

ing for the foot; but where covering is needed, it should be sufficiently thick and strong to protect the foot from ordinary injuries, and to preserve it from undue extremes of temperature, as well as so fashioned as to allow of a good deal of movement in various directions.

The above brief remarks have, I hope, sufficed to make it evident to all that girls have been grievously sin-

ned against by their educators in the matter of dress, and that it is impossible to carry out any large measure of reform in their physical education without first introducing a little more common sense into the dressing of girls, and casting aside those trammels to free and healthy development of the body which fashion and the folly of mothers have devised.

(To be concluded in our next.)

TWO HUMOURISTS OF THE CENTURY:

HEINRICH HEINE AND HENRI MURGER.

HUMOUR was the last quality literary students have been accustomed to look for in German writers. Even Goethe, though the tenderness of a pathos which is akin to humour of a certain kind is apparent both in *Faust* and in his minor lyrics, is heavy in his prose writings. *Werther* is the work of a mind seemingly defective in a sense of the ludicrous, and nothing that our own Carlyle could preach to the contrary has ever convinced us that *Wilhelm Meister* is a pleasant book to read. Still less does Schiller exhibit the sense of humour. The romantic school from Weiland and Uhland to Freiligrath, write pretty ballads, with scant trace of passion or laughter.

But in the wane of the Romancists, in the slow decline of Goethe's magnificent old age, there was born in Hamburg, Heinrich Heine, son of a well-known Jewish Banker. The boy grew up to be recognized by his countrymen as a lyric poet of hitherto unexampled genius. His first, and as lyric poetry, we think his best work, the *Book of Songs*, became at once and universally popular. The lyrics were set to music by Schubert, Meyer-

beer, and Mendelssohn; they were sung by student and peasant, by high-born ladies and peasant maidens. They were written on old German legends, on the spectres and girdemons of the Rhine, on the cruelty and mystery that perplexes life, above all, on love. But in all was mingled a strain of charming mockery, a delicate humour, peculiar to this poet. He took a delight in the weirdest and wildest scenery, in mixing terrible and grotesque images. It was perhaps in his blood—for as near a relation as his great grandmother had been burned as a witch. Here is one of his poems—mark the grotesque turn at the end, where the ghost suddenly appears as a climax of horror:

Palely the moon of Autumn
The cloudy skies have gilt,
Where, in the lonely churchyard,
The parson's house is built.

The mother reads her Bible,
Her son by the fire-light lies,
One daughter yawns and stretches,
The other lazily cries,

As she looks to her widowed mother,
"More stupid life could not be,
It's only when some one is buried
There's anything here to see."