



REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

The Lady's Own Paper.

EDITED BY MRS. ALGERNON KINGSFORD.

No. 316.—VOL. X.]

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1872.

[PRICE THREPPENCE.]

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Wants of Women; IV.—The Political Claims of Women: By Julia Wedgwood	145
The United Industrial School: By Catherine Johnson	148
Our Opponents: By E. G.	149
Reviews:—Rationalism; the Church v. the Bible.—La Folle du Logis. Par Le Chevalier de Chatelain.	150
Correspondence:—Women's Place in Life	151
In My Lady's Chamber; A Story of Her Deceased Husband's Brother: By the Editor.	152
Women's Suffrage at Cardiff	155
Women's Suffrage in Lambeth	155
Miscellaneous Notes	156

THE POLITICAL CLAIMS OF WOMEN.

By JULIA WEDGWOOD.

THE attempt to remove the political disabilities of women has now reached a stage through which every measure of national reform has to pass, and beyond which progress is extremely difficult. The grounds on which this removal is urged have been stated, enforced, and illustrated, again and again, till they have acquired a familiarity which deadens the attention, and tends to mislead the judgment. It is difficult to believe that words which we have learnt to associate with weariness convey important truth, and yet there is nothing more certain than that they often do so, and that there are times when those who speak must reiterate, and those who hear must have patience with, statements of principle and of fact which, being obvious to all who think and observe, have been often made before. Indeed, it is the strong point of our case that they have been often made before. Our opponents have been so busy answering arguments which are not used, that they have not attempted to answer the arguments which are. They have thus imposed upon us a twofold task. We have to say both what we do want and what we do not want, and the attempt at justifying actual claims which the arguments of our own side have made familiar is complicated by

the necessity of disavowing possible claims which the attack of the opposite side have made conspicuous. Yet our demand is a very simple one.

We demand that the test imposed as a qualification for exercising the full rights of a citizen shall be applicable to every English subject; that those who do not vote shall be such as either abstain voluntarily, or have not satisfied the conditions of the law. We claim that such of us as do a man's work shall do it with a man's advantages, so far as these can be secured by Acts of Parliament, and urge that if Parliament cannot confer the strong arm and the powerful frame, so much the more is it bound to shelter those who have to compete with the strong-armed in the difficult struggle for life, from the shade of inferiority which attaches to all whom the State refuses to recognise as citizens. We want theories on this subject to be verified, like theories on any other, by the experience of life. Our demand rest not on any theory, but on the facts that a class of unrepresented workers has not the same advantages as one which is represented, and that more than three million women are ill-educated and ill-paid workers. These women have to support themselves, and those dependent on them; the workhouse is not more agreeable to them than to men, and their means of avoiding it are fewer. They are excluded from some trades and professions by the jealousy of men, from others by their want of physical strength (a requisite in many kinds of business where its necessity is not obvious); while the very fact of their not having a vote makes it difficult for them to keep a farm or a shop in their own hands. The persons who, in the face of all these difficulties, satisfy a certain money-test must possess rather more thrift and industry than the persons who satisfy that test without any of these difficulties; and we urge that this test should not be prevented from working where it would work most efficaciously. The class from which we, the opponents of Women's Political Disabilities, seek to remove the slur which such disabilities cast on mature human beings, is not one which we have done anything to create. We have not decided that one woman out of every three should remain unmarried, and that a majority of these women

should have to earn their bread. These are facts, not opinions. The question whether the sheltered home or the busy world is a woman's ideal sphere, has no bearing upon them. If there ever was a time when you might have regarded women as exceptional creatures, relieved by men from the burdens of life, and surrendering to them its graver responsibilities and some of its liberty, you can not do so when more than a tenth of the nation have these burdens forced upon them. We urge that you should not force any set of reasons to unite the disadvantages of both sexes.

Certain difficulties felt by thoughtful men to stand in the way of the proposed change are no doubt worthy of serious attention. They urge that important as is the welfare of half the human race, the welfare of the whole is yet more so, and they fear this might be imperilled by giving political power to persons so little instructed as most women. They see that women form the majority of the nation, and that any movement in the suffrage is and will be downwards. In combining these two facts, and drawing their own inference from them, even those men who feel most interest in the improvement of women's condition are unable to resist misgivings as to a possible state of things in which the balance of political power may lie with that sex which is physically unfitted to wield it. They fear that members might return to Parliament, for instance, hampered with some pledge to put down drunkenness extorted by women, which men would never submit to see carried out. Our reasonable opponents know, too, that a part of the office of Parliament is imperial, and that, however much may be said for the influence of women on the domestic affairs of a nation, there is something questionable in allowing those to have any voice in the career of a nation, who, in a national crisis, can give no physical help. These grounds for hesitation are valid against some demands which we do not make. If we asked that women should be represented as women, we do not see how anyone could leave out of sight the fact that we are a numerical majority and physically the weaker body. There has been much vague talk as if this were the case, and in answering ideal disputants who are supposed to plead that women shall be represented in proportion to their number, our opponents lose sight of the fact that this could only happen if the principle on which we base our claims were subverted. The arguments which prove that you ought not to disfranchise a ratepayer because she is a woman, prove also that you ought not to enfranchise any other person because she is a woman; if privilege and responsibility cannot be withheld upon the ground of sex, neither can they be demanded on that ground. If the day ever comes when such a claim is made, the future opponents of Woman's Suffrage will find no answer so convincing as the arguments of the present advocates of Women's Suffrage. They can then reply, in the words of the supporter of the last Bill before the House, that, "There is not a male and female rate of taxation. Parliament does not give votes either to men or women, it applies a certain test, and gives votes to all who can submit to that test." It is a strange confusion to suppose that any application of the principle which these words embody can ever pass into the principle which they oppose. What possible extensions of the demand that all taxpayers should be represented can include the further demand that persons who are not taxpayers should be? In Mr. Bright's first speech on introducing his Bill, he gave some specimens (founded on the tests of women admitted to the municipal vote) of the proportions of male and female electors if his Bill became law. From these it appears that at Bath, which is the high water-mark of female ascendancy, they would vote in the proportion of one to three (1 woman to 3·8 men); while at Walsall, the opposite end of the scale, the proportion would be one woman to twenty-two men. Thirteen per cent is said to be the probable increase on the whole. Even of this minority, of course, the most are workers, and women who work are very much more like men who work than people fancy who know women, as most gentlemen do know them, as social equals, as members of the family circle, or as domestic servants. It is from considering only these kinds of women, we suspect, that so much is thought about the influence of the clergy, or that such fears are expressed as those of the *Spectator*, that the influence of female voters would be absolutely hostile to the real interests of women in such cases as the Married Women's Property Bill. The influence of ladies possibly might be so. But lower down

in the social scale you would find a very different kind of view of the subject from that taken in drawing-rooms.

The fear which has always appeared to me least reasonable is that of increasing the influence of the clergy. But for the character of some by whom I have heard this fear expressed, I should say that it must have been founded chiefly on the perusal of novels. Even with that strong reason for regarding it with consideration, I cannot but think it largely due to the habit of considering the question in regard to abstractions. People are very apt in making up their minds on any subject of social interest, not to think of the men and women they know, whom there is always a curious but explicable tendency to classify as exceptions, but of some abstract type of the character supposed, and fiction is a large source of this kind of general opinion. The intriguing priest and the beneficent pastor are stock characters, and few people take the trouble to ask themselves how often they have seen them realised. When a type of this kind has become current, it requires an authority of its own, the trouble of investigating its correspondence with fact seems superfluous, and the result of such investigation paradoxical, although, in truth, such types become prevalent through their vividness simply, and not through any faithfulness to the world of reality. But no one should let his opinions be moulded on them; he should consider not whether women, as they are painted in fiction, or defined in treatises, are under the influence of the clergy, but whether the actual women he knows—the shopkeeper, the schoolmistress, the writer in magazines, the painter of second-rate pictures—all the commonplace women of his acquaintance who earn their bread are so. Even if he add to them the widows and single ladies who live on their own incomes, and whose united effort could hardly turn any election, but such as made a majority of half-a-dozen of importance, we doubt if he would create a constituency in which clerical influence was an important element. There is in this matter another source of confusion; people think of a clergyman's influence on the poor and on women together. On the needy classes (who, in London, hardly vote at all), a clergyman has a very definite influence, no doubt. He is the channel through which material help reaches them, and it would be easy for him to use his influence, made up in indistinguishable proportions of gratitude and interest, to get their actual or possible pensioners to vote for Mr. A. or Mr. B., if it were worth while, and if he chose to take the enormous trouble, and run the considerable risk. But with this matter we have nothing to do; it is one where men would be concerned much more than women.

I believe that those objections to our demand felt by thoughtful men have been now touched on. They fear a numerical majority of female voters, and they fear clerical influence being increased by their vote. Now, it is noteworthy that in the place in which we look for the deliberate utterance of our legislators, the objections which appear are quite different from these. Read carefully the debates on Woman's Suffrage, from 1870 to 1872. You find, as the plea on which the demand of 250,000 persons is rejected, that women do not want the suffrage, that it will be a burden to them, that it would take them out of their sphere, that they have enough to do and to think of already. When we ask what they have to do and to think of we are told their vocation is "to make life endurable." A measure justified on the ground that a large body of persons have to struggle for their own livelihood is opposed on the ground that these persons have enough to do in adorning the lives of others. Of course, in saying this Mr. Scourfield was thinking exclusively of the women who belong to his own class. The view is not universal even with regard to that class, but when a theory is irrelevant, it is waste of time to enquire whether it is true. It is about as good an argument against the proposed change to assert that it will make the position of rich women less comfortable as it would have been against the last Reform Bill to pretend that it would make the profession of barrister or physician less profitable. It is not an excusable fallacy when one to whom the nation has delegated the office of law-making talks as if the world were made up of ladies and gentlemen, and the shallowest and most frivolous of speakers would not venture to do so when the interests of men were at stake. A statesman ought to be able to see

clearly and say boldly that, in considering a Bill which concerns a sixth of the nation, he may leave that small portion of it which belongs to good society out of account. If all women were in the position of the women whose supposed duty it is to "make life endurable," Parliament would not have heard of any Bill for doing away with woman's disabilities. There is too much to do to spend time in arguing whether even those women would not be the better for being made citizens of. Our whole case rests on the fact that a great many women have to work for their living, and that these women have the greatest difficulty, first, in getting an education that will enable them to do any work; and secondly, in finding work from which they are not practically excluded by men. "I scarcely ever see," said the Prime Minister, in the debate of 1871, "I scarcely ever see in the hands of a woman an employment that ought more naturally to be in the hands of a man; but I constantly see in the hands of a man employment which might be more beneficially and economically in the hands of a woman." There lies the justification of our demand. Is it not childish to answer a claim thus supported by the assertion that "woman is the silver lining which gilds the cloud of man's existence." (Mr. Knatchbull-Huguessen, 1872.)

But we are told that in seeking to escape the shadow of inferiority, thrown by political disability, we are really imperilling the shelter of acknowledged weakness. "The extension of the franchise to self-dependent women," said Mr. Beresford-Hope, in the debate of 1871, "might seriously endanger their hard-earned competence by forcing them into the arena of political excitement, where they would be exposed to the animosities, the bickerings, and the resentments which are so unhappily inherent in the tough work of electioneering." Now, no one has ever justified the refusal of the franchise on the ground that it would be an injury to the claimant, when the claimant was a man. And on this case no obvious difference of man and woman explains this different method of meeting their claims. If an election riot were the ideal condition of a new member taking his seat, indeed, there might be something to say for it, but even then we should say let us take our share of the blows if we chose to do so. We do not care to argue the question as to the advantage of our claim to ourselves. That is our own concern. It is not for one set of mature human beings to decide what is or is not for the advantage of another. If we are often mistaken about our own vocation we are still more often mistaken about other people's, and whatever may be the right place for women, that is a subject on which women are less likely to be wrong than men.

But women do take this view of their vocation, it is said. The anxiety of the *Times*, that women shall not be dragged "from their drawing-rooms" to the polling-booths, is echoed by the whole acquaintance of more than one member of Parliament, and one of the speakers read in 1871 a letter from a lady friend, who was "strongly opposed to the extension of the franchise to women," and who considered herself "exactly in a position to express opinions which might be regarded as the exponent of those of her countrywomen." That is, we should suppose, this lady had mingled with classes below her own; she knew the desires of the poor on the subject, and of that intermediate class which is more difficult to get at than the poor? Not at all. Extraordinary as it seems, this lady, who "has an immense circle of acquaintance," and is intimate with Members of Parliament, supposes herself to be a type of the class we seek to enfranchise. I need hardly dwell on the delusion after what has been said, but I should say that the writer of that letter was the type of a class which would not have the smallest difficulty in defending itself from the importunity of candidates. However, to take a parallel case, what would have been thought in 1829 of an opponent of the Bill for removing Catholic Disabilities, who read out a letter from a Roman Catholic, asserting that, considering the gain to the spiritual life of shelter from the temptations of worldly ambition, he regarded the proposed change in the law as a burden against which he protested? Would such an argument have been thought worthy of any more arduous refutation, than the assertion that it would be hard to force an important body of men to remain unrepresented because among them were some who wanted sense? A member of Parliament may continue for a long time to ask the lady he takes

down to dinner, whether she wants the franchise, before he gets an affirmative answer. The class in whose interest we demand it is as much out of the reach of men of position as if each party belonged to a different nation. But we do not see what evidence which would be deemed sufficient to prove that any other class wanted the franchise is wanting in the case of women. Petitions have been presented, signed by about a quarter of a million persons, one or two of the signatures implying a great deal more than the wish of an individual, and not one petition has been presented against it. These signatures, it is said, have been obtained by "systematic agitation." But systematic agitation is not an entity. It is only a short and somewhat contemptuous way of saying that a few persons have cared very much about an object. Now, we consider that so moderate a demand as that persons otherwise qualified to vote should not be prevented from doing so on account of sex needs the minimum of justification. If voting were to be made obligatory it would be right, before any extension of the franchise, to ascertain the proportions of those who wished to have it, and those who wished to be without it; but there is no such necessity when these latter persons have the remedy in their own hands, and at the utmost their inconvenience will consist in the necessity of giving a decided negative. We are asking for permission to do something which no one will be forced to do. And, perhaps, here we who write in this journal may claim to say something on our own account. Edited and mainly written by women, it expresses the deliberate desires of those who have no taste for notoriety, and to whom the shelter of home is dear, who prize the graces that flourish best, in the shelter of privacy, and are not insensible to the advantages that linger on as the relic of a past feudalism. We believe that whatever is good in these things will survive when the women who lose the shelter accorded to weakness cease to be debarred from the independence conceded to strength. But supposing that we are mistaken in this; supposing that we must purchase the greater good by the lesser, we should say—let these things go. It would be a pity that ladies should lead less graceful lives in drawing-rooms, but it would be worth while, if it led to other women leading less miserable lives elsewhere.

The debates on this question in Parliament exhibited a great deal of that tendency to dwell upon contingencies only remotely connected with the question at issue which we should have thought a specially feminine failing. A great deal was said, for instance, about married women voting, as if the House were bound to come to some decision on this point before making up its mind on the main question. The whole legal theory as to the position of a wife is so confused, that opposite views on the matter were confidently expressed by different speakers, and it appears that the municipal vote is at present forfeited by marriage even where the wife pays her own rates and lives in her own house. We should certainly expect that if sex were not allowed to form a reason for disfranchisement, neither would marriage, and that the true theory of this subject—that the property test should be carried out without any exceptions, but those of lunacy and crime—would be ultimately embodied in legislation. But we cannot see the object of entering on this subject on the threshold of the larger question. So with another fear expressed by those who opposed our claim, it was said that if women were admitted to vote, they must be admitted to sit in Parliament, as if all that was wanted to create female members of Parliament was an Act of Parliament rendering women eligible! Surely, if any one realised that all that an Act of Parliament could do was to confer on men the right to choose a woman to represent them, he would see that such a fear was a most extravagant compliment to women. No advocate of woman's cause would venture on so arrogant an anticipation of ascendancy.

Most of us have no anticipation of any approach to such a result. The desire for Female Franchise is compatible with every variety of opinion about the intellectual superiority of men. In the days when it was possible, by any stretch of imagination, to regard the Electorate as the intellectual aristocracy of England, the admission of the least instructed, and, possibly the least intelligent, part of the community might have been a questionable step. 1832 and 1867 have made that view impossible, and an elaborate arrange-

ment for enabling persons to record their vote who cannot sign their name has made it absurd. Political ascendancy has now gone over to the ignorant, and one-half the people can no longer be excluded from representation on the ground of their ignorance. In urging their admission, we disavow all enthusiastic hopes. Indeed, the only fear with which we regard the proposed measure is that its effect should be at first imperceptible. If it be asked how, with this avowal, we can still urge it, I reply that in doing so we make an appeal to those who can look into the future. We are convinced that all other measures for the benefit of women would find a new atmosphere and a new soil to grow in, when once women were made citizens, and that till that time comes all such measures will form part of a mere patchwork. While men deal with the question as one of affording *protection* to women, the protection they concede will be at once inadequate and enfeebling. It is not till they learn to see that what I demand is *justice*, that they will satisfy those claims which, even from their own point of view, they would allow to be the appropriate demands of the weak.

THE UNITED INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL,

GRAY'S CLOSE, EDINBURGH.

I HAVE been spending three months in Scotland, and enjoying its beauty; but yesterday, I came on the loveliest, the most interesting view I had yet seen,—beautiful as the stern old country is! Edinburgh, the ancient capital of the northern part of Britain, is, as all the world knows, superbly situated on and around hills of rare old volcanic formation, and close to the sea-coast. It has been adorned by many choice architectural structures, some of the largest and finest of which are utilised for the education of the young. Indeed, nowhere can better and cheaper schools be found for children of both sexes and of all classes; the old wealthy endowments of past generations, being now modified, and administered so as to benefit the public generally. Surely, it is only a stringent duty, in each successive generation, thus to see that the enlightened benevolence of our forefathers, is extended, and adapted in the most useful manner, to the wants of their successors.

But to return to the sight which so interested and delighted me. It was "The United Industrial School" of Edinburgh. Guided by one of the Directors, I passed through a portion of the High-street of old Edinburgh, and turned into a close (or narrow passage) nearly opposite the fine old house known as John Knox's, and from the projecting window of which he was wont to preach to the eager multitude below. After descending a few yards, between high, old houses, once occupied by the nobles of the land—we stopped at a door, and were at once admitted by a small porter—one of the boys (who, I was told, take the office, week about, in turns). Going up a short stairway we turned to the left, and entered a school-room where two teachers were occupied with from 15 to 20 children each. Before one teacher, on a black board, were written the ciphers of a very simple sum in addition; this one half his pupils had copied on slates, and adding the figures themselves; the others, some larger, some smaller boys, were (so slowly and toilsomely!) following the teacher's pointer, and repeating after him—"Three and one make four; four and two make six," and so on. They were new comers, taking one of their first lessons in arithmetic and head-work. The other class of boys and girls were having the first mechanical lessons given them—that of knitting, and some girls were sewing. Every child who enters the School is taught to knit his own stockings and wash his own clothes. Afterwards, each boy is taught a trade, but the first effort to teach the occupation of the hands usefully, is made in knitting. They learn the stitch, and then are set to make the thick and strong woollen stockings with which each is supplied in winter. They were all bare-foot when I saw them in September.

In other rooms we found boys busily employed under their teachers in cutting and tying up wood for fires; in turning and carpentering; in shoe-making; and in tailoring. We also saw the room for their most remunerative work, viz., brush-making; but the teacher of this trade was absent on his yearly holiday. About four hours daily are occupied in these works, and ample time

remains for lessons in reading, writing, &c.; of the latter, I saw most satisfactory specimens.

In all the rooms, it was the bright, unconstrained, happy looks of the children which made the sight of them and their varied employments so beautiful and pleasant to me. All of them are withdrawn from the lowest, poorest, and most vicious classes of society, and many of them given over by Government to the Society after they have already been convicted of crime. Here, well-fed, well-clothed (if coarsely), they learn and enjoy a life of industrial training, in which they are taught something to secure them a livelihood by their own work, and they themselves rejoice in their altered circumstances. They have exchanged idleness, liberty of a kind, and privation, for order, discipline, good food, and clothing. The greatest difficulty, the Matron told me that she has with them, is to teach them habits of cleanliness, so utterly are such disregarded in their miserable homes. Children of both Catholic and Protestant parents are here brought up together in kindly fellowship—teachers of each sect giving the short daily lesson on doctrine to their own boys, which the Committee permit for those who do not object to religious teaching. *Practical* religious lessons come before them in every hour of the day.

We went into the wash-house and saw little girls, under a woman's guidance, sorting the clothes. We entered the kitchen and saw a little girl ladling out soup for the day into metal tureens, while the gentle, lady-like Matron of the establishment herself divided the small allowance of meat, which that day went with as much soup as each boy wished, for his dinner. Finally, after a look at the playground, we entered the dinner-hall, into which 175 children were pouring in orderly march. At the door stood a boy with a basket of iron spoons, and each child entering held out his hand and received one; a few steps further stood the Matron by a great trayful of thick slices of excellent white bread, and each child in passing received a slice. They quietly placed themselves at the tables, on each of which stood the iron soup tureens, and ten or twelve white basins. A grace was said aloud by a teacher, and repeated by all the children; then each monitor ladled out the soup, and the eager, hungry creatures ate, and were satisfied.

We saw one little, deformed, sickly-looking boy there, about eleven years of age, who used to go out at nights to beg, while an elder brother watched in the neighbourhood to see that he was not robbed of his gains. This brother was apprenticed, and gained by his lawful toil about 4s. per week; while the little solitary beggar gained from the misplaced compassion of the public from 10s. to 12s. a night! At last the police interfered, and the boy was sent to the Industrial School, where he very soon learned the comfort of order and industry, and declared he would not leave if he could, nor return to his former way of living. Another boy, nine years of age, was found in the act of stripping a toddling baby of ten months in a doorway, intending to sell these clothes to buy food for himself, as he was so hungry. The policeman who found him so engaged carried the baby to its negligent mother, and next day the boy was, by an order from the magistrate, transferred to the Industrial School, where his hunger will be satisfied without robbery, till he has learnt to work for his own support.

Government pays hardly £10 a-year for each little culprit sent to the School; but without this small help the philanthropic promoters of the School would have been obliged ere now to close it, so ill have their efforts been seconded by the wealthy classes of Edinburgh, who seem to think it irreligious to have these lost ones, Catholic as well as Protestant, taught to approach the great Father in their own way! Still, to me it seemed most encouraging to find so many devoted men and women of both denominations working together, year after year, in such obscurity, thus to redeem the lost little ones of our nation. All honour to them for such work. How often is the opportunity lost, and they, poor babes, permitted to receive the ineffaceable stamp of idleness and vice; while older, less ignorant, but surely more guilty people, quarrel over the outward forms of religion. Did He speak of such, who said, "Inasmuch as thou hast done it unto one, the least of my brethren, thou hast done it unto me?"

CATHERINE JOHNSTON.

OUR OPPONENTS.

Those who oppose the social and political rights of women are of two kinds: the bigots and the cowards. Bigots resolve themselves into two classes—bigots in thought, and bigots in feeling: cowards are also of two sorts—first, those who fear public opinion, or social cowards; secondly, those who fear the results of great changes, or political cowards.

So far, our friend Aristotle might have written, and with him we might have pushed the analysis further, and laid bare the secret springs which work these momentary puppets; but we prefer to invest our characters with the warm flesh-and-blood colouring of Theophrastus, and to draw them direct from the life. It would not be seemly to show forth our opponents in the simple style of the old statues of Pheidias or Polyclethus: let us introduce them in the more attractive fashion of a Madame Tussaud.

To begin with the bigot in thought. This gentleman we have most of us met out at dinner parties: in person he is thin and wiry, his nose is somewhat pinched, as if preparing itself for an eternity of snuff-taking; his brow is charged with a perpetual gloom. He sets his chair severely on the dress of the lady he takes in to dinner, as if to show the superiority of his sex; he will cross-examine you in meteorology if you make a remark on the weather; he teems with humiliating statistics proving the inferiority of women, from the relative weight of male and female brains to the comparison of the most exalted powers of either sex; he is nothing if he is not logical, and the most trivial thought he utters is always an offshoot from his main principles. His belief in the inferiority of women follows logically from one great central fact. That fact sits opposite to him, on the other side of the table, the lady with high cheek-bones and cowering look. The lady with bones is his wife, and he signs her cheques: the rest follows like a chain of syllogisms. We once met a lady whom, if it were not rude we should include in the same class of bigots in thought. Her blue eyes twinkled brightly under her spectacles, she confessed to us that her vein was literary (excluding novels), and we were labouring under the impression that she was heart and soul for progress, until we touched on the apple of discord, female suffrage. Then, indeed, was our joy turned into sorrow, and our grouse that lay so invitingly before us might have been so much shoe-leather. *Quot ferula, tot argumenta!* every course had its argument! and it was not till late in the evening that we discovered our fervent little friend to be the systematically-snubbed wife of a member of the British Association. It was an illustration of the whipped dog licking her master's hand. Bigots in thought, male and female, have this in common—they will leave no stone unturned to compass their ends. Should it ever eke out that the Last Day was fixed for some particular date, these people would get up a monster petition, praying for its postponement, on the ground of urgent Parliamentary business.

The bigots in feeling next demand our notice. Experience shows us that this class is almost entirely confined to the males. His strong and healthy frame, his round red face, his frank and hearty laugh are found in every gathering of men: he is the most common specimen of our opponents, and the most sincere. We have watched his courtesy, his chivalry, and old-world reverence for women stunned and wounded by the sudden discovery that the fair and charming lady by his side was an advocate of female suffrage, women doctors, and the whole pernicious programme. The familiar battle-cry of his party came foaming to his lips—no arguments on earth, no signs above or below can ever convince this honest gentleman. In him the ladies have no truer friend; in him woman has no greater foe; and not till the battle is won, and he sees with his own eyes that women freed from the shackles of past prejudices are still the graceful and tender creatures that they were, will he cease to fulminate his bulls of sexual excommunication.

We pass on to the cowards. Of these, the social cowards are mainly confined to the females. If you ask a lady of this class her opinion on any of the Women's Questions, she will simper and blush, and say, "O! My—how can you think me capable of sympathising with such creatures!" or if she be cast in a firmer mould, she will take high ground, and air with an assumption of scorn, such argu-

ments against the movement as she fancies will best please the company. She will make sly hits at any lady present who takes the opposite side, even though that lady be at the time her guest, and she will lose no opportunity of showing the gentlemen of her acquaintance that she, at any rate, is no strong-minded blue-stocking.

We once had the pleasure of hearing our hostess thus deliver herself of much satirical matter, under the impression that she was pleasing the men; but, unfortunately for her, young Oxford and Cambridge were there in great force, and after running on in her caustic vein for a few minutes, she suddenly became aware of her mistake, and found herself regarded with much quiet compassion. These are our worst opponents; these silly women furnish the strongest argument to the other side; they go far to demonstrate the partial unfitness of women for the Suffrage.

There remains the political coward. He is the sort of person one meets in the country, where village Tories still drink a dark liquor which they call Port wine. To him the welfare of the country depends on the maintenance of the "old lines of the constitution," and these new-fangled notions of Women's Rights spring out of atheism and French revolutions, and have their final development in your "Petroleuse." We need not fear this gentleman any more than we should a bottled sea-serpent. His ideas are of the past; they might have knighted him a few years ago, now they only serve to amuse his neighbours.

These seem to us the chief specimens of those classes of human beings who redden and grow angry at the name of Women's Rights. They are numerous, but we need not despair. Those who have much wit to work us ill have little heart to go through with the work; and those who have much heart have little wit to direct their efforts.

E. G.

MR. SEDLEY TAYLOR, M.A., gave the fourth of his lectures to ladies on "Sound," in the theatre of the South Kensington Museum on Saturday last.

THE committee for implements for drinking, and for the use of tobacco and narcotics of all kinds for the London International Exhibition, 1873, held its first meeting on Thursday, at Gore Lodge, and discussed the limits which had been put on this section of the exhibition in view of not encroaching on the classes of glass, goldsmiths' work, &c., to be represented as industrial classes in future years. A sub-committee was formed to advise on the formation of a display of ancient implements, and to examine the applications already sent in to lend old implements. The following gentlemen were present: Dr Thudichum, Mr. W. Bragge, F.S.A., Mr. F. W. Moody, Mr. Thomas Whitehead, and Mr. Henry Durlacher. Mr. Henry Cole, C.B., attended on the part of her Majesty's Commissioners, and Lieutenant H. H. Cole, R.E., was present as secretary.

A GREAT series of meetings in connection with the National Education League is now in course of arrangement for January, preparatory to the meeting of Parliament, when proposals are expected for the amendment of the Education Act. Amongst the places at which meetings will be held are Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds, Sheffield, Bristol, Nottingham, Leicester, Norwich, Brighton, and, finally, London. The annual meeting of the League having recently been held in Birmingham, it is not considered necessary to hold another meeting, especially as the annual addresses of the members in January will give an opportunity of dealing with the subject. The immediate object of the meetings is to support Mr. Dixon's motion for the amendment of the Education Act, by eliciting the opinion of the great towns in favour of general school boards, compulsory attendance, and the repeal of the 25th clause. Many members of Parliament, and well-known ministers, and other gentlemen of influence have consented to speak, and it is anticipated that a great demonstration on behalf of League principles will be made.—*Birmingham Daily Post.*

REVIEWS.

RATIONALISM; THE CHURCH AND THE BIBLE. By J. M. DIXON.
[Stevens and Richardson.]

MR. DIXON is resolute and daring in pursuing the path he so fearlessly and unshrinkingly indicates. While various thinkers of his school and special line of thought seem to hesitate on the brink of the new current, fearing to take the final plunge which shall compromise them for ever with conservative religionists, and which may probably dissociate them from many dear and valued ties, rendering any return well-nigh impossible, Mr. Dixon steadily continues his course, invoking as companions science and human reason. In familiar parlance, the author of the pamphlet on "Rationalism" is no "trimmer." He boldly proclaims to the world what he already believes, and the path he intends to follow. In his case, however, there is less of sacrifice involved than in that of the well-beneficed Churchman, whose associations, friendships, and anchor of a lifetime, are jeopardised by an open avowal of the slightest deviation from the beaten track of orthodox doctrine; while by the class of religionists represented by the Rev. Mr. Dixon, free-thought and inquiry are positively welcomed, as much for their own sakes as also for the attraction of novelty which fresh discoveries in the region of thought bring with them. The Church clergyman, on the other hand, is not only sure to give pain to those he most loves, but he at the same time cuts himself adrift from the ties of faith, fortune, and, perhaps, even those of family, when he enters the regions of religious speculation, at the same time throwing himself into a set of circumstances and a circle of individuals for which, by education and position, he may even have contracted a personal antipathy. From a worldly and social point of view, he has all to lose and nothing to gain by the avowal of a change of opinions. The Unitarian, on the contrary, finds himself only the more considered by his co-religionists when he enters the field of independent thought and bold speculation.

Without allying ourselves with Mr. Dixon or his opponents, we may examine the relative ground taken by each. Mr. Dixon well describes the position of thought in which many earnest persons find themselves at the present time. He draws a parallel between the Roman Catholic and the Protestant forms of belief, and endeavours to show the analogies in the line of action followed by each during the earlier stages of its formation. He remarks:—

"The Reformation was not an end; it was simply a step in the right direction—the step out of the bondage of the Church towards the green fields, the vast open country of free-thought. But the Reformers did not go on; they stopped just outside of the place of slavery, and insisted upon all men staying with them. They practically said, 'Here we build our boundary walls of Hebrew material; if you go beyond these walls you are out of the pale of salvation and on the direct road to hell.' The infallibility of the Bible was substituted for the infallibility of the Church. The appeal was still to an external authority—to Hebrew Leaders, Prophets, Saints, and Reformers, instead of to the Church. The right of private judgment was simply the liberty to judge of the meaning of Scripture within the limits of orthodoxy. The Reformers merely changed the land of bondage from Rome to Palestine. The Romish Church allows the same liberty within the limits of the Church that the Reformers granted in the use of the Bible. The Roman Catholics are at liberty to exercise their reason to know what the Church teaches, but they are not permitted to dissent from the Church in any doctrine or rite. . . . An ever-increasing number of educated, thinking men see that orthodox Protestantism is dying between its two strong foes, Church Authority and Rationalism. . . . In this age of transition one class of minds goes back to the ancient authority—the Church, to avoid the endless unrest of thought; and another class seeks to carry out consistently the right of free inquiry, and fearlessly accepts the results of Rationalism."

With the persistent hammer of the scientific investigator and discoverer, Mr. Dixon attacks the foundations of the Church of the Reformers. With the pitiless logic of the Rationalist, and the sar-

casms of the disbeliever in aught but what eyes can see, he mines the foundations of an edifice which it has been the work of ages to erect: one which, cemented by the blood of martyrs, has risen over the smoking pile of the stake or the grim massacre of the scaffold. While thus apparently seeking to destroy what, to many minds, constitutes the solace and support of existence, it must be allowed that Mr. Dixon is an honest and sincere seeker after truth. Instead of clinging to set dogmas and doctrines, he would echo the words of our immortal poetess, Mrs. Browning, in her fine lines indicating the craving of the human soul for a more infinite expression, and

"Step out grandly to the infinite
From the dark edges of the sensual ground.
This song of soul I struggle to outbear
Through portals of the sense, sublime and whole,
And utter all myself into the air."

But Mr. Dixon does not confine himself to vague aspirations after the infinite. Science enters largely into his system of belief. He says:—

"To learn something of astronomy is more religious occupation for the mind than trying to make the Hebrew story of the Sun standing still good science. . . . Wise men enter the garden of Hebrew literature, not to destroy what is good and beautiful, but to distinguish the trees of life from the trees of death, and the flowers from the weeds. In this critical gardening it is seen that, with the abundant good fruits and the wealth of flowers, there is much that is poisonous, and also much that is simply useless. In this Eden, with its many fine Adams and lovely Eves, there is also the Serpent of ignorance and vice."

Whatever may be the exact views held by Mr. Dixon and his followers, they profess themselves free to give all truth a hearty welcome:—

"To us all truth is sacred, and we look at all honest men, of whatever creed, with the large clear eyes of charity."

The pamphlet we have just considered displays in parts imagination as well as the power of writing effectively, revealing a mind the reverse of commonplace, and a nature to which the things of the soul are facts and realities, and their study a necessity.

One of the great disadvantages of religious differences consists in the estrangement which they so often produce between those who otherwise would probably find in each other sympathetic and congenial friends. In review of the war of conflicting opinion, as it appears in the history of all religious communities, from the earliest to the present times, the question might be asked: Why this perplexing and ceaseless struggle upon matters of doctrine? Is there not a religion of the highest in the exercise of the simple virtues of Christian humanity, of duty, charity, sympathy, helpfulness, justice? What are all our complex systems of religion worth, if not to ground and keep us in the exercise of these? The sublime teachings and the high morality of the Eastern sage or the classic philosopher, as well as the divine right of Church Authority, or the hot and eager (though sincere and earnest) bigotry of some forms of Dissent, alike profess these aims in common. The lovers of polemical discussion and argumentative disquisition may gratify themselves by exercising their special proclivities, provided they claim these privileges for themselves only, and exclude from their "platform" the narrow-minded spirit of constraint and persecution, which, like evil spirits, have more or less haunted the walks of religious belief in all ages; provided that, even in the vexed question of faith, they leave the field clear to others as themselves; others who would say with Schiller, in the words of Mr. Dixon's initial quotation:—"To what religion do I belong? To none that thou mightest name. And wherefore to none? For Religion's sake."

LA FOLLE DU LOGIS. PAR LE CHEVALIER DE CHATELAIN. [Roland, 20, Berners Street.]

"La Folle du Logis, c'est l'Imagination." It is thus our author, in the words of Montaigne, explains the title of the book before us; a book of graceful and clever verse, whose pages it is a real pleasure

to explore. Here sparkles a fanciful touching poem such as "La Maison où je suis"—there we light on a grim satiric thrust like "Un Homme et un Roi"—elsewhere a plaintive appeal confronts us under the title "Hommes et Brutes." From this latter poem we quote the concluding stanzas, the force and beauty of which are too great to be passed over silently in a journal avowedly pledged to the promotion of humane conduct towards animals, and to the uncompromising resistance of tyranny:—

"Est-il abus plus grand, plus grandes injustices
Que l'homme impénitent, ce vil amas de vices,
N'en commet chaque jour envers les animaux,
Qui, muets, sont forcés de subir tous ces maux
Dans l'Eternité du Silence,
Et bien souventfois, sans en tirer vengeance ?
Les hommes sur la brute ont établi leurs lois,
Leurs lois . . . d'un infâme égoïsme ;
Mais sur l'homme, à leur tour les Reines et le Rois
Avec un effrayant cynisme
Font à plaisir peser le joug du despotisme ;
Comme on le voit, dans la création,
Tout n'est en vérité, que compensation :
Devant les rois pourtant ceux qui courbent leurs têtes
Sont plus bêtes encor, que les plus bêtes bêtes,
C'est du moins là, je vous le dis, l'avis
De Notre Folle du Logis !"

Here too, is a pungent bit of truth, selected from among many other laconic satires of similar character :

"Un Homme vole un sou, c'est un vil scélérat,
C'est un gremlin fieffé, gibier très bon à pendre ;
Un Roi vole à plaisir la caisse de l'Etat,
Malgré les Députés . . . il reste un Alexandre !"

The first poem in the "Folle du Logis," is entitled "La Maison où je suis," and we have already named it as a poem of singular grace. It is a brief and fantastic epitome of the life of the author ; *la maison* representing, by a pretty poetic conceit, the bodily habitat of the Chevalier's spiritual self. So dulcet, so gay, so tender, is this pleasant little *caprice*, that for the sake of reading and possessing it alone, the lover of poetry would do well to purchase the volume which contains it.

In most books of good verse, we find the elements of pathos, sweetness, and vigour, and of all these the Chevalier de Chatelain has abundant measure, but he has also something more than these—a rich and lively wit—and he uses it always in a good cause. True, he is often caustic, and even sometimes fierce ; but what then ? Was there ever one of the "irritable race of Poets" whose noble soul was not prone to be stirred by a worthy indignation, whose acute senses were not keenly alive to the influence of all emotions ?

To use the Chevalier's own words, prefixed to the work before us, "Si ma Folle du Logis a des colères, elle a aussi des chants d'amour pour tout ce qui est noble et beau !"

COLOSSA.

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,—

I have read with much interest the letter of "A Hard-working Man" in your last issue, and will readily allow that it establishes his claim to true chivalry of feeling. At the same time, and, indeed, because I credit him with such feeling, I should like to point out to him that he has, I think, missed the very point respecting which good men and good women are often at variance.

I agree with him heartily (and so, probably, would the two ladies to whom he refers) in thinking that it would alike be absurd and objectionable for women to enter the police force, or army, or navy. As to their breaking stones, I am rather inclined to think I have already seen that

as an actual fact more than once, and at any rate I am quite sure that women do harder physical work than that at present ; for instance, in Germany, where one may see a woman drawing a plough while her husband guides the handles. But it is when your correspondent proceeds to give reasons for the non-entrance of women into certain professions, that I join issue with him. He defends men for "resolutely shutting them out" in the cases above referred to, and goes on to show why he thinks that men are quite justified in forcibly excluding them. I, for my part, say 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. I should be extremely sorry to see women try to become policemen, or soldiers, or sailors, because I feel sure that their physical conformation and bodily strength would render their efficiency impossible in all but very exceptional cases. But the fact of their physical incapacity for such work is sure in the long run to be quite sufficient bar to their undertaking it, and it is not in the least necessary, even if it were permissible, for men to lay down the law in the matter. But as I have before said, I do not think that it is permissible ; or that men have any right except that *des plus forte* to decide for women in the choice of a profession, or in any other matter, though I quite allow that society as a whole, expressing as it should do the mature judgment of the wisest of both sexes, may claim practically to decide such questions, with a view to the general well-being of the community. But, with this single reservation, I believe in the absolute truth and the universal application of the following words from the writings of the late lamented Mrs. John Stuart Mill:—"We deny the right of any portion of the species to decide for another portion, or any individual for another individual, what is and what is not their 'proper sphere.' The proper sphere for all human beings is the largest and highest which they are able to attain to ; what this is cannot be ascertained without complete liberty of choice."

I am, Madam, yours obediently,

A HARD-WORKING WOMAN.

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

MADAM,—

Will you kindly permit me to qualify the misconception under which a "Hard-working Man" is labouring. Had your correspondent perused the article against which my remarks were directed, the paragraph which so excites his apprehension had been better understood by him. It should have been marked as part of a quotation. I can assure a "Hard-working Man" the "battle field," the "din of arms," the "pageantry of war," claim no admiration of mine. Authorized bloodshed is, to my mind barbarism in men, and would seem more repulsive still in the other sex ; yet, did the exceptional woman appear capable of commanding or serving in the army, navigating a ship (as has recently been the case), nay, even of apprehending a burglar, I should not deem such an one devoid of womanly qualities, because she evinced manly courage. Exceptional cases do occur in both sexes. I am acquainted with one where a man became a most artistic and expert milliner, abandoning a sea-faring life to become, by these means, the supporter of an ailing wife and children ; so far from such an occupation lowering his manhood the integrity of his purpose ennobled it. Your correspondent writes, "It is from the fear of women becoming familiarized with coarse sights and sounds, that men shrink from admitting them as associates in any daily business with themselves," and declares it "essentially false that the morals of men would be improved by a companionship of a healthy nature with women." In every instance, says a "Hard-working Man," "where women work with men, they have become deteriorated instead of elevating the men." I could give more than one proof to the contrary, but will content myself with one, and refer to the Postmaster-General's Report for 1871 ; on the transfer of the telegraphs, he says, "the department entered on the experiment of employing a mixed staff of male and female officers ; there has been no reason to regret the experiment : on the contrary, it affords much ground for believing that where large numbers are employed, with full work and fair supervision, the admixture of the sexes involve no risk, but is highly beneficial." So satisfactory were the results that female clerks were proposed in the Post-office, and would have obtained employment but for the violent objections of their "natural protectors."

In conclusion, I will only say it is far from the wish of any advocate for the emancipation of women to create alarm or affright in any manly bosom. No woman can long maintain any position for which she is not qualified. Women, like water, will find their level ; it is only on the question what that level will be that we join issue with our opponents. The true welfare of men and women lies together ; it is impossible to divide them without injurious results to both.

I am, Madam, yours truly,

Dec. 4th

L. A. A. S.

NOTICE.

Communications to the Editor should be written upon one side of the paper only; and be authenticated by the name and address of the writer, *not necessarily for publication.*

The Editor cannot undertake to return unaccepted Manuscripts, unless accompanied by stamps for that purpose

Advertisements, Music, Books, and Magazines for review should be addressed to the Publisher.

As the "LADY'S OWN PAPER, a Journal of Progress, Taste, and Thought," has guaranteed high-class circulation amongst the Nobility, Clergy, and Gentry, it will be found to be an excellent medium for Advertisers.

SCALE OF CHARGES FOR ADVERTISEMENTS.

Six Lines and under (col. measure)	3s. 6d.
Every additional Line	0s. 6d.
Paragraphs, Six Lines and under	6s. 0d.
Every additional Line	1s. 0d.

A considerable reduction is made on orders for a Series.

TO PRE-PAID SUBSCRIBERS this Journal will be supplied upon the day of publication, in Weekly Numbers or Monthly Parts, POST FREE.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.	s.	d.
Twelve Months Post free	13	0
Six " " "	6	6
Three " " "	3	6

POST OFFICE ORDERS should be made payable to THOMAS SMITH, at the FLEET-STREET, MONEY ORDER OFFICE.

As Postage Stamps are liable to be lost in transmission, correspondents will send them at their own risk

The Lady's Own Paper,

A JOURNAL OF TASTE, PROGRESS, AND THOUGHT

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1872.

IN MY LADY'S CHAMBER;

A STORY OF

HER DECEASED HUSBAND'S BROTHER.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER XIII.

TRISTAN LE RODEUR.

I AM not going to describe the Eternal City. Most people have personal reminiscences of it, and stereoscopic views in abundance of its antiquities, pleasures, and palaces; everybody is at least tolerably well acquainted with its topography and characteristics, whether their information on the subject be derived from the conversation of travelled friends, newspaper articles, Childe Harold, or Murray's Hand Book.

There was a fine September glow of approaching sunset over the City of the Seven Hills, streaming with blinding radiance down its narrow dirty, picturesque streets, overlaying its grimy basilica roofs with yellow flame, dazzling the eyes of the staring *lazzaroni* at the corners of the courts, and rejoicing the late autumnal flies congregated about the open sweatmeat and fruit stalls in the market-place of the Piazza Navona.

Past the great fountains of this identical piazza, with the light of the sunset behind her, came a certain woman, unattended, and habited in grave colors of no very remarkable fashion, but whose perfect step and graceful bearing distinguished her at once from the crowd of ordinary street pedestrians, and attracted the attention of more than one person who chanced to come in her way. She walked swiftly, being admonished thereto, perhaps, by the lateness of the hour, but her pallid face, which was not so closely veiled as to be wholly concealed, displayed such evident tokens of recent weeping that it might easily be perceived she had lately quitted a scene of distress or emotion, and her eyes, regardless alike of the moving throng through which she passed, and of the blinding sunset

glare, seemed abstractedly rivetted upon some mental picture. Out of the busy luminous Piazza Navona she turned with the same quick step into the shadow of the long Via del Str ofa, winding her way among the loiterers and the garrulous *contadine* who stood chatting here and there with their wandering acquaintances, thence into the Via del Fontana, and so at last to the Piazza del Spagna, head centre and favourite promenade of aristocratic and fashionable foreigners in Rome. There, with slackened footsteps, she entered its chief hotel, and passed into a handsome room on the first floor, one of a suite rich in mirrors, ormolu, thick velvet-piled carpets, and all the characteristics of that heavy detailless style which distinguishes the state apartments of a "grand hotel."

In the embrasure of a window at the further end of the saloon sat Ella Cairnsmuir—a beam of mellow dusty sunlight full on the pages of a volume she held, and on the brown shapely head that was bent over it, making gold threads among the sober coils of smooth hair, and touching with rosy glory the pale oval face whose "sweetness and light" were always the better part of its beauty. But when that soft footfall crossed the threshold of the great silent room, Ella laid her book aside, and looking up through the sunlight at the new comer, said blithely:

"Well, mamma, returned at last? Why *would* you walk? I am sure you are very tried! And that dreadful lava pavement! It is quite two hours since you went out!"

My Lady removed her veil, turning her face away from Ella, and for a moment made no reply, but when at length she spoke, the tone of her voice in which natural agitation, at war with enforced serenity, produced a strange discordance, piqued the curiosity and moved the concern of the younger woman.

"Indeed, Ella, I prefer a walk sometimes. It is a novelty to me after so much driving at home. And I have visited such a very old-fashioned part of the city this afternoon. You would like to see it."

"Where is that, mamma?"

"Up the Rione Ponte. I called upon an artist whom I know there, and have been entertained in his studio for some time."

"Not a very fashionable quarter for an artist, is it? But I did not know you had any acquaintances in the profession at Rome, mamma."

"No," returned Lady Cairnsmuir, facing her daughter for the first time during their conversation, and speaking with perfect ease and composure; "the artist I visited to-day is not one whom I am accustomed to mention, because he is very little known, and his fame has yet to be acquired. But that it *will* be acquired some day," she added warmly, "everybody who may chance to see his paintings now must readily admit."

"I suppose he is a young man, mamma?"

"Scarcely twenty. But he looks so much older than an Englishman would at that age, that I daresay you would take him to be little less than thirty, and his thoughtful face and reflective habits help to bear out the illusion."

"You know all about him, then, mamma. Have I ever heard his name?"

"I think not. It is Tristan Le Rodeur."

What an ashen shadow that was that blanched my Lady's serene features as she uttered these last words! One might fancy such a change in the face of a soldier's widow naming the battle in which her husband fell, or such a look in the eyes of a dead sailor's mother speaking of the ship in which her darling went down! A touch, too, of romance in the name itself that might make one suspect it had not been bestowed by birth but by design. It carried with it a jingle of poetry that struck the ear of Lady Ella pleasantly.

"What a beautiful name, mamma! But it is French, not Italian."

"His father was a Parisian, though the boy himself is Roman—by adoption. He is an orphan."

How my Lady's heart beat as she spoke! One might really have heard it in the momentary pause that followed her last words.

"Mamma, I should like to see him."

"I intend that you should, my dear. In fact, I have gone so far as to promise that we will visit his studio together to-morrow afternoon. I believe you have no engagement that can hinder such an arrangement?"

And Lady Cairnsmuir having received her daughter's brief reply in the negative, floated out of the room into her own apartment, and there remained *sub silentio* until dinner time.

But in the interim Ella was full of speculation and impatience. Accustomed as she was to the inflexible composure of her mother's manner, and the immobility of her suave countenance, it was not possible that the unusual emotion Lady Cairnsmuir had betrayed when naming this fancifully christened stranger, could escape her daughter's notice.

Mystery had an attraction for Ella, beyond that which it possesses for most persons, and so much knowledge as she had acquired concerning the uncommon fortunes of her family—especially on the distaff side—disposed her imagination to dwell with peculiar attention and lingering

curiosity upon any circumstance which appeared to interest either of her parents.

But conjecture was so plainly at fault regarding this young genius with the dolorous name—suggestive though the name might be of strange adventure, long wanderings, melancholy destiny and enforced exile, that Ella concluded against present calculations as premature, and resolved to suspend her inquiries until she should have gathered something further to the point from her mother's conversation that evening.

But in this anticipation she was disappointed, for the Countess did not utter another word on the topic that absorbed Ella's thoughts, and this singular avoidance of a subject that had moved her to weeping a few hours since, appeared the more intentional and studied because my Lady evinced greater brilliance and liveliness than usual upon other matters of ordinary commonplace; which Ella observing, refrained from the questions her desire might have prompted had Lady Cairnsmuir behaved with accustomed indifference and taciturnity. There was a change in her mother, whether pleasing or the reverse, Ella could not satisfactorily determine; but that it was connected in some manner, yet unexplained, with the mysterious wanderer, she did not doubt. To-morrow, then, might solve the enigma. Alas, she did not guess that morrow was pregnant with the greatest event of her own life, or that the secret she longed to explore was big with such deep significance to herself as no subsequent experience of the years before her should be able to cancel, or sink into unimportance! The Eternal City was indeed destined to be a singularly fatal place to her Ladyship's unfortunate house!

So the shadows of that gruesome September night fell upon Rome, blackening the tall outlines of basilicas, domes and towers, shrouding the diaphanous waters of the magic Fontana di Trevi, wherein Corinne beheld the image of her beloved, and breathing, like that ancient darkness which could be felt, beneath the ponderous arches of the ruined Colosseum, in the midst of whose vast arena the white witching moonlight lay like a sheeny spell of silence and repose, where once the "Ave" of the gladiators shook the steamy perfumed air, and the imperial eyes of a Faustina gleamed upon the splendour of Death.

Outside the City of the Cæsars the shadows slept upon the "waste and solitary" heights of the spectral Alban hills, and gathered thickly across the lonely Campagna, and its tangled wilderness of myrtle, wild olive, ilex and bay, sown there broadcast by the bounteous hand of the errant wind, that old unsettled Vagabond of the ages, that Prototype of wanderers that only exists in creating and renewing, that flits, and shifts, and flames, and broods, continually over the face of the whole broad world, the nomad Spirit of action and power, the very pulse and breath of the great Pan, the never wearying Intercessor between Earth and Heaven.

How blithely and turbulently it had gambolled, and laughed, and shouted in the dawn of that September morning, twenty years ago, when the heir of Kelpies went out as a fugitive from his father's house, the self-condemned murderer of his younger brother's fortune,—exiled, like another Cain, from the home where his presence was a curse and a malison!

How softly and delicately it sighed and floated,—the selfsame autumn wind,—through the long moonlit hours of this other September night, about the casement of My Lady's chamber in the Grand Hotel of the Piazza di Spagna, creeping so daintily round the curved pilasters of the balcony, that no sound followed the soft ghostly step; or now and then murmuring with invisible lips through the crevices of the lattice, in short thin tones, subdued and thrilling, like voices that whisper before a death.

Before a death. For this low-breathed wind brought its message to My Lady's couch that night, as it brings tidings to the ship becalmed in the midst of the sea, when all things look fair and full of repose, and the heavens hang blue and cloudless overhead, and the water lies smooth as glass beneath the prow. But the sailors know the meaning of the little throbbing puffs that presently begin to tap and sough in the cordage and scarce to ruffle the drowsy transparent deep about them. For then they know that the harpies of foul weather are already abroad, and that to windward are storm and hurricane and danger of wreck.

CHAPTER XIV.

She looked at him as one who awakes,
The past was a sleep, and her life began.

In a small studio upon the *terzo piano* of a house overlooking the quaint Piazza Navona, the mellow afternoon sunlight rested upon the face of the young man who is destined to be the hero of this romance. It is well that the reader, on the occasion of his first introduction to Tristan Le Rodeur, should find him thus solitary, not only because the young artist deserves the particular scrutiny of an individual cynosure, but because, also, the opportunity of observing a man when he believes himself to be alone, is worth much more for purposes of physiological study, than the privilege of beholding him a dozen times in society,

Here, in the object of our present attention, was the very antithesis of Vane Vaurien. Here was a young untamed wood-pigeon, a "maiden knight," whose soul was as clean as his chin and as soft as his cheeks, a stripling inapt in the world's horn-book, who wore his heart on his sleeve, and had not yet learnt that the gift of speech is granted to man in order, that he may conceal his thoughts.

As the sunshine fell upon the ripples of his soft plentiful hair with that fullness and radiance that gives to most black tresses an unfavourable tinge of rusty brown, it served only to bring out in the high lights of Tristan's curls a peculiar indigo shade, such as one may see in the wing of a black-plumaged bird; indisputable attestation to the intensity of their ebony darkness.

Handsomest of mankind in face and figure, Tristan's beauty was yet his least attraction, for although his features were as perfectly proportioned as those of a Phidian statue, and the colouring of the clear olive skin absolutely faultless, the real charm of his countenance was its rare and unearthly expression.

The face itself was young, the mouth almost a child's, if lines and curves determine youth and childhood, but the meaning, the spirit of the features was strangely old.

As I sit here, endeavouring (O how vainly!) to give this portraiture of Tristan some semblance of a dead beauty and grace I once worshipped, I am fain to turn from the counterfeit to the original image in my own heart—the image of a beloved face lost to me now more than ten years—the face of another "Le Rodeur," with deep electric eyes, the like of which I have never seen elsewhere, eyes in whose dark caverns lay the mysteries of the old magicians, the Wonder and the Melancholy that are the heritage of humanity; the strange old age of a soul that, while the youth of the body yet remained, had outlived and outdone it by some hundred years, had wearied itself with futile searches and flights after satisfaction, had laid a triumphant finger upon the zenith of Dogma, and beheld the whole crazy framework of its unstable welkin come tumbling down at the touch, like a vast and spiritual Humpty-Dumpty, to be put together again no more for ever.

Lady Cairnsmuir had well said that to the perceptions of a stranger, Tristan's age would be probably an unknown quantity; for, although at the first blush one might indeed take him for a mere boy in his teens, a closer and longer observation would discover that old, unsatisfied expression which we have noticed pervading his face like a haunting meteoric light, whose source and issues were in the depths of his fathomless and dangerous eyes. Beneath its strange influence the beautiful features assumed precisely that weird anomalous appearance of unnatural preservation which one may imagine to have characterized the faces of those mediæval wizards who, by means of magic elixirs and arts of necromancy, prolonged indefinitely the days of their youth.

As Le Rodeur stood before his easel handling his palette and maulstick with the easy sway and skill of an "Admirable Critchton," his tall, lissome figure, clad in that fantastic undress which men of poetical tastes, and sunny climates are wont to affect, appeared to singular advantage. Somewhat too loose of limb perhaps, with hands and feet a trifle too small and delicate for a man's, but such faults as these might readily be pardoned in a person which seemed to combine the flexile charms of feminine grace with the proper form and contour of virility. Feminine too was the burning glow of nervous excitation that flushed the cheeks of the boy-artist, when by-and-by the polished pine-boards of the winding staircase ascending to his retreat, echoed beneath the light tapping of women's footsteps and the sweeping of their silken draperies; a new and softer light like the light of a dawn gleamed in the wells of those strange, magical eyes, the breath came quicker between Tristan's curved parted lips, and the quivering woman-like hands faltered and paused in their work. Then, from without, the amber-coloured *portière* was pushed aside, two ladies entered the atelier, and Le Rodeur's patroness presented him to her daughter, Lady Ella Cairnsmuir.

There are certain incidents in the lives of most of us men and women which impress themselves as indelibly upon our minds as though by some mental process akin to photography they were pictorially retained upon the brain, with all their accidental accessories of colour, sound, and motion. There is thus preserved in my own mind to this day, the perfect recollection of a scene which certainly occupied but a minute in transaction, and which was in itself an affair of very slight importance, although it subsequently proved to have been the beginning of a tragedy. It was an introduction—much like this between Le Rodeur and Ella Cairnsmuir—in which the part of the lady was enacted by myself, and that of the pilgrim artist by his prototype in real life. The place was a garden of rare beauty, the time was towards sunset in May, and the sky was dappled with rosy flecks of broken cloud. Years have passed since that day, the garden I speak of is now a heap of dust and mortar, its owner then has long since shifted his property into other hands and changed his very name, and the hero of my romaunt, the central figure of my mental tableau is no longer a "pilgrim" beneath the sun of this work-a-day world.

But I retain with all the vividness of present sight and sense the meanest circumstances of that introduction. I recall to a nicety the words spoken on the occasion, the various expressions on the faces about me at the moment, the exact aspect of the scenic *entourage*, with its details of shrubbery, grotto, and rosery, the pattern and style of the dresses worn by myself and my companions, and the actual title of a volume which was in my "Tristan's" hand, and of which I chanced to catch a glimpse as he bowed. What power can have impressed so ordinary an occurrence on my brain with such exceptional force and accuracy, that in a review of my past history I find this tiny particular eclipsing in prominence all the real events of my life? True it was the initial letter of a "sensation" chapter, but I did not know its significance then, nor guess what was to follow it. Have we within us some prophetic faculty of which we have no knowledge, that seizes upon such apparently trivial episodes, and fixes them in our remembrance for future reference or data when our Fate shall have further disburdened herself? Since that May day I have had my part in thousands of introductions, have wandered in many rose gardens, and seen the setting of many spring suns, and none of these has left any track of distinctive retrospect behind it; but the perfect memory of that one scene I shall carry with me to my grave.

And so with Ella Cairnsmuir. She needs not now to be reminded of the streak of yellow sunlight that streamed in through the opened casement of Le Rodeur's studio, winding its lazy way like a golden serpent over the oaken cill, across the adjusted window-curtain, and round a corner of the canvass on the easel, till it slid down to the polished wooden floor. Nor of the floor itself, with its glazed reflective triangles and diamonds and circles of different coloured woods, intersected and repeated after the artistic foreign fashion which does these things so much better than we; nor of the oil-colour tubes and brushes lying scattered round a bottle of turpentine on a low four-legged stool by the window, nor even of a little crimson paint daub visible upon the left breast of Tristan's loose picturesque Garibaldi shirt. She will never forget the sound of her mother's voice in pronouncing Le Rodeur's name, nor the rustle of her own silk dress as she bent towards him, nor the words of courteous common-place with which she acknowledged the introduction. Yet, very probably she fails to remember now the particulars of her presentation at her Majesty's Drawing-room, the attire of her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, who acted as the Queen's deputy on that occasion, the jewels and *coiffure* in which she herself appeared, and the demeanour of her mother during the momentous ceremony. For to her the event of that day has proved itself a mere incident in comparison with the incident which has proved itself an event.

But no responsive magnetism of sympathy met the thrill at Ella Cairnsmuir's heart. There was but one woman in the world to Tristan Le Rodeur, and she was—my Lady herself.

The afternoon wore away delightfully. Lady Cairnsmuir insisted on an exhibition of her protégé's pictures, and made him place them one after another upon the easel for Ella's delectation, criticising and suggesting and approving by turns, with an unembarrassed flow of language, and an authoritative ease of manner that rendered the secret of the previous day's emotion utterly impenetrable.

Ella had anticipated that her mother would be discomposed or silent, or at least passive in the presence of a man whose very name she had not been able to utter with calmness twenty-four hours before, but behold instead, her ladyship in the best of spirits and the most loquacious and imperative of moods, a little paler than her wont perhaps, but that might be the effect of the day's temperature, which was unusually warm, and she was never remarkable for brilliant colour.

There were a great many canvasses produced, but not one of them displayed more than a half completed painting, drawn with strange vigour and earnestness, and remarkable for the masterful contrast of light and shadow which it promised to contain when it should have arrived at a more advanced condition. What little colouring these sketches had received, was low and neutral like Turner's, but in each the *idea* was intense, a poem drawn with the brush instead of being written by the pen; a real thought drafted into visible shape, a giant, wreathed in mist, through which, the outline of his nervous colossal limbs was always distinct, and full of significant power. Yet only an *idea*,—only a promise,—only an outline! For whenever a fancy flashed upon Tristan's mind he loved to fix it immediately with his pencil, to be worked up into a complete picture at some future time, but his genius was as roving and erratic in its tastes as his name implied, and while the particular tone of mind in which each sketch was conceived and executed, passed away never to return, canvasses accumulated and multiplied, but no finished painting went forth from his atelier to astonish the world. In fine, Le Rodeur was literally surrounded and haunted by the ghosts of departed whims and forlorn hopes, and his studio was a very Limbo for the shades of unfortunate ideas which had perished in their infancy, nameless and undistinguished, possessed indeed of immortal souls, but having not the beauties of grace and development.

Alas, alas!—these unfinished pictures—so full of high prognostication for riper years—so pregnant with passion, nerve, thought and aspiration—were they not strangely significant of the life their creator was to lead—mute presages of the Future, omens of the fateful and premature Death which is so often the heritage of beauty and genius!

Had my Lady only divined it then!

"Have you *never* completed a picture, Le Rodeur?" she asked archly, but with a touch of something like disappointment, too, lurking behind the railery of her smile?

"Once or twice, Countess, when Baldassare helped me."

The reply was given a little carelessly, and accompanied by a slight heave of the shoulders, and an easy French gesture of deprecation, indescribably captivating to the eyes of Lady Ella, accustomed as she was to the severe immobility and drill of English deportment. Her watchful persistent gaze well-nigh transgressed her good breeding, but Tristan's uncommon attractions and novelty of style might surely have excused a greater fault in so youthful a stranger to his charms. To her the painter himself was a far more fascinating picture than his paintings.

My Lady, sitting before the easel, turned towards her daughter, who stood beside her with her eyes rivetted upon Tristan.

"Signor Baldassare," she explained, "is Le Rodeur's tutor and guardian; an artist of great talent and judgment. He entertains, I believe, a very high opinion of his pupil's abilities. But genius, Le Rodeur," she added, again addressing herself to the young painter, "will accomplish nothing without perseverance and ambition. Have you exhibited any pictures in Rome yet?"

"I never completed any, myself, Madame; Baldassare touched up a couple for me some time ago, and they were sold at his studio in the Ripetta, but I felt that the honour was not mine and I would not take the pistoles, so they were given to the dear Frau Gretel. It was just before her death."

Lady Cairnsmuir interposed, rather hurriedly. "Well, Le Rodeur, would you like to exhibit some picture which you would feel entitled to claim as your own work, in Paris or London?"

The magnetic eyes flashed flame for an instant, but the flame sank into darkness as swiftly as it had kindled, and the strange old age in his face came out instead, so vividly that Ella whose eyes were still fixed upon him, perceived it instantly, and shrank from it as though she had seen a spectre. "Madame," said he, "what good would it do me if I followed your suggestion? I have out-grown ambition. It is the folly of children."

Her Ladyship looked at him in surprise, and would perhaps have laughed, but for the expression she saw upon his countenance. "Then," she answered, "you are not enthusiastic? I believed enthusiasm to be a necessary element in the heart of the artist."

"Yes, when the artist is young," said he. "But enthusiasm does not usually abide long. Indeed, the Devil is the only artist I ever heard of, who has arrived at a mature age, and yet retains his early enthusiasm for his art."

Whether he spoke in bitterness, in earnestness or in scorn, my Lady could not determine. She leaned back in her chair and looked at him.

"You are a strange young man," she said, slowly, "and if any one else than you had said that I should have taken it as jest. May I ask if you really consider yourself past your youth already?"

"Age is not measured by years," answered Tristan, with melancholy. "I am old."

He dropped himself gloomily on the wooden seat by the open window as he spoke, and pushed aside the shadowing curtain from the casement. The yellow zig-zag line of sunshine broadened to a sheet of gold upon wall and drapery and floor, and as the bright light smote full upon Tristan's face the old age in it passed out and faded—as a shadow dies out of clear waters—and he added with sudden earnestness,

"Are you going to Paris, Countess?"

"Certainly," replied Lady Dolores, "we shall spend the winter there, I hope."

"Ah—h!" responded Tristan, meeting her eyes, and breathing out the long luscious interjection of the south with extatic fervour, "then indeed, I should like to go also! But I should be a stranger there."

"No one, who has wit and genius can be a stranger in Paris," answered my Lady. "If you are Roman by birth, you are Parisian by name and paternity, and you speak French better than Italian. It is odd to hear you confess to me in French, which has no touch of patois in it, that you have never been to Paris! But there is plenty of time before us, Le Rodeur, and Baldassare must be consulted first, you know. I assure you," she glanced swiftly at Ella, "that it would be no slight pleasure to me to be enabled to continue the enjoyment of your society in Paris."

She inclined her head towards him as she uttered the compliment, and he would have replied, but she, as though conscious of having said too much, hastened to amend her indiscretion with advice. "For I believe, Le Rodeur, that the associations into which you would enter in Paris,

and the connexions which I might be able probably to form for you there, would benefit you greatly in more ways than one. You are dreamy, speculative, theoretic, unpractical. Baldassare talks to you of Art and Nature, and your mind and manners are saturated with the influences of such talk. Not," cried my Lady, with sudden energy, "not that I disparage your guardian—God forbid! But I should like to show you a new world, a world—not of ideals and abstracts, but of men and women—a world, *Le Rodeur*, in which you may possibly discover yourself to be exceedingly—and *dangerously*—young."

Her lips seemed to glitter with the brilliance of her smile as she paused over the last two words, and the emphasis with which they were pronounced, though it appeared to pass unnoticed by Tristan, vibrated every pulse of Ella's heart, with a sharp tingling fear, as strange to her as unaccountable. She longed to say something to her mother's *protégé*, which should draw his attention towards herself, but in vain; she disdained ordinary remarks, and nothing epigrammatical suggested itself to her mind. What embarrassed her? Not the French in which the conversation was carried on, for that language was as familiar to her as English, and yet she feared that Tristan must suppose her either deficient of skill to express herself in it, or else terribly absent and uninterested. Ella concluded that never before had she felt so stupid, so awkward, so miserably happy, so restlessly content. It did not occur to her—for how should she know it—chat all this was the "very tune of love," and that she—the highborn trescanted Phœbe, unversed in the lore of erotic mysteries—had that evening found her Endymion!

TO BE CONTINUED.

WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE AT CARDIFF.

A SERIES of meetings are being held just now in South Wales, in furtherance of the movement for granting Parliamentary votes to women. The two first were held at Newport, Monmouthshire, and at Pontypridd; and the third at Cardiff, on the 21st ult., in the Crown Court, where, in spite of the Art and Science meeting being held in the Assembly Room under the same roof, and presided over by the Bishop of Llandaff, and several other meetings going on in the town, there was a crowded audience, comprising a large number of ladies. The Chairman, Mr. Richard Cary, junr., after expressing his concurrence in the movement, referred to the satisfactory way in which women's votes had worked in municipal elections. The first resolution was moved by the Rev. H. Chester, who said he would not have taken part in this present meeting, had it been of a partizan political character. The resolution, which declared the exclusion of women from the franchise to be unjust, was seconded by Miss Biggs, of London. She referred to the fact that women already enjoyed votes for the election of town councillors, guardians, and other public officers, and that women numbered one-seventh of the whole number of ratepayers. The speaker discussed at some length the numerous objections commonly urged against giving women votes, and concluded an able and lucid speech amidst general applause.

The Rev. W. Knox, of Bristol, the deputation from the Bristol Auxilliary Society, next spoke; after which the Rev. J. Waite, B.A., was called upon to move a resolution in support of Mr. Bright's Bill, adopting petitions in favour of, and asking Col. Stuart to vote in its behalf. Miss Ashworth, of Bath, seconded the resolution, and stated that there were two millions of voters in the kingdom, and if votes were granted to women there would be 170,000 women voters. She had noticed that the Lord-Lieutenant for the county, Mr. C. R. M. Talbot, M.P., had invariably supported the Bill; whilst the Member for their Borough had as often voted against it. She hoped that when he heard of this enthusiastic meeting in a town like Cardiff, numbering some 70,000 inhabitants, he might be induced to give them his support. The speaker brought a most logical and able speech to a close amidst cheers. The general vote of thanks was accorded to the Chairman, and a special vote to the two ladies who had set forth their sentiments in so calm and logical a manner; but Miss Ashworth, in responding, said, that thanks were scarcely needed, after the enthusiastic welcome which that crowded meeting had given them. A local committee was formed, and Miss Jenner, of Wenvoe, being requested to act as secretary.

WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE IN LAMBETH.

THE London campaign for Women's Suffrage opened on Wednesday, with a large meeting, more than one-third composed of working class women, in the Lambeth Baths, Lower-marsh. The Rev. G. M. Murphy occupied the chair, and among those present were Miss Blind, Mrs. Wm. Burbury, Mrs. Amelia Lewis, Mrs. Mansfield (barrister-at-law, from Iowa), Mrs. Orme, Miss Eliza Orme, Miss Taylour (from Scotland), Mrs. Webster, Messieurs P. W. Funnell, George Hill, R. D. Hilton, W. E. Jones, Mansfield, Geo. Prichard, Webster, C. White, and many members of the South London vestries. A speech from the Chairman in cordial approval of the objects and work of the London National Society, and in advocacy of the claims of women to the Parliamentary franchise, was followed by a resolution, proposed by Mr. J. T. Dexter, seconded by Miss Taylour, and supported by Mr. R. D. Hilton (a member of the St. George's Vestry)—"That in a system of Government avowedly representative, the interests of the unrepresented are certain to suffer." The adoption of a petition to Parliament in favour of extending the franchise to women householders and ratepayers, was proposed by Mr. George Prichard, seconded by Miss Orme, and supported by Mr. W. E. Jones (member of the Lambeth Vestry). A resolution of thanks to the Chairman, moved by Mrs. Wm. Burbury and seconded by Mr. Charles White (member of the Lambeth Vestry), brought the proceedings, which were characterised by great unanimity, to a close.

The meeting took place in a monster swimming-bath, from which the water had been drained off, and the speakers stood upon the diving-board to support the several resolutions. The presence of a huge well below and another in the roof was hardly calculated to promote effective speaking, though the acoustic properties of the building were vastly improved by a sounding-board extending over the whole area of the platform. The lady-speakers were by far the best heard. An assemblage in which the democracy largely predominate is invariably marked by a certain rough courtesy to women of a higher class, so long as they do not appear to step beyond their legitimate sphere; and happily, the unstudied grace of each of the ladies who spoke, together with the quiet self-possession which each displayed, produced an effect that was pleasing to witness. Miss Taylour's musical voice gave wings to her words, and she was well applauded. Miss Orme spoke very calmly and deliberately, and it was expected that she would be disconcerted by the indistinct noises which always break the dead silence in a popular meeting; but her manner hushed every voice and stilled every foot, and twice during her short, logical speech, as well as at its close, the spontaneous outburst of enthusiastic applause from the entire audience showed not only that she was clearly understood, but that her arguments were well appreciated. Mrs. Burbury, on moving the vote of thanks to the Chairman, was also attentively listened to, and there was considerable laughter when she referred to the mutually destructive objections which the opponents of Women's Suffrage have hitherto brought against the movement.

Several intending speakers and active sympathisers were, by various causes, kept away from the meeting. Among these were Mr. Robert Applegarth, Mr. C. M. Barker (of Kennington), the Rev. James Harcourt (of Camberwell), Mr. Percy M. Hart (of South Lambeth, who was called away to Brighton), and Mr. D. Morgan Thomas (of Stockwell and the Temple, barrister-at-law, whose legal engagements prevented his attending as, until the evening, he had hoped to do). Mr. Fraser Halle, LL.D. (of South Lambeth; author of "Exact Philosophy"), Mr. W. E. Church (the secretary of Dunn's Literary Institute), Mr. John C. Button (of Stockwell), Mr. J. Edwyn Pentreath, and many other leading residents of South London sent cordial letters of sympathy, regretting that they could not be present at the meeting.

A DISCUSSION on the Women's Suffrage question takes place on Monday next, at the Highgate Working Men's Club; the subject being opened on the part of the Hampstead Branch of the London National Society.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTES.

THE Upton Young Men's Society, meeting in Southwark, had last week, a night of impromptu speaking; the subjects being drawn by lot. The question, "Would it be conducive to the welfare of our country to appoint women Members of Parliament?" fell to the lot of a Mr. Woods, who answered with an emphatic "No!" His speech is unreported.

IN Miss Jex-Blake's article on "Physical Education," in the *Journal of Progress* of the 30th ultimo, "culture" was misprinted for "censure" in the 9th line of the first column; and "simple" for "single" in the 46th line on page 130. These errata, we should state, were in no way due to the author of the article, and we regret that they should have occurred in the hasty revision of separate proofs.

THE London correspondent of the *Dundee Advertiser* speaks of the contemplated candidature of a lady at the summer session of one of the Inns of Court, with the object of eating terms and gaining admission to the bar. The same lady is described as having distinguished herself very highly at the University of London, and as being widely known and greatly respected in the metropolis by her active and able advocacy of the women's cause.

A READY cover for books, the *Parochial Critic* suggests, may be formed of a couple of envelopes of the usual shape and sufficient size. They are best, however, in linen, as then they will not tear. You slip the first envelope over one cover with the flap outside, pressing it round the back of the book; and then the other envelope over the other cover. The flaps thus cross over the back of the book on the opposite sides; and anyone who pleases may fasten the last one at the usual sealing point.

THE London National Society for Women's Suffrage, of which Mr. John Stuart Mill is president, has just ordered for circulation in England 1,000 copies of the essay entitled "Women's Need of Representation," written lately by Miss Anne J. Robertson, President of the Irish Society. The first edition of a thousand copies was disposed of in a short time, and now a much larger edition is called for.

MADAME RONNIGER addressed, on Monday evening, a meeting at Stranraer, N.B., held in the Queen's Hall, under the presidency of ex-Provost Guthrie, on the subject of Women's Suffrage. In the course of her address she said:—"In reference to dormant or unapplied energies, something in the *Glasgow Herald* of Saturday last struck me very forcibly. It was an account of the Protestant meeting at Dundee, and the conclusion of the report mentioned the multiplication of convents for women in this country. Though to a certain extent we may sympathise with the world-worn, the weary, or the guilty seeking a shelter and a refuge from the storms of active life,—are these motives which should actuate the men and women of the 19th century? Are we to seek in morbid seclusion the indulgence of selfish inactivity, when around us 'the very stones cry out' for help and comfort? No! Our convents in these days should be the homes of suffering—the social problems which need hope, and faith, and courage, till they shall be unravelled: let us in these seek solace and forgetfulness from the troubles which oppress our hearts, and in the alleviation of the distresses of the wretched we shall shake off many of our own miseries; and if expiation be needed, let it be sought, not in paternoster or penance, but in the living faith, the active duties of the Christian and the citizen."

ON Wednesday were married at the private chapel in Kensington Palace, Mrs. Sayer, eldest daughter of the Hon. Sir Charles B. Phipps, the widow of Captain Frederick Sayer (23rd Royal Welsh Fusiliers), and Captain William Chain, of the 10th Hussars. The bride was given away by her brother, Captain Phipps; and Viscount Valentia, the bridegroom's brother officer, acted as best man. The gallant captain and bride have gone to his seat in the north of Ireland for a few weeks.

IN the Court of Common Pleas, on Thursday, Miss Emily Faithfull, the editor of the *Victoria Magazine*, claimed from Mr. Foakes, a medical man, £41 1s. 9d. for printing a work of his upon "Gout and Rheumatic Gout." The defence set up was that the printing was not well done, and also that there was a set-off of £28 7s. for twenty seven visits paid to the plaintiff professionally, at one guinea a visit. In connection with this set-off it was said that Miss Faithfull herself could not be called, as she was now engaged lecturing in America, but it was also stated that, at all events, the charge of a guinea a visit was more than should be allowed. The jury found for the plaintiff for the amount claimed, £41 1s. 9, less £8 15s.

THE Edinburgh Committee of the National Society for Women's Suffrage has resumed its regular meetings, assembly, after a lengthened recess, to receive a report of eighteen public meetings (seventeen of them highly successful) during the past two months, attended by Miss Taylour and Miss M'Laren. Miss Taylour having intimated her intention to leave Scotland shortly for a residence in England, it was resolved by the Committee to record their appreciation of her generous, disinterested, and indefatigable services in having given three years of zealous labour to the cause of Women's Suffrage; during which she had delivered 131 lectures, characterized by much care, thought, and talent, which have awakened interest not only in the question of granting Parliamentary Suffrage to women, but also in the higher development of women generally. For these and other (executive) labours, the Committee recorded their grateful thanks, and expressed the wish that in removing to another home she might still be able to promote similar objects, and that a blessing might rest on her in all her future life and work.

THE decease, on Friday last, of Mrs. Somerville, near the close of her 82nd year, will be heard of with regret by every one who is interested in the progress of science. Born in Scotland, and trained at a school near Edinburgh, she early developed a taste for mathematics, in which she was encouraged and assisted by her first husband, Capt. Greig, of the Russian navy. The results of her experiments on light and magnetism were communicated to the Royal Society in 1826; five years later she published her careful and learned work on "The Mechanism of the Heavens," which was followed by volumes on "The Connexion of the Physical Sciences," "Physical Geography," and (three years ago) "Molecular and Microscopic Science." Mrs. Somerville's contributions to scientific knowledge were such that she could not continue long unrecognized in the highest scientific circles. She was, with Miss Caroline Herschel, elected, in 1834, to the honorary Fellowship of the Royal Astronomical Society; the Royal Society subscribed for a bust of her which was executed by Chantrey; the Geographical Society gave her its medal; and for some years she enjoyed a pension from the Civil List. Had she been of the masculine gender, there is no doubt that her services would have been acknowledged earlier and more substantially than they were. The fact that, by no fault of her own, she was a woman, was the ungracious plea for long withholding honours that were rightfully her due. Her praises on every tongue her fame extended by the high commendations of the *Quarterly* and the *Edinburgh Reviews*, she continued her scientific work to the last, triumphantly proving, by her success, that there is nothing in the feminine intellect nor in the nature of scientific pursuits to disqualify women for a share in the great mission of human progress. She died an ornament to science, and the glory and boast of women.

From J. Hounsell, Esq., Surgeon, Bridport, Dorsetshire: "I consider BUNTER'S NERVINE a specific for tooth-ache. Very severe cases under my care have found instantaneous and permanent relief." From E. Smith, Esq., Surgeon, Sherston, near Cirencester: "I have tried BUNTER'S NERVINE in many cases of severe tooth-ache, and in every instance permanent relief has been obtained." Sold by all Chemists, 1s. 1 1/2d. per packet; or post-free for 15 stamps from J. R. Cooper, Maidstone.—ADVT.

PORTRAIT ALBUMS are now to be found on every drawing-room table. No article is more welcome as a gift. They were badly bound when first introduced, but are now got up in the most perfect style, with leather joints, so as to last for years, at extraordinarily low prices for 50, 100, 300, or 400 portraits, by Parkins and Gotto, purveyors of fancy articles to H.R.H. the Princess of Wales, 27 and 28, Oxford-street, London, W.—ADVT.

BORWICK'S CUSTARD POWDER is now used by all respectable families for making delicious Custards and Blanc Manges, and nothing can be more agreeable to eat with Puddings, Pies, and Stewed Fruits. Sold by all corndealers in 1d. and 2d. packets, and 6d. and 1s. tins.—ADVT.

MADAME TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION.—The enterprising proprietors of this Exhibition have just added a life-like group to their collection, consisting of Dr. Livingstone, Mr. H. M. Stanley, and his little black boy "Kalulu." The wo latter dressed in clothes a perfect fac-simile of those they had on when they met the great African traveller. The interest all must have felt in the finder of Livingstone will be greatly increased by their acquaintance with the discoverer and his boy, which can now be made by a visit to Madame Tussaud's.

IF THERE ARE ANY LADIES who have not yet used the GLENFIELD STARCH, they are respectfully solicited to give it a trial, and carefully follow out the directions printed on every package, and if this is done they will say, like the Queen's Laundress, it is the finest Starch they ever used. When you ask for GLENFIELD STARCH, see that you get it; as inferior kinds are often substituted for the sake of an extra profit. Beware, therefore, of spurious imitations.—ADVT.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.—A Grateful Father is desirous of sending by mail, free of charge to all who wish it, a copy of the prescription by which his daughter was restored to perfect health from confirmed consumption, after having been given up by her physicians and despaired of by her father, a well-known physician, who has now discontinued practice. Sent to any person Free. Address O. P. Brown, Secretary, 2, King-street, Covent-garden, London.—ADVT.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS are decidedly the best remedy for all disorders of the stomach and bowels, the liver and kidneys. They act with so decided an effect and yet so gently, that people of the most delicate constitutions can take them with perfect confidence. They do not contain a single grain of mercury or other noxious substance, being composed exclusively of rare balsams. They are, therefore, equally safe and efficacious, and as a family medicine, nothing yet invented or discovered can be compared with them for a moment. In that particular state of the system where the appetite is large, with digestion slow and imperfect, Holloway's Pills arrest mischief and shield the youthful invalid against fading into premature old age.

Painless Dentistry.

MESSRS. GABRIEL,

Dentists,

ONLY ADDRESS,

64, LUDGATE HILL, CITY,

AND

56, Harley Street, Cavendish Square.

Where the Nitrous-Oxyde Gas is administered daily.

Painless Dentistry.

LEA AND PERRINS' SAUCE THE "WORCESTERSHIRE."



Pronounced by Connoisseurs "THE ONLY GOOD SAUCE." Its use improves appetite and digestion. Unrivalled for piquancy and flavour. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

To avoid which, see the names LEA and PERRINS on all Bottles and Labels.

ASK FOR LEA AND PERRINS' SAUCE.

Agents—Crosser & Blackwell, London and Sold by all dealers in Sauces throughout the world.

CHILDREN TEETHING.



At no period of young life is more anxiety and trouble given to mothers and nurses than when children are "cutting" their teeth. The pain can be immediately relieved by applying to the gums MRS. JOHNSON'S AMERICAN SOOTHING SYRUP which has stood the test of nearly half a century. It is innocent, efficacious, and acceptable to the child.

None genuine without the name of BARCLAY and Sons, Farringdon-street, on the stamp.

Sold by all chemists at 2s. 9d. a bottle.

THE BIRKBECK

Is the only Building Society whose Annual Receipts exceed One Mill

HOW TO PURCHASE A HOUSE FOR TWO GUINEAS per Month. With immediate possession, and no rent to pay. Apply at the Office of the BIRKBECK BUILDING SOCIETY, 29 and 30, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane.

HOW TO PURCHASE A PLOT OF LAND FOR 2s. per month, with immediate possession, either for Building or Gardening purposes. Apply at the Office of the BIRKBECK FREEHOLD LAND SOCIETY, 29 and 30, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane.

HOW TO INVEST YOUR MONEY WITH SAFETY at 2 1/2 per cent. interest. Apply at the Office of the BIRKBECK BANK.

All sums under £60 repayable upon demand. Current Accounts opened similar to Ordinary Bankers. Cheque Books supplied.

Office hours from 10 till 4, on Mondays from 10 till 9, and on Saturdays from 10 till 3 o'clock.

A small pamphlet, containing full particulars, may be sent gratis, or sent post free upon application to

FRANCIS RAVENSCROFT, Manager

ROSETTE WORK,

AND HOW TO MAKE IT.

Plainly Illustrated and Described, Sixpence, Post Free, Sevenpence. ROSETTE PAPERS—sizes, Nos. 1 to 9, in Cream, Ivory, Purple, Brown, Cedar, Red, Ebony, &c., 6d. per packet, post free, 7d. Gold and Silver, 1s. per packet, post free 1s. 1d.

Bemrose and sons, 21, Paternoster-row, London, and Derby, CHURCH DECORATION, ROSETTE WORK,

And How to Make it. Illustrated, Price 6d. Post Free 7d.

Bemrose and Sons, 21, Paternoster-row, London, and Derby.

GOOD NEWS FOR THE DEAF!

ORCHARDS' CURE FOR DEAFNESS.

MAY BE USED WITH PERFECT SAFETY.

Contains nothing which can possibly injure the Ear. Price 13 1/2d. 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's bells (a very powerful peal) 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.

INVALID LADIES IN REDUCED CIRCUMSTANCES.

MAY OBTAIN IN THE

NEW WING of the HOSPITAL for WOMEN, SCHO SQUARE,

For One Guinea a Week, the advantages of Hospital Treatment, and Nursing, combined with the Comforts of Home. Patients may in some cases be accompanied by a female friend. Full particulars and admission papers may be obtained on application to

HENRY B. INGRAM, Secretary

Metropolitan Drinking Fountain & Cattle Trough Association, 1, SHORTER'S COURT, THROGMORTON STREET, LONDON, E.C.

PRESIDENT:—

The Most Hon. the MARQUIS OF WESTMINSTER, K.G.

CHAIRMAN OF COMMITTEE:—

SAMUEL GURNEY, Esq.

Supported entirely by voluntary contributions. Cheques and P.O.O. (payable at the General Office), to be crossed "Ransom and Co." Communications to be addressed to the "Secretary," at the office of the Association.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS ARE EARNESTLY SOLICITED.

ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL.

A delightfully fragrant and transparent preparation for the Hair, and an Invigorator and Beautifier beyond all precedent. Price 3s. 6d., 7s., 10s. 6d., and 21s. per bottle.

ROWLANDS' KALYDOE.

For imparting a healthy bloom to the Complexion, and a softness and delicacy to the Skin, and for eradicating cutaneous effects. Price 4s. 6d. and 8s. 6d. per bottle.

ROWLANDS' ODONTO.

or PEARL DENTIFRICE, for preserving and giving a Pearl-like Whiteness to the Teeth, a pleasing fragrance to the Breath, and for strengthening the Gums. Price 2s. 9d. per box.

Sold by Chemists and Perfumers. * * Ask for "ROWLANDS'" Articles and see that their signature is in red ink on the wrapper of each article without which none are genuine.



POON FOR LADY CAPITALISTS.—The Widow of an eminent Professional man has in her possession, entirely unincumbered, a MONOPOLY of universal use and of considerable value. £1,000 to £1,500 is required to bring it prominently before the public. The ultimate net profits are calculated by a competent authority as not less than from £2,000 to £3,000 per annum. Principals or their Solicitors only may address by letter in first instance to Madame Ferge, care of the Publisher of the Lady's Own Paper, 3, Shoe-lane, E.C.

SKIN DISEASES.

AKHURST'S GOLDEN LOTION Positively Cures SCURVY, RINGWORM, ICH-THYRUS, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES, ERUPTIONS, ECZEMA, and every form of skin disease with absolute and un- fail- ing 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.

FRAMPTON'S PILL OF HEALTH. 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.

For FEMALES these Pills are truly excellent, removing all obstructions, the distressing headache so prevalent with the sex, depression of spirits, dulness of sight, nervous affections, blotches, pimples, and sallowness of the skin, and give a healthy bloom to the complexion. Sold by medicine vendors, price 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 8d. per box.

GLENFIELD STARCH Is the only kind used in her Majesty's Laundry. If there are any Ladies who have not yet used the GLENFIELD STARCH, they are respectfully solicited to give it a trial, and carefully follow out the directions printed on every package, and if this is done, they will stay, like the Queen's Laundry, in the finest STARCH they ever used. When you ask for GLENFIELD STARCH, see that you get it, as inferior kinds are often substituted for the sake of extra profit. Beware therefore of un- rious imitations.

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER. THOMPSON'S BURDOCK PILLS

Overcome the Worst Forms of Diseases, and the Foulest State of the Blood, Stomach, Liver, and Kidneys; they go to the core of every disease where no other Medicine has power to reach.

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 itchy eruptions, jaundice, and dropsy, and fevers of all kinds. These pills clear the blood from all impure matter, from what- ever cause arising.

In boxes at 1s. 1½d. each. Sold by most chemists, or from the Establishment, 34, HIGH STREET, SWAN- SKA.

Wholesale Agents—Barclay and Sons, 29 Farringdon street, London; and Messrs. W. Sutton and Co., 10 Bow-churchyard, London.

TESTIMONIAL TO MR. THOMPSON.

Admington, Gloucestershire, May 22, 1871.
Sir,—Your Burdock Pills have done me much good. I was suffering from palpitation of the heart, with a full and painful sensation about the chest and stomach, a feeling as though I was choking, with a great swelling in the bowels, a pain across the back, no appetite, a very bad taste in the mouth. I tried doctors and all the pills and medicine advertised, and they done me no good. I still got weaker, and more nervous, and I was afraid to go to bed, such a dread and palpitation of the heart. At last I saw your advertisement, the Great Blood Purifier, Thompson's Burdock Pills, and as my uncle was a doctor, and often said that Burdock was worth a guinea a grain for strengthening the blood, I thought I would try them, and the first dose that I took removed a large quantity of black matter, like decayed liver, and the pain in my back and bowels was removed. All the doctors I consulted told me my liver was diseased. I suppose the pills were carrying it off from the system. I had only taken one box, when I could eat, drink, and sleep. I seem to have new blood and liver, also new life. Yours truly, G.M.

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

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."
CLARK'S

WORLD-FAMED BLOOD MIXTURE Is Warranted to Cleanse the Blood from all Impurities from whatever cause arising. For scrofula, scurvy, skin, and blood diseases, its effects are marvellous. In bottles 2s. 6d. each, and in cases of six bottles, 11s. each, of all Chemists. Sent to any address on 27 or 152 stamps, by the Proprietor, F. J. CLARKE Chemist, Lincoln.

Published Fortnightly, Price 1d.
THE ANTI-GAME LAW CIRCULAR,
AND
ORGAN OF THE ANTI-GAME LAW LEAGUE.
OFFICE:
13, BEAUFORT BUILDINGS,
STRAND, W.C.

AN IMPORTANT DISCOVERY
BY A CHEMIST.
THE CARBOLIC CHEST PROTECTOR.
The Proprietor having suffered for years the most excruciating pain in the Chest and Liver, as a Chemist, he tried all means in the way of medicine and outward application, and had advice from eminent physicians but all of no avail. Since wearing the Carbolic Chest Protector, his recovery is so complete as to speak, almost miraculous. The Protectors have proved effec- tual to all who have purchased them. Testimonial give astonishing facts. Price 1s. 8d., post-free for 2½ stamps. To be had only of H. J. ABINGTON, Dis- pensing Chemist, Ringstead, near Thrapston, North- amptonshire.

PRICE NINEPENCE.
FOUR HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-ONE QUESTIONS
SELECTED FROM THE
HISTORY OF FRANCE.
CALCULATED TO GIVE
YOUNG PERSONS CLEAR IDEAS
OF THE
Leading Events, Institutions, and Political
Changes which have taken place in the
GOVERNMENT OF THAT COUNTRY.
By E. M. LINDARS.
LONDON:

Published by T. SMITH, 3, Shoe-lane, E.C.
A Specimen Copy supplied to Tutors
post-free by the Publisher, upon the receipt
of Six Stamps.
Sold by WHITTAKER and Co., Ave Maria-
lane, E.C.

INEXPENSIVE HAIR RESTORER.
LOCKYER'S SULPHUR HAIR RESTORER is guaranteed to restore grey hair to its former colour in a few days. Quite harmless. Large bottles, 1s. 6d.; cases of three for country, 1½ stamps. Pepper, 237, Tottenham-court-road, London, and all Chemists.

CORNS, BUNIONS, and ENLARGED TOE JOINTS.—The pain is instantly relieved and complete cure effected by DeLar's Corn and Bunion Plasters. Sold by all Chemists, 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 8d. per box; J. Pepper, 237, Tottenham-court-road, London. By post 1½ stamps.

DEAFNESS, Noises in the Ears and Head.—DeLar's Essence for Deafness is an Extraordinary Remedy—it always Relieves, and generally Cures. It is quite harmless. Sold in Bottles, 1s. 1½d. each, by J. Pepper, 237, Tottenham-court-road, London, and all Chemists; post free, 18 stamps.

THE ENAMEL of the TEETH.—By using Cracroft's Arcua Nut Tooth Paste, this Delicate Coating becomes Sound, White, and Polished as the Finest Ivory. Sold in Pots, 1s. and 2s. 6d. each, by J. Pepper, 237, Tottenham-court-road, London, and all Chemists.

HEALTH, STRENGTH, ENERGY.—PEPPER'S QUININE and IRON TONIC Strengthens the Nerves, Increases the quantity of the Blood, promotes Appetite, improves Weak Digestion, animates the Spirits, and thoroughly Recruits the Health. Bottles (32 doses), 4s. 6d. Next size, 11s. Stone Jars, 2s. Of J. Pepper, 237, Tottenham-court-road, London, and all Chemists.

SPECTACLES.
WITH LENSES ground on an entire new principle, requiring much less than the usual magnifying power, with Fine Steel Frames and Real Brazil Pebbles, 7s. 6d. and 10s. 6d.; with best Cr. steel, 6d., 7s. 6d. Country Residents can be suited by stating age. Bernard Davis, 430, Euston-road, London, Optician to the Eye Hospitals. Extract from *Medical Circular*, Nov. 16th, 1869.—"We have seen Mr. Bernard Davis's Improved Spectacles, and from their peculiar transparency, the most imperfect vision may be surpris- ingly assisted. Magic Lanterns, Dissolving Views, Opera Glasses, Microscopes, Telescopes, &c., &c. Descrip- tive Catalogues Gratis."
Microscope and Telescope
Combined. A Wonderful Optical Apparatus, forming two instruments, equal in power to some of the most expensive made, 25s. Made and sold only by Bernard Davis, Optician, 430, Euston-road.

KILLWICKE'S EMBROCATION
AFFORDS
INSTANT RELIEF FROM ALL AILMENTS ARISING FROM EXPOSURE TO COLD.

Being an Infalible Cure for Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sore Throat, Eucache, Toothache, and also Sprains. In the month of September, 1765, Captain Cottow Kill- wicke, under the command of Commodore James, fought a desperate battle with the celebrated pirate, Angria, whom he eventually captured. This pirate murdered the crews 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 or- ders 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 cur- lasses 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, him- self 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. Cap- tain Killwicke afterwards had the honour to convey King George II to Hanover, at which time his Majesty was suffering from a very severe cold. The Captain intro- duced 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 Cap- tain 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 publically 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 prepara- tion in the world which may be so thoroughly relied upon for the treatment of the above ailments as Kill- wicke's Embrocation. Nothing can be more simple or safe, or the manner in which it is applied, or its action on the body.

This Embrocation should be well rubbed over the parts affected night and morning.
Sold in bottles at 2s., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d., by
M. RENARD,
368, HOLLOWAY ROAD, OPPOSITE CAMDEN ROAD.
Forwarded to any part of England on receipt of Postage Stamps or P.O.O.

NOW READY, PRICE 1s.
An Essay on the Admission of Women to the Electoral Franchise,
BY
NINON KINGSFORD.

TRUBNER and Co., 60, Paternoster-row.
PRICE 2s. 6d.

River Reeds, and other Poems,
BY
MRS. KINGSFORD.

PRICE 1s. 6d.
Beatrice: a Tale of the Early Christians,
BY
MRS. KINGSFORD.
LONDON: MASTERS and SON, 78, New Bond-
street, W.

TO EITHER SEX.—A speedy, safe, and pleasant way of realising a few shillings daily, not interfering in any way with present occupation. Samples and particulars, 9 stamps. Not approved of, the money immediately returned.
Messrs. WESTBURY and CO., Birmingham.

BEST FOOD FOR INFANTS
"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. HASSALL.
No boiling or straining required.
Tins, 1s., 2s., 5s., and 10s.
Prepared by SAVERY and MOORE New Bond-street London.
Procurable of all Italian Warehousemen and chemists.

DR. BRADLEY'S FEMALE PILLS.—To be taken in all Female Complaints, removing all irregu- larities and obstructions of the Female System. 2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d. per box; sent by post for stamps. T. BRAD- LBY, 38, Bond-street, Brighton. Female mixture 2s. 9d. per bottle.

CARPETS AT A GREAT REDUCTION.
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.

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.

JOHN GOSNELL & CO.'S PATENT TRICHO-SARON, or newly invented HAIR BRUSH, the peculiar mechanical construction of which accomplishes the two operations of cleaning and polishing simultaneously.

JOHN GOSNELL & CO.'S MOELLINE, GOLDEN OIL, LA NOBLESSE POMADE, MACASSAR OIL, &c., for the Hair.

JOHN GOSNELL & CO.'S TOILET AND NURSERY POWDER. Celebrated for its purity and exquisite fragrance.

To be had of all Perfumers and Chemists throughout the Kingdom, and at the Manufactory, Angel Passage, 93, Upper Thames-street, London.

CHRISTMAS FIELD'S PRESENTS.

Electro-Plate and Cutlery for Table use, all through alike, with a strong coating of Pure Silver.

Table Forks and Spoons full size, 24s. per doz. Second size, 16s. 6d. per doz. Tea Spoons, 9s. 6d. per doz. White Handle Dinner Knives, 12s. per doz. Second Size, 9s. 6d. per doz. Carvers, 4s. 6d. pair. Tea and Coffee Services, 35s. set. Fish Eating Knives, 35s. doz., in Box. Cruet Stands, 10s. 6d. Biscuit Boxes, 10s. 6d. Egg-stands, 15s. Toast-racks, 5s. Plated Dessert Knives and Forks, 35s., dozen pair, in Box. Liquor Stands, 25s. Entree Dishes (form 8) 4l. 4s. Revolving Bacon Dishes, 55s. Butter Dishes, 5s.

OLD SILVER BOUGHT OR TAKEN IN EXCHANGE.

WEDDING 28. CHEAPSIDE PRESENTS.

GOOD NEWS FOR THE GENTLER SEX. C. GEE TAYLOR'S FEMALE PILLS,

PRICE 134d. 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 Colony, 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 best 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 14 stamps to the Proprietor, Mr. Arthur Ballard, Chemist, M. P. S., Faringdon, Berks, and he will send them immediately free by post.

Powsy, Wilts, May, 1872.

UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF THE  PROFESSIONAL GENTLEMEN, MERCHANTS, TRADESMEN, RAILWAY COS., &c.

Carpets and Matting.

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

MESSRS. CHILES and CO.,

57 and 60, BELMONT STREET, CHALK FARM ROAD, LONDON, N.W.

NEAPOLITAN BAKING POWDER.

MANUFACTURED BY

R. TADMAN AND CO.,

Office and Depot, 41, Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury.

This excellent Baking Powder is superior to any ever offered to the public. No alum or any other injurious ingredient. Acknowledged to be perfectly wholesome 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 14, and 2d., and in Patent Boxes at 6d., 1s., 2s. 6d., and 5s.

Mr. R. TADMAN,

Refreshment Dept.

London, June 10, 1873.

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. NICHOLS,
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, S. James' S.W.

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.

DR. PARIS'S NERVOUS RESTORATIVE LOZENGES,

for imparting tone and energy to the nervous system. Pleasant to the taste, and possessing highly reanimating properties, they will be found an invaluable remedy in all cases of debility, nervousness, depression of spirits, trembling of the limbs, palpitation of the heart, &c., restoring health, strength, and vigour in a few weeks.—Sold in boxes at 4s. 6d., 15s., and 32s.; by post 4s. 8d., 16s. 4d., and 35s., by E. Clever, 63, Oxford-street, London; and Westmacott, 17, Market-street, Manchester.

LOOK TO YOUR TEETH.

M. FRANCOIS, Surgeon-Dentist, continues to SUPPLY his celebrated ARTIFICIAL TEETH, on vulcanised base, at 3 a tooth and 2s 10s. a set. These teeth are more natural, comfortable, and durable than any yet produced, and are self adhesive.—42, Judd-street, near King's-cross road Easton-square.—Consultation Free.

THE HIGH PRICE OF MEAT.—Great economy effected by using LEBBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. Read carefully the printed instructions.

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

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, retuxation 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 griping pains, more particularly about the navel, short dry cough, and emaciation of the body, often mistake 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.

Sold at 134d., and 2s. 2d. per box, by most Chemist by post for 14 or 34 stamps, from the sole manufacturer: JOHN DAVIES, CHEMIST, SWANSEA.

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 (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.

LEE'S PERSIAN BALM

QUICKLY PREVENTS THE HAIR FROM FALLING OFF, OR LOSING ITS BEAUTY, AND RESTORES GREY HAIR TO ITS NATURAL COLOUR

WITHOUT STAINING THE SKIN.

Sold by the Proprietor,

JOHN LEE, Chemist, Yarmouth, and most chemists.

21s., 10s. 6d., 5s. 6d.

See Beeton's All About Everything, 1871, p. 264.

TO LADIES, LADIES' MAIDS, and HEAD NURSES.—A Lady, who has had great experience in getting-up Ladies' and Children's Hair, is in possession of an infallible Method to make HAIR CURL, as soon as it is applied, imparting exquisite beauty, and keeping it wavy, soft, glossy, and in permanent curl in all weathers, even though the hair should possess no natural inclination to do so. The cost will be 1d. per week, and one application will be successful. Materials and full directions will be sent free for 14 stamps.—Address, Miss A. M., Mr. Savill's, Stationer, Dunmow, Essex.

ROUND SHOULDERS, STOOPING HABITS, and DEFORMITIES PREVENTED and CURED by DR. CHANOLLER'S IMPROVED GIBB EXPANDING BRACES, for both sexes, of all ages. They strengthen the voice and lungs, relieve indigestion, and are especially recommended to children for assisting the growth, and for promoting health and symmetry of figure. Price 10s. 6d.

ELASTIC STOCKINGS, KNEE-CAPS, SURGICAL BELTS, and appliances of every description, with all the latest improvements, and of the best quality, at considerably reduced prices. Illustrated catalogues forwarded.

CHANDLER AND CO.,

Surgical Mechanicians, 69, Berners-street, Oxford-street, W.

Just published, price 2s. 6d.
ON the CURABILITY of CANCER.
 and its (Painless) Medical Treatment without
 Surgical Operation; Enlarged by an account of the Cures
 effected in England.
 By Dr. G. VON SCHMITT.
 London: Wyman and Sons, 74, Great Queen-street,
 W.C.

PRETTY FLOWERS—The Half-crown Box
 of Bulbs contains four Hyacinths, eight Tulips, 25
 Crocus, three Narcissus, three Jonquil, three Anemones,
 three Ranunculus, two Syrias, six snowdrops, one Japan
 Lily, all of choicest sorts, sent on receipt of 30 stamps
 Mr. Wilson, 1, Brooksby-street, Barnsbury, N.

Third Edition, 3s. Post-free for 38 Stamps.
**ON AFFECTIONS OF THE THROAT
 AND LUNGS, AND THEIR TREATMENT,** by
 ABBOTTS SMITH, M.D., M.R.C.P., Physician to the
 Infirmary for Diseases of the Throat, late Physician to
 the North London Consumption Hospital.
 LONDON: H. RENEHAW, 356 Strand, W.C.

**WHITTINGTON LIFE ASSURANCE
 COMPANY.**
 CHIEF OFFICE:—37, Moorgate-street, London.

Life Assurance—Endowments—Provision for Children—
 Annuities—Children's Endowments—
MARRIED WOMEN'S NEW RIGHTS.
 Particulars apply by post card, to
 ALFRED T. BOWSER, Secretary.

COMFORT IN THE WEAR OF GLOVES.
**THE PATENT "SOLITAIRE" GLOVE
 CLASPS.**—By these useful and ornamental new
 fasteners the glove is more
 readily fastened and unfastened
 than the ordinary
 methods. They prevent un-
 due stretch, and are the
 desideratum for gloves
 being too small or tight at
 this wrist, at which point
 they fasten in an elegant and
 most appropriate ornament.
 A sample sent on receipt of thirteen stamps by the
 patentee, D. A. COOPER, Goldsmith, 20, The Cross, Wor-
 cester.
 N.B.—Prices: In gilt, 1s. and 1s. 6d.; enamels, 2s.,
 2s. 6d., and 3s.; silver, plain, 3s. 6d.; ditto engraved, 4s.;
 ditto, with enamels, 5s.; gold fronts, 10s.; all gold,
 15s. 6d. to 25s.; ditto, with jewels, 22 2s. to £10 10s. the
 pair.

DYE! DYE!! DYE!!! Any one can use
 them. A sixpenny bottle of Magenta or Violet
 will dye 20 yards of Ribbon in ten minutes. Ask for
JUDSON'S SIMPLE DYES,
 Magenta Green Canary Purple Mauve
 Orange Cerise Blue Violet Crimson
 Black Pink Scarlet Brown Lavender
 Price Sixpence per bottle.
 These Dyes will be found useful for dyeing articles of
 Woolen or Silk manufacture; also, Feathers, Fibres,
 Grasses, Seaweed, Ivory, Bone, Wood, Willow, Shavings,
 Paper; for tinting Photographs, and for Illuminating.
 May be had of Chemists.

CHEAP SILKS.
RICH Black and Coloured Glaces and Groo
 Grains, 20 inch, from 1s. 11d. 24 inch ditto from
 2s. 11d. to 5s. 1d. **DRESS SATINS** in black, white,
 and all leading colours, from 1s. 4d. 20 inch rich
 ditto, 1s. 11d., 2s. 4d., 2s. 11d. All 50 per cent.
 under value. Patterns free. S. LEWIS and Co.,
 Wholesale and Retail Silk Mercers, Holborn Bars, and
 Castle-street, Holborn.

THE LADY DENTIST.
MRS. HARDINGE, 40, New North-road
 Hoxton. Incredibly Artificial Teeth on gold
 platinum, silver, or vulcanite, made and repaired at less
 charges than men dentists. A tooth, 3s. 6d.; best, 5s.;
 set £1 to £10. Painless system. Toothache instantly
 cured without extraction. Stopping and scaling. See
 testimonials

BORWICK'S
BAKING POWDER
HAS BEEN AWARDED
TWO GOLD MEDALS
FOR its SUPERIORITY over all others.
MAKES BREAD, PASTRY, PUDDINGS, &c.
LIGHT and WHOLESOME.
SOLD in 1d. and 2d. PACKETS.
ALSO 6d. and 1s. PATENT BOXES.

THE BEST PURIFIER of the BLOOD.—
SARSAPARILLA and IODIDE of POTASH
PILLS, effectually purifying the blood and strengthen-
 ing the constitution. They remove pimples from the
 head and face, boils, blotches on the skin, scurvy
 scorbutic eruptions, and all other affections of the
 skin and glands, from whatever cause arising. 2s. 6d.
 per box; sent by post for stamps. T. BRADLEY & S.,
 Bond-street, Brighton.

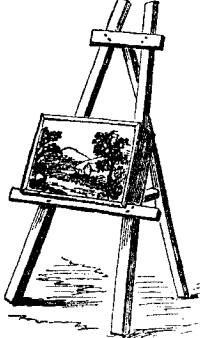
HENRY GLAVE,
 535, to 537, NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.C.
 Is now showing a New and complete Stock of Elegant, Novel, and Cheap
CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.
CHEAP POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS,
 LADIES' AND GENTLEMAN'S.

LADIES' size linen ready hemmed 2s. 8d., 3s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 6s. 6d., and 8s. 6d.
 GENTLEMEN'S size 5s. 6d., 6s. 6d., 8s. 6d., and 10s. 6d. per dozen.
 The Largest Gentleman's size 6s. 6d., 9s. 6d., and 11s. 6d.
 GENTLEMAN'S fine Lawn Handkerchiefs 5s. 11d. the dozen, looks equal to French
 cambric.
 500 dozens Lawn Handkerchiefs, Coloured Borders, 2s. 8½d. the dozen.
 Single Handkerchiefs as sample free for the amount in stamps.

HENRY GLAVE,
 535, to 537, NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.C.

**METROPOLITAN INFIRMARY FOR DISEASES OF THE
 EAR AND THROAT,**
 RED LION SQUARE, HOLBORN, W.C.
 Subscriptions are earnestly solicited for the maintenance of this Institution, and will be grate-
 fully received by the Bankers, Messrs. Hoare, 37, Fleet-street, or by the Secretary, at the In-
 firmary. All cheques to be crossed Messrs. Hoare. Post-office Orders to be made payable at
 High Holborn to Richard Russell. Days for admission of New Cases, Mondays, Tuesdays,
 Thursdays and Fridays at 2 p.m.

RIMMEL'S CHRISTMAS AND NEW-YEAR'S NOVELTIES.



ARTIST'S EASELS, forming an elegant Scent-Box, 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 5s., and 10s. 6d.
 THE LADY'S VASE-MECCUM, filled with Perfumery, from £1 1s.
 ILLUMINATING PERFUME BOXES, 6d., 1s., 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., and 5s.
 CHRISTMAS FIGURES, containing Perfumery, 6d., 1s., and 2s. 6d.
 POLISHED WOOD PERFUME BOXES, from 1s. to 10s. 6d.
 FANCY SCENT-CASES, from 7s. 6d. to £3 3s.
 PERFUMERY NECESSAIRES, handsome Fancy-wood Cases from £2 2s.
 THE HALF GUINEA TOILET HAMPER, filled with Perfumery.
 PERFUMED CHRISTMAS CARDS, from 1s. per doz. Christmas Satchets, from 6d. each.
 ORNAMENTS FOR CHRISTMAS TREES, from 2s. 6d. per doz.
 RIMMEL'S PERFUMED ALMANAC Heroines of Italian Poets, 6d.; by post for 7 stamps.
 FANCY CRACKERS, for Balls and Parties, from 2s. to 5s. 6d. per doz.
 FANS, SMELLING BOTTLES, CHATELAIN BOTTLES, MUSICAL ALBUMS, PERFUME
 FOUNTAINS, for the Dinner Table or Drawing-room, &c., &c.

Detailed List on application. Premiums to Retail Purchasers.
EUGENE RIMMEL,
 PERFUMER by APPOINTMENT to H.R.H. the PRINCESS OF WALES
 96, Strand; 128, Regent-street; and 24, Cornhill, London. 76, King's-road
 Brighton.

ECONOMY IN GRAPE MOURNING.
 ONE FOLD OF KAY & RICHARDSON'S
 NEW PATENT ALBERT CRAPE
 IS AS THICK as TWO FOLDS of the old make.
 SOLD BY ALL DRAPERS.

GEORGE REES'
 IS THE BEST HOUSE FOR
Chromos, Engravings, and Oleographs,
 FROM THE MOST CELEBRATED MASTERS.
 41, 42, and 43, RUSSELL STREET, COVENT GARDEN,
 (Opposite Drury Lane Theatre).

BURLINGS
20 Guinea Pianos.
 Intending Purchasers should see these extraordinary Instruments.
7-OCTAVES WALNUT CASE, &c.
 5 YEARS WARRANTY GIVEN.
9, City Road, Finsbury Square.
 Opposite the Hon. Artillery Company's Barracks