

## PERVERTED MOTHERHOOD.

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

I hardly know a woman who moves in good society who is not ashamed of taking care of her own child out of doors, and I have no words for my scorn and contempt of the feeling. It is as though a Queen should hide her crown, or a soldier the cross of the Legion of Honour.—*Mary Kyle Dallas.*

While my poor heart aches and makes its moan,  
Take my babe away, though it be my own,  
Flesh of my flesh, and bone of my bone,  
Take it away!  
Fashion has issued her stern decree,  
And the babe of my bosom is not for me,  
Though its sad eyes follow me silently—  
Take it away!

Carry it out for the morning air,  
Oh, God! to think I should ever dare  
To trust my child to a hireling's care,  
Day after day;  
Content (?) so I hear not my baby's cries  
Through the plate-glass windows and brown stone  
walls,  
So its voice never pierces the frescoed halls—  
Take it away!

Yet often I think how sweet 'twould be  
To run with my darling o'er field and lea,  
But, baby, it is not for such as we,  
This innocent play.

We dwell in palaces rich and grand,  
Yet the veriest slaves in all the land—  
How the little warm fingers clasp my hand—  
Take it away!

Oh! I grudge the humblest mother blest,  
Who nurses her babe at her own white breast,  
Yet is not ashamed of her love caress  
By night or day!  
Who, should a rude hand strike her child,  
Would spring like a tiger fierce and wild—  
Ah, see! my baby looked up and smiled—  
Take it away!

On a stranger's milk my darling thrives!  
Heaven fill the blank in our useless lives,  
Heaven help us poor, unnatural wives,  
If we still may pray.

Oh! I often wonder if on that shore  
Our babes will be with us for evermore,  
When we are freed? One kiss at the door—  
Take it away!

## FOR EVERYBODY.

*Much Married and Many Named.*

The new Lord Hampton is a remarkable man. He has gone by three names (he was born a Russell, became Pakington on succeeding his father, and is now Hampton.) He has had three wives (who were respectively, Mrs. Russell, Dame Pakington, and Lady Hampton). He has been a member of three Ministries (1852, 1859, and 1866), and he has held three appointments (Colonial Secretary, First Lord of the Admiralty, and Secretary of War).

*Bound the Other Way.*

Henry Ward Beecher lectured recently at Winsted, Connecticut, and all the region round about flocked to hear him. On the return of the crowded Collinsville car, the train stopped to let off several passengers at the upper end of Satan's Kingdom Gorge, and as the conductor shouted "Satan's Kingdom," the venerable Dr. F—— gracefully responded, "There are no passengers, Sir, in this car for that place." Then they smiled among themselves.

*The Pleasures of the Imagination.*

The cynic defined love to be an insane desire to pay some young woman's board. An old bachelor in Orleans County, Vermont, pondering marriage, set the table in his lonely abode with plates for himself and an imaginary wife and five children. He then sat down to dine, and as often as he helped himself to food he put the same quantity on each of the other plates, and surveyed the prospect, at the same time computing the cost. He remains a bachelor.

*Truly Patriotic.*

Hippocrates, the Father of Medicine, is generally supposed to have been a Greek. But M. Delcour, Minister of the Interior, of Belgium, has discovered that he was a Belgian. The *Independence Belge* says that of course it matters not that Belgium did not exist at the time of Hippocrates; and that Mr. Delcour should be thanked for the service he has rendered to Belgian national history and the lustre he has given to Belgian medical science by his discovery.

*The Unkindest Cut.*

We recommend the following to the Premier's serious consideration. For such an emergency as this he will do well to provide by adding a clause to his Election Bill. It is a fact that at the election for Staleybridge in Lancashire a voter drew the image of a donkey's head on his ballot-paper opposite the name of one of the candidates. When the returning officer came to examine the votes, he rejected this paper on the ground that the voter had put some mark upon it by which he could be identified!

*The Company of Jesus.*

From the *Jesuit Almanack* for 1874, published in Cracow, it appears that the Order consists at present of 9,101 members. Of this number 1,527 are in Italy, 463 in Austria, 643 in Belgium, 313 in Holland, 2,393 in France, and 1,080 in Great Britain, Ireland, and the British possessions abroad. 1558 members of the Order are employed as missionaries in America, Asia, Africa, and Australia. The remainder are dispersed over other countries. In Galicia the Order possesses two colleges, four stations, and one convent, and the number of members is 218.

*Coiffures for Gentlemen.*

The Parisian dandy, or *gommeux*, has taken a leaf from the ladies' book, and now delights in fearful and wonderful arrangements of his ambrosial locks. Nor is he above giving fancy names to the various styles of hairdressing to which he submits himself. That now most in vogue is the *Coiffure à la lyre*. The parting is down the middle, and the hair, carefully curled, puffed up on each side like *Orphée* in olden frescoes. The *toupet* (*upagew*), the *Coiffure à la Slave* (like *Lisa's*), a *la Russe*, the *frisons à la chien* (like *Capoul*), and the *Style Décembrière*, are other favourite fashions with the *petits crêvés*.

*A Novel Advertising Dodge.*

The Yankees have hitherto borne off the palm in advertising dodges, but here is something new from over the ocean which goes one better than the best yet. M. Villemessant, of the *Paris Figaro*, has recently put up a new building, which is appropriately decorated with a statue of the barber of Seville. The opening ceremony took place a couple of weeks ago, when in the presence of an immense crowd the presses and plant, were, by the special permission of the Archbishop of Paris, formally blessed. The chimes which were to ring out the hour were of course included in the blessing, the grand-children of M. de Villemessant standing sponsors for the two largest bells, christened Valentine and Pierrette!

*Brevities.*

The Czar visits England this month.—Mr. Emerson is to be proposed for the Lord Rectorship of Glasgow University, *nice* Disraeli.—A patent suspension railway carriage, for the prevention of nausea from oscillation, on the Bessemer "Sickless" ship system, has been constructed in England.—The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh will shortly visit Paris, where they will be received with great pomp and ceremony at the expense of the Government.—Cairo is to have a grand gambling hall, like those *ci-devant* at Baden-Baden and Hombourg.—The Good Templars in London, Eng., are imitating the praying women of Ohio, but hitherto without success.—120 newspapers and periodicals have been suppressed in France during the Presidency of McMahon.

*Thought Better of It.*

Here is a characteristic story of the author of "Quatre-vingt-Treize." The great writer was very fond of Henri Rochefort. He called him his "third son," he said that he adopted him; and now that both of Hugo's own sons are dead it might be supposed that the adopted one would be still dearer. The other day when Rochefort, escaped from New Caledonia, telegraphed to Paris for money, every one said: "Oh, Victor Hugo will send him all he wants," and it was announced, indeed, that Victor Hugo had sent him six thousand francs. But, in truth, when the old poet was applied to, he refused to give a farthing. M. Adam, who went to him, expressed surprise at this refusal. "You have said that Rochefort was your son," he remarked. "It is true," said old Hugo; "but that was in a moment of effusion."

*Working his Way Out.*

A New York correspondent writes of the late Fitz James O'Brien: "O'Brien had a penchant for moving from lodgings to lodgings, leaving his library in pledge for rent until he redeemed it or notified the landlady of his abandonment. Books came to him freely from publishers, and a new one soon accumulated. He once found himself involved in debt to a number of small but annoying creditors. Necessity spurred him into action. He laid in a supply of beer and provisions, bought a coffee-pot and a few cans of preserved milk, wrote on a card 'out of town,' nailed up his door, himself inside, and wrote himself out of debt by poems, magazine sketches, and a play in two weeks, coming out of his self-inflicted imprisonment healthy and happy to *fele* the event by a two hundred dollar dinner at Delmonico's, at which the guests remained until breakfast next morning."

*A Hero of Ashantee.*

The following canine anecdote is told by the *Morning Post*:—"A dog, who already bore about his muzzle some not inglorious scars, accompanied his master, who carried on his breast the Victoria Cross, to the Ashantee campaign. Being of the bulldog breed, and with a natural turn for fighting, he distinguished himself on several occasions and indeed throughout the campaign. In one instance he rushed into the enemy's ranks, and, singling out one of his naked foes, so bit and worried him that he actually brought in his prisoner in triumph. He was such a favourite with the men that in a heavy engagement their fire was suspended for a minute to allow of his uninjured retreat from one of his desperate forays. He lives to enjoy his return and his honours, and at this moment is one of the greatest pets of Belgravia."

*The Precedence Question at the British Court.*

The London correspondent of the *Lee's Mercury* states that "some surprise has been expressed at the absence of the Royal Princesses from the Queen's last Court. I am informed that at the last moment a difficulty arose as to the precedence to be accorded to the Duchess of Edinburgh. The Emperor of Russia instructed his ambassador here to claim for his daughter not only the *pas* before the Princess Beatrice, the Marchioness of Lorne, the Princess Christian, and the Princess Alice, but on certain occasions before the Princess of Wales herself. Of course the pretensions of the Imperial Russian Court in this last particular could not for a moment be admitted, and it is doubtful whether they will be in the other cases. In the meantime, however, and while this delicate matter is under negotiations, any occasion for bringing the rival claims of the Russian and English Princesses in conflict will be carefully avoided."

*Amateur Labourers.*

Mr. Ruskin has been converting some of the Oxford undergraduates to one of his particular "fads." He has long been protesting against the amount of time lavished on cricket, boating, and other fashionable out-door amusements, which, he considers, are purely selfish modes of getting exercise. The labour and actual amount of force lost thereby might be turned to very great advantage. So he has started a proposition to the effect that a party of undergraduates should give up these selfish modes of recreation, and arming themselves with spades and picks, should proceed to Hinkley, where the country is in a shameful condition, and by dint of hard work and perseverance clear the roads and turn the place into a beautiful environ of the city. The proposal has not been unfavourably met, and already some sixty undergraduates have enrolled themselves in his band of amateur labourers.

*Bird Duellists.*

A singular incident, illustrative of emulation, rivalry, overpowering envy, and jealous fury on the part of two birds, took place on the lawn in front of a residence at Madeley, Shropshire. The residents had been delighted listeners to the marvellously loud and thrilling out-pouring of rapturous song from the throats of two thrushes, that fixed themselves in two low trees at each extremity of the lawn. As soon as day dawned this "proud, imperious pair" broke forth into incredible efforts of emulative song, which might well win the attachment of their companions, whose love was, no doubt, the object they sought to gain; but this delightful music one morning suddenly ceased. The rivals, finding each a match for the other, engaged in a duel, and, overcome by passion rather than blows, fell dead at the same instant. The birds

were picked up by witnesses of this bit of bird tragedy and will be preserved, as become their deeds, in a glass case.

*A Remarkable Onyx.*

The latest advices from Italy state that there was recently found at the Villa Alfieri, near St. Croce in Gerusalemme, in the excavations, one of the most remarkable onyxes in existence. The man who watches the excavations for the municipality went into the works after the operators left to take a last look. He brushed his hand about in the dirt and returned, saying to the Secretary. "There is nothing but this little piece of glass." The little piece of glass, when cleansed off, was found to be this beautiful onyx. It is elliptical, fifty-eight millimetres in the larger axis, forty-three in the smaller. It originally represented two heads facing each other, but unluckily one head is gone. The remaining head is of a beautiful woman crowned with laurel and poppies, the attributes of which are those of Proserpine. It is very difficult to distinguish the Cinque Cento cameos from the antique. There are few original antiques in existence. The only certain ones are the cameo of Sainte Chappelle, two or three at Naples, and a few at Venice.

*Salaries in the Imperial House of Commons.*

The following list of salaries paid to officials in the British House of Commons will be found interesting. It is to be hoped the figures will not excite envy in the breasts of our own officials. The Speaker, Mr. Brand, has £5000 per annum, a residence, and a pension and peerage on retiring. The Deputy Speaker and chairman of committees, £1800; clerk, £2000; assistant clerk, £1500; second ditto, £1000; principal clerk of Public Bill office, £1000; principal clerk of committees, £1000; clerk of the journals, £1268; principal clerk of private bills, £1000; six senior clerks, each £300; twelve assistant clerks, each £390 to £590; twelve junior clerks, each £100 to £250; accountant, £500; deliverer of votes and printed papers, £500; Sergeant-at-arms, £1200; deputy ditto, £800; assistant ditto, £500; chaplain, £400; secretary to Speaker, £5,000; counsel to Speaker, £1900; two examiners of petitions, each £300; librarian, £600; assistant librarian, £100.

*The Coolest Yet.*

A San Francisco paper says: "Charles Meyer, a member of Company M. Twelfth Artillery, U. S. A., came to the city from the Presidio, and entered a beer saloon on Jackson street, known as the Boston Exchange. He remained at this place during the afternoon and night drinking. At half-past three o'clock yesterday morning Meyer danced with one of the waiter-girls, and after he had escorted her to her seat he took from his pocket a pistol, and placing it to his head fired with the intention of committing suicide. The course of the bullet was not such as Meyer wished, for it entered under the right eye, glanced downward, and passed out near the right carotid artery, producing an ugly and painful wound. The report of the discharge attracted the attention of Officer Simmons, who entered the saloon and saw Meyer standing in the middle of the floor bleeding profusely from the two wounds described, and at the same time he was smoking a cigar. As soon as Meyer saw the officer he handed him the pistol he had used, saying: 'This is the pistol I shot myself with. I wanted to kill myself; but I find that I am a poor shot.' Meyer was then taken to the City Prison, where his wounds were dressed."

*Behind the Scenes.*

Sothern, in an interview in *After-Dinner*, says: "Does acting tell on me? Yes, indeed, it does. Until within the last two years I have never given myself more than four weeks' rest in a year. I have noticed the wear and tear of my constitution because my labours are heavier than the public know anything about. I will give the work of one day, when there is a matinee. I perhaps have a scenic and property rehearsal at nine o'clock: a company rehearsal at ten o'clock, and this rehearsal lasts until one o'clock; I have half an hour for lunch; go on the stage at two o'clock, and act till half-past four; I dine at five; from six to seven rest; at eight o'clock on the stage again; the performance is over at ten and a half, or a quarter of eleven; and then I am so weary that after a light supper I am compelled to go at once to bed. In my early days when the star actor had to write out his own part, instead of buying printed books, I have frequently written and studied twelve long parts a week, and each of these were seven lengths, making an aggregate of twelve times three hundred and eight lines of fresh matter per week. This was to arrive at the mere question of getting the words into my head; the analysis of the character being another thing to do afterwards. I have had to study all day when I was not rehearsing or eating and to go straight home from the theatre at night and stay up till three and four and five in the morning; I have been obliged to get up at eight o'clock the same morning, read my parts over again and go to a rehearsal at ten o'clock. I got my memory so well cultivated that I at last would get my wife to read through a long farce, just repeating the long speeches twice, without ever having seen the words myself, and got through it actually every word."

*An M. P.'s Letter-box.*

A London correspondent writes:—The new members who have come to town daily receive all manner of strange circulars; here, for instance, is a list of "documents" received by one honourable gentleman since Thursday last—circular from a money-lender offering "favourable terms;" letter from the incumbent of a Western Chapel, setting forth the attractions of a ritualistic service; three copies of the *National Reformer* with articles marked; the *Sun* newspaper with an article on the Church of England marked; circular from a professor in a well-known college in London offering private lessons in the English language, literature, and rhetoric, to "gentlemen who have spent their early years in the honourable pursuit of wealth;" the *Sword and Trowel*, with two passages marked; a photograph of the Claimant, with the compliments and address of the photographer; an Atlantic and Great Western Railway prospectus; circular from a professor of deportment, offering private lessons in attitude, bows, motions, and much else besides, including "the Court advance and retire"—whatever that may be; five circulars from fashionable tailors, and three from fashionable shoemakers; a pamphlet on the potato disease; "Some Thoughts on the Mission," by an Eastern clergyman; the bills of fare and prices at nine hotels and restaurants; letter marked "strictly private," from the secretary of a public company, offering Mr. — a number of shares and an annual sum for "liberty to place your name on our prospectus;" circular stating that Messrs. S—and-so "execute commissions on all the principal events;" letters reprinted from the *Times* on the fire at the Pantheon; two copies of the *Rock*, on which, because of insufficient postage, there was a charge of twopence.