

NO. 2. PLAN OF FIRST AND SECOND STORIES OF IMPROVED TENEMENT HOUSE.

the stair-way as well as ease of access. In many respects this plan is better than the first, though it received only the third prize. There are only two rooms in the rear tenements and as the demand for two-room tenements is limited this may be a defect, but, on the other hand, there is a great gain of light and air. These plans appear to be the best of a large number exhibited and they offer as good

a solution of the tenement house question as may be found consistent with the vicious system of dividing the land that prevails in New York. If now some one would offer a prize for an improved system of laying out city lots, perhaps even the improved tenement house may be improved upon.

[The above diagrams were kindly furnished by the "Plumber and Sanitary Engineer."]

BRIC-À-BRAC.

Fanny Kemble's Journal.

THE same petty and provincial spirit which in France led M. Victorien Sardou to write his silly "Oncle Sam," and which in England is soundly berated by Mr. Matthew Arnold, and which in America rails against the warning truth of Mr. Henry James's "Daisy Miller," broke out rampant and raging in this country over forty years ago on the publication of a "Journal of a Residence in America," by Frances Anne Butler.

The elder daughter of Charles Kemble made her first appearance on the stage at Covent Garden Theatre as *Juliet*, in September, 1829, with extraordinary success. Three years later she and her father crossed the Atlantic to play a series of engagements in America. They made their first appearance in New York at the Park Theatre in September, 1832. After acting in all the leading cities of this country, Mr. Charles Kemble returned to England alone, his daughter remaining in the United States as the wife of Mr. Pierce Butler, of Philadelphia. During the whole time of her wanderings in America prior to her marriage, Miss Kemble kept a diary of her experiences, which was published shortly after she became Mrs. Butler by Mr. John Murray in London, and by Messrs.

Carey, Lea & Blanchard in Philadelphia, for the benefit of her aunt Victoire, as the author has informed us in her recent delightful "Records of a Girlhood."

The people of the United States had been taken to pieces and exhibited for the benefit of the assembled nations of the Old World by Captain Basil Hall, in 1822, and before they had fully recovered from their fit of indignation, Mrs. Trollope came forward, in 1831, with her strictures on "The Domestic Manners of the Americans." When the announcement was made, therefore, only four years later that Miss Fanny Kemble had been taking notes which she intended to utter and make current, another shiver ran through the land. Toward the close of 1834 a few extracts from the journal crept into print in Boston, and were copied far and wide. It was at once evident that Miss Kemble had a mind of her own, and full willingness to free it. Other extracts from time to time followed, and were everywhere read and commented upon. The newspapers—or rather some of the noisiest of them—took offense at the tone of some of Mrs. Butler's remarks, and especially at one passage, in which she said that next to a bug she most disliked an editor. It was doubted by some that the passages were genuine, and Messrs. Carey, Lea & Co., the



publishers, issued a card stating that "if the passages now published be taken from the work, it is a violation of copyright," but not denying their authenticity. Then rumors were set afloat that Mrs. Butler had softened certain paragraphs which censured the Americans too severely. These rumors crossed others to the effect that the English edition was to be far more bitter and rancorous than the American. A newspaper excitement thus grew daily. An advertisement appeared in the Philadelphia papers announcing that Grigg & Elliott had published a thousand copies of Miss Fanny Kemble's journal—a cruel hoax on a most respectable firm. At last the book did appear in two volumes, 12mo, in both England and America, both editions being exactly alike—and then the storm broke forth.

The copy of the journal which now lies before the writer has bound up with it seventy pages of newspaper paragraphs, extracts, notices, reviews, squibs, advertisements, all bearing upon the redoubtable diary, and all testifying to the really remarkable excitement it caused. To any one who now reads the journal calmly, the infuriated temper evident in the assembled scraps which here follow it, is almost incomprehensible; it is only when one remembers how sensitive and uneasy Americans seemed in those days, how petty and provincial we undoubtedly were, how we had writhed and were sore under Mrs. Trollope's keen lash, that any excuse for it can be seen. The whole paltry discussion was typical of the state of feeling of Americans toward their own country, which was well-nigh universal before the war, and which has passed away for ever with the smoke and the shouts of that great struggle. We then asserted our claim loudly, for we feared it might be denied; now we smile with good nature at taunting jibes and jeers, for we are conscious that a man's eyes must be weak if he cannot see the greatness of our country. Compare the storm raised by this clever journal with the contemptuous calmness with which M. Sardou's ignorant and ill-natured "Oncle Sam" was received. We have even forgotten that this provincial spirit once existed. Very few of the American reviews of Macready's "Reminiscences"

recall the fact that a quarter of a century before it was published, a bloody riot against the English tragedian had raged around the very building from which his posthumous biography was issued—Clinton Hall. And in only one of the reviews of Mrs. Kemble's "Records of a Girlhood," have I seen any reference to the journal of forty years before,—and that review was written by me.

As one reads the Journal now with the Records

in one's memory, it is seen that Miss Fanny Kemble was a clever and cultivated woman, of great vigor and freshness of intellect, naturally astonished at much that she saw and heard here, but wholly free from any desire to find fault. That the printing of a daily diary with blanks for proper names,—blanks which there was in general no great difficulty in filling up,—was injudicious may well be admitted; and more than one page in the two volumes had much better have been left unprinted.

But forty years ago nothing was known of Miss Fanny Kemble except that she was a young woman who dared to have an opinion of her own about the country she had married in,—and for this opinion she was roundly abused. The "Albany Journal," for instance, said: "It is well for the baggage that she wears petticoats." Another paper declared that the "work excites general disgust. The authoress has unsexed herself." A third commented on the "adroit hypocrisy she has always practiced in society." A fourth begins by quoting Halleck's

"Fanny was younger once than she is now,
And prettier, of course,"—

goes on to speak of the "coarseness and vulgarity" of many of her remarks and of her "black ingratitude." The "National Gazette" of Philadelphia said: "The mass of the journal is mere chaff;—pettish flippancy; pointless chatter." Major Noah declared his opinion that "Fanny Kemble writes like a smart little milliner." It was this same Major Noah who issued a card denying that he was the newspaper-bug referred to in the journal. The print-sellers took advantage of the excitement about the book to issue more than one series of lithographic plates, rudely enough done, and illustrating roughly some of the salient incidents of the journal.

It must not, however, be supposed that this cheap malignity and provincial spite were universal. Many of the leading and more respectable papers resisted it,—the New York "Evening Post," for one; and in this dignified newspaper appeared at least one remonstrance.

The real faults of the journal, its occasional slip-

pancy, its judgments from inexperience, its revelation of domestic matters, its indiscretions in regard to private affairs,—these were rarely criticised, yet they were as obvious as it was evident that they all sprang from the one error—the actual printing of a young lady's private journal. Upon these demerits of the work the English reviews were far more severe than the American press, and deservedly so. For some of her minor criticisms Mrs. Kemble cried *peccavi* in her later volume of travels in Italy, "A Year of Consolation."

ARTHUR PENN.

A Natural Conclusion.

WE left the crowded city far behind,
And over hill and valley took our way;
It was a morn in early June, and we
Were off together for a holiday.
Now on a hill-side, in a shady spot,
A cool spring overflowed its mossy brim,
And rippled down the vale, till, far away,
It faded on the meadows' purple rim.

Still further on, we reached a field of corn,
With tender blades just springing from the ground;
While overhead a flock of noisy crows
Kept watch from trees, or circled shyly round.
For, near at hand, raised on a little mound,
An image stood, clad in habiliments old;
"The silly crows!" said Charles; "if they were wise,
They'd recognize the cheat, and be more bold!"

"Yet I confess the scare-crow, as it stands,
Is not ill calculated to deceive;
Though it would make the pose more natural
To lower the head, and re-adjust that sleeve.
Think for one moment on that ancient garb!
That battered hat may once have crowned a head
Within whose dome a mighty genius reigned,
That moved the minds of men, or armies led.

"That sleeve, tricked in the semblance of an arm,
Perchance has held within its warm embrace
The form of some fair woman, fond and true,
With heart responsive to a pleading face.
Would that the power were mine to summon here
Him whom my fancy sees in that disguise,
Even as the marble warmed to conscious life
Before Pygmalion's enraptured eyes!"

The figure slowly turned its head and spoke:
"You are the chaps that run away, I allow,
From the insane asylum in the town;
The keeper's out a-lookin' for ye now!"

PHILIP MORSE.

The Irish Eclipse.

BY IRWIN RUSSELL.

IN Watherford, wanst, lived Professorr MacShane,
The finest astronomer iver was sane;
For long before noight, wid the scoience he knew,
Wheriver wan shtar was, sure he could see two
Quoite plain,
Could Professorr MacShane.

More power to him! iv'ry claare noight as would
pass,
He'd sit by the windy, a-showing his glass;
A poke at the dipper, that pleased him the laist,
But a punch in the milky way suited his taste,—
Small blame
To his sowl for that same!

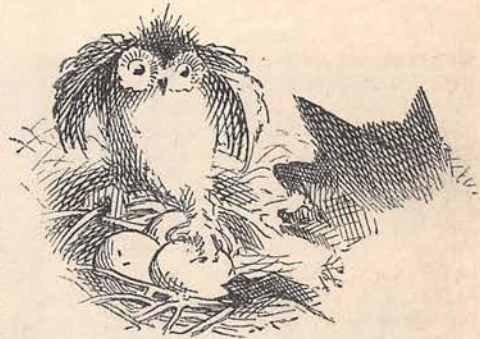
Now wan toime in Watherford, not long ago,
They had what the loike was not haard of, I
know,
Since Erin was undher ould Brian Borrhoime:
The sun was ayclipsed for three days at wan
toime!

It's thrue
As I tell it to you.

'Twas sunroise long gone, yet the sun never rose,
And iv'rywan axed, "What's the matther, God
knows?"
The next day, and next, was the very same way;
The noight was so long it was lasting all day,
As black
As the coat on yer back.

The paiple wint hunting Professorr MacShane,
To thry if he'd know what this wondher could
mane;
He answered thim back: "Is that so? Are ye
there?"
'Tis a lot of most iligant gommachs ye air,
To ax
For the plainest of facts!

"Ye're part of an impoire, yez mustn't forget,
Upon which the sun's niver able to set;
Thin why will it give yer impoire a surproise
If wanst, for a change, he refuses to roise?"
Siz he,
"That is azy to see!"



GRACE BEFORE MEAT: "I HOPE I DON'T INTRUDE!"

A Writer.

HE does not know his English well,
Our vulgar words he scorns to praise,
And, consequently, thinks it swell
To trifle with the Gallic phrase.

He writes *amour* instead of "love,"
Whenever he can find the chance;
Colombe is more *gentil* than "dove,"
It gives the essence of all France.