

A DEDICATORY LETTER.

TO CAMILLA TOULMIN (MRS. NEWTON CROSLAND),
LINTON LODGE, BLACKHEATH PARK :

PERMIT me, my dear friend, to inscribe to you, this very imperfect Life of your beloved Queen, in remembrance of that dear old time when the world was brighter and more beautiful than it is now (or so it seemeth to me), and things in general were pleasanter;—when better books were written, especially biographies, and there were fewer of them;—when the “gentle reader” and the “indulgent critic.” were extant;—when Realism had not shouldered his way into Art;—when there were great actors and actresses of the fine old school, like Macready and the elder Booth—Helen Faucit and Charlotte Cushman; and real orators, like Daniel O’Connell and Daniel Webster;—when there was more poetry and more romance in life than now;—when it took less silk to make a gown, but when a bonnet was a bon-