

SOME THINGS I HAVE LEARNED.

BY MAUD MANNING.

Just a minute, my friend, whoever you are,
And wherever—that doesn't matter—
If so be that your spirit lean kindly to mine,
In the flow of this afternoon chatter,
Just a minute forget yourself, sitting by me,
And listening my heart's honest talking,
Because I would tell you some things I have
learned

In the rough, homely path I've been walking—
And first, I have learned that the days cannot be
All sunny alike—all heart-healing;
I have learned that blue skies I may surely expect,
And as surely expect their concealing.

I have learned when the tempest o'er shadows
my way,
To haste to the sheltering cover
Of o'er-mastering trust in a Father's strong
love,

And remain till the storms have passed over.
I have learned when depression—when torturing
doubt
Enshrouds my spirit in night,
Not to think it a strange thing, uncommon to
man,

But a grim, deadly force I must fight,
I have learned that it isn't o'er easy to live
In a world full of evils ours,
Where unflinching hearts are made perfect
through flame,
And battles are more than the hours.

I have learned that it isn't of wisdom at least,
And how brave let your own heart determine,
To quail at the evil I find in myself,
In times of clear, inner discerning.
To sicken before the vile image of sin—
My own sin, you know, not another's—
To forget, in that moment, my Father is God,
And the good all my sisters and brothers.
To fling myself utterly out of the reach
Of hope's fair, encircling fingers,
In mad, haughty wilfulness casting away
The good that within me still lingers.

I have learned that life's crosses, life's losses,
life's pain,
Life's veriest drudgery, even,
Oftentimes vex the flesh, while the sovereign
soul
Sits swaying her sceptre in heaven.
Dismayed at disaster we never can be,
While reaching for things out of sight—
We, who covet not blessedness, quietness here—
We, who've counted life's value aright—
We, who know its immensities, silences, heights
Things measureless, soundless, and vast,
Unsolvable mysteries, agony-sweats,
And—death's great unfolding at last.

We, who know, too, that beauties invisible now,
Life's uglier part shall reveal,
When first in its perfectness into our hold,
God's generous purpose shall steal.

I have learned, gentle friend, and perhaps you
have, too,
That our Father's will always is best;
I have learned the grand, beautiful lessons of
toil—
I have learned the sweet meaning of rest.

—People's Literary Companion.

ABOUT GIRLS.

English, Irish, French, and American
Girls—"Full Dress"—Girl-training.

THE ENGLISH GIRL.

She is born, according to Saint Paul, a
subject woman; and reared, according to
Lord Lytton, construed by Lady
Mary Montague:

Be plain in dress, and sober in your diet;—
In short, my deary, kiss me and be quiet.

Unlike the French girl and American
young lady, she actually continues a
girl, if not a mere child, until seventeen
or eighteen, when the state of the family
finances compels her calculating father
or mother or brother or guardian to
cast about for her future husband. During
her childhood she is not huddled off
to a garish American boarding school,
where she learns all the vices and few of
the virtues; nor to a French convent
seminary, where she will indeed acquire
modesty, and, in acquiring it, "brush
with extreme flounce the circle of the
sciences," like Aurora Leigh, only to
come out with modesty, and music, and
a slight grace of speech. The English
girl is kept at home; taught by a genteel
governess, herself but poorly taught;
and learns a little of grammar, of
French, of geography, of history—but
none of its philosophy.

But physically, and, alas! shall we
not have to admit, morally?—she is the
superior of the American woman. In
her youth the English girl is given
plain food, she does not become dyspep-
tic; plenty of air—she retains her natural
bust, and her sternum curves over vital
organs glowing with health and rollick-
ing in vigor; abundant exercise—her

muscles are plump without being ad-
ipose, and the synovia in her joints gives
litheness of limb and freedom of verte-
brae. She is straight, supple, strong—a
Venus de Medici, somewhat more heav-
ily fleshed. Her cheeks are red; her
hair silken; her voice sonorous rather
than sweet; the carmine of health, not
of mutton, on her lips; a gleam of vir-
ginal beauty, not of belladonna, in her
eye; the roundness of maidenhood, not
of the mantua-maker, in her bosom.
She walks well because her shoes are
thick in the sole and low in the heel,
and she walks straight because her dia-
phragm is free and healthy. She car-
ries her head erect because it does not
torture her nostrils with the odor of
dead women's hair; because the skin is
not worried by metallic hair-pins, and
because the burden outside her skull is
not greater than the weight of brain
within. Her life is monotonous, smooth;
her days not often notched by excite-
ment, either pleasurable or tragic. She
bears maidenhood with mildness and
motherhood with strength; and, if she
dwells among the walks of life, where
one never meets the cruel gorgon, impe-
cuniosity, her days are told by Thom-
son:

An elegant sufficiency, content,
Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,
Ease and alternate labor, useful life,
Progressive virtue, and "approving Heaven!"

The English girl is taught in her
youth that the sole object of her ex-
istence is marriage; when married, she
discovers it is maternity. She never
doubted the first; she never begins to
doubt the second.

THE IRISH GIRL.

The Irish girl's character is made up
of two qualities, vivacity and tenderness.
The Irish girl is the natural romp, so
is she a natural lover. She is the fawn
of the field and the house; domestic, de-
vout, candid, courageous, superstitious,
sentimental, filial, and apt to be philo-
sophic. If belonging to the gentry, she
receives somewhat the same education
as the English girl, with the same thin-
ness in the curriculum; but she will dash
poetry into all the prosaics and in *belles
lettres* learn a volume while the English
girl studies a page. The national schools
are working a revolution among the
women of the holier isle; and in a sad
political twilight are glimmering a hun-
dred De Staels and Speranzas whose sons
and daughters will blaze in a next
generation. Mark the future of the na-
tive Irish girl! She has a fun far beyond
that of the French; an imagination
gleaming with figures, but memory
moistens them into melancholy; an am-
bition wide as the sea, willing to bear as
many burdens, and compelled to hold
nearly as many dead, but narrowed by
the iron of traditional fear and the
nearness of English guns. The chastity
of Diana is born among her mountains,
and it is a maxim among Irishwomen,
"in part she is to blame that has been
tried." The Irish girl is she who has
never had a chance in the world. Poor,
wretched, abused as a child by the
savageness of disappointed parents, sold
when ready to be a wife, more
ignominiously than Mary Powell to
John Milton, miserable as a mother,
often supporting husband and chil-
dren; but faithful as Mary Powell was
not; wearing out as the drudge of a
drunkard, but never standing before a
divorce court to secure a dangerous if a
legal freedom; in sorrow, gay; in pov-
erty, full of laughter; with tears for oth-
ers' tears and a rainbow smile through
her own. She may envy, but she is
more likely to emulate; she may be jeal-
ous, but chiefest of her self-respect.
The specimen we find in America is not
always a good one of the genus. She
will falsify in a friend's behalf; but she
will not slander or betray a foe.

She is a daughter of the Church, not of
the Gods; and although not always di-
vinely tall, is often divinely fair. Her
harsher feelings are passionate in inten-
sity and emotional in duration. Her
devotion to her family never pales; the
brightest gold and sweetest words in
Irish cabins to-day are sent by white
fingers of Irish girls in American work-
rooms. She is more devoted to her
father than to her child, and it may have
been that she was in the mind of Pope
when he wrote—

"Me, let the tender office long engage
To rock the cradle of reposing age,
With lenient arts extend a mother's breath,
Make languor smile and smooth the bed of
death;
Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
And keep awhile one parent from the sky."

Unlike the English girl, marriage
with her is an accident rather than an
aim; she would as soon be a sister of
charity as the mother of the Gracchi.

But if the altar lamp does not prove the
magnet of her youth, she is very liable
to fall madly in love, to marry, and to
abide unto the bitter end. She loves for
better or worse; chiefly for worse. In
physique she is unsurpassed even in
Arabia. Her feet are apt to be large, be-
cause, like Maud Muller, she rakes the
meadow sweet with hay, out, unlike
Maud, digs turf in the bogs and plants
potatoes on the sunny hill; but her
hands are always small and the fingers
taper and the nails a pearly pink.

She is so vigorous and her coursing
blood so thoroughly incarnadine, that
as medical records show, "she can bear
an *accouchement* on twenty-four hours'
notice and be about her household again
in forty-eight." And she neither kills
her child before its birth nor feeds it by
proxy after. She is the happiest and
saddest, the strongest and the tenderest
woman on earth.

THE FRENCH GIRL.

The electric woman. She constantly
desires to evaporate, to fly, to be dissi-
pated, to float in the very air, to waste
herself away in the ecstasy of excite-
ment. Her volatility is no more in her
control than the moon or the tides. God
seems to have made Frenchwomen's
brains nothing but occipital. The
French girl is "fine by defect, and deli-
cately weak." Reared according to
Michelet,

"Virtue she finds too painful an endeavor,
Content to dwell in decencies forever."

She is bold in her early youth. What
the poet of the male species could alone
have written—that every woman is at
heart a rake—and acts upon it till the
day of her death. She is a wit, never a
humorist. A wife—often; but never by
any mischance a mere woman. She has
brilliancy in conversation; an English-
woman may keep a hotel; but only a
Frenchwoman can manage a *salon*—a
grace of courtesy outdoing the cavaliers
of the English Charles, she is a queen
when an Englishwoman would affect to
be a coquette; a scholar where a Saxon
would be a pedant; a bold outliner of
character or a swift critic of facts where
the Englishwoman would prove a tame
bluestocking. But she is all imagina-
tive; never deliberative. Her emotions
are her inspiring angels; her conscience
remorse. She is the victim of climate
and race and sex combined. To the
public gaze her faults are magnified, be-
cause, lacking in a great degree what we
mean by vanity, her better nature is mask-
ed. The social faults of the Empire are
exaggerated in the Republic. Com-
munism, the journalists, and the play-
wrights have made indecency brazen.
This concerning the Paris theatres of to-
day:

"Under the Empire, with its police for
censors of morals, language and costume
were often free enough, but we have
never seen them so licentious as under
this regenerated Republic. And to these
theatres crowds night after night
'respectable' as well as dissipated Paris;
and you see boxes filled with family
parties—modest-looking young girls
laughing at the antics or puzzling out
the allusions—taking the cue to listen
and to think from the bravos in the par-
terre who watch the effect of the *enten-
dres* on comparative innocence. Such
is the school in which young Paris is
learning life and morality, and from the
Francis downward, with no exception
we know of, the instruction is equally
pronounced and advanced."

It is an Englishman who writes in
the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and the English
commonly slander the French; but the
testimony is abundantly confirmed.
There seems small area of middle safety
for girls in France; they must take
to the boulevards or hide in the con-
vents; and even from the convents the
Luthers and the Loysons take them
out.

THE AMERICAN GIRL.

But we have little to boast of at home.
The American girl is told at her birth
that she must be "smart;" she knows
that means "pert," and becomes so. At
ten she is a woman, wiser and worse
than her great-grandmother at twenty.
She has beaux and furbelows; frizzes,
followers, frenzies, fun, folly, frolic,
faints and feints falsity, fanforade, fan-
tasies, fardels, fawning, feeze, and ferial-
tion—all the f's but fat. As soon as she
is able to walk the streets, the leather is
whittled sharp at her toes, a spike is
stuck at the other end for a heel, a camel
hump is secured at the base of her spin-
al column, her heart, lungs, and liver
are tied up in corsets, flesh barricades of
bone and steel; and she is sent out to
the world. She goes to school, ea's
slate pencils and absorbs arsenic, poi-
soning her stomach and stunning her

senses. The corsets squeeze the breath
out of her lungs and the high heels send
the blood to her head. She flirts with
boys and young men before nature has
informed her that there are sexes.
During school hours, she may be in
her seat or she may be out of it;
the teacher does not always know.
Out of school hours she goes where
she pleases, sees whom she pleases, does
what she or somebody else pleases; says
what she pleases, visits Dr. Huston, per-
haps, or the den of his negro servant.
American mothers seem perfectly will-
ing that their daughters should go to
the devil by the license they give them
to go where they like. If the mothers of
the half dozen girls now before the tri-
bunals of the country as plaintiffs or de-
fendants in criminal cases had known
where their daughters were when they
were with their betrayers, the criminal
cases need never have occurred. Lead
us not into temptation, let the children
cry to their mothers as well as to God.
The smartness of the American girl is
her Satan. She is so smart she will not
permit herself to be taken care of. Ru-
ined in body by the mother while a
budding maid, she invites ruin of soul
from men when a blossomed woman.

If she have brains and be modest, she
is called strong-minded by the men with
no brains and men who are not modest.
The time will come when strong-mind-
ed will not be a reproach! If she have a
pretty face, she is in danger of being
made a pet or a plaything. If she have
not a pretty face she is reproached with
her plainness, and proceeds to daub her
cheeks, burn her hair, tint her lips,
paint her nails, shade her eyebrows, and
gasp that she may draw her corsets tight-
er. Then she begins to learn the trade
of the adventure. She becomes a
fraud, internally and externally. She
looks with lofty contempt at the honest
working girls who earn their bread in
honor and in virtue; but she begins to
draw money herself from banks in
which she has no deposits. In time,
this girl goes to Europe and becomes the
morganatic wife of Victor Emanuel, as
did——, or of a Bavarian baron,
as does——. That's what smart-
ness brings our respectable American
girls to in the long run.

"FULL DRESS."

Here are Mary Clemmer Ames' words
on dress. If she had only said that no
virtuous girl will ever let a man "han-
dle" her, she would be giving good ad-
vice to mothers, men and girls:

"I sigh at the sight of my pretty
Terpsichore because the first bloom of
her exquisite youth is being exhaled
and lost forever in a feverish, false at-
mosphere of being. Something of deli-
cate sensibility, something of an un-
conscious innocence, something of fresh-
ness of feeling, of purity of soul, is
wasted with the fresh young bloom of
her cheek in the midnight revel length-
ened into morning wasted in the heated
dance, in the indigestible feast, in the
wild, unhealthy excitement through
which she whirls night after night.
Terpsichore, in her tattered tarlatan
dress creeping to bed in the gray of the
morning after having danced all night,
is a sad sight to any one who can see
her as she is. Terpsichore's mother
would be a sadder sight still, if she
were not a vexatious one. She brought
back from Europe the notion, which so
many of our countrywomen think it so
fine to bring, that "full dress" is ne-
cessarily next to no dress. She tells
you, in a supreme tone that admits no
denial, that you would not be admitted
to the drawingroom of a court in Europe
unless in full dress—viz: semi-naked-
ness. She would be nothing if not
European in style. Thus, night after
night, this mother of grown-up daugh-
ters and sons appears in crowded assem-
blies in attire that would befit in out-
line a child of eight years of age.

"I never saw Lydia Thompson; but,
from what I have heard of her, have
come to the conclusion that her attire is
just as modest as that of many ladies
whom I meet at fashionable parties.
They cast up their eyes in horror at
the name of poor Lydia Thompson! No,
indeed! They go to see Lydia Thompson! No,
indeed! How could their eyes endure
the sight of that dreadful woman? No
less they themselves offer gratis to a
promiscuous company every evening a
sight morally quite as dreadful. The
men who pay their money to Lydia
Thompson and her troupe know their
dress and their burlesque, however
questionable, make at once their business
and livelihood. There is a sacredness in
the very thought of the body which
God created to be the human home of an
immortal soul. Its very beauty should
be the seal of its holiness. Everywhere
in Scriptures its sacredness is recognized