

MRS. MAYBRICK'S OWN STORY

readers, that lessons in literary composition form no part of the disciplinary curriculum of Aylesbury; nay, the art of writing is distinctly discouraged there, as interfering with the prescribed parliamentary régime. Accordingly, when I set out to tell my pitiful little story, I was told to look at myself objectively; then to pry into myself subjectively; then to regard both in their relation to the outside world—to describe how this, that, or the other affected me; in short, as one of them, more deep in science than others, expressed it, "We want as much as possible of the psychology of your prison life."

I surreptitiously looked up that awe-inspiring word in a dictionary, and found that it refers to the soul, and that it was my soul they wanted me to lay bare. I vehemently protested that that belonged to my God, and I had no right to expose it for daws to peck at. But the publishers, with the aid