(From the Galaxy for June.)

THE LADY JACQUELINE.

"False and fickle, or fair and sweet,
I care not for the rest:
The lover that loves last night at my feet
Was the bravest and the best!
They may prattle all, for their power has waned,
And their glory waxed dim;
They were well enough while they lived and reigned,
But never was one like him!
And never one from the past would I bring
Of that old forgotten lief—
"The King is dead; long live the King!"
Said the Lady Jacqueline.

"In the cold, old days, when life was glad,
And the world upon me smiled,
A pretty, dainty lover I had
Whom I loved with the heart of a child.
When the vineleafs sun of yesterday
Turns back from the shadows dim,
It may bring the love he had for me,
And the love I had for him!
But since to-day has a better thing
To give, I'm glad, long live the King!"
The King it dead; long live the King!"
Said the Lady Jacqueline.

"Once, caught by the sheen of stars and lace,
I bowed, for a single day,
To a poor pretender, mean and base,
Unfit for place or sway!
That was the mistake of glamour and spell,
And the charm in a moment fled,
For I found in his weak hand fell,
And the crown his feeble head.
But remember, I am not blind
To a power of a royal line—
"The King is dead; long live the King!"
Said the Lady Jacqueline.

"And yet it almost makes me weep;
Aye! weep, and cry, and sigh,
When I think of the man who lies asleep
Down under the quiet grass,
For he loved me well, and I loved again,
And low in homage bent;
And proud was the gallant and prosperous reign,
In our realm of sweet content.
But not to the dead may the living cling,
Nor kneel at an empty shrine—
"The King is dead; long live the King!"
Said the Lady Jacqueline.

"By the one I hold most true and dear,
Sweet love, I pray, my eyes
I was set aside in a single year
And a new queen sat in his throne.
To him who is false, and who has lied,
My faith I refuse—
And the faithless I resign
"The King is dead; long live the King!"
Said the Lady Jacqueline.

"Yes! all my lovers and Kings that were,
Are dead and bid away,
In the past, as in a sepulchre,
Shut in the judgment day.
False or fickle, or weak, or wed,
They are all alike to me:
For the eyes no more may be misled,
That looked on royalty!
Then bring me wine, and garlands bring,
For my King of the night divine—
The King is dead! long live the King!"
Said the Lady Jacqueline.

PHŒBE CARY.

LITERARY AND ART ITEMS.

Little Women.

The conventional idea of a brave, an energetic, or a supremely criminal woman is tall, dark-haired, large-armed, vicious, whether male as the younger brother of her husband, and about whom nature seems to have hesitated before determining whether to make her a man or a woman—a kind of debatable land. In fact, between the two sexes, and almost as much one as the other, Helen Macgregor, Lady Macbeth, Catherine de Medici, Mrs. Manning, and the old-fashioned murderesses in novels, are all of the masculine gender. Character type, with more or less of regal grace superadded, according to circumstances, is what we have thought nothing but a puerile fancy to suppose the contrary of whose physical description is not already known. Crime, indeed, especially in art and fiction, has generally been thought a very nice proportion to the number of calic bubes consistent with the depth of color employed; though we are bound to add that the public favor grows immeasurably more tolerant of such mixture towards muscular manliness, which is a certain extent redeems the over-weighted balance. Our later novelists, however, have altered the whole setting of the palette. Instead of five feet six of black and brown, they have gone in for four feet nothing in pink and pipe-clay, and clapped masses of raven hair, they have aiming coils of purest gold, instead of jaloise black, between them unfathomable eyes capable of every damnable passion, the most limpid blues of heavenly blue, and the worst sinners are in all respects fashioned as much after the outward semblance of the ideal saint as can well be managed. The original notion was a very good one, and the revolution did not come before it was wanted; but it has been a little overdone of late, and we have threatened with so great a surfeit of small-limbed, yellow-headed criminals, as we have had of the man-like black. One gets weary of the most perfect models, if they are constantly copied, and now, when we have all begun to feel that the resource of the angel's face and innocent soul have been more heavily drawn on than is quite fair, and that, given the "heavy mass of golden hair," "swallowing lime eyes," "a small, little frame," and spiritual delicacy of feature and hands, we are bound for the companionship, through three volumes, of a young person to whom Messalina or Lucretia Borgia was a mere novice.

And yet there is a physiological truth in this association of energy with smallness perhaps, even with a certain lack of delicacy. Size, with a dash of red through it, is decidedly suggestive of nervous force. Suggestiveness, indeed, does not go very far in an argument; but the present connection of energy and smallness in woman is a thing which all may verify in their own circles. In daily life, the strongest-willed woman to encounter—the black-browed, broad-shouldered giantess, with arms almost as big as the girth as a man's, or the pert, small, trim little woman, with no more fleeshpan a indyfird, and of just about equal strength with a person of the same sort of tan, the giantess with the heavy shoulders and broad backs generally is a timid, feeble-minded, good-tempered person, incapable of anything heavier than a mild remonstrance with her mild, or a gentle persuasion of her children. Nine times out of ten her husband has her in hand in the most perfect working order, and that she would swear that the moon shone at midday if it were his pleasure that it should make a fool of herself in that direction. One of the most obedient and docile of our acquaintances, she gives no trouble to any one save the trouble of nursing, carding, and spoiling her child; while, as for the conception or execution of any naughty piece of self-assertion, she is as utterly incapable as if she were a child unborn, and demands nothing better than to feel the cover of her husband's wing, and to know exactly by their strain where she is desired to go and what to do.

But the little woman is irrepressible. Too frail to come into the fighting division of humanity, a puny creature whom one blow from a man's large fist could annihilate, absolutely soulless, and insolent with the insolence which only those dare show who know that retribution cannot follow—what can be done with her? She is afraid of nothing, and to be controlled by no one. Shielded behind her weakness as behind a triple shield of brass, the sagacity of man has found her while she provokes him to a combat in which his hands are tied. She gets her own way in everything, and conquers. Authoritative abroad she is equally dominant and irrepressible, equally free from obedience and from fear. Who breaks all the public orders in sights and shows, and, in spite of Niver, Keiser, or Policeman X., goes where it is expressly forbidden that she shall go? Not the large-headed, masculine woman, with her temperament, unless, indeed, of the exceptionally haughty type in distinctly inferior surroundings, and then she can assert it royally enough, and set everything at non-plus by defiance. But in general the large-bodied woman obeys the orders given, her, while near enough to man to be somewhat on a par with him, she is still subordinate. Her sphere is too strong to shelter herself. Other sphere, yet too weak to assert herself. Not so the tiny her master on equal grounds. She is a dying, fad, but one thing wholly, and, what enhances the interest, one thing in which she is perfect. Her weakness, her little size, her little ways, her want of strength, her want of reason, her want of everything that is the privilege of either. It is not she, but, all, her well-developed frame and comfortable looks, but the little woman, who breaks the whole code of laws and defies all their dependents—the pert, smart, pretty little woman, who laughs in your face, and goes straight ahead, if you try to turn her to the right hand or to the left, receiving your remonstrances with the most sublime indifference, as if you were talking a foreign language she could not understand. She carries everything before her, wherever she is. You may see her stopping over planks slipping under ropes, penetrating to barriers, slipping under ropes, penetrating to the green benches with a red ticket, taking the best place on the platform over the heads of their rightful owners, squeezing herself among the crowd of people without an inch of paste board to front her. You cannot turn her out by main force.

British chivalry objects to the public laying of hands in the case of a woman, even when most recalcitrant and disobedient; more particularly if a small and fragile-looking woman. So that, if it is only a marpation of places specially masculine, she is allowed to retain what she has not amid the grave looks of the elder—not really displaced, though, at the flutter of her ribbons among them—and the utters and nudges of her young followers. If the battle is between her and another woman, they are left to fight it out as they have can, with the odds laid heavily on the little one. All this time there is nothing of the tumult of combat about her. Fiery and combative as she generally is, when crossing the line in public places she is the very soul of serene daring. She shows no heat, no passion, no turbulence; she leaves these as extra weapons of defence to women who are assailable. For herself she requires no such aids. She knows her capabilities, and the line of attack that best suits her, and she does so, that the fewer points of contact she exposes, the more likely she is to slip into victory: the more she is serene, and the less irritation she slighter the hold she gives her opponents. She is perfectly good-humored and blankly innocent; she either smiles you into obedience, or wearies you into compliance by the sheer hopelessness of making any impression on her. She seems to be the very soulless, soft and shrill-tongued kind, burst out into such a noisy demonstration that you are glad to escape from her, no matter what spoils you leave on her hands; just as a small and fluffy ball of a bantam hen all heckled feathers and screeching cackle, and tumultuous assumption of what something terrible if he does not look out. Any way the little woman is unencumbrable; and a single specimen of humanity at a public show, setting regulations at defiance, and laughing all rules and regulations at defiance, and carrying out in the matter of seat-seeking the manner of life to which nature has dedicated her from the beginning.

As a rule, the little woman is brave. When the irrepressible gamine falls into a faint, or goes off into hysterics, she storms, or hustles about, or holds on like a game terrier, according to the work on hand. She will fly at any man who annoys her, and bears herself up to the last the great and strongest fellow of her acquaintance. In general she does it all by sheer pluck, and is not notorious for subtlety or craft. Had Delilah been a little woman, she would have spared herself the trouble to shave Samson's locks. She would have dodged him with all his strength upon him as he lead, and she would have overcome him too. Judith and Jael were both probably little women. The work they went about demanded a certain strength of muscle and nerve of sinew; but who can say that Jezebel was not a small, freckled, auburn-haired little lady of her time, full of the concentrated fire, the electric force, the passionate recklessness of her type? Regan and Goneril might have been beautiful demons of the same pattern; we have the example of the Macklemore de Brinvilliers as to what amount of spiritual devils can exist with the face and manner of an angel direct from heaven; and perhaps Cordelia was a tall dark-haired, slit, with a pair of brown eyes, and a long deep sighing downwards.

Lady Macbeth Jezebel, with their flashing Oriental orbs, their night-black tresses, and the Cooke type of face, are the exceptional complexions; as catalogued properties according to the ideal, they would be placed in the list of the infernal criminals and lovelorn, while in reality they are about as meek and docile as any other women. Lady Macbeth, Catherine de Medici, Mrs. Manning, and the old-fashioned murderesses in novels, are all of the masculine gender. Character type, with more or less of regal grace superadded, according to circumstances. It would be thought nothing but a puerile fancy to suppose the contrary of whose physical description is not already known. Crime, indeed, especially in art and fiction, has generally been thought a very nice proportion to the number of calic bubes consistent with the depth of color employed; though we are bound to add that the public favor grows immeasurably more tolerant of such mixture towards muscular manliness, which is a certain extent redeems the over-weighted balance. Our later novelists, however, have altered the whole setting of the palette. Instead of five feet six of black and brown, they have gone in for four feet nothing in pink and pipe-clay, and clapped masses of raven hair, they have aiming coils of purest gold, instead of jaloise black, between them unfathomable eyes capable of every damnable passion, the most limpid blues of heavenly blue, and the worst sinners are in all respects fashioned as much after the outward semblance of the ideal saint as can well be managed. The original notion was a very good one, and the revolution did not come before it was wanted; but it has been a little overdone of late, and we have threatened with so great a surfeit of small-limbed, yellow-headed criminals, as we have had of the man-like black. One gets weary of the most perfect models, if they are constantly copied, and now, when we have all begun to feel that the resource of the angel's face and innocent soul have been more heavily drawn on than is quite fair, and that, given the "heavy mass of golden hair," "swallowing lime eyes," "a small, little frame," and spiritual delicacy of feature and hands, we are bound for the companionship, through three volumes, of a young person to whom Messalina or Lucretia Borgia was a mere novice.

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