

I shall go there when I am finished with school."

"Oh, how splendid! I should love to go to India. I have a brother who went out last year, and when I leave school I mean to pay him a visit. Perhaps we may happen to go together. Wouldn't that be nice? Is this your cubicle? Horrid, bare places, aren't they? I was warned about it and brought some pictures and things with me; but I sha'n't unpack them to-night—I am too sleepy. Shall we say good-night, then? I somehow think we shall be friends."

Gwendoline, as she spoke, leant over and

kissed Linnæa on the cheek, then ran away to find her bedroom.

"Funny, quiet little thing!" said Gwendoline as she went. "I wonder if I shall make good my words? She seemed almost workable to-night. I was prepared to brave a few snubs to begin with."

And what about Linnæa? She did not begin to undress at once as usual. Why was she so excited to-night? Something had come over her, and it was nothing more nor less than a subtle magnetism towards this beautiful girl who had taken more notice of her than of any of the others—who had kissed

her when she bade her good-night. Why had she felt so wooden and stupid? Why had she not returned the kiss? What must this girl think of her?

She was in bed at last, but could not sleep. She seemed to feel the kiss on her cheek and hear the voice saying they might be friends. By-and-by, when sleep came, she dreamt that her father and mother had come to school to take her home—the time she had looked forward to through all the seven years—and she told them she wanted to stay another year because Gwendoline had come.

(To be continued.)

THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH: AUNT OF THE QUEEN.*



THE letters of a favourite daughter of George III., and an aunt of the Queen, whose life extended through the eventful period 1770-1840, make a book of great interest and permanent value. The period referred to takes in

some of the more momentous events in modern history—the loss of the American colonies, the French Revolution, the battle of Waterloo, and the fall of Napoleon—as well as various important parliamentary movements at home. Letter-writing is now generally supposed to be a lost art; but the Princess Elizabeth, as one who "ever remained an Englishwoman to the backbone," wrote letters of the genuine old-time order to her confidante. She imposed wholesome restraint on herself in days when party spirit was more violent than we can realise; but being in fullest accord with her father, who aimed at personal government, her sympathy was rather for the cause of "Church and King than for that of reform and progress." The Princess did not deal in scandal, however, she was not a politician, and in other respects she showed a delicacy of language not common in those times.

In reference to his heroine, Mr. Yorke says that "the familiarity of her style brings us all the closer to her, and the more familiar it is the more intimate becomes our friendship for her. Sometimes it is the case that where the style is most imperfect, there most appear the individuality and originality of the Princess, and her portrait drawn by herself must be of more value and interest to us than any accuracy or polish of diction." The Princess also loved her friends, and this led her to write to them *con amore*, so that, as we read, "a whiff of old times is breathed upon us." She was in the best sense a woman of her own times, one who inherited her father's good qualities; and during the ailments of youth she proved her good constitution by surviving the medical treatment of the day. A girl of fifteen in these days may still be liable to congestion of the lungs, but what would she now say to being bled five times in forty-eight hours, to having to take "emetics every other day," and to having her "backbones rubbed with musk?" In other respects the Princess seems to have been subjected to very old-fashioned treatment. Even at the age of twenty-six she was not allowed to read a book which her mother had not previously examined.

Nor does she appear to have possessed an income of her own until she was forty-two years old. The Princess was six years older when she married Frederick VI. of Hesse-Homburg.

The attention which the Princess extended to certain of her chosen friends, appears to have been quite extraordinary. Thus, Lady Harcourt, wife of the second Earl, says: "Once, when I was ill and confined to the house for six weeks, I received from her in that time 143 letters." The crosses of life, its joys and sorrows, with adventures which vividly show how different those times were from our own, all in turn come in for a share of attention. The journey between Windsor and Weymouth was then a familiar one, and it was possible even for Royalty to meet with rough adventures on the road. On October, 3, 1792, the Princess writes: "Anything so disgusting as the breakfast at Woodgate's Inn, on the way from Weymouth, I thank God I never saw before and never wish to see again. Bad butter, tea, coffee, bread, etc.; nothing to eat but boiled eggs, which were so hard that I could not eat them. So I returned to the carriage just as I got out—starved." Anxieties connected with public affairs and the wars gave far more serious trouble, however. The brothers of the Princess, the Duke of York, and the father of the present Duke of Cambridge, were with the army on the Continent in the summer of 1793, and when news came that the heroes were "within sixty yards of Valenciennes," their sister turned sick at thought of the peril; but the Queen, their mother, showed "such an uncommon share of fortitude," that she would not even speak about it. Still more alarming was the King's being attacked by the mob when on his way to open Parliament. A bullet even entered the royal carriage, the street crowd following "in an insolent manner, moaning and screaming." In private the Queen cried over that adventure; "but I, who naturally cry a great deal, scarcely shed a tear," remarks Elizabeth. "It was indeed very horrid," she adds; "and my poor ears, I believe, will never get the better of the groans I heard on the Thursday in the Park, and my eyes of the sight of that mob!" A plot to murder the King, and to attack the Tower, the Bank and the prisons, and on account of which Colonel Despard and six others were executed, followed in 1801. In May, 1810, the Duke of Cumberland was attacked while in bed by a servant. "My brother, by all accounts, has been mercifully preserved by the interference of a wise and good Providence, but sadly wounded," remarks the Princess; and then she adds, "We live in such a state of constant anxiety, that upon my word when I rise in the morning I feel, 'What will happen before night?'"

Things happened beyond what were looked

for, so hard and troublous were the times; but the heaviest trials of the Royal family culminated in the blindness and insanity of the King and in the death of the Princess Charlotte in November, 1817. As regarded the old monarch, the distress occasioned by his condition was for others rather than for himself; personally, his bodily health was good, he was happy in his mind, and found something wherewith to amuse himself through each day.

There is one letter relating to the death of the Princess Charlotte which affords us a vivid glimpse into the inner circle of the Royal family in November, 1817—

"Just after we had set down to dinner at six, Gen. Taylor was asked out; our hearts misgave us; he sent out for Lady Ilchester, which gave us a moment for to be sure that something dreadful had happened; the moment he came in my mother said, 'I am sure it is all over,' and he desired her to go upstairs. You may conceive that the horror, sorrow, and misery was far beyond show, for it struck the heart, and no tear would fall after such a dreadful shock. . . It is indeed most tremendous, but it is the Lord's doing, and we must with great humility bow, and kiss the rod, and remember that the Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away, and that all that proceeds from that hand is right; and that He does all things for the best."

This faith in God was as characteristic of the King as it was of this favourite daughter. It is true that at the time of Princess Charlotte's death George III. knew nothing of the crushing sorrow which had come upon the Royal family; but the King had very remarkable lucid intervals in his insanity when his Christian fervour never failed to find expression. It had been so before his intellect had become finally clouded, however.

At that crisis of danger from the mob already referred to, the King sought to calm the feelings of excited peers, when about to step into his carriage after opening Parliament, by saying—

"Well, my lords, one person is proposing this, and another is supposing that, forgetting that there is One above us all Who is disposing of everything, on Whom alone we depend."

After her marriage in 1818, the Princess was thoroughly happy with her husband, the Landgrave Frederick VI. of Homburg. Some would ridicule the state and ceremonial of the little court as being a mimicry of the Royal magnificence of greater nations; but it was picturesque, full of interest, and probably gave far more satisfaction or enjoyment than courtiers found either at London or Paris. At all events, while she remained thoroughly English, and never even quite conquered the German language, the Princess would speak of her own "dear little Homburg" in the language of genuine affection. After the

* *Letters of Princess Elizabeth of England*, daughter of George III., and Landgravine of Hesse-Homburg. Written for the most part to Miss Louisa Swinburne. Edited by Philip Ch. Yorke, M.A., with portraits. London: T. Fisher Unwin, 1898.

death of the Landgrave, who expired April 2, 1829, through influenza affecting an old wound received in the wars, she refers to the palace as "My own dear home, once the happiest of happy homes."

Certain fashionable people in London made it their business to ridicule the Landgrave; but all impartial readers will see that his character was superior to that of his detractors.

The Princess lived for about twenty-two years after her marriage, and during half that period she was a widow. In some respects, to the English reader, this was the more interesting period of a quietly interesting life. Home life afforded genuine pleasure, and while there may have been no pretentious magnificence, gardens, pictures and books afforded tasteful recreation, though the poor were not forgotten. The Princess even lent books to such friends as could be trusted with them.

"If you wish to take any home, I shall be happy to lend them, knowing you to be careful," she writes to Miss Swinburne. "I have been obliged to give it up here, for if you could have seen some that were returned to me you would have been disgusted; I was quite provoked."

Unhappily, the ill-usage of books is not confined to Germany. On many matters strong common-sense opinions are expressed. She does not accept exaggerated local gossip; and though she never had measles, she says, "I have no fears, I trust in God, and don't let myself think about catching anything, otherwise I should be miserable."

We have glimpses of Brighton as it was sixty or seventy years ago, when the reigning sovereign had a palace there.

"It appears as if it was a petty London, and all the fine ladies come down in parties to enjoy a few days of the sea and back again in no time," writes the Princess in December, 1832.

There was a great procession to celebrate the town being made into a parliamentary borough by the Reform Bill of 1832; but "why they would not turn it at once into a marine city or town, I cannot think. It was large enough when I was there and now much increased."

Early in 1835 we find the Princess at the Pavilion on a visit to her brother William IV.

"I generally drive out with my brother," she writes. "He goes out, and stays out till the lamps are well lighted, when we come in; to-day the dear Queen is gone with him, so I may remain quiet."

Political feeling still ran high, but Princess Elizabeth confessed to hating politics. "I had rather talk of winter potatoes, though a very mealy subject."

In 1833, being over sixty, she realised that she was growing old.

"I am still from all accounts a fine old lady," she remarks. "My looking-glass tells me at times rather tall, and I say to you with truth that no one enjoys more their old age than me, and am convinced that I have been a much happier being since the spring and summer of life are over—so many things I do and can do without bearing anything unpleasant." She was able even to wear a

winter tippet which her sister Augusta presented. "I look like a bear in it; but what signifies looks when health is in question?"

As time passed, Elizabeth had other reminders that she was growing old.

"I blush to think how often I am late of a morning, which is not like me, but my poor legs require time," she writes in November, 1833. "First I read my serious readings, then write, and do what business I must do, and of late I have had a good deal of what I call parish business, settling work for the poor and trying to content them if possible." She seems to have cultivated her mind in a wholesome way without harbouring any foolish ambitions. "I have taught myself to see everything with pleasure and without envy," she remarks, and added later, "Without religion there can be no peace, no order, no blessing."

The Princess was struck with the excess of luxury in England in 1836. "More jewels and more extravagance than ever."

It was then that she saw the last of her brother William IV., whose death in the following year she sincerely deplored. Elizabeth thus survived to see the opening of the present reign; but she belonged too much to a former age and to a different order of things to have much sympathy with the new and more promising outlook of the Victorian era.

The memorial volume which Mr. Yorke has so well edited is of considerable interest and of permanent value.

G. H. P.

VARIETIES.

HE THREW AWAY THE STONE.

The haughty favourite of an oriental monarch once in the public street threw a stone at a poor dervish or priest.

The dervish did not dare to throw it back at the man who had assaulted him, for he knew the favourite was very powerful. So he picked up the stone and put it carefully in his pocket, saying to himself: "The time for revenge will come by-and-by, and then I will repay him for it."

Not long afterwards this same dervish, in walking through the city, saw a great crowd coming towards him. He hastened to see what was the matter, and found to his astonishment that his enemy, the favourite who had fallen into disgrace with the king, was being paraded through the principal streets on a camel, exposed to the jests and insults of the populace.

The dervish, seeing all this, hastily grasped the stone which he carried in his pocket. "The time," he said, "has now come for my revenge, I will repay him for his insulting conduct."

But after considering a moment he threw the stone away, saying: "The time for revenge never comes, for if our enemy is powerful, revenge is dangerous as well as foolish; and if he is weak and wretched, then revenge is worse than foolish, it is mean and cruel. And in all cases it is wicked and forbidden."

WHEN THINGS GO WRONG.

What's the use of wooing trouble,
And of nursing every sorrow?
Though to-day is black as Egypt,
There's another day to-morrow.
Lightly treat each hour's distresses—
Sing a song for gloom to borrow;
Mirth and cheer can chase all phantoms—
There's another day to-morrow.

WHY THEY HANGED THE DOGS.

On one of the early visits to Scotland of Sir Edwin Landseer, the famous animal painter, he stopped at a village and took a great deal of notice of the dogs, jotting down rapid sketches of them on a bit of paper.

Next day, on resuming his journey, he was horrified to find dogs suspended from trees in all directions, or drowned in the river with stones round their necks.

He stopped a weeping urchin who was hurrying off with a pet pup in his arms, and learned to his dismay that he was supposed to be an excise officer, who was taking note of all the dogs he saw in order to prosecute the owners for unpaid taxes.

CHARITY AS IT OUGHT TO BE.—If our mercy to the poor is to be true mercy, it must never be careless giving, dictated by mere sentimental impulse. Sentiment may be nobler than insensibility, but it often does more harm. The Samaritan would have been no good example for us if he had passed on with an easy conscience after administering the two pence and had omitted to consider whether the special needs of the case did not also require oil and wine.

THE AVERAGE WOMAN.—We have been favoured with this definition of the average woman:—She is lovable but limited, for on the north side she is bounded by servants; on the south by children; on the east by her ailments, and on the west by her clothes.

TAKE A RIGHT VIEW OF LIFE.—It is a sad thing to begin life with low conceptions of it. It may not be possible for a girl to measure life, but it is possible for her to say, "I am resolved to put life to its noblest and best use."

TRIPLE ACROSTIC I.

In yonder bower, one glorious May,
Three lovely sisters grew;
One, in imperial bright array
Of richest purple hue;
One, who conceal'd her drooping head
Amid her foliage green;
And *one* with fragrant petals spread,
Our beauteous Summer-Queen.

1. Waster of time, of mind, of health,
This useless creature see:
Yet once, in print, he gather'd wealth
And greatly sought was he.
2. From the north-east adventurers came
And built this City fair;
They call'd it by the river's name
And yet—no river's there!
3. A monster was to be destroy'd,
A hero claim'd the feat;
Alas! the means that he employ'd
Were sadly incomplete.
My ready help he needs would ask,
Which I was prompt to give,
Or else he must forego his task
And let the creature live:
While he, with heavy axe in hand,
Struck off each slimy head,
I tear'd the wound with flaming brand
And laid the monster dead.
4. 'Tis sometimes good, and sometimes bad,
And sometimes none at all;
This in his belt the Roman had,
Sharp-pointed, bright, and small.
For centuries it fix'd remain'd,
And might have kept so still
But that a Pontiff pow'r obtain'd
To change it at his will.

XIMENA.