

create yourselves into any of these great creators, why have you not?

Yet, sister, woman, though I cannot consent to find a Mozart or a Michael Angelo in your sex, cheerfully, and with the love that burns in depths of admiration, I acknowledge that you can do one thing as well as the best of us men—a greater thing than even Milton is known to have done, or Michael Angelo—you can die grandly, and as goddesses would die, were goddesses mortal. If any distant worlds (which *may* be the case) are so far ahead of us Tellurians<sup>55</sup> in optical resources, as to see distinctly through their telescopes all that we do on earth, what is the grandest sight to which we ever treat them? St Peter's at Rome, do you fancy, on Easter Sunday, or Luxor,<sup>56</sup> or perhaps the Himalayas? Oh no! my friend: suggest something better; these are baubles to *them*; they see in other worlds, in their own, far better toys of the same kind. These, take my word for it, are nothing. Do you give it up? The finest thing, then we have to show them, is a scaffold on the morning of execution. I assure you there is a strong muster in those far telescopic worlds, on any such morning, of those who happen to find themselves occupying the right hemisphere for a peep at *us*. How, then, if it be announced in some such telescopic world by those who make a livelihood of catching glimpses at our newspapers, whose language they have long since deciphered, that the poor victim in the morning's sacrifice is a woman? How, if it be published in that distant world, that the sufferer wears upon her head, in the eyes of many, the garlands of martyrdom? How, if it should be some Marie Antoinette,<sup>57</sup> the widowed queen coming forward on the scaffold, and presenting to the morning air her head turned gray by sorrow, daughter of Cæsar kneeling down humbly to kiss the guillotine, as one that worships death? How, if it were the noble Charlotte

55. **Tellurians**: Dwellers upon earth; L. *tellus*, the earth.

56. **Luxor**: A palace temple forming part of the ruins of Thebes in Egypt. Of the temple of Karnak, another part of these ruins, Fergusson says, "It is perhaps the noblest effort of architectural magnificence ever produced by the hand of man."

57. **Marie Antoinette**: The queen of Louis XVI., daughter of the imperial house of Austria. For an account of the career of this brilliant and ill-starred queen, consult histories of the French Revolution.