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The Lady's Own Paper.

EDITED BY MRS. ALGERNON KINGSFORD.

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LEGISLATION ON LIQUOR.

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, money, and other factors of opinion employed during the last fifteen years by the advocates of the Permissive Bill were entirely thrown away. The two last Sessions in the House of Commons have been largely engrossed by discussions upon this very subject of Liquor Legislation. Last year the measure of the Government was defeated by the combined attacks of the publicans and the United Kingdom Alliance; forces which never before, probably, worked so cordially for a single object, though for very different reasons. The publicans opposed the Intoxicating Liquors Bill for the exceptional and hap-hazard injustice with which it proposed to treat their class; their adversaries, because the inevitable tendency of the measure, if it should pass, would have been to strengthen the traffic, and to increase its prosperity in the hands of a limited number of persons, who were by far too successful already. That Bill was unquestionably an enormous blunder. In trying to conciliate irreconcilable parties, the Ministry, full of compromises as all their proposals were, secured the contempt of both sides; and if between two stools they did not reach the ground it was simply because they were the only possible

Government which could be formed by the dominant political party. In the Session ended on the 10th of August, a Licensing Bill, dealing in quite a different manner with only a part of the ground covered by its deceased predecessor, drew its slow way along, as if there were no intention it should ever attain to a vigorous growth, from the beginning to the closing days on which the Legislature sat. About this measure there was little excitement. Avowed hostility and indignant protest seemed to have been spent some months before this last essay in legislation received its form. There were not wanting those who would fain have reinvoled the spirit of discord, but it was impossible for them to inspire with enthusiasm or concern, either the sentimentally or the pecuniarily-interested classes. Eventually Parliament enacted the Bill, which, in its practical working, strikes more forcibly at the curse of drunkenness than the Permissive Bill of the United Kingdom Alliance could so quickly have done. And the seal of legislative sanction was thus given to certain principles which underlie the Permissive Bill itself, by a House which simply scoffed at the scheme of the Alliance, as being full of the wildest chimeras and the most impracticable absurdities.

Hitherto, the general objections to the Permissive Bill have had reference to its permissive character, its exceptional and partial (*i. e.*, strictly local) application, and its inevitable diminution, by a very large sum, of the amount of the Imperial revenue. The third objection is immoral, and the second is bound up in the first. It has been represented as altogether a novel principle, or, rather, a heresy in English legislation, that the power of controlling a trade employing more capital than any other throughout the kingdom, should in any defined area be committed to the people there resident, assembling at a public meeting, and passing resolutions by vote. At the first blush, the point certainly does strike one as being an exceedingly novel one; but when it comes to be more closely examined and its bearings are 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. If the permissive character of the Permissive Bill forms a valid objection, then it should be urged against all those constitutional safeguards of our liberties, which we have so laboriously built up during the centuries since the Great Charter. For what is the law of corporate life but a purely permissive scheme of prescriptive right? It rests with inhabitant householders, numbering so many, more or less, to determine whether they will continue to live in the hand-to-mouth style, which characterises every country village or rural hamlet; or, instead, nominate for themselves a government, which has inherently in its form and constitution numerous and great advantages. There is nothing imperative in the law; it may be adopted or rejected, according to the will of the people; the minority bow to the majority, waiting till there be a chance of snatching another decision, the reverse of the first; and as the effect of a vote operates within strictly defined limits, it may even occur that a borough may extend its protecting care over person and property within a dozen or twenty yards of some spot which is left under the capricious rule of the County Justices.

But the plea, if ever it were of any avail in the discussion, with a view to the settlement of the liquor question, ceased to be consistent on the part of those who supported the Licensing Act of last Session, from the moment such support was rendered. The statute places the hours of opening within the permissive control of the magistrates of each separate licensing division, and although in the vast majority of instances the hours named in the Act are adhered to, sufficient diversity marks the exceptions to enable any one to estimate by comparison the results of varying regulations. We grant that the permissive control is not vested in the inhabitants; they can exert only a moral influence through memorials expressing in temperate language their views for or against a restrictive policy. But the permissive element is none the less distinct, and there is like doubt that, if the magistrates do not conform to the wishes of the people, the control will in no long time pass from their hands into those of the constituency of each division.

Against the permissive clauses of the enactment the whole force of the publicans is at present directed, as though they saw looming in the near future a measure yet more destructive of their trade, to which this only forms a prelude. There is, however, no prospect of a speedy change in the nature or the specific details of the statute. All legislation affecting society at large has been, for some years past, based upon the same general plan. We have permissive powers for the formation of free public libraries, a permissive Act for the establishment of public baths and washhouses, a permissive statute for the demolition of insanitary hovels, permissive provisions without number in and under the Elementary Education Act—a measure which is of primary national importance, and permissive regulations under the Public Health and Food Adulteration Acts. The results of the Licensing Act are best considered apart from its character as a legislative enactment. But, at all events, we are entitled to ask, in what consists the novelty of the Permissive Bill?

ATTENTION is drawn by the *Scholastic Register*, to the mischievous extent to which advertising for "governess-pupils" in private schools is being carried. "It has always been the custom," and our contemporary thinks it a very praiseworthy one, "to admit such young ladies into schools on rather lower terms than ordinary pupils, because they are about to become members of the profession, and therefore some generosity is due to them, and because of the material help they can give in keeping young children in order, and helping them with their studies." The system of taking pupils on, perhaps, less than half-terms, when there is really no school-work for them to perform, is obviously unfair. The governess-pupil has not the desired or promised field for exercising her latent powers of teaching; and the *Register* would ask ladies who adopt this wholesale system of recruiting for their schools, whether it would not be more worthy of them, while professing to train and instruct the young, to endeavour to present to their pupils a higher model of uprightness and truth? The writer feels that principals have not hitherto properly considered the subject, and believes that, the error being pointed out to them, they will hasten to rectify it.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS FOR GIRLS.—No. 2.

BY MRS. HENRY KINGSLEY.

THE establishment of a College for Women at Hitchin was almost the first public movement towards the higher education of girls. In November last, the large and influential meeting at the Society of Arts House, showed that the question of female education was exciting greater attention, and, as it was stated at that meeting, an Association, called The National Union for Improving the Education of Women of all Classes, was being formed, and had already met with considerable support.

This Association, the idea of which was started by Mrs. William Grey, at the cost of untiring and incessant work, came into existence under very good auspices; public meetings were held and addressed by her as well as by many leaders of female education, and the organisation has now spread more or less over England into Ireland and Scotland. As a delegate from the Executive Committee of this Association, Miss Shirreff has recently addressed large meetings both at Brighton, under the auspices of the British Association, and at Plymouth, at the Congress of the Social Science Association. With the scheme proposed in these addresses, and with the discussions on them, we would most particularly enter now. Before doing so we must, in the first place, fairly consider the style of the present schools for girls compared with the schools for boys. Without alluding to the disproportionate arrangements in Christ's Hospital or at Dulwich, without thinking of Eton, Harrow, Winchester, Marlborough, Clifton, and other schools and colleges for boys, we will endeavour to sift the educational advantages of girls as they at present exist. At a first glance at the "London Directory," means of education for girls seem almost overwhelming: "Ladies' Colleges," "Ladies' Schools," "Ladies' Seminaries," form a lengthy list in its pages.

We do not, for an instant, wish to condemn, in any sweeping manner, all private schools; but for many reasons which we shall notice, these schools do not meet the growing want, viz., the want of a sound education, Painting in water-colours from the flat, a soupçon of modern languages, showy music, and singing,—in fact, accomplishments, so called,—are daily losing ground among us; and clearness, soundness, solidity (not pedantry), are being more and more valued. We argue that in the bulk of modern girls' schools, this clearness, soundness, and solidity cannot be gained. Why is this? Where does the fault lie? We believe that in the first place, owing to the closing against women of nearly all doors of industrial occupation, many persons undertake without fit training or knowledge the duties of teachers. Again, their numbers are so great, that, to get a living, however meagre, they crowd into their prospectuses long lists of subjects, and offer to teach them at the smallest possible rate, in some cases from 15s. to a guinea a term. In such cases we can hardly blame these poor ladies. They try to earn an honest living. Of their fortune in their old age we know little; of their present work we know too much.

Besides the inferior education there are enormous drawbacks, caused by the unfitness of the rooms in which they hold their classes. The smaller the private school is, the worse do we find the sanitary arrangements. The rooms are not built for the convenience of numbers; hence we find many physical defects in the pupils: the windows often face the pupils, or they sit with their backs to the light, whilst the light ought really to come from the left. The seats are badly made, and the pupils stoop, or get one shoulder higher than another. (We wish Dr. Liebrich could lecture on the subject of the effects of school-life on the eyesight, &c., in every large school in the realm.) The pupils might pay an adequate, but not necessarily expensive, sum, which would enable the head-mistress to provide better teachers, seats, desks, and conveniences. We would sum up our objections against the bulk of private schools, under three heads:

- 1st. That the mistresses are generally not sufficiently trained for the work they have to do.
- 2nd. Private houses are not built, for the most part, for the accommodation of many persons in each room, and are wanting in ventilation, and in the proper arrangement of light.

3rd. Accomplishments, so called, do not fit women for the work in life which they have often to undertake, and for which they require sound and thorough knowledge.

We barely hint at the outlines of the present wants in private schools; many of our readers will be able to fill in the details.

In the papers read at Plymouth, Miss Shirreff and Mrs. Amelia Lewis both strongly advocated the formation of Public Schools for Girls. It is fortunate that the now famous school in Camden-town, founded by the generosity of Miss Buss, is a model of what schools for girls ought really to be.

The National Union intends to start schools, first, in the great suburbs of London, beginning with the South-Western; and then in process of time extending them over the country towns. A company has been started, and already many shares have been taken.

Public Schools for Girls seem at first so startling a suggestion, that we ought to fairly consider their advantages and disadvantages before we pledge ourselves for or against them.

It must be carefully borne in mind that we are only alluding to *day* schools, and not touching on the question of boarding-schools at all in this paper.

Public Schools for Girls offer at first sight the following advantages:

- 1st. The head-mistress will be thoroughly trained and fitted for her work.
- 2nd. The house will be fitted for the reception of numbers, and proper arrangements will be made for light and ventilation, and the school fittings will be of the best kind.
- 3rd. A steadily progressive course of study will be marked out.
- 4th. The course of study will be sound, useful, and thorough.

With such advantages as these, Public Schools for Girls ought not to be a failure; but we fear two drawbacks in the scheme proposed.

- 1st. We doubt whether a sufficient number of persons as yet appreciate the necessity of more thorough education for girls, and, therefore, whether a sufficient sum will be raised, so that the Girls' School Company can have a fair chance of success.
- 2nd. Whether the feeling of *caste*, which is so much stronger in girls than boys, will not preclude many from attending a school with others socially beneath them.

The second objection we believe the most formidable; the first, as people get more enlightened on the subject, will soon pass away; but the exclusiveness of the middle-classes, especially the lower portion of them, is a stubborn obstacle, and until this barrier is surmounted, or, at all events, considerably lessened, we cannot help feeling that, from this cause, large Public Schools for Girls may not succeed as we hope. Persons with large views of the equality which education gives, would not fear to let their children sit side by side with the daughter of their grocer; but these people form a minority.

"Time works wonders," and we trust its mellowing effect will work upon the minds of the parents of those girls who most need thorough education. A considerate, thoughtful-minded woman will be fit to take her place in the warfare of the world when the call comes, with a calmer, steadier spirit than an ill-educated one. Education ought to be made as thorough and perfect for one sex as for the other. Knowledge cannot unsex, and the so-called "fast" women are not found among the learned or scientific, but amongst the frivolous and thoughtless.

At the Salt Lake City District Court, on the 21st ultimo, Miss Phœbe Couzins was, on the motion of Governor Woods, admitted to the bar; an address of welcome was delivered by Judge McKean, and the hearty congratulations of the members of the profession were extended to her. Miss Snow, daughter of the Territorial Attorney-General, was also admitted on the motion of the United States ex-Attorney Hempstead.

True Economy is found in buying the best article 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 be well served; this is always found with Horniman's tea; it is strong to the last, very delicious in flavour, wholesome and invigorating, as well as cheap. Sold in packets by 2,538 Agents, Chemists Confectioners, &c.—ADVT.

POSSIBLE CONVERSATIONS.

No. I.

Present: LADY VERIPHAST, MRS. FREECHILD, AND MISS SIMPERLY.

Mrs. Freechild [entering with a newspaper in her hand]: It somewhat surprises me to find that a valuable observation made by Mrs. Lucas at the Good Templar meeting, which took place last month at the close of the Social Science Congress, has been allowed to pass by without public comment or journalistic animadversion. For it is indubitable that the remark to which I refer struck a note of very certain sound on the Woman Question, and pithily indicated one of those vexed matters of proposed legislation in which women's voices would be specially powerful for the national weal. Here is the passage of which I speak. Mrs. Lucas said—. . . "There is one thing I wish to tell you. If you support *Woman Suffrage*, that will bring your question on sooner than anything else. My brother, Jacob Bright, has told me that, if women were electors, the Permissive Bill would be immediately carried. I do hope that all of you will assist us to get votes, so that we may be able to assist you."

Miss Simperly: Really? Well, no doubt we are more sober than men; you know it is so very shocking for women to get tipsy! Nobody thinks it is so bad in men! But, of course, we should like to keep the men sober, for nothing is so dreadful as to see them intoxicated! I always think it such a horrible sight! And I suppose, my dear, that if it wasn't for the intemperance of the men in the labouring classes, we shouldn't hear so much about those shocking wife-beatings.

Mrs. Freechild: Here is a local paper, published at Hastings this very week. I take it up at random and find in it three cases of wife-assaulting, two of which have been the result of 'drink' on the part of the husband. I will read them for the sake of identification. [Reads.]

'ATTEMPTED WIFE MURDER AND SUICIDE.—The residents in and about Cross-street, St. Leonards, were startled on Sunday last by an attempt on the part of a boatman, named Wood, to murder his wife and afterwards take his own life. It appears that the man and his wife in question are—the former, Charles Wood, aged 37, following the occupation of a boatman, and the latter, Elethea Wood, his wife, aged 30. They lived together at No. 4, Cross-street, St. Leonard's, but not very happily, for the man, whether with just cause or not, was extremely jealous of his wife, and had been often heard to reproach her, and on one occasion to threaten that he would 'do for her.' The flame of jealousy and discontent was no doubt also fanned by the *man's weakness for drink*, for though it does not appear that he was the worse for liquor at the time he attempted the murder of his wife and his own life, yet, according to a remark made by him after being taken to the Infirmary, that he would turn "Good Templar when he came out," *there can be little doubt that drink was the cause of his crime.* On Sunday morning Wood went out, but returned about two o'clock in the afternoon. It was noticed that this morning he had been closely watching his wife's movements, and when she left the room—a room on an upper story—he followed her to the landing, and watched her over the bannisters. When she returned, about half-past two, he was lying on the bed with his clothes on. She asked him if he would come down stairs to his dinner. He upbraided her for not bringing his dinner up to him, and she then rather warmly told him that if he wanted his dinner he must come down and get it. Thereupon the man seemed to lose all control of himself. According to the poor woman's story, he then seized a large pocket-knife, similar to those boatmen are in the habit of carrying, and rushed upon her, striking the blade through her left cheek, and with such force that the weight of the blow broke away one of her largest back teeth, a sound tooth, and loosened the remainder, besides terribly lacerating the gums and interior of the mouth. The unfortunate woman got away from her husband, and gained the landing before he could repeat his blow. Her screams at once alarmed the house, and a Mrs. Pentecost and Mrs. Wood's father (who was in the yard at the time,) and others, came running to her assistance. The poor woman, the upper part of whose person was covered with blood, was taken away from her infuriated husband, who then turned the knife upon his own life, stabbing himself on the left side of the neck, near the jugular vein, and then drew the weapon across his throat, but the thickness of the scarf he was wearing prevented him doing more than inflicting a number of small cuts upon this part of his throat. The man with his throat cut and bleeding, and the open knife in his hand, ran out from his own house to his mother's,

three doors off. He was followed by the father of the injured woman, who found him with the knife still in his grasp, and his throat bleeding profusely, lying on a bed. Mr. Farrington took the knife from him. The police and a doctor were at once sent for, and to the sergeant of police Mr. Farrington handed the knife, saying, "This is the knife Charles Wood stabbed his wife with." Dr. Penhall was soon on the spot, and gave his attention first to the woman, who was lying at No. 4. The medical gentleman did not seem to think the wound very dangerous, and after strapping up her cheek and leaving some surgical directions, he proceeded to No. 1, where the husband was still on a bed and bleeding from the wounds in his throat. The surgeon was accompanied by a police-officer, and it does not appear that the man made any remark while his wounds were being dressed. On the orders of Mr. Gleinster, the chief superintendent of police, he was conveyed in custody to the infirmary, where he was attended to by Dr. Turner, and under whose attendance he is still. It is stated that the injured woman, in reply to a question as to her husband's motive for the attack, said she could hardly tell, but she thought it was drink. The woman bears on her forehead now the marks of an old wound which she says was caused by her husband once throwing a knife at her. It appears also that it has been Wood's habit to make the grossest accusations against his wife. Wood himself has once or twice expressed great sorrow for his rash act, and as noted above, declares it was all through drink, and his intention to reform "when he gets out."

Here is another :

'ILLTREATING A WIFE.—On Friday week, at the Justices' Clerk's Offices, William Pepper, of Westfield, labourer, was brought up, on a warrant, issued for disobedience of a summons, charged with assaulting his wife at Westfield, on the 1st inst.—Prisoner pleaded guilty, but said he did it under provocation.—Sarah, the prisoner's wife, said that on the evening in question, between seven and eight o'clock, he came home the worse for liquor, threw his dinner basket on the table, and said, 'Now I'll do for you. I have said so before, and I will do it to-night.' She was afraid, and ran to Mr. Overy's, a neighbour. After a time she went back in company with Mr. Overy, and one of the parish constables, and asked the prisoner for her baby (about a month old). He replied, 'I'll baby you, you——,' and rushed at her with his clenched fists, and aimed a blow at her, which she avoided. She got the baby and left the house, but returned after a short time at the wish of her neighbour, and asked the prisoner to make it up and be comfortable, to which he replied she might come home if she liked, but he would do for her by the morning. He had continually illused her, and had sold the pig and firewood, and she would probably have a distress put in the house for rent.—Mrs. Noakes, another neighbour, and Mr. Overy gave corroborative evidence, the former stating she had frequently heard the prisoner swearing at his wife and knocking her head on the bedstead, and the latter said he had frequently seen her with bruises on her face.—Prisoner had no defence, but begged for mercy on account of his family.—The magistrates told him he seemed to be a most worthless fellow, but they would give him a chance of redeeming his character.—He was sentenced to one month's hard labour.'

And this is the third, the short report of which does not assign any cause for the offence :

'A BAUTE.—At the Brighton Borough Bench, on Monday, John Whiting, was charged on a warrant with threatening his wife.—The prisoner, who was once tried for attempted rape on a daughter of complainant, was shown to have treated his wife very brutally. She had been compelled to go into the hospital through his conduct, and on Friday he threatened to cut her throat.—The Bench bound defendant over in £10 to keep the peace for six months, and also ordered him to find a surety in a like amount.'

Lady Veriphast : I cannot see the use of plaguing oneself about such horrors! We women are very well off as we are. How much more comfortable Florrie Flirtington and I are, discussing the morning's run with the hounds, while enjoying our coffee and cigarettes in my little *tabagie*, than are you, Mrs. Freechild, and your political friends—teasing yourselves and everybody else about low people and their domestic broils! Let 'em fight it out. I say!

Miss Simperly : Although I should not like to smoke cigarettes, nor to frequent a hunting-field, I must say I think Lady Veriphast right when she says that details of low life are very harrowing, and that ladies had better let them alone. It is much nicer to think about one's dress, and the picture galleries, and the opera, and one's going every morning and evening to service at S. Chasuble's, you know, isn't it? For my part I think it is very shocking to

print all those dreadful occurrences you have just been reading, Mrs. Freechild. They only make one creep!

Mrs. Freechild : Have you then no thought for other women who suffer the things you 'creep' to think of? When you go to S. Chasuble's, do you never chance to hear it read: "Look not everyone on his own things, but everyone also on the things of others?" Or did no one ever recite in your presence a certain parable about a Good Samaritan? Because you do not happen to have a drunken husband who kicks or stabs you, are you to feel no sympathy, no compassion, no charity for women less fortunate than yourself?

Miss Simperly : Oh! yes, of course, one feels sorry for them, poor things! but that's no reason why—why.—[*Gets confused.*]

Mrs. Freechild : Why one should help them, by obtaining Legislative protection for them, by obliging magistrates to punish their marital oppressors adequately, and by legally suppressing intemperance as much as possible. You think it quite womanly to shudder and make faces over the sufferings of the 'poor things,' but extremely unfeminine to do any real work in their behalf!

Miss Simperly : Really, Mrs. Freechild, you have a very candid way of putting things! But ought not the men to do the work you speak of?

Mrs. Freechild : Perhaps they ought, but they don't. So we women must do our best to get it done.

Lady Veriphast : I should like to know how you are to arrive at that blessed consummation! You have no voice in the country,—you musn't preach in church yet, nor make orations in the Houses of Parliament. Your only way is to get the Franchise, and that will be a long time coming! Better give it all up for a bad job, and enjoy life like me!

Mrs. Freechild : Pardon me,—I could not be so false to my womanhood, Lady Veriphast! I recollect another allegory about a poor widow and an unjust judge, which is most applicable to the case in point, and always reassures me when I am inclined to be disheartened at the repeated rejection of the Woman Suffrage Bill.

Lady Veriphast : 'Tis a happy thing for you that you can find so much comfort in allegories! It must console you greatly for the lack of realities which you are not likely to get at present. How can you be so mad as to expect men ever to legislate against themselves? You are all a parcel of Dreamers!

Mrs. Freechild : 'Tis true; and so was Joseph. In fact, that was the nickname his family gave him. Nevertheless, his dreams became realities at last.

Lady Veriphast : Well, Providence grant yours may also! I am sure I wish you all success!

Mrs. Freechild : But meanwhile, well wishers must not be idle. "Whoso gathereth not with us, scattereth."

Lady Veriphast : You take all your illustrations and precepts from the Bible!

Mrs. Freechild : Can I quote a better book? Nothing is more foolish and affected than the avoidance of allusion to our sacred Scriptures. One would fancy they were improper writings, unfit for polite ears; rather than a collection of excellent counsels, wise saws, and pertinent sayings.

Lady Veriphast : You are right, yet somehow these citations sound strange. But how are we to "gather with you," pray?

Mrs. Freechild : By advocating Woman Suffrage whenever a fitting occasion of doing so presents itself. By informing people who are either ignorant or indifferent on the subject. By procuring signatures to Parliamentary petitions for giving us the Franchise. By writing privately to the representative members of the constituency to which you belong, begging them to support the measure. And by making the championship of Women's Rights a part of your personal Religion.

Lady Veriphast : A goodly catalogue of duties, indeed! But I'll go and smoke a cigarette over the subject upstairs. At any rate you and your friends are plucky women, and I like pluck wherever I find it.

[SCENE CLOSES.]

MISS Lx GRxYt gratefully acknowledges 6s. from C. T. Donovan, for the Corston Coffee-shop. Further subscriptions solicited.

INDIVIDUALISM.

WE have all heard of the old adage concerning the bundle of faggots; each faggot being a unit, yet all tied together in a bundle, so forming unity, and therefore strength. But we are too apt to forget that each of us is as an individual faggot, even though we form part of the State as a whole. And this oblivion of the greater half of the human race about personal and individual responsibilities, lies at the root of the class evils that beset us on every side, teeming with danger to the whole community. As a rule, people are too apt to shift their burthens on to other people's shoulders, simply because they were uncomfortably heavy, or because they were thought to be of so little consequence that they may be left with impunity on the high road, for anyone to pick up, who cares so to do. Thus there are many who have to bear double, nay, treble burthens, simply because there are some faggots neglecting to do their duty as units. Let us examine the position—to our individual profit be it hoped.

First, we have the great question of the ruling vice of Great Britain, and the different means whereby it may be checked, to one of which—the coffee-shops—I alluded in my last paper. Do we, individually, aid in the suppression of intemperance, either actively in hard work, or by the power of example, or by earnest precept, or by lifting up our voices to add to the force of “public opinion,” which, it is said, is so powerful in England? People are very ready to agree to propositions raised by others in private society, who yet, when the time for public action comes, shrink from the burthen, and retire within their snail-shells; but if conscience were listened to, the stillest, smallest voice would make itself heard, and both time and money would be expended in the good cause of taking away temptations to evil, and putting allurements to good in their stead.

Next, we have the question of the miserable dwellings of the working-classes. Do we as individual landlords, and owners of property, see that all our houses are well ventilated, well built, and comfortable for their tenants? Do we find out whether labourers are well paid and well fed? and if not, whether we individually can help to redress their grievances? or do we leave them to do it for themselves by force, when the position becomes unbearable? I doubt whether, if each person who had the means examined into the sanitary arrangements and comfort of *one* house alone, in a town or village, there would be the misery that now exists (and is so much talked about) amongst the poorer population.

Next, there is the question of education, which has received the attention of Government certainly; but, alas! the faggots still remain useless sticks, and individuals do not take such an active interest in the matter as they might and ought. Grammar Schools ought to be frequented by boys and girls of the richer classes more than they are, and no hindrance ought to be put in the way of a working-man who may wish to raise himself in the social scale by means of education. But individuals bring that terrible word “caste” into play, and we have such a deep gulf formed thereupon, that a man has little chance to rise unless he can bring ancestry, money, or a title to his aid. Units can do much to bridge across this gulf, if each one does so honestly, not leaving the work to a few so-called enthusiasts.

Then, there is the question of domestic servants; and this is one which hardly any master or mistress could dare openly to say was not very individual in its working. And by servants we also mean operatives in factories, and labourers, or whomsoever serves another. Let us examine ourselves as to whether we always honestly by action, precept, and example, do as we would be done by in this respect? Whether we take a real interest in the daily happiness of those who spend their lives in our service? Whether we care for their comfort and health? Whether we care for their morals? I cannot here enumerate all the various ways in which we might do this, but leave them for individuals to ponder over, and see if the example or action of the rich (who are those in power), has not done much towards creating eye-service rather than that of the heart?

There is the great question, next, of our churches, and whether individuals cannot obtain the same freedom of all parts of the church to rich and poor alike? Surely, in God's House there is equality, if

nowhere else! but, with the exception of a few churches, this does not seem to be the case, and the poor are made to feel that they are unwelcome.

We can also do much as units towards the better ordering of hospitals, lunatic asylums, and all sorts of institutions, whose mismanagement is often complained of. The giving of a £5 note here and there is not the whole duty of man; there is the individual looking into management and expenditure that is required to make every charitable institution what it ought to be.

Some will call these Quixotic notions. Others, again, will say:—“What can we do? We have no power; and one single voice will have no effect!” Aye! but suppose every one in the world were to say that, there would be nothing done at all; and we have no right to throw off the burthen of being “our brother's keeper.”

I call it a “burthen,” but it ought to be a pleasant duty to take up individual responsibilities, and act bravely upon them. There can be no doubt in any great mind, that if this were universally done, the poor would not be so miserable as they are, and the rich would be far happier in the knowledge that they were being useful, and in the having something to do beyond buying bonnets and making more money. Of course, I except the noble givers of munificent sums to build and improve the dwelling-houses of the poor, and so forth, but I look upon these as the people who are bearing the “treble burthen,” because each individual will not take up their own particular one. It is a mistake to suppose that, because we can do little, we can do nothing; and if we can do no more, we can swell the potent voice of public opinion against all ills and grievances, so that they may be redressed. We can take an earnest interest in everything that concerns the welfare of our neighbours, and we can strive to interest others in these great questions. Life is too real and earnest to many, for others to waste their energies on the pomps and vanities of the world, to the exclusion of thought and action in the cause of the poor and needy.

I am quite sure that it is owing to the want of the recognition of individual responsibility that there is so much class-hatred now-a-days, so much misery, and so much evil. For a great deal of this, we must, with reluctance, blame women, who, because they are afraid of what people will say, sit with their hands before them, and ignore the responsibility of action and public duty, which belongs to each woman individually. Try as we may, we cannot shirk the question, nor wriggle ourselves out of the sense of “things left undone” in our lives. There are a hundred evils that the voices of women could mend, were it not for the general indifference or timidity that leaves the real work to a handful, who get, to use a vulgar expression, “more kicks than halfpence” for their reward while they are alive, though when they are dead and gone, and the evils are mended by their means, the supreme ones will accept the benefits as their due, and forget who it was that gained them for the world.

A. B. LE GUYR.

An important paper is being put into circulation by the executive committee of the Vigilance Association for the Defence of Personal Rights. The document takes the shape of a memorial to the Premier, and is signed on behalf of the committee by Mr. James Stuart, M.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge, who, with Miss Elizabeth C. Wolstenholme, of Moody-hall, Congleton, sustains the duties of the secretariat. The memorial points out the inevitable tendency of much recent legislation to lessen the sense of individual responsibility, and to weaken public opinion itself, and thereby to retard that social progress which depends on a general elevation of the popular intelligence; and concludes by naming a series of precautions which should be taken in view of these several dangers. The sixth and last of these is set forth in the terms following:—“That, in the fulfilment of the trust settled in Parliament and its duty to the unrepresented, in all domestic or social legislation, in which the interests of women are directly or indirectly concerned, the ascertained sentiments of women should guide and restrain the Legislature, and that, where moral considerations enter into the subject of legislation, whether immediately or remotely, the standard generally adopted by women, as well as that of men, should be carefully and respectfully regarded.” This point is too vital to be lost sight of and should be urged and re-urged until it pass into “Ideas of the Day.”

REVIEWS.

A TRAVERS CHAMPS: Flâneries Par LE CHEVALIER DE CHATELAIN.
[Rolandi, 20, Berners'-street, London.]

POETRY, we are told, is a drug in the literary market, and the fact implies a certain want of romance in the British public, which no longer hangs on the lips of the *Minnesänger*, as it did of yore. Painful experience, however, compels the critic to own that in generally avoiding the purchase and perusal of metrical productions that astute body exercises a wise discretion. A volume of occasional poems is apt to be dreary reading, and to contain little that is original or pleasing.

The present work, however, puts all such experience at fault. It is above all things original, and while many of the poems of which it is composed are tender and pathetic, there is no lack of tragic interest in others, and great depth of feeling and keenness of sarcasm. The most remarkable instance of these qualities is afforded by "*Le Fou du Roi et le Bourreau*;" a dialogue between the instrument and the victim of arbitrary power, in which the moral greatness of both these despised beings is shown in contrast with the meanness of their alleged superiors. The book contains several legends of a wild and terrible character, told with remarkable spirit, especially the "*Partie d'Échecs du Diable*," "*Les trois Cadavres*," and the "*Squelette de la Porche de l'Église*." This was the legend which Rogers the poet so loved to relate in his low, measured tones on a calm autumn evening, to those among his eager listeners who confessed to liking a really dreadful ghost story. The pathos he threw into the description of the outcast skeleton longing for rest, strove successfully with the repugnance felt by his hearers for the bony horror who is the hero of the tale, and inspired them with the interest in his release which is as successfully awakened in the minds of the readers of the Chevalier's version. The author's legends are not, however, all of this ghastly nature. "*Les Noces de la Lune*" is especially witty and sprightly and "*Les Trois Questions*" reminds us greatly, but for its untortured rhymes, of our old friend "Ingoldsby."

The slighter poems have much of the polish, the finish, and the singular grace of Frederick Locker's "Lyrics." The "Acrostic to Miss Constance P." and the "Sonnet to a Friend's Cat" are examples of close approximation to that poet's rare attainments. We must allow one of these to appear *in extenso*:

"Sonnet sur le chat de mon ami, James Augustus St. John, Esqr.

"Sur votre chat, Saint John, vous voulez un sonnet,
Sur votre joli chat à la si blanche ermine,
A l'œuvre je me mets, et je sors de ma mine
Aux vers—quatorze vers inclus dans ce billet.

"Je n'ai vu qu'un instant votre chat si coquet
Mais je le tiens pour beau, vu sa peau d'aubépine
Sa patte de velours et sa griffe argentine,
Et son ensemble, enfin, qui m'a paru parfait.
Si j'aime votre chat, c'est que ce chat vous aime;
Et d'un gout épuré c'est la preuve suprême
Que savoir vous aimer. . . . Aussi de votre chat
Je vous envoie ici l'ébourriffant éloge,
Que viens d'improviser dans ma robe de Doge.
Vous vouliez un sonnet, la voilà fait *Vivat!*"

Perhaps the most charming of the short poems are the "*Lettre d'un petit enfant à l'Enfant Jésus*," and "*Etre et Paraître*." The pith of the communication appears in the following lines:

"Bambin de Dieu, Dieu des Bambins!
Inspire à mon père, à ma mère,
A mes oncles, à mes cousins
A tous ceux là qui sur la terre
Sont nos amis, sont nos voisins,
Ainsi qu' à ma sœur, à mon frère,
De me donner force cadeaux,
Et friandises et gâteaux.

Enfin tout ce que peut me plaire.
Telle est mon unique prière.
Si mes désirs sont exaucés,
Trop! . . . ne sera jamais assez!"

The leading idea in "*Etre et Paraître*" is extremely quaint and pretty. A child sees the moon mirrored on the River Rhine; and the poet thus describes its perplexity:

"Mais voilà qu' à grande terreur
L'enfant est tout à coup en proie;
'Oh! maman! maman! quel malheur!'
Dit-elle—'La Lune se noie,
Elle est là bas au fond de l'eau;
Si le père avec son bateau
Ne va la sauver, la pauvrete,
Je n'aurai plus cotte amusette
Que ferai-je sans ce joyau,
Si beau!"

'Ne juge pas à la légère,
Dans un baiser lui di sat mère
Chère enfant calme ton chagrin,
Et ne t'alarme pas si vite,
La Lune, vois tu, ma petite,
La Lune est au bain!"

The ode entitled "*Naples et Torquay*" is a very successful effort.

"Naples est, à tout prendre une rude matrone
De ses feux le volcan l'enlace et la couronne;
Brune au teint vigoureux,
Au contour plantureux,
La brise la caresse,
Et l'induit à paresse;
De ses Lazzaronis
Elle est le paradis,
Qui tous, la nuit venue,
S'endorment sous la nue
Chantant ou murmurant des vers
Au bruit assoupissant de ses flots toujours verts."

This is a true and living picture of the bewitching city, the sorceress whom having seen, her worshippers enjoin us to die. But space forbids our dwelling longer on her charms, or even on those of this whole volume, on the merits of which we could truthfully enlarge at much greater length.

DELTA.

LE TESTAMENT D'EUMOLPE (London; *Thomas Hailes Lacy*, 89, Strand), by the same author, is an early production. It is so well reviewed by the writer himself in a note that we can hardly do better than give his own account of it. It was, according to the Chevalier, a youthful peccadillo. He wrote it when fresh from the Lycée Charlemagne, and submitted it to Scribe, who told him, in a charming letter, such as he knew how to write, that he found the story interesting, but that Romans in a comic Opera would never be accepted on a French stage, although the *Vestale* was played at the Grand Opera. Scribe's advice led to its remaining in manuscript. "If," says the author, "we publish it after an interval of fifty years, it is because it has the charm for us of a favourite study inspired by reading Petronius. The sententious verses placed by us in the mouth of *Eumolpe* are not such as we should now disown; but the verses of the duets, the trios, and the concerted pieces, are nothing but verses for a comic opera; they must be sung, not read.

The argument of the piece is as follows:—*Eumolpe*, an old and disreputable poet, visits different cities in a wretched condition, making dupes and repeating his verses to all comers, who receive them with shouts of derision. He is shipwrecked, and not knowing what to do, forms the project of repairing to Crotona, the inhabitants of which, who are notorious for their immorality, enthusiastically receive rich old men and covet legacies from them. *Eumolpe* presents himself in this city as a shipwrecked man who has lost his baggage, but possesses much landed property and many slaves in Africa. The inhabitants of Crotona, seeing an old man, whose

decrepitude promises them so much, offer to serve him, load him with presents and keep him in opulence, hoping that they will be remembered in his will, and their advances repaid with usury. At the end of a certain time the deception is discovered; and Eumolpe, crowned with vervain, and clothed in the ornaments peculiar to victims, is precipitated from the top of a rock.

The history of this worthy is taken from the work entitled "*Petronii Satyricon*." The Chevalier has rendered this classical tale with much taste; the dialogue is sprightly and the versification smooth, but he is heavily weighted by the nature of the fiction and the want of interest naturally felt in an almost impossible situation. In saying this, we are, perhaps, objecting to the *motif* of many masterpieces of poesy; but there is a growing heresy,—may we not say, a growing religion?—among us, which makes a strong human interest necessary to our taking delight in any effort of lyric art. Such is afforded by a short poem bound up with this Greek story, entitled "*Le Marquis et la Porçat*." Here we have a powerful delineation of the outcast of modern times, vindicating his right to the indulgence of society and a searching enquiry into the great problem of the time, the co-existence of personal misery with general progress. This dialogue is in the author's best vein, and, like most of his productions, has the distinguished merit of displaying French vivacity and pathos without French extravagance.

DELTA.

THE FIELD OF RIVALRY: An Heroic Poem, in Four Books.
[Longmans, Green, & Co., London.]

A POEM by a genuine madman would, perhaps, in these days of sensation be a pecuniary success; but we doubt whether any number of lines dashed off by one who was conscious of some mental infirmity would prove so profitable a venture. The author of the Poem before us prefixes as a motto to his book the words, "There is no great genius without some mixture of madness." After a careful perusal of the Poem, we have come to the conclusion that the author has mistaken the purport of the Latin; and concluded that the possession of some few ounces of scattered brains entitle him to rank as a genius. But, happily for the world, it does not follow that because all geniuses are mad, therefore all madmen are geniuses. Having said thus much in criticism of the, perhaps, pardonable egotism of a Poet who has composed an heroic poem in four books, we will proceed to discuss our author somewhat more in detail.

Some young gentlemen having inconveniently fallen in love with a certain young lady, named Phyllis, are advised by the young lady's father to spend five years in travel. This is the ingenious device of the author for introducing long descriptions of Africa, Brazil, America, and we know not where else; natural history, botany, and geography are ransacked to display their mysteries; descriptions of scenery, lists of products, and commentaries on local customs fill the book. In short, it reads like a history of adventures in foreign lands, with the adventures left out.

We doubt if any but a genius would have thought of bringing into the compass of a single book so bizarre a mixture of mythology, history (ancient and modern), ethnology, and small-talk as our author has here compounded. We have no space adequately to describe the wonderful medley of this Poem, and must leave our readers to plunge into the tangled brake for themselves. But in the interests of the English language we must protest against the introduction of alien words, chiefly of Latin origin, so barbarous in their sound that we have been disposed to conjecture that our author, in his mad waggery, has been turning his Latin dictionary into indifferent verse. We should like to offer the following list of words, taken at random from the first few pages, to the notice of our Civil Service examiners; and we feel sure that they will reduce the candidates to the most pleasing despair. "Corniform," "piscation," "exploremment," "terraqueous," "pulchritude," "surquadrery," "roary," "floriferous," "amical," "succedaneous," "chevisance," "oasian." This is the silver age of our literature with a vengeance! These are words which even the poets of the good Queen Anne

never had the hardihood to employ. Our author seems to be ambitious of rivalling the obscurity of some Æschylean chorus. Witness the following mystery:

"Th' all glorious heavens in nature see below,
A daisied field, and but a sorry show
Unto th' auriferous inheritance
Of souls exalted from their chevisance."

Even in so trivial a matter as spelling, the madness of our author vindicates its existence, and to strike out a tiresome vowel, as in "vilent" (for "violent") is the work of a moment. Often we find a pure Latin word left desolate amongst its Teutonic brethren, as in the line—

"Ambitious Torquo musing *solus* went."

We are aware that it is the fashion with some of our more philosophical poets to spurn the laws of metre and cadence: we pardon them for the excellence of their matter. But our author, while he imitates them in his carelessness, gives us no adequate compensation. He is ponderous where they are weighty. With him, for instance, "war" rhymes with "dare," "behold" with "wild," "partakes" with "blacks," "withdraws" with "shows," and so on, line after line. Here is a specimen of his poetic art:

"The black-eyed Arab village girls likewise
Of this scene of rusticity comprise
A part, where all agrees together, and
Where poor and rural dwelling-places stand."

He never cares where the accent falls, be it on article or preposition; and when he is at a loss for a rhyme, then "expletives their feeble aid do join." But we must close the book, and can only pray that the next Poem it may be our fate to review may be either wholly English or wholly Latin, and the next author we criticize either wholly sane or wholly insane.

PETRUCHIO.

WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE IN SCOTLAND.—The Edinburgh committee for the promotion of Women's Suffrage has taken the field early. Three weeks since, mention was made in our pages of a lecture delivered by Miss Taylour, late of Belmont; and this has been followed by two others. At one of these Sheriff Ross presided, and the meeting was one of the largest and most enthusiastic ever seen in the place. Miss Taylour first brought forward, most fully and convincingly, arguments in favour of woman's claim to be represented; and then undertook the task of demolishing the objections which were urged against it—which, it need hardly be added, she did most effectively. A more eloquent and able lecture it has not been our privilege (says one of the Scotch newspapers) to listen to for a long time. A petition in favour of the extension of the franchise to women householders was adopted on the motion of Mr. Sproat, seconded by the Rev. D. Macfarlane; and on the motion of Mr. J. M. Murray, seconded by the Rev. Andrew Macpherson, an influential committee was appointed to carry forward the movement. Both resolutions were unanimously and most enthusiastically carried. Mr. Macmillan proposed a cordial vote of thanks to the lady lecturer; and Miss MacLaren, who accompanied Miss Taylour from Edinburgh, in proposing a similar acknowledgment to the chairman, briefly explained the circumstances which had brought them into the district. The second meeting, held in a Free Church school-room, was crowded to overflowing, a great many persons having to leave without gaining admittance. Mr. Archibald MacEwan, chief magistrate, presided, and was supported by Miss MacLaren, Mrs. M'Brayne, Councillors Donald Fraser and M'Brayne, Drs. Rutherford and Dougan, and a number of other gentlemen, while a large number of ladies were among the audience. After an able and interesting lecturer by Miss Taylour, speeches were given in support of resolutions by Councillor Somerville, Mr. Robert Stewart, Councillor Fraser, and Mr. J. B. Douglas; and a local committee was nominated.

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The Lady's Own Paper,

A JOURNAL OF TASTE, PROGRESS, AND THOUGHT.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1872.

IN MY LADY'S CHAMBER;

A STORY OF
HER DECEASED HUSBAND'S BROTHER.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER VI.

"Fate is nigh

The lordly line of high St. Clair."

FOUR hours later Lady Cairnsmuir sat at luncheon with her daughter. Not a trace of the emotion to which she had so lately yielded in the privacy of her chamber appeared in her countenance now; she was all serene, indifference and languid *hauteur*, and the sharp brine of those passionate tears that had dimmed my Lady's beautiful eyes such a little while ago had dissolved beneath the tender influence of Hungary water, and been dissipated wholly by the mild persuasions of Messieurs Piesse and Lubin.

Ella, dallying with the hot-house strawberries on her plate, was first to break a silence which, having been maintained since the exit of the butler, had already endured five minutes.

"Mamma, shall you go to the Opera to-night? It is to be *Roberto il Diavolo*, and Fräulein Adelheide Stern is to play Alice. There will be a wonderful cast."

"You can go, Ella; your papa will take you, no doubt; but I shall stay at home. My head aches to-day."

"Dear mamma! How sorry I am! The Duchess's rooms were overcrowded last night. But you really must see this new *prima donna* soon. Beatrix Jewellyn tells me that she was absolutely ravishing last night in *Faust*—so wonderfully *naïve* and child-like—Goethe's Gretchen herself, *par excellence*. Miss Brabazon, who brought the Fräulein out, you know, mamma, was quite triumphant. They say such a perfect

Marguerite has never been seen on the stage before—Beatrix raves about her, I assure you."

"Indeed? Here comes your papa, Ella; just in time for you to complete your operatic arrangements."

My Lady took a second glass of *château d'Yquem*, and leaned back in her embroidered chair, her whole attitude and expression amazingly suggestive of a fashionable study to be entitled *Nil Admirari*. There was a step upon the soft, heavy carpeting of the corridor without, a singular step, that spoke as plainly as a Voice of Pride, and Greatness conscious of its own dignity, the step of a man who was accustomed to find others waiting for him, and who had never hurried himself for the convenience of anybody else. Just exactly as his steps prognosticated him, came the noble Earl into the room where the two ladies sat at lunch, entering with head erect and military regular gait, as though he were walking in a procession. In very truth it was a Funeral One, and he had been Chief Mourner in it for a long time. People who had seen the Earl once or twice, spoke of him as a very remarkable man indeed, a man of blue blood and ancient pedigree, who knew his honours and bore them without a blush; people who knew him very well regarded him as an abominable egotist, egregiously insatiable of homage and habitually impervious to sorrows and desires that did not personally affect himself. But he had a grief of his own nevertheless, a grief that stung him deeply under the mask of his proud reserve, and the world in which he moved understood the fact tacitly, and laid many of his sins to its account. For Lord Hubert of Cairnsmuir was destined to be the last of his house, the earldom and the estate bequeathed to him through a long line of noble ancestry, that dated their origin, if not their title, from the times of the Danes and Saxons, must pass away at his death; for the present Earl had no son, and his daughter was debarred by her sex from the enjoyment of her father's inheritance. That the name of Cairnsmuir should perish! That it must be blotted out of the roll of the Peerage! That he, ill-fated wretch that he felt himself! should be destined to end in his own person so illustrious, so ancient a house, to sink in oblivion a title that had a prouder sounding than the name of any reigning family; to alienate for ever a heritage that his ancestors had held intact for more than seven centuries! He stood alone, the sole living representative of the Cairnsmuir stock, and his only child was a daughter! And my Lady—how did she bear to know all this? Did the iron enter into her delicate soul or disturb the equal serenity of her fashionable languor at times? If it did, no one ever saw a sign of it upon the calm proud forehead or in the depths of those black mysterious eyes, eyes that betrayed not a trace of emotion when other women might have shrieked, or wept, or fainted, eyes that seemed always looking stedfastly upon some picture of the past, regardless of the living moving scenes about her in the present. Most of my Lady's acquaintances were of opinion that she was very greatly to be pitied, and that, notwithstanding her beauty, position, and wealth, there were few women who had stronger claims to compassion than she. Her father, the late Baron Arisaig, had been an unfortunate man, for his Baroness during the last years of their married life was the victim of a pathetic lunacy that had its origin in unavailing regret and unmerited self-reproach, for the mother of Dolores, like Dolores herself, had never borne an heir. Arisaig and his wife had been seven years childless, when at length heaven took note of their affliction, and gave them hopes of enjoying a share in that rich gift that is so seldom wanting in the homes of the poor. So the bonfires were made ready on the moors, and the village barns were cleared for dancing, and ale was brewed by gallons to celebrate the advent of the tiny lordling that had so long been desired in vain. But when the birth-hour came, it was no heir but a daughter that the Baroness brought into the world, and the Baron when he heard the tidings, stood silent as a man may stand who is suddenly smitten in the face by the friend whom he has gone out to meet and to welcome.

"Light no bonfires," said he, "ring no bells and let there be no dancing, for this is a day of mourning and not of joy. And as for the child, I will have her named Dolores, for she is a cause of sorrow and bitterness." So the unwelcome little daughter was christened accordingly, and her mother, shocked and terrified at the awfulness of the disappointment, lost her reason little by little as the years went by and brought no second birth to gladden the dismal home at Arisaig Towers. And the heartbroken old Lord, widowed thus before his wife's death, consigned the poor Lady to professional care, and spent his days wandering restlessly about the Continent, carrying with him his daughter. But though they travelled together they seldom met, for Dolores was always relegated to the companionship of her governess, and it was said that Lord Arisaig scarcely knew by sight the face of the child whose birth had brought such desolation to his falling house. And when at the age of twenty-three, Dolores Arisaig married the young Earl of Cairnsmuir, society predicted for her a new era of happiness and a career of unchequered success and brilliant fortune. But the *malison* of the House of

Arisaig stuck fast to the Countess of Cairnsmuir, and it was her fate to bring upon her husband the self-same disaster she had brought her father. Through her untoward advent the title and lands of Arisaig had passed already to a collateral relative, for the unhappy Baron and his Lady were gathered now to their long rest with their fathers beneath the very Feet God in the Eternal City of the Seven Hills, and another Pharaoh who knew not Joseph and served strange gods had arisen as master of Arisaig Towers. For the old Lord had been a Catholic and a Conservative like all his ancestors, and the new man who had taken his place was one of the modern English patriots, a creature to whom the name of the Holy Father was as the name of Satan, who detected the smell of sulphur and brimstone in the aroma of incense, who had always voted on the Radical side of the House, hated mediævalism, monks, and music, and loved all manner of changes and revolutions, designating them as Measures of Progress. But even such a successor as this was impossible to the Cairnsmuir peerage, for that could descend only in a direct line; and heirs male had never yet been wanting in the family for seven hundred years and more. Twenty lords of Cairnsmuir had held their court in the old mansion, and been carried one after another to sleep where all their ancestors were laid in the Vault of the Family Chapel, with its carven motto and coronet in the stone above the low entrance, and sons or brothers or nephews had never yet lacked to weep at the burials and assist at the anniversary requiems; but now the long chain seemed destined to be broken at last, for the twenty-first Earl of Cairnsmuir had no living brother, and Dolores Arisaig inherited her dead mother's curse. So that it is very easy to understand what a large and formidable skeleton was kept in the domestic cupboard of Lord Hubert, and to trace the source of the gloom and jealous restlessness that characterized his face and habitually distinguished the style of his conversation.

It was strong upon his countenance now, that light of melancholy pride, and his features, composed and immobile beneath its baneful glow, resolute in their inflexible grandeur, pathetic in their silent endurance, looked strangely like the rigid features of a dead man, illumined by the lurid glare of the funeral fire that was destined to obliterate them for ever. Ah, inevitable flames of a maledictory Fate! Ah, devoted corpse of an ancient family!

Cairnsmuir, entering my Lady's presence with that statuesque step and gloomy visage, was not altogether unsuggestive of Don Giovanni's marble Visitor, and had the hour only been supper instead of luncheon-time, and the costume of Lord Hubert a trifle less conventional, the ghostly idea would have been greatly improved and assisted. His wife, regarding him with her customary placidity as he lowered himself like a tombstone into the seat beside her, repeated Ella's eulogistic rhapsody upon the excellence of Fräulein Stern's histrionic powers, and blandly expressed a hope that the Earl would find himself at liberty to accompany his daughter that evening to the representation of *Roberto il Diavolo*. Cairnsmuir hesitated, and possessed himself of the sauterne. Of course, if Ella desired his services he was always ready to act as her *cicerone* to the Opera or wherever else she pleased,—here he bowed gravely to his daughter; but the fact was, that—ah—Sir Godfrey Templar had met him at the Carlton that morning, and had talked of looking in after dinner. And Lord Hubert, under the impression that the ladies had nothing on the cards for that night, had promised his friend a little music and coffee. Making this announcement Cairnsmuir twirled the stem of his wine-glass between his first and second finger in a nervous manner, and glanced at the Countess, not in expectation of receiving her consent to the arrangement he proposed, but in search apparently of some evidence to the effect that she understood his design and was prepared to assist in its accomplishment. My Lady answered the mute appeal by a downward sweep of her black-fringed eye-lids, and immediately addressed herself to Ella in the interests of the paternal amendment.

"Never mind the Fräulein to night, dear. You can see her at any time, you know; and this is quite the beginning of the season. I am charmed to hear that Sir Godfrey—those strawberries please Ella—is coming to see us. No doubt he will bring some more of his delightful curiosities from the East, and be full of those quaint oriental anecdotes and legends which are so very like the Arabian Nights."

Cairnsmuir caught at this directly.

"That Templar certainly will," assented he. "I think he said he had a Persian manuscript to show you. I saw it the other day, most curious thing, blazoned all over with gold and purple; a love story I believe, setting forth the lamentable misunderstandings that are apt to arise from the practice of making and keeping secrets, a moral which can scarcely be intended for the ladies, I presume; and ending with a very curious homily against masculine jealousy in matters appertaining to the tender passion."

"Which of course," concluded Ella, smiling archly at her father, "is equally unnecessary to the improvement of the gentlemen. Well, papa, I am willing to give up my operatic expedition in favour of antique

literature and Sir Godfrey's conversation. He is a very agreeable companion, and I find it particularly refreshing to pass a few hours now and then in the society of a man who has something else to talk about than the events of the season."

"Sir Godfrey is charming," resumed Lady Cairnsmuir, with languid approbation. "To hear him talk is quite as good as going to listen to Speke and Grant or the Rob Roy man, without the trouble of the drive and the inconvenience of sitting in a hot room with a public audience. He's a very remarkable man I take it,—Sir Godfrey."

"He is a man of singular observation, rare powers of memory, and wonderful ability for description," said the Earl judicially, to keep the ball rolling: "and he has used his opportunities of peregrination and research to peculiar advantage. Nothing escapes him. He interests himself in many national traits of character and custom that other travellers fail to notice, and his general information upon subjects of antiquity and ancient usage is so extensive and profound that it enables him to throw considerable light upon the origin of many oriental and European habits of thought and practice."

It was my Lady's turn again now, and she played the card which the Earl had indicated, forthwith, all for the especial behoof and edification of their daughter, who certainly appeared to be no wise displeased by the turn given to the conversation, for she heard it with evident interest and some gleaming of exultation in her grey intelligent eyes.

"I suppose," continued Lady Dolores, "that Sir Godfrey's antiquarian pursuits began in his natural desire to trace the origin and fortunes of his own lineage? How excessively charming it must be to have had one's ancestors distinguished in the First Crusade!"

"That honour," observed the Earl with a deprecatory smile directed at Ella, and a stately magisterial wave of his hand, "is comparatively a modern feature in the history of Sir Godfrey's family. The Templars were in flourishing and conspicuous existence long before Philip or Coeur-de-Lion were heard of. We date from beyond the Conquest, but Sir Godfrey numbers his fathers among the worshippers at Stonehenge."

At which point in the dialogue there was a brief pause, for both ladies required time to appreciate the import of this last announcement, and Lady Cairnsmuir in particular was immensely struck by it, although there was no fact in Christendom staler to her ears than this identical item in the history of Sir Godfrey's origin. "Ah," she murmured at last, in a polite state of refined admiration, "how very delightful! And so extremely wealthy, and so remarkably handsome!"

But Ella took exception to this last eulogistic observation. She was young, and her taste for the beautiful had not yet received that amount of culture, nor undergone that degree of scientific training that is necessary to develop feminine appreciation of manly charms. Sir Godfrey being a grand magnificent fellow of some forty years, with a tawny leonine beard, and a bald polished forehead, was very far removed from Ella's girlish ideal of masculine loveliness. She regarded him as a pleasant acquaintance, and an accomplished gentleman, her chosen favourite among the Earl's most frequent companions; but the veneration and awe with which his immense knowledge and amazing experience inspired her, utterly precluded in her mind any possible association between him and the attributes of youth and beauty.

Adonis, Endymion, and Narcissus, with their boyish white and red, were much more in her line at present than such ripar specimens of manhood as a muscular adventurer like Hercules, or a bronzed explorer like Ulysses, so she observed as much now in deprecating her mother's adulatory interjection in favour of the travelled Baronet's outward and visible signs. Whereupon Lady Cairnsmuir smiled a very strange smile, and lightly regretted that the three Graces whom Ella had named as her special heroes had all met such untimely and disastrous ends, in spite of their illustrious admirers.

"Not Endymion at least, mamma," expostulated the daughter. "If Keats be a trustworthy biographer, Diana was at least more kind than Venus."

"I doubt the fact;" returned my Lady, still with that strange smile, like the reflexion of a sudden passing moonbeam on a bank of thunder-clouds at night. "The poets have embellished a sad truth by a pretty fiction. The poor young man in question had probably aspired too high in the amatory line, and being necessarily disappointed, became simply moonstruck. Phoebe was too bright and particular a luminary for so humble a lover to attain, and death was as merciful to him as to her. And he is not the last nor the only foolish boy who has cried for the moon and come to grief in consequence of his folly."

My Lady's intonation as she uttered these last words was so peculiar that Cairnsmuir involuntarily lifted his eyes to her face; but it was the same face he had always known—serene, haughty, indifferent; even the moony smile itself had passed away, and there was no light now to reveal the blackness of the storm that was gathering in my Lady's heart.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CORRESPONDENCE.

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

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

MADAM,—

IT is with great gratification that I observe the pages of "THE LADY'S OWN PAPER" open to the discussion of the subject of Vivisection. If women have any right—if they have any mission to go forth into the highways and byeways of the world, to console and relieve the suffering, to uphold the falling, and to protect the oppressed, no fitter objects for their benevolent enthusiasm, no more sympathetic field for the exercise of their womanly natures can be imagined than the sufferings of tortured animals, whose appeal to the compassionate is all the mightier because mute, or, at best, dumbly expressed.

As Miss F. P. Cobbe suggests, let the aid of only those doctors be invoked who disapprove of and discountenance Vivisection.

And here there is a grand opening for medical women, for I can never believe that any woman could so monstrously (and I use this term advisedly) debase and unsex herself, as, for a moment only, to stand by and calmly observe and study the quivering agonies of either the affectionate household companion or the wild denizen of the woods.

We have the testimony of various medical men that science does not benefit by these inhuman atrocities. And if instruction even were derived from them, I would echo a thousand times the opinion so well expressed in the last number of "THE LADY'S OWN PAPER" by Dr. Bigelow, of Harvard University: "*Better that I or my friends should die, than protract existence through accumulated years of torture upon animals, whose exquisite suffering we cannot fail to infer, even though they may have neither voice nor feature to express it.*"

Would it not be possible to establish a Society for the Legal Prevention and Suppression of the Private or Public Practice of Vivisection? The question should be brought before Parliament, and the feeling of all civilised countries upon the subject should be ascertained. Then would be shown if the voice of humanity would not be raised unanimously against a crime which places us upon the level of those savage tribes and races to whom the sight of physical agony and anguish is a matter of indifference.

Here, too, woman's voice would scarcely remain silent. Should such an association be started, I feel sure that every woman-elect in the country (supposing our sex acquires the right to vote) would sharply question, or cause to be questioned, upon this urgent subject of humanity, the Parliamentary candidate for the borough in which she might happen to reside.

Funds will be required, and an organised management. I cannot imagine that these will be wanting in Christian and enlightened England. Possibly the Editor of "THE LADY'S OWN PAPER" would allow a list to be opened in its pages for all who may wish to give their names, subscriptions, and co-operation, in aid of this urgent cause?

I am, Madam,

Faithfully yours,

Kensington, Oct. 15th.

M. JANE RONNIGER.

"Look on this Picture, and on This!"

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

MADAM,—

Will you permit a Rambler through the streets of your great metropolis to call the attention of amateurs of the ridiculous to the oddest mixtures of the holy and the profane he has met with in his travels, not excepting even the sights one witness in pious Italy?

Having occasion last week to call at the office of the *Athenæum*, I was struck, on coming out, to behold before me the "local habitation" of the *Tablet* (the Roman Catholic organ in England), exhibiting in its window a beautiful epitome of Papal absurdities. Here was St. Peter, there the Pope, then busts of [martyrs, saints innumerable, &c., &c., in one word, all the Mythology of Rome.

And now—*Stupete vntes!*—On the first floor is inscribed in enormous characters, which those who run may read,

COSTUMIERS DE PARIS.

After Saints, heigh for carnival! After due penance on the ground floor, the Catholic spirit may soar upwards to revel in beauties of pictures, costumes for brigands, harlequins, and even *Diavoli*.

I remain, Madam, your obedient servant,

THE AUTHOR OF

"RAMBLES THROUGH ROME."

8th October, 1872.

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

MADAM,—

The period has again arrived when the advocates and promoters of the Enfranchisement of Women must resume their labours. May I suggest through your paper the necessity of union and concentration of effort among all its workers; also the advisability of abandoning all minor difficulties of detail, while the grand principle for which all are unanimous is yet to be won? However important various other social questions are, I should recommend a distinct and different platform for their discussion, since many who would otherwise give their support to the Suffrage movement, withhold it on account of difference of opinion on other points.

I am, Madam, yours truly,

L. A. A. S.

AN ILL-FATED PRINCESS.

FROM THE FRENCH OF LAMARTINE.

David Commenus, a scion of the great house which had filled the throne of Constantinople, was, at the time of the Turkish conquest of Greece, Emperor of Trebizonde. The sight of the armies of Mahomet II, as they swept down the mountain defiles of Takat, and of his fleets as they covered the Black Sea, told the timid Christians of Trebizonde that their religion, their independence, their property, their very lives, were at the mercy of the Mahometan conquerors. The subjects of David were but too well aware that there was no hope of their being able to drive away the invader by force of arms. Their sole remaining hope was in negotiation. David himself went out to make conditions with the Sultan for himself and his subjects. Mahomet gave him the option of retiring unmolested with his wife, his family, and his personal property beyond sea, or to lose empire, children, and life, by vainly endeavouring to defend himself behind his ramparts. He flattered him with the prospect of an honourable abdication, and a safe and happy life in retirement. Relying on these promises, the Emperor David embarked with some members of the Royal house for Constantinople. He offered to the Sultan the hand of his youngest daughter, the Princess Anna. The Sultan accepted it, but on the arrival of the Princess, shut her up in his harem. He likewise imprisoned the young nephew of the Emperor. Mahomet sent David, his Empress Helena, and their eight sons to Serrum, a Greek city in Thraec, which he assigned to the exiled family as their place of residence. One of these eight sons became a Mahometan, and had himself enrolled among the Sultan's pages, henceforth serving the lawless conqueror who had usurped the throne of his father.

Scarcely had David and his family left the port of Trebizonde, ere the Sultan, forgetful of his promises, entered the city as an unsparing conqueror. The children of the principal families of the town were incorporated by force among the ranks of his pages. The richer inhabitants were carried off to help in re-peopling Constantinople, and the poorer classes, who were obliged to remain in Trebizonde, had to quit their dwellings in the city and merely occupy the suburbs. The Turks took possession of palaces, citadels, and ports.

Scarcely had he returned to the capital, ere Mahomet sent for the Emperor and his family from Serrum, and caused them and such of the princes and princesses of the house of Commenus as resided in the Empire to be brought before him in chains.

The pretext of these severities was a letter that had been written from Trebizonde by Sara Commenus, mother to the Turcoman Prince Hassan, to her uncle David and her aunt the Empress Helena. In this innocent letter Sara invited the Emperor, the Empress, and their children, to come and take up their residence near her own at Djenischyr, and there enjoy the sweets of family hospitality, which they were more likely to secure in a Turcoman tent than within the walls of the palace of Serrum. Mahomet II. pretended to discover, in this intercepted letter, an intrigue between the royal houses of Trebizonde and Ouzoun Hassan, to recover by the aid of

the Turcomans, possession of the capital and the empire. Neither the most solemn protestations of innocence, nor the tears of the women, nor the touching helplessness of the children, had power to disarm him. "Choose between the Koran and death!" he said, in an implacable voice, to the fallen Emperor.

"I have no choice to make," the captive replied, nobly. "God has already made it for me, in causing me to be born a Christian. No torment that man could inflict upon me would cause me to forsake the faith of my fathers."

"Die then!" replied Mahomet; "and drag with thee to death these seven sons whom thou hast inspired with thine own obstinacy."

The Sultan then made a sign to his guards to behead the seven sons before the eyes of their father, to prove his constancy and increase his sufferings by the sight of his children's deaths. Their heads and their bodies fell successively at the feet of their father. Last of all, *he* also fell upon the bodies of his sons.

In order to increase yet further the horrors of this massacre, Mahomet forbade, under pain of death, any one to give sepulture to the unfortunate Commenus family. Their bodies were left to moulder on a waste piece of land on the shore of the Sea of Mormara between the Castle of the Seven Towers and the strand of St. Stefano, where the raven and the vulture rush in flocks to rend and devour the corpses of criminals which are exposed there.

The Empress Helena, wife and mother of the dead, spared only on account of her sex from sharing their fate, alone braved the sentence of death pronounced against whoever gave them Christian burial. Clothed in a garment of coarse cloth, the sole vestment which had been left to her in place of the imperial purple, she begged a spade of one of the gardeners of St. Stephen's-hill in order to pay the last honours to her husband and sons. With this spade in her hand, she was seen from afar during a whole day, digging with effort eight graves in the sand, and meantime driving away with the handle of her tool the birds of prey which hovered over the beloved dead. After these sad and pious rites had been performed, Helena seated herself on the last tomb, that of the Emperor (her husband), there to await her own death. Her heart broke, she had fulfilled her last duty, and slowly she passed away dying among the dead.

JANET.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTES.

THE fourth session of the Ladies' Educational Association, in connection with University College, London, commenced on Monday.

MISS M. E. BERRY, M.A., is engaged to lecture during the ensuing six months, in connection with the Women's Suffrage movement, chiefly in the provinces.

THE Cambridge University Local Examinations for Girls, for the London centre, of which Mrs. William Burbury, of St. George's-terrace, Queen's-gate, is secretary, commence on the 10th of December.

MADAME RONNIGER commences a lecturing-tour in Scotland in the month of January. Her illustrative lecture on "The Songs of Scotland" is to be given, among other places, in Edinburgh and St. Andrew's.

THE University of Melbourne has lately taken a step far in advance of our home universities, in resolving, by an unanimous vote, that women shall enjoy in future all the facilities for gaining knowledge and taking degrees which are already possessed by men, and upon equal terms.

MISS EMILY SHIRREFF, of Cadogan-place, ably sustains the propaganda in behalf of the National Union, which was organized under the presidency of H.R.H. the Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne), for promoting the higher education of girls; Mrs. William Grey, with whom the scheme originated, being laid aside, we regret to state, by indisposition.

Mrs. H. B. STOWE, the authoress of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," has taken the platform as a public reader at Springfield, Massachusetts. The *Republican* of that city speaks of her first appearance in terms of emphatic, discriminating praise. At the end of one hour and twenty minutes Mrs. Stowe closed her book amid applause, with the words of one of the practical listeners to Sam's political highfalutin, "Children git off to bed."

AN organizing secretary is about to be appointed by the Central Committee in London of the (late Manchester) National Society for Women's Suffrage, at a salary of £100. It will be recollected by many of our readers that, on the retirement of the late hon. secretaries, the duties were undertaken by Miss Caroline Biggs (the editor of the *Englishwoman's Review*), and Miss Agnes Garrett (sister of Mrs. Garrett-Anderson and Mrs. Fawcett.)

LECTURES on music are announced for the ensuing winter at the South Kensington Museum. Herr Pauer's last course given there is to be repeated at Glasgow. The Science and Art Department seems to be fully alive to the necessity for extending educational advantages of a high order to women, and does not experience the hostility with which women's efforts and aspirations are in the universities so rudely assailed.

THE London National Society is arranging, under the auspices of Mr. John Stuart Mill, and the honorary secretaryship of Mrs. William Burbury, for the active resumption of the usual winter campaign for the extension of the Parliamentary Suffrage to women-householders. Miss Eliza Orme has retired from the joint hon. secretaryship, but retains her place on the Executive Committee, in which her experience and sound judgment render her invaluable.

A SECOND edition, revised by a couple of barristers, has been issued of the volume on "The Law of Husband and Wife," by Mr. Macqueen, first published twenty-four years ago. Very oddly, it omits any special notice of the change in the law effected two sessions ago by the Married Women's Property Act. Perhaps the omission is explained by the extreme difficulty which is experienced in construing, in accordance with common-sense rules, some of the clauses of that enactment, and by the manifest impossibility of the Act continuing long without considerable emendations.

A COMMITTEE of ladies at Brighton are engaged, under distinguished patronage, in the organisation of a bazaar at the Pavilion, on behalf of the funds of the Royal Albert Orphan Asylum at Collingwood-court, near Bagshot. Contributors of work or other articles for sale of the value of five guineas are made life-governors of the institution. Should any of our readers be disposed to aid the good work of this excellent charity, the secretary, Mr. Charles Walker, would be glad to hear of them at the offices in Cheapside. The bazaar takes place for three days at the close of the present month.

OPINION seems to be divided on the subject of punishing garrotters and wife-beaters by flogging. The application of the cat is no doubt extremely unwelcome to those for whom this species of mild correction is considered by some of our magisterial and judicial authorities to be necessary. The dispute is based by both parties on purely humanitarian grounds; the contention of those who oppose the lash, as a retrogression in our system of corrective procedure, being that as a necessarily brutal expedient it can hardly fail to do anything but brutalize; while, on the other hand, it is maintained that such punishment must be given as brutes alone regard with fear and trembling. An address to Mr. Peter Taylor, M.P., who opposes the practice, has been quickly followed by one to Mr. Douglas Straight, M.P., who is strongly in favour of it; and each has received the signatures of a large number of Englishwomen of the middle and upper classes. To which side the women of the working class lean is, perhaps, doubtful, as on any question of this kind they cannot be expected to reason philosophically, and, besides, they have no direct means of making their views known. Perhaps the Rev. Mr. Murphy and his coadjutors in the management of the Lambeth Baths meetings, could, by calling together a thousand or two of the men and women of the lower orders, as they might easily do, help materially to solve existing doubts in that point.

ACTIVE efforts are in progress for the raising of a fund of £500 for the purpose of amending the Married Women's Property Act. At the same time the Government are being memorialized to undertake the amendment, which the Attorney-General pronounced, both in the House of Commons and at the Social Science Congress at Plymouth, to be imperatively called for. Both these steps are necessary, and both should be concurrently sustained. Governments are amenable to popular pressure, which can only be brought to bear by means of a healthily-stimulated public opinion, to the development of which money is a most important pre-requisite.

THE Princess Royal (Imperial Crown Princess of Germany) has for a considerable time been known to entertain exceedingly favourable views with regard to the progressive movement among women. It now appears that Princess Alice (Princess Louis of Hesse) is not one whit behind her sister in this respect. One of the most interesting of the many German congresses has concluded its sittings at Darmstadt, the Princess being herself present, with a resolution, that a society be formed to collect and diffuse information respecting women's work in all countries; that a central office be established at Darmstadt, and that her Royal Highness the Princess Louis of Hesse be respectfully requested to allow herself to be named President of this society now formed at Darmstadt.

FOLLOWING in the wake of Miss Stride, and the other ladies who rescued from a pauper burial the remains of Alice Blanche Oswald, the committee of the London Female Preventive Institution, of which Mr. G. W. Thomas is secretary, have opened a new species of refuge for the temporarily distressed in Manchester-street, King's-cross. The house possesses some very distinct features, the most marked of which are a division of the applicants for relief into classes, in order that while the poorer and utterly neglected may avail themselves of its advantages, those of a more respectable order may not be deterred from accepting the aid it offers for the time. The first floor is devoted to the reception of the latter class, and affords tolerable accommodation with moderate comfort. The plan, though effective, does not appear to be very costly, and if it answer the purpose no doubt the Night Reception House will receive the support of the public generally.

363,310 persons entered the married state in England in 1870, 76 per cent. of them according to the rite of the Church of England. Of the persons married, 297,296 were bachelors and spinsters, 15,268 bachelors and widows, 30,732 widowers and spinsters, 18,614 widowers and widows; the mean ages being 27.9 in the case of men, and 25.7 in the case of women. 19.8 per cent. of the men, and 27.3 per cent. of the women signed the register by mark, whence the sapient conclusion is drawn that there is a frightful prevalence of elementary ignorance—if the phrase may be pardoned—among the women of the lower orders. This is just one of those matters on which statistics cannot be believed; for who does not know that the bride who can write will seldom display her superior knowledge and proficiency on such an occasion before the bridegroom who cannot?

THE Prince Consort Memorial in Hyde-park loses, as yet, none of its attractions for the crowd that on every fine day wends its way westward from the busy metropolis; but Sunday is the grand day for the sight-seers. The magnificent sculptures and reliefs of the groups and around the podium reveal a world of interest and delight, heretofore unsuspected, to the astonished sense of the lower trading and the working people, who, with their wives and families, throng about them in fine weather. The Memorial, wanting the Prince, is all but completed. The fourth, by most people considered the finest, of the angle groups, is receiving the last delicate touches from the sculptor's hand. The scaffolding is still about it, but that too will presently be removed. We hear, by the way, of an anecdote about the group, "America," which may be worth repeating. A week or two ago, there was a scaffolding up on the side on which the figure of the United States stands; and two American ladies, who had come to visit the Memorial, asked permission of those who were at work on the group to allow them the privilege to stand for a while on the scaffolding, which was level with the feet of the statues, as they had made an arrangement with a photographer to be photographed in front of the group. The coveted permission was, of course, given, and the photograph was taken in that position.

M. THEOPHILE GAUTIER.

The death is announced from Paris of M. Théophile Gautier, the well-known French writer. The event was not altogether unexpected, as M. Gautier had been ill for some little time. He was 61 years of age, having been born at Tarvos on the 31st of August, 1811. After leaving college he studied art, with the intention of becoming a painter, but meeting with no encouragement he entered upon literature, and soon distinguished himself as an ardent disciple of the leader of the romantic school, M. Victor Hugo. In 1830 he published a volume of poetry, and soon contributed largely to various newspapers and periodicals, amongst others to the *Presse*, the *Figaro*, and the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. While writing for the *Presse* he travelled through Europe, and afterwards published the narratives of his journeys in Spain, Italy, and the East. He was also the author of many novels, and of some dramatic works, including more than one successful ballet. In 1856 he left the *Presse* and became a contributor to the *Moniteur Universel*, then the official journal. In that newspaper, as in the *Presse*, he wrote upon art, literature, and the drama, and occupied a conspicuous position among French critics. In 1868 he was appointed librarian to the Princess Mathilde, having previously received a pension from the Minister of State. Since the fall of the Empire M. Théophile Gautier has been but little before the public—*Echo*.

THE Rev. Charles Gordon Cumming Dunbar, chaplain to Bishop Claughton (Archdeacon of London), and an opponent of Women's Suffrage, was married, last week, to Miss Wentworth, an Australian lady.

WE understand that a course of lectures to ladies on obstetric science will shortly be delivered, commencing on the 3rd proximo, at the Polytechnic College, Regent-street, by Professor E. W. Murphy, late Professor of Midwifery at University College, whose name has been for many years associated with female medical education.

FROM J. Housell, Esq., Surgeon, Bridport, Dorsetshire: "I consider BUNTER'S NERVINE a specific for tooth-ache. Very severe cases under my care have found instantaneous and permanent relief." From E. Smith, Esq., Surgeon, Sherston, near Cirencester: "I have tried BUNTER'S NERVINE in many cases of severe tooth-ache, and in every instance permanent relief has been obtained." Sold by all Chemists, 1s. 1½d. per packet; or post-free for 15 stamps from J. R. Cooper, Maidstone.—ADVT.

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

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

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

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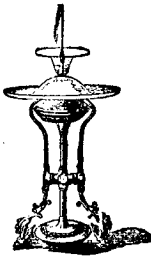
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