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WANTS OF WOMEN.

THE CIVIL DUTIES OF WOMEN.

By MADAME BODICHON.

If there is one occupation which well-educated and generous Englishwomen think they like better than any other, it is certainly that of charity work. The idea of being a Sister of Charity or Mercy is, as it ought to be, very attractive, and has, moreover, the advantage of being permitted by society, so that the timid as well as the strong-minded can enter upon the vocation.

It is not law but custom which has taken the great organizations of charity since Catholic times out of the hands of women. A more dignified and useful occupation for a woman of position in any community, parish, or town, than that of dispensing the public money for the good of the poor and suffering, cannot be conceived, and it is a curious fact that the persons charged with such functions are not necessarily men according to the law. Women are legally eligible; yet the very post, which, if described in detail without its usual title, would be willingly accepted by many ladies, would, if offered formally and by name cause them to shudder and refuse. The law as it now stands permits a woman to be named for the office of fixing the money to be levied for the poor, to relieve the destitute, to care for

the aged, the sick, and the young,—exactly the kind of work which women wish to do. In the wording of the law, the official person can provide “a stock of hemp, flax, wool, thread, iron, and other necessary ware for setting the poor to work.” Such persons, have a good deal of power, can hire houses, employ the poor, dispense the benefit of their work and service for the use of the poor in general: in fact, even in dry, legal terminology, they figure as guardian angels. We might fairly premise from reading such descriptions, and knowing the inclinations of ladies for the work, that highly-educated women of the same rank as magistrates and members of Parliament would be attracted to these offices as much as to nunneries, sisterhoods, and hospital work. It is, indeed, a labour of much greater importance to the community than these, and is not illustriously performed by men. Any lady who should undertake it in a proper spirit would have the satisfaction of doing a certain amount of work well, which must be done somehow, and of setting an example, which would be useful and acceptable to many others. There is, it is true, a strong public opinion at present against women doing official work; they may combine for purposes of amateur charity to any extent, and are extolled for it; yet what would be said of any lady of means and position, who, having fitted herself to be overseer of the parish by a study of arithmetic and political economy, were really to obtain and accept the post? Nothing but good, if she did her work well. Of this we feel convinced. Again, how much better would it be if men and women of the upper classes would give time, thought, and work to their parish affairs, instead of idle gifts of money to a multiplicity of what we will call extra-parochial charitable organization. Many official posts which are looked upon as “ungentlemanly” occupations, ought to be filled by the public-spirited gratuitously. There are numerous offices for which ladies are really needed, such as inspectorships of schools, workhouses, &c. No doubt Mrs. Grey's efforts in the cause of education will forward this question; and we feel sure that Mr. Stansfeld or Mr. Forster would be disposed to appoint women inspectors, if any capable persons were found. It is no futile use of our reason and fancy, to picture to ourselves a town arranged

after the best manner; and when we do this, planning such or such measures for the good of the people's souls and bodies, we shall generally find that we have the organization at hand, and a certain liberty of adapting existing institutions to new ideas. What is really difficult to find is, a body of efficient men and women ready for the work; honest, courageous, wise, and patient in studying remedies for the evils they have to deal with. In fine, it is more active, enlightened benevolence we want, than much radical alteration of external forms. Take the School Board for example. Women ought to constitute half the body of members; yet what a small number have come forward! Until women fill the places already open to them, the best course to pursue is to educate them and wait. There is every reason to hope that an enthusiastic devotion to the public good will grow with the increase of moral and intellectual light. Teachers of the young should enforce the great lesson that all women have duties to their parishes and towns. They have not yet waked up to the knowledge. Every lady of the wealthy class should be taught to consider herself as having civil as well as domestic duties, and a good training for the one is the best training for the other. Heartily will the day be welcomed by all interested in the public good when women, as a matter of course, will take their part in the general house-keeping of the parish, work at present entirely in the hands of men; and what is even more important, will help still more in the education and sanitary amelioration of the people.

It must never be lost sight of that we want a change from within, and not from without. Suppose, for example, that a despotic authority were to insist upon the half of every School Board being women, or upon the overseers of the poor being all women of landed property, or any other absurdity; or suppose that it should suddenly become the fashion for ladies to undertake such posts, would such a change alter for the better the existing state of things? Certainly not. Women of themselves must volunteer to do the work already open to them, and must do it well, before any radical change in existing institutions or laws can be of any use to them or the public.

How can we convert them to the belief that, as we have inherited a free, comfortable, and happy England from our forefathers—free, comfortable, and happy, because they toiled and struggled for it; so we are in duty bound to hand it unto our children, not only as good as given to us, but, as far as possible, better? To accomplish this end, we ought to be very economical of the social forces already existing. The time, gifts, and thought of every active worker should be fitly and fully employed for the benefit of all. It is lamentable to see how some well-intentioned women ignore the fact that they have any concern whatever in the well-being of the poor, or in the education of the next generation; yet, does not a great part of the awful responsibility of the future of the English people rest with them? As we sow, those who come after us will reap. As we pay for the sins or shortcomings of our ancestors and inherit their good deeds, so will our England, thirty years hence, be what we, who are now living, make her. Permanent change in society must be based on internal change. We must get at the minds of the people. We must show them the enormous waste of not training English women to do this good work. As yet, they do not consider it their duty to interest themselves in public affairs, and to undertake some share of the general work in a practical manner. Public opinion has permitted them so long to dream away their lives in a listless, undignified manner, that they cannot easily discern the harm of indifference. Public opinion, moreover, tells them that such indifference is becoming and womanly. We must convince the majority of steadfast minds by experiment that this state of things is changing, we must do the work offered us well, and thus form a new public opinion which carries the light-minded with it, as a strong sea carries driftwood.

EDUCATION.

It is the popular idea that education is mainly, if not exclusively, a matter for the dame-school or the seminary of the hedge; that boys and girls—so far as menticulture is concerned—are suitably qualified to assume the dignity of men and women when they have been taught to use the principal "knife, fork, and spoon," to read and write, in other words, and do simple sums in arithmetic. On this idea our modern legislators have based most of their recent measures on the subject; and by this idea the nation at large, in accepting those measures, seems tacitly resolved in all its social and political relations to be chiefly guided. The eye is schooled to distinguish between A and B and C, and to recognize and repeat monosyllables without spelling; the hand is trained to execute in ink a variety of hieroglyphs bearing some faint resemblance to the written alphabet; the memory is stuffed to repletion, like a poor Strasburg goose, with a lot of dry and tedious rules respecting tare-and-tret, and the calculation of fractions and compound interest; and the young student is forthwith sent out into the world, fully equipped and qualified, according to the statute, to win his bread and fight his life-battle amid all the vicissitudes, trials, and temptations with which every human life has to contend in its progress to position and power. Be the pupil boy or girl, rich or poor, quick-witted or dull, a hopeless ninny, or a precocious constitutional felon, neither the State, nor those who may chance to stand between the child and the State, for a moment care; the prescribed curriculum must be gone through, come what results may. The popular notion thus seems to be that true worth is the correlative of intelligence; that if the head is properly cultivated and cared for, the heart (out of which, said Solomon, are "the issues of life") will take care of itself; that if reading, writing, and arithmetic are only rightly crammed into the juvenile cranium there can be no fear of any irregularities, either in ethics or aesthetics, in a criminal direction or in a vicious, in the workshop or in the home, in the individual or in the family, in the adult life. But is this notion a right one? Is it true that, in any sense, cleverness is nobler than goodness? Is it true that to master prosody is better than to master the passions? Is it true that to know "the three R's" even to their core and marrow, is more important than to know ourselves? Is it true, or even anything approaching the truth, that the "salt of the earth" is more a thing of cunningly-coached brains than of rightly-trained susceptibilities and hearts? The very fact of the existence of this "Journal of Progress, Taste, and Thought" answers these questions more emphatically than any possible combination of cold, bald words.

Men and women used to be taught many things that are not taught at school. For one thing, they need, I think, to be taught the rudiments of physiology or the science of physical life; not technically merely, or categorically, for that would avail but little, but in such a way as that it shall be made plain even to the meaneast capacity, that a right knowledge and conduct of the body is of as great importance to the health and well-being of its tenants, the mind and soul, and consequently to the whole commonwealth, as a due attention to hygiene in the construction or selection of our houses of stone and lime is to the soundness of our lungs and limbs, and the serenity and purity of our moral atmosphere.

It is of no less consequence that the moral nature should be early displayed, and put under cultivation. It is, I am aware, fancied—and in this fancy is the deadly root of the matter—that with the power to read will come the inclination to ponder; that with an acquaintance with the elements of knowledge will come a desire for wisdom; that with the key to the sciences and languages will come a taste for scientific and linguistic studies; that with the way to become great, or good, or wise, or otherwise, will come the will, and the energy, and the stamina, and all the essential wherewithal. This fancy, however, is neither more no less than what our divines would call "damnable heresy." Damnable, because it is fraught with the seeds of half the ills that flesh and society are heirs to—the ills that spring from vice and unrestrained passion. Damnable, because it takes that for granted for which there is no warrant either in revelation or experience, that the things which most concern humanity pertain to the intellect and the "pride of life." I hold the educa-

tion of the schoolroom to be but a light and trivial thing compared even with the education of the nursery. Give me a girl with a woman's warm heart of flesh to watch over any cradled little one, and I care not though she has never been taught to tell one letter of the alphabet from another, or the sign of the cube-root from plus, or the Rule of Three from the vulgar Rule of Thumb. To that simple unsophisticated young hireling, the little "olive plant" will owe the very sap and pith of his future integrity, and one day at once in mind and body realize the value of her kindly cherishment as transcending—I even dare to say infinitely—the value of all the teachings, religious, secular, and technical, of his after-life. "Man does not live by bread alone," be it remembered; neither does he live by craft; and I want to see this fact recognised in our so-called "National Education." I want to have it enquired into whether it would not better become our legislators to see that our children are well-clad, well-fed, well-lodged, and well-cared for generally, than to see to their being made merely capable of signing their names and spelling through Acts of Parliament.

It will not make a man one whit a better citizen that he can read the Old Testament in the original, or even the New; or that he can expound all the problems of Euclid, or deliver himself intelligibly on all the thousand-and-one themes and theorems of moral and natural philosophy. It will not make him a better citizen, I say; and far less will it entitle him to that distinction which it ought to be every man's highest ambition to attain to, and which it ought to be the grand and primary aim of all education worth the name to help him to attain it—a manhood "after God's own heart." To secure this, I repeat, the *moral* nature must be educated as well as the intellectual, and the nerves and muscles no less than the morals. "Un homme de Dieu," as it seems to me, is not a mere intellectually-great man—many such men having made a figure in history as accomplished scoundrels; still less, perhaps, is he a dyspeptic, melancholy monomaniac, who thinks the world a vale of tears literally, and the more tears, and sighs, and groans, and long faces he can bring to it the better for the world and his own glory. If these, at any rate, are the men to whom the nations look for help or counsel in time of need, and on whom society depends for what the poet calls "sweetness and light," all I can say is, that the nations and society alike lean on a pitiful "broken reed." All the combined book-learning of the ages will not even make a man happy, be it imparted by what method and when it may; and what ought to be the main study of the nations, and what ought to be the main function of society, but to make men happy? The elements of happiness, however, no schoolmaster but Experience is either authorised or required to supply. Health, Wealth, and Wisdom—three of Humanity's most valuable possessions—are left, so far as tuition is concerned, to blind chance; and how to secure one or another each must find out for himself as best he may, very possibly when too late to make the inquiry, even if successful, of any practical avail. Education, in this direction, fails miserably; and so long as the schoolroom is all in all, and the playground and the polytechnic are nowhere, it must so fail of necessity.

Another thing that Education is *not*, but which it ought to be, is a divining-rod; something by which to determine the future of the scholar. It is the schoolmaster's duty, if it is any man's, to find out the leading predilections or natural grit of a boy; what he is best fitted for, and what shall best fit him for making his mark in that particular walk of life. The parent, for example, whose dearest heart's wish is to see his son "wag his pow in a pu'pit," may spend no end of money on the urchin, only to find out in the long-run that he has spoiled a good carpenter or cobbler. The boy himself even may have no definite notion as to what stuff he is made of, and, if a round peg, is quite as likely to thrust himself into a professional square hole as into a round one. Perhaps the profession for which he is specially and precisely adapted is one of which, with his necessarily limited knowledge of the big world around him, he has never even heard. But not only with this important matter, but with every matter which more immediately concerns the future of the young, it is the duty of the State—inasmuch as the State has seen fit to assume the responsibility of educating the young—to interfere. Such interference is called for by thousands of maimed and stunted

lives, on which ignorance of the laws of their own nature, and of the universe, has entailed a curse, not only life-long, but perpetual. Such an interference is called for by thousands of human hearts, black with the incurable leprosy of remorse; nay, to whom vice has come to wear the livery and almost the charms of virtue; women to whom infamy and shame have become almost their natural element. Such an interference is called for by every failure in life, by every flaw in the machinery of society, by every wrong that lacks resistance, be it of what nature it may, by "the future in the distance," be it bright with the long looked-for "newness of life," or dark as night with the still undissipated shadows of the present "living death."

W. R. MORRIS.

COUNTRY V. TOWN.

I SHALL, perhaps, be called a mad Ophelia, and no authority, if I confess to prefer lying on the green sward on a summer's day, watching the clouds float by, in dreamy enjoyment, to inhabiting a palace where that pleasure was denied. Still, though nobody should listen, I cannot help expressing my regret at a change which I see coming over social life in Ireland. Families owning country seats are gradually abandoning them, many yielding to educational exigencies, but many, too, swayed by the love of pleasure. It is curious to trace this movement to the introduction of railways, which one would suppose would tell in favour of rural life, by annihilating space, and bringing all the conveniences of the city within reach of the remotest district. But it has not proved so. In a youth spent in comparative solitude I never heard the murmurs against the loneliness of the country I now do, when trains pass everybody's door. There is, I know, a new school springing up which preaches association as a primary law of progress; and if society were what it pictures itself to many a bright young mind, it would be worth many sacrifices; but though its aspect was never so brilliant, its fruit was never more thoroughly—ashes. Even in the circles where it ought to be best understood, fashion and egotism have destroyed its life. In the olden time hospitality was a kind of sacred rite, offered with simple kindness; and still if you break bread with an Arab in the desert he becomes your friend; but in modern society we are told that a man is never "so grandly abused" as by his own guests! In such a heartless civilization no wonder that unbelief mocks at Christianity, and that the half social, half political outbursts of the day frighten the world by their sudden fierceness. Perhaps it may be stated in extenuation of the cynical spirit that I complain of, that no good feeling is evoked, because there is nothing to excite it—entertainments being only given for ostentatious display. And though we may probably accept this as true—for one side is seldom entirely wrong—yet the fact remains the same, and our moralising cannot mend it.

But this has rather been a digression. That the world rushes on possessed by the demon unrest was the plaint with which I commenced. If intellectual activity accompanied the love of change one would hail it as a happy omen; but if they exist they certainly do not keep pace with each other. The love of pleasure—I should rather say excitement—is daily becoming the predominating feature of society; even our criminals try to be sensational. One sometimes look back with surprise at the tranquil youth of the past, contrasting it with the fever of to-day. We were by no means perfect, and I have no doubt of our having dreamed away a good deal of valuable time. Neither is it disputed that there is much to be said in favour of the collision of minds as tending to the development and cohesion of thought; yet for much I would not have forgone that imagined superiority to the difficulties of life, that proud independence which, in the happy ignorance of youth, made me think that with a back and a fine day I could defy the world. And though the time often came after, when the sun seemed to shine in mockery, and the book was but a stone, the period of desolation was never of long continuance, and books and nature continue to the last, faithful friends.

But as my generation is of the past, and I cannot hope that the young will look at life with my eyes, I would ask them never to for-

get that the outer world always takes the hue of our own thoughts. Those things which at one time we clothe with the rose tint of happiness, wear, under different circumstances, the blackness of despair. In one mood our minds glow with delight at the affluent loveliness of nature; in another we see nothing. Thus, to the prosaic mind,

"A primrose by the river's brim,
A living primrose is to him,
And nothing more;"

while to the poet it is a star, a gem, an inspiration, or a sentient being, as the humble daisy was to Burns, when he addressed it in the exquisite lines, "Wee modest, crimson-tipped flower," and grieved to crush it under the plough as if it were a living thing. The chameleon hue of thought might be again exemplified in the aspect which the subject of a poet's song presents to a scientific mind, which will perhaps see in it an instance of the molecular forces of nature. But when we find these facts so vividly portrayed in Mr. Tyndall's magnificent description of the growth of a blade of corn, they take the form of poetry too, as I think is strikingly exemplified in the following quotation, which it is a pleasure and a profit to transcribe:—

"Let us place it (a grain of corn) in the earth, and subject it to a certain degree of warmth. In other words, let the molecules both of the corn and surrounding earth be kept in that state of agitation which we call warmth. Under these circumstances the grain, and the substances which surround it, interact, and a definite molecular architecture is the result. A bud is formed; this bud reaches the surface, where it is exposed to the sun's rays, which are also to be regarded as a kind of vibratory motion. And as the motion of common heat, with which the grain and the substances surrounding it were first endowed, enabled the grain and these substances to exercise their attractions and repulsions, and to coalesce in definite forms; so the specific motion of the sun's rays now enables the green bud to feed upon the carbonic acid and the aqueous vapour of the air. The bud appropriates those constituents of both for which it has an elective attraction, and permits the other constituents to resume their place in the air. Thus the architecture is carried on. Forces are active at the root, forces are active in the blade; the matter of the earth and the matter of the atmosphere are drawn towards both, and the plant augments in size. We have in succession the bud, the stalk, the ear, and the full corn in the ear; the cycle of molecular action being completed by the production of grains similar to that with which the process began."

Such details of vegetable life invest it with the same interest with which Maury clothes the sea when he explains to us the marvels of its currents and its zones, and proves that at every step we take, if we even partially tried to raise the veil which enfolds Nature's face, so as to catch a glimpse of its exquisite beauty, and feel the countless pulses which beat in what we call "still life," it would win thousands back to that monotony now so repulsive. It is not in crowded thoroughfares but in solitary communings that those thoughts which charm the world have their origin most frequently; and we must not forget it—for it is a reflection which outweighs all others—that in solitude even the lowliest soul feels conscious of being nearer God.

SYED AMBER ALI, M.A., LL.B., in his forthcoming work on the *Life and Teachings of Mahommed*, critically examined from a Mahommedan stand-point, deals, in the eleventh and two following chapters, with the practical morality of the Moslems, their social customs, and their ideas regarding marriage. Treating of the institution of polygamy, he reviews the whole subject of the condition of women, giving a comparative survey of the custom of plurality of wives among other nations, and shewing in the end that polygamy is discountenanced and indirectly forbidden by the precepts of Mahommed. The same conclusion is expressed with reference to slavery.

HERALD PAINTING AND MISSAL-ILLUMINATION FOR LADIES.

ALTHOUGH I do not believe, for one moment, woman to be intellectually, physically, or mechanically inferior to man, yet facts show that there are many things she does not, at present, do as well as her virile comrade. These failures are, of course, the outcome of imperfect education. As the proof of this, consider for a moment the physical development of the two sexes. If one were to seriously remark, in European drawing-rooms, that woman—as the fact is—were the strongest animal of the two, the remarker would at once and finally set down the remarker as a wild and frantic visionary. Yet I have seen, in these, their most degenerate days, certain squaws of notable Red Indian warriors, whose biceps stood out like cocoanuts upon their brawny arms—one blow from which, "straight from the shoulder," would as easily topple over our colossal Duke of Cambridge as the average London virago smites down a recalcitrant offspring of some three or four summers. Now, I think my fair readers will agree with me, that if it be easy to manufacture a feminine Sayers or a she Heenan, it would not be difficult, in like manner, to concoct from the same sex eminent practitioners in more pacific arts. But this training requires time; people say that it takes three generations to make a gentleman, and although an artist is not, perhaps, so complex a work of tuition as a finished man of the world, yet, even an artist (except it be a case of *nascitur non fit*) takes more than one generation of training to perfect. But there is a branch of the art, both valuable and pretty in practice, which can be acquired, both in principle and application, with comparative facility by all but the most obtuse, as the requirements are nothing more than a steady hand and certain powers of accurate imitation.

Herald painting and missal-illumination are of infinitely more service to the female student than the practice of "doing" those feeble flowers and still feebler figures, on the delineation of which it delighteth the hearts of some misguided women to waste colours and to deface cardboard. The latter accomplishment requires that generative course of teaching to which I have referred, and is not lightly to be entered upon. But illumination and herald painting may afford the means of easily-acquired amusement and education to thousands of girls and women. Among the old illuminated MSS. (the originals of many of which, or good reproductions thereof, are available at most schools of art throughout the kingdom) will be found specimens of the costume, armour, domestic utensils, and the architectural details of several centuries; the whole of which cannot fail to have an absorbing interest for those who study our ancient manners and customs. Heraldry, on the other hand, apart from its attractions of colour and outline, gives us, as it were, a pictorial biography of our national families.

Enlarged copies of illuminations, carefully drawn and coloured on vellum, form the most valuable mural adornments for the drawing-room or boudoir. These pictures will be found to possess every essential dear to the heart of a pre-Raffaelite—a wealth of colour and a *minutiae* of treatment that gives them a place in the most careless eye, and the benefit of having what children always want for their tales, a foundation in fact. All tastes may be met by selections from these old MSS. Saints and beatitudes for "hot-gospelers;" martyrdoms and massacres for seekers of the horrible; weird *Walpurys*-nights, depictures of judgment-days, and demoniacal temptations for those who affect the grotesque and the curious; while besides the abnormal, all the mediæval notions of the principal incidents in domestic life are to be found without end.

Heraldry comes in very happily as a medium for home decoration. A series of shields, representing the arms of the sovereigns of England, from William I. to Victoria, forms as good a frieze for a dining-room as can be imagined; and if, instead of the senseless and inartistic graining with which our internal woodwork is covered, were substituted painted shields and ribbons on the panels of our doors and shutters, the gain, in point of colour and interest, would be incalculable. Fire-screens, hand-screens, paper blinds, and a thousand-and-one other nick-nacks for the home, offer excellent opportunities for the taste and fancy of the armorial decorator. The study and practice of monogram-drawing, which dovetails very appropriately and happily with heraldry, opens a wide field for the interest and

amusement of draughtswomen, for the permutations and combinations of which two or three letters are capable, when deftly and intelligently interwoven, can only be imagined by those who have had some practice in the art. Coats-of-arms drawn in pen-and-ink, or coloured by hand, for insertion in books, is another useful and interesting object for the heraldic amateur; but the student will find no lack of pleasing variety in these studies when once entered upon, suitable not only to the tastes and acquirements of her own household, but welcome also as gifts to friends.

It must be remarked that to secure success in these occupations, great care must be taken that the materials used be of good quality, and it may be well to call attention to some of the few houses which actually manufacture pigments and other *impedimenta* necessary for this department of decorative art. I believe, indeed, that there are but four firms engaged in this branch of industry. The oldest house of all is that of Reeves and Sons, which is, I think, still in existence; but one never comes across their colours, which are probably of antique and now obsolete types. The cakes of Winsor and Newton, a second firm in the same business, seem to me somewhat dull in hue, and hard and gritty in working—these qualities are the worst paints can possess, and would neutralize the otherwise good effects of the utmost labour and skill. Messrs. Rowney, of Rathbone-place, produce an excellent colour-box for the delectation of herald and missal painters, in which the colours, in lieu of being in cakes, are handily disposed in glass saucers, having the heraldic term for each tint on their lids. In the same box are burnishers, rules, palettes, gold and silver shells, camel's-hair pencils, and in short, every requirement that can be needed by the learner. These colours are also to be had, for those who prefer them, in powder, which, for large work, has certain technical advantages. Messrs. Rowney publish a very compact and intelligently-written Manual of Heraldry, written by the celebrated Mr. Baigent, of Tichborne celebrity. In this work Mr. Baigent really proves himself what was doubted on the trial, an heraldic antiquary, for I do not think I have ever read a better-arranged or more comprehensive guide to the "Gentle Science." Its illustrations, which are both plain and coloured, are extremely well-designed, and possess that true heraldic "feeling," which is but too often conspicuous by its absence in so many treatises on the art. The same firm also issue a series of large designs for filling-in and colouring, in which the various types of heraldic enrichment are very fairly given, and these—to train up the learner in the way she should draw—will be found simply invaluable.

The great house of Newman—which, by the way, has nothing of the mushroom about it but its name, having been founded before the commencement of the present century—possesses a speciality in body colour (which is the proper class of paint to be used in these pursuits) which deserves a mention here. By means of a cunning combination of a certain mucilage with the various colours, a peculiar softness and brilliancy of tone is given to them, added to that great desideratum, an easy and even flow while being laid on. This house is also remarkable for all *articles de luxe* connected with the art of painting, such as huge sticks of Indian ink, large enough to form a weapon of defence even as against a Fenian or an Odgerite; ivory-mounted pencils, dignified enough for the fin of her Most Gracious Majesty; and numberless costly *adventa* to their art and mystery, suitable alike to the tastes and purses of the *connoisseurs* to be found among "a bloated aristocracy."

In suggesting this outlet for the time and talents of woman, it has been the desire of the writer that such a variety of work should be found for what is sarcastically termed "the weaker sex," that all sorts and conditions of women may be enabled, should they so wish, to rise above and beyond those petty employments so long ago summed up by a scornful poet as—

"Suckling fools, and chattering small beer!"

SABLE VAN PALETTE.

By the use of Field's Silver-plated Syphon Tap, the smallest quantity of Champagne, Lemonade, Soda, Seltzer, and other Aerated Waters may be drawn from the Bottle, retaining its effervescent state for any length of time. 28, Cheapside, E. C.

WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE AT STRANRAER.

A PUBLIC meeting in favour of conferring the Parliamentary Franchise on duly qualified widows and unmarried women, was held in the Queen's-hall, Stranraer, Wigtownshire, N.B., on the 2nd instant.

Ex-Provost Guthrie, who presided, in introducing the Lecturer, said that hitherto he had been opposed to the movement, but he thought the subject fully entitled to a fair hearing, which he had no doubt would be accorded by the audience.

Madame Ronniger (from London) then delivered an address, in which she advocated her cause in a manner which most clearly proved its justice, while, at the same time, her demands on behalf of her sex were so reasonable and moderate as to disarm opposition even from the most prejudiced. She said the measure she advocated was constitutional and conservative; but she claimed support for it on a wider ground—that of common justice. She gave a very able resumé of the progress of the movement, and showed how untenable and frivolous were the objections of those who would withhold the Suffrage from women-householders. The lecture was listened to throughout with earnest attention by a highly appreciative audience, whose frequent plaudits showed how thoroughly they sympathised with the views so well expressed by the Lecturer. Madame Ronniger's appearance on the platform was a powerful corrective to the prevalent error that it is generally the so-called strong-minded, masculine type of women who thus appear before the public to plead their cause. Her *toute ensemble* was peculiarly lady-like and womanly, and her style of address pleasing and refined.

After the lecture, a resolution was proposed by the Rev. Mr. Urquhart, of Portpatrick, in favour of the Bill to Remove the Electoral Disabilities of Women, and also empowering the Chairman to sign in name of the meeting a petition to both Houses of Parliament, along with a memorial to the Lord Advocate. He spoke at some length in support of the motion, and said that for more than a quarter of a century he had seen the beneficial influence of women having votes in the election of clergymen, which, in consequence of the theological difficulties, was fraught with far more trouble than the exercise of the Parliamentary franchise could be. He referred to the noble and self-sacrificing labours of women in hospitals, and the refining influence of the female sex wherever it was allowed free scope. He remarked on the gross injustice of withholding the suffrage from women who had themselves to be the heads of households, and said that removing this disability would be the greatest moral reform of the age. The Rev. Mr. Charles, of Stranraer, seconded the motion, which was carried unanimously. Dr. McGregor, in a lengthy speech, in which he said he endorsed all or nearly all the lecturer had said, moved a hearty vote of thanks to her for her admirable lecture; and Baillie McGibbon having proposed that a similar ovation be given to the Chairman, to both of which proposals a cordial response was made, the proceedings terminated.

From the highly favourable impression which Madame Ronniger has left on the minds of those who had the privilege of listening to her, it is felt that she will meet with a warm welcome should she at any future time revisit the locality.

MRS. HARTE, whose name is familiar in literary circles as one of the foremost and most judicious advocates of Women's progress, has within the past week left Notting-hill for Geneva.

THE fourth of Herr Ernst Pauer's lectures to women on the Clavecin and Pianoforte, in the lecture-theatre of the South Kensington Museum, was devoted to the analysis of the compositions and the biographies in outline of Clementi, Dussek, and Beethoven. Mr. Sedley Taylor's fifth lecture on Sound, at the same place, on Saturday last, bore reference to the interference of sound, beats of imperfect unisons, the connection with beats and discord, and Helmholtz's theory of consonance and dissonance. The final lecture of Mr. Taylor's course will be delivered after noon of to-day.

REVIEWS.

ABBOT'S CRAG; A TALE. By M. C. ROWSELL.—[Whittaker and Co., Ave Maria-lane.]

THIS is a pleasantly-written story, the incidents of which, however, do not strike us as original. The chief "horror" of the narrative is by no means a novel idea, though sensational enough to give one a week's nightmare after digesting its awful details. We will not recapitulate any portion of it in these pages, as we regard with charitable consideration the nerves and intellects of sensitive readers.

RHYMES AND SONNETS. By R. C. F. HANNAY.—[S. Palmer, 335, Strand.]

CONTAINS some melodious verses, two of the best of which are "Wee G. G." and "Chatterbox." Mrs. Hannay's muse, however, is of the exclusively simple-minded class, and when she quits domesticity to venture on such lofty themes as "Philosophy," "The Curse of Sin," "Meditation," and so forth, her wings fail her, and she drops to earth somewhat ignominiously. "Mill-wheels," from which we would quote a verse or two had we room, is extremely musical and suggestive. In the treatment of subjects of this description—homely, simple, and undramatic, our poet is quite in her element.

DENTISTRY; ITS USE AND ABUSE. By G. H. JONES, Doctor of Dental Surgery, etc.—[Elitot Stock, 62, Paternoster-row.]

IN this volume we have an exhaustive treatise on the human teeth, carefully engraved illustrations, and much useful advice couched in plain language.

THE MAGAZINES AND CHRISTMAS NUMBERS.

FIRST on our list comes the *Cornhill*. "Old Kensington" has reached its fortieth chapter, and will out-last the year, though signs of an approaching *dénoûement* are evident in this month's instalment of the pretty touching narrative which relates the trials of poor Dolly. "Hours in a Library, No. 6," takes Nathaniel Hawthorne and his works for subject, and descants thereon with much pleasant cleverness and adroitness of treatment. "The Scientific Gentleman," illustrated by Du Maurier, is full of vivacity, and its situations are all good.

The *St. James's* continues the interesting "Adventures of Three Englishmen and Three Russians in South Africa," and contains several other articles of merit. The principal feature of the magazine this month, however, is the commencement of a new story entitled "The Two Brothers," by those singularly gifted authors M.M. Ereckmann-Chatrion.

In the *St. James's Christmas-Box* many readable stories will be found, among which "Prime Havannahs" seems to us the most agreeably written. An excellent heliotype of a bust by Signor Monti forms the frontispiece of the number.

S. Paul's is this month remarkably good. It contains an extremely acute article by W. Jardine Smith—"Wanted, a Career."

The *Dublin University Magazine* presents us with a capital paper on the "Lives of the Lord Chancellors of Ireland." "The Stage of the Present" is also a valuable article, the writer of which joins voice in the protest of the "litterati of the age" against the "drama of the period." "No radical improvement, however," concludes the critic, "can be anticipated in the standard of our theatrical entertainments until the managers are themselves men of higher cultivation, and more accessible to independent talents—until authors seek their inspiration from the highest models of their own and other countries, until actors study nature, and until critics speak without regard to personal susceptibilities and social claims."

Aunt Judy's Magazine contains several Christmas Stories.

The *Mother's Friend* is a well got-up book, suitable for Christmas presentation. Its illustrations are numerous, and its type clear.

The tone of all its contents is uniformly Christian, and of the Evangelical school.

"Bread-and-Cheese-and-Kisses" is the Christmas number of *Tinsley's Magazine*. This story is written by Mr. Farjeon, author of "Blade o' Grass," which was issued last year. Mr. Farjeon is evidently a warm admirer, and consequently an imitator, perhaps unconsciously, of Charles Dickens's style. But not the less does "Bread-and-Cheese-and-Kisses" claim our highest approval. It is powerfully written, the interest is excellently sustained, and many pages of it are rich in pathos. With satisfaction too, we note that Mr. Farjeon takes the right side on the Sunday museum-opening question, and, in the person of Saul Fielding, hits the Sabbatarians some good telling blows "straight from the shoulder." This is well done, and, in the name of all sensible people, we thank Mr. Farjeon very cordially for his manly advocacy of a good cause.

Tinsley's is a pleasant number this month, full of light and varied entertainment.

As for *Judy's Book of Comicalities*, it is one of the best shilling's-worths we ever had the luck to see; rich in satire, merriment, and all manner of mirth-provoking verse and pencilling. Good-natured railery and genuine humour greet the eye upon every page of the book.

And here is the Christmas number of the *Monthly Packet*; a remarkably stout packet too! It is difficult to select from so many good stories any one of them as pre-eminent in goodness, but perhaps the "bright, particular star" of this literary galaxy is a paper headed "April," by the author of "Unawares" and "The Rose-garden." But the whole budget is admirable throughout.

Little Folks is, as usual, charmingly written and beautifully illustrated.

Good Things is quite our favourite, however. This month it contains a remarkable paper entitled "Kordicus the Demon," which is a clever allegory setting forth the evils of Alcoholism, and pointing a moral very forcibly in favour of temperance. The engraving which accompanies this paper is very skillfully executed, and its subject is treated with uncommon power and earnestness.

"Little Kate Kirby" in *Cassell's Magazine*, carries on the reader with unabated interest through the changeful vicissitudes of the heroine's career. We have seldom read a story so thoroughly natural in its details and refreshing in its simple dramatic vigour as "Little Kate Kirby." Quaint comedy and unaffected pathos abound in its pages, every character introduced is so lifelike that instinctively we recognize it as that of some one we have ourselves encountered, and all the scenes presented seem already half-familiar to us. We realize without an effort every situation in the story.

The Leisure Hour, *The Sunday at Home*, and *The Quiver* all bear good fruit after their kind. The same may be said of the *Family Friend*, and its smaller companion the *Children's Friend*. This month the large coloured Fashion-plate of *The Little Dressmaker* contains one sensible costume without a waist, for a little child five or six years old. But the absurdities in the way of boots are repeated with no mitigation. We have received also the "Annual Report of the Vigilance Association for the Defence of Personal Rights," "Woman, considered Physically, Intellectually and Socially," besides other pamphlets and reports for the notice of which we have no space this week.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[The Editor cannot be responsible for the opinions of Correspondents.]

WOMAN'S PLACE IN LIFE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "JOURNAL OF PROGRESS, &c."

MADAM,—

IT is a common saying that if a man wishes to understand a subject, he should write a book about it, or give a course of lectures upon it, because in either case he is obliged to "get it up," and—if he has any care for his reputation—to think about it. In like manner "ventilation" of a subject in a newspaper at all events educates those who write.

I am accordingly glad that I made bold to adventure a letter in your columns, and I beg to thank "A Hard-Working Woman" and "L. A. A. S." for their replies, and for having let me off easier than I expected. With your permission I will offer a few more criticisms as a proof of my gratitude, or it may be only of my sad condition as an unregenerate male.

I will commence by throwing down what I fear will be regarded by both these ladies, as well as by many of your other contributors, as a profane challenge; but it, at all events, goes to the root of the question—what should be woman's place in life?

"A Hard-Working Woman" says "that men, as such, have no more right to decide what women shall or shall not do than women have to lay down similar laws for men." "L.A.A.S." does not say this in so many words, but she declaims any desire to "frighten" men, on the ground that women, like water, will find their level, the only question being what that level is likely to be. While the very clever and amusing sketch of "Our Opponents," by "E. G.," breathes the same spirit in every line.

I beg to propound the opposite proposition, namely, that "men, as such, have a right to decide—within certain limits—what women shall not do." Moreover, I have formed so good an opinion of the frankness as well as of the talents of these three fair debaters that I venture to think they will agree with me when I have stated my reasons.

"L. A. A. S." has repudiated the sentence about women becoming policemen, soldiers, sailors, and navvies, which it appears, owing to a typographical error, was detached from the quotation to which it belonged; and "A Hard-Working Woman" agrees with me "heartily" in considering such employment for women as "alike absurd and objectionable." We may take it therefore for granted that there are some kinds of work which *must* be performed by men to the exclusion of women. Now, one of the fallacies to which writers on political, social, and economical questions are the most prone, is the habit of looking at such questions from the point of view of the educated classes only, forgetting that these are in a numerical minority. Therefore, to the occupations of policeman, soldier, sailor, and stone-breaker, I would remind your readers, must be added a great many more; such as those of the collier, miner, quarryman, blacksmith, plumber, stoker, marine and locomotive engine-driver (there is no reason why a woman should not drive a *stationary* engine), ploughman, waggoner, coachman, groom, stock-keeper, drover, butcher, (surely no woman would want to be a butcher!) sugar-boiler, iron-puddler, &c., &c. I have purposely omitted from this list the occupations of compositor, tailor, bootmaker, carpenter, gardener, and some others, because, if women desire it, I do not see why they should not follow such occupations, provided always they do not mix with men. But the occupations in the first list, I think every lady will allow are not adapted for women.

No doubt a curious subject for physiological discussion and perhaps observation is started by the case brought forward by Miss Jex-Blake, on the authority of the *Westminster Review*, of the African tribes, the arms of whose women are "large and hard," and the arms of whose men are "small and flabby," though when I recollect how very rare tall women are among the squaws of the North American Indians—I only remember seeing one, a Choctaw, in a yellow satin dress and red flowers, with whom I had the honour of dancing at Washington—and also how strong and wiry the men are, I am disposed either to doubt the accuracy of the "traveller's tale," or to suppose that these African tribes are a strange, unaccountable exception to the general laws of nature. At all events many cycles of generations must elapse before women can be developed up to the same standard of physical strength as that of men.

Not only, then, are such occupations as those enumerated above unsuited for women, but so also are those of the men who supervise and direct those employed in most of these occupations. For instance, a civil engineer has not only at times to be out in all weathers, but must at times examine works underground or in other situations which would be unattainable to a lady. This remark applies also to coal agents, land surveyors, manufacturing engineers, stockfarmers, &c. &c.

We come therefore to this conclusion; that there is a great

number of the most useful and necessary occupations of men which *cannot* be followed by women. Indeed, if we include policemen, soldiers, sailors, and navvies, and all their immediate superiors, it is hardly too much to say that *the majority* of men follow occupations which cannot be followed by women.

Moreover these occupations are just those which have the greatest tendency to make men rough and coarse.

I say, then, that if men, for the general good of society, go through all this rough, coarse work, they have a right to say—also for the general good of society, but still more for their own—that women shall not do certain other things, but shall maintain themselves as far as possible in a more refined atmosphere, so that association with them may have a tendency to counteract the lowering effect of the work on the men.

Now, if so many men lead rough lives, it follows that certain professions, such as that of a lawyer, cannot be adopted without the person adopting it being brought perpetually in contact with rough, coarse people. A lawyer comes across such persons as clients, witnesses, or jurymen, and across the sons of such persons as both lawyers and clerks. Moreover, lawyers, merchants, stock and other brokers, or manufacturers, have to be perpetually exercising their wits *against one another*, a most demoralizing process. Therefore, in my judgment, men have a right to say that women *shall not* follow these occupations, because they could harden them and deaden their finer feelings, and then the women reacting upon the men, the general tone of society would deteriorate.

In like manner, I think, women have a right to say that men shall not follow certain occupations. Let them insist on women being medically attended by women. Let them put down men-milliners and dressmakers, like the celebrated Worth of Paris, *et hoc genus omne*, on the ground that such occupations for men tend to produce national effeminacy and degeneration.

I desire now to withdraw the adhesion which I gave in my former letter to the principle of giving women "equal political rights" with men. I expressed myself hurriedly and inaccurately. I would extend the franchise to women, so far as the right of voting, as a plain matter of justice, but there I would stop. I would not allow women to be returned as Members of Parliament. If I am asked why, I would remind my questioner of the announcement extracted from the *Morning Post* of the year 1900, stating that the Right Honourable the Chancellor of the Exchequer had not been able to make her Budget speech on the previous evening, owing to an interesting domestic event, but that her ladyship and the infant were doing as well as could be expected "under the circumstances."

With regard to the extract from the writings of Mrs. John Stuart Mill, which "A Hard-Working Woman" brings forward against me, I would point out that, like many of her husband's sentences, it is—taken by itself—an assertion, and not an argument, though I confess at once I never read any of her writings, and therefore do not know the context. It is, however, on the face of it a generalization, than which there is nothing more dangerous; and I am glad to see that so many of her husband's fallacious and misleading generalizations are being scathingly shown up just now, in an admirable series of papers in the *Pall-Mall Gazette*. With regard to the "success" of the employment of women in the telegraph department of the Post-office, I will only say this, that in certain large metropolitan telegraph offices which I have frequently to go to, the giggling and flirtation going on is sometimes a serious hindrance to business, while the pert, free-and-easy manners of some of these young ladies, and of the typical barmaid, form surely the best proof of my statement that when men and women are mixed in business, the men deteriorate the women, instead of the women elevating the men.

What might be the case if women gave up wearing gigantic chignons and painting, and if they wore clothes for utility instead of for show, I cannot say. Your contributors should begin by reforming their sisters in these particulars.

I am, Madam,

Your obedient servant,

Dec. 8.

A HARD-WORKING MAN.

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The Lady's Own Paper,

A JOURNAL OF TASTE, PROGRESS, AND THOUGHT

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1872.

IN MY LADY'S CHAMBER;

A STORY OF

HER DECEASED HUSBAND'S BROTHER.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER XV.

THE SWORD OF DAMOCLES.

HUBERT, Earl of Cairnsmuir, although a man of dangerous and implacable jealousy when once his suspicions were aroused, was an easier husband than most Benedicks of the modern English school; for he stood on so high a pedestal of pride and cold superiority that he failed to note many daily incidents which passed beneath his eyes, not because he was either naturally insensible or wilfully blind, but because simply—he overlooked them in the exclusive interest with which he watched the continual and remorseless approach of the fate he dreaded. As a man upon the crest of a mountain who perceives his house burning to ruins in the valley below him, and, unable to descend the intervening precipice, stands motionless in silent anguish with his eyes rivetted upon the terrible spectacle, all unmindful of the ravenous beast of prey from the neighbouring woods which is advancing towards him behind with stealthy steps; so my lord of Cairnsmuir, absorbed in the contemplation of a catastrophe he was powerless to hinder, had no eyes for a danger actually at his elbow. A very common phase of human stupidity, and one into which most of us—especially such of us as are of the masculine gender—are prone enough to be betrayed. While Cœur de Lion fights for the Holy Sepulchre, Prince John usurps the kingdom.

And thus it came to pass in those days of which we have the honour to write, that there arose, little by little, a stronger intimacy between Lady Cairnsmuir and her artist protégé, than any ordinary husband would have cared to permit. If my lord himself had forgotten that his wife was beautiful and captivating, or if he chose to believe that those attractions were on the wane, other men—and women too, for that matter—were neither so obliviously nor so discourteously inclined.

My Lady was scarcely past her fourth decade, and the flower of her youth, if its early brilliance were faded, was sweeter yet than many a fresher blossom; and indeed, there are persons of undoubted taste and experience who opine that women, like their æsthetic and categoric concomitants—wine and tobacco—are all the better for maturity.

But then, on the other hand, my Lady had never inclined to levity, and malicious tongues, that had wagged unctuously against the reputation of far older and less charming peeresses than she, were invariably respectful and tender in the treatment of conversational wares that bore the name of Dolores of Cairnsmuir. Possibly the sorrowful and romantic interest which attached to her career, had some share in maintaining her sanctity with the gossips, for the story of her unwelcomed birth and subsequent misfortunes had been circulated pretty widely, and had gained her the sympathy of some, and the pity or the reverential awe of others among her acquaintance. Besides this, my Lady had "a way with her," that acted as a powerful antidote to any inclination the world might have to comment naughtily on her behaviour; slander was nonplussed in her imperial presence, and her dignity of eye and gravity of smile were in themselves a rebuke sufficient to have put scandal's very self out of countenance. Therefore English society in Rome, did not go beyond the indulgence of a little surprise and wonder at the violent Platonic attachment evidently subsisting between the Countess and the young Italian artist of the Rione Ponte. It might of course, be a mere patronage, a caprice of sentiment, a whimsical display of favouritism on the part of a *grande dame* towards a friendless tyro, but was it becoming in my Lady to frequent his *atelier* so continually, to make so many appointments with him, and to invite him so often to lunch and dine *chez elle*? Platonics were all very well, said society with significance, but they should be taken like all other tonics, in small doses. Otherwise they might prove *too* invigorating and produce unpleasant results by mounting into the head and disturbing the brain. Ah, there indeed, the chatterers caught at a new clue and took it up eagerly. It was darkly insinuated that if my Lady were eccentric and unaccountable in her conduct at times, such peculiarities were not to be wondered at, considering the unhappy circumstances of her own life, and the terrible insanity under which the Baroness, her mother, had so long laboured. In fact, in a short time, it was pretty generally settled by the talkative world, that Lady Cairnsmuir's extreme partiality for Tristan was an evidence of hereditary mental derangement, and while doubtless, he was benefited by her ladyship's friendship, she was amused and consoled; and if she really intended, as it was whispered, to take him back with her to Paris, there was no design premeditated in such an arrangement beyond that which is entertained by any lonely hypochondriac spinster who carries her pet tortoiseshell about for company.

Ah, *mes belles dames!* it is an excellent fine thing to acquire a character for odd behaviour! Eccentricity covereth a multitude of sins, and all things are lawful unto persons of "peculiar idiosyncrasy!"

But the untoward part of this pretty little business concerning Le Rodeur, was a certain fact of a nature particularly embarrassing, to which my Lady's eyes, keenly observant in matters which involved her favorite, very soon began to open. To be brief, since it is never possible to conceal the true state of the game from bystanders,—Ella Cairnsmuir was in love! Vulgarly and manifestly in love with her mother's protégé, in love with a young waif whose very name carried with it a strange flash, of theatrical pseudonym, and whose range of "local habitation" was apparently restricted to an exceedingly lofty perch in a second-rate thoroughfare of Rome; a flowerless weed, undistinguished in social botany, the growth of common mud and river-bed, of whose bare existence nobody had been aware until her Ladyship's silken landing-net dragged his reluctant head above water.

To hang over her mother's chair, as my Lady sat before the easel in that little fantastic studio overlooking the market-place, and to gaze her fill, not at the painted canvass, but at the handsome, melancholy, unearthlike face of its owner, to watch the variable lights coming and going like fitful cresset lamps across the night of his liquid eyes, to listen with desire that never palled, to the peculiar flexile changes of his utterance one moment passionate and rapid, with a dainty silver ring and ripple of words, only possible in the French language, and the next instant falling musically into that lingering long-drawn "Ah—hi" which no description can describe; all these delights were pure elysian to the "daughter of a hundred earls," trained in the frigid languor of Belgravia and chilled with the dullness and heavy reserve of the North.

But little by little there arose in Lady Ella's heart a regret and a longing that well-nigh counterbalanced her new-found happiness—a wild regret that she was not beautiful—a fierce desire to assume at least the semblance of the natural gifts she lacked, no matter by what art or device. Never before this had Ella troubled herself on the score of her personal appearance, nor cared a straw that her hair was sober brown and her eyes hazel-gray, while other girls wore locks of gold and "smiled with orbs of corulean

light." Now she began to find a thousand faults in herself, and wearied her maid with fifty caprices a day; innumerable styles of coiffure were successively adopted and discarded; Rome was ransacked for washes and the effects of colour, and arrangement of drapery became as much a matter of concern in Ella's dressing-room as in Le Rodeur's studio.

These are humiliating incidents, but the novelist who desires to depict life accurately, must not be content with a mere drawing-room survey of it, but must boldly follow Corydon into his *tabagie*, and adore with Phillis, "the cosmetic powers." No woman is a heroine to her waiting-maid.

Ah no, "Jessie Clarke" is high priestess of the mysterious solemnities of Bona Dea, she knows the secrets of Metamorphosis, and is initiated into all the juggleries and deceptions which go to make up the delicate complexion, the luxuriant hair and the brilliant glances of the fair goddess over whose secret rites she presides. She is not to be dazzled by any coruscation of the eyes into which she has dropped bella-donna, nor fascinated by the smile of lips she has pencilled into graceful curves. Nor is she to be touched by my lord's confidence in his lovely spouse and the tender and entire affection with which her mistress returns his endearments, for she has read sundry imprudent notes preserved more imprudently in a casket upstairs, and to her the lady addressed in them is certainly no Penelope.

But *ne quid nimis*; we wander.

It frequently happened that the number of the pleasant little coterie in Tristan's studio was augmented by the presence of Signor Baldassare, as my Lady designated him when presenting him to her daughter; an old Italian with a grave face and a bald head, whose Christian name did extra duty as deputy for an absent or a forgotten patronymic, and whose pleasant genial voice was peculiarly measured and gentle in its modulations. He might have served the mediæval professors of his craft as an Abraham or a Moses, and the monkish sculptors of old days would hugely have coveted such a figure and lineaments as his for reproduction in *basso relievo* or statue, of the person of the chief Apostle.

Lady Ella thought that Baldassare appeared to possess some particular regard for her mother, and before long became convinced that she was not only correct in this conjecture, but that my Lady herself responded to the old man's interest, and that there existed between them some mutual understanding, which was, no doubt, closely connected with the mystery enshrouding Tristan, whose guardian Baldassare appeared to be. Very often Ella perceived intelligent glances exchanged between the Countess and this strange Italian, and she observed, moreover, that the former invariably paid a marked deference and affectionate respect to the old man, who in his turn seemed to accept her homage as if it were a simple and natural duty that had nothing in it either surprising or undeserved.

The more Ella meditated over the intricacies of my Lady's intrigue with Le Rodeur, the more she convinced herself that her mother had some object in view yet unattained, and that Baldassare was aware of her design, and prepared to act as her pilot in the contemplated enterprise. But what relation he or his pupil could possibly bear to the Countess of Cairnsmuir, whether the name of the mysterious pilgrim himself was assumed or not, whether he were really so young as her mother supposed, and if he were, what had been those untoward circumstances of his life that had so destroyed the springs of youth in his mind; these were enigmas which Lady Ella strove in vain to solve. Sometimes she inclined to the idea that Le Rodeur must be the real and original Wandering Jew, beguiling a few years of his weary vagabondage by the adoption of the painter's art, and a French version of his cosmopolitan appellation; sometimes she fancied him a modern edition of "the wondrous Michael Scott," master of "glamour and gramarie," and half suspected him of being versed in those potent spells and cabala which Merlin, of world-wide renown, practised at the court of King Arthur, and Maugis the enchanter, learned at Toledo in the days of Rinaldo of Montalban.

Thus the months of September and October passed, and the warm Italian autumn was far on the wane when an arrangement for Tristan's removal to Paris as a member of my Lady's household, was finally completed between Baldassare and the Countess. Ella heard this agreement with a joy that was perfectly undisguised, since indeed, she hardly knew herself, the real significance of an emotion which she now experienced for the first time in her life. When first we break our fast we relish the viands before us with an indiscriminating appetite, it is only after we have tasted several dishes that we care to inquire about the identity of the comestibles which compose them. And thus also with *la grande passion*—it is not for the first time we love, but for succeeding fancies (which we are told on good authority are always less involuntary,) that we reserve the test of critical examination.

But my Lady's wits were quicker than her daughter's, and before November set in, an occurrence took place which, like a sudden roll of thunder, disturbed the midsummer dream of Lady Ella's imagination, and curdled the sweet mead in the gilded cup of her life to the acrid bitterness of brine.

It was the eve of the day fixed for the departure of the Cairnsmuirs from Rome. Lady Ella, having completed her dinner-toilette and dismissed her maid, stood by the window of her dressing-room, looking out upon the long Via del Babuino, with its rows of lighted shop-fronts, and watching the motley groups of ecclesiastics, pifferari, pedlars, and Roman *gamins* that passed continually to and fro, their picturesque costumes—for the most part gay-coloured—flashing brightly in the glow of the lamps, while here or there like a weird denizen of another world, glided swiftly a draped and hooded member of the "Confraternità della Morte," hastening on his charitable errand to the unknown dead. It was a strange picture, full of flitting lights, a kaleidoscope of changing forms and colour, unreal in effect as the *mise en scene* of a melodrama, or that gaudy fantastic show of the elfin *daoime shi* of the North, which a single word or sign had power to dispel in a moment, with all its illusory and glistening charms.

But Lady Ella's heart was not in her eyes, but in that quaint little atelier upon the Piazza Navona, and though the dreamy theatre-like beauty of the scene impressed her, it served chiefly to heighten the romantic love which absorbed her thoughts, as music and dancing inflame emotion by means of excitement, and titillate the real passions of the soul by enchanting the senses with all the potency of fairy-glamour.

Not less fairylike, nor less unreal in seeming, was the vision that presently broke in upon Ella Cairnsmuir's reverie, and directed her glance towards the doorway of the dressing-room. For there, her gaze earnestly bent upon her daughter, and her great phantasmagoric eyes doubly brilliant with the reflected light which fell immediately upon them from the opposite window, her tall perfect figure draped in a soft trailing robe of black satin; with diamonds in her ears, and the pallor of a spectre upon her handsome features, stood my Lady, the Countess Dolores. So suddenly and silently she had appeared, and so unusual a look pervaded her white calm face, that Ella instinctively sprang forward and uttered a cry of alarm.

"Mamma!"

That single exclamation, like the famous "Open Sesame!" of Arabian celebrity, dissolved the spell and unlocked my Lady's lips. She closed the door, and laid her dainty jewelled hand upon Lady Ella's arm.

"My child, I have come to tell you that it is arranged for us to leave Rome to-morrow at noon. You are quite prepared for the journey, I suppose?"

"Very nearly, mamma. Only a few odd things remain to be packed, and they can be easily collected in the morning."

Lady Dolores carelessly removed her hand from Ella's arm to settle a slight disarrangement in the folds of matchless Point d'Aleçon that covered her bosom, and perhaps to calm beside a little unwonted tumult there.

"Le Rodeur will accompany us, Ella; do you know that?"

"I know it, mamma."

"Ella's cheek flushed perceptibly, even beneath the artificial tint with which she had sought to engraft some brilliance upon her meagre charms for she had fancied it probable that Tristan might have received an invitation to dine with his patroness that evening.

"Ella, I think it right, as you have now been acquainted with Le Rodeur for two months, and since it is more than possible that you may by and by become very intimate with him, that you should know something concerning his history and the cause of the deep interest I take in him."

My Lady paused a minute and lifted her gleaming eyes. Her face was pale as the face of a corpse, but her voice had no fear in its clear, steady intonation—no self-pity, no nervous trepidation. She went on again.

"I have chosen to break silence on this matter to-night, my child, because it is the last night we shall pass in Rome. To-morrow night we set out with Le Rodeur for another world than this, where you and he must associate upon a new footing and recognise each other in a truer light than that which I have hitherto permitted to you. But perhaps I should not have compelled myself even now to speak openly had I not seen cause to apprehend that it might be perilous for you"—my Lady's eyes burned upon her daughter's—"to keep the secret any longer. The horror of a danger I never anticipated, the shock of an accident I never dreaded as possible, obliges me for the sake of your future peace to relate to you the circumstances of Le Rodeur's parentage and birth. It is time that you should know all I have to tell. Sit down here beside me."

Without a word Lady Ella obeyed mechanically, like a creature in a dream, but with a sickly numbness at heart, and that peculiar paralyzation of the brain which causes a reflective action of the mental process, and gives rise to the strange sensation that the definite events of the present have occurred in the indefinite past, and are a mere repetition in exact detail of a certain set of circumstances already familiar to the mind.

But my Lady's voice did not change. There was no emotion in it yet.

CHAPTER XVI.

LA PEINE FORTE ET DURE.

"WHEN I came here two months since, Ella, I broke a law I had long ago imposed upon myself to avoid Rome. In that resolution I had persevered for twenty years, and to-night in telling you why it was ever made, I shall recount a part of my own history which, as yet, is known only to two persons now living, besides myself. Those two are Baldassare and Le Rodeur.

"In the spring of the year 1847 I came of age in this city. Your grandfather, Baron Fergus of Arisaig, and I, had passed the winter of that year in Rome, because for family reasons which are familiar to you, Rome was one of his favorite haunts. My father seldom saw me. Although I accompanied him on his travels he dined alone, and passed his days in solitude, while I was committed wholly to the care of my governess, Frau Gretel Engel, whose name you have heard Le Rodeur mention. She died only a few months ago in this city. You, Ella, must often have heard what a crushing disappointment my unhappy birth was to the hopes of both my parents, and with what shame and self-reproach I learned in consequence to regard my very existence, so it cannot surprise you to hear that my father was always infinitely terrible to me, that I never dared or wished to venture unbidden into his presence, and that the very sound of his voice or footstep was sufficient to inspire me with overwhelming dismay. But proportionately as I feared my father I loved my governess. A hand more merciless and awful than that of Death, had from the day of my miserable birth, deprived me of my mother, and Frau Gretel was to me not only a preceptor but a tender guardian and nurse. Under her *chaperonage* I strolled about the picture-galleries of the Roman palaces, wandered among the ruins of Veii and Ostia, and climbed the great lonely crag of Isola Farnese. One day late in the February of 1847, Frau Gretel and I amused ourselves by making an excursion to the monastery of S. Nilus at Grotto Ferrata. The weather was perfect, and several landscape painters had taken advantage of it to obtain sketches of the lovely scenery which surrounds the Basilian retreat, and were dotted here and there about the hill with their camp-stools and canvas tents, like so many flies in the sunshine. My governess, like most Germans, was warmly disposed towards art and its professors, and I united with a passionate love of Nature a strong inclination for inquiry and adventure, so that our respective dispositions entangled us before the morning was half spent, in an interested conversation with two artists, who were painting upon the brink of the ravine, just beneath the shadow of the monastery walls. One of these was the Italian, Baldassare, then in the prime of middle age, the other was his friend Jean Le Rodeur, a mere youth just past his majority, who told us, when we remarked the foreign accent with which he spoke, that he had only been in Italy since the previous September, that he came originally from Paris, and that it was his intention to study painting for a few years in Rome. I do not remember, Ella, that I had ever had an opportunity before this, of conversing intelligently with any man of my own age. Jean enchanted me; I thought there could not be in the whole world another face as handsome as his, a voice as pleasant or other eyes with half the bright merry vivacious light that shone in his. The heavenly beauty, too, of the landscape about us, hallowed my romantic fancy and mingled the glory of its loveliness with the impression which my mind received of that day's delight. The sloping olive yards, the steep-riddled cliffs draped with illexes, vines, and rosemary, the great castellated towers of the monastery, the silver tinkling of the stream in the glen below, and the serene eternal calm of the grand blue hills which encircled us—all these had their share in subduing my heart. From that day Jean Le Rodeur and I became great friends. He told me where he principally studied, and at what hours, and begged that as often as we could, Frau Gretel and I would bring our books or embroidery and bear him company while he painted. Such a request was only too delightful to me, whose liveliest minutes were wont to be as gloomy as those of a nun, and my governess—whether wisely or not, it is too late to judge now—acceded to my eager acceptance of the tempting invitation.

Perhaps, Ella, the uniform dullness and adversity of my life up to that time made the joy which followed, brighter and sweeter to me than it might, otherwise have seemed. A ray of sunshine is more welcome and brilliant in a dungeon than in a drawing-room, and happiness was so rare a spice in the bitter cup of my girlhood that I was willing to make the most of the new flavour, and strangely loth to lose the taste of it. I opened my heart to Jean Le Rodeur and told him all my history, but I never learned his in return. That was to have been told me—but first, Ella, you must hear how my romance ended. Two months passed away in the enjoyment of this fool's paradise, my twenty-first birthday came and passed, the flowers of April bloomed, and we awoke from our day-dream, Jean and I, to find that our friendship like the flowers, had blossomed already into love. We told each other so first, and then we told Frau

Gretel and Baldassare. These two people, my governess and Jean's friend, were the most unworldly in existence, mere babes in the social wood, unwise advisers and sympathetic confidants, in whose ethical codes, expedience and prudence found no place. They remonstrated of course, and even scolded, but Bertrand and I minded that very little. Frau Gretel had always pitied me with all the might of her great German heart, and now that I had found myself a refuge where at last I could rest in peace, she certainly was not the woman to destroy my new-found repose, and thrust me back again into my old joyless life. As for Baldassare, he was simply and profoundly ignorant of all the class rules of society, and neither believed nor knew any other laws than those of "natural selection." Love, and love only, was in his opinion sufficient reason for marriage; and when he found that we were steadily and mutually resolved in our passion, he ceased to urge anything against it. So the Frau's opposition lasted longer than his, solely because she feared my father's displeasure; for the poetic character of the alliance we desired to make, pleased her fancy, and she confessed that it was impossible to help loving Jean. He was so frank and gay, and bright-faced, with such a blithe ringing voice and *insouciant* way, that his very presence seemed to inspire hope and courage in every one with whom he associated. He had Zingaro blood in him, he said, but though to this day I know nothing of his parentage, I believe, if he spoke the truth, that the gypsy ichor was more in his heart than in his veins, for he had all the air and appearance of high education and refinement, and though he affected to despise the distinctions of class, he made no secret of preferring my society to that of the Italian contadine.

One evening I attacked Frau Gretel when she was in a particularly yielding mood. She had just ratified with her consent a still more foolish love-affair than ours, which concerned her own child Dorothea, a girl of sixteen, who was being educated in a convent in Germany; but of this matter I knew nothing then, and have only learned but very lately how much my success with the Frau was due to the similarity existing between my petition, and that which at the same time was preferred by her daughter. With all the eloquence of tears and adjurations I represented to my good governess the cruel extremity to which Le Rodeur and I were reduced. I quoted Baldassare's pretty observations about love, and the dignity of natural impulse. I conjured up doleful visions of the blank and desolate future in store for me if Jean and I were torn asunder; of the blissful days and perfect peace she had in her power to give us by one gracious word. I reminded her of my father's utter indifference regarding me and my actions, and observed that as I could never be of any value to him as an heir, and possessed no interest for him as a child, my marriage could not be a matter of much consequence to him, nor would he be likely to care on whom I chose to bestow myself as a wife. I urged further that the formal consent of my father was not required in the matter, and need not be sought, since both Jean and I were legally of age, and that as from my very babyhood I had been abandoned by my real parents and transmitted to her sole care and guardianship, I naturally looked on her as my adopted mother, and implored of her the dowry of a mother's blessing.

"Frau Gretel yielded. 'If the dear God,' she said, 'taking pity on my desolate life, desired to give me a husband's love in place of a father's, should she oppose His design? Should she beat back from its refuge the poor weary dove with bruised drooping wings and panting heart eager for rest and peace? No; marriages were made in heaven, and married love was the gift of God.' So she laid me against her heart and kissed me, and quoted Schiller and wept, and we were very happy all that night. Poor simple Frau Gretel, she had always the heart of a child! Amen—'of such is the Kingdom of Heaven!'

Jean and I were married. Here in Rome, Ella, for he came of a Catholic race as well as I. Beside the priest's acolytes, Baldassare and Frau Gretel were the only witnesses of the quiet ceremony. There was no difficulty in keeping the marriage concealed from my father, for he never inquired where I was, nor how I was occupied, and his apartments were far removed from those allotted to my governess and to me. I hasten to the end of my story, Ella, there is little more to tell.

"One day, barely a month after our marriage, the Baron abruptly announced his intended return to Arisaig Towers, and his request that I would be prepared for the journey within a week. On the evening upon which this news was communicated to us, we held counsel—we four—upon the course proper to be pursued, but we could not agree, and were still dreadfully embarrassed and distressed, when my husband, who had remained unusually silent for some time, rose from his seat, laid his hand on my arm and said with a peculiar air:

"Let Lora take me to her father to-morrow. In her presence I will tell him my history, and I have no fear for the result. For her sake alone and for the sake of her love I will break a silence which but last autumn I swore never to break until the day of my death. Death only, I thought, would have strength enough to wrest my secret from me.

God pardon me the violation of that oath! I did not know when I made it that Love is more powerful than Death!

When he had said this he went out of the room and left us, nor did he return all that night. Towards noon next day Baldassare came to me with sad tidings. Jean after quitting us last night, had gone to visit a poor boy who lay ill of a fever in one of the worst and most noisome purlieus of the city, whither my husband was often led by his generous heart and romantic theories of universal brotherhood. When he had bidden his patient goodnight he would have returned to me, but finding himself unwell he apprehended he was fever-stricken, and fearing to infect me with the contagion, retired to his own lodgings. During the night his illness increased with all the rapidity of malignant disease, and Baldassare visiting him early in the morning found him violently affected by the malaria, that horrible disorder which so often seizes foreigners in Rome, during the first spring they venture to pass there. Notwithstanding Baldassare's protests and entreaties, I refused to be withheld from Jean, and insisted on installing myself as his attendant and nurse that very hour. But Roman malaria is a demon of puissant and obstinate temper. For three days the brave resolute youth of my boy-husband wrestled with the power that was crushing and grinding out his life, but the struggle was too terrible to last, and on the fourth day we knew that there was *no hope*. When I knew that, Ella, I thought I should have gone mad. O God, that which most astonishes me among all the phenomena of life, is the vast amount of misery a single human heart can endure without breaking! In fictitious tragedies, heroines die upon the stage from such shocks as these; in real life we die only of colds caught by walking out in an east wind, or of a surfeit, or an untimely attack of the measles. And so, though my husband died, I lived; and went back again with my governess and my father to the old desolate life in Scotland. When I saw the frank bright sunshine die out for ever in the eyes which had been my only light in the world, when I heard the last breath quiver between the lips that had first taught me the precious meaning of human love, when I knew that the heart that had beat for me, the hand that had lain in mine, the life that had been lived for me, were still—were silent—were dead,—O then, Ella! how I prayed, how I shrieked for death to take me also! They could not leave me, I cried in despair, they could not leave me to live without Jean! I should have killed myself then, but that I feared to lose by the act of self-murder, my place in Paradise beside my darling.

How slowly after that the terrible, deathly months glided away when we had we left Rome, how grimly the haunting phantom of my miserable race overshadowed my girlhood, how pallid and old and fearful-hearted I grew day by day in the gloomy house in the heart of the bleak northern moorlands, you, Ella, can better guess than I can tell. No spectre footstep pursued me when I passed down the long resounding corridors, and yet I learned to look behind me with a sickly terror no words can describe; no ghastly whispers thrilled the aching silence of my dim tapestried chamber at night, and yet I lay awake hour after hour and listened in an agony of dread, for the sound of a Voice that never came; no touch disturbed me as I bent over the embroidery frame in my lonely cabinet, and yet I shuddered to think of a Hand that might suddenly be laid on mine, or a Face that might meet my own as I looked up from my work. I brooded on magicians and magic lore continually, I speculated upon the unseen and the extraneous; I read musty volumes of gruesome tradition and ancient treatises on necromancy, I invoked the spirits of the air, drew pentagrams, and tampered with charms and obsolete conjurations culled from curious books. Out of such feverish dreams as these, Ella, there was only one touch that could awaken me, only one cry that could summon me—the touch of baby hands—the cry of my child. On the morning of the first day of January, Jean's little son lay in my bosom, and smiled upon me with his father's eyes; a living keepsake from my buried darling,—God's New Year gift to my wounded heart. Ella, come nearer to me, give me your hand, try not to tremble,—I am going to speak very slowly I said, 'My child is the child of grief and disaster, he is the son of a doomed race, and his name should fit his ill-fortune. The heir of Dolores Le Rodeur should inherit at least as sorrowful a name as hers. Listen, Ella,—I called him *Tristan*.'

Silence. Silence more terrible, more significant than any words. Then the hand which the Countess held, relaxed its grasp, and the pulse grew faint and uncertain.

My Lady glanced at her daughter, and rose hastily.

"Do not be alarmed, mamma—I am not going to faint—I want nothing—nothing, at least, but to hear you tell me again—is *Tristan Le Rodeur*, the artist, really my brother?"

"He is your brother, my child."

"Does he know it, has he ever thought otherwise?"

A sudden and awful light passed into my Lady's glittering eyes.

"He has known all his life that I am his mother, and that you also are my child. When he first saw you, he saw in you his sister."

"Thank God for that! Oh, thank God!"

Poor child! She knew now of what sweet trespass her heart had been guilty, but the knowledge did not come to her as it comes so often to other maids, wiser in their instincts, more blest in their choice than she. Nor for her the delicious hour in which

"Lovers deep in thought
Give themselves for life,"

nor for her that unutterable joy of sympathy and perfect peace which passeth understanding. Those two tender words, "*I love*," repeated so many thousand times by happier lips, murmured so often into listening ears impatient to hear them uttered, were but as the sound of a passing bell in Ella's heart, the tolling of muffled chimes for a dear and dying hope. Poor child!

With a touching and significant gesture, Ella raised her hand and brushed from her face the bright colour she had laid there with so much artistic care to catch the eyes of Tristan. Let the tears have their way with the pale, rose-less cheeks! Ella's desire for beauty is over—the brief fantastic fever-dream is past, she is awake now and well content with her homeliness. Better so.

For the first time that evening there were tears also in my Lady's eyes, but they did not fall like Ella's, she sat still, with her arm about her daughter's waist, repeating continually to herself these prophetic words of Baldassare's letter; "*No good can ever come of a secret; it is inexcusably foolish to make mysteries*."

There was a long pause, and presently the rapid musical pulse of the French clock on the mantelpiece beat eight.

"Ella, our time is short, shall I go on?"

"Yes, mamma."

My Lady resumed, but the voice was softer now, and the hand that was still clasped upon Ella's, trembled.

"I dared not keep Tristan with me. I was afraid that the Baron, even in the gloomy recesses of Arisaig Towers, remote as his rooms were from the wing of the mansion which Frau Gretel and I inhabited—might some day hear the cry of my child, and I feared his anger, not for myself, but for the little one whose mother I had dared to become. Nevertheless, we managed well enough for a year, but then Tristan's voice grew stronger, and he began to take a fancy for climbing up and shewing his baby face at the mullioned windows. We could not longer conceal our Moses, and there was no Egyptian princess at hand to adopt him. But at last, just before my twenty-third birthday, while my governess and I were puzzling our heads what to do with little Tristan, my father suddenly remembered me and sent his valet to my rooms with a note, in which he desired me to dine with him that evening, as he had an affair of some importance to communicate. Frau Gretel was not included in the invitation, so I prepared to obey the summons alone. I learned from the valet that our dinner was to be strictly *tête-à-tête*, and having attired myself with peculiar care I kissed my tiny son, and went, in more terror than I can express, to present myself before the Baron. He received me with far greater kindness than I had expected, and seemed satisfied with my appearance, for he paid me some compliments, but we were such utter strangers to each other, and the cause of that estrangement was so vividly present in my remembrance during the whole evening, that I could scarcely suppress an open display of my discomfiture. He told me he hoped the affair he had to communicate to me would meet with my approbation, since his was already given on the sole condition that mine followed, and he saw no just reason for refusal on my part to confirm his decision. In fact; I had been asked in marriage by the young Viscount Oronsay, only son of Earl Cairnsmuir, who desired both in compliance with the wish of his father and in pursuance of his own inclination to ally himself, if possible with a daughter of some noble Scottish family professing the Catholic faith. Under these circumstances, Lord Hubert had made formal proposals for the honour of my hand. He was even graceful enough to make a pretence of having fallen in love with me, but if he had done so, it must have been from sheer report; for I hardly remembered to have met him twice in my life, so rigorously had I always been secluded within the Arisaig desmesnes. The alliance thus suddenly proffered for my consideration was not distasteful to me. I hungered for some new life to break the dreamy monotony of my vegetation at the Towers, and longed for an opportunity to get little Tristan safely delivered from the power of Pharaoh. If my governess were to be dismissed, this opportunity would be mine. I am not sure that I knew what I meant to do with Tristan after my marriage with the Viscount, or how I expected to be able to arrange with Frau Gretel for the education of my child; but at any rate my anxiety for the present would be set at rest by accepting Lord Hubert's proposal. Alas, Ella! why had I not courage then to confess

the truth to my father? But I no more dared to open my lips on the matter than I should have dared to strike him! So I formally notified my consent to become Lady Oronsay, as soon as my bridegroom pleased; and from that hour my seclusion and my obscurity ceased. Presents, congratulations, and visits poured in upon me from all sides; every day I dined in my father's apartments, and frequently on these occasions met Lord Hubert, and the old Earl of Cairnmuir, who had been a widower many years. I liked my bridegroom well enough, but was not a little surprised to learn that he was not only, like myself, the last of a direct line, but last also of his very race. There had been another brother, John, older than he, who two years since had left his home without bidding any one farewell, had set sail for America, and perished at sea in a collision, which occurred during a fog between the steamer in which he had embarked, and another vessel bound for Liverpool. This news was communicated to the old Earl by a stranger, one of the passengers of the foundered ship, who returning to England on board the Liverpool barque, brought home a watch belonging to the dead Viscount and some letters bearing his name, which had been found in the pocket of his overcoat. The body itself had not been recovered, but the description given of it established Oronsay's identity beyond possibility of doubt, and the coat, Scotch cap, and watch, which, as he was not in the habit of wearing them, had been found in the cabin of the broken steamer after the accident, were immediately recognised by the Earl. So much as this I learned from my own father, since Hubert never mentioned his dead brother's name, and has always, for some inscrutable reason preserved an inviolable silence on the subject. I fancy they must have loved each other with unusual tenderness, and I have accounted to myself for your father's melancholy temperament and his strict avoidance of any subject connected with the drowned man, by my belief in the intensity of his regret for the loss of his runaway brother. So to this day I have never heard more than I tell you now, and indeed I never cared to inquire. But I knew Earl Cairnmuir was anxious that his only surviving son should marry soon, and I was in no mood myself to prolong unnecessarily the probationary interval of engagement, for I longed to see Tristan safely out of Arisaig Towers. In short, therefore, barely a fortnight after the preliminary arrangements for my wedding were concluded, the dear Frau Gretel departed for Germany, taking with her my baby-boy; and I soon after entered upon my second married life burdened with the load of a secret, which the years instead of lightening, have made continually heavier and harder to bear. For I am pursued, Ella, by horrible doubts and terrors which I have neither courage to reveal, nor strength of mind to subdue. But the misfortune which chiefly afflicts your father, is the only circumstance of my life for which I am ever tempted to feel grateful. Ella, can you guess what it is?"

My Lady's voice sank to a thin whisper as she put the question, and Ella replied slowly in the same suppressed tone—awful to hear because of its unhesitating certainty and its exquisite pain.

"That I was not born a boy, mamma."

They both knew why, and no reason for the answer was either asked or offered. It was enough that Ella divined the fact.

Again the Countess continued:

"By and by the Earl and the Baron both died—my father first—then Hubert's. All the rest of Tristan's history you know. Frau Gretel and Baldassare were mother and father to him, but they—wiser and braver than I—concealed from him nothing that related to his birth or to me. Had they kept the truth from him as I have kept it from you and your father, God only knows whither the mystery might have led us! God only knows indeed, whither it may lead us even now! See, Ella, how foolish it is to have secrets!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTES.

MR. JOHN C. BURTON, a prominent ratepayer of Lambeth, gave in a letter last week, ament the meeting at the Lambeth Baths, a brief and effective statement of a point which is too often lost sight of. The subject had not hitherto much occupied his thoughts; but being of opinion that all who are amenable to the law should (under proper safeguards) have a voice in its making, the extension of the suffrage to women becomes (said the writer) a natural sequence, and the principle it involves entitled to consideration and support.

THE Infant Life Protection Act is at length in a fair way of effect being given to its clauses. The subject was referred a fortnight or three weeks back to the Works Committee of the Metropolitan Board; attention having been drawn to the fact of only two applica-

tions for registration being before that body, although neglect to comply with its provisions renders baby-farmers so neglecting liable to severe penalties. The report of the Committee is brief and to the purpose. Concurring in the view expressed by the Solicitor that the Board would do well, with the object of making the law known, to endeavour to discover any cases in which the provisions of the Act are not complied with, and then to select some case and sue for the penalties, the Committee recommended, and the Board agreed, that communications should be addressed to the Commissioners of Police, the Vestries and District Boards, and the Boards of Guardians of metropolitan parishes and Poor-law unions, informing them that the Board, upon receiving any intimation as to the infraction of the provisions of the Act, will be prepared to take steps to enforce the law. The great thing desired is, of course, publicity to the requirements of the law. That this will, in the majority of cases, ensure compliance is beyond all doubt. Already, the publicity given to the discussions of the Metropolitan Board of Works has brought in one or two fresh applications for registration.

An interesting discussion on the Women's Suffrage Question took place on Monday evening at the weekly meeting of the literary class of the Highgate Working Men's Club, North-road. The chair was filled by Mr. J. H. Lloyd, of Hillside, who has taken a very active share in the organization and management of the Club; and he was well supported by a goodly assemblage of earnest, genuine working men, who, by their brief, effective speeches and questions, kept up the animation of the debate from its commencement till the close. The subject was opened by Mr. J. T. Dexter, on the part of the Hampstead branch of the London National Society: who occupied half-an-hour, and was warmly applauded on resuming his seat. There were eleven after-speeches, Messieurs Homewood, Bristowe, Lloyd, Houghton, White, Berry, and Inspector Westley being among the speakers; and the subject was carefully and exhaustively handled. The oddest feature of the evening was the way in which objections melted away, or were given up, several of the speakers having gone furnished with arguments against the concession of the franchise to women-ratepayers, and in the course of the debate owning a complete reversal of their opinions on the subject. After Mr. Dexter had replied, a vote was taken amid hearty plaudits, and there appeared but one dissident from the else unanimous conviction that the franchise was the right of all women of full age who fulfil all the requirements of the law as to its possession and exercise.

On Thursday, the 5th instant, Miss M. E. Beedy, M.A., addressed a meeting in the Temperance Institute, Greenock, on Women's Suffrage, considered in its Industrial and Political Aspects. Ex-Provost Morton occupied the chair, and declared that he was in favour of the extension which Miss Beedy had come forward to claim. The lecture was comprehensive, and delivered with marked ability; winning frequent applause from the audience. Dr. Guinon moved, and Mr. Livingstone seconded, a resolution, "That the exclusion of women otherwise legally qualified from voting in the election of Members of Parliament is injurious to those excluded, contrary to the principle of just representation, and to that of the laws now in force regulating the election of municipal, parochial, and all other representative governments." The Rev. E. Maclean proposed, and Mr. William Bowman seconded, the adoption of petitions to Parliament, to be signed by the Chairman in the name and on behalf of the meeting. Mr. Thomson, of the Industrial School, proposed that no action be taken in the matter, but no one seconded the amendment. The Chairman proposed the thanks of the meeting to Miss Beedy for her well-sustained argument; which were accorded amidst applause. The *Greenock Telegraph*, while objecting to Women's Suffrage, admits the very favourable impression which its advocates have made on those who have listened to their plain and logical reasoning; and states that Miss Beedy, whose effort of intellect may properly take rank with much that has received the world's applause, and should occupy a niche far above the ordinary run of such productions, cannot say of her audience that they refused to allow a just approbation of the work of a lady done well.

JOHN GOSNELL & CO.'S CHERRY TOOTH PASTE

is greatly superior to any tooth powder, gives the teeth a pearl-like whiteness, protects the enamel from decay, and imparts a pleasing fragrance to the breath. Price 1s. 6d. per pot.

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TAMAR INDIEN,

A Laxative, Refreshing, and Medicated Fruit Lozenge, the Immediate

Relief and Specific Cure of

CONSTIPATION, HEADACHE, INDIGESTION, BILE, HÆMORRHOIDS, &c.

"TAMAR" (UNLIKE PILLS AND THE USUAL PURGATIVES) is agreeable to take, and never produces irritation.

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May be had also of Messrs. BARCLAY and Sons and all Chemists. Price 2s. 6d. per box.

**GOOD NEWS FOR THE DEAF!
ORCHARD'S CURE FOR DEAFNESS.**

MAY BE USED WITH PERFECT SAFETY.

Contains nothing which can possibly injure the Ear. Price 13s. 6d. per bottle; free by post for 15 stamps. **GRATIFYING CURE.**—Thomas Lockyer says:—"About three months ago I was so deaf that I could not hear St. Thomas' bells (a very powerful bell) as I walked through the churchyard, and as to going to church it was no good at all, for I could not hear a word. After using two bottles of 'Orchard's Cure for Deafness' I was quite restored, and last Sunday heard every word at church.—Salisbury, June 27, 1870."

Many other Testimonials have been received.

Prepared by E. J. ORCHARD, CHEMIST, SALISBURY.

Any Chemist not having it in stock will procure it without difficulty from the London Wholesale Agents, Barclay Edwards, Sutton, and Sanger.

GOOD NEWS FOR THE GENTLER SEX.

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PRICE 13s. 6d. PER BOX, WITH DIRECTIONS FOR USE.

These Pills are a very excellent medicine especially adapted to the Female Constitution, either in early or mature life; they contain no Calomel, or anything injurious. Females of any age, and under any circumstances, may take them with the utmost safety, they regulate the two extremes, and are particularly recommended to be used at the most critical period of life, as well as for young ladies who need the test of medicine.

STRIKING TESTIMONIAL.

My dear Sir,

For more than a year I suffered with a severe pain in the back and every part of my body, with indications of Dropsy and other complaints. The Doctor told me that no medical man could cure me. On hearing this I began to take C. Gee Taylor's Female Pills, and by taking them sometime I am completely cured. MARY BREWER. C. Gee Taylor's Female Pills may be obtained of all Chemists and Medicine Vendors. Should there be any difficulty, send 15 stamps to the Proprietor, Mr. Arthur Ballard, Chemist, M. P. S., Faringdon, Berks, and he will send them immediately free by post.

Fewsey, Wilts, May, 1872.

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The New Solid Nonfading Dustproof, Draughtproof, Waterproof, and Washable CARPETS and MATTINGS, are the Cleanest, the most Healthy, and the most Economical Floor Coverings extant for Bedrooms, Libraries, Domestic and Business Offices, &c. (The above assertion is the sense of Testimonials received). It is in use in the Bank of England, the Admiralty, West-end Clubs and Hotels. Patterns, Prices, and Testimonials may be had Post Free (and Goods Carriage Free), on application to

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This excellent Baking Powder is superior to any ever offered to the public. No alum or any other injurious ingredient. Acknowledged to be perfectly whole and digestive, and is used by preference in the largest institutions, Hospitals, Asylums, Schools, Clubs, Barracks, and in the Army and Navy. It is far superior to Yeast or Bread, and offers a great economy by saving half the usual quantity of butter and eggs for Cakes, Puddings, and Pastry. Patented in Italy and France.

Sold in Packets of 1lb. and 2lb., and in Patent Boxes at 6d., 1s., 2s. 6d., and 5s.

Mr. R. TADMAN, Refreshment Dept.

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SIR,—I have as requested tried your Neapolitan Baking Powder, and find it excellent. Articles made with it retain for a considerable time their original freshness and crispness, and can confidently recommend it as THE BEST I EVER TRIED.

I am, sir, yours truly, FRED. E. NICHOLAS, Refreshment Contractor to both Houses of Parliament.

Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

The friends of this cause are earnestly desired to co-operate with the Ladies Committee by forwarding to me suggestions, which will be gratefully received; by remitting subscriptions, which will be needed to carry on the largely-extended work; and by organizing influential Local Committees, the names of whose members, with an application for Union with this Society, should be sent to this Office.

JOHN COLAM,
SECRETARY,

Institution Building, 105, Jermyn Street,
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COLOURED SCRAPS for FOLDING SCREENS and SCRAP BOOKS.—Immense stock, 1,500 different sheets or sets to choose from. Abbreviated list post free. Coloured scraps for children, a set of 100 different subjects, post free for 2s. 1d. in stamps.—JOHN JERRARD, 172, Fleet-street, London.

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THE HIGH PRICE OF MEAT.—Great economy effected by using LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. Real carefully printed instructions.

CAUTION.—None genuine without Baron Liebig's, the inventor's signature. Beware of all imitations.

NATURE'S PERFECT REMEDY FOR ALL KINDS OF WORMS.

WILLIAMS'S (PONTARDAWE) WORM LOZENGES.

(Prepared from the original receipt). Have been considered for nearly 20 years by the profession and the public generally, the only unfailing remedy for expelling Worms from the human system, surpassing by far all the once celebrated Indian and African remedies, and there is nothing on medical record to compare with the effects of WILLIAMS'S (PONTARDAWE) WORM LOZENGES on Worms, as testified by thousands of testimonials. They also strengthen the system and purify the blood, which make them invaluable in fevers, relaxation of the bowels, convulsions, and measles. Being prepared from plants innocent to the most delicate child, they can be administered with perfect safety to children of all ages.

The following symptoms vary according to the kinds of Worms and the train of evils caused by them:—Variable appetite, foetid breath, acid eructation, pains in the stomach and head, grinding of teeth during sleep, picking of the nose, paleness of the countenance, hardness and fullness of the belly, slimy stool, with occasional gripping pains, more particularly about the navel, short dry cough, and emaciation of the body, often mistaken for decline, slow fever and irregular pulse, sometimes convulsive fits, often causing sudden death, and heat and itching about the anus, which often causes them to be mistaken for piles.

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CAUTION.—None are genuine unless they bear the Inventor's Signature on the Wrapper around each box and the words, "Williams's Worm Lozenges" on the Government stamp. Full directions with each box.

VEGETABLE ROUGE being perfectly harmless to the most delicate skin is used by thousands both for the lips and face; it defies detection, and does not rub off. Forwarded by post for 30 stamps, sample, 7 stamps. Mrs. G. Hall, 4, Spring-gardens, London.

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Positively Cures SCURVY, RINGWORM, ITCH, REDNESS, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES, RUPTIONS, ECZEMA, and every form of skin disease with absolute and unflinching certainty. It is not poisonous or in the slightest degree injurious to the Hair or Skin. Testimonials and Directions accompany each bottle. 2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d. per Bottle, large size 11s. Of Chemists EVERYWHERE; or direct from the Proprietors, W. E. AKHURST and CO., Manufacturing Chemists and Merchants, 8, Lamb's Conduit-street, London, W.C.

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This excellent Family Medicine is the most effective remedy for indigestion, bilious and liver complaints, sick headache, loss of appetite, drowsiness, giddiness, spasms, and all disorders of the stomach and bowels, or where an occasional aperient is required, nothing can be better adapted.

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The GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER cures the following complaints—Indigestion, or wind in the stomach or bowels, giddiness in the head, dimness of sight, weak or sore eyes, loss of memory, palpitation of the heart, liver and bilious obstructions, asthma, or tightness in the chest, rheumatics, lumbago, piles, gravel, pains in the back, scurvy, bad legs, bad breast, sore throat sore heads, and sores of all descriptions, burns, wounds or white swelling, scrofula, or king's evil, gatherings, tumours or cancers, pimples and blotches on the face and body, swelled feet or legs, scabs and itch, erysipelas, jaundice, and dropsy, and fevers of all kinds. These pills clear the blood from all impure matter, from whatever cause arising.

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Yours truly, G.M.

P.S.—I had great giddiness in the head, but I am thankful to say it is also gone.

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WORLD-FAMED BLOOD MIXTURE

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AFFORDS INSTANT RELIEF FROM ALL AILMENTS ARISING FROM EXPOSURE TO COLD.

Being an Infallible Cure for Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sore Throat, Facache, Toothache, and also Sprains. In the month of September, 1756, Captain Cottow Killwicke, under the command of Commodore James, fought a desperate battle with the celebrated pirate Angria, whom he eventually captured. This pirate murdered the crew and captured many English ships. About that period Captain Killwicke, when cruising off the coast of Malabar, came within sight of the said pirate's ship, and he at once gave chase, and, when within range, gave orders for the engagement, and he fired his heavy shot; and at last it ended in the capture of the pirate and his ship, and during a desperate hand to hand fight with cutlasses Captain Killwicke ran one of the pirate's officers (who was a Russian) through the arm, which afterwards had to be amputated. During his captivity he became a great favourite of the Captain's, and out of gratitude he gave him (Captain Killwicke) a valuable Prescription or Embrocation known only to himself, for which he was idolised in his native country. Captain Killwicke, himself being a great sufferer of rheumatism, determined to give this wonderful Embrocation a trial, and was often heard to say that he valued the prescription almost as much as he did the great prize he had captured. Captain Killwicke afterwards had the honour to receive King George II to Hanover, at which time his Majesty was suffering from a very severe cold. The Captain introduced this Embrocation, which having given the King much ease and comfort, his Majesty was so delighted, that on his return voyage to England, he presented Captain Killwicke with a silver medal, and also honoured the Captain with knighthood. Having purchased the recipe for the above Embrocation, which has not yet been publicly advertised, M. Renard solicits the trial of one single bottle, and is sure that it will eventually become a household treasure. There is no medicinal preparation in the world which may be so thoroughly relied upon for the treatment of the above ailments as Killwicke's Embrocation. Nothing can be more simple or safe, or the manner in which it is applied, or its action on the body.

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"Resembling mother's milk as closely as possible."—Dr. H. BARKER on Right Foods. "The infant Prince thrives upon it as a Prince should."—Social Science Review. "Highly nourishing and easily digested."—Dr. HASSELL.

No boiling or straining required.

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Procurable of all Italian Warehousemen and chemists.

DR. BRADLEY'S FEMALE PILLS.—To be taken in all Female Complaints, removing all irregularities and obstructions of the Female System. 2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d. per box; sent by post for stamps. T. BRADLEY, 33, Bond-street, Brighton. Female mixture 2s. 9d. per bottle.

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EIGHT HUNDRED PIECES BRUSSELS, guaranteed, 1s. per yard less than present value, made specially for private trade and not auction rooms. Shippers, hotelkeepers, the trade, and others will do well to inspect this extensive stock before purchasing elsewhere, and especially members of the Civil Service and Co-operative Societies, and compare prices.

WM. WAINE, 131 to 139, Newington Butts.

N.B.—A very large assemblage of Furniture at prices unprecedentedly low, and all warranted.

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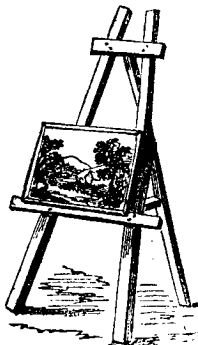
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