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PICTORIAL

# LADIES WEEKLY

A NEWSPAPER FOR THE WOMEN OF NORTH AMERICA.



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"A woman's rank lies in the fulness of her womanhood: therein alone she is royal."—GEORGE ELIOT.

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### Hon. Mrs. Ivor Herbert.

The subject of this sketch, the Hon. Mrs. Ivor Herbert, wife of Major-General Herbert, C. B., is the youngest daughter of the late Lord Albert Conyngham, second son of the first Marquis of Conyngham. His Lordship assumed the patronemic of Denison on succeeding to the estates of his maternal uncle W. J. Denison, Esq. M. P., and was raised to the peerage in 1850 as Baron Londesborough of Londesborough, in the county of York. Lady Londesborough, Mrs. Herbert's mother, was a daughter of Admiral Hon. Charles Bridgeman, son of the Earl of Bradford, and married secondly Lord Otto Fitzgerald, son of the third Duke of Leinster. Of the Hon. Mrs. Ivor Herbert's five surviving brothers, three have served in the Royal Navy, and one in the Royal Artillery, while the eldest who succeeded his father in 1860 was raised to the dignity of an Earl in 1887 on the occasion of the Jubilee of Her Majesty's accession to the throne. The manner in which the news of that accession was conveyed to Her Majesty by the grandfather of Mrs. Herbert, then Lord Chamberlain is thus described in the Greville memories.

"On the morning of the King's death, the Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord Conyngham arrived at Kensington at five o'clock and immediately desired to see the Queen. They were ushered into an apartment, and in a few minutes the door opened, and she came in wrapped in a dressing-gown and with slippers on her naked feet. Conyngham in a few words told her their errand, and as soon as he uttered the words 'Your Majesty,' she instantly put out her hand to him, intimating that he was to kiss hands before he proceeded. He dropped on one knee, kissed her hand, and then went on to tell her of the late King's death. She presented her hand to the Archbishop who likewise kissed it, and when he had done so addressed to her a sort of pastoral charge, which she received graciously, and then retired."

The Hon. Mrs. Ivor Herbert married in 1873, Hon. J. C. Herbert, eldest son of J. A. Herbert, of Llanarth, in Mammothshire, S. Wales, by Hon. Mrs. Herbert, only surviving child of the late Lord Llanover.

### Pen Portrait of Stonewall Jackson.

Mrs. Jackson, in the Life and Letters of her distinguished husband, quotes a description of her subject by the Rev. Dr. Dabney, who was on General Jackson's staff and a member of his military family: "His person was tall, erect and muscular, with the large hands and feet characteristic of all his race. His bearing was peculiarly English, and, therefore, in the somewhat free society of America was regarded as constrained. Every movement was quick and decisive; his articulation was rapid, but distinct and emphatic, and, accompanied by that laconic and perspicuous phrase to which it was so well adapted, it often made the impression of curtness. He practiced a military exactness in all the courtesies of good society. Different opinions exist as to his comeliness, because it varied so much with the condition of his health and animal spirits. His brow was fair and expansive; his eyes were blue-gray, large and expressive, reposing usually in placid calm, but able none the less to flash the lightning. His nose was Roman, and well chiseled, his cheeks ruddy and sunburnt; his mouth firm and full of meaning, and his chin covered with a beard of comely brown. The remarkable characteristic of his face was the contrast between its sterner and its gentler moods. As he accosted a friend, or dispensed the hospitalities of his own house, his serious constrained look gave place to a smile so sweet, so sunny in its graciousness that he was another man. And if anything caused him to burst into a hearty laugh the effect was a complete metamorphosis. Then his eyes danced and his countenance rippled with a glee and abandon literally infantile. This smile was indescribable to one who never saw it. Had there been a painter with genius subtle enough to fix upon his canvas, side by side, the spirit of a countenance with which he caught the sudden jest of a child romping on his knees, and with which, in the crisis

of battle, he gave the sharp command, 'Sweep the field with the bayonet!' he would have accomplished a miracle of art which the spectator could scarcely credit as true to nature. In walking his step was long and rapid, and at once suggested the idea of the dismounted horseman. It has been said that he was an awkward rider, but incorrectly. A sufficient evidence of this is that he was never thrown. It is true that on the march, when involved in thought, he was heedless of the grace of his posture; but in action, as he rode with bare head along his column, acknowledging the shouts which rent the skies, no figure could be nobler than his. His judgment of horses was excellent, and it was very rarely that he was not well mounted."



The Young  
Mrs. Ivor Herbert

### The Art of Making a Home.

It seems a pity that the young woman who is about to establish a home and has a sum of money to spend for its garnishing can not be persuaded from laying it all out at once. She robs herself of so much future enjoyment. The spick and span sets of furniture which are carelessly ordered from an upholsterer, and carried home and stood around her parlors by his men, will never afford her half the satisfaction she can get in a room for which to-day she buys a chair, and next week, seeing that there must be a table to accompany the chair, she starts on a fresh shopping excursion, and finds

a table which is exactly what she was looking for; and in another month, discovering the need of a bookcase or a screen, she has again the delight of the hunt, and the gratification of obtaining the prettiest screen and bookcase in the city.

Such a room is a growth, a gathering together of household treasures, little by little. Each article, bought only when the need arises, or when something is happily found to just meet the need, will have a family history which makes it an entertaining as well as a valuable possession. Each couch and footstool is an achievement; each rug and curtain represents a triumph.

Such a home built up gradually, with careful planning in each part, with thought and loving consideration in all its details, acquires a far deeper value than could be purchased by the longest purse from the most fashionable cabinet-maker.

### Every Day is Sunday.

The Greeks observe Monday, the Persians Tuesday, the Assyrians Wednesday, the Egyptians Thursday, the Turks Friday, the Jews Saturday and the Christians Sunday, thus there is a perpetual Sabbath being celebrated on earth. It was during the French revolution of 1789 that a weekly Sabbath was totally abolished. The national convention which declared France a republic determined at the instance of Gebet, archbishop of Paris, to abandon Christianity and to substitute instead the worship of liberty, equality and reason; churches were quickly despoiled and civic feasts substituted for religious festivals. The convention also enacted that time, instead of being reckoned from the birth of Christ should thereafter count from the birthday of the French revolution, the year to begin anew from that date, September 22, 1792. That the Christian Sabbath might not be observed, the months were to consist of thirty days each, a day of rest being granted only at the close of each decade (every ten days). Under the directory established by a new constitution in 1795 the laws of Robespierre were repealed, the churches were reopened and Sunday took its rightful place in the calendar.

### In an English Bedroom.

Bedrooms are not usually nearly so comfortably furnished in England as are ours, says the *Ladies' Home Journal*. It is quite unusual to have a fire in one's bedroom, and the rocking chair, that comfortable solace of every American woman's life, is conspicuous by its absence. It is not customary, either, to have gas in the bedrooms. There is an idea that it is unwholesome, and candles are still almost universally used, except on the parlor and dining-room floors. I have sometimes thought that the poor lighting of the bed and dressing-rooms of the English homes had much to do in contributing to the dowdy and unstylish dressing of the women, the majority of whom always have their skirts a little bit crooked, or the petticoats showing unevenly on one side or the other. In furnishing a bed-room the dressing-table—used instead of our bureaux—is always put against a window so as to catch all the light possible. This looks odd both in the room and from the outside of the house. You see the unpainted backs of looking-glasses at the upper windows of the handsomest houses, and even in Marlborough House—the palace of the Prince of Wales.

### Some Good Points.

- The educated woman should not lose golden time reading trashy novels.
- Married women should not try to look as youthful as their daughters.
- That wise woman should never relate the gossip they hear on their neighbor's stoop.