S GLYCERINE SOAP, 6d. and 1s. Pellucid do. 1s.

RIMMEL'S far-famed TOILET VINEGAR, 1s., 2s. 6d., and 5s. Violet Water, 3s. 6d. Toilet
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RIMMEL'S AQUADENTINE, for whitening the Teeth and sweetening the Breath, 2s. 6d.

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“The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her; and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place,
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And Beauty, born of murmuring sound,
Shall pass into her face.

“And vital feelings of delight
Shall rear her form to stately height,
Her virgin bosom swell;
Such thoughts to Lucy I will give
While she and I together live
Here in this happy dell.”

Who shall draw a better picture of a perfect lady? Thank heaven for the poets; they keep us from falling into many fatal errors, from which the wisdom of philosopher and politician warn us not!

But while we hope to make our future programme inclusive of articles and correspondence on the subjects already indicated, there is yet another branch of progress and thought which we should indeed be sorry to forget—the all important interest of Hygiene. No reform can be achieved, intellectually or socially, no permanent advance can be assured in national education or custom, if we neglect to study the proper adjustment of those things which are inseparably connected with all mental growth and being. Earnestly, therefore, we invite discussion in our columns, as well on hygienic and physiologic topics as on other matters more generally interesting to thoughtful and enlightened women. In conclusion, we hope to make it clearly understood that while careful to guard this Journal from becoming the organ of any clique or party, we shall be always willing to give each a fair hearing; and though we cannot be personally responsible for the opinions of any of our contributors, we shall yet withhold space from none of them, on the ground that we happen to differ on some point from their expressed views and theories.

THE EDITOR.

COFFEE-HOUSES VERSUS GIN-PALACES.

THERE is a wise saying of our great poet Shakespeare's, not enough considered amongst us—“How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds, makes ill deeds done,” and we may reasonably suppose that the contrary principle would take effect, and that the sight of means to do good deeds would cause the good deeds to be done forthwith. Well, to bring the theory down to practice, we have about 150,805 means to do ill deeds, in the shape of licensed victuallers and beersellers in the United Kingdom, whilst we have about 50 corresponding means to do good deeds in the shape of coffee-shops, or “public-houses without the beer.” The inference to be drawn therefrom speaks for itself.

A large number of people willingly agree that there are more public-houses in certain localities in England than there need be for the legitimate wants of the population; but many, on the other hand, affirm that the number of public-houses in the street does not make drunkards. Now, we affirm that, in part, the multiplication of temptations to “turn in and have a glass,” does create drunkenness, for often a man or woman would reach home sober were it not that there is that very “sight” to tempt to “another drop;” and so on to excitement, and then to the bitter end. Cannot our boasted enlightenment of the 19th century devise some means of putting before our masses more temptations to good than to evil? Human nature is weak, and, as Artemus Ward says, “there's a deal of it in man,” so it would be far better to erase that human nature than to be obliged to put down its outbreaks by law. We maintain that while there is so much temptation to drunkenness put before our people, we can never expect to lose that blot cast upon us by foreigners. Neither can we hope to stem the tide of pauperism and crime principally caused by intemperance in one member of a family or another. The Licensing Bill passed last session is

evidently doing a good work, and we may hope for even better things in future, viz., the reduction of public-houses with the beer. The promotion of public-houses without the beer ought next to be attended to by all those who have the welfare of the nation at heart, and every means suggested to make them attractive and self-supporting. But we must almost make up our minds to dispense with the latter principle at first, until people have got into the habit of being sober, and have found out that it is better for their pockets and morals.

Objectors say: “the men did never go to the coffee-houses,” and it is certainly found that the average attendance is not such as we meet with in gin-palaces, &c. But why is this? First of all, we must not expect that people will become moral at once, but we must persevere nevertheless in the trial therefore, even if we perceive but little fruits at first. Secondly, the existing coffee-houses are not—as the rule—such as they ought to be. They are dull, dismal sort of places, with no effort to vie with the flaring gin-palace, and with a lifeless sort of management about them that repels rather than attracts. Thirdly, no one has tried to make them the fashion!

With regard to the ornamentation and management of a coffee-house, those anxious on the question should exert themselves to obtain funds to set it off well at first. The outside should be as bright-looking and well-lighted as the inside. An attractive sign should be chosen, and the windows should be filled with ornamental bottles of the harmless liquors sold within. For these should not be confined to tea and coffee; syrup, soda-waters, lemonade, ginger-beer, and any other innocent fluid might be consumed, and thus the taste led away from exciting drinks.

The inside of the coffee-house ought to be highly ornamented, comfortable and warm in winter, and kept very clean and tidy—the evidence of a well-ordered household. Smoking, of course, should be allowed, for as coffee is considered to be the best beverage to accompany the so-called noxious weed, there is no excuse for drinking anything else! Even the cups and plates should be chosen with an eye to attractiveness, pictures should adorn the walls, and there should be an abundance of light. Of course, in a large house there could be as many rooms as desired, but in an ordinarily sized coffee-house there should be the outer room, where the tea, coffee, and refreshments are served at a moment's notice; a reading-room, where quiet could be maintained, and a bagatelle-room, and other games, such as drafts, chess, backgammon, spillikins, the race games, and any other, except cards, that might be thought of. The managers should be quick, lively people, not canting or gloomy, but with the full interest at heart of trying to attract customers. A library should be formed, and papers supplied with regularity, and as early in the morning as possible. This is an ideal coffee-house, and it is certain that if such an establishment were thoroughly well-managed there would always be a good attendance, and the promoters then would feel that they were doing something towards heading the stream of drunkenness, and maybe, by-and-by, would almost turn it into the channel of sobriety.

The Editor of “THE LADY'S OWN PAPER” has kindly allowed Miss A. B. Le Geyt to state that she is going to establish a necessarily small public-house without the beer, on the principles related above. There is a good deal of drunkenness in her village, and many idle lads, who would be better off improving their minds with newspapers, magazines, and books at the coffee-house, and playing the harmless games provided, than sitting boozing in a public-house with the beer. Strict rules with regard to the ordering of the games and other matters will be enforced, and as the rent of the premises is nominal, and in a village the other items comparatively small, it is hoped that after the first outlay for alterations, &c., the place will be made self-supporting. But to meet this first outlay about £50 will be required, for which contributions are earnestly requested, which may be paid in to “Miss Alice B. Le Geyt, The Cottage, Corston, near Bristol,” of whom also further information may be obtained about the rules, &c., if desired.

Alice Bell Le Geyt.