

not by any means pattern young ladies. They culled simples and spun flax, but those were the staple excellences of their lives. As to their reading, the novels of those days were as offensive to taste and as antagonistic to purity as any can be now. As to dress, remember, madam, their stay bodies and hoops, their trains and embroidered petticoats, their powdered hair and lappets, and their *paint* and *patches*!

"Well, well?" says grandmamma, half smiling.

"Don't you think, ma'am, if the education of the present day were well directed, young ladies, instead of being the worse for it, would be all the better?"

Grandmamma cannot go so far as that. But the truth is, that a good thing is no less good because it is ill applied. Mix gold with alloy as you will, it is gold still, and the furnace will show it to be so. The advance in education in all ranks is no evil in itself; the evil is in the imperfection of nature, and in the father of evil, who is ever on the watch to turn a fresh movement to account.

If we could go back to those days of virtuous, industrious, and simple-minded young ladies, we should see but few in comparison of such as we expected to find, and when we had found them should most probably think they would have made better companions to a husband, and guides to children and servants, if they had been better educated, *i. e.*, enjoyed the advantages of this day; and those miracles of servants, those paragons—not to be spoken of without a groan—it is a question whether many would be met with (if we were landed in those golden times) that would not shock us by their coarseness much more than delight us with their excellence, especially when we found that they would no more "run alone" than the damsels of the present day. No, if we are to go back, let us fly farther.

There is a servant described in an old book, where the truth is told without exaggeration: his name was Eliezer of Damascus. You may read his history a thousand times, and always when you rise from it bow with respect to his memory, and wish you could find such a servant now. But who was his master? Why, Abraham, who commanded his household and his servants after him, to keep the ways of the Lord. Eliezer had been trained by his master—by precept and example—to pray, to serve in the fear of God. Then, as now, this training was infallible in its results.

There is a portrait which, for symmetry, for grace, for loveliness, exceeds all that the masters of old ever painted; it is called, "The Excellent Woman." Let any young lady read that, pray that it may be her rule, study to make it so, and she will leave her grandmother little to complain of. Neither her husband, nor her children, nor her servants, will want to go back to the wonderful days of simple-culling, tapestry-working gentlewomen to find a wife, mother, or mistress. "She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. Her children arise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her."

Many do not look at all, many look only to find fault; but she looketh, and looketh well.

Times change, manners and customs change, our wants and desires, chameleon-like, taking a colour from a changed society, change too. There is, however, no change in the golden rule for the making of an excellent wife, mother, and mistress found in the last chapter of Proverbs. As the women in the patriarchal times followed it, as the ladies of our grandmothers' regrets followed it, and as the ladies of this day follow it, so peace reigned and reigns in their hearts and in their house-

holds. In this universal outcry against servants there are such peaceful homes to be found. Happy the mistress who reigns in such a one, happy the servant who serves!

SPANISH REVOLUTIONS.

We see as yet only the beginning of the end in Spain. One thing is certain, that any change must be for the better, compared with the state of affairs in the beginning of this year. When things are at the worst, there is some hope of mending, and never was nation more degraded than Spain at the close of 1867, when a public journalist thus wrote:—

"Notwithstanding wholesale transportations to the Philippines and to Fernando Po, the citadels of Cadiz and Cartagena are described as crowded with liberals chained in couples like galley slaves, after the most approved Neapolitan fashion. The streets of Madrid are startled at the dead of night by domiciliary visits, and the seizure of persons, papers, and all that comes to the *alguazil's* hands. Letters are unsafe at the post-office, not only in the kingdom, but even in the colonies, whither, as we see from a late announcement, our own authorities at St. Martin's-le-Grand have ceased to forward registered letters, as the Spanish Government refuses to give receipts. Taxes are exacted for a whole twelvemonth in advance, and all sorts of tricks are played with the bank and the funds, that convents and nunneries may be indemnified for the spoliations they endured at the hands of Mendizabal's Government. The King-Consort, the Bishops of Avila, Burgos, and Segovia, together with Father Claret the Confessor, and the Bleeding Nun,* constitute the *Camarilla* in whose hands the chief minister and his colleagues in the Cabinet are mere tools.

"It is hardly to be believed how completely the clerical element has crushed not only the civil, but even the military order. It is true that the fidelity of some of the generals is constantly stimulated by the most unbounded lavishness of ranks and honours; the promotion of such a man as the Marquis de la Pezuela has been so outrageously rapid as to shock the *esprit de corps* even of those staunch loyalists, Pavia and Concha; but no amount of Royal bounty, well or ill bestowed, will ever cure the disaffection rife among the troops. Between O'Donnell and Narvaez every regiment has been 'swept clean' of its non-commissioned officers. At a review lately held in Madrid the artillery came to muster 'without one single sergeant in the ranks.' We do not know to what extent the Queen may win the hearts of her subjects by the patronage she extends to the fine arts; but we are told that on her saint's day she conferred the title of Viscount de Molina upon Obregon, a well-known comic singer of the popular theatre La Zarzuela, a man who, by her liberality, has been for the last two years enabled to keep up a style of luxury and grandeur which has caused flagrant scandal. For his own part, the King-Consort was equally anxious to remunerate the private services of his favourite, Meneses, by proposing him for the honours of a ducal coronet."

Narvaez and O'Donnell were the latest military rivals

* After the flight of Queen Isabella, Sir George Bowyer attempted a defence of Father Claret and Sister Patrocinio, his letters, as usual, confirming the public belief in what he denies. Every Spaniard knows that the Royal Confessor exercised baneful influence, and that "the bleeding nun" was convicted as an impostor, pretending to have the marks of the Saviour's wounds.

for power, but there seems to have been before them a perennial contest among the heads of the army. It was only when the chief of these were dead or banished,



A GALLICIAN (*Gallego*) WITH BAGPIPE (*gaita*).

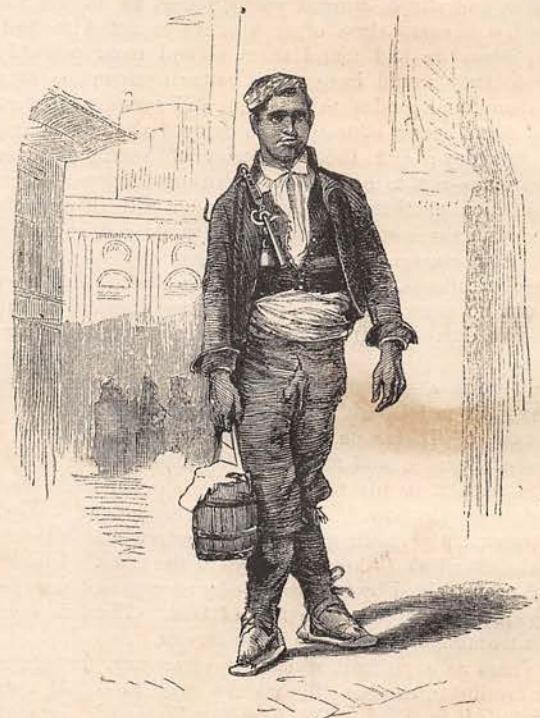
that the Government was left for a time to the miserable rule of Gonzales Bravo and his clique, whose insolent conduct roused the spirit of revolt.



PEASANT OF ARAGON.

Since the death of Ferdinand VII, in 1833, the nation has been in perpetual disturbance. There was first the war of Zumalacarreguy, who, with Torreguy and other

chiefs, proclaimed Don Carlos. In 1835 Cardero endeavoured, at the head of a battalion, to substitute the Constitution for the Statute. In 1836, 3,000 men of the garrison at Granja, at the orders of three sergeants, compelled Queen Christina to take an oath to the Constitution of 1812. In 1838, it was the turn of Narvaez and Cordova, who attempted at Seville a retrograde movement which failed. In 1840, the army, under the orders of Espartero, pronounced against the Regency of Queen Christina. In 1841, a movement in her favour took place at Madrid, Pampeluna, and Saragossa. In 1843, there was another, in which Generals Serrano, Prim, Ortega, and Narvaez joined. In the same year, Catalonia endeavoured to establish a central junta. In the early part of 1844, Alicante declared in favour of Espartero. Some months after, General Zurbano tried to restore the Constitution of 1837. In 1846, all the garrisons of Galicia united in favour of the same object, which had replaced that of 1812 in the hearts of the insurgents. In 1848, Catalonia strove for the same end.



HONEY-SELLER, MADRID. "*Miel, miel, blanc-u-c.*"

In the month of May of that year the Commandant Buceta, at the head of the regiment of Spain, caused some disturbances. Two months later, a battalion and three squadrons appeared in arms in Seville against the Constitution of 1845. In 1854, Brigadier Horé, at Saragossa, at the head of his regiment, made a special pronunciamiento of grievances, but was put down. On the 28th of June, Dulce and O'Donnell disembarrassed the throne of the Camarara which dishonoured it. In 1856 it was the turn of Commandant Corrales, who proclaimed Charles VI at Saragossa. In July of the same year, General Rios, commandant of Gerona, pronounced in favour of the constituent Cortes. Several other movements took place with the same view. In 1859, some sergeants of Alicante and Seville were executed for endeavouring to establish a republic. In 1860, General Ortega, Captain-General of the Balearic

Isles, proclaimed the reign of the Count de Montemolin. In 1865 took place at Valencia a movement, the leaders of which had not time to issue a programme. In 1866 came on the affair of General Prim, which terminated



FATHER CLARETA.

unsuccessfully, and drove him to the exile from which he again lately emerged.

What will be the upshot of recent changes no one can guess. There is something rotten in the state of



SISTER PATROCINIO, THE BLEEDING NUN.

Spain. There must be some element of national life wanting. We have heard of the army and its generals, of the grandees, of the church, this time of the navy, and always too much of the Queen and of the Court.

Throughout the country is there no middle class? Is the love of freedom utterly trodden out? It may be that Spain now is bearing the bitter retribution of past crimes. The inquisition quenched the light of truth, and when a nation is without religious liberty there is no deep soil for civil freedom. With a constitutional government, a free press, popular education, and above all an open Bible and the spread of Christianity, there might yet be hope even for Spain.

CHARACTERISTIC LETTERS.

COMMUNICATED BY THE AUTHOR OF "MEN I HAVE KNOWN."

SAMUEL LOVER.

To preserve some authentic features of self-drawn character, only throwing in what might be needful as a light upon them by anecdote or brief comment, is the object of these papers; and either for personal interest or literary curiosity, it would be difficult to find a subject more worthy of selection than Samuel Lover. Of men whose memories will live after contemporary hurrying and noise have passed away, I claim an honoured position for my lately deceased and lamented friend. It is true that he has been popular; but has his fame or his substantial reward been equal to his merits? In my humble opinion, so far from it, that I recognise few individuals within my sphere of observation to whose rare and varied talents less justice has been done.

From some cause not readily explicable, Mr. Lover, like Edward Bulwer, now Lord Lytton, was assailed on everything he produced, and persecuted to the best of their abilities by the same critical clique and their allies. Bulwer had conscious power in him, so that he rose the greater from their persevering enmity, whilst Lover, not so powerful, though he did achieve a name in literature, had his success so much marred by their hostility, that he failed to reap the harvest and to reach the station due to his deserts.

Keenly did Lover feel his injurious treatment with every novelty he produced. Even his latest musical drama was driven off the stage by a pre-determined opposition, and with sorely wounded heart he wrote, complaining of the unfairness of the attack:—

I thank you [he writes to me] for your sympathy in my mishap. . . . British fairplay seems forgotten, and we have fallen on currish days, I fear, in our modern journalism. My well and fairly earned reputation should have been sufficient to protect me from the *blackguardism* that has been exercised against me. I am safe, however, from such paltry attacks. They cannot rail the seal from off my bond. This mosquito bite is nothing, when I think of the grief that smote my heart this morning, seeing the announcement of my most dear friend Edward Forbes' death. I cannot tell you how bitterly I feel his loss. Another of my dearest and closest friends gone.

When true hearts are withered, and fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit this bleak world alone?

We can't make *old* friends—and at our age new ones are not good for much—they *don't fit*.

Yours, ever truly,

SAMUEL LOVER.

Some hard words occur in this letter, but they speak the impulsive sensibility of the poet, and are natural to all men of talent whose hopes are cruelly crushed by rash censure or unjustifiable prejudice. The peccant matter disposed of, it affords a melancholy pleasure to have the genuine character of the man himself before us—the brief lament for the loss of a valued friend by the author of "The Four-leaved Shamrock." See how he would "weave his spells" with the "charmed leaves"—not seeking wealth or splendour:—