THE PRINCESSES OF WALES.

I.—ELEANOR DE MONTFORT, LADY OF SNOWDON.

ABOUT the time of Michaelmas in the year 1252, a little maid of noble lineage was born within the stout and stately walls of the Castle of Kenilworth, in the county of Warwick, a mansion that has since become famous in the history and romance of Merry England.

We can well imagine the happiness that filled the mother's breast, for the five dear children with which God had blessed her and her much-loved and loving husband, Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, were all boys. Their names were Henry, Simon, Guy, Amaury, and Richard, the eldest of whom had been the playmate at Court of Prince Edward, the son and heir of her own brother, King Henry the Third. One after the other they left their home in order to be brought up by the pious, learned, and patriotic Robert Grossestête, Bishop of Lincoln, a man of humble origin, whose heart bled for the oppression of the ranks from which he sprang. But she could now indulge in the prospect of having one child by her side as the present object of her affection and the constant companion of her solitude. The infant, the sixth and last child of her illustrious parents, received the name of Eleanor, at once that of her high-spirited mother and of the Queen of England.

The family was reigned over by genuine affection and deep piety; in fact, the whole of England might have been searched in vain for a household with so high an ideal of life. Corruption, waste, and tyranny prevailed among the richer classes, but the home of Simon de Montfort aimed at purity, simplicity, and benevolence. It was animated by an active sympathy for the poor, ignorant, and stolid slaves who then tilled the soil of England. The wisest and most earnest religious teachers of the country gave constant, outspoken advice to the Earl and Countess, and were often seen at the hospitable table of the great hall.

Notwithstanding her noble birth and home, little Eleanor was a child of sorrow, and the anxiety which brooded over her cradle followed her almost ceaselessly, until, scarcely thirty years later, she was laid in a lonely grave on the Island of Anglesea. It was a time of trouble, with yet bigger troubles looming close at hand. Her chivalrous and handsome father, then governor of Gascony, in France, was absent in that English possession, battling bravely with the rebels; and, in spite of his self-sacrificing services, he lay under the jealousy and displeasure of his foolish sovereign and brother-in-law. He was by birth a Frenchman. His handsome face, noble figure, courteous demeanour, and beaming intellect had captivated the heart of Henry's widowed sister, Eleanor.

But of these and other sources of grief and turmoil the gentle infant wot nothing, as she was rocked to sleep that winter at Kenilworth in her oaken cradle, or in the springtide at Odiham, in Hampshire, another of her mother's castles. When she had just learned to prattle, she, her brothers, and her affectionate father, whom she had seen so little, crossed the tumbling waters of the Channel to the shore of France, and spent a whole year in retirement on the estates of her father's ancestors, at some distance from Paris. During the troubled years that followed, when the English barons rose, under her father's leadership, against the king's oppressions, her days sped softly on in childish innocence by her mother's side, in safe and quiet retreat at Kenilworth.

When she was about eleven years of age she paid a visit with her parents to the Court. Scarcely was that little gleam of brightness over, and scarcely had she and her mother found themselves again secure within the solid walls of Kenilworth, when the whole of England rang with the noise of arms. Her father, then the most powerful noble in the country—the national hero—raised the standard of the people's liberties against the king, and captured him and Prince Edward. Stirring times, and sickening, too! Then the delicate girl was surrounded by the terrible symbols and the din of war. She saw costly machines erected at the castle; men busy strengthening the walls and towers, soldiers posted day and night for defence, the great moat filled with water; knights armed *cap-à-pie*, and retainers passing across the bridge with news of the conflict or hurrying off to the field.

For less than a year her father had the whole of England at his feet. The king was a puppet in his hands. The proudest nobles were frequent visitors at his brilliant court. Among these was the brave and handsome Llewelyn, Prince of Wales, who had been her father's ally, and had rendered valuable assistance with his wild warriors. In those days, when the Earl of Leicester stood on the highest pinnacle of power, and the people worshipped "Sir Simon the Righteous" as a hero, the hand of Eleanor was worthy of the highest in the land. The lucky knight to whom the maiden was then solemnly pledged was Llewelyn, Prince of Snowdon, and she was to become his bride as soon as the commotions of the country were assuaged.

The sky of the lovers would be unclouded and superior to all fears, and we may picture the admiring girl tripping lightly out to meet her future lord as his horse's hoofs clattered on the drawbridge when he returned from the wooded chase that stretched for many miles

SNOWDON.

WINDSOR IN OLDEN TIMES.

around, or walking with him and her attendants through the broad park, or listening eagerly to the soft music of some Welsh minstrel as they were rowed in a beautiful boat over the extensive pool beside the castle. But, alas! the course of love did not run smooth. How changed her lot before she found a home with her betrothed among the picturesque mountains of Wales!

In the early spring (1265) the court of Lady Montfort was transferred to the smaller castle of Odiham, where hospitality and benevolence were exercised on a gigantic scale. There was a great deal of bustle about the court; Eleanor's good father was there for a fortnight, and on the second day of April said what proved to be his last farewell. Her brothers arrived with a multitude of hungry dogs; nobles of the most chivalrous type thronged there, among the number being Robert de Bruce, ancestor of the famous Scottish king. The nuns of Witney were also visitors, and busied themselves with making a cape for the Countess's chaplain against Easter. In Lent, hundreds of salt herrings were consumed daily, along with immense quantities of home-brewed ale, salmon, eels, soles, crabs, shrimps, and even whale and porpoise. The poor were not forgotten, and on one single day eight hundred paupers partook of the bounty of Odiham.

Eleanor, the only one of the family in constant attendance on her mother, had several young ladies as companions, and for a time her cousin, Prince Edward (afterwards Edward I.), was in the castle as an honourable captive. They two must have spent many an hour pleasantly together, and, when he had been removed elsewhere, his fair young cousin wrote a letter to him which, we doubt not, was tender and affectionate. Although Lady de Montfort herself dressed in rigid simplicity, she indulged the "demoiselle," as Eleanor was called, with a furred robe of miniver for Easter, at a cost of eighteen shillings (equal to £13 10s.), with twenty-five gilded stars for her cap, and with a pocket breviary of vellum, which cost in our money the sum of £17 10s.

The future princess seems to have been a fragile flower, scarcely suited for the rude ways and winds of the Welsh mountains. She was often sickly, and the "barber," the doctor of those days, had to be sent for to Reading to prescribe for her.

Only a few weeks have passed by. An alarm runs through the castle that Prince Edward has escaped and is raising an army to do battle with the Earl of Leicester.

Odiham was not a safe refuge, and therefore, one summer night at the beginning of June, the Countess and Eleanor, under the guidance of a trusted shepherd, escaped across the lonely tracks to Porchester, near Portsmouth. They hastened on to the high-perched castle of Dover. Seven weeks later the appalling news reached them that the brave husband and father, and his eldest son, had fallen as martyrs for the people's cause; Guy also, poor Eleanor's brother, was a wounded captive.

It was a crushing blow. The countess laid aside her purple robes, clothed herself again in widow's weeds, and spent the remainder of her days in fasting and dispensing alms. She sent her two sons, Richard and Amaury, across to France with a portion of her wealth; she also despatched her furniture, wardrobe, and other treasures, but unfortunately these fell into the hands of pirates. Under forfeiture, and a poor exile, she fled with Eleanor across the Channel, spending the last ten sad years of her life along with her beloved daughter in the stillness of the nunnery of Montargis.

But what of love's young dream? Did Llewelyn, the brave and handsome, now that Eleanor—once the flower of Kenilworth and the noble daughter of England's greatest baron—was a poor and lonely orphan in a foreign land, still remember her to whom he was affianced in the grander days? Would he now stoop down to her in her low estate?

Oh, yes! The ten blighting years that had swept across their path had not effaced his love. Her aged mother was waiting for the approach of death, when messengers arrived from Wales. And there and then the marriage of the loving couple was ratified and received the blessing of the dying countess. Only two of her six children, Eleanor and Amaury, who was a priest, stood by her deathbed. An evil destiny had pursued her family and embittered her declining years. Henry fell at Evesham with his noble father; Simon had stained his hand with revenge upon his cousin, and died in misery at Siena; Guy, guilty of the same crime, was languishing in remorse in a Sicilian dungeon; Richard was dead, or was an unknown wanderer upon the earth.

Early in the next spring (1276) two vessels set sail from the coast of Normandy, and bore down towards the coast of Wales with their precious burden. On board of them were Llewelyn's orphan bride, her brother Amaury, and an escort of French and Welsh *knights* and chaplains. They had only reached the Scilly Isles, and the land of their destination was still distant, when they were—

> "Ta'en in a pinnace in the narrow seas
> By four tall ships of Bristow;"

or, to quote a poet of the time—

> "A burgher of Bristol, who came laden with wines,
> Took them by force, and carried them to land."

The value of the capture was duly acknowledged by King Edward with a gift of two hundred marks. The seizure of his maiden cousin was an ungracious act; but it so happened that Llewelyn had defiantly declined to obey the frequent orders sent to him to pay homage to the new sovereign. The "liefest lovely" Eleanor was safely laid up in Windsor as a bait to the Welsh prince.

Edward was too chivalrous to subject his fair captive to anything like cruel treatment; but no fierce demands by Llewelyn for his "wife," no offer of a vast ransom, no vehement complaints to the Pope sufficed to

relieve the gentle prisoner of Windsor from her golden cage. The Welsh prince rushed into a luckless war. He purchased his bride and peace at a tremendous sacrifice, for he consented to hold the mountain land of his brave forefathers as a fief of England, and the little remnant of which he was to remain sovereign was to devolve at his death to the English crown.

At last the lovers of so many years were brought together, and one October morning in 1278 they were solemnly married in the Cathedral of Worcester, in presence of the king and queen, and of a noble company of lovely dames and gallant knights. A great poet, a contemporary of Shakespeare, depicts the prince as addressing her on their first meeting after the long separation in the following fervent language:—

"What, Nell, sweet Nell, do I behold thy face?
This is the planet lends this world her light;
Star of my fortune, thou that shineth bright,
Queen of my heart, loadstar of my delight,
Fair mould of beauty, miracle of fame!"

After the imposing ceremony at Worcester, the Prince and Princess set out for their dominion. She tried in vain to prevent the bursting of the storm among the mountaineers of her adopted country; she travelled to the English Court and wrote gentle letters to the king. In the spring of 1282, the Welsh made a bold effort to achieve their ancient independence. Llewelyn fell in an obscure skirmish, in December, and his head was carried in scornful display through the streets of London.

But, happily for her, Eleanor did not survive to witness the tragic end of her husband, having died in Midsummer, and been laid to rest at Llanvaes, in the Isle of Anglesea, beside the spot where slumbered her kinswoman, Joanna, the wife of another Prince Llewelyn.

The little infant, Gwendolen, whose birth had cost her mother's life, was brought in her cradle from Snowdon and sent by King Edward to a nunnery in Lincolnshire. Her days were spent amid the hushed repose of the convent of Sempringham, where she wore, like other Gilbertines, a hood lined with lambskin, a black cassock, and a white cloak; and in that still retreat the daughter of the last native Prince and Princess of Wales, the granddaughter of that great Simon de Montfort, whom the people long revered as a saint and martyr, breathed her last in the summer of 1337.

The next paper will give the life of the first of the seven English Princesses of Wales.

CURIOUS MARRIAGE CUSTOMS.

So numerous are the customs that have clustered round the marriage ceremony in our own and other countries, that a bulky volume might easily be devoted to describing them. It is only natural that this should be so, considering the important place that is attached to the married state from being regarded as the *summum bonum* of human happiness. Thus, it may be remembered how the poet Burns tells us—

"To make a happy fireside clime
To weans and wife—
That's the true pathos and sublime
Of human life."

It would seem, then, that many of the marriage customs were specially designed as marks of honour to this momentous occasion, whereas others have been instituted from certain superstitious notions, which in a variety of cases may be traced back to a remote period.

Amongst the former may be noticed the popular practice of celebrating a marriage with sports, at which all the principal inhabitants of the neighbourhood were invited. Many an amusing account of this practice is to be found in our old writers, a specimen of which we may quote from the "Christian State of Matrimony" (1543). "After the banquet and feast there beginneth a vain, mad, and unmannerly fashion; for the bride must be brought into an open dancing place. Then there is such running, leaping, and flinging among them." From Bishop Kennett's "Parochial Antiquities," it appears that the quintain was once a popular sport at weddings; and another old authority tells us that in Wales it was played in the following manner:—"A pole is fixed in the ground with sticks set about it, which the bridegroom and his company take up, and try their strength and activity in breaking them upon the pole."

In the North of England it was once customary for a party of villagers to watch for the bridegroom's coming out of church after the marriage ceremony, in order to demand money for a football, a request which admitted of no refusal. In case of non-compliance, however, with their application, they lost no time in showing dissatisfaction by resorting to rough music of a not very complimentary kind, a mode of punishment which very soon caused the bridegroom to relent. With this custom may be compared another known as "running the broose," a race at country weddings, as to who should be the first to reach the bridegroom's house and declare the good news. In some parts it was called "a riding wedding," and in Westmoreland, "riding for the ribbon." It varied, too, in different localities, but was carried to a most extravagant height in Scotland; the person, of course, who won "the broose," or arrived home first, expecting a reward. In days gone, the honour most courted on this occasion was to kiss the bride, an allusion to which occurs in the "Collier's Wedding" (1764)—

"Four rustics fellows wait the while
To kiss the bride at the church style;
Then vig'rous make their fetter'd steeds,
With heavy heels and clumsy heads;
So scourge them going, head and tail,
To win what country call the kail."

In Northumberland, where the custom has been retained, the men of the party, we are told, all start off from the church door on horseback, galloping "like madmen through moss and over moor, till they reach the place where the wedding breakfast is to be held, and he who arrives first may claim a kiss of the bride." To enliven, too, the joyous occasion, the bridegroom frequently scattered a handful of money for the assembled villagers to scramble for, whereupon, as may be imagined, a scene of the wildest excitement ensued. Instead of money, sometimes a plate of wedding-cake was thrown amongst the crowd; this being equally popular, as the smallest portion was supposed to bring good luck.

Turning again to the marriage ceremony, a curious custom still prevails in the North of England of making the bridal pair leap over a stone placed across their path outside the churchyard. A correspondent of "Notes and Queries" tells us how, coming out one day of a country church, he found a sort of barrier erected at the churchyard gate, consisting of a large paving-stone placed on its edge, and supported by two smaller ones, and on either side of it a rustic stationed, who made the happy couple, and everyone else, jump over it. On inquiry, he was informed that it was the "petting-stone," over which the bride had to jump, in case she should repent and refuse to follow her husband. In Northumberland this is called the "louping-stone," and it is said that the bride must leave all her "pets and humours" behind her when she crosses it. At the village of Embleton, in this county, it is customary for two stout young lads to place a wooden bench across the door of the church porch, and to assist the bride and bridegroom to surmount the obstacle, expecting in return a present from the bridegroom. Once more, Hutchinson, in his "History of Durham," speaking of the "petting-stone," says that at the completion of the marriage ceremony "the bride is to step upon it, and if she cannot stride to the end thereof it is said that the marriage will prove unfortunate."

A pretty custom of a very different kind exists at Knutsford, in Cheshire. On the wedding-day, as soon as the bride has left her father's house for the church, a relative spreads on the path before the door a quantity of silver sand, called "pret," in the form of wreaths of flowers, and writes also with it wishes for her happiness. This is soon copied by the neighbours, and if the bridal couple happen to be favourites in the locality, all manner of artistic devices may be quickly seen in front of most houses. In some places it is customary to make devices of real flowers, those being generally selected which have a symbolised meaning. In days gone by, it may be remembered how flowers were strewn before the bride and bridegroom on their way to and from church, constant allusion to which practice we find in many of our old dramatists and poets. Browne, for instance, in his "British Pastorals," says—

"Full many maids, clad in their best array,
In honour of the bride, come with their flaskets
Fill'd full with flowers; others, in wicker baskets,
Bring from the marsh rushes to overspread
The ground whereon to church the lovers tread."

Another variation of this custom *formerly* consisted in strewing, in the place of flowers, symbols of the bridegroom's calling in life—such as shreds of cloth before a tailor, shavings indicative of a carpenter, and so on.

Again, in olden times it was customary for the bridesmaids to lead the bridegroom to church, and for the bridegroom's men to

There was a strange look on May Castle's face. It would be far harder for her, even for the sake of her hopes and ambitions, to pay a formal visit to Fowlis Manse than it was to look forward to throwing up her dreary task work, and facing the world when the happy dream should be over.

May's prejudices, unfiltered through the thousand and one harmless little channels of domestic or family life, were very deep and dark and strong.

At that instant she was aware of another check on her advance towards this new golden land of her imagination. This pulled her from the other side—the side of her affections.

"But what shall I do about Jock?" she asked, pitifully.

It really seemed that this was some matter for which, if it was not satisfactorily adjusted, May's whole castle in the air must crumble.

(To be continued.)

THE PRINCESSES OF WALES.

Joan of Kent, Wife of the Black Prince.

A SENTENCE is necessary to explain how the title of Prince of Wales came to be given to the eldest sons or heirs-apparent of our English monarchs. Llewelyn had been vanquished, and the whole of the Principality had been conquered by the sword; but King Edward well knew the cost and the difficulty of keeping the proud, warlike, and freedom-loving race of the Welsh valleys in quiet subjection by weapons of force. The scheme he hit upon to accomplish his aim was a simple one; so simple, indeed, that it almost looks ridiculous. When a little son was born to him on Welsh ground, raising the harmless babe out of its rough, ornamented cradle of oak at Carnarvon Castle, he presented it before a gathering of the chiefs of North Wales, declaring that the infant was a true native—"a prince born in Wales, who could not speak a word of English!" The delighted barons bowed down reverently and kissed the tiny hand of the young prince. Ever since that time the dignity has continued to be bestowed, though not invariably, on the king's eldest son, but at the best it has conferred little more than "a high-sounding title, and some slight and ideal claim to the affection of a portion of the Welsh people."

It is a striking fact, illustrative of the instability of human life and earthly greatness, that, although there have been eighteen Princes of Wales, only seven of them have been married during their tenure of the title.

The first of the seven English Princesses of Wales was the famous Joan of Kent, the Fair Countess, the Beautiful Lady, whose courtship and marriage to Edward, the Black Prince, gave rise to a little romance that has long been made familiar through England and Scotland by means of innumerable chap-books. Joan was the orphan daughter of the unfortunate Edmund, Earl of Kent, a brother of the king's father, and she was thus a niece of the Black Prince's grandfather, Edward II., the first Prince of Wales. A close affection sprang up in early youth between the great boy-warrior and his lovely kinswoman, who was two years older than himself; but his royal parents were opposed to the match. It has been alleged that Joan's flighty disposition was the cause of their disapproval; however that may be, the prince was as headstrong in his love as in his battles, and having failed to secure her hand, he determined that he would wed no other woman.

She was a maiden of sparkling beauty and sprightly wit; her auburn tresses floated to her waist; over her fair oval face there shone a high, open forehead; she had the daintiest mouth and lips; and beneath her dark eyelashes there flashed a pair of full and lustrous eyes.

It is needless to say a word in praise of the Black Prince's merits; of his well-knit handsome figure, admired even in his infancy, when his rosy, sweet-faced mother and he were favourite models for pictures of the Madonna and her Child; of his matchless bravery, by which, against great odds, he won the battle of Crecy in his boyhood, and that of Poictiers some ten years later; of his noble courtesy towards his conquered foes; of his straightforward, gentle, God-fearing nature. It would be as idle to commend the sun as to praise the Black Prince, but I may at least quote a beautiful sentence spoken of him by the late Dean Stanley:—"He was the first great English captain who showed what English soldiers were and what they could do against Frenchmen, and against all the world. He was the first English Prince who showed what it was to be a true gentleman. He was the first, but he was not the last."

Tempting marriages with princesses of several European countries had been proposed to him, but he still remained a bachelor at the age of thirty, although it was the custom in those times for princes to wed in what we now consider mere childhood. His love for his beautiful cousin was as true and constant as his bravery was unequalled and his piety sincere.

She, however, had not the same deep constancy of affection; nay, she even gave her hand away to Sir Thomas Holland, a gentleman of small estate and comparatively low degree, who, in those days of innumerable pensions, had a royal grant of one hundred merks yearly for her better support. He was a brave man, nevertheless, and one of the heroes of Crecy; and the Black Prince stood as sponsor at the baptismal font for one of the sons born to him and Joan.

When Sir Thomas died at the end of 1360, her old lover was instantly by her side, playing the part of John Alden in the poem of "Miles Standish." We may be inclined to doubt his sincerity when he asked her in marriage for one of his own gallant knights; and, if he did so out of a tremulous modesty, she quickly unmasked him by a daring avowal of her own regard.

"While under ward," said this Priscilla of the fourteenth century, "I was disposed of by others; but now I have come to years of discretion, and will not cast myself below my rank. I am of the blood royal of England, and am resolved never to marry again but to a prince of quality and virtue like yourself."

These are indeed bold words!

Although she was now the mother of several children, and her comely figure had developed into *embonpoint*, the Black Prince, fairly conquered, implored the "incomparable widow" to be his own bride. All obstacles to their union were speedily removed, except the opposition of his royal parents; it was an unhappy year, too, throughout the country. "But yet, in the midst of the fearful plague, drought, and famine," says a quaint old writer, "there was a glorious torch of Hymen lighted up at Court this year; for the most heroic Prince of Wales, who was all along unconquerable in war, laid aside now his lion's skin, and began to be softened with the warm fires of love. The object of his love was that incomparable paragon of beauty, the Lady Joan, commonly called the Fair Countess of Kent." Although King Edward was so highly indignant that he absented himself from the ceremony, the marriage was celebrated with amazing splendour in St. George's Chapel, Windsor. The Prince's mother, good Queen Philippa—she who "first introduced clothes," that is, the manufacture of woollen cloth, into England—relented; and there were also present the Queen of Scotland, the Prince's sister, and many other noble ladies, his two brothers, with a great array of earls, bishops, and deans. The gorgeous ceremony of the 10th of October, 1361, has another feature of interest to us, because from that day no other royal wedding was ever witnessed in St. George's Chapel until the 10th of March, 1863, when our own Prince, Albert Edward, was united to the Danish Rose.

We have mentioned his piety; and now, in joy at the consummation of the waiting love of so many years, the Black Prince founded a beautiful chapel in the crypt of Canterbury Cathedral, where the visitor may still see the arms of the Prince and his father, and the face of his beautiful and beloved wife.

Is it to be wondered at that the news of the happy marriage of the people's hero flew to every town and hamlet in broad England, that minstrels sang the story on many a village green, that pilgrims carried it back to their distant homes, and that the love-story, told at the fireside from generation to generation, grew at last into a popular romance? Thousands of English girls who knew nothing of the Black Prince's battles have been enchanted by the simple legend of his love for the Fair Countess; they have pored over the pages in which it is told how he was first struck by her charms at dinner in her father's house at Dover; how he addressed her in his letters as the "fairest of creatures;" how she often bedewed her rosy cheeks with tears, and kissing the pleasant words, wrote back beseeching him not to risk himself too far among the ranks of his enemies.

Some happy months were spent at Berkhampstead, in Herts, and at the Prince's mansion on Fish-street-hill, near London Bridge. The long honeymoon at last came to a close. After he was made Prince of Aquitaine in the next summer, he and the Princess sailed for Bordeaux with a splendid fleet. In that city and at Angoulême they held a brilliant court, frequented by nobles, troubadours, philosophers, and fools; such, indeed, was its dazzling magnificence that "the travelling kings of the day, who had seen all that was splendid in the world, accounted of themselves as having seen nothing if their eyes had not witnessed the glories of the court, and the charms of the Prince of Wales in Guienne." Every day eighty knights, and four times as many esquires, were present at the bounteous table.

An ancient writer, who knew them intimately, gives us a touching record of their deep affection. At the time of the Prince's departure for the war in Spain she often murmured in her grief—

> "Alas! whither will God
> Bear me your love, if I shall lose
> The true Flower of gentleness,
> The Flower of magnanimity?
> I have no heart, no blood, no veins,
> But every member fails me,
> When I think of his departure!"

The Prince heard her, tried to console her with pious words, and parted from her with an affectionate embrace, while her maidens shed tears of sympathy. When he returned to Bordeaux from the campaign, she went forth from the city to meet him, along with his little boy Edward and a long procession of knights, priests, and ladies; and then—

> "Right sweetly did they embrace
> When they met together;
> The Prince, who had a gentle heart,
> Kissed his wife and his son,
> And until on foot they reached their lodging,
> Held each other by the hand."

This is so grand and lifelike that one almost feels inclined to cry out—Hurrah for the Black Prince!

But what of the glory of war! Vanity of vanities! The warrior returned from Spain with his health shattered beyond all remedy; the elder of his two boys was taken away from earth a little later, and immediately after that sad stroke the Prince and Princess hastened to England with their one surviving child. Four other years of suffering, mostly spent in seclusion at Berkhampstead, where the first months of their happy married life had flown by so merrily; and he who had never lost a battle was at last laid low by the greatest of all conquerors.

On the 8th of June, 1376, the Fair Countess again became a weeping widow. Not only the Princess, but the whole nation were sunk in sorrow, and seldom, if ever, has a people been so struck with sympathy, except, perhaps, at the death of the Princess Charlotte, or when the remains of the immortal Nelson were laid in St. Paul's Cathedral. The Black Prince was buried in the Cathedral of Canterbury.

The Princess survived him for ten years, and grew so corpulent that she could only move about with difficulty. Her own genial nature, and the deep reverence of the people for her as the widow of the Black Prince, accomplished not a little for the country's peace. More than once she calmed the passion of the citizens of London, and rescued John of Gaunt, the brother of the Black Prince; and her wonderful "art of pleasing" saved her from the fury of Wat Tyler and his rebels.

But those last years, when her youngest boy, Richard, was seated on the throne, were full of trouble to her and to the country, and the misconduct of one of her sons by Sir Thomas Holland broke her tender heart. And, strange to tell, her dying request was, not that she should be laid in the great Cathedral beside the hero of Crecy and Poictiers, but far away in Yorkshire, in the little church of Stamford, beside the remains of her first and humbler husband.

HYDE HOUSE.

By Anne Beale.

Here is, truly, a goodly gathering of friends, assembled for a gracious purpose. On this 11th of March, 1884, No. 27, Somerset-street, Portman-square, London, becomes a home for working girls. It is henceforth to be styled Hyde House, and is the ninth home organised in this great metropolis since 1878, by the committee and secretary of "The Homes for Working Girls in London."

"The house is yours. Investigate it from top to bottom as you please," says Mr. Shrimpton, the kind secretary aforesaid, to the gentlemen and ladies who gradually fill the basement.

The orders are obeyed, and while tea and coffee are in preparation, the guests swarm from room to room. We conscientiously visit every apartment from "top to bottom," and are astonished and delighted. First of all we find a refectory, large kitchen, and commodious offices below stairs, all spick and span as fresh paint and whitewash can make them. In the former, on a large table, a batch of appetising plum cakes repose, awaiting a gathering of girls in the evening, who will doubtless do honour to them; but it is now afternoon, and we must not anticipate.

Remounting to the ground floor and thence to the first floor, we survey two charming sitting-rooms, large, commodious, airy; the walls papered with soft, bright paper, and adorned with many pictures and illuminations. Over the drawing-room mantelpiece is a portrait of our beloved Queen, which will, we hope, prove an incentive to all her youthful subjects to follow the example of the original in living virtuous and womanly lives. At the back of the sitting-rooms are the small apartments, or divisions, familiarly known as "cubicles," of which there are a dozen or more on each of the two first floors. These are, naturally, private. Ascending from storey to storey, we enter room after room, furnished with a greater or less number of beds according to their size, but all equally airy and cheerful. Maple furniture, light grey coverlets, handsome looking-glasses (not to be despised!) and everywhere framed and illuminated texts. All is new and harmonious. There are fifty-eight beds, and, if one thing strikes the eye more than another in these peaceful-looking apartments, it is that over each bed is a small maple book stand, and on each stand the Holy Bible. Fifty-eight Bibles! If each young girl that slumbers beneath that sacred volume read her portion daily, what a happy and blessed company may not Hyde House contain! And of how great a blessing may not each individual prove to others, if only she bear with her to workroom or factory the words she has herself imbibed, and become a living example of purity and gentleness.

The walls of the passages and staircases are quite æsthetic. Good taste prevails. On every landing is a convenient and commodious hanging-press, which will supplement the chest of drawers, and space has been economised and utilised everywhere for the benefit of the fifty-eight girls, who will, it is hoped, soon fill the house.

The odour of tea and coffee attracts us once more downstairs, and we find the double room, so soon to be occupied at all spare hours by our working-girls, crowded by those friends who have aided in raising for them this or similar abodes, in the hope of shielding them from the temptations of lodging-house, music-hall, and street. While sipping our coffee we address the young girl who waits on us, and who is a foreigner. She and two or three others, belonging, we imagine, to our "clan," preside at the tea-table, together with the future matron. Our German is all smiles, and thinks it is indeed "a beautiful home," while the matron's kind speech, face, and manner augur well for the care, temporal and spiritual, of the young people to be committed to her charge.

Having inspected the house with due feminine curiosity, we proceed to the sitting-room on the first floor. This is arranged for the dedication service, and is soon overflowing with ladies, who greatly outnumber the gentlemen. But the good friend of our girls, the Earl of Aberdeen, arrives, accompanied by Mr. Kinnaird and others, also interested in their well-doing, and we all spend together a solemn and happy hour. We are furnished with new hymnbooks, on the fly-leaf of which is inscribed "Hyde House, 27, Somerset-street," and which tend to prove, as do the Bibles, that the desire is to make this "a house holy unto the Lord." All join heartily in singing a hymn accompanied by a harmonium provided for the future use of the inmates, after which a clergyman offers prayer for God's blessing on the work; then Lord Aberdeen requests Mr. Shrimpton to give a few details. These are as interesting as remarkable. He is always on the look-out for suitable houses in the various parts of this tremendous city, and was led to observe that the one in which we are now assembled was vacant. He made inquiries and found that £1,250 would be needed for the lease alone.

Subsequently he met a lady to whom he mentioned the subject of these homes generally. She knew little or nothing about them, but was interested, as all Christian people are, in the welfare of the thousands of young girls who have to earn a livelihood in London; often alone and friendless. Then Mr. Shrimpton mentioned incidentally his desire to secure this house, but his inability to procure funds. The lady said he should look over it, at least. He did so, and acquainted her with the result of his inspection. It was altogether suitable. She expressed a wish to see it, and they perambulated it as we have done, only they found it empty.

The result of this apparently chance meeting and conversation with the lady was that she gave the £1,250 to purchase the lease of the house! The only proviso she made was that her name should not be mentioned. But He knows it who said, "Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth;" and doubtless many a grateful young heart will utter a prayer for this, their benefactress, from the home she has given them.

And this is the ninth Home already founded, to which there is a prospect of adding three more during the next eighteen months. We hope that one of these may be "The Girl's Own Home," raised, brick by brick, by the readers of The Girl's Own Paper. It is well to foster a spirit of independence, and each donor will be glad to feel that when the house is prepared its inmates will in no wise be dependent on charity, but will pay for their maintenance, and help to support the establishment of which they are members. To be cared for and have companionship is a happy combination, to be obtained shortly in Hyde House by such toilers in these great marts of London as care to take advantage of it.

We learn that women have, however, far outnumbered men in subscribing to this work for the good of their young sisters. This is as it should be, for woman best knows the temptations and difficulties of her sex.

Addresses are better listened to than reported, so we will content ourselves with recording that the very few made on this occasion are to the purpose, and show the interest taken in the young people who labour in our midst. It remains for them to prove that they are not unworthy of it.

We unite in praying to Almighty God for a blessing on them, and on the home to which they are invited, as well as on her who is appointed to superintend them; and we praise Him for His mercy in putting into the heart of one of His children the desire to supply the means for so much good. Never has the "Old Hundredth" sounded more appropriately than at the close of the short dedication service, and we all join, heart and voice, in its "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

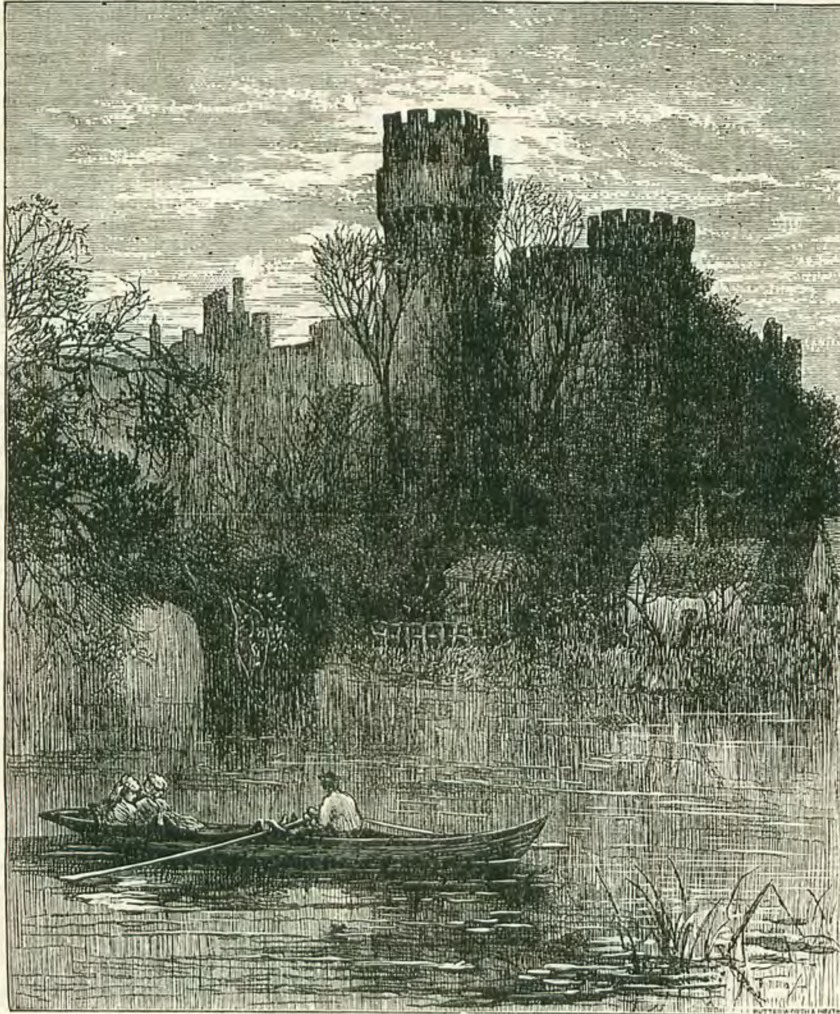
THE PRINCESSES OF WALES.

III. Anne of Warwick, Wife of Prince Edward and of Richard III.

"Son Edward, she is fair and virtuous,
Therefore delay not, give thy hand to Warwick;
And with thy hand thy faith irrevocable,
That only Warwick's daughter shall be thine."

—*Shakespeare.*

Richard Neville was the most powerful baron of his time. Old John Rows, who was his contemporary and knew him well, did not exaggerate in describing him as "a famous knight and excellent greatly spoken of through the most part of Christendom." His family were the Peacocks of the North. They had at last outstripped the proud Percies, their neighbours and rivals; and Sir Richard, son and heir of the Earl of Salisbury, had laid the copestone on their greatness by his wisdom, prowess, and unscrupulous craft, and quite as much by his marriage with Anne Beauchamp, Countess of Warwick in her own right. Her immense estates became his, and he was raised to the dignity of Earl of Warwick. The marriage of the pious, benevolent, and gentle countess with the restless, treacherous, brave, and ambitious baron was fraught only with feverish anxiety and misery for her; now rising with her husband to the highest pinnacle of power; now a weary, tempest-tossed exile; at last reduced to solitude and poverty in her old age, confined in abbey and castle, and robbed of all the wealth she had derived from a long line of illustrious ancestors by the greedy hands of her sons-in-law.



WARWICK CASTLE

Thousands of stalwart retainers, who wore the badge of bear and ragged staff on the front and back of their red jackets, were ready to march at any moment to the battlefield in whatever cause he listed. A huge cauldron always hung over the blazing logs in his kitchen at Kenilworth, and any person might walk into the great mansion and lift out of the boiling pot a goodly piece of solid flesh. When he lived at Warwick House, near Fleet-street in London, six hundred of his red-coated braves stalked about the City, six oxen were consumed every morning at breakfast, and all the taverns about St. Paul's and Newgate-street were filled with meat from the bounteous table, for anyone who claimed the slightest acquaintance with Warwick's men were allowed to make free with the fleshpots and carry off as much as stuck upon his long dagger.

He is known in history and romance as the kingmaker and the last of the barons. He played as lightly with the Sovereigns of England as if he were merely engaged in a game of nine-pins. He drove Henry the Sixth from the throne into the Tower of London; he set up in his stead his own cousin, Edward the Fourth, the handsome White Rose of Rouen; and, turning once again, he restored Henry as his puppet. But one blessing was denied by heaven to the doughty warrior—the possession of a son who should carry down his name and greatness to future generations. He had only two daughters by his gentle Countess. The elder was named Isabella; the younger, Anne, a fair-haired child who bore her mother's gracious name, was born at Warwick Castle amid the songs of the nightingale in June, 1456, and was christened there with due solemnity, in the Chapel of Our Lady.

Middleham Castle, in Yorkshire, was the favourite residence of the earl and his family when he was not abroad with them at Calais, where he held the post of governor, and had the English navy under his command. The windows of the castle afforded a magnificent view of the fertile and picturesque valley, through which the river Yore ran like a silver streak. Cattle now graze peacefully round the wreck of the majestic mansion of the Nevilles, but its grim ruins still attest that it was a place of great extent and strength in the rough times of Earl Richard.

According to a tradition of the village of Middleham, over which the old castle frowns, little Anne and her cousin Richard, King Edward's youngest brother, were playmates in childhood, and the precocious boy was then struck with a passion which, though not returned at the time, kept a firm seat in his breast until he grew up to manhood, and eventually led her to the altar at Westminster. The fact is that the maiden was of too tender an age to be afflicted with the tender passion. If she had been of riper years, there is every likelihood that Richard, who was her senior by four years, would have been an acceptable suitor, for he was a clever, pretty, brave, and bright-eyed youth. His only defects were a weakness of the left arm and a slight elevation of the right shoulder, so slight, indeed, as to be scarcely noticeable. I must ask you, therefore, to dismiss entirely from your minds the common calumny against Richard Crouchback as it has been set forth by Shakespeare:—

"Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
Deformed, unfinished, sent before my time
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and unfashionable
That dogs bark at me as I halt by them."

When one of Anne's uncles was raised to the Archbishopric of York, a splendid feast was given at York Palace, on the occasion of his enthronement. Richard, who was then probably living at Middleham to be trained as a true knight under the earl's care, was present to grace the ceremony, and occupied the place of honour in the chief banqueting room, seated under a canopy of state. A duchess sat on his right and a countess on his left, while his two cousins, Isabel and Anne Neville, were placed opposite him to keep him company during the entertainment.

In a very few years a wide and seemingly impassable barrier was fixed between Anne and the young Duke of Gloucester. Her father, jealously embittered against King Edward, who had married a pretty widow out of love, and had raised her kinsfolk to high honours, formed an alliance with George, Duke of Clarence, brother of the king and of Richard, by bestowing on him the hand of his daughter Isabel, at Calais, and promising to set him on the throne of England. Warwick was for once unfortunate in his game of king-making. Having invaded England, he was quickly forced to take refuge on board his fleet, along with his entire family, including Anne, who was then thirteen years of age. With the exception of the ship that had the Nevilles on board, nearly all the others were captured, and even this was almost overwhelmed by a dreadful tempest in the Channel, the poor ladies suffering sadly from sea-sickness and the horror of shipwreck. At last their vessel ran safely into Calais harbour, but the new governor refused them entrance into the town, although a feeling of pity for the wretched condition of the ladies led him to send a couple of flagons of wine on board. In the course of May, 1470, the exiles landed at Dieppe, afterwards travelling across France to the court of Louis XI. at Amboise.

Anne's father now turned his shifty mind to the opposite pole of the compass. Although he had driven King Henry from the throne, and had been the main cause of the deep poverty, long perilous wanderings, and terrible sufferings which Henry's brave wife, Margaret of Anjou, had endured for years, he now proposed to her without the least scruple that her only son Edward, Prince of Wales, who was then nineteen, and had a pretty girlish face, should be contracted in marriage to his daughter Anne.

Margaret had a deep and just hatred of the unscrupulous and treacherous earl. At first she resented his proposal. "He has pierced my heart," she cried, "with wounds that can never be healed. They will bleed to the day of judgment. Through him, I, and the prince my son, have been driven out of England to beg our bread in foreign lands."

But the hope of winning back the kingdom led her finally to yield, and at Angers, on the thirtieth of July, the two enemies entered into a contract in King Louis's presence, in terms of which Warwick was to recover the throne for Prince Edward, and Anne of Warwick was to remain with Margaret and the Prince until the greater part of England was at the earl's feet, after which the marriage was to take place. Immediately on this arrangement there were merry doings at the court of Amboise. Edward, Prince of Wales, stood as sponsor at the christening of the infant Dauphin, and then plighted his troth to Anne before the brilliant assemblage, which embraced King Louis, Queen Margaret, her father Réné, the Earl and Countess of Warwick, the Duke and Duchess of Clarence, and the faithful adherents of the Red Rose, who had followed Margaret in her exile. It is usually stated that the Prince and Anne were married during that summer (1470), but the matter is not absolutely certain.

The name of Warwick acted like a charm in England, as that of Napoleon did in France after his escape from Elba. In a few days he was at the head of 60,000 men. King Edward fled in precipitous haste; and in a fortnight poor old crazy Henry the Sixth was brought out from his state of filth and squalor in the Tower, and conveyed to Westminster Palace amid great rejoicing.

In the following spring, Anne and the rest of the noble band of exiles passed in triumph through the streets of Paris, and set sail in the highest hopes from France on the 24th of March. Heavy storms, however, swept over the Channel, so that the Prince of Wales and his young bride, along with Queen Margaret and the Countess of Warwick, did not reach Weymouth harbour until Easter eve, the 14th of April. On that very day a fatal battle was fought at Barnet; Warwick's army melted like snow beneath the "sun of York," mainly through the treachery of "false, perjured, fleeting Clarence."

Warwick himself fell upon the field. The disastrous news was conveyed to the prince and Anne on the following day, and the whole party fled in panic to the sanctuary of Beaulieu Abbey, in Hampshire. The supporters of the Red Rose gathered round Prince Edward and persuaded him to renew the conflict. The girlish youth died on the battlefield of Tewkesbury, on the 4th of May, fighting like a hero. Several discordant stories have been handed down regarding the way in which he met his death. One of these asserts that on his capture he vainly cried to Clarence for succour; while another affirms that he was brought alive before King Edward, retorted manfully, was struck by the King, and was therefore slain by Gloucester and other nobles. Yet another writer declares that Gloucester was the only person who did not draw his sword upon the royal captive, and that his generous conduct was due to his respect for the Princess Anne, who was his near relative, and the dear object of a long affection. We should hope so, although Richard, who was then but nineteen years of age, showed in later life that he was capable of perpetrating far worse atrocities. However this may be, Queen Margaret, who was struck with horror at the loss of her only son, was borne from the scene of conflict in a state of exhaustion to a small religious house where Anne had already taken refuge.

Anne of Warwick was now a captive. Within a single fortnight she had lost her father, her handsome young husband, the title of Princess of Wales, and all hope of becoming Queen of England. And she had not yet completed her fifteenth year! No fate could seem more gloomy than was hers at that moment—orphaned, widowed, penniless. Her youthful husband was laid to rest in the stately abbey near the spot where he had fallen, and a marble tablet was placed over his remains by some pious hand—perhaps that of his forlorn widow.

Immediately after the catastrophe, Richard, Duke of Gloucester, petitioned his brother, King Edward, for the hand of the child-widow, who had fallen into the clutches of Clarence, the husband of her sister Isabel. George, however, spirited her away, so as to prevent anyone from sharing with himself the estates of Warwick. Had she been concealed in some nunnery away from Richard and the world for ever? Had Clarence secretly put her out of existence? Had she the slightest inkling that Richard was eager to make her his bride? Richard was determined. His keen eyes were restless in their search, and he was rewarded by at last discovering her. Where? In the crowded streets of London. The beautiful princess, Anne Neville, turned up before the eyes of Richard Plantagenet in the dress of a humble kitchen-maid! He at once carried off his Cinderella to a safe retreat where no one might dare to touch her except at the risk of sacrilege. This was the sanctuary of St. Martin's, on the site of which now stands the busiest building on earth—the General Post Office. The little widow was next placed under the care of her uncle George, Archbishop of York, and in the course of the year 1473 was joined in holy wedlock at Westminster to Richard Plantagenet.

"Richard may have Anne, but they shall part no livelihood," was the resolute determination of George; and the strife about the lands of Warwick went on for years, at last waxing so hot that open warfare was expected between the two brothers. Richard had outwitted his elder brother. The countess, mother of Isabel and Anne, seems to have had a greater liking for the little duke than for Clarence, and in the summer of 1473 she had actually left the sanctuary of Beaulieu, where she was living desolate and destitute, and fled to the north under the guidance of Richard's confidant, Sir James Tyrell—the very miscreant who was his agent in the murder of the two princes in the Tower ten years later! Once in his hands, Richard obtained from her a resignation of all her wealth in his favour, and then shut her up in some castle or other, where she remained until his death. A decision of Parliament in 1475 finally divided the estates of Warwick between these two amiable sons-in-law, the innocent countess being left out in the cold without a single acre she could call her own.

And now, after many years of wandering and sorrow, Anne returned to Middleham Castle as the spouse of that boy with whom she had played there in boyhood and who had sat opposite her at the grand banquet in York Palace. During the ten years between her marriage and King Edward's death, she and Richard lived mostly in the old feudal castle, gaining for themselves the affection of the north-country folks. York was only a day's journey distant; he took a warm interest in its welfare; he was always certain of a cordial welcome, and if he paid a visit at the Christmas season, was sure of a "box" of swans and pikes; the people were thankful for his "great labour" in their behalf, and called him a "benevolent, good, and gracious lord to the city." King Edward sent Clarence to the Tower, where he was drowned in a butt of malmsey; while fresh honours were awarded to Richard. The latter was generous to the Church, and converted the Scottish border from a den of thieves into a model of good government. So far as outward conduct went, Anne had good reason to be proud of her wise and brave husband; he was doubtless superior in that respect to both his brothers. The thin, passionless, reflective face of the little duke contrasted with the gaiety which sent the tall and handsome king into an early grave; and his sad, gentle look formed an equally strong contrast to the vanity and treachery of Clarence. A little son, Edward, was born to them about 1476.

Richard became protector of the realm in 1483, during the minority of his nephew Edward V. On the 25th of June the crown was offered to him and he accepted it. Anne and her little son hastened south from Middleham Castle to be present at the coronation on the 6th of July. The crown at last she wins—but how ingloriously! "The most noble lady and princess," said John Rows, "born of the royal blood of divers realms, lineally descended from princes, kings, emperors, and many glorious saints, Dame Anne, by the great provision of God Queen of England and of France and lady of Ireland, wife first of Prince Edward, son and heir of King Henry the Sixth, and after his decease marvellously conveyed by all the corners and parties of the wheel of fortune, and eftsoon exalted again higher than ever she was to the most high throne of honour over all other ladies of this noble realm, anointed and crowned Queen of England, wife unto the most victorious prince, King Richard the Third."

Thus wrote the old historian of the House of Warwick, and he has left us a picture of her in a beautiful roll prepared by him. Her long hair flows free down to her slender waist; on her head she wears a crown; she holds a sceptre in her right hand, the mound and cross in her left; at her feet the white bear of Warwick lies muzzled; above her, on either

side, hands issue from the clouds, proffering the rival diadems of Lancaster and York. She was shorn of the former on the field of Tewkesbury; the latter now came to her by her marriage with Richard.

When she reached London she had no dress suitable for so high an occasion, and, accordingly, just two days before the coronation four and a half yards of cloth of gold were purchased for her. On Saturday she, her husband, and their son passed in sumptuous state down the river to the Tower, the two princes (so soon to be secretly and cruelly despatched there) being shifted from their apartments for the accommodation of the royal party. The coronation took place on Sunday. I should have liked to give a full account of the splendid ceremonies, but I have already trespassed too far on the space allowed me. Suffice it to mention a few facts.

Red cloth was spread for the royal feet all the way from Whitehall to Westminster Hall. The king and queen passed along it, and then walked barefooted to St. Edward's shrine, each under a canopy of state, preceded and followed by nobles, bishops, and abbots. They stripped off their upper garments, and were crowned and touched with the sacred oil by Cardinal Bouchier. Organs sounded, and the *Te Deum* was sung with "great royalty." Then came the great dinner in the hall, when Richard sat in the middle of the board, with Anne upon his left, two noble ladies holding the canopy of state ever her while she ate and drank. A couple of squires lay like dogs under the table at the King's feet.

Immediately after the coronation their boy, Edward, was sent north to his books and sports at Middleham, and shortly after his return the mayor and aldermen of York, knowing how wise a thing it is to worship the rising sun, rode out to the castle with a gift of two dozen rabbits, two barrels of wine, and sundry other luxuries for the prince. In the course of the summer the King and Queen made a grand and slow procession to the north. On the 8th of September Edward was invested at York as Prince of Wales, with the garland, ring, and golden rod. In a gorgeous procession through that city Richard wore his crown and sceptre, followed by Anne, who led her boy by the left hand. The hospitable city made the King and Queen a present, the value of which was equal to £2,000 of money at the present day.

The insurrection that followed on the murder of the princes in the Tower caused Richard and Anne to hasten south, leaving their only child behind them. They never saw his face again. After a short illness, he died on the 9th of April, 1484. He was the second Edward, Prince of Wales, that Anne had lost.

After this terrible blow, Anne of Warwick pined away, and her last days were saddened by the knowledge that her husband had grown weary of her. A report went abroad that she was dead—that she was slain—and this was carried to the sick chamber, where the Queen sat in her incurable sorrow with her hair dishevelled. Alarmed at the thought that a violent death was impending over her, she rushed into the presence of her lord.

"What have I done to deserve death?" she exclaimed, amid sobs and tears.

"Be of good cheer," said Richard, trying to soothe her; "you have no cause for aught else."

But her days were numbered. She expired at Westminster Palace on the 16th of March, 1485; the sun's face was hidden by an eclipse during the burial, and no memorial marks the last resting-place of the unhappy Anne of Warwick.

A KING'S DAUGHTER.

By ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO, Author of 'Her Object in Life," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XV.

A QUIET ENDING.

BEFORE the boat had grazed the shore, Margaret knew what had happened; she read it in the faces of those waiting to receive her; she heard it in the cry of her own foreboding heart.

"My mother!"

"Eh, it's true that God aye breaks the worst news Himself," wailed the old servant Barby. "But we mustn't rebel against losing what heaven wins, and what more can any of us have than a sunny life and a pleasant passing away like hers? Till all's over, none of us know what may be before us. But think o' your father, Miss Margaret, dearie, an' of what it will be to him to miss the one who has sat by his side for more than thirty years."

That was how they told her the tidings. They left Margaret herself to sum them up, in the terrible sentence—

"My mother is dead!"

She stood still for one minute. Then she moved forward, pale as death, but still swift and sure of foot. The old instinct of her heart went on unreasoning in its old groove. She would not ask questions about her mother; she would go straight to her mother herself.

The doctor stepped to her side. He was an old man, who had burried his wife and all his children. As the islanders always said, "he knew what trouble was," which meant that he did not break bruised reeds nor quench smoking flax by hard dogmas or scientific stoicism or chill droppings of glib sentiment. He knew what he had wanted, and what had done him good, in his own dark days.

"Mrs. Stewart spent the morning lying on her sofa, just as usual," he said, quietly. "There was a book found lying beside her, and writing paper was put out in reach of her hand, because she told the maid she was going to write a letter to the laird. The maid found out what had happened when she carried in her lunch. Mrs. Stewart was lying with her face towards the window, a usual attitude with her. The servant says it was only when her mistress did not respond to some remark about what a fine day you were enjoying that she knew something was amiss. It was an awful shock for poor Jane, but the good girl's second thought was, that it was well it was she who went in and not you. You have had a little more preparation, at least."

"Poor Jane!" murmured Margaret. "Mamma was so fond of her, and Jane was so good to mamma."

"Jane has had many shocks in her short life," said the doctor. "You remember she was the only one of her family who was at home when her father and brother were brought in drowned."

He understood of what mettle Margaret was made, and he knew that nothing would so brace her and heal her under her own blow as the thought of the sufferings of another, who was now in some sense a fellow-sufferer. He was right.

As she walked along, stunned as she was, Margaret yet realised that all this agony is but the stuff of which life is really made, and by which alone hearts can be tested. A half-forgotten verse chimed in her memory—

"O love and loss, O change and time,
O grave, where all things flow;
'Tis yours to make our lot sublime
With your great weight of woe!"

Next there came into her mind a confused sense of thankfulness that they had not revealed the impending family storm to Mrs. Stewart, or they might have thought the anxiety had snapped her frail thread of life. But hard on this feeling came the bitter pang that now the sweet mother would never be told their secret, and that they had let her go away with all the counsel and cheer which she could have given, unuttered for evermore!

But with all this suddenly-raised conflict of emotion seething within her, Margaret Stewart walked straight on to the house, silent and dry-eyed. Sad and tearful faces met her there, and followed her to the door of her mother's room, but not further. She went in alone. There was not one among those simple people who did not instinctively feel that the mute meeting of the dead and the living must be no more intruded on than should be the meeting between the living mother and daughter after any great life-crisis.

Kind and tender hands had already been busy. The dead lady lay, as she might have done in life, on her bed, in her soft white dressing-gown. Somebody had put a basin of flowers and moss on a little stand beside her pillow. There lingered over the marble face that shadowy smile we so often see on the countenances of the dead, and which is all the answer they can ever give to our yearning towards the great secret, whose possession has suddenly set our nearest and dearest so strangely afar.

Margaret stood there with uplifted clasped hands. For the first time in all

THE PRINCESSES OF WALES.

PRINCE ARTHUR.

IV.—Catharine of Aragon, Wife of Prince Arthur.

"I am a most poor woman and a stranger,
Born out of your dominions."
"Alas! I am a woman, friendless, hopeless."
Shakespeare.

In the year that Anne of Warwick died, the next Princess of Wales was born.

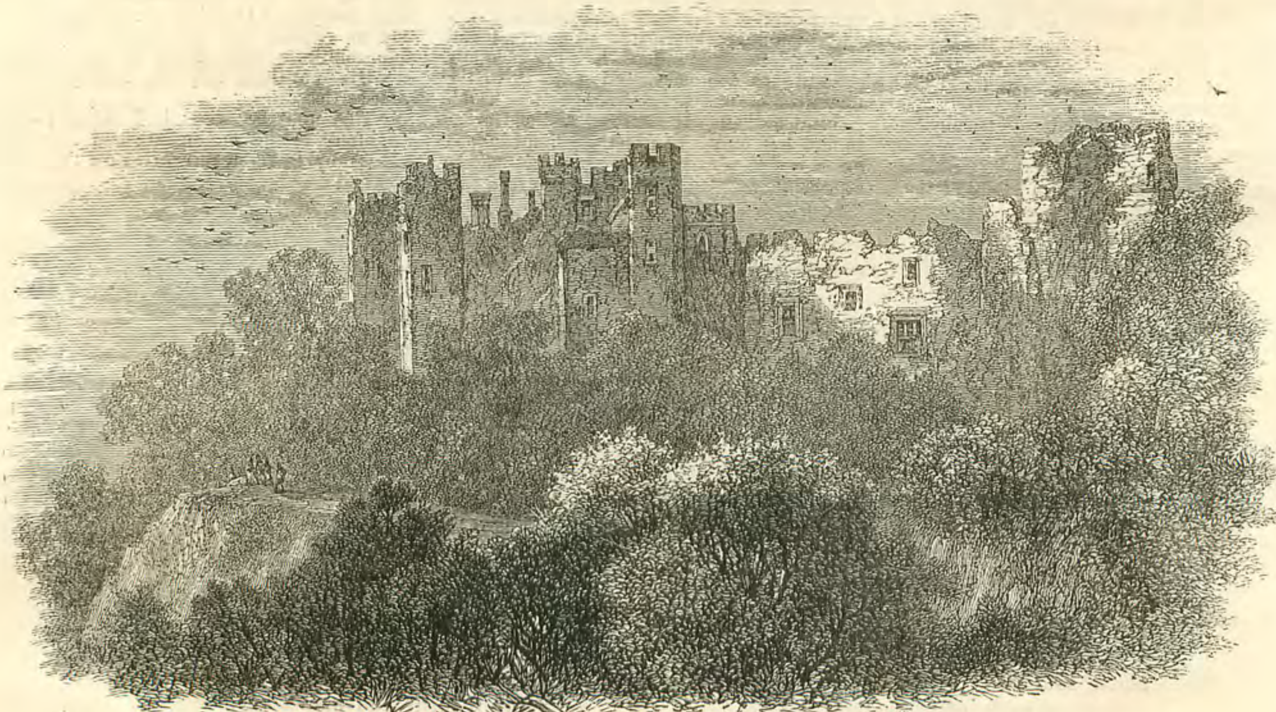
A grand cavalcade, consisting of Ferdinand, King of Aragon, a squat but comely man of thirty-three, his blue-eyed, golden-haired, and rosy-cheeked wife, Isabella, Queen of Castile, along with their four young children and a great company of knights in Moorish armour, prelates, friars, and chaplains, fled in the autumn of that year from the plague that was then raging in the city of Cordova, on the flooded banks of the Guadalquiver. Making their way towards the higher and healthier lands in Central Spain, they rested in the palace of Cardinal Mendoza, at the holy city of Alcala—the birthplace, some fifty years later, of the famous author of "Don Quixote."

In one sense it was a glorious epoch in the history of Spain; in another sense it was the reverse. The Christian forces were gradually driving the Moors from their last strongholds in the paradise of Andalusia down towards the rock of Gibraltar; but, hand in hand with these triumphs, a fearful persecution was being carried on against the rich and learned Jews—a people who were the very salt of Spain's prosperity. It was a pitiful mistake on the part of the devout Queen. While she was filled with this dream of conquest and crusade, she gave birth to her youngest child, Catalina—Catharine of Aragon—on the 16th of December, 1485. The infant was baptised in the sacred city, and the rich, high-born cardinal honoured the christening with a splendid banquet to the royal houshold.

Isabella was not a queen of the domestic type; she pledged her jewels when the treasury was exhausted, she established military hospitals, she raised recruits; the soldiers called her the "mother of the camps." Catharine's childhood was spent, to a large extent, amid the noise of camps, and she did not altogether escape the perils of the battle-field. When the forces lay before the city of Granada, the glorious Moorish capital, Catharine was present with her warlike mother, and, as a child, admired the towers of the fairy palace of the Alhambra shooting up from the vineclad walls into the undimmed sky. But one night the Moors sallied forth, and before the dawn of day the Spanish camp was consumed to ashes. Catharine was rescued from the leaping flames and soon beheld a camp of stone rising up in place of that of canvas.

When Granada, of which the Moorish poets sang as the finest city on earth, fell into the hands of Ferdinand, the brilliant Alhambra became the home of the young Princess. Fountains played about the palace; oranges and pomegranates ripened on the garden walls, the valley in which the city was embowered excelled that of Damascus in the wealth of its orchards and vineyards.

When Erasmus declares that Catharine was imbued with learning from her infant years by the care of her illustrious mother, the eulogy of the Dutch scholar must be taken with a strong pinch of salt. Do not suppose that she became a prodigy of learning, like Catharine Parr, or Queen Elizabeth, or Lady Jane Grey—in fact, her father completed his conquest of the Moors by an *auto-da-fe* of vast piles of books of travel, poetry, history, and science. What she did learn was a formal devoutness, and such light but graceful accomplishments as embroidery, dancing, singing a ballad, and playing on a lute. She was taken to see bull-fights, the chief pastime of her people to this day, and, worse still, her innocent eyes were accustomed to the horrid sight of burning fellow-creatures, of the slavery of lovely Moors, and the sad exile of thousands on thousands of Jews, to whom Spain had become a second Palestine. In her girlhood, she took the vows of a lay sister of the order of St. Francis—such as to eat no costly food, to wear no personal adornments, to live within



LUDLOW CASTLE.

the walls of a palace the rigid life of a convent. It was a matter of empty form. Such was the training of the girl who was one day to be Queen of free England.

The fair-haired infant had scarcely learned to lisp when her parents began to gamble with her happiness, for the security and aggrandisement of their own power. A ragged, but deeply crafty messenger was despatched to England, between which country and Spain a tie of kindred already existed. The blood of John of Gaunt, brother of the Black Prince, flowed in Isabella's veins. While the Princess was yet only in her fourth year, an English embassy arrived at the royal palace near Medina. The worthy priest and knight were introduced to the royal family, and had the privilege of seeing the baby Catalina in a rich dress, attended by her seven waiting-maids.

"Well, it was beautiful," said one correspondent, who saw her in the royal box, looking at a savage bull-fight; "well it was beautiful to see the Queen hold up her daughter, the Infanta Catharine!"

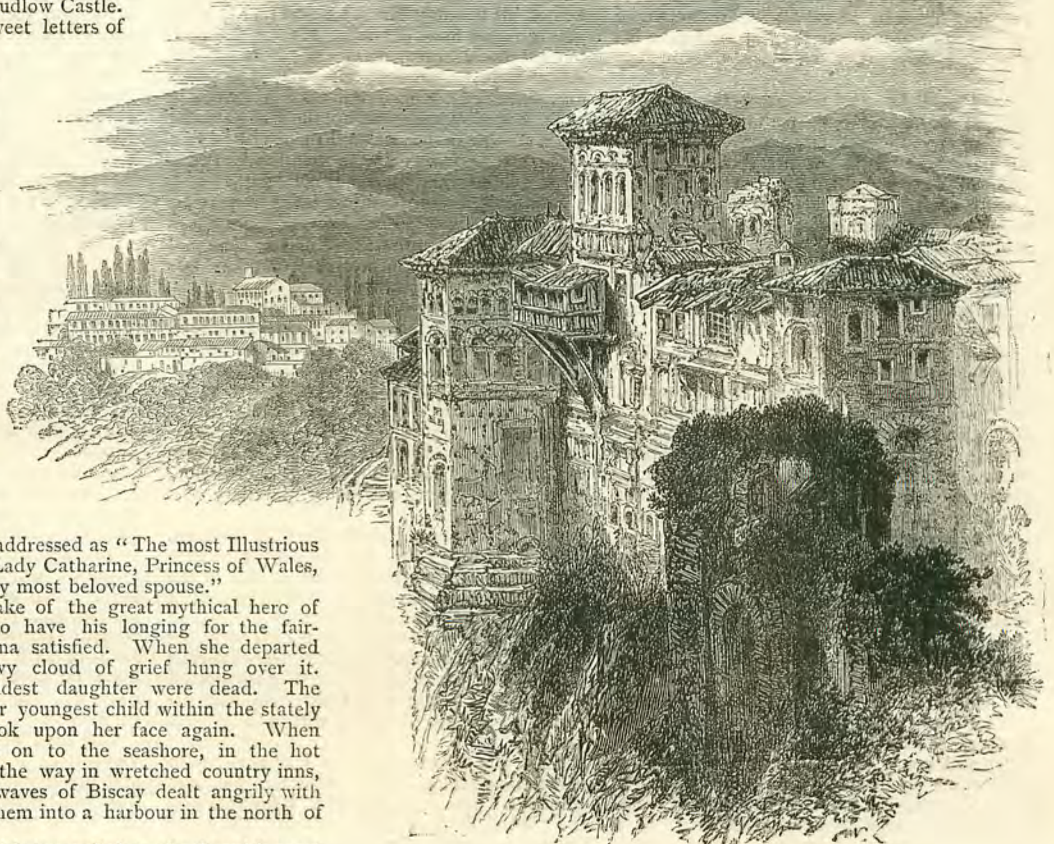
The upshot of this delicate diplomatic intercourse was an engagement between the sovereigns of Spain and England, that Arthur, Prince of Wales, should marry Catharine when he came of age. The children could not, in the nature of things, have had much to say in the matter—Arthur was only two and a half years old, being ten months younger than the little blue-eyed Spanish lady destined as his bride.

When many years had flown over the heads of the children—and more than one head had gone to the scaffold to make the path clear and firm for this marriage—Prince Arthur went through a formal rite secretly in the royal chapel of Bewdley Manor, by the Severn. On the 19th of May, 1499, he sacredly ratified the contract of marriage, and at lovely Granada, on the 20th of December in the next year, Lady Catharine, "La Princesa de Gales," went through the same form. After the solemn engagement at Bewdley, the Prince and his betrothed corresponded in the most affectionate terms—in as excellent Latin as the tutors at the two courts could write. In unconventional expression of regard Arthur's letters have the best of it. A portion of a *billet-doux* written by him, or for him, on the 5th of October, 1499, will give an idea of the style of complimentary courtship. It is dated from Ludlow Castle.

"I have read the most sweet letters of your Highness lately given to me, and from them I easily perceive your most entire love for me. In sooth, those letters, in your own hand, have so delighted me, so cheered and gladdened me, that I fancied I saw your Highness, conversed with you, and embraced my dearest wife. I cannot tell you how earnestly I long to see your Highness, and how much this delay about your coming annoys me. . . . Like as I cherish sweet remembrance of you night and day, so do you preserve my name ever fresh in your breast. Hasten your coming to me, that instead of being far away we may be present with each other." The Infanta is addressed as "The most Illustrious and Excellent Princess the Lady Catharine, Princess of Wales, Duchess of Cornwall, etc., my most beloved spouse."

At last the young namesake of the great mythical hero of the ancient Britons was to have his longing for the fair-haired and blue-eyed Catalina satisfied. When she departed from the Alhambra a heavy cloud of grief hung over it. Isabella's only son and eldest daughter were dead. The Queen said good-bye to her youngest child within the stately palace of woe, never to look upon her face again. When the Princess had struggled on to the seashore, in the hot August weather, resting by the way in wretched country inns, the autumn winds and the waves of Biscay dealt angrily with her frail vessels and drove them into a harbour in the north of Spain.

Some of our daring English tars sailed to the Spanish coast to meet her. They were to have brought her right up the



CATHARINE OF ARAGON AND GRANADA.

Thames to London; but the "crafty mariners," put to sore distress by the raging billows and by the storms, which tore the shrouds and "entranced" the masts out of their sockets, sought a nearer haven. They landed her safely, with her plate and jewels, dons and donnas, chaplains and Moorish slaves, on the sweet shore of Devon. Cheers rung along the cliffs at Plymouth—a happy contrast to her mother's chill farewell. She advanced by gentle stages towards London, amid a train of English nobles, knights, and prelates. King Henry and his weak but comely son rode along the rough and sloppy roads to welcome her. In the Bishop of Bath's palace at Dogmersfield, Hants, they saw her face to face; hitherto she had been veiled like a Moorish bride. Prince Arthur was enchanted with his little Guinevere.

On Friday, the 12th of November, 1501, she passed from Lambeth Palace over London Bridge, and through the huzzas of the festive streets, mounted on her mule, and dressed in gold and silk. On the next Sunday morning, at the altar of St. Paul's, the Prince and Princess of Wales—he, all clad in white, and she wearing a hooped gown and a veil of silk and pearls—were pronounced man and wife and blessed by Henry Deane, Archbishop of Canterbury.

When the jading round of banquets and jousts was over, an unwonted paleness was noticed in Arthur's cheeks. At the beginning of the next year the young people were sent away to the castle of Ludlow, from which Catharine might remember the Prince had addressed to her a pretty *billet-doux* two years before. The chilly winter among the hills and meads of Shropshire could not bring health to his feeble constitution, nor could it be very pleasant to the Spanish beauties from the land of pomegranates. Catharine crowned the victors at the jousts with her own fair hands. Arthur led a gentle life; he waited on his bride with the courtesy of a true knight; he ruled his court in peace. "He sought to strengthen and preserve the law, and gave his soul and body to the service of Almighty God."

Men said he was too good to live, and in that Border fortress—perhaps in "Prince Arthur's room," still shown above the buttery of the ruined castle—he breathed his last on the 2nd day of April, 1502, aged fifteen and a half years. Catharine had not been five months a bride when she became Dowager Princess of Wales.

I shall pass over the story of the astuteness of her parents and the avarice of King Henry, and simply mention the fact that the widowed Princess was solemnly betrothed to Arthur's brother Henry on the 24th of December, 1503. Previous to this, she had led a dull and sickly life at Croydon Park amid her Spanish maids, more like that of a conventual sister than of a lively, fresh-hearted sunflower of the South. After her engagement to Henry of Greenwich, Prince of Wales, she stepped out again into the light of day, and mingling in the gaiety of the Court at Richmond and elsewhere, she had the enviable privilege of meeting the blithe and sturdy boy to whom her heart clung with the only passion of her life.

But Henry was not then fourteen. No sooner had he attained that responsible age than his advisers induced him to repudiate the contract. Poor Catharine was once more relegated to the solitude of Croydon. She had no female friend to turn to; her Spanish mother had died at Medina; her English mother, Elizabeth the Good, had died also when still young and beautiful, and now lay, untroubled by earthly cares, in the Abbey of Westminster. For months and months Catharine was enfeebled by a tertian fever; a heap of debt was growing on her; the six ladies who had crossed the seas with her had no fees paid them; she herself had not had a single maravedi since her arrival in England but what was given to her for food; her servants and maidens had not the wherewithal to get clothes. That was how a Princess of Wales, a daughter of the mighty sovereign of Spain, was treated in the year of grace 1505!

In these years of agony, poverty, and neglect, one little ray of sunshine stole through the chinks of her seclusion. A ship in which her beautiful and merry sister Joan, and her husband, Philip, were sailing from Zealand, was driven on the English coast in 1506. Catharine had the delight of spending a Sunday at Windsor with her.

The horizon grew darker and darker. She was forbidden to take the title of Princess of Wales; she was told plainly by the king that Prince Henry had renounced her hand; she had to part with her jewels. Yet one thing her proud nature had determined—that she would live and die in England, if only she could win the youth she loved. She wrote to her father that she was sure of him; and she was right. The clear, haughty, honest face, the pretty mouth, the sunny hair of the southern Princess had bewitched Henry, and when his father died the marriage knot was secretly tied one June morning in 1509, in a little chapel of the Franciscans at Greenwich. She was afterwards married with splendour in a robe of white satin to the merriest Prince that ever wore the Crown; the two lived as happy as the days were long, and the gallant boy declared in the madness of his joy, that he would not exchange her for any other woman in the world.

When she reached her fortieth year she was already an aged and enfeebled woman, for the bright flowers of the South do not last long in our Alpine climate. Of all her children only one girl had survived. Henry began at last to fear that the curse of heaven lay upon their marriage, and, proud as he still was of his haughty Kate, his soul had lost the generous goodness of youth. He was charmed, too, by the learned, witty, and accomplished Anne Boleyn. Thomas Cranmer, the good, but undecided Primate, delivered a decree in 1533 that Catharine was not the King's wife; she was now to be styled Princess of Wales, as Arthur's widow; and in the month of May Anne was crowned Queen of England.

Sad indeed were her last solitary years at Hatfield, Ampthill, Buckden, and Kimbolton Castle in Hunts, now a seat of the Duke of Manchester. The keenest of her griefs was that she was not permitted to look upon the face of her one surviving child. Sick in body, sick at heart, she prayed and plied her needle. Besides the many images and crucifixes in her closet at Kimbolton, she had a little gilded cage for a singing bird. The country people pitied the broken-hearted Queen. It is said that a peasant near Grantham turned up some treasure-trove with his rude plough; is was an old brass pot, containing some parchments, some silver chains and other jewellery, and brought it to her.

"The hour of my death draweth fast on. The tender love I owe you forceth me, with a few words, to put you in remembrance of the health and safety of your soul, which you ought to prefer before all worldly matters, and before the care and tendering of your own body, for the which you have cast me into many miseries and yourself into many cares. For my part, I do pardon you all; yea, I do wish and devoutly pray God that He will also pardon you."

Such was the tenor of her last message to her estranged lord. Her wish was to die in England. She sank to rest at Kimbolton on the 7th of January, 1536, spending the night before her death in talking of her innocent young days in Spain.

A LADY'S JOURNEY TO TEXAS.

PART III.

UP COUNTRY—CONTINUED.

HAVING parted with the last of our cheery and hospitable company, we set about putting the finishing touches to our house, such as fixing the doors on, and partitioning off a part of the room (for the whole house consisted but of one large room), to act as a sleeping apartment. While these arrangements were being carried out, we continued to cook and bake at our camp fire, sitting round it for our meals, a picnic which lasted some days, and which was highly delightful in the beautiful atmosphere, so warm, yet with a refreshing breeze; and amid the lovely flowers of those hills just bursting into bloom.

There, in the evenings, when the wind was in a suitable quarter, we fired the long dry grass for many acres around our dwellings, and in the valley where we were going to plant our crops. In my last chapter I believe I described the *modus operandi*, so will only say that it was a beautiful sight, and afforded us much amusement in stopping its course at the proper places, and grand fun for the children to witness at a safe and respectable distance.

The next thing to be done was to prepare the ground for our crops; and having got a couple of steers from a Polander*, they were yoked to a plough in order to commence operations on the virgin soil in the valley, about 500 yards from our shanty, and alongside of which ran the creek, which contained our water supply for home purposes.

Well, do you think those beasts would stir? Not a bit of it! "Gee-up" and "Wo" had no effect on them whatever, and when at last they consented to move, they went round and round, and in all directions but the right one; so they were taken back to their former owner as useless for ploughing. Truth to tell, the animals were good workers, and on the Polander taking them in hand himself, did their duty well, but were only accustomed to the Polish lingo, adorned by a few Mexican oaths, which latter they seemed to understand in a most marvellous manner. There being no time to teach them English, or for us to learn the elegant dialect to which they had been used, we left them with the Polander, and sought elsewhere, and obtained, another pair, to which the English language was not altogether unknown.

As we were so late for the season of planting, we could not do very much in the way of crops, but managed to raise some very good potatoes—Irish, as they call them in the South, to distinguish them from the yams, or sweet potatoes, which are more commonly grown here. Also some beans, onions, peas, watermelons, &c. The ground had then to be fenced round to protect it from being trampled by the herds of cattle passing over the land. This was done by cutting small trees down, making posts of them, and twining the branches in between.

Our food at this time consisted of bacon, very fat as it invariably is here; corn-meal, and bread made with white flour, and eggs from our chickens. Also beef when there was any to be got in Bandera city, where they

* Name given to the Polish settlers there.

OLD RICHMOND PALACE.

THE PRINCESSES OF WALES.

V.—Caroline of Anspach.

"A Caroline at Saint James's seen;
Great is her virtue who is Beauty's queen."

From the time that the infant Edward of Carnarvon was presented to the Snowdon chiefs as a true native Welshman, four centuries and a half had passed away before a Prince and Princess of Wales stepped together from that dignity upon the throne of England. The first lady whom Providence preserved to enjoy this good fortune was Caroline of Anspach, the wife of George, Prince of Wales, known as King George the Second after his coronation. The lives of her predecessors may have a more pathetic interest than hers. All of them, however, were mere ciphers in the country beside their husbands; Caroline, on the other hand, towers head and shoulders in history above her wedded partner. She takes her place among the most remarkable queens of England.

Wilhelmina Charlotte Caroline, daughter of the Margrave of Anspach, was born in 1683. While yet a child she had the misfortune to lose her father, to lose her young mother shortly after, and to be thrown upon the world with a very slender fortune. Passed on to Berlin—then insignificant in size and power in comparison with the Berlin of Prince Bismarck—she was brought up at the Prussian Court by her aunt Sophia Charlotte, sister of King George the First, and grandmother of Frederick the Great.

Her character was moulded—well moulded—by that remarkable woman, who was "a bright presence," as Carlyle says, "and a favourite with sage and gay." She grew up a tall, handsome girl, lively, intelligent, with a soft, musical voice and penetrating eyes. These were the gifts of Mother Nature. From her able instructor and noble model she acquired a regal carriage, propriety of conduct, an affable manner and delicate tact, a habit of keen insight into character, sympathy with the highest thought and learning of the age—qualities that were rare enough among the corrupt Courts of that corrupt age. The plump, dark-haired, blue-eyed Queen of Prussia might often be seen at Court discussing the deepest problems of life with an unprepossessing gentleman of forty, whose outstanding features were a long nose and bandy legs. This was the great philosopher Leibnitz. The same tastes lived over in Caroline, her pupil. The poet Savage paid her the compliment of saying—a compliment to her, but not to ladies in general—

"Your heart is woman, though your mind be man."

Caroline, though indigent, was a brilliant gem fit to adorn the fairest diadem in Europe. On a pinnacle so lofty as the Court of Queen Sophia Charlotte, she could not remain unnoticed. Even at home she had a passionately loyal follower in the rough young bear, Frederick William, son of her aunt and patron. By-and-by that lad would prove an able king, and the father of an abler still, Frederick the Great. But what of that, when Beauty did not love the Beast?

The young Archduke of Austria was a handsome gentleman, and was destined in course of time to wear the imperial crown. He finally secured a wife, who did not scruple to renounce her faith so as to share the throne with him. But Caroline, young though she was, had firm principles and a solid character. She declined without hesitation the golden offer of the future Emperor. Many long years after our English poets sang admiringly of this early sacrifice of the poor daughter of the Margrave of Anspach. The couplets of Gay—who wrote his well-known fables for her favourite son, the Duke of Cumberland, one of the most genial "wits" that fluttered round her English Court—are worth quoting, although sounding a trifle fulsome to modern ears—

"The pomp of titles easy faith might shake;
She scorned an empire for religion's sake;
For this on earth the British crown is given,
And an immortal crown decreed in heaven."

The successful candidate for the sparkling jewel of the Berlin court was George Augustus, son and heir of George, Elector of Hanover, and nephew of the Queen of Prussia, her tutor and patron. He was of the same age with her. When they were married in 1705, the prospect was far from certain that he would ever wield the British sceptre. Queen Anne, the stolid daughter of that King James who had been driven from our shores, was still alive, and it was a problem to be solved, perhaps at the point of the sword, and by the agonies of civil war, whether the son of that exiled sovereign might not win back his father's throne. Nor did the gruff, grim-visaged, stiff-jointed "little captain" look a very suitable match for a lady of Caroline's high culture. He abhorred "boetry and bainting," he stripped the palace walls of her tastefully-selected pictures, and re-adorned them with a taste akin to that of the present Grand Shereef of Morocco; he delighted in the deep draughts of beer and fumes of tobacco; he preferred a grenadier at the palace gate to all the poets, philosophers, and theologians of Germany and England. Yet Caroline loved him, so far as that sentiment was possible to her calm, intellectual nature; she bore with the snappish humours and stupid tastes of the "insufferable little man"; she treated him with every courtesy, and paid the minutest attention to his wishes, though adoration was out of the question. She ruled him with a supple and smiling dexterity, allowing him the conceit that she was only a good, obedient wife.

Those of you who read our poets of the Georgian era will find her extolled as "the first, the fairest of her sex," "the lovely mother of a lovely race," and so forth. This is simply flattery. She had a charming

manner, a winning smile, a queenly grace, and she was tall, "towering o'er the rest." But her face, like that of good Queen Bess, was scourged by small-pox; and she was corpulent in her maturer years.

Four children were born to her and George on German soil. Queen Anne expired in 1714, leaving no child behind her; her only son, the Duke of Gloucester, had been cut off in early boyhood. The Elector then came to England with Prince George, to reign as George the First, and shortly after Caroline followed them with her two eldest girls, Anne and Amelia.

At noon, on the 22nd of October, in "Queen's weather," the good yacht *Mary*, having Caroline and the two little princesses on board, set sail from Rotterdam with several men of war as a convoy. She landed at Margate on the next night, and on Wednesday morning her husband, now transformed into Prince of Wales, met her at Rochester. As she drove through the streets of London with him in a chariot, followed by another containing the two princesses, who "appeared so lovely and lively that the sight of them wonderfully affected the hearts of vast numbers of spectators," the citizens cheered lustily. A few days after her arrival, Caroline, along with the King and Prince of Wales, passed along Cheapside, through a vast array of coaches filled with nobility and gentry, and looked on the Lord Mayor's Show from a balcony opposite Bow Church. Her affability and royal grace charmed everyone that evening at the "equally plentiful and elegant dinner" in the Guildhall.

Thirteen years elapsed before the death of George the First and the ascension of her husband to the British throne. Unhappily, the two Georges did not pull well together, and for some time the prince and princess maintained a rival court at Leicester House, a building that stood in what is now Leicester-square. There, and at Richmond, Caroline spent much of her time among philosophers, theologians, and poets, who trooped around her from mixed motives; some enchanted by her gaiety, her sparkling wit, her charming condescension, her learning, and her wisdom, others with an eye to gifts from her small but open purse, and crowning favours when the day came that she should hold the influence of queen. She was a keen politician also; it was the "fat spouse" and not her husband, who treated with the leading statesmen of the day. Even in the hunting field she lingered behind the keener sportsmen to have a chat on politics. Amid the "fierce light that beats around a throne"—and what a sorry throne that was!—she carried an unblemished reputation.

The frightful disease that had marred the beauty of Caroline and her eldest daughter was then a widespread scourge among all ranks. The strong-minded princess was among the first who supported the practice of inoculation, and she had the experiment made, successfully, on her eldest son, Frederick, and her two daughters, Amelia and Caroline.

Our girls will be pleased to learn, also, that she took a deep interest in the rearing of the silkworm in England. A previous attempt made by James the First had failed. In 1723, I find that Sir Hans Sloane and two other gentlemen waited on Her Royal Highness, as a deputation from the members of the raw silk undertaking. She was pleased to accept with peculiar satisfaction a piece of silk containing a description of the various changes of those wonderful insects, adorned with a representation of the mulberry tree, its leaves and fruit. I am sorry to say that the Chelsea speculation did not turn out profitable.

Caroline's artistic taste was chiefly displayed in ornamental gardening. She appropriated a slice of 300 acres out of Hyde Park. With all her goodness of heart she had a touch of Continental despotism. On one occasion, having set her mind on excluding the public from St. James's Park, she asked Sir Robert Walpole what the undertaking would be likely to cost. "Madam, only three crowns," said Sir Robert. The witty reply overthrew the project.

To her taste London owes the Serpentine in Hyde Park. It was previously a string of unwholesome ponds. Her bower of bliss, however, was at Richmond, the leading feature of the place being a grotto named Merlin's Cave, from a statue of the famous wizard which adorned it. In this retreat she had a library, over which she placed Stephen Duck, "the thresher," a self-taught peasant, who had composed some verses that took her fancy.

CAROLINE OF ANSPACH.

Poor Stephen, the butt of many a satire, was the least of the learned band that sunned themselves in her fair glance. Addison dedicated to her his tragedy of "Cato," addressing her as a

"Bright princess, who, with grateful ease
And native majesty, art formed to please."

Sir Isaac Newton, at her request, drew up an abstract of chronology, and Halley, the astronomer, was requested to become tutor to her favourite son, William, afterwards the victor of Culloden Moor. Out of her slender purse she endowed that unhappy star, Richard Savage, her "laureate volunteer," with a yearly pension of £50, in return for which he loaded her annually with high-flown nonsense about roses, lilies, divine orbs, and undying sweets. Sale, the learned translator of the Koran (poor fellow! he often wandered through the streets of London on the outlook for some acquaintance who could supply him with a meal!), was also admitted to the privilege of conversing with her. Pope, Arbuthnot, Dr. Clarke, Whiston (the translator of Josephus), the poet Tickell, and many others were welcomed, and some of them owned their advancement to her. She read, or at least declared she read, Butler's heavy "Analogy of Religion" at breakfast, and it was she who raised him from his obscurity to a high position in the Church. Dean Swift was a frequent visitor at Leicester House, and the princess had many a hearty laugh at the stinging wit of "Gulliver's Travels."

One of the things most creditable to her heart and head was her appreciation of the subtle writings of the philosopher Berkeley, and her patronage of that great thinker and philanthropist. Both as princess and as queen, she often commanded him to attend at Court, eager to listen to his charming conversation and learn about his experiences in America. She took a warm interest in his efforts to found a college in the fairyland of Bermuda for the conversion of the copper-coloured savages of America, and it was through her that he was elevated to the bishopric of Cloyne.

It was certainly a slander to call her penurious. She had only a small allowance from her husband, and, in fact, she died in his debt to the extent of £20,000. She settled £300 a-year on a bishop's widow, and shall we not preserve to all time the memory of the fact that she sent a gift of fifty golden guineas to old Deborah Milton, daughter of the immortal poet, and widow of Abraham Clarke, weaver in Spitalfields? She was indeed the "bounteous Caroline!"

The *femme savante* was also a "tender mother and a faithful wife." During a terrible storm that raged in the Channel while her husband was crossing over from Germany, in the winter of 1736, she buried herself in Rollin's History, and wore a calm exterior; but when the leading minister of state imparted to her that some of the ships had been stranded on the English beach her stout heart fairly gave way, and she burst into a flood of tears. Caroline was far from perfect, and the Court had not the pure and lofty atmosphere of that of our gracious Queen; but, as times went, she was careful of her children's interest. The following anecdote has been told of her. She was one day much annoyed by observing one of her daughters keeping a lady standing for a considerable time while engaged in conversation with her on some trifling topic. In the evening the princess came as usual to read with her, and was about to take a seat by her side. "No, my dear," said Caroline, "you must not sit down at present. I intend to keep you standing for as long a time as you kept Lady —— in the same position this morning."

Caroline had suffered severely but heroically for many years, and she bore the ceaseless and almost intolerable agony of the last twelve days of her existence with supreme courage. Faintly repeating the Lord's Prayer along with her children, the great, gifted, and strong-minded Caroline of Anspach passed away in the Palace of St. James on the first of December, 1737.

OLD ROYAL PALACE, GREENWICH.

THE PRINCESSES OF WALES.

VI.—AUGUSTA, THE MAID OF SAXE-GOTHA.

"No; 'tis that gentleness of mind, that love
So kindly answering my desire,
That grace with which you speak and look and move,
That thus has set my soul on fire."
—*Frederick, Prince of Wales.*

KING GEORGE THE SECOND, in deference to his clever wife, Caroline, and to the loud murmurs of the country about the Prince of Wales not being yet married at the ripe age of twenty-eight, made a trip to the Continent, and having seen the maid of Saxe-Gotha, thought she would make a tolerable wife for his son.

She was a mere child in nature, and was taken off the hand of her brother, the Duke of Saxe-Gotha, with about as much respect as a father purchases a doll for his child in the Burlington Arcade. And she seems to have had no more objection to become the bride of Frederick than the lifeless effigy of the arcade would have to being transplanted to a West-end nursery.

Not a word of English did she know, and scarcely a word of French even, when, at the tender age of seventeen, she arrived at Greenwich in the royal yacht William and Mary, on Sunday, the 25th of April, 1736. She had not been permitted to bring even a single female friend with her from Germany. When the English nobleman who had brought her across from her quiet life at Saxe-Gotha handed her ashore, and took her up to the Queen's house in the noble park, there was no expectant bridegroom there to welcome her. A crowd of people, naturally enough, had assembled to greet the young bride who would in course of nature become their queen; and as they caught sight of her seated at a window that overlooked the park, and saw that she had a fresh face, with plenty of good-humour in it, and was dressed with excellent taste, they made amends for the bridegroom's neglect by shouting till they were hoarse.

It has been said that Frederick's heart, if he possessed such an honest thing, lay rather towards his cousin Frederica of Prussia, sister of Frederick the Great. The marriage into which he was about to enter was a matter of complete indifference to him. When his royal father—with whom he was on the very worst of terms—had sent some members of the Privy Council to propose his acceptance of Augusta's hand, he nonchalantly replied that he would be satisfied with any lady His Majesty thought a proper match for him. There had been no passage of pleasant wooing between them, and when he arrived late at Greenwich he gave her but a cold and formal greeting, with the compliments of the King, Queen, and Royal Family. The young princess, on her part, could not well resist admiring the handsome Adonis, for he was tall, fair, with long, curly hair, and had a dignified appearance.

Augusta had none of the striking beauty, dashing manner, and aristocratic charms that demand the immediate surrender of the proudest man; indeed, the description given by a courtier in his private memoirs represents her as having an awry figure, arms disproportionately long, and an "ordinary air, which no trappings could cover or exalt." But there was that in her looks and in her nature which gained upon acquaintance; she was fresh as the fairest morning in May, and sweet as the evening among the new-mown hay; tall, girlish, rosy, with an irresistible expression of modesty and good humour. King George had been attracted by her after he had seen her but once in her German home; and the handsome "Fred," who had parted coldly from her with a distant kiss of the hand at Greenwich, threw away his indifference when he met her for the third time on Tuesday. He received her gallantly at St. James's, imprinting a kiss upon her lips. Nor was that her only conquest; for when the heir-apparent introduced her at the palace to his parents, and the untutored girl threw herself down at their feet in presence of a brilliant and numerous Court, both of them were softened by her humble, artless, yet easy manner; and Queen Caroline, who despised her own son as a "poor, mean, mendacious, and unprincipled creature," extended to his bride all the warmth of a possible affection. Augusta left on everyone present the impression that she was a sensible young lady.

On that day, after a State dinner, she was attired in a white robe, over which hung a mantle of crimson velvet bordered with row on row of ermine; on the summit of her fair tresses rested the crown of Princess of Wales; and four bridesmaids, also dressed in "virgin habits of silver," stood round her at the altar of the Chapel Royal, where she was married by the Bishop of London. The bridal party then returned to the drawing-room, and the young couple on bended knees received the blessing of the King and Queen.

Augusta was far from being brilliant, and her domestic tastes and simple conversation were apt to make her learned and vivacious mother-in-law look upon her as dull company. Her chief delight was to sit half the day at the windows of Kensington Palace nursing a great doll, much to the amusement and amazement of servants and sentinels. Her sister-in-law, the gentle Princess Caroline, suggested to her, with just a touch of irony, that she should not stand at the window during these operations on her baby! In the course of time the child-wife grew out of these frivolities.

It would serve no good purpose if I were to tell you about the wretched political intrigues into which the foolish prince was drawn, or the silly family quarrel that led to his expulsion from St. James's in the autumn

of 1737 along with the inoffensive Augusta and her infant child. Indeed, as Frederick had remained in Germany till he was twenty-one, he could not be expected to know or care very much about the politics of England; and, although he was led to *pose* as the champion of the people, he had more taste for the composition of madrigals. His poetical aspirations were by no means stamped with genius, and their merit may be guessed at from the equivocal remark made to the prince himself by a noble lord—

"They are worthy of your Royal Highness!"

As the prince aimed at popularity, he was fond of driving about in public with the princess; and the people, not in London only, but in fashionable resorts like Bath and Bristol, were charmed with their "gracious and obliging behaviour." Their rival Court, as that of Caroline had been when she was Princess of Wales, was the haunt of painters, wits, poets, and philanthropists. The brilliant statesmen, Bolingbroke, Chesterfield, and Pitt, were to be seen there; Pope and Swift and Thomson were the giants of its literary coterie; and the atmosphere was hallowed by the presence of the pious and benevolent Countess of Huntingdon.

Behind that outer courtly ring of strife and jest there lay a happy domestic circle; for Augusta was a good, true mother, and the prince was an affectionate parent, happy in the bosom of his family, and always greeting them with smiles and kisses. They joined in the children's innocent and cheerful romps, and in the winter played with them at base-ball in a large room.

Blind to the follies of her good-natured husband, his sudden death after a married life of fifteen years was a terrible blow to the simple-hearted wife. On the last day of March, 1751, between nine and ten at night, the prince, who had been suffering for a week from a distressing cough, but seemed to be recovering, clapped his hand upon his breast, and exclaimed in French that he was dying. The poor wife rushed forward with a light and looked upon his face. In that brief instant the spirit had fled. For hours she sat beside him, unwilling to believe that he was gone from her; and when, long after dawn, she was persuaded to retire to rest, scarcely two hours had passed before the anxious widow had returned to gaze upon the pallid countenance. She was already the mother of seven children, and after Frederick's death a little girl was born — a child of misfortune — Caroline Matilda, the unhappy Queen of Denmark.

At the end of a month a touching scene took place in the bosom of the orphaned family. The gruff old king paid a visit to his daughter-in-law, and sat down beside her on a sofa, mingling his tears with hers. When Augusta, her mother's namesake, and the eldest of his grandchildren, came forward reverently to kiss the plump hand of her grandpapa, he linked her hand with those of her brothers. "Be brave boys," said the old king. "Be obedient to your mother, and deserve the fortune to which you are born." The princess was a favourite with the king; she was nominated to the regency, and was awarded the same public honours as had been paid to Queen Caroline.

The severe and seclusive strictness in which her children, especially the eldest son (afterwards King George III.), were nurtured, was highly creditable to her heart. Her family loved her. The Duke of Gloucester, George's younger brother, liked to recall in after years those innocent days of childhood, and he once said to Hannah More with pride, "No boys were ever brought up in a greater ignorance of evil than the king and myself." The old king, however, grumbled about the neglect of their education, and said of the young Prince of Wales, "The boy is good for nothing but to read a Bible to his mother."

The Princess Dowager had the delight of standing as sponsor to her grandson (George IV.) and of being present at the coronation of her son (George III.). On this occasion it was remarked that she was the most tastefully dressed lady present. During the early years of her son's reign, this mild, hearth-loving woman became unpopular on the mistaken supposition that she directed the government of the country. A bold alderman declared in the House of Commons that the nation was being ruined by a woman. "It isn't the sex I object to," said the furious demagogue, "but the woman." Yes, at the time when the Princess Augusta was spending perhaps £10,000 a year in secret acts of charity, the hand that did them only becoming known when it was closed in death, her mansion was attacked by a furious mob, her life was placed in danger, her effigy was beheaded and burned on Tower Hill.

PRINCESS AUGUSTA OF SAXE-GOTHA.
From a portrait by Zincke.

Her last days were doubly embittered by the terrible misfortune of her daughter Caroline, and for more than a week after the news reached her she was only kept alive by cordials. Every evening she was visited punctually by her adoring son, King George, and his wife Charlotte. She manifested an invincible spirit throughout her protracted illness.

Shortly before she expired, on the morning of the 5th of February, 1772, as the physician hesitated to answer her question as to how long she might live, she remarked, "It is no matter. I have nothing to say, nothing to do, and nothing to leave." And that was true. Besides her silent deeds of charity, she had paid off her husband's debts and established a retreat at Kew Green for her old and faithful servants.

She died as she had lived, says Bishop Newton, beloved and lamented most by those who knew her best.

VARIETIES.

THE USE AND ABUSE OF WATER.—Use water abundantly. A deficiency of water means personal cleanliness not attended to, clothes not properly washed, rooms not thoroughly scrubbed out, and cooking and dishes not the most cleanly. The abuse of water does not lie in the large or liberal use of it, but in rendering what we do use uncleanly or unfit for healthy use.

A CURE FOR A LYING TONGUE AND A BAD MEMORY.

An old man, Phil Ladds by name, who had a great reputation as a quack doctor, used to travel week by week through the rural districts of Sussex. One day a servant girl came to him and said—

"I'm troubled with two bad complaints, Mus. Ladds, and I want you to cure 'em. I've got a lyin' tongue and a bad memory, and I jus' should be glad if you could get rid on 'em for me."

"Ah, well," said the doctor, "I haven't got the right stuff with me for these complaints to-day; but you come again when I'm round this way next week, and I'll set you all right."

In the meantime the doctor made up a couple of pills of asafœtida, or some such nauseous compound, and when the girl in due course presented herself, he gave them to her, telling her to take one there and then, in the shop, and to chew it well, or it would not do her the least atom of good. As soon as the girl began to chew she began to splutter, and cried out:

"Oh, Mus. Ladds, this is just horrid stuff you've given me. I can't swallow it nohows in de wurrild."

"Ah, there," said the doctor, "you've spoken the truth, that's certain, so I've cured your lying tongue; and I'm sure you won't forget that pill, so I've cured your bad memory. I shan't charge you nothing; good morning."—*Sussex Folk.*

FIRM FRIENDSHIPS.—The firmest friendships have been formed in mutual adversity, as iron is most strongly united by the fiercest flame.

THE PRINCESSES OF WALES.

QUEEN CAROLINE.

VII.—Caroline of Brunswick.

Train up a child in the way it should go.
—*Solomon.*

THE year 1764 had just dawned when the brave young Duke of Brunswick landed at the port of Harwich. Among the shouts of welcome that greeted him there is one especially memorable, because it was given by a member of the peaceful Society of Friends. "Thou art a valiant prince," cried the enthusiastic Quaker, raising his broad-brimmed hat, "and art to be married to a lovely princess." The beautiful bride was that little infant daughter of Princess Augusta at whose birth a serious rupture took place between her father, Frederick, and her royal grandfather, George the Second.

Caroline, the younger of the two daughters born of this marriage, was a May-flower of the year 1768. She was a warm-hearted girl, but with a self-will and pertness that required to be severely curbed; somewhat regardless of ordinary social rules, after the style of William Black's "Madcap Violet," fond of dashing games, and prone to say smart things without the least thought as to the infliction of a wound.

A fine example of her vivacious cleverness is preserved in her reply to a question put by her governess:

"In what country is the lion to be found?" the lady asked.

"Well, I should say, you may find him in the heart of a Brunswicker," was the answer of the quick-witted girl.

The stock of which she came was brave; her father was a distinguished commander, and one of her four brothers fell like a hero on the field of Waterloo. What with her martial predilections and her irrepressible spirits, Caroline turned out but a poor scholar; really and truly she could not even spell the simplest words when she was a middle-aged woman and occupied the lofty position of Princess of Wales. She always addressed her little daughter Charlotte as her "deer Angle." By the way, this reminds me of the too familiar and gushing manner in which she was accustomed to address people who were comparative strangers. Under proper control, and with a never-failing example of dignity and sweetness at home, her expansive and explosive tendencies might have been subdued into the thoughtful mercy that becomes a sceptred monarch better than his throne, and the sparkling, innocent gaiety that makes its owner the happy empress of courtly *levées*, and of a nation's heart. The useless step was taken of shutting her up for a time in forced seclusion.

"She is no fool," said her father; "but she has no judgment. She has been very severely brought up, as was very necessary with her."

The hand of more than one suitor had been rejected by Caroline when Lord Malmesbury arrived at Brunswick in November, 1794, to make observations, and, if he deemed her suitable, to bring her over to Britain as the bride of George, Prince of Wales, her second cousin. The deputy was a sharp and true observer, noting her internal as well as her external qualities. He saw that she was not a brilliant beauty; that she had a fine large head, flashing and expressive eyes, a good complexion, and a delicately formed mouth; but, on the other hand, that her pretty face lacked softness, that her figure was not graceful, that her voice was thin and plaintive, and that she did not pay sufficient attention to neatness and tasteful adornment of her person. He discerned also that she had the mischievous habit of indulging too freely in the luxury of "calling a spade a spade." He did not, however, doubt the fundamental goodness of her nature; and, hoping for the best, like St. Paul's charity, he, as deputy for the Prince of Wales, was married to her at Brunswick on the 8th of December.

The long journey, beginning at Brunswick on the 29th of that month, and closing in London at Easter, was extremely bleak and uncomfortable. The noble travellers were almost frozen to death by the severe winter weather. My lord was constantly impressing on her with grave wisdom the necessity of cautious and courteous speech, and reminding her that a princess's life in England was not a primrose path of dalliance, a mere round of pomp and pleasure, but a serious office involving much sacrifice and responsibility. Caroline was an excellent traveller; she was always cheerful and affable, and she won the seamen's hearts—a very proper conquest for a lady who was to rule the wooden walls of old England. Her sage mentor began to think that she had learned his lessons wonderfully well.

A picture taken by command of good King George the Third, representing the marriage in the Chapel Royal of St. James's on Wednesday, the 8th of April, 1795, shows the bride as dressed in white satin worked down the front with pearls, with a robe of rich crimson velvet hanging from her shoulders and lined with ermine. But, alas! the wedding, in spite of its gay surroundings, was perhaps the most melancholy in the whole nuptial calendar of royal England. The old King, who gave away the bride, his niece, to his eldest son George, was the only person who evinced any enthusiasm over the ceremony. Poor Caroline! In what high spirits she had left her father's house, telling Lord Malmesbury that she would reform the Prince; and he, the so-called "first gentleman in Europe," without

THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.

a heart to give away, had not even the courtesy to treat the lady with respect on the very first occasion of their meeting in fashionable London!

It is a sad, sad story—a bitter illustration of the folly of political marriages, where true respect and love do not form the basis of union between man and wife; a sorrowful contrast to three happy love-weddings that have since that unlucky day filled the country with pleasure—those of Charlotte, Victoria, and Alexandra.

A little heiress, bearing the name of Charlotte, was born on the 7th of January, 1796. From that time the Prince and Princess lived apart, the latter occupying a mansion at Blackheath for several years. She had one bright day in every week in the company of her beautiful and lively little daughter, whose affection towards her never faltered till the moment of her death. Nor did Caroline forget to impress upon the wayward and impetuous child that she should never in any day of her life "deviate from the respect and attachment" due to the Prince her father. The Princess's proud spirit sustained her under the cruel blows of neglect and calumny; her buoyancy of temper did not utterly desert her; she learned to take a kindly interest in the poor around her, looked after the education of their children, and even received an infant of humble parentage under her own roof and care.

In the summer of 1807, while visiting the court, she met her husband for the last time. They bowed to each other, stood talking for a few moments, and then parted for ever.

Among those who sometimes charmed away the melancholy that hung over Blackheath was Thomas Campbell, the poet, who has expressed a high opinion of the Princess. "To say what I think of her," wrote the author of "The Pleasures of Hope," "without being bribed by the smiles of royalty—she is certainly what you would call in Scotch 'a fine body';" in other words, a good, sensible, and kindly woman. Her attempts at affable address, however, sometimes missed the mark owing to her insufficient acquaintance with the English tongue; never more so than when, meaning to pay a compliment to a noble lord, she showed him a portrait of himself that she had hung in a place of honour in her pleasantly arranged mansion. "You see, my lord," she said, "that I do consider you one of my great household dogs." Of course this was an unfortunate mistake for "household gods."

As the years passed away, the opportunities she had of seeing her warm-hearted daughter became more rare, and sinking under the feeling of a terrible loneliness, she left the shores of England in 1814, though with a lingering and painful reluctance. She settled down for a time at Como, the most enchanting spot of beautiful Italy. Her heart, however, was too restless to permit her to remain there, and she set forth on an Eastern tour, visiting Jerusalem, Tunis, Constantinople, and other famous towns and cities.

While far away from England, she learned that the single tie that bound her to the world was broken. Her only child, the Princess Charlotte—so beautiful, so kind, so beloved by the nation—after a single year of blissful married life with Prince Leopold, in simple and peaceful retirement at Claremont House, near the village of Esher, by the Thames, had been suddenly cut off. Never was the whole heart of England touched with so deep a sorrow as when the bells of St. Paul's rang forth the knell of the "Expectancy and Rose of the fair State," and her body was borne to its last resting-place. The sorrows of her childhood, the story of her true love and happy marriage, the tales of her unbounded kindness to the poor, the hope that she would prove a second "Good Queen Bess," together with the fear that England would again have to go abroad for a Sovereign, made her loss a nation's inexpressible grief. Happily, however, this fear has not been realised; for the subsequent marriage of King George's brother, the Duke of Kent, was blessed with a little daughter—the noble lady who now sits upon the throne of England.

Claremont House, at this hour the residence of the Duchess of Albany, as it was years ago of Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne, still contains memorials of the short and happy year that Charlotte spent away from the gaiety of London, drawing, playing, visiting and clothing the poor. These are pictures of herself, of Leopold, and of her favourite dogs and horses. I am almost tempted—a temptation, however, that must be resisted—to wander away from my proper subject for a little, and talk about the life and hopeful character of the "Morning Star of the House of Brunswick."

Her unfortunate mother, long an aimless wanderer over the earth, arrived at Dover in the summer of 1820 to share the honours of the crown that had now devolved upon her husband's brow. There were millions of cheers awaiting her from the masses of the people, but love there was none in George's heart, and mercy there was none among the guiding politicians of the country. In vain did Caroline struggle to have her name inserted in the Liturgy. Scandal—trial—acquittal—a painful story; God grant that England may never hear the like again!

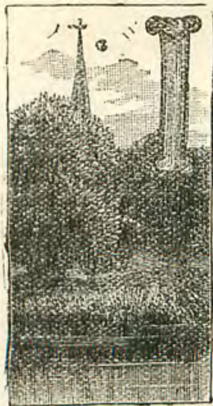
It was a bright summer morning, the 19th of July, 1821. On that day the crown was to be placed on her husband's head. Caroline was up with early dawn. Vast crowds cheered the courageous, injured lady who drove up to Westminster, with only three attendants, in a coach drawn by six horses. Now in tears, now in hysterical laughter, she tried door after door and was refused admittance. She went home to die, a broken-hearted and an uncrowned queen!

SERVANTS AND SERVICE.

By RUTH LAMB.

CHAPTER II.

FOLLOWERS (*Continued*)—HELPS AND SAFEGUARDS—YOUNGER SISTERS.



I TURN gladly from the last quoted instances of selfishness in both mistress and maid, to recall much more agreeable pictures. I have pleasant memories of good and modest girls, who gladly appealed to the older and wiser heads of those they served, for the advice these were willing to give. Memories, too, of employers who, having first made careful inquiries into the characters of their servants' suitors, and satisfied themselves of their respectability, have given them the privileges of seeing the girls at home, at reasonable times and intervals.

Surely this is the best way of protecting our young servants from becoming a prey to the influence of bad or merely idle hangers-on, whose acquaintance could not possibly be beneficial. For, consider, it is no more unsuitable for our servants to look forward to marriage, as a woman's natural vocation, and a fitting end to service, than for our daughters to expect that they will be wives and mothers in their turn.

Should we like our own dear girls to meet their lovers or affianced husbands in the streets, or in the houses of persons other than parents, and who have no power to influence them in any way?

If our servants have parents living in the neighbourhood, the responsibility naturally rests upon them. If not, a mistress can scarcely rid herself of it, with respect to the young girls in her service.

I acknowledge that there are many drawbacks to the admission of the servant's suitor to the master's roof. One is often found in the shyness of a kindly, true-hearted young fellow himself, who means nothing but what is honourable and right to the girl who has won his affections. He has, perhaps, never crossed the threshold of such a house as she inhabits, and he fears that he should feel very bashful and awkward, especially in the presence of her fellow-servants.

As a rule, the girl's manners are superior to those of her suitor. She may have come from a home like his own, and be the less educated of the two, and yet he is sensible of a difference vastly in her favour, because daily contact with persons of superior learning, position, and refinement, has effected a great improvement in her speech and manners. So he is often the one to shrink from subjecting his country ways to the scrutiny of city eyes.

Again, as the kitchen is common ground for all the servants, there is often a difficulty about the apartment in which a girl may see her visitor. All such matters are for separate consideration, and fellow servants may act with kindly sympathy and true delicacy towards each other, under such circumstances.

I have seen difficulties overcome, opportunities a little out of the common, afforded for the young people to meet respectably. Even an occasional avoidance of a portion of the grounds by the family, has given Robert an opportunity of enjoying a pleasant stroll with Mary, or an hour of blissful quiet beneath the friendly shelter of the little summer-house, whilst the girl was actually within call the whole time.

I have seen mistress and maid go out together when the latter was about to begin housekeeping, that the former might give her the benefit of her greater experience in making purchases for the future home.

I well remember one girl who said, "My bit of money would not have gone nearly so far, if it had not been for my mistress's kind advice. I had never bought things for a house before, and I should have thought more about looks than service in my purchases. But she knew all about the quality and what would suit best, and she was so careful to see that I got my money's worth. I don't know how to thank her."