

of them themselves. At the South, the women are far more interested in general and local politics than Northern women are, but woman suffrage has hardly an existence there. It is because the men are so alive to their public duties. Women are always contented enough—nay, they prefer—that men should manage things, so long as they are managed. But when the reins are slipping from the driver's indifferent hands, and actually getting entangled under the horses' feet, it is no wonder that, in alarm, those whom nature has placed on the back seat of the carriage should be reaching forward to grasp them themselves!

I feel it to be invidious, and it is with the utmost regret that I allow myself to make comparisons or to criticise, but I confess I was really revived the other day, by the speech made by seventy-five men in Arkansas, who were breaking into a jail to take to condign punishment a negro who had outraged and murdered a little white girl. The jailer's wife was very much frightened at their appearance and proceedings, but they re-assured her by saying "Don't be alarmed, madam, it is our business to protect females," and they took the wretch and burnt him alive. It was a horrible, a too cruel punishment; but it expressed their sense of the value of the honor and safety of the girls of Arkansas, and it was none too high a value for the most precious and priceless thing on earth. Let any man apply the case to his own little daughter or little sister, and see if he does not think so. I could not but reflect upon the contrast between the conduct of these men and that of the citizens of Boston and New York, the former of whom let a man be quietly led to jail the other day who had decoyed three little girls in succession into empty houses and there outraged them, while the latter suffered a brute to go to his trial who had tied his wife into a chair, rubbed her face with vitriol and left her there! A case almost worse than either of the above occurred this season in New Jersey, and similar things which are happening every week or two among us show that mere imprisonment and mere hanging are not sufficient to put them down. The man who beats a woman should be beaten by law. The man who outrages one should be lynched outside of law. Such an act places its perpetrator in the category of wild beasts, and as such the community should treat him. A Kentucky gentleman tells me that in his State such a thing as violence against a woman is unknown! Simply, the men *won't have it*. But I protest that at the present time in the North, women are not protected against physical violence and dishonor, and brute force is overriding the most sacred and fundamental right that woman has obtained from man.

MATRON.

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FOREIGN SKETCHES.

No. III.

STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

It was noon when we had gone over all that was exhibited of Warwick Castle, and getting into one of the "flies" we found in waiting outside the Castle gate we drove to Stratford. It is eight miles from Warwick, and the road is as smooth and hard as a table. The horse trotted over it as fast as he well could, and without relaxing once that I remember; and indeed, the way the cab horses do go on the other side of the water, with their comparatively heavy vehicles, is surprising. The country in which we were is the "Heart of England," so called, and there is nothing to be seen on either hand but endless stretches of green fields, with sheep feeding in them, and with splendid trees, mostly tall and magnificent English elms, standing singly or in groves here and there about. Seldom do you see a house, and seldomer still a human being, so that still the wonder grows, "where are all the people?" The truth appears to be that all the laboring class, and indeed everybody else below the large farmers, live in little or big towns, instead of being strewn all over the land, as with us. For the first two or three miles, as we bowled along, it was very pleasant, but after that very monotonous; and if the English country was the same in Dr Johnson's day, I don't wonder that he said "Sir, when you have seen one green field you have seen all green fields! Let us walk down Cheapside."

In about an hour we got to Stratford, and though it seemed quite like profanation to be eating in Shakspeare's birthplace, we nevertheless partook of the eternal British lunch of three elements at the Red Horse Inn, and then sallied forth to find the house where he was born. We scorned to take a guide, so we went in exactly the wrong direction; but, as Stratford is a tiny place, we