

me, dear, that some other climate would suit your constitution better than this."

Secondary Schools in France.—The following is the course of instruction as given by the *Droit des Femmes*, which the French Chamber orders under the new law, for the secondary education of young girls in the various departments and towns. It is stated that this law may be taken as the starting point for a new intellectual life among Frenchwomen.

The course of instruction comprises:

- Moral teaching.
- The French language, and at least one other modern language.
- Ancient and modern literature.
- Geography.
- French history, and a survey of general history.
- Mathematics, and physical and natural sciences.
- Hygiene.
- Domestic economy and needlework.
- Some instruction in common law.
- Design and modeling.
- Music.
- Gymnastics.

A special course of pedagogy for the pupil teachers may be added to these establishments.

After an examination, a diploma will be given to the young girls who may have followed the course of instruction in these secondary schools.

Each school is placed under the authority of a directress. The instruction will be given by professors, men or women, provided with regular diplomas. When the professor who conducts the class is a man, a mistress, or a sub-mistress, shall be present as a superintendent.

Foreign Decorations Given to Women.—The following countries give decorations to women. The date of the institution of the order follows the name:

Austria.—Order of the *Croix Etoilée*, 1668.
 Bavaria.—Order of St. Elizabeth, 1766. Order of Theresa, 1827. Order of St. Anne of the *Convent des Dames de Munich*, 1802. Order of St. Ann of the *Convent des Dames de Wurtzbourg*, 1803. *Croix du Mérite*, 1870, for both men and women.

France.—The cross of the *Légion d'Honneur*, 1802, has of late been given to women, as for example, to Rosa Bonheur in 1865.

Mecklenburg.—Order of the *Couronne des Wendes*, 1864; the grand cross of this order is given to women only.

Persia.—*Ordre pour les Dames*, 1873.
 Portugal.—Order of St. Elizabeth, 1801.

Prussia.—*Ordre de Louise*, 1814.
 Russia.—Order of St. Catherine, 1714.
 Saxony.—*Ordre de Sidonie*, 1871.

Württemberg.—*Ordre d'Olga*, 1871, for both sexes.

England.—The queen, as sovereign, is at the head of the Order of the Garter, but since the time of Edward IV., women have not been admitted to that order except when a queen occupied the throne. England grants several minor decorations to women, the "Victoria," the "Albert," the "Crown of India," and "St. Katharine," this last being for nurses especially.

Spain.—The royal order of Queen Maria Louisa, created by Charles IV., a blue and white ribbon worn as a scarf with an eight-pointed cross. There is another order, worn as a bracelet, but reserved for ladies belonging to the "Junta of Women," in Cadiz, in the insurrection there. It is continued to their descendants.

Decorations given to women are that of the Amaranta, Sweden; Elizabeth Theresa, Austria; St. Isabella, Spain; *Teste Morte*, Württemberg. The first female knights were the women who preserved Tortosa from falling into the hands of the Moors in 1149. Women have also been admitted to many of the male orders.

Women of Yesterday and To-Day.

LETITIA ELIZABETH LANDON.

BY LIZZIE P. LEWIS.

"Love learned, she had sung of love and love,
 And like a child that, sleeping with dropt head
 Upon the fairy book he lately read,
 Whatever household noises round him move,
 Hears in his dream some elfin turbulence,—
 Even so, suggestive to her inner sense,
 All sounds of life assumed one tune of love."
 —MRS. BROWNING.

STRIKINGLY strange, like the wild tropical scenes of the African gold coast, amidst which she died, were the incidents in the life of the gifted L. E. L. Like Byron and Shelley, she was a born poet, of more than ordinary powers, and like them she possessed by nature an over-sensitive soul. But while those brilliant geniuses left behind them the records of sad, wild and willful lives, through their own faults and uncurbed passions, against L. E. L. no charge has ever been sustained for an hour.

She suffered through the malice of foes, and what was worse and harder to bear, of unknown foes, who hid themselves behind the cowardly screen of an anonymous correspondence, and attacked their helpless victim, while careful to keep beyond her reach.

Miss Landon was forced, at a very early age, to pursue literature for a livelihood—a necessity, the miseries of which it is hardly possible to exaggerate, for a woman. Her troubles began with her first venture in public life. The secret of the bitter and relentless persecution which she met will probably never be disclosed. The grave now covers victim and persecutor, but wherever told, her story must awaken interest and excite sympathy.

How often have we walked past the house, 25 Hans Place, just off Old Brompton Road, where the sweet song bird was born, and in whose neighborhood, until within a year of her death, she generally made her home. Alluding in a letter friendly to the "fascinations" of H. P., as she playfully styled her residence, she says: "Vivid must be the imagination that could discover them."

"Never hermit in his cell,
 Where repose and silence dwell,
 Human shape and human word,
 Never seen and never heard,

had a duller life than the indwellers of our square," and Mrs. S. C. Hall, in her "Maid Marian," says: "It was so quiet in Hans Place, that the very cats who came to live there unlearned to mew."

In this still spot most of her school days were passed, and when she became her own mistress she chose the same scene for her residence. When one group of inmates left the house she still clung to it with their successors, and after every temporary wandering returned again, "like a blackbird to its nest."

Her father dying when she was quite young, her uncle, the Dean of Exeter, paid for her education, and that being complete, she went to reside with her grandmother. When but thirteen some of her poems were published, the avails of which were appropriated by her grandmother, who, from some unhappy peculiarity of disposition, made the young girl's life anything but a pleasant one.

With this introduction to the public, through these juvenile essays, began her sufferings under the most calumnious attacks. There was no slander too vile, no assertion too wicked to heap on her fair fame. Immorality of the grossest kind was after a while charged against her, when

there was not the shadow of a foundation for it. They who disbelieved the accusations repeated them, so that after a while her reputation was questioned by all. Not one of her own sex stood forward to defend her, and like a hunted fawn at bay, she found herself, while highly gifted, keenly sensitive, and pure as the new-fallen snow, a victim of the most heartless and cruel slanders. With all this, she possessed qualities eminently fitted to gain esteem and affectionate regard, great warmth of feeling, a peculiar charm of manner and address, an affectionate nature, a simplicity of mind wholly free from affectation, and a guileless character, child-like in many of its traits.

Her hand was sought in marriage, again and again, but as soon as it became known that she was receiving special attention, her suitor would be unceasingly plied with anonymous letters. He might have perfect faith in his love, but what racking torture must thus have been inflicted on her sensitive spirit. It always ended by her breaking the engagement, and so dragged away years of anguish, while she kept herself to herself as much as she could, and sang from an aching heart her plaintive lays.

When she had accumulated a little money from the sale of her poems, she bought an annuity for the old grandmother whose trying temper had been to her, for years, a heavy cross, and then hied back to Hans Place. Some very silly things were said of her, as that "she ought to write with a crystal pen, dipped in dew, upon silver paper, and use for pounce the dust of a butterfly's wing." The writer of the above would probably assign for the scene of her authorship a fairy-like boudoir with rose-color and silver hangings, fitted up with all the luxuries of refined taste. But it was her invariable habit to write in her bedroom, a barely finished and still more barely furnished attic room.

When stung almost to madness by the falsehoods circulating about her, she was sought in marriage by a British army officer, stationed at Cape Coast Castle, but then in England, on a furlough. A few months before her most unfortunate union with this man—Captain Maclean—one often in her company says, "She was the admired of all admirers, the great object of attraction, surrounded in every company where she appeared by many of the most eminent and literary men of the day."

After her engagement her fiancé absented himself from her for months, not once writing to her during the interim, which with other vexations brought her to the verge of the grave. When asked by one of her friends if he intended to fulfill his engagement, he replied that he feared the climate of Africa would be too much for her, that he did not wish to marry her, but shrank from telling her.

His conduct seeming to her to be dictated by generosity, she wrote him affectionately, and the engagement was renewed on condition it should be kept a secret, although her friends warned her against him. When the ceremony was performed, it was in private, and was acknowledged by him only a short time before going on shipboard, and then he refused to allow the maid who had been in her service for years to accompany her, though permitting her to take a new one.

During the tedious and protracted voyage, the captain of the ship observed the marked indifference with which her husband treated her, and when on landing, he added to indifference, ill-humor and reproaches, her nerves became so unstrung that she wrote to a friend in England that she trembled at the sound of her husband's voice. When she finally reached the castle which was to be her home, the maid she took with her was discharged, and she was required to do the work of a menial!

To another friend she wrote: "There are eleven or twelve chambers empty here, I am told, yet Mr. Maclean refuses to let me have one of them for my own use, nor will he permit me to enter the bedroom from the hour I leave it, seven in the morning, until he quits it, at one in the afternoon. I never see him until seven in the evening, when he comes to dinner, and when that is over he plays the violin until ten o'clock when I go to bed. He says he will never cease correcting me until he has broken my spirit, and complains of my temper, which you know was never, even under severe trials, bad."

The real cause of this extraordinary conduct was afterward made known. He had formed a liason with a woman of the country, a niece of a colonial merchant, such a connection not being considered disreputable, in the low state of morals prevalent there, though the presence of the English wife necessitated the departure of the colonial concubine.

Her untimely death followed in a few weeks after her landing, and was caused by poison, accidentally administered by her own hand. For months she had used minute doses of prussic acid to relieve her extreme sufferings, occasioned by nervous and mental struggles. When she left England she had a small phial of it with her, which she used once on the voyage, to her husband's annoyance. That she died from an overdose of a remedy she had been in the habit of using as an alleviation of pain, was the verdict of the coroner's jury. But many thought her death no accident. She was about to lose the companionship of the only English woman she knew in the settlement, the only one who was acquainted with her occasional profound dejection and depression of feelings and of bodily energies; these, with other causes, of which we know nothing, may have produced some sudden, uncontrollable impulse of passionate grief and despondency that overthrew reason and led to self-destruction.

The morning of her death she arose as usual at seven o'clock, and on reaching her dressing-room engaged in letter-writing until nearly half-past eight. Then calling her maid, who was to leave for England in a few days, she sent her on an errand to another room. The servant, returning in about half an hour, found the door closed and a heavy weight against it. Pushing the door back, she found her mistress stretched on the floor, senseless and motionless, a small empty bottle, which had contained prussic acid, in her right hand. The medical man attached to the post being called, found that life was extinct, and considered it unnecessary, under the circumstances, to make a post-mortem examination.

In those warm latitudes interment follows death with cruel haste, and the same evening the remains of the unfortunate L. E. L. were laid to rest. The spot chosen for the grave of this accomplished and unhappy lady was in great contrast with the shrinking retirement she had ever evinced in her life, being in the very center of the open court-yard in front of the castle, where the rough discipline and noisy parade of the native troops goes on daily, where the blare of the bugles and the roll of the drum are the sounds that salute her spirit in her last repose.

Some time after, some one going from England to the colony was charged with the request to her husband that a friend might be allowed to erect a monument over her remains. Captain Maclean replied that it was unnecessary, for a mural slab with suitable inscription had been lying for some time in a store-room in the castle, and that he would have it put up shortly. A few days after a volley of musketry announced one morning that it was at length in place on the castle wall.

One who witnessed the last sad honors wrote: "I remained to see the brick arch above her

brick-lined grave completed. All had departed for their homes, except the workmen. A heavy tropical shower having come on, the bricklayers were obliged to get a covering to protect them and their work from the rain. Night had come on before the paving stones of the court were all put down, and the workmen finished their business by torchlight. How sadly yet does that night of gloom return to my remembrance! How sad were then my thoughts as, wrapped in my cloak, I stood beside the grave of L. E. L. under that pitiless storm of rain! I fancied what would be the thoughts of thousands in England if they could see and know the meaning of that flickering light, of those busy workmen, of that silent watcher!"

At the time of her death she was employed in writing sketches of Scott's heroines for Lady Blessington's celebrated Book of Beauty. The night before she died, she wrote two letters, which some of her friends thought were in a strain of forced cheerfulness. In one, she described the castle as a very noble building, all the rooms as large and cool, while some would be considered handsome even in England.

The one in which she wrote was painted a deep blue and was hung with fine engravings, while the library was fitted up with book-cases of African mahogany, and hung with portraits of distinguished authors. "But I never approach this room," she adds, "without preparation and humility, so crowded is it with scientific instruments, telescopes and the like, none of which may be touched by hands profane."

For her husband was a fine mathematician, all his tastes being for the exact sciences. With theodolites, quadrants, sextants, barometers and thermometers, he found his enjoyments, when not in revelry with his male companions.

The chief characteristics of the poetry of L. E. L. was tenderness, imagination, geniality of feeling and harmony of versification, and although a prolific writer, her popularity suffered no decline. One of her last poems written during her voyage to the Cape and sent to England is entitled, "Do you think of me as I think of you?" Upon it Mrs. Browning has fashioned some exquisite verses:

"Hers was the hand that played for many a year
Love's silver phrase for England smooth and
well!

Would God her heart's more inward oracle
In that lone moment might confirm her dear!
For when her questioned friends in agony
Made passionate response, 'We think of thee,'
Her place was in the dust, too deep to hear.

"Bring your vain answers—cry, 'We think of
thee!'

How think ye of her. Warm in long—ago
Delights, or crowned with budding bays?
Not so.

None smile and none are crowned where lieth
she,

With all her visions unfulfilled save one—
Her childhood's—of the palm-trees in the sun—
And lo! their shadow on her sepulcher!"

Correspondents' Class.

This department is intended exclusively as a means of communication between those who have questions to ask in regard to art decorative, industrial, or art proper, and those who have information to give to those seeking it. Questions in regard to literary and social matters, household, fashions and the like, belong to the department of the Ladies' Club. The "Class" must adhere strictly in future to its original purpose.—(Ed.)

"AMATEUR."—In regard to *backgrounds*, the best colors for fair people and children are blues, purples (not bright, but negative), and grays.

Dark complexions may have dark grounds, inclining to red or warm brown; and where the flesh tint is sallow, use warmer colors—greens approaching to olive—to throw up the reds in the face to advantage. If a curtain be represented in the picture, make it a connecting color with some other analogous to it in the figure or accessories. Never paint a bright blue ground and crimson curtain, but keep everything quiet and subdued, so that the eye may take all in at a glance, having no light patches of color spread over the picture to dazzle and distract the gaze from the head, but let every color blend and harmonize.

2. *Backgrounds*.—Stone is represented by a tint formed of carmine, indigo and yellow ochre; and the more distant you wish to make it appear, the more must the indigo prevail. If the photograph be a very white one, it will be necessary to lay a foundation of neutral tint, to support the local color.

Grays.—Cold and warm grays of many different hues are made with sepia and indigo. The grays which are used in the flesh, will also answer the same purpose. A background capable of many modifications is made of cobalt, burnt sienna, and a little rose madder worked into it.

Madder-brown and cobalt are well adapted for the same purpose, and form good grounds for fair subjects, and may be strengthened in the darkest places with the addition of a little indigo.

Indigo and madder-brown produce a duller gray than the former, and of more depth.

A purple, cloudy ground is made of indigo and liquid carmine or lake; be very careful not to paint it too bright.

In opaque ground, of a chocolate color, is composed of lampblack and Indian red, and may be lightened by the use of Chinese white.

Burnt umber, chrome yellow and Chinese white, produce a lighter ground than the last named. Opaque backgrounds are far from being artistic and are seldom used; if very dark, they give the head and figure the appearance of having been cut out and pasted down upon colored paper. If you resort to them, you will have to soften around the outline to take off that effect, and that can only be done by adding a little white to the color. If the background of the photograph be very dark, you can lighten it by laying on the transparent color and stippling some white mixed with the local tint over them, this will relieve the head and whatever parts of the figure you want to bring out.

"MARY M."—In tinting *glass positives*, daguerreotype plates, etc., photographic powder colors are most frequently used for the purpose. They are applied to the picture in a dry state with sable pencils; camel-hair pencils being employed for softening, and bringing the work into form and character. Begin by breathing lightly upon the surface of the portrait, and dip your pencil into the bottle containing the flesh color, and work in a circular direction, pressing gently upon the glass, to cause the color to adhere. The breathing is for the same purpose; then blow off the superfluous powder with an India-rubber bottle. As the color approaches the outline, soften it off with gray, and be careful to preserve the roundness of the cheeks and forehead by keeping the high lights in the center, and graduating the flesh tints into the grays and shadows. Next put in the darkest parts of the draperies and hair. When engaged upon the latter, cause your pencil to move in a wavy manner, as the hair flows. The lights are to be laid in last, with the colors provided for that purpose, and be careful not to soil them with the shadow tints, keeping them as bright as possible. Proceed in the same way with all the other colors, modifying with white, and when at work have a piece of black cloth or velvet