

India," she will wear in competition with "rajahs and dark hued princes, glittering with jewels and swathed in precious stuffs" as "The wife of India's Viceroy must dress superbly—You can see that."

We learn further: "Father Leiter, of Chicago and Washington, has opened his purse. He must share in the robing of his daughter-queen. Mother Leiter has sent dozens of new garments for baby Curzon—the most remarkable slips of sheer muslin covered with point lace. These American baby clothes have so appealed to the Viceroy's wife that she is having others made in London on the same patterns.

How much money Levi Z. Leiter has sent for Lady Curzon's gowns is not known. It is a cheque well up in the thousands. Not a penny less than \$30,000 will be spent, and this does not include the jewels, which are fabulously beautiful, or the old lace."

"The Viceroy's personal outfit is to include one dozen suits of white duck and one dozen suits of flannel and fabrics of this order, one dozen light-weight cloth suits, underclothes of great cost (a supply sufficient to last for two years) and three or four thin suits of evening clothes. His shirts will likely reach to the number of a dozen dozens."

All this vulgar detail would be ridiculous were it not for the fact that, inspired by accounts of such "gorgeosity" in the daily press, women in the States, and consequently at home (for we follow after in these days), vie with each other in the wearing of purple and fine linen, for which in numberless cases their over-worked, miserable husbands are quite unable to pay. The extravagance and cost of dress has now become a question of very serious consideration for civilised nations, a fact to be gathered from the perusal of the women's papers edited by men, and it is this competition in fine feathers which, in many instances, is the ruin of vain women, who do not hesitate to get their dressmaker's bills paid somehow.

Signor de Cristoforis has presented to the Chamber of Deputies, at Rome, a petition signed by 370,600 women in favour of an amnesty to the persons condemned by the military tribunals after the riots in May last. This manifestation is considered important as women seldom interfere with political questions in Italy.

The Government is still opposed to an amnesty in spite of the unanimous public feeling in favour of it.

The sad death from rapid phthisis after an attack of pleurisy and pneumonia, of Miss Amy Castilla, M.B., Ch.B., in Melbourne, leaves grieving a large circle of friends. After being educated at the Methodist Ladies' College, she entered the Alfred Hospital as nurse. On gaining her certificate she took up medicine, and was one of the first women graduates at Melbourne University. She was then elected resident at the Women's Hospital, spending one year on the midwifery side, and another in the infirmary. Afterwards she obtained the position of resident in St. Vincent's Hospital, being the first woman in Australia to be a medical officer in a general hospital. After two years of private practice her brilliant career has been cut short by death. Miss Castilla was one of the founders of the Victoria Women's Hospital, and took a keen interest in its progress.

A Book of the Week.

THE CASTLE INN.*

A MALE acquaintance said to me the other day, "I am so astonished at your appreciation of Stanley Weyman; I thought no woman could appreciate such books as Dumas' "Three Musketeers" or Weyman's "Gentleman of France."

This assumption that women are without the literary faculty amused, though it did not surprise me. The individual—male or female—who cannot admire the fine literary style of Mr. Weyman, is a person to be pitied. It would not matter to me in the least what Mr. Weyman wrote, provided he wrote it in the manner of "The House of the Wolf" and his other masterpieces. But the "Castle Inn" is excellent alike in manner and matter, and must rank among the very best work of this writer. From the first chapter to the last, it holds the reader spell-bound. The treatment of the theme is so artistic: and, though we deal with duels and abductions quite in the style of "Clarissa Harlow" and "The Vicar of Wakefield," the treatment is so strong and so original that these incidents become a new thing in their author's hands.

Julia is a charming woman—but for her name, which is distressing—Sir George Soane is a most possible person; to the very backbone a man of his own century, but with the underlying stratum of real good feeling and generosity, which redeemed the better men of that artificial day.

For a man of social position in his day, to think of marrying beneath him, meant social ruin of the most complete kind: it was almost as wrong a thing then, to marry the woman whose heart you had captured, as it would be in a purer society, not to marry her. It was well understood, that a maintenance was all that such a girl could hope for or expect to receive at a gentleman's hands; and the heroism which enabled Sir George to rise clear of the notions of his times was no small thing. It is to be remembered, that it was through woman and her perverted view, that man had grown to think as he then thought. Lady Dunborough would have gladly seen her son ruin the girl he professed to love—had he deserted her, she would have merely said that the hussy had got what she deserved; his carrying her off by force was merely a boyish escapade in the eyes of his mother, so long only as he refrained from making her a member of the family. And to this day it is woman and woman alone who can influence public opinion upon such points.

The state of Sir George's mind, when he comes to offer all he has, all he can, to the brave, honest, proud Julia, who is washing the doorstep in the back-garden, is thus charmingly indicated by Mr. Weyman.

"The way lay open, down the brick passage. It must be confessed that for an instant, just one instant, Sir George wavered, his face hot; for the third part of a second the dread of the ridiculous, the temptation to turn and go as he had come were on him. Nor need he, for this, forfeit our sympathies, or cease to be an hero. It was the age, be it remembered, of the artificial. Nature, swathed in ruffles and perukes, powder and patches, and stifled under a hundred studied airs and grimaces, had much ado to breathe. Yet it did breathe, and Sir George, after that brief hesitation, did go on."

Concerning the reception he met with, I will say no more. The interview between him and the proud

* "The Castle Inn." By Stanley Weyman. Smith Elder and Co

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