

scrofula, or of local ailments like certain diseases of the skin or of the throat, which are its manifestations. Not only the circulation, but the respiratory tract feels the stimulus of these waters; there is dryness of the throat and more or less constriction of the laryngeal muscles. The nervous system, too, is excited: many patients cannot sleep well at first, and feel unusual need of exercise. In a word, the waters of La Bourboule are at the outset eminently exciting to the circulation, to the skin, and to the nervous system. But this excitation, which needs the physician's care as long as it lasts, supplies the physiological capital for the cure of chronic disease.

(2.) For what classes of disease, will have been divined already. Scrofula and the lymphatic temperament, and most of the complaints that depend upon *lymphatism*, as certain affections of the respiratory tract and certain obstinate skin diseases—these form the great specialties of cure at La Bourboule. The therapeutic qualities of the waters, by virtue of their arsenic and chloride of sodium, are tonic and "reconstituant." The salt excites the lymphatic system, stimulates the mucous tract, and modifies its secretions, and, with the alkaline carbonates, acts powerfully upon strumous engorgements and tumors, often dispelling them entirely. Arsenic has long been recognized as one of the most powerful tonics known, and the researches of Fowler and Pearson in England, and of Bielt in France, have long made known its special efficacy in the treatment of scrofulous and skin diseases.

What is the nature of scrofula, the parent of "a pestilence-stricken multitude" of varied ailments? It is, in a somewhat less restricted sense than usual, a disease itself: but it is rather a condition, a diathesis, which produces a lowered vitality in most of the tissues, solid or fluid, of the human body, and a consequent predisposition to maladies of many different forms, as cutaneous, ganglionic, and pulmonary—both the mucous and the serous tracts, and even the joints and the bones themselves, being often attacked. In consequence of this variety of manifestations, we find at La Bourboule a multitude of patients, whose symptoms would seem quite unamenable to any common treatment, did we not know that they came from one maleficent cause. To begin with one of the most stubborn and evident manifestations of scrofula, that of adenitis or glandular enlargements: these I have known to be diminished during the first season of treatment, and mostly, though not quite, dispersed by a second season. But a speedy cure is not to be hoped for in these cases. Scrofulous conjunctivitis and blepharitis, or stubborn inflammation of the eyelids, are successfully treated here, and also at the neighboring station of Saint-Nectaire, by spraying with the mineral waters. Chronic bronchitis, when of scrofulous origin and catarrhal in its nature, is especially well adapted to treatment at La Bourboule, and so also are asthma and chronic laryngitis, when they are of the same category.

Articular affections, such as white swellings and torpid effusions after sprains or dislocation, are relieved or cured by the baths and douches, conjoined with the moderate internal use of the water. Even scrofulous caries and necrosis have been arrested in the same way; though here, again, we have to deal with structural changes so serious that it should always be with guarded hopes. Lastly, a considerable number of skin diseases find in La Bourboule their appointed healing waters—such, namely, as depend upon the herpetic diathesis. For such as eczema and herpes, which indicate the arthritic diathesis, the neighboring waters of Royat are the better place. This distinction, a very valuable one, for the consulting physician and for his patient, is pointed out by my accomplished friend Dr. Bou-

comont, inspector of the waters of Royat. Psoriasis, pityriasis, and symmetric eczema are among the dermatoses which find almost certain relief or cure at La Bourboule.

I have named the leading ailments for which a definitely specialized remedial agency exists in these potent waters. It will be useful also to point out certain classes of patients who should not go to La Bourboule. Plethoric persons in general, those who have any tendency toward congestion or hemorrhage, cases in which there are any organic changes in the heart or in the larger blood-vessels, and those who suffer from hepatic enlargements and inflammations, as Dr. Vérité has especially pointed out—cases of these sorts are those chiefly contra-indicated for these stimulating waters. Vichy and Carlsbad are the types of the reducing waters that they should employ according to their special need.

A word of caution in closing as to the determination of this special need will not be amiss. The very frequent secret of failure to make a cure at a watering place is the fact that the spring, however good, has not been rightly chosen. Do not insist, like Ahab of old, upon choosing your own Abana and Pharpar. Carlsbad, for instance, is one of the most effective of all springs for cases that are suited to Carlsbad. But I know one of the most prominent men in the country who went last summer to Carlsbad, took its lowering treatment, which was quite unsuited to his particular need, and came back worse than he went. At the right spring he could have been cured. It is only the competent consulting physician who can rightly direct the invalid in a case like this. It is not enough for him to know that a certain mineral water, a certain climate and regimen, have been good for others. He must be assured that they are good for him.

But if his choice of La Bourboule has been rightly made, he will never regret it. These potent waters, acting in concert with the favorable climate and surroundings of the place, and taken under the direction of a competent local physician, such as Dr. Vérité or Dr. Danjoy, will certainly work either a cure or as much alleviation of suffering as is possible. Though now frequented by the English, scarcely any waters of corresponding merit are as yet so little known to our public; none are more deserving of being better known. Their fame, however, is recent; in due time their American vogue will follow.

TITUS MUNSON COAN.

ENGLAND.—A DISUNITED PARTY.

LONDON, March 9.

THE biography of this Parliament will certainly form an interesting chapter in the history of party government. Hitherto we have clung to the theory of Burke: we have regarded a party as a body of men who unite in promoting the common interest on principles which they are agreed in supporting. We are now compelled to acknowledge that a party is a composite body, which carries on public business by means of temporary compromises between various sections of opinion. There is no working majority for any set of opinions in the present House of Commons, and it is by no means certain that the next general election will give a working majority either to Liberals or to Conservatives. "The Queen's Government must be carried on," and is carried on; but the old rules of political discipline are relaxed or superseded to a considerable extent.

When Mr. Gladstone took office under Sir Robert Peel it was understood that every member of a government was bound to vote and act with due regard to the theory that the Cabinet is a

united body, representing a united party. If Peel or Palmerston had been called on to repel Mr. Labouchere's attack on the House of Lords, there would have been no indulgence for any gentleman who found it inconvenient to be present on the Treasury Bench. It is now the regular custom for advanced members of the Government to signalize themselves by their absence on such occasions; some newspapers even express surprise that good Radicals like Mr. Mundella should have been found in the same lobby with Mr. Gladstone and the Tories. The spread of liberty among his colleagues tends to increase the difficulties of a leader. We know that Mr. Gladstone is not himself opposed to the existence of the Upper House; he told us the other day at Edinburgh that he is in favor of a "reasonable admixture of the hereditary element" in the Constitution. But his reply to Mr. Labouchere was halting and ineffective. He was speaking against the feeling of some indispensable colleagues, against what may turn out to be the preponderating sentiment of his party; his critics are they of his own household. His power is impaired, and his personal responsibility is increased; for under present conditions, none can say what a party stands committed to until its leader has spoken. The other night, when Mr. Crilly proposed to extend the principle of the Irish Land Act to house property, he was answered by Mr. John Morley in a speech full of dry common sense and economic principle. Mr. Crilly and his friends were not extinguished: they waited to hear what the Prime Minister would say; and the Prime Minister—balancing economic principles and political facts—admitted that a case had been made out for inquiry.

The reign of compromise is borne with more or less impatience by persons of definite opinions who like to know where they are going. Radicals are heard to complain that Mr. Gladstone has made a mistake in taking office. It is plain, they say, that this Parliament cannot deal with the Irish difficulty; the attempt to deal with it can only discredit us, and produce a Conservative reaction. Nor can we expect "big legislation" from a House of Commons which is divided to such an extent that the House of Lords will have a good pretext for rejecting any large measure of change sent up to it in the name of this Government. It would have been better to mark time for a few months until an opportunity offered to rouse the country on some intelligible and popular issue.

The Moderate Liberals, on the other hand, are in a very dissatisfied state of mind. They are strong in ability and character, and yet they seem to have no influence on the conduct of affairs. They are told that they hold the balance of parties; but instead of being conciliated by both sides, they are roundly abused by the Radicals for impeding political progress, and by the Conservatives for refusing Lord Randolph Churchill's repeated invitation to "come over and help" the constitutional party. If the Whigs thought only of increasing their own consequence, they would certainly go further than they have yet gone in declared opposition to the Government. But, "after all," as Mr. Goschen would say, they are Liberals; their leaders are personally attached to Mr. Gladstone; and they have no confidence in the other side. If the Conservatives had a perfectly clear record on Irish and economical questions, moderate men might be more strongly tempted to join them; but it is vain to pretend that they have anything of the kind. Lord Hartington cannot go over and help Lord Randolph to tax foreign produce, to increase the national expenditure, and to conciliate the Irish by abusing Lord Spencer. As usual in such cases, thoughtful politicians are asking why we cannot have a Coalition Government from

which the impracticable men on both sides might be excluded. It would be rash to say that a coalition is out of the question; it certainly is not possible under existing circumstances. Lord Salisbury will not come in without his "noble friend," Lord Randolph Churchill; the "marriage de convenance" of two years ago has ripened into a union of mutual respect, if not of mutual affection. But even from the moderate Liberal's point of view Lord Randolph must be pronounced impracticable. In his speech at the Eighty Club last week, Lord Hartington returned a cool and formal answer to the impassioned appeals addressed to him. He is going to wait for Mr. Gladstone. It has been stated that Lord Hartington's refusal to take office was due, not to Mr. Gladstone's Irish policy, but to his want of a policy, and that when the Government produces its plan, his Lordship may possibly be able to support it. But all such statements are, of course, mere rumors. Lord Hartington is not a man of the communicative and aggressive temperament of Mr. Chamberlain; and the materials for ascertaining his personal opinions are somewhat scanty.

Among the Conservatives there are, for the moment, fewer sections and divisions than among their opponents. Opposition, when conducted in a hopeful spirit, is a great reconciler of differences, and Lord Salisbury's followers are full of hope. They believe that the current of reaction against what they call Gladstonianism is spreading to the counties, and running stronger than ever in the boroughs. Mr. Chamberlain's programme has never been heartily accepted by some of our best workmen; on the other hand, it has caused alarm among the shopkeepers, and generally among people having small properties. Again, the State Socialism which Mr. Chamberlain has insisted on identifying with Radicalism may find a formidable rival in Fair Trade. The Conservative leaders are cautious in their dealings with the new form of protection, but the smaller men of the party declare boldly for excluding foreign competition, and gain votes by doing so. It is not surprising that East London, for instance, should be stirred by the cry of Fair Trade, when workmen orators are sent down to proclaim that "here, as in the United States, protection means constant employment at high wages for every man among our own people who is willing to work." Your readers will be able to say whether this is a correct statement of the significance of protection in America. These heresies are of course hateful to the high-and-dry economical Conservative like Lord Wemyss, but the valiant endeavor to reconstitute the Tory party on the lines of commercial orthodoxy has not met with much success.

Another cause of division among Conservatives has been quietly put on one side. Lord Randolph's Irish views were as distasteful to Mr. Charles Lewis, the champion of Ulster Protestantism, as Lord Randolph's economic heresies must be to Lord Wemyss. When Lord Randolph mounted the Orange cockade and delivered his Belfast speech, Mr. Sexton saw his opportunity to have some sport at the expense of the Tories, and gave notice that he would call attention to the previous relations between the noble Lord and the Parnellites. But the notice has come to nothing. It was found on inquiry that Lord Randolph, while willing to accept the Irish vote at Birmingham or elsewhere, had not said anything which would fairly justify Parliamentary censure. Mr. Gladstone would not give a day for a discussion which would have stirred up ill-feeling and produced no result. Mr. Parnell did not press the matter: he does not mean to break with the actual or coming leader of any English party just at present.

R.

A NOVEL BY OCTAVE FEUILLET.

PARIS, March 10, 1886.

Two novels are at the present moment occupying almost exclusively the mind of what used to be called "polite society." One is 'La Morte,' by Octave Feuillet; the other, 'Un Crime d'amour,' by M. Paul Bourget. I will now speak only of the first. It appeared serially in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and the first two numbers had a great success. The third and final number, if it satisfied some of the admirers of M. Feuillet, disappointed the great majority of his readers. The exposition was amusing and original. A young man, of good education, of good family, belonging, as the heroes of Octave Feuillet always do, to the "upper ten thousand," has lost his faith in revealed religion, in the supernatural; and has lost it, he thinks, for ever. He has only preserved the high sentiment of honor, the love of truth, which constitutes the "gentleman." The time comes for him to get married, and naturally he comes in contact with a girl imbued with the highest sentiments of faith, permeated, if I may say so, with religion, a pure spiritualist, a perfect Christian. The gentleman is a Parisian *par excellence*; he is worldly; she is a *provinciale*, who knows nothing of "Satan, his pomps and his works." You see at once the situation. He is perfectly honest and straightforward; he confesses his utter want of religion, his absolute rationalism; he does not affect to feel any sentiments which he does not really feel. The girl's family look upon him with fear and distrust; she also is afraid, but she hopes that love may operate the work of grace. She hesitates a moment, and then she accepts the idea of a union which may become the salvation of the man whom she loves for his frankness, his refined feelings, his culture. She cannot help hoping that marriage will transform him; that the continual spectacle of her own life, inspired and ennobled by an ardent faith, will soften his heart and make him feel the beauty and the power of her own ideal. She takes him to the altar as her lover, and she feels sure that some day or other she will bring him again to the altar as a Christian, and complete the communion of their two lives.

This is undoubtedly a very interesting situation; all the more so that it is not an uncommon one in our country, where the women receive a very religious education, and where the men are often completely imbued, not only with the philosophical ideas of the time of Voltaire, but also with the materialistic views of the Positivist school. Octave Feuillet's novel raises the whole question of the education of woman. In a highly civilized community, ought the women to receive an education based on other principles than those which form the education of men? Are they to be treated quite differently by the legislator, the moralist, and the philosopher? Are they, so to speak, two species in one? What is food for one, can it be poison for the other?

This, I will say at once, is the conclusion to which M. Octave Feuillet arrives; and in order to prove his theory he is obliged to introduce incidental characters in his novel—namely, a great surgeon, a thorough materialist, who has retired to the country where our couple live; and the handsome and fascinating daughter of the Positivist doctor. This young person has been educated by her father in total ignorance of any religious creed. She has learned what a man learns—natural history, chemistry; has grown up like a fine plant or a happy animal, accustomed to follow her natural instincts, and to consider them as good and almost holy. And what comes of it? She falls in love with the young husband, and places herself between him and his religious wife. You know now all the characters; and may yourself construct the drama.

Octave Feuillet attributes every virtue to the old doctor, and represents his daughter as a moral monster. He wishes evidently to prove that man is better made for infidelity than woman; that the religion of honor survives in man the belief in an established church; that man can construct rules of morality for himself with the help of mere science. He denies this faculty to woman, a creature of mere impulse, emotional, sentimental, sensational. It is a pity that M. Octave Feuillet has gone so far. A woman can learn chemistry without using her knowledge in poisoning her rival. A man can learn chemistry and be a poisoner. The episode of the old doctor and of his infamous daughter, who gives a dose of aconite to the wife of the man whom she wishes to marry, is forced and is even unnecessary. Feuillet wishes to convert his infidel young husband, and he does finally convert him by the death of his wife and the discovery of the crime of the woman who for a moment has robbed his wife of his love. He believes that his wife died believing him to be an accomplice in this crime, and he wants to prove to her his innocence; how can he do it? She is dead; how can he convince "la morte"? It is only in another life, and it is thus that he forces his soul into a belief in its own immortality. He becomes religious because if he does not, he loses every chance of clearing himself and of proving his innocence. But why should not love do the same work as pride? When I thought of the title 'La Morte' before reaching the end of the story, I thought that perhaps the young husband would be converted and feel "the new man" in him at the death-bed of his young child. There is much truth in the assumption that man is seldom converted by reasoning, by argument; hundreds and hundreds of books have been written by theologians which have probably failed in their object. We all have, or may have, our impressions of the road to Damascus; we may all, like St. Paul, feel the sudden and irresistible work of grace. Such transformations are generally worked by a great passion, by a sentiment. 'La Morte' would have been less melodramatic, but it would have been a more perfect work of art, if the transformation had been operated in the young and unbelieving husband by the mystic agency of love, of suffering, by the spectacle of a great sacrifice inspired by faith, by one of those miracles which are constantly taking place in the world of the soul. We do not want dynamite or poisons in the spiritual world. The last part of this otherwise excellent novel of Feuillet's is disappointing, disenchanting, unnatural, and almost revolting. He who wishes to prove too much proves nothing. Who can seriously think that unbelief necessarily conducts a woman to crime? Mile. Sabine Tallevant, the poisoner, is too repulsive. After having seduced her country neighbor, after having poisoned his wife, after having been married to him six months, she coolly declares to him that she loves him no more, that she intends to resume her entire freedom, and to take lovers if she chooses. Octave Feuillet would have us believe that if she behaves so, it is because she believes in Darwin and in Comte, because she knows all about "the struggle for existence," and so on.

In his first novels Feuillet does not exhibit such preoccupation; he is content to show us fine ladies and fine gentlemen, very romantic in all their notions, much absorbed by the passion of love, and living in a sort of unreal world, a world of convention, of fine language, fine manners, and preëminently fashionable. By degrees we see a higher aim developing itself in his work; his object seems to be to demonstrate how the highest social state cannot but lead to vice and crime, in the absence of a definite faith. In one of his novels, written in this new manner, 'M. de Ca-