sessed as they vanished in the mouth to cause their consumer to vanish with them.

"Come, come," said Luke, "that will do for the dark ages, but we do not quite believe all that is in the 'Arabian Nights.' Nowadays matter does not disappear like that."

"You wouldn't say it *isn't* matter (I mean it *didn't* matter) if it did," said Belinda, who loved a small joke.

"Never mind, Bozy; we'll try them. I daresay we shall survive. The old hag daren't poison us."

"Donnez-nous tous," he said, turning to the woman. "Combien?"

After some haggling, the six packets were handed over in exchange for ten English shillings, and Luke triumphantly gave two to each of his companions.

Unwrapping his own, he disclosed a square of what was apparently nothing more nor less than the well-known "Turkish delight."

In reality it consisted of a material, the composition of which has never been analysed, and is entirely unknown, and which is so rarely met with that many travellers have journeyed through the length and breadth of Asia Minor without seeing a single specimen of it.

Belinda was, alas! a greedy girl, and could not resist tasting hers, which she found so good that she popped the rest into her mouth at once. Hardly had she done so, when the hag rose and began to repeat with great emphasis to her, and to the other two who had also swallowed theirs, the following wretched doggerel—

"Les cheveux blancs
Entre vos dents
Vous fera grands."

Scarcely had she said this half a dozen times when—(see next chapter).

(*To be continued.*)

THE ART OF TRAVELLING.

THAT very respectable authority upon human nature, its aims, its longings, and its developments, the late Mr. William Shakespeare, of New-place, Stratford-upon-Avon, has given it as his opinion that "Home-keeping youths have ever homely wits." By which I think he meant that if we wish our wits to be brightened, if they are to be polished into shape, so to speak, we must try and move about a little; get away from the ingleside and out into the big world which lies beyond.

By "homely" I should say he meant localised, provincial wits, which cannot grasp any great ideas or liberal thoughts either of men or manners, and did not mean to disparage for a moment anything of the brightness or happiness which we so rightly associate with the word home—a word which has hardly an equivalent in any other language.

The afore-named gentleman did not fail to put in practice what he preached, for, as we know, he, when a young man, set out on what was a great journey in those days, came up to London, and in the end "built himself an everlasting name."

In this and other papers I purpose to say something on the art of travelling, how it may be learned and practised, and also to give general hints and outlines of tours, which may be useful to my readers.

Nowadays travelling has become almost a science. It has its students; it has its literature; it has its experiments (costly ones some of them are); it has its laws; it has its professors. I do not pretend to be one of the latter, or to speak *ex cathedrâ* in these papers, or as a Sir Oracle, but merely as an amateur—as one of the crowd, one of the many who, year after year, are happily able to get away for a holiday—one of those who seek to avoid "homely wits" by intercourse with people who are different in speech, different in manners, and often in religion, from ourselves.

All this is a thing of modern growth. It is true there have always been travellers since the world began; Cain seems to have been the first. Travellers in remote antiquity were more or less a rarity, and were regarded by their fellow-citizens with great respect.

Travelling among the nations of Western Europe began, we might say, about the time of the Crusades. We pass over those inroads of semi-barbarous races upon the declining Roman Empire as instances of travelling—that was rather the migration of nations for the purpose of becoming possessors of the more fertile and civilised parts of Europe.

But the pilgrimages and crusades of the Middle Ages were the undoubted forefathers of the modern tours. In one sense, the Crusades were "personally conducted" tours on a large scale, though, doubtless, Peter the Hermit and his *confrères* were by no means as safe and reliable guides as Messrs. Cook or Gaze. Yet there were points of resemblance. With many they were a genuine holiday; the dreary monotony of life in a feudal castle was agreeably broken by the call to arms; it was an "outing" in which the pleasure, variety of new lands, and piety were appropriately mingled. The wily Greeks and openly hostile Saracens were the representatives in those days of the many pitfalls which may now beset unwary travellers in the shape of extortionate and grasping hotel-keepers and officials; and who will refuse to see in the pilgrim's wallet the modern knapsack, and in his staff the alpenstock?

After those days had passed away, we begin to find here and there the names of men who had travelled over Europe and Asia with more of the spirit of modern travellers. The real progenitor of English travellers was the famous Sir John de Mandeville, a native, it is said, of St. Albans, who was born about the year 1300, and who died at Liège in 1372. When quite a young man he started on his travels, visited Egypt and the Holy Land, and then a great part of Central Asia, penetrating even as far as distant Cathay or China—a marvellous feat in those days. His history of his travels was one of the very earliest books printed in England, and was for many years most popular reading.

After his time, the next great impetus to travelling was given by the discovery of a new world at the close of the 15th century. It was the age of the great navigators—of Columbus, Magalhaens, and Vasco di Gama, and our English sea heroes, Drake, Hawkins, Frobisher, &c. Yet these men were not travellers in the modern sense of the word. They were discoverers, who united a good deal of privateering with the development of geographical science. Their day came and went, and time goes on until, at the close of the last century and the beginning of our own, we come to travellers like to those we meet at the present day, men and women who travelled far and wide, and gave to the world their impressions in bulky, and often soon-forgotten, tomes. Travelling became the fashion. It was the correct thing to do the Grand Tour of Europe for all persons of rank and social position. They set out on a regular and methodical visit to the European capitals, and returned duly grateful at having seen the "lions" of Europe, and content for the most part to remain at home for the rest of their natural lives. This of course was a task which until recently was nearly impossible, except to persons of large means and ample leisure; the slow travelling and length of time occupied made it impossible for the masses, who had to content themselves with a brief visit to some sea-side or country place near home, or who most likely never moved at all.

But railways changed all this. Steamers, too, helped in no small way. When once Europe was overspread with a network of iron roads, immediately the isolation which marked nations and districts was in a fair way, if not to disappear, at least to be vastly modified, and so it has turned out. Places which were merely geographical names to our forefathers are well-known holiday resorts now. Cities, the glories of which they had read about in books of travel, are familiar spots in which we feel almost at home. It is as easy to get to Italy now—nay, far easier—than it was, not so long ago, to get to Scotland; and each year as it passes increases the facilities for travelling. Mountains over which the diligence slowly lumbered are being pierced by tunnels, through which a swift train may run; and powerful steamers bring America itself as near as many parts of Ireland were to England about forty years ago. This being so, can we wonder that many look upon their Continental trip, or distant home excursion, as almost a necessity of life?

"But," I can imagine many of my readers saying, "this is all very well for those who have plenty of money to spend every year, and can afford such luxuries as foreign tours, or indeed any kind of tour; and you only tantalise us when you speak of all these facilities of travelling, and tell us of the glories of the great cathedrals and palaces of the Continent, of its picture galleries, its castles, its mighty rivers, lakes and mountains."

Well, it is true, travelling does require some expenditure of money as well as time, and, unfortunately, no beneficent individual or paternal government has as yet seen fit to provide the needful for this for everyone, or even for the deserving. But it is not, perhaps, such a tremendous undertaking as many think. A summer holiday need not cost a small fortune. The readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, and their name is Legion, will doubtless remember a series of excellent papers in the last volume entitled "How I Keep House on £250 a Year," and yet, if I mistake not, out of this most modest allowance there was provided an "outing," not, indeed, to the Continent, but to Buxton, at a very moderate expenditure; and I have very little doubt that a trip on the Continent, say to France,

Belgium, or Holland, could be made from London or the south of England at about the same rate.

Of course, if people want to travel *au grand seigneur*, they must have a *grand seigneur's* purse, but I am not writing for such people, but for ordinary mortals who are content to be comfortable and are willing to dispense with grandeur.

Well, let us now give some attention to the subject of the expense of travelling considered generally, as I think it is a most important preliminary consideration. Proverbial philosophy (not Mr. Tupper's) instructs us, we must first catch our hare before proceeding to cook it, and so, before we can decide on where to go, or what to do, we must first of all sit down and count the cost.

First, then, as to cost of locomotion. It is seldom in England necessary to travel otherwise than third class, except on long night journeys, and even then for those who are strong and don't mind extra fatigue, the saving of so travelling often outbalances the possible discomfort. Then on all the chief railway lines, such as the London and North Western, Great Northern, Midland, &c., the carriages are now so comfortable that it is often a waste of money to go by any other class, especially if there be a party travelling together. The only drawback is the chance of rough company, but it is generally possible to avoid this, and, if a lady is travelling alone, most of these lines have carriages reserved specially for ladies, so that at least they will have but the company of their own sex.

On the Continent, where long journeys have so often to be taken by night, it is best to travel second, especially as the fast trains have seldom third class, sometimes only first, and then you have no choice but to go first. But this objectionable practice is seldom met with outside France. It is said that only princes and fools travel first class abroad. I do not wonder at this, as the second class carriages on most of the continental lines are equal in comfort to many of our English first class carriages, and are, I think, preferable in summer to the first. I have seen first class carriages abroad which on a hot summer's day simply made you hot to look at them, being upholstered in flaming red Utrecht velvet, while the second class were done in a cool-looking grey cloth. One most objectionable habit continental guards frequently have, especially in France—that is, to fill up each carriage and compartment to the full number it is capable of holding before they will open any more carriage doors. To be the eighth or tenth passenger in a compartment on a hot summer's day or night, when all the others object to an open window, and desire perhaps to smoke very bad cigars, is a fate so horrible that one cannot help feeling sorry that Dante had not travelled in such a way. It would have given him a new idea for one portion, at least, of his immortal work. The guards are not so tiresome in this respect in Germany as in France, and there seems, unfortunately, no way of avoiding it except it be by a judicious "tip."

But we have wandered a little from the consideration of expenditure. To lay down any exact sum is simply impossible. In Great Britain, hotels are, I should say, dearer than abroad. To get accommodation and food equal to what you will get in many first-rate hotels abroad, you must pay at least one-third, or probably half as much again; but, against this, you must remember that in this country you have not the great distances to travel, and you will consequently save in that way.

Of the actual expense incurred in getting to any particular place in the United Kingdom, it is quite unnecessary to speak here, because anyone who wishes to know can do so by merely consulting the time tables of any of our large companies. The cost of reaching foreign places I shall have occasion to advert to in other papers, when I come to deal specially with foreign tours.

Now, as to the cost of living. I daresay we might, as a rule, in this country fix hotel expenses at from 12s. to 16s. a day, not including extras, such as wine, etc.; but this would not necessarily apply to fashionable watering-places during the season, or to Highland hotels, which have only a few months in the year to make money, and where they naturally try to make as much as possible in their brief harvests. Of course, at home it is not necessary to stop at hotels in places where lodgings can be had, and where you purpose to remain for some time; with a family party it would of course entail very large expenditure. Lodgings in Scotland and Wales generally average from £1 a week for a sitting room, and 10s. for each bedroom; but this, of course, is subject to variation both of time, and place, and length of stay.

On the Continent (where, except in a few places, and for those well acquainted with the language, I would not recommend apartments) hotel expenses (subject to exceptions mentioned above) will probably average, in Germany, say, ten marks (one mark, 1s.); in Belgium, France, Switzerland, and Italy, about ten francs; in Austria, about five to eight florins; in Scandinavia, five to eight krona (one krona, 1s. 1¼d.).

It is, however, as I have said, quite impossible to lay down any exact standard; so much depends on the person or persons travelling. It is easy to spend less, much easier to spend more, according to circumstances, than the sums I have indicated. What I have given is the result of my own experience, travelling sometimes alone or with gentlemen, and sometimes with my wife, and always stopping at the best hotels, which I firmly believe to be the cheapest in the end. By best hotels, I mean not necessarily the most expensive hotel, such as in a great city like Paris or Berlin, but a hotel of the first-class, where you will be sure of good food and accommodation.

There is no doubt you can travel in many parts of the Continent for nearly half of what I have mentioned as likely sums, but I have given what I think it will cost in the towns and most frequented places. It must also be remembered that in Switzerland and many other parts of the Continent, if you stay a week, or even less, you will be taken *en pension*, which will reduce your expenditure very considerably. There are plenty of charming hotels and *pensions* where you can stay for from five to seven francs a day, and where you can be comfortable and need not fear starvation. It is well, then, if you decide where you are going to stay to write beforehand and make arrangements with the hotel proprietor, stating your wants and asking for how much a day you will be taken; also, it is desirable, if you think his figure too high, to make him an offer. I have often known the terms considerably reduced in that way, and the hotel keepers seldom refuse a reasonable offer, especially in a place where there is a healthy competition.

For those who wish to be certain of the extent of their expenses in the matter of hotel bills, the coupon system has many charms. They are issued extensively by Messrs. Cook or Gaze. Many people like them, and they are undoubtedly convenient. You get your little book of tickets. One for your room, another for your dinner, and a third for your breakfasts. With these you know when you go to your hotel what you are going to pay for those three important items in your daily hotel life. They are generally issued at from eight to nine shillings a day. I have used them, but not extensively, as I think if one is moving about much, and making daily excursions, it is often possible to live more cheaply than with them.

Some people think that the holders of coupons are not so well treated as those without them, but I have never found it the case. Nor do I think, considering the numbers of those who use them every year, it would pay landlords to do so. If there were any serious or well grounded complaints, it would probably lead to the hotel keeper losing the custom of the extensive tourists' agency firms, and this, I imagine, would not be wished by those who reap a good harvest from them every year.

To conclude the subject of expense in travelling, I think we might estimate it all round—travelling and hotel expenses—somewhat as follows:—For a tour in the nearer parts of the Continent, viz.: North of France, Belgium, Holland, the Rheinland and parts of Switzerland, you may allow about 15s. a day; for Eastern Germany, Bohemia, Tyrol and Italy, about £1; for Scandinavia about 18s. Again, I must repeat that these estimates must depend in a large measure on the individual traveller, but I am certain, from a pretty extensive personal knowledge, that it can be done comfortably for what I have given above, and in many cases considerably below the figures named.

So far, then, for the question of travelling expenses—a very necessary point for our consideration at the commencement of these papers. We must subsequently consider the no less important questions—where to go, when to go, how to go. It may seem to some inappropriate to investigate these things at this time of year, but I think it is always pleasant to go over holiday questions long before, to decide, as far as possible, what line we shall take when next we leave on our holiday; to fill our mental store-house with facts and figures, which may be useful to us in our journeyings to and fro, both at home and abroad.

THOMAS B. WILLSON.

(To be continued.)

NEW MUSIC.

WHITE BROTHERS.

As pants the hart (Spohr).

Gloria in Excelsis, from the *Twelfth Mass* (Mozart).

See the conquering hero comes, from *Judas Maccabæus* (Handel).

These well-known favourites are arranged in a pleasing and easy style by Karl Muscat, and may be deservedly recommended.

W. MORLEY AND CO.

Pilgrim Lane. Words by G. C. Bingham. Music by Berthold Tours.—Another welcome production of this favourite composer. The harmony is charmingly sympathetic with the words. We especially direct the attention of our young friends to the pianoforte part, which requires precision in the gradual rising to the *grandioso.*

Fairy Tales. Words by Marion Haigh. Music by A. H. Behrend.—A melodious theme, delicately accompanied and thoroughly vocal.

The Little Model. Words by Mary Mark Lemon. Music by Emily Phillips.—A fairly-written composition in the conventional style.

W. J. WILLCOCKS AND CO.

Look in my face, dear. Words and music by the Right Hon. the Countess of Munster.—A simple song presenting no difficulties; suitable for contralto voice.

Cavatina. For violin, with pianoforte accompaniment. By George F. Vincent.—An extremely pleasing and melodious drawing-room piece.

solidity to the whole. Or again, suppose the cottage has a southerly aspect, and its east end is the one we desire to photograph, how much more contrast and effect we shall obtain by taking our photograph in the afternoon than if we went to work in the morning. Yet we must remember there is danger in the afternoon of having too much shadow in our picture; and then we see the advantage of having some light object, such as a figure, a cart, or even a large stone, which may be so brought into the picture as to balance and act as a contrast to the darker portions.

It may be stated as a general rule that a photograph to be pleasing should not be composed mainly of straight lines—that the principal lines should neither run parallel nor be at right angles to each other; that the chief object in the picture should be neither quite in the centre nor too much at one side, and that a nice balance of light and shade should be carefully preserved. It is also highly important to have some prominent object in the foreground — a gate, a post, or even an old basket, will often answer this purpose; but something there must be, or the more distant portions of the scene will probably appear flat and uninteresting. Sometimes a kind of secondary object is needed to balance the chief feature of our picture; this should, of course, follow the broad rule for details in the foreground, and be placed at one side of the photograph, and not just between the main object and the camera. Several of the points just touched on will be illustrated, and perhaps become clearer to the reader, if we imagine that the subject of our photograph is a street with a church at the further end of it, and a cart in the foreground to act as a secondary object. Now if the camera be pitched in the middle of the street, the resulting photograph will have the church in its exact centre; the rows of houses on either side will give straight lines leading up to it, while the cart, perhaps in the middle of the street, is in a direct line between the camera and the church—thus producing a stiff and disagreeable picture. But by placing the camera judiciously on one side of the street, we shall have the church slightly on one side of the centre; the two sides of the street will look so different from each other as to give us the pleasure of variety, and the cart, instead of spoiling the whole, will appear as a very pretty and suitable addition.

In photographs the horizon is usually placed higher than in paintings, but this may possibly be on account of the additional time and trouble required for the printing in of clouds from a separate negative.

After all, we may learn more of artistic arrangement in half an hour's careful study of good paintings than can be taught by pages of written instruction; and our readers will also find it excellent practice to criticise any photographs they may chance to see, finding out for themselves what are the points which add to the beauty and pleasing effect of the picture, and what are the defects which detract from the same.

We give two or three examples of actual photographs taken by the writer. A glance or two at these in passing may render still more clear the foregoing remarks.

No. 1 is a view on the Medway. The bush towards the right is an object which gives relief to the distance; the dark foreground and light river form a striking contrast, while the eye is naturally led up by the river to West Farleigh Bridge in the background; and the trees, some of them leaning over, and one falling to the ground, add to the diversity of the lines of the picture. There is, perhaps, a little too much of the dark foreground in this example, but that could not well be avoided, as it was necessary to bring in the bush on the right; and the flat effect given to the distance by cutting out the foreground will be at once observed on placing the hand across the lower part of the picture, so that only the distance is seen.

No. 2, an old hulk lying in Falmouth Harbour, is an example of a case where it was especially desirable to have something in the picture which might act as a sort of balance to the main object. This balance is found in the post and stone on the right, and on covering it from sight one can easily see how greatly it adds to the good effect of the whole, and prevents the photograph from having a one-sided appearance.

No. 3 is given rather to show how very easily subjects for photography may be found. It is merely the corner of a field—such a corner as we may light upon in any country place—taken in the early spring-time before the leaves are out. Indeed, the photographer need never be at a loss for subjects. With due care as to the position of the camera, the introduction of figures where necessary, and only where necessary, an old post, a rock, a wicket gate, or an old stile, may all be made to look well and pleasing.

J. POCOCK.

THE ART OF TRAVELLING.

PART II.

IN our first chapter we dealt, as our readers will remember, with the general aspect of travelling—its origin, and its developments; and also entered at some length on the highly important subject of expenses. But before we can proceed further, before we can start with any of our home or foreign tours—tours on paper at least—we must deal with a question which is of very great importance for us to consider, and which approaches very near to the cost of a tour. I mean equipment.

In the science and art of travelling, this must occupy no small or unimportant place, and the professors of that fine art must, we are sure, have need to deliver many weighty lectures under this head. It is a subject which, I think, may be discussed with special appropriateness in the pages of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, because it is one which concerns ladies perhaps more than gentlemen; they—be it said with all respect—are generally, but not always, the worse offenders in this respect.

By equipment, I mean both what you bring with you and what you bring it in. Roughly speaking, luggage, baggage, *gepäck*, *impedimenta*—whichever word you please.

To be guided in this respect, you must use to a great extent the directions given by common sense, and some small amount of geographical knowledge. It does not require much of either of these to tell you not to bring skates with you to Jamaica, or zephyr garments to Labrador. But still people are often strangely misinformed as to what they should bring with them to different places and countries. I remember once, on an intensely hot day in Norway, meeting a poor lady who was quite overcome with the heat. Her friends had warned her that before she adventured herself into those icy realms, she had best lay in a stock of the very warmest clothing. Accordingly, she had had a dress made of thick cloth, which was well padded and lined, to keep out the cold. The result was the reverse of pleasant when she found herself in a country which in summer is generally very warm, except, of course, in the high-lying parts.

I would not for a moment dare, in this paper, to enter upon such a profound, mysterious, and inexplicable subject as ladies' dress, especially as it is dealt with so fully, and I believe practically, by those who can speak with authority, in the pages of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. But without trenching upon their province, I might give, perhaps, a few general hints which may be useful, not merely to ladies but to travellers of the sterner sex as well.

In selecting the best kind of clothing to take when proceeding upon a tour, it is, of course, first of all necessary to think of the climate you will meet with. Those who are going to a mountainous part of the country will have to bring things different from those who go to the sea, as the extremes of temperature are much greater there than that at the seaside, where the presence of the ocean generally secures a more even temperature.

In countries such as Switzerland, Norway, &c., one must be prepared to meet with considerable varieties of temperature in the course of a day. In the valleys you will find the heat often oppressive and overpowering; when you ascend a little, it becomes pleasant and bracing, higher still, and it is bitterly cold. As an illustration of this, take, say, the Rhone Valley in the Swiss canton of Valais. Suppose, for example, you find yourself in the morning at Martigny. There you may be half roasted. But take the train and proceed to Visp, and up the valley towards Zermatt, soon existence becomes a pleasure, and you enjoy the bracing air. Reach Zermatt and ascend to the Rifelberg, and you will find the stove the pleasantest companion after you have feasted your eyes on the magnificent panorama which surrounds you. Now all this might be accomplished in a single day, and yet what variety must be met with in such a journey. We might lay down, then, as a canon that for a country like Switzerland clothing should be light, yet warm, and that you should always have ready at hand something extra to put on or take off if extremes of cold or heat are met with. In countries flat or undulating, like Holland and parts of Germany, the same precautions need not be taken. There you have it generally warm enough or cold enough during the day, according to the season of the year, to guide you in the selection of clothing; except it be in places which are noted for becoming suddenly cold in the evenings, like some towns on the banks of large rivers from which, after sundown, a cold wind often sweeps up. Dresden is an example of this. Long railway journeys require also a special dress. In summer the dust is often

apt to be very trying, both to the eyes, ears, and hair, as well as to the dress. I remember once travelling from Milan to Venice by the mid-day express about the last week in June. The dust was something fearful—it filled every place, and reduced one to a state of griminess and blackness too dreadful even to think of—one almost feared that a respectable hotel-keeper might object to take in such black-looking mortals; were it not that we consoled ourselves by the thought that since the days of Othello the inhabitants of "the sea-girt city" had been more or less accustomed to people of a swarthy hue. Now, in this journey one could not fail to be struck with the wisdom of some of the ladies travelling. Those who had exercised due forethought had provided themselves with long, light dust-cloaks which reached from the neck to the feet, and kept all free from the terrible dust; others had, in addition to this, provided a cover of the same material for their hats, which completely enveloped and preserved them. The unlucky travellers who had neglected these precautions must have suffered severely. I saw them vainly endeavouring to shake off the all-penetrating dust, which if it did not destroy, must have at least proved most injurious to their clothing.

Another important item of equipment is boots. One's comfort in travelling depends so much on these that we may be excused for mentioning them here. Those who intend doing a good deal of walking, either in towns or in the country, will do well to provide themselves with boots which have not too thin soles. Nothing so soon tires or blisters the feet, especially in hot weather, as a thin sole. Of course, for mountain scrambles, or rough walking of any kind, a thick sole is simply essential. It is very bad to have those iron or brass heels put on boots. Walking over slippery rock they are simply dangerous, and on short, dry grass are very apt to make you slide. For mountain work a few nails are the best things to have; not too many, but judiciously placed in the heel and sole of the boot. The broader the sole of the boot is the better, and if you have your boots made for the purpose of mountain or rough work, it is best not to have them blackened each day, but keep them well waterproofed with some of those many preparations made for the purpose. I have always found the Lancaster paste the best. Two pairs of boots ought to be enough for any excursion, or if you merely have a bag or knapsack—ladies now often carry the latter—one pair of boots, and a pair of slippers to put on in the evenings.

Waterproofs are an abomination, but, I fear, a necessary evil. They are hot and tiresome to walk in, but, unhappily, nothing has yet been invented which will answer the same purpose. One of the best things in this way which a lady can bring with her is a short mackintosh, which has a hood to cover the head and comes well down on the shoulders. This, especially for driving, is one of the most useful *articles de voyage*. It of course does not keep the dress dry, but it keeps the shoulders and chest from wet, and it is not so hot to wear, as, being short, there is plenty of ventilation. The absence of this it is which makes waterproofs so objectionable.

Of minor articles to bring with you on a tour abroad I might mention soap, as this is a commodity which is not provided in hotels on the Continent. Foreign soaps are not generally desirable, and therefore those who go abroad must bring their own. I am not going to advise on this subject. All the resources of art and artists are now lavished on advertisements recommending this useful article, so my readers can have a pretty wide choice. But there is one kind of soap very desirable to bring with you to any place, either at home or abroad, which is infested with gnats or mosquitoes. I mean the carbolic soap. It can be got with different degrees of strength to suit all people. Those who have a very sensitive skin can use the milder, and those who are more pachydermous a stronger preparation. I have found by experience that it is really the only thing to give you relief and to be a defence against mosquitoes, and I think the experience of those who have tried it will confirm what I say.

So far, then, as to the first part of our equipment. Having collected together the various articles you require to bring with you, the next consideration is in what are you to put them. Here your choice ranges from a multiplicity of mighty boxes and portmanteaus down to a knapsack. And here there is the greatest need of discretion and forethought. One piece of advice, I think, will be admitted to be sound. Restrict the number of your boxes under all considerations to one. Let it be small or large according to necessity, but keep to one. A multiplicity of boxes means a multiplicity of troubles, a multiplicity of "tips," a multiplicity of miseries. It is indeed desirable if you have one box or portmanteau to bring with you as well a small hand-bag in which you can carry enough to do you for a night or two, as it saves a good deal of trouble and expense when only stopping for a night in a town. Then you can leave your heavy luggage at the station, and go to your hotel with your hand-bag. One trunk ought to be enough for two people of one family travelling together, sisters or a mother and daughter. As a rule, ladies are too fond of luggage. The Americans are great offenders in this respect. When you see a vast pile of luggage, large boxes with iron clasps, and studded with nails, weighing down a porter's truck, you will often learn from it that is the property of "Mrs. John Smith, Cincinnati, U.S.A." This is a "common object of the country," where Americans most do congregate. But they have some excuse. They have come a long distance, and are often away from home for a couple of years at a time, and therefore require much more than an ordinary tourist. But English tourists have no such excuse, and ought to be able to do much with less than they generally carry. The wicker basket trunks, so much in use of late years, are the best things to use if much luggage is taken, as they are so light, and this is a matter of some consequence in countries where all luggage placed in the van has to be paid for. As a rule, English people abroad have far too much luggage; much more than they need. I know some ladies who set to luggage-laden travellers an excellent example in this respect. Their baggage usually consists of a kind of bag or bundle, very light and easily carried, which can be taken in the railway carriage. With this they have gone all over Europe, as far as Constantinople, and have saved themselves much worry, and no small amount of money. Yet, notwithstanding, they were always well dressed, and not stinted by reason of their luggage of anything they really needed.

A small portmanteau seems about the best thing to take for all practical purposes, except when you are going on a walking tour, when the knapsack is the thing. However, even with a knapsack it is very well to take a small hand-bag, which can be forwarded from one place to another—by post, as in Switzerland. This will enable a complete change of clothes to be carried, which is a very necessary thing, and which can hardly be done without making a knapsack too heavy. Knapsacks are now frequently carried by ladies, and there can be no objection to them if not made too heavy. A heavy knapsack is enough to spoil the pleasantest tour.

With regard to the system of registration of luggage practised abroad, there is very much to be said in its favour. It has some worries, but is, on the whole, a good plan. It is well, if you are going on a long journey and have a through ticket, to book your luggage to your final destination, if you do not require it *en route*. It will be kept for you until you arrive, and if you have your "*gepäck schein*" (a ticket for the luggage, as the Germans call it), it will be quite safe.

One thing, however, you must remember. If on the way a frontier has to be crossed, your luggage will be stopped there until you arrive, unless someone has the keys to open it and have it passed. These custom-house examinations are sometimes a great bother, but, as a rule, it is merely a matter of form for English travellers, the French expression, "*Les formalités de la douane*" being very near the truth; but when a German gets a Frenchman in his custom-house, or *vice versâ*, it is often a very real affair, as the unlucky traveller knows who has to collect his scattered goods while the bell rings for the train to proceed.

Thus far we have dealt with the question of equipment at greater length, indeed, than I at first intended; but there is so much to be said, and it forms such an important part of the art of travelling, that I felt constrained to dwell upon it. You cannot enjoy the pleasures of life in a new land without having your mind at ease about your belongings, and there is no use in travelling at all if you cannot enjoy yourself. The mind which is harassed by cares of this description is not in a state of receptivity, and unless we pick up some new ideas of men and things, we might as well stay at home, and the vast educational power of travelling will be lost or weakened.

THOMAS B. WILLSON.

to the judgment on his person of all save his wife.

"We must be up in good time to-morrow, Lou, if we are to walk to the 'Foundling,'" said Mr. Prettyman.

He had an old-fashioned prejudice concerning his horses, and would not use them on Sunday. He was, in short, a Sabbatarian, as it is the fashion to call those who respect the Lord's Day, and was even antiquated enough to declare that good example was worth all the lectures in the world. Accordingly, since he would not step into his own carriage of a Sunday, neither would he put foot in cab, omnibus, nor train, announcing that if he did not employ his own servants and horses he saw no reason for using other people's.

As everything was managed like clock-work in the square, they had no difficulty in reaching Guilford-street in time for the service in the chapel connected with the Foundling Hospital. Mrs. Prettyman had never before attended it, and she knew not which to admire the most, the five hundred children, the fine organ, or the choir, composed principally of the foundlings themselves. But when she bethought herself of selecting one for adoption she was overwhelmed by numbers. When the service was over, her husband took her to the great dining-room to see the children at dinner, and left her awhile to wonder and admire, while he went after his hobby—the pictures presented to this great institution by Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Wilson.

He soon rejoined her, and asked her if she had made her choice.

"How can I, amongst so many?" she said, perplexed. "They are all such dears that I could never select. We must talk it over, and come again."

They talked it over on their way home, and the upshot of the conversation was that Mrs. Prettyman decided that she must adopt a boy who was "quite an orphan, and of respectable parentage." She was so much in earnest that Mr. Prettyman grew interested, and began to think it might be as well to humour her. All that evening they were occupied in studying the handbook of the charities of London, and Mrs. Prettyman, who only knew about them secondhand, was much oppressed by their multitude.

"Why, there are at least a hundred homes and orphanages for children," she exclaimed, despondently. "What a number they must hold!"

"Tens of thousands, Lou,' returned her spouse, compassionately. "If charity continues to be the fashion, I say that we must turn London into one huge orphanage. What a field you would then have for your choice

"I should, indeed!" she sighed. "I will visit some of them next week, and when I have found exactly the child I want I will take you to see him."

They had arrived at this point when a visitor was announced. It was the Miss Heath of whose "antecedents" Mr. Prettyman had spoken so slightingly. She was a tall, thin, pale woman, with marked features, and iron grey eyes and hair. She was well enveloped in furs, and entered with a shiver and an apology.

"Excuse my interrupting you at this hour, Mr. Prettyman; but I just ran across to speak to Louisa. I have not been out all day, and, as Mrs. Le Roy has fallen asleep, I ventured to leave her for a breath of fresh air."

"Ah! my dear Milly, you are the very person!" cried Mrs. Prettyman, jumping up, kissing Miss Heath, and seating her in her own easy chair. "We are going to adopt a child, and I want your advice. You have seen so much of life, and know everybody's secrets——"

"But never divulges them. An excellent, but exceptional thing in woman," interrupted Mr. Prettyman.

In truth, Miss Heath looked as if she might be a machine made on purpose to keep secrets. Will someone take out a patent for such? Her mouth was firm, her eyes unfathomable, her brow lined with thought. She was about Mrs. Prettyman's age, but might have been fifteen years her senior. They had been schoolfellows and friends all their lives, and Mr. Prettyman never ceased to wonder how such opposites could have come and kept together.

"Adopt a child, Louisa! I daresay it might be nice," said Miss Heath, who took in everything and gave out nothing. "But in what way could I advise you?"

"Well, as to the sort of child, you know. You have had so much to do with children."

"True, but what does Mr. Prettyman say?"

"He does not object. He is sure to like it."

"I will think it over, Louisa; but you and Mr. Prettyman know your own affairs best."

While Miss Heath uttered this commonplace, her mind was evidently concentrated on the question. Mr. Prettyman smiled and inquired for Mrs. Le Roy, whose companion Miss Heath was. She had previously been her daughter's governess, and was too valuable and reticent a person to be parted with when Miss Le Roy married.

"She is much as usual," replied Miss Heath to Mr. Prettyman's question. "As you know, she is always an invalid."

"Her son must be as rich as Crœsus to keep up so many separate establishments—his own in Kensington, his place in the country, and his mother's in our square," said Mr. Prettyman.

"I do not know what his means are," said Miss Heath. "I mustn't stay longer, Louisa, lest Mrs. Le Roy should awake and miss me," she added, rising. "We are anxious about Colonel Marmont, who was in the last battle; and Emily writes from the Cape that she is not well." Colonel Marmont was Mrs. Le Roy's son-in-law.

"How is the little girl with the pretty name?" asked Mrs. Prettyman.

"Mimica seems well. Her mother calls her Mimi," was the reply, and Miss Heath withdrew.

(*To be continued.*)

THE ART OF TRAVELLING.

CHAPTER III.

HAVING, in the two preceding chapters, discussed the important questions of expense and equipment, we must now consider the no less important subject of time—when to start on our tour, and how to make the most of the time at our disposal.

We may, I think, assume that with all those for whom we write time is a most important consideration. I am not writing, as I said at the commencement, for those whose purses are unlimited, or who are absolute masters or mistresses of their own time, but for those who wish to see as much as they can as cheaply as possible, and whose holiday is necessarily strictly limited.

When to take a holiday must, of course, depend much on the various duties and employments of different people. Some, perhaps, can only get away in the late autumn or early summer; some, it may be, only in the winter, or for a very short period at different seasons. Most people, however, look to the summer months—roughly speaking, May to end of September—as the season of their holiday, and prefer that time because they have warmer weather and longer days than at other times of the year. But then, it must be remembered, if we are going abroad there are many places which it would be highly undesirable, if not dangerous to health, to visit in the summer. For the south of Europe, for example, the months named, if we except May and very early June, would be most unsuitable and unpleasant for those accustomed to northern latitudes; while they are the best for mountainous countries, and for our own Highlands and coasts. In the winter months, people, as a rule, prefer, and I think wisely, to remain at home, as in that period of the year most of our work is done, and educational, artistic, and social life is busiest. Of course, I know it is the misfortune of some to be obliged, by the call of health, to seek warmer and more genial shores than our own in these months; but they are, after all, but few, and we have to deal generally with people who are not so unfortunately circumstanced.

There is one exception, perhaps, to the rule that people had best choose the summer time for their holiday, and that is in visiting a large city. Very often—in fact, we might almost say always—it is more pleasant to visit a city in winter than in very hot weather. Few like the greatly increased fatigue which it entails in visiting large towns with their galleries, museums, etc., and if a big city, such as Paris, can be visited in the winter, it will probably prove as pleasant a time for seeing the buildings and works of art as in the height of summer. Doubtless there is the drawback of missing the beautiful gardens and flowers, and the excursions to the environs which generally accompany a visit to a large city; but for the town itself, pure and simple, its buildings and associations, they can be seen and enjoyed just as well in winter as summer, and certainly with less fatigue.

The spring and autumn have great attractions for many; and certainly for country places it is often hard to decide which is the best—whether we will view everything with the freshness and new-born beauty of early summer upon it; the living verdure of the trees and grass, the activity of all life reawakening after its winter sleep, seemingly so full of all the joy and glory of life that we feel even "every flower enjoys the air it breathes." Or, on the other hand, the beauties of the autumn, the "season of mists and mellow fruitfulness," when the universal green of spring is changed by the wondrous hand of Nature and the "maturing sun" to every hue of brown, of red, and of gold; when the sense of maturity and completion takes the place of the budding promise of spring, and the Harvest song of praise is substituted for the Rogation prayer.

These questions, however, I must leave my readers to decide for themselves. It is well for us that all our tastes do not coincide; if they did, it might be, to say the least of it, awkward in many details of life. We must come to a more practical question—the economy of time.

Few busy people can afford much more than a month's holiday in the year. Many have to be content with much less than this; and that being so, it becomes a matter of very great

importance that we make the most of the time at our disposal. Apportion it well, so that we shall not either be too much hurried, which would spoil all pleasure and hinder our getting the benefit we ought to derive from seeing new places, or waste our time over parts of the journey which are least interesting, and so be obliged, perhaps, to leave out altogether some place we wished to visit, or to greatly curtail our view of it. There are, of course, a great many people who, when they get a holiday, simply take the train or steamer to a certain place, and remain there without leaving it until the holiday expires. For them, of course, we are not writing. A journey of a few hours, say, by rail, and an occasional clamber over rocks or stroll through fields, does not require a deep insight into the art of travelling. And though I am sure many enjoy this, and it probably does them good, if they usually lead a very active life, yet we wish to write something which may be more useful to those adventurous spirits who desire to "make the most of a holiday," and see as much as their purse and time will permit.

Nowadays you can accomplish a great deal in a very short sime, the facilities of travelling having increased in such a marvellous degree. A week will now be enough for what it would have taken months to accomplish a generation ago. Still, however, it is most prudent to plan out our course well beforehand, and though declining, if necessary, to keep to the exact letter of what we have planned, it is best to adhere to the main outline of our tour, if judiciously arranged.

Many people prefer to select some place as a centre, and to make excursions in the neighbourhood, a plan which works very well if the facilities of travelling are such as will enable you to do this, without repeatedly going over the same ground. It has the advantage of making you thoroughly familiar with the part of the country you visit. This can be done very well, for example, in Scotland, by selecting some place on the Clyde, where you can easily spend a month or more in visiting the various places of interest which lie all round that famous frith—the lakes, the mountains, the wild glens, the large cities, and historical sites. Or, to take a Continental example, one of the many beautiful spots about the Bernese Oberland, or Salzburg, with the Salz Kammergut and Bavarian Alps so near it. A plan such as that often saves both time and money, and will well repay a tourist.

I have alluded to a careful planning of an excursion before you start. This I believe to be one of the best ways of economising time. Unfortunately, we cannot get more than twenty-four hours out of a day, and when our time is limited to, say, fifteen or thirty days, it becomes a matter of vital importance that we use well the time we have. When you have therefore decided upon the place you purpose visiting, and know exactly the time at your disposal, you must proceed to plan out your tour. The best way to do this is to go to some friend who has been there, and who knows the country, and ask him to map it out for you. If, however, you are not fortunate enough to possess such a friend, you must get the best guide-book to the country you visit, and by the aid of its maps and various routes mark out your way. This can, as a rule, be easily done by following some of the outline tours, generally given in guide-books; but they are often too elaborate, and give details which a person whose time is limited could not enter into.

For those who are able to do it, travelling by night is not a bad way of saving time, especially in hot weather, and if there is a long tract of uninteresting country to be passed over. But for those who are visiting a country for the first time, it is well, if it is at all interesting, to see it by daylight. Thus, for example, those who pass the Rhein for the first time, say, on a journey to Switzerland, should on no account travel in the night by the railway which runs along it, but take the steamer from Bonn to Bingen, and see its many beauties *en route*. But if on a second or third visit, time may be saved by travelling from Köln direct by rail, and at night. Crossing Holland, on the other hand, if you do not intend to stop at any of the towns, it would be mere waste of time to go by day for the purpose of "seeing the country," as there is almost nothing of interest to be seen.

It is a very false economy of time never to allow a day's rest. Some people wish to be always on the move, and are never contented to remain quiet a single day. If time is very limited, it may be necessary to confine our stoppages to Sundays, when we may expect English people, at least, to show some regard for that day, but, "if necessity so require," to make on it not more than a "Sabbath day's journey." Many people simply spoil all the pleasure of a holiday by being always on the move. No sooner do they arrive at a beautiful spot than they are off to another. They rush across a country, and get all the different places so jumbled together in a confused mass, that they lose much of the subsequent pleasure of recalling the scenes through which they passed. If they have but a mixed and muddled idea of certain cathedrals, pictures, mountains, lakes, and glaciers, how can they ever expect that these beautiful scenes will, when at home—

> "Flash upon that inward eye
> Which is the bliss of solitude?"

Allowances must be made, however, for different temperaments, especially in places where we are under the potent spell of Nature unalloyed (unenlivened, some might say) by the works of man. With many it has a most exhilarating effect, producing oftentimes a sense of unrest, and a desire for constant movement. With others it is different. "Nature, the good old nurse," soothes and calms them, producing a sense of quiet and satisfaction, not perhaps unmixed with awe, when we consider the sublime calm of Nature. This idea is wonderfully expressed in those lines of Goethe, quoted by George Eliot in one of her essays, "Three Months in Weimar":—

> "Ueber allen Gipfeln
> Ist Ruh
> In allen Wipfeln
> Spürest du.
> Kaum einen Hauch
> Die Vöglein schweigen im Walde,
> Warte nur balde
> Ruhest du auch."

Which effect Nature has upon them I must leave my readers to decide. I have merely mentioned these influences to explain a not uncommon phenomenon among tourists.

But to return to the saving of time. It may be done in many of those ways which I have suggested—having a distinct and well-arranged plan of a tour, travelling by night, and passing quickly over uninteresting scenery. But, remember, it is no real saving to be always rushing on—it undoes most of the good to be gained by travelling, and makes life a burden, not a pleasure. I hope in some subsequent papers to give practical examples of what may be done in a short space by a judicious apportionment of our time in travelling, so that we may get as much value as possible for ourselves out of the time we devote to this very important part of a liberal education.

One general caution I may perhaps suggest—do not be in a hurry. There is no more excellent way devised for wasting time than always being in a hurry. With some people it becomes a second nature. They leave everything to the last moment, and then all is hurry and excitement, and they forget half the things they wanted to do, or bring with them. They miss their trains, and often lose a whole day which might have been spent in seeing some new place. The Continental plan of booking luggage, which requires you to be at the station at least a quarter of an hour before the train starts, will help to correct this unpleasant habit, and make the lives of those who are addicted to it—and, in no small degree, the lives of those who travel with them—much more enjoyable.

No matter how you may economise your time, it is, of course, obvious that you can hardly expect to be able to see everything, and every object of interest on your way. This can only be accomplished by repeated visits; but those who travel should aim, as much as possible, at gaining a clear, general idea of the country they pass through, its people, and their characteristics. After all, it can only be general, but yet those who train themselves in habits of observation will, even in passing though another land on a holiday excursion, very often bring back with them ideas of a country and its people more accurate, perhaps, than even those of people who may have lived long there, but lived with their mental eyes closed.

THOMAS B. WILLSON.

THE NEW YEAR.

By HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

ONLY a garland of withered leaves;
Only the wail of the wind that grieves
Over the dying year.
Sadly we listen; our hearts are full,
As we stand on the year's dim verge to cull
All memories sweet and dear.

As the sunset's flush in the western skies
Deepens in splendour as daylight dies,
So the glow of the holy tide
Touches with lingering, tender grace
The fading smile on the old year's face—
The face it has glorified.

Under the garland of withered leaves,
Lulled by the wail of the wind that grieves,
Is sleeping Spring's fairy train;
And gaily its ladder of stars there climbs
The musical peal of the new year's chimes,
Bringing hope to our hearts again.

"It has four uses, Bozy. First it keeps the mouth moist. (You see how damp this cavern is.) This enables us to speak easily and plainly. Secondly, it dissolves all the parts of the food that are soluble, and enables us to taste them. Thirdly, it is mixed with the food so as to form it into a pulp easy to be swallowed. And fourthly, it contains a chemical substance called *ptyalin*, that changes starchy or floury substances into sugar."

"How do you prove that, Pill?"

"Why simply by taking a piece of stale bread and chewing it well, when it will become quite sweet through this power of the saliva."

"And why does it do this, Pill?" said Belinda, quite in the style of Sandford and Merton.

"Because all food must be made soluble (in fact, digestion is simply doing this) in order that it may pass into the blood and nourish the body; and sugar is soluble, while starch is not. Starch consists of small grains contained in strong little bags which require great heat to burst them, so we always cook our food first. If rice or other grain is not thoroughly boiled, or the bread well baked, the saliva can do but little good, for the little grains are beyond its reach in their strong coverings. Under-cooked starchy foods are most indigestible. The saliva does not contain any *ptyalin* until we are six months old, so that no starch or flour is digested by babies, and it should never be given to them. Do you remember my taking that biscuit away from Jane's baby (Jane was the cook) at home?"

"I remember it perfectly, Pill, and how cross I was with you. But I'm getting wonderfully wise now."

"When uncle has done his cigar, he generally has a nap I know, and then I'll show you something wonderful, for his tongue will be pretty quiet, and I think we can venture to go down and have a walk."

"Oh, Pill, that would be nice," said Belinda, clapping her hands, "and you'll show me all the wonderful things, won't you?"

"I think there are far more wonderful things in a woman's tongue, Bozy, but I daresay we'll learn something from uncle's."

(*To be continued.*)

THE ART OF TRAVELLING.

PART IV.

"WHERE shall we go for our holiday?" This has become, more or less, an annual question in most families. It is one which naturally excites interest, especially among the younger members, who look upon it with light hearts and a pleasure unmixed with thoughts of expenditure and household worries. But yet it is a question which concerns a great many who are not weighted with domestic responsibilities, and have not given "hostages to fortune." Many who are pretty well free to go where their fancy takes them, within certain well-defined limits, fixed by time and purse, are often at a loss to answer the question to which we must now address ourselves. To do so with any real advantage we must consider several highly important questions. What do you want? Are you going away merely for pleasure or for health, or both combined? Are you going alone, or in a party? If so, of how many does your party consist? Are you ready for walking, or must you always be driven, either by the iron horse or the natural quadruped? These questions, which suggest themselves immediately, show the difficulty of giving an off-hand answer to the great problem presented each year to travelling Britons, "Where shall we go?"

It is better, I think, in discussing this question, to separate at once home and foreign travel. Here let our patriotism come into play. It is undoubtedly the custom nowadays to decry this good, old-fashioned virtue, to look upon it as something which did very well in our grandfathers' day, but which we with our high civilisation do not require. Such people, perhaps, are inclined to re-echo the sentiment of the great philosopher Lessing, uttered by him at a time when national life in Germany was at its lowest ebb—"Of the love of country I have no conception: it appears to me at best a heroic weakness, which I am right glad to be without."

I trust the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER suffer from this "heroic weakness," and that they will, on that very account, admit the justice, to say the least of it, of commencing at our own island kingdom.

Nothing can be more absurd than to meet people, as we often do, full of information respecting France and Switzerland, etc., and quite ignorant of the beauties of their own land. English folk, wise and learned concerning the glories of Notre Dame or Ste. Gedule, and ignorant of Durham or Salisbury; Scotch (of whom we have been told that they are never at home except when they are abroad), who know every Swiss pass and mountain valley, and have never seen Glencoe or the Western Isles; Irish, who know the Italian lakes and cities, but to whom Killarney or Connemara is still an "undiscovered country."

In dealing with the United Kingdom, one must, more or less, speak in general terms. For this reason. It is, of course, impossible to give outlines of tours in England in the same way as you might in Switzerland, because here every reader will have more or less previous knowledge of the country to guide them, and have greater facilities of acquiring such information in any ordinary railway guide. And those people who intend to make tours in England will, of course, naturally avail themselves of such helps. But one can give certain general indications which may prove useful to those who intend to start on their annual "outing" next summer. Those who desire to combine the acquiring of a new stock of health with the pleasure of a change, may read with profit these words, taken from an article by Dr. E. Symes Thompson, on "The Choice of English Health Resorts." He writes:—

"Broadly speaking, health will best be gained by seeking climatic conditions diverse from those to which we are accustomed. Those who live by the sea, or in the plains, well know the benefit of mountain air; and those who live at a high level are as severely tried by this opposite condition of atmospheric pressure, and equally gain by a visit to the sea or the lowlands. In the case of those residing in low-lying districts, there is a want of that dry, stimulating, ozone-freshening air which is found in the higher regions, and which works with quick magic on the enfeebled powers, strengthening the appetite, and invigorating the whole system; while those always living in these 'high places' are themselves worn out by over-stimulation, and find equal benefit from a change to the vacated homes of their visitors. In each of these instances of interchange of residence, a marked alteration in the digestive powers and in the animal spirits may be observed."

After giving examples of the varying presence of ozone in different localities, he adds: "A change from the damp, though invigorating sea air, to the dry bracing air of the hills, or from the latter to the sea, is equally to be considered; and in many cases even there is little doubt that the inhabitants of the country gain as much benefit from a short spell of city life as their brethren of the towns do from a jaunt to the hills and fields."

The common sense of these remarks will be evident to all my readers, and will, I hope, help them in deciding upon a locality. The question of health, however, is one which comes under the province of "Medicus," and not directly within the scope of these articles, so I shall say no more under this head. Those who go to the seaside generally choose their locality for the purpose of sea bathing, and as this necessitates remaining pretty much at the same place, we shall leave out of our consideration the various seaside resorts so numerous all round our coasts. It can hardly be called travelling, as I said in another chapter, to take the train to the coast and remain for a month in, say, Scarborough, Lowestoft, Eastbourne, or Southport, and then return home. Travelling would rather indicate pretty constant movement from one place to another.

England affords plenty of variety in this respect, and will give scope for the exercise of various tastes. Those who are of an archæological and historical turn may well make a tour of the different cathedral cities, abounding as they do, not merely in splendid examples of ecclesiastical art, but in many interesting specimens of both domestic and civic architecture. Those who wish for wild and rugged coast scenery, with a land full of legendary lore, as well as the softness and beauty of sylvan landscape, will visit Cornwall and Devonshire. The lovers of Nature in its sterner moods, the mountains and wild glens, the waterfalls and lakes, will look to Wales and Cumberland as the scene of their holiday rambles. They will make for Penmaenmawr or Bangor, and explore the mountain valleys and ancient castles, with all their legendary and genuine histories which tell of the days of the Druids and Romans; of the fierce warfare in the times when Welsh independence was crushed beneath the power of the Edwards and Henrys. Others, taking as their literary guide-books the poems of Scott, of Wordsworth, or of Southey, will establish themselves in Keswick or Ambleside, climb Hellvellyn and Scawfell Pike, and float over the placid waters of Derwentwater or Windermere.

Facilities for visiting all these places are very numerous. The various railway companies in those districts give capital circular tickets at very moderate rates, which will enable a tourist to visit the most interesting spots, and to return home again, for a comparatively small outlay. The different tourist agencies, of course, do the same thing. The English lake district, and also North Wales, is well adapted for a walking tour. Those who are able for this mode of progression will find it one of the best ways of "making the most of a holiday." To be a suitable country for a walking tour, it is essential that the distances between hotels and places of interest should not be too great. There are often difficulties in the way of this in Scotland and Ireland. In the English lake district and North Wales we find the country well adapted

for this very agreeable mode of travelling. It is, of course, pleasanter, if it can be managed, to send on your knapsack by rail or post to the place you intend to remain at for the night; or, if a party of more than two are travelling together, some of them could drive, taking with them the baggage of the entire company, and those who drove one day could walk the next, and so on.

In Scotland travelling is varied, easy, and not expensive. There is, indeed, no lack of variety. In the space of a few hours you can have examples of most modern modes of travelling—railway, coach, and steamer, all following one another in quick succession. Few countries have been better arranged for tourist traffic than Scotland. If you wish to visit the lowlands, and make yourself familiar with the scenes of border warfare, and the charming landscapes which abound along the courses of rivers, as famous in song and story as the Tweed and Yarrow, you may establish yourself in Edinboro', and reach all these places by train in a few hours, and then in that famous city itself and its environs, you may find enough to fill up one very good holiday, without going any further.

For visiting the Western islands and Highlands, Oban is a capital centre. There many of the routes converge, there all the West coast steamers call, and from it you can visit in a day such world-renowned spots as Nature's great cathedral of Staffa, and the island of Iona, with all its sacred memories of the Irish missionary Columba, one of the apostles of early Scottish Christianity.

Those who go to Oban will doubtless continue their journey northward to Inverness by the great Caledonian canal, and probably turn again to the north-west, along the Highland railway to Strome Ferry. By this line you pass through some of the finest natural scenery in Great Britain, especially the part which runs through Ross-shire.

Leaving Dingwall, you turn north-west, passing the far-famed Strathpeffer, with its unsavoury but highly efficacious mineral waters, now so much resorted to. After this point the line lies through the wildest and most beautiful scenery, and well repays a visit. The Island of Skye is, of course, a frequented spot, with its many wondrous lochs and mountain peaks, almost rivalling in grandeur a Norwegian fjord. I wonder when there was a Royal Academy Exhibition which did not contain at least one picture of some part of Skye! The eastern Aberdeenshire Highlands are of course a group in themselves. They are familiar to all readers of the Queen's journals, and on that account, as well as for their great beauty, are much visited by tourists.

Time and space would of course fail one to even name one-half of the many places to be visited in Scotland. It is no wonder, indeed, that so many use it as a holiday ground. How much it owes to Sir Walter Scott! It is not a little remarkable the influence which literature has had in developing certain localities. Do not the English lakes owe much to Wordsworth and the poets of what is called the Lake school? Have not Charles Kingsley and Mr. Blackmore sent many to Devonshire and Cornwall? And have not thousands become familiar with the Hebrides and the western isles of Scotland through the writings of Mr. William Black? It is not too much to say he has done as much for them in the wonderful word-pictures which he has given us in his many stories, from "A Daughter of Heth" down to "White Heather," as Sir Walter Scott did for the now better-known parts of Scotland, the Trossachs and Rob Roy country, in his "Lady of the Lake" and other poems and novels. If Ireland were but to give birth to a Scott or Black, it might prove a turning-point in her sad history.

This leads me to say a few words on travelling in Ireland. The "melancholy ocean" which surrounds the once "Isle of Saints" is, unfortunately, with many, a serious obstacle in the way of a visit; but the discomforts of this are now reduced to a minimum by the splendid service of mail and express steamers which convey passengers from Holyhead to Dublin and Kingstown. The unhappy state of the country in recent years has unfortunately deterred many people from visiting Ireland, under the mistaken idea that such a tour would be as dangerous to life and limb as an excursion into the Soudan, though it is well known that even in the worst times there was not the remotest danger to an ordinary English tourist, unless he had the misfortune to resemble a landlord, or an honest tenant who had paid his rent. Ireland is not so well provided with railways and coaches as Scotland, but still it is easy enough to visit all the best scenery.

Dublin will be an excellent centre for visiting the beautiful surroundings of that city, including a run into Wicklow, where some of the most charming of both mountain and sylvan scenery is to be met with. Circular tickets are issued by nearly all the Irish railways. You can begin at Dublin, and proceed south to Cork and Killarney; and having visited the famous lakes, turn northwards to Clare, with its splendid cliffs exposed to the full sweep of the North Atlantic rollers. Thence up to Galway, "the city of the tribes," with many of the ancient houses belonging to the Spanish merchants, in the far-off days of the town's prosperity. From Galway you can proceed through the beautiful Connemara, a region full of the most delightful lakes and purple-clad mountains, to Westport on Clew Bay, with its myriad islands, and shut in from the Atlantic by Clare Island, where dwelt, in Queen Elizabeth's day, the famous chieftainess, Grana Uaile, or Grace O'Maley, who looked upon herself as an equal to the haughty Tudor. From Westport you can return direct by rail to Dublin.

A tour such as that will show you Celtic Ireland to perfection. If you wish to see what we might now call Loyal Ireland, the Protestant north, you can go by rail from Dublin northwards as far as "the frontier town" of Newry; and then visit the coast of Down, beginning at Rostrevor, and driving by coach to Newcastle, having the range of the Mourne Mountains on the left and the sea to the right. Thence by rail to Belfast, the Manchester of Ireland, and on to the Giant's Causeway, where the basaltic columns of Staffa reappear from under the sea. Near to it is Portrush, one of the most bracing places in the United Kingdom. Still following the coast, you will reach the "maiden city" of Derry, the siege of which has been immortalised in history by the genius of Macaulay.

From Derry you can return to Dublin viâ Fermanagh, and visit the lower and upper Loch Erne; and, if you desire it, prolong the route to the midland counties, and reach Dublin by Mullingar and the Westmeath lakes. There are, of course, plenty of other excursions and minor tours which can be made, but those who follow the lines indicated above, will return home with a pretty fair idea of the natural features of Ireland. I have thus tried to give some suggestions as to tours in the United Kingdom. They are undoubtedly very general, for, as I said at the outset, it is not as necessary to give detailed tours in the native land of my readers as on the Continent. But I hope what I have said will be of some use, especially to those who possess the "heroic weakness" of love of country, and who desire before they go abroad to know, at least fairly well, their native land.

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

MERIT IN LISTENING.—Were we as eloquent as angels, yet should we please some men, some women, and some children much more by listening than by talking.

HER REAL NAME.

"Poor man!" exclaimed a physician, as he approached the patient's bed, "he seems to be suffering from neuralgia."

"You're mistaken," said the sick man; "her name isn't neuralgia, it's Sophia, and we have only been married six months."

COUNTRY LIFE.—Auber, the composer, had a profound dislike for the country, amounting almost to detestation. He never went out of Paris but once, when he felt himself bound to accept an invitation from Napoleon III. to Compiègne. "The country," he exclaimed; "it is the conservatory of caterpillars and broken bottles!" In his hatred of everything rural, that was not of the opera comique pattern, he added, "It is also the nursery of rheumatism."

MURDERING MUSIC.—The more any piece of music is delicate and expressive, the more insipid and disagreeable must it appear when under a coarse and unmeaning execution; just as the most delicate strokes of humour in comedy, and the most affecting turns of passion in tragedy will suffer infinitely more from being improperly read than a common paragraph in a newspaper.

THE FOLLY OF AVARICE.

A rich priest had hoarded a fine collection of jewels, to which he was constantly adding, and of which he was inordinately proud. Upon showing them to a friend, the latter feasted his eyes for some time, and on taking his leave thanked his host for the jewels.

"How!" cried the priest; "I have not given them to you! Why do you thank me?"

"Well," rejoined his friend, "I have at least had as much pleasure from seeing them as you can have, and the only difference between us that I can discover is that you have the trouble of watching them."—*Translated from the Chinese.*

"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"—The following abstract nouns—most of them apparently representing parental aspirations, and many having, as it would seem, a religious meaning, occur as names in recent registers:—Admonition, Advice, Affability, Comfort, Deliverance, Duty, Equality, Faith, Freedom, Grace, Gratitude, Hope, Industry, Innocence, Liberty, Love, Meditation, Mercy, Modesty, Obedience, Patience, Peace, Piety, Providence, Prudence, Repentance, Sapience, Silence, Sobriety, Temperance, Truth, Unity, Virtue, Wisdom, and Zeal.

WOMAN'S VALUE IMPROVED.—Sweetness is to woman what sugar is to fruit: it adds to her value.

THE INTELLECT OF THE WISE.—The intellect of the wise is like glass: it admits the light of heaven and reflects it.

an author, a sister of mercy. a medical woman, a female missionary, anything, in short, which could emancipate her from the thraldom of dependence. This was the more galling because she had no pocket money. Miss Heath would have given her all her regularly paid salary, but she was far too proud to accept it, and as Searle paid all the bills, she had, literally, no money of her own. She intended to battle it out with him, since she began to understand that her uncle could not even have read any of the letters she wrote to him.

Soon after her arrival at Courtleroy, she had prevailed on Miss Heath to appropriate to their joint use the wing of the house in which the schoolroom was, so that the principal rooms, the entrance hall excepted, were still untenanted. They lived, slept, and otherwise spent their time, in the apartments that had once been her mother's. She fancied she had a sort of right to them, and beyond extracting a book from the library when she wanted one, or looking occasionally into the drawing and dining rooms, the remainder of the house was void to them. Mimica had regularly explored it during the first months of her occupation, and had found much to excite her interest and curiosity, but as time went on she grew accustomed to her surroundings, and gave herself up to Miss Heath and solitude.

Not absolute solitude, thanks to the vicar's family.

"George is beautiful," resumed Mimica, after she had got over that first "You think so?" "I do not wonder that my uncle took him to the Handel Festival, and asked him to write to him."

"That was mere curiosity about us," returned Miss Heath. "We must be careful lest George should tell either too much or too little."

"I am quite indifferent, Miss Heath. I shall ask him to give a full account of all he sees—our seclusion and penury; for it is penury not to be allowed a sous to spend as one likes, and to be obliged to send the bills for a shilling picture frame and penny reel of cotton, equally, to that horrid Searle. I wish I was Leila, going out as a lady-help; or even Laura, tormenting her brains over Greek and Latin and sums. She is afraid she cannot matriculate, as she calls it, and is going in for the Post-office, or a situation as governess. She passed the Oxford examination, thanks to Mr. Leste. What an ignoramus I should have been but for you, dear Miss Heath!"

This little compliment called a flush of pleasure into Milly's thin cheeks. Mimica, in pondering over her own lot, too often forgot how intimately it was shared by Miss Heath; and how little reward she had for her indefatigable labours in teaching her all she knew herself. And this was infinitely more than the outer world imagined, for she was a thoroughly well-educated gentlewoman and conscientious teacher. Mimica noticed the unusual flush, and as she rose to ring the bell, laid her hand on Miss Heath's shoulder, and touched her forehead with her lips.

"If I am miserable what must you be, who have had so many years of it!" she sighed.

"Neither of us is miserable, dear. We have all we actually want. 'Having food and raiment, let us be therewith content.' I have known some well-born and educated who——" Here Miss Heath paused.

"Yes, dear, tell me about it. One of your old pupils," put in Mimica, excitedly, for Miss Heath often began a story and stopped short just where the girl was panting to know the conclusion.

"I cannot, I must not," she replied.

"I wish I knew George's history; that would be romantic," said Mimica.

"Better unknown, probably," replied Miss Heath.

Further conversation was interrupted by a ring at the hall bell.

"An event," cried Mimica, starting up and running downstairs.

"How wild she is," sighed Miss Heath, following slowly.

She found Mimica in the hall, shaking hands with a young man. It was Horace Leste, the vicar's eldest son, who apologised for calling so late.

"I am off to-morrow morning for my ship, and I could not go without wishing you good-bye," he said, with all a sailor's easy zeal.

"And you won't see Georgie?" returned Mimica.

"What do I care for Georgie? It is you I want to see, Mimica, you and Miss Heath. When shall we three meet again?"

"But this is so sudden, Mr. Horace," said Miss Heath, seeing that Mimica's face changed.

"I got the telegram this morning, and this is my first leisure moment. We are ordered to the African coast, and I hope I shan't die of yellow fever before I meet you again. Give me something to do for you, Mimica."

"If you go to the Cape will you try and find out my old friends the Beverleys, and tell them about me. He is an ostrich farmer."

Horace laughed, and said he would do his best.

"I suppose you will not slip a line into my sister's letters sometimes, Mimica, just for auld lang syne?" he added.

"She had better not, Mr. Horace," said Miss Heath, decidedly.

"But I can send you messages, Horace, and I shall be sure to read all your letters, so we shall know about one another," said Mimica, sadly.

"I hate everything second-hand, but I know we shall not forget one another. Good-bye, Miss Heath; good-bye, Mimica."

A sailor's grasp of the small hand, and he was gone.

(*To be continued.*)

THE ART OF TRAVELLING.

PART V.

HAVING in the previous chapter said something respecting tours in the United Kingdom, I come now to add a few words with regard to tours abroad.

This part I wish to make as practical as possible, and to avoid taking a merely theoretical line, as my object is to suggest something which may be of use to the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, many of whom, I daresay, are even now looking forward to the ever-pleasant prospect of a summer trip. The events of such holidays have often been chronicled in these pages, and have been read with interest by many. In our last volume we were told in graphic language the adventures of "two London girls" in Norway. This will doubtless inspire many other girls, both in and out of London, to visit "the land of the midnight sun," of fjords, fjelds, and fosses. I hope, then, that some of the tours, which I have suggested below, may be tried by my readers, and that they may enjoy them as much as I have done.

But before plunging into details, I cannot help quoting some words of the late Lord Houghton, which I met with recently, on the subject of foreign travel, as they seem to express so succinctly what I have been endeavouring to impress on my readers in one of our previous chapters. Here are his words:—"Foreign travel, even to unintelligent, uninquiring minds, is always of great influence, not merely by the presentation of new objects, but also, and mainly, by the withdrawal of the mind from all the intricate connections of habit and familiarity which mark the real relations of life. This withdrawal is important, because it gives a new standing-point from which we can judge ourselves and others; and it shows how much that we have been wont to regard as essential is in reality little more than routine."

This is, indeed, a very accurate way of stating some of the most important advantages to be derived from foreign travel. The sense of newness which is experienced on all sides; the break in the routine of daily life; the "new standpoint" from which to judge men and things—all are present to those who go abroad, especially for the first time; and although I trust my readers will not be classed under the heads of either "unintelligent" or "uninquiring," yet they will be ready to acknowledge the really great educational power which travelling, especially foreign travelling, possesses.

To come to more practical matters, however. I have tried in earlier chapters to give some hints respecting expenses, equipment, use of time, etc., so we will now assume my readers to be informed on these points—to have their purses filled, their portmanteaus packed, their time duly apportioned.

Tastes differ so much that it is hard to know what to suggest first in the way of a proposed tour. Some persons wish entirely for the beauties of nature, and do not care for cities, churches, and galleries; others go abroad chiefly to view the latter; but I should say the majority of my readers would wish to have the two blended judiciously together.

So much is written respecting foreign travel nowadays, both in book-form and in the magazines, that tourists have plenty of information respecting foreign places given them in a much more palatable form than the ordinary guide-book. Not that a guide-book is by any means unnecessary, for all of us know that it would be extremely unwise to venture abroad without a book containing accurate information respecting hotels, routes, etc. The books of the kind I allude to are generally pleasantly-written sketches of various summer tours, like Mrs. Macquoid's "In the Ardennes," or the interesting and beautifully-illustrated article on Brittany which recently appeared in the *English Illustrated Magazine*. These and such-like books and articles are very pleasant and useful reading before starting on a tour to the country they describe.

Of shorter tours, such as may be accomplished in from ten days to a fortnight, and entailing but a modest expenditure of money, I might suggest a run in Belgium, a country full of historical and artistic interest, and by no means devoid of natural beauty. Belgium makes a capital holiday ground for a short tour, either early or late in the season—an Easter or Whitsuntide excursion, or in the end of September, when it is too late in the year for Switzerland—the reason chiefly being that most of the objects of interest are in the cities, and, as I remarked in a previous chapter, the cool weather is the pleasantest for "doing" cities and galleries. In addition to this, Belgium is so well provided with railways that one is not exposed to the risks of

wet and cold, which, in a land where coaches have to be used, must often be met.

The following outline tour will give you a very fair idea of what Belgium is, and could be accomplished without much fatigue in about a fortnight from London. It is possible to get a ticket for the whole journey in London, which will save some trouble, but it is not necessary for those who possess the very slightest acquaintance with French, and besides, in the short journeys between towns, the tourist can easily travel third class, and so save considerably, the tickets to be had in London being, I believe, only first and second class.

It will be seen I have made the return home from a different port than that at which you land, but it is very easy to change this, and to return home again the same way as you came, which is somewhat cheaper.

The outline I would suggest is as follows:—London, Harwich to Antwerp, Brussels, with a visit to Waterloo (if visited by train, go to the station of Braine l'Alleud, not Waterloo, as it is quite a short walk to the Lion Mound, from which you can have a splendid view of the field). Brussels to Louvain, Liège, Namur; thence up the valley of the Meuse to Dinant and Givet. [Or Namur to Jemelle (on the line to Luxembourg), and thence to Han-sur-Lesse, with its celebrated cavern, and Han to Dinant.] Mons, Courtrai, Ghent; and Bruges, Ostend, Dover, London.

Of course, what I have said as to the time to be occupied in the above is merely what it can be done in by those who are strong and able to bear fatigue, but three weeks or a month might with pleasure be spent in the above, as there are numbers of small excursions to be made here and there, which will often repay the time spent.

The reader must, of course, remember I am only giving mere outline tours, which can easily be either shortened, lengthened, or combined with more extended ones. Those given here do not profess for a moment to exhaust all that is to be seen in the country mentioned, but are only a few samples of what may be done in the way of a tour, so that they may prove useful to those who purpose visiting the countries indicated. I will give, therefore, a few more outlines, like that in Belgium mentioned above, many of which I have tried myself, and have found to be most interesting.

Here is one which will run chiefly through the western portions of the German empire. All the tours given are assumed to start from London, unless otherwise stated:—

London to Köln, either viâ Flushing and across Holland, a quick but uninteresting route; or, better still, viâ Brussels, which may be reached from Harwich, or Dover and Calais. Brussels to Aachen (Aix-la-Chapelle). The Münster at Aachen should by no means be passed unvisited, with all its memories of Karl the Great. The fine historical paintings of Rethel in the Kaisersaal of the Rathhaus should also be noted. Aachen to Köln. This being not a chapter of a guide book, it is unnecessary to say anything of the sights to be visited in that famous city, with its, at last, completed Dom. From Köln or Bonn, up the Rhein by steamer to Bingen or Maintz; Maintz viâ Worms to Heidelberg. This way is much to be preferred to going viâ Darmstadt, as Worms has a noble cathedral, and the city recalls such striking scenes in the eventful life of the great Saxon reformer. The Luther monument erected there about eighteen years ago is worth seeing.

Heidelberg, back by rail to Coblentz, and then by steamer, if it runs, or by rail to Trier (Trève). Trier is a most interesting town, and has some very fine Roman remains, said to be the finest in the northern parts of Europe, the Porta Nigra being very well worth visiting. Trier by rail to Luxembourg, once a great fortress—a most curiously situated town, which nature, as well as man, made a stronghold.

From Luxembourg you can return through Brussels to England by any of the ways I have given. This tour will give the traveller a very good idea of the country about the Rhein, which abounds so much in historical associations and legendary lore, and is also so rich in natural beauty.

It is perhaps as well, while we are dealing with it, to give some more tours in Germany, and to reserve the "playground of Europe" to another chapter.

The next example will be a North German one. Here the distances to be travelled are considerable, and therefore it is naturally more expensive than a tour nearer home; but, with due regard to economy, it need not prove a very extravagant one.

London to Hamburg by sea, or, if from the north of England, Hull or Grimsby to Hamburg. To reach Hamburg by the overland route from London or Rotterdam is, of course, much more expensive. Hamburg is a charming city, very prettily situated, though the country around is flat. The two lakes, the Binnen and Aussen Alster, which are almost inclosed by the town, give it a very bright look in summer. Hamburg to Lübeck and back. Lübeck should certainly be seen by those who are at Hamburg, as it is quite near, and can easily be visited in a day. It is a delightful old town, quite, or nearly, as much a bit of the Middle Ages as Nürnberg. Hamburg to Berlin and Potsdam. Berlin to Dresden, with a couple of days in the so-called Saxon "Switzerland." A beautiful district, nevertheless, and abounding in most wonderful rock scenery. Dresden to Leipzig, Weimar, Eisenach, Cassel, Köln, and home viâ Flushing or Brussels. This tour gives a very good idea of North Germany, and for the art student, either of music or painting, will be a most attractive one.

The same may be said of the following outline in South Germany.

London, Köln, Maintz, Würzburg, Nürnberg. At Nürnberg a week might be spent with pleasure by those who have plenty of time, as it is one of the most delightful of the old German towns, and one upon which Time has laid his hand much more tenderly than in other places. Its artistic treasures are well worth seeing: especially the works of Vischer and Adam Krafft, not forgetting the mighty Albrecht Dürer.

From Nürnberg to Regensburg (Ratisbon), the city of the nobles, as Nürnberg was of the burghers. The celebrated Walhalla is within an easy drive of Regensburg, and will of course be visited. The victories by Rauch are among the finest works of their kind to be seen anywhere. Those who, when at Regensburg, would like to have a few days in a beautiful forest region, can follow the main line to Vienna as far as Deggendorf, a short distance from Regensburg; and there take the recently-opened line, through the Böhmer Wald, as far as Zwiesel, which is a small village in the very heart of it. Near Zwiesel are two of the highest mountains in Germany, the Arber and the Rachel; the former is 4,783 feet, and the latter 4,770 feet in height. All around here is a most beautiful forest district, with beech and oak plentifully interspersed to relieve the monotony of the fir. The district is watered by the upper branches of the Regen, which joins the Danube at Regensburg. Round Zwiesel are delightful walks and drives through the forest. The railway line which connects Pilsen and Deggendorf is a remarkable piece of engineering, and has some wonderful curves and tunnels. On each train they have an "*Aussicht Wagen*," like those on the Black Forest line, from which a good view of the country can be obtained. Near Zwiesel much of the beautiful Bavarian glass is manufactured.

From Deggendorf you can proceed to Munich, and thence to Augsburg and Ulm, both most interesting old towns; and passing through a charming piece of country, the home of the great Hohenstaufen family, which gave Europe some of its most famous Emperors, reach Stuttgardt, and thence return to England by Heidelberg or Strasbourg.

This tour, like the one which went before, will, to do it comfortably, take about a month, but longer than that may well be spent by those who wish to make themselves well acquainted with the old cities which lie along the route, and the art treasures of Munich.

THOMAS B. WILLSON.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

WATERWITCH is quite right about the deafness. She is anxious that we should mention an improvement society for six hours a week practising, and half an hour's reading per day. Address the secretary, Miss E. L. Few, Seal Vicarage, Sevenoaks, Kent.

W. H. CARTER (Auckland, N. Z.) kindly writes to us to say that he thinks there is a very poor chance at present for governesses in that colony, and that they should not be induced to leave England. The only persons that have a chance are general servants, whose wages vary from 12s. to 14s. per week.

CLARA.—Certainly it would be a very good plan to take lessons in book-keeping, but we do not give private addresses. You will have to learn to write much better, and to spell more correctly. You spell "their" "there." You are not qualified for a situation as a nursery governess.

HOUSEKEEPING.

ANNA MARIA.—Jam should be covered while hot, in which case it is said to keep perfectly good. We cannot help you about the game.

MYRTLE.—Wash the pink gingham in tepid water with no soda. If a good dress you had better send it to a cleaner's.

GERALDINE M. JONES, J. S.—Steel grates rust easily in a damp atmosphere. They should be cleaned with sweet oil when rusty, which should be rubbed well in, and in forty-eight hours afterwards rub well with finely powdered unslacked lime, until the rust disappears. To prevent rust on steel articles, use a varnish composed of fat oil varnish, four-fifths of well rectified spirits of turpentine; apply with a sponge. Steel may also be cleaned from rust, after the use of the sweet oil, with fine emery powder.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LANCASHIRE LASS.—Write for the index to our publisher, Mr. Tarn. The Editor has nothing to do with selling the books.

A. R. W.—Hastings would be a mild place, and cheerful likewise; but you should take rooms under the shelter of the cliff. You might have a game of chess in the evening.

IVY.—The passage you quote, Isa. xxv. 10, is explained thus:—Severe calamities inflicted on nations as punishments are often compared in Holy Scripture to the Oriental method of threshing corn and straw, (see 2 Kings xiii. 7, Amos i. 3, Hab. iii. 12, and compare these passages with Isa. xxi. 10, and xli. 15, and Dan. ii. 35.) The original verb does not signify to be "trodden down," but, as in the margin, "to be threshed" as the straw is threshed. Under the name of Moab, all the enemies of God's people are included, and, in a spiritual sense, all who oppose the kingdom of the Messiah. There were four methods of threshing—*i.e.*, by the flail, the drag, the wain, and the treading of the cattle, to which last method allusion is made in the passage you quote.

A POOR INVALID is thanked for the appreciation expressed of our paper in general, and the story, "Girls Together," in particular. No sequel to the latter has been projected.

ZOE TREVELLYAN does not repeat her questions, so we cannot now reply to them as we should have done. Her groundless complaint on behalf of some engraver friends of hers had better be made by themselves.

EDITH RITSON.—We do not give the private addresses of our contributors. The lady you name has not published any collection of poems in separate form.

ONE OF THE GIRLS.—Your trouble seems to be that, though you believe in Christ, you are not really living to Him. Examine carefully into your daily life and conversation, and see where you come short, and also where you can alter it so as to render more perfect service.

DARKIE and MURIEL.—"They also serve who only stand and wait," is from Milton's poem, "On his Blindness." For the meaning of Christian names, see our articles in the G. O. P., pages 39, 134, 235, 355, and 381, vol. iv.

THE ART OF TRAVELLING.

PART VI.

THE outline tours given in the previous chapter have, of course, embraced but a small portion of the countries usually visited in summer holidays. For reasons stated in earlier chapters, we are confining ourselves to what we may call summer resorts, and this course excludes from our view what are known as winter resorts, such as the South of France, Spain, the Riviera, and, roughly speaking, Central and Southern Italy. Not that it is *impossible* to visit such places in summer, but those who are not possessed of the temperament of the famed salamander will most probably seek for regions where there is fresher air and more endurable warmth than will be found in summer-time in the low-lying parts of the countries indicated.

Switzerland has been called the "playground of Europe," but whether it will be able to maintain an exclusive right to such a title is at least an open question. In other lands the same, or even more beautiful, phrases of Nature may be met with. The Tyrol and Salzkammergut quite equal it in mountain landscape, and surpass it in quiet and freedom from the many plagues of Switzerland. If you rolled all the waterfalls of Switzerland into one, you would probably make a waterfall nearly equal to several that might be met with in Norway; and as for glaciers, the far-famed ones in or about Zermatt, Chamounix, the sources of the Rhone, etc., would make but a comparatively poor show if placed beside the Brigsdalsbræ, the Kjendalsbræ, or some of the other many branches of the great ice-field of the Jostedal, which descend to the sea near the Sogne and Indvik fjords in Norway; while the mighty Svartisen, which most of those who visit the North Cape have seen, excels all of the Swiss glaciers in its vast extent and easiness of access.

I do not mention these things for the sake of disparaging Switzerland, for there can be no doubt of the great charm of that lovely land, but merely from the fact that so many people seem to imagine that the sun, moon, and stars of natural beauty rise and set within the limits of the little European Republic, which has been so long the favourite holiday resort of multitudes in our own and other lands. Switzerland also being on the high road to Italy from the North of Europe, comes in, as it is natural it should, for a large share of the attention of those who cross the icy wall which shuts us northern barbarians out from the home of art and music.

History also has, no doubt, something to do with it. The early struggles for freedom of the hardy mountaineers and stout burghers against the attacks of the first Hapsburg emperors have given a spice of romance to its history. An Arnold von Winkelreid at Sempach, gathering the enemies' spears into his own body to effect a break in their ranks, is undoubtedly a noble example of national heroism. And then look at all the romantic legends (for I fear they are no more) which have clustered around the memory of William Tell. It seems a pity to destroy them, but the truth is, it is more than doubtful (though it would be rank heresy to say so in Switzerland) that such a man ever existed. The story of his shooting an apple off his son's head is not an uncommon one in the legendary histories of other countries, while as for our old friend Gesler, his name is unknown among the recorded lists of the imperial bailiffs of the period. Yet how much William Tell would be missed from the country around the Vierwaldstättersee! and so, I suppose, there is nothing to be gained by refusing to believe in a story which pleases the natives and is not injurious to the fame of the British Empire. For the sake of Swiss pride, then, let us imagine the existence of Tell. I have said enough, however, in the way of general remarks on Switzerland, and I am sure my readers wish for something more practical.

To reach Switzerland from England you have an extensive variety of routes. Many persons visit portions of France *en route*, others choose Belgium and Germany. If combined with a visit to Paris, Switzerland will generally be struck either at Geneva, Pontarlier, or Basel (Bâle). The quickest way of reaching Switzerland from England is by the express route *viâ* Dover, Calais, Amiens, and Basel. This is certainly a wonderful improvement on former methods of reaching the country. By leaving Charing Cross at 10.15 a.m. one morning you will be at Basel the next morning at 6.10 a.m., and can breakfast in Lucerne the same morning. For those whose time is limited, this is certainly the best way. The ticket will probably cost more than by some of the other routes, but what it costs above others is very much more than made up for by the saving in hotel and other expenses.

The other principal ways of reaching Switzerland are by Belgium and Luxembourg, or by the Rhein. The former is a pleasant and quick route, and gives a variety of enjoyable stopping places on the way. The route given in the previous chapter can be followed as far as Luxembourg, and thence you go *viâ* Metz and Strasburg to Basel. This is a very interesting way, as it will enable you to visit the two famous cities mentioned above, with their splendid cathedrals, and interesting associations connected with the great struggle between France and Germany in 1870. It is very desirable, on either this route or the following one, to visit Freiberg—the Freiberg "im Breisgau," as it is called, to distinguish it from the well-known town of the same name in Switzerland. It is a most charming old place on the edge of the Black Forest, and has a cathedral which reminds one in many respects of its great neighbour at Strasburg. From Freiberg to Basel is a train journey of little more than two hours.

To reach Switzerland through the Rhein-land, you can take one of the various routes to Köln, and thence proceed up the Rhein, either by steamer or train, to Maintz, from there to Heidelberg, and thence by the train which follows the right bank of the Rhein, and passing Oos (the junction of Baden-Baden) and Freiberg, come to Basel.

The above are the chief routes by which Switzerland is generally approached from England. It is naturally enough easy to diverge from those given above at many points, and to combine a run through the Black Forest (by rail at least) with the approach from the German side. But I suppose those who wish to spend their holidays in Switzerland will probably lose no time in reaching the "playground of Europe," and will, therefore, reserve the places nearer home for a future visit.

It is not my intention to give many elaborate outline tours in Switzerland, as it seems very much a work of supererogation. Those who intend visiting it will doubtless have become the possessors of the latest edition of Baedeker or Murray, and will find there many outline tours which will enable them to arrive at a pretty accurate idea of the salient points of Swiss scenery. But still, as guide books as a rule seem to assume that one will visit the country for several seasons in succession, and so gain a complete view of all the places of interest, I am tempted to give one or two outlines which may be useful for those who are not so happily situated as to be able to look forward to practically unending visits to this beautiful land. One which will start from Geneva and take in the greater part of western Switzerland, and the other from Basel, which will take in principally the eastern portion, with a glance at the Italian lake district.

(1) Geneva or Lausanne, as a starting point. If the former, it should include a trip on the Lake of Geneva; thence to Chamounix, and over the Tête Noir to Martigny; up the Rhone to Visp, stopping *en route* at Leuk for a run up to Leukerbad and a visit to the Gemmi Pass. Visp to Zermatt, returning down the valley again to Visp, and thence by rail to Brieg. From Brieg up to the Rhone glacier, and over the Grimsel to Meiringen. Meiringen to Thun and back, visiting Interlaken and the valley of Lauterbrunnen. From thence over the Brunig Pass to Lucerne, and either make for Basel, and so home, or for Berne and Lausanne.

(2) Basel to Zurich and Arth, then over the Rigi to Lucerne, from whence excursions can be made; then up the lake to Flueln by steamer, catching the train there, and through the great St. Gothard Tunnel to Lugano. When at Lugano, or on the way to Como, you should not fail to ascend Monte Generoso from Mendrisio, a station a few miles south of Lugano. There are few if any places where such a view can be had. It is much more varied than the Rigi, and has the same splendid mountain panorama. Imagine seeing in the south the distant Apennines, and at your feet, "spread like a green sea, the waveless plain of Lombardy,"

"Islanded by cities fair."

In the south-west the Maritime Alps, and Monte Viso lifting its snowy head beyond Turin; then the great range of the Pennine and Lepontine Alps, with the five peaked summit of Monte Rosa, and its mighty neighbour, the once unconquered Matterhorn. It is a view almost unequalled in Europe, and one which no traveller should pass without seeing. Lugano to Como, and up that far-famed and lovely lake to Colico and Chiavenna.

From Chiavenna to St. Moritz and Pontresina, well known spots in the Engadine, where London may be found when the season is over. Then turning north, either by the Julier or Albula pass to Chur (Coire), where the railway is again reached. Thence you can return to Basel either by Zurich, as you came, or *viâ* the Lake Constance (the Boden See). If the latter, which I would

recommend, you will be enabled to visit that most interesting old city, Constance, which is so full of memories of the heroic rector of the University of Prague—John Hus—whose "faith failed not" when deserted and abandoned by the faithless Emperor Sigismund, who had sworn his safety; he, with his like-minded companion Jerome, suffered the pains of martyrdom. Or, if we look still further back in the history of Europe, we will not fail to remember how at Constance, in a house still shown, the lion-hearted Frederick Barbarossa signed the treaty in 1183, which practically conferred freedom upon the cities of Lombardy.

From Constance, Basel can easily be reached, or you may cross the Black Forest, and return by the Rhein, or Strasburg and Metz.

These tours are, of course, but suggestions. For some they may occupy too much time, and if so they are easily shortened by omitting some of the side excursions; for others they may be made longer by the innumerable excursions and ascents which seem ever ready to hand in Switzerland. It will not, perhaps, be necessary to give any more examples of tours in Switzerland, so I shall conclude this chapter by an outline of a most delightful tour which can be made in the neighbourhood of Salzburg and the Salzkammergut.

The ancient city of Salzburg is one of the most picturesquely situated places in Europe. Humboldt is said to have declared it was the equal of Naples and Constantinople. It would indeed be hard to find a spot more beautifully placed. The two great rocks rising out of the town, adorned with the castle and the ancient monastery, the broad and rapid Salzach flowing between them, and the magnificent background of snowy mountains. The town itself will occupy the attention of a tourist for two or three days, and well repays inspection. Then there are a variety of charming excursions in the immediate neighbourhood, such as to Hellbrunn, with its curious fountains, to Hallein, the great salt depôt of Austria, and last and not least, the ascent of the Untersberg.

This famous montain, where, according to German legend, the great Kaiser, Frederick Barbarossa, sleeps in one of its many caves, waiting to bring back to Germany all its ancient glory, can easily be ascended from Salzburg. It is well worth the fatigue, as the view is very fine, and there are a great many varieties of Alpine flowers to be met with on the mountain.

Those who visit Salzburg will, of course, not fail to see the lovely König See, perhaps the most beautiful lake in Europe. This excursion can easily be made in a day, including a visit to the salt mines of Berchtesgaden. As both the König See and Berchtesgaden are in Bavaria, the tourist has to submit to the wish of the owner of the mine, King Ludwig of Bavaria, in the matter of costume. That eccentric monarch is well known to love dramatic effect, and so he has provided a very effective dress for ladies not altogether different in principle from that known as the "bloomer costume." For gentlemen it is not so picturesque. As a matter of fact, these garments are quite unnecessary in the parts of the mine which are open to inspection, but visitors have no choice but to comply with the regulations.

For a tour in the Salzkammergut, starting at and returning to Salzburg, I would recommend the following outline:—Salzburg to Gmunden by rail. Gmunden is delightfully situated at the northern end of the Traun See. The waters of the lake here—in fact, all the lakes and rivers in this district—are most wonderfully clear; you can see to a marvellous depth. Gmunden by rail to Ischl, a well-known and fashionable resort, a great favourite with the Austrian Imperial family. From Ischl by rail to Hallstadt, on the Hallstadtersee, a most exquisite lake, somewhat resembling the König See, but less stern in character. The town of Hallstadt is built almost in a cliff overhanging the lake. It has well been compared to a swallow's nest.

Returning to Ischl, you can drive to Strobl on the Wolfgang See, and sail up the lake in a steamer to St. Gilgen, where a "diligence" is met which will bring you back to Salzburg.

Another delightful excursion can be made from Salzburg, which will show you some of the finest parts of that province. A circular ticket can be obtained for this tour.

Salzburg, by rail to St. Johann, from which point you visit the Lichtenstein Klamm, the finest, it is said, of all the Alpine gorges; then on by train to Zell-am-See, a most charming spot on the Zeller See. Here you can ascend the Schmitten Höhe, a mountain rising at the back of the town, from which a wonderful view is obtained of the Grosse Glockner range. From Zell-am-See you continue by rail to Wörgl, from which point you may visit Insbruck, or turn north to Rosenheim, and back from thence to Salzburg.

These tours here suggested will give the traveller a very good idea of the splendid scenery to be met with in that part of Europe. It is not an expensive place for travelling, though, of course, to reach Salzburg itself entails some outlay, as the distance from London is not inconsiderable.

These outlines, it is hoped, will enable my readers to form some plans if they meditate a visit to "the playground of Europe," or to the, to my mind, quite as beautiful and less overrun Salzkammergut and Eastern Bavaria.

THOMAS B. WILLSON.

(To be continued.)

THE MUSIC FOR THE MONTH.

FRANZ LISZT.

AN event of the greatest interest to musicians and music-lovers will be the visit during this month to England of the venerable Abbé Franz Liszt. It is, we believe, over forty years since his last appearance here, and the artist whom our parents welcomed and applauded as a pianist and virtuoso we are welcoming with respect as a composer and tone-poet.

In 1840 the greater portion of his marvellous and original orchestral work, including the Symphonic Poems, was not commenced, and he was known simply as the most extraordinary genius at the piano, which he converted at will into an orchestra, and upon which any passage, however difficult and extended, was possible. Throughout this period—1839 to 1847—his journeys from country to country, from Madrid to St. Petersburg, were so many triumphal marches; his manners and appearance, as much as his playing, gaining for him the hearts of all his listeners. His greatest rival at one time was Thalberg, and upon one occasion in Paris, in 1836, they both played at the same concert.

In a letter of Mendelssohn's to his mother, dated March, 1840, he compares the two players, and says of Liszt. "I have heard no performer whose musical feeling, like that of Liszt, extends to the very tips of his fingers, emanating directly from them." But, best of all, the great Beethoven, after listening to him at a concert in 1823 (the lad was only twelve years old), mounted the platform and kissed him. After such a salutation, what musical fervour would seize him! It is curious that, on September 6th, 1811, Weber, writing to Gäusbacher, mentions going, accompanied

being near her parents, and the pleasure of adding to theirs by going in and out of their home almost daily.

After a six months' engagement, Grace Steyne became the wife of Mr. Carnelly, and, to the great delight of Mrs. Crawford, they fixed upon a charming place about midway between Hillstead and Shelverton as their country home.

Unfortunately, Mr. Carnelly is likely to inherit the family title, for Donald's young life was cut short by a sad accident during a shooting excursion. A fellow sportsman, carrying a loaded gun, was passing through a gap in a hedge, when the trigger was caught by a bough. The gun went off, and poor Donald was so seriously injured that he survived the accident only three days.

Lord and Lady Carnelly in their great sorrow sent for Dr. Crawford, who went at once, and did all that skill could do for the unfortunate young man, but in vain. This trouble has done much to soften Lady Carnelly and to bring her and her husband nearer together, as well as to bridge over the gap between her and the Crawfords. After she and Ida had mourned together beside the grave of poor Donald, it was impossible for the estrangement to last, and the families continued to meet on terms of friendship hitherto unknown.

Lord Carnelly takes comfort from the fact that the title and the estates which go with it will fall into no unworthy hands when they pass from his to Cousin David's.

Mrs. Crawford has long ceased to be a girl-wife. She has tall sons and graceful maidens round her, who call her mother. But, fair as the daughters are, Mrs. Prattely will not allow that even her god-daughter and favourite, Doris, is worthy to be compared to what Mrs. Crawford was when she first came to Steynes-Cote. She is very faithful to her old love.

Perhaps Mrs. Prattely is right. But to Dr. Crawford his wife is fairer by far than she was when she first won his heart. He can speak to her now of those things which are nearest to his own, and instead of looking in vain for sympathy, he sees a light in her face which tells of the divine light in her soul. He knows that whilst entering into all his earthly joys and sorrows, she looks beyond them, and shares in all the aims and hopes which have their fulfilment only when the fashion of this world has passed away for ever.

He remembers how she made a new beginning after her four years of mistakes during their early married life—mistakes for which his own want of entire confidence was as much to be blamed as her want of thought. And he thanks God with a full heart that the partner of his maturer years has found the same blessed source of strength as himself, and that in every difficulty they can seek guidance together at the throne of grace.

Not even Mrs. Fereday was ever more beloved in Shelverton than Mrs. Crawford is now. She finds time for loving ministrations amongst the young, the sick, and the poor, and her very grace and beauty gave an additional charm to her efforts for the happiness of others when she first began them.

It is ever so. Those who do much find time to do more, and the more they think and care for others, the more are they blessed in their own lives.

[THE END.]

THE ART OF TRAVELLING.

A NORWEGIAN TOUR.

BEFORE bringing these papers on travelling to a conclusion, I think I may venture on a few more suggestions as to localities for a summer holiday. It is true I have but touched, so to speak, the edge of the subject of either home or foreign travel. I have left out of view, indeed, many places which are popular resorts of English folk, such as the Channel Islands, Normandy, or Brittany, and have suggested remote parts of the Continent. I have passed them by, while naming and extolling the beauties of the Salzkammergut or Böhmer Wald, and possibly have been considered as highly eclectic and devoid of good taste. But then I must remind my readers of what I have stated more than once—that these papers are not intended as a comprehensive and condensed series of guide books to various countries, but rather to invite the attention of those who wish to travel to certain countries and places, so that should they feel inclined to adventure themselves into those regions, they may perhaps gain some hints which will be useful to them.

I purpose in this chapter to add one more country of Europe to those in which I have suggested excursions; a country less known, indeed, than Switzerland, the Rhineland, or the Tyrol, but one which each year draws an increasing number of visitors to its hospitable, though rocky shores—I mean Norway.

The old order is indeed changing. Time was when, from the recesses of the vast fjords, from some of the innumerable viks or creeks, the Viking set sail for the eastern coasts of England, Scotland, and Ireland—to harry, to burn, and to plunder.

The riches of both church and state were tempting to those "hardy Norsemen." They lightened the treasury of many a monastery and church, and carried back the silver to their distant homes, there to be formed into bridal crowns for many of their fair-haired daughters.

But now the order is reversed. From England, Scotland, and Ireland they go across the seas, not in the rough, but seaworthy, galley of ancient times, but in comfortable steamers, with electric lights and all the "resources of civilisation," to harry, indeed, but only the larder (often a scanty one), and, instead of emptying, to fill the national treasury of "Gamle Norge."

In speaking of Norway, I know I am not dealing with an unknown country to many of my readers. Our last volume was full of it; we had a holiday tour there, beautifully illustrated, which I have no doubt delighted many of our readers. This present volume has added one more to the many sketches of the lives of girls in other lands, by the article on "Norwegian Girls," by Fru Schu. Grieg, the famous composer, has given, in the pages of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, one of his own characteristic pieces. So the ground is not new when I come to speak of Norway.

I may be prejudiced, perhaps, in favour of that land, as it was my first love among foreign countries, visited before Switzerland or Italy, but I must say I have no reason to change my mind on the subject of its attractions. One is often asked, "Is Norway like

THE STOLKJÆRRE.

THE SEVEN SISTERS FALL.

Switzerland? The answer is, "No, Norway is not like Switzerland." The only real answer to the question, "What is Norway like?" is to say, "It is like Norway."

It is like itself—a beauty and charm peculiarly its own, and not to be found in any other country in Europe. True, it has not the "comforts" of Switzerland, the Tyrol, or Italy. There are no long streets of hotels, such as you find at Interlaken; *table d'hôtes*, out of the big towns, are unknown things. Cannons and cow-horns are not found in close proximity to every echo, and, as yet, they have not (as far as I am aware) attempted to illuminate the Vöringsfos or Skjæggedalsfos with Bengal fires, after the manner of the pretty little cascade at Giesbach, where, alas! such an enormity is practised. Yet, in spite of these drawbacks, those who have once been in Norway generally wish to go twice, and those who have been twice are often still unsatisfied.

Literature respecting Norway is advancing at an almost perilous rate. Everyone who has been there seems to think it a solemn duty, even after going over the most frequented routes, which have been over and over again described, to give the long-suffering British public the benefit of their experiences. I say nothing against many of the excellent and charming books which have been published on the subject, but merely suggest that there may be some limit, and that as the reading public have had a good deal of the same matter over and over again, it would perhaps be well to try a little variety. A good book about a country is always pleasant reading, and also useful, if the writer is a person of quick observation and of an unprejudiced mind, as it will direct the attention of visitors to certain facts and places before a visit, or pleasantly recall them afterwards.

Now, then, as to tours in Norway. I would certainly advise all tourists to begin at Bergen instead of Christiania, especially if their time be limited; to see first the Hardanger Fjord, with the many fine excursions which may be made about it. Then to make for the Sogne Fjord, *via* Vossevangen and Gudvangen, and, having visited some of the eastern arms of it, to go north to Molde, by what is called the "overland route," though a good deal of it might better be termed the "over-water route," as much of it is done in boats and steamers.

From Molde you can either go up through Romsdal, and over the Dovre Fjeld to Trondhjem, or to Trondhjem direct by sea in about fourteen hours.

When at Trondhjem you can proceed still further north to see the midnight sun, by the North Cape steamer, or turn south by rail to Christiania. This will show you some of the finest scenery to be met with in Norway, but would require more than a month to do it with any comfort.

You can have a very pleasant tour of, say, three weeks, or less, beginning, as suggested above, at Bergen, seeing the Hardanger and Sogne Fjords, and then proceeding at once eastward to Christiania by the Fille Fjeld and Valders route. Or it can be varied by taking the Sogne Fjord first, and then the Hardanger, and from the latter proceeding to Christiania by the Haukli Fjeld route, through some of the fine scenery of the Telemark.

It is well to remember that, roughly speaking, all the best scenery in Norway lies between Stavanger and Molde on the west, and Kongsberg and Domaas on the east. Of course there is plenty to be found like the Nordland, with its great glaciers and wild coast and island scenery, but those wonderful fjords, great waterfalls, and glacier valleys, which have made Norway so famous, will, as a rule, be found within the limits indicated.

It is not necessary to give any more outline tours in Norway, as those who purpose a visit will be sure to avail themselves of other sources of information which are open to them;* but I am sure those who do go there will enjoy their holiday, if they are ready to fall in with the ways of the country, and not expect the same facilities of travelling which are to be met with in the more well-trodden parts of the Continent.

Sweden offers attractions to tourists which Norway has not, but they are of a kind which will not, perhaps, be as much appreciated as what Norway has to give.

In Sweden man has done a good deal, nature comparatively little; it is very mild after the splendid mountain scenery of Norway, but you will find old cities and churches and more settled forms of life than in Norway. Stockholm is a beautifully situated place, "the Venice of the north," as it has often been called. If a tourist wishes to visit both Sweden and Norway in the same holiday, it is very desirable he should begin with the former; if not, Sweden, which is indeed very pretty in many parts, will seem but tame and uninteresting after coming direct from its grander sister.

It is the same with other parts of Europe. It will never do to see the Rhein for the first time after a visit to Switzerland; it should be seen *en route* to that land; if not, one is sure to be disappointed, and all its beauties will seem but poor and insignificant when compared with the grander forms of nature to be met with among the Alps. So it is with Sweden and Norway; if you want to enjoy the former, to do it proper justice you must see it first, and then wend your way to Norway.

There is one quality for which Norwegians are remarkable among the nations of Europe—that is honesty. It is no libel upon other people to say that the Norwegian, uncontaminated by contact with other nations, is naturally about the most honest man on the face of the earth. Alas! that this should ever cease to be the case, but those who have known Norway longest are often obliged sorrowfully to admit that contact with other nations does not improve the national character for honesty and fairness. Still, in spite of the deterioration which is becoming apparent, it is a comfort to be in a land where you feel quite safe in this respect, and may leave valuables lying about in a way which it would be perilous to do in a more southern clime; but which, indeed, it is wrong to do in any place.

I must not, however, weary my readers with any more remarks on Norway or Norwegians, as I have said more than I intended at the outset. I shall conclude by a few words on a subject which applies equally to all countries of Europe, and which is not a little important to those who travel—I mean language.

The ideal in this respect is, wherever you go to be able to converse with the inhabitants in their native tongue. The actual fact, however, in most instances is, that a veritable smattering of one or two languages is all that is required. It is wonderful, after all, how well one can travel without knowing more than a few phrases of the language of a country. For the wants of daily life but few words are necessary. Some writers have pointed out the remarkably small vocabularies which uneducated people use, and after all how comparatively few words even our greatest authors and orators make use of.

This being so, can we wonder that it is easy to travel with but a small stock of language? A sign will convey a whole sentence, a chain of ideas, nearly as well as a copious flow of language. The story has been told of an Englishman and Chinaman dining together in "the flowery land," neither of whom understood a word of the other's language. The

* The writer of this paper has just published a "Handy Guide to Norway" (Stanford, Charing Cross), which is the most reliable and convenient yet issued.—[ED. G.O.P.]

former felt anxious as to a certain dish on the table, but, not knowing what to say, touched the dish and exclaimed interrogatively, "Quack quack?" whereupon his companion promptly replied, "Bow wow." No knowledge of the language of China or England was needed there to put the Englishman in possession of the facts of the case.

It is the same all over the world. It is not necessary to know a language to travel in a country; it can be done without, but yet what a difference there is! It is truly a case of "wisdom at one entrance quite shut out," of darkness in place of light. But remember, that a little of a language, as well as a little learning, is a dangerous thing. If you do not feel certain, do not venture, for example, to make a bargain in French, German, or Italian; if you do, it is sure to turn out something different from what was intended. But then there is the phrase-book? Yes, I know that valuable class of work; you have it neatly arranged in columns, your own language first, then selections from the principal languages of Europe; but my quarrel with phrase-books, as a rule, is that they seem to be drawn up for the benefit of people who travel in a widely different manner from the ordinary British tourist. Many of them assume throughout that you are quite certain to have with you a carriage, pair of horses, and several dogs, not to mention the retinue of servants befitting your situation. They assume that you travel for the purpose of inquiring into the various commercial and agricultural pursuits of the nations of Europe; and, besides, you are morally certain to turn to the wrong place in some pressing emergency when most you need the help of the book. A really useful phrase-book comes, indeed, like certain well-known pens, "as a boon and a blessing to men," and many, who are in despair for the correct word, who are "strangers in a strange land," are duly grateful for being helped out of difficulties.

Of course, in these days of widespread education, we may expect to find an increasing number of people each year who are acquainted with foreign languages. It is a vast disadvantage for anyone to be merely the possessor of one language. The man or woman who knows two or three is in a much better position than those who can speak or read but one. They have stores of knowledge open to them which are closed to others, opportunities of learning which may be of wonderful service and advantage in their course through life.

But to return to the practical question of the use and acquirement of such an amount of a foreign language which is required for a tour. I suppose it is hardly right to assume anyone, nowadays, to be absolutely ignorant of French or German? But then, French or German, as learned at school, the French of the grammar and dictionary, has a wonderful knack of becoming useless when you want it in the hurry of travelling, and when you are suddenly called upon to put your knowledge into practice. The young lady who has studied Molière or Lamartine, Schiller or Uhland, may break down utterly if called upon to address some practical remarks to a porter or guard in the middle of a crowd of foreigners rushing to secure places in a train.

For the benefit of those who know nothing of the language of the country they wish to visit (if, indeed, any such persons exist), I would suggest a few practical hints. Do not, in the first place, trouble yourself with grammars. That would be all very well if you intended to really study the language and make yourself acquainted with its literature. My own idea is that a grammar is almost the last thing to be taken up in learning a language. For travelling purposes, the best thing you can do is to make out a list of such words as you are likely to want, and a few simple phrases, also make yourself familiar with the present tenses of the verbs "to be" and "to have," and with these you are more likely to get on well, than if you had diligently studied a grammar for some time, and written out many of those charming little exercises we all know so well, which describe so simply how "the good girl gave the book to the bad boy," or tell us that "the uncle and the aunt are rich."

If this plan is adopted, do not forget to learn accurately the numbers, both cardinal and ordinal; they will be wanted the moment you set your foot in a foreign country. All this, of course, is practical, it is not ideal; but for those who have not the leisure or the inclination to learn properly a new language, it will be a short and easy method by which you can make known your various wants.

I must, however, close these papers. They have run to a greater length than I intended at the outset, but the subject of travelling and

VIEW IN THE ROMSDAL, SHOWING A NORWEGIAN ROAD.

the scenes and experiences of other lands is always (for me, at least) an enticing one. I may once more express the hope that what I have said may be of some use to the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER generally. I know already it has been in some instances, but hope the approaching summer may still further test its usefulness. Let me end with the words of a very wise and learned man, who many years ago wrote a well-known essay on travelling. Here is what Francis Bacon says:—

"When a traveller returneth home, let him not leave the countries where he hath travelled altogether behind him, but maintain a correspondence by letters with those of his acquaintance which are of most worth. And let his travel appear rather in his discourse than in his apparel and gesture. And in his discourse let him be rather advised in his answers than forward to tell stories; and let it appear that he doth not change his country manners for those of foreign parts, but only prick in some flowers of that he hath learned abroad into the customs of his own country."

THOMAS B. WILLSON.

VARIETIES.

THE OLD WOMAN AND THE SAILOR.

A worthy old coloured woman in the city of New York was one day walking along the street quietly smoking her pipe. A jovial sailor, rendered a little mischievous by liquor, came along, and when opposite the old woman, saucily pushed her aside, and with a pass of his hand knocked the pipe out of her mouth. He then halted to hear her fret at his trick, and enjoy a laugh at her expense.

But what was his astonishment when she meekly picked up the pieces of her broken pipe, without the least resentment in her manner, and giving him a dignified look of mingled sorrow, kindness, and pity, said—

"God forgive you my son, as I do!"

It touched a tender chord in the heart of the rude tar. He felt ashamed, condemned, and repentant. The tears started in his eye; he must make reparation. He humbly confessed his error, and thrusting both hands into his full pockets of change, forced the contents upon her, exclaiming, "God bless you, kind mother; I'll never do so again!"

THE DANGEROUS DAYS OF THE YEAR.—In a work published in London in 1616 the following days are noted as "dangerous to begin or take anything in hand, or to take a journey, or any such thing:—

January 1, 2, 4, 5, 10, 15, 17, 19.
February 7, 10, 17, 27, 28.
March 15, 16, 28.
April 7, 10, 16, 20, 21.
May 7, 15, 20.
June 4, 10, 22.
July 15, 20.
August 1, 19, 20, 29, 30.
September 3, 4, 6, 7, 21, 22.
October 4, 16, 24.
November, 5, 6, 28, 29.
December 6, 7, 9, 15, 17, 22.

BEING GENTEEL.—There cannot be a surer proof of low origin or of innate meanness of disposition than to be always talking of being genteel.—*Hazlitt.*

THE HEART AND THE INTELLECT.—We are more sociable and get on better with people by the heart than the intellect.—*La Bruyère.*

OMINOUS WORDS.—The first words heard after making a resolution are supposed, in China, to be ominous.

HOW TO TAKE IMPRESSIONS ON SCULPTURED STONES.

For those girls who live in the neighbourhood of churches and churchyards, it may be useful to know the best method of taking impressions, or what are called "squeezes," of inscriptions. The following is that given by the Rev. W. F. Holland, in "Hints for Travellers," issued under the auspices of the Royal Geographical Society:—

"Many kinds of paper are suitable for this purpose, but that used by engravers is perhaps the best, since it combines a good substance and strength with sufficient power of absorption. The process of taking 'squeezes' is very simple. All dust or dirt should first be removed from the inscription with a rough brush; the paper should then be cut to the requisite size and laid upon it. With a soft, close-haired brush, like a hat-brush, water should now be sprinkled upon the paper, and, when thoroughly wetted, the brush should be used to press it into every portion of the inscription, so that a perfect impression may be taken. The paper should be left upon the inscription till thoroughly dry, and may then be rolled up without fear of spoiling the 'squeeze.' When the paper is thin, several sheets may be added with the use of paste or rice-water until sufficient substance be obtained. I have in this way taken excellent squeezes with merely whitey-brown paper. A store of paper, a few brushes, and a pair of large scissors for cutting the paper are all the materials that are required."

"EXECUTED IN TERRA-COTTA."

Among the visitors to a fine art exhibition were two old ladies fresh from the country. They were engaged in examining with great interest a statue of a young Greek, underneath which were inscribed the words, "Executed in terra-cotta."

"Where is Terra-cotta?" asked the elder of the two, turning to her companion.

"I haven't the least idea," replied the other. "I never heard of the place before."

"Ah, well," observed the first speaker, "it doesn't much signify. The poor man who was executed there is not the less to be pitied wherever it may be."

MOZART AS A MUSICAL PRODIGY.—All juvenile prodigies sink into insignificance in comparison with Mozart. Instances without number have been recorded of children whose happy organisation enabled them to do with ease what many a well-trained artist does with difficulty—analyse any number of simultaneous sounds or recognise any individual one: detect mistakes in the performance of the most intricate and elaborate music, and so on. But Mozart played the clavecin in the presence of innumerable witnesses at the age of four, and between that age and six dedicated to his father a number of minuets and other little pieces, some of which have been preserved. At the age of six he played a concerto at Munich in the presence of the then Elector of Bavaria, and in the same year at Vienna in that of the Emperor Francis I. At seven he astonished a party of musicians, including his own father, who had never lost sight of him for a single day, by taking part at sight in a trio for stringed instruments, having never received a lesson on the violin, nor had any practice save on a small one that had been given to him as a present.—*Hullah.*

A GOOD WORD FOR TIGHT-LACING.—A doctor thinks tight-lacing is a public benefit, because it kills off the foolish girls and leaves the wise ones to grow into women.

BAD-HEARTED.—A man with a bad heart has been sometimes saved by a strong head, but a corrupt woman is lost for ever.—*Coleridge.*

A LADY'S AGE.

"I should so like to have a coin dated the year of my birth," said a maiden lady of uncertain age to a gentleman acquaintance. "Do you think you could get one for me?"

"I am afraid not," he replied. "These old coins are only to be found in valuable collections."

And yet he cannot see why, when he met the lady the next day, she didn't speak to him.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

His mighty influence pervades his country still,
Undauntedly, unflinchingly his course he ran;
He earn'd by struggling, with indomitable will,
This tribute, "One who never fear'd the face of man!"

1. A graceful, beautiful, but savage beast,
That, prowling silently with stealthy tread,
Makes of the flock or herd a midnight feast,
And Mexicans may well its inroads dread.

2. A French Department that derives its name
From its main river; its chief town was form'd
Before the conq'ring Roman eagles came.
Some centuries ago Burgundians storm'd
Its battlements, and strove to gain the town,
Whose women, with the men, fought in defence;
A standard-bearer thought to win renown;
But a brave woman hurl'd the soldier down,
And bore his banner, as a trophy, thence.

3. An officer, from Anglo-Saxon times,
Whose duty is to put the laws in force,
Prevent seditious actions, punish crimes,
And see that commerce holds its wonted course.

4. A Chinese river, and the town that stands
Upon it, guarded by a wall all round;
Its foreign trade employs industrious hands,
And clever, skilled junk-builders most abound.

5. Oh! warrior poet! patriotic fire
Thrill'd through thy veins to see thy land in thrall;
Thou clash'd'st thy sword across thy quiv'ring lyre,
And Germany arous'd her at thy call.

6. A college where aspiring girlhood learns,
To fit her for the struggle in life's race,
All science and all language in their turns,
But sweet home-management finds there no place.

7. The bird, whose exquisitely woven nest
Hangs from a slender bough of orchard tree;
She thus secures the tender fledgelings, lest
Swift-gliding snakes perchance should robbers be.

8. The noble Spaniard who forsook his home,
The Gospel among eastern tribes to preach;
India, Ceylon, Japan beheld him come,
And both by precept and example teach.

XIMENA.