

is a beautiful woman, but with a somewhat cold and proud expression, a veritable *grande dame*. She is remarkably clever and accomplished, especially in art—modeling admirably well—for a Princess.

Prince Leopold (Duke of Albany) is the scholar of the family—intellectually and morally more like Prince Albert, it is said, than any of his brothers. I was once told by the eminent Dr. James Martineau, who had met and conversed with him, that he was a young man of a very thoughtful mind, high aims, and quite remarkable acquirements. As Dr. Martineau is not of *the* church, being a Unitarian divine, he cannot be suspected, in pronouncing such eulogies on the Queen's darling son, of having an eye to preferment—of working for a "living." On the whole, Her Majesty's sons are a decided improvement on her six royal uncles, on the paternal side.

We come now to the youngest, the darling and delight of her father, the little one who "stood and looked at him," when he lay ill, marveling at the mysterious change in his dear face;—the Princess Beatrice—as closely associ-