

novels every year, and have done so regularly for the last twenty seven years. I do so much every morning, never missing a day, and get through my yearly task with the greatest ease. I am very severe on myself, and in writing I correct and correct. The function of whetstone was never more rigorously performed by any author on his works than by me on mine. I will show you one of my manuscripts, and you will see that in every line there are numerous erasures. Then I copy and correct again, and then I re copy. I often copy six or seven times before sending my copy to the printer, and then when the proofs come in I always find a quantity more of corrections to be made. I don't believe in dashing off work, and I don't believe that work that is dashed off is ever worth very much."

His style intimates great facility, but

his own statement shows that behind the smoothness of the phrase is the methodical industry of the critical and solicitous author.

He is a steady reader of scientific literature, and until he received a severe injury to a leg, was accustomed to spend much time in travel.

His family is said to be of Polish origin, and his real name Olchewitz. For a pen-name he translated the initial syllables of his family name (which in English means "beech") into its French equivalent *Verne*. He has been decorated with the Legion of Honor.

Besides the two books mentioned, others that have obtained notice in America are "A Journey to the Centre of the Earth," "Hector Servadac," "From the Earth to the Moon," "The Mysterious Island," and "Michael Strogoff."

REMINISCENCES AND REFLECTIONS.

EVERYBODY knows that John Neal was a poet, an orator, and one of the handsomest of men. He was a Woman's Rights advocate before Lucretia Mott or any of the leaders, and made a convert of me in the early flush of womanhood. Mr. Neal had been for several years in England domesticated in the house of Jeremy Bentham, the founder of the philosophy of Utility, "the greatest good of the greatest number." Mr. Neal abhorred expletives—he had force enough in his diction to cover his ground by a paragraph. He was in one sense a dangerous man—dangerous to the lover of truth and the enthusiast for the good and the beautiful, which he so well represented, in spite of his hasty temper.

I went to school to his mother and sister when eight years old, and must have been a somewhat capable child, for I remember I went to Mrs. Neal with the stocking I was knitting, and asked her to "Please show me how to slip and bind off the heel" of it.

She was out of temper, for in a pot over the fire some turnips were boiling with an unsavory aroma, and my keen sense of smell had so rebelled, that I had rushed from the room in disgust, but returned with the unlucky heel of the stocking to be aided in its way to stock- ingdom. Taking my arm with some haste she exclaimed :

"Thee knows how to do it. Go to thee's seat and bid off that heel," and I did as she commanded, being to this day ignorant of how I did it; it must have been an inspiration born of necessity, for I was not used to rough treatment, But I am far from my line of thought, if it be thinking.

I was talking with John Neal about some incident that had excited my indignation, when he suddenly drew me to a halt by saying, "Child, never trot out an elephant to crack a louse."

The illustration was significant, even in its revolting odiousness, and it often comes to my mind in reading the marvelous absorption of grandiloquent ad-

jectives in describing infinitesimal nouns in the journals of the day. It is a waste of republican English, and indicates poverty of imagination.

Margaret Fuller and Maria Mitchell could never be supposed to represent either grace or beauty, and accordingly, especially the former, treated those who did represent them with supreme contempt. I have seen pretty girls who were afraid of her; and Fanny Fern once flippantly turned her back upon Kate Fields, although backed by the wealth of her millionaire relatives.

I always read with interest the briefest word anent the Grand Old Man, Gladstone; would women accept such a term? Can they so divest themselves of conventional dullness and sexual vanity, as to be called now and then the grand old woman? It would be no misapplication of terms to call Elizabeth Peabody, the founder of kindergartens in this country and the friend of Allston, Emerson, Alcott and Parker, still bright and useful, the Grand Old Woman.

Another thing to be considered, it would help on the principle of equality and help on the non-sexual idea of Christianity and Democracy. Ann Lee, who was a grand old woman, struck at the pith of equality when she founded her Republic irrespective of sex, and rejected marriage, for the marriage relation at once interposes with, checks and hinders equality; and maternity, naturally in early life, creates a barrier not felt by the other sex. There is something sweet and decorous in the seclusion of this period in the social scale, and the battling of women for political

stakes or opinions while this period is rife in her experience has something monstrous about it.

When woman remains "in maiden meditation fancy free," or nears the dignity of fifty summers, the field in any human endeavor is, and should be open to her, involving as it does no detriment to the family relation. Gladstone's wife doubtless helped to make him the Grand Old Man that he is, and why should not a generous, appreciative husband help to establish his wife as the Grand Old Woman?

In the State of North Carolina no sooner is a man married than he is called the Old Man. I rather like this as leaving room for the young, and giving a dignity to the mature man. Lately our minister to Brazil, Mr. Jarvis, from North Carolina, in writing a pleasant letter to his constituents, remarks, "The old woman learns the language quicker than I do," which was sure to touch a soft spot in a North Carolina heart.

You will perceive by this that the good old State of North Carolina has nearly taken the initiative in the term which I recommend be given to some worthy of the honor, just as it is given to the Gladstone kind, whose efforts have been steadily devoted to a great purpose. Let, then, women have a like designation with its significance of power, utility and devotion to great objects; let us learn to call such when we speak of them in the way we speak of Gladstone, and call her the Grand Old Woman. I move that we call Susan B Anthony the Grand Old Woman.

ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

THE ILLUMINATED SKULLS.

DURING life those who have been offended by any one sometimes feel at liberty to express their dislike in return, and to make it as effective as possible by pointing out, often with undisguised malice, the unpleasant and weak parts of the offender's character.

But when the object and cause of such expressed dislike is gathered to the great silent majority there are few who do not suspend the exhibition of their animosity, and, at least, keep silence, while others tell what good they know of the departed. In the presence of death malice re-