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TENNYSON: AS POET FOR THE PEOPLE, AND IN RELATION TO POPULAR AUDIENCES.

If one were asked to suggest a test of the genuineness of a poet's genius, or to advance a strong, practical argument that his work should not prove to be merely the ephemeral and deceptive, though possibly, brilliant *ignis fatuus* of a day, eventually to live only in musty catalogues or in dreary encyclopædias of literature, perhaps the most conclusive evidence in his favour would be the power which his works should be capable of exercising upon an intelligent middle-class audience. An assemblage of persons not so *blasé* by fashion and frivolity as to be altogether indifferent to literary excellence; not so sordid or so blunted by every-day cares as to have lost the fine and delicate appreciation of poetic inspiration and imagination; not so artificial as to neither take interest nor find beauty in the simpler relations of ordinary English life: the reception of a poet's works by an audience possessing the above attributes would offer a sound criterion as to their inherent vitality, their truthfulness to nature, and their capacity to weather the storms and the insidious changes of time. In the lecture-halls of our Literary Institutes such audiences are found. At the entertainments given under the title of Penny Readings by the authorities of our parish schools and

others, we become acquainted with a class of audiences of a perhaps still more essentially popular character. The people who frequent these resorts are, as a rule, endowed with too much every-day common-sense to be afflicted with morbid, extravagant, or sentimental leanings; and they are yet sufficiently cultured, or, at least, so naturally alive to the ring of true thought, and the simple beauties of life, as to be instinctively capable of distinguishing between the genuine outpourings of earnest thought and feeling, and those from the shallow soul of the mere artist in the shreds and patches of conventional hearsay. Such audiences, luckily, and I say *luckily*, because their existence proves the general soundness of the sense and morality of our English life, are still to be found in the middle, yes, and even in the lower classes in England. By *lower* classes, I do not mean the coarse and senseless roisterer, or the unhappy drunkard, sunk below the level of brutes, and whose aspirations, if he have any, rarely rise beyond the level of the tankard and the ale-house threshold: of such I speak not, leaving them and theirs only to the future of hope, and to the glorious advent of that angel who, with knowledge and science, and the purity born of them, shall bring the glory of a second birth into the hearts and homes of our native land. Leaving such poor souls aside,—among the hardworking mechanics, the skilled artisans, the small shopkeepers of our towns, an intelligent appreciation, nay more, a substantial knowledge and critical estimate of literary merit, may be found, which would put to shame some of the effete and indolent intellects of the upper classes. I have frequently had the good fortune and opportunity of experimentalizing upon the general mental calibre of such an audience—changing rapidly from the writings of one poet to another; and I confess that I have observed, not always without astonishment, the remarkable power which the works of the Poet Laureate are unquestionably capable of exercising upon the minds of the less conventional and artificial, as well as those of the less cultured classes. That sweet touching picture of simple village life, "The May Queen," redolent as its verses are with the scent and freshness of spring flowers and the newly-turned earth, radiant with the glow of the early sunbeams, or sad and mysterious with the

"great delights and shuddering" of night and the things of night draws forth the tears of sympathy perhaps more readily than any other modern poem. "Lady Clara Vere de Vere," "Dora," "Guineera," awaken intense and vivid human interest; the wild cry of "Oriana" resistlessly hurries on the listener with its rush of passion and its madness of grief; the solemn tones of the "Dirge," with its wondrous arabesques in "rare broidery" of "light and shadow," "music in the tree," "gold-eyed kingcups blue," or "bramble roses faint and pale," with a sad and hopeless melody, touches the deeper mysteries of the soul, and re-echoes the deep, still despair of lost hopes, lost loves, where tears seem bound in the chilled heart like water in the crystal goblet by cold, dead frost. The deep truths shrouded in their robes of matchless expression in "Locksley Hall," "The Princess," the "Idylls," stir slumbering or unsounded depths of the heart. The "Charge of the Light Brigade" is probably the best-loved and the most stormily-welcomed poem offered to the audiences of modern times; though its heroism is for the world, its heroes are for England, and it rouses therefore the spirit which greets "The Marseillaise" from the black-browed sons of France and her eagle-eyed daughters, or which meets the deathless and exultant strains of "Scots wha hae" in the land of Bruce and Wallace; it takes rank among the national lays of peoples, and though the cosmopolitan philosopher may pity the man who has "no better religion than that of patriotism," in every true heart will ever be found chords which shall reverberate to the strains of Home, and which shall never fail to respond with sympathetic throb to the poet's proud interrogation:—

"Lives there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
'This is my own, my native land?'"

Mr. Tennyson's genius is vast and luminous rather than brilliant and penetrative. Yet his style is marked by manly terseness, and, to descend to a homely simile, his genuineness is such, that it might well be paralleled by the honest "home-baked" and "home-brewed" of the substantial yeoman's homestead. In spite of the high polish with which they are finished, the breadth and simple strength in the writings of Mr. Tennyson conquer and master the smooth diction and the perfection in which they are enthralled, and by the force of plain truth the sympathies of reader or hearer are drawn out and ruled. And here an anecdote from personal recollection may not be out of place. During a summer residence in a wild and ignorant country district, I had lent a volume of Tennyson's poems, including "In Memoriam," to a humble but intelligent neighbour, the keeper of a general village store. One day his eldest daughter came to me saying: "Father is so much pleased with the book you lent him! He says that is a book indeed, for there's something in it worth the trouble of 'studying,' and he wishes he had one of his own." I found that the poem which had chiefly excited approval and admiration was "In Memoriam," and I, too, wished that a cheap edition for the people could be had.

Like all good things, the poems of the Laureate must be known to be thoroughly felt and appreciated, and perhaps the chief obstacle and difficulty in the way of this exist in the seeming simplicity of their structure. In fact, upon the first reading, there appears hardly anything to grasp or penetrate. Like the fine, bold outlines of the old masters, their very ease of simplicity is the despair of the imitator. They seem to be seen and comprehended almost at first sight, and the mind is apt to despise what it comprehends with apparently so little effect. We do not require the nearer view which is necessary to penetrate forms of subtle elaboration, but rather the view from many points, for many-sided knowledge gives intellectual purchase, as we look at a grand statue from all sides until the deceptive effects of foreshortening and perspective become clear to the eye. This is the kind of intimate acquaintanceship which Mr. Tennyson's poems appear to demand. When sailing round the hulk of some great vessel, no definite perception of its proportions or general appearance are gained. We must go further out to sea, if we wish to gain a just idea of it as a whole. Most readers of classical story will recall the great sculptor, whose work, when placed for inspection beside that

of his rival, fell under the disparaging criticism of his countrymen, who pointed out the superior finish and execution of the statue by the latter. But undismayed, and with the consciousness of power the great artist waited until his work was placed on the lofty elevation which it had been destined to adorn; when, behold! the labour of his rival sank into indistinguishable insignificance, while his own roughly hewn conception of divinity stood revealed in colossal proportions, a masterpiece of genius! Thus time—which to literature seems to supply the mental atmosphere which space in external life gives to the material shapes of plastic art; time, in spite of all simplicity, is required by the solitary student of the Tennysonian muse. But for an audience, all this *débris* and outer scaffolding of mental obscuration is cleared away simultaneously with the presentation of the poem; and, like the perfect form of the sculptor, idea, situation, and workmanship stand forth clearly as the marble from the reposeful background, with the high lights falling strongly on the most important features. The crystallization of an intermediate mind with the histrionic delineation, have acted as space, time, and distance; the all-round view has been gained of the vessel,—the entirety of the statue is distinct and plain to the occupier of the more distant vantage ground.

It is hardly absolute beauty, and certainly not intricacy or ingenuity of thought, which give Mr. Tennyson his power and pre-eminence. He does not specially aim at or excel in the constructive skill which can turn out a verse with the expert neatness of a Chinese puzzle, or the adroitness and perfect *aplomb* of a canon in counterpoint. In artistic parlance, his colours are laid on with the masculine touch of a Velasquez; and like these, they stand wear and tear; like these they have the look of reality, and the strength of bone and muscle about them.

Mr. Tennyson's power as a poet does not immediately strike the mind of the ordinary reader. It dawns upon the perception later, when the individuality of his style has been mastered and fully understood. To this, and the comparative absence of the fascination which the philosophical puzzling of some writers excites over the imagination, may be ascribed the indifference occasionally observed with regard to his works, even among persons possessing a certain amount of education. He is poet, *pur et simple*. He does not aim at the alchemical skill which labours to bring forth priceless gems with dark and mystic ceremonies from vaporous mental crucibles, nor does he seek to attract by the flash and crash of showy verification. While discovering creative power in the original portrayal of character, as well as in such felicitous graces of expression as fall only from the lips of those on whom the Muses have conferred the fiery touch which makes them something more than kin with others, he chiefly represents, taking life and nature as he finds them, and reproducing them with only the changes necessary to give the picture unity, harmony, and good drawing. But he has not yet moulded his generation to his genius. Like the interposing objective power of the stereoscope to the flat photograph, or the life and realism of the living actor to the dead page of the playwright, the dramatic reader, if sympathetically endowed, may remove the glass through which is seen but darkly. From his own vision, patient study has lifted the veil, and revealed outline, coherence, and colour. As before remarked, with an audience it is different, for to them the reader's mind and art act as immediate interpreters of the poet, and the histrionist of respectable ability will know how to lay in the broad ground tone, to bring out the salient points, to fill in the various local tints, and to distribute light and shade with such effect, that spirit, meaning, and style are grasped at once and unconsciously. Therefore, spell-bound from beginning to end, the mind and senses of the listener are captive to the fascination of imagination, incident, and thought. What the reader himself, by persevering application and repeated effort has made his, the hearer seizes instantaneously, and thus, when the interpreter is gifted, gains a living realization of the poet's conception.

While perhaps wishing that some of the above remarks might have proceeded from another pen, they are here offered less in the spirit of individual opinion or assertion, than as the unstudied results of the observation afforded by practical experience.

WHAT PROFESSOR TYNDALL SAYS OF THE SKY.

"TEACH science," is the repeated cry of the day—"simplify it to working-men—translate technical terms into intelligible language, so as to make learning a pleasure." One wishes to be young again to share the advantage of this philanthropic effort. But an older generation have not waited till now to discover the disadvantages of the system under which their minds developed. I was taught by an incident in early life how much I had lost from want of a fuller education. Like many others, I had gone through the educational cycle without a glimpse of what may be called scientific knowledge. Therefore, when a catechism of chemistry fell by chance into my hands, it struck me like a revelation, opening a kind of fairyland before my wondering eyes, where I could trace the work of invisible agencies, of whose existence I had no previous conception. Yet, with all my admiration, I never acquired much knowledge of chemistry, or any other science, having no opportunities for study, and probably wanting capability, and I dwell on the trifling incident narrated only because it gave a colouring to my life, and was chiefly instrumental to any little good I have been ever able to accomplish.

But how has science grown since I picked up these rudimental fragments! The contrast between my *then* and the existing *now* is in itself a source of wonder. There was then no Tyndall to make light luminous, as this great magician at present does, when in the strength of his own genius he lifts us up into the infinity of space, and enables us to revel in all the wonders of an Universe in which the planet we inhabit is but as a speck, undistinguishable to a dweller in other systems among which ours is lost.

Among the many subjects to which Mr. Tyndall has devoted much thought, *Light* seems to be the favourite one. It is on it he chiefly dwells in "The Use and Limits of the Imagination in Science;" and it is only in the hope of leading others to the perusal of a beautiful combination of imagery and science which my presumptuous handling cannot mar, that I attempt a sketch of it in this paper.

It may be nothing to hear that light travels at the rate of 185,000,000 of miles in a minute, for it is a fact easily effaced from the memory; but when we learn its mode of transit—the different proportion of its waves, giving a million times more force to the largest than to the smallest wave—the effect produced by this variation on the colour of our noontide skies, and the dying lights of sunset—the minute particles of which ether consists, on which the light-waves impinge, and which are the vehicles of their transmission—that must be to the torpid mind in which the wish for further knowledge does not grow. Let us retrace the few steps we have taken, and see if our outline may not be made more distinct. Our effort must be to imagine an ocean of infinite tenuity and elasticity, to which the name of Light Ether is given, and which consists of an inconceivable number of swinging atoms, or molecules, against which the light-waves dash in every direction, scattering light like foam from their breaking crests into measureless space. But this is not all. The reign of law as serenely works in this dazzling chaos as in the formation of the smallest dew-drop sparkling on a rose; and to make this fact intelligible is our present effort.

That light moves, and is divisible, are facts universally accepted, but how much the colour of the sky is due to that divisibility, and to the unequal motion of the different waves, may be as new to many as to myself. It is calculated that two-thirds of the rays—or, as Professor Tyndall prefers to call them, light-waves—proceeding from the sun, fail to excite vision. But every light-producing wave is found to have its allotted length and size, as each has its mission to fulfil; and *colour*, varying according to the different lengths of individual waves, is one of the effects produced by them. Some theories make force the sole agent in nature. It is at least possible to describe many of its phenomena by numerical calculation. Thus, the force or energy of the largest wave, which reaches our vision as *red*, is a million of times greater than that of the smallest, of which violet is the equivalent to our sensations. Mr. Tyndall gives us a singular proof of how language clothes ideas, when, in describing the bloom on a girl's cheek, he says; "We do

not therefore jest, but speak the words of truth and soberness, when we affirm that the rays to which the tinting of any cheek is due, would, if mechanically applied, be competent to move a wheel-barrow through a certain place, or to lift a scuttle of coal to a calculable elevation." The disrespect of this comparison is only to be equalled by the irreverence which describes a blue eye as simply "a turbid medium." I quote these words because it is good for us to look at facts in different lights, and because it gives some help towards answering the question, why the sky is blue? All size is relative. Though the molecules which swing in space are far too minute to be distinguishable with the aid of the highest microscope; yet, as they offer a greater resistance to the smaller light-waves which impinge on them than they do to the larger ones, they consequently scatter the light of the former in a higher ratio. Now, if we remember that the colours conveyed to our sensations by the smaller waves are indigo, blue, and violet, with a little effort we can understand how it is possible that, by the undue scattering of the waves referred to, blue becomes the colour of our atmosphere. I want Mr. Tyndall's picturesque language to give full force to this grouping of cause and effect; but, however imperfect my effort, I think it impossible for anyone on whom this sketch makes an impression, to look at the sky in a thoughtful mood, remembering that the azure vault, which looks as solid as a marble dome, is only an assemblage of vibratory particles, so light and compressible, that our authority says, "it may be held in the hollow of the hand," without being awakened to a living sense of that Omnipotence, which, out of the simplest means, educes the most perfect harmonies and the grandest results.

Now, a word on sunset colours before closing. We have seen that the blue colour of the sky is an incident of the scattering of the smaller light-waves, and that by successive collisions the white light has been robbed of its due proportion of blue. The rest I shall give in Mr. Tyndall's words:—"The result may be anticipated. The transmitted light, where short distances are involved, will appear yellowish. But as the sun sinks towards the horizon the atmospheric distances increase, and consequently the number of the scattering particles. They abstract in succession the violet, the indigo, the blue, and even disturb the proportions of green. The transmitted light under such circumstance must pass from yellow, through orange, to red. This also is exactly what we find in nature. Thus, while the reflected light gives us at noon the deep azure of the Alpine skies, the transmitted light gives us at sunset the warm crimson of the Alpine snows."

C. G. DONOVAN.

MRS. HENRY KINGSLEY has definitively resigned the honorary secretaryship of the Berners Club.

THE October sessions for the jurisdiction of the Central Criminal Court opened on the 29th October at the Old Bailey. The Deputy-Recorder in charging the Grand Jury observed, that the calendar included, as usual, many crimes of violence—a class of offences which did not seem to diminish. Five of these cases involved the loss of human life—three of them in the form of manslaughter, two of murder; and yet one besides which was a charge of attempted murder. *He was sorry to add that all the six crimes were referable to drunkenness.* From last week's metropolitan police charges we learn that at *Worship-street*, a brass-worker, named James Lomas, has had passed upon him a sentence to three months' imprisonment with hard labour, for a brutal assault upon his wife, eleven days confined. The prosecutrix was described as looking pale and ill, and the provocation she gave was simply a refusal to give him more than a shilling on his coming home *the worse for liquor* and demanding money. Another case transpired on the same day, of a like term of imprisonment being imposed on Charles Lockyer, who going home intoxicated had seized his son (a child of four years) by the hair of the head, pulling him out of his mother's arms, and then beating him severely with a strap in the way he was in the *habit of doing when drunk.* The warrant officer arrived just in time to prevent a further recurrence of violence towards both wife and child, who were so destitute that money to get food was given by the officer, and assistance was afterwards given from the poor-box. For the present, we refrain from editorial comment.

ACCOUCHEUR VERSUS ACCOUCHEUSE.

By F. FENWICK MILLER.

PART II.

In the year 1708, appeared another little book on the same matter. The name of the author is not given, but we are aware that he was a physician of the Faculty of Paris. He presents us with a Preface, which is to the book as an advanced body of troops is to the whole army. I give an extract from this, that the reader may understand the order of battle. This prelude tells us that some ladies have consulted him, and that it is to them he writes. He examines whether, in any previous age, there was a profession of men-midwifery. He decides this matter by showing the reader from history that neither Christianity nor Paganism have authorized an art which Nature herself condemns. He shows also that the Hebrews were always attended by midwives; a custom to which all the nations who came after strictly conformed. He endeavours then to prove that neither Scripture nor the Fathers have anything which can excuse the practice of the present day; that princes have never "confirmed" it by their edicts; that the magistrates have never recognized it; that there is no respectable public company of men-midwifery, as we see of all professions established by public utility; and then he discusses the reasons advanced why there should be, at the present day, a profession the necessity of which the ancients never saw? He replies, also, to all that has been said against midwives: their little capacity, their natural ignorance, their want of surgical genius, and the reproaches of men that they know very little about even midwifery. He listens to everything reasonable that is said against them, and satisfactorily replies to the whole. He names to us certain ladies who, after a proper course of instruction, have proved themselves eminent in medicine; and argues that they are equally distinguished in special surgery. He draws thence the conclusion, that we do not need men-midwives, and that women alone suffice for the practice of a profession, theirs by right, of which the injustice of men would fain deprive them. He ends by pointing out that the art of midwifery properly belongs to women, and that the profession of the Accoucheuse is as ancient as the world, and the most holy of religions—that of the Jews, which gave the example followed by every succeeding century—sanctioned it, the Christian religion established it, princes and magistrates have confirmed it by their edicts and by their laws. In the next portion of his discourse he appeals to the Accoucheurs themselves, warning them against so transgressing the natural law, and warns them that they must eventually suffer for thus forgetting all rules of reason, modesty, and benevolence, in pursuing pecuniary interest. It is not with passion that they are attacked, but a kindly counsel is given them to resign a profession which only necessity could justify their practising; and decidedly they have not that excuse at the present time. In many places elsewhere, this abominable custom of allowing men to attend even the most ordinary cases is declaimed against; for, without speaking of the offence against the law, without repeating the continual complaints of wise spiritual directors, many clever physicians have opposed it; and the truth of their writings is neither the less powerful, nor less worthy, because neglected. He repeats here the reproaches of a most clever physician of Paris to the French ladies; and also refers to a "Dissertation on Accouchements," the author of which adduces facts and arguments which are equally happy and incontrovertible. These things should be known by everyone, and zeal and charity alike have animated the writers. He finishes his Preface by advising young Accouchees to reflect on the facts which they will find given in the body of the work, and they must see that his statements are founded on the fundamental principles of religion and medicine; and that, consequently, fears for their healths, even for their lives, will lead them to follow this rule; to consult equally modesty and justice, and to spare their own proper shame by restoring women to their fit place of which they were always found worthy in bygone days. Then he exhorts Accoucheurs themselves only to interfere when the Accoucheuse calls upon them in such rare cases as require great muscular power, being persuaded that Providence will recompense them for their pious self-denial. Moreover, to the modest mother God will

give ease; and women, as a class, will be gradually freed from that dependence on men, which is so debasing to their moral strength. We now enter upon the body of the work. It is divided into eight chapters, the headings of which are as follow:

- I. That the profession of the man-midwife was unknown to antiquity, and that at the present day it has only an anomalous title and an usurped authority.
- II. That all nations, from the Hebrews downwards, the polite Greeks, the conquering Romans, and every other noble nation, have been introduced into the world by women, whose honourable and learned profession is as ancient as the world, and acknowledged by every law.
- III. Facts are adduced, which prove that it was not known in any time that women were attended by men in these and similar cases.
- IV. That the maxims of the Christian religion are contrary to the profession of the man-midwife.
- V. That a man's help is very rarely necessary.
- VI. That a woman who will place herself under the care of a strange man is to be much blamed.
- VII. That women are as capable of attending and assisting women in travail as are men.
- VIII. Any other objections made against midwives are answered.

In the contents of these chapters the author employs an immense variety of materials. He goes to the very beginning of the world; he seeks among the records of the Hebrews, the Greek, and the Romans; consults the Fathers of the Church, the devout both of Paganism and of Christianity: fable, tradition, and authentic history yield ample stories of illustration to prove his positions. He cites many instances of ancient days, in which women have actually fallen martyrs to their modesty; and though he does not advise ladies to go to this length, yet, he says, he feels certain that women with special diseases will receive far more benefit from the treatment of their own sex, because God will then be with them. He ends his book by declaring that he honours and admires surgery, and respects its professors; but he despises and attacks the profession of man-midwifery; a class of operators unknown to our fathers; a sort of amphibious faculty, difficult to describe, and of doubtful ability. An Accoucheur is not really a surgeon; he cannot bleed, much less perform any serious surgical operation. They do not understand anything of disease in general; yet they wish to arrogate to themselves precedence over the pure surgeon.* Neither can they pretend to any knowledge of the special diseases of pregnant women; for that could but be taught them by their brother surgeons, and women never will teach them! The Accoucheurs pretend to make common cause with the surgeons, and so secure their protection. It is unmerited; the surgeons are fettered by such a yoke, and will neither learn nor gain anything by assenting to it. Surgery is a noble art, glorious, and meriting honour; man-midwifery is useless, ignorant, and absurd.

So far, the priest and the physician of bygone days against the Accoucheur. In the next chapter of Dionis' work, he gives the arguments of a writer on the side of the men-midwives. These resolve themselves into two assertions: 1st, that men-midwives were becoming fashionable; 2nd, that they were introducing new instruments, and using them more frequently.† The only original idea in it is, the amusing one that the very first of all midwives must have been a man, because when Cain and Abel came into this wicked

* It must be remembered that this was written 160 years ago, when Accoucheurs were quite innovators, and not also general medical practitioners.

† On this point we may be permitted to quote the eloquent words of Dr. J. Stevens, in "Man-Midwifery Exposed":—"Feeling so deep an impression of the awful consequences of this outrage against propriety, this once (by law) criminal offence, now a fashionable custom, I became assured that, by showing how men-operators make the supposed necessity for their violent and cruel work, I should restore woman to her natural place."

world to commit the first murder, no one but Adam existed to perform the midwife's duties! We commend this clear historical deduction to the notice of our brother practitioners: let them lay the lesson to heart, and attend only their own wives when they can get no one else to officiate. Poor mother Eve! No doubt that was one of her hardest punishments; and she must have wished the apple back again on its bough most sincerely! Throughout the whole of this chapter runs, however, as we have previously said, a tone of begging the question, an appeal for a truce. The author allows that women have "*assez*" strength, nerve, and science to practice successfully, and only objects to the words "*de plus*," which the physician employs. And in the last chapter, where M. Dionis comes to give judgment on the two previous ones, the conclusion at which he arrives is, that, as in Paris there are Surgeons and Accoucheuses equally clever, the decision as to which to employ may be safely left to individual taste!

We are happy to be able to add, that, at the present moment, women are again able to command the services of ladies, as well educated as gentlemen, in the members of the Ladies' Medical College. The teaching of this institution is thorough, and conducted by eminent physicians. It has been useful in inducing many educated ladies of good social position to enter the profession, and is doing good service to the public. The College is in Great Portland street, where the addresses of skilled Accoucheurs in the neighbourhood of London may be obtained on application. All success to those who are thus re-opening to ladies this their old vocation.

THE INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF WOMEN.

In the year 1869 a small number of ladies in Geneva determined on trying to form an International Association of Women, which should have branches in every country, and should sympathise with women's work in all nations, but have the central committee sitting in Geneva. Geneva, that little State which, lying contiguous to France, Germany, and Italy, had struggled for its freedom even in the darkest days of feudal oppression; and, having gained it for itself, had been for ages the stronghold of Liberty, to which the oppressed of adjoining countries strove to escape, there to be free; seemed well entitled to initiate such an association and to become its centre. It was a bold enterprise these ladies undertook; and though as yet circumstances seem to prove that the old spirit of progress has not a little died out of the people of Geneva, and that their ambition is to keep things as they are, rather than to go forward, we still think it a good central point for an Association and Union of Women together, if it be desirable at all.

Madame Goegg, one of the most active and zealous of the originators of this idea, was elected the first President of the Association, and she and Madame Gaudillon, the Secretary, found correspondents and adherents in most countries of Europe, as well as in the United States of America. The majority of the members at first ardently desired to establish a college in Geneva, for the more advanced and liberal education of women, and proposed to raise the funds by shares, which would have been sold to parents and others, anxious to promote this better education for the female sex. Matters looked promising for this project in the early part of 1870; but, unfortunately, the wicked war between the Emperors of France and Germany broke out, and the President, who was also President of the Peace Society, and whose tendencies had always been to interest herself more in politics than in education, now so mixed up her functions, and so urged what had thus become impossible, viz., the maintenance of peace at any price, that she alienated from the Association not only French and German, but also other adherents. Internal dissensions followed; but, at last, Madame Goegg gave in her resignation as President, and finally withdrew entirely from the Association.

Two or three of the ladies on the original committee still remained; and by them a general meeting of adherents was summoned, and a statement of affairs was laid before them. This happened in June, 1872.

In the previous November, a little monthly Journal had been commenced by the committee, to advocate their principles. Its motto explains their wishes: "*Unir par le travail—Moraliser par l'exemple*

—Persuader par la raison." The funds for this had been provided by kind friends in England, and were sufficient to continue it for one year. The committee had also received a certain number of subscriptions, and considered themselves bound, for these reasons, to continue the publication of the Journal to the end of the first year at least. They asked the adherents of the Association to say, if they wished to uphold and endeavour to strengthen the Association, or to let it die away? It was unanimously resolved to continue it, and to make fresh efforts to spread its union; a new President was elected, an Englishwoman living in Geneva, Miss Johnston; and another general meeting was decided for on November 12th, when, it was hoped, circumstances might have so improved as to warrant the continuation of the publication of *L'Espérance* for another year; or, if that could not be, they would decide, at least, then, if the Association should be dissolved as useless, and incapable of useful work. The very small support it has met with in Geneva itself has been one of the greatest discouragements to the committee, who have had to trust to foreign friends for funds and sympathy alike. This is disheartening, but may be only temporary. In England they have found their best supporters. Nowhere are conservative ties and habits so strong as in Geneva, the Free—the Republic! Nowhere do a so-called aristocratic circle keep themselves so much apart from the people, or so rigidly maintain old-established customs, forms, and opinions, as here, where it seems as if they considered this exclusiveness and conservatism were their real patent of nobility, to be preserved at all hazards. This being the case, we need not wonder that modern ideas of the equality of the sexes, and the necessity of union, co-operation, and freedom in choice of work for all, sound to many like the threatenings of revolution and storm, to be discountenanced at once—too excessively vulgar to be spoken of in good society.

But have we not passed through such a phase of opinion in England too? And now, the noblest in our land are proud to work for our cause! So may it prove in Switzerland. The objects, then, of the Association, are:

1st. To form a central point for the discussion and sympathetic appreciation of all efforts made by women to educate themselves, and to work out their equal co-operation in the progress and happiness of the race.

2nd. In their little Journal, and in their réunions, to promote the discussion of some of the problems of life and of morality; and to ascertain how and where the influence of enlightened and pure-minded women can be usefully brought to bear on such matters.

It is not a "little thing" which the members of the Association propose to themselves to work out; nor one to be quickly accomplished. The committee therefore ask for co-operation and help from all earnest thinkers among the nation. Post-paid communications may be addressed either direct to the President, 3, Chemin de la Tour, Genève; or to Miss Biggs, 21, Notting Hill-square, London.

MRS. F. E. KITCHENER, of Rugby, has issued a Calendar of Women holding University Certificates and engaged in Teaching, with information as to the several university examinations for women and girls. Such a work must be useful in proportion to its completeness.

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

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT AND PILLS.—A frequent cause of gout and rheumatism is the inflammatory state of the blood, attended with bad digestion and general debility. A few doses of these pills taken in time are an effectual preventive against gout and rheumatism. Anyone who has an attack of either should use Holloway's Ointment also, the powerful properties of which combined with the effect of the pills, must infallibly effect a cure. These pills act directly on the blood, which they purify and improve. Having subdued the severity of these diseases perseverance with the Ointment, after fomenting the affected joints with warm brine, will speedily relax all stiffness and prevent any permanent contraction.—ADVT.

MADAME TUSSAUD'S.—The beautiful and costly dresses recently on view at this exhibition, and which attire the more suitable of the figures are the theme, and subject of admiration of all visitors, more especially the fairer portion. Nothing can be in better taste than the manner in which the cot, "a fac-simile of the original at Buckingham-palace" and which contains the infant, portrait-modes of T.R.H. the Princess Royal and Prince of Wales is adorned furnished in the most sumptuous manner, and literally covered with the finest Honiton lace, it eclipses the most beautiful things of the kind we have ever seen. A visit to Madame Tussaud's would furnish an opportunity to many a lady and milliner of obtaining an excellent lesson in art. To justify our opinion, we need only mention that the principal of the "*robes de Cour*," are from the celebrated house of M. Worth of Paris.

REVIEWS.

MARY, THE MOTHER OF JESUS. A Poem. By CATHARINE PRINGLE CRAIG. [Hodder and Stoughton, Paternoster-row, 1872.]

THIS is a dramatic poem, presenting us with a succession of imaginary scenes founded on the various events of Mary's life, as recorded in the Gospels. The language employed by our author is simple and good; the rhythm is almost unexceptionally correct, and the style of the poem throughout is quite natural. We have not found in it one instance of "fine wordism," nor any obscurity of metaphor or meaning. So far, so good. But we must make our protest, once more, in the interests of Catholic tradition. The Church Universal holds that our blessed Lady, the Virgin Mary, never bore any other child than her Divine Son. James, the so-called brother of the Lord, was really the cousin of Christ, not the offspring of that Mary, whom Christians are accustomed to regard as "ever Virgin." Catharine Craig, however, represents matters otherwise. Again, it is usually believed, and even authoritatively taught, that Mary, the sister of Lazarus, and Mary Magdalen, were one and the same. At Marseilles, of which city Mary Magdalen is the patron saint, and where she is reported to have founded a cloister, this tradition is regarded as absolutely definitive. But in the poem before us we have actually a dialogue between "Mary of Bethany" and "Mary Magdalene." Let not our author imagine that we defend the traditions of the Catholic Church from a theological stand-point. In making the foregoing remarks we have had at heart only the interests of good taste, and the desire to preserve, as much as we can, the integrity of the beautiful myths of antiquity.

MEMOIR OF THE COUNT DE MONTALEMBERT: A CHAPTER OF RECENT FRENCH HISTORY. By MRS. OLIPHANT. 2 vols. [Blackwood.]

THE perusal of the late Count de Montalembert's works, and the account of his trial, made us long to know him; and without ever having seen him, we regretted his death as that of a dear friend, one of those men who make the salt of the earth. But Mrs. Oliphant's book has helped us to know him better than any mere slight social acquaintanceship would have done; as a biographer, his mantle has fallen upon her.

In this book, as in her Life of Francis of Assisi, she shows a wonderful power of sympathy with all that is noblest, best, and most poetic in her subject, and an appreciation of the influence of, and devotion to, a church to which she yields no allegiance. She frequently reminds us that she is a Protestant, but this does not lessen her reverence for all that merits to be revered, and she deserves the thanks of the English reading world for making us acquainted with this modern Bayard, friend of Lamennais and Lacordaire, the loving biographer of St. Elizabeth, the historian of "The Monks of the West," the champion of religious liberty; the Frenchman, who, while ever a devoted son of the Roman Catholic Church, yet well understood and cordially appreciated Protestant England. Mrs. Oliphant gives an interesting account of the educational reforms he strove to advance, of the part he took in the politics of his stirring times, and a necessarily slight sketch of his private life—enough to increase our admiration for, and sympathy with, the man we already loved through his books.

The Rev. G. M. Murphy will preside at a great meeting on the Suffrage question to be held, in connection with the London National Society, on the 4th December, at the Lambeth Baths.

True Economy is found in buying the best articles at the lowest market prices, select your purchases from a reliable source, where the high standing of the firm is a guarantee to you that you will not be misled. It is always found with Hoppin's; it is in the goods that are sold, and in the whole-some and invigorating, as well as in the fact that it is made by the same Chemists Confectioners, &c.—ADVT.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTES.

MRS. CADY STANTON proposes an original mode of settling the question, whether girls possess sufficient powers of physical endurance to bear the constant strain of a regular college course? She thinks they can, and puts them in comparison with their masculine competitors thus:—"I would like you to take 1,300 young men, and lace them up, and hang 10 lbs. or 20 lbs. weight of clothes on their waists, perch them up on three-inch heels, cover their heads with ripples, chignons, rats and mice, and stick 10,000 hair-pins into their scalps! If they can stand all this, they will stand a little Latin and Greek."

A MEETING was held by the Irish Society for Women's Suffrage on Saturday, at Kyle, Wexford; Capt. Percy Harvey, D.L., in the chair. Miss Anne Robertson, the President of the Society, entered upon an analysis of the Parliamentary division lists; showing that an increase had taken place in the number of Irish members voting for the measure last session, since the previous session; and that two-thirds of the Scotch members voting had voted in favour, so that if the fate of the Bill had depended upon the Scotch members, women ratepayers would already have possessed the franchise—a point of the highest importance when the cautious and calculating character, the steady and reflective habits, of the Scotch people were duly considered. Reference was made also to the support derived from the political economists—Mill, Fawcett, Cliffe Leslie, Cairnes, and others—whose writings were text-books for university students; and Miss Robertson expressed her gratification at the daily extending encouragement given to the movement in Ireland, mentioning Sir James Power, who had long been M.P. for county Wexford, and Lady Power, as among the latest additions to the Society's membership. Capt. Harvey expressed himself warmly in favour of the Enfranchisement of Women, and passed a high encomium on the success of Miss Robertson's zealous advocacy.

OUR accomplished critic in the *Civilian* exhibits the measure of refinement of which he is capable, in an article in which he takes us to task for a want of due acquaintance with the English language, and the use of figures of speech that do not conform to his notions of taste. The gentleman in question indulges in exceedingly strong language; so strong, indeed, that he can describe a woman's voice only by the terms he would use respecting a railway whistle, and a simple protest against his lack of candour becomes with him "a howl of fury." That our contemporary has a close acquaintance with the discordant noises of railway works, may be very possible; that he has any conception of the meanings of the phrases he uses, any appreciation of the sense of metaphorical allusions, any regard for the laws of courtesy and good breeding, may be fairly called in question. Taking a number of expressions, to which only a contemptible hyper-criticism could object, from the tale, "In My Lady's Chamber," and divorcing them from their context, the *Civilian* quarrels with us because they are not historically and literally true. This irony of fate is surely seen in this judicial blindness of the critic to the under-current of satire on the mania for making out ancient pedigrees! But what shall we say of the pretentious ignorance with which the reviewer of a hundred novels supposes that all that is put into the mouths of our own characters is meant by the author of the story for sober fact or statement of her own opinion? To follow out this apparent theory, Mrs. H. B. Stowe must have experienced eager approval in the flagellation of "Uncle Tom;" Dickens must, despite his preface, have revelled with a fellow feeling of ferocity in the petty tyranny of the Squeers family, or taken delight in the inane silliness of some of his typical simpletons; and Thackeray must so well have portrayed Becky Sharp, because *similis similibus gaudet*. The would-be exponent of honour and fine feeling has evidently mistaken his vocation, and thinks himself an expert swordsman because he can clumsily brandish a butcher's knife!

LITERARY NOTICES.

MAGAZINES FOR NOVEMBER.

"Old Kensington" still continues in the *Cornhill*. A carefully written paper on the "Vicissitudes of the Escorial," will well repay perusal. "Mara; or, the Girl without References," is excellent.

We always welcome *Cassell's Magazine* with delight. This month's instalment of "Little Kate Kirby," is full of interest, and the story promises to be one of the clever author's best productions. All the characters are well drawn, the incidents powerfully described, and the situations dramatically conceived. Other papers of value enhance the merits of the Magazine.

In *Good Words* we notice with great satisfaction the subject and manner of treatment adopted by Sir Arthur Helps in his "Conversation of Certain Friends;" in the course of which is quoted a passage from an essay of Voltaire's upon the reason of animals. We cannot resist the temptation of transcribing at least a few lines of this passage; "Porte donc le jugement sur ce chien qui a perdu son maitre, qui l'a cherché dans tous les chemins avec des cris douloureux, qui entre dans la maison agité, inquiet, qui descend, qui monte, qui va de chambre en chambre, qui trouve enfin dans son cabinet le maitre qu'il aime, et qui lui témoigne sa joie par la douceur de ses cris, par ses sauts, par ses caresses. Des barbares saisissent ce chien, qui l'emporte si prodigieusement sur l'homme en amitié; ils le clouent sur une table, et ils le disloquent vivant pour te montrer les veines mézaraïques. Tu découvres dans lui tous les mêmes organes de sentiment qui sont dans toi. Réponds-moi; la nature a-t-elle arrangé tous les ressorts du sentiment dans cet animal, afin qu'il ne sente pas? A-t-il des nerfs pour être impassible? Ne suppose point cette impertinente contradiction dans la nature. . . . Le philosophe qui a dit 'Deus est anima brutorum avait raison, mais il devait aller plus loin.'" The essay from which these words of touching rebuke are taken, is to be found in the "Dictionnaire Philosophique." Sir Arthur Helps puts this excellent remark into Milverton's mouth:

"Now suppose that it should be a result of our conversation, that bearing-reins should gradually be left off in England as well as in Scotland, what an ample success it would be! It would be quite enough to write upon our tombs: 'He was one of those men who caused the bearing-rein to be discontinued.'" Gentle readers of "THE LADY'S OWN," try each of you to deserve in like manner the epitaph: "She was one of those women who caused Vivisection to be discontinued in her country."

This month's number of the *St. James's* is unusually good. We are promised in the next issue the commencement of a new novel by M.M. Erckmann-Chatrian.

The Quiver, *The Sunday at Home*, *The Leisure Hour*, and *The Sunday Magazine*, are all worthy of praise.

"Diana Temple" in *Tinsley's Magazine* disappoints us. Its conclusion is emphatically "lame and impotent." This month we have the last part of "Musical Recollections," a good and useful contribution to the literary gossip of the day on Fine Art. It is a pity that *Tinsley's Magazine*, which generally contains contributions from able and even eminent authors, is not distinguished by skilfully designed illustrations. In this number we observe an article by Charles Mathews, entitled "Sheridan's 'Critique.'"

We see in the "Correspondence" of *Aunt Judy's Magazine* a note which reveals the agreeable fact that we were not alone in our adverse criticism on the series of papers, "Hunting Grounds of Our Youth," which lately have appeared in this periodical. *Aunt Judy*, in remonstrating—very lamely, by the way—with her whilom subscriber, observes, "So long as fathers of families go fox-hunting, and mothers order fish, game, and meat for dinner, their children will inevitably become sportsmen, fishermen, and naturalists (!) . . . If the nameless writer had had much experience of the common habits of lads in these matters, we think she would have taken a less prejudiced view of the papers in question." Yes, *Aunt Judy*, but those, who, like yourself, assume to direct the minds, and educate the manners of youth, should rather seek to elevate the tastes of your young readers than stoop to pander to their "common

habits." Admitted that naturally boys are thoughtless and cruel; it is your part, and the part of all their instructors, to teach them better Modes of amusement than those which entail death and suffering. It is your duty, since you pretend to be, in some measure, the mentor of our children, to provide them with suggestions for innocent and kindly sports, fit for their gentle years, and becoming in Christian boys. Nevertheless, as regards the first part of your excuse, the Editor of "THE LADY'S OWN" agrees with you, *Aunt Judy*. Your satire is just. But by-and-bye, in the good time coming, God grant we may all with one consent reject the "feast of blood," and cease to make living graves of ourselves, by preying, like tigers and vultures on the corpses of our fellow-creatures. Heartily, *Aunt Judy*, do we echo the remonstrance of your unknown correspondent. And as you appear to be so very indignant with her on account of her "incognita," be pleased to observe that our "attack" is not an anonymous one. We print our name in full upon the title page of this paper.

Far better than *Aunt Judy's Magazine* do we like *Little Folks*. It is a most excellent serial, admirably conducted, and artistically illustrated. This month it is particularly attractive. We may say the same of the *Children's Friend*.

Opening at random *The Little Dressmaker* for November, we light on a coloured full-page illustration of children's fashionable costumes. Oh, dear! oh, dear! Look at the high-heels and the narrow toes of the boots these boys and girls are wearing, to say nothing of their pinched waists and tightly-gloved hands! Poor little luckless victims! Will fashion and sense never make friends, we wonder?

Here are two magazines published by Messrs. King and Co. They have very tasteful covers, designed upon artistic principles, attractive without being gaudy, and quaint without eccentricity. One of them is our old friend *Saint Paul's*, the other, though it wears a new face this month, is no stranger to us. Once it was known as *Goods Words for the Young*, now it is labelled *Good Things*. We read in its preface that this magazine devotes itself to the literature of natural piety between child and man, and man and child. Although it is not perhaps evident to the meanest comprehension what the writer had in his mind when he indited this explanation of his views, it is at least clear from the contents of his first number that he contemplated the preparation of a palatable feast. We are bold enough to believe that this magazine will be very welcome to the eyes of many parents, who are glad enough to supply their little ones with innocent literature of the amusing type, but who must hitherto have found it impossible to get such literature periodically, untinged with dogmas or doctrines of some "religious" school. *Good Things* is absolutely secular, so that fathers and mothers of all faiths and no faiths alike may put it into the hands of their children with an untroubled conscience. Let the Editor—no less a personage than George Macdonald—continue to cater as wisely and well as he has begun, and there will never be a better serial for boys and girls than *Good Things*. As for *Saint Paul's* it bears well-known names on its brown cover, and seems as attractive inside as it is without. In particular we note a pretty little poem called the "Song of the Shealing," which is, however, unsigned.

MR. ALEXANDER RIVINGTON, hon. secretary of the British Hospital for Diseases of the Skin, is anxious to acknowledge, through "THE LADY'S OWN PAPER," a third munificent donation of £1,000 from V. S. T.

Judy is about to produce a Book of Comicalities, containing five hundred humorous pictures, with descriptive letter-press, selected from her earlier volumes.

In the class of "Silk," which forms one of the industries selected for next year's Exhibition at South Kensington, it is proposed to admit specimens of sewing and embroidery machines, which possess special features of novelty and excellence in the working of sewing silk upon different materials.

NOTICE.

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

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

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

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The Lady's Own Paper,

A JOURNAL OF TASTE, PROGRESS, AND THOUGHT.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1872.

IN MY LADY'S CHAMBER;

A STORY OF

HER DECEASED HUSBAND'S BROTHER.

BY THE EDITOR,

CHAPTER VIII.

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.

THE prettiest of pretty little boudoirs that any fashionable corner of London can boast, the cosiest, daintiest, brightest of boudoirs, redolent with the fragrance of roses, and fairy-like with a hundred blended hues of brilliant colouring. In the deep embrasures of its two windows stood porcelain vases, filled with rare blossoms and delicate ferns, and the soft cloudy folds of the white curtains behind them, just swayed by the pleasant breeze of the midsummer noon, gave power and prominence to the rich pure dyes of the blazoned tulips and crimson "gloires de Dijon." All about the tiny apartment were scattered picturesque little consoles of ormolu and buhl, loaded with innumerable French toys of exquisite workmanship, alabaster statuettes, costly tazze of painted glass and marqueterie, Swiss carvings, and shining tomes of illustrated poems. Every ottoman, bracket, and tiny stool in this miniature *salon* glowed with the sheen of satin tissues and embroidery, wrought with the most perfect taste and skill; nothing was amiss, nothing was overdone, the whole room was eminently pre-Raphaelite, and yet so cleverly toned and harmonized that no single object of furniture or ornament could attract exclusive attention from its surroundings. That distinction was reserved to the beautiful figure bending gracefully over a portfolio of music that lay upon a small chess-table beside the piano, the figure of a lovely girl just in the dawn of her life, with a face that seemed partly a child's and partly an angel's, and long shining hair falling down over the neck and shoulders in two thick braids, as one sees in old German pictures and in the paint-

ings of the Flemish masters—a fashion peculiarly suited to the sweet infantile expression upon the features of so perfect a countenance as that of Adelheid Stern.

Looking into those scintillating crystal-clear eyes, like two translucent wells with Truth at the bottom of each of them, one was apt to fancy that they were not eyes of mortal woman, but of some elf-born daughter of the finer elements, some ethereal, royal denizen of those fair cloud palaces one sees at sunset, when the gates of the Ghostly Kingdom stand ajar for a season, and mortals with keen eyes may catch a glimpse of the mystical things within them. Adelheid's beauty was of the most *spiritual* type that poet has ever celebrated or painter idealized.

None of your full voluptuous lips, curling Cleopatra-like; none of your dreamy drooping eyelids, heavy with laciviousness; none of your dishevelled Bacchic tresses emitting a thousand strange odours, and entangling as many souls of maddened adorers; here was another and a far different standard of loveliness. Adelheid's beauty was all a beauty of spirit, and one forgot in gazing upon that glorious face of hers that it was the face of a woman, the amazing sweetness and grandeur of its expression was so intensely angel-like, so pure and unearthly in its exalted refinement. It was humanity beautified—purged—ennobled, and the actual beauty of it enchanted less than its peculiar sweetness and rarity. In her thoughtful meditative moods she might have served Raphael as a model for one of his contemplative saints, or acted the Madama in the *Passion-spiel* at Ober-Ammergau. But when she smiled, it was the smile of a Saint Agnes, irresistibly winning, bewitchingly child-like; a smile like a light dawning upward from perfect lips to faultless brows, beneath the clear shining of which the whole lovely German countenance melted and kindled into tender humanity, and one beheld less of the lofty ether-breathing angel, than of the innocent confiding Gretchen. Just so she smiled now, hearing her name uttered by a well-known voice in the corridor outside her boudoir, as she lifted her eyes from the music scattered on the piano, and moved a step or two towards the door to meet the coming visitor. There was a soft touch on the outer handle, the crisp rustle of copious feminine drapery, and Miss Diana Brabazon, attired in her own peculiar classic style of costume, flowed substantially into the tiny chamber, making it look all the timier for her colossal presence.

"My dear girl! I do HOPE I'm not *hindering* your practice! But I came to ask whether you would mind Vivian's driving to St. James's in our *brougham*? He has just come in, and I told him I thought there would be room for him with us!"

It is very difficult to render in print the gushing emphatic quality of Miss Brabazon's style of address. Every word she spoke was always intensely large and staccato'd, and the impression left by this peculiarity of diction upon the weak minds of ordinary *causeurs* whom she had been indulging for any length of time with the sweets of her discourse, was much the same as though they had for such a period been perusing a conversation through a magnifying glass of remarkably strong power. This strange effect was greatly abetted by her habit of alternately elevating and contracting her eyebrows, and waving her hands about to illustrate and intensify thereby the signification of her language. For example, at the powerfully accented word "HOPE," Miss Brabazon's black brows flew up high into her lofty temples like two young ravens of aspiring tendencies, and her white wrists, resonant with tinkling silver bangles (for Vivian brought such trinkets home at times for his sister) sprang and fluttered vivaciously in identification of the emotion named; but the word *hindering*, fetched them all down again in abject deprecation, only to be relieved by another upward burst of confidential extasy over the period "*our brougham*;" and the peroration was finally accomplished with an elaborate movement of anxiety and supplication, executed spiritedly by the whole compliment of Miss Brabazon's flexible limbs, bangles and rustling queue inclusive. Then Adelheid answered. Such a low, melodious voice, that sounded by comparison with that of her patroness like the song of a wood-bird heard in the hull of a tempest, a voice too that was peculiarly charming on account of the foreign accent that rippled in the swell of the words and drew them out with a lingering intonation sweet enough to make the utmost common-places delightful to the ear.

"*Liebe Schwester*, why do you ask? I am overjoyed to think Sir Vivian will go with us,—you know I always sing best when I have had a chat with him. You told him so I hope, *meine Königin*?"

Miss Diana glanced at the beautiful speaker inquisitively, and the expressive elastic features of the Brabazonion face feminine, that always betrayed every transient emotion as swiftly and as faithfully as open waters yield to the passing breeze, reflected considerable satisfaction at the present condition of revealed circumstances, and much natural desire to pursue private enquiries on the subject then under consideration.

"*Darling!* So glad to hear that! Vivian is in the dining-room now; come and lunch with us, won't you? Oceans of time,—O-oceans! It dis-

tracts me to see you practice so much! Positively, my pet, you will wear yourself to a THREAD-PAPER!

The enunciation of which remarkable simile, Miss Brabazon appropriately accompanied by a swaying motion of her taper fingers and a hollowing of her plump cheeks, illustrative of the limp and helpless tendencies presumably likely to characterise the unstable article described. Adelheid laughed musically.

"I have just finished now, dear Di; and I will come immediately. There! Now take me to Sir Vivian!"

She laid her soft little dimpled hand as she spoke upon Miss Brabazon's more capacious palm, and suffered that emphatic spinster to bear her away down the corridor to the family dining-room, accompanied on their passage thither by the ceaseless tintinnabulation of the quivering bangles and the italicized flutter of Diana's conversation. Vivian was alone in the apartment they entered, sunning his Titan-like proportions at one of the open windows which overlooked the park. As the sound of feminine footsteps lighted on the Turkey-carpet, he rose hastily, but the look that crossed his handsome face, and the voice that delivered his greeting as Adelheid gave him her pretty white hand, were utterly unlike anything that Cora Bell had seen or heard when she talked with him on the Epsom Downs three days ago. He had been all lassitude and supreme indifference then, and no one who had marked his listless manner as he reined in his horse by Vaurien's drag, would have guessed that he could possibly be related in any remote degree to so exceedingly demonstrative a lady as the fair Diana, but now the family resemblance was not very difficult to trace. The natural stoicism of his sex, combined with that knowledge of the world, and the Talleyrand-like training which Vivian had acquired by his avocation as Queen's Messenger, greatly mitigated in him the gush and loquacity of style which were Diana's peculiar traits, but the wild fountain quelled at times even in the cultivated recesses of the baronet's sterner nature, and there were certain occasions when his austere eyes could sparkle as brightly and his words could flow as readily as those of his more vivacious sister. High spirit, courage of no ordinary degree, Quixotic chivalry, and a romantic love of freedom and independence—these were the distinguishing characteristics of the Brabazonian lineage; and all four were fully developed in Vivian and Diana, as were also the corresponding peculiarities of physique which have already been noted in these pages; but the diplomatic vicissitudes of the brother's career had schooled him to repress in his expressive face the outward portrayal of those incidental changes which were wont to ruffle the fairer visage of the strong-minded spinster. Thirty-eight years, a varied experience of life in its most contrasted phases, and far more extended opportunities of observing human nature than falls to the lot of nineteen men out of twenty, had done for Vivian Brabazon almost as much as mere instinct unassisted by any extraneous advantages had done for Cora Bell at twenty; an instinct by the way that, albeit supremely feminine, is often wanting in just such women as the great Diana. Cora was vain and inconstant as the typical Girl of the Period herself, and in point of real talent and power of thought could not have held the smallest taper beside Miss Brabazon; but just there, in that intangible indescribable knack of *queening it* when she was hardest hit, the flippant Mrs. Archibald was incomparably the better trained of the two. By-and-by we shall see all this amply tested. During the whole progress of the family tiffin, the pleasant sunny light never once died out of Vivian's eyes, nor did his voice drop a note in its blithe, earnest ring, save that Miss Brabazon fancied now and then when Adelheid's gaze rested a little longer than usual on her brother's face, that his colour heightened and his words were unwontedly tremulous in their utterance. Nevertheless Diana admitted frankly to her conscience that she was apt at times to romance upon subjects in which she took any particular interest, and that it was just possible her imagination might lead her to accept as actual facts certain baseless fabrics of a vision that might really have no better foundation for their existence than her own hope and desires. Nobody had yet risen from the table when the brougham to which Diana had alluded so feelingly, was announced, and Miss Brabazon having rustled herself and Adelheid into promenade costume, by dint of a curiously bird-like process, compounded of sudden jerks and quivers, spread her Brobdignagian pinions of glossy *poult de soie*, and fluttered downstairs behind Vivian and her protégée, like an agitated Dodo in full plumage.

The seats, reserved that Saturday in St. James's concert-room for Vivian and his sister, were the two first of the second row, and they had not occupied them above ten minutes, when, to the intense disgust of that baronet of austere morality, Mrs. Archibald Bell and her inseparable, possessed themselves of the adjacent stalls. Truth to confess, the charming *intrigante* was not a whit less surprised than Vivian to find herself in such close proximity to her intended prey, but she did not know that Vane had previously hunted over the plan of the hall and purposely secured those identical places, for the furtherance

of other schemes than those which were afloat in the brain of his fair ecclesiastical divinity. At any rate, Cora's opportunity was a superb one, and the happy presage of coming victory with which an irreproachable toilette and complexion had already inspired her, gave additional brilliancy to the smile that opened the attack on her part; but the adverse Polyphemus, secure in his luxurious entrenchments, merely testified his consciousness of the enemy's approach by the slightest possible acknowledgement that the courtesy of war permitted. Vane had not exchanged six words with Miss Brabazon in the course of his existence, but they were on terms of recognition nevertheless, and he was determined this afternoon to make the most of his acquaintance with that strong-minded lady, for Vaurien's particular hopes and interest, like those of his *amie de cœur*, were very strongly centred just now in the house at Park-lane.

Now, Mrs. Bell, being very greatly provoked to wrath by the discovery that Diana and her own *chevalier* were not the strangers she had supposed, and knowing well enough what supreme ultimatum it was for which the latter worthy worked in that quarter, cast about in her mind for the most effectual means of crushing his nefarious designs while she advanced her own, and speedily determined that as she and the baronet occupied the two intermediate stalls between Vaurien and Diana, a running fire of conversation, hot and well sustained between herself and the diplomatic hero whom she sought to vanquish would better accomplish the double object she had in view than any other line of military action. She began forthwith, with her sweetest tone and most successful ogle—both so excellently well done that they might indeed have taken by storm the hearts of many men less preoccupied than that of the impervious courier; but *he* was adamant, and Venus herself, with all her wiles and witcheries, would have found him harder to melt than even the ill-fated son of Myrrha.

"Dear me, Sir Vivian! Are you actually to be my nearest neighbour? I never thought we should meet again so soon!"

"Nor did I," returned the baronet with laconic acidity.

"But it is Fate, you see," pursued Cora, with vast insinuation. "She resolved that we should sit side by side this morning, and—here we are! What a whimsical goddess she is really! And so powerful! Ah-h-h!"

This was rather a severe *coup*, but Vivian was not in the least disturbed by its killing effects. The shell burst harmlessly, and he came to time again in perfect fitness.

"We can baffle Fate now, Mrs. Bell, without much difficulty, if you desire it; your friend will no doubt change places with you."

"Oh, indeed," persisted Cora, charging again gallantly. "I have no grudge against Lady Fortune! It is always my way to resign myself to the force of circumstances. I hope you believe in Destiny, Sir Vivian—*che sarà sarà*," and all that, you know? Don't you love those dear delightful fatalists who never trouble themselves about anything, but accept every occurrence as inevitable, without making the least struggle against it? I quite agree with them of course, and you can't think what a *charming philosophy* it is!"

Now here Cora reasonably supposed she had left a very neat opportunity for Sir Vivian to say something appropriate about a *charming philosopher*; but he merely answered with a wearied impatient gesture of the fingers resting on his programme, that he was glad she had found a creed to suit her conscience. But Antiope was still determined to do or die, though Theseus were never so unwilling to yield the victory.

"I see you are a terrible unbeliever," quoth she, with a glance of such tender reproof that it might have subdued Diogenes, or prevailed with the misanthropic Timon. "You give way to melancholy, I am afraid! Now when I get an attack of that sort,—misfortunes are part of Fate, you know, and must be met,—what do you think I do? Why I take a big cigar and a *petit verre de cognac*,—and that soon reassures me."

"You have the advantage of me there, then, Mrs. Bell," observed the baronet in a low cold tone that was fast freezing into superlative dislike; "for I have not yet learned those accomplishments." He was so thoroughly annoyed that he would have used any retort, short of positive insult to quiet her, for the concert had been already opened, and the second artiste in the programme was Adelheid Stern.

"What do you say, Sir Vivian?" remonstrated his garrulous tormentor; "you don't smoke,—you don't worship at the shrine of Dionysus? I am positively beginning to believe you are a sad heretic, and that the ladies have nothing to expect from you!"

"I really do not understand, Mrs. Bell," said Vivian very gravely; "what *ladies* can have to do with tobacco and brandy. Perhaps, I am dull."

Cora laughed gaily,—a little too gaily perhaps, considering that she occupied a stall in a public auditorium. But then, allowance must be made for her,—she was exceedingly angry. "Is it possible you forget Doctor Luther?" she asked, arching her pencilled eyebrows; "who loves not, oh, fie! I am afraid he called them 'women,—wine and song,'—you know the parallel line, of course?"

"Then you do me great injustice," answered Vivian, looking full in her laughing face for the first time, and speaking with great deliberation and distinctness. "I assure you I love song so very sincerely that to listen to it I would forego even the pleasure of a lady's conversation."

There was no misapprehending the evident application of this tremendous thrust, and Cora, fairly paralyzed, retired for the nonce from the lists of combat, and immediately found an interesting corner in the border of her programme.

Not a word of this verbal tilting had been lost upon Vaurien; and his entertainment, at Cora's discomfiture, was none the less because he indulged his mirth in secret; but the feminine instinct of the unhappy flirt herself, told her well enough without any need of inquiry how plainly her perfidious knight had witnessed her disgrace. She burned with resentment and indignation, partly against Vivian, partly against Vane, but she was resolved when Fräulein Stern should have ended her performance to make a last appeal to the hardy affections of this invulnerable Achilles whose superhuman robustness of constitution had hitherto baffled all her assaults. There might yet perhaps be one little impregnable spot in the heel of his very moral nature, and, if by any lucky chance such a spot, could be transpierced, the triumph of Paris would be puerile compared with hers. So, in too rash and warlike a moment she challenged him again, and the last extatic murmurs of applause called forth by Adelheid's favourite cantata had not yet died away when Cora once more attacked the Invincible.

"Fräulein Stern resides with you, does she not?"

"She resides with Miss Brabazon."

"That is what I mean, of course. How delightful to have one's home in London! Mine is in the country, you know, Sir Vivian: but I am never well there, so I come to town sometimes for the sake of my health. Here I am another creature. You have no idea how strong I am when I am in London and what a number of things I am able to do!"

"I can easily believe it, indeed," returned Vivian, with intense gravity; "for by your own account it has quite made a man of you already."

Upon which the Brompton Pet threw up the contest and retired a second time.

There was a Herr Somebody or Other upon the platform now, performing violin movements of a severely laborious description in all sorts of keys, and though he had originally begun with something like a tune, he had lost all trace of *that* long ago through allowing it too much liberty in the outset, and he was now hunting madly up and down his instrument through an extensive cover of wild runs and tangled overgrown trills, for some glimpse of the fugitive, and so arrived in a violently exhausted state at the end of movement No. 1. Having apparently got a fresh mount and started off again he caught sight of the cunning old air at last at the end of a long chromatic scale, and swooped down on his prey with noble determination, but only succeeded after all in securing a piece of it, and forthwith proceeded with commendable wisdom and economy to make the most of what he had got throughout the whole of movement No. 2. Movement No. 3, however, rewarded his plucky perseverance, and the remainder of the recalcitrant tune which had run o earth in movement No. 2, was triumphantly turned out again across the open,—there was a ringing run without a single check, and a whole assemblage of very loud chords and exultant octaves were finally in at the death. Then Herr Somebody or Other bowed in a breathless condition, and there was immense approbation, and the members of the audience all said to each other that they had never heard such striking and decided execution. If they alluded to the execution of the poor tune that had been so basely inveigled into the labyrinths of the fatal Sonata, their opinion was manifestly correct. His execution had been very decided indeed. Of course Cora had a long panegyric to deliver upon the Herr and his violin, concerning which instrument she understood about as much as a Quaker; but Vivian was wearied out with her impertinences now, and resolved to crush her at all risks, the more particularly as a favourite contralto was just about to sing, and Cora, taking no note of her appearance, still chatted on in spite of the frown that was deepening on the face of her enraged hero. Mrs. Bell came at last to a period in her monologue, but that period was interrogative, and Vivian vouchsafed no answer. He sat with his gaze steadfastly directed towards the orchestra, apparently absorbed in musical rapture, and as utterly oblivious of the amatory Titania beside him as though she had never forsaken the halls of her Oberon in Littlebog-cum-Mudbury to bless so insensible a Bottom with her fairy smile. So she tapped him lightly on the arm with two slender finger tips, and recalled his wandering senses to the consciousness of her dainty presence. "Come, come," she purred tenderly, with a coquettish caressive gesture; "What do you say Sir Vivian? I always insist on having my answer, you know!"

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Bell," responded Brabazon in a curiously emphatic tone, turning suddenly as he spoke and facing her, a most alarming incandescence glittering in his dark eyes like the savage goaded

sullenness of a hunted stag when it turns to bay; "I quite lost what you were saying just then, for I am afraid I had forgotten myself so far as to be listening instead to Mademoiselle Lucca. It is most unfortunate that you should be compelled to sit here by me, for when so much singing is going on, I find it quite difficult to give my undivided attention to conversation."

Cora had her answer indeed with a vengeance.

The song was hardly concluded, when she turned to Vaurien, half choked with rage and mortification.

"Vane," she said, in a low swift voice, "I am not well, the heat of the hall overpowers me. Take me away, I must go out."

"With all my heart, *chère belle*," responded her friend, bursting with malicious delight; "you shall go out immediately, but I had really thought you were already *extinguished*."

If passionate anger may be regarded, as some advanced materialists would have us believe, in the light of a bodily disorder, be sure that Cora Bell was perfectly correct in complaining then of sudden indisposition. Vaurien expected perhaps that when she found herself in the street outside the scene of her confusion, she would have retaliated upon him for his last piece of gratuitous unkindness, but Cora was not the woman to indulge in that sort of petty recrimination. But neither that insolent remark, nor the laugh and the wink at the opera some nights since were likely to pass away from the tenacious memory of Mrs. Archibald. For the present, not a word nor a look betrayed the fact that she had even heard the observation in question; she preserved a delicately afflicted silence, and pressed her hand to her forehead with a gesture expressive of acute physical suffering, as they passed through the lobby of the Piccadilly entrance, and paused beneath its broad open archway.

"You'll prefer a Hansom, eh?" enquired Vane, rather meekly—he began to feel that he had been slightly brutal—"much more air in a Hansom; blow in your face and do you good, eh?"

Cora bent her diminished head.

"Anything, as quickly as you can."

Vane beckoned an empty vehicle of that species popularly nicknamed after its resemblance to a *pelle-à-charbon*, and having assisted his injured fair one to arrange herself therein, fealty closed the door of the cab, to the very intense surprise of Mrs. Archibald, who had naturally expected that Vane would have accompanied her. But that inconstant traitor, who knew well enough that Cora was not likely to faint on her way to Brompton, proceeded in his blandest tones to direct the driver, and politely raising his hat to the indignant enchantress as the cab rolled away down Piccadilly, turned to re-enter the hall with such an unmoved expression of countenance that only the very slightest possible tremour of the lower eyelid betrayed his inner appreciation of the joke he had just assisted to perpetrate. But let him laugh that wins. A disappointment fully as poignant as poor Cora's, awaited this wicked Machiavelli on his return to the stall beside the Brabazons. Fräulein Stern was just quitting the boards after the termination of her second song, and in the midst of the stormy applause which shook the room and threatened to break away into an encore, Diana and Vivian rose to make their exit.

"What?" said Vane, with an insinuating contortion of his india-rubber visage and the customary cough of inquiry which he always affixed like an audible note of interrogation at the end of every consecutive sentence; "why the concert's not half over, eh? Coming back, Miss Brabazon, surely, eh?"

"No," answered Diana,—she had conceived a pet aversion for Vane, and consequently addressed him with vast repression and frigidity. "We leave now with Fräulein Stern. She has nothing more on the programme, and must keep an engagement elsewhere this afternoon." With that she bowed slightly, took Vivian's arm, and rustled out of her place with more effervescence and *bruissement* of laces and bangles than the French heroine *Frou-Frou*.

Vaurien sat still, immensely disgusted; but there was no remedy for the misfortune. For that day at any rate, all chance of meeting Adelheid Stern was lost. He was yet meditating on the ill-success of his campaign, and revolving plans for a new attack at some future period, when Captain Somers slipped unexpectedly into the vacant seat so lately occupied by Vivian Brabazon, and forthwith opened a new conversation, which led naturally enough to the very subject nearest the heart of Cora's Judas. It was on this wise:

"How are you, my dear fellow? Didn't see me, I suppose? Two rows behind you,—last seat. Goes well doesn't it?"

This eulogistic remark was delivered *apropos* of the concert, and accompanied a movement of the Captain's head in the direction of Mons. le Conducteur.

"First-rate," assented Vane. "But we've lost Adelheid Stern, eh?—Oh she's gone, has she? Thought so. Saw the Brabazons on the wing. Fancied you had Cora Bell here?"

These men always called the pretty parsoness by her Christian name in their familiar converse.

"Ah yes, just so," responded Vane, in the same sketchy style. "Found her place a trifle too warm for her. Great pity, eh? Missed some good singing too—eh?"

"Capital. By-the-by, do you know *la belle Adelheid*?"

Vane wafted an airy salute from his lips towards the stage-door by which the *Fräulein* had last disappeared, and answered with some dejection in the negative.

"She'll be at Mrs. Lennox's "at home" on Monday night," continued Fred Somers, carelessly. "Going?"

"To Mrs. Lennox's? No. Haven't a card."

Vane gnashed his teeth,—allegorically,—as he made this admission, and suddenly began to entertain a curious sentiment of an unfriendly character towards his interlocutor, and a distaste for the general tone of his conversation. But Fred made noble amends.

"No! Thought you knew Tom Lennox. Well,—tell you what. I'm going, and Tom told me to bring a friend. If you'd like to meet *Adelheid*, go with me."

Van's caoutchouc countenance contorted itself into something as like a smile as he ever permitted it to assume.

"Thanks, my dear fellow," said he, fingering the long waxed ends of his moustache and nodding his sleek head with an air of intelligence; "I'll go,—I'll go. Do *you* know the warbler, eh?"

"Not I. You have the advantage,—the *Brabazons* are strangers to me—personally. Then it's arranged. I'll call for you at your chambers—half-past nine,—sharp. Ah, this is my favourite Opera; "*Voi che sapete*,"—must hear this."

And thus, after all, Vaurien triumphed.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

AFTER a stay of two months at Newport, Rhode Island, Miss Kate Field takes the platform with her new lectures on "The England of To-day."

A DONATION of £1,000 has been given by Mr. James Aiken, of Liverpool, in aid of the Cambridge University Lectures to Women.

WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE IN SCOTLAND.—Continuing our record of Miss Taylour's proceedings, we learn from the *Ayrshire Herald* that Provost Beith occupied the chair at a large meeting in the Town-hall; Miss Taylour and Miss M'Laren representing on the occasion the Edinburgh Committee. The local organ understands that there are several ladies and gentlemen in the district, who are strongly in favour of the movement, and that influence will be brought to bear on Mr. Craufurd at the next general election; and the editor, believing that the success of the movement will have the effect of producing "sweeter manners, purer laws," hopes that its object will be speedily accomplished.—At Largo, both ladies were present at a meeting, under the presidency of the Rev. J. B. K. McIntyre, in the hall in Bath-street, where a committee was formed to undertake further work.—At Falkirk, on the 23rd October, Bailie Gentleman presided at a large and successful meeting in Bank-street Chapel. In speaking, in her lecture, of the objections urged against the concession of the suffrage to women, Miss Taylour dealt a hard blow at the absurd argument that a woman becomes masculine by fulfilling duties for which she was not designed. She contended that she was never more a woman than when so employed. It was not the *kind* of work done that marred her, but the manner in which it is done. Experience had proved that where responsibility was united to a sense of duty, instead of deteriorating, it rather strengthened and improved her character.—The *Ayr Observer and Gallonay Chronicle* also reports a lecture delivered to a crowded and respectable audience in the Ayr Assembly-rooms, and of which it says that Miss Taylour undoubtedly gave an able and eloquent exposition of her side of the question. Miss M'Laren also gave a happy speech.—In the County-hall of Lanark, Provost Brown was in the chair, and a large audience assembled to hear Miss Taylour's lecture, which was characterised by sound reasoning, as well as by stirring appeals. Miss M'Laren remarked that many members of Parliament did not support the Bill of Mr. Jacob Bright because they were not asked to do so by thier constituents, and that a number had given such support last session through having been so requested. The members for South Lanarkshire were in this latter position, and it was to have such influence brought to bear on him, and also to get petitions sent to Parliament, that they had gone there. Both speakers met with warm applause, and resolutions were enthusiastically adopted.

CORRESPONDENCE.

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

LEGISLATION ON LIQUOR.

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

MADAM,—

I HAVE just read with much pleasure your intelligent and able article entitled "Legislation on Liquor," the main drift of which is in striking and satisfactory contrast to much that is written in some of the more pretentious organs of "taste, progress, and thought," edited by the "lords of creation," who profess to be philosophic and profound, and to comprehend political economy, as well as social science.

You have not failed to discover that there is nothing novel or unconstitutional in the principle of the Permissive Bill; and you very pertinently say, "When it comes to be more closely examined, and its bearings inquired into, it is found that it is precisely the principle which is embodied in every phase of municipal or representative government; the principle, in fact, that in matters which affect only or chiefly the social rights and conveniences of the people in their own neighbourhoods, Newcastle shall not be ruled by Nottingham, nor shall Lincoln be compelled to follow the lead of Liverpool."

There are, however, one or two minor points of detail, as to the Permissive Bill and the Alliance operations, in which you are not so accurate as I am sure you would wish to be; and you will, I trust, allow me very briefly to refer to these points.

(1.) It is not intended, nor is it provided in the Bill, that it shall be brought into operation, in any given district, by "the people there resident assembling at a public meeting, and passing resolutions by vote." I send you herewith a copy of the Bill, from which you will perceive that it is intended that a poll of the ratepayers of the district shall be taken, in due form, and under legal regulations and sanction, by the constituted authorities.

(2.) It is not historic accuracy that "last year the measure of the Government was defeated by the combined attacks of the publicans and the United Kingdom Alliance." The Alliance did not attack the Bill in any way. It cordially hailed all its limitations and improved regulations, so far as they went; though it did not and could not approve the immoral and impolitic proposal to bribe the present holders of licences by guaranteeing them a ten years' tenure of their monopoly! This was condemned by *The Times* and by public men, religious organizations, and the general voice and conscience of the community. Why, then, should the Alliance be singled out and taunted with having combined with the publicans to attack and defeat the Government Bill? The following resolution was unanimously adopted by the Executive Council, and forwarded to Mr. Bruce, who well knew that he had nothing to fear from the friends of the Alliance, who were pledged to vote for the second reading of his Bill, and for all its restrictive clauses:—

"The Executive Council of the United Kingdom Alliance, having fully considered the Government Intoxicating Liquors Licensing Bill, resolve,—That the friends of the Alliance be recommended not to oppose the second reading of the Bill, with the distinct intention of obtaining in committee the insertion of an absolute veto for the majority of the ratepayers, on the issue of all licences for the sale of all intoxicating liquors, and the equally absolute rejection of all compensation clauses."

(3.) One other point in your article requires a corrective remark. You say: "If the votes of Parliament were always a true index of the state of popular feeling on great questions of social reform, there might then be grounds for believing that all the reasoning, time, and money, and other factors of opinion employed during the last fifteen years by the advocates of the Permissive Bill, were entirely thrown away." But you, of course, know that votes in the House do not always reflect the full amount of outside feeling and opinion on questions of social reform. Still, the progressive vote in favour of the Permissive Bill, since it was introduced, eight years ago, has been such as to greatly encourage the friends of the cause. In 1864 the vote in favour of a second reading, including the pairs, was 40; in 1869 it was 94; in 1870 it was 115; and in 1871 it was 136. The majority against the Bill on the first division was 257, and on the fourth and last division it was but 73.

The petitions in support of the Bill, sent to the House of Commons during the recent session, were 6,505, bearing nearly 1,400,000 names. These show, at any rate, that the Bill has a vast amount of popular sympathy and support.

I remain, Madam, very respectfully,

41, John Dalton-street,
Manchester, Oct. 30th, 1872.

THOS. H. BARKER,
Secretary United Kingdom Alliance.

VIVISECTION.

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

MADAM,—

I AM sure that every woman worth the name must agree with yourself and Miss Cobbe in what you say with respect to the hideous and inhuman practice of Vivisection. The subject is so horrible that I can scarcely bear to dwell on it—all the more reason why one should do what one can to put a stop to so frightful and demoralizing a pursuit. Allow me, therefore, earnestly to second the proposal made by Madame Ronniger in your last issue, to the effect that a Society should be formed for the purpose of putting a stop to the practice of Vivisection. I should think such a society only required to be started in order to obtain support. It is a disgrace to our boasted civilization, and our so-called Christianity, that the fiendish doings of Vivisectioners should be permitted to take place. One's blood congeals at the thought of the sufferings of the unfortunate and helpless victims placed at the mercy of the callous, brutal experimenter. It is in the interest of humanity, as well as in that of the poor animals devoted to torture, that we should raise our voices as loudly as possible against a practice, which, as you have well said, must make those to whom it is familiar, "hardened, rough, savage, and selfish." The habit of recklessly inflicting pain *must* degrade and demoralize him who indulges in it. It is in vain to expect goodness and gentleness from one who is indifferent to the pangs of even the lowest brute. I trust that in course of time, not only the detestable practice of Vivisection, but also the pursuit of those sports which involve the suffering of sensitive living creatures, will be reckoned as things of the past. Would that the words of the great poet of nature were more felt and respected:

"Never to take our pleasure or our pride
In suffering of the meanest thing that feels!"

I confess that it is always with more or less regret that I hear of kindly and refined women joining in the "pastime" of hunting. Surely, if they took the matter into consideration, they would feel some hesitation in being accessory to the misery of a hunted hare, and its pitiful cry of agony when seized by the hounds would haunt their ears long after the excitement of the day's "run" was over. I am quite aware that all ladies (or almost all) who hunt, enjoy the sport for the sake of the exercise, the fresh air, the excitement, and are really not in the least desirous of causing pain to any living creature. But when the sport involves this pain, would it not be better to give it up? I like the exercise of riding as well as any one, I suppose; but I think nothing would induce me to appear in a hunting-field. I cannot but think that some "muscular Christians" have done much harm in employing their brilliant pens to glorify pastimes that belong to a barbarous state of society, and that cannot co-exist with the real progress of humanity.

Happily a great step forward has been made since the days when a writer of such mark and genius as the late Professor Wilson, could, after charming his readers with the most poetic and graceful imaginations, as well as inspiring them with lofty sentiments, suddenly diverge into a panegyric on the brutal pastime of cock-fighting, or rush into a glowing rhapsody upon the merits of pugilism. We look now upon the inconsistencies of Christopher North with pity and regret, and attribute them in great part to the tone of the times in which he lived; let us trust that at a future period the human race will have so progressed in true gentleness and humanity, as to regard any sport which involves the systematic suffering of a living creature as a relic of barbarism.

I am, Madam, faithfully yours,
IRVINE.

Oct. 28, 1872.

FAILURES OF VIVISECTION.

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

MADAM,—

PEOPLE who defend Vivisection are apt to represent it as always practised as isolated crucial experiments, which are to resolve once and for ever some important mooted question in physiology, or the therapeutic utility of some new chemical agent. It must, I believe, with much greater justice, be described as an infinite series of experimental tortures, sometimes systematic, sometimes well-nigh haphazard, among which nineteen out of twenty are wholly useless, and the twentieth needs to be verified again and again, and often proves in the end (as in the case of many of Majandie's supposed discoveries) to be wholly illusory and misleading. The following extract from the introductory lecture, delivered by Dr. J. C. Thorowgood, this autumn, at the Middlesex Hospital Medical School (published in the *Medical Times*, Oct. 5), is highly instructive as regards one branch of the system of animal-torture, namely, the exhibition of poisons. Dr. Thorowgood says:

"Chemistry and botany have done little to guide us as to the effect of a chemical or drug at the bedside, and experiments on animals, already extensive and illustrious, cannot be said to have advanced therapeutics

much. I have seen Dr. Richardson give a pigeon enough opium to kill a strong man, and yet the bird was in no way affected, and I have heard of goats feeding on shag tobacco, and rabbits on bella-donna leaves without taking any harm; yet, from these experiments to infer that bella-donna and tobacco were innocuous to man, would be a grave error. Probably, calomel given to a healthy dog might cause a temporary irritation and congestive obstruction of the animal's biliary apparatus, thus showing that calomel has an action over the liver; but I cannot see my way to infer the action of mercury over a sick man from what I see of its action on a healthy dog."

Of course, it is obvious that, if, on the one hand, our poisons are innocuous to some animals, the drugs which poison them may, on the other hand, produce totally different effects upon the human constitution; and thus, the agonizing death of a hundred dogs cannot even afford a valid presumption of the results of any new drug upon a man.

I entirely agree with Madame Ronniger, that ladies should unite to set their faces against all systematic Vivisection, and I shall rejoice if you think fit to open your columns to a list of names of women who will pledge themselves never to engage as medical advisers any gentleman concerning whom they have satisfactory testimony that he practises Vivisection. Thank Heaven! we need have no fears that Dr. Elizabeth Anderson or Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell, or, hereafter, Miss Jex Blake and her gallant little band, will come under the head of Sworn Torturers. They will leave such work to the sex, whom one great physiologist has affirmed to be not only more strong, wise, and good, but also more tender-hearted than women.

Yours, &c.,
FRANCES POWER COBBE.

THE FEMALE MEDICAL SOCIETY.—On Monday afternoon a very full meeting of this society was held, Lord Houghton in the chair, at the Cavendish-rooms, Mortimer-street, to inaugurate the ninth annual session of the Ladies' Medical College, henceforth to be known as the Obstetrical College for Women. A large number of medical students attended, and for a time succeeded in considerably disturbing the meeting. Lord Houghton, in opening the proceedings, said that it was a matter of great importance to insure the thorough education of women to enable them to perform properly the duties which they could perform towards one another and towards children. Dr. C. H. F. Routh delivered an address going over the whole ground of the controversy, which, it appears, prevailed in ancient Greece, as now in Europe, relative to the practice of women as accoucheurs. Until about 200 years ago men were rarely employed as accoucheurs, but from that time till now they had gradually obtained a monopoly. One of the first causes which led to this would appear to have been the misconduct of a very eminent French midwife, who killed some 60 children. The ignorance of the untrained midwives also brought the profession into discredit. Dr. Routh believed that women were better adapted than men for ordinary cases of labour, but that men had fairly earned their position as accoucheurs, and that their physical strength and greater nerve would render them indispensable in exceptional cases. Dr. Elizabeth Carleton gave an interesting sketch of the progress the movement for female medical education had made since the first college was opened in America in 1848. Hundreds of young women are now being thoroughly trained in the States, and in Paris, in Zurich, in Spain, and even in India. Institutions were established where women could get education of a kind which could hardly have been hoped for 20 years ago. Mrs. Amelia Lewis, Drs. Edmunds and Drysdale, and others having addressed the meeting, a vote of thanks to the chairman brought the proceedings to a close.—*Times*.

FROM J. HOUNSELL, Esq., Surgeon, Bridport, Dorsetshire: "I consider BURTER'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 BURTER'S NERVINE in many cases of severe tooth-ache, and in every instance permanent relief has been obtained." Sold by all Chemists, Is. 1½d. per packet; or post-free for 15 stamps from J. R. Cooper, Maidstone.—ADVT.

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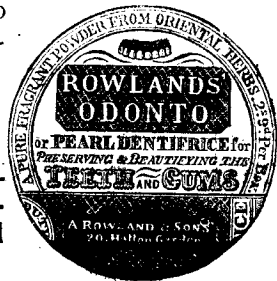
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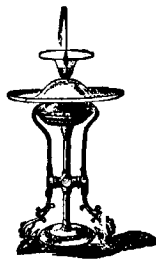
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