

## Editors' Table.

### MODERN ROYALTY.

How'er it be, it seems to me  
 'Tis only noble to be good;  
 Kind hearts are more than coronets,  
 And simple faith than Norman blood.

TENNYSON.

THE spirit of the age is exerting a surprising influence on royalty itself. A hundred years ago, or even less, a queen was considered to accomplish perfectly all the duties of her station, if she attended carefully to the management of court ceremonials, and complied strictly with the demands of etiquette on all occasions. At the present day she is expected to set an example in works of charity, and in encouraging institutions for the benefit of the poor, the sick, and the helpless. What Queen Victoria has done in this way to make her name honored is well known. The ex-Empress of the French, however she may be charged with frivolity, did not omit the observance of similar duties, as was shown by her frequent visits and contributions to hospitals and schools. The "Empress-Queen" of Prussia is, according to the recent letter of a correspondent from Berlin, a pattern in these respects; not merely to royal ladies, but to all others who have opportunities and means of doing good in this manner. "Her Majesty" (we are told) "is the patroness of innumerable schools, hospitals, and charities, and takes such an active part in the working of these useful institutions, that when her birthday comes around, the festivities marking it are of a kind adding greatly to the intimate relations between the dynasty and the people." As an example, he instances the "Empress-Augusta Institute," which was founded by her about a year ago. It was originally intended as a boarding-school for the daughters of Prussian officers who had fallen in the war, but it has recently, "with true Prussian thrift," been thrown open to the public generally, the fees of the paying pupils being employed in increasing the number of free admissions. The Empress, it is stated, has superintended every detail of the school, from the plan of instruction to the arrangement of the bed-rooms and the kitchen; and the institute has prospered so well that another is about to be established on the same system in some other locality. The writer adds that the Empress "is paying a similar personal attention to many scholastic and charitable establishments, an attention not merely nominal, but actual, and extending to the minutest details."

That the English paper which records these pleasing facts should, in review of them, style her Majesty a "right royal lady," is natural enough; yet one cannot but think that when the epithet "royal" has come to bear a significance so widely different from that which it bore no long time ago, it affords a notable proof of the influence of free institutions in moulding not only character and conduct, but even the very meaning of language. It is not affirming too much to say that the best qualities of modern royalty are due to the existence of republican America. Can our responsibilities for this good influence be discharged, unless our systems of education are improved? We need *National Normal Schools* for young women, who should be teachers of all the children. We need *National Colleges*, where the best culture given to both sexes would prepare educators for the higher advances in Christian civilization.

### THE POET AT THE BREAKFAST-TABLE.\*

WHEN an old friend whose face we have not seen for many years meets us again, we greet him warmly and fall to talk with him over the places and people we have lived among together. Somewhat of the same feeling comes to us when we find upon our Table a book whose author we have long known, and whose pages teem with reference and illustration familiar to the readers of his earlier thoughts. A renewed pleasure comes over us when we meet again the circle around the well-known "Breakfast Table." Benjamin Franklin has grown up since the Autocrat's days, and become a Doctor, inciting little boys as mischievous as his former self to use his popgun at the first sign of a bore. The landlady is the moral of her class: that is, of the best portion of it: just as Mrs. Crupp, in "David Copperfield," is a specimen of the worst. We feel positively sorry when, at the end of the book, she tells her boarders she is "a-going to give up keeping boarders," and says a few words about her life with them, how hard she has worked, how kindly people have treated her, and how she is going to live with her daughter and spend the rest of her days in peace and comfort.

We have found so much in these pages to amuse and interest that we shall make a few quotations. The poet has a pleasant way, when he wants to put one side of a question strongly, without entirely committing himself to it, to make the opinion come from some other boarder, and let it go for what it is worth. Here is a sentiment by the "old master," applicable to all cold, damp climates:—

"The lean, sandy soil, and the droughts, and the long winters, and the east winds, and the cold storms, have a tendency to roughen the human organization and make it coarse. Some spots and some strains of blood fight against these influences, but, if I should say right out what I think, it would be that the finest human fruit, on the whole, and especially the finest women that we get in New England are raised under glass. \* \* \* Under glass, and with a south exposure. During the hard season, of course, for in the heats of summer the tenderest hot-house plants are not afraid of the open air. Protection is what the transplanted Aryan requires in this New England climate. Keep him, and especially keep her, in a wide street of a well-built city eight months of the year: good solid brick walls behind her, good sheets of plate-glass, with the sun shining warm through them, in front of her, and you have put her in the condition of the pineapple, from which her race started on its travels. People don't know what a gain there is to health by living in cities, the best part of them, of course, for we all know what the worst kinds are. You get rid, to a surprising degree, of the noxious emanations which poison so many country localities with typhoid fever and dysentery. While all the country round is suffering from intermittent fever, the paved part of the city is comparatively exempted. \* \* \* A first-rate city house is a regular *sanatorium*."

Dr. Holmes intimates that this is not all the truth, but that most invalids find city air better than country, and that "eight months of shelter in a regulated temperature, in a well-sunned house, in a duly moistened air, with good sidewalks to go about on in all weather, and four months of the cream of summer and the fresh milk of Jersey cows," is a very healthy existence.

The poet is very kind to budding authors. He has a warm sympathy with their first ventures in prose or rhyme; and not only a sympathy for the compe-

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