

though she was so pretty she had to address her class from behind a curtain.

Nothing would convince him. He scoffed at the scientific pretensions of the sex, and when I carried the question still farther, and enlarged on the odious tyranny by which men strove to cabin, crib, and confine our minds and bodies, he flew into a passion and went straight off to his club, where he dined and came in very late, smelling strongly of cigars. I cried a good deal that night, but I am sorry to say that I soon after returned to the subject, and the more sure our argument was to end in his leaving me quite in a passion, for that abominable marital harbor of refuge, the club, the more sure, somehow or other, was the conversation to come back to the same point. In fact, I became quite wretched, and I don't think he was a bit happier than I was.

Had I not been luckily cured of my notions about the equality of the sexes I am sure we should have separated—a miserable couple. And how do you think I was cured? I had been reading the report of that remarkable meeting at Syracuse, Ohio, U. S., in which the rights and wrongs of women were so forcibly set forth by Miss LUCRETIA MOTT and her friends. I had had a perfectly awful argument with EDWARD upon the report of the meeting in the *Times*, and he had gone to the club as usual, denouncing strong-minded women, with an obvious allusion to me, and declaring that this continual discussion was enough to wear a man's life out.

I retired to bed with a deep sense of the wrongs of our sex, and of EDWARD's brutality, and thinking what a world this would be if women had their proper place in it on an equality with men. I tried to read myself to sleep with TENNYSON'S *Princess*, and thought *Ida's* arguments much more conclusive than the poet's conclusions. At last I fell asleep, and dreamed—such a dream, that it seemed as if I lived a whole life through it all!

And now for my dream.

I was living in a world where the relations of the sexes were turned topsy-turvy. The women filled the men's places, and the lords of the creation were its ladies. How we revelled in the change at first—particularly after dinner! It was so pleasant to be left round the dining-room table, to pass the decanters and discuss the vintages and tittle with the dessert, while one thought of the gentlemen yawning over the albums and annuals, and getting up dreary little bits of flat scandal over cups of lukewarm tea, and boring each other, and being bored, all alone in the drawing-room. I rather think we talked a good deal of nonsense about the wine, and old MRS. PRANONY (whose front had unaccountably disappeared, leaving a venerable bald head with a little fringe of grey hair round about it, which somehow she didn't seem in the least to care about seeing) entirely failed in her attempt to prevent us from nibbling at the macaroons and bonbons, which she said spoiled our palates for the claret; I'm afraid, too, that some of us took more wine than we were used to, and I know I saw a great many more candles than there were on the table, and EDWARD complained bitterly of the way I chattered with young STREXINGE, after we came up stairs into the drawing-room, which was not until we had been sent for three times. But

to see how stupid the men looked! and how very glad they seemed when we came in, and how it afterwards appeared they had been comparing dotes concerning their wives, and their house-keeping expenses, until they had all but quarrelled. I did not feel at all well for the rest of the evening, and fell asleep on a sofa, till it was time to take EDWARD home.

Next day I had such a headache! I vowed I'd never "pass the decanters" again as long as I lived, but go up stairs with the gentlemen. EDWARD wanted very much to go out shopping, but I was much too ill to escort him. So I sent MARY, our foot-maid, to take care of him and two of his friends who called, MARY tells me they were a good deal stared at in Regent Street by some of the girls, but that she thought her big stick and cocked hat frightened them.

I felt after this it was not safe for EDWARD to walk about without me, and, as he wanted to go into the City I threw off my headache, and went with him; but, feeling tired, we mounted an omnibus. The Cad was a smart girl, but her language was dreadfully "slang" and I was shocked at the style in which she "gave it" (as she said) to a poor old gentleman who was put down somewhere where he didn't want to go to. The driver (whom she addressed as SARAH) encouraged her, and, altogether, I thought I had never seen two such odious creatures, and was painfully convinced that women had no place before or behind omnibuses.

We dined at VERRY'S, and stayed until it was dusk. I decided to walk home, notwithstanding EDWARD's remarks about the impropriety of being "in the street at that time of night." I pointed out to him that we could always depend on the police, but—alas!—I had forgotten that that MRS. COMMISSIONER MAYNE was in power instead of her husband. Just as we passed a horrid gin-shop, outpoured a rabble of drunken people who insulted me dreadfully; and when I called police, of course the poor things were dreadfully alarmed by the behaviour of these wretches, one of whom actually put his arm round the sergeant's waist. If it hadn't been for the old private watchman at the banking-house close by (who frightened the drunken men), the consequences might have been awful—perhaps the constables might have been kissed all round!

I felt then that, after all, street-keeping is a coarse and brutal employment, fit only for the other sex.

The next morning EMILY BROWN (not JULIA, who was called to the Bar last year) came in with her cousin, to whom she told me she had proposed only the day before while they were out fishing. EMILY had gone into the Navy, under MRS. ADMIRAL NAPIER, and seemed to me to have grown a sad wild sort of girl. She used nautical phrases, "shivered her timbers" frequently, and declared she wanted to "splice the main-brace," which, I discovered, was the sailor way of asking for a glass of spirits! Then she was full of stories about life on board ship—what larks they used to have in the cockpit, how she had been sent to the mast-head for being saucy to the captainess, and how dreadfully cold it was—and what they used to suffer in rough weather. And how they had to live for months together on salt beef and biscuit;