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Correspondents writing over assumed signatures must make known their names to the Editor, or no attention will be given to their communications.

LECTURE.

DELIVERED BY DR. CLEMENCE S. LORIER AT THE ANNUAL REUNION OF THE NEW YORK MEDICAL COLLEGE FOR WOMEN, OCT. 14, 1876.

Now and then the world is convulsed by a violent revolution, which, for the time being, overturns everything, and brings with it, in addition to all the good which is accomplished, a great train of evils. But for the most part, revolutions come gently and silently. We do not know that the thing is being done until we are enabled to look back and perceive that it is done. The process has been evolution, instead of revolution. So it has been with woman's introduction into the literary and scientific pursuits. Through all the ages exceptional women have been poets, artists, historians, and authors. The healing art has largely been practiced by women, especially that of midwifery, until the last few hundred years, when the profession and practice of medicine, and even midwifery in this country, fell into the hands of men. If we look back only for thirty years, we shall realize that it is in our own generation that women have obtained a recognized and a thoroughly respected place in the literary and scientific world. The term "blue-stocking," applied to learned women, did not lose its sting until a very recent period; and it was more than hinted, and truly so, that our literary women had often ink-blacked fingers and undressed hair, untidy houses, etc. When from diligent labor money returns came in, these small delinquencies soon corrected themselves. Today the novelists in England and America can be told off, considering not only numbers but excellence, a woman for a man, a man for a woman, through the whole list, while George Eliot, a man in name and a woman in nature, stands supreme over all. Almost every newspaper of note has a woman on its staff, while correspondents and reporters of the same sex are like the daisies of the field for multitude. In the study and practice of medicine women have dispersed the many fears of their friends, in consequence of enlarged knowledge. Their own health, and that of their families, has been better cared for, and much useful hygienic knowledge imparted to their female patients. Thirty years ago there was not a dozen thoroughly educated women in medicine in the world. I mean those holding degrees from any lawful medical college. And to-day they are to be found in most of the large cities of civilization, and in most of our missionary stations we have women physicians. Some of the largest and best schools of medicine in our own country admit women to all their lectures, and confer equal degrees to merit, regardless of sex. The Czar of Russia has opened every institution of learning equally to men and women. No human being should be hindered in earning an honest living for want of knowledge.

It is well known that I believe in the co-education of the sexes. But all cannot see as I do. Therefore, I am happy to labor as best I may in the medical education of my sex. Surely the need of women for intelligent medical attention from physicians of their own sex has been long felt and acknowledged by the best men of the profession.

The fields of literature and medicine are conquered for women. There are no longer bars or obstructions of any significance in the way. A woman who has anything to say or do is privileged to say or do it, and if her saying and doing fills a demand of the world's need, in due time it will find recognition. Nevertheless, there are women, numbers of them, who think that they are hindered or prevented in some way by the disabilities of sex from winning wealth and renown in these fields. They would have us believe that because they are women men delight to place every obstacle in their way. They also tell us that because they are wives and mothers they have neither time nor opportunity. What folly! Have not our best women writers and doctors been, most of them, wives and mothers? And are not men doctors and writers, most of them, husbands and fathers? If they are not, they should be. They should be, if they would gain the dearest, truest perceptions of human needs and human affairs, so that they shall become qualified to speak words of wisdom and sympathize most fully with their sorrowing, suffering fellow-creatures. A class of celebrate doctors and writers is no more to be desired than a celebrate priesthood.

I find it difficult to say what I have to say, especially to women, since, as I before remarked, I believe in the co-education of the sexes. What is desirable for a man to learn is equally desirable for woman. That course of training for the development of mind and heart, which seems especially necessary for a woman, will not come amiss for a man. It is said there is a great deal of human nature in both men and women. It is well, I admit, to dissuade either men or women from a literary or scientific career who expect to find any play when they adopt either. The life of a professor, practical writer, teacher, or doctor or surgeon, is one of bona fide drudgery. No vacation, for wherever you visit or sojourn your need is felt, and the people demand all that your inspiration of soul and strength of nerve and muscle is able to give. That is, if a living is to be honestly earned, a pleasure ride or walk,

GLIMPSES OF SOUTHERN TRAVEL.

The balmy air and cool surging of the waters decoyed us from the monotony of our hotel life, and coaxed us out on a sailing expedition. Sailing close to the bar, we drew our little boat ashore, and walked across to see old ocean; but she was in one of her dashing moods, and only kissed lightly the smooth white sand which formed her boundaries. Still the soft sound of the foamy ripples, as they chased one another along the shore, had in them just enough of the "breaker's roar" to let you know it was only the quiet of the day they too were feeling, and that a touch from the March winds, to which we had so gladly bade good-bye, could lash them into fury, and make that peaceful scene one of grandeur.

While sailing, a shark swiftly passed us, that is, I was told it was a shark, for all that I perceived was one silver fin just above the surface of the water. The little town looked so quaint as we approached it, and the old fort, with the turrets of the setting sun gilding its many towers, stood out firm against the horizon, and lazily resting upon its broad walls were many of the Indians garrisoned there, luxuriating, as were we, in the beauty of the day.

And never before have I breathed such delicious air as greets one here; it makes one feel that just to exist is happiness, for one seems fairly to drink in the "elixir" of life. It is not strange it is a place of resort, for besides its lovely climate, it has so many other attractions—gunning and fishing, boating and bathing, and flowers always blooming. For consumptives 'tis truly an earthly paradise, and many of those who came here years ago to die, are still living and comfortably well. The only drawback to the place is the hotels, or, rather, the hotel tables. No tempting early vegetables or fruits are daintily placed before one, giving pleasure to the eye, and tempting the delicate appetite of the invalid, and of the strong and well; for this is not a place resorted to alone by those longing to ease the last few hours of life's journey, for by far the greater number of guests are those upon whom Dame Fortune has showered her most lavish gifts. Those who, with buoyant health and wealth at command, can fly from the chilling blasts of winter to those favored spots where "snow and frost, ice and hail" seem fragments of the brain. And then again, when warned by the migration of the feathered flocks, that summer, with its sultry nights, heavy with the incessant hum of insect life is stealthily approaching, can depart, and find rest in those regions that are forever fanned by the cool breezes of the North. To such favored mortals life must seem a perpetual springtime of existence.

The only strawberries we have tasted (and these were delicious) were some M— purchased from a farmer, who stopped in front of the hotel with about an hundred quarts. And it was amusing to see how quickly they disappeared, for in less than five minutes all were purchased by the hotel guests, who were famishing for a taste of something besides canned fruits and vegetables. The orange, the one fruit with which the proprietors are lavish, and 'tis strange, for the price is exorbitant, counterbalances in a measure the deprivations of other fruits; for they are so fresh, so juicy, so unlike the orange north, that one and all seem fairly to luxuriate in them. And the beautiful trees ever budding, ever bearing, filling the air with their fragrance, and strewn the paths with their blossoms, makes a rambie in the orange groves something perfectly enchanting.

We are again in Savannah, having left St. Augustine on Tuesday, taking the short car ride to Toico, and then the boat sail upon the St. John, which is truly a beautiful river, with its waters so broad and so blue, and its banks lined with Florida's noted orange groves, the branches of the trees bending beneath their weight of golden fruit far over the water's edge. Pointed out to us was a grove sold the previous year for seventy thousand dollars, and from which the owner had already realized the sum of twenty thousand, the trees yielding so abundantly.

We also passed the plantation owned by Harriet Beecher Stowe, and the situation was so beautiful that it did not seem strange that she chose it for her winter's home. At Jacksonville we only remained one day, and though the place does not compare with St. Augustine, excepting in its magnificent trees and fine hotels, still I could have remained there quite contentedly for some time; but M—, who is weary of Southern travel, and impatient to return, entirely changed our homeward journeying, and decided to take us back by the shortest route. We therefore have been obliged to forego the pleasure of seeing many places we had hoped to visit, and are spending again another dismal Sunday in Savannah, instead of being far on our journey toward the Mississippi, where, in some quiet inland town, we might have escaped the storm that is raging along the Atlantic coast. Our trunks all strapped and packed, show that early to-morrow morning, in spite of wind and rain, we are to continue journeying northward.

Don't talk about yourself. No one wants to hear of your success or defeat, your joys or trials, except the few tried friends who are really interested in whatever concerns you.

True conversation is an exchange of ideas, not a lecture or an essay.

True Bravery.

A very pretty, rosy little girl, perhaps seventeen years of age, called in last evening and asked to see Ida. Now, Sissy was climbing about the laundry-hunting eggs, and I knew that when she turned out for a general search she never came back in less than an hour, so I told the girl to sit down and look over the late papers, and wait for her. She told me her errand; she had joined a literary society, and the children were so noisy at home that she could not write her own performances, and wanted Ida to write one for her.

I spoke commendatory words, and told her I hoped she would be a good member and attend their weekly meetings punctually, and never answer "unprepared."

She told me she worked out by the week. I plied the girl, pretty and rosy and neat, and I inquired about her education. She said she could read, write, and do the good, brave, little woman who makes the whole house cheery, from attic to cellar, with her light step and her carolling song. Oh, no! It was because I knew you would appreciate and use a good education in a way that others would not, and that benefited you.

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WOMEN AS HOTEL CLERKS.

The following is extracted from an interesting sketch by R. G. White, in the May Galaxy, upon English women: "Not only in politics, but in business, the English women appear much more prominently than they do in America. They do not keep hotels, which they sometimes do, they manage them, whether they are great or small. The place which in America is filled by the exquisite, awful, and imperturbable being, the hotel clerk, is filled invariably in England by a woman, so, at least, I have found it, and I found the change a very happy one. To be met by the cheery, pleasant faces of those bright, well-mannered women, to be spoken to as if you were a human being, whom, in consideration of what you are to pay, it was a pleasure to make as comfortable as possible, instead of being treated with lofty condescension, or, at least, with serene indifference, was a pleasant sensation. Dressed in black serge or alpaca, they affected no floating airs, and directed and obeyed promptly and quietly. And yet, in their conduct, they constantly appeared in their manners and in their thoughtfulness for the comfort of those who were in their care."

The Boston correspondent of the Philadelphia Press, in his article on the defeat of Woman Suffrage in Massachusetts, said: "After the Free Masons and Odd Fellows have captured nearly all the men in their congregation, it is simply suicidal for the ministers to snub the women who keep their prayer meetings and societies alive, and on whose behalf they are ordered to exert their influence in their salaries. Yet this is precisely the position of the orthodox Congregational clergy."

Various and unending are the advantages of advertising. A Doctor of Divinity in Richmond, Virginia, sought a teacher for a lady in a school, commending her good points highly. An old North Carolinian, wealthy, wanted, read the advertisement. He wanted no teacher, but did want a wife badly. The Doctor's recommendation just filled the bill. He went straight to Richmond, courted the lady, and they were recently married.

The Argonaut asks these pertinent questions: "Will somebody be kind enough to explain where we are drifting to, and where we are likely to bring up? Where is this thing going to end? We can't all live by swindling each other; we cannot all steal ourselves rich. Who are going to be poor? Who are going to keep the prisons when we all get into them?"

Previous to the emancipation of the serfs in Russia the peasants of that country occupied a peculiar position. Unlike the slave system as it was formerly in the United States, the serf could not be sold, except with the estate to which he belonged. They might change masters, but could not be torn from their connections or birth-place.

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RUSSIAN PEASANTS.

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freedom had advanced so much with his growing wealth that the poor serf, unable to bring himself to part with his hard earnings, still lived on, rolling in wealth, with a collar round his neck, struggling with the inborn spirit of freedom, and hesitating whether to die a beggar or a slave.—Carper's Weekly.

There was Brougham, wincing under a newspaper criticism, and playing the fool among silly women. There was Jeffrey, flirting with clever women in long succession. There was Bulwer on a sofa, sparkling and languishing among a set of female votaries.

There was Campbell, the poet, obtruding his sentimentalities, and a quivering apprehension of making himself ridiculous. He darted out of our house and never came again, because, after waiting, he sat down in a room full of people (all authors, as it happened), on a low chair of my old aunt's, and which carried him back to the wall and rebounded, of course making everybody laugh. Off went poor Campbell in a huff, and I had long known him, I never saw him again; but I was not very sorry, for his sentimentality was too soft, and his craving for praise too morbid to let him be an agreeable companion.

There was Edwin Landseer, a friendly and agreeable companion, but lacking his cheerfulness at the society of great folks' graciousness to him. To see him enter a room, curled and cravated, and glancing around in anxiety about his reception, could not but make a woman wonder where among her own sex she could find a more palatable variety; but then, all that was forgotten when he was sitting on a divan with him, seeing him play with the dog.

Then there was Whewell, grasping at praise for universal learning—omniscience being his foil, as Sydney Smith said—and liking female adoration, rough as was his nature with students, rivals, and speculative opponents.

A HOME FOR EVERY FAMILY.—Secure to each family, whose labor may acquire it, a little spot of freedom, so that it may call its own—that will be an asylum in times of adversity, from which the mother and the children, old age and infancy, can still draw sustenance and obtain protection, though misfortune may rob them of all else, and they be left to walk the green earth, and breathe the free air of heaven, in defiance of the potency and power of accumulating wealth and domineering of the pretentious ambitious. The sacredness of that consecrated spot will make them warriors in time of external strife. "The shocks of corn," said Xenophon, "inspire those who raised them to defend them. The largest of them in the field is a prize exhibited in the middle of the State to crown the conqueror." Secure a home to every family whose labor may obtain one, against the weaknesses, vices, or misfortunes of fathers, and you rivet the affection of the child, in years of manhood, by a stronger bond than any consideration that could exist. He will remember where he gambled in his youth, the stream upon whose flowery banks he felt a mother's love, and the green spot within that little homestead where sleep the loved and the lost.

The drudgery of the school-room may drive the children of England and Wisconsin into insanity and suicide, but the Canadian teachers thrive and grow fat on it. One of the big school-boys of the Dominion asked his teacher one night if he could escort her home from singing-school, but she politely declined the offer. He neglected his studies, ran away from school, and put his sins into his schoolmates. She finally lost patience and gave him a flogging. The boy told his father that the fair one whom he had courted had turned and whipped him. The indignant parent sent the teacher under a judgment for \$3,500, which she paid. The next morning she remarked to her scholars: "I have whipped a booby soundly, which pleasure cost only three dollars and a half. Now, if any others of my scholars are inclined to imitate him, they will have the kindness to step forward, receive the money and the flogging, and then we will go on with our studies. I am here to instruct you, not to be courted." Nervousness will never kill off so plucky a schoolmistress.

CURIOSITIES OF LIFE.—Half of all who are born die before seventeen. Only one person in 10,000 lives to be 100 years, and but one in 100 reaches sixty.

He married live longer than the single. Out of every thousand persons born, only ninety-five weddings take place. Lay your finger on your pulse, and know that at every stroke some mortal passes to his Maker—some fellow-being crosses the river to death; and, we think of it, we may well wonder that it should be so long before our turn comes.

A BISHOP'S HUMOR.—Bishop Marley had a great deal of the humor of Swift. Once, when the footman was out of the way he ordered the coachman to fetch some water from the well. To this the coachman objected, saying that his business was to drive, not to run errands. "Well, then," said Marley, "bring out the coach and four, set the pitcher inside, and drive to the well." A service which he several times repeated, to the great amusement of the village.

A rare event is said to have recently occurred in New London, Conn., Mrs. Edwin Messer having given birth to a girl during last fall, and, four and a half months later, being delivered of a perfectly developed and healthy boy.

Students of Russian history state that for several hundred years no quarter of a century has passed without the annexation of more or less territory to Russian dominions.

Conversation should be pleasant without scurrility, witty without affectation, free without indecency, learned without conceit, novel without falsehood.

Drowned Herself.

The New York City papers report at length, the story of a young woman of nineteen, who had been betrayed into marriage with a man who had another wife living. She was born in this country, her parents being of the English people of the laboring class. Her childhood was spent in the lower part of the city, but she was carefully reared by her parents. Her mother died when she was seven years of age, and her father died a few years later, leaving his daughter with a step-mother. When she was fourteen years old she attracted the attention of Mr. Miles, father of Mr. W. H. Miles, cashier of the Sixpenny Savings Bank, who took her into his family. The girl was bright, intelligent, good-looking and ambitious, and lost no opportunity of improving her condition. As a result, when she reached her nineteenth year she was a measurably accomplished young woman.

At this time she formed the acquaintance—most unfortunately, as it has since proved—of a man named James Abbott. He, too, was intelligent, not devoid of personal attractions, and apparently well-to-do in the world. The young man made a favorable impression on both Hannah and her friends, and, as their acquaintance progressed, stated that he was possessed of a small amount of property, enough for two people to commence life with in a modest way. The two became engaged with the full knowledge and consent of her friends, and last September they were married. A few days after, the little money Abbott had professed to have accumulated disappeared. But the little wife cheered him in what he said was his loss, and resolved that they would yet recover it and do even better.

Three weeks after the marriage she made the discovery that Abbott had a wife still living. Then began the pret-breaking and despair, which ended in suicide. She said "she had only her good name, and as that was gone, her life must go, too."

James Abbott was tried in the Special Sessions before Judge Gilchrist, and sentenced to two years in the State prison. Here are two women, one murdered and the other foully wronged, and two years in the State prison is regarded as adequate punishment for James Abbott, the guilty man who is the cause of this misery and death.

Two things, at least, should be said of cases like this. First, the woman deceived into such a marriage, who was before respected and respectable, is just as respectable after it as before, has her good name all the same, and will be as truly respectable as ever, if she continues in well-doing. No woman need rush to suicide for such a cause as drove this poor girl to death, for a tender sympathy will be felt for her by every one who knows that her misfortune was not her fault.

The next thing is, that for so heinous a crime as that committed by Abbott, the punishment should be imprisonment at hard labor for life. All that such a criminal could earn, over what he would cost the State, should be paid regularly to the women who are wronged. Such a sure punishment would deter others; and the number of sneaking, cowardly villains who watch for the orphan girls, whose inexperienced and unsheltered lives make them especially exposed, will diminish just in proportion to the magnitude of the punishment and the risk they run. Let it once be established that imprisonment for life with hard work waits for such men as James Abbott, without the possibility of pardon, and the girls whose father and mother are dead will have no more to be protected by the State from the monsters who now get so light and inadequate a sentence.—E.

The weathercock—the steeple of the village church in Soudan, France, was time-worn and rusty, and those in authority decided that it should be removed. A man clambered up the steeple, but just before he could reach the weathercock he lost his balance and slid down for seventy feet, then rebounded to the roof of the church, and was precipitated to the ground without being seriously injured. Then a man named Chevalier strove to haul himself up by means of a rope, but at last his hands slipped and he fell backward. His foot caught in the rope, and he remained suspended 120 feet from the ground, with his head down, beating the air with his arms, struggling to recover himself, and away back and forward with a high wind. Pierre Pean now stepped forth, and volunteered to assist to the rescue of Chevalier, but after doing his best for three-quarters of an hour he had to descend. His place was taken by Moreau, who, climbing higher than Chevalier, slipped a rope around his body, and cutting that which held his foot, freed him from the precarious position in which he had remained for three hours.

A writer in the Phrenological Journal, speaking of fair and yellow-haired persons says: "I have indicated, incidentally, the method of testing the truth of the physiognomist's promise to find associated with fair or yellow hair, when combined with the blue eyes and fair complexion which generally go with it. Persons thus characterized should be amiable in their disposition, refined in their tastes, highly susceptible of improvement, and mentally active and versatile. When, as is sometimes the case, the fair or golden hair is accompanied by dark eyes and other indications of an influential mixture of the dark element, the character will be correspondingly modified."

Mrs. Wm. Vanderbilt is a fortunate lady. She has gorgeous drawing-room cars sent all the way from Buffalo to Mobile just to bring her back to the North. Her husband is doing a sensible thing in sending her a library and reading-room in Albany for the special benefit of his employees.

An exchange asks: "Are American girls delicate?" It depends very much whether you offer them cocoanut cake and ice cream, or a bar of soap and a washboard.

Ten of the thirty-six crowned heads are Catholic, and twenty are Protestant.

An Iowa court has decided that railway companies are responsible for larcenies committed in sleeping-cars.

The Legislature of Minnesota has restored capital punishment. It was abolished by the legislature of 1876.