

THE BIRTHDAY PAGE.

NOVEMBER.

BY FREDERICK J. CROWEST.



MARIE ANTOINETTE.

(From the picture by Lebrun in the Versailles Gallery.)

kinds—Biblical, royal, Byronic, Shakespearean, Kate Greenawayish, and a host of others, yet who was as far away as ever from knowing why. Going to bed one evening it dawned upon him that as it wanted only a few days to his next birthday, it might prove that the requests were prompted from a desire to mark his natal day with some little token of remembrance. Unhappy man! He was doomed to dire disappointment.

I am not going to propound the philosophy of the birthday book here. These few remarks are simply by way of preface to a series which our kindly Editor thinks will prove of interest to his readers. It is proposed to present month by month a number of pen and ink portraits of notable women—past and present—and in whom our girls may be expected to have an interest. No sphere of woman's work will be neglected, nor shall we be so ungentle as to give the age where the subject is living. We make a start with some famous female birthdays occurring in November. Perhaps some of my readers may like to make suggestions for subjects, especially of notable living women, for subsequent months.

A BRAVE, MISGUIDED QUEEN.

“Proud, beautiful, and ignorant, full of lightness of spirit and showy frivolity, but neither wicked nor designing.” This is a verdict, and it would seem an unimpassioned just one, which a later century has passed upon the character of one of the most courageous, if misplaced, women who have ever sat upon a European throne. Marie Antoinette de Lorraine, Joséphe Jeanne,* was the youngest daughter of the Emperor Franz I. and Maria Theresa. She was barely fourteen years old when she was asked in marriage for the Dauphin of France, and ere she was fifteen she was married. At nineteen she was queen, with so much ascendancy over her husband that with her temperament the most disastrous results were inevitable. History has told us the story. She made life one continuous pageant at court, and the freedom of her manner was most

reprehensible. Her name steadily became odious to the people of Paris, and when the Revolution of 1789 broke out, her life was sought by a mob which forced itself through the Palace of Versailles, even to her bedroom. Many devices did this unfortunate Queen resort to in order to regain the esteem of the populace; but the French debts and general misery were such that the mob, at any rate, would have none of her. Captivity (with the King) at the Tuileries, then flight and capture at Varennes, imprisonment at the Temple, separation from her husband—all followed. Finally there was the terrible closing act. On October 16th, 1793, she was carried before the Revolutionary Tribunal, condemned to the guillotine and executed. Brave, beautiful, but misguided. Alas!

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THE LATE EMPRESS FREDERICK.

It was all sunshine, so far as a future of happiness appeared to be concerned, when, in January, 1858, the Princess Victoria Mary Adelaide Louisa,* the gifted Princess Royal of England, was joined in wedlock. A comparatively short married life with such a series of momentous events forced into it seemed hardly possible when she stood a blushing bride. Yet such is the mutability of earthly things that our late Sovereign's eldest child was to be called upon to bear an almost overwhelming burden of domestic trials and severities. When she married Friedrich Wilhelm, the eldest son of the German Emperor, a crown was indeed before her, but scarcely that of a united Germany. What tremendous events speedily followed her marriage! The Austrian War with its terrible Sadowa; the Franco-German War of 1870, when the whole military resources of these two great peoples were so mercilessly pitted against each other; the recognition of the first German Emperor; the Empress Frederick's husband's summons to the German throne; his death in 1888 from a malignant wasting affection of the throat; the accession of the Empress Frederick's son, the present Emperor



THE LATE EMPRESS FREDERICK.

Wilhelm II., friend and ally of this country. The ex-Empress was the mother of eight children, and although perforce obliged to spend the greater part of her life in Germany, she never lost her love for her native land. Her tastes and tendencies were always English, and she took the greatest interest in all movements and institutions having for their object the betterment and interests of her fellow English sisters. Alas! this good, capable, accomplished



MADAME ALBANI.
(Photo by Elliott & Fry.)

* Born Nov. 2, 1755; died Oct. 16, 1793.

* Born Nov. 21, 1840; died Aug. 5, 1901.

woman has only recently passed away. When we wrote of her she was alive. In correcting this proof it has had to be modified to another tense.

A QUEEN OF SONG.

Of all the blessed gifts with which man and woman have been endowed, that of song is among the most beautiful. It is a commoner gift than many people imagine, being liberally bestowed upon individuals who seldom dream that they are the possessors of a singing voice. They can speak, but they can't sing, say they, albeit song and speech are produced by the operation of precisely the same physical organs. That all girls cannot be *prime donne*, however, is willingly granted. To be a *diva* in song one must be born with a gifted musical organisation. On the other hand, it is astonishing what study and perseverance will do towards making a vocalist, and the reason why there is not, generally speaking, a better calibre vocalist is that young people will not give the necessary time and patient attention to the training of the voice. To make a reputation as a singer one must study the subject of singing as long and diligently as one would medicine or painting as professions.

La Jeunesse—that was Madame Albani-Gye's* maiden name—was born in Canada, and attracted attention by the beauty of her voice when she was but a child of six years old at the convent of the Sacré Cœur. As a young woman she visited Paris to see singing-master Duprez, who especially taught her good recitative, and then advised Italy and Lamperti. This great master of voice-production taught her on the solid foundations of right voice placing, upon which only singers can hope to last and succeed as singers.

In 1872 the management of Covent Garden was sore put to it by reason of one of those unexpected *contretemps* by no means exceptional in the annals of operatic management and history. A rare jewel was at hand, however, in Albani—a young *débutante*. "The new artist is Mdlle. Albani," ran Mr. Gye's prospectus for the season of 1872. Her *début* was to have been in *Lucia*, but the *contretemps* led to an earlier appearance as Amina in *La Sonnambula*. Most of the critics were wrong again, for they nearly all doubted her powers and ability to stay. Not so that great voice, the British public, or at least that section of it that attends Italian opera. The audience cheered the newcomer until the ceiling echoed back the plaudits. From that day to this Albani has remained a public favourite, not only in opera, but what is still more trying, in oratorio.

Madame Albani has long been the best all-round female vocalist of the day. Everybody knows what a favourite she was of our late Queen. "My Canadian subject in whom I take great interest," was what Queen Victoria used to say. Her jewels—largely presentations from royalty—distinctions, testimonials, laurels, medals, and other presents are extraordinary. The great songstress is married and has a family.

PATRON SAINT OF MUSIC.

Dryden in his "Ode to Saint Cecilia" sings—

"Orpheus could lead the savage race,
And trees uprooted left their place,
Sequacious of the lyre:
But bright Cecilia raised the wonder higher,
When to her organ vocal breath was given;
An angel heard and straight appeared,
Mistaking earth for heaven."

From all that has reached us through the methods of pen and brush, it is highly probable that this early Christian martyr—Saint Cecilia †—must have possessed some remarkable musical gifts, but that she ever "brought an angel down" is disputable. She has always been considered to be the patron saint of music, although there is nothing

authentically known to warrant the association. In fact, although her name has been kept in the Calendar and her memory cherished for many centuries, nothing save what tradition tells is known of her actual history. Unwritten history says she was born at Rome about 200 A.D., and that she was martyred with her husband, Valerian, whom she had converted to Christianity; but this, as well as the accounts of her miraculous escapes from death, is quite mythical. In the ninth century Paschal I. built a church to her memory, leaving money for a service of perpetual song of praise. Where this wealth or her relics now are it would be difficult to diagnose. Yet her name will live for ever. Both Raphael and Domenichino have painted pictures of her martyrdom, etc. Pope has immortalised her; Chaucer gave us her legend in the "Second Nonne's Tale," and finally we have Tennyson's chaste picture—

"There in a clear walled city in the sea
Near gilded organ pipes, her hair
Bound with white roses, slept St. Cecily.
An angel looked at her!"

SEA-MAIDEN AND HEROINE.

The heroine of the Longstone Lighthouse is a name that will ring throughout this country while there exist natures

to admire love and courage, whether these be in man or woman. No greater love can be than to lay down a life for a fellow-being, and this was what Grace Horsley Darling* was very near doing in 1838. There was a terrible storm in September of that year, which made the Christian-hearted keeper of the lighthouse on Farne Islands tremble for those at sea—that time when the steamer *Forfarshire* got upon the ugly, awful rocks shadowed by the frowning shadows of Bamborough Castle. The watchful keepers of the sailors' beacon soon descried the unfortunate vessel in a heavy gale, staggering, parting



GRACE DARLING.

amidships. William Darling, religious man as he was, was afraid of the night; but the sea-maiden of twenty-three summers had a stouter heart. Imploring her father, she at length persuaded him to let her join him in a task which no man could have done alone. Putting to sea in a small open boat—a coble—the father rowed to the rocks with the help of his daughter, knowing that it would be impossible to return without the help of some of the endangered persons. Altogether nine lives were rescued, while forty-five were lost.

What an outburst of enthusiasm went up throughout the country when the facts became known! The Humane Society's Gold Medal, a public subscription of £750, £50 from the Treasury, and numerous other indications of her popularity crowded in upon her. Amid all she stood unmoved, unaffected. She had done her duty as the lighthouse keeper's daughter. All attempts to induce her to leave her humble home failed. She remained a hard-working, sensible, single girl until her call came. Then the great heart in its slender, delicate frame, beneath rather than above the average in height, sank under the terrible ravages of consumption, accentuated, perhaps, by that very deed of daring that has won for her imperishable fame.

* Marie Louise Emma Cecile. Born Nov. 1.

† Nov. 22.

* Born Nov. 24, 1815; died Oct. 20, 1842.

separately and slowly into the milk, stirring the while; add several lumps of sugar, and lastly the cream, still stirring. When quite hot remove the pod, and pour into a mould that has been rinsed and drained in cold water. Serve cold, with any of the fruit suggested above.

APPLE JELLY

Apple jelly is not at all troublesome to make, and may come in useful for lunch or tea. Apples, sugar and lemon are all one needs to provide. Do not choose very sweet apples. Cut up the apples—after wiping them—with pare and core altogether, only removing the eyes and stalks. Boil until reduced to a pulp, in as much water as will cover them; then strain through a jelly bag, and to every pint of juice add three-quarters of a pound of loaf sugar. Boil for three-quarters of an hour, flavour with lemon-juice and put into moulds. Whether pink or colourless, it should be very clear. Serve with wafer biscuits.

CHOCOLATE CREAM.

A circular copper mould, hollow in the centre, is useful for this. Let it be very clean and left to stand full of cold water before using. *Ingredients*—One ounce of grated chocolate (Rowntree's penny cake of plain chocolate answers admirably), eight lumps of loaf sugar, half a pint of cream, half an ounce of sheet gelatine (referred to above), the yolks of three new-laid eggs.

Put cream and sugar and chocolate into enameled pan, beat the eggs, add the cream, as soon as just warm, to them, stirring them quickly; return to the pan and melt in the gelatine, sheet by sheet, slowly, while the mixture is simmering—it must not boil—stirring all the while. When hot, pour into a mould. Serve with wafers.

CUSTARD-CHEESE MOULD.

Ingredients—One pint of new milk, two new-laid eggs, some nice cheese, salt. Beat the eggs well, pour to them

the new milk; pour into a pan for a few moments and warm, cut the cheese into thin slices, melt it into the custard. When quite dissolved, add salt, and pour the whole into a well-buttered "gourmet" boiler. Place the "gourmet" boiler in a pan that it tightly fits into, cover with the lid and cook the custard slowly, until stiff enough to—when cold—turn out on to a glass dish. This is rather an acquired taste, but, when liked, is very useful for luncheon. It is certainly worth a trial.

CHICKEN MOULD.

A whole roast chicken, or one with just the breast used will be sufficient. Cut off all the meat, put all the bones and skin—but free from any discolouring insides—on to stew with a little salt, three half-pints of cold water and two strips of thin lemon rind. Let it stew a couple of hours or more, then reduce, with the lid off, to rather more than half a pint. Pass the meat of the chicken three times through a mincing-machine, strain the broth, add the chicken, and when hot pour into a mould, previously rinsed in cold water. A taste of nice lean minced ham may be added, but it is more delicate without. If ham be added, the lemon flavouring is not necessary. A useful recipe for using legs of chicken so little relished when not quite tender.

BEEF MOULD.

Ingredients—Two pounds of fresh rump steak cut thick. Fry slightly in butter, then stew slowly with a large lump of butter until quite tender; remove and save the gravy, pass the meat three times through mincing-machine, add a quarter of a pound of breadcrumbs, next add three fresh eggs well beaten, afterwards pepper and salt, then gravy; well mix. Butter the inside of "gourmet" boiler. Put in the mixture and cook, covered, in a pan of boiling water three hours. When cold, turn out carefully. This is useful for breakfast, luncheon or picnic. Minced ham may be added if preferred, but it is almost nicer without.

E. J. JONES.

THE BIRTHDAY PAGE.

FEBRUARY.

BY FREDERICK J. CROWEST.

RENOWNED ENGLISH CONTRALTO.

ONE would have to go deeply into English musical annals to find a case parallel with Madame Clara Butt's speedy rise into public favour as a vocalist. It seems only the other day that his Majesty the King—then Prince of Wales—was congratulating Miss Clara Butt personally. This was upon the occasion of her singing with her fellow-students of the Royal College of Music in *Orfeo* in December, 1892, when the then heir to the Crown was so pleased with the young artist's efforts that he commanded a second performance. Now, to-day, the same lady is the world-renowned contralto whom we all recognise and congratulate under her new name—Mrs. Kennerley Rumford. This deservedly famous vocalist was born at Southwick, in Sussex, in 1873.* It was not long after her birth that her parents removed to Bristol, and there it was that she received her first musical training from a local teacher—Mr. D. Rootham. Anyone who has had experience in teaching singing will know how hard it is to find a contralto voice to train amid the numerous "mezzos" which crowd upon one; a phenomenal contralto is obviously a still greater *rara avis*. Anyhow, her early trainer did such justice to her that Madame—then Miss—Butt secured a scholarship at the Royal College of Music. At this excellent institution our favourite native contralto remained some four years, continuing her studies under Mr. Henry Blower, who, with the writer, was trained largely by the late Mr. J. B. Welch. Madame Butt's first public appearance on the

concert platform was at the Royal Albert Hall, in the same month when Sullivan's splendid work, *The Golden Legend*, was performed. On this occasion the other principal artists were Madame Albani, Mr. Edward Lloyd, and Mr. Santley, and it must be admitted that with Madame Butt it was a truly remarkable combination of vocal talent. Madame Butt has sung at all the festivals and principal concerts in the United Kingdom, and is well known abroad. She has always been a favourite with English and German Royalty, who take great interest in the advance of England musically.

PIONEER PHILANTHROPIST.

There was a time, not many years back, when philanthropic work among the poor of our own country, although desperately needed throughout every city and locality of the land, was not so much thought of, or so popular as it is to-day. Thanks to Christianising influences of every shade of opinion, the England of to-day and that of fifty years ago is, so far as the poor are concerned, a changed land. A pioneer worker in this field of labour was Hannah More.* She was one of the five daughters of a village schoolmaster, and was born at Stapleton, near Bristol, in Gloucestershire. As a child she showed great quickness of apprehension, and a good memory. Her sisters were sent to a school in Bristol, and when the eldest was twenty-one, they opened a boarding-school there, to which Hannah went when she was twelve years old. As might be expected, her father was only a poor man—hence we find a

* February 1st.

* Born February 2nd, 1745; died September 7th, 1833.



MADAME CLARA BUTT.
(Photo by Window & Grove.)

(1774). At about this time she was fortunate enough to become the recipient of an annuity from an admirer of her ability, and this "good turn" enabled her to throw up the drudgery of teaching at the boarding-school, and to give full play to her literary tastes. These were still confined to the drama. In 1777 she wrote, and Garrick produced, her tragedy of *Percy*, her best approved dramatic work. This was followed in 1779 by *The Fatal Falsehood*. Her *Ode to Dragon*, Garrick's house-dog, suggests that Hannah was more or less in London, and a *persona grata* in dramatic circles. Certainly she was honoured with the intimate acquaintances, besides Garrick, of Doctor Johnson, and Burke, and Reynolds, as well as other eminent men. Then suddenly came a change—a revelation as if from Heaven, an opening of the eyes that makes one's senses revert to Saul of Tarsus. About the year 1736, Hannah More's opinions of public theatres completely changed. She became convinced that the stage (as it then was) was not "becoming the appearance or countenance of a Christian," and she



MRS. HANNAH MORE.

renounced her dramatic productions in any other light than as mere poems." From that moment we get the real Hannah More—the philanthropist who will be long and long known and honoured. Bright as the prospect was, she quitted, in the prime of her days, the circle of fashion and literature, and retiring into the neighbourhood of Bristol, devoted herself to a life of active Christian benevolence, and to the composition of moral and religious works. Her *Sacred Dramas* were very successful. *Thoughts on the Manners of the Great, Estimate of the Religion of the Fashionable World, and The Cheap Repository*, in which occurs the well-known tale "The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain," were all remarkably

subscription being formed to enable the sisters to open and conduct a school. At this school Hannah was for some time a teacher. Hannah More was only eighteen years of age when she wrote her first work, *The Search after Happiness*. It was a pastoral drama, but did not see the light of publicity until 1773. Her fortune was to become acquainted with David Garrick, the great Shakespearian personator; and for his management she wrote a tragedy founded on the story of Regulus—*The Inflexible Captive*

successful works. Over a million copies of the tale referred to were soon sold. Of the religious novels, *Cælebs in Search of a Wife* is best remembered. In all, Hannah More wrote eleven octavo volumes of works, and made £30,000 by her pen. Her prose works are fresh, vivacious, and original in their style, and depict in strong character the minor immoralities and infirmities of her age. In such works as *Strictures on Female Education, Practical Piety, and Moral Sketches*, we find the best exposition of her ethical conceptions. Hannah More's philanthropy will ever remain the great monument of her fame. Her unceasing labours in this direction during the last fifty years of her life have yet to be fully estimated. A noble character, a good churchwoman, and an anti-Revolutionist, her great aim was to impart simple truths to the poor and uneducated—to open, indeed, the eyes of the blind. She died at Clifton, and bequeathed £10,000 of her earnings for charitable purposes. Three good *Memoirs* of Hannah More have been published.

SINGER OF THE CENTURY.

When the British public singles out a favourite, it has seldom to be charged with inconstancy towards that child of fortune. A great actress, artist or singer may grow old, become what is known as "familiar," or even decline in his or her power of attraction, but when remembrances of good work done in younger days can be gathered up and placed to account, the public is rarely found forgetting those who have served it well. Some public favourites, however, seem never to grow old, but remain with us—a part and parcel of the national life. Such a one is the Empress of Song, Madame Patti* (for that is the name by which the world will remember her), whose birthday we remember this month. Adelina Maria Clorinda Patti comes of Italian and Spanish parents, and was born at Madrid. Her musical education was received from her brother-in-law, Maurice Strakosch. It was in May, 1861, forty years ago, that this marvellously-gifted singer first stood before an English audience to show the kind of voice she possessed. What a public favourite she has since become! She appeared in public, however, a long time before that, for at a very early age her parents took her to America, and she appeared there. She was sixteen years old when her first real *début* was made in New York in the part of Lucia. Her first appearance in London was as Amina, and her brilliant success in this and later rôles—Lucia, Violetta, Zerlina, Martha and Rosina—essayed in the same year established her reputation among English opera-goers. The charm of her person and manner have considerably helped to enhance the effect of her brilliant and finished execution and great artistic powers. In Italian opera she has shown great versatility, having succeeded equally well as the exponent of passionate tenderness and of the lighter moods of comedy. It would take pages to tell of all her histrionic triumphs and musical successes, whether as a Juliet, Ninetta, Adina, Norina, Margherita or even as Adah in Costa's *Naaman*. Her work at the Handel



ADELINA PATTI.
(Photo by Elliott & Fry.)

* Born February 10th.



DUCHESS OF ALBANY.
(Photo by Gunn & Stuart.)

and Birmingham Festivals, her operatic tours in the English provinces, the successful engagements of the *diva* at probably every European capital and lesser cities, all is fresh in the memory of music-lovers who can carry their minds over the past fifty years. Madame Patti remains much the same vocally as when she first came to us in 1861. Her consummate art enables her to conceal from all but the skilled in such matters the effects of time on her upper register, whilst the middle notes of her matchless organ are as sweet and sympathetic as ever. Neither has she fallen off as an exponent of the characters she assumes. Briefly, Patti is still Patti, histrionically and vocally. The fees that this vocal artist receives are bewildering to the ordinary aspirant to vocal honours. Six hundred pounds for an Albert Hall concert reads large, but this has gone up to eight hundred pounds for every appearance at the big Kensington concert-room. Even in the provinces the great *cantatrice* commands five hundred pounds a night. Madame Patti's jewellery would do credit to an Empress. Amongst her treasures is one that she values above all others, namely, a fan which bears words written by almost all the European Sovereigns. Queen Victoria wrote on it, "If King Lear spoke the truth when he said that a sweet voice was the most precious gift a woman could possess, you, my dear Adelina, must be the richest woman in the world." As all the world knows, the incomparable Patti is now Baroness Cedarström.

DUCHESS OF ALBANY.

Few figures among English Royalty are more pleasant to regard, or appeal with greater force to the better sympathies of the great public of this country than does the lady whose name is so familiar to us now as the Duchess of Albany. This is mainly owing to the sincerity and manliness of the English character generally, which can understand instantaneously and to the full anything like a real misfortune whenever such overtakes either rich or poor. All of us know that the charming lady whose title adorns this sketch, and whose birthday occurs this month,* received, at a much too early age, the greatest blow which it is possible to overtake one in the ordinary course of human life—from which time, it may safely be said, she has not for a moment been without the silent sympathies of the entire great British nation. On April 7th, 1853, our late gracious Queen—Victoria—gave birth to her eighth child—H.R.H. Leopold George Duncan Albert, first Duke of Albany. He grew up a most enlightened prince—one who, more perhaps than any other member of the reigning Royal Family, identified himself with literature; and who, had he lived, might have been seen adorning the great "Fourth Estate" much as his brother Alfred adorned music, his sister Louise adorns sculpture, or as the present Sovereign favours art of all kinds. Unfortunately Prince Leopold was not blessed with a robust constitution, and although he arrived at man's estate, it was only to pass away at an age which is happily very rare in the case of the late Sovereign's children. It was on April 27th, 1882, that H.S.H. Princess Helena Frederica Augusta stood, the handsome bride and then the

* Born February 17th.

wife of the Duke of Albany. The beautiful lady was the daughter of the late H.S.H. George Victor, reigning Prince of Waldeck and Pyrmont, and a bright future seemed to be the natural outlook of the happy pair; but "*Dieu disposé*," and in less than two years the enlightened Prince was called from his earthly sphere. He was at a ball at Cannes when he slipped and fell; this accident proved fatal in a few hours. At their home at Claremont, Esher, were born Alice Mary Victoria and (shortly after the Duke's death) Leopold Charles Edward, second Duke of Albany. Since then the Duchess has remained a widow, but she has ever since been most assiduous in the interest displayed by her in the performance of various public duties.

DUCHESS OF FIFE.

Thanks to the unbounded popularity of the present King and Queen with every section of the people over whom they reign, and with whom, it will be allowed, they so liberally mix, their children's faces are as familiar to the vast majority of English people as are those of the Royal parents themselves. Few Londoners, for instance, there surely are who have not been frequent admirers of the various members of the present Royal Family as they have taken, so regularly, their afternoon drives in Hyde Park for many seasons past; and hardly less can be the number of those who have not been eye-witnesses of English Royalty on some one of the many occasions when they have been fulfilling public duties in all parts of the metropolis, giving their presence and support to this or that among the manifold works in which they take so lively and valuable an interest. Nor will anyone say that this interest has been centred in what may be considered by some people as the most pleasant of the aspects of life and existence in, for example, the metropolis. Rather the reverse. If any gauge is to be taken here, it will be in favour of the extreme of poverty, in the regions of which some one of the members of the King's family is almost daily taking part in some function, the aim and object of which is the betterment, or at least the amelioration, of the social conditions of the great working-class element of this country. Especially has the Duchess of Fife been to the fore in this excellent example and work both before her marriage and since; and few faces are more welcome, her features, as has so often been remarked, bearing so striking a resemblance to those of her mother and queen. Most readers of this will be well aware that Louise Victoria Alexandra Dagmar* is the Sovereign's third child, and that she was married to Alexander William George Duff, first Duke of Fife, K.T., in 1889. There have been two children of the marriage—Lady Alexandra and Lady Maud Duff. Princess Louise of Wales—to give the Duchess of Fife the title by which we best know her—is one of the ladies of the Imperial Order of the Crown of India—instituted by Victoria, Empress of India, in 1878.



DUCHESS OF FIFE.
(Photo by Downey.)

When in town their town house is in Portman Square, their country residences being at Sheen, Banff, and Braemar.

* Born February 20th.

on New Year's Eve. A man's not master of himself when he has three daughters, but you must give us the pleasure of welcoming you with the rest of our guests. The Trelawneys will be here to a man, and you must come over with them. Esmeralda says she is fatigued with meeting the same people over and over again, so she'll be delighted to see you. Won't you now, Esmeralda? Give your own invitation to Mr. Hilliard."

"Indeed, father, we have already got the length of invitations. It was just an idea we were thinking over, and at the best it will be a poor country affair. If Mr. Hilliard is accustomed to London, 'twould be but a bore to him to join us."

It was evident that Esmeralda was by no means anxious to count the stranger among her guests.

Having shown herself to him in a ridiculous and unbecoming light, she had no wish to pursue the acquaintance, and the glance which accompanied the words was even more eloquent than themselves.

"Don't dare to come here again!" said the haughty eyes. "I would speak more plainly if we were alone," said the curling lips. "Don't imagine you will get the laugh over me," said the haughty head, and Geoffrey Hilliard read the signals, and smiled unperturbed—a happy, self-confident smile.

"I assure Miss O'Shaughnessy that I should be honoured by an invitation," he said blandly, "if I may accept in advance. Nothing will give me greater pleasure than to join your gathering."

(To be continued.)

THE BIRTHDAY PAGE.

MARCH.

By FREDERICK J. CROWEST.

GREATEST POETESS.



ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning,* the greatest poetess whom the world has ever seen, was in 1836 "a slight delicate figure, with a shower of dark curls falling on either side of a most expressive face, large tender eyes, richly fringed by dark eyelashes, a smile like a sunbeam, such a look of youthfulness that I had some difficulty in persuading a friend that the translateress of the *Prometheus* was out."†

Never was a child gifted with more extraordinary powers of reading. Early in life her books included history, philosophy, classics, poetry and general literature. She wrote

poetry at ten, and when nineteen years old published—it was anonymously—her first volume of verses—an *Essay on Mind*.

Greek poetry and philosophy were her special delight, and no picture could be more beautiful than that of her reading the great writers on these subjects to her blind and learned friend Boyd. When twenty-eight she broke a blood-vessel upon the lungs, and had to winter at Torquay. There she was to witness the terrible tragedy of the drowning of her favourite brother and two friends while crossing the bar in a frail boat. This calamity so overwhelmed her that she had to live in a darkened room for several years, yet even here her Plato was bound like a novel to deceive the doctor, while she had her Hebrew Bible and Greek and Italian authors.

The daughter of Mr. Moulton, a wealthy Jamaica planter, (who subsequently added Barrett to his surname), she was married to Robert Browning, the poet, in 1846. It was a perfect union that lasted until the fifty-second year of her age, when "the most noble and beautiful soul that the

world held left its earthly dwelling." Her poems are, indeed, as she has said, "the completest expression of that being to which I could attain." Her longest work is *Aurora Leigh*; the most characteristic piece she ever wrote the sonnet "Consolation." Purity, love, pathos, earnestness, and a hatred of iniquity and oppression are the ringing echoes of her muse.

GREAT EDUCATIONALIST.

There is no subject that can have greater interest for, or one that is more vitally important to, readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER than that of female education, *i.e.*, advanced education. Happily, if we look round, there is on all sides a great deal to be thankful for, in so far as this particular aspect of our social affairs is concerned. The change that has come over the country, generally, during the last five-and-twenty years respecting the question of the education of women is simply marvellous. It is one of the greatest social and national changes and blessings which Queen Victoria's reign brought with it, and owes its existence, primarily, as an outcome of a great economic change. When, in 1792, Mary Wollstonecraft published her *Vindication of the Rights of Woman*, the first fully conscious demand was made for higher education for women. From that day to this the matter has gone assuming greater and greater importance and proportions. In 1856, Miss Meriton White, and as late as 1862, Miss Elizabeth Garrett were refused admission to the degree examination of London University. Since that time, Miss Ramsay (1887), Miss Fawcett and Miss Alford (1890) have occupied the highest places in the Tripos lists at Cambridge. Girton College and Newnham College were opened in 1872 and 1875 respectively. In 1873 the first Girls' Public High School was opened at Chelsea, since which time the spread of the women's education movement has been extraordinary. Many names of brilliant men and women will go down to posterity as pioneers in this splendid movement, and prominent among them must be that of Eleanor Mildred Sidgwick* (Mrs. Henry Sidgwick), who has been Principal of Newnham College since 1892. Sidgwick is a famous name in educational annals—the late Professor Henry Sidgwick's deductions in philosophical and economical questions having a universal fame, and the record of the present Principal of Newnham adds lustre to that name. Mrs. Sidgwick is the eldest daughter of the late James Maitland Balfour and Lady Blanche Gascoigne Cecil, second daughter of the second Marquis of Salisbury. She is sister to our trusty Minister and prescient statesman,

* Born March 6, 1806; died 1861.

† Miss Mitford.

* Born March 11th.

the Right Hon. Arthur J. Balfour, First Lord of the Treasury. Mrs. Sidgwick and her colleagues have done a great work at Newnham, where the way is open for girls to qualify themselves to battle single-handed with the great problem of existence. The fees run from £30 to £35 per term for board, lodging, and teaching, including necessary University lectures. Out-students are also admitted subject to rules. There are about twelve valuable scholarships tenable for three years at Newnham, and, of course, Cambridge University is now open to the scholars. All the Triposes are open to women—namely, mathematics, classics, natural sciences, mechanical science, moral science, history, mediæval and modern languages, Oriental languages, law and theology. Happy twentieth century girls! How you ought to thank such pioneers of your educational cause as Mill, F. D. Maurice, Archbishop Trench, and more.

FAMILIAR FRIEND.

Who that is grown-up to-day is a stranger to the words, "by William and Mary Howitt"? It is a familiar imprint that must have come before the eyes of many of us as children, so busily did these genial writers apply themselves to the literary wants of the young of fifty years ago. As far back as 1805 there was born a child who grew up to be a lady of very remarkable talent. This was Miss Mary



THE DUCHESS OF ARGYLL.
(Photo by Elliott & Fry.)

Botham,* or as we know her in literature, "Mary Howitt." She was but eighteen years old when she married William Howitt, a Quaker of the Midlands, who had been attracted by the charm and simplicity of her manners as well as by her ardent love of literature. From the moment of their marriage the newly-wedded couple took to literature as a profession; and, it must be admitted, they succeeded with credit to themselves and lasting benefit to elderly mothers and fathers to-day.

The tastes and powers of Mary Botham were singularly akin to those of William Howitt, and as he was of the same religious persuasion as herself, it is not surprising that their names were for so long closely associated in literature and so pleasantly known to the world at large. There was nothing particularly eventful in the lives of either of these genial folk. Hand in hand they went on writing attractive books of all sorts, and as they were both lovers and keen observers of Nature, it is not surprising that many of them deal with aspects and scenes of country and outdoor life. In 1840 the Howitts settled at Heidelberg for the education of their children, and their attention being drawn to the literature of the North, they determined to translate the works of Fredrika Bremer and Hans Andersen, and familiarise the English public with these charming romantic authors. Mrs. Howitt did not invariably collaborate with her husband. At least two works—*Steadfast Gabriel* and *Tales of English Life* are from her own pen, and these exhibit that same healthy and noble sentiment which it so distinguishing a feature of all the works of the Howitts—work which might well have had more than its

* Born March 12th.

ephemeral influence. It is somewhat remarkable that although brought up as a Quaker, Mary Howitt became a convert to Roman Catholicism and died actually at Rome. "William and Mary Howitt!" It was a happy social and literary union, one that it is extremely difficult in their joint works to dis sever in thought. In fact Ebenezer Elliot, "Corn-Law Rhymer," has pronounced them as inseparable "as the heads of William and Mary on an old coin."



MRS. HENRY SIDGWICK.
(Photo by Elliott & Fry.)

REMARKABLE WOMAN ASTRONOMER.

The learning or science which teaches the knowledge of the celestial bodies, their positions, magnitudes, motions and all consequent phenomena, must always be regarded as one of the highest intellectual spheres open to human aspiration and attraction. In all Nature nothing that we can comprehend is more stupendously awe-inspiring than the firmament, and all that is in it—even more glorious to-day, thanks to modern science, than when the Psalmist made his memorable tribute—"the heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth His handiwork." Astronomy, however, is a subject which does not belong to everyone—mainly because of its profundity. Where it is studied the inquirers into the mysteries of the heavenly bodies are mainly men, very few women having peered into the almost illimitable subject. Our Birthday Page this month provides a brilliant exception, and we are introduced to a remarkable woman astronomer, whose fame would do credit to any man. This is Caroline Lucretia Herschel.* Her surname might well be written in gold in astronomical annals, so liberally did her brother, Sir William Herschel, her nephew Frederick, and herself, contribute to what was known in their day concerning the mysteries of the stars and their courses. As is well known, her brother discovered the eighth planet, now called *Uranus*, but originally called *Georgium Sidus* in honour of George III. † Caroline Herschel's services to science can never be overrated. Born at Hanover, she quite early became distinguished for her astronomical



MARY HOWITT.

* Born March 16th, 1750; died January 9th, 1848.

† Campbell said of this discovery, "he gave the lyre of heaven another string." *Pleasures of Hope* (1799).

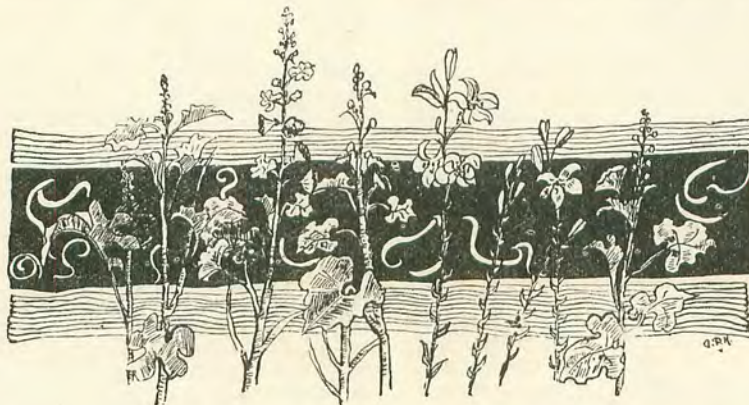
pursuits. At the age of twenty-one years she joined her brother at Bath, and undertook the arduous duties of his astronomical assistant, not only acting as his amanuensis, but executing, with marvellous patience and exactness, the necessary laborious calculations. It was not that she was "born" to it—as we say. Her love for her brother was the great mainspring—her devotion to whom has been described as "spaniel-like." For years she was his house-keeper, his secretary, and his assistant, and although never really fond of astronomy, and imbued with an absolute distaste for the work on which she was engaged, she learned the routine of observation with such success that she independently discovered eight comets. So important and numerous were her observations, indeed, that she became the recipient of honours which anyone might covet. The Royal Society published a volume of her "Observations," in 1828 the London Astronomical Society presented her with their gold medal in appreciation of her "Zone Catalogue," subsequently electing her an honorary member of the Society. On the death of her brother in 1822 Caroline went to Hanover to reside, and remained there until her death in 1848, at the advanced age of ninety-seven years. Towards the close of her long life she published a *Memoir*, and it is pleasant to know that so useful a soul spent her latter years in repose, cheered by the visits of the learned, and by the regard and esteem of all who knew her.

TALENTED PRINCESS.

"H.R.H. Louise Caroline Alberta."* Such was the title by which for so many years her late Majesty Queen Victoria's sixth child was known to the vast English-speaking race and the world generally. "Princess Louise" has always been, and long will be, a favourite name in the

* Born March 18th.

mouths of English people, because the public at large have come to regard this sister of the Sovereign as a bright example of what study and perseverance can accomplish in Art, however highly placed the worker may be, and unnecessary as it may seem to be for a princess of the realm to associate herself with matters outside the claims and duties of Court life. Patience and industry, though, are qualities which are strongly marked in the case of English Royalty, and Princess Louise has particularly inherited these, as well as her passionate love of art from her father, the late Prince Consort. Her great hobby, as most art-students at any rate are aware, is sculpture, in which she has become as proficient as her undoubted talent in this direction would naturally lead us to expect. When the late Sir Edgar Boehm was alive, there was a no more painstaking attendant at his studio and observer of his work than Princess Louise. It was in 1871 that our widowed Sovereign, the late Queen, enjoyed the felicity of seeing her daughter married to John Douglas Sutherland Campbell, Marquis of Lorne, K.T. It was a felicitous union, for the pair had been playmates from infancy; and on this account her late Majesty exercised her prerogative over scruples which were expected to rise, and, indeed, were raised. To-day Princess Louise is the Duchess of Argyll. She still retains, however, all her accustomed interest in the affairs of the people, especially of the poorer classes. Only the other day, in company with the Duke of Argyll, she presided at the Edinburgh School of Cookery, of which she is Patroness, and presented certificates to the successful students in cookery, millinery and laundry-work. A splendid example this, inasmuch as this sort of work is precisely that in which most girls, no matter what their station, are mostly deficient. Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, is a Member (First-Class) of the Royal Order of Victoria and Albert, a Lady of the Imperial Order of the Crown of India, the Royal Red Cross, and a Lady of Justice of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, etc.



STRAY THOUGHTS ON GARDENING FOR GIRLS.

By LADY GEORGINA VERNON.

So many delightful books upon gardening have been showered upon us lately that it seems almost superfluous to use one's pen upon that theme. We have wondered at the unflinching success enjoyed by "Veronica"; we have sympathised warmly with "Elizabeth" in the gloom of that "man of wrath," and our souls have felt satisfied with the peace and sweetness of the "Days and hours in a Garden"; while with keenest interest we followed the fortunes of the feathered dwellers in the "Garden of Peace," till at last we felt we would read no more upon horticulture. But the welcome which has been accorded to these books shows plainly that there is a wide-spread interest in the subject, and to-day I wish to point out what a very practical side there is to this love of gardening. There are women's colleges for horticulture, notably at Lady Warwick's hostel at Reading, where students can take either long

or short courses for one or many branches of the work, and the success they have achieved and the fabulous numbers of tomatoes and cucumbers and mushrooms packed off weekly is astounding. There is also the college at Swanley for students of both sexes.

Now at both these places girls are trained either as teachers at schools or to take charge of a garden, and already many have been successfully launched in this life. We are all learning daily that there are many women who are quite unfitted by health and by tastes for the drudgery involved in the life of a governess or companion, but who can earn their own living and pass healthy, happy out-of-door lives in the pursuit of gardening. But there are probably only a few who can give either the time or the money needed for the long course of tuition required to fit a girl to be a teacher or a head gardener.

THE BIRTHDAY PAGE.

APRIL.

BY FREDERICK J. CROWEST.

CELEBRATED CONCERT SINGER.



BLANCHE MARCHESI.
(Photo by Reutlinger, Paris.)

When one is fortunate enough to be the possessor of a famous name, it behoves that person to have a care to worthily uphold the traditions of it. The name of Marchesi has been famous in singing annals for many years past—in short, long before its present fair exponent was born. As far back as the latter part of the eighteenth century there was a Marchesi who had a character and quality of voice which carried the whole musical world before it. That fine old *laudator temporis acti*, Earl Mount Edgcombe, in his *Recollections*, speaks of this great singer—one of an order of singers which is gone, we suppose, for ever. To-day we have, happily, amongst us a namesake—probably a descendant of this great vocalist of past times. This is Madame Blanche Marchesi,* the deservedly famous mezzo-soprano, who in the space of a few years has made a European reputation. The daughter of Madame Mathilde Marchesi, the famous professor of singing in Paris, she was brought up under the guidance of her mother, with whom, since her birth, her life has, as she herself puts it, been one long singing-lesson. The secret of Blanche Marchesi's success is this—she has been properly educated; that is to say, she has not only been taught singing, but also other aspects of music—the violin, for instance. People who attempt to sing professionally without being good “all round” musicians make a tremendous mistake. There is no subject upon which greater misunderstanding exists, or in respect to which greater nonsense is allowed to play its part, than singing. The number of people who think they can sing is enormous. It is not too much to say that the number of people who think themselves qualified to teach singing is even greater. Almost every “professing” musician wants to teach singing, because it is the most profitable of all forms of musical drudgery. Yet how few can teach it! And why? Because they have never been taught. It cannot be too widely known that no one should be allowed to teach singing who has not made a study of the vocal and surgical aspects of the larynx and its marvellous contents. The whole sum and substance of singing is a right vocal method, coupled with high general education. The only way to obtain a right vocal method is to acquire the science of properly placing the breath upon the vocal cords. Thousands and thousands of students waste their time and ruin their voices because their teachers do not know how to guide them to shift the breath from that part of the vocal cords which nature gives us for speaking purposes—not for singing. The anterior portion of the vocal cords is intended for conversation; the posterior end should be, and with properly “produced” voices is, employed for singing. It is this right method which is at the bottom of our subject's success as a vocalist, as, of course, her exquisite style and finish are after considerations. It was comparatively quite recently (1895) that Madame

Blanche Marchesi made her *début* in Berlin. She then fell seriously ill, and for a whole year was obliged to stop work. In 1897 she appeared in London and met with a grand reception. “Nothing,” wrote the *Times*, “is more remarkable than the versatility which enables Madame Marchesi to adopt for French, German or Italian songs the style appropriate to each school, and to express through them all the ideal of their composers. It was not long before Marchesi became engaged for all the important concerts in Great Britain, and on several occasions she sang before our late Sovereign Queen Victoria, who presented the singer with the Diamond Jubilee medal. With thirty-five concerts in America to her account, others in Paris, at the Gewandhaus, Leipzig, and an impersonation of *Walküre* in Prague, this talented vocalist has had a busy time. All going well, there is a great future before Madame Blanche Marchesi, who, apart from her charm of manner, appears to combine everything that is required in a singer. Certainly her fine musical taste, and the refinement of voice production in the heightening of interpretative effects are matters to be remembered.

OUR WIDOWED PRINCESS.

Every reader will instantly recognise that our heading refers to that great favourite of the people—the Princess Beatrice—a great favourite because for so many years she remained the only unmarried child of her late Majesty Queen Victoria, preferring to remain the constant companion of her mother over the greater part of her long period of mourning and solitude after the death of the father, the Prince Consort, aptly surnamed Albert the Good. The last and ninth child of the late Sovereign, H.R.H. Beatrice Mary Victoria Feodora, was born in 1857,* and was, therefore, but little more than four years old when she lost her august father. From that day down to the time of her marriage, she was hardly ever from her mother's side; indeed, so attached were mother and daughter that a condition of the marriage was that she should continue to live with her mother. Princess Beatrice was Queen Victoria's fifth daughter, and she remained a spinster until she was in her twenty-ninth year. Then the happy choice of a husband fell upon H.R.H. Prince Henry Maurice of Battenberg, a handsome man a little more than one year her senior. They were married in 1885, and to all human appearances a long life of happiness was in store for the Royal pair. Alas! this was not to be, and, within a few short years, the late Queen's daughter was afflicted by Providence with a trial hardly less terrible than that which befell her mother. As our readers will remember, Prince Henry of Battenberg, at the call of his country, “went to the war” and died, it may be said, “a soldier's death on the field of battle.” This was in January, 1896, or eleven years after his marriage. From that time Princess Beatrice has remained a widow. There are four children of the union—Alexander, Victoria, Leopold, and Maurice, who are fast growing up into useful citizens of the Empire. The Princess is a Member (First Class) of the Royal Order of Victoria and Albert; a Lady of the Imperial Order of the Crown of India, also of the Royal Red Cross, and Crown of Jerusalem Orders. She is also Governor and Captain of the Isle of Wight, and Governor of Carisbrooke Castle. The home of Princess Beatrice and her children is Osborne Cottage, Whippingham—a beautiful spot in the Isle of Wight.

A POWER IN LITERATURE.

English literary annals and history are adorned with the names of many brilliant remarkable women, but none more notable could be instanced than that of Charlotte Brontë.† She was the first to make the warfare between man and woman the sole scheme of a novel; and, that being so, we may accept her as the originator of a school of fiction which is larger both as to the number of its products, and the

* Born April 14th.

† Born April 21st, 1816; died March 31st, 1855.

* Born April 4th.

influence of its producers than any other. It was at the picturesque village of Thornton in Yorkshire, where her father, the Rev. Patrick Brontë, was rector, that the



PRINCESS ALICE,
GRAND DUCHESS OF HESSE.

eldest of three sisters—who for literary purposes took respectively the *noms de plume*, "Currer," "Ellis," and "Acton Bell"—was born. Charlotte was an indefatigable worker at school—constantly reading and learning, picking up every scrap of information concerning the arts of painting, poetry, music and sculpture. When she was little more than nineteen years old, she essayed teaching—the usual recourse of daughters of clergymen with poor benefices—which work took



CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

Charlotte as far afield as a Brussels *pensionnat*, where she was half teacher, half pupil. In 1844 she settled in Haworth—her father's new home—where, with a few slight breaks, she spent the remainder of her life. "No one could be often in her company without feeling a strong desire of obtaining her friendship, and cherishing a hope of having obtained it." This is a brother's testimony, and the present writer feels assured that the beautiful sentiment will be fully shared by many whose only relation with one of the most individual of writers is through her books. Domestic anxieties had driven the three sisters to the pen—alas! how many have turned to it unavailingly! Each had written a tale, hoping that the three stories might be published simultaneously. Ann mothered *Wuthering Heights*; Emily was responsible for *Agnes Grey*; Charlotte for *The Professor*. The two former found a publisher—not so

Charlotte's work; whereupon she settled down to another story—*Jane Eyre*—*An Autobiography*—which appeared in 1847 under the pseudonym of "Currer Bell," was instantly successful, and has sold from that time to this. Its freshness, raciness and vigour of mind stamped it as the work of some unknown person whose identity must be established, so hard were its assaults upon the prejudices of so-called proper people. Still more, the moral paradox that pervaded it required to be met and refuted. All sorts of rumours

got afloat as to the writer of the book, and the author of *Vanity Fair* was pointed to as the original of "Rochester." But even Mr. Smith, the publisher, did not know his author! One fine morning—when the world was astir with

such satirising of Thackeray—a little woman with a face far from beautiful, and wearing the simplest of Quaker costumes, called at Cornhill and asked to see the principal, Mr. Smith. She was refused, of course—by the shopman; but her insignificant appearance had something behind it. She insisted, and at last the principal came into the shop, saying—

"Young woman, what can you want with me?" "Sir," she replied, "we [Charlotte and her sisters] have come up from Yorkshire. I wish to speak to you privately. I wrote *Jane Eyre*."

"You wrote *Jane Eyre*!" exclaimed the credulous publisher.

"Yes!" and very soon the plain little woman was in the midst of a preface in which Thackeray was held up as the first social regenerator of the day. As to herself her inner life and motive enabled her to disregard all calumny and charge. *Shirley* (1849) and *Villette* (1853) were her next books. As a novelist and delineator of female character Charlotte Brontë stands very high. She perceived the value of mankind's better nature, but questioned the advisableness of always exercising it. Yield to your feelings and the chances are enormously great, she seems to say, that you are trampled upon by the selfish. Her literary style is apt to appear betimes over-vigorous, but this does not detract from her beautiful and original descriptiveness. How charmingly, for instance, she could paint inanimate nature! If she is over forcible, it must be remembered that in *Jane Eyre* she was giving thousands something of her own sorrowing experience. She needed no beautiful heroine to enthrall her readers. "I will show you a heroine as plain and as small as myself, who shall be as interesting as any of yours," she said one day to her sisters.



PRINCESS BEATRICE.
(Photo by Hughes & Mullins.)

Hence the little plain creature in a Quakerish cotton dress. Mrs. Gaskell is the only authoritative writer upon Charlotte Brontë.

DEVOTED UNTO DEATH.

When the story of England's nineteenth century heroines comes to be written, many noble characters and lives will rise up before the historian—some of them saints, some martyrs; some rich, some poor; some known, some unknown; but amongst them all there will be a no more beautiful, lovable personality haunting the pages than that of Princess Alice*—a name that is revered and remembered with particular affection in every home circle, not because she was an English princess, but for the reason that in her not very long life she, alike as daughter, wife and mother, was kind and gracious to all the world. The reputation she won for her love and devotion to all around her was most enviable, and her memory will not soon fade in the circle in which she immediately moved; nor, indeed, in that wider one of the world at large. Princess Alice Maud Mary was the third child and second daughter of our late Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort. In July, 1862, Princess Alice married Prince Frederick William Louis, the fourth Grand Duke of Hesse. Of this union were born seven children: Victoria, Elizabeth, Irène, Ernest, Frederick,

* Born April 25th, 1843; died December 14th, 1878.

Alice and Maria, of whom the sixth, Alice, is now Empress of Russia. Few more accomplished women have ever adorned even the English Court. Quite early in life she evinced much taste for art and literature, and was able to model and paint with remarkable skill. She had a great passion for German literature, and became an intimate admirer of Strauss, the distinguished German theological writer; indeed, she permitted him to dedicate to her his *Life of Voltaire*, the great Teuton scholar having already read the book to the Princess in MS. The great glory of her life, however, was her devotion to others, her utter unselfishness, her readiness to lay down even her life (as, indeed, she did) for others. When that terrible and unwarrantable war broke out between France and Germany, she nursed the sick and wounded—Frenchmen as well as Germans—both on the battlefield and in the Darmstadt Hospital. No one was more unwearied in alleviating the sufferings of the soldiers than was this Princess. Little wonder that when the Women's Union for Nursing was

subsequently founded her name was given to it. Yet it was not in her public life only that she was so rare a woman. It is remembered to this day how devotedly she nursed her father, the Prince Consort, during his fatal illness in 1861—a sacred duty which greatly endeared her to the whole British nation. Again, though married, and with all the cares of her own young family, she nursed her brother, our present King, during his long and dangerous illness in 1871. A few years later came the shock which throbbled the hearts of all right-minded people. In 1878 it was known that her husband and children were "down" with diphtheria. Needless to say the wife and mother was nursing them, not wisely, perhaps, but too well, for she contracted the disease, and on December 14th came the tragic news that she had fallen a victim to it. True wife—mother—friend. Her *Letters* (1884), edited by the Princess Christian, with a Memoir by Dr. Sell, give a charming impression of an accomplished lady, lovable, gracious and kind towards all with whom she came into contact.

THE FIDELIO CLUB.

CONDUCTED BY ELEONORE D'ESTERRE-KEELING.

BEETHOVEN, FANTASIE SONATE, OP. 27, NO. 2.

(Asked for by "Belle" and "Hiawatha.")

The name, "Moonlight Sonata," by which this wonderful tone-poem is known, is doubly wrong. There is no moonlight in it, and it is not strictly a Sonata.

Beethoven called it a "Fantasie Sonate," and his dedication tells the rest. It is a love-letter in music—probably the first that ever was written, certainly the most tender, the most passionate.

Countess Julie Guicciardi, to whom the love-letter was addressed, was seventeen; she lived in Vienna, and belonged to a family equally remarkable for the length of its pedigree and the brevity of its banking account. She had a pretty talent for music, and in the drawing-rooms of the Viennese aristocracy she met Ludwig von Beethoven, then a rising young musician. Beethoven was not much impressed by her piano playing; but he looked into her eyes and read there something more interesting than music. He offered to give her lessons, and his offer was accepted. He trained the pretty fingers, and the pretty fingers in return stitched linen for him. Perhaps you will wonder what this means. I did once, until I called to mind the elaborate shirt fronts that German men used to wear until quite a few years ago on festive occasions. We here are accustomed to seeing large unadorned surfaces of shining white on our gentlemen friends; but in Germany I have seen those fronts embroidered with garlands of flowers that looked like embossed note paper or valentines. Now that, I imagine, is the sort of thing that Countess Julie stitched, and I am sure her master wore those fronts with supreme satisfaction, for in those days he was a bit of a dandy.

He was very ugly, this poor Beethoven; his hair was red, his nose and mouth were any shape, he was short of stature—more than common short—and his face was deeply pitted with small-pox. That was when he first met Countess Julie; but you all know the story of the ugly knight who became handsome as soon as he succeeded in winning the love of a pure maiden. That isn't a fairy tale at all, the thing happens every day; and it happened to Beethoven.

Countess Julie did not learn music nearly so quickly as she learnt love; and when she had mastered that lesson, or it had mastered her, she saw the fire of genius burning behind those deep-set half-closed eyes, the smiles that hovered round the corners of the kind mouth transfigured the whole face, and the thick masses of red hair gleamed in her eyes like sunshine. The lovers lived in a fool's paradise and were happy. Then came the rude awakening. Count Guicciardi discovered the secret, and his proud heart was filled with anger. That a base-born musician should aspire to the hand of the Countess Julie was an affront not to be tolerated. Beethoven was dismissed with scorn, and was not even allowed to see his beloved once more.

To write to her was impossible, perhaps he would not have written to her if he could, he expressed himself badly in words; but he could compose a piece and set her name upon the title-page. To the world it would be a Sonata, to her it would be a love-letter.

Even the world found out that it was not an ordinary Sonata, and called it the "Moonlight Sonata," feeling, perhaps, as did Shelley, that "music and moonlight and feeling are one."

You who now know its story will know better what it means. The first part, with its vague movement, its plaintive melody, tells of sorrow. But nothing is defined, the spirit is still numb.

Memory brings quickening, and the second part (*allegretto*) is the lovers' farewell, repeated again and yet again. Thoughts of happy hours crowd upon his fancy, flitting phantoms across the brain. Then again farewell. He feels like Juliet—

"Parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I would say good-night till it be morrow."

But for him there is no morrow. The bitterness of despair is over the last movement of the "Fantasie Sonate."

How is it to be played? Hold the soft pedal right through the first movement, and use the other pedal as directed in Cotta edition. The triplets must be absolutely even, soft and melting. The fingers should never leave the keys and should be held rather flat, so as to play with the soft part of the fingers (the tips give brilliancy, not wanted here). Try the bass notes by themselves, and listen with all your ears. They want just enough tone to carry them from one to another. The main difficulty of the piece begins at the end of bar 5. The two G's must fall exactly together, and yet the upper one must have intensity enough to last till the semiquaver G. It is impossible to describe how this is done. It must be felt, and the feeling must be like that of a loving hand laid on a throbbing brow. It should suggest strength and pity and infinite tenderness.

The second movement is *allegretto*. It is nearly always played too quickly. The time given by Bülow is $\frac{1}{2}$, = 56. (For this Sonata a better edition than Cotta is Bülow's, from his concert programmes, also published in England by Augener.) By strict attention to the phrasing the right interpretation will be gained. It is a lover's farewell—we almost hear the words farewell, farewell! The little trio is one of those inspirations that came to Beethoven alone. The hands must glide over the piano and the tone must swell, as the heart swells when one thinks of bygone joys.

The *presto agitato* is really the easiest movement of the three to interpret rightly, and it is far more often well played than are the other two. There are here tangible technical difficulties which practice will overcome. There is no necessity to point them out. But some poetry of conception will not be out of place here either. *Presto agitato!* An eagle in a cage might feel as Beethoven felt when he wrote this music. Up it soars in mad flight, to throw itself against the iron bars which fling it back. This is the interpretation of the first two bars; it is the germ of the whole piece. The two chords at the end of the phrase should be sharp and strident, the second not quite so loud as the first, the ascending harmonic passage leading up to them *piano*, no *crescendo* whatever. From bar 9 on there are strong gradations of tone marked, and a long pause must be made on the final G sharp (minim), on which the hands should fall swiftly and firmly to ensure a good vibrating tone. The *cantabile* phrase, beginning at bar 21, is one of the so-called moonlight bits. But moonlight implies comfort, and there is no comfort in these G sharp minor harmonies, which suggest rather the abandonment of anguish. Begin the triller at bar 30 on the upper note B, and those whose hands are small can leave out the lower A sharp. I have to do so myself. At the speed at which the piece must be taken it is impossible to get in more than four notes, one to each bass note. The trillers at bars 32 and 36 the same. Lift the hands high for the chord at bar 33. Then both hands and the pedal up before beginning the *piano* scale passage following. Mind the accents in bars 47 and 48 and 53-58, a strong accent on the first and fifth quavers, a lesser one on the third and seventh, each of which is united with the next note. Seven bars after the double bar we have the *cantabile* passage again, this time in F sharp minor, and four bars later its position is very beautifully reversed, and the song comes in the bass with the fluttering accompaniment in the treble. It is much more intense and passionate in this position, and must be worked up to a frenzied agitation, which culminates at bar 23, the following *piano* passage, with its quivering movement in the bass, being the struggle to regain that composure which is only reached for a brief moment at bars 35 and 36. At bar 98, after the double bar, there are five broken chords (the diminished chord of the seventh on the leading note of G sharp minor). Play them as if written as follows, but let the

THE BIRTHDAY PAGE.

MAY.

By FREDERICK J. CROWEST.

UNTHRONE AND EXILED.



EMPERESS EUGÉNIE.
(Photo by Barca.)

1851 there might have been seen a distinguished figure which stood out even among the brilliant gatherings that crowded the apartments of the Tuileries. It was a tall dark lady, remarkable for the dignity and elegance of her demeanour as well as for her great personal beauty of the aristocratic English rather than the Spanish style—Spain being the country to which this Court beauty was known to belong. Not less attractive than her person were her mental gifts, for her education, partly conducted in England, was very superior to that generally bestowed upon Spanish women, who seldom quit their native country. This lady was destined to have her fortunes allied with the house of Buonaparte. The Emperor Napoleon III. fell in



PRINCESS OF WALES.
(Photo by Russell & Sons.)

If we glance over the principal figures and incidents of the eventful nineteenth century, there are few episodes more arresting than the career of the ex-Empress of the French. The history of this one life with all its vicissitudes would make a volume which, all told, few could read without tears. Again and again the veil would need lifting only to disclose to the most doubting mind how true it is that "uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

As far back as love with her, and Eugénie Marie Countess of Téba* reciprocated the affection. In every respect was the beautiful Spaniard worthy of the Imperial alliance, since she herself was connected more or less closely with royal houses, including the descendants of the Kings of Aragon. Yet what a destiny was in store for this really unfortunate woman! The marriage was celebrated with much magnificence on January 29th, 1853, at Notre Dame Church, Paris—the Countess of Téba and her mother, the Countess Montijos,

having previously taken up their abode in the Palace of the Elysée. The life of the Empress Eugénie after her marriage

was comparatively uneventful, being passed chiefly in the ordinary routine of State etiquette; in visits to the various Royal *maisons de plaisance*, varied by an extended progress through France in company with her husband; by an annual sojourn for the benefit of her health at Biarritz, her favourite summer resort in the days of her girlhood; by a journey in England and Scotland in the autumn of 1861, and in 1864 to some of the German baths. In 1861 the Empress Eugénie's son was born—the Prince Imperial who was killed while with the English Army in the Zulu War of 1879.

A devoted Roman Catholic, the Empress Eugénie exerted much interest with her husband in his policy with the Holy See and Italy generally. It cannot be said, however, that the foreign policy of Napoleon III. was a success, dazzling as it was. After various vicissitudes it ended, as all know, with the banishment of the Emperor and his Empress to this country, where the unfortunate and much-tried widow still finds a quiet home in exile at Farnborough. When the Imperial exiles were first driven to England, they selected Camden House, Chislehurst, as their home. There the Emperor died, January 9th, 1873; there the body of the young Prince Imperial was interred when it was brought home, pierced with the assegais of the Zulus. Subsequently the ex-Empress Eugénie bought the Farnborough Hill Estate in Hampshire. It is close to the borders of the county of Surrey, and consists of about two hundred and sixty acres, with a picturesque mansion. The whole was bought for something like fifty thousand pounds. It is hardly necessary, perhaps, to say that the ex-Empress has made her sojourn amongst us as agreeable to the English people as it has undoubtedly been to her. She was a true



QUEEN VICTORIA.
(Photo by Elliott & Fry.)



FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.
(Photo by London Stereoscopic Co.)

* Born at Granada, May 5th, 1826.

friend of our late Queen Victoria until she died, and there was not a little that was truly pathetic in witnessing the embraces, the exchange of courtesies as well as mutual visits of these Royal widows of France and England, both of them borne down by a common grief that no balm, save Death itself, is capable of healing. Now one is taken, the other left, whom may the Almighty long preserve.

NOBLE NURSING REFORMER.

If there be one quality in woman more calculated to thrill our best emotions, one calling more than any other for man's highest admiration, it is the blessed power of nursing in sickness. What an unspeakably beneficent work in which to be engaged, the gentle handling and caring for those unable to move for, perhaps to think of, themselves! How bright an ornament this in the crown of woman's virtues! No more blessed power could woman want than to sway as she does sway in such a kingdom. The province of nursing is woman's, hers alone; and how, when the call comes, whether in the home or from the battlefield, our eyes turn to her for that help of which we are totally incapable! Happy women, ye who nurse well! Our Birthday Page this month introduces us to a noble figure, with a name indelible in history, though that undying fame was won in the quiet and unobtrusive sphere of nursing the sick, in helping those unable to help themselves.

Florence Nightingale*—who does not know it?—stands the great pioneer of nursing reform and destroyer of the "Sairey Gamp" class of nurses. The younger daughter of Mr. William E. Nightingale, a Hampshire landowner, she was born at Florence. Quite early in life she displayed tendencies towards living and caring for others rather than herself, and it has been in the gradual growth and development of this mind that Florence Nightingale may be held to have made more real impress for good upon her country than has many a general or prime minister. As a girl she inquired into the working of English schools, hospitals and reformatories. When she was thirty-one years old she went to enter an institution of Protestant Sisters of Mercy at Kaiserworth, a little place on the Rhine. On her return to England, among other philanthropic pursuits she fell to re-organising and re-establishing the Governesses' Sanatorium in Harley Street, London. But Miss Nightingale's great work was yet to come. Among the many muddles of the Crimean War was that of bad hospital management. News spread slowly in 1854, but at length England was rightly roused into something of indignation at the terrible sufferings which her sick and wounded soldiers were undergoing owing to the defective management of the military hospitals. The situation was an awful one, but the cry was so bitter that noble women at home could not resist it. At the invitation of Mr. Sydney Herbert, Secretary for War, Miss Nightingale and her band of eighty-two nurses went out, and took up their quarters in the barrack hospital at Scutari. This was in the late autumn of 1854, and ere spring was over, by unwearied self-devotion, noble example, skilled method and a positive hatred for abuses and red-tape system, Miss Nightingale and her noble army had the satisfaction of feeling that they had combated successfully with the awful obstacle of disease and suffering. The death-rate was reduced until it was no higher than at the home military hospitals. Brave women! A grateful country subscribed fifty thousand pounds as a testimonial to this noble woman, but she refused to accept it for her own use, suggesting that it should be used for founding an institution for training nurses. This was

carried out by the St. Thomas's Hospital, London, authorities.

Nursing is emphatically a woman's work, making as it does legitimate demands on the best side of a woman's nature. No selfish woman can ever become a really good nurse. Nursing affords scope for the patient exercise of skill, efficiency and intelligence, but unless these are combined with a tender perception of every patient's needs, and a determination to put all thought of self aside in ministering, no certificates ever invented will make a woman a real nurse. Then there is temper and self-effacement. Oh, happy, blessed women, ye who, amid the racking trials of a prisoner to illness, can silently tread a sick room, and not "fuss" over or disturb a sufferer! It is a noble work for women, this nursing. All who feel called to it should read Miss Nightingale's voluminous writings upon the subject. If this lady had withheld all personal effort, and done no more than write upon the subject of health and hygiene, her name would still go down to posterity as a brilliant light of the nineteenth century.

FRIEND AND PHILANTHROPIST.

How altered is dear old England from what it was at the opening of the nineteenth century! How much a hundred years have done! It is almost impossible to realise the difference between England to-day and the country of a century ago—not in its physical aspects so much as in its social state. The ameliorative processes, reforms, and various aspects of philanthropic enterprise have put quite a new face upon habits and customs English. Take prisons and prison life. Let us ask ourselves what we should be now but for such workers as John Howard and Elizabeth Fry,* the indefatigable reformer of prisons when, indeed, they sadly needed reform. This woman among women was born at Bramerton, Norwich, where her father, John Gurney, was a wealthy merchant and banker. Her home surroundings shaped her future life, though as a matter of fact she was not trained after the strictest manner of the Society of Friends, to which her father and relations were greatly attached; and through her earliest years Elizabeth Gurney entered with relish into the usual gaieties and amusements of fashionable life. Her mother



ELIZABETH FRY.

died when she was twelve, leaving four sons and seven girls, of whom the latter, we are told, "grew up attractive and original. They dressed gaily and sang and danced."

Elizabeth lived to be eighteen years old before she formed any decided religious opinions. Then her heart was opened. In February, 1798, she heard a discourse in the Friends' meeting-house at Norwich by one William Savery, an American Quaker, which made so deep an impression on her mind that from that day it might be said she was a changed being. She became an earnest woman, not a fanatical "Friend." In 1800 Elizabeth Gurney married Joseph Fry, a London merchant, and the two made their home in her husband's business house, St. Mildred's Court, in the heart of London City. Five children were born to Mrs. Fry in London and six more at Rasket, in Essex, her husband's native place. In 1810—she would be thirty years old—Elizabeth felt powerful to preach, and her discourses made remarkable impression upon all who heard them. Three years later she began her great work of life—it might be said her ordained work—the great task of prison reform, in accomplishing which she followed in John Howard's steps and visited prisons in many parts of Europe. The cry from the prisons had reached her ears, and visits to Newgate prison had so excited her feelings

* Born May 15th, 1820.

* Born May 21st, 1780; died Oct. 12th, 1845.

that she could not be restrained, so impressed had she become with the need of reform in prison discipline. It would shock and sicken the reader to learn what our English prisons were a hundred years ago. It will suffice to say that a few Christian folk felt it imperative to band together and form an "Association for the Improvement of the Female Prisoners in Newgate." Elizabeth Fry was an indefatigable member of this Association, the aim of which was the establishment of some of what we now regard as the first principles of prison discipline, namely, the entire separation of the sexes, classification of criminals, female supervision for the women, and adequate provision for their religious and secular instruction, as also for their useful employment. A noble programme indeed, yet not more noble than indispensable and urgent.

Down to the day of her death prison reform was Mrs. Fry's great work. Not only did the prisons of England, Scotland and Ireland receive her attention, but in 1837 she undertook a mission for the same purpose on the Continent, which occupied her several years. Little wonder that her thorough work quickly bore fruit. Her reports on prison discipline, hospital systems, treatment of the insane, transported female convicts, and kindred questions quickly travelled over Europe, and before she died she enjoyed the satisfaction of hearing from almost every quarter of Europe that practical effect was being given to her reforms and suggestions. Well merited, indeed, was the title given her of "The Female Howard." A true-hearted loving woman, peculiarly adapted for the difficult work she had to do, she passed away at Ramsgate and was buried at Barking, in Essex. Apart from the great work which she so zealously and successfully persevered in throughout her life, Elizabeth Fry has a great claim upon our memory for her sympathy, her great power of understanding, quickness of perception, tact, and charm of manner.

"OF GLORIOUS MEMORY."

How shall we speak adequately enough of our late Sovereign lady—her Majesty Queen Victoria of Glorious Memory! Dead and buried she truly is, but how difficult it is to realise that we are not still living under the sway of her beneficent rule! Yes, she lies in the cold marble case—yet her name and memory are warm in the breast of each one of her subjects who has lived under her queenship. Moreover, it can fearlessly be asserted that her name will live and be honoured in the breasts of Britons, so long as there are such to speak the English language. Victoria! Her name is great among the world's rulers. It is great, indeed, among women. Victoria Alexandria,* who became Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, and Empress of India, was the only child of the fourth son of George III. Her father and mother, then, were the Duke and Duchess of Kent. Strange, indeed, that she should ever come to the throne, for she was far removed from it. Victoria became heir-presumptive to the throne through her father dying in 1820, and neither George IV. nor his brothers, the Dukes of York and Clarence having issue. She was about twelve years old when she first knew that the crown of England would descend to her; and it was at two o'clock on a summer's morning of 1837 that she was awakened from her sleep at Kensington Palace by the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Lord Chamberlain to hear the tidings that she was Queen of England. What a responsibility for a girl of eighteen years; but, thank God, she was surrounded by trusty counsellors, as through her long life she ever was—who were as loyal to the Throne and its occupant, as they were capable of advising the young Queen. No sovereign probably ever had a succession of more able, loyal Ministers than did the late good Queen. The girl-sovereign was crowned on June 28th, 1838, or just a year after the death of her uncle, William IV. A somewhat unique principle was involved here. Hitherto from the reign of George I. the crowns of England and Hanover had been united, but now, the Hanoverian crown being under the Salic law—excluding females—they were separated, the late King's younger brother, the Duke of Cumberland,

receiving the latter. On February 10th, 1840, the Queen married his Royal Highness Albert, Prince of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha (Prince Consort). He was a most enlightened prince, in every way calculated to be a help meet for the young sovereign. He was some three months younger than her Majesty. As all our readers know, she was the mother of nine children, four sons and five daughters, of whom the present King, the Duke of Connaught, Princess Christian, Duchess of Argyll and Princess Henry of Battenberg only survive. Surrounded by prescient Ministers—think only of her successive Prime Ministers, Wellington, Melbourne, Peel, Derby, Palmerston, Russell, Disraeli, Gladstone, Salisbury—Queen Victoria's reign was as smooth as long reigns well can be. The first great trouble was the Crimean War—so grossly mismanaged from Pall Mall. Then came war with Persia, China, and finally the Indian Mutiny. Other wars will be fresh in the memory of all readers. The greatest trouble of all, however, which Queen Victoria was asked to bear was the sudden death of the Prince Consort. In March, 1861, she lost her mother, and before the year closed her husband was taken from her. Surrounded by a large young family, the blow must have been an awful one for the poor Queen. It is sad to think of the many "wrenches" which our late good sovereign had to bear after that, both in her own family and among her personal friends and advisers. Happily there were many counteracting features in the happy marriages of all her children, and the sustained affection and loyalty of her people. That must have been a joyous day for the Queen, for instance, when, in 1877, thanks to the foresight and perspicaciousness of that great lover of England, Disraeli, her Majesty was proclaimed Empress of India at a great durbar at Delhi. Despite her love for her people, rich and poor, some five attempts were made upon her good life. Thanks to Providence, not one of these was successful. Of all the social advance which England made during Victoria's glorious reign—the "longest reign"—it would need a great book to tell. We have only to look over Great Britain and her great possessions as they are to-day, to glance at all the progress which has been made in art, science, literature, in short everywhere, to see the blessings which have accrued from a pure throne and a beneficent rule. The Jubilee of this great and glorious reign was reached, as most of us remember, in June 21st, 1887. The occasion was celebrated with great rejoicing in every part of the Queen's dominions. At an instantaneous moment Queen Victoria sent to the uttermost corners of her Empire her gracious message, in these words:—"From my heart I thank my beloved people. May God bless them." It was brief, but it was—like all the late Queen's messages to her subjects—convincingly clear. It went home to the very heart of patrician and plebeian.

PRINCESS OF WALES.

Curiously enough, our Birthday Page this month must include the name of another royal woman who in all human probability will share the British throne. This is none other than the Princess of Wales, H.R.H. Victoria Mary of Teck,* who married the Duke of York, the Heir-Apparent, on July 6th, 1893. She, it will be remembered, is the only daughter of that "friend of the girls," the late H.R.H. Mary Adelaide, Duchess of Teck, and cousin of her late Majesty Queen Victoria. H.R.H. the Princess of Wales is some two years younger than our future king. Princess May, as she was long popularly styled, comes of royal descent through the Queen's uncle, the first Duke of Cambridge. She can be particularly remembered from the time when gossip was rife for months of her engagement to the late Duke of Clarence. All who knew Princess May admired and loved her. Beautiful, good-tempered, and always well dressed, she made friends wherever she went. How pleased the late dear Queen and all were at the time of the Duke and Duchess of Fife's wedding, that the heir-presumptive to the throne should have sought his bride in a British home. Alas! Well is it that the future of all of us is by the Divine mercy hidden from us! Princess May had

* Born May 24th, 1819; died Jan. 22nd, 1901.

* Born May 26th, 1867.

all her life been a friend of the two brothers, Princes Albert and George, and as children the three had played happily together; and after her trouble the nation had felt very thankful that she could find solace and comfort in the companionship of the Duke of York. The eventful day—the wedding morn—came at last, and the scene inside that historical building, the Chapel Royal, St. James's, almost defies description. It was wonderful. Besides royalty a noble and influential company of guests had assembled. Our late beloved sovereign Queen Victoria took her place on the left side of the altar, opposite to her being his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. When the Queen of Denmark and H.R.H. the Princess arrived, they were conducted to seats near her Majesty, who kissed them both. About five minutes after the arrival of the Queen's procession the Duke of York, accompanied by his father, both of whom were looking handsome, entered; they were followed shortly after by the bride, who came in with her father and brother. The Chapel was artistically decorated, the choicest flowers being used plentifully, and the service was very solemnly and beautifully conducted by the Archbishop of Canterbury. The bouquet which the bride carried was most exquisite, being composed entirely of white flowers, and chiefly consisting of choice old white Provence roses of the

House of York. The ten bridesmaids also carried charming flowers. After the service was over, and the lengthy business of signing the register was completed, the newly-married royal pair were affectionately embraced by the members of the two families—her Majesty being the first to kiss the bride. The honeymoon was spent at Sandringham. It was not long, however, before the royal pair were much in request; and they good-naturedly acceded to the many desires which poured in upon them that they would perform public functions. From 1893 up to the present time they have been constantly occupied in this more or less trying duty to their country, and their recent voyage to our distant colonies will be remembered by all. The first child of our future king and queen was born on the 23rd of June, 1894, at White Lodge, Richmond, an appropriate place, because it was Princess May's girlhood's home. This was a son, Prince Edward of York, who, if God preserves, may be another future English king. Now they have four children—three princes and one little princess. Like her beloved mother, the late Duchess of Teck, her daughter, now enjoying the proud title of Princess of Wales, is devoted to all good works. Her Royal Highness possesses the Royal Order of Victoria and Albert, and the Imperial Order of the Crown of India.



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

STUDY AND STUDIO.

- GRETA H. R. (Russia).—We must express the admiration we so often feel at reading a good English letter from a Russian girl. You talk of "beginning" the study of the English language, but you have evidently already made great progress in it. Your best plan to learn English spelling is the one you propose—each day carefully to copy out some passage from a book. This is far better than using a spelling-book. You might also study an English grammar. Continue to read all you can of English literature, and if you know anyone who can speak English, take opportunities of conversing in the language.
- M. BOYERS.—The metre of "Stand by the Flag of England" is rather eccentric. Verse 1 contains five lines; verse 2 contains four, and the length of these is irregular. Why should it "mean your life" to "sound the life"? The latter expression sounds feeble after the former. Of course we know what you mean, and applaud your patriotism. You are very young, and need not feel distressed because we cannot praise your work.
- MOTHER.—The idea of your story is ingenious and well worked out, yet it is hardly convincing. A man who was in earnest would probably find some other and more decisive way of assuring himself, before sailing for India, that his hopes were vain. He would certainly think of the possibility of some accident or mistake having occurred about the trust in question. You should not call people Lady X. and Lady M.; invent names for them. And there is an occasional fault in composition; e.g., in the opening paragraph—"He threw himself down at her feet and began throwing fir-cones"—there is tautology. It is not usual to speak of "figures" laughing gaily. These are slight blemishes, and show inexperience. If you improved the story a little, very possibly one of the weekly "home" magazines might take it, but we cannot specify one by name. Any railway bookstall will show you an assortment of them.
- MARY HOGG.—We advise you to consult *Chamber Comedies*, by Mrs. Hugh Bell; *Twenty Minutes*, by Harriet L. Child-Pemberton, or to get French's descriptive list of plays. Address, 80, Strand, London. *My Lord in Livery* is just such a little comedy as you describe, amusing and inoffensive for home acting.

OUR OPEN LETTER BOX.

- L. A. M. inquires where she can find the following lines—
"Straight is the line of duty,
Curved is the line of beauty;
Follow the first, and thou wilt see
The second always follow thee."
- G. E. CROWTHER wishes to know in what form the recitations, "Aunt Abigail's Adventure," by R. Henry, and "A Plantation Ghost-Story," by J. C. Harris, are published.
- IVY has much pleasure in sending the hymn inquired for by MISS MABEL COLLIER JAMES.
- CABO DI BONA ESPERANZA asks for the name of a song with the refrain—
"Homeless and weary, far from my home."
- Will one of our correspondents kindly quote for the benefit of DIANA TEMPEST the words on Huxley's tomb?
- ALYS is answered by KENILWORTH. Her quotation is to be found on page 167 of Austin Dobson's *At the Sign of the Lyre*, and is part of "Incognita."
- WITCH KITTY answers HORNED OWL. She thinks "The Old Oak Staircase" is by Mrs. Molesworth. WITCH KITTY is anxious to know how to make an Æolian harp.
- MADGE WILDFIRE inquires for a recitation called "Mrs. Muggleton's Birthday Party."
- ROBIN HOOD wishes to discover a poem entitled "Marie," by E. E. Nesbit. Will any correspondent say in what book or magazine it may be found?
- A. W. G. would be glad to know where the following lines are to be found.
"I go my way, thou goest thine,
Many days and many ways ending in one end.
Many a wrong and its curing song,
Many a road and many an inn,
Room to roam, but only one home,
For the whole world to win."

THE BIRTHDAY PAGE.

JULY.

BY FREDERICK J. CROWEST.

ABSOLUTE ARTIST.

ONE of the very few performers, male or female, upon the pianoforte who when she plays the instrument never fails to



MISS AGNES ZIMMERMANN.
(Photo by Elliott & Fry.)

artiste of her calibre. At nine years of age Agnes Marie Zimmermann entered the Royal Academy of Music, at which institution she soon made a name for herself by



MADAME TITIENS.
(Photo by London Stereoscopic Co.)

Frankfort-on-the-Main, and in other parts of Germany. She has long been one of the best known of our pianists, and her compositions include three Sonatas for pianoforte

and violin, a Sonata for pianoforte, violin and violoncello, a suite for pianoforte solo, besides numerous short pianoforte pieces, songs, partsongs, and pianoforte arrangements of instrumental works. In this country Miss Zimmermann has played at the Monday and Saturday Popular and Philharmonic Concerts, also at the Crystal Palace, at which place she made her *début* here, the Liverpool Philharmonic, Manchester (Hallé), and chief provincial concerts. To do all this spells one great fact, namely, that she is a performer of the very first order upon the pianoforte—a player whose technique is faultless and whose renditions are the more enjoyable because they are readings of the masters free of all clap-trap and managerial device. Most lovers of chamber music

have heard Miss Zimmermann's chaste Sonata in A minor for pianoforte and violin; while all lovers of Schumann's music—and their name is legion—will remember the edition of that master's piano music arranged and edited by Miss Zimmermann. This work, containing the whole of Schumann's pianoforte solo pieces printed in their chronological order was splendidly edited and fingered by Miss Zimmermann, who often had the opportunity of consulting the great tone poet's wife upon doubtful points. It would be impossible to accord too much praise to this lady genius, even for the work she has done with her pen, to say nothing of all that she has accomplished and placed before us from her hands and heart.

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DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT.
(Photo by Russell & Sons.)

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MRS. CREIGHTON.
(Photo by Russell & Sons.)

WOMAN AMONG WOMEN.

London has had many notable bishops. The wives of many of these have also been distinctly notable people of themselves—apart from anything they have derived from

* Born July 5th, 1847.

the fortune of marriage. Most emphatically may this be said of Mrs. Creighton,* wife of the late Bishop of London, that great scholar and dignitary who passed away, all too early, in January of last year, after being with us in the Metropolis but three short years. No thoughtful person can look into Mrs. Creighton's face, or hear her speak in public, without recognising in her a strong personality and a noble, kind-hearted woman. One summer's morning in 1850, the home of the von Glehns' at Sydenham was disturbed by a little stranger girl, destined to be the wife of one of the most genial, energetic, and learned prelates who ever held spiritual sway over the capital of capitals. Louise was the last of ten children, who were all thoroughly English. She was educated at home, and in 1872 married a young deacon seven years her senior—a clergyman to whom three years afterwards was given the Vicarship of Embleton in Northumberland. Her husband's fortunes also brought them homes at Oxford—where her husband was practically one of the first married Fellows of Merton College—Cambridge, Worcester, and Peterborough—Mandell Creighton being appointed to the Peterborough diocese in 1891. Mrs. Creighton is essentially a literary woman. Her *First History of England* for children is an excellent book, and the same may be said of her *First History of France*, and her contributions to the "Highways of English History Series." Her historical biographies of the Black Prince, Sir Walter Raleigh, and the Duke of Marlborough are gems of concise, authoritative, and illuminative writing. Like her famous husband, her impress upon the historical branch of English literature is no slight one. Yet, if Mrs. Creighton had not written a line, there would still be enough in her rare personality to stamp her as a woman among women. A clergyman's wife is always a much criticised woman. This is Mrs. Creighton's ideal—"The sphere of a clergyman's wife is, of course, a more subordinate one than that of any other wife. It calls for an absolute surrender of self. Her first object must be to make the surroundings of her husband's life such that he can do his work easily; to make no claims upon him which would interfere with or hinder his work. Any help she can give him should be known only to themselves and God. At the outset she is called to make a renunciation of that complete sympathy and confidence which is the ideal of a loving wife. That renunciation should be faced and bravely made; there must be no curiosity about her husband's intercourse with others. I need not say there must not be the least suspicion of jealousy." Here is another good piece of advice—"The best thing a clergyman's wife can do for her poorer neighbours is to visit them, get to know them, and make them feel she is their friend."

Mrs. Creighton can tell, has told women, a great deal. Having children of her own, she knows something about domestic worries and anxieties. She believes in home education. "I like nothing better," she once said, "than teaching my own children, although diocesan work now prevents my giving as much time to it as I should like."

There is no need to tell that Mrs. Creighton is a good speaker. Most well-informed girls know that. She is a power on the platform, or presiding over a meeting. It would be impossible for any man to hold a more absolutely just balance, with strict business procedure at a gathering than does she. Speaking of the Mother's Union, started in Worcester when her husband was Canon-in-residence, she expressed these views—"I think every earnest mother is an immense source of strength to the Union, but I also think it is much wiser to wait rather than start a branch where

there is no enthusiasm for its object." Most of my readers probably know that the object of the Union is, in a few words, to lead mothers and families to lives of purity and holiness, and this largely through that all-absorbing, powerful agent, Prayer. Mrs. Creighton does not believe in Woman's Suffrage.

A NOBLE WOMAN.

"Mademoiselle Titiens was not only the greatest artist of her time, but a noble woman, and was sincerely regretted by all who knew her." Such is the verdict of one adequately qualified to judge of one of the greatest singers of the nineteenth century. It is probable that few of the present readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER will be old enough to remember this large-minded woman and noble artist, but those who have parents who were privileged to have access to that most exclusive of all musical performances, the Opera, from the "fifties" down to 1875, will doubtless have learned from them something of the transcendent merits of this famous woman, whose singing and personation of the grandest parts in opera was nothing short of a grand art-lesson to those who worked with her and to those who listened from stalls and boxes. She was, indeed, one of the greatest musical educators of the age in which she lived.

Theresa Titiens*—the right spelling of her name is Tietjens, but it was changed by Mr. Lumley, *impresario*, to assimilate it with that of the famed painter Titian—was of Hungarian origin, and was born at Hamburg of parents who belonged to the upper mercantile class. The sweetness of her voice having attracted, whilst she was a child, the notice of a professional teacher, her parents resolved to have her educated for a musical career. Introduced to Madame Kornet, the wife of the director of the Stadt Theatre of her native town, she received such musical training that in 1848—she would have been eighteen years old—she made her first appearance in Auber's opera *Le Maçon*. After overcoming the reluctance of her mother, she made her professional *début* at Altona as Agatha in Weber's *Der Freischütz*, and convinced all who heard her that she was destined to prove a soprano of no common order. In 1849 she appeared at Hamburg in the title rôle of Donizetti's *Lucrezia Borgia*, and at once established her claims to a distinguished position in opera. In 1852



SOPHIE MENTER.
(Photo by Elliott & Fry.)

she was engaged at Vienna, and made an extraordinary impression in the part of Mathilde in *Guillaume Tell*. It was in the spring of 1858 that the young singer made her first appearance in London. On April 13th she appeared at Her Majesty's Opera as Valentine in *Les Huguenots*, since which time to the day of her death she held the highest position to which a *prima donna* can attain. On this memorable occasion the Queen (our late lady sovereign Victoria) and Court and an overwhelming audience were present. An old opera *habitué* wrote: "Here was indeed a genuine *artiste*, who, if she had only been taught after the Italian instead of the German method, would have been the greatest *prima donna* that had ever been heard, or heard of, since operatic music had sprung into existence." For many years she remained *prima donna assoluta* at Her Majesty's. Her voice, a soprano of great volume and purity, combined with her dignified acting, made her without a rival in parts like Norma, Semiramide, Medea, and Fidelio. No one who ever heard her once could ever forget her. The present writer as a boy heard the great cantatrice in the *Trovatore*, and well remembers that a fine view of the opera from the stalls was only marred by the colossal proportions of Roger Orton, the notorious

* Born July 7th, 1850.

* Born July 17th, 1834; died at London, Oct. 3rd, 1877.

claimant to the Tichborne estates, who sat next in front. Nor was it in opera only that Titiens so greatly excelled. She was equally great in oratorio, and there are those living, let us hope, who remember her marvellous singing in the *Creation* at the Crystal Palace in 1859. Her last great creation was the part of Ortrud in Wagner's *Lohengrin* in 1875. Her last appearance in opera was in *Il Trovatore*, May 10th, 1877. The great line of famous queens of song, which commenced with Catalani, was continued by Pasta, and sustained in all its honours by Schroder-Devrient, Malibran and Grisi. It found no feeble vindication in the genius of this gifted lady.

POPULAR DUCHESS.

It happens again this month that we have the opportunity of introducing in our Birthday Page another member of the English Royal Family, one who is deservedly very popular wherever she goes—the Duchess of Connaught.* The English people like pluck, and they do not forget that this lady comes of a line famous for its pluck and courage. When the Franco-Prussian war of 1870-71 was at its height there was no fitter soldier on the field than the late Prince Frederick Charles, nephew of William, King of Prussia. He was in command of the Second Army, and led it to victory at Gravelotte and several more great battles, until in the end he forced Bazaine and 170,000 Frenchmen to surrender. This fine soldier, surnamed the "Red Prince," was the father of the Duchess of Connaught. By the way, he was nicknamed the "Red Prince" not because he had seen so much fighting and bloodshed, but because of his partiality for the colour of his favourite hussar uniform. Louise Margaret Alexandra Victoria Agnes was the third daughter of the hero of Gravelotte and, therefore, grand-niece of the late Emperor William of Germany. At a Council held at Windsor on May 16th, 1878, our late queen, Victoria, declared the intended marriage of her third son, Arthur, to this fascinating lady and the ceremony was duly celebrated at Windsor on March 13th, 1879. Her Royal Highness has three children—the Princess Margaret, born at Bagshot Park, 1882; Prince Arthur, born at Windsor Castle, 1883; and Princess Victoria, born 1886. The family is a most united one, and most Londoners are familiar with the features of its members, so frequently do they figure at public proceedings. The Duchess of Connaught, like all the ladies of the Royal Family, takes great interest in everything English, and is rarely missing in connection with any good cause in which her presence and influence will avail. The Duchess is one of the

* Born July 25th, 1860.

Ladies of the following Orders: Victoria and Albert, Crown of India, Royal Red Cross, St. John of Jerusalem, etc. The residences of the family are Bagshot Park, Surrey, and Government House, Aldershot.

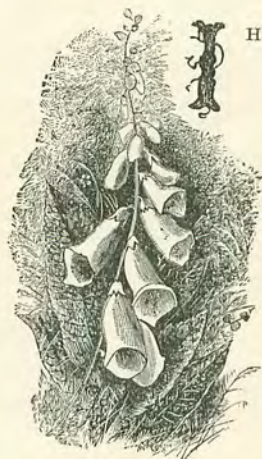
FAMOUS PIANISTE.

In the early years of the nineteenth century there was born at Teysbach, in Bavaria, a child who was destined to become not only one of the greatest of Germany's violoncellists, but also the father of a still greater executant—one who has given delight to thousands in this country, namely, Sophie Menter,* the pianist. This talented performer on that most difficult of all instruments, properly played, is of German nationality, having been born at Munich fifty-four years ago. She was the daughter of Joseph Menter, 'cellist at Munich opera. In due course little Sophie was admitted at Munich Conservatoire where her undoubted genius and rare intelligence were readily perceived. At the Conservatoire she made such marked progress that the attention of the Abbé Liszt was directed to her. The young pianist became one of his pupils, and, as we may imagine, was largely influenced by the musical genius and striking individuality of that master. At the age of fifteen years Fräulein Menter made her first public appearance, and by her original style and manner surprised all who heard her. This was at Stuttgart (1863). From that day to this it may be safely asserted that she has appeared at all the principal concerts in Britain and Europe. It was in 1887 that she successfully stormed that great art centre, Leipzig, and in 1881 she essayed London. Her masterly playing quickly conquered the hearts of all metropolitan lovers of music—her style of rendering and manipulation being distinctly German, and distinguished by much power in the performance of works of the most advanced modern school. Menter's pianoforte playing, in fact, is of a highly reflective order, making such demands upon the sympathetic qualities of the instruments, and so absolutely superior to all kinds of technical execution and impedimenta of that kind as to make one wonder whether, after all, the limits of the instrument have ever been reached by any of its professors. Calling to mind Sophie Menter's playing, and casting one's memory back to boyhood's days, when the late Arabella Goddard was "surprising" the public, we can realise something of the vast progress of music in England during the past few decades. The distinguished pianiste married Herr David Popper, the Bohemian violoncellist and composer, in 1872.

* Born July 29th, 1848.

A WHITE FOXGLOVE.

BY NORA CHESSON.



HEARD white bells in a belfry ring,

Where a foxglove flowered in the end of spring,
Whiter than foam on the tossing sea,
Though a weedy ditch for her home had she.
Nightshade and nettle beside her grew,
But the snowy grace of her no one knew.
Her bells would ring if the wind but stirred,
And no one heard.

The nightshade ceased not to distil
Poison from dew, but would not kill
The nettle braving frost and showers;
The bindweed strangling weaker flowers.
None saw her beauty in broad light,
Or dreamed a dream of it at night—
She flowered, she died; her name grew strange;
They did not change.

THE BIRTHDAY PAGE.

AUGUST.

BY FREDERICK J. CROWEST.

WRITER FOR GIRLS.

A wielder of the pen who for nearly a period of fifty years produced books at the rate of three a year, setting aside editing periodicals; one whose books achieved remarkable success; whose writings passed not only through many editions, but were translated into various languages—such a worker—woman merely as she was—must necessarily have been a power in the land, especially among those to whom she particularly directed herself. Such, indeed, was Charlotte Mary Yonge,* and the world to which she particularly appealed was the world of girls. "She represented in her books the traditions of the early Victorian age, when," as has been said, "a young woman had first of all to be well brought up, and most of all to be good, not necessarily intelligent; to rank herself always as less than the man, mentally and emotionally, but always to live in the hope of gaining the 'devotion' of a curate or some other equally estimable young gentleman; and meanwhile to be 'proper,' to work for the Church,



MISS YONGE.
(Photo by Elliott & Fry.)

and think only within the narrow interests of her class and caste." The birthplace of this popular and prolific authoress was Otterbourne, an unpretentious village in Hampshire. She was barely twenty-one years of age when she made her first contribution to what was to prove such a long list of books. This first book was *Abbeychurch*. A few years later (1853) appeared what was destined to be Miss Yonge's most popular novel. Needless to say, the title of this was *The Heir of Redclyffe*, which saw the light just as the Advertisement Duty was being abolished. To give a complete list of Miss Yonge's writings here would be impossible, but among her best books may be instanced, *Dynevor Terrace* (1857), *The Young Stepmother* (1861), *The Clever Woman of the Family* (1865), *The Pupils of St. John the Divine* (1868), *The Pillars of the House* (1873), *The Three Brides* (1876), *The Two Sides of the Shield* (1885), *A Modern Telemachus* (1886), *Beechcroft at Rockstone* (1889), and many more. These books, which are especially adapted to girls, particularly young people, are written in pleasant easy-going English. Without doubt they have a very healthy tone—indeed, they may almost be termed religious books. Standing out above them all is her best work—*The Heir of Redclyffe*, which has made a universal reputation.

GOOD QUEEN CONSORT.

Our Birthday Page this month introduces to us a Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, whose memory deserves remembrance and reverence because of her goodness and gentleness

rather than, perhaps, for any political reason. On the death of George IV. the Duke of Clarence, his next surviving

brother, then in his sixty-fifth year, was proclaimed king, with the title of William IV. This third son of George III. married in 1818 the Princess Adelaide,* eldest daughter of the Duke of Saxe-Meiningen. Her mother was Louisa, daughter of Christian Albert, Prince of Hohenlohe-Laugenburg, and as her father died when she was only eleven years of age, Adelaide and a younger brother and sister were brought up under the guardianship of their mother. The Princess Adelaide's early years were spent in retirement, and it was



QUEEN ADELAIDE.

through the death of the ill-fated Princess Charlotte that negotiations were set on foot for the union of Adelaide to the Duke of Clarence. As all lovers of English history know, the Duchess of Clarence passed from the retirement of her home at Bushey Park to the throne of England—the "patriot king" (as historians have named him) and his royal consort being crowned in Westminster Abbey in 1831.

The times were troublous ones, and serious disturbances had taken place both on the continent and at home—where the masses and classes were at loggerheads. This gave the King much to concern him; but there was still more difficult work before his Queen—to reform the Court of St. James's, which the disgraceful sovereignty of George IV. had left in a bad state. Owing to the revolutionary spirit of the time the Queen was thought to be in danger of her life at intervals during the few years that immediately followed her "half-crownation" as it was called, because it was conducted in such a frugal manner. Her unpopularity was further increased by her real or supposed opposition to



LADY THOMPSON.
(Photo by Fradelle & Young.)

* Born August 11th, 1823; died March 24th, 1901.

* Born August 13th, 1792; died December 2nd, 1849.

the passage of the Reform Bill, till on the resignation of the Melbourne Ministry of 1834 it reached a climax in the famous words of *The Times*—"the Queen has done it all." The fact is this good woman, suddenly placed in a very difficult position, was seriously misunderstood. Twelve years had passed since there had been a queen-consort to preside over the ceremonials of the Court. In reforming the *personnel* as well as the *morale* of the Court circles, Queen Adelaide undertook an onerous duty, as painful and invidious as it was necessary. A woman so capable would not fail even in a task so difficult, and there is no doubt whatever that she accompanied her task with both gentleness and firmness—*nec temere nec timide*. Queen Adelaide's was a brief spell of queenly reign. A short seven years and William IV. died—despite the devoted nursing of his consort. Then she passed into retirement. Marlborough House, Pall Mall, was assigned to her as a residence with a pension of £100,000 a year. On this sum she moved about from one country to another, occasionally undertaking longer journeys to Malta and Madeira for the benefit of her health. Her natural simplicity of life and charm of manners remained with her to the last. When she passed away at Bentley Priory, near Stanmore, the world was the poorer by a good woman of abundant public and private benevolence—seamen especially missing her. Her remains rest at Windsor; and, needless to say, it was good Queen Victoria who immediately succeeded Queen Adelaide.

PAST DAY PIANIST.

English musical art was not always in the prosperous, flourishing state that it is to-day. There was a time, not many decades since, when the pianoforte was the possession only of the rich, instead of, as now, forming a part of the worldly goods of every student-girl. Compared with things as we know them, a musical darkness reigned over the land, and it was only here and there that a native musician could be found to lend hope to the belief that there would ever be a musical England such as we can see around us, in the metropolis, and all along the line of the provincial towns. If pianofortes were articles that could hardly rank as necessary *postulata*, what shall be said of its professors in an age when it was necessary to charm "ever so wisely" in order to break in upon the musical ignorance and apathy that generally prevailed? One name—a truly English one—stands out in the period to which we refer: *i.e.*, the days when our late gracious queen was a girl. Kate Loder* is that name. The family of the Loders is one that stands out in British musical history, one of them—Edward James Loder—having written English operas, notably *The Night Dancers*, with its beautiful song

* Born August 22nd, 1825.



THE CROWNED YET UNCROWNED KING.

BY LILY WATSON.

HUSHED are the plaudits from the crowded city
That would have risen to storm the silent skies,
Exultant Rapture yields to sombre Pity,
Shouts faint and fail in sighs.

The pæan of praise, the solemn invocation,
The organ's roll, the trumpet's ringing call,
The people bowed in breathless adoration
Within the Abbey wall—

June 26th, 1902.

"Wake from thy grave, Giselle," that would do credit to any country.

The subject of our sketch, Kate Fanny Loder, better known to-day as Lady Thompson, is the daughter of the late Mr. George Loder, a good musician who died young. Her birthplace was Bath. It was soon evident that she was musical, for at the early age of four years she could tell any note that was sounded. When about five years old she commenced learning music, and in the year 1839 came to London and studied at the Royal Academy of music for five and a half years, having the advantage of tuition from Mrs. Lucy Anderson and Charles Lucas. Miss Loder had previously studied under the late Mr. Henry Field at Bath.

At the end of her first year at the Royal Academy she gained the King's Scholarship, to which she was re-elected in 1841. Miss Loder had already had a taste of public work, for she appeared at several concerts at Bath in 1840, and she always played each year at the public concerts of the Academy. The height of her ambition—as it should be of every pianist—was reached when, after leaving the Academy, she was engaged to play at a Philharmonic Society's Concert. This was in 1847, between which year and 1854 she played no fewer than six times for the famous society.

Needless to say, the popular pianist was much in request after an appearance on the Philharmonic platform, so that many engagements followed, for Mr. Ella's Musical Union Concerts, Provincial Concerts, etc. Her own *Matinée Musicale* which she gave at the New Beethoven Rooms in Queen Anne Street, W., on July 5th, 1851, must have been very interesting, for it was thereat that Ernst, the celebrated violinist, played the first violin in the *String Quartette* composed by Miss Loder. And this old-time favourite possesses other gifts. She was appointed Professor of Harmony of her *alma mater* in 1844, and has given proof of her abilities as a composer in several pieces—an Overture; two Sonatas for piano and violin; Trio for piano, violin and violoncello; several songs and smaller pieces for piano. Who has not heard of Sir Henry Thompson, the eminent surgeon, temperance and cremation advocate, and extremely clever writer under the pseudonym of "Pen Oliver"? Well, in 1851 Miss Kate Loder married that gentleman—then plain Mr. Thompson—but soon to become famous for his surgical writings and dexterity as an operator for many years at University College and Hospital, to which he is now Consulting Surgeon. He was created a baronet in 1900. After her marriage the gifted musician retired in 1854 from public playing, confining her performances to private drawing-rooms. She has, however, composed various pieces for the pianoforte, one of which was published a year or two ago in this magazine.

These are but visions of a dream departed,
Hovering throughout the dim and storied space,
And ways without, trod by the anxious-hearted,
Lose all their festal grace.

Yet art thou crowned! Not with a glittering splendour,
With circling gems that weary brow above,
But with the heart's allegiance, priceless, tender,
Crown of thy people's love!

Equal with Prize Winners.

J. E. Kingham.

Very Highly Commended.

Mrs. Acheson, Eliza Acworth, Helen Beatson (New Zealand), Robert P. Brown, Dorothy G. Crawford, Nellie M. Dartford (Lisbon), Elsie V. Davies (Australia), M. Cerise Deane, James T. Fulcher (Queensland), Agnes Glen, Gertrude F. Hinde, William G. Holloway, Annie F. R. Jackman, Eliza Learmount, Carlina V. M. Leggett, Louise M. McCready, Margaret E. McCutcheon, James McDunnough (Berlin), Ethel C. McMaster, Constance M. Malandine, May Malone (Antigua), Robert Murdoch, Chas. Murton, Freda M. Potts, Ellen M. Price, Mary I. Richards, Helen Shilstone (Barbados), Millicent Utting, Mrs. C. E. Warren, Emily C. Woodward, Edith Mary Younge.

Highly Commended.

Joanna M. Bell, A. Belthouse, E. J. Bone (Bermuda), M. S. Bourne, M. M. Butland, Mrs. E. J. Brown, Alice J. Chandler, Dora Clarke, Pearl Cocks (Brit. West India), Edith M. Coles, Mabel M. Collard, Winifred Copus (Canada), Mrs. E. J. Davies, Mrs. Dobbs, Winifred Eddington, E. Irene Foster, L. A. E. Hartshorn, Mrs. L. Howell (India), Mrs. Inderwick, Polly Lawrance (Barbados), Annie G. Luck, Elsie Lusby (Sidney), Annie Manderson, Benj. Marcroft, Mrs. Hastings Ogilvie (India), Phyllis Pearson, Janie G. Simpson, W. Fitzjames White.

Honourable Mention.

M. E. Ackerley, Daisy M. Aucutt, Mary E. Aucutt, Elsie I. Bale, Dora M. Barling, Lily Belling, Eva Benson, Nanette Bewlay, Beatrice F. Bord, Alice Bound, H. Kate Brown, Ines Bryson (Peru), A. Bunting, Gertrude I. Butler, Miss Carlyon, Arthur Carr, Irene Carruthers, Ruth A. M. Clarke, C. Dora Collett, Alice M. Cooper, M. A. C. Crabb, Mrs. L. T. Davey, Mabel E. Davis, Ethel M. Dickson, Ethel E. Dives, Mrs. E. E. Dobbs, Edith Downes, M. E. Tyrwhitt Drake, Fredk. Fuller, Elsie Gardner, Lois B. Gardner, Mrs. Grubbe, Edith E. E. Grundy, Sarah E. Hemsley, Constance Hill, Muriel Howie, Arthur Wm. Howse, Clara Humphrey, Annie M. Hutchens, Margaret Isaacson, Mrs. Arthur Jones, E. H. Jones, H. E. Klein, Raymond P. Keene, George Knight, Annie Langton, E. M. Letch, E. Lord, W. Corney Lee, Fred. G. S. Lloyd, John Lush, L. A. Mackie, Mrs. G. Marrett (India), E. Mastin, Nellie Meikle, Mrs. F. M. Morgan, Jas. D. Musgrave, Mrs. Nicholls, Millicent P. Okeden, A. Pearson,

Miss F. A. Prideaux, Florence E. Russell, Florence Sandell, A. P. Sargent, Mrs. A. E. Scarlett, Clement M. Scott, A. C. Sharp, Mrs. W. Shiels (Australia), F. B. A. Skelton, Nellie Skitter, A. M. A. Smith, Ellen R. Smith, Lavinia Smith, Mary Smith, H. Constance Smyth, Isabel Snell, Fred. W. Southey, Kathleen Stelling, Florence A. Stevens, Lucie K. Thompson (India), M. Tolson, Ethel Tomlinson, E. G. Tregaskis, Mabel A. Vernam, E. Ward, Louie Wheeler, C. E. Weitzel, Mrs. Whitcombe (India), Clementina Wilkins, G. S. Wilkins, Minnie Wilkins, Violet Wilson (Canada), Miss Wright.

EXAMINERS' REPORT.

We can well imagine the delight of those solvers who hit upon *craft* in the fourth line, for what connection or contrast could there be between "ships" or "sales" and *crime*? This was the crucial point of the puzzle, for though there were several other difficulties, not one of them gave half as much trouble. At the same time, we ought to state that many who found *craft* (not "crafts," by the way) were not in the first rank, and a few did not even receive commendation.

More than one competitor translated the first line—"Catalogue of countless gee-gees," which struck us as being very funny, and, alas! dozens spelt *humorous* "humeroous"! Nearly all solvers identified the bone, but one or two evolved "painful" out of it. We are inclined to agree that to have an upper arm devoid of flesh might not be wholly agreeable.

Passing to the fifth line, we may observe that more than one *puff* was depicted, and that neither "launch" nor "float" could be accepted for *boom*. As to "Parish" for *Paris*, in the next line, we were in some doubt as to what was meant—the Parish or Workhouse fashions being chiefly remarkable for their monotony, or at best utility—the very last thing to be considered by the socially elect.

The *Large t* at the beginning of line 9 was variously interpreted as "Plain," "Black," or "Big," with none of which we could find any fault. A few competitors objected to this line altogether, not apprehending the sarcastic humour of the poet.

The last three lines gave no trouble, although there was a superfluous *s* in the last but one.

Colonial and foreign competitors will find their names included in the home lists. It is worthy of remark that only one of them found the troublesome *craft* in line 4. Solutions were received from 450 competitors in all.

THE BIRTHDAY PAGE.

SEPTEMBER.

BY FREDERICK J. CROWEST.

OUR MAIDEN QUEEN.

The sovereign that held sway over England during the period of its greatest literary and musical splendour—the age of Shakespeare, Spenser, Tallis and Byrde—will always command the interest of students of English history; for, until the Victorian age was reached, there was no other such splendid time in our country's life as that which gave us Bacon, Raleigh, Hooker, Frobisher, and Drake, with the splendid luminaries we have just mentioned. Elizabeth Tudor, daughter of Henry VIII., by his second Queen, Anne Boleyn, was born in the palace at Greenwich.* When but three years old her mother was beheaded, with the result, among others, that Elizabeth's early years, and those of her half-sister Mary were much clouded. Happily, she was carefully educated, her governesses and teachers, at the head of whom was Roger Ascham, devoting themselves to the intellectual advancement of the young

princess. As a girl she learned to read Cicero, Sophocles, one or two of the Fathers in the original, to speak French, Italian, and German with fluency, and to acquire a mastery over the then limited technique of music. Brought up to the Protestant faith, while her sister Mary remained a Roman Catholic, Elizabeth was destined to rule over England at a period which may be described as the most crucial in every sense that she has ever passed through.

Whether it was a consciousness at work within her that she was destined to rule England by her unaided self, whether it was the exercise of that superlative gift of penetration which was hers that prompted her not to hamper herself with a consort, are matters which have not transpired; but certain it is that Queen Elizabeth never married. Marriage projects were early set on foot for her—and she entertained with more or less sincerity successive suitors—but all left matters where they were, and she died England's "Virgin Queen."

Not long after her half-sister Mary came to the throne, Elizabeth, being a Protestant, was arrested and sent to the

* September 7th, 1533; died March 24th, 1603.

Tower and other places of confinement, until on November 17th, 1558, she succeeded to the crown amid immense joy and acclamations. From that time "the golden days of good Queen Bess" began, and ere long the country was enjoying one of those periods of British history of which every subject has reason to be proud—a period in which England took up her position as a world power. Elizabeth's was a great, beneficial, and, on the whole, a wise reign. The great blots upon it were the persecution of the Roman Catholics and the execution of Mary Queen of Scots.

The personal character of Elizabeth has been depicted in totally opposite colours by Romanists and Protestants, with exaggerations on both sides, and the truth probably lying between the two extremes. From her father she inherited physical strength, resolution, energy, hauteur, a fiery temper, an inclination both to cruelty and coarseness, and a passion for splendour; to her mother may be attributed such physical attractions as can be claimed for her, whatever of feminine piquancy flashed fitfully across her essentially masculine life, and probably also her insincerity, her jealousy, and her love of artifice.

Little or nothing can be said against Queen Elizabeth's ruling of her people. They were momentous times when she held the throne, and a weak, vacillating sovereign could easily have landed the country into terrible straits. The re-establishment of the Protestant faith and worship; con-

licts with adherents of the Romish system; disputes with the Puritan party; foreign affairs on all sides in a state of turmoil; all this was seething as Elizabeth took the throne. Happily she possessed the invaluable faculty—in her case it amounted almost to genius—of choosing as her advisers the most capable and trusty counsellors. Prominent among these loyal statesmen were Lord Burleigh, Sir Nicholas Bacon, and Sir Francis Walsingham, skilful diplomatists whose conquests fitly rank with the achievements of the lights of learning,



QUEEN ELIZABETH.

or the great enterprises and discoveries of the maritime heroes whose names adorn this reign. Queen Elizabeth passed away, after a brief illness, at Richmond, and was buried in Henry the Seventh's Chapel at Westminster. Her end was hastened, historians say, by the shock she received from the execution of her favourite, Essex, two years previously.

"SHE STRUCK THE KEYS."

One of the first to recognise the amazing originality and talent of that great tone poet, Schumann, was Friedrich Wieck, the German pianist, composer, and writer, who became Schumann's master in pianoforte playing. Wieck had a charming talented daughter, Clara Josephine,* destined to become the wife of one of the most advanced musical thinkers—most thoroughly romantic composers of the nineteenth century. The birthplace of "Madame Schumann"—the name by which she is popularly remembered—was Leipzig. There her father was practising, and there it was that she made her *début* in 1828.

Weimar, Cassel, Frankfort, and Paris saw and heard her in 1831. In 1836 she was performing in Vienna, after which she joined hands and heart with the one she loved and admired, and with him travelled in North Germany and Denmark. She made her first appearance in England in 1856, when she played Beethoven's E flat Concerto and Mendelssohn's Variations Sérieuses at the Philharmonic Concert of April 4th. Madame Schumann returned to this country year by year from 1865 to 1877, and her last visit was in 1888.

Seldom have the rites of holy matrimony joined together two more kindred musical minds than those of Robert Schumann and his wife Clara. We cannot call to mind throughout the annals of the art another quite analogous case where man and wife have both made an impress so lasting upon music as did Schumann and his wife. Let them ever be honoured.

Born in the same year as our late sovereign, Queen Victoria, owing to the awful malady which afflicted her husband and ultimately caused his death, and to other painful circumstances, Madame Schumann had an unusual share of sorrow; but to these trials was probably largely owing the dignity and depth of feeling that always marked her interpretation of the great compositions to which she confined her performances. Bach, Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, Mendelssohn were the masters in whose interpretation she succeeded most thoroughly. Chopin and Weber seemed less congenial to her. Those who have heard her in the great compositions of the masters first mentioned have probably heard that music played as near the standard of its composers as it will ever be heard. Her renderings, in their devotion to the spirit of the author, and entire forgetfulness of self, can never be surpassed. This great *pianiste*, to whom is due so much of what is now known

respecting her husband's compositions, will long be remembered as the foremost exponent of the quiet classic style of playing, in a generation dazzled and attracted by the showy, noisy *Sturm-und-Drang* methods of the *virtuosi*.



MADAME SCHUMANN.
(Photo by Stereoscopic Co.)



MRS. HEMANS.

* Born September 13th, 1819; died May 20th, 1896.

The immediate cause of her death was the effects of a paralytic stroke. How she is missed by those who, much as they admired her music, loved her person still more! And how fitly the poet Campbell's muse applies to her—

"She struck the keys, and music made
That mock'd all skill her hand had e'er displayed.
Inspired and warbling, rapt from things around,
She look'd the very Muse of magic sound,
Painting in sound the forms of joy and woe,
Until the mind's eye saw them melt and glow."

SWEET LYRIC SINGER.

Among the noble army of women who have adorned English literature, few, if any, have sung more sweetly or have possessed imagination more rich, chaste, and glowing than we meet with in the muse of Felicia Dorothea Hemans.* This English poetess was born at Liverpool. Her father, George Browne, of Irish extraction, was a Liverpool merchant; her mother, whose maiden name was Wagner, was of mixed Italian and German descent. Like most possessors of exceptional intellect and true genius, Felicia Browne gave indications of her future distinction when quite a child. She always had a bent for poetry, in which her mother and others properly encouraged her. How amply their expectations were confirmed in after years by one greater than they! She once paid a visit to Abbotsford, and Scott, after complimenting her upon her poetry and musical gifts, said, "Mrs. Hemans, I should say you had too many gifts, were they not all made to give pleasure to those around you."

When she was seven years old clouds gathered over her father's roof. The family removed to Wales, near St. Asaph, where her love of nature and romantic temperament

* Born September 25th, 1793; died May 12th, 1835.

had full play. At fifteen years of age Miss Browne plunged into authorship with a volume containing her earliest pieces.

Her nineteenth year (1812) was a memorable one. In it she married Captain Hemans of the King's Own Regiment—a fit year that for the publication of her second volume of verse—*The Domestic Affections and Other Poems*. Alas! the marriage was not a happy one. In six short years a permanent separation took place—the husband settling in Italy—and the two never met again. Despite her impaired health she now devoted herself to the education of her children, and to writing. Retiring first to Wavertree and settling subsequently at Dublin, she published volume after volume of poems, hymns, translations, prose dissertations, such as her papers in the *Edinburgh Monthly Magazine* on "Foreign Literature," and even dramas. Mrs. Hemans always regarded *The Forest Sanctuary* as her finest work, and this appeared in the *Lays of Many Lands*, which was published in 1826. It was Bishop Heber, then Rector of Hodnet, who encouraged her in the composition of *Superstition and Revelation*, a poem intended to extirpate religious error. Besides the immortal Scott, Mrs. Hemans enjoyed the friendship of Campbell, Wordsworth, and Archbishop Whately. She died at Dublin of disease of the heart, and left behind her five sons.

The writings of this pure, delicate poetess stand out not so much for their originality or force as for their sweet, natural, pleasing beauty. So pure and refined are they that not a line of them would delicacy blot from her pages. Her personal feeling will be found reflected most in the *Records of Woman*, 1828; but her lyrics are undoubtedly her best productions. Most of these will serve to keep alive the memory of a woman of true genius, whose range was circumscribed, and who had to write much and hastily to make amends for her husband's indifference.



THE FERNLEY GIRLS' GUILD.

By SARAH TYTLER.

CHAPTER XIV.

LOUISE HARRIS.



U P to the time when the news of her father's death reached Sophy, she had, along with the other girls, continued to visit Louise Harris. Indeed, the very peculiarity of Louise's situation had disarmed the severest stickler for unblemished antecedents in any of the houses of the old and honourable inhabitants of Fernley and

its neighbourhood. Not only was Louise's confinement to her room, and later to the immediate surroundings of Fernley Lodge, protracted for an irksome length of time, it could no longer be concealed either from the girl herself or from her friends that she was permanently crippled. She would pay dearly for her lack of submission to the circumstances to which the rest of her family had prudently bowed. Because she would not consent to confine herself to decent privacy till the

scandal of her father's trial and sentence blew over, she was compelled to submit for the rest of her life to being disabled for the exercises in which she excelled and delighted. Science and medical skill might do something for her, the worst effects of her accident might wear off in the course of years, but she would never again leap a five-barred gate, or be in at the death of vixen, or dance out two pairs of slippers in the course of a night, or win the record of a daring Alpine climber, or be the crack tennis-player at a tennis-tournament, or be the stand-by at a woman's hockey club, never again skate or fence or even cycle.

In the meantime Louise was left stranded at Fernley Lodge. Rose had been ordered abroad for the winter, and, as soon as she was able to travel, which was before Louise, with her badly-fractured ankle, displaced kneecap, and injured collar-bone could be moved in bandages, splints and plaster of Paris, from her uneasy bed, Mrs. Harris started with her daughter Rose for the Riviera. She had intended her two remaining daughters to remain behind at the Lodge, since necessity willed staying where going or staying had to do with Louise; but Marcia settled the matter otherwise.

THE BIRTHDAY PAGE.

OCTOBER.

By FREDERICK J. CROWEST.

THE SWEDISH NIGHTINGALE.



JENNY LIND.

Who has not heard of Jenny Lind? * All of us cannot, of course, remember the "forties" and "fifties" of the last century, but, all the same, there will scarcely be any readers of these few notes who will not have heard something of this famous songstress from their parents or others. "Jenny Lind" was such a captivating name in the far-off days when our late good Queen was young! When she made her first appearance in this country, at Her Majesty's Opera on May 4th, 1847, she was the talk of all London.

Born at Stockholm, the daughter of poor parents, it soon became evident that, given training, she would prove a soprano vocalist of rare excellence. Accordingly she was sent to the Stockholm Musical Academy, with the result that, when eighteen years old, she made her *début* in her native city as Agathe in Weber's *Der Freischütz*. In 1844 the youthful cantatrice appeared at Berlin, having, in the meantime, had the benefit of additional instruction in singing from Manuel Garcia at Paris. Here her singing in *Norma* and *L'Etoile du Nord* added to her growing reputation. Leipzig and Vienna were each visited, and then "the Swedish Nightingale" (for financially-interested partisans had thus christened her) was brought to London. The place was soon in an uproar about her, so skilfully had the art of puffery been carried out by her *impresario*, Mr. Lumley, and his party at the Opera House. The opera chosen for the *début* of Jenny Lind in this country was Meyerbeer's *Roberto il Diavolo*. The long-looked-for event came off and caused a *furor* never likely to be forgotten by anyone who had to undergo the crush of getting within the auditorium. The public at once went mad about the Swedish *prima donna*. Crowds struggled at the Opera House doors, hats were doubled up and dresses torn; a throng of carriages, unseemly clamour and conflict of coachmen, servants, policemen, mob—all contributed to the "Jenny Lind fever." Not many months afterwards she retired from opera, having been induced by Dr. Stanley, the then Bishop of Norwich, to abandon that "line" of her professional engagements.

Jenny Lind still continued to sing in oratorios and concerts. It was while on tour in America that she married Herr Otto Goldschmidt. The two came back to England, and remained here, taking up their residence in London and Malvern. One of the best things they did was to start the Bach Choir. Nor must we forget that the Mendelssohn Scholarship owes its foundation in great part to her magnificent singing in *Elijah* for the benefit of the Scholarship funds.

* Born October 6th, 1820; died November 2nd, 1887.

The "Nightingale's" voice was a soprano, two octaves in compass—from D to D, having a possible higher note or two available on rare occasions. The lower half of the register and the upper one were of two distinct qualities. The former was not strong—veiled, if not husky, and apt to be out of tune. The latter was rich, brilliant, and powerful, finest in its highest portions. Like Pasta and Viardot, and unlike Malibran, Grisi, and Tietjens, her voice was naturally defective, and it was only by the most careful training and indomitable perseverance that it became flexible and thoroughly under control. Her marvellous success was due mainly to her own conscientiousness in respect to all she had to do, and also to an unequalled amount of outside influence that was brought to bear upon her reception here as a singer.

How many of my readers, I wonder, have heard the following story? Once, when talk turned upon the question of mice, an animal of which ladies are believed to entertain feelings approaching to terror, Jenny Lind contributed to the discussion the quaint phrase, "I have a hole in my heart for ze little mouse."

Madame Jenny Lind - Goldschmidt passed away at Malvern. She left no void in the world of music, but her rare qualities of mind and heart have kept her memory green. From quite an early age she was very charitable, and was ever ready to help those who she believed really needed assistance.

DUCHESS OF EDINBURGH.

That was a great event in the history of the two countries, Britain and Russia, when the union took place between Queen Victoria's second son, Alfred, Duke of Edinburgh, and the Grand Duchess Marie Alexandrovna,* only daughter of the Tsar Alexander II. By this happy circumstance the two most influential nations in Europe were brought into a closer contact than could ever have been effected by any diplomatic means, an event all the more welcome, too, inasmuch as it came



H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF EDINBURGH.
(Photo by W. & D. Downey.)

as a factor of peace from a direction that had long looked sinister, as men cast their eyes from west to east of Europe. It is not going too far to state that the condition of Europe has been much calmer and comfortable since this quite unexpected union was consummated. The marriage was solemnised with the utmost pomp and ceremony at the Winter Gardens, St. Petersburg (23rd January, 1874), and was performed in accordance with the rites of both the Orthodox and Anglican Churches. Viscount Sydney and the Lady

* Born at St. Petersburg, October 17th, 1853.

Augusta Stanley represented Queen Victoria; and the Protestant service was performed by Dean Stanley. The Duke and the Grand Duchess used Prayer-books which had been sent them by the Queen, and the bride's bouquet was also the Queen's present from Osborne. The Greek Church allows no instrumental music, but the singing of the Russian choir was magnificent. The marriage register was signed by Dean Stanley, the Emperor and Empress of Russia, the Prince and Princess of Wales, Prince Arthur, the Imperial Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Germany, and several members of the Imperial family. It was on Saturday, March 7th, that the Duchess of Edinburgh first set foot on English soil at Gravesend, where she had a British reception. When a few days later she and her husband entered London it was in a heavy snow-storm—which fittingly enough made the country look like "one vast bride-cake." Several children were born of the marriage, of whom Prince Alfred died in 1899.

From the time of her public entry into London, amid every possible enthusiasm, the Duchess of Edinburgh (for so she will be best remembered) has been a favourite with English people, who do not forget how difficult it must have been for her to forsake the first place at the Russian Court, and conform to the law of precedence at that of St. James's. Like most of the Russian nobility Her Royal Highness has a high-spirited temperament which she has been known to exercise as occasion required. Her long residence in London at Clarence House was very beneficial to many people.

It was in 1899 that the Duke and Duchess celebrated their silver wedding at Coburg, for Queen Victoria's second son had succeeded to the Duchy of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha. Sad to say, our "Sailor Prince," as he used to be termed, was not long to enjoy his sovereignty. Without great warning he passed away on the 30th July, 1900. Now the Duchess is a widow, and her children fatherless.

SWEET LYRICAL POETESS.

There have been few sweeter singers among English poetesses of the nineteenth century than Adelaide Anne Procter,* whose charming drift of language will always win lovers of the genuinely beautiful and simple in verse. Born in London—not a place we should imagine that would be particularly provocative of the muse—she was the daughter of Bryan Waller Procter ("Barry Cornwall"), who Mr. Gosse says wrote "more songs that deserve the comparative praise of good than any other modern writer except Shelley and Tennyson." Thus Miss Procter inherited her father's distinct poetic gifts. Some of her earliest literary work was on *Household Words* and *All the Year Round*,

* Born October 30th, 1825; died February 2nd, 1864.

to which publication she contributed when little more than a girl. Fame did not attend her literary efforts, however, until 1858-60. Then appeared her volume of *charming Legends and Lyrics*, which passed speedily through several editions. In 1862 *A Chaplet of Verse*, another charming collection of poetical fancies, appeared, and this volume speedily enhanced its gifted authoress's reputation.

The genuineness and simplicity of Miss Procter's poetry, its thoughtful tone, tenderness and grace, its delicate varied style, its musical purity—all these qualities make it perfectly acceptable. No girl could be else than better from such reading.

Her sweet diction and beautiful imagery may well be understood from the following few lines from her lyric *Incompleteness*—

"Dawn is fair, because the mists fade slowly
Into day, which floods the world with light;
Twilight's mystery is so sweet and holy
Just because it ends in starry night.

* * * *

Life is only bright when it proceedeth
Towards a truer, deeper life above;
Human love is sweetest when it leadeeth
To a more divine and perfect love."

Such extracts, brief as they are, justify what another critic has said of the poems of this pure-souled young woman—"Their entire freedom from imitation, trick and exaggeration, have given them a high place and a place of their own in the esteem and love of English readers."

Poor Miss Procter had barely reached womanhood when her health began to fail her. Many remedial measures were adopted, unavailingly. The highly-gifted creature was slowly making towards the Eternal Scenes. She became a convert to the Roman Faith, and exhibited a devotional spirit which became the more beautiful as her affliction grew upon her. Finally, after a long illness borne with splendid submission and heroism, she passed away in the twenty-ninth year of her age.



ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

QUESTION AND ANSWER.

KENILWORTH STUDENT *has been vainly trying to reconcile Sir Walter Scott's "Kenilworth" with history, and writes to us to solve difficulties as to the dates, etc., of Amy Robsart's marriage and death.*

The difficulties of our correspondent arise from reading a novel as though it were a transcript of literal fact. Even the greatest authors in the field of historical romance take liberties with their subject, and Scott is no exception.

Amy was the daughter of Sir John (not Hugh) Robsart, and was married to Lord Robert Dudley in 1550, when the bridegroom appears to have been only about seventeen years of age. She was never "Countess of Leicester" as Scott styles her. She died in 1560, four years before Dudley was created Earl of Leicester, and fifteen years before the

visit of Queen Elizabeth to Kenilworth in 1575, so brilliantly described in the story. The ballad "Cumnor Hall" in entitling the hapless lady "Countess" also takes a liberty with fact. Hallam in his *History of England* refers to the "great anachronism and confusion of persons" with which the story of the tragic episode is related in *Kenilworth*. It is, however, true that suspicion hovered around Lady Dudley's sudden death, and those who dreaded lest Queen Elizabeth should marry the Earl of Leicester used against him the report that he had murdered his wife. This was only a report and was never proved, although popular feeling ran high at the time. Our correspondent will not, we hope, consider this reply as any attempt to find fault with the splendid romance she is studying, but for dates she must always refer to history.