

"I am sure we shall be friends," I said, looking straight at Miss Fairfax.

"You are very kind," she answered, simply; and a flush, of pleasure I hoped, rose to her cheek.

I looked back at the door to kiss my hand to little Sybil. Margaret Fairfax was moving about the room, setting things in order with one hand, the white-robed baby on the other arm, his downy head pillowed drowsily upon her shoulder, while he strove valiantly, in baby fashion, against the delicious sleep which was pressing down the heavy eyelids.

As I describe the scene it arises again before me—a never-to-be-forgotten picture. The large nursery, the scattered toys, the warm, dancing sunlight, the lovely children, and that stately woman, with her shining hair and grave, sweet eyes, moving backwards and forwards, the sleepy baby nestled cosily in her arms. She seemed like a princess playing at service. So calm and reserved, and withal so girlish in her shy glances and fresh young voice, that her own statement of being "Lady Corfu's nursery governess" appeared like a joke. I resolved that my mission lay in her direction. I would find out about her; she should have a more suitable position; she should not be ignored or snubbed.

My dear Magdalen, I was young and impetuous, and had not at that time exactly realised that it is very seldom advisable to hurriedly snatch people from any position, even though it may at the time appear to be terribly beneath them. It is not the position itself, but

the way in which it is filled, which renders it degrading or ennobling.

"Well, what have you been doing with yourself all day?" said my cousin to me that evening.

"I have made acquaintance with your children," said I. "They are quite delicious."

Emily looked pleased. "They are not bad specimens, certainly," she said.

"Because they are such good ones, I suppose, you shut them up in a glass case," I retorted, boldly.

It seemed dreadful to me to only see one's children for one or two hours a day. My mother had always protested against the fashion, and she made the time to have us a great deal more with her when we were young than was usual.

Emily laughed.

"Poor little things, I can't help it. I work harder than anyone else in my house, and just now I am simply fagged to death. There is all this canvassing business for Corfu's brother, Ronald Effingham. Of course, Corfu is expected to help, and he is positively at his wits' ends to get a twenty-pound note, and I am as poor as a church mouse. So I have to fall back on smiles and civilities to every butcher, baker, and candlestick-maker. It is the most exhausting affair possible. I provide the poor dears with a capital nurse and a good governess, and I can do no more."

I eagerly seized the opportunity.

"Oh, yes, Miss Fairfax is a charming person. I have taken a great fancy to her. Very superior, isn't she?"

Cousin Emily looked sharply at me, and I was a little puzzled by her reply.

"Yes, very superior," she repeated, slowly, with a preoccupied manner; then, throwing herself back in her chair with a light laugh, she suddenly changed her tone. "If you want to talk about her you must go to Corfu. He visits the babies before breakfast, and he raves about 'the lovely Fairfax.' It is the vogue now for husbands to admire any women of different style from their wives. That's quite enough to secure their attention. As far as I am concerned, I know her good points and I trust her. She is a prig and a Puritan, and sets up to be better than all the world. But as that does not affect me, and makes her more particular about her duties, we get on very well. She suits me, and so I like her."

These words gave me an insight into Miss Fairfax's character. How well I knew who were dubbed "prig and Puritan" by the world. It was a reproach to which I had already been exposed, and doubtless might have been yet more, had I not lived among my equals. Civility keeps many tongues quiet, which scorn and contempt would otherwise let loose. How the world hates the silent rebuke of the refusal of the children of light to join in its pursuits and pleasures! And what a pity that the children of light so often withdraw with the haughty step and harsh judgment of the self-righteous, instead of the meek spirit which yearns over those from whom it must be separate. There was a heavier condemnation for the Pharisee than for the sinner.

(To be continued.)



A WORLD-WIDE TRAVELLER.

IDA PFEIFFER.

By EDWARD WHYMPER, Author of "The Ascent of the Matterhorn."

IDA LAURA PFEIFFER was born in Vienna on October 14th, 1797, and it was not until her forty-fifth year that she commenced the travels which speedily gave her reputation. She was the daughter of a wealthy merchant, Herr Reyer by name, and was the only girl in a family of six children. This fact accounts at least in part for the development of some unfeminine characteristics. "I was not shy," she says in a short autobiographical sketch found among her unpublished papers and utilised in an interesting work on her *Last Travels*, "but wild as a boy, and bolder and more forward than my elder brothers," and she goes on to relate how she took part in all their romps and mischief, and often dressed herself in their clothes. "The parents not only abstained from putting any check on this tendency, but even allowed the girl to wear boys' clothes, so that little Ida looked with sovereign contempt upon dolls and toy saucers, and would only play with drums, swords, guns, and similar playthings."

Her father, whose household was conducted on rigidly Spartan principles, bordering on harshness and parsimony, jestingly promised the girl that he would have her educated as an officer in a military school; and nothing would have pleased her better. When, somewhere about her tenth year, her father died, her mother not unnaturally thought it was time for Ida to don female habiliments. The little girl was so indignant at this idea that she absolutely became ill from grief, and the doctor saw nothing for it but to restore her former costume, upon which she recovered, and behaved more like a boy than ever. Pianoforte playing she despised as a feminine accomplishment, and would cut her fingers or burn them with sealing-wax to escape the hated drudgery of practice. On the other hand, she took kindly to the violin. It is needless to say that Madame Reyer did not give in altogether to her rebellious daughter, and that the pianoforte teacher had not a very easy time with his pupil.

The year 1809, when Ida was twelve years old, was an eventful period for her country, and the embryo traveller might then have been seen constantly poring over newspapers and maps, studying the positions of the Austrian and French armies. When the former were successful, she would dance and shout with glee, like a good little patriot, whilst the victories of the enemy caused her great and poignant grief. She was a precocious child, and would vehemently deplore her youth as preventing her from entering the ranks of the army; her sex does not seem to have appeared to her to be any bar in the matter. The French were victorious and entered the capital. "The little patriot had the mortification of seeing a number of the hated conquerors quartered in her mother's house, and evidently considering themselves masters of the situation, dining at the table with the family, and expecting to be treated with the greatest civility. The members of the household generally thought it best to

keep up an appearance of friendship towards the conquerors, but nothing could induce the girl to look upon the French with favour; on the contrary, she showed her feelings by obstinacy and silence, and when requested by the Frenchmen to express her sentiments, she broke out in words of passionate anger and dislike." She herself has said on this subject: "My hatred to Napoleon was so great that I looked upon the attempt of the notorious Staps to assassinate him at Schonbrunn as a highly meritorious action, and considered the perpetrator, who was tried by a court-martial and shot, in the light of a martyr." When compelled to be present at a grand review, and the Emperor rode past, Miss Ida turned her back to the scene, and in consequence received a box on her ears from her mother, who then held her firmly by her shoulders so that she should not repeat the offence. All in vain, when Napoleon came riding back, with his glittering staff of marshals around him, the young lady resolutely closed her eyes and would not even honour the conqueror with a look.

At the age of thirteen she began to adopt the costume of young ladies in general, though the change cost her many tears and made her very uncomfortable. "How awkward and clumsy I was at first," says she. "How ridiculous I must have looked in my long skirts, jumping and racing about, and behaving generally like a wild, restless boy." About this time a tutor was engaged by her mother, who seems to have acted with great patience towards the young hoyden, and in a short time transformed her into something a little more approaching the young lady of that period. In 1819, when Ida was twenty-two years of age, she married Dr. Pfeiffer, a then prosperous advocate, to whom she also brought a small fortune inherited from her father. Her husband was a man of high principle, but his integrity in regard to some corruption and speculation which he fearlessly and unsparingly exposed presently proved his ruin. To make a long and painful story short, the Pfeiffers were speedily reduced to almost abject poverty. "Heaven only knows," says the poor Madame herself, "what I suffered during eighteen years of my married life . . . I performed household drudgery, and endured cold and hunger. I worked secretly for money, and gave lessons in drawing and music, and yet in spite of all my exertions there were many days when I could hardly put anything but dry bread before my poor children for their dinner." At her mother's death she came into a small property, which enabled her to educate her two boys as she could wish; and later on she had the pleasure of seeing them satisfactorily settled in life.

During a journey to Trieste, which Ida Pfeiffer undertook in order to give one of her children the advantage of sea-baths, she en-

joyed her first sight of the ocean, and the impression made upon her was overpowering. It renewed that irresistible impulse for travel which she had as a young girl; and she would have gladly embarked in the very first vessel bound anywhere on a long sea voyage but for her duty towards her children. In 1842 she was for the first time in her life an absolutely free woman, able to carry out the dreams of her youth. The question of travelling alone, and the financial side of the matter, were looked at in a business-like and sensible way. "Respecting the first," says she, "namely, that I, a woman, should venture into the world alone, I trusted to my years—for I was then forty-five—to my courage, and to the habit of self-reliance I had acquired in the hard school of life during the time when I was obliged to provide not only for my children,

travel steam was in its infancy as regards the ocean, and many of her voyages were made in sailing vessels of an inferior description, and she had to content herself with food and accommodation such as would not nowadays be offered to a steerage passenger. Sometimes on board ship she occupied a few feet of deck planking, and often on shore went to bed on mother earth; but wherever she went or stayed she was cheerful in hardship and courageous in danger. Knapsack on back, and often clothed in something closely approaching male costume, she trudged or rode over all kinds of countries, and through all sorts of weather, roughing it with as good a grace as any travelling student or seasoned soldier.

On May 1st, 1846, Madame Pfeiffer left Vienna on the first of her voyages round the world, embarking at Hamburg for Rio at the end of the following month. Arrived at the latter port, she made several excursions into the wild districts of the interior, in one of which she nearly came to grief. With a male companion she had arrived at a lonely spot in the virgin forest, when a negro, who had been dogging their footsteps, suddenly sprang forward, holding a long knife in one hand and a lasso in the other, and, making threatening gestures, gave them to understand that he intended to murder them off-hand, and then drag their bodies into the forest. At first they parried with their umbrellas his savage blows, and then Madame Pfeiffer drew out of her pocket and opened a clasp-knife, and defended herself as well as she could. The negro slashed her twice on the upper part of her left arm while she was down on the ground, and the brave lady in return succeeded in wounding him in the head. At the same moment her companion, who had hitherto shown very little fight, managed to seize and hold the black brute while Madame Pfeiffer recovered her feet. Two horsemen arrived on the scene opportunely, and, with the assistance of two other negroes, managed at last to capture and secure the rascal.

The Brazilians often clear forest land by firing it in a number of places at once, and Madame Pfeiffer had a close experience of one of these conflagrations. Her road led between a blazing forest and a thicket of low brushwood, also in flames. "The passage between the two was at most fifty paces wide, and was completely shrouded in smoke. One heard the crackling of the fire, and saw through the volumes of smoke vast pillars of flame twirling and quivering upwards. Then there came reports like the sound of cannon, and the great forest trees fell thundering to the ground. When I saw my guide ride towards this fiery gulf I felt a little uneasy, but then I reflected that he was not likely foolishly to risk his life, and that he must know from experience the possibility of passing such places. At the



IDA PFEIFFER.

This portrait has been engraved after a German lithograph, which is probably the only existing likeness of this truly wonderful traveller.

but sometimes for my husband also. Privation and discomfort had no terrors for me. I had endured them long enough compulsorily, and considered that they would be much easier to bear if I encountered them voluntarily with a fixed object in view."

Two projects had occupied her mind for years—a journey to the Holy Land, and a voyage northwards to include Iceland. When, however, she announced to her friends her intention of visiting Jerusalem, she was looked upon by some of them as little better than a lunatic. It is not necessary to follow her on these journeys, which are less uncommon than those which followed; but it should be understood that Ida Pfeiffer, throughout her many wanderings, was never a "feather-bed traveller." At the time she commenced to

entrance sat two negroes to instruct travellers as to the right direction to be taken, and to recommend them to ride at speed. My guide translated their words to me, gave his horse the spur, and I followed his example, and we dashed with a loose rein into the smoking defile. Hot ashes flew around us, and the stifling smoke was even more oppressive than the heat given out by the flames. Our mules seemed to lose their breath, and we had much difficulty in keeping them at a gallop. Fortunately, we had but five or six hundred yards to get over, and this we accomplished without injury." There is nothing very new in this, but ladies seldom have such experiences.

Madame Pfeiffer made herself quite at home among the Paris or Brazilian aborigines, as thorough savages as any, but who proved themselves as obliging and hospitable as she could desire. "I went," says she, "with some of the savages to a parrot and monkey hunt. We had not far to seek before finding both, and I now had an opportunity of admiring the skill with which these people handle their bows. They shot birds upon the wing, and seldom missed their mark. When we had brought down three parrots and a monkey we returned to the huts. In the best of these the good people invited me to take up my quarters for the night. . . . My entertainers cooked the monkey and the parrots, sticking them on wooden spits, and roasting them at the fire. To make the repast right dainty, they added some ears of maize and roots baked in the ashes. Then they brought some fresh leaves from the neighbouring trees, tore the roasted monkey into several pieces with their hands, laid a goodly portion of it upon the leaves, together with a parrot, maize, and roots, and placed it before me. My appetite was prodigious, for I had eaten nothing since morning; so I began at once with the roast monkey, which I found most delicious—the meat of the parrot was nothing like so delicate and well-flavoured." This feast was succeeded by dances, including a war dance by the natives round a kind of funeral pyre. Arming themselves with bows, arrows, and weighty clubs, they formed a circle and danced with savage glee, striking terrible blows around them. Then, suddenly scattering themselves, they bent their bows, laid arrow to string, and went through the pantomime of shooting at a flying foe, accompanying the demonstration with frightfully piercing yells, which re-echoed through the whole forest.

From Brazil Madame Pfeiffer went round Cape Horn to Chili, and thence to China, *via* Tahiti, making both voyages in sailing vessels. At the commencement of the latter journey she was very ill and determined to cure herself. She tried dieting and abstinence in vain; and at length hit upon the rather strong remedy of cold sea-baths *in a cask*, remaining in the water a quarter of an hour each time. Six of these baths restored her to health, and she reached Tahiti in good condition, and found the town of Papeete crowded with French troops and several ships of war in its harbour. This was the period immediately following the settlement of the Tahitian question. Queen Pomare had just returned from exile in another island, and was now in full enjoyment of her pension, daily dinner at the governor's table, and a *four-roomed* house. With the queen occupying a palace of such limited dimensions, one cannot wonder that our poor Pfeiffer had, after searching all over the town, to put up with an allotment of floor about six by four feet, in a carpenter's cottage, the same room accommodating four others. But the humility of her lodging in no way prevented her presentation at Court shortly after her arrival.

This enterprising traveller then proceeded to China and India, in the latter of which coun-

tries in particular she received many kindnesses from English residents. Yet nothing ever induced her to linger long in one spot. She had a perfect mania for locomotion, and in April, 1848, we find her again at sea on board a 40-horse power steamboat bound for Arabia. The accommodation of the vessel was in proportion to the power of the engines, and one hundred and sixty-nine passengers, mostly Persians and Arabians, had been packed away with her. Madame Pfeiffer, who could not walk across the crowded deck without stumbling over baggage and boxes, or treading on the hands and feet of recumbent passengers, managed to secure roomy quarters for herself under the captain's dining-table, which had been screwed down to the quarterdeck, and thus obtained immunity from the woes endured by those more exposed outside. She was ill from an attack of bilious fever when she left Bombay, and says that it was often painful and irksome for her to abandon at meal times her lair under the table to make room for the legs of the diners.

Madame Pfeiffer's subsequent expeditions through Mesopotamia and Persia were amongst her most daring exploits. To get to Mosul safely without heavy expense it was necessary to join a caravan; and she did this without having a single servant, and travelled alone along with a number of most cut-throat-looking Arabs without suffering harm. On this fortnight's journey, over desert and steppe, she tells us, "I travelled like the poorest Arab;" for she had made up her mind, like him, to endure the burning sun, to live upon bread and water, and to take the parched and heated earth as her only couch. On this journey she could not change her linen, or, indeed, take off her clothes at all. After a brief rest at Mosul, she started for Tabreez, and shortly before reaching it encountered a band of robbers, who seized her baggage. She had deemed it best for some time before to assume the character of a poor pilgrim, whose expenses were paid by missionaries and consuls, and who travelled without a purse. Her guide for the time vouched to the robbers for the truth of this story, while she put on her most appealing and piteous looks, and the upshot was that the robbers not merely released her effects, but offered her water—a priceless boon in the desert. In all her transactions she seems to have acted with intuitive tact, knowing when to be humble and when to be haughty. On the same journey she dispersed a mob by a moderate application of her riding-whip, and, when alone with a guide whom she distrusted, made him ride on first, and kept her eye on his movements and her hand on a pistol until she fell in with a large caravan, and felt herself safe.

Madame Pfeiffer returned to Europe through Southern Russia, visiting Turkey, Greece, and the Ionian Islands by the way, and found that her fame had been growing during her absence. A woman who could travel alone 35,000 miles by sea, and several thousand miles more by land, was certainly worthy of being regarded as a remarkable character; and her third work, which appeared in Vienna in 1850 under the title of "A Woman's Journey Round the World," was reproduced in France and England, and brought her considerable reputation.

For some little time Ida Pfeiffer rested upon her laurels, but a grant of 1,500 florins from the Austrian Government, the results accruing from the sale of her collections, and the profits on her published work, added to her own unconquerable love of travel, all combined to renew her old restlessness, and she was soon again upon the high seas, though not at starting with any idea of circumnavigating the globe. Her first evening, May 24th, 1851, was spent in a way quite characteristic of her. When she went on board her ship, bound for

the Cape of Good Hope, and then lying in the Pool, she found no one except the captain, who informed her that he had given the entire crew permission to pass the night on shore, and that he himself was about to leave the ship with a similar intention. "I was, of course, at liberty," said she, "to do the same thing if I pleased; but I thought it probable that I should not be back in time in the morning, so I resolved to stay quietly where I was, and, locking myself into my cabin, remained for that night 'monarch of all I surveyed,' and constituted in my person the whole ship's company."

At Cape Town Madame Pfeiffer, as was her wont everywhere, wandered about alone, with the object in part of collecting insects and other matters. "This amusement," she said, "was soon interrupted by a very unpleasant incident. One morning, while I was taking one of these strolls, and just as I was rejoicing in the capture of a little snake, two negroes suddenly rushed out upon me from among some trees, seized hold of me, overwhelmed me with abuse, spat on the ground before me in token of their hatred and contempt, and called me a witch and a sorceress, who ought to be put an end to. There is no saying how this scene might have ended—probably in no very agreeable way for me—had not a man fortunately at that moment made his appearance. I cried to him for help, and thereupon the two women took to flight." The negroes were afterwards taken, and a child who had watched them unseen, and had afterwards picked up a long knife belonging to one of them, testified against them, and they were condemned to four weeks' imprisonment "upon rice-water," no other nourishment whatever being allowed.

From the Cape our traveller proceeded to Singapore, Borneo, and the Eastern Archipelago. In the Dutch Settlements she was afforded much assistance, including several free passages on expensive steamship routes, and she was thus able to travel far and wide. Madame Pfeiffer herself considered her travels in Sumatra as the most interesting of all her undertakings. From Padang she wandered alone among cannibals who had not up to that time ever suffered any European to come among them; and although the savages opposed her advance after a certain point, they did not harm her, although her life appeared to have been in some danger, as will appear from the following episodes.

After a number of dances had been given in her honour by one of the tribes, the proceedings concluded with the ceremony performed when a man was to be killed and eaten. "This," said she, "they did not seem to wish to exhibit, but yielded at last to my entreaty, and by way of prelude, bound to a stake a log of wood, which was to represent the victim, and put on the top of it a straw cap. There was certainly no want of animation in their performance; the dancers lifted up their feet as high as they could, and darted their knives at the supposed victim in a most expressive manner. At length one of them gave him the first stroke, and this example was speedily followed by all the rest. They struck the head (that is the straw cap) from the body, and laid it upon a mat spread out to receive it, taking (mimic) care to preserve the blood. They then danced round it, uttering wild and joyful cries. Some raised the head in their hands and carried it to their lips, appearing to lick the blood from it; others flung themselves upon the ground, and appeared to be lapping up the gore, doing this with an appearance of the greatest delight—the predominant expression, indeed, of their faces was that of pleasure rather than of cruelty. This, however, was only play; it might have been otherwise had they had a real victim before them."

Two days later she met a hostile reception from another branch of the same tribe. More than eighty armed men stood in the path and barred the passage; and before she was aware of it, the spearmen had formed a circle round her. They were tall, robust men, full six feet high; their features were in violent agitation, their huge mouths and projecting teeth resembling the jaws of wild beasts more than anything human. They yelled and gesticulated, and, although Madame Pfeiffer did not lose her presence of mind, she felt extremely uneasy. "Their words, indeed, I did not comprehend, but their actions left no manner of doubt, for they pointed with their knives to my throat, and gnashed their teeth at my arm, moving their jaws as if they had them already full of my flesh." But she was equal to the occasion. "I got up," said she, "and, patting one of the most violent who stood next me upon the shoulder in a friendly manner, said, with a smiling face, in a jargon half Malay and half their own language, 'Why, you don't mean to say that you would kill and eat a woman, especially such an old one as I am? I must be very hard and tough!' And I also gave them by words and signs to understand that I was not at all afraid of them, and was ready, if they liked, to send back my guide, and go with them alone. . . . Fortunately for me, the doubtless very odd way in which I pronounced their language and my pantomime diverted them, and they began to laugh; they offered me their hands, the circle of spearmen opened, and, rejoicing not a little at having escaped this danger, I journeyed on, and reached in perfect safety a place called Tugala, where the Rajah received me into his house."

In 1853 we find Madame Pfeiffer visiting California and the Peruvian coast, entertaining the hope that she should be able to cross the Andes from the Pacific to the Atlantic. The ordinary incident in this region of a revolution rendered her scheme impossible of execution, and she accordingly proceeded northwards to Ecuador, with the old idea still in view. In March, 1854, she began her passage through the mountains, crossing the Andes near to Chimborazo, taking the ordinary route to Quito, where she expected to find civility, if not assistance. But she got neither one nor the other. She returned to the coast by the same way as she had come, having discovered that no one could render her the least assistance, and she left the country with a very unfavourable opinion of its population, apparently with good reason. As, moreover, she injudiciously travelled in it during the wet season, when it rains almost perpetually, she had a continuity of troubles. "We had to go much up hill, and the ground was so slippery and sticky that the cattle slipped all sorts of ways, from hole to hole and from puddle to puddle, and it was well when they could find the bottom at all and struggle out again, for very frequently they went in so deep that it was necessary to dismount, take off their loads, and pull them out. Precisely at the very worst place we had to go on foot. I could scarcely get on at all, but slipped and fell almost at every step. I called to my servant for help; but I was only a woman, and, unfortunately, his mule was already paid for, so he quietly went on his way, and left me to my fate. Fortunately, an Indian took compassion on me, dragged me out of the pool, and helped me on."

Just before she left the country, whilst returning to Guayaquil by river, she incautiously stepped on the side of a small boat, slipped, and fell into the water, which, by the way, was full of alligators. "I was not excessively terrified, as, though I cannot swim, I thought it likely the boatmen could, and did not doubt they would save me. This was my instantaneous thought, and after this I was conscious of rising twice to the surface, so that they

must have seen me. When I rose the first time I looked vainly round for help. I could see the boat, and also that no one in it stirred, and then I sank again. Now indeed I felt terror, but luckily did not lose my senses, and remembering to have heard that in such a case you ought to put out your hands before you and use them as oars, I did so as far as my strength permitted. I found myself quite close to the boat, and had only to cling to it. The boatmen contemplated me, indeed, with the most perfect tranquillity, and no one put out so much as a hand, or even an oar, to help me; but, fortunately, one of the passengers, an Indian, took compassion on me, assisted me into the boat, and I was saved. . . . Scarcely was I safe in the boat before two of the boatmen plunged into the water to bathe, and remained a long time swimming about, exactly as if they wanted to show me that they could have helped me if they had liked. When I mentioned the incident in Guayaquil it did not appear to excite any surprise; on the contrary, the wonder seemed rather to be that they should have let me get into the boat again instead of pushing it away, for it happens here not unfrequently that these fellows push a traveller purposely into the water in order to get possession of his property."

The judgment of Ida Pfeiffer upon the inhabitants of the Republic of the Equator was as follows:—"People are eager enough for money in most places, but anything like the mean greediness of these Ecuadorians I certainly never met with elsewhere. . . . The severest toils and hardships are never sufficient to spoil my enjoyment of a journey, but to have to do with people of this sort is beyond my patience. I was incomparably more comfortable among the cannibals of Sumatra than amongst the *soi disant* Christian rabble." These words referred to the Spanish and not to the Indian part of the population, for, as she has given examples, the aboriginal natives are by no means unkindly in their ways, and it is only the Spanish and their descendants who are so steeped in meanness, cowardice, and avarice.

Madame Pfeiffer returned to Europe via the United States, where she made a lengthened tour, and saw most of the familiar "lions," which were by no means so accessible thirty years ago as in these days of Pullman cars. The publication of her "Second Voyage Round the World" brought her a great increase of reputation, and in 1856 the French Geographical Society paid her the unusual compliment of making her an honorary member.

In the same year she started on her last voyage, having, against the advice of her friends, selected Madagascar as its goal. On that little-known island, where she was very nearly leaving her bones, the seeds of a fatal disease were sown in her system. Queen Ranavalona, a fat, vain, and bigoted despot, who hated foreigners, had, it seems, been sufficiently civil to concede some little freedom of action to Madame Pfeiffer, when an event occurred which put her life in immediate jeopardy. A rebellion broke out among the natives of Antananarivo, the capital, in which the Christians were implicated, and by consequence the few foreigners resident on the island. But for the intercession of a native prince, who had sufficient sagacity to perceive that Europe would avenge the death of its sons and daughters, they—Madame Pfeiffer included—would have been summarily executed on the spot. As it was they were peremptorily ordered to leave the island. The very morning of our poor traveller's departure from the capital, ten native Christians were put to death with horrible tortures, and it is hardly wonderful that shortly afterwards she herself nearly succumbed to a severe fever.

For fifty-three days she was marched about from one malarious spot to another by a guard of soldiery, who treated her with studied brutality, and often dragged her from her couch and compelled her to continue her journey during the paroxysms of her malady. They probably obeyed the orders of the Queen, who would, it is believed, have rejoiced at her death. But Ida Pfeiffer was made of stern stuff, and a little later seemed, during a stay at the Mauritius, to have nearly regained her health and strength. The improvement, however, proved but temporary, the symptoms reappeared on her return to Vienna, and Ida Pfeiffer expired on October 28th, 1858, leaving behind her the memory of a woman of surprising enterprise, energy, and perseverance, combined with unparalleled courage and self-denial.

USEFUL HINTS.

GOOD LUNCHEON CAKE.—Take half a pound of butter or dripping, three eggs, half a pound of brown sugar, one and a quarter pound of flour, quarter of a pound of candied peel, half a pound of sultanas, half a pint of milk, two drams (quarter of an ounce) of carbonate of soda, one dram of tartaric acid. Mix the acid and soda with the flour, then rub in the butter or dripping, add the sugar, sultanas, and candied peel, beat the eggs well, make the milk a little warm, add it to the eggs, then mix quickly with the other ingredients, put into a warm buttered tin, and into the oven as speedily as possible. The oven should be rather hot. The cake will take about an hour and a half to bake.

BAKING POWDER FOR BREAD OR CAKES.—Take one ounce of tartaric acid, put it in a mortar with three ounces of cornflour, mix them, then add two ounces of carbonate of soda, rub well together with the pestle, then put in a dry bottle, and cork. For making bread two good teaspoonfuls will be sufficient for one pound of flour.

TO WASH NEW WHITE LACE SO THAT IT SHALL STILL LOOK NEW.—Procure a round pickle bottle, sew white muslin over it as smoothly as possible, have a piece of good pale yellow soap that is nice and soft, rub it well over the muslin, then commence to wind the lace on to the bottle. This must be done very evenly, and care taken that the edge of the lace is not doubled in anywhere; as it is put on the bottle each layer of lace must have a little soap rubbed on it. Two or three widths of lace may be put on the same bottle, provided the widest is wound on first. When all the lace is on, sew muslin tightly over it, covering the bottle entirely, rub plenty of soap on the outside, then cut the remainder of the piece of soap into shavings, put it with the bottle into a white enamel saucepan, cover with cold water (no soda), let it stand on the side of the stove to get warm very slowly, then boil for two hours (or three if the lace is very dirty) with a plate on the top of the saucepan instead of the lid; then take out the lace and rinse well, first in warm water then in cold, until no soap comes out, press out what moisture you can, then stand before the fire or preferably in the sun if the weather permits, until the lace is thoroughly dry, then take off the muslin and unwind the lace, which will be quite ready for use. The under muslin can be left on the bottle for future use. The oldest and most delicate lace may be cleaned in this way. The appearance will be spoiled if the muslin is removed before the lace is perfectly dry.