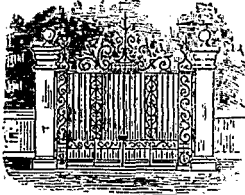


Outside the Gates.

A Book of the Week.

WOMEN.

SALE OF GENUINE OLD BRIC-A-BRAC.



It has been brought to the notice of some ladies, who are collectors of various objects of art, that there are many gentlewomen in reduced circumstances desirous to sell old family possessions, who are unaware how to dispose of these to the best advantage without incurring publicity, from which they naturally shrink. A committee has therefore been formed of the following ladies:—Georgina, Countess of Guilford, Hon. Mrs. Errington, Hon. Mrs. W. Le Poer Trench, Mrs. Hume, Mrs. Manson, Mrs. Reynolds Peyton, Mrs. Bedford Fenwick, and Miss Samuda, and it is intended to hold a Bazaar for the advantage of such ladies from Tuesday to Friday, May 6th to 9th, at 28, Brook Street, Grosvenor Square, by the kind permission of Miss Woollan.

Ladies desirous of selling works of art, such as Stewart and old needlework, lace, old prints, miniatures, fans, enamels, snuff boxes, Shagreen *étois*, old silver, Sheffield plate, Pinchbeck, mirrors, coloured glass pictures, old cut glass, pottery, porcelain and small pieces of antique furniture, must first submit them to experts selected by the committee, who will reserve to themselves the right to judge if the articles are genuine and suitable for sale, and who will, in conjunction with the vendor, fix the price at which all goods will be marked in plain figures at the Bazaar.

All goods not personally submitted, and sent from the country, must be sent carriage paid, and if not accepted, or if accepted and not disposed of during the sale, will be returned to the owners at their own expense. All risk of breakage must also be undertaken by the owners, every care will be exercised in the re-packing of goods.

The idea to hold such a sale has already proved most popular, and some charming old things have been sent for sale. Amongst the most fascinating, are beautiful ormolu and cut glass lustres, made so popular by the taste of the King for glittering old glass light ornaments, fine specimens of Stewart needlework, supper sets of beautiful old Wedgewood ware in their original trays, an inlaid Sheraton watch case (formerly the property of the great engraver, Turner), English and Chinese porcelain, dainty bits of old English furniture, and specially interesting in this year of Coronation—the blue Morocco blotting-case, dessert-plate and goblet, all finely engraved—used by the King on the "Serapis," when, as Prince of Wales, he visited our Indian Empire in 1872. These historic souvenirs should command a high price. Indeed, the sale seems as if it would be a unique opportunity for the lover of the antique and curio. We shall be pleased to give our readers any further information they desire about this unique Bazaar.

A DAMSEL OR TWO.*

This is a book which will be read with a special and somewhat amused interest, by the readers of THE NURSING RECORD.

It has suddenly occurred to Mr. Frankfort Moore, to write a story, in which two girls actually try to earn their own living—a thing, which, notoriously, has never been done before!!!

This is really admirable. Law the excellent divine who wrote the "Serious Call to a Devout Life," was much in advance of his day; for he ventured gravely two hundred years ago, the bold conclusion, that if women were educated, it would be found that they were as intelligent as men. Mr. Moore is perhaps not very much over half a century behind, in his well-meant effort to show us that even the daughters of county gentlemen, though their wage-earning capacity is practically nil, yet may have enough brains, and also enough self-sacrifice, to think it would be nobler to support themselves, than to wait until a man who was able and willing to support them came along.

This is the unheard-of and heroic resolve of Muriel and Joan Selwood, whose father, a retired army man, the owner of one of the finest places in England, has been bitten with the prevalent foolish idea, that he can do business on the Stock Exchange, and has been handled by a gentleman whose identity is very thinly veiled under the pseudonym of Mellor. Let it be added that Mr. Mellor has offered to place, at his own personal expense, spires on the two towers of Westminster Abbey, and most people will feel that the financier is a portrait taken from life.

With the lordly disregard of the male novelist for the realities of life, Mr. Frankfort Moore handles his sums of money in the same spirit as he handles the efforts of his young lady heroines to earn it.

Joan Selwood, absolutely unknown, wishing to make her *début* as a singer, in fashionable drawing-rooms, asks ten guineas as a reasonable fee to start with, and is surprised that her acquaintance think she is piling it on rather thick. If Mr. Moore had ever mixed in the circles of those who have their own living to earn, it might have been well if he questioned an unknown, unadvertised beginner as to her fee for singing a song or two to a large and fashionable audience in her first season.

Then the unprincipled Mellor, coming once more upon the scene, makes an offer to buy Selwood; not being able to do that, he offers for a farm on the estate called Drellincourt, notoriously the worst land in the district, the trifling sum of twenty-five thousand pounds.

These figures make one smile, and inclined to treat Mr. Moore as having no claims at all to be taken *au sérieux*. But only think of the daring of a passage like the following:—

"He had written a book out of the fulness of his modernity (!) with a view of illustrating what he had always felt strongly—namely, that woman, not merely woman in the abstract, but every individual woman, was a distinct entity in herself—that she was not to be regarded as a mere hanger-on upon man. Was a woman to be thought of as having no career of her own, apart from the life of a man?" he had asked. Was every sacrifice to be made to assure the career of

* By F. Frankfort Moore, Hutchinson and Co.

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