

NURSING ECHOES.

On April 21st, Her Royal Highness the Princess Elizabeth attained her sixteenth birthday, and discharged her first public engagement at Windsor Castle by inspecting Grenadier Guards in her capacity as Colonel of the regiment, an office to which she has been recently appointed. The King and Queen took part in the ceremony, which took place in the Great Quadrangle, and a programme of martial music was played by the regimental band reinforced by massed drums.

The Princess, dressed very simply in blue and wearing the Grenadier badge in her hat, inspected the detachments drawn up in line across the quadrangle and appeared deeply impressed with the ceremony, as well

the Albert Memorial, himself, poor dear, bowed down with the guidance of the British people whose mutually excellent qualities both misunderstood, and the old Palace but a stone's throw away, where Victoria and her "Mamma" still seem to haunt its gardens, with "Uncle Leopold" and Lehzen, and the redoubtable, very handsome Conroy, with their thirst for power—all playing their transitory parts. The story of the Duchess of Kent, "The Mother of Victoria," appears alive at every turn.

We read, "Little though Victoria herself cared for such fripperies, Victoria may have found something soothing in the company of a mamma who, at the height of the Crimean War, could send to Paris for a green silk sunshade 'with a pretty handle.'"



HER ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCESS ELIZABETH, COLONEL OF THE GRENADIER GUARDS, SMILING THROUGH A BOWER OF FLOWERS.

she might be, realising no doubt that childhood has flitted away, and public duty claimed service in the future. A fortunate Princess indeed, to be instructed in kingship by a King and Queen whose lives are an example to would-be rulers of men.

For many a day, however, may this Royal officer of Grenadiers smile at us through a bower of flowers, as seen on this page.

We have recently read "The Mother of Victoria," by Dorothy Margaret Stuart, an exceedingly interesting memoir. Poor lady, she had many trials. Victoria not being the least of them. Seated in Kensington Gardens opposite a cabbage patch, which until recently was a lovely emerald lawn, around the marble steps of

This is not to say that the Duchess took no interest in the progress of the war or in its human aspect. She shared to the full the Queen's enthusiasm for Florence Nightingale, and was pleasantly excited when one October evening in 1856 Sir James and Lady Clark brought that memorable woman—then their guest at Birk Hall—to dine at Abergeldie. Here was another link with the remoter past, for Sidney Herbert, who had played so prominent a part in Miss Nightingale's Crimean adventure, was the grandson of that captivating Count Worouzow, at whose ball the Duchess had waltzed in September, 1818.

"With her close-cropped dark hair, her plain black dress relieved only by the brooch designed by the Prince Consort, Miss Nightingale looked 'more beautiful

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