

TO HOLIDAY-MAKERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HOW TO BE HAPPY THOUGH MARRIED," "MANNERS MAKYTH MAN," ETC.



FTER shutting up her house for some time a woman used a weak tincture of iodine to stain herself and her children brown, and then succeeded in con-

vincing all the neighbours that she had been to the sea-side. Were not this woman and her family better at home than "enjoying" the sea-side or travelling abroad in the

silly, hurrying, uncomfortable way in which it is usually done? Certainly, foreign travel and trips to the sea-side may be the best and most intelligent forms of recreation, but only when they are properly planned and conducted according to wise method. Globe-trotters neither improve themselves nor increase their happiness when they rush over a number of countries, just to have to say they were in them. And how is health benefited by leaving a comfortable home and living in some unsanitary dog-hole of a lodging by the sea-side?

If foreign travel or a holiday at the sea-side or in the country is to be followed by the advantages expected, it must be entered upon in the right spirit. When we reach a period of recreation we should shun sights, if we honestly have no appetite for them. I think of the story of a man who set off with the professed intention of visiting France. When he got to Dover he changed his mind; and, sitting down on the cliffs, looked at France across the Channel.

"Well," said his friend, when he returned, "and what do you think of the French?"

"Much as I did," he replied, "only they appeared rather distant."

He was not going to put himself out by doing violence to his legitimate inclination when he went out for a holiday. He knew that what does good in a holiday is complete rest and change, so he declined seeing that which he intended to see because it did not fall in with his humour.

When taking a holiday we should, of course, try to cultivate our tastes and to enjoy beautiful things and places, but we waste both time and money if we make a labour of a pleasure. For this reason we should follow our real desires rather than conventional got-up ones. Why, for instance, should farmers force themselves to "do" picture galleries, and pretend to love church architecture? *Revenons à nos moutons* should be their motto. If a man prefers wandering through

back-streets, so as to study the manners or want of manners of the inhabitants, he does not commit a crime in staying away from more conventional sights. Having paid your money, you yourself, and not other people, should choose your "objects of interest." Do not be afraid of the catechism of your friends on returning home. To the question, "Have you seen this or that?" there is no disgrace in answering, "No, I did not care to see it."

"Sir," said Dr. Johnson to a fine gentleman just returned from Italy, "some men will learn more in the Hampstead stage than others in the tour of Europe." Ordinary people cannot bring on their tours great knowledge and powers of observation. We are not scientists like Sir Charles Lyell, of whom it was said by those who had travelled with him, "That to see him hanging out of the window of a railway carriage to watch the geological formation as he passed through a railway cutting, was as if he saw the sides hung with beautiful pictures." Still, we petty men can learn much if we travel open-eyed. "The wise man's eyes are in his head; but the fool walketh in darkness." Nothing more distinguishes one person from another than a difference in their powers of observation. These powers, however, may be greatly improved by cultivation. Always try, whether at home or abroad, to see all you possibly can. Look at a shop-window and see how much you can carry away at a glance—not feloniously, but in your mind's eye; then look again and see if you cannot take in some more objects. By such simple means habits of observation are acquired. Children should be encouraged to see all they can. I know several officers who have been all over the world and seem never to have seen anything; and yet they were not blind—they were only victims of that common malady, "the disease of not marking."

Long ago Horace advised his ailing friend to take a holiday as his best cure, and to give a slip to his client through the back-door. This was excellent advice. When we go from home we should give our business a slip, and forbid letters or messages or anything that would make us think "shop" to be sent after us.

"Fret not thyself" is the practical advice of the Psalmist, which should be laid to heart by tourists. Have you made up your mind to spend fifty or a hundred pounds? Put the money in your pocket, and return when it is expended; but do not grieve about every supposed over-charge, or imagine that "all is lost" when a single shilling cannot be accounted for, and that, therefore, "these scenes" are not any longer "so charming." Again, many tourists are slaves to their clothes, and are too anxious about bag and baggage to enjoy anything. We once travelled with an old bachelor who was much disappointed with the Alps. Why? He saw them not; for he was thinking

of, and boring us about, those pills he had forgotten at Paris! Nor should we *think back* in a remorseful way on sights we have missed or mistakes we have made. "Things without all remedy should be without regard."

On every trip you meet two classes of travellers. One is always complaining of the dust, the noise, the disagreeable people. When the weather has been very dry for a long time, and it at last changes, the grumbler, being unable to complain of the rain, complains that it did not come sooner. Very different is the easily-pleased traveller. He cannot go half a dozen miles without meeting some agreeable companion or some interesting adventure, and if the weather is not quite perfect he tells you cheerfully that "*any* weather is better than none."

An American lady the other day in Paris saw a beautiful globe in a shop-window. She went in and asked the price.

"A thousand francs" (£40).

"Well," she said, "it certainly is very elegant, but it would be better if there were not so much of that ocean. Just put in a few more islands and I shall give you the thousand francs."

Some people on their return from travelling are equally disappointed with what they have seen of the world. If only they had made it, there would have been less ocean and more islands, and the whole thing would have been turned out in better style! The last motto we should bring with us on our travels is that dismal one, *Nil admirari*.

"Smelfungus," says Sterne, "had been the Grand Tour, and had seen nothing to admire; all was barren from Dan to Beersheba; and when I met him he fell foul of the Venus de Medici, and abused her ladyship like a common fish-fag."

"I will tell it," cried he—"I will tell it to the world!"

"You had better," said Sterne, "tell it to your physician."

This grumbling, fault-finding disposition, when it is not the result of ill-health, is generally a habit which has been carelessly formed. The will has much to do with it. Resolve to be bright and easily pleased during your holiday-trip, and you will move through a world the exact opposite of that in which Smelfungus lives.

When Boswell was about to start for a tour on the Continent, in his sentimental way he began to imagine whole hosts of possible worries which might await him. While he was weaving his silly fancies, a moth fluttered into the flame of the candle and was burned; upon which Dr. Johnson silyly but gravely remarked—

"That creature was its own tormentor, and I believe its name was Boswell."

Next day the doctor honoured his biographer by accompanying him as far as Harwich, where they dined at an inn by themselves. Boswell happened to say it would be "terrible" if his friend should be detained long in such a place.

Johnson: "Don't, sir, accustom yourself to use big

words for little matters. It would *not* be terrible, though I *were* to be detained some time here."

If one is to get good out of a holiday, one must take pleasantly any roughing that has to be done—not imagining it to be a "terrible" evil, and not going half-way to meet possible troubles. Certainly the old lady of whom the following is told could not have greatly enjoyed her excursion:—

Almost immediately after the steamer on which she was had started, she went up to the captain and asked him if there were any danger.

"No danger," was his reply, "but there seems to be much fear."

It is a difficult but most important matter to find a congenial travelling-companion, for iron sharpens iron, and joys are doubled when shared with a sympathising friend. Travelling-companions, however, should have, as nearly as possible, the same tastes, and, above all, the same length of purse. Does our companion care for nothing on earth but a cathedral, a waterfall, old ruins, ancient masters?—while we ourselves care for nothing in particular? Then we shall feel far from happy, leaving our premeditated route, spending money, and generally boring ourselves, all to see his hobby.

Many people take their holidays in too great a hurry. They rush from place to place, are in a worry about their luggage and impedimenta, and do not take that which brain-workers especially require—rest and recreation. The holiday of a wise man is "idle time not idly spent;" but nothing can be more idly spent than the time of rushing, scratch-surface, yet think-they-know-all-about-it globe-trotters. A fortnight in a farm-house at home, or at the sea-side, if comfortable lodgings can be obtained, is often far more beneficial than this rush on the Continent. At the same time, the variety of language, dress, behaviour, religious ceremonies, mode of life, amusements, arts, climate, and government, to be seen in a foreign country, do, perhaps, better hold our attention and more easily take us out of the wheel-tracks of our every-day cares.

One object of travelling should be to improve our manners by intercourse with the polite foreigner, and to lay up a stock of beautiful thoughts and mental pictures that would tend to elevate our conduct. Instead of this, too many seem to lose what little manners and morals they have when they go abroad. They copy what is bad in foreigners, but not so readily what is good. Because Mrs. Grundy is a stay-at-home old lady, and does not accompany them, some think that they can do what they like when abroad. What bad manners may be seen in tramway cars and railway carriages! Here selfishness reigns supreme. People will act a lie by covering three or four vacant seats to make believe they are engaged. Those who would scorn to cheat an individual have no objection to act dishonestly towards a railway company. It goes without saying that there is no advantage in travelling if we allow our manners to be injured by it, as a lady known to us did, of whom her friends remarked that she was never the same after a certain long voyage.