

opportunity of getting on, and I hate study. The only thing I care about is painting, but there is no chance of my doing anything that way now. What a burden we shall be to you, Jack! I half think mother was right. You will never be well off as a clergyman."

"That depends," Jack replied. "I am content, nor would I change my calling, even at this moment, for any amount of riches. Next year you shall have a thoroughly good drawing master. For the present we must get on the best way we can. I should think you might find a post as junior governess if you tried. Talk to Nannette about it; she will help you. By-the-bye, Mara, does she know?"

"Yes," answered Mara, shortly. "She said she should call and tell mother how sorry she was for her, but I told her she'd better not, for sympathy was more than we could bear."

"Rather ungracious, Mara," Jack said, reprovingly. "But I think you are right in the main," he added, presently. "It is much better she should not come. Our next home will have to be a very humble one. I am going in search of it this afternoon."

There is but one thing I am capable of," said Mara to herself when Jack had gone. "I must settle down as a nursery governess. Anyway it will give Jack one less to provide for, and we seem to have fallen so low that it isn't worth while to think about the style of the thing. I might have known before that I should never come to any good, and I may as well settle down to the prospect of being a nursery governess at once." Having arrived at this conclusion, Mara went resolutely upstairs to put on her things and search for something forthwith. Her face was drawn up into its most unattractive frown as, coming downstairs, she met her mother, who asked—

"Where are you going, Mara?"

"Out to look for a situation," she replied.

"You needn't think you'll succeed with that sweet expression on your face," said her mother. "You betray too plainly the sort of temper you possess."

"It is enough to make one ill-tempered," returned Mara, bitterly.

"We might be worse off," retorted Mrs. Johnstone, who certainly bore their misfortunes with much heroism. "If we had not Jack, for instance, how should we get on? I am used to poverty, and can bear it. You must learn to do the same. It is no good chafing against misfortune. It must be borne."

"It's hard on Jack, at any rate," Mara added.

"Of course it is. It's hard on us all; but Jack is not the one to shirk his duty. I have no fault to find with him in that way."

"I'm not going to shirk my duty, either," cried Mara, who took the remark to herself, "but I won't deny that I hate it, nevertheless. I should be a liar if I did." And with these words on her lips Mara went off to do her duty.

When she and Jack met again in the evening both were pretty well worn out and dispirited. Mara was not given to talking much, and her account of her adventures was given in the following words, spoken in a hard, sharp tone which served to hide the mortification and soreness of spirit she was feeling. "I've been looking for a situation, Jack, but nobody will have me, not even as nursery governess."

"Patience, Mara," replied Jack, sympathetically. "I've done no better. The only apartments I can find anywhere near our means are sadly dingy, I am afraid. Will you look at them to-morrow, mother?"

"Anything that you can afford will satisfy me," said Mrs. Johnstone, with stoical indifference. "You know your own affairs, Jack, and if you say it is the best to be had, I am quite content."

"We shall not want them for long, I hope," Jack said, cheerfully. "When can you be ready to leave here?"

"In a week," Mrs. Johnstone replied, with the same calm indifference.

And in a week they did leave the poor, dingy old house, to which thirty-five years before she had come home as a bride, the house of which every room contained hundreds of sacred associations, which was full, as Mara declared, of Johnstone ghosts, and yet never by a word or sign betrayed the grief she must have felt, but bustled about, stern, methodical, and active, making Mara more than impatient by her placidity.

When Jack came home from his teaching and ran eagerly up the narrow staircase of their new home, all anxiety to see how they were getting on, he found Mara in the bedroom she was to share with her mother, weeping bitterly.

"How can we live in this hole?" she cried, when he tried to soothe her. "Not even a bedroom to myself. The old house was bad enough, but it was a palace to this."

"Poor old place!" Jack said, with infinite regret. "I didn't think you would feel the parting so much, Mara, as you always abused it so."

"Oh, Jack," cried Mara, almost angrily. "I never thought then we should have to exchange it for such a place as this. I can't and won't stay here. Why do we have such cruel hardships? We'd better never have been born."

"Hush, Mara!" said Jack, with a troubled face. "Would it be better if you had a little room to yourself? It can only be a tiny one. Come with me and see."

Mara followed reluctantly, but agreed that she would rather have ever such a little hole that she could call her own, for," she added, "mother and I never get on together, and never shall."

Jack sighed. He knew it was true, and that there must be a great change in both before it could be any way different. "Well, Mara," he said, a little wearily, "try and make this room as pleasant as you can for yourself. We can get a few pretty, cheap ornaments and pictures for it, I daresay, but you must be very quiet in the evening when I want to read."

Which remark coming back to Mara's mind a long time afterwards, led her to the conclusion that Jack had intended to reserve that little room as a sort of study for himself.

(To be continued.)

## A WEDDING IN ISTRIA.



WE go back to a hundred years to be invisible guests at a wedding amongst the wild out-of-the-way mountains, forests and fertile plains of Istria, in the southern portion of the Austrian Empire. Up amongst the barren mountain tops the people are of evil-repute—a race of pickpockets and robbers, whose origin is lost in the mists of obscure ages. They are dark in complexion, have long sallow faces, and are of a fierce,

haughty, fearless character—the terror of the Turks, their neighbours. But there is honour amongst thieves; if they make a promise they are true to it, and the prudent traveller who puts himself into their hands for guidance and protection is never betrayed. The word of a Morlachian is sacred. In his dishonesty he prefers craft to force, and only sheds blood when desperate and in self-defence. He always pays his debts.

The people of the plains are a more law-abiding and peaceful people, with broad faces, and flat noses, fair hair and blue eyes, simple and pastoral in their habits; but they are as fierce as the mountaineers in their anger, as unyielding in their pride, and as rashly daring.

We find the Morlachians, or mountaineers, a people curiously united amongst themselves. The women enjoy the fullest freedom, and, while shunning strangers, treat their countrymen with fearless familiarity and daring confidence. They are generous and hospitable in the extreme. The stranger is received in their homes like a brother, given the heartiest of welcomes, awarded the best his host possesses, and loaded with presents when departing. Rich or poor, his reception is the same. Where to need is to have, beggars cannot exist, and the Morlachians have none. They are a merry people who love feasting and joking; and, with all their generosity and hospitality, they are, in one respect, very prudent and careful. If the road is muddy they remove their shoes to avoid soiling them; if they are caught in a storm their coats and caps are taken off and folded up to keep them dry. They are terribly superstitious and awfully revengeful.

A young Morlachian girl seldom lacks lovers. They hover about her wherever she goes. She is continually receiving presents from them—bead necklaces, brass rings, knives, glass vessels, &c. If she is one of a large family, the fact gives her a new charm. If her male ancestors have been brave, strong men, her value as a wife is much augmented.

One day there comes to her father's house a kindly old neighbour, who wants to select from her father's large family of daughters one to be the wife of his eldest son. So all the girls are called in from their work. They make themselves clean and smart, and they present themselves before the old man, who, after much looking and talking and putting of questions, selects, as is usual, the eldest. She, he says, will suit him for a step-daughter, and the chosen one replies in merry mood that she will come to his house, look at his son, and tell him what she thinks about it. So she does, and, approving the arrangement, brings the young man home in his holiday attire to see what opinion her parents have of him as a suitable husband for their daughter. If everybody is satisfied, arrangements are made for the wedding ceremonies.

When the appointed bridal day arrives there is a great gathering of noisy relatives, friends, and neighbours, who come armed from head to foot, as if to do battle, and are called *Svati*. From these the most prosperous and important individual is selected to be the *Stari Svati*, whose business it is to preside at the table, and superintend the proceedings generally, with the assistance of a lieutenant, called the *Stachez*.

Two young people are selected to accompany the bride, and be constantly by her side throughout the festivity. They are called the *Diveri*.

Other subordinate officers are also appointed, one being *Chiausous*, the master of the ceremonies, who carries a mace, and arranges the guests at table in their allotted places, each according to his or her rank and importance. He sings the ancient national nuptial songs, in which the names of heathen divinities

figure, heads the bridal procession, and generally plays a very active and important part.

When the young couple are ready for church the heavily-armed *Svati* mount their horses to guard them from jealous and revengeful rivals—or from the attacks of robber bands secreted in the mountain caves—the outcast, murderous Haiducks. Before them go the mace bearer and two banners of silk floating from great lances, having their points inserted in gilt balls. These are borne by two guests selected for the task, and called *Parrinas* and *Bariacter*. In the midst of her armed escort the bride rides, closely veiled from prying eyes. So they go orderly and quietly enough into the church, where the priest receives them, and the marriage is duly solemnised with Christian rites, the bride's veil remaining all the while untouched.

With the ride home from church begins a wild uproar of voices, shouting, howling, singing, shrieking, arms are waved, guns are fired, songs are roared—the *Svati* seem to have gone mad with delight.

When the bride reaches the threshold of her new home, the *Domachin*, or chief of the bridegroom's family, appears with a little child, which the bride receives with kisses and caresses. Restoring it to his arms her *Diveri* assist her to dismount, and she kneels upon the step of the door to receive from the hands of her new mother a sieve filled with fruits, nuts, and almonds, which she scatters backward amongst the guests. This form is intended to signify that by the labours of the wife her family must win abundance.

Two tables are spread for the wedding feast, one for the women, the other for the relatives and guests; each groans beneath the great variety and abundance of provided food, for every guest has brought a separate contribution for the feast. The bride sits apart from all the rest with her *Diveri*, or brides-boys, and the *Staches*.

The bridegroom is attended by his *Kuum*, whose office it is to cut up his bread, fruit, and meat; no one in such a position being allowed on his wedding day either to cut or to untie anything.

The feast commences with the passing round of the *bukakra*, a large cup filled to the brim with wine, which is introduced by the *Domachin*, who proposes the toast of health and happiness to all present. The first course is one of fruit, the second meat, the third soup.

After the feast singing and games follow; the festivities being kept up with great spirit.

On the following day and for five or six days after the festivities are renewed. The bride goes round with a plate to receive contributions in money from the guests; the *Svati* give her the usual presents, her father sends over the cow, which, with her clothes, commonly forms her dowry, and so ends a wedding in Istria or Dalmatia, for in either place the ceremonies differ but slightly. From that time the wretched girl knows nothing but a life of incessant labour and degradation. She sleeps upon the floor; the most disgusting and painful tasks fall daily to her lot, she abandons decency, ignores morality, and sinks into a state of brutal degradation terrible to witness. The years of maidenhood contrasted with those of wifehood must seem a dream of bliss, and she must often look backward with bitterness of heart to the days when she coqueted with her lovers in a capacious scarlet hood adorned with shells and beads and coins and feathers, when she could proudly call her own earrings of coloured glass, finger rings of filigree, and bracelets of leather adorned with copper ornaments. Now she must wear nothing on her head but a simple handkerchief negligently tied beneath her chin.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

## ART.

**AMATEUR.**—Use oil-colours for painting on the table, in the usual manner.

**E. P.**—We suppose you mean the "Guild of St. George," established at Sheffield by Mr. Ruskin.

**PERSPECTIVE** must consult a London Directory to find the various art-galleries and places of exhibition. There are too many to be quoted here. The spring exhibitions are being opened at the present time.

**JUNBO.**—We fear there is no cure for the spots on your photographs, except by touching them with colour. The author of the "Pied Piper of Hamelin" is Robert Browning.

**NANCY.**—For instructions in terra-cotta painting, see page 229, vol. ii.

**PSITTACUS.**—We think your Christmas card a very pretty one, and we shall give a little sick child the pleasure of having it. You give promise of much success in the future, but there is one point which you seem to have overlooked. The shadows are made to fall from your leaves equally on one side of each as on the other. Now, the light should fall on one side, and the shadow lie on the other.

**BELLADONNA W.**—See page 399, vol. iii., where there is an answer to "S. O." on the subject of "Smoke Drawings."

## COOKERY.

**BLUE REYNARD.**—To make chocolate drops, take half a pound of coarse sifted sugar, add two ounces of fine French chocolate, dissolved in a wineglassful of water, in a separate saucepan; and after mixing this with the sugar in its boiler, stir on the fire until it arrives at almost simmering heat. Then lay out in drops of the size of a sixpenny-piece. The 23rd of November, 1864, was Wednesday.

**SOMEBODY'S DAISY.**—A recipe for "Chocolate creams" will be found at page 399, vol. i. If you use the corn-flour in packages you will find the addition of a little made coffee very strong to the ordinary moulds will give the proper flavouring. We by no means approve of two and a half hours of study before breakfast, but we hope you have a cup of tea and some bread and butter before you begin. We do not think you are wise, or kind to others, if you ruin your health by over-exertion. The letters of your handwriting should be joined, and you should endeavour to write more evenly.

**FANNIE.**—To "Ice a Cake," see page 399, vol. i.

**A YOUNG COOK.**—We are pleased to hear that you have found our cookery recipes of value, and we thank you much for those you send us.

## WORK.

**LONG EYELASHES.**—Wash the crewel-work in cool water with a little soap; rinse and wring very dry indeed. Crewel-work should be ironed on the wrong side. Read "How to Embroider in Crewels," page 96, vol. ii.; see also pages 96 and 431 for full instructions how to wash work.

**FABOLA.**—The white lace, of which you send us a specimen, is an ordinary machine-made one, and the black is a silk "blonde." Your writing is tolerably good, but not yet formed.

**S. E. W.**—For instructions in making "book-markers," see "My Work Basket," page 460, vol. ii. Your letter is extremely neat.

**UGLY DUCKLING.**—Use Chinese white for the first coat, and mix it with each colour. The prepared oxgall may be found at all artists' colourmen's.

**LENT LILY.**—May 19th, 1866, was a Saturday. Many thanks for your recipe.

**MAY REES.**—Perhaps you can move the washstand into a corner, and hang a curtain in front of it; if not, a screen is the next best thing to employ; and the cheapest and easiest way of covering it is to purchase a clothes-horse, and put curtains on it, with a valance of some cheap cretonne or chintz.

**ETHEL PARE LANGDALE.**—See "Patterns for Knitting," page 54, vol. ii. You must be guided by the customs of the church that you frequent. Your writing is unformed and childish.

**BEATRICE MAUD.**—See "Sock and Stocking Knitting," page 157, vol. ii.

**LEO.**—You had better price the articles yourself, and leave it to Miss Tidd's discretion to alter them if she thinks fit. The author of "Yesterday, To-day, and For Ever" is the Rev. Edward Bickersteth. Ask for the books at any good bookseller's, and if he has not got them, he will order them for you.

**JAPONICA.**—The usual number of articles of under-clothing for a trousseau is either six or eight of everything—nightdresses, drawers, and chemise. Three flannel petticoats and one dozen stockings, thick and thin. The number of dresses made up should be small, as it is better not to have too many. If you marry in the spring we should advise you to put away a portion of the money allowed you for your cloak and dress of next winter. The first is generally an expensive item. The requisites for modelling in gutta-percha are—a small spirit-lamp, in which to keep the water hot which you use to soften it, some

## EDUCATIONAL.

soap to prevent it sticking to your fingers, a pair of sharp scissors, and a penknife for veining the leaves.

**LIALOAGA.**—If we may advise you, we think you had better retain your present situation as long as possible, as similar ones are very difficult to obtain in England; though we think your salary far too low to enable you to dress, and also to lay by a little, as you should always do. There is nothing to prevent your young companion and friend from certifying your work. Your writing and composition are both excellent.

**EMERALD and RUSSELL.**—For information respecting clerkships in post and telegraph offices, see page 112, vol. ii. Write a note to enclose the amount in stamps, with an apology, saying you had forgotten it.

**G. F. T.**—We advise you to apply to the Matron, St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington. The fullest particulars are given under the head of "Nursing as a Profession," page 454, vol. i.

**TWO JERSEY GIRLS.**—For all rules connected with the "Subjunctive Mood," see "Handbook of the English Tongue," by Dr. Angus, pages 202, 203, 307, and 308.

**ETYMOLOGY.**—Adjectives are employed in reference to substantives, and adverbs to verbs. "Arrived" is the past participle of the verb to "arrive;" and "safe" is an adjective, not an adverb; thus "safely" is the correct term to employ in the sentence you have suggested. Drab and grey oatmeal-cloth will bear washing very well. We recommend the "handbook" to your careful study, of which we gave the title to the "Two Jersey Girls."

## MISCELLANEOUS.

**BIRDIE.**—The "Burial of Moses" is by Mrs. Alexander; but it is frequently published with no name attached to it, in volumes of selected pieces of poetry. Addresses of such societies are published in the *Queen* of each week.

**GERALDINE B.**—The song "Fancy waft me in golden visions," is that of the Jewish maiden in captivity, in the opera of *Nabucco*, by Verdi. The Italian words of the song begin "Va pensiero sull' ali dorate."

**A. DAVIS ("Pansy").**—We are very sorry indeed that our answer pained you, and has caused you even more suffering than usual. We deeply sympathise with you in your heavy affliction, and rejoice at your patience and exemplary trust; but still, as we published two of your poems in our amateur page, and wrote personally on one occasion, we really think that you need not have pressed on us other verses and questions. There are many other dear girls of ours who look to us for help and encouragement, and our space is too limited to satisfy all demands. Cheer up, "Pansy," it is by no means possible for us to "reinstatate you in our favour," as you urge us to do. You always have had our good opinion.

**ROY'S WIFE.**—We are of opinion that no fault is to be attributed to you which might account for your husband's coolness. You can only persevere in the course which you have wisely adopted, of bearing it patiently, at least, to all outward appearance. "Live it down," and accept the trial as permitted by One who "does not wilingly afflict," but acts towards all who trust in Him as He sees best in His wisdom and mercy. We feel the most sincere sympathy for you, and hope you will not give way to despondency.

**DESPAIR.**—We feel very sorry for you at your premature loss of health and strength. The cause is very obvious. Of course, mere tonics will not restore vital power. "Koumis" would probably do you more good. You need perfect rest of mind and body. If you have a mother or sister, you ought to go away with her for a long rest, and complete change of air and scene, and "vegetate."

**BUTTON-BURSTER** will certainly remind her friends of some gaudy kind of parrot if she combines red, violet, and black in her hat and necktie. 2. You had better procure a supply of "insecticide" to get rid of the beetles; at the same time have every hole and crevice well closed with slips of wood and mortar.

**MAGGIE.**—We are enjoined by our Saviour to pray, "Lead us not into temptation." There is also an inquiry made by the same Divine Being, "Why call ye me Lord, and do not the things that I say?" In some cases "there is no safety but in flight," for "he that trusteth in his own heart is a fool." Adopt some other work of usefulness, and avoid all risk of relapsing into any evil way.

**VIOLET R. C.**—We have no idea to what place or persons your friend referred. Your second question, as to "how to become a genuine girl," sounds a funny one, yet we understand what you mean. Probably you need the companionship of young people of your own age; living with persons so much older may tend to make you old-fashioned in manner. But comfort yourself with the assurance that, if you desire so sincerely to be only "your own true self," there can be nothing really sham and artificial about you.

**DOT AND TAP.**—The value of the certificates depends entirely upon the school at which they were gained.