

useless to attempt to show. No woman would regard such an exhortation, and men know its justice already. However, beauty is a rare gift, and what is to be said for the multitude of plain women? The answer to this is given by Mr. Ruskin. He tells us "No girl is plain who is well bred, kind, or modest. All real deformity means want of manners or of heart. All real ugliness means some kind of hardness of heart or vulgarity of education." But George Eliot is a better guide here.

"Bless us," she says, "Things may be lovable that are not altogether handsome, I hope? I am not at all sure that the majority of the human race have not been ugly. Yet there is a great deal of family love amongst us. . . . I have seen many an excellent matron, who could never in her best days have been handsome, and yet she had a packet of yellow love letters in a private drawer, and sweet children showered kisses on her sorrowful cheeks. And I believe there have been plenty of young heroes, of middle stature and feeble beards, who have felt quite sure they could never love anything more insignificant than a Diana, and yet have found themselves in middle life happily settled with a wife who waddles. Yes! thank God, human feeling is like the mighty rivers that bless the earth; it does not wait for beauty—it flows with resistless force, and brings beauty with it."

However, no woman will consent to think that it is her part to dispense with beauty. And kindly mother nature gives some to all of her children. Where beauty of face is absent there is sometimes seen a slender willowy grace of form, or a rich abundance of wavy shining hair, or there is a tender sympathetic thrill of voice, or there is a subtle charm of manner pervading the whole person, which language has no words to define. Beauty is multi-form, and it is seen at its best when it is the outward form and expression of a beautiful tender soul, full of life and grace and affection.

POSSIBLY no question has given rise to more disputation than the antiquity and probable authorship of our "National Anthem." A leading German newspaper again brings forward the subject, claims the "Anthem" as a German production introduced into England at the time of the Hanoverian succession (1714), and affirms that such is now the accepted date by even would-be English authorities. But this is by no means generally conceded. Our National Anthem has been popularly handed down to us as the conception of an Englishman, John Bull—sufficiently national that, at all events—written on the occasion of the discovery of the gunpowder plot, which would make the date 1605, and the words seem to tend towards a confirmation of this assertion, though unfortunately reliable proof as to its authenticity is wanting. John Bull afterwards retired to Antwerp, where he was named organist to the cathedral, and where he died.

Macaulay, in his description of the battle of La Hogue, describes the "victorious flotilla, when retiring after the fight, with the thundering chant of "God save the King." The date of La Hogue is 1692. The German authority to which we refer, in acknowledging the allusion of Macaulay, asserts that the "thundering chant" was simply sounded as a battle cry. But what would seem more completely to fix the first introduction of the "Anthem" in England prior to the date claimed by our German contemporary, is an extract from the letters of David Garrick, containing a copy as chanted at the Royal Chapel for James II., when the Prince of Orange landed in 1688:—

O Lord our God arise,  
Confound the enemies  
Of James the King!  
Send him victorious,  
Happy and glorious,  
Long to reign over us,  
God save the King!

Another verse written about the same time, and now to be seen engraven on drinking cups which belonged to distinguished Jacobites of the time, is as follows:—

God bless the Prince of Wales,  
The true born Prince of Wales,  
Sent us by thee!  
Grant us one favour more,  
The King for to restore,  
As thou hast done before,  
The familiee.

In France the air of the English National Anthem has been alternately ascribed to Hadyn and Sully, and is supposed to have been written in honour of Louis XIV.

NOTHING more pitiful than a lady once in the full swing of society, faithless to a husband, and deserted by her lover and by all the world, left lonely and desolate, with a child and her dogs, in a cottage by the roadside, near a forest in the country, can be imagined. Such is Lady Aylesford, whose case was recently before the courts. It will be remembered this unfortunate lady ran away from her husband with the Marquis of Blandford, who deserted his victim when the scandal became public. She is suing her husband for the £500 a year upon which she has been living, while the duke for whom she forfeited her position in the world, and who is the reputed father of her child, is selling the pictures which were the pride of his family to have money to spend upon his pleasant way. Beautiful, bright, accomplished, graceful in movement, kindly-hearted, Lady

Aylesford has lost everything which makes existence precious to most women, tenderly nurtured as she has been; and now she is called into court to confess publicly her offences, under penalty of being left in poverty. She is still comparatively young, but her husband and she are tied together, and he refuses to maintain her because she has had a natural child. It is an awful picture of modern society. Balzac himself could not have added one melancholy imaginative touch to make it more sorrowful and sad.

UNDER the title "Public Life in England," M. Philippe Daryl, a Frenchman who has spent ten years in Britain, has published a study of public life, free from jealousies, affectation of superiority, or national prejudices. It will hardly attain so remarkable a success as the satirical "John Bull and his Island," of M. Max O'Rell, but will be welcome as the work of a more serious man, written in a more forcible style. Englishmen will hesitate to accept all M. Daryl says, because he admires so much and sees so few faults. He praises the literature, the press, and recognizes the high motives of most English publications. Of public men he writes freely.

"Mr. Bright," he says, "is perhaps the only living man in whom are united the supreme gifts of the orator, the most brilliant imagination, the most exquisite sensitiveness, the finest humour, the surest judgment, the most upright conscience, and the most elegant, pure, and vigorous language. To hear him is a pleasure for the gods. He is a Bossuet, a Pascal, and a Franklin all in one."

Mr. Gladstone is described as a "vocal conscience"—a phrase characteristically French in its comprehensiveness, force, and appositeness.

"He is the orator who exhausts all sources, who puts together the smallest fragments of his subject, and who is unequalled in grouping them, and arranging them into files which march past before his astonished audience in battle array. If his eloquence is of a less Æolian kind than that of Mr. Bright, his authority over the House is of the same order. The House relies on his evident honesty, on the respect which all parties feel for firm and sincere opinions."

Sir Charles Dilke is commended. Lord Hartington is portrayed as a dilettanti politician, and even Mr. Bradlaugh receives a passing word:

"Advocate? No, certainly he is not that. Imagine the genius of cavil personified, with the muscle of a tiger, crouched down in the jungle of the most tangled legislation in the world. A Blackstone and a Montesquieu perpetually occupied, not with extricating the spirit of the law, but with trying to discover its weaknesses. Then, treasuring up his discovery, and even allowing himself to be condemned in the first or second instance, accumulating the expenses, heaping up the procedures, he, at a fitting moment, terminates the affair by a leap or a bite."

M. Daryl is inclined to laugh at the English aristocracy. "The fact is," he remarks, "that a lord is a strange anthropological phenomenon, a human fossil straying in our century, of which there is no specimen to be found in French Society." But even though the Crown should go, our critic thinks England would preserve its lords, because the cultivation of "blue blood" has been so fostered as to have become a national idiosyncrasy. M. Daryl is a close observer, and probably understands the English character better than most Frenchmen, but in the rôle of prophet his speculations will go for what they are worth.

APROPOS of the *Petit Cercle* rookery scandal referred to last week, the London *Spectator* points out that gambling has two inevitable ends—men don't pay, and men take to cheating. The former disaster always occurs as "paper" is admitted as a legal tender over the green baize. The latter—known as "correcting fortune"—is almost an invariable sequel to the former. The "Philosopher," "Chevalier d'Industrie," "Greek," has reached the very lowest depth to which civilized man can descend. No one can defend a man who has cheated at cards. No, a man may do many shady things; his accounts may be difficult to unravel; he may decline to fight a duel in a foreign country; he may find that urgent private business calls him to Europe when his regiment is in the Soudan or Nova Zembla, and people will make excuses for him. But he really must not cheat at cards. An English correspondent says: Baccarat has been stopped at most of the gaming clubs, though it is not yet decided whether a gaming club is illegal. Instead of baccarat, however, *écarté* and poker are being played. In morality the change is hardly such as to be worth very much, though there may be all the difference in the world as to legality. And the result seems likely to be that a legal sanction will be given to every form of gambling such as only professional gamblers would play.

M. CLEMENCEAU, the eminent French physician-philanthropist, whose good works are so well known to the sick poor of Paris, is studying the social question in London, believing that light from England can help him at home. He it was who carried against the French Ministry the other day a resolution for a committee of enquiry into industrial distress, and he is perhaps, at present, the most conspicuous figure in French politics, though his party is too small to command the Chambers. M. Clémenceau will find the treatment of the poor in England very different from the French state of affairs. In the former case it is as though an affluent territorial aristocracy desired to make compensation for their monopoly of the soil, by giving