

takes no notice of such limits and gives us horses from the Shetland pony to the mythical wooden horse of Troy. It creates men smaller than Lilliputians and larger than the contrasted Brobdignags. It can make the American bison smaller than a flea and with all its characteristics, barring out its appetite, while an insect of the genus *Pulx* assumes the gigantic proportions of a mastodon. GUY.

### LES FEMMES.

In an article which chanced to fall under my notice, was an account, or supposed to be, of *les femmes*.

The metamorphosis had been so complete, that nearly in vain we searched for the connection between the heading and subject matter. Birth had been given to a new species resembling the human in some respects, but with such widely differing traits as to fill us with astonishment.

That the article had been written by one of the sterner sex, who, for some cause had found a bitterness attached to his dealings with *les femmes*, we could not doubt, even had the name of *Karr* been suppressed. To judge a class of persons, we are not to take as examples a few almost entirely destitute of the general characteristics, but the majority of the order should be faithfully represented. As a specimen woman, he holds before your gaze a combination of vanity, deceit, and jealousy, impudence and vindictiveness.

He tells women if there is *anything* noble about them to guard it carefully; implying that they are entirely false, yet there might be an exceptional case. All persons have their good qualities—women not excepted; and it is not more than fair to say that evil predominates no more in them than the other sex.

The author says if you tell a woman she is stupid and dull but pretty, you will have her for a friend, while, if you say she is ugly but has "*beaucoup d'esprit*,"

she will hate you forever afterwards. If he spoke from absolute knowledge, his lady acquaintances were among those having a scarcity of brains; or some fair lady had sent an arrow home and so for revenge he made an attack unworthy of himself or in the least justifiable; in either case he is a subject of pity.

He says "The friendship of two women is but a plot against a third."

Poor fellow! his mother must have died when he was quite young.

Have not women's friendships been cemented by years of toil and self sacrifice? Have not they labored in their sphere for the good of others as much as ever men in theirs? Their work is more quietly done and less seen, but the *hidden* histories unfolded, would show as much heroism as the many *records* we possess of brave deeds.

Karr says, "The life of a woman is a series of dresses, and her biography might be written by them."

Some women care for dress and some do not; but does the author make any distinction? Not the slightest. In the liberality of his soul he classes all together, Jews and Gentiles. Generous, we admit, but why not put men and plug hats in the same category?

The author says "A woman generally marries, not for any love, but to prevent any other woman from getting the same man."

The falsity of that statement is too evident to need remark. A woman is not entirely careless. She knows that by her own deed she makes or mars her entire life, she not having, like man, the power of abruptly flying to unknown parts, leaving a host of solicitous creditors behind to bemoan her loss. Because women are candid and frank they must be called treacherous. They scorn to flatter and mentally despise the flatterer. Some men have been educated to think that a series of compliments will give grace to conversation and please the listener. If the vender of that article be