

wasn't she a woman? Wasn't Jacl a good carpenter when she "nailed" Sisera? Who can estimate her power—that mighty power to which we all so willingly yield obedience? Wasn't Eve a woman? And didn't she engage in the fruit business, even before she wore pantalettes? And hasn't Dr. Creigh proved, by ancient documents, that the first who "struck oil" in the great State of Pennsylvania were the five "wise virgins" who filled their lamps before they started to attend the marriage feast? And dare we doubt that they were women? Ain't Susan G. Anthony, and Victoria Woodhull, and Theodore Tilton, women? And ain't they the great reformers of the age? What man in the annals of fame has ever achieved greatness unless he had a woman for a wife or a mother? *Sine forminu nulla fama*, saith the classic poet.

"If it wasn't for women, who would take care of our babies? Who would starch our collars or darn our stockings? Who would tie our cravats or part our back hair? In fact I don't believe we could get along without her, at all, at all—do you? She is a queen whose power is absolute. We are bound in captivity to her, and our slavery is so complete that we love to hug the chains that bind us; and when she punishes us, don't we like to kiss the hand that smites us? How beautifully does the poet thus describe the influence which she exerts over the rugged nature of man:

"O woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
But seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

(Applause—cheers, waving of handkerchiefs—hi! hi! hi! and several "tigers.")

Here the orator sank exhausted to the floor. Horror-stricken we rushed to him—we shouldered his limp form and bore him to his hotel, where restoratives were applied. After consciousness had partly returned, we

Put him in his little bed,
And smoothed his pillow for his head;
With stifled moan and plaintive sighs,
With clasped hands and upturned eyes,
Thus did Sir James soliloquize:

"FAIR is my love, so fair,
I shudder with the sense
Of what a light the world would loose
Could she go hence.

Sweet is my love, so sweet,
The leaves that, fold on fold,
Swathe up the odours of the rose,
Less sweetness hold.

True is my love, so true;
Her heart is mine alone,

The music of its rhythmic beat
Throbs through my own.

Dear is my love, so dear,
If I but hear her name,
My eyes with tears of rapture swim,
My cheek is flame.

Spare her, Immortals, spare,
Till all our days are done,—
Your heaven is full of angel forms,
Mine holds but one."

After having disposed of poor Sir James, we returned to the banquet, but as we entered the room a horrible sight met us. There sat Sir John W. Simons, of New York, looking the very counterpart of Sir John Falstaff, but for an expression of agonizing sorrow upon his usually placid countenance. Surrounded by empty plates, and bottles whose contents had departed from earthly vision, he was keeping watch over a pyramid of ice cream, a dish of lobster salad, a plate of charlotte