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WOMEN AND THEIR CRITICS.

A TEMPORARY lull has occurred in the almost incessant criticism which for some years has been directed against the leading advocates of Women's Rights. The supply of topics upon which to discourse with brilliancy is failing; repetition misses the mark; and signs are not wanting of exhaustion of the stores of argument and illustration, whereby it was thought that women would be driven from the field. It is a mistake to assume that ill-nature or disappointment lie at the basis of those strongly-phrased articles which, from time to time, appear in the pages of the *Saturday Review* and the *Civilian*. The former are powerful descriptions, traced by a woman's hand: as appears from the microscopic accuracy with which trivial details are seized, while matters of incomparably greater importance are altogether lost sight of: of follies and foibles which do not even remotely affect the merits or demerits of the Women's Rights movement. The latter are simply so many examples of furious attack upon schemes and tendencies which are either wholly misunderstood or terribly misrepresented; attack more for the pleasure which is derived from the writing of caustic sentences about people who are known not to possess a ready means to answer, than for any conscientious opposition to the principles of the new school. This species of opposition is the most futile that could be brought to bear, so

long as it does not provoke an exhibition of ill-temper in those who must needs bear the chief brunt of the attack. There is nothing that is new, and very little that is true, in the series of papers, evidently from one fertile pen, produced during the last two or three years in the columns of the *Civil Service organ*; and now that, with the prospect of an active campaign on every public platform immediately approaching, on the part of both of the societies for Women's Suffrage, the writer becomes exceedingly angry, and employs language which would not be creditable to any man of professional reputation, it may fairly be presumed that the movement is making a sufficiently rapid advance to promise in a few years a successful issue to the crusade. Forcible arguments will always find appropriate words in which they may be expressed. Strong, hostile language, on the other hand, defeats the purpose it is intended to subserve, and betrays oftentimes the consciousness of failure, which there is such persistent effort to mask, by the inconsistency and incoherency of its wild tirades.

Reducing to a simple statement the various points dwelt upon by the opposing force, we find that the criticism upon Women's Rights may be generally summed up in the proposition, that any active engagement of women in public duties and responsibilities must of necessity involve a loss of womanly character. Thus, we are told that women must not vote, because the performance of the electoral function cannot fail to bring them into contact with rough men. Granting that this may sometimes be the case, then we submit that it is for women themselves to determine whether they will exercise their franchise when personal rudeness or brutal violence shall threaten their comfort or their safety. The argument implies that all men are so lost to every sense of what is due to themselves, and also to the society in which they live, as to entitle a civilized community to rank below the primitive savages; and if those who urge it conscientiously believe it to be true, they are perfectly welcome to the dubious compliment which they pronounce upon themselves. Surely, everyone can recall innumerable instances of women, who, without being held to have unsexed themselves, have been universally regarded as heroines, or canonised as saints, by persons of widely differing creeds.

The beautiful story of Queen Eleanor, who, at the risk of her own life, sucked the poison from the wound which threatened her husband's life, is learned by every child at school, and repeated at every domestic hearth with kindling admiration of her conduct. The military prowess of Joan of Arc is narrated to girls and boys alike, without a thought of her having lost the purity of her sex in the salvation of her country from subjugation by an invading army; on the contrary, wherever her name is heard, the one title which denotes her position in men's regard is that of Maid of Orleans. The most adverse of our critics has never ventured to assail the behaviour of Queen Elizabeth in haranguing the troops at Tilbury, when the Spanish Armada was supposed to be rapidly approaching our shores. So widespread is the satisfaction with which the presence of Royalty is hailed, that no one thinks that it is unfeminine for the Queen or one of her daughters to deliver with her own lips a speech, or reply in suitable terms to some loyal address. Miss Nightingale passed the best of her years in military hospitals, tending with gentle hand the sick and wounded soldiery, and by her unswerving fidelity to the errand upon which she went—an errand which no living man could so well have sustained—sweetened the last hours of many coarse, hard men, turned their dying curses into blessings, and wreathed their distorted faces with peaceful smiles. In these instances, which men everywhere praise, and none are found to censure, the edge of the keenest weapon employed against women is turned upon their opponents. Why should it be unfeminine to dare much less than women of all ages have done, and for doing been regarded as amongst the most distinguished ornaments, not only of their sex, but of the race?

We are told that it would be a highly improper thing for a woman to vote. But women do vote in all but Parliamentary elections, and these, instead of being now subject to ruffian rule, are conducted with the same decorum which hitherto has marked the parochial and municipal contests. It is asserted that women are unequal to the severe strain of a thorough academical training; but women study, they win prizes, medals, exhibitions, and scholarships, and then, from jealousy of their superior success, are excluded from their proper share in facilities which every man may enjoy, and their right to which also has been, in the first instance, admitted. It is proclaimed that women cannot fitly be called in in cases requiring surgical or medical aid; but this is tantamount to a denial of their fitness to deal with the suffering of their own sex, for no woman has demanded the privilege of being allowed to proscribe for the other in any matter of delicacy. The charms of womanhood must decline, it is proclaimed, upon the rostrum of a public hall; but women of the highest rank have always spoken, the opera-house and the stage would fail to attract their thousands of all classes and both sexes, were not women, gifted with almost divine qualities of voice and gracefulness of manner, to be there heard and seen, and, further, a large number of competent women have latterly become accustomed to the wordy warfare of debate, without having in any instance given up the possession of the superior graces of the highly cultured feminine character. Of course, there are women who are illogical in argument, women whose manners are not pleasing, women whose shrill tones grate harshly upon sensitive ears, women who are not endowed with personal loveliness, and who look to the platform as a profession in which they may either earn a subsistence or accomplish useful work for the world, instead of wasting their time in fruitless regrets for an affectionate companionship never within their reach. What then? Are men uniformly Paragons of refinement and learning? Are they all versed in persuasive arts, courteous, chivalric, conciliatory, and so happily situated that they need never attempt the exploration of untrodden fields of industry and enterprise? Let our critics answer.

D.

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ACCOUCHEUR VERSUS ACCOUCHEUSE.

By F. FENWICK MILLER.

In the earliest ages of historic record, while yet the world was young, we read of a class of women honoured alike by God and man. "The midwives feared God; therefore God dealt well with the midwives, and made them houses." That is, God perpetuated the race of these worthy members of the ancient profession. In those far away times when arts existed, which now are lost, and civilization was even farther advanced, though less pretentious, brute force was not all in all; and woman, formed (as a sex) on an equality with man, had not yet been fully debased and ousted from her proper position. Thus, women-midwives alone existed. Even before we read of the special favour granted to them for their brave resistance to a command so utterly at variance with the spirit of their profession, we find mention of them in the pursuit of their noble avocation. Special mention is made of the accoucheuse of Rachel, the wife of Jacob, and of her of Tamar, the daughter-in-law of Judah, the chief of Israel. These were the *Grande Dames* of their day, the wives of rich and important men, bearing children on whom the future destinies of the world would hang. Had there been any person more skilful and more successful than the midwife who authoritatively dropped words of hope into the ear of the fainting Rachel, would Jacob have selected her as the attendant of his dearly-loved wife? The case of Tamar, too, was no ordinary one, and occurring now would demand a consultation of many learned men. Yet a woman conducted it successfully. At the accouchement of Ruth, also, the wise women only are mentioned. Of the Hebrew midwives in Egypt, Mrs. Collier well remarks, it is absurd to suppose that they only existed in so large a nation; and that undoubtedly the king gave his command to those named because they were the teaching and consulting practitioners of the day, the heads of their profession. And as time passed along women were ever found occupying this fitting post. Modest women would have shuddered at the very thought of permitting a man to be beside them at a moment when they involuntarily gave way to such freedom of action and word. When we reach the period of the great Grecian nation, we find that the members of the learned profession were held in high honour. So noble, indeed, was the office, that ladies of the highest social position and finest mental endowments were found fulfilling its functions. Princesses and priestesses were counted in the ranks of its followers. Elpinito, the daughter of the great Athenian General, Miltiades, who won the famous battle of Marathon, and sister to the equally famous and conquering Cimon, practised midwifery in Greece; the mother of Socrates pursued this profession in the city of Athens. The Romans had given the title of "Patron of Women in Childbed" to two or three deities, and temples were built in their honour; but they were all goddesses! We have mention of the accoucheuse of the Queens of France in every century from 1400 upwards. When aspersions were cast upon the purity of the Maid of Orleans, about 1430, the falsity of the charge was proved by the legal depositions, made after the necessary examinations by five midwives. In 1522, a man named Weitts was burnt at Homburg for having dared to outrage decency by usurping the post of midwife. In the 16th and 17th centuries we have the names of many women who were eminent both as writers on, and teachers of, midwifery, and as practitioners. A London physician, speaking of the work of one of these ladies, which was published about 1665, says: "The truth is, among all the treatises of midwifery set forth in our language, I have not met with one to which I can more willingly subscribe my approbation than the work of *Mme. Louise Bourgeoise*, midwife to H.M. the Queen of France." This brief mention of a few of the more eminent of the class is enough to show that the midwives form an old historical profession. But the times which we have now reached, the reigns of Anne of Austria, of Louis XIV. of France, of Charles II. of England, were most licentious, and the practice of employing surgeons in confinements commenced. Unfortunately, too, the education of the midwives began to be neglected. Mrs. Collier, a fashionable midwife of that period, who lived in Arundel-street, Strand, tells us, in her pamphlet, "On a Colledg of Midwives," that they used to be licensed at Surgeon's Hall, after passing an examination

before six surgeons and six clever midwives; but that, just before she wrote (in 1680) an Act of Parliament had been passed, by which the midwives were sent to Doctors' Commons, and received a certificate upon merely paying their money, and "went home as wise as they came." This was a good move on the part of the invading surgeons. Of course, ignorant pretenders began to press forward, and since there was no means of distinguishing themselves, *lady* obstetricians became fewer and fewer. The men, meanwhile, aided by knowledge of general surgery and anatomy, improved rapidly, both in professional knowledge and in social status, just as the women retrograded in both; till, at last, men-midwives almost monopolised the good practice, and female-midwifery drifted almost wholly into the hands of illiterate and vulgar old pretenders. This change, however, was not effected without a vigorous struggle. It was everywhere felt that a "man-midwife," as the name implied, was an absurdity and a disgrace; and accoucheurs were often hard put to it to defend themselves from the vigorous attacks of literature, divinity, and medicine. In those days the men were invaders; they craved admittance in peace, and tacitly begged that they might not be too hard pressed. Their cause was weak; they could but plead that they, as a class, worked on more scientific principles than those they strove to supersede. But Mrs. Cellier had shown the cause of this, and the remedy was obvious. Unfortunately, however, one of the favourite mistresses of Louis le Grand, to conceal her shame from her own sex, called in to her help M. Chison, a surgeon, and then the thing (alas! for modesty) became fashionable; the ladies of the Court complimented this *eminent* woman by following her example, and an impetus was thus given to the practice of employing accoucheurs, without which it would have languished. Still, many modest women, even to recent times, refused to follow the example of this feminine *abandonné*. Our own Queen Charlotte, wife of George III., steadily refused to have a man any nearer to her than the ante-chamber, and was delivered of all her thirteen children by Mrs. Stevens. The late Duchess of Kent was attended in all her accouchements by a woman; and Frau Siebold, as it is interesting to know, first delivered Her Royal Highness of our present Queen, and then crossed the sea to attend the Duchess of Coburg in the birth of the Prince Consort.

Having thus very briefly traced the history of women-midwives, let us return to the moment when the invasion of men into women's province began. As we have said, there was a literary crusade against men-midwives. The argument of the old writers are very curious and entertaining, both as mere literary curiosities, and as contributions to a discussion which is now raging again as violently as it did 150 years ago. We trust, therefore, that our readers will be glad to see an epitome of one of these old books. Just a century and a half has elapsed since a work was published in French, of which the title-page runs thus: "Traité général des accouchements, qui instruit se tout ce qu'il faut faire pour être habile accoucheur. Par M. Dionis, premier chirurgien de femme, Mesdame les Dauphine, St. Maître Chirurgien juré à Paris. Imp., 1720, à Paris." After several chapters of instructions how to be a clever accoucheur, the author devotes three chapters to the discussion of the cause of Accoucheur *v.* Accoucheuse, in which he gives a resumé of the contents of two works, then recently published. After explaining his line of action, he proceeds to quote, *in medias res*, at once, as follows: "The reasons of those who take the part of the accoucheuse." The first person who wrote in favour of the accoucheuse was a priest, nephew of the Dames de la Marche, who were midwives of the Hôtel Dieu of Paris, during forty years, and both exceedingly clever in their profession. This good priest who has no tincture of the physician, but speaks as a good theologian, does not take the tone of a master; he employs only the voice of counsel, and teaches by persuasion, repeating all the passages from the Fathers of the Church in which midwives are spoken of, from whence he deduces that as men are never mentioned accoucheurs were unknown, and women only practised. He quotes a passage from S. Jerome, who says, speaking of the accouchement of the Holy Virgin, that she had no woman to aid her, no midwife to deliver her; showing, he says, that in that

time it was women only who succoured others in childbed. To prove that women ought to be attended by women when in labour, he says that those who allow themselves to be served by men-midwives place their conscience in danger, and expose themselves to a loss of virtue, to preserve which such continual attention is required. He recounts five virtues which they lose by permitting themselves to be attended by men, viz.—modesty, purity, fidelity to the marriage vow, showing to others a good example, and self-denial. For modesty, he pretends that it is offended when a woman exposes herself to the view and to the touch of a man, in whose presence she ought to be very cautious, and that the way to preserve this virtue is never to be touched or seen save by a person of her own sex. He quotes S. Jerome, who says, that modesty is a delicate flower which is withered by the slightest touch, and only preserved by living near its like. He does not forget to quote Sozomen, who says, that modesty is the happiness of virgins, the fidelity of women, the strength of wives, the purity of priests, the richness of the poor, the treasure of the rich, the honour of the lowly, the glory of the great, the preserver of every station. For purity, he says, that it is sometimes lost when a woman lets herself be touched by a man; that she may think some impurity when she is freed from the pains of childbed; and that very likely the man may fall into a similar sin. He finds support of this in the Fathers, whom he quotes. S. Isidore says, that in touching the flesh, as we receive bodily maladies, so we contract also spiritual ones. S. Jerome says, that between persons of different sex, touch becomes venomous and contagious; Thomas à Kempis, that we must well guard the sense of touch if we would keep purity of body and peace of mind; l'Abbè Roger, that the sense is a door which gives entrance to death both of body and soul. For fidelity to the marriage vow, he says, that those who have children are commonly young persons; that to be used to an accoucheur is dangerous to them, because of the vivacity of their imaginations, the heat of their passions, and the tenderness of their heart; that to be so used accustoms them to let themselves be familiarly approached by strange men, that this custom is often most dangerous to young women, and may be the indirect cause of their infidelity; that priests have remarked that those who have been attended by men are generally more free than those who have been served by women. S. Chrysostom would have women walk with fear in the presence of all men but their husbands; and the Fathers of the Church all say, that voluntary immodesty, is a species of adultery of spirit, and a prophecy or pre-sign of future infidelity. For good example, he would that each woman should consider she has a certain influence over those around her, so that those who are themselves served by men induce others to be the same. He adds, that it is of consequence to avoid employing men versed in diseases of women for the education of the daughters of families, in whom we ought to strive to inspire a fear of all free approach by men; that we cannot inspire in them this fear if they are taught to confide in a medical man upon delicate subjects; and that such a course produces curiosity in the minds of girls, diminution of fear in their spirits, secret matters of conversation with their companions, and an under-current of tacit assurance against the caution they are required to observe in their communications with men in general. He honours the sex by saying, that he knows their virtue is often but frail, while it appears to him that they have more dangers to avoid than the other, since they have not only to avoid absolute evil, but even the shadow of it; and he advises them, therefore, to so act in every matter that they may be supported by conscience, and edify the world by a decorous exterior. For self-denial, he would have them avoid accoucheurs, because it is an undeniable fact that there exists a certain mysterious attraction between the sexes, which makes them feel anything but aversion for each other's company; so that a woman enjoys, rather than dreads, a confidential friendship with a man. But, it is equally just and necessary that married women should mortify themselves of this inclination, in favour of their husbands alone; therefore he thinks it proved, that women should be attended by women only, in labour, that by that means they may have modesty, they may live pure, they may be faithful to their husbands, they show a good example, and they may practice Christian self-denial.

POSSIBLE CONVERSATIONS.

No. II.

Present: LADY VERIPHAST, MRS. FREECHILD, AND MR. KLUBBED.

Lady Veriphast: Defeated again, Mrs. Freechild! I fear that you and your coadjutors will have hard work yet, before you convert the world! See here! [*Shows a paragraph in "The Times."*]

"THE BETHNAL GREEN MUSEUM.—Last night a crowded public meeting of the inhabitants of Bow and Bromley districts was held in the large hall of the Bow and Bromley Institute, Bow-road, to consider the propriety of opening the East London Museum on Sunday afternoons. Mr. E. H. Currie, of the London School Board, occupied the chair. The Chairman said he believed the opposition to the Sunday opening of the East London Museum was based upon the ignorance of its opponents of the habits and feelings of the working classes. He proceeded, amid considerable interruptions, to advocate the opening of the museum on Sunday afternoons, and concluded by stating his opinion that such opening could not much longer be delayed. On the Chairman resuming his seat a great uproar ensued, and it was some time before anything like order was restored. Mr. Crossman, a member of the London School Board, then moved the following resolution: 'That this meeting is in favour of the opening of the Bethnal Green Museum on Sunday afternoons.' He spoke in support of the resolution amid mingled cheering and hissing. Mr. Charrington seconded, and Mr. Linneus Banks supported the resolution amid continued interruption. The Rev. T. Richardson moved, as an amendment: 'That, in the interest of the working classes, it is neither desirable or necessary to open the Bethnal Green Museum on Sunday.' The rev. gentleman's remarks were accompanied by a running fire of cheering and hissing, rendering them almost inaudible. Mr. Scrutton, a member of the London School Board, seconded the amendment, and was heard with little more attention than any of the previous speakers. He contended that the opening of the museum on Sunday, as proposed, would be followed by the opening of similar institutions all over the country. Several other speakers addressed the meeting amid terrific uproar. Upon silence being partially obtained the Chairman took the show of hands, when he announced that the amendment was carried by a considerable majority."

Mrs. Freechild: Yes, it is a misfortune. As a rule the modern Christian priest is a short-sighted individual, strongly Conservative and proportionately ignorant. If, as some philosophers tell us, we must indeed expect among the events of a not very distant future, the absolute demolition of the Church, I am convinced that its fall will be due mainly to the blind folly of those parsons who, year after year, systematically oppose every progressive and healthful movement in the country. Science and Sense are giants, and they will sweep from their path in time every barrier which would check their onward march. If, then, the clergy have neither sufficient perception to apprehend this fact, nor sufficient wisdom to adapt themselves to the obligations it imposes on them, they must submit to be put aside by the arm of a mightier and diviner Power than the "Establishment" can boast. This is the beginning of troubles, but the end is not yet. Such meetings as that recorded in to-day's papers are mere skirmishes. The battle is to come.

Lady Veriphast: Yes; but the agitation for opening museums on Sunday is not altogether a new idea. Looking through my volume of *Punch* for '69, while I sat at Kettledrum yesterday, I lighted on an excellent double cartoon called "The Public-house v. The House for the Public." On one page is pictured a miserable sot of the working class drinking up his week's wages in a beer-shop, while his wife vainly tries to entice him away: and on the corresponding leaf is a supposititious scene in the Kensington Museum, portraying the same man and wife, accompanied by their children, enjoying a healthful and useful day of rest among the treasures of Art and Nature no longer concealed by pious stupidity from the wondering eyes of the poor. And with the cartoon is a brave and sensible remonstrance addressed to Lord Shaftesbury, which I shall read to you by way of comment on the paragraph we have been discussing. [*Reads.*]

"THE ART-HOUSE AND THE ALE-HOUSE.

"DEAR LORD SHAFTESBURY,—

"Which is the better place whersin to spend a Sunday afternoon—the South Kensington Museum or the bar-room of a beer-shop? You

will agree with me, I think, in favour of South Kensington; and yet I find your Lordship heading a deputation the other day to the Home Secretary, and, as its mouthpiece, talking nonsense, which *The Times* condenses thus:—'Lord Shaftesbury opened the subject in a very short speech, in which he declared that the people had the greatest and strongest possible objection to the opening of museums on Sundays, and that there was no argument made use of for the opening of museums which would not equally apply to the opening of theatres.' 'The people,' says your Lordship. But pray who are 'the people?' Surely not those whom your Lordship introduced? Your deputation, says *The Times*, 'was composed mainly of people of the middle class; few artisans apparently were present.' Now your Lordship surely knows that it is expressly for the artisans that the Government has been asked to open the museums, and your deputation followed one which *The Times* says was 'composed of *bona fide* members of the artisan class,' whose spokesman was a 'Mister,' and who spoke his mind out thus:—'The sensible working men of London could attest the necessity which exists for other places being opened on that day besides churches, chapels, and public-houses; and especially in the winter was this necessary, for there was a craving among the people at large for intellectual cultivation, and in the winter this could only be satisfied by the study of the works of art now to all intents and purposes closed against the great mass of the people.' From this your Lordship sees that there are other people whose tastes should be consulted, as well as those whom you are pleased to talk of as 'the people.' As, a rule, men of the middle class, whose mouthpiece you were made, have many opportunities for leisure on a week-day, and therefore have no need to 'desecrate the Sabbath' by studying the handicraft of Nature or Fine Art. But they surely have no business to call themselves 'the people,' and to arrogate the right of shutting museums in the faces of their neighbours, whose only time for seeing them is Sunday afternoon, and to whom the only alternative left open in the way of recreation is to sit and smoke and swill in some crime-breeding public-house. Beseeching you 'in future, when you talk about 'the people,' to state clearly whom you mean, I have the honour to remain, your Lordship's humble servant,

"PUNCH."

Mrs. Freechild: Admirable! But we will not scold at poor Lord Shaftesbury now. Domestic sorrow must be respected, and he is a man of rare benevolence. I do think, nevertheless, that it is a great pity we possess no real means of eliciting the actual feeling of the lower classes on these and kindred subjects. Labouring men, charwomen, and sempstresses, cannot write letters to the Dailies, nor support an organ of their own; and so, in the absence of any direct means, save occasional deputations, of making known their wishes and views, men, such as the Rev. T. Richardson and Mr. Scrutton,—*soci-disant* and self-elected representatives of the poor—take on themselves to make what assertions they please "in the interests," forsooth! "of the working-classes!" Mr. Richardson and Mr. Scrutton, like my Lord Shaftesbury, may enjoy the tranquil repose of their own pleasant homes and gardens on Sunday, but the poor man of London has only one little room, "cribbed, cabined, and confined," with meagre garniture and grimy walls, from which he has no escape save into the dirty uninviting street, or to the beer-parlour round the corner. Rich men, surrounded by luxuries of their own, may have also, if they choose, the alternative of a stroll in the "Zoo," or in the grounds of the Crystal Palace; to say nothing of the opportunities which they and their idle wives possess every day of the week, for visiting all the museums and picture galleries in the Kingdom. 'Tis the old, old rule: "To him that hath shall be given, and from him that hath not, shall be taken away even that which he hath."

Lady Veriphast: And these well-to-do folks are the ones who deprecate Sunday enjoyment for their poor brothers and sisters! Indeed, Mrs. Freechild, I am quite with you in this matter! I have often noted, with regret for our national prejudices, the marked cheerfulness of the Sunday in foreign countries. There one sees the poor really happy on their holiday. We English "take our pleasures so sadly." As you know, I compliment myself on my utter indifference to *proprieties*, and when I am in France or Belgium, I always "assist" at the concerts given on Sunday evenings in the illuminated *Jardins Botaniques*, and so on, where the *owriers* and their families promenade by the score, and smoke, or dance, or sing, as they list. Music, I am sure, is a great educator of the masses, and I like to be present at scenes such as I describe. They send me home in a good humour with the world.

Mr. Klubbhed: I have heard you two ladies very quietly for some time, but I think you are now going too far. Sunday is a day of rest 'tis true, but not of recreation. It is appointed us in order that we should abstain from labour, and go to church to learn lessons of holiness for the week to come.

Mrs. Freechild: My dear Sir, consider! What do you mean by "recreation?" What does the word imply? If it means anything, it surely means refreshment and recruiting for sanatory ends. Can anything be more proper for Sunday than such *re-creation* of the overtaxed and jaded system of the poor man or woman? And as for your "lessons of holiness," I am bold enough to maintain that the uneducated mind will learn them more readily, more purely, and more comprehensively, in the contemplation of beautiful pictures by first-class painters, rare jewels, wonderful oriental and western products, fair carvings, ancient models of art, delicate colours, skilful draftsmanship, and, if possible, in the hearing also of good music, than in attending service at any church or chapel, where each person sits, kneels, and stands by, turns upon one single spot in a vitiated atmosphere, breathing the stale exhalations of other people's lungs for some two hours, praying by rote for things he doesn't want, and listening to sermons, of which he will comprehend, perhaps, less than a dozen consecutive words. Depend upon it, Mr. Klubbhed, some day the "people" will be allpowerful. We had better fit them for the use of that power while we may, and as best we can, by giving them æsthetic tastes instead of iconoclastic instincts, and a love of the beautiful instead of a puritanical fanaticism. The means for the very best National Education possible are at hand, and it will cost us nothing to give it. All we have to do is to throw open the Museums and Art Collections to the poor.

Mr. Klubbhed: But if this be done, it will necessitate the employment of officials at the entrances, to insure order, and these men will therefore be on duty during the Sabbath.

Mrs. Freechild: Well! Are not pew-openers and sacristans "on duty" also during the Sabbath, to insure order in the churches? Who complains of *their* employment on Sundays? But I ought to mention that it is proposed to arrange for dispensing with the attendance of such officials as you name on Sunday, should the museums be opened on that day. Supposing, however, that they are required to attend, they will only be wanted at their posts for a few hours in the afternoon, and may go to church if they wish it all the morning.

Lady Veriphast: Very well played, Mrs. Freechild. Mr. Klubbhed has fairly lost the odd trick!

Mrs. Freechild: And besides the intellectual benefit, think of the gain to the cause of temperance and consequent morality which this sort of Sunday education for the million would insure! No loitering away the holy day at the doors of gin-houses, no drunken kicking of wives and banging of babies to end the evening; but, instead, wholesome enjoyment, sober pleasure and invigorating exercise of limb and brain! Such a measure as that of opening museums to the poor on Sundays will be the most telling blow ever dealt at the baneful power of Drink. To say nothing of the immediate effect it would have in diminishing the number of Sunday customers at the beer-shops, what excellent consequences may we not expect from the substitution of refined and noble tastes for base and depraved ones, the education of eye, ear, and heart in the very sanctuaries of Art and Beauty, and the healthy moral results of associating the labouring man with his wife and children in the pursuit of innocent amusement? Men whose senses get thus accustomed to things of "sweetness and light," will be far less likely to degrade themselves by savage behaviour to the women dependent on them, than men to whom the sight of didactic loveliness is unknown. For my part, I hold the proposal we are considering to be one of incalculable value to the nation. What do you say, Lady Veriphast?

Lady Veriphast: That you talk like a book, and that as I hear the tea-things on their way, I shall get my novel, for I am thoroughly tired of this dry debate! 'Tis as bad as the House of Commons!

[SCENE CLOSES.]

MODERN WRITING: ITS CONVENIENCES AND CONCOMITANTS.

A LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

SOME experience of your great country has brought me to the ineffaceable conviction that Mr. Henry Cole, C.B., is one of the largest benefactors of his generation. Witlings may term him "Old King Cole," and allude to his being anything but "a jolly old soul," albeit not without "his fiddlers three," respectively represented by the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Edinburgh, and General Scott, R.E. Antiquaries may dub him "*Carbon Rex*," and political economists gird at his lavish distribution of public moneys, but in spite of all our good old friend at South Kensington does more for the instruction and delectation of the masses than the Queen and all her Ministers; Archbishop Tait, his clergy and his "heathens;" Dion Boucicault, his *confrères*, and his mimes, combined. But even as Sol has his spots, so has our "Black Diamond" his flaw. Alack! tell it not in Brompton, publish it not in Chelsea that Cole, even Henry, is a Radical! For did he not practically place Citizen Dilke in the seat of the scornful for the new metropolitan borough, and by that fell act did he not blot out the memory of many of the benefits he has scattered so widely? I have said so much of this energetic Ædile, because, when I arrived at the modern Babylon, I rented an upper chamber in a humble locality not far removed from the Albert Hall, and began then and there to study John Bull and his ways under the Chamberlainship of the head of the Museum of Art.

The Exhibition which has just closed contained, *inter alia*, every conceivable luxury and necessity for the art of writing; and having, in the course of my European education, abandoned the camel's-hair pencil and Indian ink of my native land, for the steel-pen and creamy paper of the Frank, I have been carefully through the vast mass of materials so invitingly placed before the spectator at South Kensington, and I give the results of my examination thereabout, in the hope that my musings may not be unacceptable to your fair readers.

The *stylus* of the Roman was perhaps the first implement used in the cursive writing of Western Europe, and it is still to be found in active practice in the agate style which accompanies the so-called Carbonic copying books. And here let me make a digression to urge on your readers never to send a written communication, however trifling, to either friend or foe without retaining its copy. Half the law-suits which fatten those social vultures you term lawyers would be saved were each party in full possession of what had been written on both sides. Three-fourths of those racy actions for breach of promise of marriage would be compromised if Colin had before him, in full and fell series, that farrago of fervent nonsense he has so thoughtlessly indited to mercenary Chloe. If my Lady Teazle had kept faithful record of all her scented notelets, which she so lavishly distributed to the Mistresses Candour of her acquaintance, her character would suffer less, methinks, and her feminine enemies would be fewer than at present. Wherefore, I pray you, gentle readers, be ye young men or maidens, to practice the good habit of recording your correspondence; the custom will induce a better style of composition, and a more studied form of expression; and if greater sincerity be not gained thereby, undoubtedly less rubbish will be perused. Purchase a lever-press, label two copying books—"Private" and "Business," use an Automatic water-well, which you can procure at 109, Hatton-garden, and a hair of Mahommed's beard to a pug-dog, you will gain the value of a year's subscription to "THE LADY'S OWN PAPER," in convenience and security, in less than a fortnight.

Historians, those mighty fibbers, have a quaint method of accounting for the origin of the nibbed pen. They tell us, long before the reed was used as such, the Goths had a habit of permitting the nail of the fore-finger to grow until it could be formed into a natural pen; be this as it may, however, the reed followed the *stylus*, to be supplanted in its turn by the grey-goose quill. Aha! the days of the quill were indeed the days of graceful penmanship. I have seen thousands of documents in your Record Office, the majority of which are marvels of calligraphy, lacking in not a single

grace of mechanism and legibility. Not but what I have a shrewd fancy that a large portion of these were the work of professional penmen, for in those "good old times" the knight and the squire, and even the shaven friar, dictated, their correspondence, and were content with, at one period, subscribing with a simple cross, and later on signing their names in what was truly a "crabbed flat." Not but what some amateurs wrote really splendid hands. That naughty Betsey, whom your historians, with scathing irony, denominate the Virgin Queen, wrote as fairly, almost, as do you yourself, Madam. Her sign-manual, which is embosomed in a labyrinth of mathematically curved flourishes, which must have taken her Majesty at least half-an-hour to perfect, is an absolute work of art. Your present Queen, too, writes a bold, and for a woman, a "rash" hand. Sensible member of the species female as she is, she evidently uses a broad-nibbed pen. Upon which implement here let me say a few words. For nine people out of ten, the broad-pointed pen is the only one with which they can hope to write a graceful hand. Fine nibbed pens, especially when elastic and springy, are useful and convenient for writing for the press and in books, but calligraphy with a fine pen is to most of us as difficult an art as free-hand drawing. Quills are, of course, good, but the mending thereof is an extinct process, and the instrument sold for that purpose is a delusion and a snare. With a pen near the calibre of a clothes' prop, every man, woman, and child can, if they choose, write not only a legible but a pretty-looking hand. For these grand implements, the firms of Gillott—that lucky man who incanted a magnificent picture-gallery and a portentous number of thousands per annum out of these little bits of iron; of Perry—the mere catalogue of whose necessities and nic-nacs for the writing-table would of itself form a ponderous tome; and of Mitchell—the last but not the least of this notable triad—are all celebrated, and all have specialities of manufacture deftly calculated to meet the exigencies of the Seven Ages of Man, and the Hundred Ages of Woman. Messrs. Cameron and Co., of Edinburgh, who titillate the ears of writers by the original nomenclature of their staple, fully sustain their reputation by their Owl, Waverley, and Pickwick pens, but these manufactures seem to cling mainly to those fine points, which, although suited admirably to those skrewer-like Italian hands *de rigueur* in ladies' seminaries, are to this writer an abomination of desolation. Apropos of pens, let me notice a new "expelling" pen-holder, patented by Monsieur Toiray, of Hatton-garden, which does not permit the old pen to rust in its handle, and which gets rid of it when worn out, without soiling the fingers, by a simple twist of the hand. This, with one of Mordan's famous gold pens, which would last even old Parr's life-time, and which, although dear at first, are cheapest in the end, form implements for the literary sybarite, and are simply unapproachable.

From pens the transition to ink is easy. I have heard your old folks speak of the clotted, muddy, and evil-smelling composition, which, for lack of better, was used as ink about the beginning of the present century. The ancient documents of this country show that long before the introduction of steel pens the atmosphere produced decomposition in the pigments used for writing. I have now before me some State papers written in the middle of the 17th century, consequently about 200 years old, the ink on which is so faded as to render the penmanship almost illegible, and in some cases the ink has actually corroded the paper into holes. It is the custom to say that in some thirty years all our photographs printed on paper will have departed, leaving not a wrack behind. Whether modern inks will follow one rule of perspective, and will go in for a "vanishing point" in that, or in any, space of time, one cannot be expected to prophecy, but the best inks of the day leave little to be desired either in limpidity or colour. It is curious, however, that of all the inks I know, those by foreign makers are by far the best. The aforesaid Monsieur Toiray, who is a gallant Frenchman come to do battle with "perfidious Albion" on the peaceful field of her own cherished industries, and to tilt successfully with our Walkdens and Stephens, manufactures some inks which, had I the happiness to be a lady, I should be inclined to term "delicious." When your fair sex take my advice upon the mechanical copying of letters, they can use nothing better than this maker's combined writing and

copying inks, which lacks the gumminess and smeariness of the business copying fluids, while it produces duplicates with unerring fidelity. Monsieur Toiray is great, too, in coloured inks, having them in all the colours of the rainbow. For my part, I hugely delectate in the practice of inditing one's letters in various hues. If one has what you *insulaires* call the "blues," why should not the azure of the ink typify one's state of mind? Jealousy, of course, would find vent in green; rage being expressed by red; while black would not ill represent the dulness of business or of bereavement. Violet would admirably suit young widows—as showing at once a grief for the past, tempered by hopes for the future. Another foreigner, whose inks are not, to use the hyperbole of your *flâneurs*, "half bad," is one Planché, of Brussels, a namesake of the jolly, genial, and gossiping *Somerset Herald*, whose pleasantly meandering recollections have so lately pleased the town.

But it is perhaps in paper that the greatest strides in improvement have been made from *les jours de nos pères*. Most of the letters and documents before the present century were written on paper that would only be used now for making bags or for wrappers. If modern machine-made papers have a fault, it is in being too glazed and slippery. In some specimens the "finish" is so high, that the ink, instead of making a firm, solid stroke, remains in minute dots on its surface, and the mere warmth of the hand so impairs this enamel, that it is almost impossible to use such paper without a hand-guard. Messrs. Goodall, whose papers, to use a feeble—what do you call it?—pun, are all good, have done much, however, for the comforts of all classes, by the issue of three sorts of their celebrated "Baskerville" paper. The first is highly glazed for fine-point writers; the second has a more robust surface for those who use medium-pointed pens; while the third possesses a rough, but not unkindly, face, upon which calligraphists of the clothes-prop order of pens can flourish away with all comfort. The veteran Jeremiah Smith had also a very interesting case in the Exhibition; in it were to be seen envelopes (of which, in their present form, I believe he was the inventor) of every conceivable shape, size, and texture; a "vellum-laid" note paper, invaluable to the wielder of the quill pen; and some very handy sectional tracing-paper, which enables ladies to adapt drawings and engravings of all kinds to the purposes of wool-work and embroidery. Mr. Smith is, as well, many coloured in the tints of his writing papers, as is Monsieur Toiray in the tones of his inks, and there is no reason why a wholesome and artistic variety of colour in writing-paper should not be more common. Table decorators have long since found out that the *toujours perdus* of white, as shewn in the silver, cutlery, glass, and napery of the dining-table, was in error; so now we have as much relief in colour as is possible, in the garnish of our dinners. This is wisdom—for the delight of the eye is always wanted in the gratification of our other senses. In England, you all suffer from a lack of brilliant colour. Popery was, I have heard, associated in some mysterious manner by one of your funny writers with *wooden shoes*, but Protestantism has certainly its drawback in a want of artistic tone. The innate love of the English for black and other hideously sombre hues is a direct legacy from the Puritans, whereas, had you a Cardinal-Archbishop enthroned at Westminster instead of the canny Scot who fills the *sedelium* of a Becket at Canterbury, you had doubtless retained all those gorgeous and harmonious tints in your clothing and dwellings which tend to make ancient pictures things of beauty and a joy for ever. The Viennese firm of Theyer and Hardmuth have apparently seized this idea, for they displayed a number of specimens of writing-paper, in which colour is largely employed. Their *papier diabolique* is especially humorous, being of a true Satanic red on the outside, and bearing, in place of a seal, imps as diversely comic as that legion of demons which successfully, alas! tempted the good St. Anthony.

But the wanderings among writing materials would scarcely have an end were I to note a tithe of the specialities so tastefully and attractively shown in this year's exhibition. I have but space to mention the waistcoat-pocket inkstand of Messrs. Delarue, which was largely used by your gallant warriors in this autumn's manoeuvres; it is a marvel of compactness and ingenuity, and no peripatetic penman should go without it. I linger again by the

case of Monsieur Toiray, whose "feast of fat things" beats those of his competitors hollow, and see a beautiful cherry-red seal-wax, which I fancy is quite a new colour; also triangular bottles of desk gum, perfumed as the rose, and apparently adhesive enough to indissolubly connect even Mr. Whalley and the Pope; and, greatest treasure of all, a mechanical book-binder, whereby men and women of many manuscripts can easily and safely bind the lucubrations of a life-time, and form a neat, accessible, and uniform library of their hitherto unconnected jottings.

Whereupon I take my leave regretfully, in this drear and wet October weather of yours, of the exhibition of 1872; though I hope ere long again to air my ideas on other topics in your genial columns; meanwhile praying the Prophet that your shadow may never be less, and that you and your paper may live for a thousand years. *Bismillah!*

ABUL MAHASIN ISWADADI KHAN.

VERSES OF THE TIMES.

No. III.

Grey lines of dawn above the tall
Black margin of the convent wall;
Cold twilight on the floor of stone,
And one who kneeleth there alone,
With wimpled brow and chin.

Her bitter fault, her bitter woe
Bare penance in her long ago;
And now for all her golden days
Hard fare she hath, and grievous ways,
Sad eyes and tears therein.

But he who wrought her sore disgrace
Lies sleeping in a lordly place;
He hath no thought of sin or pray'r,
His wine is sweet, his ladies fair,
His name is great with men.

O, at the last, when one white sheet
Shall mantle head and hands and feet,
When man's account with man shall end,
Will Angels chose "my lord" for friend,
Or Sister Magdalen?

Not a few of us are apt to be less ashamed of our wickednesses than of our follies, or rather, perhaps, as wickedness is also a folly, we should say, than of our "gaucheries" and "sottises." Some men, indeed, are proud of their wicked deeds, especially of those of a certain class, but never of their stupid ones; and such offences towards the *amour propre* in this way are really often more repented of than sins. In other words the remembrance of our awkwardnesses are frequently more grievous to us, and felt more keenly by us, than the memories of our actual crimes.

SOME of the tribes of North America are, or have been, remarkable for the length of their hair. Catlin, in his account of them, mentions chiefs who wore their hair five or six feet long, and religiously cherished it to the utmost length, although we might think it would be very inconvenient in war, or in the chase, or even in the woods! The sculptor of the group of America at the Albert Memorial has availed himself of this characteristic abundance; his figures being endowed with a considerable amount of "capillary attraction." Insomuch, that a curious remark was heard at the foot of the group; curious as showing an unexpected confusion of ideas; being that of a lady to her lady companion, drawing her attention to the luxuriance of the tresses of the three marble female figures with the question: "Do you think that is all their own hair?" It is noticeable of this group that it is understood to have been executed, from first to last, without foreign aid; the sculptor's assistants being all of English birth and education.

LETTER FROM A BROAD.

ART, ON THE ZUGER SEE.

About the 18th or 19th October, 1872.

YESTERDAY up the Rigi; to-morrow across the Alps! This morning I awoke in Art, a little town on the borders of the Lake Zug, and having retired to rest at 8 o'clock last evening, I do not find 6 o'clock in the morning too early to rise. The morning mists still hover over the lake, and the mountains are waiting for the sun to draw off gently their "*robe de nuit*," and thus expose their beauties to the admiration of the world. What a glorious *valet de chambre* is this Apollo!

In passing yesterday from Altdorf to Vitznau, whence the ascent of the Rigi may be made by rail, one perceives, on the left of the Vierwaldstätter See (Lake of Lucerne), the meadow of Rütli, where the 33 noble men of Switzerland met on the night of the 7th Nov., 1207, to take there the solemn oath to free their land from the oppressive Hapsburg yoke; and a legend goes on to say that the three springs there to this day mark the three standing-places on that eventful night of the chiefs of Attinghausen, of Steinen, and of Neuchathal; Walter Fürst, Werner Stauffacher, and Ernzt (Arnold). A little farther, and one reads in letters of gold, "Dem Sängler Tell's, F. Schiller," fixed on a huge rock projecting out into the lake; and surrounded by the towns and spots so closely connected with the freedom of the Swiss, it is not difficult to recall vividly this beautiful drama of Schiller, that many years ago I saw so well acted in Weimar.

Yesterday, too, was the second day of the Föhn, or south-east wind, that comes from Italy. This wind causes a terrible commotion on the lakes, and for small boats it is extremely dangerous, as gust follows gust, lifting the spray out of the water, and carrying it with much velocity long distances; so that Gessler's fear of coming to grief, and wish that the boat should be entrusted to the guidance of Tell, can here easily be imagined. At the place where this "brave" leapt from the boat, leaving the Austrian Landvogt to the mercy of the uneasy waves, there is now a little chapel with pictures illustrative of the history of that period. But this I cannot describe very minutely, as, until now, I have only caught a glimpse of it from the steamer in passing. However, this afternoon upon my return journey from Küssnacht and der hohlen gasse, I intend to inspect the frescoes that the guide-books inform me are rude.

The little view on this letter-paper is die Teufelsbrücke—a pleasure to be anticipated, for I believe the diligence passes close by it to-morrow, on the road to Andermatt. I regret to be unable to add any lines about Baden Baden—for that is one of the towns I should select for a residence were the opportunity afforded me of choosing. There, however, I must tell you that in the Lichtenthaler Allée the Emperor of Germany and Count von Landsberg were walking, quite *ungenirt*; and a quarter of an hour previously I saw the Empress Augusta with a Court lady; a servant a few yards behind, dressed in black and white gloves. The son of the Crown Prince was also there, a charming little fellow of 10 or 11. He will make a fine Emperor some day.

GEORGE BROWNING.

It may be remarked in the four great angle groups of the Memorial, of which the attraction to the public seems rather to increase than diminish, it having now quite outlived the term of being but a "nine days' wonder," that each composition varies from the others in the proportion of males to females. In Europe all the five figures are female; in Asia but one, the other four being males; in Africa there are three males and two females; in America three females and two males. The world being thus represented by eleven females to nine males is clearly on the side of "Women's Suffrage;" indeed, even overshoots the mark of its present advocates! But who knows if it may not be prophetic?

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The Lady's Own Paper,

A JOURNAL OF TASTE, PROGRESS, AND THOUGHT.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1872.

IN MY LADY'S CHAMBER;

A STORY OF

HER DECEASED HUSBAND'S BROTHER.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER VII.

THE DEFEAT OF THE FAVOURITE.

SUCH a vast mass of moving heads and flashing streaks of colour! Such an elbowing and pushing and shifting in and out of fluctuating multitudes! Such a driving about and waving of hats and lorngetting with field-glasses! Such a Babel of tongues and popping of ginger-beer bottles and shouting of bagmen and firing of peg-shooters! Such a confusion of "Ere you are!" "Six to four!" "Ten to one!" "Outside at any price!" "Lady Elizabeth!" "Rosicrucian!" "Paul Jones!" and the like, interspersed with noisy irrepressible proffers of fuses, ginger-pop, and oranges. For this was nothing less than Epsom Downs during the celebration of one of those national yearly Festivals, to which it is customary for the leader of the House of Commons to allude upon the eve of a Derby, as the "Isthmian Games," presumably for the purpose of convincing a sceptical Opposition that whatever it may be disposed to think of his integrity as a Premier, or of his pretensions to "educate his party," he is, at least, well up in his classics, and has not forgotten *some* important things he learnt at school.

It was a splendid day. People who went to see Blue Gown first past the judge's chair on that particular twenty-seventh of May, will recollect how brilliantly the sun shone upon the innings of the plucky winner and the favourite's defeat, and what a goodly muster of sight-seers assembled along the course and about the Grand Stand on the memorable occasion in question. Almost everybody has seen the Derby at some time or other, and to those who have not enjoyed that felicity, newspaper reporters have year by year rendered the whole affair so trite and familiar, that a farther description of the Great Race and its accompaniments would

not only be needless here, but wearisome. There was the usual amount of swearing and drinking and dust, the average number of cadgers and pickpockets, and a fair proportion of gentlemen belonging respectively, if not respectably, to the "Greek," "Welsh," and "Hebrew" persuasions.

Just opposite the Grand Stand, among sundry and divers vehicles of "sorts," was drawn up a certain well-appointed drag, heavily stocked with hampers and blue-veiled carnivalists, but conspicuous chiefly, even there, for the presence of a remarkably piquant feminine figure upon the box-seat, a dainty little gossamer-clad figure with very pink cheeks and very sunny hair—a bewitching creature of the Titania type, all *tulle* and sparkle and sprightliness—in a word, no less a charmer than Mrs. Archibald Bell herself.

About a week before the appointed Derby-Day, Cora had indited a pretty, affectionate epistle to her "darling Archie," setting forth the fact that an *old* friend, who was a literary acquaintance of hers—a man of *absurdly* sedate and ancient years, had offered to take her down in a *very* quiet manner to witness the Epsom festivities, and that she, having long cherished an *immense* desire to *get some idea* of a racecourse, not from hearsay, but from actual experience, as such knowledge might one day be of *considerable use to her*, hoped that her Pet wouldn't mind her accepting the old gentleman's invitation. Archie might be sure they would go to a *very quiet part of the ground*, out of all the *bustle* and *noise* of the crowd, and she should be as safe as though she were with her *own father*.

Upon receipt of this emphatic document, the Reverend Mr. Archibald, who was not a University man, and who knew rather less about the Derby and Derby doings than an Indian Fakir, rumbled his curly head, mended his pen, and dispatched in reply a loving letter of consent, which Cora triumphantly displayed to her London friends as she sat at breakfast with them on the morning of the twenty-sixth. Of course, as the wayward lady had her husband's permission for the expedition, and as the gentleman to whose care she was to be relegated, was so *old* and *severe*, there was nothing to be said, and Cora started accordingly for the place of *rendezvous*, mounted the drag in question and drove to the Downs behind four high-stepping greys, under the immediate chaperonage and protection of Messieurs Vane Vaurien, Dick Rankin, Carew, Captain Somers, and two or three more masculine specimens of convivial and sociable inclination.

Vaurien, although he had made a heavy book this year, was clever at hedging, and stood to win a considerable sum in any event, so that the hilarity of his spirits was not restrained by any inordinate anxiety, and the other half-dozen men, being quite as genially disposed, vied among themselves in their attentions to the charming parsoness, who consequently drank in the course of the day rather more "fiz" than was quite good for so delicate a constitution as hers.

"I say, Vau," said Dick Rankin, turning his head aside to light a cheroot, "there's Brabazon just gone by outside that roan cob of his. Here he comes again—this way—doesn't see us. Sing out to him!"

Vaurien flourished his whip. "Hallo, Brabazon!" cried he as the baronet slowly approached the drag. "Glorious day, eh? How are you?" Hearing which familiar salutation, Vivian could not avoid a moment's pause by the box, and after a word of common-place with Vaurien, to whom he was not particularly attached, would have passed on; but Cora, who sat on the box-seat beside Vane, and was dying for an acquaintance with the athletic aristocrat, saw her opportunity and whispered a hurried petition in the ear of her *cher am*. Vaurien, though not remarkably pleased at the request, was exceptionally good-humoured to day, nevertheless, and generously inclined to indulge his fair divinity to the utmost degree. So he laughed, shook his head rebukefully, pinched Cora's ear, and checked the baronet as he was in the act of turning his horse's head in another direction. "Stay and have some cliquot with us, Brabazon, eh? You can't get a better place than this. Allow me,—Sir Vivian Brabazon,—Mrs. Bell."

Cora's point was gained. Vivian lifted his hat with all possible politeness, and Mrs. Archibald favoured him with her most enchanting smile, but a certain dubious annoyed expression dawned suspiciously in the corners of the Brabazonian eye, that did not escape the observation of the fast little parsoness. But she was not going to throw up her cards now that she had such a King of Hearts (and Diamonds) in her hand. She was all gush and vivacity. "This is my first visit to a race-course, you must know, Sir Vivian," she began with silvery *navvete*. "Mr. Vaurien offered to bring me, but I had no idea there would be such a dreadful crowd! However, he says I'm quite safe up here, only they do make such a noise, these terrible people. But it's really most delicious fun, isn't it? Of course you are quite used to it!"

"Yes," returned Brabazon quietly, "I generally come. But it is more a matter of habit than of pleasure with me. I should not imagine there was much here to interest ladies?"

"Oh!" cried Cora, opening her round eyes in a state of dainty indig-

nation (indignation was becoming to her and she knew it), that is quite too bad of you, Sir Vivian! You gentlemen always want to keep all the good things to yourselves! It is all right and proper of course, that *you* should have your races, and your *fêtes*, and your dinners, and enjoy them as much as you please; but *we*—oh, dear no! *We* are to stay at home and wait till our husbands or brothers choose to return to us, and then we must never scold nor look angry! If we do, we are dreadful creatures!"

"I don't think you treat the matter quite fairly, Mrs. Bell," responded the baronet with some touch of weariness, for this was a vexed question with him and he did not care to argue it; "it is our respect for the ladies that forbids us, usually"—he glanced at Vaurien—"to take them where their dignity would be liable to suffer in any degree. And as regards your second accusation, I can only reply for myself that I am a brother, but I am not aware that I ever keep my sister waiting for me in the manner you describe."

"There! Now I've offended you!" cried Cora, piteously. "What an unfortunate being I am! Always saying something I ought not to say and hurting somebody's feelings! Dear! dear!"

"Mine are not hurt, I assure you, Mrs. Bell," observed Vivian, smiling; "I am not so easily moved. Permit me."

For she was holding a goblet to Dick Rankin for some champagne, and making a graceful pretence that the glass was too large or heavy for her delicate grasp. With a bend of her gauzy head, designed to be the most bewitching gesture possible, Cora resigned her burden to Vivian's hand, and as he returned it to her, contrived to rest her tiny lemon glove for an instant upon his, and to meet his eyes coquettishly with her own. "How forgiving you are, Sir Vivian! Just now I was abusing the gentlemen, and now, here you are assisting a lady!" "Am I?" returned he, absently adjusting the sight of his field-glass to a distant object, but acutely reminiscent of the look and the pressure; "I am afraid, Mrs. Bell, that you form your opinions of people too highly sometimes."

The answer was singularly dubious in its application, and Mrs. Archibald, fearful that Vane might have overheard it, became suddenly and intensely interested in some confusion at the foot of the Grand Stand opposite.

"I own," she said presently, sinking her voice as Vivian lowered his lorgnon, "that forgiveness is not usually a masculine attribute. I spoke satirically."

"I thought you did," said he, in a tone of easy confidence. "I understood it so, of course."

Cora was really indignant now. The blood rose so hotly to her cheeks that she flushed scarlet under the rouge and the pearl powder, and there is no knowing what angry retort the baronet's assurance might have evoked, had not Carew, just at that sublime instant, unconsciously arrested the stream of her wrath by exclaiming excitedly, that the horses were off. Which in truth they actually were, as the yells and roarings of the mob speedily testified, and the hostilities between Vivian and Cora were forthwith suspended in the anxiety of watching the running for the Derby stakes. The history of that running itself is well known. Lady Elizabeth showed some very unladylike temper, and lost the day, a result that Vaurien, for some reason only known to himself, had absolutely anticipated. Then came the customary tumult and cheering, and wild excitement in the betting-ring; and one or two men who had laid heavy "pots" upon the favourite, and had not hedged their bets, dropped down fainting here and there, and were borne off through the crowd to the outer boundaries of the course. But nobody minded *them*, nor was likely to mind, except of course, the wives and children of these men, whose living had that day been tossed away so madly; and the hampers were unpacked on every side, the rattle of knives and forks began to predominate over the Babel of general noises, and corks and jokes flew deliriously in every conceivable and incontinent direction.

Cora Bell was overpowered by a miserable sense of having exhibited herself at a disadvantage in the eyes of Vane, and she was uneasily inquisitive to learn whether or not he was really cognizant of the signal snubbing to which the baronet had subjected her. Could anything be more mortifying if Vaurien *did* know it? To have allowed him to perceive that she had coveted the acquaintance of this aristocratic *colosse*, and then to be pounded so small in the presence of her admirers, by that very giant whom she had challenged in so much confidence of her own prevailing power! Was it possible that she was destined to defeat in this new campaign, that the reprisal she contemplated against Vaurien was to prove abortive? For Cora had been bitterly piqued by Vane's open admiration for the new *prima-donna*, and the vengeance she meditated was no less than a repayment in kind of the slight that had so deeply wounded her own vanity, and to the virulent sting of which she shrewdly divined that Vane would be equally vulnerable. But to attempt the accomplishment of such a magnificent revenge, and to fail at the very outset—what an intolerable vexation! It was not to be endured, and Cora summoned

all the wit and resolution she possessed to turn the fortunes of the day in her own favour. To attain this desirable consummation she lavished an immense amount of sweetness upon the hardy senses of the baronet, but his natural acridity was proof against all her honeyed compliments and delicate manoeuvres, and he took less notice of her and her wiles than he would probably have done of the feline blandishments of any strange grimalkin who might have chosen to comport itself fondly with regard to his boots. And, indeed, the great event of the day was hardly well over, than Vivian took his leave of the party, notwithstanding either the soft allurements of Mrs. Bell, who designed presently to succumb to the heat of the weather, and to faint in the arms of her unimpressionable giant; or the repeated invitations to Most and cold chicken cordially proffered by Vaurien, who would fain have heard something by-and-by concerning the adorable *Fräulein Stern*. With ever so cold a bow and ever so careless a glance at the languishing graces of poor mortified Cora, Vivian rode off from the drag and was soon lost to sight among the lines of vehicles and heterogeneous groups of itinerant acrobats, thimblerriggers, and hungry loiterers of all sorts.

"Abominably rude I call that fellow," observed Dick Rankin, apostrophizing the departing Hercules through Vaurien's field-glass. "Cut you a wfully short, Mrs. Bell!"

"Awfully," assented Carry. "Wouldn't have stood it m'self. Lobster salad, please, Charlie! Deuced good pie, this! You were much too kind to him, Mrs. Bell."

Cora actually ground her little white irregular teeth. Everyone of them had noticed her defeat! But she laughed as affably as possible, in spite of her annoyance, and shook her tinselled tufty head in gay denial.

"Oh, no! I disliked him immensely, Mr. Carew! You are quite mistaken, I assure you! Indeed, if the weather had been a little cooler I am certain I should positively have quarrelled with him!"

"If all ladies showed their dislikes in such a pleasant manner," quoth Vaurien in her ear, "what a glorious world we should have, *ma mie*!"

Poor Cora! Poor Lady Elizabeth!

The drag spun home from Epsom as merrily as the casualties and crowd of the road would permit, but the gossamer fairy upon the box seat had lost her *gaieté de cœur*, and Vaurien's jests and *bons mots* had no pungency for her injured ears. Nevertheless she was too much of a woman and of a diplomatist to make any exhibition of her chagrin, and though she sat behind the greys revolving schemes of awful vengeance, and plotting the dire overthrow and confusion of two such illustrious offenders as Brabazon and Vaurien, she laughed as arily and flirted as determinedly as she had ever done on the maddest day of all her mad little life. Yet she was hard hit, for Cora's ruling passion was Vanity, and the contempt with which Vaurien had treated her charms and her enchantments, was no mean stab to her sensitive heart. She had but one aim in her daily existence, and no idea beyond it; the greatest care and toil of which her inconsequent nature was capable was expended in the endeavour to attract and monopolize masculine admiration, and when she failed, the failure was as proportionately bitter to her tiny comprehension, as defeat would be to the mind of a military chief, baffled in his designs for reducing a hostile garrison.

Cora believed that men were her slaves, but in truth she was theirs, for she never ceased from her labours to please their fancies; all her delights and troubles had their source in the varying circumstances of this abject bondage, and the very *summum bonum* of her butterfly career was attained in a successful "*affaire*." And yet, beneath so much frivolous effervescence of feminine conceit, there was evidence of some strong brew in Mrs. Bell's composition, an unmistakable flavour of something stiff,—a firmness of purpose and self-command that might have done high credit to a nobler life than hers.

Even now, the impress of that better power was shining in her eyes, and curling her painted lips,—the power of asserting her will above her emotions, the power of strong repression and resolve. Not the resolve of a man but of a woman, for the trick is distinctively a feminine one. Maclise has given it finely in his picture of the play scene from *Hamlet*, where the king, unable to face the public reproduction of his guilt, turns his eyes away from the stage in a visible agony of shame and fury, but the partner of his wrong-doing, the misconducted queen, looks steadfastly on at the progress of the tableau, unmoved in feature, sublime in the supremacy of womanly fortitude over the pangs of human conscience.

So too,—and the comparison is not so hugely disproportionate as it may appear,—Cora Bell, insulted and rebuked in the immediate audience of those among whom she was most accustomed, to act the sovereign possessed the same power of self-control, and betrayed no more of the passion and unreason that were distracting her outraged senses than the great Academician's Gertrude.

"*Petite*," said Vaurien, softly, bending towards his laughing companion, and flicking the ears of the leaders with his long whip, "what are you

going to do with yourself on Saturday, eh? There's a concert at St. James's in the morning, begins at half-past two. Shall we go, eh?"

"Who sings?" asked Cora abruptly, checking herself in the midst of a lively interchange of repartee with Dick.

"Oh, most of the opera swells, first-rate display! I shall go, certainly. Won't you come?"

"Fräulein Stern?" said Cora interrogatively.

"Of course. Nothing without her now."

Mrs. Bell hesitated the least possible moment. If Adalheid were to sing, it was probable, she thought, that Vivian would be among the audience, and she might get an opportunity of retrieving the mistake she had that day committed, and of establishing her supremacy over the intractable heart of the baronet. At any rate, Vane was resolved to go for the sake of Fräulein Stern, and under such circumstances, Cora was more inclined to indulge him with the restraining influence of her presence, than to pass a domestically virtuous morning with the cousins at Brompton, and endure the knowledge that her recalcitrant *cher ami* was casting sheep's eyes at a talented and beautiful rival. So she assented to the scheme of dissipation proposed, and it was noted further that Mrs. Bell should call for Vane at the Grenville Club, Pall-mall, on the Saturday in question, a quarter of an hour before the time fixed for the commencement of the concert; upon the ratification of which arrangement Cora forthwith relapsed into silence, and held sacred commune with herself concerning the style of *coiffure* and the tint of complexion to be adopted on the momentous occasion. Ah, yes! Pitiful, no doubt! But that was the story of Cora's life from day to day.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CORRESPONDENCE.

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

THE ACCREDITED PHASES OF VIVISECTION.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE LADY'S OWN PAPER."

MADAM,—

In an Editorial note published at page 12 of your issue for the 5th October, it is stated that correspondence bearing on the practice of Vivisection would be acceptable.

In days gone by it fell to my lot to see not a little of the practice in question which I abhor, although ready to admit, for the sake of suffering humanity, that there are cases in which Vivisection becomes justifiable when carried out under certain obvious limitations. But Vivisection in its most literal sense is, by no means, the sole refined method of inflicting agony on the bruté creation which we, "professing Christians," can lay to our own charge. By way of a gentle hint on this subject, I beg leave to invite attention to a few examples of highly-civilized cruelty which are daily being practised under our very noses, with no higher aim than to pander to the gratification of our palates. With these examples long habit has made us so familiar, that we have become callous to, if not absolutely proof against, the brutality we have been countenancing.

The old saying about the skinning of eels, unlike most old sayings, involves a downright untruth when applied to the case of the fish, although metaphorically, it comes home to ourselves, to those who permit the atrocious acts of either skinning or "crimping" a living creature. Let us hope such acts are daily becoming less frequent. But how about the poor oyster we keep "alive and kicking" by special refinements of feeding until Vivisection be performed in the shape of a blundering and protracted thrust with a blunt weapon into the animal's vitals? How about the poor lobster, "all alive, oh!" with claws manacled for fear of its attempting reprisals, resting helplessly on the fishmonger's slab, until its doom is sealed by being slowly heated to death in the cook's cauldron? How about crabs, shrimps, and the less aristocratic kinds of shell-fish whose torments we systematically bring to a culminating point by analogous methods? How about the poor turtle, laid gasping on a wisp of straw, in the window of the restaurant, for days—perhaps for weeks—with the laudable object of exciting to the required degree of ~~empidity~~ ~~the used-up~~ sensibilities of some ~~sexagarian~~ ~~sen-~~ ~~alist~~?

Alas! alas! for our consistency, for our much vaunted humanity, for our morality! Verily our consciences are formed of expansive material, and we know how to use it.

In obedience, Madam, to your Editorial invitation, I have stated one phase of the case as it presents itself to me. I only wish I was deputed to cure the evil. It strikes me, a little retributive Vivisection would soon suffice.

I am yours most obediently,

G. C. WALLICH.

MANCHESTER NATIONAL SOCIETY FOR WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE.

We are requested on the part of the Manchester National Society to give space for the following correction of an erroneous reference which appeared inadvertently in our last number:—

"In your issue of October 26th is a paragraph which may lead to some confusion respecting the above Society. You speak of the Central Committee of the (late Manchester) National Society for Women's Suffrage.

"The establishment of the Central Committee this year in no way interfered with the existing Societies, all of which continued their labours and their independence as heretofore.

"The Manchester National Society for Women's Suffrage was established in 1867, and since that date it has steadily increased in the amount of work it has been enabled to accomplish, and in the support it has received.

"The subscriptions for 1871 were more than double those of the preceding year, and those for 1872 have again increased in nearly the same ratio. The Society continues its operations under its original name and original executive, and though it works in connection and in harmony with the Central Committee, it is in no way merged in the latter."

REVIEWS.

THE CAUSES OF SOCIAL REVOLT: A Lecture. By CAPTAIN MAXSE, R.N.

THIS little book is one to be highly recommended to all who are interested in the many social problems offered to us at the present day, and in a small compass presents many "long, long thoughts." The effect on its readers, whether or not they agree with the views expressed in it, cannot but be invigorating, so great is the earnestness and moral power of the work. Captain Maxse is peculiarly fitted for the task he has set himself, by having been brought into close contact with men at the opposite poles of thought and feeling. "Living as I have done from childhood," he says, "in an upper-class atmosphere, and yet led by the irresistible force of conscientious convictions to espouse, as the cause of human justice, the Democratic cause, I have become the political associate of its supporters, and have thus been continually occupied in listening to both sides." He has thus had "ample opportunity for studying the respective frames of mind and temper of the classes developing antagonistic views."

The first question he puts forth for consideration is: Is the present state of society a satisfactory one? The answer is, of course, a reference to the misery and want of a large portion of the population, both in town and country; and the fact that the produce of labour goes to enrich the capitalist, while it leaves the labourer well-nigh starving, is strongly brought out. In the next section, Captain Maxse combats the theory that what is required to remove wholesale misery is that each individual should improve *himself*. He fully admits the virtue of self-help, self-reliance, industry, and sobriety, but draws attention to the fact that the individual often finds himself in circumstances produced by Society,

and quite uncontrollable by himself, which are utterly unfavourable "to the development of high qualities in average human nature." That "the poor in a loomp is bad" may be true; but the question is, whether they are poor because they are bad, or bad because they are poor? Our author then proceeds to attack the system of unlimited competition; the profits of which go to the speculator, without the working-man having any participation in them. In self-defence the working-men must unite in "strikes." Another cause of social revolt is the misunderstanding and ignorance which exist in classes concerning each other's opinions and ways of viewing matters; and this misunderstanding is greatly fostered by the daily press, which is commonly supposed to set forth the opinion of the nation, while in reality it is only the organ of a section—that of the upper and middle classes. There are obvious reasons why a daily paper with radical opinions can not be started, such as the want of money and leisure amongst the class it would represent. No immediate remedy is suggested for this misfortune, the object of our author being rather to excite thought than to find any cut-and-dried cure for all ills. Towards the end of the lecture, however, Captain Maxse offers a few suggestions on "Remedial Policy," which he thinks might "produce conditions favourable to progress." For his views on Trades' Unions and on Co-operation we must refer readers to the book itself; as also for the very interesting remarks on the four measures to be insisted upon: 1, Compulsory, Gratuitous, and Secular Education; 2, Land Tenure Reform; 3, Substitution of Direct for Indirect Taxation; 4, Electoral Representative Reform. In this very slight sketch it has been impossible to touch upon many points of great interest, such as "the antagonism between town and country," and "the two creeds which divide the thinking world." But enough may have been said to excite the curiosity of our readers, and to lead them to make for themselves a closer investigation of Captain Maxse's arguments.

E. J. CAREY.

ATHALIE; OR, A SOUTHERN VILLEGGIATURA. A WINTER'S TALE. By FILIA. [Claxton, Remsen, and Huffelfinger, Philadelphia.

"VILLEGGIATURA" is a word of Southern coinage, meaning, we are told, village diversions; and as this book describes the pursuits of sundry winter days and nights in the house and on the hunting-grounds of a wealthy and hospitable lady, we suppose the term may pass, odd as it seems. The story is not at all sensational, but rather domestic in character and incident, and appears to be written with a purpose: a purpose bearing on the inviolable sanctity of the marriage vow, which is nearly always jeopardised when youth and beauty, wedded to old age, find in another person for the first time an object calculated to inspire reciprocal regards. It is upon such a danger that the story turns; Athalie Deslonde, the lovely wife of a man for whom she can cherish no deep and abiding affection, and with whom there is an absolute void of sympathy, meeting in the country house of Mrs. Dulany another guest, Colonel Von Lingard, and admiring and being admired. The secret is disclosed, not only to each of the parties, but to the greater number of the guests, through the occurrence of an untoward incident. The gentlemen among the guests of Mrs. Dulany organise a battue in the woods and swamps at a few miles' distance, and for awhile they keep very well together, but suddenly it is discovered that Von Lingard, separated from the rest, has got lost, and search being for the time unavailing, they return, with one other exception, to the steamer and the house. It proves eventually that in following a huge boar through the trackless morass and dense undergrowth, crossing streams and wending his way in unobserved directions, the Colonel has indeed killed his boar, but the vicious brute has at the same time gored him severely with its tusks. An ex-Confederate scout, Louis Stillman, versed in woodcraft, in simples, in hunting, and in all the arts which stand one in such good stead in an unknown country, finds and rescues the Colonel, and meets a searching party on the return to Mrs. Dulany's. Athalie Deslonde's anxiety and concern for the Colonel reveals the love for him of which she had herself been scarcely conscious; and Mrs. Dulany, as a species of earthly saint, at once takes her weaker sister by the hand, and exorcises the spirit of evil from her heart and mind. The descriptive matter thrown into the book is interesting from the extreme rarity with which novels of Southern domestic life, written by Southern authors, from a Southern point of view, reach us from across the Atlantic; and also from the scene being laid in Louisiana and Texas, States least known, possibly, of all the States in the American Union.

D.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTES.

MR. WALTER THOMPSON, of London, has paid the first moiety of the sum of £1,000, promised by him to the Committee for securing a complete Medical Education for Women in Edinburgh.

IN Stockholm, the Ladies' Club has been opened to gentlemen and ladies the whole day. Formerly, gentlemen were allowed to visit it only at certain hours. Now, the increased attendance is very remarkable.

THE first meeting *pro forma* of the Girls' Public Day-schools Company (limited) was held on the 24th ultimo, under the presidency of Mr. C. S. Roundell, barrister-at-law, at the Westminster Palace Hotel. Only routine business was transacted.

MADAME RONNIGER has accepted an engagement to lecture for the Philosophical Society, at Paisley. The winter session will be opened by Mr. Stanley, of Livingstone celebrity, and the programme contains the names of Mr. James Dodds, Mr. Tom Hood, Professor Masson, and Dr. William Smith.

A NEW work on the Life and Teachings of Mahomet, we hear, is about to appear from the pen of an Indian gentleman, resident in London. From the author's intimate acquaintance with the subject, his extensive research, and his enthusiasm for his subject, a most interesting volume may be expected.

THE *Parochial Critic* relieves its columns with "Leaflets for Ladies." This week it has articles on "Sex Unsexed," turning the tables on the adversaries of Women's progress; and on "Medicine for Women," deprecating the resistance of the dominant faction in the Edinburgh University to the just claims of Miss Jex-Blake and her colleagues.

IT is noticeable how the term Gothic is repudiated by architects in that style, and the term Mediæval adopted instead, to which it has no exclusive right, as there are other styles quite as much, if not more, characteristic of the Middle Ages. This desire arises, no doubt, from the double meaning of the word Gothic, which also means barbaric; and an uneasy feeling that this applies to their style, which, indeed, is perfectly true, however beautiful it may be.

MRS. ALSAGER, the English lady who was nursing in the hospitals of Saarbrück from the commencement of the Franco-German war, in 1870, till January, 1871, has received from the Emperor of Germany the decoration of the Order of the Iron Cross. The honour comes thus late not from any doubt of the lady's title, but in consequence of a false report of her death, which reached the Inspector of the Hospitals there, Dr. Küpper, having prevented the sending in her name at the time when it was first awarded.

THE approximate certainty with which in the United States the re-election of General Grant to the Presidency is looked forward to, is a promising sign for the interests of women. It may be that the President does not deem it politic to express any opinions very far in advance of those generally accepted by his supporters and the people at large; but it is well-known that, notwithstanding the fact of his favourite daughter being in favour of Women's Suffrage, the declining candidate, Mr. Horace Greeley, is a determined foe to all progression on the part of women.

We take the following, which may interest art-lovers, from the *Moniteur des Arts*. Under the reign of King Louis Philippe, an English artist had been authorized to copy the Bayeux tapestry, attributed to Queen Mathilde, wife of the Conqueror, and whose history it represents. The wife of this copyist appropriated a piece of the same, and at a later period it was acquired by the authorities of the South Kensington Museum. After some difficulties, the administration of the Museum is about to restore the missing piece of tapestry.

THE Committee of Management of the Lectures for Women in Cambridge have increased to four the exhibitions offered to successful candidates in the June examinations. One of £25 and one of £20 are to be given for general success, one of £20 is the guerdon of proficiency in mathematics, and the fourth, also of £20, is to be awarded for logic and political economy. It should be added that still another exhibition of £40 is given annually to the best senior candidate in the Cambridge Local Examinations for Girls held in the month of December.

WE are requested on the part of the Central Committee for Women's Suffrage to correct an error of description which occurs in the last number of "THE LADY'S OWN PAPER." The Central Committee, it is stated, is not connected with Manchester in any greater degree than with the other 64 local committees that are in correspondence with it; and it has not sprung from the Manchester Committee, nor has the Manchester Committee been merged into it. It arose entirely in London, was organized by London people (although the first mention of it was made publicly in a letter read at a Conference in Manchester, last November), and its object is not to represent one committee more than another, but to furnish a common centre to which all may send delegates, and to have an office where all the country committees apply when necessary for help and advice. Some of the most valued workers are Manchester people, or from Edinburgh, Bath, Bristol, and other local committees, but the Central Committee is only a point of reunion for them all.

MR. JOHN STUART MILL has not forgotten, in the retirement of Avignon, his old interest in the cause of Women's Progress—a cause fortified by all the resources of logic and philosophy, and hallowed by the memory of one who for many years gladly shared her husband's toil, and heightened the pleasure of his literary pursuits. Mr. Mill retains the presidency of the London National Society for Women's Suffrage, contributing from time to time the aid of his large experience and invaluable counsel. His deliverances on public questions are accepted by the more thoughtful among our working people as opinions fraught with wisdom, and many and diverse schemes are submitted to his judgment in the hope of winning for them his sanction and expressed approval. Within the last few days there has appeared a letter from Mr. Mill, on the International Society and the Revolution which that body desires to bring about. A change of feeling and opinion on politics he does not object to, but he questions the necessity of a term which imports the gaining of an end by a popular revolt or by an armed usurpation. One resulting evil of this misuse of a word, a misuse which comes, as he reminds us, from the French democracy, he describes in words which we cannot forbear quoting: "There are maxims which your Association, in my opinion, rightly considers to be essential to just government; and there is a tendency, increasing as mankind advances in intelligence and education, towards the adoption of the doctrines of just government. These are all the facts there are in the case, and the more clearly and unambiguously these, and nothing but these, are stated, the better people will understand one another, and the more distinctly they will see, what they are disputing about, and what they are avowed to prove. When, instead of this, men range themselves under banners as friends and enemies of 'The Revolution,' the only important question which is just and useful is kept out of sight, and measures are

judged, not by their real worth, but by the analogy they seem to bear to an irrelevant abstraction. The otherwise very salutary intercourse which," he remarks, "has grown up of late years between portions of the English and French working classes, will be dearly paid for if it cause the advanced politicians of England to abandon one of the best characteristics of the English mind, and replace it by one of the worst of the French." For one feature in the programme of the International, however, Mr. Stuart Mill has nothing but unqualified praise. "I cannot conclude," he says, "without expressing the great pleasure with which I have seen the full and thorough-going recognition by your body of the claim of women to equal rights in every respect with men, and of minorities proportionately to their numbers with majorities, and its advocacy of the federal principle for the security of this last."

THE EDINBURGH LADY STUDENTS.

THE reclaiming note of the defenders in the action of Miss Sophia Louisa Jex-Blake and Others, against the Senatus Academicus of the University of Edinburgh, came on for argument in the second division of the Court of Session last Friday.

Mr. Lancaster, the leading counsel for the reclaimers, rested the case of his clients on grounds that were severely overhauled on the first day appointed for argument. He maintained that women have not a right at their own caprice to choose whether or not to use alleged rights of access to the Universities.

Lord Neaves: But have not all men such right of option?

Mr. Lancaster: Yes, my Lord. But I maintain that if any set of people (sex or no sex) have abstained for centuries from claiming an alleged right, they must take the consequences.

Lord Neaves: The argument comes to this, that if no black man ever entered a University, the right of the whole black race would now be barred; or, if no MacGregor ever applied to become a student, the whole clan have lost the right to become such (laughter).

Mr. Lancaster: Into the first comparison, I must beg leave to decline to enter. As to the last, I would say that people merely of a special name are not so distinct from others as to require new arrangements.

Lord Cowan: But the general argument of lapse of right is negatived by the recent case of the Presbytery of Dundee.

Mr. Lancaster: I would only use it to fortify by custom my position, that women never had a right.

Lord Neaves thought he was going into a matter which he did not require to go into; and *Lord Cowan* thought the same.

The *Lord Justice Clerk* wished to know if *Mr. Lancaster* still maintained that the University never received by charter, or otherwise the power of granting degrees?

Mr. Lancaster said such power seemed to rest on use and wont.

Lord Neaves: Then the *viros* on which you laid such stress referred, in fact, only to those to be taught?

Mr. Lancaster admitted that to have allowed the ladies in at all was a violation of the constitution of the University, but whether it was not a violation in which the University might be supposed to have a little discretion, was a different question. But he drew the widest possible distinction between admitting to graduation and instruction.

Lord Benholme: How can you consistently maintain that in view of your first contention in respect of the use of the word *vir*?

Mr. Lancaster did not deny that both were a violation of legality, but pointed out that a degree was a special honour which could be conferred only by the Crown, or the Crown delegates, and which could not be given except by authority from the Crown.

Lord Benholme: It comes to this, that you can allow the ladies to run the race, but not to win it (laughter).

Mr. Lancaster: It is not that we won't let them win the race, but that we can't.

Lord Neaves: I would not book them then (laughter).

Mr. Lancaster: The majority of us don't, my lord.

The *Lord Justice Clerk*: You must go the whole length as to illegality.

Mr. Lancaster did not in the least degree shrink from it.

Lord Benholme said that the argument as to the charters was the strongest part of his case.

Lord Neaves: Certainly! But if the ladies get in at all, what is there in the charters to prevent your giving degrees to the most eminent?

Lord Benholme thought it was very inconsistent to keep the rewards, when they allowed the rewards to be worked for.

Mr. Lancaster urged that the charters combined with use and wont only gave right to confer degrees upon men.

And there for the day the argument ended, with this farrago of contemptible nonsense in a sensible man's mouth.

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. 1½d. 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 Gatto, purveyors of fancy articles to H.R.H. the Princess of Wales, 27 and 28, Oxford-street, London, W.—ADVT.

SPECTACLES.—Of all the gifts which science has so freely lavished on humanity perhaps there is none that ranks higher than the means afforded of assisting the natural vision. The value of Spectacles when properly adjusted cannot be overrated, for they enable us to pursue our avocations, whether of duty or pleasure, with ease and comfort. From these observations it will be seen that the dangerous practice of wearing Spectacles purchased from those unacquainted with lenses should be avoided. We recommend those requiring good spectacles to try Mr. Bernard Davis, 430, Euston-road, Optician to the Ophthalmic Institution, manufacturer of microscopes, magic lanterns, dissolving views, &c., from whom catalogues may be obtained.—ADVT.

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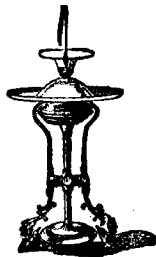
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