

BOOKS BEFORE TRAVEL.

By DORA DE BLAQUIÈRE.

PART I.



AND even as I write this heading I feel my heart failing me somewhat. First the largeness of the subject before me is a cause of misgiving and next the thought of the many differing minds and impressions of the people

who travel nowadays, and who, most of them, are of the generation of globe-trotters. These care more about covering the surface of the earth with their tracks, and are not in the least degree anxious about the culture that may be acquired in travel, and the nearly dormant condition of the intellect carried about with them in their peregrinations. Others who travel are eager to see, but have had in their past life neither the time nor the means to educate themselves for enjoyment; or they are too young to have had the opportunity to do so. We all meet with examples of these classes on our own travels, and there are few of us who have not, at some time, had cause to exclaim, "Good gracious! what on earth did these people come abroad for?" so little interest do they find or show in the beauties of nature or art which surround them. They are far more interested in their meals, the bills at the hotels, and the extortions of the shops, than in the finest pictures by Guido, or the loveliest and grandest view from a mountain-side.

But even while I write, this I know, that the earnest study of years and the reading of many books would hardly suffice to the knowing of it all; and we often have to be content with the careful reading of Baedeker or Murray, and the use of our eyes; and reserve the reading-up of the subject until we have reached home once more. Even then, we often do not know what to get in the way of reading, unless we have some direction to aid us. It is to help those who have time before starting, and those who desire to read up, as I have said, afterwards, that these articles are written, and if there be some shortcomings, some books left out, or others inserted that should not have been put in, it must be remembered that my views of what I personally want to prepare myself for a journey may not be your views; and that everyone is not interested in a special object. Therefore the list must be comprehensive, so as to take in all comers.

It always seems to me a good plan to start with the history of the country to which your steps are turned, because the chief interest of every land must naturally be derived from its past, from the people who made it what it is, and who lived in its buildings, on its lands, and worshipped in its temples. If the country in which we travel be our own England, we generally have learnt enough of its history to make the names of the actors in it household words; and the local histories have been carefully collected for us by the many archaeological societies in all parts of England. So that we may, if we like, know all particulars of the styles of living, and the people, and manners of the past centuries. In England especially, men who lived in it made the interest of the land they lived in, and the same is true of Scotland. But in Ireland it was different, and there the land is the chief point of interest, and the interest is with legend more than with real people and things. If the Green Isle had only been fortunate enough to have a wizard-like

Walter Scott to touch the scenery, and make it alive with people, what a change it would have worked for her to-day!

For a history of England we cannot do better than select Green's *History of the English People*, which is not only history, but history written in a delightful manner, and quite long enough to be interesting and concise enough not to fatigue the reader of any age. But if time be not an object to you, take Miss Strickland's histories and read them through, every one of them, even including those of the *Bachelor Kings*. It may be the fashion to think her gossipy, but her gossip is worth anything in making you feel that the people of whom you read really lived, breathed, and walked the earth. Scott, Wordsworth, and Tennyson, Shakespeare, and Ossian; and in Ireland both Lever and Lover should bear you company, while the reminiscences of Dean Ramsay and Wilson will make you feel Edinburgh doubly delightful. In the far north, William Black has touched Thule and the Hebrides with the pen of romance; and Kingsley and Blackmore have done the same in the south, with *Westward Ho!* and *Lorna Doone*. And in London we walk with Thackeray and Dickens, on every side, from Piccadilly and Clubland to Lincoln's Inn Fields and Fleet Street.

Beside the romancer we must also read Freeman's *English Towns and Districts* and Fergusson's *Architecture*, George Barrow's *Wild Wales*, King's *Handbook of the Cathedrals*, and Cassell's *Old and New London*. Alfred Rimmer's book on the *Ancient Streets and Homesteads of England* is most helpful, and I will end by remarking that you had better begin Ruskin, with, I think, the *Elements of Drawing* and the *Lectures on Art*.

In France we are very well off for books in all languages; but in the way of history, Guizot's is rather a long business, and any shorter history which is available is less tiring, if you be not a rapid reader. Viollet le Duc will be a great delight to you, I am sure, and Hare's *Walks in Paris and Ways near Paris*, and Eastlake's *Notes on the Louvre*, with a good guide, should be enough for the capital. In the way of romance, you have Victor Hugo's *Hunchback of Notre Dame*. Miss M. B. Edwards' *France of To-day*, *A Year in Western France*, and *Holidays in Eastern France* are charming books, and so are Hamerton's *Round my House*, *Modern Frenchmen*, and *A Summer Voyage on the Soane*. Miss Pardoe's books on the Court of France are also well worth reading for the historical side of life.

Switzerland I have always thought most resembles England, in the interest of its history, and in the character of its people. In many ways it is the model country of Europe, for the Swiss are ever open to change and improvement, and to trying experiments in all the social walks of life into which many other greater nations would shrink from embarking. A book recently published on *Social Switzerland* gives a view of their charitable and other institutions, and shows this very clearly, and it is worth reading if you be interested in that side of the country. General Meredith Reade's two great volumes of *Vaud and Berne*, deal entirely with the historical, descriptive, and family side of the country, and are very interesting. Foreigners have done much to make Switzerland delightful, and especially the English, for have we not that delightful *Playground of Europe* by Leslie Stephens, and J. A. Symond's

Swiss Highlands, Tyndall's *Glaciers* and Whymper's *Alps*, to say nothing of a long series of most excellent guide-books, and histories, and the finest of poetry, beginning with Coleridge's *Hymn to Mont Blanc*, and Byron's *Prisoner of Chillon*.

There seems to be hardly a foot of this most delightful country that is without its interest, and its literature; and if we read French and German it is well worth the trouble to read Vinet, the philosopher and religious writer, and Amiel's *Diary*, the saddest and most beautiful of records.

If you are interested in the flowers of the mountains, you have a delightful book by W. Robinson, *Alpine Flowers*; and *The Alps in Winter* are written of by Mrs. Main (Mrs. Fred Burnaby), and the many books on Davos Platz, and the Engadine, may all be found in any catalogue, if health be in question. If you were interested in geology, glaciers, and botany, you can study them with ease in Switzerland, as well as Lancastrian dwellings, and the last methods in tree-culture. As for schools, they abound, and the Swiss education is the best in the world, in its thoroughness and complete grounding in all subjects. Lately, too, it has been found worth while to study the Swiss army, and its manoeuvres which take place every year in the month of September.

One of the European countries round which both history and literature have been making and growing is Holland; and for so small a country the amount of both is quite marvellous. It is all so interesting too, and most of it in our own tongue, so that we need not be professors in Dutch. The most delightful of all histories have been written for us by American hands, and no library is complete without Motley's two great Dutch works, *The Rise of the Dutch Republic* and the *History of the United Netherlands*. The great Italian writer, Edmond de Amicis, has written two books on Holland—*Holland*, and *Holland and its People*; and we have the charming volume on the *Dead Cities of the Zuyder Zee*, H. Taines' *Low Countries*, and *Holland and Germany*, by J. P. Mahaffy and J. E. Rogers. In the "Story of the Nations" Series there is an excellent volume by J. E. T. Rogers, and there are several delightful tales published lately, with the Low Countries for a background. And we have made acquaintance with Maarten Maartens, the author of stories that are Dutch in their characters and surroundings.

You must bear in mind that the Netherlands means Holland and Belgium. For so small a portion of the earth, the history of Holland is most interesting; and we must remember that she was once the mistress of the seas. There is a popular history of the *Great Dutch Admirals*, by Jacob de Liefde, and he has also written *Beggars*, *Founders of the Dutch Republic*. Prescott's work of *Philip II. of Spain* covers much the same ground as Motley's *Rise of the Dutch Republic*, though from the point of view of Spain. In this connection, W. C. Robinson's *The Revolt of the Netherlands* may be read. Holland claims to be the birthplace of printing, and advances the claims of Haarlem, in opposition to Mentz, and the record of the Elzevir presses at Leyden, Amsterdam, and the Hague is a very famous one. Lord Ronald Gower has written a *Pocket Guide to the Art Galleries of Belgium and Holland*, containing both the public and private galleries; and Kate Thompson has contributed a *Handbook to the Picture Galleries*

of Europe, while there are several very excellent guide-books in the ordinary way.

Now that Norway is so much visited, it would not be well to leave it out of the list of places to be seen, and read up before visiting. I think the most charming book I have ever read about it is Mrs. Stone's *Norway in June*, which is quite as delightful as her *Teneriffe, and its Seven Satellites. Round about Norway*, by Charles W. Wood, is another pleasant volume; and Professor Boyesen's *History of Norway* is one of the best-written of histories.

There are several best books on Sweden. *The Land of the Midnight Sun*, by Du Chaillu, and *Under Northern Skies*, by Charles W. Wood, are concerned with both countries; and in the way of romance, we have Frederica Bremer's works, which are full of national colour. Paul du Chaillu has also written a delightful book called, *The Viking Age*, in two volumes, illustrated. The *Story of Norway* has been written also by Mrs. Arthur Sedgwick. In the way of Historical Biographies, there are many. Charles XII., Gustavus Vasa, Gustavus Adolphus, and the Thirty Years War; with that wonderful woman, Queen Christina, and Queen Caroline Matilda, who was the sister of George III.

The early history of Denmark is of course comprised in the history of Scandinavia generally; and the same may be said of Iceland and Greenland. An excellent Handbook of Runic Remains and Monuments, both in England and Scandinavia, has been written by Professor George Stephens, and these you should know something about in reference to both countries. The Danish novel *Afrafra*, and Björnsterne Björnson's *Stories and Norse Tales* are well worth reading. Mrs. Alex. Tweedie has written *A Girl's Ride in Iceland*, and a pleasant book about Finland. And there is the *Ultima Thule* of Sir Richard Burton, and *The Story of Iceland*, by Letitia MacColl. *The Land of the North Wind*, by E. Rae, and *Under the Rays of the Aurora Borealis* is a book written by a Dane, and translated. One of the most delightful books I ever read of, one of which a new edition was issued in 1887, is that entitled *Letters from High Latitudes*, by the Earl (now Marquis) of Dufferin; and there is a charming book by Baring Gould, on

Iceland, its Sagas and Scenes. Iceland is a country which is more and more visited every year; but there are no more recent books than those I have mentioned.

We are so near to Russia that it seems foolish to pass it by, though I feel it is a difficult country to deal with. The history of Russia is dealt with in the "Story of the Nations" Series. Mr. A. J. C. Hare has given us *Studies in Russia*, and the R.T.S. a charming *Russian Pictures drawn by Pen and Pencil*. Mr. W. S. Ralston's *Songs of the Russian Peasantry* contains an excellent account of the social life of Russia. In the way of poetry, the Rev. T. C. Wilson has translated for us *Russian Lyrics into English Verse*, which gives specimens of all the best recent poets, and there are translations of the works by most of the Russian novelists, as well as of Tolstoi's books. But I do not feel inclined to advise you to enter on this troubled sea of thought. As a mere traveller you will not need to do so. Turner's *Studies in Russian Literature*, and his *Lectures on Modern Novelists of Russia*, are quite enough for you, I fancy. The latter were delivered at the Taylor Institute, Oxford, and are pleasant and instructive, both. An *Art Tour to the Northern Capitals of Europe*, by Atkinson, includes those of St. Petersburg, Moscow and Kiel.

In Germany the poets are our best travelling companions. I remember Nuremberg best through the medium of Longfellow, and its history through the historical tales of Mühlbach, Auerbach, and Marlitt. The Baroness Tautpheous, the Howitts, and even Hans Christian Andersen, and Grimm, have all, too, lent a magic to the land. The literature that has arisen with Wagner and Bayreuth, for a centre, is very wide, and begins with the *Arthurian Legends* and the *Nibelungen-Lied*. Of the first you will have some knowledge from our own Tennyson and the *Idylls of the King*, even if you do not go as far as the *Mabinogion*, which was edited and translated by Lady Charlotte Guest, of which there is an abridged edition. We have a translation of the *Nibelungen-Lied* by W. N. Lettsom, and another by A. G. Foster-Barham, in the "Great Musicians" Series. *Wagner* is written by Dr. F. Hueffer, who has also written *Wagner and the Music of the Future*. There is a volume to be obtained at Bayreuth of all

the operas given there, which you will most likely procure, if you should be led there any August to assist at the Wagner festival.

For Austria we have several delightful fellow-travellers. Amelia B. Edwards, in *Untrodden Peaks and Unfrequented Valleys*, deals with the Dolomite region; a more recent book is Robertson's *Through the Dolomites*; and there are two books by W. A. Grohmann on *Tyrol and the Tyrolese*, and *Gaddings with a Primitive People*. Victor Tissot's *Unknown Hungary* has been translated from the French, and the little-known *Dalmatia* has been dealt with by Mr. T. G. Jackson. C. W. Wood has written *In the Black Forest*. There are several modern books on Bismarck and his master, the Emperor William I., and also on Imperial Germany, and you should choose the most recent of these. There is an illustrated book, by K. Stieler, called the *Rhine from its Source to the Sea*, which has been translated and is very interesting. As a general thing, the guide-books are so many and so various, dealing with health, baths and spas, and the various artists, musicians, battle-fields, and seats of learning, that unless you were looking up any special subject, they will give all the information you require for travelling in the Fatherland.

In the way of extended literature, you may read, if you like, Helen Zimmern's *Half-hours with Foreign Novelists*, and in the way of distant travels there is, to me, the ever-fascinating Ida Pfeiffer, that wonderful German woman, whose wanderings were world-wide, and the contents of whose purse was microscopic at all times. Mrs. Bird, Miss Gordon Cumming, Lady Brassey, Miss Kingsley, and that delightful Miss Gates, who is quite the equal of Madame Pfeiffer in her fearless and adventurous spirit, are all worth reading. James Gilmore, as a writer and traveller, is so delightful that one feels the deepest regret at his early death. Mr. and Mrs. Pennell are always excellent companions, whether they travel to the Hebrides or take a *Sentimental Journey through France*; or one nearer home, *On the Stream of Pleasure*; *The Thames from Oxford to London*, or *Play in Provence*. They are the pioneers in cycling, for the tourist, and have steadily ridden from the days of the tricycle, till it has been eclipsed by a more rapid machine.

A QUIVER OF QUOTATIONS.

"Let a girl grow as a tree grows."—*Mrs. Willard*.

"She gave me eyes, she gave me ears."—*Wordsworth*.

"Education is but another term for preparation for eternity."—*Sewell*.

"By dint of frequently asserting that a man is a fool, we make him so."—*Pascal*.

"To assert a child is indifferent to its parents is not the way to make it affectionate."—*Guyau*.

"Our children should be brought up, from the first, with this magnet, 'Ye are not your own.'"—*Mason*.

"All education should be directed to this end, viz., to convince a child that he is capable of good and incapable of evil."

"The art of managing the young consists, before everything else, in assuming them to be as good as they wish to be."—*Guyau*.

"The best service a mother can do her children is to maintain the standard of her own life at its highest—

"Allure to brighter worlds and lead the way."—*A Great Mother*."

"A child should not need to choose between right and wrong. It should not conceive of wrong. Obedient, not by sudden strain or effort, but in the freedom of its bright course of constant life. True, with an undistinguished, unboastful truth, in a crystalline household of truth. Gentle, through daily entreatings of gentleness and honourable trusts. Strong, not in doubtful contest with temptation, but in armour of habitual right."—*Ruskin*.

"Right dress is that which is fit for the station in life, and the work to be done in it, and which is otherwise graceful, becoming, lasting, healthful and easy, on occasion splendid. Always as beautiful as possible."—*Ruskin*.

"God made the child's heart for Himself, and He will win it if we do not mar His work by our impatient folly."—*Anon*.

"Omnipotent the laws of the nursery and the fireside. Fatal for weal or woe the atmosphere of the home."—*Delano*.

"The soul is hardened by cold and stormy weather."—*Bunyan*.

"System is a fundamental basis of education."—*Sewell*.

"Harmony, not melody, is the object of education. If we strive for melody we shall but end in producing discord."—*Sewell*.

"The prayers, the love, the patience, the consistent example of holiness, which are to-day in our power, may be committed to God's keeping, in the full confidence that even if not permitted to gather their reward on earth in the present conversation of the children we love, it will be ours in the great to-morrow of eternity, when we shall be permitted to recognise the fulfilment of that enduring promise—'Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days.'"—*Sewell*.

"Fiction is natural to children. They do not, as a rule, lie artificially. The lie is the first exercise of the imagination—the first invention, the germ of art. Children often invent or lie to themselves. The lie is the first romance of childhood. The child plays with words as with everything else, and makes phrases without troubling himself as to reality. The real lie—the moral lie—is dissimulation which only arises from fear. It is in direct ratio to ill-judged severity and unscientific education."—*Guyau*.

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PART II.



HAVE put together the Latin nations, as well as those of Eastern Europe, for convenience' sake. Indeed the literature of Italy forms, of itself, one library, and that of Venice another; for there seems no native of

any distant country who has not tried his prentice hand on Venice, in some of her many aspects. The American authors have been much attracted by the Queen of the Adriatic. From Byron to Browning, our English masters of poetry have delighted in it, and we must by no means omit the *Stories of Venice* and other works on it by Ruskin, which will take some time to read. Shelley, Rogers, and Browning—the first-named in *Euganean Hills* and the last in *In a Gondola* and many other poems—showed they were full of its spirit and colour.

Howell lived there for many years, and has given us *Venetian Life*, besides *Italian Journeys*, *Tuscan Cities*, and *Alfieri* and the *Modern Italian Poets*. Its book-lore, music, and the *Technical History of its Lace Manufacture*, glass, ceramics, and architecture, have all been written of in turn by different writers. One of the last and best is Robertson's *Bible of St. Mark's*. J. A. Symonds has written *New Italian Sketches*, and *Life on a Doge's Farm*. There is also a delightful new book in A. M. Hopkinson Smith's *Gondola Days*. Mrs. Oliphant has a book on the *Makers of Venice*, as well as the *Makers of Florence*.

In the way of Italian stories, we have Hans Andersen's *Improvvisatore*, Whyte Melville's *Gladiators*, and the series of Marion Crawford, beginning with *Saracenesca*, which are full of older days in Rome, the middle portion of this century. Bulwer too has given us *Rienzi* and *The Last Days of Pompeii*. *Romola* by George Eliot, and many of Lever's novels, picture for us a Florence which has passed away. Nor must we forget *John Inglesant*, and its remarkable picture of an Italy in the middle ages. In Italian we have the famous novel, *I Promessi Sposi*, *Marco Visconti*, and many more modern books, including those of Silvio Pellico, Amicis, which are all interesting, and written also in Italian of a more modern style, which has taken on some shades of difference from the French. If you intend going to Italy, you should by all means try to get a few Italian lessons, if only to accustom your ear to the sound of the spoken tongue.

The Venetian school of painters is famous for their colouring. The best known of the great Venetian masters are, Paul Veronese, Tintoretto, and Titian; and you must know something of them. The last half of the fifteenth century and the first half of the sixteenth were the great periods of Italian art, and besides Varsari's great works, you should read Benvenuto Cellini's autobiography; and also a good history of Italian art, such as Crowe and Cavalcaselle's *History of Painting in Italy*. Nor must you omit to learn something of the early history of music, which has so much of Italian in its origin; and poetry which numbers Dante and Petrarch, Ariosto and Tasso, in its ranks. You should likewise understand something of Italian architecture, and of its three schools, Venetian, Florentine, and Roman.

I remember well my own burning desire to learn something of the meaning of the things which surrounded me, and how I devoured everything that came in my way, so that the book list in my note-book and the copious notes surprise me to this day: Sismondi's *Italian Republics*, Roscoe's *Life of Lorenzo di Medicis*, Sir William Gell's works, Mrs. Jameson's books, and the lives of all the painters I could reach in English, French, and Italian.

If we wander away from the more modern side of life in Italy, we are even more interested. The Etruscans and their cities, the early days of Rome, Rome in Christian days, and the wars and tumults of the middle ages, have all in turn swayed the Peninsula, and have all had their historians too. The Etruscans are the most mysterious people of antiquity, and in the Etruscan museum at Florence you will first be able to gauge the artistic products of this ancient people in bronze and earthenware. Their power attained its zenith in the sixth century B.C., and you ought to know something about them in order to comprehend better the Roman civilisation.

Next in interest to the Etruscans, to me, were the Catacombs in Rome, and all the Roman monuments there; and you will speedily learn to distinguish the different styles both of architecture and ornament. An excellent *Handbook to Christian and Ecclesiastical Rome* by M. A. R. Tucker and H. Malleon has just been published in a series of four parts, two of which are now out, and parts three and four will soon be issued in one volume. It is intended to give the visitor a complete historical and descriptive account of Christian Rome in a handy form not at present otherwise available. The first part deals with the wonderful churches and basilicas of Rome, while Part II. deals with the various ceremonies, and Parts III. and IV. with all the monastic orders, the colleges, palaces, etc., in fact, all those particulars that everyone wants to know so much, and finds it so difficult to discover for themselves. This handbook is published by A. & C. Black at a very moderate price, and is being much recommended by the well-known travelling agents, Messrs. Cook and Dr. Lund. Middleton's *Rome* deals more with classical Rome, and Story's *Roba di Roma* with things as they are. Augustus Hare's *Walks about Rome* is very useful, and so are Mrs. Jameson's great books, *Sacred and Legendary Art* and *Legends of the Monastic Orders*; and also Withrow's *Catacombs of Rome*. *Rienzi*, *The Gladiators*, the *Improvvisatore*, and Marion Crawford's novels, all deal with Rome from that fictitious side which is founded on facts; and all of them paint a different Rome. T. A. Trollope's books on Italy, Leader Scott's, and the delightful books of Professor Villari and his wife, are all delightful reading, and you will gain an idea of those two wonderful Italians, Giordano Bruno and Savonarola, who were at once patriots, reformers and martyrs. There are, and have ever been, so many Romes, the scenes of which pass before you like those in a drama; and the more you know the more you will enjoy, in your visits to her storied stones. Do you think I am laying too much stress on your study of Rome? When you begin to read you will see that in art, poetry, and literature, in science and in things that made the beauty of life, she has always led the way. But two things you will have to return to England to study, the growth of true freedom and the development of

constitutional law; these were of home manufacture.

To understand Italian poets, especially Dante, your knowledge of Italian history must be fairly good, and the study of Italian literature would demand more time, probably, than you will have to give to it. So I will not enter into that subject, but I will advise you to take an Italian daily paper directly you begin your study of Italian, if you do so; for you will very soon be able to spell out a great deal of its contents, and this will aid you in mastering the language. They are fortunately very cheap indeed. My first purchase when I got into North Italy, after passing through the St. Gotthard, and getting near Milan, is the *Corriere della Sera* (or the *Evening Courier*) of that city, of which I am very fond, as it is full of general news and is amusing. In Florence and Rome I am very erratic in my choice, and only think of avoiding too fine and close print, and bad paper, as these are often the faults of Italian papers. But at all times there is the delightful *Nuova Autologia* to be had; and at Lausanne there is the *Révue National*. Both of these reviews, or magazines, are of the best kind, and the same may be said of the *Révue de Deux Mondes*. If you can enjoy French, all these can be easily obtained in England, as most libraries take them.

And now I must turn from Italy, as I think you will know quite enough about it for a short visit; and let me hope that you will not be one of the disappointed ones, to whom none of her attractions have appealed, who see nothing of her many-sidedness, and note none of that endless procession of people who made her history through the ages, and understand none of the things which make her everlasting charm. A well-known prelate said the other day, "General culture is sympathetic interest in the world of human intelligence," and this to me is a definition which explains much of the so-called "disappointment" we hear of to-day.

The books about Spain are legion, and the best of it is that they are also infinitely delightful, so that, while improving our minds, we may do it with thorough enjoyment to ourselves. Here, too, the foreigner has been most bountiful, and has endowed Spanish literature with jewels of research and beauty. To begin only with those of America, we have Washington Irving's *Conquest of Grenada*, and the *Alhambra*, Prescott's *Ferdinand and Isabella*, Philip the Second of Spain, and the *Conquest of Mexico and Peru*. Amicis, also, has a charming book on *Spain and the Spaniards*, and there are one or two, not very new, but exceedingly interesting, by the Rev. Hugh James Rose, one of them called *Untrodden Spain*, and a newer one by J. A. O'Shea, called *Romantic Spain*. If we do not read Spanish, we may enjoy Longfellow's beautiful translations from the Spanish poets, and if we do know it, we may read the great novelist, Fernan Caballero. Perhaps it will surprise you to hear that Spain possesses several very able female novelists, besides the lady I have mentioned, and another one, Emilia Bazan Pardo. In the story of the nations, we have *The Moors in Spain*, by Stanley Lane Poole, which should also be read, and you will find Murray's *Handbook for Spain*, a perfect and voluminous guide. There are several others as well. Spain has fewer foreigners than any other European country resident in her borders, and she has the smallest population in proportion to her size. Travelling in Spain

will be of the greatest use to you in cultivating the virtue of patience, and you can, at the same time, take lessons in politeness. If you do not know anything of Italian, you will find Spanish much pleasanter to learn, for the one language seems to act as an extinguisher to the other, in my mind, and I hear others say the same thing, for they are so much alike, and yet quite different. A smattering of Spanish, however, will be very useful to you, as English is not so well known as in other countries. Murray's *Handbook* was written by Richard Ford, and he has also written *Gatherings from Spain*, and he is the standard authority on everything connected with its study. There is a book by a Miss Thomas, called *A Scamper through Spain and Tangier*, which would be useful to those who wish to make a cheap tour in Spain. She visited the chief Spanish cities. Ticknor's *History of Spanish Literature* is the standard work on the subject.

Portugal is not one of the very popular tourist lounges, and the ordinary person has a hazy idea of it as connected with port wine, and the earthquake at Lisbon, and has probably heard of Inez di Castro, Vasco de Gama, and Prince Henry the navigator; and the Jubilee of 1887 made us all acquainted with the fact that the Royal Family of Portugal are near relations of our own, as

on that occasion the Crown Prince and Princess were seen very frequently about London. Perhaps many of my readers may know also that Camoëns is the great Portuguese poet, who was the author of the *Lusiad*, a poem which has received such recognition in England that it has been translated four times, the last time by Adamson, who wrote a biography of the poet, and the late Lord Strangford translated some of his minor poems. The only really good book on general Portuguese history is that in "The Story of the Nations Series" by H. M. Stephens. There is also a book by W. A. Salisbury, *Portugal and its People*, which is a popular work and well compiled. *Round the Calendar in Portugal* is a book by Oswald Crawford, which I have enjoyed very much, but I think that there is plenty of room for another or even two or three more about Portugal, which perhaps some of my girl-readers would like to undertake.

Amongst Mrs. Pennell's delightful books, the whole of which are worth reading, is one dealing with Hungary and Roumania, which is called *Gipsyland*; and Mrs. Elliot has a *Diary of an Idle Woman in Constantinople*. There are one or two lives of Carmen Sylva, the Queen of Roumania.

Egypt has had plenty of explorers, and I think you will enjoy Wilkinson's *Manners*

and *Customs*, Mariette Bey's writings, and Miss Edwards' delightful books. Then there is Lane's *Modern Egyptians*, and as a really delightful thing you had better read Miss Gates' book, the *Chronicles of the Cid*. Stanley Lane Poole's book on *Cairo*, and Alfred Milner's *England in Egypt*, are quite modern works, and Charles Warner has written a very interesting one too. For the Soudan, Major Wingate's book is a good one, and you ought to be charmed with all those written by Mr. and Mrs. Bent. There are many books on Palestine, but none more useful than Thomson's *Land and the Book*, for those who wish to travel through the Holy Land with the Bible in their hands.

And now I think I may leave my task of guiding my readers into such reading of many books as will give them enjoyment in their travels in foreign lands. I have not done more than speak of some of the many works which have interested me, for I find others that have been perused, but which do not seem important nor useful enough to be mentioned. In many Continental cities there are fairly good libraries, from which you can procure books dealing with the city in which you are staying; and if you are a rapid reader, you can do much in the way of skimming-over the ground, and a few photographs will remind you of the objects you most desire to recall.

THE COURTSHIP OF CATHERINE WEST.

CHAPTER III.



N after-life, when Catherine tried to review the events of that strange summer, although every detail of her stay in Switzerland stood out in startling distinctness, she could never remember anything about the journey home. It seemed to pass in a dream, and she saw, as in a vision, the flitting crowds at the railway stations, the swarms of strange, unknown faces, the gleams of sunlight on field and stream as the train rushed by them, and at last the sea and the white cliffs of England again. Ten days had changed her from an eager, impulsive girl to a mature woman, self-reliant, not

only in intention, but in fact. The well-known approach to her old rooms convinced her of the reality of things. "And now," she thought, "for the old life, with its ordinary cares and business. Well, it has to be endured."

But her anticipations were destined to be falsified. Her landlady met her with mingled relief and surprise. A letter had come that morning marked "Immediate." She had not known where to send it, but now Miss West had come it would be off her mind.

"A letter for me!" cried Catherine, her thoughts at once rushing to Granville and Margaret, and then immediately reduced to order by a little common sense. "I so

seldom have any letters, surely you must be mistaken."

But no, the letter was there, a large square envelope, sealed with a heavy crest. She opened it with a good deal of curiosity, and read:—

"The Parade, St. John's.

"DEAR NIECE,—You probably never heard of your aunt, or rather your father's aunt, Cicely. He and I quarrelled before you were born, and I never had any communication with him afterwards. But I have just discovered that I am suffering from an incurable complaint and have not many months to live, and it has come upon me that I should like to see you, and be reconciled to you as his representative. As soon, therefore, as you receive this I beg of you to come to me. I will, of course, defray all your expenses, and will see that you are met at the station. Telegraph the time of your arrival.

"Yours sincerely,
"CICELY WEST."

The arrival of this letter was a positive relief to Catherine. It gave her something to do and something to occupy her mind, and she had so much dreaded those quiet days spent alone in her rooms before the school opened again. Now there was no time for regret. With feverish energy she looked out her train in Bradshaw, despatched her trunks, had some lunch, and started out again on her travels. The journey took some time. St. John's is a little watering-place on the south coast, almost suburban in character, so accessible is it from London, and with that peculiarly uninteresting and unfinished look distinctive of places that have been developed as a speculation. A bran new promenade and a flaunting "Kursaal" are its chief attractions, and at each end of the bay the giant scaffolding prophetic of some immense hotel or terrace projects its hideous outline between the sky and sea. Catherine, fresh from the magnificence of the Alps, shuddered

as the train ran into the overcrowded little station.

She collected her belongings and was about to call a cab when a man in livery touched his hat, and, asking her if she were not for Frampton House, opened the door of a brougham that stood waiting. Catherine got in, and realised for the first time how tired she was; but she did not have much time for reflection, for in a very few minutes the carriage drew up at a large house facing the sea.

She was ushered into a dimly-lighted hall, up a broad flight of stairs, and soon found herself in a bedroom looking out over the promenade. She was slowly unfastening her jacket, trying to become accustomed to the sudden change in her surroundings, when the door opened and a little old lady walked in.

She was decidedly below middle height, but her carriage and dress gave her a dignity that would hardly belong by right to one so small of stature. Her fine delicate features were framed in a mist of lace, and underneath the neatly-parted bands of silver hair her dark eyes flashed with a brilliance undimmed by age or suffering. But her face was lined and worn, and the tiny hand that she extended to her visitor was almost transparent. Catherine was surprised to find how firm was the grasp in which her own was taken; but she soon found that this mingled frailty and dignity were but an index to the woman's whole character. An iron will within a tender frame, resolution fighting with femininity, this had been the tragedy of her life; even now the fatal disease with which she was struggling was kept at bay by sheer force of will.

"So you are Catherine West," she said, after the first greeting, standing at a little distance that she might have a better view of the girl. She crossed to the window and drew up the blind before Catherine guessed her intention, and then continued her inspection. "Ah, not much like your mother, much more like what I was in my young days,