

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

The *Univers*, which has of late contained several articles, in tone and tendency, anything but favorable to the English alliance, publishes a leader on the English occupation of the island of Perim. The *Univers* recalls how two years ago the Russian occupation of the Isle of Serpents was treated by England as a *casus belli*. It says that the *Porte* has protested against *Kerlan's* invasion of its rights, and refers to "divers foreign papers" as affirming that the reclamations of Turkey have been supported by two Great European powers, who have invited England officially to declare its intentions regarding Perim. "The treaty of Paris has guaranteed the integrity of the Ottoman empire; England must restore Perim to Turkey." The *Pays* declares that this question will be submitted to the Congress at Paris. The *Univers* thinks that England will pay no attention to a simple protest, and says that in this conflict, as in the affair of the refugees, France, by its position and its interests, is specially charged with the maintenance of the law of nations. "The part is worthy of her, and we are convinced that the Government will know how to perform it." Considering the present state of the French press, and the favor which the editors of the *Univers* are said to enjoy at the Tuilleries, this language has some significance. The *Journal des Debats* says that the French and Russian ambassadors have already had a "conversation" on the subject; and that Turkey has already put forth a protest. There are two points on which we wait further information: Is Perim the property of Turkey? Does Turkey object to give it up?—*Tablet*.

The improvements and embellishments of Paris, within a few years, have been, however, on so large a scale, that it would seem allowable to rest for a time; but the active mind of the Emperor sees always something needed to be done immediately. One object, also, is to create work for the industrious; another, to improve the sanitary condition of the metropolis; and a third, to increase the comfort of the working classes. Ever watchful as the Emperor is that no portion of his subjects shall be oppressed by another section, his ear was opened to the increasingly dear rate of lodgings for the workman, which had become a real tyranny, and threatened to render the mechanic houseless. One great amelioration, therefore, has been, and continues to be, the building of houses suitable to these oppressed persons, in masses forming congregations of workmen, where cleanliness, airiness, light, and cheapness are combined, placed in localities contiguous to the scenes of labor. If we dare look with a prophetic eye forwards for a half-century, the gratifying spectacle might present itself of large towns quite cleared of crowded alleys and close streets, containing stifling hordes of a sickly population. The Emperor is at least trying to effect much towards this in Paris, and no doubt his example will be followed by other countries. His Imperial Majesty is efficiently seconded, I need not tell you, by the zealous and active Clergy of France in all his projects of benevolence towards the laboring classes throughout the country. Since the *congres*, as they are called, of the *Times*, we take pleasure in repeating any trifling anecdote of the daily walks and rides of the Imperial Family. Perhaps some of your readers may be interested in the following, as characteristic of the daily habits of the Emperor and Empress, ever mixing as they are, with the sweetest condescension, among all classes of their subjects. They had gone rather a longer journey than was usual for their promenade during the hot days, which glowed in Paris sufficiently to render it necessary to water the roads. The little Prince, who accompanied his august parents, felt the influence of the drying heat, and impatiently demanded something to drink. The Imperial *voiture* drew up before the Restaurant Bernard. The Emperor and Empress alighted, the Emperor carrying the child in his arms, and the party entered, without any ceremony, the common room of the humble restaurant, and asked for some *cau-sucree* and some milk, of which the Imperial Prince drank, and they all entered again the carriage. The stoppage had collected numbers of people, who seized the occasion to manifest an affectionate degree of enthusiasm.—*Paris Correspondent of the Weekly Register*.

HOLLAND.

In a letter from the Hague we are told that the *quid nunc* of the palace now declare that there is not a syllable of truth in the report that the Princess Alice of England would shortly be the betrothed of the Prince of Orange. It is even said that the Queen of the Netherlands was by no means satisfied with the reception she met with from the Court of St. James on her recent visit to England, and that no overtures will be made for the hand of the Princess Alice for the Prince of Orange.

ITALY.

A telegram on Friday morning announces that the King of Naples has signed an order restoring Parks (who was already on bail) to entire liberty, and allowing him to leave Naples. Watt, as our readers are aware, has for some time been in England, and (although without any recent accounts of his health) we trust on his way to recovery. Hodge has also been released by Sardinia, the French Government having withdrawn its demand for him.—*Weekly Register*.

RUSSIA.

The *Gazette of St. Petersburg* contains an article which maintains that, by the insurrections of the Christian populations and the absorbing action of Austria, the dismemberment of the Ottoman empire is imminent, unless Europe intervenes. The advices from St. Petersburg show that the emancipation question is still the subject of prime interest in that city, and no doubt throughout the empire. Alexander II. is impressed with an idea that progress in Russia can only exist by elevating the people and educating them in order that the masses may at least approach the intelligence of the Western nations. Twenty-two millions of peasants are awaiting these vast reforms, which if completed will in time change the whole character of the Russian empire. Nevertheless, the belief is entertained by cool spectators in the Russian capital, as well as by many persons in this country, that this great and apparently promising effort to abolish serfdom in Russia will fail, as previous efforts have failed.

INDIA.

The *Times*, after describing General Outram's able and entirely successful defence of the Alumbagh, and his resumed activity on Campbell's return, proceeds to paraphrase the somewhat enigmatical announcements of the Telegrams:—

The first thing we learnt in these proceedings was that Outram, after quitting the Alumbagh, had preceded the rest of the army, had crossed the Goomtee, and from that position was threatening the city with a strong force of infantry and artillery. For the comprehension of the operations which ensued the reader should understand that Lucknow lies between two streams,—the river Goomtee which forms its boundary and protection on the North, and a canal, which answers similar purposes on the South. These streams are nearly parallel in their courses along the city, but converge towards the East, and diverge largely towards the West. Our own approach was made by the Cawnpore-road from the South-west until we reached the Alumbagh, when we turned to the right, so as to open our attack on the place from the East. In this quarter, as in a species of suburb, are concentrated all the principal edifices of the capital. Close by a splendid park, called the Dilkosha, stands the Queen's Palace; the Park itself is skirted by the canal above mentioned, and between this canal and the Goomtee, distant only at this point about a couple of miles from each other, are massed the old barracks, the Secunderbagh, the Mess-house, and other large buildings familiar to us since the first advance of Sir Colin Campbell. To the west of these

edifices, just within the city proper, and abutting on the Goomtee, stands the Residency. It is a goodly building, as we learnt by previous despatches, had strongly fortified the line of the canal, and had occupied in large numbers the most defensible of the buildings we have described. Outram, however, by his flank march in advance, had succeeded in crossing not only the canal, but the Goomtee also; so that he threatened the city on its weakest side, and turned the defences of the canal, on which the enemy appeared to be relying. After this had been accomplished, the main body of the force, joined by Jung Bahadur and his Ghoorkas, proceeded to the attack of the edifices between the two streams, and carried them in succession with little loss. General Outram at the same time advanced from his position against the two bridges over the Goomtee, by which the city was approached from the North, and, having seized and occupied both, crossed one of them and marched straight into the town. This resolute movement decided the proceedings of the rebels, who rushed in torrents by our artillery, and fled panic-stricken from the place, leaving the capital of Oude virtually in our hands. At the date of our last advices nearly the whole of Lucknow was in our possession, the insurgents having decamped almost to a man.

Lucknow, is gained. Yet there are two opinions here as to the state of affairs, and, on the whole, a somewhat general feeling of disappointment. The end of the hostile force, either by surrender or destruction, had been confidently expected; instead of which, we have taken Lucknow; but the force by which it was held has escaped to give us trouble elsewhere. The next mail may bring us more positive intelligence. The fugitives may have been met and cut off by the troops on their march from the Punjab, or they may have succeeded in setting on foot a guerrilla war in Rohilkand, which will keep the embers of the war still glowing for some months, and which, even if not dangerous, will be doubly inconvenient and harassing to our forces, as the hot season is already setting in. How easily fresh disturbances may at any moment break out, is plain enough from the state of things even in Calcutta itself, as described by this mail. On the 3rd of March the whole city was in a panic, the volunteers called out, and cannon placed in expectation of an attack. The alarm had passed off; but it suffices to prove that there is still a good deal to be done before the Bengal Presidency returns to its normal condition. On the whole, however, our own expectations are sanguine; and if the success at Lucknow has been less final than we could have wished, we must note, on the other hand, that it has not been attended with the loss which there was too much reason to anticipate. All the casualties yet reported are 3 officers and about 100 men.—*Weekly Register*.

CHINA.

Braves were mustering in great numbers round Canton determined on an attempt to retake the city. The representatives of the allied powers were preparing to go northwards, but it is said that all thought of visiting Peking this year is given up. The inflexible, with Yeh as a prisoner, arrived at Singapore on the 1st of March.

THE ENGLISH IN INDIA.

The following story, which originally appeared in *Dickens's Household Words*, illustrates in a remarkable manner the mutual misunderstanding which is possible between two races influenced by entirely antagonistic motives of action.

I was once acquainted with a Frenchman who could smoke any two Germans down. He was an artist, and, when I knew him, an exile, having got mixed in some of the conspiracies against Louis Philippe; but he always declared that his uncommon skill in the art of consuming tobacco had been acquired during his residence in British India, where he was employed for years in copying sculptures and inscriptions from the ancient tombs and temples for the Institute of France. Of his own experiences in the land of the Brahmins, he was not inclined to talk much on English ground; but one evening when we sat together, and his long pipe was in full play—my friend was generally most fluent then—our conversation happened to turn on the extent of the empire England had obtained in the east.

"A curious study they are," he said, "the Hindoo and his ruler. Nature never intended the two races to occupy one country; suppose they were willing, it is an absolute impossibility that they could ever understand each other. The Oriental character and that of the Anglo-Saxon are the opposite poles of mankind; hence the rule of England in India has had no moral result. It has familiarized the native with European commerce, and, to a certain extent, with European science too, but the Hindoo and the Mussulman remain as far from Britain as their ancestors."

My response was about missions, and schools, and time.

"Well," said my friend, "we would never agree, and it's no matter; but I'll tell you an adventure which rather enlightened me on the subject when I was now in India." This he did as follows:—

It was at Agra, the ancient capital, where the sultans of the Persian dynasty reigned and built before the days of the Mogul. The modern city is still of great importance. There are holy places within its walls for Hindoo and Mahomedan, an English garrison, and a considerable trade; but all around stand the witnesses of earlier power and splendour—temples and palaces, and regal tombs—scattered for miles over the country, and intercepted by palm groves, native hamlets, and the bungalows of the English residents. I had a full twelve months' work among them, and among other acquaintances made in my peregrinations was that of an English family named Jackson. They had what might be termed a strong position in Hindostan. Mr. Jackson was a high law-officer for the province; Mrs. Jackson's brother was at the head of the Agra Custom-house; their son was a captain in one of the regiments of that native army by which England keeps her hold on India; and their daughter was married to one of the Company's judges in Calcutta. With their family interest so well represented, and titled connections in one of the midland counties in England, where they were born, you may believe that the Jacksons were rich and important people. They had a house in the city of Agra, chiefly for transacting business and an extensive bungalow in the outskirts, situated on the banks of a rivulet surrounded by a garden full of Indian flowers, shaded from the southern sun by tall palms, and commanding a glorious prospect of splendid ruins and eastern vegetation. There they lived in a degree of material luxury known only to the Anglo-Indian. Nothing was wanted that wealth could purchase, and they possessed the love of elegance and taste; so the great lawyer and his lady were considered the *elite* of Agra society, and my acquaintance with them could only be accounted for on the ground that the Europeans out of uniform were rather scarce, that life is somewhat dull in the Company's territory, that the Jacksons wanted their portraits, and that I was wanted to paint them.

They had resided almost 30 years in India, and believed themselves thoroughly acquainted with it and its people. So they might have been as regarded time and opportunity; but unfortunately the Jacksons had brought the English midland counties with them, and never could get rid of the burden. They reasoned on the dwellers by the Jumna exactly as they would have done on those beside the Trent, and applied the rules of conduct laid down for Jim and Bill, in all the rigor of their Angloism, to Ali and Ranoo. Mr. Jackson was an upright, honorable man, with little depth and much narrowness of mind. Of his spouse I will only venture to premise that she did not pretend to be interesting, and the only part of her conversation I recollect is a lament over the inferiority of meat in India, and a wonder that the Hindoos did not leave worshipping idols when they were told it was wrong. Their son—of

whom I saw a good deal, his English name being the same as his father's—was a handsome young man, with very red whiskers, and a great, though silent, esteem of himself; and of their daughter I know only that she was a young, married lady of remarkable propriety, and had two really beautiful children, twin boys, around whom the whole family's affection and much of its pride was gathered. The letters from Calcutta were full of them; their sayings, their doings, and their general progress. They were the theme to which Mrs. Jackson returned from the two leading subjects I have mentioned—the topic to which the lawyer came down from his official dignity, and on which the captain condescended to unbend his mind. The twins were now in their fourth year, but the old people had not seen them since their first summer. The distance between Agra and Calcutta made the visit of the judge's lady to her parents rather rare. However, in the third quarter of my acquaintance with the Jacksons it was publicly announced that Mrs. Lester was coming with the dear children, and I was engaged to paint their portraits.

Like most families of distinction in British India, the Jacksons kept a considerable retinue. The requisition of caste, which always limits the Hindoo's labor, and the indolence superinduced by a tropical climate, contribute to augment the number of these household troops. My friends had servants of all sorts and sizes; among them there was none in more esteem or trust than a native girl who acted as Mrs. Jackson's own maid, and held besides sundry important offices, such as the charge of the household linen and the dealing out of the spices. They called her Zelle; and when her good mistress was in a hurry, it became Sally sometimes, but I believe her proper name was Zelleya. She was a Pariah, at least she did not object to do or touch anything; but her appearance had something of high caste in it, for that peculiar institution of India has the advantage of making the classes known without the help of dress or equipage.

Zelle had the tall, slender figure, the features of that fine mould which might be termed the classical of Hindostan—the upright carriage and elastic grace, the long, shining hair and pure olive complexion, which distinguish the Brahmin's daughter. She was young, too—I think not more than 17. By the way, that is not counted extreme youth in the east; but there was a cold glitter in her black eye, which, in spite of so much beauty, would not have charmed me. I thought Captain Jackson had come to a different conclusion. The near neighbourhood of his garrison made him almost a resident with his parents, and my frequent visits in the double capacity of artist and friend to the family enabled me to observe that Zelle's dress, which was a tasteful compromise between the costumes of Europe and India, was always more studied and her black hair more carefully braided when the Captain was at home. Of course, it was by accident; but I once espied something very like an assignation in the garden, though, from circumstances too minute to be so long remembered, I believe that the siege did not advance so rapidly as the gallant captain could have wished; and Mrs. Jackson had a mighty opinion of her maid. It was not easy to make an impression on the heart of that very respectable lady; but Zelle had achieved it, for the girl was clever and handy. I was told she could mend and clear-starch, mark and cut out as well as any maid from England; that she had never been known to tell a fib, black or white; might be trusted with anybody's wardrobe or jewel-case, and gave no trouble about caste. Mrs. Jackson also said that the girl was sincerely attached to her family; and with good reason, for they had been great benefactors to her and all her relations; and the good woman was accustomed to relate how Zelle's life, as that of her four sisters, had been saved in their infancy by the Attorney-General's interference with that peculiar institution which, in some parts of Hindostan, saves the higher castes the trouble of providing touses and wedding-feasts; how her mother had been prevented from becoming a suttee by Mrs. Jackson's cousin, then in the Agra mission. "Though the poor creature was scorned for it by all her heathen people, and somehow fell into the Jumna afterwards," how her three brothers got advice and assistance from every branch of the Jacksons to take up honest trades, when the Company dispossessed them of some land to which they had no right in law; how, in consequence, one had a place in the Customs-house, one had become a soldier in the Captain's regiment, and one a small merchant in Agra. Mrs. Jackson always wound up that recital of benefits by stating that Zelle had been three years at the school for native girls; that she could read English as well as Hindostanee; that she never refused a tract, and the missionaries had great hopes of her.

Mrs. Lester's visit had been expected to take place in that cool and pleasant season of the Indian year which the English residents persist in calling the winter because it extends from October to March, and their Christmas dinners come off in the midst of it. Intervening between the time of rain and the fierce heat, it seems the natural season for travelling; but by those many casualties which beset the goings forth of ladies—who will take everything with them, as well as maids and children—the judge's spouse, for he himself, good man, stayed at home in hot Calcutta found it impossible to set out so early as she had intended; but as she travelled in the most expeditious manner, by boat and palanquin, it was hoped the family would reach Agra before the regular deluge set in. Meantime, my commission to paint the children had widened to a family group. Somebody had suggested that the moment of arrival would be the most striking scene; and as it was necessary to witness the ceremony before transferring it to canvas, I was bound to be at the Jacksons' bungalow in good time on the day the visitors were expected. Having English patrons to deal with, I was punctual. Mrs. Lester and company were due early in the afternoon, and the house was on the *qui vive* for hours; but there was no arrival. Towards evening the rain, which had fallen in occasional showers for some days, as it does at the beginning of its season, came down in good earnest, with a flag-end of a thunder-storm, which we heard raging far to the southward, and the Jacksons comforted themselves with the hope that the travellers had taken refuge in some tomb or ruin, of which there was no lack on their way, and should come on as soon as the storm ceased and the moon rose. It had been arranged that I should remain till the picture was finished, and a painting-room was assigned me accordingly, situated in a sort of wing which Mr. Jackson's predecessor had built for a ball-room; but the Jacksons being quiet people, who gave no balls, had divided it into three by partitions of Indian matting. The central division was my painting-room, rather better lighted than any artist would desire by two windows looking into the garden; to the right was my bed-room, and on the left a spare apartment, considered the coolest in the house, and therefore intended for the much regarded twins. Partitions of Indian matting, though cheap and movable, have two great faults—namely, that they allow sounds to pass readily, and are apt to show minute crevices when they get dry. I was standing close by the one which divided mine from the children's room, putting my colour-box in order by the last light of day—and the Indian night gives short warning—when through the heavy rain, which was coming down in water-spouts, there came a sort of half hiss, half whisper, the queerest sound that ever struck my ear. I was born in France; and what need of further apology? There was Zelle, alone and all wet, as if she had just crept in through the window, which stood open, taking out of her little grass basket something like a large green ball, which she carefully tucked in under the bolster of the bed. Which of her duties I could not guess; but she stopped out of the window, and closed it behind her so swiftly and silently that I could scarcely believe my eyes when I saw her glide away into the verandah.

The rain continued, but the weather was not so come. Mrs. Jackson hoped they had stopped for that day with some of the many friends they had on the road, and the family sat up, rest at the usual hour. But the dry season dried up rest in the usual hour. As in partitions, the rain had found one just above my bed, and poured in such a torrent that before it was discovered the chamber was perfectly uninhabitable. My good hostess, however, requested that I would occupy the children's room, for the night, and I had installed myself there, with candle and writing case, in order to write letters which were justly due to sundry correspondents, for I was not inclined to sleep.

The whole house was silent. It was near midnight; and I was half way in a letter of Armandino—we were friends then—when a slight rustle made me look up and there stood Zelle, as erect and composed as if she had come for one of the oft-mentioned tracts.

"Sally," said she, "there's a cobra in your bed; I smelt it as I passed your door, for my family were serpent charmers. What will you give me if I take it away?"

"How did it come there?" said I, pretending to write on, though my pen was making cobras on the paper, for the green ball I had seen taken out of the basket recurred to my memory, and I know the spider seemed to be one of the most deadly of its kind. The Portuguese settlers call it the capella or hooded snake, by which name it is known in Europe; but it had obviously not been placed under the bolster for me; and as Zelle replied quite innocently, "I don't know, Sally," my resolution was taken, though it certainly was not the best policy.

"I'll give you half a rupee," said I; and with a quiet gesture of assent to the bargain, Zelle approached the bed, turned the bolster, and without haste or fear, lifted out the deadly thing, coiled up exactly as she had laid it in; and, may I be forgiven, but I half wished it might bite her. Nothing of the kind happened to Mrs. Jackson's maid; she laid the cobra carefully into her muslin apron, opened the window, and stepped out into the garden. The rain had ceased, and the moon was shining. I saw her go down the walk straight to the outer gate. She opened it too, and I followed her; but long before I could reach the gate, it was looked behind her, and the girl was out of sight. I returned to my writing table, certain that she could come back for the half-rupee; and in less than half-an-hour, back Zelle came by the very way she went, and calmly closed the window, saying—

"Now, Sally, the cobra's at home with his friends, and has promised never to come near your bed again."

"Very well, Zelle," said I, getting between her and the door, "I have promised you a half-rupee, and I will give it to you, but I saw you put that cobra in the bed this evening. If you tell me why you did so I will not mention it to any of the family till you are two days safe out of the house and if you do not I will rouse them all and tell them this instant."

Zelle looked to see whether there was any way of escape but I had my eye on the window; then her face took the fixed, stony look of the Eastern, who knows his destiny is not propitious.

"Sally," said she, "I put it there to kill the judge's children. My mother sent it to me to be revengeful on the family for all the evil they have done to ours. Listen, and I will tell you the truth, for you do not come from England. My father was a Brahmin and a zemindar; he inherited his land by adoption in a family of our ancient neighbor Guzroo; and the Saib Lester, who then gave law in Agra, took it from him, saying he had no right, and it belonged to the Company. It had always been the custom to rear but one daughter in our house, and in due time that daughter was wedded, with a marriage feast becoming a family of high caste; but the Saib Jackson found out this custom, and so frightened our people with his law that all the girls grew up. When my father's soul departed, my mother determined to become a suttee according to the custom of her ancestors, that the family might have honor in this world and in Paradise; but the preaching Saib, who is also one of the Jacksons, talked so much that fear came upon her when the pile was ready, and she could not perform the ceremony. Now, see what the doings of these hogs, who eat everything, have brought upon my people. By the loss of his land, my father could not make the accustomed offerings; he therefore lost his standing in the temples and in the favor of the gods. By the loss of their inheritance my brothers were brought down to trades beneath their castes. There was no means to make marriage-feasts for five daughters; all sisters are therefore married to low-caste men, and I am a Pariah, drinking out of common vessels, and going abroad with an unveiled face. My mother was so despised by her neighbors and at the holy places that she would not live, but threw herself into the Jumna, an offering to the goddess Durga, who will not refuse even the polluted. By her favor she has reached the transmigration of the serpent, and sent the cobra to me that we might be avenged on this family, who worship nothing but rupees, and think to buy Heaven and earth with them. Now, Sally, give me my wages, for I have taken away the cobra and told you the truth."

I did not venture to reason with the maid of whom the missionaries had hopes. She took her half-rupee, and glided away to her own room. My own sleep was not sound that night, and in the morning Zelle was nowhere to be found. Neither mistress nor servants could give any account of her, but that she had performed her accustomed duties, and retired to rest as usual; that her room was all in order, and her trinkets and best clothes gone with her. I resolved to keep my promise, and let the two days elapse; but in the interim I could not resist telling the story to a countryman and confidential friend of mine, who had been for 15 years a silk merchant in Agra.

"Take my advice," said he, "and say nothing about it. I know something of the English; they'll wonder why you did not immediately tell her master—what business you had to look through chinks—in short, they won't believe you; and if the girl's disappearance produces no worse effect on your reputation you will be set down as a Jesuit in disguise; and I understand the Jacksons are stiff Protestants. Yet it might be as well to warn the family by an anonymous letter."

I took his advice, and the letter was sent, but not being in their confidence, the Jacksons never mentioned it to me.

The lady deeply regretted the absence of her handy maid. Mr. Jackson made diligent inquiries after her, but all to no purpose; but some time after, the part of her doings which most puzzled me was cleared up. Why, do you think, did she come to remove the cobra? Not for the half-rupee alone; but her brother, the merchant at Agra, happened to be the very man from whom I was in the habit of purchasing trifles for myself and presents for my friends at home, and the bill I owed just then saved my life.

The children arrived a week after, and I painted the family group. I saw Zelle dancing as a nautch-girl at one of the festivals at Delhi. I heard in the following summer that the twins had died from the bite of a serpent received in the garden of their father's country-house near Calcutta; and since then I never went to bed in India without looking narrowly under the bolster.

FROM A LADY INQUIRING THE CHARACTER OF A SERVANT.

MADAM.—Bridget Duster having applied to me for a place of maid of all work, I beg to learn of you, as her last mistress, her fitness for the serious responsibilities of that situation. Having suffered so much from the impertinence and wickedness of servants—(I have often thought they were only sent into this world to torment respectable people),—you will, I am sure, forgive me if I appear somewhat particular

in my inquiries. Experience, madam, has made me a little suspicious. There was a time when I thought the world as good, and honest as myself; but house-keeping wipes the bloom from the human heart, and makes us look our tea-caddies. I have kept house for five and twenty years, in which time I have been constantly undeceived to find a servant who should be without a fault; yet, though I have given eight pounds a year with tea and sugar, I would give believe it?—I have never once succeeded. However, I must say it, I like the face of Bridget; I never saw a deeper, smaller-pox. As for hands, some servants, I never have 'em; they always think more of their faces than their fire irons, and are pucker up their mouths at the looking-glass when they should be rubbing the door plate. Girls, too, I never suffer to cross my threshold. I know more than one instance in which curls have destroyed the peace of a family. For my money, a servant can't be too plain; in a word, I think ugliness to be a sort of cheap livery intended by Nature for maids of all work—it keeps 'em in their proper place, and prevents 'em thinking of foolishness. So far Bridget's looks are most satisfactory.

And now, madam, for the article of dress. Servants have never been servants since linse-woolsey went out. It makes my very flesh creep to see 'em flaunting about, for all the world as if they were born to silk gowns and open work in their stockings. I have seen a housemaid go out for the day with a parasol! I prophesied her end, and—poor wretch!—so it came about. What I have suffered, too, from such presumption! I once had a creature who copied every new cap I had, and so violated my best feelings under my own roof! Bridget looks a humble dresser, fit for a kitchen; I trust she is so.

I hope, however, she is sober. When servants are very plain, they sometimes, to revenge themselves on nature, fly to drink. This is shocking; for with such people, with all one's locking and bolting, the brandy is never safe.

In the next place, does Bridget break? Not but what I always make my servants pay for all they destroy; still, they can't pay for one's nerves. Again, there is this danger—they may break beyond their wages.

Is Bridget honest? Pray, madam, be particular on this point, for I have been much deceived. I once took a servant with the first character for honesty; and only a week afterwards, detected her giving three cold potatoes to a little hurly-gurdy foreigner with white mice.

Is Bridget civil? Will she bear wholesome reproof? A servant who answers is my abomination. It is clearly flying in the face of the best interest of society. Surely, people who pay wages have a right to find what fault they please; it is the natural privilege that marks the mistress from the maid. I would have a severe law to punish a servant who answers—even if right.

Is Bridget an early riser, without any reference to the time she may be allowed to go to bed? A good maid of all work should go to sleep, like a needle, and always sleep with one eye open.

Has Bridget any followers? Such creatures I never allow. I conceive a servant ought to be a sort of nun, and, from the moment she enters your house, should take leave of all the world beside. Has she not her kitchen for willing hands always to do something in? And then for company, doesn't she see the butcher, the baker, the dustman—to say nothing of the sweeps?

Is Bridget industrious—is she clean? I hope, for the poor creature's sake, that you may be able to answer these few questions to my satisfaction, when Bridget may immediately bring her boxes. With me her duties will be few, but they must be punctually performed. Indeed, I require a servant to consider herself a sort of human kitchen clock. She must have no temper, no sulks, no flesh and blood feelings, as I've heard impudent busses call their airs and graces, but must go as regularly through her work as though she was made of steel springs and brass pulleys. For such a person, there is a happy home in the house of your obedient Servant,

PAMELLA SQUAW.

FROM A SERVANT INQUIRING THE CHARACTER OF A MISTRESS.

DEAR MOLLY.—Finding that you're in place next door to Mrs. Squaw, and remembering what friends we used to be when both of us lived with the pastry cook, I have thought fit to write to you to inquire about your neighbour. It's all very fine Molly, for mistresses to haggle about the characters of their maids, but surely we poor servants have as much right to ask the characters of our mistresses. However, folks who pay wages will always have the upper hand in this world, whatever, to our comfort, may happen to 'em afterwards.

I thank my stars I don't judge of people by their looks, otherwise I wouldn't go into Mrs. Squaw's kitchen, if it was made of gold; she's dreadful ugly, to be sure, but I don't despise her for that, if her temper's sweet. I can't bear a mistress that's always nagging and nagging. A good noise once in a way I don't mind—it breaks up one's blood; but I have known mistresses always pushing their words at you and about you, as if they were sticking pins in a cushion with no flesh and blood.

How does she like her maids to dress? Mind I don't insist on ringlets in the house, but when I go out, I'm my own mistress. I've given up two places for my bird of paradise feather—it looks quite alive in my new chip!—and would give up twenty. After slaving among pots and pans for a month, it is so sweet to be sometimes taken for a lady on one's Sunday out.

And now dear Molly, tell me truly? does Mrs. Squaw drink? I have lived in one family where the mistress kept a bottle in a thing that looked for all the world like the covering of a book. No wages should make me do this again; and—perhaps I am wrong—but, looking at Mrs. Squaw, I thought I never saw a redder nose. When a mistress has such a habit, a poor girl's character is never safe.

I've agreed to pay for all I break, but that I don't mind, as I never break nothing—it's always the cat. But then I've known mistresses mean enough to put of a cracked basin on a poor servant. What is Mrs. Squaw's character for crockery?

Mrs. Squaw asked me if I had any followers, as she allowed of no such thing. I said—and truly, Molly—that I had nobody that followed me; but, Molly, there is a young man that I have followed these two years, and will, so long as I've eyes to stare and limbs to move. Such a sweet creature—six feet one inch and a half without his boots! Such a moustache on his lip—such a delicate thing, just the colour of a leech! He's in the Life Guards Molly; quite a building of a man. You can't think how fond he is of me; for these last two years he's smoked my wages in cigars. I lost one place about him, and gloried in it? It was one quarter day, and he came whistling about the area. Mistress saw his red coat, and ringing the bell, asked me what I meant by harbouring a low soldier! My blood was up like ginger beer.

It's all very well for you, ma'am, says I, to say low soldier. But ma'am, says I, "you don't know what it is to be courted by a Life Guardsman."

Oh, these mistresses, Molly! they think poor servants have no more flesh and blood than a porridge skillet. They can have their comfortable courtings in their parlours and drawing-rooms; and then, with their very toes at the fire, they can abuse a poor servant for only whispering a bit of love, all among the snow, perhaps, in the area. This is the treatment that often makes poor girls desperate, and drives 'em to marriage long after their time.

No followers, indeed! No: they think that the cat and the kettle and the kitchen clock, are company enough for a poor servant. They never think of us in the long winter nights, when they are playing at cards, or chatting with folks who've dropped in—they never think of us, all alone as we are, without a soul to speak to! No; we must have no followers, though, perhaps, the parlour's ringing again