

**IN THE DAYS OF
QUEEN VICTORIA**

IN THE DAYS OF QUEEN VICTORIA

BY

EVA MARCH TAPPAN

*ILLUSTRATED FROM FAMOUS PAINTINGS AND
ENGRAVINGS*

YESTERDAY'S CLASSICS

CHAPEL HILL, NORTH CAROLINA

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PREFACE

To her own people Queen Victoria was England itself, the emblem of the realm and of the empire. To millions who were not her people the words "the Queen" always brought to thought the well-beloved woman who for nearly sixty-four years wore the crown of Great Britain and gave freely to her country of the gift that was in her.

Other women have been controlled by devotion to duty, other women have been moved to action by readiness of sympathy, but few have united so harmoniously a strong determination to do the right with a never-failing gentleness, a childlike sympathy with unyielding strength of purpose.

Happy is the realm that can count on the list of its sovereigns one whose career was so strongly marked by unfaltering faithfulness, by honesty of aim, and by statesmanlike wisdom of action.

EVA MARCH TAPPAN

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CHAPTER I

BABY DRINA

“**E**LIZABETH would be a good name for her,” said the Duke of Kent. “Elizabeth was the greatest woman who ever sat on the throne of England. The English people are used to the name, and they like it.”

“But would the Emperor Alexander be pleased?” asked the Duchess. “If he is to be godfather, ought she not to be named for him?”

“Alexandra—no; Alexandrina,” said the Duke thoughtfully. “Perhaps you are right. ‘Queen Alexandrina’ has a good sound, and the day may come when the sovereign of England will be as glad of the friendship of the Emperor of Russia as the Regent is today.”

“Are you so sure, Edward, that she will be a sovereign?” asked his wife with a smile.

“Doesn’t she look like a queen?” demanded the Duke. “Look at her golden hair and her blue eyes! There, see how she put her hand out, just as if she was giving a command! I don’t believe any baby a week old ever did that before. The next time I review the troops

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she shall go with me. You're a soldier's daughter, little one. Come and see the world that you are to conquer." He lifted the tiny baby, much to the displeasure of the nurse, and carried her across the room to the window that looked out upon Kensington Garden. "Now, little one," he whispered into the baby's ear, "they don't believe us and we won't talk about it, but you'll be queen some day."

"Is that the way every father behaves with his first baby?" asked the Duchess.

"They're much alike, your Grace," replied the nurse rather grimly, as she followed the Duke to the window with a blanket on her arm. The Duke was accustomed to commanding thousands of men, and every one of them trembled if his weapons and uniform were not spotless, or if he had been guilty of the least neglect of duty. In more than one battle the Duke had stood so firmly that he had received the thanks of Parliament for his bravery and fearlessness. He would never have surrendered a city to a besieging army, but now he had met his match, and he laid the baby in the nurse's arms with the utmost meekness.

The question of a name for the child was not yet decided, for the wishes of someone else had to be considered, and that was the Prince Regent, the Duke's older brother, George. He thought it proper that his niece should be named Georgiana in honor of himself.

"Georgiana let it be," said the Duke of Kent, "her first name shall be Alexandrina."

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“Then Georgiana it shall *not* be,” declared the Prince Regent. “No niece of mine shall put my name second to any king or emperor here in my own country. Call her Alexandrina Alexandra Alexander, if you choose, but she’ll not be called Alexandrina Georgiana.”

When the time for the christening had arrived the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London came to Kensington in company with the crimson velvet curtains from the chapel at St. James’ and a beautiful golden font which had been taken from the Tower for the baptism of the royal baby. The Archbishop and the Bishop, the Prince Regent, and another brother of the Duke of Kent, who was to represent the Emperor of Russia as godfather, all stood around the golden font in the magnificent cupola room, the grand saloon of Kensington Palace. The godmothers were the child’s grandmother and aunt, and they were represented by English princesses. All the royal family were present.

After the prayers had been said and the promises of the sponsors made, the Archbishop took the little Princess in his arms and, turning to the godfathers and the godmothers, he said: “Name this child.”

“Alexandrina,” responded the Duke of York.

“Give her another name,” bade the Duke of Kent in a low tone.

“Name her for her mother, then,” said the Prince Regent to the Archbishop, and the baby was christened Alexandrina Victoria.

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It made little difference to either the Duke or the baby how the Prince Regent might feel about her name, for the Duke was the happiest of fathers, and the little Drina, as the Princess was called, was a merry, sweet-tempered baby. Everyone at Kensington loved her, and over the sea was grandmother, the Dowager Duchess of Coburg, who could hardly wait for the day to come when she would be able to see the child. "How pretty the little Mayflower will be," she wrote, "when I see it in a year's time." Another letter said: "The English like queens, and the niece of the beloved Princess Charlotte will be most dear to them." Princess Charlotte was the only child of Prince George, and the nation had loved her and longed to have her for their queen. She had married Leopold, the brother of the Duchess of Kent, and had died only two years before "Princess Drina" was born.

The succession to the English crown was in a peculiar condition. The king, George III., had become insane, and his eldest son, George, was ruling as Prince Regent. If the Regent lived longer than his father, he would become George IV. His next younger brother was Frederick, Duke of York; then came William, Duke of Clarence; and then the Duke of Kent. George and Frederick had no children, and William's baby girl died on the very day that the Princess Alexandrina was born. If these three brothers died without children, the Duke of Kent would become king; but even then, if the Duke should have a son, the law was that he, rather than the daughter, should inherit the crown. The baby Princess, then, stood fifth in the succession to the throne, and a child born to any one of these

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three uncles, or a son born to her father, would remove her still further from sovereignty.

The English people had talked of all these possibilities. The Duke of Kent had also several younger brothers, but they were all middle-aged men, the youngest forty-five, and not one of them had a child. If all the children of George III. died without heirs, the English crown would descend to a line of Germans who had never walked on English soil. "We have had one king who could not speak English," said the people, "and we do not want another." The Duke of Kent was a general favorite among them, and they hoped that he, and after him his daughter, would become their ruler. Indeed, they hoped for this so strongly that they began to feel sure that it would come to pass. Everyone wanted to see the little Princess. Many a person lingered under the palace windows for hours, and went away feeling well repaid for the delay if he had caught a glimpse of the royal baby in her nurse's arms.

When the Princess was four months old, the Duke gave orders one afternoon that she should be made ready for a drive with him.

"But is it not the day of the military review on Hounslow Heath?" asked the Duchess.

"Yes," replied the Duke, "and where else should a soldier's daughter be but at a review? I want to see how she likes the army. You know she will be at the head of the army some day," he added half in jest and half in earnest. "Won't you let me have her?" The Duchess shook her head playfully. Just then the nurse entered the room with the little Princess in her out-

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door wraps. The tall Duke caught up the child and ran to the carriage like a naughty boy with a forbidden plaything, and the nurse followed.

At the review the Duke was not so stern a disciplinarian as usual, for more than one man who was expected to stand "eyes front" took a sly look at the pretty baby in her nurse's arms, and the proud father forgot to blame him for the misdemeanor. After the review the people gathered about the carriage.

"God bless the child," cried an old man. "She'll be a Princess Charlotte to us."

"Look at her sweet face," said another. "Did you ever see such bright blue eyes? She'll be a queen who can see what her people want."

There were hurrahs for the Princess and hurrahs for the Duke. Then a voice in the crowd cried: "Give us a rousing cheer for the Duchess who cares for her own baby and doesn't leave her to the hired folk."

In all this hubbub and confusion the blue-eyed baby did not cry or show the least fear. "She's a soldier's child," said the Duke with delight, and he took her from the nurse and helped her to wave her tiny hand to the admiring crowd.

Prince George had never been on good terms with his brother, the Duke of Kent, and after the affair of the name he was less friendly than ever. He was always jealous of the child, and when he heard of her reception at the review he was thoroughly angry. "That infant is too young to be brought into public," he declared.

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She was not brought into so public a place again, but she won friends wherever she went. The Duke could not bear to have her away from him for an hour, and the greatest honor he could show to a guest was to allow him to take the little one in his arms. An old friend was at the Palace, one evening, and when he rose to go, the Duke said: "No, come with me first and see the child in her crib." As they entered the room of the little Princess, the Duke said: "We are going to Sidmouth in two or three days to cheat the winter, and so we may not meet again for some time. I want you to give my child your blessing. Pray for her, not merely that her life may be brilliant and free from trouble, but that God will bless her, and that in all the years to come He will guide her and guard her." The prayer was made, and the Duke responded with an earnest "Amen."

In a few days the family set out for Sidmouth. Kensington was becoming cold and damp, and the precious baby must not be risked in the London chills of the late autumn. The Duchess, moreover, had devoted herself so closely to her child that she needed a change and rest.

At Sidmouth the old happy life of the past six months went on for a little while. The house was so small that it was called "hardly more than a cottage," but it had pretty verandas and bay windows, shaded by climbing roses and honeysuckles. It stood on a sunny knoll, with tall trees circling around it. Just below the knoll was a little brook running merrily to the sea, a quarter of a mile away, and, following the lead of the brook, was the road. Sidmouth was a nest of sun-

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beams, and the baby Princess was well and strong. "She is too healthy, I fear," wrote the Duke, "in the opinion of some members of my family by whom she is regarded as an intruder."

The people of Sidmouth did not look upon the pretty, blue-eyed baby as an intruder, and there was great excitement in the village when it was known that the Duke had taken Woolbrook Glen. Every boy in the country around was eager to see the soldier Duke who had been in real battles, and every girl longed for a sight of the little Princess. There was no difficulty in seeing them when they had once come, for whenever it was pleasant they were out of doors, walking or driving. A lady who met the party one morning wrote that the Duke and the Duchess were strolling along arm in arm, and close to them was the nurse carrying the Princess with her white swansdown bonnet and cloak. She was holding out her hand to the Duke, and just as the village people drew near, he took her from the nurse and lifted her to his shoulder.

When the Duke had been away from the house, his first thought on returning was the little daughter. One morning, only a few days after this meeting with the lady and her children, he took a long walk in the rain. He was hardly over the threshold on his return before he called, "Where's my daughter? Bring little Drina."

"But, Edward," the Duchess objected, "your boots must be wet through. Won't you change them first? You will surely be ill."

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“Soldiers aren’t ill, my lady,” replied the Duke, laughing. “I never was ill in all my life. Where’s my queen?”

An hour’s romp with the merry baby followed. But then came a chill, and the strong man was overcome with inflammation of the lungs. In those days physicians had little knowledge how to treat such a disease. They had an idea that whenever one was feverish he had too much blood, and that some of it must be taken away; so the Duke was bled until, if he had not been in the least ill, the loss of blood would have made him faint and weak. A messenger was sent to London to bring a famous doctor, but when he came the Duke was dead. “I could have done nothing else,” said the great man, “except to bleed him much more than you have done.”

Prince Leopold had come to Sidmouth a day or two earlier, and he went with the Duchess and the Princess to London. The villagers gathered about the carriage to bid a silent farewell to the sorrowful company. Many of them were weeping, and their tears flowed still faster when the nurse held the baby up to the carriage window and whispered, “Say good-by to the people;” for the little one waved her hand and patted the glass and sprang up and down in her nurse’s arms without the least realization of her loss.

The carriage rolled away, but the people stood watching it until it was out of sight.

“That’s the sweetest child in all England,” said one woman, wiping her eyes with the corner of her

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apron, "and now the poor little thing will have no father."

"Did ever you see a man so fond of his child as the Duke?" said another with a sob.

"King George had nine sons," said a man who stood near, "and the Duke was every whit the best of them. The King never treated him fairly. When the others wanted money, they had it; but when the Duke needed it, his father just said, 'Get along as you can.' There wasn't one of the sons that the King wasn't kinder to than to the Duke."

"He'll have little more chance to be kind or unkind," declared another. "Have you not heard the news from London? The King is very ill, and the Prince Regent will soon be George IV."

"It's bad luck speaking ill of him that's to be king," said one, "but the man that's gone to London in his coffin was the man that I'd have liked to see on the throne."

"Will the Duchess go back to her own land, think you?" questioned the first woman.

"Yes, that she will," replied the second positively. "There never was a woman that loved her own people better than she. Folks say she writes her mother every day of her life."

"I say she'll not go back," declared one of the men with equal positiveness. "She'll do her duty, and her duty is to care for the Princess. God bless her, and make her our queen some day."

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So the people in the village talked, and so people were talking throughout the kingdom. After the first sad days were past the question had to be decided by the Duchess and her devoted brother Leopold. The Duchess loved her family and her old home at Amorbach, near Heidelberg. There she and the Duke had spent the first months of their married life, and nothing would have helped her more to bear her loneliness than a return to the Bavarian Palace, in which every room was associated with memories of him. She was a stranger in England and she could not even speak the language of the country. The Duke's sisters loved her, and Adelaide, who had been a German princess before she became the wife of the Duke of Clarence, gave her the warmest sympathy in this time of sorrow; but the Regent disliked her and had always seemed indignant at the possibility that his brother's child would inherit the throne. The Regent had now become king, for his father had died on the very day of the Duchess's return to London. Unless a child was born to either the Duke of York or the Duke of Clarence, the baby Princess would become queen at their death. The child who would rule England ought to be brought up in England.

There was something else to be considered, however. When the Duchess was only a girl of seventeen she had become the wife of the Prince of Leiningen, and at his death he had made her sole guardian of their two children, Charles and Féodore. As soon as Charles was old enough he would succeed his father as ruler of Leiningen, but until then his mother was Regent.

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“Is it right for me to neglect my duties in Bavaria?” questioned the Duchess; “to give up the regency of Leiningen? Shall I neglect Charles to care for Drina’s interest?”

“Charles will be well cared for,” said Prince Leopold. “His people love him already and will be true to him. England is a great kingdom. It is not an easy land to rule. A queen who has grown up in another country will never hold the hearts of the people.”

“True,” said the Duchess. “I must live in England. That is my duty to my child and to her country.”

How the Duchess and her child were to live was a question of much importance. The King could not refuse to allow them to occupy their old apartments in Kensington Palace, but the Duchess was almost penniless. Nearly all the money which her first husband had left her she had been obliged to give up on her second marriage, and she had surrendered all the Duke’s property to his creditors to go as far as it would in paying his debts. Some money had been settled upon her when she married the Duke, but that was so tied up that it would be many months before she could touch it. The only plea that she could make to the King would be on the ground that her child might become his heir, and nothing would have enraged him so much as to suggest such a thing. Whatever Parliament might appropriate to the Princess would be given against the wishes of the King, and there would, at any rate, be a long delay. It was a strange condition of affairs. The child would probably have millions at her command before many years had passed, but for the present

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there was no money even to pay the wages of the servants for their care of her.

If this story had been a fairy tale, the fairy godmother with the magic wand would have been called upon to shower golden guineas into the empty purse, but in this case it was the good uncle who came to the aid of his Princess niece. When Prince Leopold married the Princess Charlotte he went to England to live, for he expected that some day his wife would become Queen of Great Britain. After her death he made his home in England, but spent much of his time in travelling. He was not rich, but he was glad to help his sister as much as possible, and after the death of the Duke of Kent he made her and her children his first care.

It was decided, then, that the Duchess would remain in England, and that Kensington Palace should become the home of the Princess Alexandrina Victoria. This was a large, comfortable-looking abode. It had been a favorite home of several of the English sovereigns. About it were gardens cut into beds shaped like scrolls, palm leaves, ovals, circles, and all sorts of conventional figures so prim and stiff that one might well have wondered how flowers ever dared to grow in any shape but rectangular. The yew trees were trimmed into peacocks and lions and other kinds of birds and beasts. All this was interesting only as a curiosity, but there was a pretty pond and there were long, beautiful avenues of trees. There were flowers and shrubs and soft green turf. It was out of the fog and smoke of the city; indeed it was so far out that there was danger of robbers to the man who ventured to walk or drive at night through the unlighted roads. For many years af-

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ter the birth of the Princess a bell was rung Sunday evenings so that all Londoners might meet and guard against danger by going over the lonely way to their homes in one large company.

The life at Kensington was very quiet. No one would have guessed from seeing the royal baby that the fate which lay before her was different from that to be expected for any other child who was not the daughter of a Prince. She spent much of the time out of doors, at first in the arms of her nurse, then in a tiny carriage, in which her half-sister, the Princess Féodore, liked to draw her about. "She must learn never to be afraid of people," declared the wise mother, and before the child could speak plainly she was taught to make a little bow when strangers came near her carriage and say, "Morning, lady," or "Morning, sir."

The little girl was happy, but life was hard for the mother. She had given up her home and her friends, and now she had to give up even her own language, for English and not German must be her child's mother tongue, and she set to work bravely to conquer the mysteries of English. Her greatest comfort in her loneliness was the company of the Duchess Adelaide, wife of the Duke of Clarence. For many weeks after the death of the Duke of Kent, the Duchess drove to Kensington every day to spend some time with her sister-in-law. When the Princess was about a year and a half old, a little daughter was born to the Duchess Adelaide, but in three months she was again childless. She had none of the royal brothers' jealousy of the baby at Kensington, and she wrote to the Duchess of

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Kent, “My little girls are dead, but your child lives, and she shall be mine, too.”

CHAPTER II

THE SCHOOLDAYS OF A PRINCESS

NOTHING could be more simple than the order of the Princess' day at Kensington. Breakfast was at eight, and it was eaten out of doors whenever the weather was good. The Princess sat in a tiny rosewood chair beside her mother, and the little girl's breakfast was spread on a low table before her. Whatever other children might have, there were no luxuries for this child. Bread and milk and fruit made up her breakfast, and nothing more would have been given her no matter how she might have begged for it. After breakfast she would have liked to play with her beloved Féodore, but Féodore had to go to her lessons. When the weather was fair, however, a pleasure awaited the little girl. Her uncle, the Duke of York, had given her a white donkey, and at this hour she was allowed to ride it in Kensington Gardens. Her nurse walked beside her, and on the other side was an old soldier whom her father had especially liked. This riding was a great delight to the child, but there was sometimes a storm of childish wrath before the hour was over, for the Duchess had said, "She must ride

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and walk by turns," and when the turn came for walking, the tiny maiden often objected to obeying her mother's orders.

When it was time for the Duchess to eat luncheon, the Princess had her dinner, but it was so simple a meal that many of the servants of the palace would have felt themselves very hardly used if they had had no greater variety and no richer fare. The afternoon was often spent under the trees, and at some time, either before supper or after, came a drive with her mother. Supper was at seven, but the little girl's meal consisted of nothing but bread and milk. At nine o'clock she was put to bed, not in the nursery, but in her mother's room, for the Duchess had no idea of being separated from her children, and the Princess Féodore slept at one side of her mother, while on the other hand stood the little bed of the baby sister.

It was a simple, happy, healthy life. The great objection to it was that the child rarely had a playmate of her own age. Two little girls, daughters of an old friend of the Duke's, came once a week to see her, but they were several years her seniors. Féodore was never weary of playing with her, but Féodore was almost twelve years older, so that when the child was four years old, Féodore was quite a young lady. Perhaps no one realized how much she needed children of her own age, for she was so merry and cheerful, so ready to be pleased and amused, and so friendly with everyone who came near her.

A learned clergyman reported that when he called on the Duchess the little Princess was on the

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floor beside her mother with her playthings, “of which I soon became one,” he added.

One day the Duchess said: “Drina, there is a little girl only a year older than you who plays wonderfully well on the harp. Should you like to hear her?”

“I’m almost four years old,” was the child’s reply. “What is her name?”

“She is called Lyra,” said the Duchess. “Should you like to hear her play?”

The Princess was very fond of music even when she was hardly more than a baby, and she could scarcely wait for the day to come when she could hear the little girl. At last Lyra and her harp were brought to the palace, and the music began. The talented child played piece after piece, then she stopped a moment to rest. This was the Princess’ opportunity. Music was good, but a real little girl was a great rarity, and the small hostess began a conversation.

“Does your doll have a red dress?” she asked. “Mine has, and she has a bonnet with swansdown on it. Does yours have a bonnet?”

“I haven’t any doll,” answered Lyra.

“Haven’t you any playroom?” asked the Princess wonderingly.

“No,” said the little musician.

The Princess had supposed that all children had dolls and toys, and she said: “I have a playroom upstairs, and there are dolls in it and a house for them

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and a big, big ship like the one my papa sailed in once. Haven't you any ship or any doll-house?"

"No."

"Haven't you any sister Féodore?"

"No."

Then the warm-hearted little Princess threw her arm around the child musician and said:

"Come over here to the rug, and let's play. You shall have some of my playthings, and perhaps your mamma will make you a doll-house when you go home."

The Duchess had left the two children for a few minutes, and when she returned they were sitting on the fur rug in front of the fire. The harp was forgotten, and they were having a delightful time playing dolls, just as if they were not the one a princess and the other a musical prodigy. They were too busy to notice the Duchess, and as she stood at the door a moment, she heard her little daughter saying:

"You may have the doll to take home with you, Lyra. Put on her red dress and her white bonnet and her cloak, for she'll be ill if you don't. Her name is Adelaide, for that is my aunt's name."

The Princess was not yet four years old, but her mother was beginning to feel somewhat anxious about her education. Other children might play, but the child who was to be queen of England must not be allowed to give even her babyhood to amusement. The mother began to teach her the alphabet, but the little girl had a

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very decided will of her own, and she did not wish to learn the alphabet.

“But you will never be able to read books as I do, if you do not learn,” said the mother.

“Then I’ll learn,” promised the child. “I’ll learn very quick.”

The alphabet was learned, but the resolutions of three-year old children do not always endure, and the small student objected to further study.

“My little girl does not like her books as well as I could wish,” wrote the Duchess to her mother; but the grandmother took the part of the child. “Do not tease your little puss with learning,” was her reply. “She is so young still. Albert is only making eyes at a picture book.” This Albert was one of the Princess’ German cousins, only a few weeks younger than she; and the great delight of the Coburg grandmother was to compare the growth and attainments of the two children and note all their amusing little speeches.

The Duchess, however, did not follow the advice of her mother, but more than a month before her little daughter was four years old she decided to engage a tutor for her. She herself and Féodore were reading English with the Rev. Mr. Davys, the clergyman of a neighboring parish, and during even the first few lessons the Duchess was so charmed with his gentle, kindly manner and his intellectual ability that she said to him one day: “You teach so well that I wish you would teach my little daughter.”

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So it was that the learned clergyman appeared at the palace one bright April morning armed with a box of alphabet blocks. The Duchess seemed quite troubled and anxious about the small child's intellectual deficiencies, and when the preparations for the lesson had been made, she said:

"Now, Victoria, if you are good and say your lesson well, I will give you the box of bright-colored straw that you wanted."

"I'll be good, mamma," the little girl promised, "but won't you please give me the box first?"

The lesson began with a review of the alphabet; then came a struggle with the mysterious *b-a*, *b-e*, *b-i*, *b-o*, *b-u*, *b-y*, "which we did not quite conquer," the tutor regretfully writes. Mr. Davys kept a journal of the progress of the Princess during the first two years of his instruction, and he records gravely after the second lesson that she pronounced *much* as *muts*, that he did not succeed in teaching her to count as far as five, and that when he tried to show her how to make an *o*, he could not make her move her hand in the right direction. It seems to have been a somewhat willful little hand, for a week later when he wished her to make an *b*, she would make nothing but *o's*. "If you will make *b* to-day," said the patient tutor, "you shall have a copy of *o's* to-morrow;" but when to-morrow had come and the copy had been prepared, the capricious little maiden did not care to make *o*, she preferred to make *b*.

The troubled instructor tried various plans to interest his small charge. He wrote short words on cards

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and asked her to bring them to him from another part of the room as he named them. He read her stories and nursery rhymes, and one day, when he seems to have been almost at his wit's end, he persuaded the Princess Féodore and her governess to stand with his little pupil and recite as if they were in a class at school. His report for that day records with a good deal of satisfaction, "This seemed to please her." Willful as she was, however, she was very tender-hearted, and when he asked her to spell the word *bad*, she sobbed and cried, because she fancied that he was applying it to herself.

When Mr. Davys came in the morning, he would frequently inquire if she had been good. One day he asked the Duchess:

"Was the Princess good while she was in the nursery?"

"She was good this morning," replied her mother, "but yesterday there was quite a little storm."

"Yes, mamma," added the honest little girl, "there were two storms, one when I was washed and another when I was dressed."

Sometimes her honesty put her mother into a difficult position. One day the Duchess said:

"Victoria, when you are naughty you make both me and yourself very unhappy."

"No, mamma," the child replied, "not me, but you."

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The lessons went on with much regularity, considering that the pupil was a princess. On her fourth birthday she not only had a birthday party, but she was invited to court. "Uncle King," as she called George IV., gave a state dinner, and she was asked to be one of the guests. Most children, however, would have thought the invitation hardly worth accepting, for she was only brought into the room for a few minutes to speak to the King and the royal family, then she was taken away to eat her usual simple meal.

When the Princess had been studying with Mr. Davys about five months, she was taken to the seashore, and from there she wrote, or, rather, printed, a letter to her tutor. It said:

"MY DEAR SIR I DO NOT FORGET MY LETTERS NOR WILL I FORGET YOU VICTORIA."

The name Alexandrina had been gradually dropped. The Duchess had feared at first that as "Victoria" was unfamiliar in England, the English people might dislike it. Moreover, as the royal brothers were so unfriendly to her, she did not wish that the use of her name should prejudice them against the child. There was little danger of anyone disliking the child, however, for she was so winsome a young maiden that whoever spoke to her became her friend. One of her most devoted admirers was her Uncle Leopold, and her idea of the highest bliss was to make a visit at his house. A few months after the beginning of her education, she visited him, and Mr. Davys drove to the house twice a week to continue her instruction. Her

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uncle was present at the lessons, and he was as troubled as the Duchess because little Victoria did not like to read.

It is no wonder that the child enjoyed her visits to Claremont. Prince Leopold's home was a large brick mansion, with stately cedars on the lawn, and high up on a column a great bronze peacock that was a source of wonder and amusement. There was a lake, with groves of pines beyond it. There was a farm, with lambs and calves and ducklings. Best of all, there was Uncle Leopold, who was always ready to walk or drive with her, and to tell her wonderful stories.

It was very delightful to visit an uncle who was a prince, but even at Claremont it was never forgotten that the wee child was being trained to be a queen. The stories must not be without a moral; her uncle's charming talks of flowers and animals must be planned to introduce her to botany and natural history; and even in her play she was carefully watched lest some thoughtlessness should be overlooked which ought to be checked. One day she took her tiny rake and began to make a haycock, but before it was done something else interested her, and she dropped the rake. "No, no, Princess," called her governess, "come back and finish the haycock. You must never leave a thing half done."

In Kensington she was never taken to church, lest she should attract too much attention, but service was read in the chapel of the palace. At Claremont, however, she went to the village church. She usually wore a white dress, made as simply as that of any village child, and a plain little straw bonnet; but at the

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church door the resemblance ended, for while other children might fidget about or perhaps go to sleep, the Princess had some hard work to do. Mr. Davys had said that she was “volatile,” and disliked fixing her attention. That fault must be corrected, of course, and so the child was required to remember and repeat to her mother not only the text but the principal heads of the sermon, no matter how uninteresting it might be. The little girl must have longed to do something, somewhere, with no one to watch her. There is a story that when she once went to visit the Duchess of Clarence, her aunt asked: “Now, Victoria, what should you like to do? What will be the greatest treat I can give you?” and, the little child replied, “Oh, Aunt Adelaide, if you will only let me clean the windows, I’d rather do that than anything else.”

Money matters had become somewhat easier for the Duchess, as an allowance had been made her which enabled her to give the Princess such surroundings and advantages as ought to be given to one in her position. Nevertheless, the simplicity of the child’s daily life was not altered, and her pocket money was not made any more lavish. When the little girl was seven years old, she was taken to a bazaar, where she bought presents for one after another until she had reached the bottom of her rather shallow purse. But there was a half-crown box that she did so want to give to someone!

“I should like this very much,” she said wistfully, “but I have no more money to-day.”

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“That makes no difference,” replied the store-keeper, and he began to wrap the box with her other purchases.

“No,” objected the governess, “the Princess has not the money, and she must not buy what she cannot pay for.”

“Then I will lay it aside until she can purchase it,” said the storekeeper, and the little girl exclaimed, “Oh, thank you! if you will be so good.”

When the day for the payment of her allowance came, the child did not delay a moment, but long before her breakfast hour she appeared at the store to pay for the box and carry it home with her. She was not at all afraid of carrying bundles, and thought it was a delightful expedition to go to the milliner’s with her mother and Féodore to buy a new hat, to wait in the shop until it was trimmed, and then carry it home in her own hand.

The great excitement of her seventh year was the visit that she paid the King. Disagreeable as he often was to the mother, he made himself quite charming to the child, and he was delighted with the frank affection that she showed him in return.

“The band shall play whatever you choose,” he said to her. “What shall it be?”

“I should like ‘God Save the King,’ ” replied the little girl.

It was hard to be jealous of such an heir to the throne as that. During her stay the King had taken her to drive, and this was a great event, for he himself had

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held the reins. When she was saying farewell at the close of the three days' visit, he asked, "What have you enjoyed most during your visit?" and he was much pleased when she answered, "Oh, Uncle King, the drive I had with you." It is no wonder that the grandmother in Coburg wrote, "The little monkey must have pleased and amused him; she is such a pretty, clever child."

The Duchess was beginning to receive the reward that she deserved for giving up her home and her friends, not only in the result of her devotion to her little daughter as shown in the child's character, but also in the appreciation of herself and her efforts which was felt in her adopted country. In both the House of Lords and the House of Commons speeches had been made paying the warmest tributes to the manner in which she was bringing up the little girl who was to become the queen.

Before Victoria was eight years old, it was thought to be time for her education to receive still more attention, though one would suppose that there need have been no anxiety about the intellectual progress of the child, who before she was six years old could repeat the heads of one of the lengthy sermons of the day. Mr. Davys was now formally appointed her tutor, and he went to live at Kensington. Then, indeed, there was work. Miss Lehzen, governess of the Princess Féodore, taught the child as usual; a writing-master made his appearance, who taught her the clear, refined, and dignified hand that never changed; a teacher of singing was engaged; another teacher in-

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structed her in dancing; a Royal Academician taught her drawing; German and French were also studied.

Mr. Davys' special work was to teach her history and English, and the number of books that she read with him is somewhat startling. During the year 1826 there were four books of Scriptural stories and four books of moral stories on her list. The children's books of the day had a fashion of not being satisfied with teaching one thing at a time, and even one of the four natural histories that she read contrived to make the story of each bird contain some profound moral instruction. One book on English history and one on modern history in general appear on the list. Geography and grammar are each represented by two small volumes. Poetry appears in the form of "The Infant's Minstrel," a title which the eight-year old child of to-day would utterly scorn. "General Knowledge" is represented by one book on the famous picture galleries, castles, and other noteworthy structures in England, and another describing the occupations and trades of the land. Even here, however, moral lessons had their allotted place, and each trade was made to teach some moral truth. The third book of the series described the quaint old customs of the kingdom.

During the following three years the instruction of the Princess was continued on similar lines. In 1827, the year in which her eighth birthday occurred, she began a book with the comprehensive title, "An Introduction to Astronomy, Geography, and the Use of the Globes." After she had studied this book with the hard name for two years, it seems a great intellectual downfall to find her "promoted" to "Elements of Geogra-

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phy for the Use of Young Children.” In 1828 she began Latin. She also studied the catechism and then an abridgment of the two Testaments. Remembering that the little girl was studying French, German, music, dancing, and drawing, one wonders how she ever “crowded it in.” Fortunately, her schedule for the week has been preserved, and it is interesting reading. Her day’s work began at half-past nine. On Monday morning the first hour was given to geography and natural history, the second to a drawing lesson. From half-past eleven till three was devoted to dinner and either playing or walking. From three to four she drew or wrote a Latin exercise. The following hour was given to French, and from five to six came music and “repetition”—whatever that may have been—for Mr. Davys. After her three hours of study in the afternoon, without even a ten-minutes’ “recess,” the day’s work was at an end, and from six to nine there was no more studying; but there seems to have been some instructive reading aloud by either the Duchess or Miss Lehzen, for the story has survived that when the Duchess was reading Roman history and read the old story of Cornelia’s pointing to her sons and declaring, “These are my jewels,” the small critic remarked, “But, mamma, she ought to have said, ‘These are my carnelians.’ ”

No two days in the Princess’ week were alike. One hour a week was devoted to learning the catechism, another to a dancing lesson, another to needlework and learning poetry by heart. All this teaching went on for six days in the week, for she had no Saturday holidays; and on Saturday morning came an hour that would alarm most children, for it was devoted to a

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repetition to Mr. Davys of all that she had learned during the week. Her lessons were made as interesting as possible by explanations and stories and pictures and games. A history and a little German grammar were written expressly for her; but, after all, the little girl was the one who had to do the work. She had to understand and learn and remember, and even if she was a princess, no one could do these things for her. Sir Walter Scott dined with the Duchess of Kent during Victoria's ninth year. He wrote in his journal: "Was presented to the little Princess Victoria, the heir-apparent to the throne as things now stand." It is no wonder that he added, "This lady is educated with much care."

The same year stole away the beloved Féodore, for she married a German prince and went to the Continent to live. This was a great loss to the little Princess, for she was so carefully guarded that Féodore had been almost her only playmate. Other children had companions without number; they went to children's parties and had good times generally; but a party was a great rarity in the life of the Princess, and she was ten years old before she went to a children's ball.

This famous ball which she then attended was her first sight of a court ceremonial. It was given in honor of a little girl of her own age, Maria, Queen of Portugal, who was making a visit to England. The Princess wore a simple white dress, but the little Donna Maria was gorgeous in crimson velvet all ablaze with jewels. Every one was comparing the two children in dress and looks and manners. The plain dress of the Princess was generally preferred, and her graceful

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manners were admired, but the Portuguese queen was called the prettier. When the King first talked of giving this ball, a lady of the court exclaimed, "Oh, do! It will be so nice to see the *two little queens* dancing together." The King was very angry at the speech, but he finally decided to give the ball, and the "two little queens" did dance in the same quadrille. It is rather sad to relate that the small lady from Portugal fell down and hurt herself, and, in spite of the sympathy of the King, she went away crying, while the English Princess danced on and had the most delightful evening of her life. Then Cinderella went to bed, and in the morning she awoke to the workaday world that she had left for a single evening.