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APPLE SUGAR and SYRUP that will you back to days of the old sap. We bottle it ourselves.

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hines in Butter.....25c.
hines, Truffled.....25c.
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Worst.....35c.
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Coast; value \$14,000. E. MAUDE, Mont-
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DIED.

On the 17th inst., at her residence,
10 Yates street, Jane Anne, relict of the
late Samuel Nesbitt, a native of London,
England.

On the 22nd inst., at her residence,
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The i-Weekly Colonist.

JUBILEE SUPPLEMENT.

FORTIETH YEAR.

VICTORIA BRITISH COLUMBIA THURSDAY JUNE 24 187.

VOLUME XL. NO. 4

VICTORIA, PRINCESS AND QUEEN

Royal Childhood—How the
Young Princess Was
Trained for Her Ex-
alted Station.

Her Majesty as a Daughter,
Wife and Mother—The
Womanly Side of Her
Strong Character.

Sixty years a queen! For sixty years
Victoria the Great and Good has lived in
the full glare of

"The fierce light that beats around a
throne."

and her record is almost flawless. As a
maiden, wife and widow she has worn
the Crown. Through fierce party strife
she has remained the constitutional sov-
erign. During a period, when the growth
of democracy has been beyond all prece-
dent, she has held the sceptre with a
grasp that has never wavered. A wom-
an, with the caprices, the tastes, the
affections and the natural timidity of
woman, she has played a part in some of the
greatest events of this remarkable cen-
tury. She has made the queenly
office a power that has worked for peace
and righteousness. What manner of wo-
man is she personally? What were her
parental? What were the influences that
moulded her character in childhood? Amid
what surroundings did she mature? These
are questions which present even more
interest than the growth of her Domini-
on or the great political drama in which
she has played a part. To cast some light
upon this side of Her Majesty's life we
have consulted the contemporary
reviewed by Emily Crawford, entitled
"Victoria, Princess and Queen," in
which we are given a glimpse of the
early years of the sovereign. What has
happened since the date at which the nar-
rative stops is familiar to most of us.

Is progress ever continuous or general?
When it gains in one direction does it not
lose in some other? There seems to be
transfers of progressive force from one to
another nation. One may also ask
whether there are not also the counter-
tendencies, the discrepancies, and the mon-
strosities of progress. When was the
civilized world ever so closely knit to-
gether as now? Yet, was there ever a
time when there was so much of the
wrongdoing of great States? Is not
progress like the tide, full only for a
brief space of time, and then either on the
ebb or flow? Sometimes when it ebbs
we think, if we look at the waves singly,
that it flows. One has to note the wide
water-marks to see whether it advances
or recedes.

The Queen's long reign began at a
period of strong advancing flow, a good
deal in the nature of a spring tide, but
turbulent and threatening, but obedient,
nevertheless, to law. She has kept on
the crest of the advance, and has been
the nerve of the Parliamentary Re-
form had fallen, and the wave of socialist
energy was rising. It was a seething, un-
restful time in some ways. Little was
then adapted to the new industrial state
of affairs. There was a glut of manufactured
calico and thousands of naked backs with-
out any prospect of being clothed. The
time pinched the working-class foot
severely. Relief was ignorantly sought
in Christum, rick-burning, machine-
breaking, and in Ireland in the repeal of
the Union, with the hidden hope of an
agrarian revolution. O'Connell at his
towered agitation there, and kept it from
running into rebellion. Canada was a
malcontent. The Colonial Office, far
from dreaming of Imperial Federation,
only wanted to wash its hands of the
colonies. They were too far off to inter-
est Parliament, so far off that Sir John
Franklin, when he went as Governor to
Tasmania, thought he would be more out-
right of the reach of British sympathy there
than at the North Pole. Victoria and
Melbourne, her capital, were born just
sixty years ago. There were few links
between England and her outlandish pos-
sessions other than those formed by re-
ligious missions. One chiefly learned of
Kaffirs, Hottentots, and New Zealanders
from "Missionary Notices" and at mis-
sionary meetings. Moffat was then in
South Africa. But Livingston had yet to
cover that broad belt of regions unex-
plored, with the rivers, cataraacts, lakes,
mountains and fertile vales that had
marked on the African map. The Dar-
Continent, however, knew nothing of
German brandy and rum, or Maxim
guns, and was an innocent part of the
earth compared to what it is now.

The Queen has witnessed the entire
growth of the nervous system given to
the planet by electric telegraphy—a
growth mainly due to British enterprise.
It was held in germ by the penny post
that began early in her reign. The
Queen's head, when the Queen was young
and her profile pretty, became an em-
blem of power and rapid communi-
cation by letter. No circumstance that I
can think of helped more to build up that
popularity, which has become the in-
strument of so much good, than the pen-
nypost.

postage stamp. We do not think of it
now because we are so used to it. But I
can remember the time when the Queen's
head, as the postage stamp was then
called, was new to many. In the pre-
tense that cheap arrangement brought her
she much more than made up for the
prerogative she wished in her attempt
to be a true constitutional Queen. The
Queen's head had formerly been only
seen over public houses. But Rowland
Hill brought home to every family where
a letter was delivered the idea of a young
Queen who had come to reign on a quite
new and superior basis. A mania for
postage stamps sprang up. Stamp fan-
tastics promised thousands of pounds for
benevolent objects if so many stamps that
had passed through the post office could
be furnished them against a certain date.
Louis Napoleon was so much struck
with the increased prestige of the Queen
through the penny stamp that when
elected President he lost no time in hav-
ing a three-halfpenny stamp struck with
his profile on it. Doubtless it helped to
open his road to empire.

The first appearance of the cheap Vic-
toria stamp coincided with a swift flow
of emigration that was beginning to set in,
especially from Ireland, to the United
States, which were then beyond a very
wide ocean indeed. These swift liners
that take us across in six days were not
yet dreamt of. Steam was undeveloped.
There was a well-founded dread of travel-
ling in steam carriages. There was in
England no national system of education
as in Scotland, and no craving for mental
stimulants as in the Irish class that kept
up the hedge schools. The Sunday follow-
ing William IV.'s death, Sidney Smith,
preaching at St. Paul's, and taking a
brief view of the Queen's duties, first
and foremost thought she should tend
her mind to the very same considera-
tion of educating her people. Those who
had the child in their hands might give
what bias they pleased to the increased
power reading and writing would give
him. By how many fables, by how much
poetry, by how many aids to the imagina-
tion might they not engrave the fine
morality of the sacred Scriptures on
young minds? Might not the lives of the
assassin be stayed by the lessons of early
life? Many continental countries, when
that sermon was preached, had taken the
lead of England in the great business of
education. The English people were
wondering to take in the Queen's time. Per-
haps, if he had, he would have dwelt
more than he even did on the importance
of the teacher and the preacher. Before
he preached Lord Shaftesbury had, un-
known to himself, been caught with the
humanitarian spirit of Socialism, which
was convulsing France in its efforts to
find organs. He found a vast host of
men in England, and was nobly trying to
bring light and softening agencies to bear
upon it. The masters were brutal per-
chance of labor, remorseless in grinding
their "hands" as their own steam mills.
The men and women, known as "hands,"
were utterly brutalized, and the children
hapless and helpless victims. The wo-
man's question did not exist. Mary
Wollstonecraft's book was forgotten.
L. E. L.'s sentimentalities and the poet
Bunton's new fancies for countrymen were
more to the taste of upper middle-class
ladyhood. The strong women that Scot-
land and Ireland gave to literature—
Joanna Baillie, Elizabeth Hamilton, and
Maria Edgeworth—were sinking to be
grave. But they never were flag-bearers
in any sense. The Queen's accession
brought forward very slowly the question
of the Rights of American women in
an object-lesson. The continuous suc-
cess of the Queen as a constitutional ruler,
the good example she set to her subjects
at home and to her brother and sister
monarchs abroad, her ever-growing popu-
larity and world-wide prestige, may be said
to have propounded and all but solved
the woman's question. Sixty years ago
working and lower middle-class England
suffered from a dearth of bread. Dear bread
was then the general curse, and showed
itself in a generation of stunted children.
The cry went up all over England when
So much of the infant school was dis-
cussed. "She has had nothing of cheap bread."
Should not a memorial altar be set up on
the Jubilee Day to Oobden, Bright, and
Villiers?

I was not born when that Speech was
read, and have only a traditional know-
ledge of the Queen's early life at Ken-
sington and at Buckingham Palace. But
having in these busy days seen much
history in action, I have come to think
that those who went before us knew the
history of their time better than we do.
Impressions were more deeply etched on
the mind. Are they now etched at all?
Are they not rather written on a slate,
from which the subsequent crowd of im-
pressions and sensations effaces them?
Who now remembers the Opera Comique
fire? The fire of the Charity Bazaar of
last month must soon be forgotten. In
my youth it was not so. An event of
public interest was recorded verbally, as
the artist would have wished to beauty-
fy with a wide sale after her career.
I recollect it in the house of many of
my friends. It was touched with senti-
mentality, and perhaps a little insipid.
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The Queen had been so much im-
mured as a growing girl that her past life seemed
a blank page to most of her subjects at
the time I speak of. She was vaguely
heard of as a patroness of infant schools,
and the hospitals and philanthropic soci-
eties her father was interested in. There
was an idea—well founded, it now ap-
pears—that she never had pocket money.
Not being able to contribute to charity
funds, she worked a good deal for bazaars.
I never saw her fancy work, but remem-
ber a screen, bought by a Miss Praed,
with a sketch fastened on it in a slender
frame of gilded tin. The drawing was
in pencil. It was too young to judge of
merits, but was told it was a view of the
coast near Plymouth, with fine beach-
trees in a hollow, and by the Queen. My
idea of Her Majesty were then borrowed
from the then new and rattle-red penny
postage-stamps, early prints, and espe-
cially from a chromo-lithograph, which
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Nelson in the West Indies when Nelson
was nobody, were bought before my
mind's eye with wondrous vividness.
Conversation was then as different from
what it is now as letter-writing. It was
carried on in a flowing, but not high-
down, style, and cultivated as an art.
Instead of the abrupt commonplace of
the present day, attempts were made to
interest in conversing. A monologue
was thought bad form; but what pains
were taken to disguise the monologue
when one had, in society, to speak for
oneself and the rest of the company!
The art of the converse was delicate and
valued. Conversation was more anec-
dotic, more varied, fuller than it is now,
and the choice of words much wider.
I imagine that a hundred words more than
suffice to take one now through a Lon-
don season. There was really much that
was Addisonian in the talk of well-edu-
cated women when the Queen was young.
They talked. The need for society
journals was not felt, because the society
journal lived and spoke.
I had the good fortune to belong to a
family in which the women were remark-
able for their bright minds and longevity.
I can recollect a great aunt who talked to



QUEEN VICTORIA, 1863.

(Reproduced from the Century's engraving of the painting by F. M. Bell Smith.)

an old gentleman that was at the Battle
of the Boyne. The engagements of wo-
men in their time conducted to reflec-
tion, to conversation and to letter-
writing. They sewed and knitted as
serious occupations, for there were no
sewing machines when the Queen came
to the throne, nor for long after, and
stocking weaving had not made knitting
a craft for mere amateurs. While need-
les and fingers were busy, the mind was
recreated with as much delight as a reader
who brought a budget of news about the
interesting persons of the time. The
most interesting were the Queen and
her household. The Queen's life was
nothing of court life were, when her
reign was new, desirous to know whether
the really made up for the loss of the
Princess Charlotte? Queen Anne was
then hardly dead.

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mured as a growing girl that her past life seemed
a blank page to most of her subjects at
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seen the Queen several times when she
was Princess Victoria, told his children
that "one could know her from it, but
that she was more like Betty Stothers."
Betty Stothers was a farmer's daughter,
society, sweet, innocent, and giving a
most pleasing impression of youth. Her
grandfather was a Hessian soldier. Sir
John Conroy told my mother that "the
Queen was most interesting when her
eyes filled with tears, and that, as the
fountains were near them, she was often
that same."
It may show some light on the dawn of
the Queen's reign to speak, in connec-
tion with her work for bazaars, of some
contributions of Queen Adelaide's busy
hands—scrubbing, Poon work, Berlin
wool, tapestry, etching, flower-painting,
and knitted window curtains. That pa-
troness of Bible societies was more than
an amateur painter. There was, at the
house of a rich Quaker lady where I was
often taken as a child, quite a collection
of artistic knick-knacks made by Queen
Adelaide and her sister Ids, Duchess of
Saxe-Weimar, for fancy fairs. Adelaide
decorated a pair of letter-racks, with
likecases in water colors of some beau-
tiful children. They were grandchildren



QUEEN VICTORIA, 1863.

(Reproduced from the Century's engraving of the painting by F. M. Bell Smith.)

of William IV. and poor Mrs. Jordan,
Adelaide had the FitzClarence always
about her, and gave pocket-money and
pretty dresses to their children. William
was very fond of them, and on coming to
the throne made the whole ten lords and
ladies, and the eldest son Earl of Moxton,
the title was in memory of some pleasant
days he himself had spent in the county
of Ireland. People wondered at Adelaide
bringing the FitzClarences so much for-
ward. But she had German ideas, and
morgagnic wives, and regarded Mrs.
Jordan as one.

My mother and grandmother's circles
contained some Irish ladies to the Court.
The Countess of Errol (Eliza FitzClarence)
was for some time a parishioner of my
grandfather. She was a beautiful, very
gracious, and extremely candid person.
My grandfather first met her in this
way. She was a dowdy, plain woman,
and she sheltered herself as well as she could in
a door opposite his house. He and his
wife were taken with her appearance,
which was strikingly unassuming and
modest. She was a Quaker, and her
religion was a parishioner of my
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In looking over old papers, I find some
letters written at Esher, Windsor, and
Bath in the years 1817, 1818, and 1820.
They show what depression followed the
death of the Princess Charlotte, and how,
as the writer said, England had lost all
faith in God's providence. Looking back
on that poor Princess, one now can see
that she merely served to prepare the
way for a Queen who would better suit a
time of transformation. The vintage
that fermented between the peace of
Waterloo and the passing of the new
Reform Bill needed a new bottle. The
Queen has been really the only consti-
tutional sovereign that England ever had,
and her long reign has established a
course of precedents that must bind her
successors. She has a peremptory side.
But it has mostly shown itself in dealing
with points of etiquette and the internal
government of her palaces. The letters I
speak of deal with the life of the Princess
Charlotte, her and death, a glimpse at the
death chamber in which the poor em-
balm body of her who was so lightly
up with warm feeling and generous im-
pulse. It was washed in a square pie-
ce of blue velvet over a waxed cloth, and
tied with white satin ribbons. Mrs.
Lewis, the friend of twelve years' stand-

ing, wept beside it. A pastor, Stein-
kopf, who was brought in by the back
stairs, was the French preceptor of the
Princess. The five chaplains were down
stairs. Mrs. Lewis's faith was utterly
shaken. She felt that God meant Eng-
land to perish, else He would not have
taken to Himself so soon the good and
beautiful Princess. Steinkopf rebuked
her for her shallow reasoning. He after-
wards said that the Princess Charlotte
had every conceivable good quality, but
she had one defect, which was her mis-
fortune, but not her fault. Her father
was a drunkard. He went drunk to the
marriage altar. The next day he sepa-
rated from his wife. The Princess had
the uncontrollable nerves of a drunkard's
daughter. Her still-born child, perhaps,
was a consequence of his intemperance.

The Duke of Kent was the only tem-
perate son of George III. He was very
like that king, was sober in eating and
drinking, an early riser, and a slave to
what he thought his duty. The Queen,
in all but diminutive stature, in her
father's daughter, for he was a calm
judgment and tact and discretion, quali-
ties he wanted. The parents' habits are
often the child's instincts. The Duke of
Kent, from a sense of duty, often acted
as the Queen does instinctively. He was
unfortunate in receiving a terribly severe
education in Hanover, where the old-
fashioned Prussian discipline was the
fashion. It helps one to know the Queen
to know something about the Duke of
Kent, and one understands her life better
for seeing how it began. The Duke of
Kent was an army reformer. Though a
militarist, he was against flogging, and
was the only victim of his energetic cam-
paign against drink at Gibraltar. There
was an affable, an obliging, a very friend-
ly side to his character, and a despot-
ic side, which often made him blunder. He
was a friend to his humble retainers if
they were up to his standard of order
and punctuality. Not to leave them an
excuse for not being on the minute, he
had the inside of his house, and some-
times the outside, studded with noisy or
chiming clocks and alarms. The Queen
is not more methodic and particular in
the auditing of accounts than her father
was; but he left a load of debt, which
she honorably paid on coming to the
throne. His debts were a puzzle to
all his brothers, as he had not any of the
tastes of a spendthrift. He was, however,
great expense in educating and providing
for the five children of an army lady—a
Mrs. Cameron. He stood godfather to
three boys and two girls, all of whom
were, with other names, called Kent
Cameron. Conroy, who was the Duke's
querry, said the debts were incurred to
satisfy a passion for perfection. "If he
found a flaw in anything he could not
endure it." The first thing he did at new
quarters was to have the interior pulled
down and rebuilt. He had the paper
changed at some expense that he could
not afford at Woolbrook Cottage, Sid-
mouth, where he died, though he had
only taken that place for the season, and
had arranged to go back to the Amer-
bach dower Schloss of the Duchess.
There he began directly he was married
to build fine stables. There was no
stable, and the horses had to be sent
some distance. He was at Amorbach
when his wife announced that she ex-
pected to make him a father. Having
spent all his money on the stables and
new furniture, he had to borrow a sum
sufficient to take the Duchess back to
England, so that her child might be able
to say, like George III., "I am an
Englishman, or Englishwoman." The
Dukes of Clarence, Cumberland, and
Cambridge were not so particular. Their
Duchesses lay in at Hanover and Berlin.
The Prince Regent could not bear to
see his brothers with young wives and
babies round him. It was thought by
the Carlton House set indecorous of the
Duke of Kent to reappear in England
under the circumstances just mentioned.
The Queen's nativity did not certainly
take place at a happy time. There was
not money enough to pay a wet nurse,
and the mother discharged of her.
Her christening was a source of endless
friction. The Emperor Alexander I., the
Prince Regent, the Dowager Duchess of
Coburg, and the Queen of Wurtemberg
(Princess Royal of England) had ex-
pressed readiness before the birth to be
sponsors, and the Duke of York, the
Princess Augusta, and Mary to be pro-
xies. The names should have been in the
natural course Alexandrina Charlotte,
Georgiana Augusta Victoria, the sover-
eign's names leading off and that of the
highest sovereign prevailing for everyday
use and in the signature. But the Re-
gent protested that he in England was
above no matter whom. It was feared
he might not come to the christening, or,
if he did, that he would behave badly.
The Archbishop of Canterbury, assisted
by the Bishop of London, was to officiate,
and the proxies were to be the guests
of the Duke and Duchess of Kent at din-
ner. The ceremony was to come off of
the day the infant was a month old. When
the date came round, all was ready for so
important an occasion. But uncertainty
had not been cleared away about the Re-
gent's intentions. He arrived when the
prelates were ready to begin. Anger was
in his eye as he entered the drawing-
room. The Archbishop feared to set him
going. When the naming passage of the
ritual had to be got through he blandly
asked, "By what name does it please
your Royal Highness to have this child
called?" No answer was given. The
Primate had been told by the Prince that
he liked good historical English names
that every one could understand. What
better name he thought, than Queen
Elizabeth's. He mildly suggested "Eliza-
beth." "On no account," said the Prince
Regent. "Charlotte, after your royal
mother, and the child's royal aunt."
"Certainly not." The Duchess of Kent
relieved her feelings by a flood of tears.
The Princess Mary kissed her and the
baby cried. This spurred the mild Arch-
bishop. "What name is it your Royal
Highness's pleasure to command?"
"What's her mother's name?" "Vic-

ing, wept beside it. A pastor, Stein-
kopf, who was brought in by the back
stairs, was the French preceptor of the
Princess. The five chaplains were down
stairs. Mrs. Lewis's faith was utterly
shaken. She felt that God meant Eng-
land to perish, else He would not have
taken to Himself so soon the good and
beautiful Princess. Steinkopf rebuked
her for her shallow reasoning. He after-
wards said that the Princess Charlotte
had every conceivable good quality, but
she had one defect, which was her mis-
fortune, but not her fault. Her father
was a drunkard. He went drunk to the
marriage altar. The next day he sepa-
rated from his wife. The Princess had
the uncontrollable nerves of a drunkard's
daughter. Her still-born child, perhaps,
was a consequence of his intemperance.