

I shall have, however, to charge you the professional guinea if I write any more, so let me only add, in a friendly way, that nearly every soul I have known between eighteen and twenty-five has fancied he or she had heart complaint, and other vital evils, and has discovered that it was indigestion. When I am writing about your digestion, I cannot tell who *you* are; but seeing that multitudes of newspapers have entire columns devoted to cures for indigestion, I suppose "you" is indeed a pronoun of "multitude." Poor digestion! Perhaps, however, I ought to have approached you not from the physical side. You may be highly imaginative—a sort of trouble-inventor—one of those mental landscape-painters, like the masters who paint dark foregrounds and stormy skies. Perhaps your song, or rather your dirge, is "There's a bad time coming, boys, a bad time coming." If so, your fancy will affect your digestion, and you will suffer on, because you are of the anticipative school, who not only meet trouble half-way, but suffer from "apparitions" that never really appear. The relation of the digestion to the entire economy of our nature is such as to demand from parents, especially, great care as to the simplicities of youthful diet, and the denial

of mustards, and condiments, and wines, and stimulants to children! Let me hope that your digestion is not such as to make this paper indigestible to you by reason of its candour. We speak of digestion figuratively sometimes, and how people can properly digest the prospectuses of some of the bubble loan offices, and the bubble oil companies, and the bubble gaming prospectuses, beats me hollow. Why on earth the projectors don't go in and win all the thousands for fives themselves, puzzles me. Certain investments—ahem! A hundred pounds for every sovereign—ahem! A thousand pounds for every five! Then, you outrageous sharper, you can't be worth fifty pounds yourself, or you would go and make ten thousand pounds in the twinkling of a jiffy. You have had, perhaps, a strange digestion, in some respects; for most of us in life, so far as prospectuses of pictures, &c. &c., are concerned, have swallowed some strange fictions. But exaggerations are not like mushrooms; when we find the latter hard to digest, we don't try them again; but, alas! we do the former. In conclusion, I have no doubt that if you had my ear instead of my having yours, you could tell me some strange, amusing, and interesting facts about "your digestion."

#### H.R.H. PRINCESS BEATRICE.



WE have accustomed ourselves always to think of Her Majesty's youngest daughter as the baby of the Royal Family of England, and the baby of the nation; so it is with a sensation of surprise that many of us will realise, from the frontispiece this month presented to our readers, the rapid flight of the years which have been transforming our once "baby-princess"

into all the matured grace and dignity of womanhood.

Her Royal Highness the Princess Beatrice Mary Victoria Feodore, Duchess of Saxony, was born April 14, 1857, and is now consequently in her nineteenth year. Appropriate alike to the subject

and the season, Longfellow's subtle and beautiful lines here recur to us—

"Like the swell of some sweet tune,  
Morning rises into noon,  
May glides onward into June."

At the early age of four years Her Royal Highness was orphaned by the death of her illustrious father, the Prince Consort; and at that sorrowful time, the sympathy of the nation, next of course to the Royal Widow, went out to the little child, the baby of the family, who was scarcely old enough to realise her loss. Since that year (1861), Her Majesty's life has been a secluded one, and the seclusion has necessarily been shared by the young Princess, who has been the almost constant companion of the Queen. Of the public life of the Princess, therefore, there is little or nothing to record. We may presume that in the natural course of things Her Royal Highness will soon appear more prominently and independently before the nation's eye, which will follow her with that peculiar fondness and attachment which "our youngest" always commands.

The career of a member of the Royal Family as a rule is no lazy one, as too many are ready to suppose. Our Princes and Princesses are really and truly a hard-worked race, what with laying foundation-stones, visiting hospitals, attending charity dinners, and other like business. And, before long, the Royal lady, whose portrait we give, will, we anticipate, be busy enough for the benefit of the Queen's subjects.



HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS BEATRICE.

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