

mands more subtle qualities than energy or headstrong enthusiasm, and in these other gifts we deem our querulous author to be somewhat lacking. He should have drawn off all the fine tissues which are wrapt about the minds and the hearts of his womankind and let the common people among us gain some insight into the starts and pauses, the actions, smiles, tears, frowns, and withal the strange passive compulsion through which a woman acts. He should have told us, if he knew, something about the manner in which a woman flies from the thing she loves and dares anyone to pluck out the heart of her mystery except by slow and painful discovery. Indeed the editors of these pages themselves—with the privilege of abstract and impersonal existence—are tempted to claim more acquaintance with the theme than even the ostentatious person who pretends to possess such inwardness in this as no doubt in all other subjects.

If we ourselves, for example, had undertaken to write a dissertation upon fair women, or even upon woman as a general conception of the mind, we would have sketched some one who walked upon the ground instead of conjuring up an air-drawn fantasy insipid and intangible. A glimpse into a human drawing-room is worth a score of fantastic vagaries painted in the air. In the drawing-room one comes down from visions of thin mist and gossamer to hear something of the latest babble of the town. The weddings and the festivals, the most recent engagement that has been whispered about so rapidly, the dance that happened yesterday and the one which we look forward to next week. "Yes," says Miss Violet or Miss Amelia from

her cushions, "I am going too; it will be far jollier than that stiff affair last night—oh thank you, no, I'll take some salted almonds—and the play to-morrow, of course everybody in town will be there—dear me, I shall be half glad when Lent comes, there has been so much going on this winter,—oh, are they going to have some music, I am very fond of music; yes, I sing myself a little, how in the world did you know?" Or in another corner there is a game of whist for the older people, but we only look over their shoulders for a moment and ask what suit is trump, and hasten back to the younger and livelier portion of the company, even if we do find them busy at the reputations of their neighbors. It is all so clever and good-natured.

Yes, my masters, the drawing room is the place we would haunt if tempted at all to write upon the theme of womankind. The lights and the music and the mingling of voices, the radiant faces which invite and then repel, which command in one glance and in a moment melt again into tender appeal, that is the world for us to live in rather than with abstract fancies of the air. Or if a piazza at the watering place seem more inviting to those who must have the fresh air of heaven, we are quite content to take a rocking chair and make our investigations from that point of vantage. Tennis on the lawn in front, and boats out on the bay, the same women who inhabit the drawing-rooms at other seasons with a little more freshness and more abandon than on the night before Ash Wednesday. Wherever they are we must have them in human form, and in human witchery of glance, of colour and of motion. Indoors or outdoors, in summer or winter, the world