

SALVE, REGINA.

BY RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

(Read at Charlotte Cushman's Farewell Benefit.)

The race of greatness never dies;
Here, there, its fiery children rise,
Perform their splendid parts,
And captive take our hearts.

Men, women of heroic mould,
Have overcome us from of old:
Crowns waited then, as now,
For every royal brow.

The victor in the Olympian Games—
His name among the proudest names
Was handed deathless down:
To him the olive crown.

And they, the poets, grave and sage,
Stern masters of the tragic stage,
Who moved by art austere—
To pity, love, and fear.—

To these was given the laurel crown,
Whose lightest leaf conferred renown,
That through the ages fled
Still circles each grey head.

But greener laurels cluster now,
World-gathered, on his spacious brow,
In his supremest Place,
Greatest of their great race,—

Shakespeare! Honour to him, and her,
Who stands his grand interpreter,
Stepped out of his broad page,
Upon the living stage.

The unseen hands that shape our fate
Moulded her strongly, made her great,
And gave her for her dower
Abundant life and power.

To her the sister Muses came,
Proffered their masks, and promised fame:
She chose the tragic—rose
To its imperial woes.

What queen unqueened is here? What wife,
Whose long bright years of loving life
Are suddenly darkened? Fate
Has crushed, but left her great.

Abandoned for a younger face,
She sees another fill her place,
Be more than she has been—
Most wretched wife and queen!

O, royal sufferer! Patient heart!
Lay down thy burdens and depart:
"Mine eyes grow dim. Farewell,"
They ring her passing bell.

And thine, thy knell shall soon be rung,
Lady, the valour of whose tongue,
That did not urge in vain,
Stung the irresolute Thane

To bloody thoughts, and deeds of death—
The evil genius of Macbeth;
But thy strong will must break
And thy poor heart must ache.

Sleeping, she sleeps not; night betrays
The secret that consumes her days,
Behold her where she stands,
And rubs her guilty hands.

From darkness, by the midnight fire,
Withered and wild, in wild attire,
Starts spectral on the scene
The stern old gipsy queen.

She croons his simple cradle song,
She will redress his ancient wrong—
The rightful heir come back
With Murder on his track.

Commanding, crouching, dangerous, kind,
Confusion in her darkened mind,
The pathos of her years
Compels the soul to tears.

Bring laurel! Go, ye tragic Three,
And at her feet lay down
Here, now, a triple crown.

Salve, Regina! Art and Song,
Dismissed by thee, shall miss thee long,
And keep thy memory green—
Our most illustrious Queen.

QUEEN VICTORIA.

We take the following extracts from a sketch
by an American writer in *Appleton's Journal*.

I.

The Queen, who has had the most prosperous and distinguished reign so far of any monarch who has ever filled the throne with a royal ermine in the history of the world, is a problem somewhat worthy of study. She had the reputation, as a young woman, of having a very bad temper. The world has read of her striking her maid-of-honour, Lady Flora Hastings, when the poor girl was dying of a mysterious disease. She was not beautiful, and she was said to be jealous of those who were. She fell in love with her cousin, the Duke of Cambridge, and with a young nobleman of her court. The astute ministers did not let her marry either of them, and doubtless she tore her hair and flung her slippers about, as any other girl would do if thwarted in her flirtations. England's queen, too! If she could not have her way, who could? And yet she has had probably less of it than most women. Yet every old *Polonius* of them "build-ed wiser than he knew" when he plotted to marry her to her cousin, Prince Albert. A happier marriage never blessed a throne. In looking back over the thirty-three years of devoted wife-hood and the singularly deep grief at the loss of her husband, one must respect Queen Victoria. She can be no common woman who loves and regrets as she has done.

Her beautiful domestic life and the royal brood of children interested every papa and mamma in the United Kingdom. "My boy was born on the same day with Prince Leopold," said a Scotch landlord to me as I admired her flaxen-haired

Laddie, and her face flushed with pleasure. This sentiment of loyalty, of which we know so little, is very attractive. The human figure never looks so well and so nobly as when it is looking up. It has no snobbery in it, as between royalty and the people, for Royalty is to them incarnate England. The Queen was a loving and attentive mother. Every day, as her old doctor tells us, she saw every one of her children, talked with them and caressed them, paid most motherly attentions to their teeth and hair and costume, which many a fashionable mother neglects, and this with all her enormous work, for no charwoman in Her Majesty's dominions worked as hard as she.

When we remember that the royal nursery absorbed all the attention of one great man, that it was an institution of the state, that every royal infant had a retinue of admirals, generals, noble duchesses, and the like, as soon as it was born, to look after it, this maternal solicitude is another point in Queen Victoria's character of great and unexpected excellence.

When the Prince of Wales was here as a young boy, he was accompanied by General Bruce, who was his governor. The Prince would jump into his lap and caress him, boy-like, but the general never entered his presence unless his Royal Highness requested it, and never sat down in his presence unless commanded to do so. The Prince might be familiar when he pleased; the subject, never! What a state of things! We can imagine the royal under-nurse saying, "May I be permitted to brush your Royal Highness's hair?" to a recalcitrant prince of three years, and receiving a very ungracious snub.

But there came into this royal nursery one presence which always brought about law and order. It was the father. Prince Albert was an uncompromising disciplinarian. It would be curious to imagine what England would have been, what the Queen would have been, without this extraordinary man—a man of such gifts and graces, who had the remarkable gift and grace to appear a nonentity. The English would have been jealous, would have been up in arms, had they suspected how great he was; indeed, they were even jealous of his appearance in politics.

We get pleasant glimpses of Queen Victoria's accomplishments from Mendelssohn's letters. When the great composer went to England, the Queen and the Prince gave him an audience. He says that the Queen sang for him very prettily, and that she was a most thorough musician. He gives a graceful picture of the royal interior, the Queen and her young husband singing duets; and the praise and admiration which they gave to him was, in his idea, of a most delicate and discriminating character.

II.

The Queen has always appeared to great advantage in her grateful care of her old servants. Hampton Court, St. James's Palace, and I do not know how many other palaces, are filled with her disabled courtiers. In her patronage of authors, she has undoubtedly appeared to less advantage; but in this she may be dependent on others, and under obligations to the civil list. Her immense private fortune might be spent more liberally. The foreigners who live in England accuse her of avarice, and we all know how weary the English got of her prolonged mourning, and her determination not to be seen. What part avarice may have had in this deliberate seclusion I do not know; certainly she is not fond of spending her money.

Those who have seen her of late years have beheld a very plain lady, with a very red face—that heavy face of the Georges, and a short, dumpy figure. Her only beauty is a very small, exquisite white hand. It is a peculiarity of her family. Her uncles had it eminently. Her manners are very dignified; they even give her height. She wears her great rank worthily in this respect, knowing, to the shadow of a shade, just how much affability to show.

The rumoured disaffection of the Queen to the Prince of Wales was probably true. She, however, melted toward him, mother-like, during his illness, and watched by him and prayed for him very tenderly. Her court has ever been one of the severest morality until the Prince began his flirtations. The very popular and good little Princess of Wales is an immense favourite, and often, it is said, intercedes for her naughty spouse with the Queen, which is certainly very pretty and noble of her to do.

The Queen, as an authoress, has not added much to the reputation of her family. Perhaps some sponging censor went over the books and wiped out all individuality. She never says a clever thing, if we may judge of her by her books, but they speak loudly for her heart. They are pure and sweet pictures of domestic happiness, love of nature, and soft and womanly affection. One lady of high rank in England told me that the Queen always bowed and kissed her hand to her children. She is remarkably fond of children, and takes much notice of them.

Among her accomplishments she numbers the possession of five languages, all of which she speaks fluently, except Latin; the faculty of painting well in water-colours, and some cleverness in modelling in clay. She has acquired some knowledge of Indian dialects, finding it necessary from her possessions in conquered India. Her reading is vast and various, as we learn by her books, and by her occasional letters to the authors. Yet, with all this culture, she cannot be called an intellectual woman; she has no genius, unless it be for affairs. Probably, in a less exalted station, she would have been a very good and frugal housekeeper. She has certainly kept her large and various household in good order so far.

She is very kind and thoughtful about the sick. The attention to poor Mrs. Warner, the actress, who died wearily of a cancer, and at whose disposition she placed one of the royal carriages, was much remarked, and gave great comfort to the poor sufferer. It seems very little to us, who remember her vast powers of doing good, but we must also remember how much is expected of her, and how much she has to think of. Charity often consists of thoughtfulness.

III.

In religious opinions the Queen is remarkably liberal. The party with which she has the least sympathy in England is the very High-church party. She liked very much to hear the Rev. Norman McLeod, and she goes often to dissenting churches when at Balmoral. Her favourite and highly-prized friend is the admirable Dean Stanley, whose liberality is almost working a schism in the English Church; and I happened to hear her attacked at St. Mary's Church, Oxford, the very stronghold of English orthodox High-church sentiment, for signing the Irish Church Disability Bill.

"She has no right to break her oath," said the brave preacher. "She has sworn to be the defender of the faith in these three kingdoms," and he quoted that ferocious text about the curse on "the bloody house of Saul," who broke his oath and slew the Gibeonites.

But although there are this freedom of speech and freedom of thought in English pulpits, and in the mouths of Sir Charles Dilke and the like, they would all die for their Queen. They could not pray loud enough, sing high enough, or watch with sufficient patience for the Prince of Wales's recovery; they stood, thousands of them, to see the Queen ride by to St. Paul's, to offer up her thanksgiving for her son's recovery, and, I dare say, my brave preacher of St. Mary's, Oxford, threw up his shovel-hat higher than the rest, and forgot all about the bloody house of Saul.

And in this unending devotion to the royal family, in this curious loyalty, lie the glory and safety of England. I shall never believe, until I see it, that Radicalism will succeed in England. The pendulum will swing, of course, and there will be disaffection. There are gigantic evils of overcrowding, and concentration of landed property; no doubt those can be remedied by emigration and just laws. But you can never knock down this pyramid which they have built, unless you change the body and blood of an Englishman. The little girl on her way to church stops and courtesies to the ladies of the great house, and she is a much better little girl for so doing. The peasant takes off his hat to the squire, and I do not think he is a less respectable man for that act of breeding. The whole people bow down and cheer when their Queen and her children drive by; and every one raises his hat to the pretty Princess of Wales.

On the whole, looking closely at the private character of Queen Victoria, as derived from conversation with some who knew her best, from her books, and from all we can see of her life, it is a character greatly to be respected. It is not an unusually great character, like Prince Albert's, nor a wonderfully masculine mind, like that of Queen Elizabeth. She is not a Semiramis, nor a Zenobia. She has not the charm of the latter or the genius of the former, and yet she has been a better queen for England of to-day than either would have been. It was once said wisely of monarchs that the world must thank them if they escape being great monsters.

"That great white light which shines upon a throne" is a hard light to live in. Had Queen Victoria been a great genius and a great beauty, she might have ruined England. A too pronounced personality in a monarch, especially a female one, is to be regretted. The Empress Eugenie improved the dress of the world, but it is to be feared she did it at the expense of France.

The Queen has suited the eminently home-loving genius of healthy England. They like to read that she walked yesterday on the terrace with the Prince Leopold, the day before with the Princess Beatrice, who, by the way, is the prettiest of her daughters.

Her speckless morality is the brightest jewel in her crown; that and her undoubted love for England, her devotion to her husband, living and dead, and her love for her children, and her faithful devotion to her kindred and old friends, will remain to praise Queen Victoria when even the glories of her Indian Empire and the splendid pageants which she summons at Windsor when she entertains an Emperor, or in London when she drives to her famous old church of St. Paul's—nay, even when the last grand pageant of all takes her to Westminster Abbey to lay her beside her royal sisters, Mary and Elizabeth—yes, when all these glories shall have faded from the pages of history and the minds of men, it will be remembered that Queen Victoria was a good woman, and that she passed through the terrible ordeal of her court, through the depreciating influence of flattery and eye-service, and bore the temptations of enormous power, without losing the respect of herself or her subjects.

HEAD DRAPERY.

The Paris Fashion writer in the London *Hornet* says: "A great many ladies also, now that the cold weather has set in, are fixing long tulle scarfs to the back of their bonnets, and then tie them under the chin in a large bow, and long, flowing ends. When in white tulle, these scarf strings are very becoming, and also take the place of cravats. Each end is about a metre and

a half long: so that it takes three metres of tulle, at the least, to make these scarfs. They are fastened under the crown at back and are pinned away from the face with jet or tortoise-shell pins. Many ladies prefer black lace scarfs instead of white tulle. Black lace is more economical; and when the bonnet is all black, with perhaps a single rose at the side, these black lace scarfs give quite a Spanish look to the face. I have even seen some worn thrown back a second time. For instance, after the scarfs have been brought forward, and have been well pinned back from the face with black jet pins, they are loosely crossed over the chest in front, and are then thrown over the shoulders, where they are invisibly pinned to prevent them from flying out of place. To make this arrangement look well, however, great care must be taken to have the folds of the scarfs prettily arranged in front, that the head may appear to peep out of a cloud of lace. If well arranged, it is most poetic and becoming; otherwise, however, the effect will be spoiled, and, instead of an elegant appearance, it will look ungraceful and old-fashioned; for something of the kind has long been worn on hats at the seaside. But then only one scarf was used, and this was twisted round the neck; now two scarfs are used, which, when properly arranged, give a charming look to the head."

VARIETIES.

A LADY guest recently entertained by Lord Dufferin at Rideau Hall, Ottawa, wore suspended from her neck the original reward of merit presented by the King of Portugal to Alvarez Pedro Cabral for the discovery of Brazil in 1500. It is described as a richly designed ship under full sail, composed of gold, silver, and precious stones.

It is said that women are housewives in Germany, queens in England, ladies in France, captives in Italy, slaves in Spain, and coquettes in America.

Whatever profession a young man may choose, let him take heed lest he merge his profession of a man in his profession of law, or medicine, or journalism, or whatever it be. A man's profession should always be incidental and subordinate to himself, never the chief thing to be said about him. There was once a cynical Frenchman who, recognising that he had made the mistake we have warned against, had engraved upon his tomb by way of epitaph: "Born a man; died a grocer." Don't let it be said of you that, born a man, you died a tradesman, no matter what the trade may be, liberal or mechanical.

IN THE families of the country gentry of the seventeenth century the Levite or chaplain was something of a groom, and a little of a veterinary. The squire were, like Sir Roger de Coverley, "afraid of being insulted" with Latin and Greek at their own table. They, too, requested their college friends to send them down curates "rather of plain sense than of much learning, of a good aspect, a social temper, and, if possible, men understanding a little of backgammon."

THE FAMOUS *Grande Duchesse* was for three weeks an important Cabinet question. It was first brodden as reflecting on Catherine II. of Russia; then the authors having submitted it to the Russian Ambassador, M. de Moustier, the French Foreign Minister, wrote to his Excellency saying he had not authorised the appeal, and finally the manuscript was despatched to Prince Gortschakoff, who returned it with the witty reply that, having never been to Gerolstein, he saw no reason for being sensitive about the morals of that State.

A VIENNA correspondent mentions an incident indicative of a rapprochement between Russia and Austria. At the masses with which All Soul's Day was celebrated in the army and navy, no foreign orders, save the St. George of Russia, were laid on the catafalque. The omission of the Prussian and other foreign orders is alleged to have taken place under instructions from the Emperor.

THE following is the natural history of a hermit:—"For thirty years he has lived in a cave near Dingman's Ferry, Pike county, Penn. The excavation is six feet by eight feet. Name, Austin Sheldon. Birth-place, Wales. Age, about seventy years. Diet, berries and fruit. Has worn the last suit for twenty years. Never shaves. Is deaf. Reads the Bible most of the time. Never has a lamp, and sleeps upon straw. Charms birds. Owns an acre of real estate around the cave. Never works. Says he expects to be buried in the cave when his time comes."

THE DUKE of Brunswick's—old Diamonds—biography has appeared. It is amusing. The Duke had a Blue-Beard chamber in his palace, near the Arc de Triomphe; this was a collection of wax heads of himself, painted and wigged to suit the times and seasons; so that he had only to indicate to the hairdresser, and his beautiful-for-ever making artist, the model he desired to resemble, to be turned out so. Like Louis XIV., he owed not a little of his celebrity, in Paris at least, to his wigs and also to his chocolate carriages, his rose-painted mansion, and its chime of hall-door bells. He was very abstemious, drank nothing but light beer brewed on the premises, a bottle of which he brought with him when dining out, even at the Tuileries. He was an able chess player; during the moves of his antagonist, he sipped iced milk, and combed his beard.

THE DEATH is announced of the Marquis de Laplace, son of the famous astronomer, at the age of 85. He joined Napoleon's army in 1809, and was one of the last to leave him in 1814. He attained the rank of General, and remained in the army till 1861. He was created a senator in 1852, and received the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour in 1859.

THE *Figaro*, the *Gaulois*, and other Paris papers have been devoting their columns to all kinds of fantastical anecdotes respecting Nana Sahib, the hero of the great Indian Mutiny. The number of French journalists which the anecdotes represent as having interviewed the Indian Chief at the moment of and after the perpetration of his crimes, would lead one to suppose that the scene of action must have been the Boulevard des Italiens—that far-distant spot so dear to adventurous French newspaper correspondents.

TRINITY College, Dublin is in despair. One of its chief library treasures is missing—viz. the book of Kells, written by Saint Columbkil in 474—the oldest book in the world, and the most perfect specimen of Irish art, with the richest illuminations, and valued at £12,000. It is alleged to have been sent to the British Museum for the purpose of being bound. The college solicitor, Mr. Munn, has been sent, it is said, with a sealed order from the board of Trinity College to the trustees of the British Museum, requiring immediate delivery of the peerless volume.