

[For the Torch]  
ESSAYS.

BY THE CHEVALIER DE BRASSY.

No. 2.—On Female Education.

If I had a thousand (1000) daughters I would bring them all up to be women of fashion. In some obscure country places, I believe, there are still some women to be found who attach themselves to one man, increase the population and suckle their young, but they are fast dying out before the needs of a higher civilization.

The poets, and especially the oriental poets, have done much to place the female of the human species in a false position. A girl bears no real resemblance to a gazelle, a lamb, a butterfly, a dove, a duck, or a chickabiddy, or any other rural or agricultural stock; nor does she taste like nectar, or rosebuds, or molasses candy, or honey. Her likeness to a gem consists mainly in being kept in cotton wool. When I have watched a female pegging into a singularly good dinner, I have failed to perceive her likeness to an angel. But the poets, poor fellows, indulge in silly similes. "Her teeth," says Solomon, "are like sheep on the distant hills." Which gives rise to the conundrum: "Why did Solomon liken the teeth of his beloved to a flock of sheep?" "Because they were always nibbling." "And why was her nose like the tower of Heshbon?" I give that up.

Let us clear the ground then. — A girl is a girl to be developed by education into a woman of the period. As the present tendency of population is to gravitate towards the cities the aim of education should be to develop the girl into a woman of the cities. I would commence the physical education of my thousand daughters by importing from China a thousand pairs of wooden clogs in which to enclose their infantile feet, so that in after life they should never wear larger shoes than number four's. Then I would order from the Vulcanized Rubber Company 2,000 strong elastic bands, which they should garter be'ow the knee so as to cause an abnormal development of calf, with a view to its being accidentally shown when the gamesome wind comes sweeping by. Furthermore they should sleep in wash-leather gloves. Also I would compress their bodies with complications of leather and steel in the manner that Sitting Bull does when pemican is scarce in the camp. On their heads as a covering I would place two square inches of gauze and four sunflowers. A large section of their persons I would leave bare. I would give them large quantities of pie and stlapencil to eat. They should alternate between overheated atmospheres and chilling draughts. They should be deprived of sleep. It won't be unnecessary to forbid them to do any work, for they would be incapable of physical exertion.

As regards the intellectual qualities, all manifestations of intellect should be crushed out with unsparring hand. One need not look for genius in woman,—for genius, you know, is a kind of madness given as a curse to men beloved by the gods. But in whatever shape individuality appears it must be suppressed.

Then I would send my thousand daughters

to a fashionable boarding school for five years, three years of which should be devoted to the arts of music, dancing, amatory correspondence, and the language of flowers; one year to reading, writing, arithmetic, algebra, mathematics, history, belles lettres (as represented by the writings of Ouida and Madame Demorest) philology, philosophy (including the maxims of Epictetus), ethics, political economy with marked attention to the Malthusian doctrine, jurisprudence (with especial reference to the law of dower), Greek, Latin, Hebrew, French, German, Italian, the Oriental tongues, physics, patent medicines, cosmetology and private theatricals. The fifth year I would devote to the matching of colors in costume, the getting in and out of a carriage, also the art of gracefully upsetting in a sleigh. In this last department female education has hitherto been defective.

Then I would launch my daughters in the great world and provide them with an "engagement card," and a copy of the accredited record of millionaires, entitled, "Who's who in 1878." Marriage would follow as a matter of course. The daughters of DeBrassy would create a sensation in society, and I would be their father, even as the son of Cælus was father of the Oceanides. Their career would be bright, useless, beautiful, and brief. At twenty-three their charms would have waned. At thirty-two they would have died, childless, of old age.

Objectors may ask: "If this sort of thing goes on, how is the human race to be continued?" To which I reply I do not see the necessity.

[For the Torch]

FASHION FLAMBEAUX.

Vests of bright colored silks to be worn with dark dresses, are one of the most popular fancies of the present season, but something newer and still more unique are lace vests with Louis XIII. cuffs. An extravagant luxury, as a matter of course, but none the less elegant on that account.

Fashion has decreed that, this winter, babies' clothes are no longer to be made up in the elaborate style once so universal. As the dictum has begun with babies, it is to be hoped it will gradually spread in its application, until finally mothers and grandmothers are included.

The rage for bright colored embroidery has now reached table linen and napkins, and table cloths are known to housekeepers by having a monogram in each corner. This will be a good safeguard against the inroads of light-fingered "helps."

One of the greatest novelties among lately imported hats, has two brims, the lower resting on the hair and the other close to the crown; each has a different edging so as to allow of both being distinctly visible, and thus the effect produced somewhat resembles one hat placed above another. The space between the brims may be filled with flowers, feathers, or ribbons as the wearer may prefer.

A new fabric for spring wear is a shot silk of the oddest combination of colors which can be imagined. The name is "Après la Pluie," and certainly is appropriate after the rainy winter we have had.

Reticles, pouches or more modernly chataleine bags, have once more come into fashion, being suspended from the belt as before. Probably they are an accompaniment of the blonde waists, which, as before stated, are also among fashion's renewals.

"Marble" paper and envelopes and "gold" and "silver" ink, are the newest things in stationery. Fashion is going in for solidity in this matter, and yet the effect produced by the combination of this paper and ink is more unsubstantial than otherwise and not nearly so satisfactory as old-fashioned black ink and plain white paper.

"They say" that the good old fashion of sending one's "love a letter" in commemoration of St. Valentine, is to be very much revived this winter. We hope so; and yet St. John of the present time seems too profoundly practical and pre-occupied to indulge in such pretty sentimentalities.

Cuckoo feathers tipped with jet are one of favorite ornaments for round hats.

The newest necklaces are formed of tiny rose-tinted shells of enameled gold. In each shell lurked a diamond as clear as a dew drop. A very pretty gift to offer at the shrine of beauty.

The most stylish slippers for evening wear are of the same color as the dress which they accompany, and the stockings worn with them are also of the same shade.

One of the coming fashions is ribbon apparently woven of metal—yellow and red, gold, silver, steel and bronze. Judging by ribbons, buttons and trimmings this is a very metallic age.

Fine, white, silk lace mittens are very much worn at dinner parties in Paris, but black mittens are tabooed even when worn with a black dress.

Shirt studs with cuff and collar buttons of white linen, mounted on gold are fashionable for gentlemen when in full dress.

Lastly a Boston paper says it is *en vogue* for gentlemen to carry canes when going to business. Independently of the fashion of the thing why should they not carry their canes if they wish to? It gives them a leisurely gentlemanly look.

TWO STYLES OF JOURNALISM.

A COMPARISON OF AMERICAN AND ENGLISH METHODS.

One of the most characteristic differences between the journals of New York and London, says the *Swiss Times*—we speak more especially of the large daily papers—is that, while those of London loftily ignore each other's existence, the more lively and less pompous papers of the Empire City indulge from time to time in furious combat and bespatter one another with their dirtiest ink. A man might go on reading the *Times* for seven years without knowing that any other daily paper was published in the British metropolis; the *Standard* would probably rather perish from off the face of the earth than acknowledge a rival otherwise than as a "morning contemporary," and the mere idea of referring to the proprietors or editors of either by name would cause greater consternation in Printing House square or Shoe lane than the explosion of a Krupp shell in the editorial sanctum. Such scruples as these are no understood in New York. Papers there do not speak of each other in baited breath, or describe each other by euphemistic phrases; they are never afraid to speak out boldly, and nothing seems to please them more than to find occasion for a fierce onslaught on their contemporaries; nor do they ever hesitate to stigmatize by name the proprietors or conductors of a rival—there is nothing sacred for an American journalist.—*Boston Herald*.

An exchange says: "A Pittsburg squaw is heiress to a million dollars." She is evidently not a daughter of "Lo the poor Indian," and although she is the daughter of a red man, the man who marries her cannot say truthfully, "I've got nary red."

A man who owes more than he can pay will become morose.