

But here Regina gently checked her, saying—

"Remember she is your guest, Maidie. It is not quite kind to say such things even if you think them. I am glad that you are able to see the want in Minnie's manners, for I should be very sorry to see you growing like her; but since she is here on your invitation, and you have been friends for many years, it is better to try and think as kindly of her as you can, though not in the way of trying to imitate her."

"Oh, no!" cried Maidie, in a tone almost of horror; and Regina smiled to herself not ill-pleased.

Minnie, thus left at home with Mrs. Devenish, resolved not to lose the opportunity. Soon after dinner and the cup of coffee that immediately followed, she heard from the sound of voices that the next-door neighbours had come out into the garden, and she likewise strolled out to see how the land lay.

Mr. Tresham was in the verandah smoking, with Cecil and Susie eagerly chatting to him. Norah was wandering in the dusky garden with Mr. Percival, and Max was alone in the drawing-room, humming over some new songs at the piano.

Minnie thought that this was the very thing. She crossed the boundary fence, slipped quietly along so as to be unobserved by the rest, and entered the open drawing-room window in as free-and-easy a fashion as if she had been an inmate of the house. It was one of Minnie's peculiarities that she never knew when she was taking liberties. People were good-natured to her, taking her for a little girl who knew no better, otherwise she might already have drawn upon herself some good snubs.

Max turned at the sound of the footstep and rose from his seat. He looked upon Minnie as a pert little thing who gave herself very unnecessary airs; but he was too good-natured ever to be unkind, and he really thought so little about her that he had hardly anything

worth calling an opinion about her one way or the other.

"Did you want anything?" he asked, surprised at this intrusion.

"I thought perhaps I could play your accompaniments for you. It is so dull being all alone," said Minnie. "Everybody is out next door, and they haven't taken me. I thought I should find company here."

"I think Susie is somewhere close by in the garden," answered Max. "I'll call her in."

"No—please don't!" cried Minnie, rather affronted at being bracketed with a little chit like Susie, having all the usual intolerance of a very young girl for a girl a few years younger. "I was forgetting for a moment that Molly and Dolly were still away. Are they coming back soon?"

"I don't know exactly; they seem to be having a gay time of it where they are; but I suppose they will come soon. I don't know if it will be before you leave though."

"I am going quite soon now," said Minnie, with a slightly sentimental air. "I shall be very sorry to leave Coshington. I have been very happy here; but my friends say they really cannot spare me any longer."

"You have left them a good while, certainly," said Max, with the air of one who is hardly attending. He was in fact letting his mind wander off in quite another direction. Minnie saw a look in his eyes which made her vain little heart beat rather fast. Was it possible it was thoughts of losing her that had put it there?

"I had a letter to-day from my great friend Nelly Rowe," she went on, "telling me she really must have me back. And oh, by the way, she told me some things about Miss Stanley-Devenish—about her engagement, I mean! She is to be married in the spring."

Max had started from his reverie at the sound of the name. He now looked straight at Minnie, who was fumbling in her pocket.

"I believe I have the letter here," she said. "Yes—here it is. I have hardly had time to look at it all day. I wonder what it did really say"—she turned over the pages as if hunting for something, reading little gushing snatches about how she herself was wanted at home, finally exclaiming, "Oh, here it is!" and reading straight on then.

"I'm amused you should have met Miss Stanley-Devenish. Is she still going about passing as a girl? She must be thirty-two if she's a day; but she wears most wonderfully well. People always like her very much at first. I don't think they are quite so fond of her afterwards; but I don't exactly know. I don't want to be ill-natured. I think it's because so many men seem to fall in love with her that people get vexed. However, she will soon be married, and then that sort of thing will have to stop. She is engaged to a Mr. Holroyd, a rich man round here. He is in America now. He had a fancy for travelling round the world before he finally settled down, and so the engagement is not to be announced till he comes back, and then they will be married almost directly. I fancy as a married woman and mistress of her own house Miss Stanley-Devenish will be charming. I think Regina is a very pretty name; and she dresses beautifully. I don't want you not to like her from anything I have said. She is very kind and generous, and she will be richer than ever when she is married, for Mr. Holroyd has more money than he knows what to do with. People say she is looking out for a house for them to buy and settle down in when he comes home. I wonder if it will be anywhere near Coshington. It seems a very pretty place by what you say. She—"

Minnie paused suddenly and looked up to see Max disappearing through the window. She looked after him with an odd little smile.

"Not very polite," she remarked to herself; "but I suppose under the circumstances I must forgive him."

(To be continued.)

THE POETRY OF ABLUTION.

By "MEDICUS."



ABLUTION as practised by some people may be so far from poetical as positively to partake of the painful. Well, I know a little girl, and I daresay we all know just such another, who has never yet successfully acquired the highly necessary accomplishment of washing her face of a morning. And this operation is surely a portion of the very rudiments of ablution. Mattie—let me call her, because that is not her name—isn't very old, however. If you guessed her age at ten, you would not be far wrong. But do you think she can be trusted to wash her little face properly of a morning or evening? Indeed she cannot,

albeit she insists upon the privilege of doing so all unaided, except by reiterated suggestions. Judge for yourself, reader. To commence with, she draws herself up in battle array before the basin which contains the water, just comfortably hot. Then after musing for a time on the miseries of human life in general and her own little lot in particular, she screws up her courage and begins. There is a daintily perfumed cake of soap flanking the basin, but I do not think she uses a deal of this. She dips her fingers into the water, but hardly an inch above the knuckles, then she gingerly applies the wetted tips with a sort of scrambling or stippling movement to brow, to cheeks, and to chin. I have never been able to discover whether or not the nose comes in for a share of ablutionary rites. I rather fancy it escapes sometimes. And now she takes the towel and dries off. But a

glance at the mirror proves even to Mattie that the performance has not been altogether of a very satisfactory nature, and so her conscience compels her to enter somewhat more minutely into the details of the business. She dips a corner of the towel into the water and proceeds to finish off one eye at a time, taking immense pains lest any particle of soap should find its way inside. A final rub with the dry part of the towel completes the whole operation, and Mattie's pretty eyes sparkle with joy and satisfaction. Not so her father's and mother's, however, if she is going out for a drive with them. Sunshine, you know, is sometimes tiresomely truthful, especially when shining through a badly-cleaned window or upon an insufficiently washed face; and now to anyone sitting opposite to Mattie in the carriage several dark zebra-like stripes are painfully apparent on Mattie's face. They

stretch from the ears downwards to the neck, and look not unlike the ground-work of a pair of incipient whiskers.

Mattie is an ardent admirer of *THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER*, and she took it into her head the 30th of April last that she would get up very early next morning, wash her face in the May dew, and go in regularly every day after this for the cold matutinal tub. Well, so she did, and so she does; but her own mother has not yet been able to find out what the various processes are that go to complete this *bain de luxe*. Some facts, however, are patent enough even to the outsider—to wit, the bath is placed in the dressing-room over-night; there are towels of various textures, from the very soft to the very rough and rugous; there is a huge sponge and some cunningly perfumed saponaceous fixings, to say nothing of a bottle of toilet vinegar; the door is carefully secured; yet anyone walking past it with only half an ear might hear the sound of Mattie's splashing, likewise hear Mattie's sighs. Whether Mattie takes a grand header into the tin tub, or whether she ventures cautiously in one toe at a time, may never be known. The hitherto unexplained mystery, however, is this: Mattie's mother has never been able to discover any very appreciable degree of moisture on the towels that Mattie has used!

* * * *

The word "ablution," young ladies, as many of you are no doubt aware, is derived from the Latin verb *abluere*, signifying "to wash away," or "to purify." Ablution should never be a mere act nor a work either in the ordinary sense of the term. The word "act" seems to imply hurry, the word "work" implies labour. If ablution is labour, it should be a labour of love; if work, it should be a work of art; and it is the object of this paper to show how it can be rendered even a fine art. Ablution of the whole body, as I have often tried to point out to you, is really a necessity of life. Even the lower animals are instructed by nature to take baths of various kinds. Are you aware that even butterflies bathe? Out in tropical Africa those grand and beautiful fellows that float through the ambient air like painted fans may be seen during the heat of the day to alight at the edge of calm clear ponds, reef their wings, and wade into the water to cool themselves. In India buffaloes lie down in the streams, with nothing visible above the surface except their noses, and perhaps their humps. The elephants go in for the luxury of a shower bath. Birds both in foreign lands and at home in merrie England have a bath whenever the weather is warm. This may either be a dust bath or a dip and splash in the water. Take the sparrow for instance: on a hot sunny afternoon you may see him wrapt in elysium and buried in dust on the road in front of you as you ride along, or in a shallow pond making the water fly about in all directions. If you happen to have a garden lawn, and place thereon a flat-bottomed shallow dish half filled with water, you will attract birds of all kinds thereto, chief among which you will find sparrows, starlings, thrushes, and robins. You will find too that they bathe even while it rains; this is because rain runs off their backs and is no good as a bath. The water must penetrate to the skin. A bird remains for fully five minutes at a time in its bath, whether of dust or water.

I don't know that I should be justified in recommending the dust bath to my readers; but, joking apart, a bath of a somewhat similar nature to that which birds and chickens use is fashionable in some parts of Germany and France, or was so a few years ago. It is called *arenation*, from *arena*—sand. It is thus practised at St. Restituta, in the island of Ischia. Grave-like holes are dug in the sand,

in which the patient lies down at full length and is covered to the neck with a depth of eight to ten inches of sand, the temperature of which is about 108°. Weakly patients remain in this a quarter of an hour, stronger about half an hour or more. The deeper the hole the greater the heat, and profuse perspiration is the result, after which the patient has a dip in the sea. I do not suppose, however, that this method of bathing will commend itself to our readers.

There is another strange and very uninviting sort of bath, which to look at would be enough for some. It is to be found chiefly in Germany, though it has also been introduced into this country, and is composed of peat, earth, and water at a temperature of 92°. I have never had personal experience of this kind of bath, but it is said that when the hot slimy mess closes over one a most delightfully pleasant velvety sensation is imparted to the skin, and perspiration is the result. Sometimes, after these baths, eruptions on the skin break out, and this is supposed to clear the blood. Those who wallow in black mire of this sort assure us that the peat bath tones the whole system, renders every bodily function more active, and calms and strengthens the nerves.

Having read so far girls will be inclined to ask me where the poetry comes in—the poetry of ablution. Well, I am leading gradually up to it. What say you, then, to the whey bath? In cases of irritability of the skin and nervous system a bath of whey is said to do much good. Milk baths have been used also for the complexion. Well, milk is excellent food, and whey is one of the most wholesome drinks you can use; but I have no intention to recommend either in the form of a bath.

There is more poetry and romance about the pine balsam bath. The balsam is a distillation from the pines, and is added to the hot bath, or it may be better used as a vapour bath. It is very useful in many forms of chronic rheumatism, neuralgia, etc., and in the ailments of weakly children. Sanitas, however, the well-known and pleasantly smelling disinfectant, added to the hot bath, should, one would think, answer quite the same purpose.

But poetry and romance and health also meet and join hands beside the Turkish bath. If I were a richer man than I am ever likely to be, or if that dear pleasant-faced old lady whom I helped over a crossing not long ago permitted her gratitude to culminate in the form of a four-figure cheque, it isn't an extra carriage and horses I should purchase, I can assure you, nor old china either; but down in the cosiest corner of my orchard, far from the madding crowd, I should build me a little temple to the goddess Hygeia in the shape of a Turkish bath. It should be, though, on a smaller scale—somewhat similar to that of Mr. Urquhart's at Riverside, so prettily described by the great dermatologist Wilson in one of his books. At the door of the cool room or Frigidarium, he says, the bather loosens the latches of the shoes, and leaves them behind. The apartment, though not large, is sunny and bright. It is a morning in early summer, and through the glass doors can be seen a balcony festooned with roses; beyond the parapet of the balcony are terraces on which the rose is still the favoured flower, while farther on can be seen the rippling surface of a noisy stream; then meadows, with grazing herds and flocks; and beyond these the wooded hill, arching like an eyebrow around the bright spot, in which, as the apple of the eye, sparkles the bath. By the bather's side is a dureta, over against the wall a reclining chair, and around the sides of this apartment are cushioned divans; books and chibouques and many a Turkish ornament are here also, while the floor is spread with

carpets of Persia and the clean fresh mattings of India.

Opposite the doors is an immense sheet of plate glass; through it are seen marble steps, and in the aqueous depths to which these steps descend is the reflection of the morning sun. Here one may court the rays of Phœbus smiling through festoons of roses to visit the deepest pool of the bath.

Onwards through a doorway in this luxurious bath, and into apartments each hotter than the other to the very tropical line of the bath, a tent enveloped in scarlet linings, where on a divan the bather can recline in the very height of enjoyment and dreamy content. But if a draught of cooler air is required, a plug just overhead can be withdrawn to admit it, and the delicious breath is perfumed with the scent of flowers through which it is contrived it shall pass.

But after this a deeper descent is made into a still warm but lower temperature. Here on the marble edge of a bath the bather can sit and ply soft pads of gazul over neck and sides and limbs. And all the while the pores of the body are open to their fullest extent, and filtering away are the waste products of life and everything that might render the blood impure. No wonder, then, that after cooling shower baths, as gentle as rain from heaven, and the final cold plunge, a bather leaves a bath like this, feeling light in body, buoyant in mind, and as happy and contented as any mortal can ever expect to be in this world below.

The Turkish bath, then, is so delightful a luxury that one cannot help wishing it could be enjoyed more cheaply than is at present possible. I do not think there are any Turkish baths for the people, and the more is the pity. But every young lady who values her health, comfort, and happiness should have a Turkish bath in her own room. Is this possible, you may ask? Yes, it is possible, and it is practicable also. Nor need such an arrangement cost a deal of money. Unless possessed of plenty of means I should not advise anyone to buy for five to ten guineas what a joiner of ordinary ability could put together for about thirty shillings. Elaboration and adornment may be sacrificed to utility, you know. The affair may be a little cabinet or case with a spirits of wine lamp under the seat. The whole body, with the exception of the head, is encaged. It is, indeed, a sort of little pillory, but a very delightful and refreshing one. The main part of it should be built of good hard wood, but the panelling may be of painted canvas. But even cheaper and handier baths are in the market than the cabinet sort, in which hot air or hot air combined with steam is used for the purpose of securing a free flow of perspiration. And these can be contrived in one's own room by the aid of spirits of wine lamps with a tin saucer over containing water and Sanitas fluid, and a blanket or two.

But in whatever way the Turkish bath is taken, it is the best of all baths we possess for keeping at bay at least fifty per cent. of all the ills to which human flesh is heir, to say nothing of securing calm to the nervous system, freedom from flying pains and aches, and the certainty almost of good sleep at night.

But after your hot air bath in your room the poetry of ablution is continued in the shape of what I may call beauty's bath. In this magazine I have described it before, and called it the "Girl's Own Bath." You simply wash the body all over with hot water and the very best soap, then take two to five minutes in the sponge bath. Let your feelings guide you as to how long you should remain in the cold water. Anyhow, it should be just long enough to cool the skin. Then after drying, dress most leisurely, and a small cup of really

good coffee or tea would now add much to your happiness and buoyancy of mind.

Sir Erasmus Wilson tells us that the bath is a prevention of disease by hardening the individual against the effects of variations and vicissitudes of temperature, by giving him power to resist miasmatic and zymotic affections, and by strengthening the system against consumption, gout, and rheumatism, diseases of the digestive organs, the skin, the muscular system, including the heart, and the nervous system, including the brain. "The bath," he adds, and my personal experience tells me he is correct, "has the property of hardening and fortifying the skin so as to render it almost insusceptible to the influence of the cold. A

Doctor of Divinity told me that during the winter time he was scarcely ever free from colds, often so severe as to lay him up for several weeks, and that he also suffered from attacks of neuralgia, but that since he had adopted the use of the hot air bath twice a week, all disposition to colds and neuralgia had ceased, and for the first time for sixteen years he had passed the winter without a cold."

Some girls are strong enough to take the shower bath. This is far more bracing than the sponge bath. I think that the former should go hand in hand with calisthenics and gymnasium exercise.

I have been asked how often one should take the Turkish bath, and what is the best

time of the day for its use. Well, once or twice a week will do, but if inclined to *embon-point*, oftener, and at any time when you want to banish fatigue, lassitude, aches and pains and incipient cold, or to drive dull care away. It may be taken in the morning, in the afternoon, or before retiring for the night, but two or three hours after a meal is probably the best time.

I have already said that you should dress leisurely after the hot air or vapour bath. Well, the time you are cooling down may be profitably invested in attending to the proper ablution of the teeth, and to trimming the nails on feet and hands. Or the hair may be washed. But concerning this last I must write another day.

WIVES AND DAUGHTERS OF THE ROYAL HOUSE OF HANOVER.

CAROLINE OF ANSPACH, WIFE OF GEORGE II.

By SARAH TYTLER.

PART III.

THE QUEEN.*



CAROLINE was destined to reign as Queen-Consort for ten years. During this time her influence over her King was paramount. It was first exerted, as Queen, in inducing the King to keep in office his father's prime minister, Sir Robert Walpole, whom George, when Prince of Wales, had heartily detested. She is said to have been perfectly

aware of the abominable rudeness and coarseness—characteristic of the period—with which Walpole had spoken of her as "that fat beast the Prince's wife." On the other hand, she was sensible of the absolute necessity there was for retaining his services at the head of the government, and she appreciated his shrewdness and good judgment as a statesman. His ignoble creed that "every man has his price" (by which his support may be bought) is well known. It may be an illustration of this cynical conviction that, on George I.'s death, Walpole made it be spread abroad that, if he continued in office, he would raise the Queen's allowance to a hundred thousand pounds per annum. But the inference adopted by Dr. Doran that Caroline was thus bribed to espouse Walpole's cause is gratuitous. Her devotion to her husband's interests is beyond question. She needed no bribe to uphold the claims of the only man who had afforded any promise of ruling England peacefully and successfully. She understood and felt to the full the value of money, but she was awake to higher obligations. She was far above the ordinary grasping harpy to whom money is everything.

The Queen sought to recommend herself, and by doing so to recommend her husband, to all around her. Her manner to the English ladies who flocked to her Court and appeared at her drawing-rooms was frank and

agreeable. Her personal attractions might be on the wane, but a great charm was lent to her address by her captivating voice, while her graceful hands were still "beautifully small" in their plumpness. Here is an instance of the Queen's graciousness and tact, given by a fine lady of the day, whose opinions are to be depended upon because they are remarkable, in general, for their fairness and forbearance. "On Saturday, the first day of March, it being Queen Caroline's birthday, I dressed myself in all my best array, borrowed my Lady Sunderland's jewels, and made a tearing show. I went with my Lady Carteret and her two daughters. There was a vast crowd, and my Lady Carteret got with some difficulty to the circle, and after she had made her curtsy made me stand before her. The Queen came up to her, and thanked her for bringing me forward, and told me she 'was obliged to me for my pretty clothes.'"

Frederick Prince of Wales, who had received various titles—those of "Duke of Gloucester," "Duke of Edinburgh," etc., etc.—while he was still in Hanover during the life of his grandfather George I., was now summoned to England. His continued absence from his family, acting on an utterly undisciplined and peculiarly wayward nature, had entirely alienated him from them. Apparently he did not entertain a particle of respect or regard for father or mother, brother or sister. For his mother, indeed, he had a particular aversion. He was looked upon by all his kindred with the utmost distrust and dislike, though it is admitted that the Queen tried at first to find excuses for her son, and to the last—whether from policy, whether from some lingering rue in the mother's heart where her first-born was concerned—sought to reconcile him to the King his father. But George I.'s feud with his son was as a trifle compared to the bitter strife which raged between George II. and Frederick Prince of Wales. The animosity on both sides was expressed with the scurrilous violence of the times, in which Caroline was not behind her neighbours. French, which she habitually spoke, though the most polite language in Europe, did little to soften the sound of her rancour. "My dear lord," said Caroline, speaking to Lord Hervey of her son, "I will give it you under my hand, if you have any fear of my relapsing, that my dear first-born

is the greatest ass, and the greatest liar, and the greatest canaille, and the greatest beast in the whole world, and that I most heartily wish him out of it." The furious resentment in which everybody concerned indulged, and the exceeding plain language in which all expressed their wrath and disgust, is inconceivable unless to readers of the diaries and letters of the period. When the gentlest member of the royal household, Princess Caroline, spoke of her brother, the mere circumstance of her devotion to her mother caused her speech to be that of a reckless virago; and when Princess Emily made a few attempts to be on terms with him she was freely accused of double-dealing, of a desire to stand well alike with the present and with the future King.

In person the Prince was a tall, rather handsome young man, with long fair hair (his mother's hair), curiously curled above the forehead and at the sides of the face, then tied back in a bag-wig or a queue. In mind and character he was less illiterate than his father, though his tastes were not more refined, and he had drunk, gambled, and been a profligate from his early youth. But what turned Caroline utterly against him was not so much his vice, and his rudeness and lack of all natural affection towards herself, as his attitude towards his father, the object of her life-long solicitude and tender fidelity. "Prince Fritz" was disobedient, defiant, and insubordinate, till the very jealous bravado and senseless perversity of the young man lent to some of his unwarrantable proceedings a tinge of the morbid, unreasoning hate which is akin to madness.

In his extravagant conceit and treachery of disposition, the Prince of Wales made bids for popularity in every quarter. He attended an evening party at the Countess of Huntingdon's in order to hear Whitfield preach when Methodism, in high places, was dividing public attention with the Mississippi and South Sea schemes. He praised the sermon, and rebuked the levity of some of the fine ladies present, to the great gratification of his good hostess. He was equally ready to show himself at St. Bartholomew's—or "Bartlemy's"—Fair, and join in the coarse revelry certain to degenerate into excess and riot. Like his father, Frederick made a parade of the tone of a man of gallantry and license. He professed to cultivate the Muses, and wrote detestable verses in his own person. In the middle of this chameleon-like versatility there was one aspect of the Prince which never changed, and that was his envenomed hostility to every

* Dr. Doran's *Lives of the Queens of England of the House of Hanover*; John Lord Hervey's *Memoirs of the Court of George II.*; Horace Walpole's *Letters*; *Letters to and from the Countess of Suffolk*; *Letters of Mrs. Delany*; Lady Louisa Stuart's *Life of John Duke of Argyll*; Lady Mary Coke's *Journal and Letters*; and Thackeray's *Four Georges*.

* At Caroline's last drawing-room on the King's reminding her that she had passed the old Duchess of Norfolk, the Queen turned back, though ready to sink with fatigue and pain, and spoke a few courteous words to the venerable duchess.