

THE QUEEN'S NEW BOOK.

The Queen's new book, entitled "Leaves from the Journal of our Life in the Highlands," has appeared. The London papers seem much pleased with it, and the London Times has several extracts from it, some of which we give below.

In the catalogue of royal authors, now of considerable length, there will be found no name more illustrious than that of Queen Victoria. Nor among the volumes to which they have set their names will there be found any which will interest such a multitude of readers, and which appeals so directly to the common heart, as the one published to-day. No doubt works of greater literary pretension have come from royal pens—as poems, histories, philosophical dissertations. One of her Majesty's ancestors, the first James of Scotland, wrote a poem, "The King's Quhair," which, apart from the rank of its author, deserves a permanent place in British literature, and which laying bare his secret heart in the story of his love, made him the idol of his people. Our Queen makes no such literary effort. Her work takes the simple form of an ordinary journal of travel—no show about it whatever, except the simple show of fine natural feeling. In the green cloth dress of her book she enters familiarly into our houses. She takes us by the hand, she sits by the fireside, and she opens to us her heart. Hitherto when she has parleyed with her people as a whole, it has been in stately speeches and formal proclamations. Now she lays aside her robes of State and enters into friendly conversation with her subjects on the mere footing of a warm-hearted, cultivated gentlewoman, sharing their tastes and their pursuits, and feeling as one of them. We hear of all the little likings and dislikes that make up the great sum of life—of hunger and thirst, of waking and sleeping and fatigue, of laughter and tears, of aches and anxieties and pleasures. It may be gathered from the pages of the journal now published that of all the days to which we refer, those were most enjoyed, and the pleasure of them was most eagerly renewed, on which the Queen and her party could go forth in disguise, roaming among the hills and about the villages unrecognized, received as private persons, roughing it at some poor inn, sleeping in chambers where there was scarcely room for the beds, served at dinner by a maid-of-all-work, the courses of the dinner reduced to a couple of chickens, on which many pairs of eyes looked hungrily enough. And since Her Majesty is pleased to come to us in this way without ceremony, we venture to meet her, as she would wish, without compliments. As critics, we give an honest welcome to the distinguished authoress, happy to assure her that her volume will be deservedly enjoyed in myriads of homes throughout an empire which encircles the globe. The great charm of the book is to be found in the simplicity and naturalness, in the fearless confidence with which the writer jots down ordinary impressions. Emerson says it is the peculiar attribute of genius to see the interest that attaches to common things and feelings which ordinary observers pass by as unworthy of regard.—The definition in so far as it relates to genius may provoke discussion; but there can be no doubt that the Queen's journal, dealing frankly with common things, open to common observation, and exciting the well-known feelings of our kind, will touch the popular heart as it cannot be touched by the

extraordinary and unknown. And, indeed, in addition to the common feeling which so quickly reached the human heart, there is here the uncommon also—in that such a book should be written by such a lady.

THE QUEEN'S GILLIE.

From among these men we have said that she chooses some of her most trusted servants. Thus, she speaks of Mr. Grant, her head keeper, in these terms:

"He had been nearly twenty years with Sir Robert Gordon—nine as keeper. He was born in Braemar in the year 1810. He has an excellent man, most trustworthy, of singular shrewdness and discretion, and most devotedly attached to the Prince and myself. He has a fine, intelligent countenance. The Prince was very fond of him. He has six sons. The second, Allick, is wardrobe man to our son Leopold. All are good, well-disposed lads, and getting on well in their different occupations. His mother, a fine, hale old woman of eighty years, 'stops' in a small cottage which the Prince built for her in our village. He lives himself in a pretty lodge called Croft, a mile from Balmoral, which the Prince built for him."

She allots another note to Mr. John Brown. Who may well be proud of the character she gives him:

"The same who, in 1858, became my regular attendant out of doors everywhere in the Highlands, who commenced as gillie in 1849, and was selected by Albert and me to go with my carriage—in 1851 he entered our service permanently, and began in that year leading my poney, and advanced step by step by his good conduct and intelligence. His attention, care, and faithfulness cannot be exceeded, and the state of my health, which, of late years, has been sorely tried and weakened, renders such qualifications most valuable, and, indeed, most needful in a constant attendant upon all occasions. He has since, most deservedly, been promoted to be an upper servant, and my permanent personal attendant, (Dec., 1865.) He has all the independence and elevated feelings peculiar to the Highland race, and is singularly straightforward, simple minded, kindhearted, and disinterested: always ready to oblige; and of a discretion rarely to be met with. He is now in his fortieth year. His father was a small farmer who lived at the Bush on the opposite side to Balmoral. He is the second of nine brothers—three of whom have died—two are in Australia and New Zealand, two are living in the neighborhood of Balmoral; and the youngest, Archi, (Archibald), is valet to our son Leopold and is an excellent, trustworthy young man."

And if Her Majesty can speak thus generously of her servant, they were not insensible to such kindness, and could speak enthusiastically of their master and mistress. The Queen says on one occasion:

"We then rode on. Albert talking so gaily with Grant; upon which Brown observed to me in simple Highland phrase, 'It's very pleasant to walk with a person who is always content.' Yesterday in speaking of dearest Albert's sport, when I observed he never was cross after bad luck, Brown said, 'every one on the estate says there never was so kind a master; I am sure our only wish is to give satisfaction.' I said they certainly did."

She was fond of moving about among the cottages of the poor, and gives an account of some visits she paid to certain old women:—

'I went into an old cabin of old Kitty Kearn's, who is eighty-six years old, quite

erect, and who welcomed us with a great air of dignity. She sat down and spun. I gave her also a warm petticoat: she said, 'May the Lord ever attend ye and yours, here and hereafter, and may the Lord be a guide to ye, and keep ye from all harm.' She was quite surprised at Vicky's height; great interest is taken in her. We went on to a cottage (formerly Jean Gordon's) to visit old widow Symons, who is 'past fourscore,' with a nice rosy face, but was bent quite double; she was most friendly, shaking hands with us all, asking which was I, and repeating many kind blessings: may the Lord attend ye with mirth and with joy; may he ever be with ye in this world, and when ye leave it.' To Vicky, when she was going to be married, she said, 'May the Lord be a guide to ye in your future, and may every happiness attend ye.' She was very talkative, and when I said I hoped to see her again, she expressed an expectation that she 'should be called any day,' and so did Kitty Kearn.

"We went into three other cottages—to Mrs. Symon's (daughter-in-law to the old widow living next door) who had an 'unwell boy'; then across a little burn to another old woman's; and afterwards peeped into old Blair the fiddler's. We drove back and got out to visit old Mrs. Grant (Grant's mother) who is so tidy and clean, and to whom I gave a dress and handkerchief, and she said, 'You're too kind to me; you're o'er kind to me: ye give me more every year, and I get older every year.' After talking some time with her, she said, 'I am happy to see ye looking so nice.' She had tears in her eyes, and, speaking of Vicky's going, said, 'I'm very sorry, and I think she is sorry herself;' and having said she feared she would not see her (the Princess) again, said, 'I am very sorry I said that, but I meant no harm; I always say just what I think, not what is fut' (fit). Dear old lady, she is such a plesant person."

THE QUEEN'S OPINION OF THE "MAIDEN TOWN."

The people of Edinburgh will be delighted to read of the Queen's admiration for what Scott called "my own romantic town."

"The impression Edinburgh has made upon us is very great; it is quite beautiful, totally unlike anything I have seen; and what is even more, Albert, who has seen so much, says it is unlike anything he ever saw; it is so regular, everything built of massive stone, there is not a brick to be seen anywhere. . . . The view of Edinburgh from the road before you enter Leith is quite enchanting; it is, as Albert said, 'fairy-like,' and what you would only imagine as a thing to dream of, or to see in a picture. There was that beautiful large town, all of stone (no colour of brick to mar it), with the bold Castle on one side, and the Calton hill on the other, with those high sharp hills of Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Crags towering above all, and making the finest, boldest background imaginable. Albert said he felt sure that the Acropolis could not be finer."

NITRO GLYCERINE—WHAT IT IS.

An exchange says:—The chief use to which this new (for it was only three or four years ago that it was discovered in Saxony) and dangerous compound has been put is for blasting purposes: it requires a much smaller hole or chamber than gunpowder, the strength of the latter being scarcely one-tenth of the former. It is a bright yellow oily fluid—a compound of glycerine nitric acid. Weight for weight, the blasting oil