

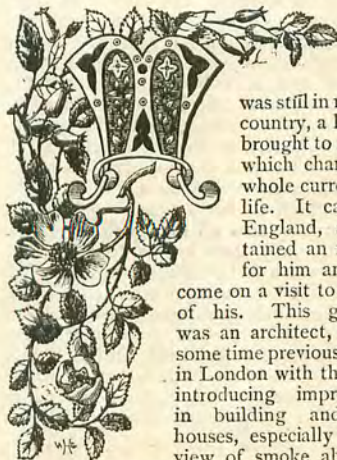
hog's head, each completed by a semi-wreath of foliage, may be copied in coloured cotton or washing silks; the hues chosen according to the deep border which generally frames these handkerchiefs, whether in silk or linen.



FIG. 2.—OUTLINED HOG'S HEAD.

Naturally the embroidered corner will always be the one that so carelessly, yet so intentionally, escapes from the breast pocket of the fashionable coat. The same taste for animals' heads is noticeable in many other etceteras; a cat or a dog, closely worked in crewel or chain stitch, peers from slippers, handkerchief and tie cases of padded satin, and even scent sachets have lately been decorated with velvet *appliqués* of mastiffs, spaniels, &c. The two heads, figs. 1 and 2, are quickly executed in outlining with the ordinary twist stitch.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF A GERMAN GIRL IN ENGLAND, AND NOTES ON GIRL-LIFE IN GERMANY.



ANY years ago, when I

was still in my native country, a letter was brought to my father which changed the whole current of my life. It came from England, and contained an invitation for him and me to

come on a visit to a friend of his. This gentleman was an architect, who had some time previously settled in London with the hope of introducing improvements in building and fitting houses, especially with the view of smoke abatement,

and thus delivering the great city from the terrible red fogs. He wished us to witness his success. Although a very young girl at that time, I was considered one of the most brilliant pianistes of Germany, and Mendelssohn, who was then the conductor of our concerts, advised my father to accept the invitation, which would prove of great advantage to me. His advice prevailed, and we left home for England one fine morning in the month of May.

As we were coming up the Thames I was struck with the beautiful green colour of its banks; the grass seemed like emerald when compared with the dull verdure of the Continent. Having just left behind us the blue

and silvery clouds of Germany, I could not unders and the dinginess of the sky as we were getting into the City, and when we reached St. Paul's I could not contain myself any longer, and exclaimed, "What a dirty church! Why don't they have it cleaned or painted?" Some friends took me into Hyde Park, but seeing so many strangers without one sympathising face produced a feeling of isolation which I did not care to renew merely in order to see a crowd. A London crowd, whether in the park or in the streets, has a very sombre appearance to an eye accustomed to the many-coloured uniforms in Prussia, where policemen, park-keepers, postmen, beadles, tax-gatherers, and many others retain the uniforms worn by them during their past military service.

I was surprised at the smartness of the English servants, though at that time the march of intellect with regard to dress was slower and did not induce them to copy their mistresses as they do now. They wore, according to fashion, large bonnets and caps, the latter being made of plain muslin, in shape like those worn in almshouses at the present time, and those girls who pretended to superior taste had them made of white blonde. The latter not being a washing material, they were compelled to wear them long after the white had changed into *couleur Isabeau*. German servants in those days always went bareheaded, and dressed in coarse clothes; it is only of late years that a modification has taken place, for now on a Sunday the grub of the week changes into a butterfly, and generally wears a hat with a white feather.

Long after my arrival in London I used to shudder when passing certain street corners, where people apparently afflicted with dreadful mutilations were stationed to solicit alms. Some of them had but one arm, others had lost a leg, and many had their heads and one eye bandaged with cloths that showed the wounds were of recent occurrence. I reflected that there was a whole colony of English in my native town, each one of whom had the usual number of arms and legs, and pondering further on the subject I asked my friends the reason why so many of the lower class should be deficient in this particular. They replied laughingly, "You will find out some day;" and when I did I could not but wonder how the police had so long allowed the imposture of these mendicants, few of whom had been in the wars. Another fraternity was at that remote time left almost unmolested, and had gained a Continental reputation on account of the dexterity of its members; this was the London pickpocket clique, a species of gentry my father was determined to baffle. Like most Germans, he was addicted to smoking, and had brought over with him a meerschaum and a beautiful tobacco-pouch, neither of which he would suffer out of his sight. He carried them in his coat pocket when out sight-seeing, and to prevent any inquisitive eye from peering at its contents he held the pocket, and frequently had his hand upon it, and yet one fine evening upon returning home *that same pocket was found to be empty*.

Our letters of introduction procured us many acquaintances, not only amongst the learned professions, but also among soldiers and artists. They invited us to dinner and evening parties, and I was much struck with the formality of the former and the free-and-easy nature of the latter. The ceremony which here accompanies the process of eating is wholly unknown in Germany, where people of the highest rank dine without any mystery—their curtains being opened wide to let in the light of day—at three o'clock, and, when the meal is finished, again resume their business or pleasure. As every joyful event in

Germany is celebrated by a *musical festival*, in this country it is by feasting. An English gentleman has many opportunities for displaying his social qualities as an entertainer, and I was surprised to see how agreeably he does it. Having frequently heard it asserted in Germany that all English people suffer from *spleen*—a disease supposed to cause deep melancholy—I was unprepared for the hilarity that prevailed at every private party, and soon became convinced that the English are quite as lively as any people abroad, though less noisy in the manner of their demonstration. I was delighted with the first ball, so different from the absurdly formal affairs I had been accustomed to in my own country; there a lady is whirled round the room several times, sometimes without a word of conversation, which is against etiquette; she is then led back to her mamma, but her partner does not offer her his arm, as this would be considered too familiar. He merely touches the tips of her fingers, as if afraid of catching the measles by coming in contact with her. The absence of all formality in England had the charm of novelty for me, and as both my father and myself spoke French fluently, we got on very well with that language and broken English.

What I admired at my first and every other party was the beauty of the dresses, which was not so much owing to the material as to the taste with which they were arranged. I also came to the conclusion that, in spite of the expensive material of my own dress, which was of blue Chinese crape, without any trimming whatever, I looked like a country girl, and resolved it should not happen again. They never had in Germany any pretty trimmings or ornaments, by the aid of which they make in this country the most charming costumes for young girls of very inexpensive materials. Many years ago they did not know the flounced and kilted skirts worn now; the fashions were then the reverse from what they are at the present time. Dresses were short and very full, having no gores, but being pleated all round the waist; bodices were long and very pointed, and in the evening gauze crape and blonde dresses were worn over satin and silk of a different colour, as white over blue, cerise over white, black blonde over pink, according to the taste of the wearer.

My father brought three special letters of introduction from our Military Governor, Prince Frederic of Prussia, before whom and the Princess I used to play from the time I was twelve years old, so that they took an interest in me. One letter was for the Duke of Cumberland, a second to Baroa Bülow, Prussian Ambassador in London, and the third for the Countess of Jersey, who was a personal friend of the Princess. She invited me to her balls and routs, that I should see London life, and engaged me to accompany the family to her country seat in order to instruct her daughters in music. We first went to Brighton, where Queen Adelaide, who was then staying at the Pavilion, wished to hear me play. One evening when Lady Jersey dined with the Queen I drove to the Pavilion, and was shown into a large room where the whole Court and visitors were assembled, besides a band, which accompanied some of my pieces. The Queen came and talked to me very affably, and the ladies and gentlemen went about chatting as at any private party.

When the Queen retired, and I prepared to leave, a footman requested me to step for a moment into Mr. Mari's office, where the French confectioner, who had been playing in the band, presented me with a large bag filled with such beautiful bonbons as I have never seen before or since. Queen Adelaide sent me next morning, through her private-secretary, her thanks for the amusement she

had derived from my performance, and also a present.

Owing to her beauty, riches, liberality, and tact, the Countess of Jersey was at that time the most powerful lady in England, being chosen by general consent as leader of fashion in anything relating to etiquette, taste, and dress. Her establishment in the country was conducted in almost regal style. During the whole winter there were daily arrivals and departures of visitors, with a good sprinkling of English and French royalty. Lady Jersey was the last of that *grande noblesse* of which the Duke of Rutland was the male representative. He never laid aside for one evening his dignity, but always wore the Order of the Garter, and it was the custom at that time for every young lady to be presented at Belvoir Castle, his country seat, before being presented at Court. Lady Jersey always spoke French to her children, her visitors all spoke French, and so little English did I hear during this first winter that when asked in London whether Queen Adelaide was pretty, I replied: "She has an *earthquake* in her face," meaning an eruption.

What impressed me most with the grandeur of an aristocratic establishment in England was the large retinue of servants required, which at Lady Jersey's amounted to more than seventy, while in Germany a lady of the same rank assured me she could not do with fewer than eight servants! As Lady Jersey took a prominent part in politics, the greatest statesmen, both English and foreign, were visitors at her country seat, as well as many of the heroes of Waterloo, with the Duke of Wellington as their chief. It was very interesting to me to see these great men, several of whom had lost an arm on the battlefield, in a drawing-room. One thing struck me as a fact, *viz.*, that these warriors, who undoubtedly well knew the sound of the trumpet, had little ear for peaceful music or languages. One of them, who had been for years Ambassador at Paris, spoke French "*comme une vache espagnole*," and another gallantly asked Lady Jersey to waltz with him to a march which I was playing. They waltzed innocent of their mistake, to the end of the march, when both thanked me "*pour cette jolie valse*."

As I passed ten winters with Lady Jersey, and lived during the London season with some friends belonging to the middle class, amongst whom I visited a good deal, I had ample opportunities for observing that a high-class education, including the accomplishments of music, languages, and ornamental needlework, *now accessible to all*, was at that time almost entirely confined to the aristocracy or other rich people. Private tuition was very expensive, and the boarding-schools, as a rule, inferior, the mistress considering Brussels carpets and light pastry of more importance than a solid education.

I was struck with the size of the English soldier, which forms a great contrast to that of the Prussians, who are mostly small men. The Pomeranian regiments are exceptions, as in that district men and geese grow to a prodigious size. The pay of a Prussian soldier is twopence halfpenny a day, on which he does not wax fat and kick, but fights well in battle, and, what is still more important, he furnishes out of his slender pay an outfit for any Prussian princess on her marriage day. It was the custom many years ago, and probably is so now, to keep one pfenning from every soldier's pay in order to procure a suitable marriage portion for a princess. As a German pfenning is a tenth part of an English penny, the soldier suffers no great loss, and has the satisfaction of endowing a young lady who gets nothing from the nation.

It appeared to me at first that Englishmen had a very cold manner when meeting a long-

absent friend by merely shaking hands with him, saying, "How are you?" while under similar circumstances two Germans would rush into each other's arms with such vehemence as to endanger their mutual equilibrium. Of late years this custom has, however, been abandoned in favour of the English one, which they copy exactly, as they think, for when I last visited the Rhenish provinces all my brother's servants shook my hand cordially, which I ascribed to family attachment. On my arrival at Berlin my sister's servants greeted me in the same way, and when I called on a lady, the young girl who opened the door shook my hand violently, saying in German, "I am so pleased you have come to see us," which convinced me of their endeavour to give me an English reception. This conviction was strengthened by what followed, for I was scarcely seated in the drawing-room when the servant entered and, putting two bottles of beer on the table, said, "I know this is your favourite beverage in England." The lady, praising her intelligence, said she spent all her spare time in reading.

When visiting Germany during the late war, I found but few changes. Education has been there compulsory as long as I can remember, and the schools were always first-rate and under Government. It may not be uninteresting to my young readers to know how girls are brought up in that country, and I will begin my description from their babyhood.

It is generally asserted that all babies are alike, but no one who ever saw a German baby would say it is like an English one. It is the best imitation of a chrysalis; and if a gigantic chrysalis had a nightcap on, it would be difficult to distinguish it from a German baby. This strange appearance is owing to its being swaddled, which is done by winding many yards of bandages round its body over the long gown, which is turned back like the ends of a treacle pudding. The baby's arms and legs being thus confined, it can neither move nor kick, but can merely eat, drink, sleep, and grow fat. At a very early age the children get accustomed to discipline by being sent to those schools known in this country under the name of Kindergarten, and when at home they are also required to conduct themselves in a very quiet manner. German mothers have such a dread of encouraging vanity in their little girls that they do not even dress them becomingly. Instead of the little girls in England with pretty curls or wavy hair, with flounced dresses and embroidered underclothing, you meet in Germany little prim figures, their hair tightly plaited into two pigtails, and their dresses reaching down to their heels. As the climate is very severe in winter, you will learn with horror that these little children wear *black or green cloth trousers!* There are exceptions, but as a rule German mothers do nothing to improve the looks of their girls except preserving them from the sun and taking great care of their hair, which grows long and silky. To crush any tendency to vanity in the bud they hang up their looking-glasses so high, and in such a slanting position, that the least attempt made by a young girl to see merely the tip of her nose would produce giddiness and perhaps a fall.

The schools in Germany would be perfect but that the girls' health suffers from overcrowding and overwork. Besides their own language, they learn French and English, botany, arithmetic, singing, drawing, history, and geography—such geography as enabled the Prussian officers to find at once the shortest road to Paris during the last war, while the story goes that some of the French soldiers, with the brave Garibaldi at their head, rushed into Switzerland,

shouting enthusiastically, "*A Berlin, à Berlin!*"

The work German girls have to do at home does not consist in learning by heart; they have very little of that, but their chief work is to write essays on any subject. This occupies them till bedtime, and as they have no time for relaxation, the school authorities supply them with this by teaching them skating, swimming, and gymnastics. For the latter, they wear a peculiar costume made of brown holland trimmed with red braid, fitting so tightly that it is a puzzle how they get in or out of it. Music is a passion in Germany with young and old of all classes, and even babies in arms wag their little heads on hearing some pretty melody. Girls begin to learn scales and exercises at a very early age to make the fingers flexible, and no matter what their occupation is they always continue their musical studies, even when preparing for Confirmation and Communion. This involves a long course of religious instruction, and takes place when the young girl is about fifteen or sixteen and leaves school. She is now considered a young lady, who accompanies her mother in her walks, her visits, and to parties.

As most gentlemen in Germany derive their income from the Government, which gives them enough for comfort but not for extravagance, their wives are obliged to be very careful in their expenditure, and their daughters are brought up in strict economy. Therefore after a German young lady has left school her real work begins. If she happens to have a great talent for music everything else is given up, and she devotes all her time and energy to the cultivation of that talent, until she appears as one of the great players of Germany. If it seems likely she will remain a mediocrity, she is not encouraged in throwing away her time in musical practice, but she then qualifies herself for being a help to her mother by learning cookery, dressmaking, ironing, pickling, and preserving vegetables for the winter.

As a rule German gentlemen do not care for beauty in a wife if not accompanied by more enduring qualities, and they are very cautious in choosing a partner for life. Before ingratiating himself with the young lady the gentleman first asks her father's consent to visit at his house that he may observe the young lady in her domestic relations towards her parents, sisters, brothers, and servants. If her conduct towards them is irreproachable, and he thinks she will make a good wife, he engages himself to her by exchanging rings, for in Germany men all have wedding-rings. The young lady then begins to make her trousseau, which is no trifle, for not only has she to provide her own wardrobe, but all the furniture, household linen, ornaments, crockery, pots and kettles—in short, everything necessary for the new establishment. In fact, unless the outfit of a German bride is large enough to fill one of Pickford's vans, it is described by the gossips as a very shabby affair!

