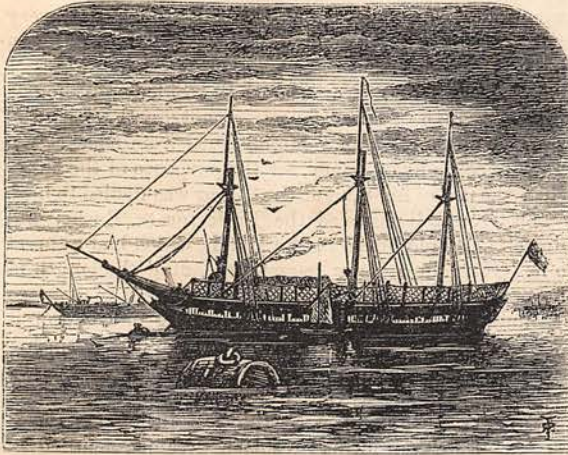


of the conspirators), and from whose house some of the combustibles were conveyed across the Thames to the Horseferry, and placed under the Parliament House, Westminster. The house in which the conspirators stored their combustibles was certainly at Lambeth, and near the river side; it was merely hired for this purpose in 1604, and was probably occupied by Catesby and Percy; it was "burnt to the ground by powder in 1635."

THE QUEEN'S JOURNAL.*

I.



ROYAL GEORGE SAILING YACHT.

In due time we hope to see a "People's Edition of the Queen's Book." Reviews and newspaper extracts have made the general contents pretty widely known; but the present price limits the possession of the volume to comparatively few. We should like to see a copy in every English home; for it is a book worthy of higher use than satisfying the curiosity of the idle and affording pleasure to the wealthy. We want it as a help to the education of the people—their education in what is true and good in life, and in what is beautiful in nature and art. Above all, it is a book the influence of which will be felt in fostering the love of hearth and home, and in strengthening those domestic and social ties that form the true defence and glory of our native land.

In this view the keynote to the work is struck in the brief and touching dedication, "To the dear memory of him who made the life of the writer bright and happy." With no ambition of authorship, and no display of royal state, the pages of this book are really what they call themselves, "Leaves from the Diary" of a happy wife and fond mother.

Under ordinary circumstances this private journal might never have gone beyond the circle of the writer's home; but happily it has been otherwise ordered. The Queen has been pleased to tell to the great body of her subjects the story of her domestic life, writing simply and freely of her joys and sorrows, her tastes and occupations, her feelings and sympathies. The people now know the truth about many things of which they had

* "Leaves from the Journal of our Life in the Highlands from 1848 to 1861, with Extracts giving Account of Earlier Visits to Scotland and Towns in England and Ireland." Smith, Elder, and Co. Our illustrations of the Athole country are from sketches by Robert Taylor Pritchett, made during visits to Blair Castle, and now reproduced with the sanction of the Duchess of Athole. In some of the other pictures (to appear in our next part), Mr. Pritchett has found assistance in photographs taken by Wilson, of Aberdeen.

before only vague though generally correct surmises. And this confidence on the part of the Queen has been met by a love and loyalty which will be increased the more the book is known.

The volume is divided into three parts:—"Earlier Visits to Scotland," "Life in the Highlands from 1848 to 1861," and "Tours in England and Ireland, and Yachting Excursions." They possess different degrees of interest. To many the first will appear the most charming, since it takes us back to the younger days, to the married girlhood of Queen Victoria, when, released for a while from the ceremonies and adulations of the capital, she went to Scotland to catch a first glimpse of its wild and brilliant landscape, of its ancient and lofty cities, of its population, aglow with loyalty, hospitality, gaiety, and independence. This was in the autumn of 1842—six-and-twenty years ago—a distance of time often touchingly referred to in later pages.

The journey was made from Windsor to London by rail, and by road to Woolwich, where the youthful sovereign embarked with her husband on board the Royal George, with a magnificent squadron as escort. The royal yacht was a very different ship from the Victoria and Albert of later years. The voyage was tedious, but thoroughly enjoyed by the Queen. "I saw Fern Island," she writes, "with Grace Darling's lighthouse on it." Singularly enough, that very morning Grace Darling lay dead in her cabin on the Northumbrian coast. The people at sea and ashore were giving merry and distant welcomes to the lady of the land just then passing, "fancy free," through their waters, dancing and piping in their boats, and kindling bonfires



SANDY M'ARA AND THE DUKE OF ATHOLE.

on their hills; and the seamen tripped it upon deck, eliciting from her Majesty one of many amiable compliments to the naval service of her kingdom, "They are so handy and well conducted."

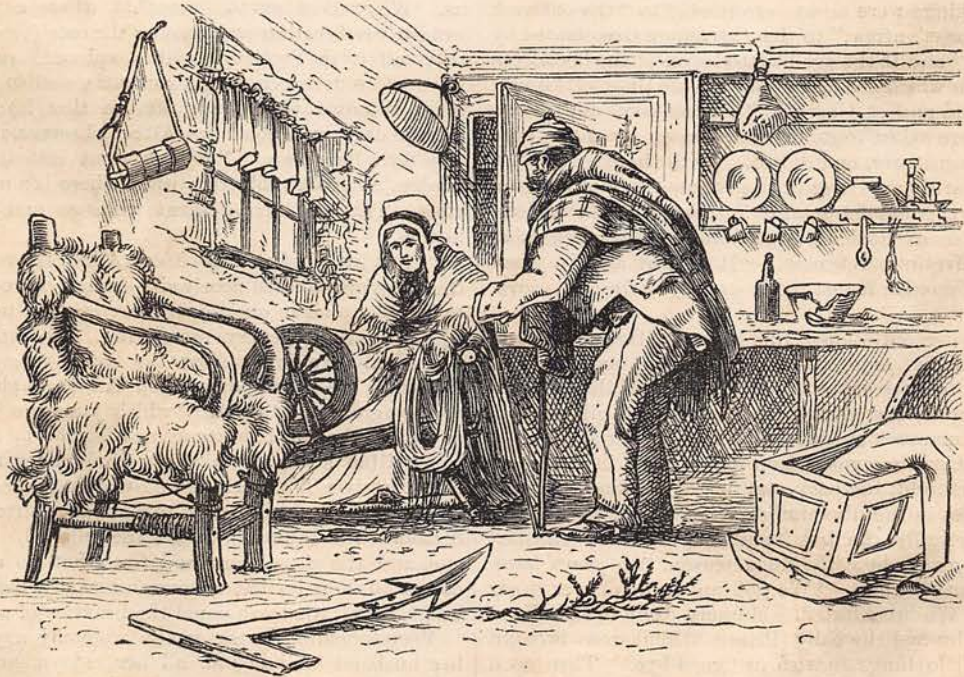
The Queen, from the outset, was enchanted with Scot-

land, with Edinburgh and its environs, with the architecture, the scenery, and the people. "The impression thing built of massive stone: there is not a brick to be seen anywhere. The High Street, which is pretty steep,



A FINE HART ON BENY-VENIE.

Edinburgh has made upon us is very great; it is quite beautiful, totally unlike anything else I have seen; and is very fine. Then the Castle, situated on the grand rock in the middle of the town, is most striking. On the



PETER FRASER AND FOREST LODGE.

what is even more, Albert, who has seen so much, says it is unlike anything he ever saw; it is so regular, every- other side the Calton Hill, with the National Monument, Nelson's Monument, Burns's Monument, the Gaol, the

High School, etc., all magnificent buildings, and with Arthur's Seat in the background, overtopping the whole, form altogether a splendid spectacle. "Albert said he felt sure the Acropolis could not be finer; and I hear they sometimes call Edinburgh 'the modern Athens.'" The enthusiasm was very great, and the people very friendly and kind." Here she "saw several handsome girls and children with long hair; indeed, all the poor girls of sixteen and seventeen, down to two or three years old, have loose flowing hair, a great deal of it red." These, be it remembered, are the *naïve* observations of a Queen just twenty-three years old, visiting for the first time one nation of her subjects. And here the simplicity, as free from affectation as from egotism, of her disposition begins to show itself. They dined, and "everybody was very kind and civil, and full of inquiries as to our voyage." Next morning the young Monarch tastes oatmeal porridge and Finnon haddock, finding both to be sufficiently good. Then there were trips and parties, and rides and drives, and visits to castles and villages, and to the fishwomen, "generally young and pretty—very clean and very Dutch-looking;" and a Drawing-room, and addresses from provosts and magistrates, churches and universities, "to which I read answers. Albert received his just after I did mine, and read his answers beautifully." It was all a triumph; no shadow of care in these young days.

But in that early time, Victoria, already accustomed to regal state, proved that she looked with interest upon whatever appertained to the history of kings and queens in her dominions. Her pilgrimages were made to Holyrood, "that royal-looking old place;" to Dalhousie, "where no British Sovereign had been since Henry IV;" to the Crown Jewel Chamber at the Castle; to the room in which James VI of Scotland and I of England was born—"such a very, very small room, with an old prayer written on the wall"—to Loch Leven, near the castle whence "poor Queen Mary escaped;" to the mound on which "the ancient Scottish kings were always crowned;" to "the old arch with James VI's arms;" to the "sycamore tree planted by James VI," and to the age-blotted leaves of the book from Perth, "in which the last signatures are those of James I of England and of Charles I." The Queen and Prince Albert were asked to unite their names beneath those historic signatures, and did so. With these exceptions, there is hardly anything in the volume to remind us of its writer's paramount station in society—unless we take such phrases as the following, in allusion to Lord Breadalbane's chivalrous welcome:—"It seemed as if a great chieftain in olden feudal times were receiving his Sovereign."

It was her out-of-door life, however, that the young Queen chiefly enjoyed—the mountain scenery, the woodland borders of the lakes, the songs of the boatmen on the waters, the glens and hamlets, and glimpses of shepherd manners on the brown slopes. In all this she luxuriated, and records a deep regret when, in little more than a fortnight, her back was turned on Scotland, and her face set in the direction of Windsor Castle. It had been, practically, the first freedom of her life. The next visit was made about the same season, two years later. The journal begins:—"We got up at a quarter to six o'clock. We breakfasted. Mamma came to take leave of us; Alice and the baby (Prince Alfred) were brought in, poor little things, to wish us 'good bye.' Then good Bertie (the Prince of Wales) came to see us, and Vicky (the Princess Royal) appeared as *voyageuse*, and was all impatience to go." The eldest-born of our Queen seems to have been, from the beginning, an excel-

lent traveller. "I said to Albert, I could hardly believe that our child was travelling with us—it put me so in mind of myself when I was 'The Little Princess.'" We quote these slight passages as exemplifications of the perfectly natural tone in which her Majesty describes her earlier experience. "We got out at an inn," she writes, "which was small, but clean, at Dunkeld, to let Vicky have some broth. Vicky stood and bowed to the people out of the window. There never was such a good traveller as she is, sleeping in the carriage at her usual times; not put out, not frightened at noise or crowds, but pleased and amused." Such are some of the pleasant glimpses, where the mother more than the queen appears.

Never did English tourist more heartily enter into all the delights of travelling in Scotland, nor more thoroughly appreciate the scenery of the

"Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood."

Thus, in Blair Athole she admiringly writes of the grand scenery:—

"Blair Castle, Blair Athole, Thursday, Sept. 12.

"We took a delightful walk of two hours. Immediately near the house the scenery is very wild, which is most enjoyable. The moment you step out of the house you see those splendid hills all round. We went to the left, through some neglected pleasure-grounds, and then through the wood, along a steep winding path overhanging the rapid stream. These Scotch streams, full of stone and clear as glass, are most beautiful; the peeps between the trees, the depth of the shadows, the mossy stones, mixed with slate, etc., which cover the banks, are lovely; at every turn you have a picture. We were up high, but could not get to the top: Albert in such delight; it is happiness to see him, he is in such spirits. We came back by a higher drive, and then went to the factor's house, still higher up, where Lord and Lady Glenlyon are living, having given Blair up to us. We walked on to a cornfield, where a number of women were cutting and reaping the oats ('shearing,' as they call it in Scotland), with a splendid view of the hills before us, so rural and romantic, and so unlike our daily Windsor walk (delightful as that is); and this change does such good: as Albert observes, it refreshes one for a long time. We then went into the kitchen garden, and to a walk from which there is a magnificent view. This mixture of great wildness and art is perfection.

"At a little before four o'clock Albert drove me out in the pony phaeton till nearly six—such a drive! Really, to be able to sit in one's pony carriage and to see such wild, beautiful scenery as we did, the farthest point being only five miles from the house, is an immense delight. We drove along Glen Tilt, through the wood overhanging the river Tilt, which joins the Garry, and as we left the wood we came upon such a lovely view—Ben-y-Ghlo straight before us—and under these high hills the river Tilt, gushing and winding over stones and slates, and the hills and mountains skirted at the bottom with beautiful trees; the whole lit up by the sun, and the air so pure and fine; but no description can at all do it justice, or give an idea of what this drive was. 'Oh! what can equal the beauties of nature!'"

Very touching is the gentle womanly way in which her husband is linked in all her enjoyments, Albert's delight, and Albert's remarks being always noted. Prince Albert was extremely fond of deer-stalking. Here is his own description of the sport, given in a letter to Prince Leiningen:—



JUST ON THE DEER.

"Without doubt deer-stalking is one of the most fatiguing, but it is also one of the most interesting of pursuits. There is not a tree or a bush behind which you can hide yourself. . . One has, therefore, to be constantly on the alert in order to circumvent them, and to keep under the hill out of their wind, crawling on hands and knees, and dressed entirely in grey."

On many occasions the Queen joined the shooting-party, and has given the following account of a day in Blair Athole:—

"We drove nearly to Peter Fraser's house, which is between the Marble Lodge and Forest Lodge. Here Albert and I walked about a little, and then Lady Canning; mounted our ponies and set off on our journey, Lord Glenlyon leading my pony the whole way; Peter Fraser, the head keeper, (a wonderfully active man) leading the way, Sandy and six other Highlanders carrying rifles and leading dogs, and the rear brought up by two ponies with our luncheon-box. Lawley, Albert's jäger, was also there, carrying one of Albert's rifles; the other Albert slung over his right shoulder, to relieve Lawley. So we set off, and wound round and round the hill, which had the most picturesque effect imaginable. Such a splendid view all around, finer and more extensive the higher we went! The day was delightful; but the sun very hot. We saw the highest point of Ben-y-Ghlo, which one cannot see from below, and the distant range of hills we had seen from Tulloch was beautifully softened by the slightest haze. We saw Loch Vach. The road was very good, and, as we ascended, we had to speak in a whisper, as, indeed, we did almost all day, for fear of alarming deer unawares. The wind was, however, right, which is everything here for the deer. I wish we could have had Landseer with us to sketch our party, with the background, it was so pretty, as were also the various 'halts,' etc. If I only had had time to sketch them!

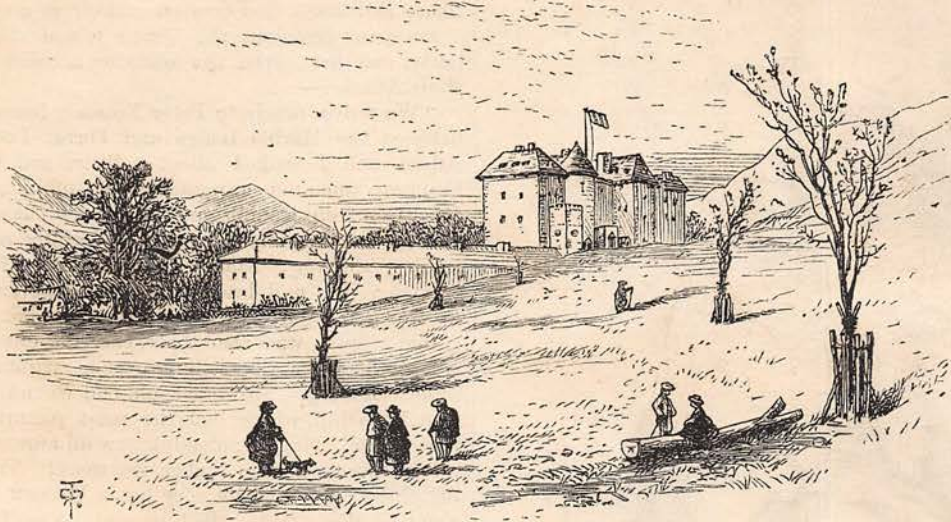
"We stopped at the top of the Chrianan, whence you look down an immense height. It is here that the eagles sometimes sit. Albert got off and looked about in great admiration, and walked on a little, and then remounted his pony. We then went nearly to the top of Cairn Chlamain, and here we separated, Albert going off with Peter Lawley and two other keepers to get a 'quiet shot,' as they call it, and Lady Canning, Lord Glenlyon, and I went up quite to the top, which is deep in moss. Here we sat down and stayed some time, sketching the ponies below, Lord Glenlyon and Sandy remaining near us. The view was quite beautiful—nothing but mountains all around us, and the solitude, the complete solitude, very impressive. We saw the range of Mar Forest, and the inner range to the left, receding from us, as we sat facing the hill called Scarsach, where the counties of Perth, Aberdeen, and Inverness join. My pony was brought up for me, and we then descended this highest pinnacle, and proceeded on a level to meet Albert, whom I descried coming towards us. We met him shortly after; he had had bad luck, I am sorry to say. We then sat down on the grass and had some luncheon; then I walked a little with Albert, and we got on our ponies. As we went on towards home some deer were seen in Glen Chroime, which is called the 'Sanctum!' where it is supposed that there are a great many. Albert went off after this, and we remained on Sron-a-Chro for an hour. I am sure, as Lord Glenlyon said, by so doing we should turn the deer to Albert; whereas, if we went on, we should disturb and spoil the whole thing. So we submitted. Albert looked like a little speck creeping about on an

opposite hill. We saw four heads of deer, two of them close to us. It was a beautiful sight.

"Meanwhile I saw the sun sinking gradually, and I got quite alarmed lest we should be benighted, and we called anxiously for Sandy, who had gone away for a

hills sharper. I never saw anything so fine. It soon, however, grew very dark.

"At length Albert met us, and he told me he had waited all the time for us, as he knew how anxious I should be. He had been very unlucky, and had lost



BLAIR CASTLE, FROM THE PARK.

moment, to give the signal to come back. We then began our descent, 'squinting' the hill, the ponies going as safely and securely as possible. As the sun went down

his temper, for the rifle would not go off just when he could have shot some fine harts; yet he was as merry and cheerful as if nothing had happened to dis-



THE HALL DOOR, BLAIR CASTLE.

the scenery became more and more beautiful, the sky crimson, golden red and blue, and the hills looking purple and lilac, most exquisite, till at length it set, and the hues grew softer in the sky, and the outline of the

appoint him. We got down safely to the bridge, our ponies going most surely, though it was quite dusk when we were at the bottom of the hill. We walked to the Marble Lodge, and then got into the pony carriage and

drove home by very bright moonlight, which made everything look very lovely; but the road made one a little nervous.

"We saw a flight of ptarmigan, with their white wings, on the top of Sron-a-Chro; also plovers, grouse,

The arrival and reception at Taymouth are thus described:—

"At a quarter to six we reached Taymouth. At the gate a guard of Highlanders, Lord Breadalbane's men, met us. Taymouth lies in a valley surrounded by very



MARBLE LODGE, GLEN TILT.

and pheasants. We were safely home by a quarter to eight."

Whenever the Queen paid a visit to any of the nobles of the north she was received with truly Scottish enthusiasm. Two of these state visits may be given as instances.

Here is the description of the reception at Inverary Castle:—

"Our reception was in the true Highland fashion. The Duke and Duchess of Argyll (dear Lady Elizabeth Leveson Gower), the Duchess of Sutherland, Lord Stafford, Lady Caroline Leveson Gower, and the Blantyr's received us at the landing-place, which was all ornamented with heather. The Celtic Society, including Campbell of Islay, his two sons (one grown up, and the other a very pretty little boy), with a number of his men, and several other Campbells, were all drawn up near to the carriage. We got into a carriage with the two Duchesses, Charles and the Duke being on the box (we had left the children on board the Fairy), and took a beautiful drive amongst magnificent trees, and along a glen where we saw Ben Sheerer, etc. The weather was particularly fine, and we were much struck by the extreme beauty of Inverary—presenting as it does such a combination of magnificent timber, with high mountains and a noble lake.

"The pipers walked before the carriage, and the Highlanders on either side, as we approached the house. Outside stood the Marquis of Lorn, just two years old, a dear, white, fat, fair little fellow, with reddish hair, but very delicate features, like both his father and mother; he is such a merry, independent little child. He had a black velvet dress and jacket, with a 'sporrán,' scarf, and Highland bonnet. We lunched at two with our host, the Highland gentlemen standing with halberds in the room. We sent for our children, who arrived during luncheon time. We left Inverary before three, and took the children with us in the carriage. The Argylls, the Duchess of Sutherland, and the others accompanied us on board the Fairy, where we took leave of them."

high wooded hills; it is most beautiful. The house is a kind of castle, built of granite. The *coup d'œil* was indescribable. Here were a number of Lord Breadalbane's Highlanders, all in the Campbell tartan, drawn



TAYMOUTH CASTLE, FROM THE FORT.

up in front of the house, with Lord Breadalbane himself in a Highland dress at their head; a few of Sir Neil Menzie's men (in the Menzies' red and white tartan), a

number of pipers playing, and a company of the 92nd Highlanders, also in kilts. The firing of the guns, the cheering of the great crowd, the picturesqueness of the dresses, the beauty of the surrounding country, with its rich background of wooded hills, altogether formed one of the finest scenes imaginable. It seemed as if a great chieftain in olden feudal times was receiving his sovereign. It was princely and romantic. Lord and Lady Breadalbane took us upstairs, the hall and stairs being lined with Highlanders."

The mention of the arrival at Taymouth leads to the introduction of the following simple and touching note:—

"I revisited Taymouth last autumn, on the 3rd of October, from Dunkeld (*incognita*), with Louise, the Dowager Duchess of Athole, and Miss MacGregor. As we could not have driven through the grounds without asking permission, and as we did not wish to be known, we decided upon not attempting to do so, and contented ourselves with getting out at a gate close to a small fort, into which we were led by a woman from the gardener's house, near to which we had stopped, and who had no idea who we were.

"We got out and looked from this height down upon the house below, the mist having cleared away sufficiently to show us everything; and there, unknown, quite in private, I gazed—not without emotion—on the scene of our reception twenty years ago by dear Lord Breadalbane, in a princely style not to be equalled in grandeur and poetic effect.

"Albert and I were only twenty-three, young and happy. How many are gone that were with us then!

"I was very thankful to have seen it again.

"It seemed unaltered.—1866."

WHAT I SAW OF THE AMBER TRADE.

ANY one wishing, from motives of curiosity, to live awhile in a bygone age, or rather, to learn from actual observation the way some people lived one hundred years ago, should visit the city of Königsberg, on the Prengal, in the eastern part of Prussia.

The people of that city move about as though they had not the slightest fear of being harmed by time or anything else, except by a little activity. The only thing new to be seen there is occasionally a new moon. Everything in the place looks antique. The children look as though they had been children for many years, and would be so for many years to come. The people, however, must have changed a little within the last three or four hundred years, for the present generation do not seem to have energy enough to accomplish the work man has at some time performed in completing so respectable an old city. The magnificent cathedral, containing the remarkable organ with 5000 pipes, and many other public buildings, show that its inhabitants were once young, energetic, and ambitious.

Only three days are required for "doing" Königsberg. To a person fond of travelling, a longer residence in the city will become somewhat wearisome—especially should he be in want of money. Being in the latter predicament, and also desirous of moving on, I did not find myself much in a fix at Königsberg. I am a seaman—one who follows that occupation as the most convenient way of travelling on an income limited to the wages of manual labour. Not wishing at the moment to leave that part of Europe, I joined a small vessel that was to be employed near the mouth of the Dange, in gathering amber.

A large and deep deposit of mud or soft clay, containing much amber, had lately been found not far from Memel, and we were employed to work upon it. Between Königsberg and the Frische-Haff we saw several places where people had been, or were digging for amber, although the work does not appear to be very profitable. The amber obtained in that way on those "diggings" only amounts to about 500 pounds per annum, and too much work is required in obtaining that amount to make the labour remunerative.

Two of my companions told me that they had spent several months in digging for amber, and had worked hard for a miserable living, until they had reluctantly been compelled to give up the business.

I asked, "Why reluctantly?" and learnt that the business could be followed only with the same infatuation that enslaves the gambler—the hope of making as much in an hour as can be made by saving the wages of some ordinary employment for years.

The day after leaving Königsberg we were anchored over that part of the mud-bank where the company had purchased the right of dredging, and were making preparations for work. We commenced business in a more extensive or scientific manner than dredging for amber had usually been performed. The dredging machinery was worked by a steam-engine, and the contents of the buckets were emptied into a barge alongside. Four men were stationed in the barge, employed in turning over the clay and other substances brought up in the buckets, searching for the amber.

I had an opportunity of seeing the result of our first day's work. It consisted of one piece of an inferior quality, weighing about three ounces, and worth about as many shillings. Several other smaller pieces were found, but were of little value, as they could only (I was told) be used for dissolving and making into a varnish principally used by photographers.

The price of amber varies according to size and quality of the pieces. A piece weighing but half an ounce, and worth two shillings, would probably be worth three or four times that sum if only double the weight. Some amber is so discoloured by substances that have adhered to and become mixed with it before being hardened, that it will not bring in the market more than four or five shillings per pound. Other pieces that are clear, or that can be used as specimens, containing insects preserved in perfect shape, are worth from £16 to £17 per pound.

The largest piece of which I heard, and which is said to be the largest ever found, was owned by a firm of amber merchants in Dantzic, who have long kept it in their possession; it weighs twelve pounds. The largest piece found in recent years near Memel weighs about five pounds, and it was said to be worth over 400 Prussian dollars.

The right of gathering amber on the east coast of Prussia was once monopolised by a company. This monopoly was extinguished in 1847, and since then the owners of land on the shores can confer the right of collecting it, although I believe a small fee has to be paid to the government. Dantzic was once the principal port for the trade in amber, but the business is now mostly centred at Memel. The trade in amber between England and Prussia is fast increasing. A few years ago, nearly all the amber reached us in a manufactured state, but now we receive the most of it as it is found on the coasts.

It is estimated that more than 74,000 pounds were procured by dredging in 1866. The amount last year was undoubtedly much larger. A good deal of amber is

atmosphere, which will make you feel twice as rich as you were before—nay, will really make you richer, for you have so far been in receptive contact with the rich Spirit of grace, who sheds his influence not only in those mighty works which move a people, but does not forget the lesser charms of life, any more than the sun which sheds its light and warmth upon a crowd of worlds, fails to tint and cheer the daisy on a lawn. You have so far been in receptive contact with the Spirit whose law is "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

But I have said that there is no rule more abused than the Golden one. Let us look at this side of the matter. If we are to do as we should be done by, we must wish to be "done by" honestly. No law of the Lord is over-ridden by falsehood or injustice. Right must ever be the root of the Golden Rule.

Of course the case of a thief, who might wish me to drop my purse in the road he was walking, and so be "done by" as he would, is not to the point I am making for, since he would be himself unwilling to drop his; but I can imagine a case in which we might seem to be keeping the Golden Rule, and yet be far from doing right.

A beggar presents himself before me in the way. I think, "Poor man, if I were he, I should be very glad of an alms," and I give him a coin. Now, am I thus really keeping the rule to do as I would be done by? Is my act a kindly departure from the severe rules of political economy, by which we seek to check pauperism and imposture? Does not the beggar heartily desire alms? If I were a beggar, would not I desire them? Do not I do as I would be done by if I bestow them upon him? Yes, indeed, if so be that I have a beggar's soul, or can really identify myself with one who makes it his business to live upon alms, who is willing to accept, nay, to seek, the proceeds of work solely by refusing to do any work at all. The business of the beggar is to feed upon that which is directly or indirectly the result of some one's labour. He dislikes toil. He dislikes the restraints of productive industry, and he himself produces nothing, except it be a brood of beggars in prospective, and some increment towards the pauperism of a people, with the additional item of confusion in the sense of the word charity.

I have referred to professional beggars; but what I say has many applications. When we are asked to do as we would be done by, and our good nature, frequently the child of mere selfishness, is appealed to, we are bound to consider not merely whether, if we were in the petitioner's place, we should like to have our petition granted, but whether it ought to be granted. No man has a right to expect his desire to be granted unless he desires what is just and right. We must ask whether the person who wants help considers himself alone in his prayer. If he considers himself alone, we merely encourage selfishness by granting it. We promote that very vice which causes the right use of the Golden Rule to be neglected.

There is room for much more kindness in the world, but there is daily proof that much apparent kindness, such as is often received with profuse thanks, is really not true kindness, but the stimulant of mischievous dependence.

Let us, then, not suppose that the Golden Rule is kept by a mere compliance with the wishes or importunities of others. He who gave it did, according to the record of his work, by no means gratify the requests of all who appealed to him.

While, therefore, we may do wrong by yielding to

selfishness in our refusal to act upon the Golden Rule, we must take care lest we overshoot the mark, and encourage by our deed that very fault which we wish to strive against ourselves. We must do as we would be done by when the deed may fairly be demanded of us, but we must not do as we would be done by when the petitioner is unjustified in his request.

THE QUEEN'S JOURNAL.

II.

CONTINUING our extracts from the Queen's book,* we give the first impressions of Balmoral:—

"Balmoral, Friday, Sept. 8, 1848.

We arrived at Balmoral at a quarter to three. It is a pretty little castle in the old Scottish style. There is a picturesque tower garden in front, with a high wooded hill; at the back there is a wood down to the Dee, and the hill rises all round.

There is a nice little hall, with a billiard-room; next to it is the dining-room. Upstairs (ascending by a good broad staircase) immediately to the right, and above the dining-room, is our sitting-room (formerly the drawing-room), a fine large room—next to which is our bed-room, opening into a little dressing-room, which is Albert's. Opposite, down a few steps, are the children's and Mrs. Hildyard's three rooms. The ladies live below, and the gentlemen upstairs.

We lunched almost immediately, and at half-past four we walked out, and went up to the top of the wooded hill opposite our windows, where there is a cairn, and up which there is a pretty winding path. The view from here, looking down upon the house, is charming. To the left you look towards the beautiful hills surrounding Loch-na-Gar, and to the right towards Ballater, to the glen (or valley) along which the Dee winds, with beautiful wooded hills, which reminded us very much of the Thüringerwald. It was so calm and so solitary, it did one good as one gazed around; and the pure mountain air was most refreshing. All seemed to breathe freedom and peace, and to make one forget the world and its sad turmoils.

The scenery is wild, and yet not desolate, and everything looks much more prosperous and cultivated than at Luggan. Then the soil is delightfully dry. We walked beside the Dee, a beautiful rapid stream, which is close behind the house. The view of the hills towards Invercauld is exceedingly fine."

No wonder that the Queen became more and more attached to her Highland home, especially after the improvements which were the result of Prince Albert's constant and personal superintendence. She thus wrote of it after eight years' experience:—

"October 13, 1856.

Every year my heart becomes more fixed in this dear Paradise, and so much more so now, that *all* has become my dearest Albert's *own* creation, own work, own building, own laying out, as at *Osborne*; and his great taste, and the impress of his dear hand, have been stamped everywhere. He was very busy to-day, settling and arranging many things for next year."

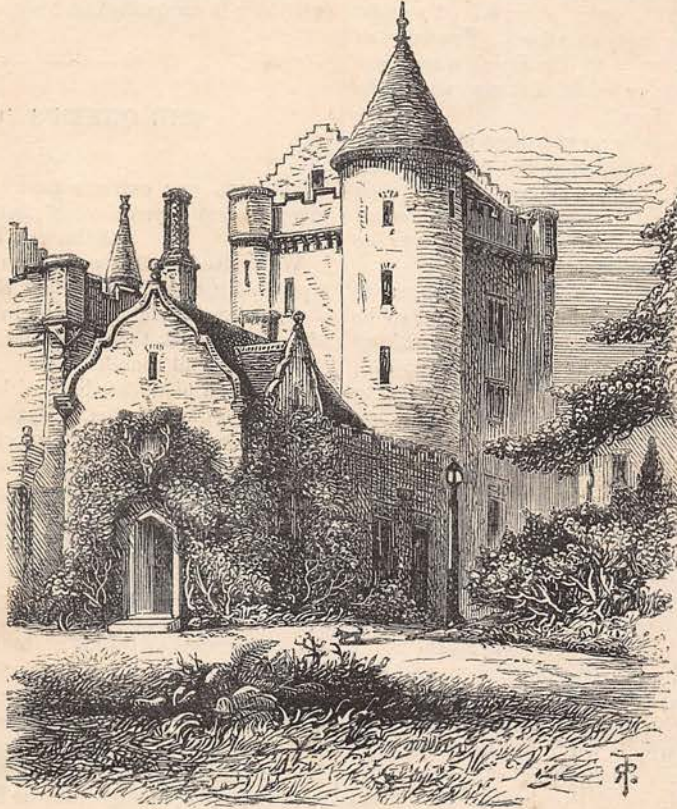
On one occasion it began to snow on the day fixed for leaving Balmoral, and she almost wished they might

* In our first notice we expressed the wish to see a "People's Edition." The announcement has since appeared of its publication at half-a-crown. We are glad to hear that the work has been reprinted, and sold in America by hundreds of thousands. We hear, also, of translations into various languages.

be snowed-up, so loth was she to leave "the dear Highlands."

"Every little trifle and every spot I had become attached to; our life of quiet and liberty, everything was so pleasant, and all the Highlanders and people

fine hills so much. There is a great peculiarity about the Highlands and Highlanders; and they are such a chivalrous, fine, active people. Our stay among them was so delightful. Independently of the beautiful scenery, there was a quiet, a retirement, a wildness, a



BALMORAL AS IT WAS.

who went with us I had got to like so much. Oh! the dear hills, it made me very sad to leave them behind!"

liberty, and a solitude that had such a charm for us."

The Queen was delighted with these people, and chose



BALMORAL AS IT IS.

And then, on reaching England, she feels the contrast:—

"The English coast appeared terribly flat. Lord Aberdeen was quite touched when I told him I was so attached to the dear, dear Highlands, and missed the

from among them her most trusted attendants. She says, in one part of her journal, "All the Highlanders are so amusing, and really pleasant and instructive to talk to—women as well as men—and the latter so gentlemanlike." In another passage she observes, "We

were always in the habit of conversing with the Highlanders, with whom one comes so much in contact in the Highlands. The Prince highly appreciated the good-breeding, simplicity, and intelligence which make it so pleasant and even instructive to talk to them."

tralia and New Zealand, two are living in the neighbourhood of Balmoral; and the youngest, Archie (Archibald), is valet to our son Leopold, and is an excellent, trustworthy young man."

And, if Her Majesty can speak thus generously of her



GRANT HOTEL, GRANTOWN.

From among these men she chose some of her most trusted servants. Thus, she speaks of Mr. Grant, her head keeper, in these terms:—

"He had been nearly twenty years with Sir Robert Gordon—nine as keeper. He was born in Braemar in the year 1810. He is an excellent man, most trustworthy, of singular shrewdness and discretion, and most devotedly attached to the Prince and myself. He has a fine, intelligent countenance. The Prince was very fond of him. He has six sons. The second, Alick, is wardrobe-man to our son Leopold. All are good, well-disposed lads, and getting on well in their different occupations. His mother, a fine, hale, old woman of eighty years, 'stops' in a small cottage which the Prince built for her in our village. He himself lives in a pretty lodge called Croft, a mile from Balmoral, which the Prince built for him."

She allots another note to Mr. John Brown:—

"The same who, in 1858, became my regular attendant out of doors everywhere in the Highlands, who commenced as gillie in 1849, and was selected by Albert and me to go with my carriage. In 1851 he entered our service permanently, and began in that year leading my pony, and advanced step by step by his good conduct and intelligence. His attention, care, and faithfulness cannot be exceeded, and the state of my health, which of late years has been sorely tried and weakened, renders such qualifications most valuable, and, indeed, most needful in a constant attendant upon all occasions. He has since, most deservedly, been promoted to be an upper servant, and my permanent personal attendant. (December, 1865). He has all the independence and elevated feelings peculiar to the Highland race, and is singularly straightforward, simple-minded, kind-hearted, and disinterested; always ready to oblige; and of a discretion rarely to be met with. He is now in his fortieth year. His father was a small farmer who lived at the Bush on the opposite side to Balmoral. He is the second of nine brothers—three of whom have died—two are in Aus-

servants, they were not insensible to such kindness, and could speak enthusiastically of their master and mistress. The Queen says on one occasion:—

"We then rode on, Albert talking so gaily with Grant. Upon which Brown observed to me, in simple Highland phrase, 'It's very pleasant to walk with a person who is always "content."' Yesterday, in speaking of dearest Albert's sport, when I observed he never was cross after bad luck, Brown [said, 'Every one on the estate says there never was so kind a master; I am sure our only wish is to give satisfaction.' I said, they certainly did."

Towards her servants the Queen has always shown a spirit of kindness and consideration worthy of imitation. The usages of modern society have so widely departed from the old patriarchal system, and from the relations of feudal life, that it is only by moral influence the good order and kindly feeling of a household can be sustained. The truth of the saying, that "good mistresses make good servants," is well illustrated in the household of the Queen. Thoughtful and just treatment is met by the most faithful attachment and attentive service. This is the case in all the royal homes, and especially at Balmoral, where the loyal spirit of Highland retainership is super-added to ordinary domestic bonds.

It was at Balmoral that the Queen received the sad and startling news of the Duke of Wellington's death:—

"Alt-na-Guithasach, Thursday, Sept. 16, 1852.

We were startled this morning, at seven o'clock, by a letter from Colonel Phipps, enclosing a telegraphic despatch, with the report, from the sixth edition of the 'Sun,' of the Duke of Wellington's death the day before yesterday, which report, however, we did not at all believe. Would to God that we had been right, and this day had not been cruelly saddened in the afternoon!

* * * * *

We got off our ponies, and I had just sat down to sketch, when Mackenzie returned, saying my watch was safe at home, and bringing letters; amongst them there was one from Lord Derby, which I tore open, and, alas!

it contained the confirmation of the fatal news—that England's, or rather Britain's pride, her glory, her hero, the greatest man she ever had produced; was no more! Sad day! Great and irreparable national loss!

Lord Derby enclosed a few lines from Lord Charles Wellesley, saying that his dear great father had died on Tuesday, at three o'clock, after a few hours' illness and no suffering. God's will be done! The day must have come; the Duke was eighty-three. It is well for him that he has been taken when still in the possession of his great mind, and without a long illness; but what a loss! One cannot think of this country without 'the Duke,' our immortal hero!

In him centred almost every earthly honour a subject could possess. His position was the highest a subject ever had—above party, looked up to by all, revered by the whole nation, the friend of the Sovereign; and how simply he carried these honours! With what singleness of purpose, what straightforwardness, what courage, were all the motives of his actions guided! The Crown never possessed, and I fear never will, so devoted, loyal, and faithful a subject, so staunch a supporter! To us (who, alas! have lost now so many of our valued and experienced friends), his loss is *irreparable*; for his readiness to aid and advise, if it could be of use to us, and to overcome any and every difficulty, was unequalled. To Albert he showed the greatest kindness and the utmost confidence. His experience and his knowledge of the past were so great too; he was a link which connected us with bygone times—with the last century."

At Balmoral, also, in 1855, she hears of the fall of Sebastopol, and Albert, Bertie (Albert, Prince of Wales), Ministers of State, pipers, gillies, all go off to light the bonfire on the hill. Here, too, Vicky (Victoria, the Princess Royal) is betrothed to the Prussian heir apparent:—

"He had already spoken to us of his wishes; but we were uncertain, on account of her extreme youth, whether he should speak to her himself or wait till he came back again. However, we felt it was better he should do so; and during our ride up Craig-na-Ban this afternoon, he picked a piece of white heather (the emblem of 'good luck'), which he gave to her; and this enabled him to make an allusion to his hopes and wishes as they rode down Glen Girnoch, which led to this happy conclusion."

Many anecdotes have been told about the visits paid by the Queen to the cottages of the poor, and her own account of some of her visits to old Highland women will be read with deep interest.

"I went into a small cabin of old Kitty Kear's, who is eighty-six years old—quite erect, and who welcomed us with a great air of dignity. She sat down and spun. I gave her a warm petticoat; she said, 'May the Lord ever attend ye and yours, here and hereafter; and may the Lord be a guide to ye, and keep ye from all harm.' She was quite surprised at Vicky's height; great interest is taken in her. We went on to a cottage (formerly Jean Gordon's), to visit old widow Symons, who is 'past fourscore,' with a nice rosy face, but was bent quite double; she was most friendly, shaking hands with us all, asking which was I, and repeating many kind blessings: 'May the Lord attend ye with mirth and with joy; may he ever be with ye in this world, and when ye leave it.' To Vicky, when told she was going to be married, she said, 'May the Lord be a guide to ye in your future, and may every happiness attend ye.' She was very talkative, and when I said I hoped to see her again, she expressed an expectation that 'she should be called any day,' and so did Kitty Kear.

We went into three other cottages—to Mrs. Symons's (daughter-in-law to the old widow living next door), who had an 'unwell boy;' then across a little burn to another old woman's; and afterwards peeped into Blair, the fiddler's. We drove back, and got out again to visit old Mrs. Grant (Grant's mother), who is so tidy and clean, and to whom I gave a dress and handkerchief, and she said, 'You're too kind to me, you're over kind to me, ye give me more every year, and I get older every year.' After talking some time with her, she said, 'I am happy to see ye looking so nice.' She had tears in her eyes, and, speaking of Vicky's going, said, 'I'm very sorry, and I think she is sorry herself'; and having said she feared she would not see her (the Princess) again, said, 'I am very sorry I said that, but I meant no harm: I always say just what I think, not what is fut' (fit). Dear old lady, she is such a pleasant person.

Really the affection of these good people, who are so hearty and so happy to see you, taking interest in everything, is very touching and gratifying."

The change from the noise and bondage and ceremony of Court life in London to the quiet and freedom and independence of Balmoral was always welcome, but even in the Highlands the Queen took delight occasionally in seeking the still more complete freedom of moving about *incognito*. The following is her account of one of the incidents of those expeditions.

"A few seconds brought us over to the road, where there were two shabby vehicles, one a kind of barouche, into which Albert and I got, Lady Churchill and General Grey into the other—a break; each with a pair of small and rather miserable horses, driven by a man from the box. Grant was on our carriage, and Brown on the other. We had gone so far for forty miles, at least twenty on horseback. We had decided to call ourselves 'Lord and Lady Churchill and party,' Lady Churchill passing as Miss Spencer, and General Grey as Dr. Grey! Brown once forgot this, and called me 'Your Majesty,' as I was getting into the carriage; and Grant on the box once called Albert 'Your Royal Highness;' which set us off laughing, but no one observed it.

We had a long three hours' drive; it was six o'clock when we got into the carriage. We were soon out of the wood, and came upon the Badenoch-road—passing close by Kinrara, but, unfortunately, not through it, which we ought to have done. It was very beautiful—fine wooded hills, the high Cairngorm range, and Ben Muich Dhui, unfortunately much obscured by the mist on the top, and the broad Spey flowing in the valley, with cultivated fields and fine trees below. Most striking, however, on our whole long journey was the utter, and to me very refreshing, solitude. Hardly a habitation! and hardly meeting a soul! It gradually grew dark. We stopped at a small halfway house for the horses to take some water, and the few people about stared vacantly at the two simple vehicles.

The mountains gradually disappeared—the evening was mild, with a few drops of rain. On and on we went, till at length we saw lights, and drove through a long and straggling 'toun,' and turned down a small court to the door of the inn. Here we got out quickly, Lady Churchill and General Grey not waiting for us. We went up a small staircase, and were shown to our bedroom at the top of it—very small, but clean—with a large fourpost bed which nearly filled the whole room. Opposite was the drawing and dining-room in one—very tidy and well-sized. Then came the room where Albert dressed, which was very small. The two maids (Jane Shackle was with me) had driven over by another

road in a waggonette, Stewart driving them. Made ourselves 'clean and tidy,' and then sat down to our dinner. Grant and Brown were to have waited on us, but were 'bashful' and did not. A ringletted woman did everything, and, when dinner was over, removed the cloth and placed the bottle of wine (our own, which we had brought) on the table with the glasses, which was the old English fashion. After dinner, I tried to write part of this account (but the talking round me confused me), while Albert played at 'patience.' Then went away, to begin undressing, and it was about half-past eleven when we got to bed."

"Wednesday, September 5.

A misty, rainy morning. Had not slept very soundly. We got up rather early, and sat working and reading in the drawing-room till the breakfast was ready, for which we had to wait for some little time. Good tea and bread and butter, and some excellent porridge. Jane Shackle (who was very useful and attentive) said they had all supped together—namely, the two maids, and Grant, Brown, Stewart, and Walker (who was still there), and were very merry in the 'commercial room.' The people were very amusing about us. The woman came in while they were at their dinner, and said to Grant, 'Dr. Grey wants you,' which nearly upset the gravity of all the others. Then they told Jane, 'Your lady gives no trouble,' and Grant in the morning called up to Jane, 'Does his lordship want me?' One could look on the street, which is a very long wide one, with detached houses, from our window. It was perfectly quiet, no one stirring, except here and there a man driving a cart, or a boy going along on his errand. General Grey bought himself a watch in a shop for £2."

Messrs. Brown and Grant were afterwards taken mildly to task for not waiting at table:—

"We mounted our ponies a short way out of the town, but only rode for a few minutes, as it was past two o'clock. We came upon a beautiful view, looking down upon the Avon and up a fine glen. There we rested and took luncheon. While Brown was unpacking and arranging our things, I spoke to him and to Grant, who was helping, about not having waited on us, as they ought to have done, at dinner last night and at breakfast, as we had wished; and Brown answered, he was afraid he should not do it rightly. I replied, we did not wish to have a stranger in the room, and they must do so another time."

From the account of the "Second great Expedition," undertaken in September, 1861, we take the following:—

"SECOND GREAT EXPEDITION—TO FETTERCAIRN.

Friday, Sept. 20, 1861.

At a quarter past seven o'clock we reached the small quiet town, or rather village, of Fettercairn, for it was very small—not a creature stirring—and we got out at a quiet little inn, 'Ramsay Arms,' quite unobserved, and went at once upstairs. There was a very nice drawing-room, and next to it a dining-room, both very clean and tidy, then to the left our bedroom, which was excessively small, but also very clean and neat, and much better furnished than at Grantown. Alice had a nice room, the same size as ours; then came a mere morsel of one (with a 'press-bed'), in which Albert dressed; and then came Lady Churchill's bedroom just beyond. Louis and General Grey had rooms in an hotel, called the Temperance Hotel, opposite. We dined at eight, a very nice, clean, good dinner. Grant and Brown waited. They were rather nervous, but General Grey and Lady Churchill carved, and they had only to change the plates, which Brown soon got into the

way of doing. A little girl of the house came in to help, but Grant turned her round to prevent her looking at us. The landlord and landlady knew who we were, but *no one else* except the coachman, and they kept the secret admirably.

The evening being bright and moonlight and very still, we all went out, and walked through the whole village, where not a creature moved; through the principal little square, in the middle of which was a sort of pillar or town cross on steps, and Louis read, by the light of the moon, a proclamation for collections of charities which was stuck on it. We walked on along a lane a short way, hearing nothing whatever—not a leaf moving—but the distant barking of a dog! Suddenly we heard drums and fifes! We were greatly alarmed, fearing we had been recognised; but Louis and General Grey, who went back, saw nothing whatever. Still, as we walked slowly back, we heard the noise from time to time; and when we reached the inn door we stopped, and saw six men march up with fifes and a drum (not a creature taking any notice of them), go down the street and back again. Grant and Brown were out, but had no idea of what it could be. Albert asked the little maid, and the answer was, 'It's just a band,' and that it walked about in this way twice a week. How odd! It went on playing some time after we got home. We sat till half-past ten working, and Albert reading, and then retired to rest.

"Saturday, Sept. 21.

Got to sleep after two or three o'clock. The morning was dull and close, and misty, with a little rain; hardly any one stirring, but a few people at their work. A traveller had arrived at night, and wanted to come up into the dining-room, which is the 'commercial travellers' room,' and they had difficulty in telling him he could not stop there. He joined Grant and Brown at their tea, and on his asking 'What's the matter here?' Grant answered, 'It's a wedding party from Aberdeen. At the Temperance Hotel they were very anxious to know whom they had got. All, except General Grey, breakfasted a little before nine. Brown acted as my servant, brushing my skirts and boots, and taking any message, and Grant as Albert's valet."

In the account of this second expedition, there is a note of melancholy interest. The Queen writes how Grant told her in May, 1862, that when they were returning, the Prince Consort, while giving directions as to the planting of Glen Muich, which he intended as a deer forest for the Prince of Wales, said to Grant, alluding to the finishing of the planting, "You and I may be dead and gone before that." The Queen adds, "In less than three months, alas! his words were verified as regards himself. He was ever cheerful, but ever ready and prepared." In returning, a sociable, which had belonged to the Duchess of Kent, was brought out, and vividly reminded her Majesty of the recent death of her mother, and "made her sad in the midst of much that was so pleasant."

In an account of the "Third great Expedition," we find the following amusing piece:—

"ARRIVAL AT DALWHINNIE.

At length, and not till a quarter to nine, we reached the inn of Dalwhinnie—twenty-nine miles from where we had left our ponies—which stands by itself, away from any village. Here, again, there were a few people assembled, and I thought they knew us; but it seems they did not, and it was only when we arrived that one of the maids recognised me. She had seen me at Aber-

deen and Edinburgh. We went upstairs; the inn was much larger than at Fettercairn, but not nearly so nice and cheerful; there was a drawing-room and a dining-



BRUAR FALLS, BLAIR ATHOLE.

room, and we had a very good-sized bed-room. Albert had a dressing-room of equal size. Mary Andrews (who was very useful and efficient) and Lady Churchill's maid, had a room together, every one being in the house; but unfortunately there was hardly anything to eat, and there was only tea, and two miserable starved Highland chickens, without any potatoes! No pudding, and no *fun*; no little maid (the two there not wishing to come in), nor our two people—who were wet and drying our and their things—to wait on us! It was not a nice supper; and the evening was wet. As it was late, we soon retired to rest. Mary and Maxted (Lady Churchill's maid) had been dining below with Grant, Brown, and Stewart (who came, the same as last time, with the mails) in the 'commercial-room,' at the foot of the stairs. They had only the remnants of our two starved chickens!"

In October, 1861 the Athole country was revisited:—"We passed by the Bruar, and the road to the Falls of the Bruar. The Duke of Athole took us through a new approach, which is extremely pretty; but near which, I cannot help regretting, the railroad will come, as well as along the road by which we drove, the Pass of Drum-ouchter. The duke has made great improvements, and the path looked beautiful, surrounded as it is by hills, and the foliage still full, though in all its autumn tints, the whole being lit up with sunshine. We drove through

an avenue, and in a few minutes more were at the door of the old castle. A thousand recollections of seventeen years ago crowded upon me; all seemed so familiar again. No one there, except the dear duchess, who stood at the door, and whom I warmly embraced, and Miss Macgregor. How well I recognised the hall with all the sporting trophies; and the staircase, which we went up at once. The duchess took me to a room, which I recognised immediately as the one where Lady Canning lived. There we took off our things; then went to look at the old and really very handsome rooms in which we had lived—the one in which Vicky had slept in two chairs, then not four years old. * * We got into the carriage, a very peculiar one, viz., a boat put on four wheels, drawn by a pair of horses, with a postilion. The morning was beautiful. We drove up by the avenue, and about a favourite walk of ours in '44, passed through the gate, and came on to Glen Tilt, which is most striking, the road winding along, first on one side of the Tilt, and then on the other; the fine high hills rising very abruptly from each side of the rapid, rocky, stony river Tilt; the trees, chiefly birch and alder, overhanging the water.

We passed the Marble Lodge, in which one of the keepers lives, and came to Forest Lodge, where the road for carriages ends, and the glen widens. There were our ponies, which had passed the night at the Bainoch, or Beynoch (a shooting 'shiel'* of Lord Fife's). They came over this morning, but, poor beasts, without having had any corn. Forest Lodge is eight miles from



BROWN AND GRANT.

Blair. There we took leave of the dear duchess, and saw old Peter Frazer, the former head-keeper there, now walking with the aid of two sticks."

To the account of the "Last great Expedition" a mournful interest attaches. The following are the concluding sentences:—

"LAST EXPEDITION.

Wednesday, Oct. 16, 1862.

This gave one a very good idea of the geography of the country, which delighted dear Albert, as this expe-

* "Shiel" means a small shooting-lodge.

dition was quite in a different direction from any that we had ever before made. But my head is so very un-geographical that I cannot describe it. We came down by the Mouth Eigie, a steep hill covered with grass,

part of it which is finished, and which is to extend to the cairn wall. We went back on our side of the river, and if we had been a little earlier Albert might have got a stag; but it was too late. The moon rose and

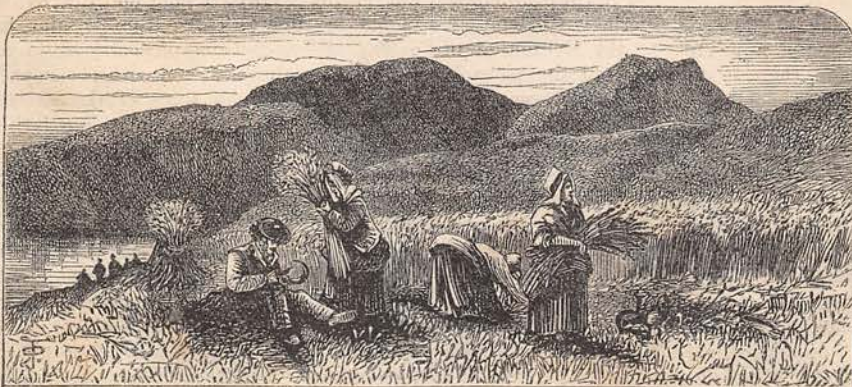


FORESTER OF ATHOLE.

down part of which I rode, walking where it was steepest; but it was so wet and slippery that I had two falls. We got down to the road to the Spittal Bridge, about fifteen miles from Castleton, at nearly half-past four, and then down along the new road, at least that

shone most beautifully, and we returned at twenty minutes to seven o'clock, much pleased and interested with this delightful expedition. Alas! I fear our last great one!

(IT WAS OUR LAST ONE!—1867.)"



SHEARING IN THE HIGHLANDS.