

day." French lady's maids are very popular, especially for the younger members of the family. The greatest drawback to the position is the fact that the unhappy maid is seldom or never quite at liberty, for there is always a chance of interruption and a fear lest the mistress should wish to change her mind and her clothes. Also in the season the hours are long, it being a case of late to bed and early to rise; the tired maid being obliged to wait up until her lady's return from the ball. Spite of the novels, most lady's maids are prosaic folk and unconcerned with adventure and romance, but the contrary is sometimes the case, and authors may boast that the detectives have often used "her maid" as the basis of their information. Lady's maids usually receive from £40 to £60 per annum—the former more often; but then she gets good food (far better than she would in her own house) and perquisites, these often amounting to a good bit. They are engaged, like any other servant, by the year, but can leave at the end of a month's notice. There are not many vacancies. The best way to find them out is through friends, as advertisements and agencies are not always to be trusted.

I WAS amused to see the other day, in an account of a scheme for aiding emigrants, the statement that whilst cooks were offered £40 to £60, lady's maids were offered only from £20 to £40 in the colonies. Evidently our colonial sisters are inclined to be independent, and therefore the former are by far the most popular and needed. Indeed, the cry, "Oh, for a good cook," heard on all sides in England, is echoed ten times louder in the Antipodes, where they are, in fact, at a premium. Indeed, I hear that some Melbourne ladies have "united" to obtain servants from the Mother Country, and that we are to be deprived of our few remaining ones by a daring assault on our coast by certain fair Australian invaders. Yet women complain they "have no work to do," whilst other women are willing "to give anything" for a good domestic. The servant question is surely still one of the great problems of the day, and will be, apparently, for some time to come.

PRINCESS MARY, Duchess of Teck, opened in person on the last day of last month the annual united sale of work, held in connection with the Society for Promoting Female Labour, 22A, Devonshire Street, W. The Duchess was accompanied by her daughter, pretty Princess Victoria of Teck. The sale was held in the arena of the Royal Albert Hall, and there were twenty-four stalls, each stall representing a different society; each connected, however, by each having been

founded for the mutual purpose of alleviating the needs either of the bodies or the souls of women and children. The Mary Wardell Convalescent Home was one, and Miss de Broen's Paris work another of those represented. The idea of thus combining for the purposes of a bazaar is a good one. There was plenty of pretty work to be seen, and charming articles of "vertu" to please the eyes and tempt the pockets of the visitors. The stall of the T.F.U.S., which recalled to mind the sad lives of our Indian sisters in their prison homes, was loaded with quaint and fascinating Eastern curiosities, &c.; whilst on that of the Cripples Home for Girls, Marylebone Road, over which presided the well-known figure of charitable Lady Burdett Coutts, were displayed tasty baskets and fancy articles in straw work, made by the inmates of the Home. There was also a refreshment stall, and a specially charming flower-stall, under the personal superintendence of the Ladies Bernard.

I LEARN that Lady Shelley, in compliance with a wish of her late husband, is about to erect a monument to the memory of the great poet, buried in the quiet Protestant cemetery at Rome, where many an English *littérateur* sleeps the last long sleep, and where beside him rests the mortal remains of his greatest friend; whilst, as if keeping guard over the dead, arises the huge pyramid of C. Cestius, defying time now as when, more than a thousand years ago, it stood in its first home in the fertile land of the Pharaohs. It is a lovely, though lonely, spot, that small, quiet cemetery, outside the walls of the great city, which has seen so many strange vicissitudes; and standing beside that lowly grave, one feels that no greater tombstone can be raised over that now stilled, once so restless, yearning heart, than that raised by nature herself—the wild fern, the bending cypress, the blue arched heavens, and the cloudless sky of the "bella Italia" he loved so well.

BUT whilst on the subject of monuments, and of monuments to Shelley in particular, I must just mention the one erected to his memory by Sir Percy Shelley in Christchurch Abbey, Christchurch, Hants, one of the finest abbeys in England, as well as one of the oldest and one of the best preserved. It is picturesquely situated, and seems the presiding genius of the old-fashioned little town, whilst through the meadows hard by flows the quiet silver waters of the Avon. But, to return to the monument. It is placed close to the west entrance, is of glistening white marble, and represents the recumbent figure of the dead poet in the arms of a woman. The face is intensely restful, with the calm, peaceful look

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)