

A princess mocked with idle state,
A prisoned wife without her mate,
Can she her wrongs forgive?
In pity teach her to forget,
Or still the feeble life-pulse beat,
And let her cease to live.

Hardly had the strain died away when a warder came, and, bowing before the Princess with show of much deference, informed her that her dinner was served. Then she, meek as a lamb, rose, and, followed by her attendant, left the garden; and when I told my kinswoman of what had happened, and of the poor lady's sad song, she sighed, and seemed very sorrowful.

And it seemeth to me, also, that the poor lady is more to be pitied than Sir Walter himself, for he findeth constant diversion in the studies wherewith he occupieth himself, and is, moreover, comforted by the daily presence of his wife and children, to whom he is as the sun and moon and all the stars in the firmament of heaven. But this poor lady hath no one to love but Seymour, and she cannot fill her mind with the light and unsubstantial works in which she hath been wont to delight. It is lamentable to see such a gentle lady kept

in durance, as though she were some dangerous creature; and methinks the King would run no risk if he should dismiss her to some lovely wilderness, where she might have sunshine and freedom, for she is no more fitted to frame conspiracies or head plots than our little Lucy; and besides, she is his only near kinswoman. But for that drop of Tudor blood in her veins the poor lady might have been a happy wife and mother; now she is old before her time, and little likely to disturb the King long, poor soul! My kinswoman thinks that if he could only see her, he would take pity on her, and send for her husband, or let her go to spend the remainder of her days with him at the Hague, or wherever he may be.

Master Walter Raleigh saith that this Lord Henry Seymour, of whom she maketh such account, is little worthy of her love; that he would never have wedded her, but that he hoped through her to advance himself—a pretty popinjay, forsooth! He might have taken warning by the fate of Guilford Dudley and the sweet nine days' queen. It is no easy or pleasant seat that a queen's consort has in this land of England. Master Walter saith that if Seymour had had any pith in him he would have contrived the escape better; or,

failing that, that he should have returned to share his lady's fate. But if rumour say true, he is so far from having such thoughts that he is disporting himself in France, and never casts a thought on his wife, unless he can use her name to make money with.

It is fine to see Master Walter's eyes flash when he speaketh of any meanness. When time hath somewhat tempered his spirit, he will be a noble gentleman, worthy of the great name he bears. He is well skilled in all martial exercises, and plays divinely on the viol. Ah, me! if only the Queen had lived, how she would have delighted to advance his fortunes. But then his eyes would never have lighted on me, and I could only have beheld him from a distance, like some bright particular star that moveth in an orbit of its own, far, far away. Now ever and anon, as occasion offers, he seemeth to take pleasure in conversing with me; mayhap because, being accustomed to consort with Benjamin, I am not altogether unfamiliar with the thoughts and fancies of young gentlemen; and Master Walter seemeth to find it pleasant to open his thoughts to one who is ready to listen and to feel interest in what he saith.

(To be continued.)

LONELINESS.



WHEN I am all alone

My steps I tread in strangesome land,
Where Spirits of the Just demand
That I for sin atone.

When I am all alone
With aching heart the past I view,
And vow my life to live anew,
And worldly gods dethrone.

When I am all alone,
Abased in self-contempt austere,
Sweet ministers from Heaven appear
To draw me near the Throne.

To loneliness I own
Is due dear glimpse of yonder shore,
Where, by His mercy, nevermore
Shall I be left alone! C. P.

O'ER THE SEAS AND FAR AWAY.

By "MEDICUS."

"And I have loved thee, Ocean, and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward; from a boy
I wanted with thy breakers,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do
here."

I LOVE the sea, and have loved it ever since I could lip the name. A love like this is perhaps not to be wondered at in one who is sensitive and impressionable, with perhaps a slight leaning to poetry and romance. Besides, my mother was a soldier's daughter, and had herself been much to sea in the days of her childhood. And many was the story of old Ocean I used to listen to, and many the song as I sat by that mother's knee in the long

forenights of our northern winter. I might recall those songs, one was:—

"The sangs my faither lov'd to hear,
The sangs my mither sang,
As she rock'd me in my cradle,
Or crooned me on her knee;
And I wadna sleep, she sang sae sweet,
The dear auld sangs to me."

Yes, and in the summer nights, when all was still, we were near enough to the beach to hear the boom of the breaking waves, and to be lulled to sleep by the soothing sound.

Nor was this all; wasn't there Uncle Sandie, my sister's uncle, and *mine par excellence*, so I thought. Captain of a merchantman was Sandie, though once he had served in the Royal Navy. And how eagerly we looked

forward to his periodical home-comings from far-off ports beyond the sea, and how joyously we used to rush to meet him and tow him into harbour, as he himself used to call it, I need not describe to any girl who happens to be blessed in the possession of a sailor uncle.

Bracing, breezy, racy, and rosy was Uncle Sandie, and redolent of the brine and ozone of the ocean tracks his ship had ploughed. He too used to spin us strange yarns—mostly true, I suppose—and sing us songs. Ah! yes, and Sandie's voice had the ring of the sea in it too! Listening to him, you might imagine you heard the winds making glad music through rigging and cordage, or, still listening, you had but to close your eyes to see his barque far away on the waves, rising and falling, dipping, and curtseying to every advancing billow.

Is it any wonder I love the sea? any wonder I spent so many years on it? or any wonder that, whenever I feel weary and sleepless, I long to go afloat once more?

Well, at sea you *can* sleep. The sleep of the mariner and that of a child are very similar. Both are rocked to sleep, one might say; the sailor certainly is rocked in the cradle of the deep.

Now I envy those people who own large yachts of their own; indeed, they are the only people on earth I do plead guilty to envying. But just fancy having a beautiful yacht all your own, heeling over to the touch of the lightest wind, or running before it on an even keel, like a bird of the ocean; her decks like ivory, her sails like the wings of a gull; every rope taut and trim, polished wood-work with a sheen like glass, and brass-work glancing like gold in the sun's glad rays.

And day following day on the silver seas of the tropics, bringing neither care nor sorrow any more than it does to the glad fish that leap from the blue sides of those sun-kissed waves. Green islands to visit, that with their coralline strands seem, at a few miles' distance, to hang in the clouds as if veritable fairylands.

Under such circumstances, who would not sing with the poet?:—

"I'm on the sea, I'm on the sea,
I am where I would ever be,
With the blue above and the blue below
And silence wheresoe'er I go!"

But there, I must pull myself up with a round turn, as seamen say. I must not permit my imagination to run riot; I must return *once more to the purely practical*.

However, next thing to having a yacht of one's own is to secure a passage to some far-off land in a well-found and comfortable trading ship. I hinted this much in my last paper. Perhaps your ship should have to make the voyage to Australia, touching at many ports on her way out, and being upon the whole in no particular hurry. Fancy the delights of landing in Spain! I do not say that some of its maritime towns may not look better from the sea than on closer inspection; but there is much that is beautiful in Spanish towns, much that is strange and new. The suburbs too are often delightful; the people are quaintly, almost *stagily*, dressed—if I dare coin a word—and Spain, with all its faults, is really a land of music and romance.

But there are many far more lovely countries or islands you might have a chance of visiting *en route*. There is Madeira, for instance—a land of mountain and flood, wild wooded glens and roaring torrents. There is the Canary group of islands, and the mighty mountain, Teneriffe; there is St. Helena, and the Azores, and, last of all, the Cape itself, its hills all ablaze with gorgeous heaths and geraniums.

If you needed rest after so much sight-seeing, you would soon have it, for betwixt the Cape and Australia stretches the widest, most lonesome ocean I have ever been on. Six thousand miles, and mayhap you will not meet a ship all the voyage, and hardly pass an island within sight or hail! With the wild birds of the ocean and the denizens of the deep long ere you reached a haven you would become perfectly friendly and familiar. And so accustomed to the sea and everything connected therewith would you soon become, that when at last the green waving shores of the new land hove in sight, you would sigh to think you must leave your ship.

But then the pleasures in store for you in that new country! I must not descant on these. Rather let me give you some hints how to live in tropical countries so as to retain your health, and return home not looking yellow and withered, but as fresh and pure as

the daisy that grows on the hill-side, with eyes as bright as diamonds, and lips like roses wet with dew. Ahem! I really begin to think nature meant me for a poet, and not for a medico.

No one going abroad to reside for any length of time in a hot country, should omit previously possessing herself of a little medicine-chest. The medicines contained therein should be simple and efficacious, and your own doctor would be the best man to consult as to what you should take and what you should leave.

In nearly all foreign countries you will find resident British doctors. Well, if these are men of some experience, men who have been for some considerable time in the country, you had better put yourself under the care of one of these if taken suddenly ill; but in countries not under British dominion, but probably Spanish, you will usually find that the foreign doctor knows quite as much as the British.

Chronic Indigestion.—This is a most troublesome ailment of tropical countries. And I think it is nearly always brought on by want of care in eating and drinking, or by living a badly-regulated life. The complaint is characterised by a want of tone in the whole system, so that there is not a sufficient amount of food digested to supply the extraordinary waste occasioned by the climate. The nerves become weak and a bit shaken, as it is called. The tongue is generally furred, the face drawn, and eyes far from clear, and there is a disagreeable taste in the mouth in the morning.

As the sufferer from this complaint is nervous, she naturally fancies she is going to be seriously ill, and that her trouble means the beginning of a general break-up. The spirits are depressed; but it is just as wrong to give way to this depression as it would be to take wine or any other vinous stimulant under the mistaken notion that the strength could thereby be kept up. Stimulants never fail to heat the blood in tropical countries, and render the body uncomfortable; but in spite of this people too often fly to them whenever they feel a little languid and low. Ice is freely used under the utterly mistaken notion that this will counteract the feverish effects of wine, and render it simply tonic and invigorating. In this chronic kind of dyspepsia the diet must be simplified and studied; hardly any meat used for a time, but soups, eggs cooked in a variety of ways, fish, puddings, bread, toast, etc. Rest must be enjoined, and sleep in the afternoon. A first attack is soon got over; but it ought to be a warning. A salt-water bath in the morning—especially the shower bath—does much good. Wear light clothing, but of a woollen texture. Pepsin may be taken, and if much irritability of the stomach, about five grains of bismuth twice a day, half an hour before meals. The new table salt, Pepsalia, is invaluable in such cases. A mixture of infusion of gentian, with ten drops of nitro-muriatic acid, may be taken immediately before meals three times a day.

Aperient medicine should be used with discretion. Perhaps the best thing of any to keep the system free, without causing debility, is the compound powder of liquorice. It contains a little senna among other things, and is very gentle in its action.

Milk may be taken to any reasonable extent, but it is better to be peptonised.

Well, there is such a thing as the system becoming too open, and attacks of diarrhoea being the result. This is a state of matters that requires instant supervision, else it may lead on to that scourge of hot countries medical men call dysentery.

Absolute rest must be enjoined while an illness of this kind takes place. A milk diet will do good, with eggs and arrowroot; but fruit and vegetables, and meat itself, must be abjured for a time, and the advice of the best

physician in the place obtained. I never meant to say a word about either cholera or dysentery in this paper, and will not. I have no desire to frighten my tropical readers. But this I must say—these diseases attack the weakly in preference to those who are better fortified. Therefore, prevention is better than cure. If sustained by good food, and all the incalculable benefits that accrue from regularity in living, you may walk scot-free in the midst of plague and pestilence.

Well, now you have all heard of *ague* and remittent fever, and it is what are called little touches of these occurring again and again that tend so much to age young ladies who reside in tropical countries, so that, when they return home at last, they look more like the ghosts of their own grandmothers than the fresh, clear-complexioned girls they ought to appear.

To avoid these fevers, you must study at all risks not to reside anywhere near marshes, or if you must, try to be on that side which sailors call windward. In India, for example, for a great part of the year the wind may blow in the same direction. But it is best to dwell on high, dry ground, and the lower floor should be raised above it, so that a current of air shall sweep right through underneath.

It is a good plan to endeavour to secure a holiday at the most malarious season, to get away to the hills or down by the sea, or to take a short sea trip itself even.

Coffee is said to be a preventive; so is quinine; but I hardly know a worse habit than that of taking quinine constantly. The system gets injured to it at last, and so, when it would really be useful, it is of no avail.

I ought to warn my Indian readers to put but scant faith in the many quack tinctures, powders, etc., that are sold for the relief or cure of *ague*. They are at the very best but palliative, and often do more harm than good, many containing mercury in somewhat dangerous doses.

Remittent Fever is a kind of *ague*, in which the symptoms never distinctly intermit, though they decrease. This terrible trouble is more likely to attack those new to the country than others. The exacerbations usually come on every day about mid-day for many days running, there being a slight cold stage, and very feverishly hot stage. The tongue becomes furred and dry; there is very severe itching with great headache, and finally sweating.

The spirits are greatly depressed, and bilious symptoms often run very high, amounting even to a condition of jaundice.

During the sweating stage of this, and even *ague*, relief may be found in sponging the body, one part at a time, with a little water, to which a good toilet vinegar has been added.

The after-effects of these fevers are usually distressing. There may be neuralgia in different parts of the body, great prostration of strength, with pallor or even sallowness of countenance and even loss of flesh and general debility.

Then, too, enlargement of the liver may occur. Dropsy may also take place. Such cases of course can only be treated by a properly qualified medical man, and the only advice I can give, in a paper like the present, is that we must, by obedience to all the laws of health, and attention to everything that tends to strengthen and tone the body without heating it, endeavour to avoid them. But do not forget that even the strongest constitution will succumb to the constant breathing of a malarial-laden atmosphere.

Barley-water or toast-water, to which a squeeze of lime fruit has been added, is a cooling and demulcent drink. But all water must first be boiled, then allowed to cool, and afterwards filtered. I feel sure, if people would only attend to this rule there would be far less malarial fever about.

Exercise in moderation, plenty of fresh air, avoidance of heat, dew, and fogs, with the morning tub every day, will help to keep fever at bay.

Sunstroke, as it is called, is an ailment of tropical countries which, happily, can usually be avoided except by soldiers, or those that are *volentes volentes* exposed to great heat coupled with fatigue. I need not say that such an accident, if accident it may be called, is replete with danger.

There are various degrees of sunstroke. What is called heat exhaustion depends upon a weak and enfeebled condition of heart and brain, brought on by exposure to great heat—especially if the individual be weakly, or has been fasting for any length of time. There is a considerable degree of faintness, with some nausea or sickness, or the sufferer may faint dead away, lying insensible for a time with pale face, clammy skin, and interrupted breathing.

The individual should be taken at once into the shade, but not out of the air. She ought to be laid in a horizontal position, with the head slightly raised, and wine or diluted brandy administered. But *not* cold to the head—ice to head and spine might be fatal in a case of heat exhaustion.

But heat *apoplexy* is a different thing, and depends not on an exhausted but a congested condition of brain. The face, in a case of this

kind, is flushed, the eyes bloodshot, and the pulse strong, while the skin is dry and hot. Get medical assistance as speedily as possible. Meanwhile remove the patient to the coolest place there is, and apply ice, if it can be had, to both the head and the upper part of the spine.

There is a kind of rheumatism, or rather *myalgia*, a name given to muscular pains not uncommon among those exposed to wet in warm countries. I believe it is more akin to true rheumatism than most people are aware. At all events those whose blood is sweet and pure instead of being acid are less prone to it.

Advice should be sought as soon as the very first symptoms appear, for the case may end seriously.

Well, now, from all I have said in this short paper, it may be gathered that the only way to insure good health in tropical countries is to make one's self well acquainted with the laws of hygiene, and to obey them to the letter: to carefully avoid exposure to damp, dew, wet, heat, and, above all, malaria; never to over-fatigue or over-heat the body; to wear light woollen material next the skin, and to live within bounds in the matter of eating and drinking. Easily digested foods are the best. Indeed, some officers that I have been messmate with out in India ascribed the wonderful health they enjoyed to the fact that to a great measure they lived on somewhat similar diet

to that of the natives. Well, this is chiefly vegetarian. But although curry is excellent, too many fiery sauces should be sedulously avoided.

The tonic I spoke about, namely, dilute nitro-muriatic acid in the infusion of gentian, is a very simple one, but should be taken for three weeks at a time whenever the liver is a bit out of order, and the system weak or low. This is the best tonic you can take for clearing the complexion.

If the gums and the face be pale, a little course of quinine and iron may be indicated, or simply ten drops of the dialysed iron thrice a day for two or three weeks. Take this in water after the meals.

Iced water is certainly very pleasant, but it should be used with caution, while all kinds of iced cups are best avoided.

Use only rain water for ablution, or soft water when rain water is not to be had; but this should be boiled, filtered, and cooled first. If for the face, the addition of a little toilet vinegar and a morsel or two of ice will be found very agreeable.

Great care should be taken of the teeth in India, or assuredly the digestion will suffer. Not only should they be carefully brushed every morning and night, but after every meal.

In conclusion, let me once more impress upon you the fact that more harm than good is usually done by eating too much or too often with the idea that the system must be supported.

TESSA AND TONINE.

A STORY FOR YOUNGER GIRLS.

By AN ITALIAN COUNTESS.

CHAPTER V.

TESSA looked on with all the pleasure she felt reflected in her happy little face. Only once had she known such pleasure, when some friends in Paris took the children to Passy for a day's frolic in the woods; but somehow it was not like this. It was when *la madre* lay ill, and she was so sad all the day because she was not there.

But she must not think heavy thoughts any more—it would not be grateful to these kind *signori*; and as they had now taken their seats under the colonnade, Tessa and her brother were called by Signor Monti to help to amuse their kind friends.

Tonine had a quantity of rich brown hair, of which his poor mother was very proud, and had trained it to fall back from his wide low forehead in curls; and now he advanced in the midst of these grand *signori*, harp in hand, and shook his curls back.

Tessa had chosen the sweet, tender air of "Home, Sweet Home," for beginning with—the dear old English melody so much thought of by all loving hearts; and she played it with a grace and feeling, accompanied by Tonine on his harp, as astonished all those who listened.

Italian airs followed, and then some one asked Tessa if she could sing; for the child's playing was so wonderful for her age, as was also Tonine's, that all saw it. Tessa replied with a blush of pleasure at the praises given to herself and brother—"Un *pocotino*"—"A very little").

"Well, what will you sing?" asked the Rev. Mr. Jones.

Tessa's voice was a good one. Her mother had possessed that sweet grace of womanhood, a pathetic, musical voice; and her child inherited her gift of song, and her sensitive southern nature was brought out by the sights and sounds around her.

The child waited a moment, and said something about *la madre* having taught her a hymn; she would sing that if the *signori* permitted; and then, in a sweet, childlike manner, and in soft soprano tones, accompanied by Tonine's harp, the lovely Notturmo, "*Oh, Notte Stellata!*" ("Oh, Starry Night!").

The rendering of this almost sacred song delighted the assembled guests, more especially the reverent gravity in the words, "*Oh, Dio di bonta, Dio d'amore,*" which impressed more truly both Signor Monti and the Rev. Mr. Jones of the careful training given to them by their poor mother.

Indeed, Tessa was herself greatly touched by the scene and the sights around her. From the woods near by the birds sang their farewell to the departing day; the soft murmurings of the insects as they wandered here and there from flower to flower, as though selecting the daintiest couch for their rest. From the distant fields came the lowing of the kine; and the soft baa-ing of the lambs trotting by their mothers to their beds varied the pleasant sounds of the happy children at their play, and the laughter of their parents, who rejoiced in their happiness.

And then the eventide came on; the sky became flecked with a soft primrose and rosy light, the dew began to fall, and thus all things seemed to catch the loving light of God's great mystery of beauty shed over this lower world, giving to all the sabbath of rest.

The drive home in the still evening seemed to these children, with their evidently bright imagination, like a glimpse of Eden.

They were very quiet the rest of the drive, and when the wagonette stopped at their poor lodgings—for Miss Power took them home—their thanks were warmly given, and their farewell an Italian one—a respectful kiss on her hand, with "*Felicissima notte, cara signora,*" and "*Mille grazie!*"

The next morning the children slept later than usual, the unusual pleasure of yesterday having fatigued their minds with the sights and pastimes in which they had played their parts. Tonine still slept, and Tessa's willing hands were preparing a basin of bread and milk for him.

"Poor Tonine!" said the child softly. "*La madre* told me to be kind to him and love him, because he was not so strong as I. But he is better and a great deal stronger now, although he is still so much less than I am. I wonder if *la madre* knows how I try to do all she bade me do? Ah! if we had her now—if she had been with us yesterday, and seen that lovely place on that hill! What a deal she would have told us about this beautiful world, and the stars, and all that God gave us to make