USEFUL HINTS.

SUCCESSION—SPANISH DRINK: AN EVENING REPEAST.
Ingredients—One quart of milk, quarter ounce of cinnamon and cloves, quarter of white sugar, yolks of eight eggs, one pint of best muscatel wine.
Boil these together for ten minutes; strain the milk, best and sugar; add the wine to the yolks, and beat together. Pour the milk into it, but not too hot, and serve. This is brought in like coffee, in cups on a silver tray.

HOW TO MAKE BREAD LOOK PRETTY FOR A PARTY.
Pull a new loaf into small triangular pieces with two forks, put into the oven and lightly brown, serve in a plate basket and napkin.

ROLLED VEAL.
Take seven pounds breast of veal with the bones taken out, one pound of sausage meat, half pound of bacon, four hard-boiled eggs, one quart of milk.

To make half pound veal stuffing, batter it to make it thin, and lay the sausage meat, etc., in rolls, and roll it up tightly and tie with thick tape; skewer it at the ends, pin it up securely in a clean cloth, and let it simmer, not boil (this is important), for three and a half or four hours. When you take it out lay it on a dish with a heavy weight on it to flatten; when quite cold take off the cloth and glaze (one ounce will suffice—costs five-pence). Save the liquor in which it is boiled, and boil with the bones for soup.

WOMEN SOLDIERS.

“Tis scarcely sounds like a description of the military women we have at present in our midst, the wonderful body-guard of King Edward of the Danes. But in past times it has been a truthful portrait of some heroines of the battle-field, who have made in some instances chapters in the romance of history, and who may justly claim a place in the niches devoted to military glories in the temple of fame.

If we go back to the times of the Crusades we find frequent references made to the parts women played in these holy wars. Heroines often appeared in the mêlée, and disputed the prize of strength and courage with the bravest of the Saxons.

Of really British origin, we have not a great many Amazons. True, we had Boadicea, whose courage in leading the Iceni against the Romans deserved better fortune. We had Alfred’s daughter, Athelfleda, who directed the slaughter of the Danes in the streets of Derby, and even Queen Elizabeth herself, whose Amazonian tendencies were prodigious. In her reign the bellicose barons were almost constantly at war, and they used to leave their ladies at home to fight any enemies who might choose this time to make a raid upon the castle.

The Dykes of Northampton are said to owe their crest, a helmeted female with bare bosom and dishevelled hair, to an Amazon named Agnes Hobot, who fought a neighbour on behalf of her sister father about some disputed land, and the neighbour, it appears, got the worst of it.

Then there is Mary Amhurst, or English Moll, who distinguished herself in the attempt to recover Ghent from the Prince of Parma in 1564. She was at the head of 1000 men, and sustained an equal combat with 3000 Spaniards and 1200 Swiss, abandoned by their companions, she went in a castle and defied the enemy, challenging any three Spaniards to try their prowess against her single arm, and when summoned to surrender she said ‘No.’

“Tis no knight, sir, of England or captain, you see. But a poor simple lass called Mary Amhurst.”

Another notable example is Hannah Snael, James Gray, the Worcester hosier’s daughter, who had such an extraordinary career: first enlisting in Captain Miller’s company of Guise’s regiment at Calais in 1557, she first becoming the possessor of a public-house at Wapping.

Christian Kavanagh or Welsh fought in the war of the Spanish Succession, and received an unmournful sentence from Queen Anne. She married a soldier named Davis at Chelsea, and at her death she was buried with full military honours in the burial-ground of the soldier’s hospital.

Mrs. Christian Davis, the trooper of the Scots Greys, commonly called “Mother Ross,” was a hard Irish Amazon who led a strange and decidedly romantic career, and was wounded at Ramilies, at which battle the Greys took sixteen or seventeen colours and standards. These are only a few examples of female military courage picked out at random, but there are hundreds of instances which might, if space permitted, be cited.

There were also naval Amazons who did good service as able seamen, such as Ann Crewe, who served in the 35-gun frigate, and on board the Queen Charlotte an African woman served for eleven years, receiving frequent commendation for her excellent work. Then there was Rebecca Ann Johnstone, who fought and died on board one of Nelson’s ships.

Women played no inconsiderable part in the American Revolution. They helped to write some of the truculent anti-patriotic songs which served to cheer and encourage the soldiers of both armies; they housed and sheltered those who were in danger; they carried despatches in their bosoms; they never had reached their destination, and some few of them fought themselves. Of these few perhaps the best known were Katherine Street, Mary Kestey of the Alamo, as she was wont to be called, Jane Gwot, Mrs. Fickens, the general’s wife, Mary Gould, Mrs. Wright, brave Deborah Samson, who served in the army as a cook, and Mrs. Robert of York Town, Nancy Hart, “the honey of a patriot, the devil of a wife,” who never by any chance looked in a mirror, so ugly was she, with her cross eyes and her broad angular mouth.

There are others whose names are revered in many parts of the States as brave, fearless mothers, wives and sisters, who forget everything but their family and their country’s honour in those terrible days when the States were deluged with blood, when homes were confiscated, and broken hearts and limbs the most common of possessions.

A speaking of famed military women, we naturally turn to France, which has given birth to more courageous swords-women than any other country. From the time of the invasion of Gaul by Julius Caesar, to the days of the First Empire, and even later, France can reckon to herself a whole series of heroines gathered from all ranks, from the throne to the most obscure women of the country. Lamartine wrote of these Amazons that all nations have somewhere in their annals a few miracles of patriotism, of which a woman is the instrument in the hands of God. When all is lost and seemingly hopeless in a national cause, still one must not give up hope, if there remains one corner of resistance in a woman’s heart.

The subject of military women is one which has been deemed worthy of all honour in France, and in addition to the many mentions of such heroines in the works of such authors as André Chénier and the marvellous volume on Les Femmes Militaires de la France, by Alfred Trautkovitch and Jules Lacharité, which gives details of the life and glory amongst the ranks of the French Army.

The first we learn of the military heroines of France is of Sainte Genèviève (451), Frédégonde, Hervinsangi, Emma, and those remarkable women of the second crusade, known as “Les Dames aux Bottes d’or et ses compagnies,” Blanche de Castille, Jeanne de Montfort, Jeanne de Blois, and the beautiful Jeanne de Belville, whose husband’s death was due to the treachery of the Lord Salisbury of the day (1343).

In the next epoch we have the women of Orleans, and amongst them the military gem of many stars of female military glory, the intrepid Joan of Arc. Her exploits are too well known to need recapitulation here, so we pass on to the ladies of Compignie, who did so much towards the successful defence of that city on the Oise, the twelve brave chevalières of Angneville with Marguerite de Brestois-Amour, and Catherine d’Anjou, another woman warrior whose deeds are familiar as household words to English readers, La Dame de Brétigny, Jeanne Filleul, and Catherine de Namur. This epoch introduces us to many interesting women, including Rénée de Balagny, La
Chevalière d’Eon, Mademoiselle de Montpensier, Anne de Vaux, all those heroines which French chroniclers name “Les dames de la Rochelle,” “Les dames de Lille,” and the dragoness Jeanne de Frénoy.

Finally there are the heroines of the eighteenth century, the Chevalière d’Eon de Beaumont, whose manifold capacities were tested as lawyer, ambassador, writer, courtesan, and warrior. Her parents ardently desired a son, and when Charlotte was born they did not reveal her sex, but brought her up as a boy, giving her a boy’s education. Her career was such an extraordinary one, her military achievements so great, that I can only recommend those who are not acquainted with the facts to read them for themselves. Madame Drucourt, who so bravely essayed the siege of Louisburg in New England (1758), when eighteen thousand English, twenty-three line-of-battle-ships, and eighteen frigates stormed the walls of that city. She was the wife of the governor of Louisburg, and throughout the siege, day and night, she was to be found on the ramparts, her hair in hand, encouraging the soldiers with money, sometimes loading and firing the guns herself, and in every way among the peril and the glory of her husband. After Madame Drucourt we must mention the beautiful Corsican patriot, Princess de Francisci, of which the most maps of her country include some mention of them in their accounts of the country. On the other hand, there were numbers of people who refused to believe in there being such things. Humboldt appears to have testified to the existence of women who lived independent of men. His solution of the matter was that he thought it possible that some women in all parts of America had got tired of enduring the state of slavery men imposed upon them, and they resolved to migrate to some part where they might live to be free. His theory was that they were free to live independent of men. However, it seems that the first idea amongst bellicose women was to separate themselves from men; but later experience of this point led to a desire to join the ranks of the sterner sex, to adopt their apparel and accoutrements, and in fact to throw off as much as possible the elements of femininity.

In the accounts of Columbus’ voyages, there is frequent mention of tribes of women living independently of men in the West Indies. No doubt whatever can be entertained of the existence of the female warriors of Dahomey. We have not seen them at their martial drills and dances, and heard them singing their strange war-songs and triumphing, as of white women, who all lived in the king’s palace of Abomey, and who, although they are divided into two battalions, the “Elephants” and the “Alligators,” the former being the better battalion, are both under one chief.

The French troops found these women-soldiers very formidable antagonists in Dahomey, and some of the encomiums passed upon them by the French army were certainly testimonials of the military skill and extraordinary courage.

In the face of these emancipated females from Africa, whose native country can certainly not claim the title of civilised, with the remembrance of the hundreds of women of all ranks and all countries who in the unenlightened ages of the Crusades and other wars, threw off the trammels of womanhood and fought side by side with man for the same object, with the same fervour, how is it that every step woman takes in the direction of securing her own rights is met with sarcasm and put aside with ignominy? With all the boasted civilisation of the nineteenth century, we have not the same courage to show as those given by the Joan of Arcs and the Maids of Saragossa of olden days.

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