

THE CHILDHOOD OF THE QUEEN.

"Again a Charlotte," wrote the old Duchess of Saxe-Cobourg on hearing of the birth of her little grand-daughter, the Princess Victoria, in the old Palace of Kensington, "destined, perhaps, to play a great part one day if a brother is not born to take it out of her hands. The English like queens." A happy augury for the little unconscious baby and a true one. The English people have had good reason for this liking, for never have they been so prosperous as when a queen in her own right sat upon the throne. It was by no means certain for some time that the baby princess would finally succeed to the throne. There were several lives between her and it, but there was sufficient probability to warrant her being trained with that end in view.

Her mother, on the death of her father, the Duke of Kent, lived very quietly with her children at Kensington, or with her brother, Prince Leopold, who afterwards became King of the Belgians at Claremont. Miss Porter, the author of "The Scottish Chiefs," who often saw the Princess Victoria here, describes her as "a beautiful child with cherubic form of face, clustered round by glossy, fair ringlets; her complexion remarkably transparent, with a soft but often heightening tinge of the sweet blush rose upon her cheeks, imparting a peculiar brilliancy to her clear blue eyes." She was, it is related, a lively child, extremely fond of play, always pleased to talk to strangers, and manifesting a love of popularity which has been quite absent from her later life. Day after day the little one might be seen in white cotton frock and broad straw hat in company with her half-sister, Feodora, trotting back and forth with her little cart, not at all disturbed by the crowds who gathered to watch her, but would occasionally run to the palings, curtsy, kiss her hand, and stop to chat with all who spoke to her.

Three months after the Princess Victoria there was born over in the ducal court at Saxe-Cobourg, the cousin who was to exert, a few years later, such a grand influence over her life, and many charming stories are told of the bits of nursery gossip exchanged between the families. Little Albert's mother fondly declared that he was of extraordinary beauty, "had great blue eyes, dimples on each cheek, three teeth, and at eight months old was already beginning to walk," while the doings of "the little Mayflower," were faithfully detailed to the old grandmother, and the devoted German nurse, who divided her time between the two households, "could not sufficiently describe what a dear little love" the baby at Kensington was. And over this beloved niece and nephew no father could have watched with more faithful love and watchful care than did the wise Prince Leopold.

If the Princess Victoria had been only a peasant's child she could not have been brought up in stricter habits of economy and thrift. She had her regular allowance of pocket money, and on no account were her expenditures allowed to go beyond it. On one occasion at a bazaar at Tunbridge Wells she had been buying presents for her relatives, when just as her money was gone she remembered one cousin more, and that she could not purchase a certain beautiful box which she wanted for him. The shop-keeper, of course, was putting it up with the rest of the purchases when her governess interposed, saying that it was against the rule, that the Princess must not buy anything for which she could not pay at once. The shopkeeper then offered to put the box aside until she could purchase it. There was no rule to be found against this, and the Princess's next quarter day found her on her donkey before seven o'clock in the morning, and off to the store where she paid the money and carried off her box. She was taught to be very thorough in all she undertook. She studied the British Constitution under a famous Law Professor, and at twelve years old she was a fair Latin scholar, able to read Virgil and Horace. She was enthusiastically fond of music, and sketching became her favorite amusement. She was also a regular reader of Harriet Martineau's stories in illustration of political economy, and on one occasion she told Robert Southey that she derived great pleasure from reading his poetry and prose, and that she had gone through his "Life of Nelson" half a dozen times.

The regular simplicity of the life of the young princess is well illustrated by the

story of a great ball given by the Marquis of Exeter, when she was just seventeen, which she attended. She opened the ball with the Marquis and then after her one dance was sent quietly off to bed. The King often expressed great indignation that she was not allowed to attend the drawing-rooms and take part in other court ceremonies, his anger once carrying him so far as to publicly insult the Duchess of Kent at a dinner party which he gave at Windsor Castle in celebration of his last birthday, at which both she and the Princess Victoria were present.

Until the little girl was twelve years old no hint of her true position as probable heir to the crown ever reached her ears. But when a bill was brought into Parliament to make the Duchess of Kent Regent in case the Princess was called upon to ascend the throne before she came of age, it was thought necessary to tell her. How the situation was made known to her can best be told in the words of her governess the Baroness of Lehgen as she related it in a

you urged me so much to learn even Latin. My cousins Augusta and Mary never did: but you told me Latin is the foundation of English grammar, and of all the elegant expressions, and I learned it as you wished it, but I understand all better now," and the little Princess gave me her hand, repeating, "I will be good." In no known incident of the childhood of the Princess, as in this touching little scene, does the future mature character of the Queen so clearly manifest itself.

DEAD SOULS.

An old physician remarked lately, "There is no study in human nature so difficult to me as a certain class of young girls. I spent a part of this summer with two specimens of this class. They had the usual amount of capacity for observing, understanding and feeling. They had been educated at much cost to their parents; both were constant attendants at church.

"I saw nothing in their faces, manners,

in the heart. When I find so low a degree of temperature in the words, actions and thoughts of a human body, I begin to fear that the soul within is cold and dead beyond recall."

Old John Bunyan taught us the same lesson in his picture of the man with the muck-rake, who incessantly scraped together the foul, perishable stuff, and kept his eyes bent on it, while the great world opened around him, and the winds blew, and the sun shone, and God waited for him behind them all.

Do we, too, use this rake, and what is it that we gather?—*Youth's Companion*.

NOT "SMART."

Of all forms of bad breeding, the pert, smart manner affected by boys and girls of a certain age is the most offensive and impertinent. One of these so-called smart boys was once employed in the office of the treasurer of a Western railway. He was usually left alone in the office between the hours of eight and nine in the morning, and it was his duty to answer the questions of all callers as clearly and politely as possible.

One morning a plainly dressed old gentleman walked quietly in, and asked for the cashier.

"He's out," said the boy, without looking up from the paper he was reading.

"Do you know where he is?"

"No."

"When will he be in?"

"'Bout nine o'clock."

"It's nearly that now, isn't it? I haven't Western time."

"There's the clock," said the boy smartly, pointing to a clock on the wall.

"Oh yes; thank you," said the gentleman. "Ten minutes until nine. Can I wait here for him?"

"I s'pose so, though this isn't a public hotel."

The boy thought this was smart, and he chuckled aloud over it. He did not offer the gentleman a chair, or lay down the paper he held.

"I would like to write a note while I wait," said the caller; "will you please get me a piece of paper and an envelope?"

The boy did so, and as he handed them to the old gentleman, he coolly said,—

"Anything else?"

"Yes," was the reply. "I would like to know the name of such a smart boy as you are."

The boy felt flattered by the word "smart," and wishing to show the full extent of his smartness, replied,—

"I'm one of John Thompson's kids, William by name, and I answer to the call of 'Billy.' But here comes the boss!"

The "boss" came in, and, seeing the stranger, cried out,—

"Why, Mr. Smith, how do you do? I'm delighted to see you. We?"

But John Thompson's "kid" heard no more. He was looking around for his hat. Mr. Smith was president of the road, and Billy heard from him later, to his sorrow. Any one needing a boy of Master Billy's peculiar "smartness" might secure him, as he is still out of employment.—*Youth's Companion*.



THE QUEEN TAKING THE OATH ON HER CORONATION, JUNE 28TH, 1838.

letter to the Queen more than twenty years afterwards.

"I ask your Majesty's leave," she wrote, "to cite some remarkable words of your Majesty when only twelve years old; while the Regency Bill was in progress. I then said to the Duchess of Kent that now for the first time your Majesty ought to know your place in the Succession. Her Royal Highness agreed with me, and I put the genealogical table into the historical book. When Mr. Davys (the Queen's instructor, afterwards Bishop of Peterborough) was gone, the Princess Victoria opened the book again as usual, and seeing the additional paper, said, 'I never saw that before.' 'It was not thought necessary that you should, Princess,' I answered. 'I see, I am nearer the throne than I thought.' 'So it is, Madam,' I said. After some moments the Princess resumed 'Now many a child would boast, but they don't know the difficulty. There is much splendor, but there is much responsibility.' The Princess having lifted up the fore-finger of her right hand while she spoke, gave me that little hand saying, 'I will be good. I understand now why

or hearing to argue that they were imbecile. Their mother was an invalid, nearing the grave. Nothing could be more touching than the patient, appealing gaze with which her eyes followed them, watching for some signal of affection. But they had eyes and thought for nothing but a gown they were making. They were used to her love, her illness, even to the thought of her death.

"I walked out with them through a great forest under the solemn stars. They saw no beauty, no sublimity, in them. They chattered incessantly of the new trimming of their bonnets. They were used to the meaning of the trees and stars. The only thing apparently to which they were not used were the changes in ribbons, puffs and flounces.

"I went to church with them, and listened to the great 'Te Deum' which has come down to us through many ages, and lifted the hearts of countless worshippers to God. They nudged each other while they sang it to look at a beaded cloak in the next pew.

"We physicians now test the temperature of a patient's body, and if we find it below a certain degree, know that death is already

IMPORTANCE OF FIDELTY TO TRUTH.

"Father tells wrong stories; don't he, Emery? Didn't you hear him say to Mr. Ballard, yesterday morning, that he paid two hundred dollars for the new horse, when he told mother the night before it only cost him one hundred and twenty-five? And don't you know he told him, too, he should be obliged to ask him sixty dollars per acre for that farm land, which was just what it cost him a year ago; when I saw father pay money for it, and know it was only forty? And then to shut us up here because I told him we came directly from school, when he happened to see us stopping by the wayside! Oh! didn't he look stern when he said he would not have any lying boys about him! I wanted to ask him why he told Mr. Welles, this morning, he was such a faithful friend to him, and would do anything to favor him, and then turn right around, the moment he was gone, and say he despised the man, and would not do him a good turn to save his life; and when mother remonstrated a little, he said, 'Oh! polley, my dear; Mr. Welles is a man of influence.'"
—*Bib. Museum*.