

FALL FASHIONS.

(See the Illustration on Page 269.)

State Gray Tartan Dress trimmed with broad and narrow kilt-pleated ruffles of the same and folds of black grosgrain. Rivers, standing collar, and the waist trimming of the last mentioned material. The waist is finished with butters and heavy silk cord. Collar and cuffs of pleated Swiss muslin.

Fawn Coloured Bége Dress made with kilt pleated ruffles of the same material and folds and waist trimmings of a darker shade of silk.

Blue-Gray Poplin trimmed with puffs of the same and folds and falling collar of a darker shade of grosgrain. The front of the jacket and the sleeves are edged with *crêpelisse* rushes.

Dark Green Serge Costume The underskirt has a deep kilt-pleated flounce headed with a bias fold and a narrow ruffle. On this flounce are sewn at equal distances flaps of the same material as the dress which are trimmed with narrow silk braid. Overskirt and jacket have a similar trimming of braid; the latter having besides a knotted silk fringe and passanterie buttons.

Gray Poplin Dress. The underskirt is trimmed with broad and narrow kilt-pleated ruffles and folds of the same, the latter slightly embroidered. The overskirt is also embroidered and trimmed with gray silk fringe, grosgrain piping and buttons. Swiss muslin collar and cuffs.

Olive Green Silk, trimmed with gathered and kilt-pleated ruffles of the same, and grosgrain rolls and bows. The sash is also of grosgrain.

Cachemire Dress of any fashionable colour, trimmed with grosgrain folds and loops of the same shade and buttons. Pleated Swiss muslin collar and cuffs.

Lilac Grosgrain Dress. Underskirt *bouillonné* or puffed, with folds of the same material. Overskirt and waist trimmed with white lace and grosgrain fold; the sleeves slashed and puffed to match the underskirt. Swiss muslin chemisette, collar and cuffs.

Dark Brown Poul-de-Soie Dress trimmed with puffs of the same, folds and triangular pieces of light brown poul-de-sole, and fringe to match. Light brown sash of the same *Crêpe-de-laine* collar and cuffs.

Black Alpaca Dress trimmed with puffs and pleats of the same and black grosgrain folds. Swiss muslin collar and cuffs.

THE EMPRESS EUGENIE.

The October number of *Fraser's Magazine* contains an article entitled "The Empress Eugénie Sketched by Napoleon III." It informs us that when the Second Empire was to all appearance firmly fixed there was started in Paris, under the name of the *Dix Décembre*, a newspaper under the immediate control of the Emperor, in which articles were occasionally inserted proceeding directly from his pen. A sketch of the Empress, which appeared on December 15, 1863, was the first of these, and the manuscript draught, written entirely in the Emperor's autograph, was found afterwards when the catastrophe of Sedan placed the Provisional Republican Government in possession of the Tuileries. Of this curious document the magazine article supplies a translation made as literally as possible. It begins thus: "To-morrow is the *fête* day of the Emperors. The occasion is appropriate to say a few words as to her. Spanish by birth, and daughter of an illustrious patrician family (*une grande famille patricienne*), certain public organs endeavour continually to represent her as imbued with the most intolerant religious fanaticism and with all the prejudices of aristocracy (*de tous les préjugés de la noblesse*). It is hard that placed on one of the grandest thrones of the universe, her qualities should be thus misconstrued." Then follows an account of her father, the Count of Montijo, "one of those rare Spaniards who, inspired with a passionate devotion for the Emperor (Napoleon I.), followed him through all his wars." After the death of the Count the hospitable *salon* of the Countess at Madrid became the rendez-vous of the foremost intellects of all countries, diplomats, men of letters, or artists. Of this society the two daughters of the Countess formed the ornament. "The elder was quickly espoused by the Duke of Alva. The younger attracted remark by the most lively graces and the most amiable qualities of the heart. Surrounded often by persons whose sentiments were those of a period passed away, her early intelligence caused her to reject many of their ideas which she could not approve, and, whether influenced by the souvenirs of the years she passed with her father, or by the education she had received in France, or by a natural enthusiasm (*entraînement*), she was repeatedly heard to sustain in her select circle the cause of progress and of modern ideas." What is described as a curious incident of her life is then told: "Always inclined towards those who suffer, interested in all the oppressed, she nourished a secret sympathy for the Prince, who, victim of his convictions, was prisoner at Ham, and with her young voice she urged her mother to go and carry to the captive such consolation as might be possible. The Countess of Montijo had decided, it is said, to undertake this pious pilgrimage, when her object was suddenly turned aside by an unlooked-for circumstance. This sorely tried Prince (*ce Prince si éprouvé*) she was some years later herself to see—not in the confinement of a dungeon, but raised by national acclamation to the head of a great State; she was to exercise on him the attraction of her beauty, of her *esprit*, and of the unsurpassed nobility of her sentiments; she was to become a part of his existence and to share his destiny." After referring to the Empress's visit to the cholera patients at Amiens, her labors in connection with the charitable societies of Paris, and the "political fact and sentiment of justice" with which she had exercised the regency during the Emperor's absence in Italy and Algiers, the writer says: "Relieved of the occupations of duty, the Empress devotes herself to serious studies (*se livre aux lectures les plus sérieuses*). One may say that there is no economical or financial question to which she is a stranger. It is charming to hear her discuss with the most competent men these difficult problems. Literature, history, and art are also frequently the subjects of her conversations. At Compiègne nothing is more attractive than a tea party of the Empress (*ce que l'on appelle un thé de l'Impératrice*). Surrounded by a select circle, she engages with equal facility in the most elevated subjects of discussion or the most familiar questions of interest. The freshness of her powers of conception, the strength, the boldness even, of her opinions at once impress and captivate. Her mode of ex-

pressing herself, occasionally incorrect, is full of color and life (*Son langage, quelquefois incorrect, est plein de couleur et de mouvement*). With astonishing power of exactness in conversation on common affairs she rises in remarks on matters of state or morality to a pitch of real eloquence." The sketch concludes as follows: "Besides the intelligent woman and the sovereign prudent and courageous, it remains for us to show the mother, full of solicitude and tenderness for her son. It has been her wish for the Prince Imperial to receive a manly education. She causes statements of his employments to be rendered to her; she follows the progress of his studies; she, so to say, assists day by day in the development of that young intelligence, in that growth of mental power, which, in the inheritor of so high a fortune, is the pledge of the most brilliant future career (*à cette croissance d'espérance que chez l'héritier d'une si haute fortune est le gage du plus brillant avenir*)."

A BOX ON THE EARS.

The case of a pupil teacher who has been charged with causing the death of a boy through giving him a blow on the side of his head, is one which has excited a considerable amount of interest. We draw attention to the case, says a writer in the *Queen*, with no idea of moralising either on the necessity for corporal punishment or on its effect, or on the tendencies of boys to be tyrannical, or on the importance of keeping all corporal punishment in the hands of the head teacher.

Our desire simply is to convey a warning as to the possible—we may say probable—effects of "a box on the ears." Many people, otherwise humane, appear to imagine that a box on the ears is a light punishment, specially adapted to the construction of young children. They also appear to think—at least they act as if they thought—that the projection of the outer ear suggests ear-pulling as a modified form of punishment. The same persons who will strike children violent blows on the head with the hand, open or closed, would think twice before they struck with a cane or a pointer the outstretched hand of a child; and they might possibly object to a sound flogging administered in old schoolboy fashion.

But, of the three modes of punishment, the blow on the head is infinitely the more dangerous. The bones of a child's head are much more capable of being injured by a blow than are those of an adult person, and the ear itself is one of the most delicate and most delicately organized parts of the whole human body. A man would be considered brutal who hit a child's eye so as to deprive him of sight, or his nose so as to disfigure him. It is no less an injury to make a child deaf, or to cause injury to the brain, or to give rise to abscesses in the ear, or to injure the outer ear—and all these are accidents not uncommon in connexion with ear-boxing and ear-pulling, as practised. We are certain that much of the cruelty perpetrated in this way is done from sheer ignorance; if it were otherwise no words could be strong enough to stigmatize its barbarity. Even now, if people considered for a moment, they would see that the head is the part of the body where blows are likely to do most speedy and permanent injury. A servant giving a child a box on the ears would, in our estimation, have done a thing justifying instant dismissal. What a mother deserves who is guilty of such an action, we leave to her own conscience.

BURIED ALIVE IN ROME.

By MARY HOWITT.

Opposite to the Church of Madonna di Monti, in the Suburra, there rises, sadly and severely, the nunnery of the Buried Alive (*Le Sepolte Vive*). It is said to stand exactly on the spot where Julius Cæsar was born.

Whatever the legends say of the melancholy condition of the Vestal Virgins, it certainly was not to be compared with the voluntary nonentity of these nuns. The vestals were able to go out, were much honoured by the people, had the chief seats in the amphitheatre assigned to them, and the right of granting pardon to any criminal condemned to death whom they met on the way. True, any dereliction of their vows led to the actuality of a death of which the lives of these Christian vestals is a type. It does not, however, appear that the convent of *Le Sepolte Vive* is so much a place of punishment as to the amount of severity to which gentle, and often tenderly nurtured women will voluntarily submit themselves under the influences of their religious education. Nevertheless, how much suffering, what long and bitter regrets, what weariness, what misery of soul, what insanity, and even death, ensues there is never known. The burial tomb of the desecrated vestal in the *Campus Sceleratus* was not more silent regarding its inmates than have been the walls of *Le Sepolte Vive*.

The Buried Alive in the Suburra having taken their vows might never again leave the walls of the convent, might never hear any other voice than that of the confessor, might never again behold the face of heaven, farther than the little space of sky which was visible above their lofty walls. The holy affection of the family ceased for them, and whilst the nuns of other orders were permitted to receive visits of relatives, though separated by the grating of the convent-parlour, to these it was not allowed. The convent, which stands in a *cul-de-sac*, at the end of which is painted a crucifixion, is thus as silent within as it is without.

Admission, however, being allowed, the stranger finds himself, after passing through silent, gloomy corridors, in a large, silent reception hall, the walls of which are inscribed with sentences of stern religious instruction, well suited to those whose daily occupation it is to dig a portion of their own graves, lie down in them, and employ the rest of their time in the adoration of the blessed sacrament. A doubly-grated opening in one of the walls reveals a perforated plate of zinc, behind which the abbess, thickly veiled from head to foot, receives the visitor, herself unseen.

As these unhappy Buried Alive can know nothing of what occurs without the walls, hardly, indeed, knowing what occurs within, the consternation may easily be conceived that filled the whole community when the official announcement of a visit from the Government delegates was made known to them—of men not only empowered to visit them, but to take possession of, and even turn them out of, their sealed and sacred domicile.

What an excitement there must have been amongst them! Let us picture the scene. The men are in the house, and the women are summoned to their presence—the very abbess herself must obey. They are twenty-nine in number, and as

they are called upon in succession they come forward, like ghostly shadows, covered from head to foot in their thick black habits and veils, and sign their respective warrants of pension at the farther extremity of the hall by a half-light, keeping their backs to the officers, and then as instantly disappearing—vague apparitions, mournful spectres which had disappeared from the families of the living. Old were they, or young—who could say? Nevertheless, they were treated with much consideration, and as their house was not immediately needed for the use of Government, they are allowed still to remain. So there they still are, much more like characters in some novel of Mrs. Ratcliffe's than women of the present day.

The vows here are so strict that a double time of noviciate is allowed; but the black veil once assumed, it cannot be removed. It is said that Pope Gregory XVI., being desirous of proving the fidelity of the abbess, said to her "*Sorella mia, levate il velo*" (Sister, lift your veil), to which she replied, "*No, mio padre, e vietata dalla nostra regola*" (No, my father, it is forbidden to break our vows.).

The Princess of Wales, on her late visit to Rome, is said to have succeeded where Clement XVI. failed. She, it appears, having a great desire to visit the *Sepolte Vive*, and it being impossible otherwise to obtain permission, asked the favour from Pio Nono himself. He, charmed with her beauty and sweet manners, readily gave this unheard-of permission, granting her permission to see all those that she desired to see.

It is reported that when her wishes were made known to the cardinal in attendance upon them, he started at the request as impossible, but on hearing and seeing the Pope's authority, surprised and displeased as he was, nothing but obedience remained for him. To the melancholy Suburra accordingly the English prince and princess drove, accompanied by their cardinal; and, to the no small consternation of the portress, they were admitted, and proceeding to the silent hall, with its ghostly warnings in the heart of the tomb, presented their unheard-of demands to the veiled abbess behind the threefold grating. The princess wished to see the sisters. Impossible! But she had the permission of the Holy Father. What the abbess said I know not, but obedience to the head of the Church is part of her vows, therefore she obeyed; and presently nine-and-twenty closely-veiled women, like mournful spectres, entered the hall and took their silent stand in a long row, all their heads bowed down under their heavy impenetrable veils.

"But I must see their faces," said the princess, no doubt touched to the heart by the sight.

"Impossible! those veils never were lifted to the eye of man or woman."

But again she had the Pope's permission; and again, in obedience to the head of the Church, the abbess reluctantly yielded.

For a moment every veil was lifted, and the nine-and-twenty countenances, the heart-sick and the weary, the old and the young faces, unfamiliar to each other, were beheld for a moment by the stranger from another land—the heretic princess.

Whether the affair is accurately told or not, it is given as a specimen of the stories current in Rome.

The other day I learned a little fact regarding the interior life of the convent which is curious. One woman, and one only, lives in the Vatican—the wife of the general of the Pope's guards—and probably owing to the disturbance introduced in the *Sepolte Vive* by the pending changes, the rules there may be a little relaxed. At all events, this one lady of the Vatican took an American Catholic lady of her acquaintance to the *Sepolte Vive*. The stranger saw their faces, heard their voices. They made their visitors welcome, and conversed with them with great animation, not on their religious duties, but about their cats. The whole interest of their life and living was apparently concentrated on the cats and their kittens; in this way the pent-up tenderness of their hearts has found an outlet.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

Mr. Swinburne does not intend, it is said, to proceed for several years with the composition of the third (*Elizabeth*) of the set of three poems of which "*Chastelard*" was the first and "*Bothwell*" the second.

Garibaldi and Victor Hugo have been exchanging mutual admiration epistles. Hugo has undertaken to put the general's "Thousand" in a French dress. The "Reds" of Garibaldi are famous; according to Hugo they are more so than the "Ten Thousand," the latter being illustrious by their retreat, the former by their advance. Garibaldi is even greater than Xenophon who had in him only the soul of Greece, the general having the mongopoly of the souls of peoples.

The following are some of the new books announced for publication in England: A bi-centenary edition of Bunyan's "*Pilgrim's Progress*," which will be a reproduction in fac-simile of the first edition, with emendations from the second; an "*Illustrated History of the United States*," to be published in serial form by Cassell, Peter & Galpin; a series of lectures on "*The Mind and Art of Shakespeare*," delivered at the University of Dublin by Mr. E. Dowden, Professor of English Literature; a diary by Jacob Wainwright, Dr. Livingstone's servant, of the latter days of the great traveller's life and of his own vicissitudes during the journey to Zanzibar with Livingstone's remains; Mr. Farjeon's new Christmas story, in connection with *Tinsley's Magazine*, entitled "*The King of No-Land*;" and a collection of short stories, under the title of "*The Maid of Killeena, and Other Stories*," by Mr. William Black, author of "*A Princess of Thule*."

A correspondent of a Chicago paper describes as follows Robt. Browning's manner of composition: "From the apparent crudeness and carelessness of Browning's verse the opinion has been formed that he writes with a running pen. This is not true. His carelessness is studied; his crudeness is deliberate. Those intimate with him say he is artfully inartistic, that he never sends anything to the press which he thinks he can improve; that such faults as he has belong to his temperament so entirely that he cannot alter, in truth, cannot see them. He is sublimely indifferent to criticism; is on terms so admirable with Browning that no amount of fault-finding can disturb his composure. The more certain defects are pointed out the more he clings to and augments these defects, as is obvious from a comparison between his latest and his earliest works. Sometimes he composes with great ease, at others he labours over his verse ceaselessly, being more occupied with his thought than with its expression. He smiles complacently at the charge so frequently brought against him that he is not an artist. He counts himself an artist above everything, and really despises the judgment of those people who do not hold him at his own value. He has been called the poet of poets. He so looks upon himself; he avows that he would rather be held in intellectual esteem by a brother bard than to be applauded to the echo by a city full of ordinary people."