

him. He had some trouble with the front door,—lost time there; but got out.

Richling was turning a corner. Narcisse ran there and looked; looked up—looked down—looked into every store and shop on either side of the way clear back to Canal street; crossed it, went back to the Doctor's office, and reported. If he omitted such details as his having seen and then lost sight of the man he sought, it may have been in part from the Doctor's indisposition to give him speaking license. The conclusion was simple; the Richlings could not be found.

THE months of winter passed. No sign of them.

"They've gone back home," the Doctor often said to himself. How much better that was than to stay where they had made a mistake in venturing, and become the nurselings of patronizing strangers! He gave his

(To be continued.)

admiration free play, now that they were quite gone. True courage that Richling had—courage to retreat when retreat is best! And his wife—ah! what a reminder of—hush, memory!

"Yes, they must have gone home!" The Doctor spoke very positively, because, after all, he was haunted by doubt.

One spring morning he uttered a soft exclamation as he glanced at his office-slate. The first notice on it read:

*Please call as soon as you can at number 292 St. Mary street: corner of Prytania. Lower corner—opposite the asylum.*

*John Richling.*

The place was far up in the newer part of the American quarter. The signature had the appearance as if the writer had begun to write some other name and had changed it to Richling.

## QUEEN VICTORIA.\*

IF there is a difficulty in writing an account of the life of any notable person still living, the difficulty is increased when the subject is a woman, and scarcely diminished by the fact that this woman is a queen,—for though we hold it one of the most absurd of poetical fallacies that "love" in the ordinary sense of the word is "woman's whole existence," yet it is very true that the history of a woman is chiefly the history of her affections and the close relationships in which her dearest interests are always concentrated. It is true also of a man that in these lie the real records of his happiness or misery; but there is more of the external in his life, and we can more easily satisfy the attention of the spectator with his work or his amusements, or even the accidents that happen to him and diversify his existence. A king's life is very much the life of his kingdom, with brief references to the consort and children, about whom the "Almanach de Gotha" is the easy authority.

The life of the Queen of England, for so long a reigning sovereign, and in whose reign so many great things have happened, might be written in the same way; but this would satisfy no one, and it would be all the less satisfactory, because our Queen, we are proud to think, has made herself quite a distinct position in the world,—a phrase which, in her case, does not mean, as in ours, the little society in which we are known, but is really the world, and includes the great Republican continent of the west, besides all the European nations and, transcending even the bounds of Christendom, includes unknown myriads in the East. Her Majesty has been to multitudes the most eminent type of feminine character in this vast world; she has been the wife *par excellence*, an emblem of the simplest and most entire devotion; her fame, in this respect, has penetrated more deeply than the fame of poet or of general; she has helped to give luster to those virtues

\*The portrait of Queen Victoria, printed as a frontispiece to this number of THE CENTURY, is from the original oil study made from life by the young American artist, Thomas Sully, in the year 1838, now in the possession of Francis T. Sully Darley, Esq., by whose kind permission it is here engraved. This study was preliminary to a full-length and life-size portrait of the Queen in full regalia, painted at Buckingham Palace, for the St. George's Society of Philadelphia. In his "Recollections of an Old Painter," in "Hours at Home" for November, 1869, Mr. Sully states that he gave a copy of the large portrait to the Thistle Society of Charleston, in acknowledgment of their kindness to him. The painter says in these recollections that he told the Queen that he would get his daughter to sit with the regalia, if there would be no impropriety—in order to save her majesty the trouble. The latter replied that there would be no impropriety—but that he must not spare her; if she could be of service, she would sit. "After that," he adds, "my daughter sat with the regalia, which weighed thirty or forty pounds. \* \* \* One day the Queen sent word that she would come in if my daughter would remain where she was. But, of course, Blanche stepped down, and the two girls, who were almost the same age, chatted together quite familiarly."—The portrait on p. 73 was engraved by permission, by T. Johnson, from a photograph by Alex. Bassano.—ED.]

on which the happiness of the universe depends, but which wit and fashion have often held lightly. In the days when her young example became first known, and the beauty of the domestic interior in which she presented herself, smiling, before her people, it was thought that fashionable vice was slain, in England at least, by the pure eyes of the wedded Una,—as it was thought, in those halcyon days, that war too was slain, and would never again lift its hydra head against mankind; and if some shadow has fallen upon these hopes, it is because human nature is too strong for any individual, and the purest influence has not yet been able to conquer the lower instincts of the mass. But wherever the Queen has stood, there has been the standard of goodness, the head-quarters of honor and purity. It is this, above all the peculiar attractions of her position, which has given her the hold she has always retained upon the interest—we might almost say the affections—of the world.

That position at its outset, however, was one of especial picturesqueness and attraction. After a distracted period, during which the history of the royal family is not one to cheer the loyal, or recommend the institution to those educated in other theories of national life, the advent of the young Queen, eighteen years old, brought up in a stainless retirement under the close care of a good mother, and unconnected, even in the most distant way, with any of the royal scandals or miseries, was like a sudden breath of fresh air let into the vitiated atmosphere. No one knew anything but good of the young lady destined to such a charge; but there were, no doubt, many alarms among the statesmen to whom it was committed to guide her first steps in life, and who had been accustomed to the obstinacy and caprice of princes, and knew that the house of Guelph had no more natural love for constitutionalism than any other reigning house. There is a picture in the corridor at Windsor Castle (a gallery full of beautiful and costly things, but where the state pictures that clothe the walls *laisent beaucoup à désirer* in the way of art) in which is represented the first council of the young Queen; and it would be a hard heart which could look without some tenderness of sympathy at the young creature, with her fair, braided locks, and the extremely simple dress of the period, a dress which increases her youthful aspect, seated alone among so many remarkable men, no one of them less than double her age, and full of experience of that world which it was impossible she could know anything of. A hundred years hence, in all likelihood, this incident will attract the

imagination of both painter and poet with all the enchantment added that distance lends, and the young Victoria, in her early introduction to life, will refresh the student of those arid fields of diplomacy and politics with the sudden introduction of human interest, tenderness, and hope. How finely she responded to the lessons of her early mentors, and how thoroughly in accordance with all the highest tenets of constitutionalism her life has been, it is not necessary here to tell. Queen Victoria is indeed the ideal of the constitutional monarch. No one before her has fulfilled the duties of this exalted and difficult post with the same devotion, with so much self-denial, and so little self-assertion. She has made the machine of state work easily when it was in her power to create a hundred embarrassments, and has suppressed her own prepossessions and dislikes in a manner which has been little less than heroic. She is the first of English sovereigns who has never been identified with any political party, nor ever hesitated to accept the man whom the popular will or the exigencies of public affairs have brought to the front. It is known that in some cases this has been a real effort; but it has always been done with a dignified abstinence from unnecessary protest or complaint. The very few early mistakes of her girlish career are just enough to prove that it is to no want of spirit or natural will that this fine decorum is to be attributed. A tame character might have obeyed the logic of circumstances, but this has never been the characteristic of the house of Brunswick, which without much demonstration of talent has always had abundant character both in the English and French sense of the word. No one should be able to understand this better than the great American nation, which might have been another vast England, as loyal as Canada, had King George been as wise, as self-restrained, and as constitutional as his granddaughter. Perhaps the world will say that, so far as this goes, it was well that the hot-headed old monarch was not constitutional, but obstinate as any Bourbon.

It is an additional charm to the general heart which in all bosoms beats so much alike, that the Queen acquired this noble self-command, as she has herself most ingeniously told us, by the teaching of love. A girl full of animation, very warm in her friendships, and disposed, perhaps, to take up with equal warmth the prepossessions of those about her, it was her good fortune to find in her husband one of those rare characters which appear, like great genius, only now and then in the world's history. A mind so perfectly balanced,

so temperate, so blameless, so impartial as that of the Prince Consort, is almost as rare as a Shakspeare, and its very perfection gives it an aspect of coldness, which stands between it and the appreciation of the crowd. Thus, it was not till after his death that England was at all duly conscious of the manner of man he had been; but from the date of the marriage, this wonderful, calm, and passionless, but strong and pure personality enfolded and inspired the quicker instincts and less guarded susceptibilities of the Queen. The story of their courtship has been given by herself to the world, and forms a little romance of the most perfect originality, in which something of the Arabian Nights, or the old courtly fairy tale, mingles with the perennial enchantment which is in the eyes of the simplest youth and maiden. The rarity of the circumstances,—the touching and childlike dignity of the young Queen, conscious how much she has to bestow, and how large a circle of spectators are watching, breathless, for her decision, yet, full of a girl's sweet sense of secondariness to the object of her love and proud delight in his superiority,—gives such a reading of the well-known subject as fiction dares not venture upon. There are many who think the position of the young monarch, for whom it was necessary to make her own choice and signify it, a most unnatural one; but we venture to say these critics would change their opinion after reading that pretty chapter of royal wooing. Had either the young Queen or the Prince been of the wayward kind, which choose perversely and will not see what is most befitting for them, the story might have been very different; but happily, this was not so, and it is the Prince Charmant, gallant and modest, approaching his Fairy Queen, whom we see in the handsome young German bowing low before those blue eyes, regal in their full and open regard, which veil themselves only before him. There was a story current at the time, that at a state ball, very near the period of their betrothal, the young lady gave her princely suitor a rose, which he, without a button-hole in his close-fitting uniform, slit the breast of his coat to find a place for, and that this was a token to all the court of the final determination of the great event,—her Majesty, as it is pleasant to hear, having shown herself a little coy and disposed to put off the explanation, as happy girls are wont to do. No more perfect marriage has ever been recorded; the Queen herself attributes the formation of her character to it, and all that is most excellent in her life. The spectator will naturally add that, even were this true to its fullest extent, the mind which took so high an impress, and has

preserved it for so many years after the forming influence was gone, must have been very little inferior to it. As a matter of fact, her Majesty's less perfect balance of mental qualities has always furnished the little variety that ordinary people love, and she was at all times more popular than her husband, better understood and more beloved.

The first time I saw the Queen was on the occasion of some great public ceremonial in Liverpool, when she must have been in the fullness of her early prime, somewhere about thirty. She was then much like the portrait which the readers of this magazine have now presented to them.\* Her eyes seemed to me her most remarkable feature: they were blue, of the clearest color, not dark enough ever to be mistaken for black, but with nothing of the washy grayness into which blue eyes occasionally fall on the other side. This beauty was very much enhanced by the straightforward, all-embracing look, which, to my fancy,—that of an admiring girl some ten years younger,—was queenly in the highest degree. It was the look of one who knew, with all modesty and composure, yet with full conviction, that she could encounter no glance so potent, so important, as her own. She met the thousand faces turned toward her with a royal serenity which it is impossible to describe. By nature the Queen is shy, and shrinks from the gaze of the crowd, but her look was sovereign over all such natural tendencies,—the true gaze of a Queen. This is less remarkable now, perhaps, than it was in her younger days; but the reader will see something of this open-eyed serenity in the eyes of the portrait, though they are those of a girl of nineteen.

With this royal look is conjoined the faculty, most important to a royal personage, of never forgetting any one who has been presented to her, a piece of princely courtesy which is most captivating to the unremarkable individuals who know no reason why their homely personality should be remembered by the Queen. Considering the numbers of people who are brought under her notice, this is a very remarkable gift, and it is essentially a royal one. Perhaps it is the kind of endowment which we can most readily imagine to have been transmitted through generations of royal persons, trained to this quickness of discrimination and retentiveness of memory: it is, we believe, a quality of all her family, and it is one of the special politenesses of princes. The Queen's extraordinary memory is evidenced in other ways. It is said there is no such genealogist in her kingdom, no one who remembers so clearly who is who,

\* [See frontispiece.]

and by what alliances and descent he came to be what he is. I remember a story told by a court lady of a question which arose at the royal table between herself and Lord Beaconsfield as to some obscure Italian duke who had brought himself into notice on account of a piece of public business. Who was he? "There is one person who could give us the information," said the astute statesman, and when an occasion offered he asked his question. "The Duca di——? Oh, yes, I remember perfectly," the Queen is reported to have said, and forthwith gave a sketch of his family history, whom he had married, and whom his father had married, and how his importance came about. The humblest person who has this gift becomes a most amusing companion, and considering that the Queen has in her life received almost everybody of importance in the civilized world, the extent of her information in this particular only must be prodigious, as well as of the deepest interest. She has acquired many other kinds of knowledge during the long period of her reign, and, it is said, is more deeply learned in the noble craft of statesmanship than any of her councillors. She knows precedents and examples as a lawyer who has pleaded half the cases in the records knows those that belong to his trade. Every public document, and all the correspondences and negotiations going on throughout the world, have to pass through her hands; and if the Blue Books afford occupation for all the spare time of an assiduous member of Parliament, it may be supposed what the Queen has to work through, whose office does not permit her to dwell upon one point that may interest her and slur over the others, but who must give her attention to all. We have it on the authority of a cabinet minister that this work has never been retarded by a post, never failed at the period appointed, throughout years of uninterrupted diligence; for, whatever holidays the rest of us may indulge in, there are no holidays for the Queen. There is always something going on in one part or other of her great dominions, always some foreign event to keep attention vigilant, even when the most profound tranquillity may reign at home. A prime minister even is occasionally out of office, though not perhaps with his own will; but the sovereign is constantly in office and, wherever she goes, has always a messenger in waiting and dispatches and state papers pursuing her. Thus, of all the laborious professions in the world, that of constitutional monarch may be reckoned among the most arduous; nor are the pageants of the court the lighter parts of the work,—the shows and cere-

monies to which the presence of the Queen lends dignity, are not at all matters of play to the principal figures. If ever the Queen risked her popularity for a moment, it was when she intermitted these regal appearances and gave up the shows of state. No one can be more popular than the Princess of Wales, of whose beauty the English people are proud, and whose amiability is one of the dogmas of the national creed: yet when that fair and beloved Princess takes for her Majesty the fatiguing and unmeaning duty of a drawing-room, there is a general sense of disappointment. The English public is without bowels in this respect, and would have the Queen do everything. To stand for hours and see the fair procession file past, and extend a hand to be kissed, or acknowledge a courtesy in monotonous succession,—to form the most important part in a state procession, marshaled and regulated by anxious care as if it were an affair of the most vital national importance,—even to drive at a foot's pace through innumerable streets, and bow to cheering throngs for hours together,—involve a strain of nerves and muscles and an amount of bodily fatigue which would break down many a humbler woman. But all this is in the day's work, in addition to her far more important duties, for the Queen. The most severe critic has never asserted that she neglected the greater affairs of state; but she has shrunk, as we all know, from some of the lighter ones, though never with the consent of her people. There were many younger and more beautiful in the procession which passed up the noble nave of St. George's, ushered by gorgeous mediæval heralds, on the last occasion of a royal marriage, but none that fixed the crowd like the one small figure walking alone, with the miniature crown (not the one worn in the frontispiece, but a model of the *couronne fermée*, the royal crown of a reigning sovereign) in a white blaze of diamonds upon her head, above the wedding veil which she had worn at her own marriage, and which now, folded back from her mature maternal countenance, fell over the black dress of her widowhood, which she never changes for any ceremonial.

"On her each courtier's eye was bent,  
To her each lady's look was lent."

Much of the divinity which hedged a king has disappeared in these days; loyalty as a sentiment is rather laughed at than otherwise (though we believe it exists as strong and genuine as ever, at least in England); but yet there is something beyond the mere respect for a good woman which inspires this universal feeling.

When the period which will be known in

history as the reign of Queen Victoria is as the reign of Queen Anne, and the historical critic, looking back, sums up her character with the same impartiality, it will probably be upon the great grief, which has made two distinct chapters of her existence, that the regard of posterity will chiefly fall. Queen Anne was a much less interesting woman in her own personality, although her surroundings and her favorites have afforded large scope for animadversion; but the tragedy of her life, the loss of her children, though a dumb and dull one according to her nature, must always create a certain sympathy for her. The tragedy of Queen Victoria's life is more clearly upon the records. As it recedes into the distance and, apart from all gossip, the spectator of the future looks back upon the story, with what interest will he see the triumphant, prosperous, happy career interrupted in its midst: one of these two royal companions suddenly falling in his prime, and the other unprepared, unwarned, stricken to the heart, lifting up her hands in an appeal to heaven and earth with that astonishment of grief which is one of its bitterest ingredients,—then rising, as every mourner must, going on again with reluctant steps, shrouded and silenced in that calamity which has taken half of herself away, for a long time stumbling along the darkened path, and never, though serenity and calm come with the years, putting aside for a moment the sense of her loss, nor ever feeling that this is more than a part of her which fulfills the duties and shrinks from the pageants of life. When, in the calm of the future, this picture rises against the horizon, it will be the point upon which all attention will concentrate. How we remember, among the confusing records of battles and conquests, the few words in which it is recorded of a great king Henry, that after his son's loss he never smiled again. The Queen has smiled again: she is too natural, too simple-hearted to shroud herself in an artificial solemnity; but the two parts of her life are distinctly marked, and the calamity which separated them cannot, by any who contemplate her history, ever be forgotten.

Her touching and brief contribution to the literature of this history will never cease to interest the historical student. There she tells the story of her love with a simplicity which is above criticism. I am aware that a great many adventitious circumstances must be taken into consideration when we estimate the immediate effect produced by such a work. A Princess publishes a birthday book in which there is nothing of the least importance, and it has a success beyond that of any

work of genius, because the Princess has done it. That is one thing, but the Queen's work is another. It is not a great literary achievement, but it has all the truth and genuine feeling and unadorned sincerity which make any human record valuable. The historian in after days will resort to it with eagerness; he will quote it entire; it will be to him the most wonderful material, the most valuable addition to his work. We will not ask to judge it as we judge George Eliot; but we may be permitted to say of it, in its perfect simplicity, something like what has been said of Rafael's sonnets and Dante's angel by a great poet,—and he never wrote any lines more beautiful and more true:

“This: no artist lives and loves, that longs not  
Once, and only once, and for one only,  
(Ah, the prize!) to find his love a language  
Fit and fair and simple and sufficient—  
Using nature that 's an art to others,  
Not, this one time, art that 's turned his nature.  
Ay, of all the artists living, loving,  
None but would forego his proper dowry,—  
Does he paint? he fain would write a poem,—  
Does he write? he fain would paint a picture,  
Put to proof art alien to the artist's,  
Once, and only once, and for one only.”

This is what, without any pretensions, or claim to excellence in the “art alien to the artist's,” has been done by the Queen.

She has reached the calm of distance, and the soothing influence of age has, perhaps, begun to touch the unbroken vigor of her life. And it is of itself at once amusing and touching to conclude the few pages which are intended to accompany the portrait of a girl of nineteen by repeating, that the position of Queen Victoria is now that of one of the most experienced and instructed statesmen of the age; one of the natural governors and sovereigns—not by absolute power, but by knowledge and the force of judicious counsel, and large acquaintance with the practical working of human affairs for very nearly half a century.\*

*M. O. W. Oliphant.*

\* The writer of this short sketch would be glad to be permitted to make a personal explanation. She was persuaded some years ago to write a sort of biography of the Queen, to accompany a number of pictures in a popular newspaper, of which, as it was written only in that view as a newspaper article, she prevented any republication in England. But in America, owing to the state of the law, an English writer is helpless, and accordingly, without her sanction, the newspaper article, intended for the mere use of the moment and to form the accompanying letter-press to a number of engravings, has been republished in America under the formal title of the *Life of the Queen*. It is one of the most unfortunate contingencies of the absence of any copyright law, that a writer is thus prevented from determining which of his productions are to be given in a permanent form to the public.





Autograph for  
Mr. Sulley.

Victoria B.

Buckingham Palace  
May 14 - 1875.

