EMPRESS OF INDIA
MEMORIAL VOLUMES

VICTOR.
REGINA ET IMPERATRIX
1837 – 1901

Indian Princes' Edition

SUBSCRIBED FOR BY

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"REGINA ET IMPERATRIX"
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INDIAN PRINCES' EDITION

With an Introduction by Sir George Birdwood
M.D. K.C.I.E. C.S.I. LL.D

AND

NINE SPECIAL ILLUSTRATIONS

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN-EMPRESS IN 1887
HER MAJESTY AT WORK WITH DESPATCHES
THE BIER OF THE GREAT SEA QUEEN
EUROPE'S REGAL MOURNERS
THE FUNERAL PROCESSION IN PICCADILLY
THE MOURNING MULTITUDES OF LONDON
THE HANDY-MAN'S LAST TRIBUTE OF DEVOTION TO THE QUEEN-EMPRESS
THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING-EMPEROR EDWARD VII. AND QUEEN ALEXANDRA

LONDON
WILLIAM HUTCHINSON AND COMPANY
Trafalgar Buildings, Charing Cross
1901

Europe's Regal Mourners.

(The above Photograph shows the Foreign Kings and Princes in the Funeral Procession).


Gunn & Stuart

The Morning Post.
February 2nd, 1901.

QUEEN VICTORIA.

FUNERAL PAGEANT.

LEAVING OSBORNE.

PATHETIC SCENES.

THE EMBARKATION.

CROSSING THE SOLENT.

With all the simplicity befitting a heroic life the funeral procession of Queen Victoria left Osborne yesterday. On a gun-carriage lay the royal coffin which contains the body of her whom we love and mourn; first to the simple music of the Highland pipes, which she had always loved, and then to martial strains of a Funeral March, the pageant of an Empire moved to the margin of the sea, where, extended in stupendous silence, the fleets of our own and of other nations awaited the passing of the Queen. Following the coffin, his Majesty the King walked to where the royal yacht awaited for the last time the presence of her whom death has at last conquered. With the German Emperor and the Duke of Connaught, his Majesty walked in the procession which accompanies all that is mortal of Queen Victoria to the Mausoleum at Frogmore, where rests the dust of the Prince Consort. Never before has there been so simple and yet so magnificent a pageant of the dead. Death has conquered human strength, but the victory is incomplete. For the spirit of the dead Queen triumphed, in spite of the outward evidence that we mourn one who has passed away from the land of the living.

Quietly and reverently the royal procession walked to the sea, and there committed the body of our late Sovereign of glorious and blessed memory to the royal yacht for safe conduct to the mainland. The spectacle of the royal yacht, preceded by four destroyers on either bow, threading its way through the lines of warships which extended from Cowes to Portsmouth was one that shall never be seen again. And as the minute gun heralded the progress of the royal yacht with its sacred burden the sense of loss was only balanced by the splendour of the passing. For the last time the dead Queen passed through the fleet which had made her name and honour known all over the world: for the last time the officers and men of the fleet saluted the Monarch whose name has been on their lips ever since they knew what Empire means. And she, in the icy silence of death, passed through the lines on her way to the capital of the Empire, where the people await the last opportunity of paying their homage to one who earned by her scrupulous honour and unfailing fortitude the love and undying gratitude of her subjects.

DEPARTURE FROM OSBORNE.

FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

COWES, FRIDAY.

The sadness of farewell has hung heavily over the Isle of Wight on this saddest of days in the calendar. On this day the people with whom she loved to dwell have seen carried from among them all that is mortal of that Great Queen who has been to them Mother as well as Monarch, at once the ruler and the teacher, whose pure and noble virtues have inspired them with lofty aims and filled their hearts with a gratitude and a devotion to the Throne which the march of time will be powerless to efface. Never was grief more poignant than that which flowed unchecked as the inhabitants of this little isle looked on that funeral car which held the hallowed dust of her whose life they had counted so precious. There was not a man or woman, or, for the matter of that, a child, who could not recall some gracious act on the part of the Queen. Her visits to the sick and the afflicted, her constant solicitude for all that concerned the lives and the work of her people—a hundred little incidents surged up in the mind at this moment of mute and helpless sorrow. It seemed but yesterday since they had seen the Queen driving about among them. They could remember how she smiled on them when on a wintry day some six weeks ago she last landed at Cowes. They could not forget that one of the latest acts of her life—and it was so characteristic—was an act of charity and mercy. They recalled how in the early days of her happy married life the Queen had made her home at Osborne. Old men and women there were whose memories took them back to the day when Albert the Good first came here with his Queen, who remembered the children of the Court and the bright boy who has now assumed the sceptre and sovereignty of the British Empire. Then came the painful recollection of that day, so short a time ago, when it was first made known that the Queen was not in her usual health, the bulletins which breathed so much fear and so little hope, and last of all the dreaded news. Yet the end of it all was perfect peace, vouchsafed at the close of an unexampled reign, and no one who gazed on the funeral procession of this afternoon could have failed to read the great lesson which is taught by every page in the life's history of Queen Victoria, and is grandest and most beautiful in its closing chapter.

IMPRESSIVENESS OF SIMPLICITY.

The ceremony of to-day was deeply impressive by reason of its simplicity. It was in keeping with what would have been the desire of the Queen herself. Her Majesty left many and specific directions as to what should be done when time for her had passed away. It was her wish that her "faithful Highlanders," whom she so often mentioned in her "Leaves," should bear her body. It was her own wish, too, that her Navy and Army should share in the funeral ceremony. The Navy played its part to-day in the Solent, and there is military splendour to come before the closing scene at Frogmore has been reached.

To-day's ceremony rather suggested than realised the military aspect. It was specially touching by reason of its domestic associations. If the crowds of mourners saw no great display of military force, they witnessed what one cannot but think came home to their hearts—the mighty in the land following humbly and reverently on foot with bowed heads behind the bier. They saw their King and the Emperor of the great German people—the son and the grandson of the beloved Sovereign—walk side by side; they saw, too, the Gracious Queen Alexandra at the head of a sorrowing group of Royal Ladies, and they were helped to realise how close have been the domestic ties that bound Queen Victoria to those who were near and dear to her.

MOURNING OF THE PEOPLE.

The aspect of Nature seemed strangely out of harmony with the gloom of the occasion. It was a day of unbroken sunshine. The thrush sang in the leafless boughs, the chaffinch and the linnet added their twittering notes, and the whole atmosphere seemed to breathe the fragrance of approaching spring. Very early, before the slight frosty rime had quite vanished from the roadways, people began to arrive in East Cowes from all parts of the Isle of Wight, while not a few travelled over from the mainland. As I passed along York-avenue at noon on my way to Osborne House the route was already lined with troops—chiefly, at the Trinity Pier end, by the Isle of Wight Volunteers (Princess Henry's Own), and further up the hill by the 2nd Royal Rifles Reserve Regiment and the Royal Engineers. Thousands of people gathered on either side of the roadway behind the troops, others were on special stands, and every window was filled with mourners. From their travel-stained aspect it was apparent that many of them had journeyed long distances on foot. The double line of soldiers began at the Queen's Gate of Osborne House and ended at Trinity Pier.

A FAVOURITE PATHWAY.

The way to the lawn facing the principal entrance to Osborne House lies along a pathway that was much frequented by the Queen during her sojourns in the Isle of Wight. It is a path which as one traverses it conjures up many associations connected with the Royal Family. It is easy to understand how the Queen loved to linger in its shady corners, for almost every tree that shelters it has been planted by some royal hand since Osborne first became a royal demesne. Here, for instance, is a group of four trees of the *quercus* variety, all planted on the same day—December 4, 1847—one by the Queen, another by the Prince Consort, and the two remaining ones by "Helena" and "Alice." Hard by is a *pinus nobilis*, placed in the soil on the 22nd of January, 1866, by Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, with a near neighbour in the shape of an *abies pinsar*, planted by Dom Pedro, second Emperor of Brazil, on the 18th of July, 1871. On the lawn, just before Osborne House comes into view, I note a bare sprig shooting upward. It is a plane tree in its arboreal infancy, but years hence one may read that it was "planted on the 24th May, 1899, to commemorate the eightieth birthday of her Majesty Queen Victoria."

AT OSBORNE.

We stand in front of the Queen's entrance to Osborne just as the clocks chime the hour of one. There is a short avenue leading down to the spacious quadrangle, in the centre of which stands the Queen's entrance, and we are so placed that every incident in the solemn ceremonial about to be enacted will come under our observation. The sun is shining now with a splendour remarkable for a winter's day, and his rays fall full on the windows of the royal residence, where every blind is closely drawn. What is passing within is rightly hidden from our ken, but we know that the Bishop of Winchester and the rector of Whippingham are with the sorrow-stricken family. Every morning prayers have been offered up in the mortuary chapel, and yet another service will be held ere the coffin is carried forth.

The first evidence of preparation without is seen in the arrival of the Queen's Company of the Grenadier Guards with the Queen's colour. Captain Lloyd is in command, and Lieutenant Ponsonby bears the State colour with its drapery of crape. The company, every man of which is over six feet in height, swings steadily down the avenue and is drawn up in line. Then comes a party of twelve bluejackets who are to act with the Highlanders as bearers of the coffin. They are passed within at the Equerries' entrance, and the next moment there is a clattering of hoofs and a chinking of harness as the gun carriage is driven into the quadrangle. The gun carriage, which is khaki-coloured, is drawn by six dark bay horses and manned by men of the Y Battery Royal Horse Artillery. The massed bands and drums of the Royal Marine Artillery from Eastney and the Royal Marine Light Infantry from Gosport take up their station in the carriage drive, and military officers in many-hued uniforms arrive on foot in readiness to fall into their allotted places in the procession. A detachment of Hampshire Carabiniers, in dark blue uniforms and white-plumed helmets, is conspicuous, being the only mounted men in the entire throng of mourners. Further down the carriage drive we note the preponderance of civilians who have been specially bidden within the gates. They are tenants of the Osborne estate and men holding important office in the public and municipal bodies of the Isle of Wight. Places have been found, too, for men from the East Cowes Convalescent Home. These are soldiers invalided from South Africa, and they gratefully remember that the good Queen has seen them oftener than once, and that on the occasion of her last drive through the town she halted at the Home to inquire after their well-being.

THE MOMENT OF DEPARTURE.

It is scarce half-past one when a movement at the main entrance, followed by a silence that is painful in its intensity, proclaims that the coffin is being carried to the gun-carriage. We cannot see with exactness every detail of what is happening, but we note that the Highlanders and bluejackets are clustered around, and that the precious burden is being borne among them. The stillness is broken at last by the orders which ring out clear and loud to the Queen's Company: "Rest on your arms reversed!" How wonderfully do the Guardsmen carry out this order! Every detail, from the slow preliminary sweep of the arm to the final drooping posture of the head—that attitude which seems to have sorrow and prayer equally commingled—is carried out with the faithfulness of a finished picture. There is nothing that looks artificial about it, though it be but the obedience to a word of command. It bears the impress of stern grief, of strong men mourning the departure of their beloved mistress.

The coffin is laid on the gun-carriage. The beautiful embroidered pall covers it. At the head is a cushion with the high heraldic crown in its border of ermine. On a crimson and gold cushion at the foot are the Imperial globe and sceptre and the Crown regalia, while here and there are glimpses of the Royal Standard.

The signal is now given to depart. There is no plaintive music as yet. Only the crunching sound of the wheels of the gun-carriage breaks the silence, with ever and anon a military direction to the Guards uttered by Captain Lloyd. The Guards Company presents arms. Then comes the order, "Halt! inward turn," and with arms again reversed the Queen's Company wheels about and breaks into a double line for the gun-carriage to pass through. Theirs is the honourable duty of forming the escort for the carriage, and they set the stately pace as the march to Trinity Pier is begun. It is just 1.35 as the cortège moves off—ten minutes in advance of the time originally appointed.

THE MARCH TO TRINITY PIER.

The Royal and Imperial mourners walk three abreast in the order to which they are named in the procession. His Majesty the King is in the centre of the foremost line, with the German Emperor on his right and the Duke of Connaught on his left. King and Emperor are both in the uniform of an Admiral of the British Fleet, and are wearing on their uniforms the riband and star of the Order of the Garter. The Duke of Connaught also wears his Order of the Garter, and the youngest Knight of them all—the German Crown Prince—outwardly displays the tokens of his Knighthood. The Royal Ladies are attired in deepest mourning, with heavy veils that make it difficult to distinguish their features. The Queen leads them in the centre, with Princess Christian on her right and Princess Louise Duchess of Argyll on her left.

The first strains of funeral music come from the Queen's Pipers, who strike up as the gun-carriage enters the carriage drive the "Lament" of the Black Watch. Presently the wailing of the pipes, echoing through the woods, changes to a fresh strain of sadness: "The Flowers of the Forest." This tune is said to have been begotten of the disaster at Flodden. However this may be, there is something appropriate in its lamentation to-day. The mind dwells on the words:

> "Sae fair was their blooming,
> Their scent the air perfuming;
> But now they are withered
> And a' wede away."

The great Queen had "wede away," and her faithful Highlanders mourned by her bier. Yet the bloom and the perfume dwell amid the unperishable.

When Queen's Gate had been reached the pipers ceased to play. The massed bands took their place, and to the alternating music of Chopin and Beethoven the procession passed amid the crowds of mourners to Trinity Pier.

AT TRINITY PIER.

The hour at which the casket containing the remains of the beloved Queen was to be embarked on her yacht *Alberta*, on board which she was to be rocked for the last time on the blue waters of the Solent, was fixed for three o'clock. Long before that hour, however, Trinity Pier and its approaches were guarded by armed men, some Volunteers, others those old soldiers who at their Queen's call rejoined her colours nearly a year ago. Nearest the pier were the 5th Isle of Wight (Princess Beatrice's) Hants Volunteers, under the command of Colonel Seely, M.P. Of this regiment the late Prince Henry of Battenberg was until his death the honorary colonel, and he was succeeded by the Duke of Cornwall and York. Princess Henry of Battenberg, however, still retains her interest in the corps. The men, in their black uniforms, wore dark grey great-coats with haversacks. Above them came the Isle of Wight Artillery Volunteers. Over two thousand men were brought over from Portsmouth between eight and ten o'clock this morning, three packet boats being used, namely, the *Duchess of Edinburgh*, the *Duchess of Kent*, and the *Duchess of Connaught*, each of which had to make two journeys. First arrived the Artillery units, then the Engineers and the Royal Marines, then came the Royal Rifle Reserves (1st Battalion) and the Rifle Depot, the two battalions of the Royal Southern Reserves, the Army Service Corps, the 4th Oxfordshire Light Infantry, and the bands and drums of the Royal Marine Artillery and the Royal Marine Light Infantry, and last of all the Volunteers, Infantry, Artillery, and Engineers drawn from Hampshire. Major French, D.A.A.G., acted as disembarkation officer, and gave the order for the troops to proceed to the positions assigned to them on the line of route. Later in the morning the general commanding the Southern District with a brilliant staff came over, among the officers being Colonels Scott, the Hon. J. Napier, Hainsford, and Turner, with Surgeon-General Cuffe and Majors Douglas and Kinloch.

THE CATAFALQUE.

The workmen engaged in erecting the *chapelle ardente* on board the *Alberta* were meanwhile busily engaged in putting the finishing touches to their work. A canvas pavilion covering the whole of the stern portion of the royal yacht had been put up. Inside it a framework served to carry a lining of the finest red cloth hangings. From the ridge hung a rich canopy, forming a catafalque, of Imperial ruby velvet, lined with pure white silk, with pendant draperies of the same materials at the four corners, the whole being designed after the Fifteenth Century style. Underneath the canopy a heavy platform was screwed on to the deck, over the very spot, now marked by a brass plate, on which the body of Prince Henry of Battenberg rested when the *Alberta* brought it over the Solent for interment in Whippingham Church. On this was a bier, covered with ruby velvet, on which the coffin was to rest. The deck was carpeted with crimson cloth, and on either side of the bier, which lay athwartship, covering up the skylights, were two pyramids draped in velvet, surmounted by red cushions, on which lay crowns. The combination of the two hues of subdued red, relieved only by the gold of the crowns and the white linings of the catafalque, produced a rich, yet solemn effect, and was in accordance with the wishes of the King, who desired that the decorations should be as simple as possible.

SOME WREATHS.

Around the casing at the base of the aft funnel were placed some beautiful wreaths. Four of these were similar to one another, and came from the great naval commands; one was of lilies of the valley, another of Harrisii lilies, a third of lilies of the valley and white azaleas, and the fourth of arum lilies, white carnations, white tulips, and camellias. The inscription on each was the same, merely the name varying, and stated that the wreath was sent by the vice-admiral, rear-admiral, captains, and officers "as a slight token of loving devotion to the late Queen." On each anchor was a cable of violets round the arm. The men of the royal yachts sent a wreath of violets, very dark in colour, with purple ribbons, the officers an anchor of lilies of the valley, with long white silk ribbons lettered in gold "To our beloved Queen," and a touching token came from the naval nursing sisters, a cushion of white flowers with a red Geneva cross in the centre.

THE CORTÈGE APPROACHES.

At ten minutes past two the men lining the streets, who had been called to attention some time earlier, shouldered arms and then reversed their rifles, the muzzle resting on the point of the left foot, the hands crossed on the butt, and the head bent, the attitude expressing profound grief. As, however, the strains of Chopin's Funeral March, played by the massed bands of the Royal Marine Artillery and the Royal Marine Light Infantry, were heard in the distance, with the muffled roll of the muffled drums, they presented arms, remaining at that position until the cortège had passed. Meanwhile, the church bells in the town rung out a passing knell, and all heads were bared. By this time a dozen petty officers of the *Alberta* were drawn up with Chief Petty Officer Ellison, under the command of Lieutenant Pelly, outside the approach to the *Alberta's* gangway. Many of them were the Benin and Egyptian medals, and all were in No. 1 "rig." These were the men who were to have the honour of bearing the remains of their revered yet loved mistress on board the yacht. Just after a quarter past two the Trinity House flag was raised to full mast and the Royal Standard hoisted in readiness to be broken. At this moment the escort of the Hants Yeomanry Carabiniers, their white plumes nodding in the breeze and their accoutrements flashing in the sunlight, rode past the entrance to Trinity Pier. Then came the rest of the procession, the staff entering the quadrangle, followed by the seven Queen's Highlanders and the two pipers in full Highland dress of the royal tartan. Then followed the khaki-painted gun carriage, with the muzzle of the gun projecting from under the platform. Over the coffin was a splendid pall of white silk, heavily edged with gold lace, and embroidered in each corner with the Royal Arms, over it was draped the Royal Standard, on which was placed the Royal and Imperial orbs, the Crown, and the Insignia of the Garter.

THE EMBARKATION.

Lifting the pall from the coffin, of which the polished oak, with its brass fittings and Royal Crown, with large inscribed plate, were thus revealed, the Equerries stood aside while the bluejackets, putting their straw hats on one side, proceeded to lift the coffin. As they got their shoulders under it each grasped the shoulder of the man in front of him, and keeping step to a nicety, they marched down the incline to the gangway. Meanwhile behind them came the King, in admiral's uniform, with the German Emperor in similar uniform on his right and the Duke of Connaught in the uniform of the Royal Marines on his left, all three wearing the Order of the Garter. Then come the other Royal Princes, the Crown Prince of Germany in the uniform of a colonel of the Guards, with helmet and plume and the broad ribbon of the Garter across his breast; the Duke of Saxe-Coburg in a lighter blue tunic, with sabretache and the ribbon of the Victorian Order; Prince Louis of Battenberg in naval uniform. Behind these came the Royal Ladies, headed by the Queen, all in deep mourning, with heavy crape veils. The Grenadiers who formed the escort reversed arms, and placing the muzzle of the rifle on the foot, assumed the attitude in which they have for days past stood guard round the remains of the Sovereign at Osborne, the embodiment of grief, looking in the bright sunshine as though carved out of marble. Soon the coffin reached the deck of the *Alberta*, which immediately flew the Royal Standard at half-mast, the bearers reverently placing the casket on the bier, and the draperies being let down. Then the royal mourners, after a long lingering look, passed on to the launches awaiting them on their journey to the Victoria and Albert.

PREPARING TO START.

As it was a beautiful day the canvas awning was not lowered, so that as the royal yacht passed through the lines of warships the catafalque would be plainly visible. The pall was placed over the coffin with its insignia, and the wreath of the officers of the royal yacht placed at the head of the coffin on the starboard side. At each corner, against the ruby velvet curtains, was one of the anchors from the naval command, the colours blending into the national red, white, and blue at a distance. At the head of the coffin the Countess of Lytton and Miss Harriet Phipps took up their position, at each corner of the dais stood a naval aide-de-camp, one of whom was Captain Hedworth Lambton, while Admiral Sir M. Culme-Seymour and Sir J. M'Neill, V.C., also stood in close proximity. By now the Trinity yacht *Siren* had taken up her position, prepared to act as pilot, and the Duchess of Cornwall and York, after seeing her royal relatives leave, returned on shore and drove back to Osborne to take her place by the side of her husband, whose indisposition precluded his taking his place by his royal father's side. At ten minutes to three the *Alberta* flew an answering signal to say that all was ready, and Sir J. Fullerton, in full uniform and wearing the sash of the Order of the Bath, took up his position on the bridge and gave the order to cast off. Slowly the *Alberta* gathered way, and, assisted by the ebbing tide, swung out into the stream. At the same moment the order rang out, and the Grenadiers of the Queen's Company gave a royal salute. As the royal yacht passed the *Trincomalee*, training ship, dipped her flag and the boys on board lined her bulwarks, giving a last salute to the Royal Mistress they had welcomed to the island but little over six weeks ago. The massed bands played "The Saints to God," and in a few moments, going quarter speed, the *Alberta* was at the mouth of the Medina, and the first minute gun rang out. Thus was the Sovereign Lady, the beloved Queen of England, the revered mother of her many millions of subjects, moved from her little island home to the first resting place on the way to the spot where, by her adored husband's side, she will sleep till the last trump shall sound.

THE NAVAL PAGEANT.

FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

PORTSMOUTH, FRIDAY.

It was a silver-grey morning, mists moving slow and low on the water, the vague pale light sharpened by the white rims of frost. The air was so still that the thick columns of steam from floating funnels took a top of rosy yellow from the rising sun before the world was lighted. Very cold it was on the quay even three hours after sunrise, and as we steamed past the Block House at the entrance to the harbour the air was heavy with a coloured haze, distilled, as it were, from the morning mist, which, beautiful as it was, reduced the outlines of the battleships at a very short distance to soft blurs of gamboge and black. The sun was shining, but it only made the water flicker with a tantalising brightness which went no way to clear the air. The sea showed a scarcely ruffled smoothness, all grey but for that sparkle of sun.

AMONG THE WARSHIPS.

To get to our mooring, which was in the centre of the Island line, between the foreign ships of war and the gun-boats, we were obliged to move down the eastern half of the lane, and thus had a further chance of comparing other types with our own. The Japanese *Hatsuse* dwarfed all the rest of these, outshone indeed the largest vessel of our own fleet; but even her grey, grim look of power did not wean one's affections from the clean, solid sufficiency of the sister *Majestic*, though she is probably in almost every way a better-fighting ship than they. After we had let go our anchor, and hitted and let it go again to suit the exact requirements of the naval lieutenant's eye, a long shilling wait had to be endured, broken only by the arrival of the *Scot* from Southampton with members of the two Houses of Parliament on board. The day, however, was growing clearer with every hour, until the last vestige of mist had disappeared. It had, indeed, become in every respect but its biting shrewdness a typical summer day. The sea was of a deep and splendid sapphire, crossed with broad veins of emerald, the sky was of that steel blue that long heat brings, and low down on it were soft tufts of cream-white cloud that sank towards the horizon into an opaline vagueness. The long line of ships could now be traced by the eye almost from end to end, first one and then another being struck by the wandering shafts of the sun, and leaping out into extraordinary clearness the yellow masts and funnels above the black hull, with its streak of red along the water line.

UNDER FUNEREAL PLUMES.

The long sandy edge of the Hampshire shore bounded to the north the blue space of the sea with a vivid line of orange from Gilkicker Point to the lanes of Lee, and beyond the dull greenness of Fort Monkton the sun splashed on the unpropitious houses of Portsmouth and Southsea, and turned their dull fronts into lines of white palaces, broken here and there with windows that blazed with light. The shores of the Island, being beneath the sun, were softened into an almost springlike greenness from Sea View Pier past the gleaming roofs of Ryde to the long spur falling to Old Castle Point, above which rise the Osborne towers. It was a day altogether with a wonderful false air of summer. "Queen's weather" in very truth: not a hard line nor a sharp note of colour, but everything exquisitely and mystically clear. While we waited torpedo-boats fussed up and down the line chasing unlawful craft outside its limits, but offenders were rare, there being but very few boats of any sort, the lack of the gay and lively onlookers during the Jubilee Review giving the occasion a contrasting sobriety that became it well. At last far away, coming out behind the hill that hides the Medina could be seen a blackish-purple plume of smoke, which rose in spreading fumes high above the island. There seemed something strangely appropriate in that waving blackness to the bearer of sombre tidings, and as the black hull appeared beneath it such a bearer it is seen to be: a German torpedo-boat, to whom perhaps the duty was assigned in recognition of the filial sympathy which Germany's Emperor has so warmly shown. The messenger kept the port side of the line—for we had now swung and were heading down Channel—then crossed into the lane between us and the gun-boats, and so passed down to the eastern end of it under her funereal plumes.

ROAR OF THE GUNS.

From each ship as she passes the call to quarters rang out: the Marines were already drawn up on quarter-deck and poop—queer white-helmeted lines of red, and as the "man ship" is sounded firing lines of blue-jackets, band clasped in hand, extended from them to the bow. Seeing how slight a difference in outline was thus produced, the effect was singular, changing suddenly the character of the fighting machines by the conversion of their crew into linked and sorrowful spectators. Then as the ships were manned the first gun broke out to the westward, and the salute passed down the line from ship to ship. The passing roll of sound had an effect peculiarly solemn. The white bursts of smoke and orange flashes of gun-fire to the westward, the growing approach and sudden roar about one, the dying out of it to the eastward, and then instant and complete silence. Taken up from ship to ship, the salute occupied half a minute, so that the spines of silence were of an equal interval, and so for more than an hour the noise of the guns rolled across the sea. But the guns added in another fashion to the impressiveness of the scene. The wreaths of smoke, the soft greys and yellows of clear chalcedony, drifted down the line, making about the ships a magical vapour full of sunlight and strange shapes and shades. Drifting further still to the Eastward beyond the lines into a haze of pale and lovely purples beneath which the houses of Southsea stood ghostly and white.

THE DESTROYERS.

For nearly an hour the guns had continued before a darkness to the Westward between the line of ships announced that the procession was approaching. It was heralded by eight torpedo-boat destroyers, two abreast, and their employment showed a striking appreciation of their qualities which one had not suspected. One has seen them tearing through the sea, half sunk in foam, half hidden under the belching darkness of their funnels, and one has thought of them as the real devils of war, the fighting furies of our modern days, but as a Queen's mourners, dark and solemn and sorrowful, one has not regarded them. Yet it was they, and they alone, that brought on the scene the sense of woe. Dead black from stem to stern, hull and mast, and deck and funnels, and moving at a pace so grave and slow that it seemed, tied thus to the accustomed footings of their fear, to have a sense of dragging grief, they brought with them over the water a strange solemnity and silence like the very spreading of the wings of death.

PASSING OF THE "ALBERTA."

And immediately after them followed the little yacht, fit symbol of her simplicity, on which the body of the loved Queen lay. And, if never before, one realised at the sight of those white and crimson drapings, that she was indeed gone from us, the presence so loved, the woman so reverenced, the Queen of all our years. And as she passed, the strains of Beethoven's March for the Dead came to us over the waters; that march so grave, so full of grief, of grief passionate and surrendering, but not of despair. The guns broke through and drowned its music; but, as their thunders died, the voice of the song came back over the water, sweet and frail and melting with its profound regret.

The *Victoria and Albert* followed the little *Alberta*, with the King's flags at her mast heads, the symbol of ever continuous sovereignty, and after her the *Osborne*. The high white sides of the *Hohenzollern* behind them made our royal yachts seem of small account, and the three official boats which followed her only increased the contrast. So the mourners went by, the guns dying out one by one behind them, till the eight leaders turned towards the land. Then a strange sight met one, for the entire shore on either side of the harbour was so hidden with onlookers that it seemed as if wrapped in a black cloth. The mists were gathering again on the sea, the sun was sinking into a sky of the same mournful splendour that Turner pictured in his "Fighting *Téméraire*." The clotted crimson vapour in the west threw a tinge of its redness across everything on the water, masts and funnels glowed with rose at the touch of it, the white town turned to its sombre colour. And as the guns of the forts sounded up the last salute the moon took on its first glint of silver above the deepening purples of the night.

THE NORTHERN LINE.

The following is a list of the Northern line of ships, from the Medina to the outer Spit Buoy:

ALEXANDRA, second-class battleship. 9,490 tons. Captain F. W. Fisher. Flagship of Rear-Admiral Sir G. Noel, Admiral-Superintendent of Naval Reserves.
CAMPERDOWN, first-class battleship. 10,600 tons. Captain Alvin C. Curtis.
RODNEY, first-class battleship. 10,300 tons. Captain Richard W. White.
BENBOW, first-class battleship. 10,600 tons. Captain Richard P. Rampage.
COLLINGWOOD, first-class battleship. 9,500 tons. Captain Leslie C. Stuart.
COLOSSUS, second-class cruiser. 9,420 tons. Captain James E. C. Goodrich.
SANS PAREIL, first-class battleship. 10,470 tons. Captain H. C. Biggs.
NILE, first-class battleship. 11,940 tons. Captain Gerald C. Langley.
HOWE, first-class battleship. 10,300 tons. Captain H. L. Fleet.
MELAMPUS, second-class cruiser. 3,400 tons. Captain Richard N. Gresley.
SEVERN, second-class cruiser. 4,000 tons.
GALATEA, first-class cruiser. 5,000 tons. Captain Robert D. R. Bruce.
BALLONA, third-class cruiser. 1,800 tons. Commander H. Grant Dalton.
PACIFICUS, third-class cruiser. 2,135 tons. Captain Alban G. Tate.
PRINCESS, third-class cruiser. 2,135 tons. Commander K. C. Trowbridge.
DIANA, second-class cruiser. 5,600 tons. Captain Arthur M. Farquhar.
CONQUEROR, third-class battleship. 6,200 tons.
ARROGANT, second-class cruiser. 5,750 tons. Captain A. W. E. Prothero.
MINERVA, second-class cruiser. 5,600 tons. Captain Charles H. Cochran.
NIOBE, first-class cruiser. 11,000 tons. Captain John Denison.
HERO, third-class battleship. 6,200 tons.
HOOD, first-class battleship, 14,150 tons. Captain John E. Blaxland.
TRAFALGAR, first-class battleship, 11,940 tons. Captain George A. Primrose.
RESOLUTION, first-class battleship, 14,150 tons. Captain W. Wilson.
EDINBURGH, second-class battleship, 9,420 tons. Commander the Hon. F. C. E. Addington.
JUPITER, first-class battleship, 14,900 tons. Captain Sir Archibald Milne.
HANNIBAL, first-class battle-ship. 14,900 tons. Captain G. W. Russell.
MARS, first-class battle-ship. 14,900 tons. Captain H. D. Barry.
PRINCE GEORGE, first-class battle-ship. 14,900 tons. Captain Robert A. J. Montgomerie.
MAJESTIC, first-class battle-ship. 14,905 tons. Flagship of Vice-Admiral Sir H. H. Rawson. Captain George Le C. Egerton.

THE SOUTHERN LINE.

The following are the British ships in the southern line from west to east:

ANTELOPE, first-class torpedo gunboat. 810 tons. Commander Soulee.
GERANIUM, first-class torpedo gunboat. 735 tons. Commander Peyton.
HEPTAGE, first-class torpedo gunboat. 735 tons. Commander Lambert.
LEDA, first-class torpedo gunboat. 810 tons. Commander Maud.
RATTLESNAKE, first-class torpedo gunboat. 810 tons. Commander Worthington.
ALARM, first-class torpedo gunboat, 810 tons. Commander Powley.
CZECH, first-class torpedo gunboat. 810 tons. Commander Carr.
SPEEDWELL, first-class torpedo gunboat, 735 tons. Commander Poehin.

SPECTACLE AT SOUTHSEA.

FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

PORTSMOUTH, FRIDAY.

It seemed this morning that something rather interesting might be written, in a rather interesting way, about the mourning of this quaint congeries of towns which we know as Portsmouth. The aspect of the neighbourhood lends itself to ceremony—towers that time down the severity of the sky line, broad open spaces, streets which lie at utterly absurd angles to one another, middle-aged and mediæval houses of age-logged red brick or time-browning stucco, tiled roofs, high and stately walls, trees, and the curves of the shore line. But all these are but a very vague background to this afternoon's spectacle, and this afternoon's spectacle was one of the most extraordinary things that ever has been seen.

THE GREAT CROWDS.

Everyone is supposed to know something about Southsea, so a general indication of the points occupied by the crowd should be enough to prove how the people of England swarmed to do honour to the memory of her whose majesty they had loved so deeply, with the love that underlies the more readily expressed sentiments, and that only desires to be known in quiet performance of a duty. From Southsea Pier, then, to the new pier—a matter of more than a mile—the beach was thronged. The people stood on the shingle fifteen and twenty deep, looking westwards to the island. The piers were packed. The esplanade was as dense as the Strand at six in the evening. On the roadway behind the Esplanade were two rows of carriages. One is afraid to estimate the numbers of the people. It is always an unlucky thing to attempt. But a sound calculated figure would convey no conception of the impressiveness of the scene. Put it this way: that a sea-beach was crowded with mourning Englishmen and Englishwomen waiting in quiet and prolonged patience for the passing of the flotilla which accompanied the body of her who had been Queen of the Seas. One is really too deeply moved to give proper utterance to the thought.

THE REAL CEREMONY.

Has anything like it ever been seen in history? There was the official ceremony—the double line of battleships, whose signal flags flashed out at moments, whose grey eastellated masses were obscured by the afternoon haze and by slow sweeping clouds of smoke from the saluting guns. But a great ceremony, carried out with the silence and restraint of true mourning, carried out, too, with the righteous of effect which attends right-minded impulse, was on the beach, and the King's Bastion and along the harbour shore.

GENERAL MOURNING.

It was remarkable to watch the streams of populace marching in the late morning in parallel lines towards the beach. At one o'clock the sight was sufficiently remarkable. At three o'clock it defied expression. The crowd was not a London crowd. It came from the provinces. But it was a mourning crowd. Black was universally worn—where it was not worn the purse forbade, you could see what the heart desired. It was from no single class. There would be a marked proportionate absence of the proletariat to anyone whose only notion of crowds was drawn from London, but there was far more rusticity than you ever see in London. There were farmers' carts and vehicles which must chiefly be used for the conveyance of poachers. There were women whose furs must have cost them a pretty penny, officers who had been for years on the retired list, a few soldiers and sailors in uniform, and the rest can only be described as men with black ties and women with black hats. And yet, whatever people who see other processions may think, the strangest act of scrutiny was committed when the yacht which bore the dead Queen passed by that silent, bare-headed multitude on Southsea Beach.

A PAINTER'S THEME.

It was a sea scene and not an official sea scene. No sound could be heard but a grave murmur, and yet at the magic of a common sorrow all hearts beat in silent harmony, obeying the pauses, as it were, of a solemn music that touched the spirit alone, and God addedithe benison of a solemn and magnificent sunset—as if the majesty of the world had grown grave in accord with the majesty of this spectacle. Will any painter take the theme? One lays down the pen between the sentences of this attempted description in a sort of despair. How can one ever get the effect into prose—the black, silent multitude, the grey, smooth sea, the double line of battleships, the grey hills beyond crowned with grey trees, backed and flanked by such a sunset as one may have dreamed her Majesty might have for the last long journey, but never expected that she would have: a sunset that made one think that all the mystical roses of Heaven were blushing behind the grey veil that is the sorrow of the saints. That such a sunset should have lightened the Queen's last journey across her home waters—surely there is artistry in heaven.

With that one has said all that one wants to say—all that one can say effectively, perhaps, when the brain is soaked with sensation as a wet cloth is full of water, and when it has to be wrung before a phrase will fall on the inadequate page. In ten days or so sensations may have wedded themselves to thought and right words may be the children of the marriage. To-night, if one puts a plain thing in a plain way, one is in danger of saying what amounts to nothing at all, and if one takes the hand even momentarily off the bit and bridle on the mind you might get hints of unrealised magnificence in the spectacle, but no adequate idea.

ANOTHER IMPRESSION.

Let us have another try at the plain thing in a plain way. First, you have enormous streams of people flocking in continuous hour-long march down the absurdly angled streets of Portsmouth all in mourning, which fits in sumptuous harmony with the red bricks, the red tiles, the softened tones of the stucco, and the long curve and sweep of the high dead walls. You get the same suggestion of sumptuousness in the march of converging columns across the common. Next you see the gradual filling up of the grey, shingly beach, till the beach is black and alive. The beach seemed like a living thing. Take next the foreground of grey smooth sea—Spit Fort in the centre. The long street of battleships, heavy, dark masses of grey, with something singularly attractive to the fancy in their shrouds and masts. The island—grey and mysterious: and grey is the true colour of mourning, for it meets the mind's mood. Then the sunset, sweeping shafts of gold and rosy light between the ships and athwart the heavy smoke of their guns. The quick flat flashes of yellow that disturbed the scene more than the regular firing of the guns.

THE MULTITUDE'S SALUTE.

And then the low forms of destroyers in pairs, lurking their furtive way between the lines of warships, moving in a jerky, dubitant march. And after them a small, small yacht. The destroyers headed it down that reach of sea: as they turned they piled weird suggestion on weird suggestion. Truly they are the gondolas for a Monarch's obsequies. And as the little yacht—whose pleasant lines were a joy to the eye after the grimness of the destroyers—turned the great *Majestic* the multitude uncovered and bowed their heads so unanimously that a flash of carnation seemed suddenly to have been taken out of the scene. And then we saw the little deck chapel and the white Imperial Crown that rested over the coffin of her who was known as the Great white Queen. And then the old guns of the *Victory* pealed out, and one half dreamt one saw old Nelson saluting her.

THE LAST CROSSING.

WRITTEN BY HAROLD BEGBIE.

Sacred for ever
This width of sea!
Never, ah never
Again for thee
Shall the foam break from the prow,
The salt-wind gladden thy brow,
Nor the proud sun spread in a golden swath
Thy ocean path.
Never, ah never!

Oh, the waves tossing
In endless file,
We watched thy crossing
From isle to isle;
Never again will they come!
The cannon will grow dumb,
And peals will silence the last farewells
Of tolling bells.
Never, ah never!

Homage we render;
Then passest o'er,
Borne with great splendour
From shore to shore;
Ah! but the morrow shall rise
With to-day's tears in its eyes;
We shall gaze on the emptied seas, and know
The depth of woe—
Never, ah never!

Pass to thy glory!
On to thy rest!
In the east *Victory*,
Sun in the west.
Stars growing out of the sky,
Till it seem sweet to die,
Till we know thou hast crossed Death's last dark mile
From isle to isle,
Ever, for ever!

THE FUNERAL MUSIC.

Only two funeral marches, those of Chopin and Beethoven, are to be played during the progress of the royal funeral procession through London to-day, and the order declares that the music and the salute of muffled drums must follow each other from the time the gun-carriage with its mournful burden leaves Victoria Station until the train has left the Paddington terminus of the Great Western Railway on its way to Windsor. The limitation of musical choice is due, as is well known, to the wishes of Queen Victoria, and though the reiteration of the two tunes may prove somewhat wearisome to the exalted personages who will take part in the procession, it will not so affect the waiting and mourning crowds who will line the route. Four bands will march immediately in front of the gun carriage on which the coffin will rest—the Royal Marine Light Infantry, the massed bands of the Brigade of Guards, the Royal Engineers, and the Royal Artillery. The first to strike the mournful cadences will be the Artillery, then the Engineers will take up the strain, next the massed bands of the Brigade of Guards, and finally the Marines. There are to be no pipers, and not even on passing the Royal Palaces is the sequence of the funeral dirge to be interrupted. How solemn and moving these performances will be those who know the selections will understand, especially when the strength of the bands is borne in mind. The musicians of the Marine Light Infantry number thirty-five, those of the Engineers sixty, those of the Artillery seventy. But the Guards will muster one hundred and fifty executants, including the side drums, all of course muffled, and when these roll out their salute—surely the most pathetic of all musical tributes to the dead—the effect will be such as to live long in the memories of those who are privileged to listen to it. The procession will be a very long one, and it is anticipated that when the gun-carriage bearing all that is mortal of our beloved Queen moves out of Victoria Station the head of the cavalcade formed by the bands of the Life Guards and the Blues will be in St. James's-street.

YESTERDAY AT VICTORIA.

Major M'Neill, Equerry to his Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught, paid an early visit yesterday morning to the Brighton Company's station for the purpose of seeing that the preparations for to-day's detrainment were approaching completion.

THE ROYAL PAVILION.

The finishing touches, such as the laying of the roadway with fresh gravel and the covering of the platforms with crimson cloth, will have been added in the course of the night, after the traffic has stopped; but the pavilion in which the King will receive the royal mourners while the body of Queen Victoria is being transferred from the train to the gun-carriage and while the funeral procession is being formed was already erected, and under the skilful hands of upholsterers and decorators employed by Messrs. Maple, to whom the work has been entrusted, was fast approaching completion as regards its interior. The saloon itself is artistically draped with purple cloth, the openings are hung with purple and white satin, and the tented roof is canopied with alternate stripes of silver and purple. The walls are enriched with tapestry panels representing the favourite homes of her late Majesty, of whom, on a draped pedestal, stands a finely-executed marble bust. The soft rugs covering the floor are antique Persian, and the furniture, richly carved and gilt, is of the period of Louis XVI. The pavilion is both warmed and lighted by means of electricity, and the fact that the whole of the work will have been carried out in about forty-eight hours speaks well for the assiduity of the contractors employed.

THE SIGHTSEERS.

All through yesterday vast crowds of sightseers, in addition to the thousands of passengers arriving and departing, visited the station in the course of making a complete tour of the route. The early comers who visited both stations were able to witness the arrival of the Corean Minister from St. Petersburg, while later in the day came Sir Francis Lascelles, specially invited from Berlin, and later still the members of the Netherlands mission. Many of the troops engaged on the line of the procession detrain at Kensington, but persons who are at Victoria Station by eight o'clock this morning will be able to welcome the blue-jackets and their officers at the Brighton station and troops from some of the garrison towns at the Chatham station, where breakfast is to be provided for the men.

ALONG THE ROUTE.

A final survey of the ground over which to-day's solemn pageant will pass through London impresses one deeply with the genuineness of the people's sorrow, and their determination to render fitting homage to the dead Queen whom they loved so well. The route between Victoria and Padding-

ton late yesterday afternoon presented a far different spectacle from that which met the eye the day before. The ugly look of bare deal boards in platforms and hoardings had given place to warm if sombre draperies of purple, and house fronts which were bare on Thursday displayed the outward signs of the emotions which have stirred the hearts of the citizens.

THE MOURNING DECORATIONS.

It cannot be said with truth that there is very great variety in the mourning adornments displayed, but perhaps they are all the more effective in their simplicity. Again, the line of purple is not continuous, and there are many gaps which show no evidence of the prevailing grief, but these, though numerous, will be less noticeable when the thoroughfares are filled with spectators. In the vicinity of Victoria Station there is no lack of sombre adornment, the prevailing purple being relieved by white rosettes and floral wreaths. In St. James's-street white is also availed of to a considerable extent, and renders the appearance of the street no less picturesque than appropriately solemn. In this thoroughfare the mourning decoration of the Devonshire Club and the premises of the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York are very effective. Both here and in Piccadilly, as well as in Buckingham Palace-road and Edgware-road, there was a dense throng of moving people during yesterday afternoon and last night, all interested in the altered appearance of the streets and watching the workmen putting the finishing touches to stands and draperies. At five o'clock one could only pass along Piccadilly slowly and with difficulty. The tops of 'buses were also availed of for the same purpose. Buckingham Palace showed no outward sign corresponding to the national woe, save that the blinds were drawn, yet the building seemed to possess a fascination for the crowds who crossed the park on their way from Victoria to Marlborough-gate. The people stood around the railings opposite the main entrance and hazarded guesses as to the identity of various foreign notabilities who came and went during the day.

THE MALL AND PICCADILLY.

The Mall was freshly sanded yesterday afternoon, and, hedged by its rows of leafless trees, looked cheerless enough in the dusky half light. Yet some life was lent to the scene by the continuous passing of the throng of people, all clothed becomingly in black. The stands at St. James's Palace, facing the Mall, for the accommodation of members of both Houses of Parliament were completed on Thursday evening, and yesterday were completely covered in purple. Close by is another small private stand in the grounds of the Duke of Sutherland. At Marlborough-gate, inside the wall of Marlborough House, is a stand which will seat several members of the household. St. James's-street and Piccadilly are now clear for the passage of the procession, all the lamps and refuges in the centre of the roadways having been removed. The decorations at Devonshire House are very impressive. Along the entire length of the wall of the courtyard are hung festoons of purple cloth fringed with white and gracefully picked out with rosettes. Surmounting this is a line of evergreens. In Edgware-road workmen were busy yesterday erecting roofs over the stands which had been constructed in front of most of the houses the previous day, and there were still many late comers on the look-out for seats. These were still to be had, and at a lower price than on Thursday, even late yesterday afternoon in the Edgware-road, and to a greater number in Oxford and Cambridge-terrace. In this wide thoroughfare the construction of many stands in the garden plots was only commenced yesterday afternoon, and workmen were engaged on them by the light of flambeaux far into the night.

MOTTOES AND WREATHS.

Mottoes are not conspicuous along the route, but a striking one is noticeable at the corner of Queen-street, Edgware-road. It is a passage from Lord Rosebery's tribute uttered a few days ago: "She gave her name to an epoch beside which the glories of the age of Elizabeth are poor and pale." The only street decorations visible, apart from the houses, are large laurel wreaths which are hung on the lamp posts along the entire way. They serve to considerably increase the effectiveness of the general scheme. These wreaths, probably owing to some official difficulty which could not be overcome in the short time available, are not hung on the lamp posts in Hyde-park, and the decorators instead have placed them on the lamps in Parklane. Street hawkers by the score sought to reap some commercial advantage from the crowds who thronged the line of route yesterday. Their wares consisted of portraits of her late Majesty, memorial buttons, and, needless to add, the inevitable "official" programme.

AT PADDINGTON STATION.

Rather than be baulked of participation in an historic event, "not for an age, but for all time," by the well-advised determination of the company to adopt their Sunday service of trains to-day, thousands of passengers poured yesterday into the Great Western terminus, which was a scene of unwonted animation and bustle for the time of the year. As train after train ran into the station each carriage, with its full complement of black-habited passengers, had the appearance of a mourning coach, and, as many of the travellers mingled with the throng of eager watchers already in the station, the crowd increased.

ROYAL TRAIN.

At platform No. 5, which was barred against the public, already stood the royal train, with its long line of saloons, chocolate and white picked out with gold. The only external difference to be noted was that the domed roof of the middle saloon, in which Queen Victoria was accustomed to travel, had been painted purple and that the windows were shrouded with purple blinds. On the platform, piled by the side of the train ready for immediate use, were hundreds of signal flags, red and green, by the aid of which, in the hands of the army of platelayers on duty, the Imperial train will be speeded with safety on its sorrowful journey. Through the closed gates peered many wistful eyes, while others watched the despatch to Windsor of box after box of wreaths and fragrant flowers.

"TIM."

Up and down through the crowds marched sedately the well-known Great Western collecting dog "Tim," who, in the course of his nine years of service, day in day out, without remission, has brought full £600 into the coffers of the Railway Servants' Widows and Orphans' Benevolent Society. Yesterday was a great day with the faithful canine servant, and his grey muzzle sank lower and lower as the load of pence in the collecting box attached to his neck by a strap-covered collar grew heavier. "Tim's" age is ten, not old as dogs go, but he has known nothing of a scamper on the soft and yielding turf, and constant service on the stones of the roadways and the hard wood of the platforms has worn away his pads till he toddles along like a gouty old gentleman. Those who know him well say that, surfeited with sugar and other dainties, he will hasten his steps after anyone carrying a bunch of grass, and will eagerly munch and extract the medicinal juices from any stray blades which may be offered to him. Once he was instrumental in obtaining a contribution of £200 from a millionaire; but without doubt the proudest day of his life was that on which a year or so ago by royal command he was presented to Queen Victoria herself, and received a sovereign from her hands. His usual custom, on receiving a special donation of this kind, is to give a bark of thanks, but on this memorable occasion, says his master, Inspector Bush, who thinks him little short of human, he swayed his wise old head from side to side, and then laid it on the floor of the carriage to be patted by the royal hand.

STANDS AND DRAPERIES.

On the platform facing that from which the royal train will leave a stand with a frontage of 60ft., carpeted in crimson and draped with purple fringed with white, has been erected to accommodate five hundred persons: the long range of wall beyond is draped in crimson, festooned with purple and white; the balcony of and steps leading from the platforms to the Royal Hotel, where will be stationed to-day the newspaper representatives, are draped with purple and white, as also is the horse-shoe stand outside the parcels office. High above the constable's box at the carriage exit from the station is a specially sanctioned little shelf fixed to the wall with strong iron brackets. Here will be stationed a photographic artist fresh from ten months' campaigning in South Africa. He was with Methuen at Belmont, Graspan, and Modder River, and with Roberts at Paardeberg, depicting the gruesome incidents of war, but he will give the world to-day, through the illustrated Press, scenes of peace, the most solemn and the most abiding of all.

PREPARATIONS AT WINDSOR.

The final preparations for to-day's sad pageant were evident throughout the royal borough, and crowds of visitors invaded the town. Some came in the vain hope of remaining overnight, but found no place to lay their head and returned to town. Others hoped for an opportunity of inspecting the many beautiful wreaths in the Dean's Cloister, but here again disappointment was their lot. It was found on the previous day that the presence of spectators interfered with the disposal and arrangement of the many floral tributes, and also that some of them did not hesitate to handle the cards and flowers. Consequently visitors were yesterday excluded from the cloister, and were fain to be content with watching the arrival of the cases and packages. Additional offerings followed thick on each other all day long and till late last night. Such as fail to reach Windsor until this morning will be reserved until after the funeral. It had not been decided whether the cloister would be open for inspection to-morrow, but probably it may between the two public services, which will be held at eleven and five. On each occasion the greater portion of the nave of St. George's Chapel will be open to the public, but the choir will be reserved. With the exception of a few finishing touches and some floral adornments in the choir, the preparation of the sacred edifice was completed last night.

DECORATION OF THE TOWN.

The decoration of the High-street was proceeding rapidly, and scarcely a house along the route, unless it be the Post-office, will be lacking of some emblem of mourning. On some frontages the purple draperies are tastefully looped up with white or yellow, and here and there may be seen the crossed palms and crown, or the victor's wreath of laurel or bay. The vicarage on Castle-hill, though not on the line of route, is very tastefully adorned. The pupils of St. Mark's School will have places found for them on Castle-green. All vehicular traffic through Windsor will be suspended at half-past ten, and no pedestrians may pass along the line of route after half-past eleven. The Great Western Station will be closed at eleven o'clock until after the funeral. The N. or Eagle Battery, Royal Horse Artillery, which is to fire the salute of eighty-one guns in the Long Walk, arrived during the day in charge of Captain Lavita, and were quartered at the Cavalry Barracks. In addition to providing the Sovereign's escort from the station to St. George's Chapel the 1st Life Guards will keep the entrances to the side streets along the route. Windsor people are proud to know that of the thirty selected soldier bearers eighteen are drawn from two regiments so specially associated with the royal borough as the 1st Life Guards and the 1st Battalion Grenadier Guards.

ROYAL VISITORS.

Prince Edward of York and Princess Elizabeth of Hesse arrived at the Castle during the afternoon.

SOME OF THE WREATHS.

The Duke of Connaught and Staff in Ireland have forwarded an Irish harp, 7ft. in height, of white flowers and orchids, tied with strings of violets, and white satin bow with inscription.

The Governor-General of Australia, the Earl of Hopetoun, and Countess of Hopetoun, a large wreath of the choicest white flowers interlaced with orchids, tied with a streamer of black and yellow satin, the Australian colours.

The Dominion of Canada, an enormous wreath of white camellias and lily of the valley, with eight large supporting the Status, each loop separated with a bunch of violets.

The Ladies of the Royal Household, an immense cross, 7ft. 6in. long, composed of lilies of the valley, white roses, lilium Harrisii, with wreath round centre of cherished lilies and lily of the valley, tied with long white streamer of satin, edged with Russian lace, on which was inscribed: "In respectful, grateful, and affectionate remembrance of their beloved Queen and revered Sovereign. This offering is made as a small proof of their undying devotion to their late much-loved Mistress by the Ladies of her Household. Louisa Roxburgh, Lalla Ewell, Edith Lytton, Jessy Southampton, Frances Chewton, Nina Ferguson, Horatia Shapland, Emily Cathcart, Victoria Grant, Florence Drummond, Doris Vivian, Mary Hughes, Beatrix Lambart, Annie Mackenzie, Louisa Antrim, Cecilia Downe, Emily Amethill, Caroline Hamilton Gordon, Harriet Pringle, Ethel Cadogan, Helen Haughton, Marie Hallet, Judith Hasbard, Sylvia Edwardes, Evelyn Stone, Alice Majendie."

Vice-Admiral Sir W. H. Kennedy, Commander-in-Chief at the Nore, Rear-Admiral Swinton C. Holland, Superintendent of Chatham Dockyard, and the officers and other officers of the Chatham Sheerness port have sent a beautiful floral tribute in the form of an anchor, 6ft. long, which is composed of lilies, while the cable attached consists of blue violets. Each of the other ships' companies—Tarmouth, Devonport, and Pembroke—has sent a similar design, and at the funeral the anchors will be laid at the feet corners of the gun.

President M'Kinley, a large wreath 5ft. in diameter and 3ft. thick. It is composed of white roses, camellias, lilies of the valley, and white lilac. At one side is a lovely spray of many-coloured flowers, and on the other side is tied a broad white ribbon inscribed: "From the President of the United States," in letters of gold.

A massive floral tribute has been sent by the King of Portugal. It consists of a crown of lilies of the valley, which stands no less than 7ft. in height. This is placed on a cushion of violets.

The Shah of Persia, through the Persian Minister in this country, has sent an exceptionally beautiful wreath to Osborne. It is composed of lilies of the valley (her late Majesty's favourite flower), orchids, and violets, the last named flowers being arranged in the form of a crown, tied in its place by a ribbon of green, the Persian colour. Beneath is an inscription in letters of gold in the Persian language: "A token of grief from the Shah of Persia in memory of H.M. the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, Empress of India."

His Excellency the Persian Minister has also sent a handsome wreath of white lilies, festooned by a pale green ribbon, and bearing an inscription in gold in the Persian language.

The Agents-General for the various Australian States yesterday despatched wreaths by officers of the respective staffs to Windsor. The wreaths comprised crosses, shepherds, &c., and were presented on behalf of the Parliaments, peoples, and Governments of the various States, in affectionate remembrance of their Queen.

Sir Walter Peace, the Agent-General for Natal, has forwarded to Windsor three beautiful wreaths, the first of which was sent on behalf of the Natal Government, and consisted of white carnations, tulips, arum lilies, lilies of the valley, eucharis lilies, smilax, and camellias, with foliage of asparagus fern. The wreath is tied with streamers, one of which bears the word "Natal" and the other the words "Her children arise up and call her blessed." A similar wreath bears the inscription, "From the Mayor and Corporation of Durban in token of undying regard." The third wreath was in the form of a harp with a broken string. The frame was composed of choice white roses with sprigs of Tacsonia vitifolia, tuberoses, and lilies of the valley, the ribbon being inscribed: "A tribute of affection from loyal subjects at German disaster living at Newcastle, Natal."

From the elementary school children of Bromley, Kent, a cushion 3ft. square composed of violets, the white lines of Kent being worked in the centre, with a white scroll and the county motto, "Invicta," below in scarlet. The subscription by the cost of the cushion was limited to one penny.

The London County Council's wreath consists principally of arum lilies and the initials L.C.C. in violets. It is accompanied by a card bearing the words: "From the London County Council as a token of its profound grief and respectful sympathy from the People of London."

From the ladies of the Imperial Yeomanry Hospitals Committee, a cross surmounted by a wreath on a pedestal of white flowers, the cross having a lateral wreath thrown over it and standing 7ft. high. The cross was supplied by Harrod's Stores.

From the Philharmonic Society, London, a superb tyre of white roses, lilies of the valley, and white lilac, the whole made of Parma violets, and inscribed: "In loving memory of their Gracious Sovereign and constant patroness, Queen Victoria." The wreath was designed and executed by Captain A. Ballon, of Baker-street.

From Australia a very large wreath of choice orchids, with mauve letters on white ribbon: "The Mother Country of Australia expresses profound love for the Mother Country of the British Empire."

From the Queensland Government, a white orchid cross, with the inscription: "The people of Queensland deeply mourn the loss of their beloved Sovereign, who graciously gave to their country her royal name, which will be for ever cherished in her memory."

From the Cape of Good Hope an anchor of cattleyas and white orchids 6ft. long, the cable bearing the following: "A token of sorrow and reverence for the memory of our late wife, and Queen. From the Government and People of the Cape of Good Hope."

From Victoria, a choice large wreath of white and yellow.

From Tasmania, a very large wreath of choicest flowers with "Tasmania" on a broad tended silk scroll.

From Lord Lamington and the Mayor and Aldermen of the City of Brisbane, an orchid wreath.

From the Metropolitan Fire Brigade, an anchor of white with a cable of violets, bearing the inscription: "A token of affection from every member of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade."

From the Women of the Coldstream Guards, the badge of the regiment.

From the Army Ordnance Department, a shield with the badge of the department.

(The above were supplied by Messrs. Henry and Co., of Victoria-street.)

From the following members of the Order of Merit: The Duchess of Wurtemberg, Isabella Lady Leonard, Sir Whitelaw Reid and Lady Reid, No. 2, A. Rendon, and Mrs. Herbert, a wreath bearing the inscription: "A tribute to her late Majesty Queen Victoria of blessed and glorious memory, Patron of the League of Mercy and First Sovereign of the Order, from those to whom the Order of Merit has been graciously awarded."

From the Staff and Students of the School of Art Wood Carving, Smith Kensington, a chaplet of variegated leaves with lilies of the valley and arum, tied with a bow of white satin ribbon, one end of which was embroidered in gold-coloured silk with the Crown and Royal Monogram and the other with the initials of the donors.

From the Duke of Hamilton and Brandon was received a superb floral emblem of his arms, the Bleeding Heart, surmounted by the Crown, composed of the choicest white flowers with a few red orchids to typify the drops of blood. The attached card bore the inscription: "In regretful remembrance of our Most Gracious Queen."

From Sir Ulfred Dunbar, of Northaven, and Mr. William Cospatrick Dunbar was received a chaplet of white arums, lilies of the valley, and Parma violets tied up with a large bow of mauve and white satin and bearing a card on which was written: "In memory of our beloved Queen."

Wreaths were also sent by:—

Prince Louis of Battenberg, the Governor of New Zealand and the Countess of Ranfurly, the Dowager Countess of Normanton, Lord and Lady Ormelie of Ormond, Sir Thomas Brassey, Lady Tweedmouth, Lady Princep, Lady Victoria Buxton, Sir Claude Stephen, Sir Francis Anson-Corbett, Lady H. Stratton, Lady Virginia Sanford, Lady Alfred Spencer-Churchill, Lady M. Gilmour, the Inst Infantries Association, the People of Johannesburg, and the People of New Zealand. These have been supplied by Harkers, of Sloane-street.

The German Emperor lilies of the valley and orchids; the German Empress lilies of the valley, orchids, and white roses; the German Crown Prince, the German Ambassador, the Grenadier Guards, the Servants at Sandringham House, and Sir J. T. Agnew. These were supplied by Schramm, of Covent-garden.

The Emperor and Empress of Russia, the Queen Regent of Spain, the Emperor of Japan, the Austrian Ambassador, the Commonwealth of Australia, Lord and Lady Carrington and Miss Carrington, Lord and Lady Rothschild, Dowager Countess of Morton, Sir Charles and Lady Scott, Sir Whitaker and Lady Ellis, Officers of the Irish Fusiliers, 2nd Battalion Manchester Regiment, Officers of the Gordon Highlanders, the 2nd Brigade Princess Christian's Own, the Royal Staff College at Camberley, the League of Mercy, the Surrey Guild, Old Servants of her Majesty, and the Servants at Marlborough House and Sandringham. These wreaths were supplied by Solomons of Piccadilly.

Queen Wilhelmina, the Queen of Hanover, Princess Mary of Hanover, the Italian at Athens, his Highness the Bey of Cairo, the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland, Prince and Princess Duleepsingh, the Prince d'Arenberg, the Argentine Republic, the Liberian Government, the Chinese Legation, the Chilian Legation, the Persian Ambassador, the Emmir Bandith Singh of Nagpur, the English Colony of Lahore, Count Bernstorff, the Baroness Rothschildren, Lady Glenesk, Lord Montagu, the Royal Warrant Holders, the Highland Light Infantry, the Queen's Nurses at Kensington, Hampshire Volunteers, North London Collegiate School, the Royal Institution of Indian Architects, the Bedford Colony in Essex, the Army Service Corps at Woolwich, the 19th Brigade on South Africa, the 2nd Life Guards, the Gordon Highlanders, the Imperial Yeomanry, the Women of Scotland, Old Etonians, the Workers' Ladies' Guild, the Stewart Society, the American Society in London, the Ladies of Bathurst, the Welsh Choir, the Royal Academy of Music, four thousand Children of the Church Schools, East London Hospital for Children, English and American Residents at Pau, Royal Society of Painters in Water-colours, the Irish Literary Society, the Rev. Bartholomew's Hospital, Naval Warrant Holders at King's Lynn, the Eastern Telegraph Company, Sir Felix Semon, Miss Ella Russell, Statesmen, M. Jusserand Wolff, Rayleigh Tent, Madame Dell, Miss Marie Corelli, Miss Olga Nethersole, Sir Squire Bancroft, Mr. Charles Wyndham, Miss Ada Ovenden, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, the President of Magdalen College, Oxford, and Brecon, Pass. These were supplied by Messrs. Gerard and Co., of Regent-street.

Countess of Kintoreig, Lord and Lady Cromer, Countess of Warwickland, Lady Isabel Atherley, Lady Sarah Wilson, Sir Redvers and Lady Buller, 1st Hertfordshire Regiment, the 2nd Battalion Royal Lancaster Regiment, and the British Residents of Rangoon. These were supplied by Allen and Co., of Bond-street.

CANADIAN SERVICES.

FROM OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

MONTREAL, FEB. 1.

Services will be held in practically every church in Canada to-morrow in memory of her late Majesty the Queen.

The day will be observed in the strictest mourning and the shops will be closed all day.

Montreal is draped in black, and grief is manifest everywhere. Many places of business were closed to-day, and several memorial services were held this afternoon.

The American Consuls at different points in Canada have all signified their intention of attending the local services. The French Canadians, as well as the British, will attend to-morrow's meetings, and services will be held in all the Roman Catholic cathedrals.

AMERICAN MOURNING.

FROM OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

NEW YORK, FEB. 1.

The United States are in deep mourning to-day for Queen Victoria, and at several places memorial services are being held. To-morrow, however, memorial services will be conducted all over the country.

In New York Bishop Potter will officiate at a morning service in the crypt of the new Cathedral of St. John the Divine, now being built on Morningside Heights. The sides of the crypt will be covered with black-bordered stanzas from "In Memoriam" and other poems of Tennyson, and a large portrait of the late Queen will hang in a conspicuous place.

Bishop Potter will also conduct a service to be held in Trinity Church in the afternoon. He will be assisted by five archdeacons, the chaplains of the British colonies in New York, and the Rev. Morgan Dix, the rector of the church. Chopin's Funeral March will be played on the organ. Sir Percy Sanderson, the British Consul, will attend, and representatives of British and other societies will also be present.

In the evening a great non-denominational service is to take place, at which ministers of every creed will give short addresses.

Other memorial services to-morrow afternoon will be held at St. Andrew's Church in the presence of the Britannia Society, at St. James's Church, which will be attended by the Society of St. George, at the Church of St. Mary the Virgin, the Church of the Holy Communion, the Church of Zion, St. Ambrose, Grace, St. Paul, and St. Andrew.

Many other services will be held in memory of the Queen on Sunday. The most conspicuous feature of the Sunday services will be those of the International Sunday School Union, which will embrace almost every Protestant Sunday School in the Union.

At Boston eight memorial services are arranged for to-morrow.

WASHINGTON, FEB. 1.

A memorial service for Queen Victoria will be held to-morrow in St. John's Church. Bishop Satterlee, of Washington, will officiate, and will preach a short sermon.

Lord Pauncefote and the other members of the British Embassy will be present, and the President and Cabinet and members of the Diplomatic Corps have been invited.

The members of the local branch of the Society of St. George will attend in a body.

In silence, made the more impressive by the boom of cannon and the beat of muffled drum, the Empire beholds the passing of all that is mortal of Queen VICTORIA. Yesterday the coffin that contains the body of the most illustrious Sovereign in British history was borne from Osborne across the streak of water that separates the island from the mainland. To-day it will be carried through the capital of England on the way to its final resting place in the Mausoleum at Frogmore. Death confers a dignity all its own even on the humblest of mankind. The dead are as the stars of heaven in their blindness to the passions of the children of men. We can see them, but they know us not. And she who loved us and whom we loved is dead: she who had won by her noble devotion to duty the homage of mankind passes through the heart of the Empire in the sublime indifference of death. We must think of her as she was through the long years when we learned to love and revere her. But the kind heart that responded so surely to the sorrows and joys of her people is still; the unwearied brain that thought and worked for her people and the cause of right all the world over is at rest. The Empire—and how vast it is—mourns for its QUEEN and Mother and will not be comforted. For we know now what she was to us. Her integrity and simplicity of character; her marvellous fortitude in despite of the threatenings of Fate itself; her incomparable tact and skill in the conduct of affairs of State; her womanliness, which shone so brightly beneath the splendour of the Crown—how familiar they were to us! But she hears and sees not our grief now when all that is mortal of her is carried to the grave. The pageantry, the magnificence of death often dulls for the moment the pain of bereavement, and love itself gazes with half frightened eyes at the coldness and the calmness of the dead. Yet in the case of the QUEEN it is not so. The majesty of her life has accustomed us to the majesty which is inseparable from death, and we mourn the QUEEN the more bitterly because for the first time we know that she regards us not. And yet the very splendour of her passing does overcome our rebellion against the inevitable. Is not her rest well earned, who laboured for us so long? And will not the love of sixty-three years atone for the silence in which she is borne to the grave?

She is still ours, though she "has outsoared the shadow of our night." Throughout all time her name and example will be honoured; and while the Empire lasts her influence will be felt, still leading her people in the path of duty and of honour.

The passing of the QUEEN has given her people an opportunity to make that passing a thing by itself in the history of the world. The whole might, as well as the love and sorrow, of the Empire are in evidence. Along a double line of warships—where those of foreign Powers stood the silent but majestic witnesses of the sympathy of the world—from Osborne to Portsmouth the royal yacht bearing the body of the dead QUEEN passed. Those giants of the deep, that have furrowed the hostes softness of the seas in every clime, lay motionless as their Royal Mistress passed them in the cold beauty of death; and the silence of nature was only broken by the boom of the minute gun with its measured solemnity as the waves carried their royal burden to the mainland. What a marvellous sight was that as the dead QUEEN passed through the fleet that had upheld the glory of her name since she ascended the Throne to the moment when she fell asleep for the last time at Osborne! For sixty-three years the words "Gentlemen, the QUEEN" have been spoken every night on every ship of the flag in all parts of the world. Wherever a British man-of-war sailed or cast anchor there was a guarantee of justice. Ironclad and cruiser, flying the Royal Ensign, have made the ocean their highway, holding together by their strength and swiftness an Empire scattered over the world. The British Navy, as long as its supremacy is indisputable, can guarantee peace. But should it ever become less strong than is necessary that guarantee must disappear, and disaster may overtake the peoples of many lands and races at any moment. During the reign of Queen VICTORIA the Navy has become the most powerful weapon of war in the world, even as it was when NELSON died. Surely that silent farewell of the dead QUEEN must convince the nation of its duty! For the ends of the world have come to rest on us, and at times we are a little weary. But the passing of the QUEEN is her last call to duty. If we be a nation of men, and worthy of her whom for sixty-three years we loved and honoured as QUEEN, we shall answer the silent appeal as men may. The future is with us if we cherish her great example, and determine at whatever cost to do the thing that we know is right, and ever strive to know more clearly what is right and what is the whole duty required of us. Never before in history has a Monarch been carried to the grave with such pomp and pageantry of strength, and yet with such overwhelming testimony to the beauty and peacefulness of her reign. Out of the strong comes forth sweetness; but bitterness is the heritage of the weak. Surely this was the lesson of that great passing of the QUEEN, as the royal yacht pushed its way through the waves between the majestic lines of warships that testified not only to the strength of the Empire, and the love and veneration in which her memory is held, but was the tribute of the respect and homage of the world.

So passed the Mistress of the Seas from island to island in her progress to the grave amid the silent lamentations of an Empire. In life everything of national significance seemed to fall happily for the QUEEN, and in death it has been the same. She who was QUEEN-EMPRESS over many lands, because she was Mistress of the Sea, died on a little island, and the Navy was thus able to play a great part in the solemn ceremonial of her funeral. Since her history began we have been a sea Power. Nothing else was possible to us; and with the courage which has never failed us we have accepted the destiny appointed and are still the first sea Power in the world. But we never knew how great that destiny was, how severe would be the strain set us to support it, until the reign of Queen VICTORIA. And with the trial came the great example to inspire us. Three centuries ago, to the statesmen and courtiers of Queen ELIZABETH, the world seemed a vast expanse impossible to traverse. But now we have girdled it with the telegraph, and the ships of all nations sail every sea laden with merchandise. While the British Empire has grown beyond all imagining the world has contracted, and nation faces nation with such suspicion as might be explicable were the world too small to contain those who already dwell on it. The question that confronts the Empire at this moment of such great solemnity and sorrow is whether we shall be worthy of our past or let it fade away in the shadow which her passing makes who was the inspiration of her people and the guarantee of their persistence. Nothing can redeem the present moment from hopeless sadness save the stern resolution of the Empire to be worthy of the great example which she gave us who knew no fear and was ready for every call on her strength and fortitude. Should we be so degenerate as to let slip from nerveless fingers any portion of the heritage which Queen VICTORIA has bequeathed to us with her name, then surely we have been unworthy of her whom all the world mourns as the greatest and most beloved Monarch of whom history makes mention. To-day the sad and solemn procession will pursue its way through London to Windsor. Let the people remember that sorrow alone is not our tribute to Queen VICTORIA, though that is inevitable. A higher tribute is the stern determination that as a nation we shall not be unworthy of her name and memory, no matter what trials may await us in the future.

I. M.

REGINÆ DILECTISSIMÆ VICTORIÆ

24TH MAY, 1819: 22ND JANUARY, 1901.

Sceptre and orb and crown,
High ensigns of a warranty impelling
The beauty and strength and wealth of half a world,
Pass from her, and she fades
Into the old, indissoluble peace.

I.

She had been ours so long
She seemed a piece of ENGLAND: spirit and blood
And function ENGLAND's self,
Home-coloured, ENGLAND in look and deed and dream;
Like the good meadows and woods, and the mild rivers
And sea-charmed cliffs and beaches, that still bring
A gush of tender pride to the heart
That beats in ENGLAND's airs, to ENGLAND's ends;
August, familiar, irremovable,
Like the dear stars that shine
In the dear skies that only ENGLAND knows:
So that we held it sure
God's aim, God's will, God's way,
When Empire from her footstool, realm on realm,
Spread, even as from her notable womb
Sprang line on line of kings;
For she was ENGLAND—ENGLAND and our Queen.

II.

O, she was ours! And she had aimed
And known and done the best
And highest in time: greatly rejoiced,
Ruled greatly, greatly endured. Love had been hers,
And widowhood, glory and grief, increase
In wisdom and power and pride,
Dominion, honour, children, reverence;
So that, in peace and war
Immeasurably victorious, she lay down
To die in a world renowned,
Cleared, in her luminous umbrage beautified
For man, and turning fast
So gracious an inheritance as man
Had never dared imagine. O, when she passed,
Think what a pageant of immortal acts,
Done in the unapproachable face
Of Time by the high, transcending human mind,
Shone and acclaimed
And triumphed in her advent! Think of the ghosts,
Think of the mighty giants: soldiers and priests,
Artists and captains of discovery,
God's chosen, His adventurers up the heights
Of thought and deed—how many of them that led
The forlorn hopes of the world!—
Her peers and servants, made the air
Of her death-chamber glorious! Think how they thronged
About her bed, and with what pride
They took this sister-ghost
Tenderly into the night! O, think—
And, thinking, bow the head
In sorrow, but in the reverence that makes
The strong man stronger—this true maid,
True wife, true mother and all,
This unforgettable woman was your Queen!

III.

Tears for her—tears! Tears and the mighty rites
Of an everlasting and immense farewell,
ENGLAND, green heart of the world, and you,
Dear demi-ENGLAND, far-away isles of home,
Where the old speech is native, and the old flag
Floats, and the old irresistible call,
The o'er-word of so many ages of years,
Makes men in love
With toil for the race, and pain, and peril, and death!
Tears, and the dread, tremendous dirge
Of her brooding battleships, and hosts
Processional, with trailing arms; the plain—
Measured, enormous, terrible—of her guns;
The appalling throb of bells; the blare
Of mourning trumpets; the discomforting pomp
Of silent crowds, black streets, and banners royal
Obsequious! Then, these high things done,
Rise, heartened of your passion! Rise to the height
Of her so lofty life! Kneel, if you must;
But, kneeling, win to those great altitudes
On which she sought and did
Her clear, supernal errand unperturbed!
Let the new memory
Be as the old, long love! So, when the hour
Strikes, as it must, for valour of heart,
Virtue, and patience, and unblenching hope,
And the inflexible resolve
That, come the world in arms,
This breeder of nations, ENGLAND, keeping the seas
As ever hers, shall in the sight of God
Stand justified of herself
Wherever her unretreating bugles blow!
Remember that she lived
That this magnificent Power might still perdure,
Your friend, your passionate servant, counsellor,
Queen.

IV.

Be that your chief of mourning—that!—
ENGLAND, O Mother, and you,
The daughter Princedoms born and reared
Of ENGLAND's travail and sweet blood;
And never will you realms,
The live earth over and round,
Wherethrough for sixty royal and regnant years
Her drum-tap made the dawns
English—O, never, never will you
So fittingly and well have paid your debt
Of grief and gratitude to the souls
That sink in ENGLAND's harness into the dream:
"I die for ENGLAND's sake, and it is well:"
As now to this valiant, wonderful piece of earth,
To which the assembling nations bare the head
And bend the knee
In absolute veneration—once your Queen.

Sceptre and orb and crown,
High ensigns of a warranty impelling
The glory and state and praise of a whole half-world,
Fall from her, And, presiding, she departs
Into the old, indissoluble peace.

W. E. HENLEY.

Worthing, Feb. 1, 1901.

The Standard.
February 2nd, 1901.

THE QUEEN'S DEATH.

OBSERVANCES ABROAD.

(FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT.)

WASHINGTON, FRIDAY NIGHT.

The Memorial Services at St. John's Church to-morrow will be more elaborate than any ever attempted here. The entire matter is in the hands of Lord Pauncefote, who has issued all the invitations. The church is draped in purple, and white flowers and palms are at every angle. If the vestry permits, the central feature in the chancel will be the United States flag and Union Jack crossed. Bishop Satterlee will have several assistants, and a choir of thirty-five, with solo singers. The President and the entire Cabinet will attend together. There will also be present the entire Supreme Court, with Chief Justice Fuller at their head. General Miles and Admiral Dewey will represent the Army and Navy respectively, and will be in uniform. There will be also Deputations from the Senate and the House, and practically the entire Diplomatic Corps will attend, in Court dress.

The New York *Press* discusses the Franco-Russian nervousness over the Anglo-German courtesies, and thinks it warranted. The writer considers that the German Emperor's youthful eccentricities have matured into the adoption of the national policy of Germany which prevailed before his accession, with the result that England and Prussia mutually again regard each other as a check upon any tendency of France or Russia toward extreme policies. This, in the opinion of the writer, strengthens the prospects of peace for the world, and is fittingly ratified at the death bed and bier beside which King and Emperor stood together.

(FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT.)

NEW YORK, FRIDAY NIGHT.

To-day's Memorial Service here was crowded to the doors. To-morrow's programme, as completed by Bishop Potter, is printed in a leaflet, with mourning borders, and bearing three stanzas on the Queen from Tennyson, and a medallion figure of Victoria. The form of service to be used generally resembles the Episcopalian, with necessary alterations to fit the circumstances and to give an opportunity for Bishop Potter to speak if he decides to use his own words. Contemporaneous among the services on Sunday is one to be addressed by Mr. Andrew Carnegie, and to be followed by a poem by Mr. Edwin Markham, whose "Man with the Hoe" has a great American vogue, and is known in England.

The Coffee Exchange will be the only one open at all to-morrow. All the others, which had resolved to close partially, have seen their way to make the closure complete. This memorable tribute is as unprecedented as the political tributes at Washington, or even more so, for without legal warrant the Exchanges could not close for any American event.

(FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, FRIDAY NIGHT.

Special memorial services will be held to-morrow in all the British and American places of worship in Paris. As has been already announced, there will be two memorial services and an early celebration of the Holy Communion at the Embassy Church in the Rue d'Aguesseau. So great, however, has been the demand for tickets for these services that Dr. Noyes has decided to repeat the music on Sunday, including the Queen's favourite hymns. The church will also remain draped.

At St. George's Jubilee Church there will be a service at noon to-morrow; that at the Scotch Church, in the Rue Bayard, will take place an hour later; whilst the Americans will hold a service in their church in the Avenue de l'Alma, at five o'clock. The Passionist Fathers, who minister at the Church for English-speaking Catholics, in the Avenue Hoche, announce that when the mourning immediately connected with the death and funeral of the late Queen is over, they will hold a solemn service to invoke the divine blessing on the reign of King Edward VII. and Queen Alexandra.

The last telegrams received here from England give a summary description of the impressive ceremony of the transfer of the remains of Queen Victoria from Osborne to Gosport. They have been read with extraordinary interest not only by the English Colony, but also by all enlightened Frenchmen. People are conscious in Republican France that the events of this afternoon and to-morrow will constitute the last page of the history of the most remarkable reign yet chronicled in the records of the civilised world.

The English residents in Paris are to-night thinking and talking of nothing but Victoria. Even those who are far advanced in life can remember no other Monarch on the Throne of Great Britain, and the younger members of Society, though full of hope for the future reign of King Edward VII., have all read of the marvellous transformation which has been effected in England during the rule of the deceased Monarch.

The satisfaction expressed by the Royalists, last night, at the news that the Duke of Orleans had left Palermo, and was on his way to England to pay a supreme tribute of respect to her Majesty Queen Victoria, will be considerably damped by the following note just issued by the Prince's political bureau in Paris:—

"We announced yesterday that the Duke of Orleans, desirous of paying a supreme homage to her Majesty Queen Victoria, had left Palermo on Wednesday for England. A telegram from Milan just received informs us that a sudden indisposition of the Duchess of Orleans, doubtlessly occasioned by the fatigue of a long and tiring journey, constrains the Prince to modify his intention, and to postpone his visit to England to a later date."

(FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT.)

BERLIN, FRIDAY NIGHT.

The Crown Prince Ferdinand of Roumania, who has been staying with his brothers at Potsdam, left for England yesterday, to represent the King of Roumania at the Queen's funeral.

The Imperial Standards and the flags of Prussia and Brandenburg are flying, half-mast high, on the Old Palace in Berlin.

(FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT.)

MADRID, FRIDAY NIGHT.

Much disappointment and displeasure have been caused in Madrid by the intelligence that the Spanish cruiser Charles V., which was to have represented Spain at Cowes and Spithead on the occasion of the Queen's body being removed from Osborne, had been obliged to return to Ferrol because her boilers had broken down forty-eight hours after the start from that port. The Minister of Marine has telegraphed to the Admiral in command at Ferrol expressing his surprise, and intimating that both the Queen-Regent and the Government are much displeased, as the vessel had been officially reported to be in a condition to undertake the voyage.

A strict investigation is to be made into the whole of the circumstances. The cruiser has only been in commission three years, having been launched in 1896. The Government have telegraphed to the Spanish Ambassador in London, directing him to express the profound regret of the Queen-Regent and her Ministers at this unfortunate mishap.

(FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT.)

NICE, FRIDAY NIGHT.

The first night of the opera at Monte Carlo has been postponed till Sunday, out of respect for the memory of Queen Victoria. The great Chess Tournament has also been put off till Monday, for the same reason.

GREAT BRITAIN AND GERMANY.

ORDER BY THE EMPEROR.

THE EXCHANGE OF HONOURS.

(FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT.)

BERLIN, FRIDAY NIGHT.

The official German and Prussian *Gazette* publishes, this evening, in a prominent place, the following letter from the German Emperor and King of Prussia to the Imperial Chancellor, dated Osborne, January 30, 1901:—

"After the festive rejoicings with which the very significant bi-centenary of the elevation of Prussia to a Kingdom was celebrated throughout the whole country, in a way that gave me so much satisfaction, a deep sorrow has overtaken me and my House by the demise of her late Majesty, the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, my much beloved and highly honoured grandmother. Under the first impression of this affliction, I have spent my birthday this year beside the bier of the noble Sovereign, in silent contemplation. But the numerous messages from home, giving expression to the cordial sympathy of my people with me in my grief, and their loyal prayers for my future welfare, appeal the more warmly and loudly to my patriotic heart. It has done me good to learn, once again, in what friendly manner I am thought of on my birthday in German countries and by Germans abroad; and I feel compelled to express my most cordial thanks to all who have taken part therein. May God still graciously protect all classes and members of the German Nation, and bless German fidelity, German industry, and German work.

"I beg you to publish this decree at an early date."

The Emperor's reply to the congratulations of the Berlin Magistrates, on the occasion of his birthday, is dated Osborne, January 30, and is as follows:—

"The Magistrates of my capital and residential city of Berlin have offered me Royal congratulations on the occasion of my birthday, which I spent this time in mourning, and under the deeply painful impression caused by the death of my beloved and esteemed grandmother, her Majesty the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland. I cannot but give utterance to my special and heartfelt thanks for the warm expression of the good wishes to me and mine which animate the hearts of the Berlin Magistracy."

The Emperor William has placed the Duke of Cornwall and York *à la suite* of the Imperial German Navy.

The rumour that the German Crown Prince will spend some time in England this year, to study the political, social, and commercial institutions of the country, is not credited here, as it would seriously interfere with his Military duties, which have already become sufficiently onerous.

To-day the whole world is standing beside the open grave of her who was lately the honoured Ruler of these Realms. We have arrived at a solemn and historic moment that will long be remembered in the annals of Britain. More vividly than at any time during the past ten days we realise that we have reached the closing scene of a glorious Reign and a momentous epoch. With every circumstance of splendid pomp, befitting the obsequies of earth's mightiest Sovereigns, all that is mortal of Queen VICTORIA will to-day be borne through the streets of her Capital, and laid in the ancient fortress-palace of the Kings of England. Yesterday witnessed the first stage of that mournful pageant in which the grief of a great nation finds eloquent expression. The remains of the best-beloved of SOVEREIGNS were borne from the Island home in which so many of her happiest hours were spent, and which so often was the scene of her anxious labours for the good of her people. Osborne, even more than Windsor or Balmoral, was associated in the minds of Englishmen with the family life of one for whom domestic affection was the mainspring of conduct. The thoughts of the thousands who from cliff and shore watched the solemn start upon the memorable journey must have gone back to many a farewell in brighter days. But of all the Royal progresses in which the QUEEN passed before the eyes of her loyal subjects, none can have at all approached in impressiveness the last journey to the resting place. Our annals tell us of a *Chien Reine* whose body was carried through the land and became, at each town or hamlet where it was set down, the object of homage. Our altered age permits no revival of such usages; but we believe that memorials more enduring and more touching than sculptured crosses will mark for posterity the spots where the great incidents in the Funeral of Queen VICTORIA took place. No one who sees the spectacle will ever forget it: the emotions

tinct memorials it will remain while memory lasts, and children who to-day are brought into the crowd, unconscious as they may be of all that the mourning pomp implies, will hereafter tell to their little ones the tale as one of the treasured recollections of their own youth. The very length of the route that must be traversed is an advantage, since it gives ample opportunity to the people to have their part in the ceremony, and offers a succession of surroundings, each of which is in keeping with the sentiment of the occasion, and allows of adjuncts that develope its significance.

Yesterday the Navy and the sea claimed their right to do honour to the Dead, just as to-day the Army has the privilege of escorting her remains through the streets and wide spaces of the Metropolis. It has been rightly decided that most of the elements on which the splendour of the British Throne and State were based should be suitably represented in the series of Funeral ceremonies. The Navy and the Army, the millions who inhabit the Imperial City which was the seat of Queen VICTORIA'S Government, her foreign Allies, her Indian soldiers, her faithful Highland retainers, have taken their part in the progress from the Villa on the Island shore to the venerable Castle of the Mediæval Kings. All bears witness to the marvellous continuity of English history, and to the attributes that belonged to the QUEEN as the Head of a Realm which has developed from a small sea-faring nation to a world-power of unrivalled magnitude. When the coffin was placed upon the vessel that carried it across the narrow strait to the mainland, the scene was one which, in its symbolism no less than its grandeur, appealed with irresistible force to the onlookers. No one could be so dull and so blind as to view without emotion the Royal yacht, as, bearing its dead Mistress onward to the tomb, it threaded its way through the stately squadron of warships. There was a particular appropriateness in the arrangement which gave the Fleet a primacy in the display of Funeral honours. Great Britain is, first of all, a Naval Power. We have business in the deep waters. From the skill of our sailors and the enterprise of our merchants comes the essential part of our wealth. On the sea, and the use we make of it, rest our strength and our prosperity. Our ships, whether for war or for adventure, or for trade, have given us our cherished traditions. Saxons and Normans we may be, but we claim also to descend from the Vikings, and it may be said that the QUEEN of this Kingdom of sailors will have had something of a sailor's, as well as a soldier's, funeral. We need not go back to the Sagas for the substance of Romance. There was no less poetry, and better and truer pathos, in the picture presented yesterday on the Solent than in any legendary painting of the dead Sea King floating away to the sunset from his native haven. Nothing was wanting to complete the effect of this opening phase of the great rite. It will culminate in the awe and storied splendour of St. George's Chapel; it is to be maintained as the mourning train brings its august burden through the heart of the old England of the South; and it assumes the aspect almost of a solemn service, with the people as worshippers, as the procession of Sovereigns and Princes passes through the mourning streets of London.

Stillness will be the prevailing note. But it will not take the form of grudging and repining gloom. We lament our great QUEEN; we find it hard to reconcile ourselves to a world in which never again will a figure to which we owe so much of what was best in our thoughts and feelings be seen by mortal eye. But there are pride and gratitude in the sorrow, which we would not, if we could, repress. The Labourer has passed away, but the Work remains. If we had no other reason for affection, we should find sufficient cause in the service which, even on her path to the grave, Queen VICTORIA is doing. She has not only enriched the Throne by a great example, but has strengthened the national character and sweetened all the relations of public life. The KING, whose absorbing thought has been to console the distress of his Mother, even in the minutest details of the funeral ceremonial, is not in name only, but in truth, the chief mourner. No one is fitter to represent the nation's sense of loss, because he knows in his own heart the depths of filial sorrow. Of the QUEEN, who will be, after the KING, the figure that to-day will attract the respectful and sympathetic regard of the spectators, it need not be said that she already enjoys, in her own right, the trust and love of the country. She has been a dutiful daughter, and she succeeds to that inheritance of favour with which the late Sovereign endowed the Throne. As the eye falls on many another familiar Prince or Princess in the group of Queen VICTORIA'S sons and daughters and descendants, there will be no need of words to express the feelings of goodwill which they have won. But with all that we hope and believe regarding the members of our Royal House is inextricably bound up their association with the life that has passed away. We none of us would care to discriminate how far they are dear for their own and how far for the late QUEEN'S sake. Nor are the effects of the Reign that has reached its close to be measured merely by its influence on English sentiment. The German EMPEROR, who has established, during his stay amongst us, a hold upon the liking and gratitude of the English people that goes very deep, is animated, it is true, by the instincts of filial attachment no less than of personal veneration and appreciation. But he is, though nearest to the KING, only one of many Rulers who have sought to associate themselves with our mourning. We rejoice that German ships of war are moored side by side with our own in British waters, but we note also that many another flag flies half-mast in sorrow for the QUEEN who is no more.

In more than one of its aspects this Second of February is unlike any day within the memory of living Englishmen. In Literature and History, in Fiction and Poetry, we are familiar with the idea of a period of National Mourning. But the thing itself, in its gloomy and imposing solemnity, we have not seen or known. There have been times within the last fifty years when some great stroke of misfortune or calamity has saddened all hearts and turned all thoughts temporarily to anxiety and sorrow. One such there was in the Summer of 1857, when the terrible story of the massacres of Cawnpore first became known in London, and when men learnt with horror that women and young children of their own blood and race had been tortured to death by the butchers of the NANA SAHIB. Grief, too, of a different and softer kind, filled the nation when it heard that the wise and virtuous Consort of our late QUEEN had been cut off in the very prime of his life. Other events have occurred which have painfully shocked and saddened us, and not very many months have passed since we knew what it was to go through a black week of lamentation over the death of many brave men killed in action, and to recognise that the *prestige* of the Empire had suffered an unfortunate reverse. But no episode of Queen VICTORIA'S Reign was followed by that universal and ceremonial outward observance which has marked its close. The sudden suspension of all the normal business, avocations, and amusements alone would make this day memorable. London is almost a City of the Dead—a city in which, as it seems, the minds of the living are monopolised by the thought of one who is no more. The aspect of the Metropolis is such as it has scarcely known before in all its long history. In one quarter there are vast, but silent, crowds, and a mighty current of life and movement centred round the Funeral pageant of the day. But elsewhere it is as if a magician's hand had suddenly arrested the swift vitality that courses through the veins of the great City. In the main thoroughfares and in the back streets alike, trade is at a pause. The day is in the strictest sense a *dies non*, except so far as regards the one great function at the West-end. Offices, banks, wharves, warehouses, theatres, places of entertainment of every kind, are idle and vacant. The necessary services of a great population cannot be entirely suspended. Broadly speaking, the Metropolis, and indeed the nation as a whole, has dropped its ordinary tasks and interests. It has consecrated itself, for a few hours at least, to the memory of the illustrious dead. Nor is this the mere outward conformity with a Royal or Administrative Ukase. It is genuine and spontaneous, and springs from an emotion which has seldom been matched for the intensity with which it is felt by all classes. There are few people to-day who are not affected by a sense of personal bereavement and regret. It is not often, indeed, that any public calamity can touch us so closely as our private and domestic sorrows. But this is one of the exceptional cases. Queen VICTORIA has left as many mourners as she had subjects; and it would seem a kind of sacrilege to pursue the common concerns of life on the day of her last passage through her Capital. To the citizens of London the contrast is emphasised by the many festivals of a very different nature which they have recently celebrated. Here there is no place for excitement and enthusiasm, for noise or vociferation. It may be confidently expected that the public demeanour later in the evening, as well as during the actual march of the Funeral *cortège*, will be altogether in keeping with the sorrowful dignity of the day.

FUNERAL OF THE QUEEN.

THE SCENE AT OSBORNE.

EMBARKATION AT COWES.

PASSAGE OF THE SOLENT.

AN IMPOSING SPECTACLE.

ARRIVAL AT PORTSMOUTH.

TO-DAY'S CEREMONIALS

FINAL OFFICIAL ORDERS.

PREPARATIONS ALONG THE ROUTE.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

COWES, FRIDAY NIGHT.

Amid the dull roar of minute guns and the dull of muffled drums, the body of Queen Victoria was borne from the Isle of Wight this afternoon. The procession from Osborne and the embarkation at Cowes will live long in the memory. The stately simplicity of the ceremony, the crowded avenues of mourning people, the presence of King and Queen, of Emperor and Princes and Princesses, following on foot the bier of a venerated mother, gave to the scene strange pathos and majesty.

Last night, when I crossed the Medina, the moonlight was floating on the water; starlike points gleamed on the Solent, and ghostly shadows haunted the white pavilion under which the Queen was to make her last voyage. At noon all was changed. Warships were no longer scintillating points of fire. They stood out in bold relief against a grey sunny sky. The Alberta still lay alongside the pier; but the white pavilion was gone, and in its place was a crimson bier under a canopy of white. The quiet old-world streets were bustling with life; civilians in sombre black, and soldiers, the brightness of whose uniforms was dimmed by tokens of national sorrow, crowded the little town, and overflowed the avenue that leads to Osborne. In a little time order began to grow out of seeming chaos, and streets and avenues were bordered with uniformed men. They stood in close order from Trinity Pier to the Queen's Gate, Gunners, Engineers, Rifles, and Volunteers.

Shortly after twelve o'clock we were admitted to the Park, and took our places before the Queen's entrance. A better point of view could not have been chosen. In front, across a green sward overshadowed by a wide spreading cedar planted by the Duchess of Nemours more than half a century ago, was the broad bare Quadrangle with the grey stone portico leading to the private chapel. Above were the two square towers, from one of which floated the Royal Standard at half-mast, and on either side rose the plain stone walls of the House with white drawn blinds. Overhead was the blue sky, and around us were groves of trees and broad reaches of meadow bathed in sunshine. More beautiful, yet more simple surroundings could not be desired—for Osborne has the aspect as well as the atmosphere of a well-ordered country house. When we came to the Quadrangle there was not a sound or a sign of life. A hushed stillness hung over the grounds. Presently the people who had special claims to witness the departure of the late Queen from her House began to arrive. The Whippingham School children, clad in black, walked to their allotted places on the South of the drive. Mayors, Deputy Lieutenants, tenants, and retainers gathered at a point more remote from the House. Near them were fifteen soldiers invalided from South Africa, and at present inmates of the Convalescent House. They wore khaki under their dark overcoats.

A few minutes later came a Company of Bluejackets from the Royal yacht, and posted themselves on the right of the portico. Upon their heels followed the gun-carriage, drawn by eight dark bays, with horse gunners of Y battery in dark uniform with yellow braid. The carriage and limber were painted khaki and approached the House at a slow and deliberate pace. Wheeling round the South-east angle of the space before the Queen's entrance, the gunners took their stand on the left. For a few moments the silence was as intense as when we entered the Park. But shortly before one o'clock, the avenues resounded with the tread of soldiers, horsed and on foot, and glittering with many coloured uniforms. At the head of this Company rode a detachment of Hampshire Carabineers, well set-up men, all splendidly mounted, in dark tunics and dark helmets, with silver facings. Behind them marched the massed bands of the Royal Marine Artillery and the Royal Marine Light Infantry, with eighty instruments and forty drums encased in black. The bands formed a double line on the South of the drive almost in front of the entrance, their dark blue and scarlet uniforms showing well against the background of green. At an interval of a hundred yards or so, on the West of the drive, was a group of officers in many-coloured dress, the Staff of the Southern District and of the Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth. Beyond these stood a second detachment of Hampshire Carabineers awaiting their moment for joining the procession.

Soon after one o'clock further signs of activity were manifest. Men in the long, grey cloaks of the Prussian Army, Naval officers in gold lace and blue, were received at the Equerries' door. Several Highlanders—Foresters from Balmoral wearing Stuart tartan shawls and white sporrans, joined the Bluejackets close to the portico. Then at one o'clock came the most impressive Military spectacle of all. The King's Company of the Grenadiers are a picked body of men, drilled into a precision of movement that looks like the action of one man. They marched along the avenue into the Quadrangle, their stalwart forms clothed in rich scarlet tunic and dark trousers, and their stature heightened by the black bearskin, with white backle. Captain Lloyd, wearing the Victoria Order, conferred upon himself and his brother-officers by the King yesterday, was in command. Lieutenant Ponsonby carried the State Colours, folded under a bow of crape. At the word of command the Company wheeled into line stretching across the Quadrangle. Facing the Queen's entrance the gun-carriage awaited its precious burden. For some minutes there was a solemn and almost oppressive silence, and the scene resembled a picture painted on canvas rather than a spectacle in which life was mingled with sorrow and death. A double line of scarlet and black extended from one wall to another, and upon the centre of it fell the shadow of the broad cedar.

Presently the door opened and a movement showed that the supreme moment had come, and that the Queen was leaving her home for the last time. The Bluejackets had already entered the Chapel, and were bearing the coffin through the corridor, past the pathetic group of Consort and sons in marble. The corridor was hung with wreaths and evergreens, and near the foot of the wrought iron staircase stood a huge cross of moss rising from a beautiful cushion of violets. The cushion rested on a slip overspread with a rich Indian shawl, with a border of gold sequins. On each side of the coffin, and supporting the pall, walked the Highland attendants of the late Queen. With reverent hands the burden was laid upon the gun-carriage. The men of the Queen's Company stood at ease, with arms reversed, while the officers of the Staff took rank, and moved some paces along the drive towards the point where it joins the avenue leading to the House.

As soon as the coffin was fixed on the carriage a sharp word of command broke the stillness, and the soldiers presented arms. At twenty-five minutes before two o'clock the procession moved from the door. First came the slow tread of the Grenadiers upon the gravel path as they faced about and wheeled into line on each side of the avenue. At the word of command they came into position, standing at ease with arms reversed, making a thin red border for the *cortège*. Every eye was drawn to the white burden on the gun carriage. To that our thoughts as well as our external senses paid homage. It was a stately and majestic burden. Over it was spread the rich white pall, with embroideries of gold and crimson. Upon this lay the Royal Standard of Britain, folded so that only part of its emblazoned Lion and Harp was visible. At the head of the coffin the large Crown of gold and jewels rested upon a cushion of Imperial purple. Near the foot lay the Sceptre, and at the foot were the two Golden Orbs, with their gemmed Crowns.

The carriage moved slowly and almost silently along the path. Before it walked the Highlanders, and after them the Pipers, playing the lament of the Black Watch. On either side were the supporters of the pall—on the right Major Count Gleichen, Captain F. Ponsonby, Lieut. Colonel Carrington, and Lieut. Colonel Sir Fleetwood Edwards. On the left, Lieut. Colonel Davidson, Lieut. Colonel Legge, Lieut. Colonel Sir Arthur Bigge, and Major General Sir John M'Neill. Behind the gun carriage walked Admiral Sir Michael Culme-Seymour and Vice Admiral Sir John Fullerton.

Then came the most pathetic group of all—the members of her Majesty's family. They walked three abreast, with the King, the German Emperor, and the Duke of Connaught leading. They were the uniform of Admirals. Prince Arthur of Connaught, in cadet uniform; Prince Henry of Prussia, in the bright blue of the Prussian Guards, and the Duke of Saxe-Coburg followed. At the rear were Prince Charles of Denmark, Prince Louis of Battenberg, and the Crown Prince of Germany. Even more touching was the group that succeeded. Rich blue and scarlet and gold of uniform gave colour and a degree of pomp and splendour to the sorrow of the men. But the mourning of the women was unrelieved; there was no touch of colour against the sombre crape and close heavy veil. Thus did the Queen and the Royal Princesses follow on foot their mother's coffin attired like the daughters of the people.

The Queen walked first, with Princess Christian and Princess Louise, and after these in three cases Princess Henry of Battenberg, the Duchess of Connaught, the Duchess of Albany, the Princess Victoria, the Princess Charles of Denmark, and the Duchess of Cornwall and York. At a few paces' distance walked the Countess of Lytton, Lady-in-Waiting to her late Majesty, and the Hon. Harriet Phipps, Woman of the Bed Chamber. Last of all came members of the Royal and Imperial households, followed by the military officers, the Royal servants, and the half-dozen tenants of the Osborne Estate.

Slowly the *cortège* approached the broad tree-girt avenue leading to the Queen's Gate. The Grenadiers presented arms as the coffin passed, and then, marching on each side, formed an escort, with arms reversed. They reached almost to the massed bands of the Marines, who walked in fours before the Highlanders. Preceding these were the Naval Commander-in-Chief, the General Officer Commanding the Southern District, the Staff of the Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth, Mr. Cochrane, Lieutenant Governor of the Island, a detachment of Hampshire Carabineers, and the Deputy Assistant Adjutant General of the Southern District, leading were two mounted grooms in scarlet livery suits. Wanting in colour, the procession had a simplicity and beauty of which the true note was struck by the little group of the daughters of the Queen. Within the walls of Osborne Park there was little to create the impression of an event that was stirring the universal hearts of the British race. The sun shone with Summer brightness on smooth lawn and avenue along which the procession wended its way toward the Queen's Gate. Shrill pipes echoed among the trees breathing of lament in that moving strain, "Flowers of the forest."

At the Queen's Gate the semi-privacy of the funeral ceased. There the people for the first time had an opportunity of manifesting their sorrow. It is characteristic of the race to hide rather than to reveal emotion in public. Then and there, however, grief asserted itself, and during the journey to the pier were heard the sobs of women and were seen tear-stained faces. None who looked upon the people who stood behind the close ranks of the soldiers could doubt the genuineness of their sorrow and the reality of their sympathy with her Majesty's family. The road to Trinity Wharf descends with gentle slope a tree-girt avenue. Here there were long lines of uniformed men drawn from various batteries and regiments. They stood at ease with arms reversed as the procession passed. People crowded the footways and the windows and fronts of houses. Opposite the Town Hall a stand had been erected, and from that point to the pier—a distance covered by troops alone, and forbidden to the public—every shop window and every dead wall had its occupants. Black was worn by all, and every man stood uncovered and with bowed head. The distance from the House to the Pier is a little over a mile, and it was traversed in forty minutes. As soon as the Queen's Gate was reached the pipes ceased their wailing, and the massed bands took up the lament. To that saddest of all music, the sound of muffled drums, the procession moved slowly on between lines of grief-stricken people. One could not but feel that to members of the Queen's family this short passage to the shore of the Island must have brought some of the consolation that sympathy gives to sorrow.

Meanwhile, the Alberta awaited its burden, moored to Trinity Pier, over which floated at half-mast the rich red flag of the House. The Royal yacht revealed all the preparations that had been made for the reception of the late Queen. Beneath the white canopy that stretched from stern to amidships was a bier of crimson cloth. At each of the four corners were pillars draped with curtains of ruby velvet, that fell in straight and

severe lines to the crimson carpet. These curtains can be drawn so as to hide the coffin from public view. From the edge of the pavilion hung other curtains of ruby velvet, lined with white silk. At each end are pyramidal shapes overspread with crimson, that nearest the stern of the ship having on it a crown of gold. Though plain, almost to severity in form, the effect was stately and impressive, the colour, a superb note of red, giving to this temporary chapel a rich and solemn aspect. Upon the base of the yellow funnel were wreaths of white flowers ready to be placed round the bier. Bluejackets moved about noiselessly, making final preparations, while the Naval Aides de Camp, of whom Captain Lambton was one, awaited the coming of the body. A crimson-covered gangway stretched from the sponsons of the yacht to the wharf, which was reached by a sloping pavilion of wood. The little yard was almost deserted, though at the gate spectators were crowded behind close lines of troops.

At a quarter past two o'clock, the first note of music was heard coming from the massed bands of the Marines as they continued their slow and mournful progress along York-avenue into East Cowes. A few moments later, the Carabineers drew up before the entrance to the pier. They were followed by a group of officers in bright uniforms. Then came the gun-carriage with its burden under the gleaming white pall. At the command of Colonel Lloyd, the Grenadiers marched into the pavilion, and lined the two sides that run like galleries along its entire length.

Lieutenant Ponsonby bore the State Colours as far as the end of the gangway, and there took his station. Still the drums rolled a mournful note, and a solemn stillness hung over the crowded river. Tramp, tramp, down the wooden descent, came the sound of heavy feet. It was the Bluejackets. They had lifted the heavy coffin from the gun-carriage, and were bearing it to the deck of the ship. The pall had been removed, and one saw for the first time the richly-polished casket of cedar, with its massive gilded plate and handles. Upon the heads of the Bluejackets walked the supporters of the pall and its precious diadems, Sir Arthur Biggs and Sir Fleetwood Edwards following Colonel Carington and Captain Ponsonby, all of whom were of her late Majesty's Household.

A sailor stood bareheaded in a boat slung from the side of the yacht. The moment the foot of the coffin reached the deck he ran up to half-mast, at the main, the Royal Standard, proclaiming to expectant thousands that Queen Victoria had embarked on her last journey across the Solent. One by one the members of the Royal family came on board, the Grenadiers saluting. The coffin was placed on the bier which runs athwart the vessel, with the head to starboard.

After a little necessary delay, the pall was replaced, with the Insignia, and wreaths were disposed along the sides of the bier. At the head rested a beautiful anchor of lilies of the valley set in green. The four Naval Aides de Camp placed themselves at the four crimsoned corners, while the Countess of Lytton and the Hon. Harriet Phipps, closely veiled in black, stood at the head of their beloved mistress.

The King was the first to enter the chapel, the other male members of the family standing in a group near the gangway. At the approach of Queen Alexandra they saluted. The Duchess of Cornwall and York was the last to go on board, and it was soon evident that her Royal Highness was about to return to Osborne and would not accompany her relatives to Portsmouth. The Duchess shook hands with Prince Arthur of Connaught, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, the Crown Prince of Germany, and with the Countess of Lytton and Miss Phipps. Then, after a last look upon the bier, she turned reluctant steps to the pier, and went back to the House, where her husband lies on a bed of sickness.

As soon as the pall was spread over the coffin, the Guard stood at ease with reversed arms, awaiting the embarkation of the members of the Royal family. The King and Queen entered a pinnace, in company with Princess Victoria, Princess Charles of Denmark, Princess Christian, Princess Louise, and Princess Henry of Battenberg. The pinnace steamed straight to the Royal Yacht Victoria and Albert, which lay in the roads. They were succeeded by the Duchess of Albany and her son, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, Prince Charles of Denmark, and Prince Louis of Battenberg, who went on board the Osborne. The German Emperor, with his son, the Crown Prince, and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught were carried by a third pinnace to the Hohenzollern.

This embarkation took up some time, and it was not until twenty minutes before three o'clock that the signal was given to remove the gangway. Meanwhile, tiny flags sent messages to the flotilla of torpedo-boats that stood at the mouth of the river ready to escort the procession through the lines of battleships.

Ten minutes later, and the supreme moment had come for the Islanders to bid a last farewell to their Sovereign and friend. Above the muffled drums rose the sharp, clear note of brazen instruments, playing that familiar and pathetic hymn, "The saints of God, their conflict past." Not a sound came from the thousands of mourners who stretched in deep black lines from the river to Osborne. The stillness of the streets was most impressive. On the river it was otherwise; small boats and busy little tugs darted hither and thither in attempts to catch a glimpse of the bier and its burden. Steamers laden with passengers stood ready to follow outside the line of battleships, and the scene was full of picturesque animation. At ten minutes to three o'clock Admiral Fullerton put down his telescope; the Commander of the Alberta raised his hand; the yacht slipped her moorings, and moved silently from the pier. Queen Victoria had started on her journey to the mainland, accompanied by the regrets of her Island subjects. As she glided away, the Queen's Company of Grenadiers gave the Royal salute and every soldier and sailor within sight stood at attention with hand raised to his brow.

Slowly the wheels churned the dark waters of the Medina, and eager eyes straining from shore and ship caught their last glimpse of the shining bier. The music of the bands, the muffled roll of drums, died away, and minute guns rolled in thunderous echoes over the shores. We had taken a last leave of the Queen, the black hull of the Alberta, that bore her towards her resting-place by the side of her Royal Consort.

Looking out across the sunlit meadows, over the belt of trees, I watched the progress of the vessel, saw the long line of battle-ships, shrouded in thunderous smoke, saw the gleaming wakes of the Solent and the dim shadow of the mainland, and, turning my glance inland, saw, too, the house from whose silent towers hung the folds of the emblazoned Standard of mourning. The day ended as it had begun; men and women lingered on in the old-world streets that have known her Majesty for more than half a century. They seemed loth to leave the scene of their mourning—a scene consecrated by a nation's sorrow and by a simplicity and beauty and a majesty that will be an undying memory.

PASSAGE OF THE SOLENT.

(FROM OUR NAVAL CORRESPONDENT.)

SPITHEAD, FRIDAY NIGHT.

Amid scenes of great and impressive solemnity, the British Navy paid almost its last homage to the dead Queen to-day. It was fitting that a powerful Fleet should assemble, and salute with minute guns and tokens of mourning the last sea journey of her who had been Ruler of a world-wide Empire and Mistress of the Seas. There is no real parallel in English history for such a pageant as that we have seen enacted on the waters of the Solent, but the mind reverts to the famous episode—in different circumstances, indeed—of the translation of the ashes of Napoleon from their lonely grave in St. Helena to their resting-place beneath the dome of the Invalides. Let us rejoice, even in our sadness, that the Queen's life ended in scenes associated with her happiest days, and that her obsequies gave the occasion for the superb and wonderful display which unnumbered thousands have witnessed, gathered in every origin of vantage on the shore. The Funeral Procession from Cowes to Spithead may well be counted among the greatest scenes of our history, to live in our annals for evermore.

The weather—always so kindly to her Majesty that "Queen's weather" (and a Canadian from far British Columbia told me to-day that it is the same in the Dominion) has become a saying among us—smiled on the august ceremony. The cold, dry conditions of the past few days were maintained, notwithstanding some misgivings caused by a slight shower yesterday afternoon. The sun, however, had gone down like a ball of copper, with good augury. Portsmouth was early astir, and the sharp, crisp, air and bright sunlight forbade the immediate impression of gloom. The sea was a dead calm, only a light air rippling the surface of the water, while slight mist in the forenoon veiled the lines of the Isle of Wight, from which the sad burden was to be borne.

While we await the Funeral Procession it will be right to describe briefly the disposition of the Fleet. The Majestic, flagship of Vice Admiral Sir Harry Rawson, was moored off Spit Fort, at the entrance of Portsmouth Harbour, and from that point to a position near Cowes the ships were extended at intervals of two cables, the last ship in the line being the Alexandra, flagship of Rear Admiral Sir G. Noel, Commanding the Reserve Squadron. Westward from the Majestic the ships were as follows:—Prince George, Mars, Hannibal, Jupiter, Edinburgh, Resolution, Trafalgar, Hood, Hero, Niobe, Minerva, Arrogant, Conqueror, Diana, Polyphemus, Pactolus, Bellona, Galatea, Severn, Melampus, Hawke, Nile, Sans Pareil, Colossus, Collingwood, Benbow, Rodney, Camperdown, and Alexandra—thirty pennants in all, exclusive of the St. George and Juno, which joined the Fleet. At a point midway between the two flagships the line curved slightly to the south, to avoid the Ryde Middle Shoal, and then resumed its original direction. The track of the Funeral Procession was to the south of this line at the distance of a cable and a-half from the ships, and at the same distance on the other hand was the line of foreign ships and British gunboats, these last being nearest to Cowes.

I do not propose to say much about the British ships, because *The Standard* has already described them, and their character is well known. Suffice it, then, to say that the Majestic and her sister battle-ships of the Channel Squadron may be regarded as almost the finest ships afloat, while the Alexandra and her neighbours in the line are older ships, of respectable fighting power, but much less valuable than the others. It was to be expected that foreign Rulers would render national honours to the great Sovereign to whom many of them were akin, and with whose Government friendly relations of interest and goodwill have long been maintained. The German Emperor, Queen Victoria's eldest grandson, has won golden opinions from the English people in this trying time, and his large and growing Navy was represented to-day by a considerable squadron. The members of the Press were fortunate in being accommodated in the fine new steamship of the London and South-Western Railway Company (Alberta); and as we passed between the lines to take up our position off Ryde, between the foreign ships and the British gunboats, we had a splendid view of all the ships. The first in the foreign line, moored opposite to the Majestic, was the old ironclad Baden, which does not adequately represent the Kaiser's new Navy. She displaces 7741 tons, and was built in 1880, but has lately been modernised, and provided with water-tube boilers and some new guns. Like her consorts, she is painted the curious leaden grey which has been adopted in the German Navy, and offers a striking contrast to the brighter colouring of our own ships. Next in the line to the Baden lay the Hagen, a ship possessing the aspect of strength, and interesting because, like all her sisters of the Siegfried class, she was built for coast defence, but has been lengthened, to give her greater coal capacity and range of action, in accordance with the Kaiser's world-policy. Beyond the Hagen lay the new second-class cruiser Victoria Luise, which is credited with a speed of twenty knots, and the gunboat Nymphe. Then came the formidable French armoured cruiser Dupuy de Lôme, with her long ram bow, a ship which has won the admiration of French Naval officers, as embodying a sound combination of offensive and defensive power. She is completely protected by steel, and would be a difficult target. Beyond the Frenchman was the splendid Japanese battle-ship Hatsuse, lately completed at Elswick, being of the Majestic class improved, and almost the last word in warship building. Another Elswick vessel in the foreign line was the fine Portuguese cruiser, Dom Carlos, built on yacht-like lines, and painted a gleaming white. One other foreign warship of note, the Spanish armoured cruiser Emperador Carlos V., which was to have been present, was unfortunately detained by machinery troubles, and was obliged to return to Ferrol.

The Press boat Alberta, after getting into a wrong position through the shifting of a buoy, took her place at the end of the foreign line—the splendid mail steamship Scot, with members of the Houses of Lords and Commons on board, and the Vera, with an official party from Southampton, taking their places between, while the British gunboats continued the Southern line towards Cowes. As the slight mist moved away from the shore the spectacle was magnificent, and will never fade from the memories of those who were privileged to witness it. On either hand lay the sunlit shores of the mainland and the Isle of Wight, flecked by the passing of a few occasional clouds, and, between, the calm waters of the Solent changing to a brilliant blue, while, far as the eye could reach, was the magnificent majesty of the long lines of vessels, filling a picture of deeply impressive character. Immediately opposite to us, in the Northern line, lay the splendid modern cruiser Niobe, with the old and obsolete Hero for her next neighbour, as an object-lesson of the Naval progress of which the Queen's reign was the witness. As the hour approached for the mournful ceremony, many destroyers came down to patrol the space reserved for the Procession, which some adventurous steamers, carrying sightseers, seemed inclined to invade. It was a necessary measure of precaution, and added a touch of life to the picture.

It was precisely at five minutes to three that the first note of warning was given by the Alexandra, lying off Cowes, conveying to the Fleet the intelligence that the solemn function of the funeral march from Osborne was over, and that the Royal yacht Alberta had left the Trinity House Pier. Then it was as if the wailing of the pibrochs was carried to the Fleet, for the minute guns of all the ships took up the mournful tale. The effect was weird, solemn, and mysterious in an inexpressible degree. The dull, muffled sounds were borne across the water in varying cadence of sorrow, the deeper boom of a larger gun sometimes breaking in upon the notes of the smaller pieces that were mostly used. It was impossible, even if it had been desirable, so to arrange that all the ships should sound their notes of sorrow together, and it was remarked that the effect was that of sudden bursts of pain. The spectacle appealed to the eye almost as much as to the ear. It had been prescribed that the mourning salute should be fired from the guns facing the shore, and this was observed both by the foreign ships and our own; and as the clouds of smoke rose and drifted away, they varied in hue from white to blue, purple, and grey, according to the nature of the powder used, and the effect of sun and shadow. The ships were manned, and guards and bands paraded, and in this ceremonial the scarlet uniforms of the Royal Marine Light Infantry imparted a touch of bright colour to the darker hues of the clothing of the blue-jackets and "blue" Marines. The Navy has undoubtedly been shorn of much picturesqueness by the abolition of masts and yards, and many thought how much more striking would have been the manning of the ships in the days of the old Navy, and in the earlier days of Queen Victoria.

Full half an hour elapsed, a period of anxious tension, before—in the part of the line where we lay—the melancholy procession was sighted. The towers of Osborne House were visible on the hill, and we remembered sadly that the mortal remains of the Queen were to be borne across these waters upon which, from the windows of her loved home, she had many a time looked with pleasure, and whereon she had several times witnessed reviews and parades of her Fleet. Meanwhile, the dirge of the guns was awakening the echoes of the well-loved shores, and bringing a response from the hill upon which her Majesty should look no more. Then, from the Niobe, we heard the strains of the Dead March, and from other ships the fainter tones of the sad music were borne.

Now, at last, the time had come when we should witness the passing of our beloved Sovereign. Eager eyes had been turned towards the point where we knew the procession should emerge from behind the gunboats which obstructed our further view. First the long, low, black hulls of the destroyers appeared. It was the Portsmouth instructional flotilla preceding the Alberta, formed in columns of division line ahead, one column being off the starboard bow, and the other off the port bow of the yacht. The boats were the Petrel, Crane, Kestrel, Sylvia, Spiteful, Electra, Fawn, and Vulture, but each was numbered on the bows, in white letters, from 1 to 8. The Alberta followed, flying the Royal Standard at half-mast at the main, and the white ensign in the same way at the stern. The large mortuary pavilion or canopy erected on the quarter-deck of the yacht was plainly discernible from all the ships, as well as the ruby velvet of the high bier on which the coffin was borne, and in a moment the coffin also. It was placed, however, athwartships, so that it was seen with greater difficulty, though the King had given orders that the sides of the pavilion should be looped up, and the fine weather favoured this arrangement. On board, Admiral Sir Michael Culme-Seymour and four Aides de Camp were keeping watch and ward, with Sir John M'Neill, V.C., Lady Lytton, and the Hon. Harriet Phipps. The veiled figures of the ladies all in black were a pathetic note in the picture. As for the officers, they were in full dress uniform, wearing the mourning prescribed.

After the Alberta, bearing its precious burden, came the King's yacht Victoria and Albert, in which his Majesty and Queen Alexandra, with the Kaiser and the Royal and Imperial Suites had embarked. She wore the foul anchor at the fore, the Royal Standard at the main, and the Union Jack at the mizen, the white ensign alone being at half-mast at the stern. The Osborne followed, and was succeeded by the splendid Hohenzollern, the Kaiser's yacht, a magnificent vessel of 4187 tons, which has a speed of 22 knots. She is painted pure white, and her sides gleaming in the sun gave a touch of brilliancy to the picture. She was flying the German Naval flags at half-mast, and aroused great admiration by her beautiful and graceful character. The Admiralty yacht Enchantress came next after the Hohenzollern, having on board Lord Selborne and their Lordships, and the Trinity yacht Irene, flying the Trinity House flag, and the Elfin, closed the line.

No words can describe the feelings of those who witnessed this mournful procession. It is not in the nature of Naval displays, which are witnessed from a distance, to rival the brilliance and movement of Military pageantry, but they convey to the mind an impression of grim power, and a sense of dominion which may be wanting from Military spectacles, and when, as to-day, they are the mark of a nation's and an Empire's sorrow, they have a grandeur which appeals to every mind. Thus, with saddened hearts, did the officers and men of the British Navy, and the unnumbered thousands who had lined the route in vessels, and who were gathered upon the shore, witness the funeral of the Queen. It had been arranged that the minute guns should cease in each ship as the tail of the procession of yachts passed her, and so, with an effect that was curious and weird, the last salute died gradually away. We heard it receding from us as the mourning flotilla passed the ships, both British and foreign, to the East, until at length it was silenced, and the guns of Portsmouth and the shore took up the solemn note as the line of yachts rounded the Spit and passed up the harbour, where the shores were positively alive with spectators.

When all was over the ships closed in towards Portsmouth, and those who had been afloat were enabled to land. The congested state of the streets and railway stations was extraordinary, and the trains were loaded with passengers. Strangers had come from every part of England, and it is long since the hotels of the Naval port have been so heavily besieged.

Something should be said of the officers and men of the foreign ships to whom, as to their Governments, we owe gratitude for their kindly courtesy. I have conversed with those of nearly every nationality represented, and I have found in them the most friendly feelings towards us. I learn that Vice Admiral Bienaimé, Chief of the French General Staff, who is at the head of the Special Mission sent by the French Government to honour the obsequies of the late Queen, will visit Portsmouth Dockyard and the Fleet at Spithead before his return. He proposes to proceed to Brest in the Dupuy de Lôme.

The Standard yesterday gave some account of the Naval progress made in the Queen's reign, and of the intimate relations which her Majesty always maintained in the Service, and of her lively interest in its progress and welfare. I am certainly voicing the feeling of the Navy when I say that the sad ceremony of to-day was no empty pageant or mere official expression of grief. It was united with a regret profound and poignant at the loss of a ruler to whom the minds and hearts of all in the Service had for so many years been turned. To say that the arrangements for the parade were complete in every detail is unnecessary. All the authorities at Portsmouth concerned in the preliminaries have worked hard, and many of them night and day, to make sure that so rare and solemn a ceremony should be flawless. They have succeeded, and thus have rendered their last loyal and earnest service to their beloved Queen Victoria.

THE LORDS AND COMMONS.

(BY A PRIVATE MEMBER.)

ON BOARD R.M.S. DUNVEGAN CASTLE, FRIDAY NIGHT.

The Houses of Parliament, in their corporate capacity, have taken part in many Naval Demonstrations on the Solent. To mention only two, in the Jubilee years of 1887 and 1897 the House of Peers and her Majesty's faithful Commons viewed from the decks of a Union Steamship liner the Fleets of the Empire drawn up to receive. But to-day, for the first time in English history, a Royal funeral procession was formed on the sea, and it was not for a review of our Naval strength, with the happy accompaniments of a pleasant water picnic, that Lords and Commons journeyed to Southampton. A sense of the gravity of the occasion touched us all. Everybody was in deep mourning, and it was a sad and sombre company that came to take part in the first act of the great funeral.

Special trains from Waterloo station brought down a large number of Peers and members of the House of Commons with their friends, including many ladies. Two great liners, the Scot and the Dunvegan Castle, were berthed alongside the Pier, where the trains draw up. Both liners were quickly filled, the Scot moving off slowly first, followed by the Dunvegan Castle, under the command of Captain Rendall. The first view of the Solent, glittering in the bright sunshine, with Netley Hospital on the left, and the shores of the Isle of Wight in the shimmering distance, was as lovely a prospect as could greet the eye, and, as we slowly moved on our course towards Spithead, the common thought on board was that, even in this twelfth hour, we were enjoying "Queen's weather." Furs, which were most welcome in the dull, grey morning when we left Waterloo, were cast aside, and amid the most brilliant sunshine we steamed between the two lines of cruisers and battle-ships.

There was a large company on board the Dunvegan Castle—several Peers and Peeresses, including Lord and Lady Aberdeen, Lord Crewe, Lord Zetland, Lord Stalbridge, and

Lord Galway, and a host of members of the House of Commons, among them Mr. J. G. Talbot, Sir John Brunner, Mr. Amstruther, Lord Alwyne Compton, Mr. Charvington, Sir Frederick Milner, Mr. Keir-Hardie, and men of all Parties, including some Irish Nationalist members. The Dunvegan Castle passed down the line, and we had a view both of our own ships and those of the foreign Powers. The splendid battleship, the Nile, was probably the finest vessel representing our own Navy, and the huge Japanese battle-ship, the Hatsuse, with its three great funnels, was the most powerful of the foreign contingents. The German warships were easily recognised in their slate colour, Prince Henry of Prussia flying his flag on the Barbet.

Everybody noticed the French battle-ship, the Dupuy de Lôme, with its black hulk lying low in the water, a great mass of small turrets on its lower deck, each armed with a long gun, and its very hideous, but uncommonly powerful, ram. A great contrast was the beautiful Princess Alice, the Prince of Monaco's steam yacht. The Portuguese ship, the Don Carlos, looked spick and span, and was as handsome a vessel as any. The Scot took up a position between the Press vessel and the Princess Alice; the Dunvegan Castle was attached to No. 5 Buoy, in the spot allotted to the Spanish warship which failed to arrive in time. A better place to await the sad procession could not have been chosen. We were just off Ryde Pier, between the Princess Alice and the Don Carlos, and facing the Trafalgar, the Hood, and the Resolution. One could see the beach at Portsmouth black with people, the grey Gilkicker Fort in the background.

At three o'clock the first gun was fired from the Fort, as the procession started from Cowes. Thenceforward the firing of the guns from the vessels continued. The sailors and Marines lined the ships, and the sound of a Funeral March played on the Trafalgar reached us from time to time. It was a quarter to four when the procession came in sight, the Alberta, bearing the coffin of her late Majesty, being escorted by torpedo-boats on either side.

It was possible to see the bier under a canopy on the deck of the Alberta, with soldiers standing at the four corners, and a little group of august mourners just behind. The Victoria and Albert, and the German Emperor's yacht the Hohenzollern, followed, then the Admiralty yacht, and the Trinity yacht ended the simple procession. No other funeral for the Queen of a great Sea Power could have been devised, so said the ships of her Navy, which she loved as well, she was borne to the mainland.

ARRIVAL AT PORTSMOUTH.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

PORTSMOUTH, Friday Night.

The long line of beach at Southsea, skirting the approach to Portsmouth Harbour, has, on the holding of Naval Reviews and other noteworthy events in the Solent, been the scene of large assemblages of people. But yesterday the muster was far in excess of any previous occasion. The Dockyard and other Government establishments were closed at noon, and there was a general suspension of business at Portsmouth and Gosport. Before twelve o'clock large numbers of persons, most of whom were mourning, were wending their way to the seafront, to find, to their disappointment, that, though the sun was shining brightly, a dense mantle of haze overspread the Solent, hiding the ships at anchor in the Roadstead almost completely from view. At one time the haze partially disappeared, but only to be again in evidence, and there was reason to fear that little, if anything, would be seen. Before the hour fixed for the departure of the funeral *cortège* from Osborne, however, the haze partially melted away, and the spectators, who after two o'clock were largely reinforced, had an unimpeded view of the Fleet. The Majestic battle-ship, flying the flag of Vice Admiral Sir Harry H. Rawson, Commander-in-Chief of the Channel Squadron, occupied the Westermost position in the line, and, therefore, attracted particular attention. The air was cold, but for all this the vast crowds patiently held their ground, a large proportion of the spectators for long periods.

It was the sound of the distant booming of cannon which indicated that her Majesty's remains were being borne "by the way of the sea" towards their last resting-place. The progress of the funeral procession along the waters of the Solent was necessarily slow; but there was no evidence of restlessness among the bulk of the onlookers, who reached from the vicinity of Southsea Castle right up to the Harbour mouth, while on the inner shores of the Harbour thick human fringes were seen on all the available spaces. The Mayor (Mr. Alderman A. L. Emanuel) and the Mayoress, with the members of the Corporation and friends, were accommodated on the Spur Redoubt, not far from the narrow entrance to the Harbour.

When the Solent Fleet had completed its strikingly solemn and impressive tributes, and the Royal flotilla rounded the Spit, the port and garrison began to be in evidence. The torpedo craft steamed along the carefully buoyed channel leading into the Harbour, followed, at short intervals, by the Alberta, the Victoria and Albert, the Osborne, and the Hohenzollern, with the Enchantress (Admiralty yacht) and the Irene (Trinity yacht) bringing up the rear. During the passage from Spithead into the Harbour the Royal vessels were within a short distance of the shore, and the catafalque on the Alberta, containing the body of the late Queen, was an object of intense interest. As the flotilla moved along the shore at Southsea, salute guns were fired from the garrison battery and the saluting ships in the harbour, while a muffled peal was rung at the ancient parish church of Portsmouth, and the deep, sonorous tones of the big bell of the Town Hall fittingly typified the sorrows of the civil community.

Inside the Harbour the St. Vincent, training ship for boys, and the Victory, flagship of Admiral Sir Charles Hotham, Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth (notable examples of the fast-disappearing "wooden walls of old England"), had ensigns and Jacks at half-mast, as had also the St. George, first-class cruiser, carrying the broad pennant of Commodore Winslow, in command of the training squadron and other ships in the vicinity. The crews "manned ships," and as the Alberta passed the Victory a Royal Marine guard presented arms, and the band of the Commander-in-Chief, which was stationed on the Victory's poop, played a funeral march. The Royal Clarence Victualling Yard was manned by Marines from the depôt and Blue-jackets from the Excellent, gunnery ship, while on a little island, at the entrance to the Clarence-yard Creek, along which the Alberta had to pass to the Royal landing-place, men from the Excellent and boys from the St. Vincent were posted. The firing of the minute guns did not terminate until twenty minutes to five, when the Alberta was taken alongside the Royal pier at Clarence-yard. The Victoria and Albert and the Osborne were placed at moorings in the Harbour, and the Hohenzollern was berthed at the Southern Jetty of the Dockyard.

VICTORIA TO PADDINGTON.

SCENES ON THE ROUTE.

During the whole of yesterday business was practically suspended along the entire length of the route to be followed by to-day's mournful pageant, and the windows of the shops were, for the most part, cleared for the erection of seats. Everywhere there were crowds of people, dressed almost without exception, in the deepest mourning, watching the armies of workmen completing stands and putting finishing touches to drapings. The cleaning of Victoria Station and the erection of the pavilion, which has previously been demolished, were finished, and everything put in readiness for this morning's ceremony. A stand has been placed on the roof of the District Railway Station, which commands a view of the procession mustering in the Station-yard, and also of the start.

In Buckingham Palace-road the draperies of purple or black relieved with white are numerous. A large stand has been erected near the lodge of Buckingham Palace Mews, and there is another stand for the accommodation of officers of the Guards Brigade at the junction of Birdcage Walk with Buckingham Gate. The huge structures in the Mall for members of the Houses of Parliament, are handsomely covered with purple, while similarly draped platforms have been erected near the Stable-yard Gate of St. James's Palace for members of the Household, and on the high outer wall of Marlborough House for members of the King's Household.

The lavish draping of the clubs, hotels, and business houses in St. James's-street and Piccadilly gives those two usually bright thoroughfares a peculiarly sombre and mournful appearance. Nearly every building has its hangings of purple-hued cloth or velvet, sometimes relieved with white or silver, and in one case with circlets of palm leaves. There are stands over the Lodge at Devonshire House and adjoining the Bath Hotel opposite, and also in front of the Naval and Military, the Junior Athenæum, and other Clubs. Many of the balconies of the houses in Park-lane—from which, unbroken by the leafless trees, a view of the procession as it passes through the Park will be obtained—have been draped.

Edgware-road has a profuse display of mourning draperies, and in Grand Junction-road, the funeral *cortège* will pass through a lane of sombre coloured stands which have been erected in the gardens in front of Oxford and Cambridge Terraces. In London-street there is scarcely a house without its sign of mourning. The large stand erected by the Great Western Railway Company facing the incline leading down to the arrival platform is draped in red, white, and purple, which are also the colours used inside Paddington Station both on walls and stands. Throughout the whole course of the route, the lamp pillars on both sides of the road have been hung with wreaths of evergreen, generally laurel, sometimes relieved with various white flowers, and having streamers of crimson, purple, or white satin pendant from them.

The many hoardings erected along the line, either as protection to shop windows or forming the fronts of various stands, are sometimes draped with purple, but are more generally painted, owing to the lack of material of that colour. There are only two inscriptions apparent along the route, that in London-street reading, "Gone, but Never Forgotten," and one in Grand Junction-road, the simple word "Pax" being formed of white letters on a purple ground. Yesterday afternoon, several hundred chairs were hoisted up to the top of the Marble arch.

WINDSOR PREPARATIONS.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

WINDSOR, Friday Night.

More and more sombre becomes the aspect of the Royal borough. The streets have been very crowded all day. Visitors and inhabitants alike are in the deepest mourning. The day has been bright, with constant sunshine; but hard frost has set in to-night, and the weather is appreciably colder. The prospects are that to-morrow will be fine, but very cold. From all sides echoes the noise of hammers putting the last touches on stands and balconies along the route. These are all draped in purple and black.

The great centre of interest has been St. George's Chapel, from which the public are now excluded. It is ready for the ceremony of to-morrow, and less harm has been done to its beautiful lines than might be imagined. The tiers of seats are covered, and rise on each side of the nave to the roof almost, but no alteration has been allowed in the choir and chancel, where the coffin will rest during the service. This interior of beauty, with its delicate tracery over the stalls of the Knights of the Garter, remains without change or adornment. The banners of the Knights of the Order hang in their places, but two now belong to the dead. They are those of Prince Albert and of the Queen. The Dean's cloisters have become a mass of flowers.

Thousands of wreaths have arrived to-day, and it has been impossible to admit the public to view them, owing to the tremendous work involved in arranging them. The entrance to the cloisters have had all day long a throng of vehicles, laden with boxes awaiting to be unloaded, entered on the official record, and placed in position. There have been some of remarkable size, and all are of great beauty. One has come through the American Embassy from Mrs. Garfield, widow of the murdered President. This is a very simple, touching token of regard from one to whom the Queen extended her deepest sympathy in her terrible loss. Another worthy of mention is that sent on behalf of the President of the United States—a magnificent mark of esteem, which arrived this afternoon. Very striking is the floral expression of affection sent by the Savage Club, which attracted much attention as it was carried through the streets. It is the White Ensign in flowers.

The route of the procession has now been made ready, but workmen will be engaged in the morning re-gravelling the roadways. The spectacle presented here will be one of stately simplicity. The Queen will be brought back to the home she loved in the fashion she would have best liked. Her friends and neighbours will see her coffin as it slowly wends through familiar streets, and those who mourn her most will not follow the gun-carriage on which the remains will be borne with the pomp which is to mark the London ceremony, but on foot. The gun-carriage was sent over the route this morning. The wheels are rubber-tyred, and it passed very silently and with no oscillation. There is nothing new to be said about the arrangements, which remain now as announced in to-day's *Standard*. There promises to be a very great gathering of the public here to-morrow, but the preparations of both the military and the police authorities are of a most simple character.

The Royal waiting-room at the Windsor Station of the Great Western Railway, where the special train conveying the King and other Royal mourners will arrive to-morrow, is being adorned with handsome Australian draceenas, palms, ecoos, and other foliage plants, and the choicest exotics. Groups of flowers will also be arranged about the iron columns on the arrival platform, between two of which, in the vicinity of the private waiting-room, the Royal coffin will be carried from the saloon of the special train to the gun carriage on which it is to be borne through Windsor and the Castle to St. George's Chapel.

The Royal apartments, including the large dining-room where luncheon will be laid for the Royal Family, and St. George's Hall, are also being finally adorned. Flowers will also be arranged in the Albert Chapel, where the remains of the Queen are to repose till their removal to the Frogmore Mausoleum, which is now ready for their reception.

Prince Edward of York and Princess Elizabeth of Hesse arrived at Windsor Castle this afternoon.

LATER.

I have already alluded to the wreaths which have arrived here, but I scarcely realised their extent till this evening, when I went round the various places in which they have been arranged. It is impossible to describe these masses of floral tributes. The very air is overladen with their scent, and one faints in the presence of princely blooms which ought only to be seen at Midsummer. Yesterday they overflowed from the Dean's Cloisters; to-day they overflowed from St. George's Chapel, and in the Albert Memorial Chapel they are massed to a degree incredible—beautiful beyond words, touching in a sense which is painful almost to tears.

The Daily News.
February 2nd, 1901.

THE SOLEMN JOURNEY FROM OSBORNE.

LEAVING THE PALACE.

A WONDERFUL PROCESSION.

PEACEFUL AND IMPRESSIVE SPECTACLE.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

EAST COWES, Friday Night.

Amid the noise of the mourning of a mighty nation, and surrounded by the signs of might, majesty, dominion, and power, the Queen-Empress has to-day begun the slow and solemn journey which is to end in the tomb at Frogmore. As it is continue to her after death the favour which the skies showed her during life the weather has been glorious, strangely contrasting with the sorrow of her family and her subjects.

The funeral *cortège* left Osborne House at twenty-five minutes to two, but long before that time East Cowes and the road leading to the Palace gates were astir with preparations. The 3,500 troops to line the route began arriving between eight and nine o'clock, and were not long in taking up their positions; a sombre line on each side of the road from Trinity Pier to the Royal entrance of Osborne Park. Every man bore his overcoat, concealing his more brilliant garments, but white shoulder straps and belts, metal on helmets, rifles lying on the ground, rations and water bottles to which soldiers and volunteers turned about midday, gave the display a touch of the picturesque.

Except in the streets of East Cowes it was a fine broad avenue that the troops kept clear; one, moreover, perfectly dry for the feet of the Royal ladies who were to follow the coffin on foot like the humblest in the land. On the footpaths behind the soldiers and on stands in the gardens bordering the lower part of York-avenue, were masses of spectators in mourning garments. If the gathering had taken place in London it would not have been considered great, but for the Isle of Wight it was enormous. Thirty or forty thousand onlookers assembled, some having come from the mainland, while others had walked many miles from the interior of the island.

IN THE GROUNDS AT OSBORNE.

With the representatives of other leading newspapers I was privileged to watch the formations of the procession from a corner of the lawn opposite the Queen's porch, a spot awakening deep emotion, for there in summer during many years the beloved Sovereign had breakfasted with her family under a pretty tent. Throughout the day the place is bathed in sunlight when the skies smile, but trees, mostly evergreens, are near in large numbers forming a wood on the side nearest to the public road and Cowes. Beauty and privacy, beloved of Queen Victoria, are both secured by this arrangement. On the opposite side the light-coloured cornices and Italian architecture of the house across the wide smooth grazed lawn heightened to the scene, while towards the northwest, where lies Portsmouth, the eye may wander over a great open space of finely cut grass with the Terrace visible past the corner of the building, and a little beyond a colossal vase of Aberdeen granite. From that direction the Queen's love of privacy in domestic life feared nothing, for her estate sweeps down to the sea.

When I reached the favourite lawn there was little sign of the great ceremony I had come to see. Two or three policemen, a few journalists, and a couple of cameras with their operators on a platform opposite the Queen's porch were all that was visible inside the house and the trees. Solemn stillness filled the air. The Royal Standard, half-mast high on the tower, hardly stirred. The very birds, as if joining in the nation's sorrow, had ceased to sing, while the dazzling sunlight, regardless of grief, stole round the quadrangle till it all but touched the Queen's porch when the august body was borne through it for the last time.

But this scene of peace was soon disturbed. First Sir James Reid, whose name as one of the three doctors that tended the late Sovereign in her fatal illness is so familiar, appeared in gold embroidered levee dress with Lady Reid. Then a group of the few civilians permitted to enter the park passed on their way to a position down the Drive. A Highlander walked sedately to and fro in the Quadrangle, and a dozen petty officers from the yacht Alberta, wearing straw hats and their smartest blue suits, marched up in the Queen's porch and ranged themselves alongside. Their appearance was mysterious. The official programme had not mentioned them. They were, however, to be the real bearers of the coffin from the Chapelle Ardente to the gun carriage which would bear it to Trinity Pier. It had been announced that this sad duty would fall to the late Queen's Highlanders, but as they number only seven, exclusive of two pipers, it was decided, on second thoughts, that a burden of fifteen hundredweights would be too much for them. Their real duty, therefore, was to act as bearers only in form.

FORMING THE PROCESSION.

In the meantime there were two arrivals which told of Queen Victoria's love for the suffering and the lowly. A group of fifteen convalescent soldiers from the East Cowes Home, in which she took so much interest, assembled on the lawn near the journalists, and remained there some time till conducted to their proper places near the outer gate. The children of the Whippingham School, too, were admitted to the park, but they did not appear in front of the house. Presently a group of Osborne tenants and Royal servants passed by, their places being at the rear of the procession. A trampling of horses' feet and the sound of wheels crushing the gravel caused us all to turn our eyes towards the walk leading to the Prince of Wales's Gate, where guides and journalists kept vigil night and day while the life which meant so much to the world hovered before the gates of death. The approaching noise was that of the platform-covered gun-carriage to be used as the hearse according to the custom of the military. It was drawn by six bay horses, and preceded by two more, the gold-braided tunics of the riders flashing in the sun, for the soldiers in the procession, unlike those lining the public road, were no overcoats. Wheeling into the quadrangle, they skilfully passed through the glass-panelled porch till horses and riders were outside, while the gun-carriage remained within, waiting for the august dead. After a pause the rhythmic sound of marching infantry was heard, and the massed bands of the Marines at Gosport and the Marine Artillery at Eastney Barracks took their places at the nearest end of the drive, for only the Highlanders were to intervene between them and the coffin. Then the Staff of the Southern Military District, a brilliant band with showy plumes and with their General and the Naval Commander-in-Chief among them, walked slowly to the place of the bands. Three mounted grooms in the scarlet livery of the late Sovereign's Household lent fitful animation to the scene, their horses being restive. Followed by a detachment of Hampshire Carabineers, they disappeared in the shadows of the drive, for they were to lead the cortège. After such arrival the solemn peace of the scene resumed itself, for if anybody spoke it was in whispers.

At a quarter-past one the Queen's Company of the 1st Grenadiers marched into the Quadrangle to form first the guard of honour and then the escort to the coffin of their Royal mistress. With faces towards the house, they stretched across the open space in two rows, rested on their reversed rifles, and stood with bowed heads like painted statues, the words of command given in the meantime ringing through the air with startling sharpness. Between the building and the lawn where I was stationed there was a clear space in which the Royal mourners and their honoured dead were to come. Close by stood a group of officers in varied uniforms, with the several Royal households next behind.

BRINGING FORTH THE COFFIN.

Every morning since the Queen-Empress passed away, her kindred have joined in Divine service over her. They did so this morning for the last time in Osborne House, and just before the moment came for bearing their dead away they assembled round her again to offer prayers, led by the Bishop of Winchester, who had ministered a few hours earlier.

And now the time arrived to begin the mournful journey. It was half-past one when the silent onlookers saw through the glass of the porch the gleam of a polished oak coffin, as it was placed on the gun carriage. All heads were uncovered, and presently the glitter of jewels and of white silk was indistinctly seen, hovering apparently in the door, and finally settling on to the solemn conquet. At the same time Monarchs and Princes in splendid uniforms, Military and Naval, gathered round the entrance. The seamen from the Royal yacht marched away, having performed a task of which they will talk all their lives. The Highlanders, headed by the two pipers, placed themselves in front of the horses harnessed to the gun carriage. Once more the walls of the Palace echoed with the loud, sharp tones of command, and the stalwart Grenadiers, having

saluted the mighty dead, slowly made a semi-circle and came behind. The massed bands opened out so that the coffin and the chief mourners could come between their two lines, and finally reversed arms again. It was a most impressive spectacle, of which no words, whether technical or otherwise, can convey the solemnity. As they waited with bowed heads, it was whispered that the Standard they bore was given them by the late Queen herself fifty years ago.

Now the central group began to leave the porch. As it came into the sunlight, the spectators held their breaths, not only from reverence, but at the marvellous splendour of the burden on the gun carriage. The white pall shone in the sunlight like a magic cloth, its corners emblazoned with the arms of England. A great golden cross in the centre of the masterpiece was partly hidden by the silken folds of the Royal Standard. Three crimson velvet cushions on the coffin bore objects of which all men have heard, but few have seen. At the head was the State Crown, or, as people learned in such matters call it, the High Heraldic Crown of England, its gold and jewels shooting forth dazzling rays. At the foot were the Orb and the Sceptre.

THE CHIEF MOURNERS.

The illustrious mourners, including even the ladies, walked close behind the coffin, presenting, perhaps, the most remarkable sight that the world has ever seen. First came the Germans, headed by the King, the German Emperor, and the Duke of Connaught, the two Monarchs wearing the dress of British Admirals, with the Ribbon of the Garter across their breasts. All their companions were clothed in uniforms, among which the light blue garb of the German Crown Prince struck a distinct note. He and Prince Arthur of Connaught and the Duke of Coburg were looked on with melancholy interest as three mourners in the spring of life following the most venerable lady in the world to her last home. Prince Christian, Prince Henry of Prussia, Prince Charles of Denmark, and Prince Louis of Battenberg were the other members of this illustrious body. They were followed by the Royal ladies, whose deep mourning strongly contrasted with the gold and colours of the gentlemen's uniforms. So thick were the long crape veils worn by the ladies that it was impossible to recognise them, but, according to the programme, Queen Alexandra, with the Princess Christian and Princess Louise, walked at their head. Princess Beatrice, the Duchess of Connaught, and the Duchess of Albany came next, the last trio being Princess Victoria, Princess Charles of Denmark, and the Duchess of Cornwall.

THE WAIL OF THE PIBROCH.

As soon as the Royal and Imperial mourners reached the head of the Avenue, those who were to close the procession followed them, and the march began so slowly that although the distance to the place of embarkation is only one mile, nearly an hour was spent in reaching it. No more beautiful or appropriate scene than the Drive could be found for such a cortège as that which passed along it this afternoon. Thickly lined with evergreen trees, through the stems of which beautiful glimpses of sunlit lawns can be caught, the Avenue itself is a place of shade and solemnity and seclusion in which the wail of the pibroch sounded with thrilling effect while the procession moved between the trees. Beginning with "The Lament of the Black Watch," the pipers changed their music to the ever-touching "Flowers of the Forest."

At the Royal entrance to the Park the pipers ceased, and the massed bands began playing Chopin's Marche Funèbre and Beethoven's Funeral March, giving such twice, so that the music should last till Trinity Pier was reached, when the beat of muffled drums was alone heard.

THE EMBARKATION.

The pier and its courtyard were very quiet before the arrival of the august dead. Journalists admitted by ticket were the chief occupants, and they had plenty of time to see the canopy under which the coffin was to lie on the voyage to Gosport. The King himself had given instructions for the design of the canopy. He wished it to be as simple as the majesty of his dead mother would permit, but crimson velvet roof and hangings, with linings of white silk, cannot be other than splendid. When the coffin had arrived in the courtyard of the pier the late Queen's equerries and naval aide-de-camp showed that the resplendent pall had a rigid frame underneath, for they lifted it, and the Crown, Sceptre, and Orb altogether, carried them on board the Alberta, and replaced them on the cushions without having disturbed their relative positions. The only flowers put on board were from the Navy and its establishments. The Channel Squadron, and the commands at Portsmouth, Devonport, Pembroke, Chatham, and the Nore had vast anchors of white flowers twined with ropes of violets. All have the same inscription—namely, "A slight token of loving devotion to the late Queen."

THE KING OF THE BELGIANS.

In the half-hour following the arrival of the procession the Royal and Imperial mourners crossed the deck of the Alberta, and, descending into the steam launches on the further side, went to the yachts Victoria and Albert, Osborne, and Hohenzollern, lying in the mouth of the Medina, prepared to follow the Alberta when she passed into the Solent. The King of the Belgians was one who departed in this way. His appearance caused some surprise, for it had not been mentioned or likely to be present, nor was it generally known that he had come to Osborne. He had, however, followed the cortège from the house in a closed carriage. At exactly three o'clock, the appointed time, the Alberta quitted the pier and slowly steamed down the river and disappeared round the eastward curve, the boom of guns growing more and more distant as she made her way through the assembled fleets.

THE NAVAL PAGEANT.

A SAD AND NOBLE SPECTACLE.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

PORTSMOUTH, Friday Evening.

The Press boat left Portsmouth at half-past eleven. We glided into a haze, wherein the great battleships figured as dim grey forms, but that the weather would be fine there was no cause to question. Floating beams in the harbour had been white with frost, the air was calm and keen, and already had the sun shone brightly many times. Rounding the extremity of the northern line of ships we passed down the corridor. Thus, to begin with, we had the well-named Majestic on our right, and the Baden on our left. The men on the German cruisers were massed on deck, and their bugles sounded directions that were beyond our power to interpret. Grim was the aspect of the Frenchman, a contrast, indeed, to the vessels of Japan and Portugal. After all, the Spaniard was missing, and close to her appointed berth lay a beautiful white vessel, the Prince of Monaco's yacht, but, though all on board the Press boat were keen to see the foreign ships, attention was compelled in a greater measure by the impressive line of British vessels on the other side: Majestic, Prince George, Mars, Hannibal, Jupiter, Edinburgh, Resolution Trafalgar, Hood, and Hero. There they lay still and solemn.

We took anchor in the southern line vis-à-vis to the Niobe, yet not for many minutes did our paddles rest. It seemed that a drifted buoy had misled our skipper, as we learnt when a little boat came hurrying across from the four-funnelled monster, with instructions for us to berth rather more to the westward, a manœuvre that took but two minutes to accomplish.

Now the haze was gone, and we had brilliant weather. There were delicate tints in sea and sky, and north, south, east, and west the prospect was full of beauty. Ahead was a vista of British ships of war, a mighty chain tapering to Cowes, where could be seen the towers of Osborne House. Astern a jumbled line of vessels in various forms extended to Portsmouth Harbour. To the right was the long, low stretch of mainland where the great fort of Gilkicker figured conspicuously, while black masses of people could be seen along the shore. To the left lay the town of Ryde enveloped in the white smoke of many chimneys. Besides the Fleet there were not many vessels in the Solent. A dozen or so excursion steamers, black with passengers, could be seen cruising outside the lines. Here and there a fishing smack, sailing wide of the battleships, made a pretty splash of colour on the wide extent of waters. But of moving craft, the most conspicuous were the gunboats, speeding to and fro, intent on seeing that no vessel crossed the lines. Not long after we had dropped anchor for the second time, the Scot, with members of Parliament on board, took up her berth a few cables astern of us. Soon, too, came the Vera, a sister vessel to our own, on whose decks civic dignitaries were assembled. On a liner that was partly hidden from our view it was understood were members of the House of Lords.

THE MINUTE GUNS.

Shortly before three the bugle sounded on board the Niobe, and we saw her bluejackets and redcoats line up upon her decks. The next minute the occasion of the demonstration was revealed, for an inky black German torpedo-boat sped by at eighteen knots, conveying Prince Henry of Prussia to his flagship. A moment later, between the outer line and the mainland, a dapper little yacht raced by with Admiral Hotham aboard.

And now was drawing near the time of greatest interest. The British torpedo-boat Star had just shot by to have a final assurance that the course was clear, when there came the sound for which all were listening. A gun was fired. Then boom! crash! boom! other guns sounded, and from each of the forty-eight ships came a small viriol flash in a great outrush of grey smoke. There was a succession of reports from Cowes to Portsmouth, those that were near breaking sharply on the ear, the others being muffled according to their several degrees of distance.

The ships were firing with a surprising degree of time precision, so that in a few seconds the Solent was again silent. Now our view ahead and astern was obscured by the clouds of grey smoke.

At the end of a minute the booming and the flashing recommenced, and just as the earlier clouds of smoke were melting away, other swift puffs came to take their place. This firing of the minute guns was deeply impressive. For an hour we all stood listening to the sound—listening and waiting and watching the west. Still the sun was brightly shining, and exquisite tints in the sky were melting one into another. A bell presently upon our crowded decks, whose a distant bank of smoke yielded before a breath of wind, and the scarlet torpedo-boat destroyers were seen approaching. They came creeping towards us as in two little columns of four.

A SCENE OF INFINITE PATHOS.

The minute guns boomed again and again as the dark low craft grew larger to our view. At length they came abreast of us, and then arrived a moment of deep emotion. Far behind the destroyers, and far before the larger vessel discernible in her wake, came the pretty little Alberta, moving slowly. That simple sight was charged with an infinite pathos. Bareheaded we looked without speaking at the canopy on her deck, which sheltered the body of our beloved Queen. On and on the Alberta crept, and all hearts were full of the awe that death inspires. Then came the Victoria and Albert, with the King and the Queen, the German Emperor, and other members of the Royal Family on board. Next the sister vessel Osborne, with the Duchess of Albany, Prince Charles of Denmark, and Prince Louis of Battenberg. Then the great white Hohenzollern passed, followed by the Enchantress and the Trinity yacht.

When the end of the procession had gone by, and ships to the west had ceased to fire, our captain slowly followed in the direction of Portsmouth. The sun was setting in a wealth of golden light, and away in the east we still could see the Alberta gliding pathetically into the grey distance; and high overhead, above a bank of purple clouds, the moon figured faintly as a silver disc, as once more we steamed round the Majestic. Crossing the end of the long sea lane, we had our last view of the sad procession of yachts. It was but a partial view. The Alberta was hidden from our sight, but we could plainly discern the Victoria and Albert, which was rendered conspicuous by her flags. She had a Union Jack at her mizzen, a Royal standard on the main, and the Admiralty flag on her fore mast. The little yacht that bore the coffin only had the white ensign at half-mast. When the ships in the Solent ceased firing minute-guns, the vessels in the harbour and the forts continued their impressive demonstration.

AN IMPRESSIVE INCIDENT.

The arrival of the procession was witnessed by the thousands of spectators who lined South Sea Beach and all points of observation at Gosport and Portsea. When the last of the guns had been fired the church bells of Portsmouth broke forth in solemn peals. They still are ringing, and this is one of the impressive incidents in a day full of solemnity. Listening to the sad music of the bells, I am reminded of the faint, impressive strains which amid the boom of cannon were wafted across to us this afternoon from the Niobe. As the procession passed down the ten miles of ships, the band of each, posted amid the motionless ranks of the bare-headed bluejackets, alternated the Funeral March of Chopin with that of Beethoven.

The Alberta has gone to her appointed berth alongside Clarence Yard. The Victoria and Albert is beside Trafalgar buoy, the Hohenzollern is against the South Railway Jetty, and the other yachts are moored at contiguous points in the harbour. At Clarence Yard, where the Alberta arrived, stood the Vicars of Portsmouth, Portsea, and St. Jude's, Southsea. I am told that the destroyers, steaming at rather less than six knots, proved somewhat difficult to handle amid the currents. These destroyers were the Petrel, Crane, Kestrel, Sylvia, Spiteful, Electra, Fawn, and Vulture. During the night the quarterdeck of the Alberta will be lighted by electricity, and among those on duty will be Admiral Sir M. Culme-Seymour, Captain E. S. Poe, Captain W. H. May, Captain the Hon. H. Lambton, and Colonel Campbell. The train which is to take Queen Victoria's body to London to-morrow is waiting at Gosport. Inside the Great Western Company's Royal saloon, situated in the centre of the train, is a compartment specially arranged to receive the coffin.

THE SEA GREETS THE QUEEN.

VICTORIA'S LAST VOYAGE.

[BY A. G. HALES.]

There was no sound of martial music on the air, nothing was heard but the lapping of the waves kissing the iron-clad cheeks of England's watch-dogs of the sea. The waters seemed to weep, so gently did they come and go, as if they knew that she, whose hand had ruled the world from their broad breadth, had come to them for peace and rest. Above the waters the winter's sun shone down through countless curtains of snow-crowned clouds, like some young bride smiling behind her veil, seeking to hide her blushes, yet not unconscious of her heaven-born gift of beauty. Peace seemed to smile upon the lips of heaven, whilst on the waters, like a brooding swan, sorrow and pride met and commingled. Between the heavens and the sea my roving eye caught the outward and visible signs of England's greatness, and the glory of the Queen. Mile after mile great ships of war lay ready to pay her homage. From Cowes to Portsmouth every wandering wave touched the stout bulwarks of the dead Queen's might.

There was no idle show, no fancy drapery, no poetry in colours, all was majestic, grand, and great, as if the nation laid its bleeding heart upon the waters to welcome her on her last voyage. Far as the roving eye might reach, the ships of war lay in the lap of waters, seeming for that brief time like power petrified by grief. A nation's might lay there, yet no flaunting rag seduced the eye from grimmer things, no throbbing drum woke the sleeping pulse, no bugle stirred the blood. Like swan birds with pinions furled the great ships lay, dead to everything on earth but grief and duty. I looked along the line and saw the German ships of war riding at anchor with our own, rising and falling to the whisper of the waters like sisters linked arm in arm around a mother's grave. Our ships were grim and great, but those which bore the Imperial badge of German power lacked nothing that our ships possessed. I looked for Russia's flag, and looked in vain; no Russian flag marked the last pathway on the seas which our great Queen should take. I saw the flag of France, and saw how every mark of courtesy was shown to our sweet Queen by those who manned the Frenchman's decks. I saw the flag of Spain drooping in honour to our Sovereign Lady, and then I looked afield for the flag that of all flags I thought to see hard up against our own, the star-spangled banner of America, and saw that it was not. How memory so soon outrun her race that they who live beneath that flag can now forget the debts they owe to us. We stood between them and a frowning world but yesterday.

I saw the flag of our friend, Japan, flying in English waters, but failed to catch the ensign of Italy. And yet methinks that in the pure Italy has owed no more than a passing smile of common courtesy. No Dutch flags floated on the breeze, but we who come of hardy stock can well forgive a passing slight to us, though it may seem ill bred to slight a Queen whose prayers were peace, and whose waking thought was good will to all. Peace sat sad-eyed and calm, nothing broke the stillness but the whispering of the waters. We waited for the coming of the Queen, whose very solace bore a greater weight than the hands of living men.

The silence broke—a gun roared forth its deep-toned tribute to our island Queen, and then the sleeping giants all along the Solent took up the note like a lion in pain, ship spoke to ship with quick, deep, heart-stirring notes, until the very air was tremulous with sound, gun roared to gun, and all the wealth of waters quivered as if a giant's roar was lying in its lap. We knew that she was coming then, coming in all the sweet simplicity that had marked her path through life. The nation stood to arms to do her reverence, but she came down that lordly line of mighty ships of war as she had come in life, humbly, yet queenly, the Monarch and the Mother of the nation. The tiny yacht that bore her was the weakest thing upon those waters, for she had known whilst living that her Empire was her people's hearts, and in death they bore her in the tiny craft that had been her joy whilst living. Again the guns pealed out, roar answered roar, until the listening ear sickened for silence, and I, who only a few short months ago, had heard her guns speaking to foes on land, in far-off Africa, knew that the deep-toned baying of those deep-sea dogs was no more idle sound. They seemed to me to ask for peace, peace with honour for the nation she had loved—not peace lily-lipped, but that sweet peace which comes fragrant with lessons from the past and hope for the future. I saw her pass when all the nations might lay ready to do her homage, and I knew that deep down in the nation's heart the loving homage that they paid to her was but the tribute to the genius of noble womanhood which is, and has been, England's greatest star in time of trouble.

YESTERDAY IN THE SOLENT.

The great assemblage of vessels between the Spit Fort at Spithead and the mouth of the Medina stretched yesterday as far as eye could reach, and further. Until yesterday the eastern end of the line, off the black and white chequered circular fort at Spithead, was incomplete, and those that had arrived had not come into proper alignment. Thus the passengers aboard the little steamers plying between Portsmouth and Ryde were taken past the miscellaneous group of ships occupying the place where the Majestic, Prince George, Mars, Hannibal, and others named on the Admiralty chart were to assemble, and where the foreign vessels had already begun to rendezvous. There lay the Portuguese Dom Carlos, the French Dupuy de Lome, and the German contingent. Passing these on the left, the passenger steamers crossed the double line of ships forming the guard of honour. The sight is strong and looking down that long array was a magnificent spectacle. Passing right through the inchoate column, the course lay close to H.M. battleship Trafalgar, behind whose turrets the great mass of the Hood stood revealed, her spars and masts rising high above the water. Next came the Hero, a battleship built in 1888, and now relegated to the third class, and making rather a poor appearance compared with the great four-funnelled Niobe fast cruiser, with her length of 435 feet. Past the Niobe the line failed into the haze of a long perspective. In the illustration the battleships, beginning with the Trafalgar, are seen in the order named, the smaller vessels forming the other rank being the Speedwell, Circe, Alarm, Rattlesnake, Leda, and other torpedo gunboats. Away in the distance, under the golden radiance of a winter's afternoon, are seen the wooded cliffs and headlands of the Isle of Wight, Osborne's towers showing up against the sky-line.

SORROW AT PORTSMOUTH.

(FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT.)

PORTSMOUTH, Friday.

If the spectacle afloat was in its majesty and solemnity without a parallel at a port accustomed to naval displays of magnitude and splendour, the scene ashore was striking in the extreme. From midday the dockyard, that busy hive in which thousands of men are engaged in the many branches and departments of shipbuilding, was closed. The Mayor had expressed his desire that for at least some hours during the afternoon business in the town might be, as far as possible, suspended, and there was a very general response to the chief magistrate's appeal; many of the shops in the principal thoroughfares being closed; while at private residences blinds were drawn. Portsmouth, reinforced by a great influx of people from various quarters, seemed to turn out almost in a body to the seashore. The entire line from eastward of Southsea Castle to the entrance to the dockyard, beach, walls, piers, and forts, was covered by a dense mass of spectators, many of whom were there for hours. The Gosport shores were also black with people. It is difficult to gauge multitudes of such dimensions, but the crowds of to-day appeared equal to those of the Jubilee reviews. It is not to be supposed that in so miscellaneous an assembly there was no colour, but the proportion of the people in mourning attire, more or less deep, was very large.

Between the services and the municipality there have long been the most cordial relations, and the military authorities courteously placed the Spur Redoubt at the service of the Mayor and Corporation for witnessing the pageant; the wives and families of soldiers and sailors were admitted to the King's Bastion, and Admiralty and other officials were accommodated in the Dockyard between the north and south railway jetties. In the Dockyard were over a thousand seamen and stokers from the naval depot, while the men from the gunnery establishment on Whale Island, and the boys from the training ship St. Vincent massed Burrow Island, at the entrance to the Clarence Yard Creek. As the mournful procession of yachts approached Portsmouth Harbour, the tap bell of the Town Hall commenced to toll, and this continued for two hours.

The Mayor (Alderman A. L. Emanuel) and the Town Clerk (Mr. A. Hellard) have been commanded by the King to be at the Clarence Victualling Yard, Gosport, during the removal of the remains of the late Queen, and several

of the local clergy, the Rev. C. G. Lang, Vicar of Portsea; the Rev. C. Darnell, Vicar of Portsmouth; and the Rev. Canon Blake, Vicar of St. Jude's, have been desired by the Bishop of Winchester to be present. At arrival of the churches in Portsmouth to-morrow memorial services will be held.

MISHAP IN THE SOLENT.

The naval demonstration in the Solent did not pass off without mishap. An alarming but fortunately not very serious collision occurred about half-past two between the Princess May passenger steamer, belonging to the Brighton, Worthing, and South Coast Steamboat Company, with Captain Trammer as skipper, and the torpedo boat Daring. The Princess May left Clarence Pier, Portsmouth, at two o'clock for a trip along the line of battleships, with a full complement of passengers. When the Princess May was steaming slowly past the Resolution, the Daring came towards her suddenly and rather swiftly. The engines of the Princess May were immediately reversed, but a collision was inevitable. The impact was very severe, and many of the passengers on the Princess May were thrown down, though, so far as can be ascertained, none were injured. It was found that the Princess May had struck the Daring on the starboard side, and the indentation in her plates was clearly observed. The boats of the Resolution were lowered in a remarkably short time, and made for the Princess May, but fortunately there was little damage, and she was able to proceed on her way. The passengers were naturally much alarmed, but there was nothing approaching a panic.

The remains of her Majesty rested, during the transit of the Alberta across the Solent, in a deck pavilion specially constructed for the purpose by the Portsmouth dockyard authorities, and decorated by Messrs. S. J. Waring and Sons. Inside the pavilion a framework served to carry a lining of red cloth hangings of uniform severity of form. From the ridge hung a canopy of Imperial ruby velvet, lined with white silk, with pendant draperies of the same material disposed at the four corners, designed after the period of the 18th century. Underneath this canopy the coffin, placed on a bier, was draped with ruby velvet. At one end of the pavilion there was a pyramidal draping, on which rested a red velvet cushion supporting a Royal Crown.

THE LATE QUEEN.

MEMORIAL SERVICES ABROAD.

(FROM OUR CORRESPONDENTS)

NAPLES, Friday.

A memorial service for the Queen will be held at Christ Church to-morrow, the Rev. Paul Wyatt, Chaplain of Savoy, officiating. To the Burial Service will be added the "Nunc Dimittis" and three hymns. The Prefect, the chief civil and military authorities, and the Consular corps will be present. The available space for 800 persons is fully occupied.

PARIS, Friday Night.

The Duchess of Aosta was taken ill on her arrival here, and has been unable to go on to London with the Duke. She was among the earliest to send a wreath for the Queen's coffin. The Queen and all the Royal Family became attached to her when she was residing near Richmond with her father and mother, the Comte and the Comtesse de Paris.

The President will be represented at the Anglican service in memory of the Queen at the Church in the Rue d'Aguesseau. He is sending to it his chief Civil Secretary and his Aide-de-Camp. Most of the hotels here have hoisted British flags half-mast high, with bows of crape on the near-heads.

THE FUNERAL OF THE QUEEN.

WAITING AT WINDSOR.

CROWDS ALREADY ASSEMBLING.

AMBULANCE PRECAUTIONS.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT).

WINDSOR, Friday Evening.

High towers of gleaming white in the blinding sunshine against a steel blue sky, above the red-tiled gables of the nestling town, and all the wide, frost-bound landscape seeming swept by pale seas of fire—such has been the scene to-day, as Windsor lay waiting for the last home-coming of Queen Victoria. And now, as the towers melt into pearly tints in the pink rays of the setting sun, and seem to float above the blue smoke of the town, it is clear we may hope that "Queen's weather" will attend the stately pageant of to-morrow. It is well it should be so, for Victoria's last progress through the land will be her greatest triumph-day, and she leaves a name and memory which will live when all that massive pile has crumbled into dust.

To-day it almost seems as if the crowds are beginning to assemble for to-morrow. Windsor High-street is already as busy as noon-day in Cheapside, and the people are inspecting the drapings of the streets, and looking at the seats —"one to five guineas"—with which nearly every shop window is filled. Above all, they are all trying to get a view of the wreaths, and they crowd up into the cloisters, besiege Mr. Collmann, the Inspector of the Palace, and vainly try to get at the Dean, till the lives of these gentlemen are made a burden to them. All day it has been obviously impossible to admit the public to the cloisters; indeed, it is now pretty evident that the cloisters will not hold the wreaths, let alone the people. The Lower Ward is filled with people watching the unloading of a string of vehicles piled with huge packing cases, and at the stations the stacks of boxes seem never to grow less. By to-morrow the wreaths will be numbered by thousands, and a fresh place will certainly have to be found for some of them. At one time the crowd got so dense that the Duke of Argyll, as Governor of the Castle, gave permission to the police to close the precincts to the public, but fortunately this extreme step was not needed. A passing glimpse of an occasional wreath as it was quickly borne into the vaulted doorway of Dean's Cloister was all the crowd obtained. One wreath was from Oaklands Castle, in the form of a horseshoe, a model of the one with which Queen Victoria nearly forty years ago paid toll on passing the gates. When the Sovereign passes, the owner of the Castle is by ancient usage entitled to take a shoe from one of the horses, or to receive an equivalent gift.

St. George's Chapel is ready for the great assembly which now within a few hours will throng its aisles, and in the Memorial Chapel the purple-covered bier stands silent before the altar awaiting its Royal burden. Four shields adorn its sides, each with the monogram, in letters of gold, "V.R.I." At the mausoleum of Frogmore the cover of the great stone sarcophagus has at last been slowly rolled away.

In the Palace Courtyard planks have been laid in the gutters near George the Fourth Gate and King John's Tower, and covered with gravel in order that a smooth passage may be made for the gun carriage bearing her late Majesty's remains as it crosses the Quadrangle. The N, or "Eagle" Battery of the Royal Horse Artillery arrived at Windsor in the course of the morning. The six guns and their carriages, all of which were painted khaki colour, were taken to the Cavalry Barracks and packed near the orderly room. The Battery marches to-morrow to the Long Walk, where it will fire a salute during the funeral procession. The 1st Life Guards, under Colonel Napier Miles, furnishes a Sovereign's escort for the remains.

The Royal waiting room at the Windsor station of the Great Western Railway, where the special train conveying the King and other Royal mourners will arrive to-morrow, is being adorned by Mr. Owen Thomas, her late Majesty's gardener, with handsome foliage plants and the choicest exotics. Groups of flowers will also be arranged about the iron columns on the arrival platform, between two of which in the vicinity of the private waiting room the Royal coffin will be carried from the saloon of the special train to the gun carriage. The Royal apartments, including the large dining room where luncheon will be laid for the Royal Family, and St. George's Hall, are also being floorally adorned. Flowers will also be arranged in the Albert Chapel, in which beautiful tomb house the remains of Queen Victoria are to repose till their removal to the Frogmore Mausoleum which is now ready for their reception.

Prince Edward of York and Princess Elisabeth of Hesse arrived at Windsor Castle this afternoon.

As a precaution against accidents in the crush a party of nearly fifty members of the St. John Ambulance Association will be brought to Windsor from London and elsewhere, under the direction of Mr. Brazier. There will be ambulance stations at the top of the Long Walk, at St. Alban's-street (near the post-office), at Market-street, on the green near the Curfew Tower, and near the top of Peascod-street. The Maidstone Company of the Volunteer Medical Staff Corps have arrived to-day.

The funeral train is due to arrive at about half-past one, and it is expected that the service in St. George's Chapel will not begin till nearly half-past two.

The Great Western Railway Company desire it to be known that a special train for visitors who have tickets for admission to St. George's Chapel, but who do not hold invitations for other functions at Windsor, will leave Paddington from No. 1 platform at 11 a.m. to-day.

ETON COLLEGE AND KING EDWARD.

The following address of condolence with reference to the death of Queen Victoria has been sent by Eton College to his Majesty the King:

May it please your Majesty.—We, your Majesty's most dutiful and loyal subjects, the Provost, Fellows, Masters, scholars, and students of your Royal College of Eton, beg leave to approach your Majesty with the expression of our deep and respectful sympathy on the occasion of the death of your Majesty's beloved and revered mother, our late most gracious and honoured Queen. We desire to record our sense of what we owe individually and as a nation to the noble life and the inspiring example of Christian goodness which have so long endeared her Majesty to the hearts of her people, and have made her death an occasion of domestic sorrow in every home in your Majesty's Empire. In this place we recall with especial gratitude the many marks of her Majesty's gracious kindness to us, and of her unfailing interest in the welfare of this Royal Foundation. We earnestly pray that your Majesty and the Royal Family may be supported and comforted by God's help in this hour of affliction, and that your Majesty's labours in your exalted office may be lightened and cheered by the assured sympathy and confidence of a devoted and loyal people.

The address is signed by the Provost, the Vice-Provost, the Rev. W. A. Carter (Fellow), the Head Master, the Lower Master, the Senior Assistant Master, the Captain of the School, and the Captain of the Oppidans.

MOURNING AT THE FUNERAL

The ladies invited to be present at the removal of the Queen's remains from Cowes yesterday, and again to-day at Windsor, are dressed in deepest black, with quantities of crape as trimming. The ladies connected with the various Embassies are wearing yards upon yards of crape, in accordance with Continental usage on such sad occasions. Their dresses are covered with crape from the waist to knee, and crape mantles hide the bodices. A deep crape veil hangs from the headgear almost to the waist. It is expected that the Royal ladies will be completely enveloped in crape, laid on gowns of woollen material. No touch of jet or glace of ribbon is permitted, nothing that could reflect a ray of light. Only the dullest of silks are used when silk is permissible at all. The Marchioness of Londonderry wears black crepe-de-chine with deep crape trimmings, and a toque of lisse and crape. The crepe-de-chine is without response to light, however bright, and is therefore admirably adapted for such deep mourning as that in which our Court is plunged at present. The Duchess of Devonshire also wears crape on crape and bonnet. The ladies in waiting on the Royal Princesses are wearing their gowns trimmed round the skirt with a deep band of crape. Crape is also introduced liberally upon the bodices, and a deep crape veil is fastened to the headgear at the back, a rather shorter one entirely covering the face in front. According to Court usage, the dresses themselves are finished at neck and wrists with bands of white tucked lisse, such as are associated with the ordinary mourning for widows.

EVENING DRESSES—FURS.

Low bodices and short sleeves are never worn in very deep mourning, even at Court, where for so very many years the décolleté bodice has usually been insisted upon by the regulations for evening wear. The evening dresses now prepared for the ladies of the Court are cut V-shape, and are filled in with crape lined with lisse, the effect being transparent. Some of the bodices are cut en suite, and some are filled in with lisse only. They are all made with crape undersleeves from the elbow, matching the sleeves or chemisettes. Dull silks, such as peau-de-soie or gros-grain, are used, as well as crêpe-de-Chine, paramatta, and crêpons, with a little silk mixed with the fine wool of which they are composed. Some of the crêpons used for the dresses of the Court ladies are more silk than wool, and the texture is both light and fine. Even cloth, if of the glossy kind that has been so much worn of late, is considered unsuitable for very deep mourning. When dull and irrespective of surface, it is wearable with crape. The "black ornaments" prepared by the order are of unpolished jet. No sparkling jet is allowed in the first days of heavy black.

Suède gloves have always been reserved for the wear of the Royal ladies at our Courts. French kid being worn by the ladies in attendance, and, as a rule, only suède gloves may be donned by ladies attending Court at so solemn a moment as the present. Black astrakhan, Persian lamb, and Mongolian goat are the only varieties permissible. Even sable looks out of place, unless it is of the very darkest. Many of the great ladies who went to Cowes yesterday were lisse, and 1,000 yards of soft black silk lined with mossy sables. The better-sold necessitates the use of furs by those who are accustomed to wear them. The long, curly fur of the Mongolian goat is peculiarly protective, and as a lining to cape or coat is so soft and supple that it adapts itself to the figure, and lies closely against it in the warmest way.

GENERAL MOURNING.

Perhaps no nation in the world varies more in individual characteristics than the English, and yet there has been an almost entirely unanimous and voluntary donning of wholly black mourning dress. The exceptions are so few that they scarcely count. The whole of England may be said to be dressed in black, and the effect upon the Londons thoroughfares is very extraordinary. To-day a great many Londoners will wear crape in honour of the funeral of the beloved Queen. If it is only a bow on the hat or bonnet, the meaning of it is a tender tribute for her of whom we are all thinking—of whom the whole world is thinking to-day.

EXPRESSIONS OF SORROW.

The Lord Mayor has received a telegram from the Mayor of Kieff (Mons. Protsenko), stating that "The Municipality of the Town of Kieff offers heartfelt condolence on the occasion of the great loss which the City of London has sustained in the death of Queen Victoria."

The Corporation of the City of London have sent to Windsor a handsome floral tribute in the form of the City Shield. It measures 6ft. in height and 3ft. 4in. in width. The groundwork consists of white flowers—camellias, lilies and orchids, while the cross of St. Andrew is composed of scarlet carnations and orchids. The red dagger is roses, and orchids. A splendid wreath has also been sent by his Majesty's Lieutenants for the City of London.

At a meeting of the American Society in London it was unanimously resolved to present an address of condolence to the King in the following terms:—"May it please your Majesty to permit the members of the American Society in London to give expression to the deep sense of personal bereavement felt by them in the death of her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria of Blessed Memory, whom they learned, in common with her subjects, to venerate and revere as the type of all Queens and the noblest of women, and whose qualities as wife and mother inspired the unbounded admiration of all mankind. The members of the American Society in London consider it an inestimable privilege who have lived under the rule of one whose life was devoted to the task of promoting peace and goodwill among the nations of the earth, whose wise and prudent administration of the laws gave equal security to foreign and domestic commerce within her realms, whose throne was a strength to the remotest corners of the British Empire, and by whose rare personal qualities the whole world has been taught how a monarch can command the reverence and win the affection of a free people. The members of the American Society in London desire further to extend to your Majesty their respectful congratulations upon your accession to the ancient dignities of your House, and wish to unite with your subjects in the prayer that the blessing of God may rest upon your Majesty and your Royal Consort, and that your Majesty may long be spared to rule over a free, happy, and prosperous people." Signed on behalf of the American Society in London, C. Van Duzer, Chairman. R. Newton Crane, Secretary.

The Louvain (Suisse) visitors' list has the following address:—"Our English guests, the whole English nation, we also, and with us the whole civilised world, bewail the bereavement of the most venerable and gracious Queen Victoria. All around the globe, among the nations of all languages, the name of her Majesty was familiar to everybody. She was the best known, most popular ruler, and the revered prominent lady that ever sat on any throne on earth. She is gone, but the remembrance of her will be engraved with indestructible marks on the heart of millions. May she rest in peace!"

The President of the Institute of Journalists (Mr. Arthur W. à Beckett) has received the following communication:—"Osborne, Jan. 31, 1901.—Sir,—I am commanded by the King to thank you sincerely for the kind words you have to convey to the members of the Institute of Journalists his Majesty's best thanks for the expressions of sympathy and loyalty which they have forwarded through you, and which have been submitted to the King by Sir Francis Knollys.—I am, yours truly, S. Jac- ville, Equerry-in-Waiting. Arthur W. à Beckett, Esq."

King's College Chapel was largely attended yesterday by members of the Council, Governors, Fellows, Associates, and old and present students, when a memorial service, which was fully choral, was held. The Principal (Dr. Robertson), in the course of a short address, referred sympathetically to the interest which her Majesty had always taken in the College and Hospital, and instanced the fact that the nucleus of the "George III. Museum" was due to her consideration, for in the year 1840, when the large scientific collection of her distinguished ancestor [illegible] to be dispersed, a goodly portion found its [illegible] there, and is now treasured within the College walls.

In schools under the Liverpool School Board, short memorial services were held yesterday afternoon, the opportunity being taken to impress some 50,000 children with the blessings enjoyed under her Majesty's record reign. The Lord Mayor dispatched to Windsor a floral anchor measuring 3 feet by 2 as a tribute of affection and loyalty from the citizens of Liverpool.

The Blackburn Guardians yesterday unanimously assented to a request on behalf of the workhouse inmates to be allowed to attend a memorial service to-day at the union chapels. Preparations were immediately made, and the Protestant and Roman Catholic chaplains will conduct the services, the ordinary routine of the institution being suspended to allow the poor to share in the common observance of mourning.

The following is a copy of the card attached to a cross, composed of violets, on a pedestal of white flowers, the cross having a laurel wreath thrown over it. This tribute, which stands seven feet high, would, it was understood, be placed by Lord Edward Pelham-Clinton in St. George's Chapel: "In token of respectful and deep devotion to the revered memory of her Majesty Queen Victoria, the Imperial Yeomanry Hospitals Committee send this humble tribute to mark their sorrowing recollection of the great Sovereign who her parent away, and whose kindly interest in the Yeomanry Hospitals was always so forcibly evinced."

An extraordinary scene was witnessed at Northampton on the evening when the wreath to be sent to the Queen's funeral as Northampton's floral tribute was on view at the Town Hall. So great was the crowd that women fainted, and a painful scene followed. It is estimated that over 20,000 people saw the wreath, and that thousands were unable to gain admission, although the time of exhibition was extended. Fortunately no one was seriously hurt.

Services are being held in all the churches in Edinburgh to-day. Giles's Cathedral has a special service, and 1,100 places have been reserved for the Town Council and public bodies. The Corporation wreath is six feet in diameter, and includes Scottish thistles and white heather. Black and white ribbons, the city's colours, deck the shield. Wreaths have also been sent by the Masonic Grand Lodge of Scotland.

A vote of condolence, passed at a special meeting of the Council of the Aeronautical Society at Great Britain, held at the Society of Arts, includes the signatures of Mr. E. P. Frost (Chairman), Sir William Crookes, Sir Hiram Maxim, Mr. R. Barry, Colonel J. D. Fullerton, Dr. Louis Earle, and Mr. Eric Stuart Bruce (honorary secretary).

Vice-Admiral Sir William R. Kennedy, Commander-in-Chief at the Nore, has issued orders directing eighty-one minute guns to be fired simultaneously to-day by the Wildfire, special service vessel, the Landrail, gun vessel, and the Speedwell, torpedo gunboat, beginning at 2.6 p.m. A memorial service, which will be attended by officers and men of the Sheerness Naval School of Gunnery, will be held in the Royal Dockyard Church. A united memorial service, in which the whole of the clergy and Nonconformist ministers of Sunderland will take part, will be held in the Victoria Hall.

The outward tokens of mourning in Birmingham centre chiefly about the statue of the late Queen near the Town Hall. The wreaths and other floral tributes by which the statue is surrounded were yesterday being added to hourly. An incessant stream of people passed reverently around the monument. Among those who left floral tributes were a number of Italian residents, school children, representatives of public institutions, societies of traders, Yeomanry, troopers, and private citizens.

A circular letter, dated Jan. 31, has been issued from the Archbishop's House to the Roman Catholic clergy of Westminster, stating that "the Cardinal Archbishop has ordered that on Sunday next "there shall be in every church of the diocese Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament for one hour, from three to four o'clock, with suitable prayers, for the following intentions: For the Empire sorrowing under its great loss, and for light and guidance for its rulers." The circular has reference to the explanatory opening: "While the Cardinal Archbishop, in his recent circular on the nation's sorrow, was obliged to set forth in precise terms what restrictions the Church has put on her Liturgy proper, he is also most anxious to let it be seen that Catholic hearts are beating in union and sympathy with the rest of the Empire in their common loss."

Addresses and votes of condolence have been adopted by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, the Guardians of the Poor of Kensington, the county of Essex (by Lord Rayleigh, Lord Lieutenant), the British and Foreign School Society, the ministers and elders of the Welsh Presbyterian Churches of London, the Women's Auxiliary of the Birmingham Liberal Association, the Hornsey School Board, the North of England Temperance League, the Committee of Management of the Society for Relieving the Aged Needy of the Church Faith, the Chapham Reform Club, the Liverpool Victuallers' National Defence League, and the Society of Accountants and Auditors.

THE QUEEN AT TWENTY.

THE PRUSSIAN CROWN PRINCE AT WINDSOR.

A COURTIER'S ADVENTURE.

(FROM OUR BERLIN CORRESPONDENT.)

Friedrich Haase, one of Germany's greatest actors, who now, as a wealthy old gentleman, reads on his laurels, publishes in the "Berliner Tageblatt" the following pleasant reminiscences from the life of his father, who in 1839 was at Windsor:

"Oh, my dear young lady, could you show me the way to Windsor Castle?" In this beautiful park I keep getting from one path into another. I always see the Castle in the distance, and yet I get no nearer." This was what my deceased father said in 1839 to a young lady who was walking alone in the exquisite park of Windsor, where gigantic trees and green meadows offer to the wanderer ever changing and charming scenery. The young lady stopped, my father says, went on to say, looked kindly at me, and asked me what my business was at Windsor Castle. I mentioned my name and the commission which took me thither. I was in the suite of the Crown Prince of Prussia (afterwards King Frederick William IV.), who was making a tour through England and Scotland. I had to convey a message to the Court Marshal of her Majesty the young Queen, and I therefore again begged the lady to show me the nearest way to the Castle. The lady smiling said, 'I can be of assistance to you, for I am also going to the Castle.' We went together. The young girl was of most captivating appearance. Not beautiful, but of rare grace, about eighteen or nineteen years of age. Her brilliant eyes shone out of her intelligent youthful eyes. Her gait and manners showed a chaste grace and ample refinement.

"As I was well up in the ways of Court life, I began to suspect that I was in the company of someone belonging to the Court. Cautiously feeling my way, I began modestly, in a roundabout way, to ask whether she perhaps knew the Queen. 'A little,' she answered, after a slight hesitation. 'Is she severe and difficult to approach?' 'Oh, nothing of the kind,' was the answer, and my youthful, slender companion laughed such a silvery, merry laugh that all my anxiety vanished. 'That will please my illustrious master much, for he does not know the

QUEEN VICTORIA.

Queen personally. He is of a jovial nature, too much ceremony is disagreeable to him.' My amiable companion now began to show some curiosity, and asked all sorts of questions—What the Crown Prince was like, whether he loved his wife very dearly, whether it was nice to chat with him. And all the time that sunny laughter! Her eyes sparkled with fun and merriment. Walking at a quick pace we talked together like old friends, as I could speak English fluently. My suspicions had disappeared. 'There is the path which leads direct to the Castle. Do you see down there to the right, at the little door? You will be sure to find somebody who will put you right. I am going a little further on round the Castle. Farewell.' And she was gone. My sweet guide disappeared down a side-path.

My business in the Castle was soon ended. The day after my master visited the Court. At his wish I accompanied him. He wanted to know I was near him. His suite was not large. I happened to be in a room through which the Royal personages had to pass. The door was opened, dinner was just going to begin. Engaged in lively conversation appeared the Crown Prince, leading Queen Victoria. A youthful, hearty laugh is heard. I stand on tip-toe and peep over the shoulders of a gentleman standing in front of me. You might have knocked me down with a feather. The Queen was the lovely Ariadne who had led me out of the labyrinth of Windsor Park. On the departure of our Crown Prince a servant brought me the framed portrait of the youthful Queen with her signature. She wished me a pleasant journey, and the picture was to accompany me to Germany as a remembrance of Windsor Park.' This is what my father related. The picture now adorns my study, and my eyes resting on it during the last few days. I have written down this story from memory.

The Chief Rabbi announces that memorial services will be held in all the synagogues of the United Kingdom to-day, at 6.30 p.m. The Chief Rabbi will officiate and preach the memorial sermon at the Great Synagogue, St. James's-place, Aldgate.

The Demise of the Crown.

The Cabinet, which met yesterday for the second time since Christmas, must have considered, among other things, the curious point raised upon the construction of Lord Derby's Reform Act. That statute, passed in 1867, provided that in future the Dissolution of Parliament should not be accelerated by the demise of the Crown. Before the Revolution the death of the Sovereign automatically dissolved Parliament. An Act of William the Third, amended in the next reign, declared that the dissolution should follow the death within six months, and it is this provision which the Act of 1867 purported to repeal. Nothing can be clearer than the clause which does this. But unfortunately another clause says that the Act shall not extend to Scotland or to Ireland. Of course, it was not intended that the limitation should affect the life of the House of Commons. It was a bit of bad drafting, which, if the Home of Lords were really a Revising Chamber, and not a party club, they would have cured. Separate Bills were passed for regulating the Scottish and Irish franchise. Hence the restrictive clause. Some purists, however, contend that the Act must be construed strictly, and that therefore the seats of the Scottish and Irish members will be vacated within six months. The point seems to us a thoroughly bad one, because there is only one Parliament for the United Kingdom, and a partial dissolution is inconsistent with first principles. Moreover, the matter is one entirely for Parliament, and no Judge could interfere. But it is said that a Bill will be introduced to clear up the difficulty, and save the threatened seats. Such a measure would, from a constitutional point of view, be a waste of time. But a Government without a policy has no objection to time being wasted.

Crossing the Solent.

Yesterday the body of the late Queen was removed from Osborne, and conveyed across the Solent with a pomp and stateliness elsewhere adequately described. The Alberta, on which the coffin lay, passed slowly and solemnly through two lines of ships, forming a squadron such as no other country in the world could rival. When the Queen was at Osborne she was under the special protection of the mightiest fleet ever brought together since the art of ship-building began. It was right and seemly that the Sovereign of the Power which commands the sea should be surrounded on her last voyage by the floating fortresses which explain not obscurely why Britannia needs no bulwarks. Her Majesty was born when all ships of war were made of wood, and none were propelled by steam. She lived to see masts superseded by funnels, sails by paddles, and paddles by screws. During her reign wood was clad with iron, iron superseded wood, and in its turn gave way to steel. The Fleet assembled at the naval reviews of 1897 and 1897 was much less like the Navy of 1837 than the Navy of 1837 was like that which defeated the Armada. The Queen followed all these changes with profound interest, and never forgot that she was, as Queen Elizabeth had been, the Mistress of the Ocean. The modern Navy may be said to date from the Long Parliament, which ruled England well and wisely between the outbreak of the Civil War and the establishment of the Protectorate. But Philip's unsuccessful attempt at the invasion of England first brought home to the minds of Englishmen that their defence was in their naval supremacy. More than a hundred years later, when the memories of the Commonwealth were already dim, and a second Revolution had obliterated the Rock, the Marquis of Halifax, in one of his celebrated Tracts, said that the one answer to the question, What England should do to be saved was "Look to your moat." The word was Shakespeare's, who put it into the mouth of the dying John of Gaunt. John of Gaunt, in the greatest speech of all literature, calls the sea which washes the English coast "a moat defensive to a house against the envy of less happier lands." The Queen loved the Navy, and the Navy loved the Queen. Nineteen battleships yesterday saluted her mortal remains. With them were associated foreign vessels, one just built in England for Japan, which came to attend the last of her Majesty's naval reviews. To-day's procession through the streets of London the Army will be more particularly represented. But even yesterday there was abundance of military uniforms to be seen. More than three thousand troops lined the avenue from Osborne House to Trinity Pier at eleven o'clock in the morning. At half-past twelve the gates of Osborne were opened, and at half-past one the Highlanders, assisted by seamen from the Royal yacht, brought out the coffin. The bagpipes played the Funeral Dirge of the Black Watch, and afterwards "The Flowers of the Forest," as the gun-carriage on which it rested passed slowly down to Cowes and the pier.

The King, walking between the German Emperor and the Duke of Connaught, followed as chief mourner. The Queen Consort and the Princesses succeeded them, while the massed bands broke into Chopin's Funeral March. Her Majesty had "Queen's weather" once more. A more lovely winter's day could not be imagined, and the sun shone brilliantly upon the battleships as at three o'clock the Alberta moved slowly out, while the bands played one of her Majesty's favourite hymns. Then came the salutes, and the guns boomed in order from ship after ship. It was nearly five o'clock when the Alberta reached Portsmouth, and the vessels in the harbour, as well as the artillery of the forts, thundered a final ditto. The Queen rests on her own yacht till this morning, when the funeral train will leave Portsmouth for London at nine o'clock. If the elements are as favourable to-day as they were yesterday, London will see the grandest pageant ever displayed in honour of a defunct Sovereign. For many years London saw very little of Queen Victoria. She was unmoved in public eyes, and too sad for festivities. But since the wonderful manifestation of loyalty which greeted her at the Jubilee of 1887 she had come more often to the Metropolis, and since the still more remarkable renewal of popular enthusiasm in 1897 she seemed to take peculiar pleasure in driving through the streets of her capital. The recollection of that fact will dwell in many minds to-day, when all that is left of our great Queen is borne slowly and reverently from Victoria to Paddington. Her Majesty did not spend much time at Buckingham Palace. She divided her year between Windsor, Osborne, and Balmoral. Balmoral is six hundred miles from the seat of Government, and in former days there was some grumbling at its remoteness. But, if any Sovereign earned the right to as much privacy and seclusion as she found requisite, it was the Queen. Wherever she was, she worked, and she was entitled to work in her own way. Her simple tastes made her prefer ordinary houses like Balmoral and Osborne to the grandest castle which any Sovereign owns. Buckingham Palace may be called, without much exaggeration, the ugliest building in the civilized world. It is redeemed, however, by its superb grounds, where the Queen could receive an almost unlimited number of guests. Buckingham Palace recalls one of the most gracious and characteristic acts in the later years of her reign. When the Address from the House of Commons was presented to her Majesty by the Speaker on the occasion of the Diamond Jubilee, many members of Parliament were shut out of the Throne Room by an official blunder. The Queen was much annoyed at this apparent discourtesy, and did what she could to atone for it by inviting all members with their wives to a garden party at Windsor. It seemed a simple thing to do, but we doubt whether any other Sovereign would have thought of it.

The King, who walked yesterday between his nephew, the German Emperor, and his brother, the Duke of Connaught, will ride between them to-day. The other representatives of Royalty will ride after them. The Field-Marshals of the Army, including, of course, Lord Wolseley and Lord Roberts, will precede the coffin, in front of which will ride the Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshal of the Realm. The military procession will be extremely imposing, as, indeed, only a military procession can be. The Queen, as the King said, was proud of being a soldier's daughter, although she could not remember her father. The last person to whom her Majesty gave an official audience was the Commander-in-Chief, and it is known that till her last hour she was absorbed in tender solicitude for her gallant soldiers at the front. Many a man serving in South Africa to-day will think of the chocolate which her Majesty sent to everyone fighting her battles on the veldt. Although Parliament retains by annual enactment control over the military forces of the Crown, the Army is essentially the Sovereign's, from whom all officers hold their commissions. The Queen has always shown the utmost interest in her troops, from the distant days when she persuaded the Duke of Wellington, who required a great deal of persuasion, to distribute medals among the veterans of the Peninsula and of Waterloo. Her Majesty was in an especial sense the Sovereign of the Garter, that "most honourable and noble Order" in whose church the Funeral Service will be read this afternoon. It is the oldest of English Orders, having been founded by Edward the Third, and as the legendary Duke said in the famous story, it is a real distinction, because merit has nothing to do with it. Nevertheless, the Knights of the Garter, whose banners hang permanently over the stalls of St. George's Chapel, include most men of eminence who happen to be Peers. The restriction is, we admit, a considerable one, especially as lawyers, even ennobled lawyers, do not, for some mysterious reason, get the blue ribband. Nor do men of science, such as Lord Lister, Lord Kelvin, and Lord Rayleigh. Lord Melbourne refused it for the characteristic reason that he did not see why he should bribe himself, and the higher ranks of the Peerage have a majority of the stalls. The present and the late Prime Ministers are both among the Knights. By the Queen's desire the Prince Consort's stall was never filled. Some of her Majesty's youngest subjects will be gathered in Windsor Castle to-day. The Queen was always kind to the Eton boys, and it is fitting that they should join their elders, who are not always their betters, in paying her their last homage this afternoon.

British "Kingdoms."

That Edward the Seventh, King of Great Britain and Ireland, should be proclaimed King of Canada, King of Australasia, and in the fulness of time (whenever that may be) King of South Africa, is a proposition which has been mooted since his Majesty's accession, and of which we are sure to hear more. The proposition, it seems, was first heard of rather more than thirty years ago, when the Canadian Dominion Act was passed. We know that the chief founder of the Dominion, Sir John Macdonald, rather hankered after the designation "Kingdom." But this was just one of the few instances in which that really able statesman bore a striking and unfortunate resemblance to Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield, whose Byzantinism—a thoroughly un-English trait—manifested itself in various ways. The notion of calling Canada or Australasia a Kingdom may come naturally enough to a certain class of people in this country whose reactionary tendencies are observable in the new spirit of militarism, for example. But that any Canadian, or Australian, should give it for a moment a hospitable reception in his mind, is startling. It is impossible to believe that the few who have done so represent any but themselves. Canada is a Dominion. Australia is a Commonwealth—than which there can be no nobler names. To us it seems incredible that any person familiar with the history of the Dominion and the Commonwealth can associate with either the ideas denoted by the name "Kingdom." Up to the year 1837, the government of the Canadas was in its essence monarchical. The rejection of this monarchical character was the indispensable condition of the birth of the self-governing Canada of four years later—of the free Dominion which we now know, and which is so absolutely free that if she now chose to sever her connection with the Motherland, not a soul in England—save frantic Jingoes here or there—would raise a hand to prevent her. The good old Mother would be sorry to part with her daughter, no doubt; but all the same, would give her her blessing. Not that there is the smallest sign of any such farewell. We merely refer to the fact of the Dominion's right—of her unquestioned independence, for which, by the way, she cherishes a genuine British pride—to illustrate the incompatibility between the idea of a Kingdom and the idea of a Dominion, or Commonwealth.

But again, is it forgotten that the monarchical element in the Canadian Government of the twenties and the thirties was one of the causes of a rebellion, and of the proclamation of a republic in Lower Canada. MacKenzie and Papineau, as the readers of Canadian history are aware, were the leaders of the insurrection. O'Connell, speaking on the subject in the House of Commons, humorously remarked that the only difference between himself and the French-Canadian rebel was that the latter's name ended "with an O," whereat his own began with it. O'Connell's own native land was in a rebellious mood at the time of the speech, and before it and after it. And the reasons had something in common with those which stirred the most dangerous disaffection throughout the North American Colonies of those days. We observe that some of those who advocate the King's adoption of the title King of Canada, King of the Australasian Commonwealth, cite the "analogy" of the Irish title. The analogy is fanciful. The late Queen, whom the warm-hearted Irish people welcomed so affectionately last spring, showed their liking for the expression, "Queen of Ireland." But this was because they knew that of all the Kings and Queens of England Queen Victoria was the only one who sympathised with hardships and felt the pathos of their history. When the people of Ireland are raised sufficiently near to the Colonial level to enable them to administer their home affairs in their own way—when they are granted Home Rule—then, and not till then, will the designation, King or Queen of Ireland, possess any other than a merely conventional significance. To refer once more in this connection to the "good Queen." The English public may have forgotten, but the historians have not, that the rebellious Canadians of Lower Canada refused to sing the "Te Deum" in celebration of the news of Queen Victoria's accession. Even the very school children, as English and Canadian authors tell us, played at insurrection. Not, of course, that the Canadians harboured resentment against the young Queen personally. Queen Victoria was nothing to them but a name. Their boycott of an accession ceremony was simply their best means at hand of testifying their detestation of everything and anything in the shape of administrative privilege, and their resolution to conquer the right of governing themselves in their own way. They did conquer the right, and what is called the loyalty of the Canadian daughter to the old Mother Country was the natural and inevitable result. The impalpable bond between the old country and the new is stronger than hooks of steel. It will last as long as the daughter is "mistress in her own house."

In the Colonial history of England we know nothing finer than the profession of faith of Lord Elgin, when he ruled the Canadas in the forties. He saw that the old monarchical, aristocratic conception of a British Colony was dead and gone. He saw that any attempt to realise it must result in insurrection. He saw clearly that the one way to win the affections of the Canadian people was to permit them to govern themselves, by themselves, for themselves. Lord Elgin predicted that a Canada free in this full, unreserved sense might some day be found a source of strength for the motherland in the day of her trouble. Well, the day of trouble has come, and the prediction has been fulfilled—would it had been in a cause less unhappy! The story of the Dominion is repeated precisely, and step by step, in the story of the rise of the Australian Commonwealth, with the exception, however, that there were no Australasian insurrections. For the Governors of the Australian Colonies, and the Colonial Office of the day, had learned much from the Canadian precedent. They profited by it; so that the evolution of the Commonwealth was a smoother process than the evolution of the Dominion. It is not mere sentimentality to say that the name Commonwealth is too English, too memorable, too great to be overshadowed by any other. It recalls the age of the greatest of English rulers. The very language of the "Remonstrance" in which the people of New South Wales, more than half a century ago, made their first distinct irreversible pronouncement for self-government is the strong, free, manly speech of the great Cromwellians. The word "Remonstrance" is itself familiar to readers of the story of the strife between English freedom and Stuart kingship. Even in South Africa, where the antipathy between Dutchman and Englishman is now as strong as that between French Canadian and British Canadian used to be, the story of the Dominion and of the Commonwealth might have been repeated—but for an unsympathetic, harsh official demeanour towards the Dutch people, for which the history neither of Canada nor of Australia offers any parallel. The ties between the Mother Country and her offspring States never can be strengthened by monarchical titles borrowed from Europe. The whole spirit of social and political evolution in these British States is irreconcilable with the notion of a "kingdom." Not the ceremonial paraphernalia of the old world, but the common possession of English freedom, a common speech and literature, and common democratic ideals will preserve and strengthen the ties which, we trust, may endure as long as the race lasts.

The Queen's Last Words.

"Her last recorded words on her death-bed were 'Oh, that peace may come!'" We presume that Lord Wantage spoke with some authority when he made this profoundly interesting revelation in his speech to the residents of Berkshire at Reading on Saturday last, reported in the "Newbury Weekly News" of January 31st. During the last two or three days we have ourselves several times heard the same story, but, with due regard to its gravity, have refrained from giving it publicity. It is be true that the Queen really uttered these words on her death-bed, we do not doubt that the incident will produce a profound impression throughout the length and breadth of the land. The sacred influences of these mournful days must open our ears to the smallest whisper from the grave that is closing over one whom we all loved so dearly. The honour which we are paying to her is in our inky cloaks and our funeral pomps will, indeed, prove but a hollow mockery if we do not listen to the words of her who, being dead, yet speaketh. Lord Wantage, we say, is not likely to have spoken heedlessly, for he is a loyal citizen, and a gallant soldier. But even if these words were unuttered, and the dumbness of death closed over the Queen before the final call came, we do not doubt that she died with this wish in her heart. All the evidence of the last two years goes to show that our noble Queen, nobler in this than many of her people, was bowed down with sorrow over the fratricidal warfare in South Africa. "My heart bleeds for those terrible losses"—have we forgotten those words of hers, aptly recalled to us to-day by a correspondent in the "Spectator"? No, if Queen Victoria had rejoiced in this war, she would not have been the Queen whom we have known—the Queen of whom her Poet Laureate sang: "God gave her peace; her land reposed." Alas! that we should have had to omit that line from the epitaphs of these latter days! But it was not with her desire. She was not one who delighted in war. "She was sadder than I had ever seen her before," said Dr. Macgregor, of Edinburgh, who had a private interview with the Queen at Balmoral on November 4th, 1900. "The war lay heavy on her heart." Yes, the war lay heavy on her heart. It was written there as deeply as "Calais" on the heart of Queen Mary. Will it not be the best earnest of our sorrow if we seriously attempt to bring about that peace for which she prayed with her dying breath?

THE QUEEN AND TENNYSON.

In all the sixty-three years of the Queen's reign—for many a day she will be to us The Queen—she had four Poets Laureate: Southey, Wordsworth, Tennyson, and the present holder of the title. But of the four one will always be associated in men's minds with that great lady as her poet: the one who held office during the greater part of her reign, from 1850 to 1892; who was Laureate during the chief events of her life, except her marriage and the Diamond Jubilee, and who admired her and devoted himself to her in especial, if we may take the evidence of his verse.

It is interesting to look back to the March of fifty years ago, and to read the first poem that Tennyson, just appointed Laureate, addressed directly to the Queen; before the Crimean war and the Mutiny, before the Civil war of the United States, when she was still a young wife and mother. Even then the poet perceived her engrossed by "the care that yokes with Empire," but that which comes home most nearly to the reader of 1901 is the prayer for the young Queen, and the fulfilment of the prayer as we see it now, when the poet and his Mistress have both passed from earth. "May you rule as long," wrote the new Laureate,

> May children of our children say
> She wrought her people lasting good.
>
> And statesmen at her council met
> Who knew the seasons when to take
> Occasion by the hand, and make
> The bounds of freedom wider yet.
>
> By shining arms secure of foes,
> Which kept her throne unshaken still,
> Broad-based upon her people's will,
> And compassed by the inviolate sea.

The poet had become prophet. The children of the children of his generation are saying, the wide world over, what he would have them say, and often in his very words.

Many years later, Tennyson wrote a dedication for the first group of his "Idylls of the King." The first great sorrow had entered the Royal Household; the husband and father had been taken away; and the Laureate inscribed his latest volumes to the memory of the Prince, in words that might have been written, with but one change, during the last few days:

> Her—over all whose realms to their last isle,
> Commingled with the voices of lamentation
> And the dread thunder of the tolling bell,
> The shadow of His loss drew like eclipse,
> Darkening the world. . . .
>
> Not swerving to this faction or to that,
> Not making his high place the lawless perch
> Of wing'd ambitions, nor a vantage ground
> For pleasure; but thro' all the vexed years
> Wearing the white flower of a blameless life,
> Before a thousand peering littlenesses,
> In that fierce light which beats upon a throne,
> And blasts a scandal, bore it down with open eyes,
> And trod it underfoot, and passed to the sun,
> And mingled with the clear heights of God,
> Who knows the secret chambers of the King,
> Which cloak the mockeries of this worldling's world,
> And lifted above envy, hate, and scorn,
> Shone like the Sun in heaven.

Champs but the pronoun; are not the words written of the husband seen more accurately true of the wife?

Then came the "remarkable day" after the recovery of the Prince of Wales from fever, the outburst of loyalty to mother and son, the realisation of the greatness of the Empire whose many races, of many creeds, sent up prayers and thanksgivings, the perception of the possible evils to come, the faith that "the crowned Republic's crowning common-sense may save us even from these." Again the poet poured out the feelings of the nation in those lines to the Queen which close the completed book of the Idylls.

The young mother who accepted the Laureate's verses in 1851 saw her children grow up, and learn their home to become heads of other homes, often in foreign lands; and her poet sympathised with all the sorrows and joys of the wider family life. The future historian, if some catastrophe should sweep away all newspaper records and all biographies, might reconstruct much of the Royal Family history from the volumes of Tennyson. The death of the Princess Alice, the marriage of the Duke of Connaught, when the "Imperial Mother smiled again," and that of the Princess who has "seen the loneliness of earthly crowns," and who remained to the end to sausage the loneliness of one; for all these events and more Tennyson found the fitting words.

The Jubilee poem of 1887 is probably still fresh in most minds; stately, if less beautiful in form, less musical and romantic, than the welcomes to young Royal brides when the poet himself was younger. Poet and Queen are growing old; apprehensions of the future weigh on the mind.

> Are there thunders moaning in the distance?
> Are there spectres moving in the darkness?
> Trust the Hand of Light will lead her people,
> Till the thunders pass, the spectres vanish.
> And the Light is Victor.

But of all the exquisite lines in which the great poet spoke his devotion, and the devotion of the English throughout the world, to the Head of their race there are none that have come into men's thoughts more often, since the 22nd of January, than those which end the Dedication of the "Idylls of the King." They were written to Queen Victoria when her greatest grief had fallen upon her; and those who long ago came to know them by heart feel that the prayer, noblest of all prayers sent up for the Queen of the English, is now granted in full.

> May all love,
> His love, unseen but felt, o'ershadow thee,
> The love of all thy sons encompass thee,
> The love of all thy daughters cherish thee,
> The love of all thy people comfort thee,
> Till God's love set thee at his side again!

THE SHIPS IN THE SOLENT.

The Daily News, February 2nd, 1901.

The Daily Chronicle,
February 2nd, 1901.

VICTORIA REDUX.

Feb. 1, 1901.

She is asleep! A rest how calm and deep!
For so He giveth His beloved sleep!
A rest no curse can mar, no summons break
Save the last call, among the Just to wake!

From the fair Isle of Summer, whose the meed
Flush with their summer-brilliant memories,
With solemn pomp the long-drawn fleets between,
In Death's last dignity convey home the Queen!

Fear not to wake her! Hearken!—one by one—
The fiery angels of the minute gun
Smites with its hurt despair the nation's heart—
Our first great loss in which she bears no part.

There strikes the cold of new unreckoned grief,
Her gracious words at last bring no relief.
Could she but hear us now, our cry would be,
"We miss thee surest in our hours for thee!"

And now along the stately water-way,
So oft of yore with white-winged pleasure gay,
Leaving for eye her summer isle broken,
Past the great battleships their Queen is borne.

Not now their mercenomic power they vaunt,
Angels of wrath or mercy militant;
Fettered with one last sunlight's Semiramides
Salute in death the Mistress of the Seas.

Mastrip the Rolling Isles of Freedom by
Their nerve's lofty symbol hoist must high.
For her, who free to roves in peace and war
Gave and obeyed the sign of Trafalgar!

Righteous and great, all littleness above,
Humble, for Home is still the heart of love,
True Seed of England, they assembled years
Call a World's homage to an Empire's tears.

Oh, reverend head, mysterious with State,
Oh, hands of comfort 'neath an Empire's weight,
Long have thou shown the road, and led the way;
Therefore we bless our God for thee to-day

WARHAM ST. LEGER.

THE LAST JOURNEY.

Through the repeating thunder o'er the sea,
Through the white country that the pure frost holds,
And through the grey streets in her Empire's heart,
Thus the last time her soldiers guard for her,
Passes the dead Queen on her journey home;
The while that upward every shaking tower
Speaks the slow iron sorrow of its bells;
The while the panting City holds its breath
In the great awe of death and majesty.

Stand, O ye people, silent with bared heads;
Mark well, for Britain looks on this to-day
That has not been, nor shall be, seen again!
Lift up your hearts from impotent regret,
For she that passes on her homeward way
Stood not before the nations of the earth
For such long years so supremely true,
That the white splendour of achievement past
Roots on the gloom (as in the Western skies
Lingers the glory when the sun has gone)
And makes a triumph of this funeral.
Wherefore, however deep we know our pain,
On noble pride let trembling sorrow lean;
Wherefore, again I say, lift up your hearts!

So to the journey's end, till all is done—
His terms requiescant!—thus thy wish
At last, O Queen of all our reverences,
O loving woman of our hearts and tears!

AT OSBORNE HOUSE.

OPENING OF THE LAST SCENE.

Progress of the Solemn Pageant

Through Crowds of Black-Clad Mourners.

A Never-to-be-Forgotten Spectacle.

[From Our Special Correspondent.]

OSBORNE, Friday Night.

The great Queen, the Queen Mother, who in the little island home she loved so well was regarded more as a gracious mother than a Queen, has left it for ever. The mortal remains that, dear as they are to the islanders, must be borne hence to pass through her capital city, which in her reign has undergone so many transformations, and then to the tomb where for just forty years he has lain the dust of him whom she held most precious in life, and where at last they will be mingled.

The whole island is in mourning. The grief is unostentatious, but no less deep because it is dumb and finds a difficulty of expression. It is with no time-serving hyperbole, no mere verdid sense of loss, that the old people of Cowes who have known the Queen as long as she has made her residence in the Island say that now she has gone the grass will grow in the streets. It but expresses their sense of personal bereavement, of intimate love, of almost domestic loss. No wonder that Cowes has been sorrow-stricken ever since the fatal message was given tongue at the gates of Osborne House.

Early this morning, when at six o'clock the choir of discordant sirens from the vessels in the harbour and the Solent signalled the approach of dawn, the sky was overcast, and the fleecy clouds which obscured the moon gave promise of a stormy day. That promise happily was not fulfilled. A more brilliant sunrise perhaps never broke upon the Isle of Wight at any season. The sky was only occasionally flecked with light clouds, and the sun shone hotly out of an Italian sky. Cowes wakened early to the importance as well as the sorrow of the occasion. This "Sleepy Hollow" of a place, for so it is at any rate in winter, was alive with motion and movement. An alien population began to flow in by every boat from every point from which boats or trains could come. Unaccustomed windows were filled with ancient chairs and let to visitors at unheard of prices (for the Island). It is scarcely too much to say that Cowes, which has experienced a brilliancy—but always with crape in the background—during the last ten days or so which it has never before known in January, awoke to find itself famous in winter this morning. But though there was a harvest, literally of death, the islanders accepted their good fortune with reticence and almost with repugnance.

Town Full of Mourners.

As the morning wore on, the little town filled, and there was an unwonted bustle in it, which the presence of the military served to enhance. They filled every part of it through which the funeral procession was to pass, but there was no undue severity of policing. It was as much as to say, "In her life she trusted them; in her death we can do no less," and so there was a certain freedom of movement allowed to the people of the island which would be scarcely possible elsewhere. Even among the troops who lined the route from Osborne House down York-avenue to the pier there was an absence of austerity pleasing to the civilian mind. The troops, who were composed almost equally of Regulars and Volunteers, were scarcely necessary to keep the route; they merely lined it, and formed a guard of honour to the procession which was to pass them later. Among the more notable of them were the 2nd Royal Rifle Reserve Regiment, nearly all old soldiers who had rejoined the colours at the Queen's urgent request last year, and whose presence at this time was especially significant and notable.

York-avenue has a mean part, an introduction of small houses and insignificant shops, which leads to the broader way of pleasant hedges and well-grown trees. Here to-day every window was filled with sightseers, and every wall was surmounted by a stand which contained as many people as it would comfortably bear. Yet there was only no crowd as we in London know it. You could walk behind the line of troops quite comfortably almost from the beginning of York-avenue to the end—from the pier to the Queen's entrance, whence the procession was to emerge. Beyond that, up to the Prince of Wales's Gate, the road was empty save for a little constant stream of people making their way from Newport and elsewhere to the centre of interest.

Waiting at the Queen's Gate.

The Queen's entrance was opened to-day only for the Queen's last journey—her final exit. Those who were admitted to the precincts of the house had to enter the domain by the Prince of Wales's Gate. This was to them a gain rather than a loss. Never have the grounds appeared more beautiful, even in summer. There was an atmosphere of serenity and repose about them quite striking. The sky was almost cloudless, the sun brilliant, and where it had not touched the tuff the white frost thawed upon the grass. That was the only sign of winter, for the grounds are well wooded with cedars and hollies, and the absence of spring foliage was scarcely noted. At noon and for full half an hour after there was hardly anything to disturb the subdued atmosphere which surrounded Osborne House. Scarcely anybody was in sight, except a few policemen, who in the ordinary routine guarded the Royal residence. The Imperial Standard floated limply from the flagstaff over the main entrance. At the north side of it the curtain drapery of the windows showed where the Chapelle Ardente contained the body of the Queen. At the other windows some of the white blinds were fully drawn down, some were, so to speak, at half-mast, others again were not drawn at all. Whether premeditated or not this was far more effective than if all the windows had been eclipsed, for it signified an air of distress much as a man-of-war displayed in the olden time, when the Queen's reign was yet young, on the occasion of a funeral at sea, when all the sails were hung awry.

Just opposite the main entrance is the lawn where her Majesty was for many years during her residence at Osborne accustomed to breakfast in a tent. At this hour the sun strikes full upon it, and one can imagine how desirable a place it must be for her who so much loved the open air. A fine cedar provides shade, and all round are memorial trees. One has leisure to observe these while waiting for the supreme moment. There is a cedar, which the inscription on it says was planted by her Royal Highness the Duchesse de Nemours, Dec. 8, 1848. This is a healthy full-grown tree. Two little holly bushes bear simple plates—the one saying that it was planted by H.S.H. Prince Francis Joseph of Battenberg, in memory of his brother Prince Henry, Feb. 10, 1896; the other placed by H.H. Prince Alexander of Battenberg in memory of his father, Prince Henry, Feb. 11, 1896. These are pathetic memorials of a son-in-law of Queen Victoria who lost his life while fighting for his country. They attune the mind to the solemn spectacle which the next two hours will see begun and ended.

At one o'clock chimed faintly from the turret clock there there is a sign of movement. Brilliantly uniformed figures flit between the trees. Three tall forms, clad in greyish blue—German officers, no doubt—steal in by the Equerries' entrance. Then a compact little company of bluejackets, in holiday clothes, under a petty officer, are marched up to the same entrance ostentatiously by a by-path. They are picked men from the Royal yachts, and there will be the honoured task presently of bearing the coffin from the Chapelle to the ground. They stand in line like statues waiting the signal to enter Osborne House. There are other statues close by. The Queen's Company of 1st Grenadier Guards, the finest men as regards height, discipline and character in the whole British Army, are drawn up in the Barton Drive hard by. Night and day, since the first night, when the Rifle Brigade kept watch over the body of their loved Sovereign, have these Guards performed the same proud duty, maintaining by a miracle of discipline and self-control that reverent attitude which at any sacrifice must be observed. Lieutenant Ponsonby bore the State Colour which was presented to the Grenadiers by Queen Victoria nearly sixty years ago, and which has scarcely been used on more than half-a-dozen occasions—all of great state—since.

All this time had been passing unheavily little knots of people along the Barton Drive. They walked as if they had no object in view, and yet were not hurried. They lingered a little as they passed the quadrangle at Osborne House, and glanced up as the windows. They were all in their Sunday "blacks," as the village people call them, and they had come to pay a last homage of affection and respect to the Queen, who had also been their beneficent lady of the manor. This gave a touch of domesticity, of homeliness to the occasion, which was not quite eclipsed by the necessary panoply of gorgeous uniform and State ceremony.

The Procession.

The procession was forming. It was not an imposing procession, it was great only in the persons of those who were the mourners of it. A few grooms in royal scarlet uniform mounted on spirited horses, unrevetted alone, drive to take their place at its head. Then, following the D.A.A.G. of the Southern District, came a dozen of the Hampshire Yeomanry Carbineers, the only cavalry in the whole array. Mr. Thomas Cochrane, Lieutenant-Governor of the Isle of Wight, whose brilliant uniform had for some time been trralling the sunshine, did not take his place immediately, but in the procession he came next. The Staff of the Southern District, the Staff of the Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth, the General commanding the Southern District, and the Naval Commander-in-Chief formed a many-hued group of nodding plumes and gleaming helmets.

The massed bands of the Royal Marine Light Infantry from Gosport and the Royal Marine Artillery from Eastney Barracks formed up just on the north of the drive leading to the Queen's Gate. There are eighty instrumentalists who will, as soon as the procession emerges from the grounds, play Chopin's "Marche Funèbre," the slender beauty of which will on this occasion be enhanced by the beat of two score muffled drums.

Arrival of the Gun Carriage.

A quarter past the hour strikes, and the time before one, looking towards the Royal entrance now for her Royal exit, is one of great beauty and simple grandeur. On one side of the portico the bluejackets are drawn up, on the other the gun-carriage awaits its precious burden. To the Y Battery of the Royal Horse Artillery falls the honour, and the khaki-coloured carriage, drawn by six prancing bays, has just before driven into position. The Guards make a vivid line of red, a border almost to the picture. They stand at ease, with arms reversed, and only an occasional clank, short word of command breaks the perfect silence. The Osborne tenants are passing by all the time, as if these gaudy ceremonials had no significance for them. There have come up the children from the Whippingham School and a score of convalescents in charge of a couple of nurses from the James's Home. They are marshalled into places along the drive. These are little incidents that break in on the sadness of the ceremony and give relief. Sir James Reid, the Queen's physician, who watched by her bedside until the last, strolls across the lawn. He is in levée costume, with all his Orders on his breast; but his appearance nevertheless serves to lessen the rigour of formality. The scarlet line of Guards is there still, but the bluejackets have disappeared, together with the Highlanders, and for a few minutes stood by their side. They have gone to bear the coffin to its bier. One knows that the Bishop of Winchester is just now reciting the last prayers that will be said over the coffin of the Queen in this place, and in imagination one hear the loud "amen." The bluejackets reappear. They have no place in the procession; they are going to rejoin the Royal yacht. The Highlanders come out also; their duty, for the present, is over. Through the glass doors of the portico one can dimly discern bright uniforms; they are worn by Kings and Princes, who are now just men, sons and cousins of the great Queen.

The Mournful March Begins.

The word of command rings out somewhat oddly amid the perfect silence. While the coffin had been placed upon the gun-carriage the Guards stood at ease with their arms reversed. But when the crown, the orb and sceptre, and other insignia, were placed upon the coffin they suddenly presented arms and the colour was raised. Then at a slow march, moving like machinery, and yet like a machinery that has a heart, the Guards pass down to the avenue, opening out as they do so. For a full minute they stand again with arms reversed, at ease, as nearly all of them have stood before, even nearer the coffin. The gun-carriage with the coffin comes between, and as if a lever had moved them, for even the officer is silent now, they turn and march beside it with arms reversed.

No one who saw that coffin will ever forget it. Not because of the richly embroidered pall, not because of the crown and the sceptre borne upon it, or because the Royal Standard, like a crimson stain, draped it, but because it contained her who, a great Queen, was yet a greater woman. The little procession of Kings and Princes and Princesses who followed it, slowly as they walked, were a blur. One noticed that King Edward, walking but a little in advance of the German Emperor and the Duke of Connaught, wore the uniform of a British Admiral, with the ribbon of the Garter. So did the Kaiser. The King's eldest brother was also in naval uniform. The young Prince Arthur of Connaught, Prince Henry of Prussia, and the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, whom we know better as the Duke of Albany, came next, with Prince Charles of Denmark. Prince Louis of Battenberg, and the German Crown Prince as the last rank of these. The Queen followed, closely attended by the Princess Christian and the Princess Louise. The skirl of the pipers, playing the funeral lament of the Black Watch, filled the air as the coffin was borne through the grounds, and thus Victoria left her little island for the greater island beyond.

AT TRINITY PIER.

QUEEN'S BODY TAKEN ON BOARD THE ALBERTA.

[From Our Special Correspondent.]

COWES, Friday Night.

It might have been a summer's morning save for the white hoar which in the early hours of the day spread like a mantle over roof-tops and streets. But the sun shining out brilliantly and with an exceptional degree of warmth for a February morning soon dispelled the last remnant of the overnight frost. A slight mist overhung Cowes in the early morning, but it also speedily melted away before the genial glow of the forenoon sunshine. Scarce a ripple perturbed the blue waters of the Solent. The white hull of the Royal yacht Hohenzollern shone like burnished silver as she rode at her moorings in the roadstead. Steamboats, special excursion steamers, and a never-ending stream of watermen's skiffs discharged their living freight on the steamer pier and adjoining landing-places at East Cowes throughout the morning. Atmospherically perfect, it was the day of all others which might have been chosen for one of national rejoicing, but alas, it was one of national sorrow. The vast crowds which invaded East Cowes from an early hour bore no rejoiceful mien; they wore no holiday garb. One and all were bedecked in the trappings of woe. A sombre funereal black pervaded everything, and was worn by everyone. You encountered it everywhere, at the street corners, in the garments of the visitors, mingled with the bright scarlet of the marshing troops; there it was. The chastened sorrow of a nation's heart stood revealed in the crape and mourning bands of the citizens, in the black armlet worn on the sleeve of the gold-embroidered scarlet tunic. The Royal yacht Alberta lay moored alongside Trinity Pier, her half-masted ensign being stirred into gentle activity by a soft breeze wafted across the Solent. Often in life she had borne England's Queen proudly across the route she was now to traverse in death. The docks of the Royal vessel were a scene of bustle and activity. The yacht was to receive the beloved mistress again, but it was to be the cold mistress now, not the living personality. Her officer and bluejackets busied themselves in putting the finishing touches to the mortuary chapel on the quarter-deck. The hier which was to receive the coffin stood screwed to the deck with its enshrouding canopy of ruby velvet draped up at the sides. The awning covering the sides of the quarter-deck was also drawn up, revealing to the spectators on the pier a view of the interior, where stood the bier, covered with black cloth, and a shadow cast by the overhanging canopy of dark red.

Arrival of Troops.

The troops required to line the route from the pier to Osborne began to arrive at East Cowes as early as eight o'clock in special steamers. The first to disembark were the Field Garrison and Royal Marine Artillery. In quick succession there arrived the Royal Engineers, the Royal Marine Light Infantry, the Royal Depot, the 1st Royal Rifle Reserve Regiment, the 1st and 2nd Royal Southern Reserve Regiment, Army Service Corps, the Battalion Oxford Light Infantry, the band and drums of the Royal Marine Light Infantry and of the Royal Marine Artillery, the Hants Volunteer Artillery, the 2nd Hants Engineers, and the 3rd Battalion Hampshire Regiment. The disembarkation was carried out very smartly under the supervision of Major French, D.A.A.G., of the headquarter staff. As the troops landed they were duly conveyed by them they were directed to their previously allotted stations on the route. Thither they marched, taking up their allotted positions without loss of time. So perfect was the organisation that the distribution of the large force landed at East Cowes was completed by ten o'clock. By that hour all the 16 military stretched in unbroken array from the pier entrance along the steep treelined York-avenue to the gates of Osborne. All the streets of East Cowes giving access to York-avenue were closed to vehicular and pedestrian traffic from an early hour. The spectators, numbering many thousands, stood in serried lines behind the dense ranks of the military, forming a line parallel to that of the troops. Every point where it was possible to obtain an uninterrupted view of the carriage was occupied even before the troops were in position. Hundreds of the spectators had chosen their stations the previous night. In order to guard against the occupation of selected sites many were in early attendance, bringing with them a supply of sandwiches and camp stools, on which to rest while waiting through the hollow hours of the morning. A large force of police drawn from London, Southampton and Portsmouth assisted the military in preserving the route against intrusion on the part of the public.

Arrival of the Coffin.

It was a long wait for the thousands who stood in the streets, watching for the coming of the solemn pageant. Those who had stationed themselves in the High-street in the immediate vicinity of Trinity Pier were shut out from all view of York-avenue by the houses, which run at right angles to the avenue. The sad procession only became visible to the watchers by the pier head when the mounted grooms riding at the head of the fortune turned into High-street by a narrow thoroughfare, but fifty yards from the jetty where the Alberta was moored. The coming had, however, been heralded by the funeral music of the massed bands, and the beat of the muffled drums, which from the pier head of the avenue were borne to the listening ears of those assembled by the pier side. Nearer and nearer came the sound of the doleful strains, and winding slowly out of York-avenue into High-street the cortège reached the gates of Trinity Pier. Without the pier enclosure were drawn up the twelve petty officers belonging to the Royal yachts Osborne and Victoria and Albert, who had been selected to carry the coffin from the gun-carriage to the deck of the Alberta. The music ceased, the bands themselves taking up a position to the west of the pier.

A hush fell upon the assemblage, broken only by the sharp command of "Present arms" to the troops stationed by the pier entrance. The command was obeyed, and slowly in the presence of the uncovered multitude the gun-carriage with the coffin entered the gateway and drew up at the Pier House giving access to the gangway leading to the Alberta.

The Royal Mourners.

Preceding the coffin came the Queen's Highlanders and the Queen's pipers, and on either side marched the escort furnished by the Queen's Company of the Grenadier Guards. It was a solemn and impressive scene. A hushed stillness was over all. The Grenadiers, with funeral step, filed slowly down the gangway, forming a double line extending from the Alberta to the gates of the pier. The gun-carriage had scarcely halted when the Royal and Imperial mourners entered, walking three abreast. First came the King, the German Emperor, and the Duke of Connaught, both monarchs wearing the uniforms of British Admirals.

Prince Arthur of Connaught, Prince Henry of Prussia, and the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha came next, followed by Prince Charles of Denmark, Prince Louis of Battenberg, and

the George Crown Prince. These were succeeded by Queen Alexandra and the Royal Princesses, all attired in the darkest mourning, with long veils of crape draping the whole costume. The Queen walked between Princess Christian and Princess Louise (Duchess of Argyll), and the next group consisted of Princess Henry of Battenberg, the Duchess of Connaught, and the Duchess of Albany, while Princess Charles of Denmark and the Duchess of Cornwall followed in rear. The King, the Emperor, and the Royal Princes grouped themselves in proximity to the stationary funeral car, the Royal Princesses being immediately behind. Now the naval aide-de-camp, with bared heads, reverentially removed the massive gold-embroidered silken pall which covered the oaken casket on the gun-carriage.

The Embarkation.

Then the petty officers of the Royal yachts, placing the coffin upon their shoulders, carried it down the sloping gangway which led to the Alberta, the King and the Emperor and the Royal Princes, resting their right hands to the salute, while the Grenadiers presented arms. At the bottom of the pier gangway was a smaller one, across the connecting link between the pier and the Alberta. The latter, which was provided with handrails, was covered with draping of deep crimson. Close by the gangway stood a detachment of the Grenadier Guards, their bandy resting upon the tops of their reversed rifles, their tall bearskins drooping forward as the wearers stood in statuesque attitude. In the midst of the gangway escort was the Queen's Colour, heavily draped in black, the staff surmounted by the Royal Crown and the Lion. As the coffin descended the gangway the guard presented arms, and the Queen's Colour of the Grenadiers, emblazoned with the proud records of the Crimea and elsewhere, was thereby lowered in respectful farewell to its dead Sovereign. The coffin was carried to the crimson-draped bier on the quarter-deck. The King, the German Emperor, and other of the Imperial mourners accompanying his Majesty followed the coffin on board the yacht. They saw it placed tenderly upon the bier, and then reverently withdrew, crossing to the starboard side of the Alberta, thence embarking on a steam pinnace, which conveyed them to the Royal yacht Victoria and Albert, which was in mid-stream ready to take her place in the sad procession across the Solent.

The Royal coffin was placed on the bier with the head towards the starboard side of the yacht. Completely covering it was the white silk pall embroidered with the Royal Arms of England, which had previously shrouded it on the gun-carriage. The four corners of the rich canopy of ruby velvet overhanging the bier were looped up so as to fall into graceful folds. At the east of the Chapelle Ardente rose a pyramidal column draped with dark pall. This supported a cushion of red velvet, on which reposed a massive crown. At the other end of the Chapelle or pavilion was a similarly draped structure also supporting a rich velvet cushion, but without a crown. On the pall covering the coffin were placed the Royal Crown and Sceptre of the dead Sovereign.

The Naval Wreaths.

Four anchor-shaped wreaths sent by the four home naval commands, viz., Portsmouth, Devonport, the Nore and the Channel Squadron, were placed at each corner of the catafalque. All the wreaths were entwined with white ribbon, bearing appropriate inscriptions in gold embroidered letters. That from the Channel Squadron was inscribed "From the Vice and Rear-Admirals, Captains and Officers of the Channel A Squadron, as a slight token of loving devotion to their late Queen." One of the wreaths is composed entirely of lilies of the valley. Another is wrought from lilies, and white azaleas. The third and fourth are made up of arum lilies, white carnations, white azaleas, and white camellias. In a few minutes the final touches were given to the arranging of the catafalque, and then the Countess of Lytton and the Hon. Harriet Chipps took positions at the head of the bier, while at each corner of the canopy stood a naval aide-de-camp.

Voyage of the Alberta.

Now all was in readiness, but the signal for the starting of the Alberta had to come from the Victoria and Albert, on board of which was his Majesty the King. It was not long delayed. Two small flags fluttered out from the signal-gaff of the Victoria and Albert. An answering pennant was run up at the Alberta. The Royal Standard was half-masted at the vessel's main, the mourning ware cast off, and caught by the fast-ebbing tide, the Alberta glided solemnly away from the pier. Then, with slow rhythmic movement, the paddles began to revolve, and with accelerated speed the yacht moved in stately motion onward towards the glistening waters of the Solent.

With almost startling suddenness came the command to the escort on the pier. "Gremadiers, Royal Salute. Present arms!" Quickly sprang to the shoulders the rifles. From the arranged positions the rifles were brought to the present, and the Queen's Company paid its last honours to its much-loved Sovereign Lady. As the Alberta passed on its way down the spangled bay, the massed bands stationed near Trinity Pier gave forth the saddening music of "The Saints at Rest," their sweetest "rest." The Alberta, steaming slowly out into the roadstead, preceded by a flotilla of torpedo-destroyers, passed close to the guardship Australia, the muffled boom of whose minute-guns was the signal to the whole of the assembled fleet, extending from Cowes to Portsmouth to join in the artillery requiem. The Victoria and Albert, and later the Osborne, steamed away from their respective moorings, took their allotted places in the sea procession, and then, to the appropriate dirge pealed forth by the musics of the Navy she loved so well, England's Queen passed for the last time across the waters that encircle her seagirt isle.

Duke of Cornwall's Illness.

Owing to the illness of her husband, the Duchess of Cornwall and York did not proceed on board the Royal yacht Victoria and Albert with the King and members of the Royal Family. Her Royal Highness, in the procession from Osborne House, walked by the side of Princess Charles of Denmark, and followed the coffin on board the Alberta. There she took leave of the sorrowing circle of Royal relatives, and bade a last tender adieu to the bier, where reposed the one who had in its fullest sense been Queen-Mother of the Royal home circle.

THE PASSAGE HOME.

Some Memories and a Contrast.

THE ALBERTA FROM COWES TO PORTSMOUTH.

[From Our Special Correspondent.]

ON BOARD THE PRESS BOAT, Friday.

On a morning which looked like summer and felt like the kindly frosty sky it was, a mighty fleet waited to pay the last homage to the Queen. The early journey from London to the great naval centre of England's power, and the scene when we arrived there, recalled with strange and pathetic precision that summer day, not quite four years ago, when the British men-of-war were ranged in three stately lines from Osborne to Portsmouth; when the foreign navies came in stately sort to join in the general tribute of gratulation, and when the Queen's subjects went down in their thousands to witness the great spectacle of the Diamond Jubilee celebrations. Flags were flying from every cottage that the train passed by, and the passengers speeding seaward were greeted all along the route with wavings and cheerings as if, because they were bound for the great review, they were in some way responsible for the glories of Queen Victoria's reign. To-day it is sunny, and it is misty, as it was on that July morning; but the grass is white with hoar-frost where the sun has not yet had time to recall the green; and where flags are to be seen they are mournfully hanging half-mast high, and the stating platforms as the special sweeps through are seen to be crowded with silent throngs of folk in sombre mourning, in place of the happy throngs of four years ago.

Tribute of the World's Navies.

In Portsmouth Harbour there is a glad dancing of water, and a sunny haze outside. But everywhere the inevitable token of loss, the half-masted flag, overcasts the brightness of the scene. The Victory, superb and immutable, testifies to the greatest grief the nation has felt since Nelson fell, and her descendants, superb, too, in their settled might and simplicity, carry on this token of majestic mourning, supported by the squadron of German men-of-war and the representatives of the navies of France and Spain, of Portugal and Japan — the last splendid specimen of British naval construction. There they lie, grimly magnificent, stretching away as far as the eye can see, a double line of warships, marking the course whose significance comes home to the hearts of all, as they see the familiar towers of Osborne in the peaceful distance above the trees. The ships are waiting, and the people are waiting, and the Queen is waiting to be brought home for the last time. The distant towers of the Queen's seaside home, and the long array of battle-ships waiting to do honour to the Queen in death, once again impress very strangely and amply the wonderful scope of that influence which we cannot yet look upon as having ceased from us. Home and Empire—Majesty and sympathy—they have been made synonymous during the Queen's reign. And the reminiscences of those familiar drives through Cowes streets not seldomly as we see the great empanoply of earth and the crowds of blue-jackets and marines, and officers, topped with gold lace and epaulettes, waiting to do honour to her whom we shall never see more.

The Naval Procession.

The sun gets stronger and clearer as the afternoon wears on, though there are clouds enough about to give fine variety of light and shade. At one moment the Noble glistens from stem to stern as the sun falls upon her like a limelight; the next she is indistinguishable, and some white ensigns look a quarter of a mile away suddenly cut conspicuous from the whole fleet. There are occasional bugle calls and movements on the ships, and low-lying venomous-looking destroyers go their ways hither and thither. The distant thrones are thickly lined with waiting spectators, and the dawn take capricious prominence as the sunlight fails. And so the afternoon wears on. But for the nip in the wind it might be Cowes Week, and the solemn tension of feeling is momentarily relaxed, till suddenly—the first gun! Away to the long lines of ships against the flush of white curl of smoke, the solemn reverberating or sudden bang. The sun-saturated mist of grey-ness of the water are flaked with white area which floats as it hasth to be resolved, and between the echoing reports of the guns there falls a solemn, a rather awful silence. She is coming. The smoke hanging over the ships seems in some sort like the silence. Again the terrible salute rings out from ship after ship, and again there is an awful hush over the sea, smooth as summer. Sunlight, haze, and the familiar alarum, and times intolerably awful guns. The roar and the flap of the echoes report run again and again across the lines. She is coming, nearer, nearer, the slow procession is close upon us now, and the closure of the guns is strangely filled by the fingers played on each ship on the Royal yachts' masts by Ships are manned, rigid with disciplined life, and the pitiless immortal dignity of the guns gives us, slowly the procession goes on its stately way. Eight destroyers lead the way in pairs.

The Passing of the Alberta.

Then all heads are bared, and many eyes are dim as the Alberta bears past her ships the coffin of the Queen, and hidden by the solemn curtains of the beautiful pavilion, but resting in stately simplicity that all may see a last glance upon the coffin of the Queen they loved. Behind the Alberta the Victoria and Albert follows with the chief mourners, then comes the Osborne, then the stately white Hohenzollern, then the Admiralty yacht Enchantress, the Elfa, and one or two more, the whole procession moving at a very slow speed, and keeping distances which add to the dignity and solemnity of the scene. And so they slowly steam along, escorted by the terrible destroyers, with the never-ending thunder of guns, and wailing of mournful marches from the bands, until they round the buoy and disappear into the famous harbour, the shrine of England's naval glory. There is a glorious sunset, with path of burnished and rosied gold. It has been Queen's weather to the last. A purple haze hangs over Portsmouth and Hyde. Golden island clouds float in the west, and in front a very large calm silver moon hangs, as if watching in benison while it gathers the gold of the departing day. And as the little yacht with the great Queen's coffin passes away from our sight, and the guns with their remorseless homage still rend the hoar-stern after every her last journey home is taken. God bless her. "Rest be under the shadow of the Victory to-night, and the Hohenzollern is berthed at the South jetty, while the Victoria and Albert and the Osborne lie hard by.

VIEWED FROM SPITHEAD.

A Pageant of Unsurpassed Pathos.

King Salutes the Japanese Warship.

[From Our Special Correspondent.]

SPITHEAD, Friday Night.

On board the Japanese battleship Hatsuse:

All is over. The last minute gun has been fired, and the smoke of it has died in the gleaming. The dead Mistress of the Seas has passed away, and the night is falling round about us. Shadowy ships loom in vast perspectives, the ends of which cannot be seen. So, too, man cannot see the end of to-day's making of history. For it has been a making of history, not the mere local history of a nation, but a piece of the world's history. Not England only, not the Empire, but the world has to-day been mourning the Queen who has gone. To-morrow, in London, at Windsor and elsewhere, the British nation will mourn, but to-day it has been the world. To-morrow the Queen; to-day the woman.

I write these lines on board a foreign battleship. Some day, near or distant, she will fight perhaps beside our warships, perhaps against them—it is in the womb of the future which. She is manned by men who have fought in modern war, there are not many such, but a large proportion of the Hatsuse's officers fought at Yalu or Wei-hai-wei. All are descendants of the Samourai, the old fighting men of Japan, who could only die with honour at the hands of the enemy. Neither by race nor creed are they at one with us. The Germans are here to mourn a loss in the Kaiser's family, the French are our nearest neighbours, Japan has no ties of kindred, and she lies far away. But here to-day is her huge battleship, sent by special command of the Emperor, to mourn for the mighty dead.

Nearing Portsmouth.

At three o'clock, as we sat in Captain Uyamura's cabin, talking of how to-day's ceremony was no mere British incident, but a world-deed, there came the sound of a distant gun, another, yet another, then a sharp roar as the Hatsuse joined in the firing. The Queen's body had left Cowes. I went up on to the forebridge, whence a vast perspective of ships stretched into the mists of Cowes Roads. Nothing else was visible. A cloudless sky, the Queen's weather, as the Japanese observed, a sea little ruffled, and lines of ships vanishing into obscurity. Over each hung a white cloud of smoke, turning into purple as it melted into the blue. Up the course which stretched like a great roadway before us—for the sea, despite the artists, looks always more like a solid road than a liquid mass—a single cruiser led a single destroyer. She was on police duty. But there was no need for her. One excursion steamer struck among our bows, but that was all.

The thunder of the guns grew louder as every ship took up the refrain, and from the mists ahead a black cloud rose softly. The light waned, smoke began to obscure the sun, and presently a black cloud drifted across it. At the far end of the sombre roadway we could now see eight destroyers, a single column of smoke rising from each. The Alberta we could not yet see, but the Victoria and Albert loomed big, the Royal Standard flying at her main masthead. Slowly they came, so slowly that there seemed no motion, gradually they grew a little larger still. There was a short sharp order from the commander, a rush of sailors to the side, then a solitary bugle, and after that a great silence.

Passing the Fleet.

In this silence, during which no man moved or spoke, the procession went slowly past. First the destroyers, hardly adapting themselves to the slow pace at which they went. Every and again one would massily heave in the ground swell, and away astern of them they left a sea of troubled water that splashed and resplashed against the sides of the Alberta, which followed close upon them. At half-mast floated the Royal Standard from the main. In the bow there stood a single officer, below him a naval guard; on the bridge silent figures statuesque in their stillness. From the far away across the sea, from this ship and that bleeded into one weird melody like the strains of an Æolian harp, came the Dead March in "Saul," and in the stillness we seemed to hear the paddles of the Alberta beating time with the sad soft music. Aloft the paddle-boxes of the yacht was a great white awning, very high, and below it, over the bulwarks, one got a momentary glimpse of the bier. One could not see much; it needed a glass to see even the white, the crimson, the Crown upon it, and the mourning figures grouped about. It was a glimpse, nothing more. Then came the Victoria and Albert, her flags at the mast-head signifying that the King was on board. We could see him standing near the bridge, the Kaiser beside him. Both moved to look at the Japanese warship, and the King saluted when he saw that he was observed. It was only a little action, but the moment was impressive, and they will not forget it in Japan. Every one of the silent officers, drawn up two deep on the Hatsuse's bridge, saw that salute, the tribute of England's King to a foreign warship come to do honour to the mighty dead. After the Victoria and Albert came many other vessels, the Osborne, the great white Hohenzollern, the tiny Enchantress, the Irene and the still tinier Elfa, and after her other vessels, some official, but the greater number not. So the procession passed, and, looking aft, we saw it fading into the eastern mists, nothing visible clearly save the great white awning over the body of the dead Queen. And presently that, too, was lost. It did one go suddenly, it faded as it must all things earthly. She of whom it was the last token has now an incorruptible crown—gone from earth to a greater glory. She was immortality a vision of the truth revealed to men for a moment of time.

It was all over. The shivering sailors, who had stood so still in all the line of warships, raised to man the sides, a bugle brought back the everyday world. The dream and fascination evoked by that silent, solemn panorama passed away. It was earth now, and the things of earth. In the west over Osborne the sun was resting as hoped in glory, but in prosaic fashion. We went [illegible] to warm our frozen limbs, eating little, thinking much. Then it was that a British officer appeared on board asking for the Hatsuse's captain. The King had sent for all the captains of the great fleet—a tactful deed of a tactful King. So has the pageant sealed with the fall of night, but its echoes and its memory will live long and hear who knows what fruit in the days that are to come. The nations of the world to-day have been as one mourning for a great and good woman, who is no more. The world may be a bad place, but for once it has witnessed to its appreciation of the good in this great naval funeral to the Mother Queen.

ON THE SOLENT.

Greatest Naval Display since the Jubilee Review.

[From Our Correspondent.]

PORTSMOUTH, Friday Night.

So large an influx of visitors into Southsea as that of last night has not been known since the Diamond Jubilee Naval Review. Hotel accommodation was at a premium, and the boarding-houses, and even the smaller lodging-houses, had their complement of people, all assembling to witness the great pageant in the Solent, where an immense fleet had been gathered to pay the last mournful tribute to the monarch who but a few days ago was its head and mistress. In the historic roadstead there have been naval displays which, in numerical strength and grandeur, have far outweighed that of to-day, but not in our time has there been a vast collection of ships for so sad a purpose. Only in April last visitors came from all parts of the kingdom to welcome home her Majesty's ship Powerful and the Naval Brigade from Ladysmith, and one could not but recall the enthusiasm with which the gallant tars were greeted by the thousands of persons who thronged Southsea beach, the Hard at Gosport, and the seawall at Haslar and Stokes Bay, and compare it with the sad event of to-day, which brought from distant parts of the country loyal and devoted citizens anxious to pay a last token of respect to the Queen they loved and revered.

The Darkened Curtain.

There is was a scene of triumph and rejoicing; to-day the occasion was one for reverence and regret. The morning broke with fog spreading over the waters of the Solent, and not until close on noon had the mists sufficiently lifted to allow of a view of the squadron at anchor towards the Isle of Wight shore. In the meantime, at so early an hour as ten o'clock, in fact, the people had begun to wend their way towards Southsea beach, and as the afternoon drew on the crowd extended in dense numbers to the Clarence Pier, and eastward of that structure to the Southsea Castle. People came into the town by train, by cycle, and by motor car, and flocked to the beach in a continuous stream. The crowd was a mixed one, and represented many nationalities; but it was quiet, orderly, and respectful. At half-past two the bells of St. Thomas's Church began a muffled peal, and it is estimated that there were over sixty thousand people on the beach.

At Gosport the scene was indeed a striking one. The pathway along the top of the sea wall which runs at the rear of Haslar Hospital was densely crowded, and with glasses and telescopes a continuous look-out was kept up for the Royal yacht. Naval and military veterans at Portsmouth were allowed to witness the passing of the yachts from the King's bastions. These grey and grizzled warriors had paraded near the garrison church, and with medals and decorations on their breasts had marched to the spot to gaze on the vessel carrying to port all that was mortal of their Queen.

"The Minute Gun at Sea."

Few persons outside the services were at the Clarence Victualling Yard, Gosport, alongside which the Alberta was to be berthed, and there remain for the night. It had been stated in the dockyard in the morning that the yacht would reach the mouth of the harbour at half-past four, and some minutes before there was an indication that the vessel would be punctual. As the Alberta, with the attendant escort of the torpedo-boat-destroyers, followed by the other yachts, turned the line of battleships at Spithead and headed for the harbour, minute-guns began to boom. Across the creek on Burrow Island a battery sounded, and in double-quick time a stray detachment of men from the Naval Depot had sprung to the call, lining the island on the two sides to be passed by the yacht. Some 200 blue-jackets from the Excellent Gunnery School were exercising themselves on the green, which skirts the water on the south side of the railway station, but as the third gun was fired the men were ordered to fall in and form the naval guard to receive the Royal dead. On the opposite side of the railway station 400 men of the Royal Marine Artillery and Royal Marine Light Infantry, under Major Johnston, and drawn from the Naval Depot, were paraded. Captain Hamilton was in supreme command, and the other officers on duty were Lieutenant Drury Lowe, R.N. (commanding the Excellent detachment), Lieutenants Townsend and Bumister, and Sub-Lieutenants Dessent, Lewin, Mackenzie and McKinnon. The blue-jackets were their straw hats and leggings, and presented a smart appearance.

Silent and Sad.

Now there comes a lull—a silence which could almost be felt. Stealing up the harbour go the torpedo-boat destroyers, noiselessly, but steadily. Scarcely a ripple can be seen on the water, and the Solent waves slowly past the flag-ship, then on up to the sorte corner, turning towards Fountain Lake, where, having finished their duty, they were to be put by for the night. Following close behind is the Alberta, upon which all eyes are bent. The vessel passes up mid-channel and turns towards the creek, and berths at the pontoon. The band of the Excellent is stationed between the two companies of blue-jackets, ready to play Chopin's Funeral March, and the men give the Royal salute. Up the narrow stream of water comes the Alberta, with its Royal burden. As she draws alongside Admiral Sir John R. Fullerton ascends the bridge to give the final orders, and preparations are made for securing the vessel to the side of the structure. One sees on board the ladies in waiting, and Admiral Sir Michael Culme Seymour, Captain Hedworth Lambton, Captain Poe, and Captain May, the naval aides-de-camp to the Sovereign whom they can serve no more. The work of berthing the yacht occupies some little time, and a score of the naval guard are ordered to pile arms and assist before the ship is eventually secured to the pontoon. Then the minute-guns cease to

fire from the ships, but the artillery at the forts take up the strain.

Watchers, with Arms Reversed.

Darkness was by this time setting in, and the spectacle being at an end the vast crowd of sightseers began slowly to disperse. At the Clarence Yard jetty was being left three stalwart marines were observed to mount guard, with arms reversed, over the coffin. The ladies in waiting were to pass the night ashore, but the aides-de-camp would remain with the body until to-morrow, when at half-past eight it will be transferred from the yacht to the Royal train for conveyance to Victoria. The King, the Kaiser, and other Royalties travel by the train, but Queen Alexandra and the Princesses entrain at the Portsmouth side, proceeding direct to Windsor.

AT WINDSOR.1

The Transformation of St. George's Chapel.

[From Our Special Correspondent.]

WINDSOR, Friday Night.

Everything here is now in the final stage of preparation, but still on every side there is heard the "clink of hammers closing rivets up." The streets of the Royal borough itself may now be said to have put on their last touch of funereal garniture, but up in the Castle, especially in and around the scene of to-morrow's pageant of mourning, there is still this evening a good deal of bustle, though not confusion, and it will be far into the night, or rather perhaps early morning hours, before everything is ready for the enactment of the final scene in the drama of Queen Victoria's wonderful life and death.

On reaching Windsor this afternoon—the fellow-traveller, among others, of the boy Prince Edward of York, who now stands third in direct succession to the Crown—I hastened up to St. George's Chapel, to find the chief southern approaches to it littered about with little mountains of huge deal boxes, pouring in from far and near—some of them very nearly the size of mill-wheels, and all containing the loveliest winter wreaths of summer flowers that were ever piled upon the bier of a beloved dead one.

In St. George's Chapel.

In common with what appeared to be a selection of the general public, I was allowed to enter and stroll through the various portions of St. George's Chapel, where the atmosphere is already almost overpoweringly laden with a more subtle and delicious odour than ever permeated the air of a sacred fane from swinging censers. This all-pervading fragrance arises from the countless array of the loveliest flower wreaths—from high and low—which cumber all the aisles and other vacant spaces of the storied chapel—wreaths of every dimension and device, which come from every part of the world, from Ultima Thule to the Cape of Good Hope, and from the snow-clad forests of Canada to the sunny prairies of the Southern Cross. The wooden boxes in which these floral offerings have reached the Castle would suffice to make the biggest bonfire that ever was kindled, and the silk paper in which they were carefully swathed is lying about like rumpled snow-wreaths without any wind or breeze to flutter them, for the crisp air is calm, still, and bright, giving promise of a fitting day for the most solemn and significant funeral of which St. George's Chapel has ever been the scene.

It is computed that to-morrow's congregation of mourners will number about 1,500 or 1,600 persons, of whom, however, the greater portion will have to be seated in the nave, from which the view towards the choir is sadly interrupted by the organ screen, the choir itself, of course, with its depending banners of the Garter Knights, being reserved for the Royalties and their suites.

Allotment of Seats.

The jurisdiction over the chapel is divided between the Lord Chamberlain and the Earl Marshal, but there has been no conflict of authority, and the allotment of seats has been completed. Those in the nave, though debarred from enjoying a complete view of the funeral scene, will enjoy (if such a phrase on such a subject may be allowed) a full picture of the funeral procession as it passes up the nave towards the choir, though the precise order of this procession had not been communicated by the Earl Marshal to the Lord Chamberlain's Department here at a late hour to-night.

This morning, however, there was a rehearsal of the function assigned to the non-commissioned officers of the Guards, whose proud, yet sorrowful, duty it will be to carry in the Royal coffin from the gun-carriage to the chapel. This will, perhaps be the most delicately difficult task in connection with the various stages of the Royal obsequies, seeing that the approach to the west door of the sacred edifice is by a pretty steep, yet broad, ascent of steps, and as it was thought prudent this morning to rehearse this portion of to-morrow's ceremony. The actors were eight stalwart men, and the object of their united effort was a coffin-shaped weight of nine hundredweight. The trial was a complete success, just as all the other arrangements have been, and by to-morrow morning the solemn historic stage will be ready for the sorrowful ceremony, though it is not yet quite certain what particular form the religious service will take, nor between whom it will be allotted.

The Mayor and Corporation of Windsor, like the Lord Mayor of London and his municipal colleagues, will be accommodated with seats in the nave, but it is now decided that the former will not be at the station to receive the Royal body.

MOURNING ABROAD.

PREPARATIONS FOR TO-DAY'S SERVICES.

The Queen's Favourite Hymns.

[From Our Correspondents.]

PARIS, Friday Night.

To-morrow will be kept as a day of mourning by the British colony in Paris and by a large number of Americans residing or sojourning here. The shops of English tradesmen will be closed while the remains of their Queen are passing through London, and those employed at commercial firms or agencies will be dispensed from all work. The preparations at the various churches are elaborate. There will be two services at the Embassy Church, in the Rue d'Aguesseau. The first, at eleven a.m., will be official and diplomatic. The President of the Republic will be represented by M. Combarieu. Seats have been arranged for the Minister of Foreign Affairs, the Minister of the Interior, the High Chancellor of the Legion of Honour, the Presidents of the Senate and Chamber, the Prefect of the Seine, and the Prefect of Police. The Ambassadors, surrounded by the staffs of their Embassies and their Consuls, will be in full uniform. The Rev. Dr. Noyes, with a number of clergymen, will officiate. The service will be of the most impressive character.

In the afternoon at half-past two another service will be held of a less official character. As it has been found impossible to meet all the demands for tickets, the musical portion of the service will be repeated on Sunday. At the Ritualistic church in the Rue Auguste Vacquerie there will be a solemn Requiem at noon. The Rev. George Washington, the vicar, who will be the celebrant, writes to the "New York Herald" (Paris edition) that from personal knowledge he is able to say the three favourite hymns of the departed Queen were Newman's "Lead, Kindly Light," "Hark! Hark! my Soul," and "The Ocean of God."

Special services will take place at the English church, Maisons Laffitte, at the Anglican church, Versailles, at Chantilly, and at Compiègne. The Americans will meet at the Church of the Holy Trinity, in the Avenue de l'Alma. According to Roman Catholic rivals, the English-speaking members of that body in Paris will hold a special and solemn service, the date of which will be announced, to invoke a blessing upon King Edward VII. The church in the Avenue Hoche was crowded to-day with silent worshippers, who will receive Holy Communion to-morrow morning from the Very Rev. Watts Russell, the rector.

All social gatherings amongst English and American residents here have been postponed, amongst others the production of "Sweet Lavender" by the Paris Theatrical. Every train leaving for London is full of English passengers and distinguished personages passing through from other capitals.

Owing to the funeral of her Majesty Queen Victoria, the President of the Republic has announced that he will not be present at the grand ball of the Ecole Centrale at the Hôtel Continental to-morrow night.

BERLIN, Friday Night.

The greatest interest continues to be manifested here in the preparations for the Queen's funeral. The newspapers are full of details. The "Vossische Zeitung," representing the views of the inhabitants of Berlin, says:—

"To-morrow, when Queen Victoria finds her last resting place, the German people will remember the sorrow of its English sister. They will hope that the friendship between William II. and Edward VII. is a good omen of lasting friendship between the two peoples resting on mutual esteem and complete independence, and for the furtherance of peace and civilisation."

KING EDWARD.

The Pontifical Mission.

Message to the People of India.

[From Our Correspondent.]

ROME, Friday Night.

The names of the members of the pontifical mission who will go to London to felicitate King Edward on his accession are generally approved. Mgr. di Belmonte, Nuncio of Brussels, one of the members, belongs to the high Neapolitan aristocracy. He was the secretary and intimate friend of Cardinal Sanfelice, the deceased Archbishop of Naples. He has a distinguished bearing, and for several years occupied the position of Councillor at the Paris Nunciature. His secretary, Mgr. Peri Morosini, is a Swiss. Mgr. di Belmonte will hand to the King an autograph letter from the Pope. The King will be assured of his Holiness's profound sympathy.

OVER THE ROUTE.

A TIME-TABLE OF THE PROCESSION.

HOW THE STREETS LOOK.

The people of London who line the route from Victoria to Paddington will be asking each other this morning, "When is the procession due here?" There, is—there can be—no official answer to that. The one thing settled is that the special train is to arrive at Victoria Station at eleven o'clock. The rest is a matter of estimate, and to help in that (says a member of the "Chronicle" staff) I made an interesting experiment yesterday. I walked over the whole route, having first set my watch to a quarter-past eleven, the time at which the procession is likely to start from Victoria Station. Going at an easy pace, such as may be expected of the procession, I counted my watch at various well-known points on the route. This process of direct experiment gave me the following timetable:—

11.15 a.m.—Start from Victoria Station.
11.27 a.m.—Buckingham Gate.
11.33 a.m.—Opposite St. James's Palace.
11.40 a.m.—Marlborough Gate.
11.50 a.m.—Top of St. James's-street.
12.10 p.m.—Hyde Park Corner.
12.30 p.m.—Marble Arch.
12.45 p.m.—Burwood-place (Edgware-road).
1. p. p.m.—Paddington Station.

It will be seen, therefore, that the passage of the procession from Victoria to Paddington will, as nearly as possible, occupy two hours.

The route was yesterday a busy picture of preparation. Stands were being fixed up, and draping was being hung. Moreover, many folks were about to see all this, and to see the road the procession will go by, in case they should not see the procession itself. Others were searching eagerly for seats, in which a brisk market was being done. The quotations, as I noted them, were three to five guineas for a seat in Buckingham Palace-road, five to seven guineas in St. James's-street, and the same in Piccadilly. In Edgware-road prices were lower. It was possible to get a good seat for three guineas, and a bad one for a sovereign.

Now a word on the appearance yesterday afternoon and evening of the streets where the procession will traverse. In Buckingham Palace-road one building flew many flags at half-mast, others a single flag at half-mast. The usual draping was purple cloth on the stands erected outside windows. Within the grounds of Buckingham Palace a grand stand was being completed. That was the one evidence of the occasion which the great palace showed. The Mall was what it always is in winter—an avenue which even the leafless trees could not spoil. The roadway was being strewn with fresh gravel, and, indeed, this task was being carried out all over the route. Near the Queen Entrance to St. James's Palace the grand stands for the Press and the Commoners were receiving the final touches.

In St. James's Street.

When I walked into St. James's-street I found there the brightest scene of all. It is a street which, with its sharp rise to Piccadilly, lends itself well to picturesque effects. Purple draping was so many of the houses, varied by an occasional stretch of black cloth. Here you were in club-land, and you almost remained there until Hyde Park Corner was reached. Some of the clubs and mansions in Piccadilly were draped with singular taste. A purple-covered stand rose over the walls of Devonshire House, which, for the rest, looked its own plain self. Purple—and how many shades of purple are there!—accompanied you to Hyde Park Corner. On the western end of Apsley House was a little stand jutting out from the windows. You noticed it the more readily by the instant of glancing up at the windows where the Iron Duke once fastened his iron shutters. Most of the houses in Piccadilly had their purple or their black, and that wealthy bright thoroughfare looked wholly sad.

Within Hyde Park nothing was being done, of course, beyond attending to the road which runs between Hyde Park Corner and the Marble Arch. Where Edward-road begins stands and draping began to be very numerous. Most of the tenants of Edgware-road—which consists chiefly of shops—appeared to be letting their windows. Those who were not, showed civil and independent cards to the effect, "No seats," and ticket who wanted seats passed on to another door.

For the Borough Councillors.

To the right and left of Edgware-road—that is to say, built in side streets—were large stands for the local authorities. Then in Cleveland and Cambridge-terrace a multitude of private stands were being hammered up as fast as joiners could hammer. Here a great crowd of people will be sure to gather, for it is a good origin of vantage. But Hyde Park and St. James's Park will accommodate the innumerable masses. It was said last night, indeed, that enterprising people were then looking on for pitches where they could see the procession well.

At London-street, which turns to the right from Oxford and Cambridge-terrace, you catch sight of Paddington Station. In London-street the buildings are fairly high, and some of them were last night already in mourning from top to bottom. Altogether the route, of which these rapid impressions have been given, will be a wonderful sight to-day. It should be added that here and there, at convenient distances, there will be ambulance stations. Over four hundred men of the Volunteer Medical Staff Corps will be on duty, under the general direction of Surgeon Lieut.-Colonel Squire.

AT VICTORIA.

Completed Preparations at Both Points.

Preparations for the reception of the funeral cortège were completed at a late hour last night at Victoria Station. The Royal train will leave Gosport at a quarter to nine, and run over the quick or Mid-Sussex route of the Brighton Company, via Fareham, Cosham, Havant, Chichester, Arundel and Dorking, arriving in London at eleven o'clock precisely. The train will consist of three Royal saloons and the funeral car, two bogie carriages, and two large brake vans, drawn by the powerful engine "Empress," which will be draped in front with purple and white, and display a large crown in metal. Accompanying the train will be the following railway officials—viz., Mr. William Forbes, goods manager; Mr. Billington, locomotive superintendent of the line; and Mr. David Greenwood, superintendent of the line; while Mr. J. Richardson, district locomotive superintendent will travel on the engine.

The only director absent from the platform will be Mr. Birkenhead, who is ill.

All the Royal and other distinguished mourners who do not go to Gosport will assemble at Victoria, and for their accommodation a large waiting-room, handsomely appointed, has been erected on No. 6 platform, at which the train will be drawn up. The whole of the platform will be covered with purple cloth, and the carriage which will convey the coffin will be stationed immediately opposite where the car containing the body will stop, and the Royal conveyances will form up in rear. A guard of honour of 200 Foot Guards will be posted in the station, and a Sovereign's mounted escort of twenty-six Life Guards will be drawn up in the outer courtyard, there being no room for them inside. After the arrival the will be stopped, and the public excluded from the station premises.

At Paddington.

Crowds of people visited Paddington Station yesterday in the hope of seeing something of the funeral arrangements, and they were not disappointed, for the Royal train was drawn up at one of the centre platforms, while the last touches were put to the carriage, which has been converted into a funeral car. It occupies the centre of the train, and is heavily draped in purple. The train will practically be composed as on the occasion of the Diamond Jubilee, three Royal saloons being placed at each end of the Queen's carriage. The engine will be the "Royal Sovereign," which has so often drawn the late Queen. A second saloon train will follow the Royal, containing the suites of the various visitors, and the members of the Royal Household.

The first train is timed to leave Paddington at nine o'clock, but it will probably not get away till a quarter past one or later. The journey to Windsor will be done at a moderate speed only, and will occupy from forty to fifty minutes. Lord Cowdray, chairman, Mr. A. Hubbard, Mr. W. Robinson, and other directors will be in attendance on the platform, together with Mr. Wilkinson, general manager, Mr. Allen, superintendent of the line, Mr. Mills, secretary, Mr. Hurt, divisional superintendent, and other officials, who will accompany the train. A guard of honour will be drawn up at No. 2, the departure platform, whence the Royal train will depart. The Royal train usually arrives at and starts from No. 9 platform at the extreme northern side of the station. The entire length of the platform will be carpeted. At the bottom of the slope leading from the street into the station a large stand has been erected for the accommodation of the friends of the directors and chief officials, and the whole of the north wall has been draped with scarlet cloth, festooned with white and purple hangings. The staircase has also been decorated with purple and white. The public will be rigidly excluded from the station after the departure of the last ordinary train to Windsor about ten a.m.

Our Correspondents at Odiorne, Upnor, Spithead, and Portsmouth, have sent us graphic and vivid accounts of the first stage of Queen Victoria's funeral. The naval Procession took place yesterday afternoon over a smooth sea, and under a sky of brilliant and almost autumnal serene. It might have been a summer's morning, so unusually sunless are the slight tents which overlying Cowes in the early morning were dispersed by a genial sun such as our English Februarian rarely witness. The transfer of the Queen from Cowes to Gosport had, no doubt, its aspects of deepest solemnity, but there were aspects which did not dispose for their expression on the commonplace plane of nature. The skies did and weep for their gloomy Queen; the sea was calm and graceful as the daughter of the Vikings was borne over its surface to her eternal rest. It was the day such as we have often witnessed in the past, on public holidays and in times of national rejoicing, as Queen's weather; and it was the Queen's weather yesterday, none the less because it only shone on her coffin, and shadowed without relieving her people's grief. Nothing could have been more appropriate to the home-bringing of Victoria than this pall of opalescent blue, lying as it were by invisible hands from the vaulted sky, and absorbing into its one purpling mists that strove in vain to defuse it. The picture is one which will live in history—for we are passing through a historic scene which will not be dismissed hereafter by some bald reference to a day of national mourning, but will abide on the canvases of our greatest artists, and in the word-pictures of our most eloquent historians. The central feature of the picture stands out already in sharp projection against the background of massive battle-ships which lay along the deep—the Queen's low-lying and dowdy yacht, the Royal Standard at half-mast, the lofty awning of white, the crimson pall and empty crown, which told of the costly freight beneath them. This solemn funeral convoy of the immortalising Alberta, bearing the Flower of Queens to her peaceful tomb, will carry both the imagination of Englishmen to the last voyage of Arthur's barge, as it bore the flower of kings to the island of Avilion.

The impressive pageant in the Solent was extended far and wide around the floating bier of the Queen. The towering fortresses of Britain's Royal Navy, reinforced by the Navies of Queen Victoria's Allies, stretched like an avenue of pomp and strength on either side of the Alberta's gliding keel. The great battleships passed on the little yacht from bulwark to bulwark, and in the intervals of eloquent silence their mighty throats gave forth their slow knell of honour to the Queen. The reverberating echo of the guns mingled as it sank away with the sad dirge of the Dead March. It was then that the sky was overcast, and the distant haze began to thicken into a mist. Far over England the Queen's weather still reigned supreme, but the funeral avenue in the Solent grew dark with the cannon's smoke. The pall was changed from blue to grey and from grey to sombre brown, as the low hull of the Alberta disappeared in the eastern fog. Behind her floated the Victoria and Albert, with flags mastheaded at become the state of the Monarch-in-Chief, who stood by the bridge, with the Kaiser beside him, the eldest son and the eldest grandson of the Queen. The survey of children and the nurses of the nation were blended together in the solemn procession from Cowes to Gosport, and the scene of yesterday was none the less affecting because the etiquette of Royal State forbade the King to lower his flag, and compelled him to think of what was due to those who took part in the ceremonial programme of the day.

Such then was the first stage of the funeral progress of Victoria. It was, as we have said, a scene from history, and no ordinary pomp of mourning. We have not looked all into Memorials, nor any one of them, as we are burying the Queen; nor has the world ever shared with so much unanimity and sincerity in a Royal funeral. Every nation in Europe, without exception, and nations as far removed from Europe as Japan and Siam, are represented amongst us now as they have never been represented before. We must not miss or misinterpret the significance of this universal respect. It is paid not to one person, and to one memory. It is the spontaneous homage of the world to a reign of unprecedented brilliance, and to a Queen who was before all things a wise and irreproachable woman. We see this clearly enough to-day, and our children's children will see it no less clearly in future generations. The purely personal note which pervades in the mourning for Queen Victoria is evident in every manifestation which reaches us from our own countrymen and from foreign lands. The attitude of the German Emperor has done perhaps more than anything else to make this personal note conspicuous. The official page at Berlin embalmed yesterday a message from the Kaiser to his Chancellor, which was addressed from Osborne to the German nation. The Emperor reminds his people how the celebration of the two-hundredth anniversary of the creation of the Prussian Kingdom was followed immediately by the death of his "beloved and highly-honoured grandmother." "It was under the fresh impression of this visitation," the Kaiser proceeds, "that I kept my birthday this year in silent contemplation by the bier of the noble Sovereign." The Emperor relies on the sympathy of his people, and declares that the condolences which have been forwarded to him from Germany appeal with all the more warmth and closeness to his patriotic sentiment by reason of the circumstances in which they have found him. Germans will not misunderstand a declaration so simple and straightforward. And certainly the English people will henceforth understand better than they have ever done before the warm and generous impulses of the King's Imperial nephew.

Taunton, which has so often in the last sixty years decked herself out with every colour to welcome the presence of the great Queen, has prepared a fitting reception for the last procession of all. The colours ordained are now the emblems of mourning—black, white, purple, and in some few instances scarlet edged with black, as becomes the military funeral of a British Queen. But no enormous has been the demand for every imaginable stuff and substance in these funereal hues, that it has been impossible for the tradespeople to supply it. For the Imperial purple especially there has been no chance of keeping pace with the demand, even by plunging fabrics wholesale into vats of purple dye. All the streets through which the funeral will pass are draped with the cloth and relieved of mourning, and from the lamp-posts hang laurel-wreaths with purple streamers.

THE JOURNEY FROM COWES TO GOSPORT.

The Daily Chronicle, February 2nd, 1901.

All yesterday immense crowds kept moving patiently backwards and forwards along the route. Traffic was almost stopped; thousands had come up from the country to gaze sadly even at the preparations for so mournful but historic an event. The black-dressed crowd heaved and passed quietly on, as often as not to return along the road once more, as though to impress the scene of it all on their minds for ever. We are supposed throughout the world to be a peculiarly unimpressionable people, chiefly because we have the gift of silence in times of stress and danger; and on the whole it is not a bad sort of gift either. Nor do we make much display of affection in public. But when the nation is really moved either by joy or grief, it appears to us that England shows her feeling as profoundly as most other people, and, in the case of a great sorrow, with perhaps more dignity than most. It is certain that the nation is really moved to-day. On the death of many people of sufficiently high rank it might be possible to get up a great show of lamentation in the West-end streets. Money would do a great deal, fashion would do still more, and thousands who were in reality quite indifferent would hang out their emblems of grief for fear of being unrepresented. But in the present mourning it is not the command of fashion, that is obeyed. The lowest as well as the highest are doing their best to show how genuine their sorrow is. It is far beyond the power either of wealth or of fashion to have compelled the cab-drivers, the 'bus-drivers and the carters in their donkey-carts to have tied those little strips of crape halfway down their whips. It is not for mere outward show that from so many roofs and windows of the poorest quarters in East and South the penny Union Jack is fluttering half-mast high. It was an unconventional respect which induced a man in North London to lay out more than half his weekly earnings so that the Royal Standard might flash above his stall.

All classes have done what they could. Hundreds buy penny portraits as memorials, or those peculiar black and white flowers fashioned out of turnips delicately carved. Nearly everyone in this huge capital city to-day is making some sacrifice, foregoing something of which he will feel the want, so that the occasion may be in the highest sense solemn and national. Who can calculate what loss is suffered merely by the closing of all the shops in London for a single day? It is a heavy tribute for all men of business to pay, but for the poor and the small shopkeeper it is a very serious matter. We are glad to see that the report that restaurants were to remain closed all day is now contradicted. Apparently most of them will re-open at an early hour in the afternoon, thus saving the vast crowds a great deal of inconvenience and distress, as well as avoiding the heavy loss to the restaurants themselves. Most of the tobacconists have decided to keep shut, but we are sure we are expressing what would have been the wish of the late Queen herself when we urge that at all events in the poorer districts there should be no feeling against reopening of shops in the afternoon. She understood the needs of a family as well as the feeling of her people, and she would have been the last to allow the families of the working classes to suffer for want of the Saturday night's marketing. We hope, therefore, that it will not be taken as in the least disrespectful to her memory if, when the funeral is over, any shop whose chief trade falls on Saturdays sees fit to take down its shutters. On the question of profound regret for the Queen there is no division whatever amongst the whole nation, and it would be impossible to throw any blame upon any of her people if they returned to the usual course of the day when the last that was possible had been done in her honour. That, however, is but a side issue. The thing that London remembers to-day is that for the last time we receive that great lady who was so long our Queen, and we receive her in death. Let London determine that, in order and sobriety as well as in lamentation, the day shall pass worthily of the noble traditions she has left us.

The Daily Graphic.
February 2nd, 1901.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

COWES, Friday.

To-day, in the sunshine which two generations have associated with her name, the body of Victoria the Well-beloved was borne from the home where she died, and was taken one stage of the journey to its last resting-place. The thunder of ships which were here saluted her for the last time, the tears which would not be restrained of thousands of her people were shed as her coffin passed by. The warships, the soldiers, the rolling drums, were the insignia of the Empire over which she ruled; the tears of gentle and simple were the last unasked tribute of a people who loved her as no Sovereign was ever loved before. The splendour of the pageant which set out from Osborne to-day, and which in its passage across the Solent struck so strong a note of majesty, dominion, and power, can never be effaced from the memories of those who witnessed it; but there was another side to it than splendour—there was the simple pathos, which made no appeal to the senses, but reached the heart by avenues of grief and pity.

Simple words best befit a funeral whose simplicity and beauty are beyond adornment of phrase. Osborne House in the morning sunlight seemed beyond measure peaceful and still. The blinds were all closely drawn. The Royal Standard, mastered by the breath of morning, hung on its staff. Not very long before the time appointed for the funeral those who had a part or share in it began to assemble in the grounds of Osborne, in front of Osborne House. The "Queen's Entrance" is placed in the middle of the inner side of a rectangular court. The open fourth side of this court was barred by the soldiers who have watched by the Queen's body since her death—the tall Grenadiers of the Queen's Company. Outside the rectangular space stood on one side a glittering group of officers, upon the other the massed bands, their drums bound in crape. But not all the groups were there as part of an official ceremonial. Here stood a little knot of Colonial soldiers invalided home from the war; there the humble cottagers of the Osborne estate—bent old men, and children carried by their mothers. One by one the units of the mournful rite assembled. Now came the gun-carriage, with its stately horses, and the gay uniforms of the horse artillerymen, and now the blue jackets with their officers crunched along the gravel drive to the silent house. But that solemn sad moment, which all were waiting for, seemed to arrive almost unexpectedly.

The gun carriage had been drawn across the portico of the Queen's Entrance for only a very little while, when behind the glass doors one saw the dresses of the Highland servants, and a flash of red, the tunics of the Indian attendants. The Highlanders were carrying the coffin, and placed it upon the gun carriage. Then, and with reverent deference the Indian attendants covered the oak with the silken pall, an order rang out from the officer in command of the Queen's Company, and the Grenadiers wheeled from their position in the quadrangle, and at the slow march took their places by the side of the path which the funeral procession was to traverse. "Reverse arms," commanded the officer, and very slowly the double line of soldiers turned their rifles from the "present" until they rested with muzzle downwards, and the soldiers' arms were leaning upon the butts. So they stood until the coffin went by.

The moment was now at hand. The horses of the gun carriage moved away from the house of mourning, and uniformed figures came slowly down the slopes, to be followed by others closely veiled in crape. The great Queen, the revered Sovereign, the beloved mother had set out on her last great journey, and her children, her great-grandchildren, and her servants were following in her train.

Before the coffin strode the Highlanders—the last two of them father and son, the Queen's pipers; and when the coffin reached the awaiting escort of the Grenadiers the pipes broke into the wail of the Black Watch's lament. It is a melody to which the Highland soldiers always bury their dead. At the notes shrilled out on the chanters, the Queen's escort came from their position of dowrest heads to attention once again, and took their places to march beside the coffin. The coffin—there must be many who had no eyes yesterday for anything but that—came by very slowly; but it seemed to pass long, long before one had gazed enough at it. The white ribbon pall was draped, and the folds reached almost to the khaki carriage of the gun. The Royal Standard lay folded on the pall, and upon that the great ceremonial Crown of State, as well as the smaller Crown of India, the crystal orb of dominion and the jewelled sceptre of power. Few, perhaps, had time to look at the mourners who followed after, and note the King's troubled face, the pale Emperor, the many Royal figures that walked with them. One could only see this thing or that—that the King and the Emperor wore the uniform of British Admirals, and the Duke of Connaught that of a General Officer; that Prince Arthur of Connaught was the only one of the mourners who was not in uniform. All walked very slowly. It seems a visitation of the privacy which at the humblest of funerals is regarded as sacred to attempt to violate. Behind the pathetic, sorrowful little following, Behind the Royal Family came the Household, the Lady in Waiting and the Women of the Bed-chamber of Queen Victoria leading, and after the Household came the servants. The three Indian attendants followed last, walking by themselves. The tenants closed in on the procession; the Pipers changed the lament to "Flowers of the Forest," and King and noble, master and servant, old and young, passed sadly out of Osborne by the Queen's Gate.

As the procession came out from the Queen's Gate to pass between the double line of waiting soldiery and mourning people, the pipers ceased to play and their notes gave place to those of the massed bands playing Beethoven's Funeral March. From Osborne to the Trinity Pier is all down hill. The whole way was lined and thronged with voiceless people. Not altogether silent however. As the sad beauty of the music fell on people's ears, many broke into weeping. There were none so unmoved that their eyes did not fill with tears. The procession passed down the wide York Avenue into the narrow streets of East Cowes, and through them to Trinity Pier, the place of embarkation. Here the massed bands drew aside and their music ceased; but the drums did not cease. Their roll continued threatening and mournful as the moment of the Queen left the coffin from its carriage, and very tenderly and slowly bore it to its bier upon the yacht. Here in crimson state it lay—its crown and its jewels gleaming upon it—for the sun still shone and strove to reach it beneath its canopy—and at the corners of the dais where it rested stood the four naval aides-de-camp, motionless, and with heads drawn bent like the soldiers who had guarded the coffin while it lay at Osborne.

The mourners followed the coffin upon the Alberta, and the King stood for a moment by the coffin as it lay upon the bier. Then he and the other members of the Royal Family and their suites were taken from the Alberta to the other Royal and Imperial yachts which lay out in Cowes Roads. At last all the preparations were completed, and at last the long roll of the kettle-drums ceased. A gun spoke from the Fleet-Admiral's ship, and the Alberta moved away from the pier with her sacred burden. As she began to move a soft slow melody spoke from the massed bands once more. It was the melody of the Queen's favourite hymn, "O, happy saints, for ever blest, At Jesus' feet how safe your rest." The Alberta picked her way slowly down the Medina, and took a bold curve out into the Roads, so as to go round the Australia, the guardship lying west of the Admiralty flagship. The guns now began to boom. First the Alexandra, then the Camperdown, then the Rodney, and the black torpedo-destroyers took their places as escort to the Alberta. Last of all, the Alberta swung to the east, and then her torpedo-destroyer escort going in front of her two by two, like funeral mutes, she bore away to Portsmouth along the iron chain, each link in which was a battleship, and each of which greeted her with iron tongue as she passed. The Victoria and Albert followed her, with the King's Standard floating at the main. The King's yacht was followed by the Osborne. Astern, showing white against the turquoise sky, came the Imperial yacht, the Hohenzollern; but no Imperial German flag floated from her mast. The Emperor's yacht on this occasion was the yacht only of the grandson of the Queen. It was a fine fitting note of kingly simplicity in a funeral of simple majesty.

THE FLOATING BIER.

The raised dais on which the coffin rested was a little abaft the funnels of the Alberta, and just forward of the dark saloon known as the Royal Pavilion. Four pillars clothed in purple, with white silk and purple curtains, were so arranged that the curtains could be drawn around them, thus, with the canvas awning which covered the after part of the ship, creating a tiny chapel for the Royal remains to rest on. At right angles to the catafalque on which the coffin was placed were two small cushions, also dressed with purple. On the one rested a crown, and on the other the orb and sceptre. From each of the four pillars were suspended magnificent wreaths, the privileged gifts of the admirals commanding at Portsmouth, Devonport, the Nore, and in the Channel. They represented anchors, being of white lilies of the valley, Easter lilies, arum lilies, and azaleas, and the inscriptions were similar in each case, "From the Vice-Admiral, Rear-Admiral, Captains, and Officers, as a slight token of loving devotion to their late Queen." One other wreath was placed at the base of the dais. It represented a heart, with the Geneva Cross in red, and was from the naval nursing-sisters. As the hawsers of the ship were let go, and the yacht slowly steamed into the Roads, the coffin, with its magnificent covering, guarded at the four corners by naval officers in their brilliant uniforms, was in full view of the thousands of mourning subjects who lined the shore and filled myriads of boats on the water.

THE NAVAL TRIBUTE.

Of the foreign warships drawn up to do honour to the remains of the great Queen, the Spanish ship Reina Maria Carlota had not been able to get to Spithead in time, but the Nymphe, Victoria-Luise, Hagen, and Beden, all four German, Dupuy de Lome (French), the Dom Carlos I. (Portuguese), and the Hatsuse (Japanese) were in position. The huge Japanese warship stood out even above the British vessels, and the queerly-shaped French ship, with her ram projecting almost a third of her length beyond her stem, attracted much attention.

It was just before three o'clock in the afternoon when the echo of the first gun from Cowes intimated to the anxious watchers on the warships that the Royal yacht Alberta, bearing the Queen's body, had left the mouth of the Medina. The guns went down one line of ships from Cowes to Portsmouth, and up the line from Portsmouth to Cowes. Ship and ship and ship, British and foreign alike, taking its turn in the tribute. All the warships turning the avenue stayed in their places till the mournful procession had passed almost into harbour. Then the British warships turned towards Portsmouth, and saluting the foreign ships on the way, followed, anchoring just without the harbour.

THE VIEW FROM RYDE.

Though bright, the sun was weak, and was partially hidden by clouds as the funeral procession steamed near Ryde, so that a broad band as of silver shone upon the sea, and through this beautiful light the Alberta was so clearly visible that the company protesting the Royal bier could be clearly made out from the shore. At that moment it seemed as though the illustrious dead were gliding through a silver sea. The light continued until the whole of the ships in the procession passed through it, and then it gradually changed to gold. There was no wave on the water, the surface of which was like burnished metal, and the ships steamed as smoothly as on a lake.

IN PORTSMOUTH HARBOUR.

The sun was setting, leaving a crimson afterglow in the sky, as the Royal yachts steamed into the Clarence Yard, preceded by the sight torpedo-boats, which led the way to the procession and steamed into their berths in Fountain Lake. The Alberta was fastened to her moorings in Clarence Yard. H.M.S. Victory, the flag-ship of the port admiral, which fired minute guns, was the signal for the forts outside also to fire minute guns. When the Royal yacht came to rest, on board the ships in the harbour played Chopin and Beethoven funeral airs, as had already been done on board the ships of the fleet. As soon as the Alberta was moored a guard of 100 Marine Light Infantry was mounted. They remained on duty during the night, the quarter-deck of the ship being lighted by electric lamps. The fore aides-de-camp remained on board. Acting under the instructions of the Bishop of Winchester, a representative body of Church of England clergymen received the Royal remains. The scene in the dockyard was more brilliant than elsewhere, on account of the large number of naval officers in full dress. The ladies accompanying them were, however, in deep mourning. The dockyard jetties were lined with blue jackets and marines, and every frontage commanding a view of the Royal procession was crowded with mourners.

The King and Queen, with Princess Charles of Denmark, Princess Victoria of Wales, Princess Christian, Princess Louise, and Princess Henry of Battenberg, slept on board the Victoria and Albert. The German Emperor and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught slept on board the Hohenzollern. The other members of the Royal Family slept on board the Osborne.

The London County Council has been invited to be represented at the funeral of Her late Majesty by the chairman of the Council (Mr. W. H. Dickinson), the Vice-Chairman (Mr. Purnell), and the Deputy-Chairman (Mr. Benn). Seats have been allotted to the Royal Chapel of St. George, Windsor.

The Great Western Railway Company desire it to be known that a special train for visitors who have tickets for admission to St. George's Chapel, but who do not hold invitations for other functions at Windsor, will leave Paddington from No. 1 Platform at 11.5 a.m. this morning.

THE TRIBUTE OF THE SEAS.

It is difficult to imagine a more impressing tribute to our dead Sovereign than that which was paid to her remains in the Solent yesterday. It was the tribute of the Seas to their departed Mistress—the homage of those vast highways of Empire which, thanks to the leviathan bearers of British supremacy, link together the scattered daughter nations and the countless vassal dominions of the Crown with their island centre. It brings to mind memories of that gorgeous spectacle off Spithead three and a half years ago, in which the splendours of the Diamond Jubilee culminated. The abiding significance of both is the same. The naval spectacle in 1897 illustrated how much had been done during the Queen's wise reign to consolidate Britain's dominion of the seas. Yesterday's solemn pageant only emphasised the lesson by commenting it directly with the great personal qualities of Queen Victoria, which for three years and three years have fortified British prosperity and British patriotism. Pride was the predominant feeling in 1897—Pride and Gratitude—and if Mourning was uppermost in everybody's mind yesterday it was still mingled with the same sentiment of gratitude. And with mourning and gratitude there comes another feeling—the sense of a great trust. Through many changes in the conditions of maritime supremacy the Victorian era has left this island as preponderant on the seas as it was after Trafalgar. That preponderance is the key of Empire, the bulwark of our greatness and our happiness. May it never be diminished! Yesterday's booming guns and half-masted flags spoke eloquently not only of the nation's sorrow but of the reality of the colossal achievements of the finished reign. It spoke also a message to the future—a message which Britons have never yet disregarded, but which is now sanctified by the memory of the greatest and most patriotic of Britain's daughters.

FROM THE HEART.

Nothing is more eloquent of the sentiments which Her late Majesty aroused in the hearts of all classes of her subjects than the varied sources from which flowers have been sent to adorn her last resting place. Side by side with names of the highest rank and station will be found wreaths "From the Street Flower Sellers of London," "From Eight Hundred Working Men" at Kensington Butts, "From the Sick and Wounded Soldiers at Netley," "From a sorrowing Irish family," and from the widow of the murdered President Garfield, "in grateful remembrance of the Queen's kindness to her." These and, doubtless, many others from equally varied sources, are a vivid illustration of the love and loyalty the Queen evoked. For, be it remembered, there is nothing of the courtier about the people who offer this homage: there is no servility, no lively sense of favours to come. They might have saved themselves the trouble and the expense, and no one would have reproached them—but they have not done so. Happy the sovereign, and happy the subjects, by whom and in whom are evoked expressions of feeling which come straight from the heart, and from the heart alone.

ARRIVAL OF FOREIGN REPRESENTATIVES.

The last of the foreign Royal and other representatives who are to attend the Queen's funeral to-day arrived in London yesterday. The earliest to reach the Metropolis were those who have come on behalf of the Netherlands and Crete. Representing the Queen of the Netherlands were Baron de Hardenbrock de Bergambacht, her Majesty's Grand Chamberlain, and Baron T. D. Tuyll de Serooskerken, her Chamberlain. M. de Jonkheer de Rauna coming on behalf of the Queen mother. The Emperor of Crete sent M. Tobin Pasmot Ye, his Minister at St. Petersburg, to represent him. The distinguished party travelled via Flushing, and reached Victoria about nine o'clock. Lieut.-Colonel Count van der Nethersteyn arrived on behalf of King Edward, and several members of the Netherlands Legation in London were also on the platform. Mr. Crowe, of the Foreign Office, met the representative of the Emperor of Crete. Half an hour later the Grand Duke Michael of Russia and three German Princes, the Grand Duke of Hesse, the Hereditary Prince of Saxe-Meiningen, and Prince Henry XXX. of Reuss, reached Charing Cross from the Continent. They had travelled by special train from Port Victoria. The Duke of Cambridge representing the Tsar at the funeral. Lord Suffield was present to receive the Royal personages. There were also on the platform the Russian Charge d'Affaires and members of the Embassy staff to meet the Grand Duke, and Count Hermann Ilsenfeldt and several members of the German Embassy to welcome the German Princes. With the Grand Duke Michael were General Count Wormsaw Dachsbrow, Count Dashkoff, and Count Shermetieff. In attendance on the Grand Duke of Hesse were Hofmeister Krauss, A.D.C. Count Solms, and Lord William Cecil, who represented the King. Lord Suffield, who was delegated by King Edward to attend upon the Grand Duke Michael, conducted the Royal visitor to Marlborough House. The Grand Duke of Hesse drove to Clarence House, and the two other German Princes to Chesterfield House.

The staff sent to receive the officers who will represent German regiments at the funeral. They were drawn from the Prussian Dragoons and the Prussian Hussars. The late Queen was honorary colonel of the Hussars. They were fine specimens of the German soldier. In the course of the afternoon they toured London on the top of 'buses, and attracted much attention, and their pipeclayed and gilt-spurred boots were the objects of favourable comment.

The King of Belgium, who has remained on his yacht at Deal for the past few days, came to London yesterday. His Majesty disembarked at Westcliff, where a special train was in waiting for him. He reached Charing Cross at twenty minutes to four, attended by Count Dallingwell and Count d'Ansembourg. Prince Christian, who was attended by Colonel the Hon. Charles Ellis, received the King on behalf of King Edward. There was a very affectionate meeting between his Majesty, who was in deep mourning, and apparently in good health, and the Prince. Viscount Bingham, Mr. Vyo Grosvenor, and Mr. Dubois, from the Royal Mews, were also on the platform. His Majesty remains at Buckingham Palace till to-day.

The Archduke Ferdinand of Austria and Prince Hohenzollern came to Victoria shortly before five. Sir Arthur Ellis and Colonel Collins travelled with them from Dover, and they were met at the London terminus by Prince Francis of Teck, the Austrian Ambassador in London, and Baron Marschall, of the German Embassy. The Archduke drove to Buckingham Palace, and the Prince to Clarence House. Prince Arnold of Bavaria arrived at Charing Cross about six in the evening. He was attended by Colonel Wardrop, Attaché at the British Embassy in Vienna, as King Edward's representative, and conducted to Marlborough House. Count Lerchenfeld, Chief Equerry and Captain of the Guard to the King of Bavaria, and Captain Pfaum. There were several members of the German Embassy on the platform to welcome the Prince. Two Royal carriages were in waiting, and the visiting royalties immediately drove to Buckingham Palace.

The following special representatives who have arrived from abroad to-day attended at the Foreign Office yesterday, accompanied by their suites, and were received by the Marquess of Lansdowne, K.G., Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs:

Turkey.—Turkhan Pasha and Alexandre Carchedieff Pasha.

France.—Vice-Admiral Rameaud.

Netherlands.—Baron de Hardenbrock de Bergambacht.

Bavaria.—Monsieur Mijatovich.

Bulgaria.—Count de Bombelles.

Greece.—M. Tobin Pasmot Ye.

Sweden.—Monsieur Hessern Mark.

Hanover.—Colonel Baron von Knoop.

Luxemburg.—Count d'Ansembourg.

Mecklenburg-Schwerin.—Count von Heidenburg Monsen.—Count Rehbay d'Avensmuth.

Oldenburg.—Count von Medel.

THE QUEEN'S LAST RESTING PLACE.

When Her late Majesty Queen Victoria marked the site for a mausoleum to be the last resting place of her beloved husband, and her own, it was natural that she should choose a spot near the villa erected by her mother, the Duchess of Kent. The Duchess had expressed a wish to her daughter and the Prince Consort that she might be laid in the grounds of Frogmore House, and she herself suggested the spot on which her mausoleum now stands. The site chosen was then occupied by a small temple erected by King George III., on a thickly-wooded mound separated from the surrounding garden by a stream. Prince Albert not only assisted Her late Majesty in designing the edifice, but devoted much time during the most last months of his life to actually superintending the work of erection.

The Prince Consort's mausoleum, where soon will rest "all that was subject to death" of England's greatest and most beloved Queens, is only 600 yards from that of the Duchess of Kent. In 1862 that part of the private grounds lying between Frogmore and the Home double avenue called the Long Walk, was consecrated as a burial place, and on the 25th of March of the same year, Her late Majesty laid the foundation stone of the Royal Mausoleum "in pious remembrance of her great and good husband." This small, but beautiful building was designed by Professor Grüner and Mr. M. A. Humbert, and so rapidly did the erection proceed that the ceremony of consecration was performed by the Bishop of Oxford on the 19th of December, 1862. The ground plan of the mausoleum consists of a central octagon, 30ft. in diameter, from which project four recesses or chapels, connected by corridors. A dome surmounts the central octagon. The building elevated considerably above the level of the ground is supported on massive brick vaults, but Portland stone and granite of various shades were much used. Sixteen columns of polished granite support the windows of the octagon; six pairs support the chapel lights, and others stand in the porch, doorways, and less important positions. Over the front of the entrance is a medallion of the Baynes in terra cotta, sent by the Dowager Empress of Germany as a present to her father, not long before his fatal illness. Wide steps, giving a stately appearance to the mausoleum, lead up to the entrance porch on the eastern side. The pavement of this porch consists of inlaid marbles of Sicilian white, Emperor red, Irish green, and a deep blue marble from Carrara; the angels in the upper part of the walls are from the cartoons of Professor Schnorr; a frieze running round three sides of the porch displays the Royal Arms, and introduces alto-relief and cut-out work, the ceiling is of Venetian mosaic, by Salviati, of Venice.

A Latin epitaph, cast in bronze, is immediately over the beautiful open-work circular transom window of the brass gates which admit to the interior of the mausoleum. Translated it reads as follows:—

All that was subject to death of Prince Albert
His mourning widow, Queen Victoria,
Desired to be deposited in this sepulchre.
Adieu, missed and regretted one,
Here may I at length with thee repose,
In Christ with thee arise.

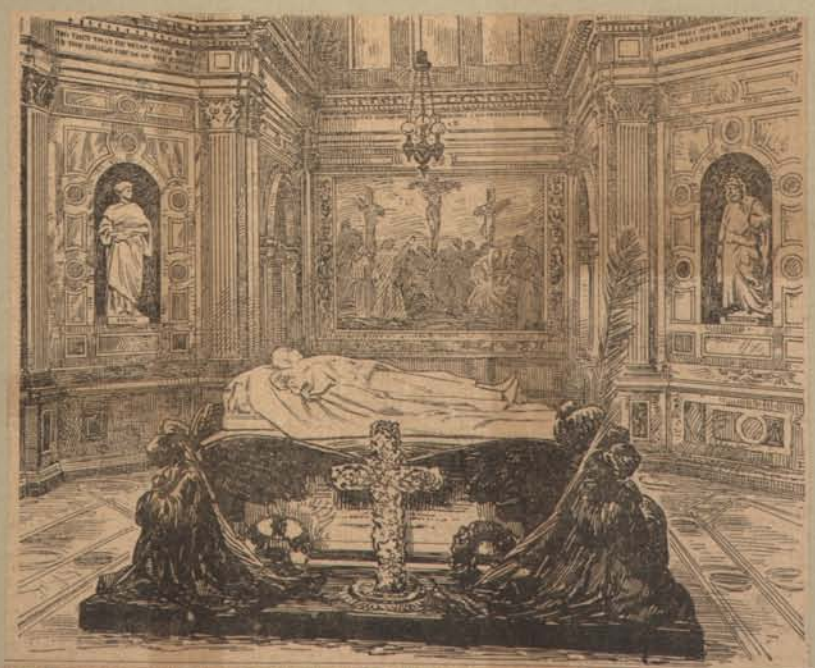
The interior of the mausoleum is in the Italian renaissance style; many of the wall-paintings are after Raphael, the collection of whose works by Prince Albert was one of the most perfect in existence. The painting by Cosmati in the arch over the doorway is a modified representation of one of Raphael's grand frescoes in the Vatican; the text beneath the picture is, "He that overcometh shall be clothed in white raiment." The walls are lined with polished marble, excepting those spaces ornamented with painting and arabesque, which received a soft pale marble, representing in most cases the general wall-facing of the structure. It was all given by the King of Portugal. The four large niches made to receive statues are lined with Campan-ongo, the darkest of red marbles, bordered by the pale scarlet of the emperor-red. The broad border is inlaid with marbles of Sicilian white, blue dove, dark Anglesea green and Connemara green. In these niches stand four statues of David, Isaiah, Daniel and Solomon, with the following inscriptions: "The Lord is my rock and fortress," "He shall be as the light of morning when the sun riseth," "And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament," "Behold I have done according to Thy word: lo, I have given Thee a wise and understanding heart." "Thou hast not asked for thyself long life, neither hast thou asked riches." Over the statues are paintings of the four Evangelists by Cosmati, and in the lunettes above the angels holding wreaths enclosing the Royal monograms are by the same artist. The dome is lighted by eight windows in the clerestory; between the windows rise the ribs of the dome to the top of the centre point. These are cimented by three concentric of golden angels. From the highest point of each of the four large arches of the transepts hang octagon lamps in bronze and gold, by Barbedienne, of Paris, who did all the bronze work. They were the gift of His present Majesty.

The magnificent sarcophagus which occupies the centre of the mausoleum was designed by Baron Marochetti, and the white recumbent figure of Prince Albert was his last work. The Prince is represented in his Field Marshal's uniform. The tomb itself is a genuine sarcophagus, and was made large enough to hold both the Prince and the Queen; it is wrought out of a single block of grey Aberdeen granite, and is supposed to be the largest block of granite in existence wrought without a flaw. It stands on a plinth of black marble, given by the late King of the Belgians. At each angle is an angel in bronze with clasped hands, kneeling. Collars round the angels' necks bear these brief texts: "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted." "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." "Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called the children of God." "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." Here, then, is the shrine to which will bend the steps of countless generations of the great English-speaking race. Here, side by side with her husband, will rest Queen Victoria, who has bequeathed to her people an undying example of all the virtues.

Shortly before the day fixed for the funeral the staff of the Office of Works, under Mr. Nott, undertook the arrangements for the removal of the slab covering the sarcophagus, upon which is the marble recumbent effigy of the Prince Consort. By the side of the effigy a space is left for that of the Queen, which will no doubt be placed there in due course. The greatest care was, of course, exercised by Mr. Nott's staff in the preparation of the sarcophagus, not to injure in the slightest degree the tomb and the beautiful polished pavement on which it rests. All is already prepared for the reception of the coffin of the Queen, and the great granite slab has been removed from the tomb, which will close for ever on Monday next over the remains of the illustrious pair whose lives will be for ever memorable in our annals.

THE QUEEN'S LAST RESTING PLACE: THE INTERIOR OF THE ROYAL MAUSOLEUM, FROGMORE.
(From a photograph by R. W. Thomas and Co., Thornton Heath.) (See page 4.)

THE ROYAL MAUSOLEUM AT FROGMORE. (From a photograph by Valentine, Dundee.)



THE QUEEN'S LAST RESTING PLACE: THE SARCOPHAGUS AND EFFIGY OF PRINCE CONSORT IN THE ROYAL MAUSOLEUM AT FROGMORE.

THE FIRST STAGE OF THE LAST JOURNEY: QUEEN VICTORIA'S HIGHLAND ATTENDANTS CARRYING THE BODY FROM THE CHAPELLE ARDENTE AT OSBORNE.

THE ROYAL FUNERAL PROCESSION FROM OSBORNE: THE GUN-CARRIAGE WITH THE COFFIN ENTERING THE GATEWAY OF TRINITY PIER, EAST COWES.

Unpacking wreaths from the provinces. In the cloisters of St. George's Chapel.

THE EMPIRE'S GRIEF: FLORAL OFFERINGS AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

THE ROYAL FUNERAL TRAIN AT PADDINGTON.

It seems to be only fitting that the Great Western Railway, by which Her late Majesty made her first railway journey nearly fifty-nine years ago, should be that which will convey the Royal coffin on the last stage of the journey to its resting-place. It was on Monday, June 13th, 1842, that Queen Victoria made her first railway trip, travelling from Slough to Paddington, and the ease and comfort that attended this short journey of eighteen miles completely overcame her conservative distaste for the new mode of locomotion. From that date to the summer of 1897, however, the "Queen's train," so glibly referred to whenever Her Majesty travelled, was a misnomer, for in reality, until the Great Western Company celebrated the Diamond Jubilee commemoration by the construction of a complete Royal train at Swindon, there was no such train. Of course, each of the principal railway companies had long previously been possessed of a "Royal saloon" for the Sovereign's exclusive and personal use when journeying over their system, but the remainder of the so-called Royal train was made up with suitable vehicles from the ordinary passenger rolling-stock.

The Great Western Diamond Jubilee Royal train, which consists of the late Queen's saloon, 64ft. long, two Royal saloons, each 56ft. long, one first-class corridor coach, and two vans, each 56ft. long, was brought to Paddington on Tuesday, and placed at No. 5 platform, in order to receive the necessary preparations for to-day's sad journey. It was finally decided to convert the Queen's saloon into a sanitary chamber. This vehicle dates from 1872, for when in 1897 the company suggested that they should build Her Majesty a new saloon, she expressed herself to be so satisfied with the accommodation provided by the old one that the original central partition, devoted to her exclusive use, was retained, and two new ends, or compartments, for the lady dressers and gentlemen in attendance respectively, were spliced on to it. This coach is placed in the centre of the train, and in ordinary circumstances is easily distinguishable by reason of its lofty domical roof—the other vehicles forming part of the Royal train all have roofs of the clerestory pattern—and large ventilators. Other distinguishing features about the saloon are that its steel under-framing is encased in a mahogany facing, with brass beads surmounted by gold crowns carved at the corners; that the width of the coach is that of the loading gauge for passenger trains—hence there are no footboards, but underneath each of the extra wide doors a folding step, which when opened abuts over the platform; and that the door handles and rails outside are gold-plated and enclosed with mouldings of lions' heads.

Her late Majesty's apartment in the middle of the saloon will receive the coffin, and, accordingly, the central portion of the roof has had its white surface transformed to a purple colour. From the interior the furniture, consisting of an armchair on swinging pivot, sofa, and folding writing-table, have been removed, and the white silk rep, with which the walls are upholstered, has been shrouded throughout in purple cloth. In the centre a pedestal is erected, on which the coffin will rest. When the train was brought to Paddington two extra vehicles were attached. These were two twin composite saloons, numbered 225 and 229. On Wednesday these were divested of their internal furniture and fittings and lined throughout with white cloth, bordered at intervals by purple bands. On Wednesday night these two coaches were despatched to Portsmouth, for duty on the funeral train over the Brighton Company's system this morning. Saloon No. 229 will receive the coffin, and No. 225 the overflow of wreaths and floral emblems which cannot find room in the former. On arrival at Victoria they will discharge their contents, and then make a circuit, via Battersea, Addison Road, Uxbridge Road, and Westbourne Park, to Paddington, in order to join the Great Western Company's Royal Funeral Train, which will thus consist of eight coaches.

The Great Western Company have several appropriately-named locomotives, which have on previous occasions drawn the Royal train—the "Queen Empress," "Empress of India," and "Royal Sovereign," for example. The engine selected, however, is the "Royal Sovereign," one of Mr. Dean's fine 4-cylinder single-drivers. It is understood that the locomotive will carry the usual Royal heraldic devices, which proclaim the Royal character of the train, attached to the base of the smoke-stack, the driving-wheel splashers, and centre of tender, though these will, of course, be draped in mourning. This will be the first occasion on which the dead body of a British Monarch will have been borne on the way to its last resting-place by railway.

"THE FUNERAL CAR."

To the Editor of the Daily Graphic.

Sir,—With reference to the suggestion of your correspondent A. J. H., are not such matters usually left to the Family to decide? Most of the late great Queen's subjects will, I fancy, prefer to remember Her Majesty by her good works and glorious reign rather than to perpetuate the bitter grief caused by the sad event of her funeral car.

J. L. B.

Southampton, January 31st.

VALE.

Farewell! Thy London takes sad leave of thee,
Most loved than any Monarch ever known;
With every wind that round our earth is blown
Come sounds of mourning over land and sea
From mightiest to the lowliest, each degree
Last homage paying to thy liege-Queen!
And as erstwhile with gladness, now we own
All thy world-realm owes to thee, silently.

Farewell—of Queens the Queenliest! Our tears
Do but express the void in every heart
Felt when from a loved friend the call to part
Comes tenderly, and God His word doth keep;
For so He giveth His beloved sleep—
To bring again with Him when He appears.

C. M. P.

THE LAST VOYAGE: THE ROYAL YACHT ALBERTA ENTERING THE LANE OF WARSHIPS.

FLORAL TRIBUTES.

The City of London Corporation's tribute to Her late Majesty was designed in the form of the City shield. The groundwork is of white camellias, interspersed with lilies of the valley, the cross being of large scarlet red cyclids over a layer of camellias, while the dagger is of scarlet cyclids. The shield, which is about four feet six inches high and three feet six inches across, is mounted on a handsome white silk foundation and backing. The Trinity House tribute was very prettily designed from a model of the Eddystone Lighthouse, some five feet six inches high. The lantern and vane are of lilies of the valley, and inside these, under the dome, is a large ball of scarlet carnations, to represent the light. The balcony and cap are of violets. The stone is made up of white camellias, having windows of violets, while from the lowest of these depended a ladder of violets. The base, in imitation of rocks, was skilfully fashioned of grey sea moss, and on this, in letters of violets, was placed the opening words of Cardinal Newman's hymn, "Lead, kindly light," which was one of Queen Victoria's favourite hymns. Both these wreaths were designed and made by Mrs. Bunyard, of St. Swithin's Lane, E.C.

The floral offering from the Institute of Journalists takes the form of a scroll, which seven feet high, made of white flowers, with the words, "A Grateful Tribute," worked in coloured blossoms. The lower fold of the scroll bears the emblem of a quill pen, worked in crimson flowers.

The ladies of the Imperial Yeomanry Hospital Committee have sent a cross, composed of violets on a pedestal of white flowers, the cross having a laurel wreath thrown over it, and standing seven feet high.

The Agents-General for the various Australian States patiently despatched wreaths by officers of the respective staffs to Windsor.

Sir Walter Peace, the Agent-General for Natal, has forwarded to Windsor three beautiful wreaths on behalf of the Natal Government, the Mayor and Corporation of Durban, and the loyal subjects of Germans domiciled living at Stockberg Road, Natal.

The London County Council yesterday forwarded a wreath, consisting principally of arum lilies, and the initials "L. C. C." in violets. It is accompanied by a card, bearing the words, "From the London County Council, as a token of the profound grief and respectful sympathy of the people of London."

Magnificent floral tributes, which had been subscribed for by men of all grades belonging to the Metropolitan Police force, were sent to Windsor yesterday. A wreath was also sent by the officers and men of the Criminal Investigation Department of Scotland Yard.

DAYS OF MOURNING AT WINDSOR: OLD SERVANTS AND CHILDREN TAKING WREATHS AND FLOWERS TO ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL.

From the Institute of Journalists.

From the Corporation of the City of London.

From Trinity House.

The Daily Graphic, *February 2nd, 1901.*

OUR PORTRAITS

The Grand Duke of Baden, who is among the foreign Princes attending the State funeral, is an uncle of the Kaiser. His wife is a sister of the late Emperor Frederick. The Grand Duke of Hesse, whose arrival is also announced, is more closely connected with the English Royal House. He is the eldest son of the late Princess Alice of England, and consequently a grandson of Queen Victoria. His wife is a granddaughter of the late Queen, and a daughter of the late Duke of Edinburgh. Prince Philip of Saxe-Coburg is the head of the Roman Catholic branch of the Coburg family. He is a grand nephew, and his wife is a grand niece of Queen Victoria's mother, the Duchess of Kent, his grandfather, Prince Ferdinand, and his wife's grandfather, King Leopold I. of Belgium, having been uncles of the Duchess. The Crown Prince of Denmark, whose portrait we give to-day, is the eldest brother of Queen Alexandra of England. The Crown Prince of Sweden and Norway, who represents his father, King Oscar, at the funeral, is a son-in-law of the Grand Duke of Baden, and consequently a nephew by marriage of the Empress Frederick. The Prince of Hohenlohe-Langenburg is a son-in-law of the late Duke of Edinburgh, and a nephew of the Grand Duke of Baden. He is now acting as Regent of the Duchy of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha during the minority of his wife's cousin, who until lately was known as the Duke of Albany.

Among the other distinguished personages who are attending the State funeral are the Crown Prince of Siam and Admiral Cervera. The Crown Prince has long been a resident in England, where his education is being conducted. Admiral Cervera is the gallant Spanish sailor who distinguished himself so brilliantly in the late war with the United States.

"TRAPPINGS OF WOE."

MOURNING DRAPERY IN CHURCHES AND STREETS.

Day by day fresh emblems of mourning for the beloved Queen appear, not only along the route of the funeral procession but all over the metropolis. As a rule the English do not so much affect these outward evidences of death as do their Continental neighbours, and it is not the custom with us, as with them, to drape a house for the death of a private individual, or a church for a private funeral. At this unique period of national sorrow, however, there is scarcely a place of worship of any denomination which does not show some sign of mourning, black or purple.

As an example of severe, plain, and most effective mourning, nothing could surpass the scheme chosen at the Benchers' Chapel, Lincoln's Inn. The choir seats, the altar, the organ, and the main entrance are all draped in unrelieved black, but so gracefully, even prettily, that the result is restful in the extreme. The thirty lamps are veiled in crape, tied in the centre with a silk cord and tassel, and the valuable silver gilt candelabra are completely covered in crape, simulating urns in outline.

In the streets individual taste has led to many modes of testifying grief, and the symbols of mourning are of various kinds. With regard to the adoption of black, instead of purple, it must be pointed out that a universal scheme of purple drapery is simply impossible; first, because the supply of stuff is not equal to the demand, and, secondly, because many loyal and grieving hearts had put up their drapery days before the King's orders were published. In the City purple shields, enframed with crape, and with the crown or the letters "V.R." in silver in the centre, are very usual. Wreaths of laurel, bay, or palm, tied with black or purple ribbon, are in profusion. The likeness of the late Queen, framed in evergreens, and with a black bow, hangs over many a more humble doorway, and is as sincere a tribute of affectionate regret as the most elaborate scheme of mourning. Huge black curtains, bordered and drawn back with white, are too suggestive of the dreariest side of death to be much in favour, though several houses are so arranged. An Oxford Street firm, which was one of the first to drape, has purple blinds drawn down in all the windows, with silver letters or mottoes in the centre, black drapery tied with white, on all the stories, wreaths of bay leaves, and above the national flag veiled in crape.

A scarf of black starting from each corner of a window and tied with black or white at the point of intersection is a favourite and simple drapery much seen, especially in suburban houses. Black and purple scarves entwined, drawn from one corner of a window to the other, and knotted in the centre, straight scarves of black or mixed black and white, a festoon of the same, above or below door or window, crowns, etc., may be mentioned as among the less elaborate mourning all over London. Some of the most beautiful ideas are to be seen in St. James's Street. One large firm has the enormous frontal window framed in purple, crossed with bars of white. In the centre is a purple panel striped with white. On the line of the upper windows are festoons of purple with white cords, rosettes, and tassels; a large wreath of white lilies surmounts a crown of violets, with the "V.R." in white; over the door are the Royal Arms draped in purple, and over them and at intervals on the walls wreaths of laurel, the leaves pointed downwards for mourning, in sharp contrast to the upward position used to symbolise victory. Another striking building has a central panel of pleated purple cloth, framed in white, and with the Royal Arms draped in the centre. The side drapery is to match, with the exception that shields are used, and above is a purple valance with festoons of white and wreaths of laurel.

A truly splendid appearance is presented by the Royal Insurance offices, situated in a commanding position at the corner of St. James's Street. All the balconies are draped in white, with thick festoons of large purple chrysanthemums. On one section the dates, 1837—1901, are wrought in purple on the white background. Laurel wreaths tied with white and purple ribbon are introduced between the lines taken by the white cloth and purple flowers.

In Park Lane and Piccadilly purple predominates, but is in many cases mingled with black—the black usually drawn across the front as a background for fluted purple drapery. The clubs have been fortunate in securing an adequate supply of the orthodox colour, and present a very impressive and artistic appearance. Special mention should be made of a beautiful device, carried out in two shades of purple, which marks Earl Grey's house in Connaught Place.

Those theatres and restaurants which have an alcove over their porch have draped it with black and flags. Many flags are to be seen hoisted half-mast and tied in with crape, and those buildings which show the Royal Arms have entwined about the Arms either black or purple drapery.

Victoria Station has but little done in the way of mourning; indeed, it is asserted by some that a special request has been received from high quarters that no drapery be put up except that of the pavilion on the platform on which the Royalties and the remains of Queen Victoria will arrive from the south. At Paddington, on the contrary, the entire wall facing the platform on which the funereal train will be awaiting its melancholy freight, is covered with scarlet, draped with white; outside, the brick wall from the main road to the platform has been freshly painted red, and a large stand erected at the entrance is upholstered in purple and white, the whole scheme avoiding any touch of sombre mourning. In the neighbourhood of the station the houses are profusely draped, several having all the brickwork hidden under purple cloth. Gigantic laurel wreaths play an important part in the general mourning about here, and all down Edgware Road and along the route to be taken by the procession signs of respect for the august dead and a desire to obey the expressed wishes of the King are to be seen on all sides.

Throughout the West End the florists have made a lovely display, not only of flowers, but of purple drapery, so arranged as to convert shops into beautiful pavilions. The hotels, too, vie with the clubs in elaborate but subdued mourning. Altogether London presents a spectacle of sincere mourning never before equalled in the annals of our land.

The Grand Duke of Baden.
(Photographed by W. Kuntzemüller, Baden-Baden.)

The Grand Duke of Hesse.
(Photographed by Van der Weyde, Regent Street.)

The Crown Prince of Siam.
(Photographed by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street.)

The Crown Prince of Denmark.
(Photographed by Hansen and Weller, Copenhagen.)

The Crown Prince of Sweden and Norway.
(Photographed by Florman, Stockholm.)

Prince Philip of Saxe-Coburg-Kohary.

ROYAL MOURNERS FROM ABROAD: MORE FUNERAL GUESTS.

e Prince of Hohenlohe-Langenburg.

Vice-Admiral Cervera.

THE ROYAL FUNERAL: A CORNER OF THE PALL.

The Royal School of Art Needlework, of which Princess Christian is the President, and in which her late Majesty was warmly interested, was chosen to be [illegible] of the pall which [illegible] for the Royal coffin. The order had [illegible] to be completed in forty-eight hours, and the embroidery was finished in twenty-one hours, from forty to forty-five experts working at it all the night through. The rest of the time was filled in with the designing and mounting of the pall, which is four yards long and two-and-a-half wide. It is of ivory white satin, lined with silk, and bordered with a [illegible] gold bullion fringe. In each of the four corners are the Royal Arms, wrought in bullion and silks, in correct heraldic colouring, the lion and the unicorn being respectively in cloth of gold and cloth of silver.

QUEEN VICTORIA AS A FARMER.

A NOTABLE WORKER IN AGRICULTURE.

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT.]

The great Queen took a great part in all that concerned the prosperity of any important class of her people. In nothing was this trait so clearly shown as by her patronage, co-operation, and active work in connection with agriculture. So vast has been this connection, so many-sided in its details, and so important in its varied effects, that it is impossible here to do more than point out its most salient features. In three aspects the agricultural career of Queen Victoria stands out as unique.

As Tenant Farmer.

Queen Victoria was an extensive tenant farmer from the time of her accession to the Throne till the day which has now cast such a gloom over her people. When she came to the Throne there were at Windsor two farms, which had been established by "Farmer George," and which were known as the Norfolk and Flemish Farms, and which were planned as examples of the two distinct kinds of improved farming known as Norfolk and Flemish farming. These farms Her Majesty took over, and they were continued under the management of General Wemyss; very much as they were until her marriage. Then began a career of usefulness for the Royal farms, the influence of which has been felt on every farm in the kingdom. The Shaw Farm (which includes the Home Farm and Home Park) and (later) the Bagshot and Bagley Farms were added, the Prince Consort himself becoming the tenant of the Norfolk and the Shaw Farms, while the Queen retained the tenancy of the others. After the death of Prince Albert, the Queen continued the tenancy of the five farms until 1863, when the Norfolk, Bagshot, and Bagley Farms were given up, and only the Shaw and Flemish Farms retained. These two farms comprised 1,120 acres in all, of which 360 were arable. The great point in connection with these farms, and one of which the late Queen was proud, was that they were held on tenancy, under a yearly agreement, and that Queen Victoria was exactly like the great majority of the agriculturists of the country, a bona-fide tenant farmer. The farms are part of the Crown lands which were given up to the country in exchange for the civil list, and were rented by the Queen or Prince Consort on an ordinary business arrangement.

Mixed Farming.

The farming of Queen Victoria, as planned and modelled by the Prince Consort, was one of the greatest factors of the century in practical improvement in agriculture. In many ways this could be shown, but two matters must suffice as examples. The Shaw Farm was designed to teach a new doctrine in agricultural production which was not known here until the Prince Consort loudly advocated it—that farming could be made more productive and profitable by greater diversity of practice, experience, and products. It was on its use what is now so fully known as "mixed farming." Its objects being (1) the breeding of improved pure-bred stock, (2) the manufacture of manure, and (3) the production of milk and dairy products. When the Shaw Farm was established the Prince Consort stood alone in urging this system of varied farming, by which all the eggs are not in one basket; to-day it is more or less practised on every farm in the Kingdom. The great predominance of the Royal farms to-day, with their large pure-bred herds of Shorthorns, Devons, and Herefords, their dairy herd of Jerseys and non-pedigree Shorthorns, their large flock of Lei'ester ewes, and their choice herds of Berkshire and small white pigs, are proofs that the system advocated was sound. It was, also, part of this system that the Royal farms should be made to pay, and this has been done. The old Flemish Farm was also made to teach another lesson, and it was that heavy grass-land could be improved by good management. When Prince Albert drained, chalked, and manured these lands at great expense, the value of draining was openly and boldly questioned, and the general belief was that only arable land was benefited by manuring and good cultivation. In the "Journal" of the Royal Agricultural Society, in 1853, the work on the Flemish Farm was held to have clearly reversed this common opinion at the time.

An Exhibitor of Stock.

Queen Victoria as an exhibitor of stock, for length of time and for the numbers of prizes won, stands alone in history. Animals from the Windsor herds were first shown at the Smithfield Show in 1847; they were last shown at the Smithfield Show last month. In the intervening fifty-seven years they received no fewer than 900 prizes and honours at the hands of the judges. There are many other points in the history of Queen Victoria, as connected with the agricultural industry. She has been patron of the Royal Agricultural Society since its establishment sixty-two years ago, and was its president in 1860. She was also president of the Royal Counties Agricultural Society in 1860. She three times welcomed an agricultural show under the shadow of Windsor Castle—in 1851, 1869, and 1899. She also had notable farms at both Osborne and Balmoral. Sufficient has been said, however, to show that the great lady who, as Queen, maiden, wife, mother, and widow, won all hearts, was also a notable worker in the great peaceful art of agriculture.

THE QUEEN'S DRESSES.

Queen Victoria was exceedingly particular about her dress—not that it should be fashionable, but to have it as she wished and as she considered it most comfortable. Every winter garment was carefully weighed, and if out of the weight ordered had to be brought down. Heavier or lighter articles of attire were donned round her to the temperature, and those who were accustomed to the apparently plain and homely style of Her Majesty's toilet never guessed that few ladies had more new gowns during the year. As many as seventy have been furnished by the dressmaker who had the honour of working for Her Majesty during the greater part of her reign. These gowns were never tried on the Queen, but on a dummy of exactly the same figure. There was scarcely a day afternoon recorded, and the Queen was the most considerate of employers, whom to serve, as any of her servitors can testify, was a genuine pleasure. The entire gown of material was bought by her orders, and if not required for herself, was used by one or other of the Royal Princesses. Needless to say that no material but the very best was ever permitted to her; and no one was quicker, than she to detect any imperfection in quality or make in any one of her garments.

Daily Mail.
February 2nd, 1901.

THE QUEEN'S LAST CROSSING.

A MEMORY THAT WILL NEVER DIE.

A WORLD'S HOMAGE

PAID BY THE FLEETS OF THE NATIONS.

HISTORIC SPECTACLE.

The procession which passed yesterday from Cowes to Portsmouth was unique in the world's history.

In the first place it was a spectacle without spectators; it was achieved for itself alone. There was no crowd of steamers or yachts to pry upon the simple grandeur of the ceremony. Queen Victoria was carried from the Isle of Wight to the mainland with the solitary splendour which the death of a great monarch demands.

The few spectators privileged to witness the scene could not but feel that their presence was an accident, that the pageant was not arranged for their wonderment. The line-of-battleships were there, but they were part of the necessary homage: the guns that tolled the passing knell of our great Empress echoed the deep feeling that is in all our hearts. But the procession was, in a sense, aloof from the public. And this aloofness will make it for ever memorable.

In the second place, the procession was designed with a large simplicity that could not be surpassed. The Queen of the Seas is dead, and she was carried across the waters to the proper accompaniment of minute guns and military music, which came from no one knew where, and seemed the music of the spheres. Her own supreme Navy paid her the last tribute of respect, and in this tribute joined the navies of the world.

As the procession passed no word was spoken. Even a word would have seemed an offence. People stood grief-stricken and mute as the tiny yacht passed slowly by, bearing all that is left of the greatest sovereign of the world.

The Queen's body lay off Gosport during the night.

This morning it will be landed, and the second stage of the solemn journey, from Portsmouth, the royal dockyard town, to London, the capital of the Empire, will be made.

The procession through the mourning metropolis will be one of the most magnificent military pageants ever witnessed.

Below our special correspondents have described the historic naval ceremony of yesterday. The programme of to-day's mournful journey to Windsor will be found on Page 3.

A PALACE OF THE DEAD.

HOW THE QUEEN LEFT OSBORNE.

Out of the eastern sea the sun rose blood-red. It climbed into a blue and cloudless sky and turned to gold. Beneath, all the island lay snowy—a white sheet. The hoar frost shimmered on a hundred fields, glistened on a thousand trees. And all was very still.

The morning hours passed slowly; noon came, and the great grounds of Osborne seemed the abode of silence. The castle slept.

Drawn were the blinds in every window, no footfall echoed in the long avenues, no living being stirred, the flag upon the tower drooped lifeless. It was a very palace of the dead.

Under the hill the little town of Cowes was all astir, but yet was quiet. From every street, from every alley, people dressed in black—always black—made to the long York-avenue and there waited. Only the tramp, tramp, tramp of marching troops broke the hush; and the very tramping was as the throbbing of a great heart in a quiet body. Up the hill and down the hill passed the soldiers, and as the sun lit on their helmet-plates one seemed to see a great snake of silver writhing along all the hills.

THE COMING OF THE GUARDS.

A quarter past midday chimed from the castle clock, as I Osborne woke. Up the drive came sailors marching quickly; then were the petty officers from the royal yacht. Numbering thirteen, they halted under the grey castle walls and stood gazing at the shuttered windows of the room wherein lay the body of the great dead Queen. Hard upon the sailors' track came soldiers, mounted men of the Hants Carabineers. They passed on down the drive. After them came the Grenadiers of the Queen's Guards. Stepping quickly they marched, and in a double line faced the doorway of the Queen's pavilion. A lord-in-waiting arrived for a moment in the forecourt; slowly the shining rifles turned and reversed; slowly each soldier's head bent forward, bowed low, as though in grief, and as they stood motionless, as though hewn in stone, the massed bands passed down the drive.

Behind them came the gun carriage which was to bear the royal coffin, and halted by the door. A splendid staff pageant over the gravel and waited in the open space behind the Guards.

And all the while tenantry filed in battle—always black—came by in twos and threes, and passed on to their allotted stations by the castle gates.

THE SOUNDS OF PEACE.

When every man was in his place silence fell again. One heard a blackbird call sweetly in the shrubs. Northward, from the calm, still sea, beyond the rolling lawns reaching to the water's edge, one heard a gun boom faintly. Far away to southward, beyond the gloomy cedars of the park, one heard a soft-toned bell tolling slowly. These were the only sounds.

Out of a side door came a Mounted figure, the figure of an Admiral of the Fleet. It was his Majesty the King.

Behind him came the Kaiser, clad as an admiral, too, and again behind him the Duke of Connaught, the Crown Prince, and all the Princes of the royal house.

Another brief disordant order. For one brief moment the Guards raised their drooping heads and stood upright to salute his Majesty the King; then, duty done towards the living, they slowly turned their rifles down again, and once more bowed their heads with reverence for the dead. And all was silent again. One heard once more the sweet-voiced blackbird, the faintly booming gun, the slowly tolling bell.

Up the broad white steps ran the sailor men, their straw hats swinging by their sides, and vanished into the silent house.

Presently coming from the darkened hall one saw them bearing out upon their shoulders the body of their dead mistress. With great care and tenderness, without a sound, they laid the coffin on the waiting gun-carriage. Over the oaken shell they spread the silken Royal Standard, and over the head of the dead Queen Queen they placed the crown she never more would wear. Beside it they laid the sceptre she never more would wield, and at the coffin's foot they placed the orb which, when more than sixty years ago they crowned as Queen at Westminster, she said was "heavy in her hand."

Royal wheeled the Grenadiers to make a living avenue of men. The head of the procession, the Carabineers and the glittering Staff, were already on the drive. Forward moved the gun-carriage, the dead Queen's Equerries pacing by its side. Behind, with bowed head, walked the King; to the right of him, the Kaiser, erect, his passionless eyes gazing into space; to the left the Duke of Connaught. Behind these three came Prince Christian, a fresh-faced boy on either side, Prince Arthur of Connaught on the right, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg on the left. Behind them came the other Princes, and then the saddest and most pathetic sight of all. Hedged in on every side by scarlet and by gold walked the Queen, dressed with great simplicity in black. Through her veil of crape one saw her sweet, sad face. Close behind, in a group, came eight Princesses of the royal house, dressed as plainly as simple country maids, with long, thick veils of crape to hide their tearful eyes, for many of them were weeping. No more moving sight was seen in all that great and moving day than these royal ladies in their simple black, following on foot between the lines of gorgeous Guardsmen the body of their dead Queen and mother.

THE WAILING PIBROCH.

Then with slow and stately steps the cortège moved towards the royal gate. The Highland pipers before the bier piped to the Queen in death as they had piped to her in life. Last it swelled like the wild strange music of those pipes as it drifted out across the mossy lawns, among the cedar trees, and filled all the air, rose and sank, and rose again like a cry of great despair. When the gates were reached the pipes ceased their wailing and fell into deep, shuddering notes, and in a long-drawn sigh the music died.

In the hush which followed we only heard the crunch of feet upon the gravel and the clanking of swords. Then the bands played a funeral march, and in the flood of music those little sounds were drowned.

From the shadow of the royal gate the cortège passed into the blinding sunshine on the high road. Straight and full upon the jewelled crown and sceptre fell the golden sunlight. It might have been a day in June.

So with the sun shining on the Queen in death, as it was wont to shine on her in life, the royal coffin passed between the lines of silent soldiers, the lines of silent people, down the long, long hill to the river side.

In a little square at Trinity Pier, where the ivy grows green upon the red brick walls, one heard the subdued of the head long before the scarlet grooms rode through the gateway.

Louder grew the music till the gates were reached; then on a sudden it stopped, and only the rolling of muffled drums was to be heard.

With long, slow strides the Guards marched in. Some lined the crimson gangway, some lined the square. In rolled the gun-carriage bearing its illustrious dead. In came the King, the Kaiser, the Princes, and, after that, the Queen and the eight Princesses of the royal house.

ON BOARD AND AWAY.

The waiting sailors grasped the coffin by its golden handles and bore it swiftly to the Alberta's deck. There they softly laid it down on the crimson bay athwart the vessel's deck, under the crimson canopy of velvet and silk, and there they made it fast with screws of brass. Then for the last time did the Queen hoard the royal yacht which for many a twelve month's years she loved so well.

Silently, one by one, the royal sides-de-camp, her late Majesty took up their stand beside the royal bier, there to guard the Queen in death as they had done in life, and under the crimson canopy white and purple flowers and great green wreaths were hanged against the coffin's side.

Apart from all the rest, the King watched these things done. Not one word did he speak, but once he raised his hand and motioned towards the quay, as though the deep silence was not deep enough.

One by one the Royal Princesses and the Princes came up and stood for a little while looking on the coffin without speaking; then, one by one, they turned, crossed the crimson-covered deck, and passed down the gangway to the waiting launches. Then slipping through the quiet water took them to the Victoria and Albert lying in Cowes Roads.

At last all were gone, but the Grenadiers still stood round the square with arms reversed and heads bowed low upon their breasts. And all the while the muffled drums were rolling.

It was now three o'clock. Sir James Fullerton mounted to the bridge to take his Queen across the Solent for the last time. The brown hands of the blue-jackets cast off the moorings, and the royal yacht put out to sea.

The river and river's mouth were full of little craft, the nearer and the farther banks were black with people; all were silent. Through the lane across the water came the boom of many guns. This and the rolling of the drums was all that could be heard.

Slowly the Alberta swept past thousands of bare-headed men upon the shore. She turned and stood across the waveless river, lying like a sheet of gold beneath the sun, which smote full and fair upon the crimson canopy, and upon the jewelled crown. A great hush hung over all the sea and over all the land when the glorious music of that hymn, "The saints of God, their conflicts o'er," burst on a silent world. And as the sound rose through the still air women hid their faces in their hands and sobbed, and tears rained down the faces of even the soldiers still standing in the streets. So did the great Queen pass from the island she had loved so well for the last time of all.

W. HOLT WHITE.

A PRINCELY ESCORT.

SCENE OF SIMPLICITY AND SPLENDOUR.

By JULIAN RALPH.

No living man has seen anything like the dramatic spectacle witnessed at East Cowes yesterday, when the great and good Queen's remains were taken from her home to the royal yacht. It was mediæval. The mind searched history for a parallel, and found semblances of it only in the days when all humanity was nearer to nature and civilisation had not more than begun to be so complex as it is to-day. The scene was a country lane. It was wet and muddy. The actors were an emperor and three kings, many ruling princes, the heirs apparent of great thrones, and a large and sombre company of princesses shoulder to shoulder and step to step with a queen.

Shakespeare, when his imagination ran liveliest and theme most radiant, never painted a tableau to compare justly with it. His royalties always stood apart in stately and majestic separation from the people. But at East Cowes yesterday we came together blended by a common grief. They put aside rank and state, and trod the common highway with bowed heads and feet that felt the heaviness of their hearts.

Splendid they still appeared, in the uniforms of warlords, but they moved within an advancing frame of the black hearskins of the Grenadiers, so that the great historic spectacle was like a painting framed in crape. And behind them walked their heartstricken wives and daughters in deepest mourning. They cut the splendid picture in two as if a deep black band lay across it. Their sombre-clad funereal note almost too deeply. Their appearance was a shock to thousands, into whose eyes tears rushed, while it seemed that the pitying heart of the multitude rose to its throat, and was forced back with an effort that shook the inmost walls of the souls as with a spasm.

Queen Dido's ladies and maidens may have shown their unbared hearts to their people with as deep and as unaffected acknowledgment of their humanity, but at Cowes yesterday all these mourners were royalties—a queen, a crown princess, crowned by the cares and the dignity of regnant princes. Their long black veils fell to the hem of their simple black skirts, and these in turn swept the muddy road. In never one royal mind crept a thought so small as to dwell upon appearances, and not one royal head was so forgetful of its mighty grief as to catch up the extra length of one of those heart-moving short robes. So slight a thing as that would have marred the picture, but nothing did mar it.

MASTERPIECE OF ORGANISATION.

From beginning to end it was a masterpiece of organisation, the perfection of harmony. Never anywhere, in Court or capital or theatre, have I ever witnessed so faultless a pageant. It flowed like the music that timed its progress.

It blended with the beauty of the softest English scenery, which was its setting. It justified a day so perfect that even Natagis surpassed herself with cleanest sky, most brilliant sun, calmest air, and an atmosphere that was as soft and gentle as a caress and perfumed with the sweet breath of the country.

The note of the pageant was its simplicity. It was such a funeral cortège as a private family might have arranged. It was the last procession of a well-beloved and infinitely loving lady from her own home, amid her own people, with her servants and tenants in the procession, as if to connect the public intimately with the family grief.

I was midway between the Castle and Trinity Pier, and could see nothing of what took place in the Castle grounds. At about a quarter to two o'clock the appearance of twelve petty officers of the royal yacht entering from the Castle led to the whole suggested that these were the men who were to lift the good Queen's remains upon the gun-carriage which was to bear them away, and that the men had performed their task.

Passed an instant to take in the scene when mute the background of the unparalleled spectacle we were about to witness. The narrow street inclines upward to the Castle, so that any movement at the lifted end must necessarily be in the full view of all who waited down the hillside. Our view of the higher ground was between two lines of Volunteers, mainly Portsmouth and Isle of Wight men. Never were soldiers more fittingly dressed. Their uniforms, from helmets to boots, were of so deep a blue that they appeared black, and this sombre double wall of men was patterned by their white straps and belts, and capped by an arrow of silver in their helmets. The lone of the silver was white, but the one sparkled on each helmet point so that the way between the soldiers became a chemin ardente—a lighted way, like the aisle of a grand cathedral set with candles burning in daylight. Spectators' stands were scattered on both sides of the road, behind garden walls, on the roofs of low buildings, and built in the open gardens. Photographers never were so plentiful as there. Their cameras stood in batteries on the roofs of sheds, and one

was perched on a very tall and frail ladder high above all the others.

START OF THE PROCESSION.

Suddenly the top of the road was blocked by a dark mass bristling with dancing points of light. Before it a broken line of crimson played to and fro. It was the head of the procession. The line of crimson was seen to be made by four mounted grooms in white breeches, red coats, and gold-banded silk hats. The dark mass was a force of Hampshire Constabulary, and it was the silver on their helmets which had sparkled in the sun.

After these soldiers rode the Lieutenant-Governor, the staff of the Southern District, and the staffs of the military and the naval commander-in-chief at Portsmouth, all in full-parade dress. The massed bands and gorgeous drum corps of the R.M. and the R.M.L.I. came next, playing a funereal march whose slow, measured beat was like the breathing of a heavy sleeper.

Then it was that all noticed how absolutely perfect was this unique cortège, for every footstep, every bridle, every swing and sway of ribbon and kilt was exactly in time.

The Queen's Highlanders and Pipers, to the familiar reel and black tartan, strode solemnly after the staffs of the two commanders, and then came the mortal remains of the late Illustrious and beloved Sovereign. Eight perfectly matched jet horses, supported by equerries and aides-de-camp, dragged the sombre, softly-moving gun-carriage, hill beneath its precious burden. All that the spectators saw was the covering of the casket—a white satin standard embroidered in gold and colour. On it rested a purple pillow, a crown of gold, and the sceptre, mace and orb—there that symbolise the imperial power once held by the Queen-Empress.

The effect of this treatment of the coffin was most impressive. The gun carriage, resting upon double rubber tyres, moved on with a quartette of distinguished mourners on either side.

Following these gentlemen walked three stalwart figures in uniforms resplendent with gold and colour. The first—in the centre was the King, with head bent forward and his eyes on the ground. He was dressed as an admiral. By his right side walked the German Emperor, erect, soldier-like, with head upraised but with his eyes downcast. On the King's left, in the uniform of a general, was the Duke of Connaught.

All eyes were fastened upon that illustrious trio forming the front line of the royal mourners, and behind the King walked Prince Henry of Prussia, and behind him Prince Louis of Denmark. Behind the Kaiser walked the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, and behind him, in turn, the Crown Prince of Prussia. On the left hand, behind the Duke of Connaught, was Prince Arthur of Connaught, and following him was Prince Charles of Denmark. The bended heads, the slow striding, the impressive appearance of all these royalties, and, above all, the heightened effect with which imagination clothed the group, made one realise to the fullest extent the singularity and majesty of the spectacle.

Then followed the nine royal ladies, led by Queen Alexandra. Words cannot adequately convey to the reader's mind the solemnity and the compassion-stirring effect of a view of these black-robed ladies walking very close together and undistinguished from the humblest widows of the earth by any mark or order or decoration whatsoever. As I have said, they sounded strong and clear the note of mourning. They overcame the splendour of the trappings of the coffin and the uniforms of the sovereigns and princes, and made the cortège eloquent of affection and grief.

Queen Alexandra's statuesque figure and queenly bearing would have distinguished her from those about her even if she had not walked a step—or less than a step—in advance of them. I heard others say that they could distinguish the faces of several of the princesses through their veils, but I was not able to do so. The silent of the little group of black-robed ladies was too startling for me to find time to scan their veils.

All the royalties walked within an open-fronted square formed by the Grenadier Guards, whose immense black busbies composed a black framing for the impressive group. Beneath the busbies shone the scarlet coats of the Guards, as if to harmonise with the gayer tones of the pageant.

Admiral Sir Michael Culme-Seymour was the last distinguished figure in the procession.

JULIAN RALPH.

WATCHERS ON THE SHORE

SILENT AND GRIEF STRICKEN.

From early morning a human tide poured itself on to the beach from Portsmouth Hard to Southsea Castle. Soon the sands, the white promenade, and every point of vantage were blotted out by a black and curiously quiet throng.

There was no excitement, and no rushing. People moved quietly and waited with infinite patience. It is rare to see a great assemblage so still and so reverent on the seashore. Military officers in full dress and ladies in deep mourning crowded Southsea Castle, Fort Gilkicker, and the other forts. On the King's bastion was stationed a pathetic assemblage of naval and military pensioners, numbering some two hundred. Most of them were aged and infirm, but the medals on their breasts were the patent of their past records and their right to a privileged position.

A haze lay over the Solent and only the nearest battleships could be dimly discerned, but the harbour was a busy sight of scurrying gunboats and pleasure craft.

So soon as Spithead reverberated with the first minute gun the people stood still and peered eagerly across the water. Now the haze had somewhat lifted and the double line of warships could be seen in the yellow radiance. So still was the air that the smoke from the saluting guns hung listlessly, billowing and curling round the ships till it lost density and substance.

The rolling of muffled bells and the dull boom of the guns—just the red flash, then the languid puff of smoke, lastly a report echoed away back on the town—these served to give food to the imagination for an hour. Then round Gilkicker Point the line, black torpedo-boats eased their way slowly through the haze, and the three yards of the Alberta could be discerned. At this dramatic point of intensity the sun, already dipping quickly to rest, passed behind a thick cloud, and lost its life and light and colour. Nothing could have been more attuned to the occasion or to the feelings of the watcher than this sudden veiling of the sun's glory.

BATHED IN SUNSHINE.

Very slowly did the great pageant pass down the remainder of the line, and finishing the flagship Majestic amid the booming of many guns made a graceful curve to the left, steaming in dead line for the harbour. As the Alberta rounded the spit Fort she was bathed in golden sunshine.

The shore battery near the King's bastion took up the tale of the minute guns, and presently the other forts joined in. The torpedo-boats anchored by, and then thousands of hats were raised in homage as the Alberta passed, the first of a procession of royal yachts containing in grief and entirely dwarfed by the Hahnemullers. The people saw the bier of their dead Queen, and passed silently away from the shore.

Until the Alberta reached her moorings the old Victory fired minute guns and the Duke's flagship played funeral marches. In the dockyard the trades of the houses were occupied by naval officers in full uniform and dockyard officials, and the jetty was lined by seamen and marines.

The escort and destroyers steamed to their stations in the harbour, and the Alberta turned up the creek towards the Clarence yard and came to her moorings. The other royal yachts made fast to buoys in the stream, and the Hohenzollern took up a position near the south railway jetty. The King, the Queen, the Kaiser, and the other royalties dined and slept on board their yachts.

The Alberta lay in the creek, her quarter-deck lighted with electricity, guarded by a force of one hundred marines. Admiral Sir Michael Culme-Seymour, Captain W. S. May, Captain F. S. Poe, Captain the Hon. Hedworth Lambton, and Colonel Cantlell, R.M.A., shared the melancholy duty of watching the remains during the night.

THE PASSING OF THE QUEEN.

GUNS OF THE FLEETS BOOM OUT THEIR TRIBUTE.

By F. T. BULLEN.

R.M.S. Mana.

The great sun rose from a solid shoulder, lustreless as an orange, but before he had emerged more than his own diameter from that gloomy bed he began to glow more and more fervently until, a globe of molten gold, he hung in a sky of liquid blue.

And upon what a marvellous spectacle did he shed those first soothing rays. From Cowes to Portsmouth, along that wide seaway, was crowded the very cream of the British Navy, supplemented by warships from all the Great Powers, in solemn homage to her who was not only regent of Sovereigns, but womanliest of women, seised of all the homely enduring virtues that unnoted people profess to honour at, not which nevertheless make all the difference in the world to the true greatness of a nation.

A high and solemn satisfaction was noticeable everywhere. From the second-class boy to the admiral a serene complacency might be noted on all faces. That the greatest Queen of all time (in the truest, best sense of the word) should have thus honoured the Navy, should have been here in statuline wise between the magnificent lines of her mighty fleet, and thus hidden by them as it were a personal farewell, was felt to be full recompense for what has long been felt to be neglect of them by the folk these wonderful men keep watch and ward over throughout the years.

And as the time drew near for the appearing of that tiny squadron of yachts, in the midst of which should be borne all that was once Victoria the Good, a perfectly painful air of expectancy made itself felt. How could we help it?

The sweet, bright day began to wane, the tide of a premature spring to ebb, and the sun veiled his glowing face behind a bank of tender-tinted cloud.

The adjacent shores loomed mysterious through a soft mellowing haze, its lower edge bordered with black, the black worn by waiting thousands, content to stand for hours in that eager air to see a sight the world has never seen before, and, possibly, will never see again.

THE MUSIC OF THE GUNS.

Then solemnly, mournfully, the great guns began their thunderous testimony. One by one, in wonderful time, they took up their story—Britain, German, French-man, Spaniard, Portuguese, Japanese, and the rest, they boomed forth their tribute to the faithful, good woman who has gone. But the wait was long. Fittingly so, perhaps, but as the sun sank and winter nuzzled himself felt over the flesh of spring, the air was keen and biting, and the waiting masses were very cold.

Fortunately there was no wind—not sufficient, indeed, to sweep away the smoke-wreaths from the guns, which at times threatened to obscure the view. One curious effect was noticeable from the flashes near us: out of the midst of the cloud emerging from the muzzle of one of her big guns appeared a coronet, a perfect circle, of white smoke that soared majestically aloft and hung suspended as if awaiting the coming of the dead Queen.

So the guns boomed on until at last, at a signal from the admiral, our band struck into the solemn strains of Beethoven's Funeral march in B flat minor. And as the heart-rending strains pealed forth, accentuated by the thunder of the minute guns, suddenly there appeared a destroyer, most inappropriately called, all felt, as to her generic designation, but particularly well chosen for her individual title, the Star.

She came swiftly down the lines and, just abreast of our ship, turned sharply and sped back again, her mission of clearing the way fulfilled. By this time every ship was "dressed" to await the coming of the Queen. All officers in full dress uniform, all men ranged in station round their each ship, the marines with arms reversed, the Majesty's with downcast faces and extended hands. The band, silent for a few minutes, waited not again to turn the pearly note about came gliding the Lightning, pioneer of the little squadron that escorted her who was the best loved Sovereign in the world. Following her at a respectful distance came the Petrel, then the Cruzo, and then the Alberta.

THE CHIEF MOURNER.

So tiny she looked as she passed slowly between those lines of monsters. Not only as, but no doubt she seemed so lonely. One tall figure, black-garbed, stood between two bright-beads, a wealth of mourning expressed in his solitary pose. And as he took a few, such a few, members of her crew. All, her Majesty's late dwelling-place in solitary state—solitary, that is, as far as immediate attendance went, but did ever monarch pass to his or her long home with such a majestic guard of honour as was present here? How can one describe that wonderful moment?—the wailing of Beethoven, the booming of the minute guns, the rigid figures of the crew, the slowly darkening day, the solemn hush over all Nature, the waiting black-robed thousands lining the beach, flesh counters as words are may be employed without stint, but, alas! they do not convey that atmosphere of full-throated feeling pervading not merely the British Fleet but every foreign warship as well.

As I was not on board one of them I cannot speak authentically, but, judging from what I heard, I feel sure that every man on board every foreign ship present felt that he was a partaker in a scene that down to the remotest bounds of time would be spoken of as unique, unapproachable, unsurpassable, the passing of the good Queen Victoria over her well-beloved highway to her long-desired haven.

THE TENSION OF FEELING.

The sea, always solemn, always grand, lends itself even more fittingly to a pageant like this than the vicinity of great mountains could. Having once beheld a funeral at sea, one is tempted to say, "in such wise would I go, all ocean for my hall, the moaning of the wide, wild waves my requiem"; but when the body of one beloved Queen glides majestic homeward through the gathering dusk of a glorious day between the majestic files of warships, each one ringed about by clustering hundreds whose proudest boast it was that they were Sailors of the Queen, the spectacle becomes almost unendurable in its intensity, smites some upon the most subtle, and compels them surely against their will to acknowledge its sway.

But to return to the immediate passing of the Queen. Hardly had the Alberta glided by than the old Victoria and Albert took her place, the Royal Standard masthead at the fore, beautifully signifying the presence of the living King. What a wealth of memories she bore with her, running like a golden thread all through the wondrous reign of which we have just seen the close. But deeply though the eldest sons felt this, it was not to be expected that the youngsters would be as much moved, even though they knew that she bore all those that were left to carry on as best they may the burden laid down by Victoria. Then came the Osborne, bringing a sort of relief. She was part of the pageant, true, but the crisis had passed, and there were few eyes bent upon her as she went by. All interest was reserved for the huge Hohenzollern creeping solemnly behind, the Black Eagle at her mighty stern drooping his wings mournfully. I do not know where the Kaiser is, as I write, on board his own yacht or the Alberta; but of this I am sure, that of all the waiting thousands who witnessed that stupendous sight none were more deeply moved than he. To the utmost fibre of his being he must have realised that what was passing was no mere kingly show, but a spontaneous tribute full-heartedly given to one who did her best to fulfil the Divine law of ruling by love.

So the little procession passed away into the dusk over the silken sea, under the setting sun, accompanied by the mightiest tribute of affection ever accorded to any person that ever lived of woman born, a tribute well earned, and ungrudgingly given even by those who hated the very name of Queen, yet had perforce to make an exception when it was coupled with that of Victoria.

Can I, dare I, say again how grateful, how full of solemn satisfaction are the men of the Navy that to them should have been accorded the high privilege of first saluting their beloved Sovereign's last dwelling-place on its way home? Believe ground I know, but still one may reverently tread thereon. The men of her late Majesty's Fleet all feel that at last the cold shade misunderstandingly must over the Navy has been brushed aside, that even in her last moments their beloved mistress remembered them, and willed that they should be her chief mourners, her great guard of honour. And as they looked at the assembled warships of other Powers, met to do honour to one so worthy, a feeling of brotherhood could make itself felt, a desire that as in the presence of so good and great a monarch gone to her reward all feelings save those of fellowship passed completely away, so in the near future they might not only be drawn nearer, but kept nearer together in the bond of universal peace.

And then serenely passed Victoria to her well-earned rest, the rest that remaineth for the people of God.

FRANK T. BULLEN.

THE PORTUGUESE PARADE.

A "Daily Mail" correspondent on board the Portuguese man-of-war telegraphed last night:—

Nowhere was there a fuller appreciation of the solemnity of the occasion than on board the Don Carlos. Fully an hour before the arrival of the Victoria and Albert the whole of the crew, numbering nearly 500 men, were paraded on deck, and from that moment until the funeral yacht had passed scarcely a man stirred.

All unaccustomed as they were to the rigours of the English climate, they stood accurately motionless, keeping their cold light. All the officers donned full dress uniform and wore bands of crape on their arms and knots on their sword-hilts, while the men each had a black and white handkerchief round the collars of their jackets.

As the Victoria and Albert passed by half the men manned the bulwarks of the Don Carlos, and the ship's band played a strikingly pathetic funeral march of Portuguese composition, which in outlines recalled Chopin's "Marche Funèbre." At the same time every man (except the sentinels) uncovered until the yacht with its mournful burden had passed."

THE JAPANESE SALUTE.

A "Daily Mail" correspondent who saw the ceremony from on board the Japanese battleship Hatsuse telegraphed last night:—

At ten minutes to four, over the decks of the Hatsuse, the largest ship in all that splendid array from Spithead to Cowes, the Japanese bugle rang out, "Stand at attention! Silence!" and the brilliantly-uniformed Japanese officers stood like bronze statues, while over the great 15,000-ton battleship fell a profound silence, broken only by the solemn boom of the minute guns. The deepest interest was shown and the sincerest grief by every sailor on board.

As the Alberta passed the scene was most impressive. The declining rays of the last "Queen's weather" that shall be known over the Spithead waters lit up the iron walls of the fleets of the nations in one common glory as the guns of the Hatsuse boomed out the tribute of the England of the East to the England of all time.

WITH THE GERMAN FLEET.

THE PASSING OF THE ALBERTA THROUGH THE LINES.

SCENE IN THE SOLENT.

By H. W. WILSON.

S.M.S. Hagen.

The day was intensely cold, the ground white with hoar frost, the sea and harbour wrapped in mist as a small party was lurked at North Wall upon torpedo boat No. 77 for the foreign ships.

There was a turmoil at North Wall; four torpedo boats were under orders to carry the mails to various quarters of the immense fleet collected at Spithead. Presently we were off, whizzing like arrows through the keen air and the grey sea, after a period of turning and backing and plunging and manœuvring, till the sea of the placid harbour was lashed into foam.

Before us the fleet rose out of the haze into which the mist had mulled with startling suddenness. There was the Majestic, riding in all the sublimity of her enormous dimensions, radiant with new paint, red and black and white and buff-coloured, upon a sea still as death. There were her sisters in an apparently endless line but in the distance to the base. But beyond the British battleships, 600 yards from them, lay the German ships, which were my quarry. Slate grey, their colour harmonised with the surroundings. No polished metal gleamed on board them; grey from waterline to masthead, they sat like ugly monsters on the water, with the air of silence, of order, of strict discipline and attention to business which the Teuton carries with him wherever he goes.

Through ice and snow, and storm buffeted by the sea, the Hagen had come past haste from far-off Dantzic to pay the last honours to the dead. By the time we reached her the sun had shown through the mist, the sky had become clear and bright, and the endless street of warships through which the mortal remains of Victoria the Great were to pass stood out in all its majesty.

THE LAST "QUEEN'S WEATHER."

There was an air of saltness and tranquility about the Scot, which sorted well with the occasion. But for an occasional signal here and there, or an admiral's flag, the ships were devoid of all bunting save only the tattiest of weary rags. It was the last day of the "Queen's weather" for this "last time. All through the morning catchers and torpedo boats of 3 destroyers and hired steamers fleeted fitfully to and fro. The German torpedo boats in dead black made a striking impression; I say might have been Charon's barques in the nether world were that on their decks stood groups of grey-bearded, white-plumed German princes and high-mightinesses as their hurried way to Osborne.

Soon after one o'clock came the news that the starting of the procession had been postponed from two to three.

The German battleship was now in perfect order, within and without; her crew had fallen in on the deck amidships, the saluting gun was ready loaded, a group of gold-epauletted, gorgeously-uniformed officers stood upon the lofty bridge round Captain Finch. Each wore a deep band of crape on his right arm. Then, ready for the boom of the first gun that was to announce the departure of the dead Queen from Cowes.

Over the water came a dull bang, caught up and repeated from ship to ship all down the two long lines. Brother handed it on to Portuguese, Portuguese to Japanese, Japanese to Frenchman, Frenchman to German. Writhes of smoke floated from every ship. Impressibly solemn it sounded, this heavy booming of guns, telling, as it were, the knell of the departed Queen.

The ships were strangely still and silent, men stood as though they were effigies of wood. Only the booming repeated at each minute paused and the flashes and the clouds of smoke gave sign of life. It might have been a street of the dead, of vessels manned by men suddenly changed into iron and bronze, through which Queen Victoria was to pass.

Far away Portsmouth showed with its buildings and towers, nearer still at Southsea the shore was lined with black masses of spectators. Presently the smoke of the salutes veiled the wonderful scene in a thin red haze. For minutes one heard nothing on board the Hagen but the order "Achtung," followed by the inevitable ear-splitting crash, and the band of some British ship playing softly.

"They come, they come," said the captain, and far off we could see through the grey veil of smoke a line of black destroyers. Ahead of them steamed yet another destroyer, the messenger to herald the coming of the dead. Bugles now were sounding to man ship, the heavy roll of the minute guns died scarcely for its instant before it was again caught up and repeated, echoing like to thunder in the mountain recesses of the Alps. White launches went to and fro keeping the course. Along the docks and the bridges of all the ships were drawn what seemed like a new kind of railings—a fence of living men, bulking hands and standing motionless. The afternoon sky was purple—the colour of mourning for emperors and queens. All signal flags had vanished from the masts of the ships.

THE NAVY'S LAST ACT OF DEVOTION TO THE QUEEN.

For the first time in British History a British Queen was yesterday Borne to her Rest amid the Mournful Salutes of the Warships of Five Sorrowing Nations.

What a change from the day when these same fleets, in the same place, decked out in their brightest, had celebrated the sixtieth year of Victoria's reign!

The Funeral March of Chopin came over the water from the ships. The afternoon light seemed to grow colder and sadder, the sun hid behind a passing cloud; the Alberta, with the body, was in sight.

Behind the eight cable destroyers steaming on this side and on that, in two lines ahead, so slowly that they scarcely raised a ripple, fastened in aspect, funereal as gore, came all that death had left of our Queen.

THE COMING OF THE ALBERTA.

Gliding between the motionless ships the Alberta was before us. In her very bows stood motionless and erect a black figure, the emblem it might seem of a nation's grief. The line of German officers faced the body and uncovered, the long line of men faced it and uncovered, the German guard on the foremastle presented arms to the roll of the drums. The drum, the minute gun, and the solemnest sweet sound of the bands alone broke the death-like stillness. It was a moment so solemn and impressive that the tension was almost unendurable; a crisis in the life of a nation.

On the Hazen's bridge one could have heard a pin drop; and when the line of officers faced round, the Alberta, with her sacred load, was hormed in; she was nearing the head of the line; she was swinging round the Spit fort, always with the same slow, serene, tranquil progress, always with the sight black destroyers escorting her.

The Queen had passed through her fleet for the last time. She had accomplished one stage of the journey to her final resting-place, guarded by the Navy upon which, by the grace of God, depends the majesty and greatness of the Empire she so long governed. Its last tribute to her was paid. H. W. WILSON.

KING'S MESSAGE TO INDIA.

From Our Own Correspondent.

Calcutta, Friday, Feb. 1.

The Legislative Council met and adjourned to-day on account of the Queen's death.

The Viceroy made an eloquent speech on the subject of the loss which India had sustained to her Majesty, who had turned Great Britain into a world-wide empire, with India as the corner-stone, who had set an example not merely to courts and nations, but to every human hearth, and who pre-eminently deserved the title of "The Good."

The Viceroy also referred to the universal sorrow in India and to the hundreds of telegrams of condolence he was receiving.

The preparations for observing the day of the royal funeral are very extensive here. They include a gathering of thirty thousand Hindoos on the Maidan, alone crying at all the mosques, and a great official service at the cathedral.

AT WINDSOR.

KEY-NOTE OF THE CEREMONIAL IN THE ROYAL BOROUGH.

WEALTH OF FLOWERS.

Windsor was engaged yesterday in completing its mourning preparations.

The main street clothed itself in purple and black. Wooden stands which were placed in front of shops were painted purple or covered with purple cloth. Balconies were draped. Purple and black covered the little town.

To-day's proceedings there will be quite local in character. As in the Solent yesterday the celebration was of a national character, and as in London to-day the funeral procession will invite the participation of the great masses of the public, so in Windsor the arrangements have been designed with a view, as far as possible, of confining the demonstration to the residents of Windsor and the locality, who for years have been Queen Victoria's dear and accustomed neighbours.

There are three well-considered phases of the funeral. First, the national homage, which by means of the Navy was paid yesterday; second, the popular demonstration for which an opportunity is afforded by the passage of the cortège through crowded London to-day; thirdly, the quieter, local and neighbourly tribute of Windsor and, fourthly, the purely family function of Monday, when the great Queen's remains will be laid in the presence only of her children and children's children in the place which nearly forty years ago she prepared for herself, by her beloved husband's side.

FOR WINDSOR ONLY.

To-day there will be a great crowd of mourners in Windsor, but they will be nearly all Windsor people, or residents of the country-side around Windsor. As it is design to keep strangers and onlookers away there will be an almost complete suspension of the ordinary train service into Windsor. The members of the great public who desire to pay their last reverences to the great Queen bear do so in London. Windsor is reserved so far as possible for the peasantry, the dependents, the friends and neighbours to whom the appearance of the little chaise of the Lady of Windsor was familiar.

There will be few in the little street of the old town to-day who have not some intimate personal reminiscence of the dear Lady of the Castle, some recollection of personal acts of generous kindness and consideration. And the streets through which the procession will pass will be practically reserved for the Windsor people.

The great mass of all the nations will come to St. George's Chapel to take part in the service, but the people among whom they will pass from the railway station to the Castle will be those whose hearts were more personal and intimate has than any except the inner few who will see the body carried to its last resting-place at Frogmore on Monday.

From all the pleasant Thames Valley there came pilgrims to Windsor yesterday. For them there was spread out one of the most beautiful and most impressive sights ever seen. The mourning wreaths which every class and every quarter were sending as the last sign of reverent affection were arriving in increasing quantities by every train, until they piled up into the grandest and most beautiful display of flowers which the world has ever seen.

It is useless to attempt to name the senders, useless even to endeavour to pick out the most notable. There are hundreds of the most notable, thousands of the most beautiful, tens of thousands of the most touching.

PAVED WITH BREATHE.

The chair of St. George's Chapel, where the service is to be held, is paved with beautiful wreaths of lilies and violets and choicer creations. The passage which leads behind the altar to the adjoining Albert Memorial Chapel, where the Queen will lie to-morrow, is a bower of beautiful wreaths. The chapel itself is the same wonderful flower garden. The purple covered bier upon which the coffin will rest will be the centre of a mass of exquisite flowers. Every square inch of space not yesterday flower-paved, except for the narrow pathway which had been kept. From every corner and hand, from every person of distinction in the world, from every organisation of note in the Empire they had come, until the dim-coloured light of the chapel was almost inappropriately heavy with perfume.

And outside the chapel the Dean's Cloister was a huge arbour of beautiful blooms. As the day went on the numbers of flower offerings went on increasing. Every train from London became a flower train. All along the road from London carts and vans came in procession, bearing exquisite arrangements of flowers which were too precious to be entrusted to the rude of railway travelling.

During the afternoon the press of flower-filled boats became so great that it was almost impossible to enter them while the public were still passing into chapels and cloister. So the admission of people had to be restricted. But still outside the entrance to the chapel the presents of wreath cases continued to increase, and it was not until late in the evening that the work of receiving, registering, unpacking, and housing them was able to be effectively dealt with. And after all the available space had been filled more wreaths still continued to arrive.

Such a wealth of flowers the world never saw even in the profusion of summer.

SUCCESS OF AN IDEA.

A splendid response was made to Miss Close's suggestion that people should send evergreen wreaths to hang in the streets to-day.

Miss Close, assisted by her small committee, consisting of the Hon. Ada St. Clair, the Hon. Helen St. Clair, and Miss Diana Chetwynd-Talbot and a little band of helpers, have had their hands full since Thursday.

Wreaths arrived untimely at Miss Close in the afternoon, then in dozens together by van, then in vans full. The vans full arrived at midnight. Large numbers, too, came by hand, brought by the poor, some of whom had walked many miles. They poured in from every part of England, from New Zealand, and most of the colonies, from Shetland, from every quarter.

A few were made of white flowers, but they were mostly composed of box, ivy, laurel, yew, and holly, evidently from cottage gardens. Some of the laurel wreaths were especially beautiful.

Miss Close was assisted by the voluntary services of Miss Harcourt, Miss Waring, and the Verger of St. George's, Hanover-square, who lent their vans and men. The wreaths were received in the stables of No. 7, Upper Belgrave-street, and it was a picturesque sight to see the vans unladen, Miss Close and her helpers working knee deep in wreaths by the light of flaring lanterns hung on the lamp-posts. The idea has proved a grandly successful one.

QUEEN VICTORIA AND HER NAVY.

Great Pageants in which the late Monarch took part.

Yesterday's naval pageant when for the last time the blue-jackets of England saluted their Queen, while guns thundered a solemn Requiem, inevitably calls to mind the instances in which the late Sovereign displayed her affection for the Navy.

Her late Majesty thought highly of her sailors. Jack shared with Tommy the affection of a heart that always throbbed with sympathy for the man whose lot it was to fight the battles of their Queen and country. On many occasions the fleet mustered round the north and cowasion of her birth. In her later years she was carried in the Victoria and Albert to inspect battleships assembling, but in her younger days she loved nothing more than to board the Royal yacht, and with her beloved Consort by her side sail between the massive walls that guard the coasts of Albion.

So long ago as 1843 she visited the Royal Naval Squadron, and a chronicler of the time wrote that it was "an inspection by the adopted child of Britannia of her wooden walls—by the time-honoured Lady of her ocean defenders. Every one of us wishes the inspection prosperous, for the welfare of our soldiers' mothers are singing in our ears from where Victoria and Wellington are framed for the temple of memory."

Then, again, in 1853, when a permanent Channel Fleet had been established. It was

received by the Queen at midnight. Prince Albert was there, and in these days it is interesting to recall the impression the wonderful news produced. "The Albert first, yesterday, which England, ever fitted out," he wrote—"best ships of war of all kinds, all manned by strong power for them. The majestic circle of war vessel, without sails and propelled only by the screw, eleven miles an hour, with this against wind and tide!"

In 1853 Queen Victoria reviewed the vessels of the Reserve Squadron, accompanied by the Prince of Wales. The ships employed were Baltic ships. The weather was very bad, and the programme had to be modified. Before taking leave of the squadron her Majesty signalled from the Royal yacht, "I am much pleased, and regret that weather prevents evolutions."

Four years previously her Majesty went to Cherbourg to inspect and review the French fleet, officers just returned from the Admiralty, Sir Charles Napier, who was present at the floating of the Royal Sovereign and the Royal Arthur. On the occasion she visited the battery, on the anniversary of the battle of Trafalgar. So recently as her last visit to the Continent she complimented the Navy by allowing a flotilla of torpedo boats to escort the Royal yacht. Innumerable similar instances of her late Majesty's regard for her Navy might be enumerated, but many of them will be within the recollection of the present generation.

Even in her private life the Queen gave many proofs of her interest in the service. Some branch of the service. Some of the earliest portraits of Edward VII. show him in the "middy" uniform, which he used to carry "off the British service. It was her wish that her second son, the late Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, should adopt the sea as a profession. That his Royal Highness did so, and with admirable results, every one knows. He entered the Navy as a midshipman at the age of fourteen, and lived to attain rank to be Admiral of the Fleet. For three years he was in charge of the Mediterranean Squadron, and also filled the office of Master of Trinity House.

At the outset of her reign the Queen knew many of the sailors who are now the admirals of her fleet. There was Hardy, the captain of the Victory at Trafalgar, who, no doubt, took a masterful interest in telling the Queen how his great chief received his mortal wound. There was Admiral Hoskins, who commanded the Agincourt in the battle of the Glorious First of June, 1794; there were Lord Hotham, who carried Napoleon to St. Helena; Waldegrave, who saw Nelson gain his K.B. at Cape St. Vincent; Sulivan (Saltie), who helped the Queen to distinguish between Bonaparte himself and finally Lord Dundonald, who led the boarding of the Spaniards. What stirring stories of brave old salts must have narrated to the young monarch! And now, when for the last time the Navy has assembled for all of us (if mortal of its once proud mistress, there remains on the active list not one officer's name whose appeared there when the Queen ascended the throne. Changes, indeed, have been wrought in our Navy during that vast intervening space of time. It is difficult to realise that when the first monarch first held the sceptre England had only a sailing fleet which differed only in shape of hull from that which fought the Armada. In fact, throughout the Queen's long and glorious reign, there had been no uniform change that was effected in the Navy during her Majesty's reign to remember that in the early years of it sailing ships still formed the fighting units, and were manned on wooden carronade and pointed by hand-spikes, the recoil being controlled by ropes secured to ring-bolts. Even in the Crimean War, whenever our ships approached the shore batteries, the first sign of weakness was the sinking of the furnaces for the heating of shot!

The largest naval guns of 1837 weighed 32 tons, and threw a projectile of 68lb.; the largest we have afloat at present of 45cwt., and throws a shell of 1,850lb. In those days a 68-ton gun—by no means the heaviest mounted in our ships—is made of steel tubes fortified by 100 miles of wire. A shell weighing 850lb. is thrown by the charge of 420lb. of explosives a distance of at least fifteen miles. At the muzzle the same projectile would penetrate thirty-eight inches of solid iron.

In 1857 a naval writer deplored the expense of using the new-fangled shells: a round of solid shot cost 17s. 6d. The round of our 45-tonner costs £60.

When the Queen and England had three and a half times as many men, twice as many ships, and three as large a tonnage as sailed the seas when she ascended the throne.

Enormous as were the developments the Queen lived to see, in the matter of the improvement in the list of seamen, which she did so much to bring about, was almost as great. To take one criterion only: the widening of the qualities of the system of impressment, for though vessels in promptly getting together recruits in times of emergency the pressing was an objectionable and irregular mode of obtaining men. Naturally, the Queen's interest in naval matters undoubtedly saved this country from embarking in what must have proved a long and disastrous conflict. When the two men were seized on board the Trent by the Northern Americans, remembrance of the time of the Civil War, her Majesty personally modified a belligerent despatch which Lord Palmerston proposed to send, and thus gained all that was required by peaceable means.

Wise and just she was in all things. And her spirit never held a warm place for the brave, devoted sons of the Queen's Navee.

The Last Homage of the Navy.

No one of the many thousands who from ship or shore looked upon the sublime and impressive passage of the dead Sea Queen through the midst of her fleet and the assembled squadrons of Europe could fail to be deeply moved. As a funeral pageant the display could not well have been bettered. Fitly did it summarise and express the grief of the nation and the Navy at a loss which both feel to be almost beyond repair.

There were indeed moments when, as one of our correspondents writes, the tension upon the spectators was almost unendurable. The slow and silent progress of the Body, guarded by the eight destroyers, up the seven-mile street of motionless battleships and cruisers, radiant beneath the rays of the afternoon sun, to the sound of the minute guns, could not be surpassed for dignity and splendour of effect. And over all brooded the feeling that this was the last time in this world that the great Queen would be with her fleet. The long associations, stretching back to times far beyond the memory of most living men, were ended yesterday, as, under the purple rays of the setting sun, the Alberta entered Portsmouth Harbour.

The demeanour of the vast crowds which had poured into Portsmouth was worthy of the occasion. No regrettable incidents marred the day. All were in black, and as to the reality of their sorrow there could be no doubt or dispute.

The nation owes a debt of gratitude to the foreign Powers which were represented at the pageant. Nothing could have been more touching or sympathetic than the attitude of their officers and seamen. To the Kaiser, who, to mark the occasion, brought on fine a squadron of his splendid navy, and who has in so many ways shown the depth of his affection for the dead Sovereign, all hearts will go out. His ships had the place of honour in the foreign line, and filled it admirably. He himself was prominent among the crowned heads on board the Victoria and Albert, where his imperial standard floated side by side with the standard of the King—an emblem, we may hope, of something stronger than friendship in the future.

The associations of our royal house with the Navy are, and have ever been, intimate; as, indeed, in the nature of things they should be. The dead Queen's uncle, William IV., was a sailor king. He had served in the Navy with Nelson, and was one of Nelson's intimate friends. Queen Victoria herself from first to last took a deep interest in her fleet. In her earlier years she more than once inspected her ships, went on board them, questioned the men, and partook of their fare. At the outbreak of the Crimean war she led the Baltic fleet in person to sea, steaming with it as far as the Nab. At the close of the war she was present at what was, up to that date, far the most magnificent naval spectacle every seen in British waters—the review of 1856. This display, however, was outdistanced in 1887 and 1897, particularly in the last year, when 165 British vessels of all kinds, from battleship to training brig, assembled to do her honour.

That the King will maintain the traditions of his family is certain. His son is a sailor prince, and he has always before him the visible effect of the Sovereign's personal interest in the race of the German Navy. That force vibrates well, though it is young and though it has yet to create its traditions, because of the energy and attention which the Kaiser gives to it. Each officer and man is made to feel that the Kaiser stands behind him, impartial and just, but enthusiastic; ready always to bestow that regal praise, which is, after all, the extreme tribute of thanks for great achievements.

THE END CROWNS THE LIFE.

By F. FRANKFORT MOORE.

I.

We hear the muffled tolling
Of the bells:
We hear the muffled rolling
Of the drums:
We hear the sullen thunders
Of the guns:
And every sound that sunders
The silence of the gloom—
Every sudden, sullen boom
That comes from gun and steeple
To the sombre city tells—
To the death-dumb street it stuns—
That this we hear is but the great heart
of a sorrow-smitten people
Sobbing, throbbing with the tremor of the
drums.

She comes:
She comes:
She comes.

II.

She comes among the people that she made:
She comes among the multitude once more
In statelier pageant than before,
In lordlier robes array'd.

She comes who came as child, as girl, as wife,
In every heart throughout her land to live.
"Be faithful unto death and I will give
To thee a Crown of Life."

She heard the Voice Divine that promiseth
That crown where Pastre death defies,
And now the world becomes one voice that cries:
"She has been faithful unto death."

Lift up your hearts, ye people, for she comes.
A Queen wots her Crown of Life to-day.
The Dead March is a Coronation Lay—
There is triumph in the rolling of the drums.

III.

The heaviest burden ever woman bore
Was laid upon her by the KING OF KINGS:
The burden of a realm that evermore
Rolls onward like a tide from shore to shore—
A sea whose boundaries no horizon rings.

That gift of God, most dread and most divine,
A sceptre, was her maiden heritage.
But in her hand the sceptre was a sign—
Fleurs sacred maidenhood to sacred age—
A symbol still of Freedom's Sovereignty—
A symbol still of Mercy's Monarchy,
Till round the world a girdle she entwine,
The sacred cincture of her peoples' love.

IV.

Alas! a girdle of her peoples' grief
Is woven round the world this sombre day.
Her children wearing of the maple-leaf
Stand with bowed heads by backwoods, lake and bay.

Beneath the shining of the Southern Cross,
The peoples of her Island-Continent—
Grief-stricken, brothers in a common loss—
Deep in their bushland many a head is bent.

The cities of the mosque and minaret
Mourn for their Empress. On many a coral shore,
Palm and lagoon, strange races lingering yet,
Hear that the Great White Mother is no more.

And mourners stand where English feet ne'er stood—
Mourners where her flag never was unfurl'd.
Her Queenhood was for us; her Womanhood
For all the world.

V.

Take her unto her Rest:
The end of such a life comes not to-day.
Take her unto her Rest:
The end comes not when one shall say,
"Dust unto Dust"—the end is far away.
Take her unto her Rest.

VI.

We hear the muffled bells that toll:
We hear the muffled drums that roll:
The cannon's sullen boom:
But through the gloom
There comes a note of triumph o'er the tomb:
We hear the Voice which saith:
"She has been faithful unto Death."

Lift up your hearts, ye people, for she comes,
A Queen wots her Crown of Life to-day.
The Dead March is a Coronation Lay—
There is triumph in the rolling of the drums.

F. FRANKFORT MOORE.

A PICTURE FROM THE PAST.

BRIDE. MOTHER. QUEEN.

By CHARLES BENHAM.

Desolation broods over this secluded valley among the Thuringian hills. The damp days are lengthening: it is JANUARY, and past five o'clock, yet I can see the house upon the knoll, just above me.

There, gleaming dully under the cold sky, is the huge triangular facade, a reminder of Amsterdam. Dutch burghers, instead of Saxon knights, whose memory lives alone in the two Windsor turret towers upon the left, one tall one short. At the foot of the knoll and all around it are the poplars and the leafless trees.

Two evenings ago, at this hour, I was in London, where the lamps were lit though the sky kept a touch of metallic radiance over there, too, wind and rain swept the crowded streets.

Within this deserted Rosenau are neither wind nor rain nor lighted lamps; naught but the same metallic lustre in the sky, and that queer empty house above me, and unfathomable solitude.

Suddenly the stillness is broken by the shouts of children. A party of boys dart round the corner of the house, making for the smaller of the two turreted towers, the ruined one. They divide themselves into separate bands; the lesser, led by a boy whom his comrades call Ernest, disappear inside the tower, and bolt the door. The children outside have to storm this stronghold—one of them eagerly suggests a flank movement by way of the back door, which Ernest has forgotten to close.

TWO BROTHERS.

Among the number is a little fellow sufficiently like Ernest to be regarded as his brother, but who has blue eyes, whose Ernest has brown; and is small and pretty and active as a weasel, while the other boy is slow and plain and long-limbed. He draws himself up to his full height—an undersized twelve. His shrill voice reaches me as he cries out that this contest would be most unbecoming in a Saxon knight, who should always attack the enemy in front.

"And yet you do things by stealth, too, sometimes," retorts the boy lustily, who has suggested the rise. "I saw you the other day give a beggar something by stealth, and you told me not to speak of it. You were frightened of the tutor."

"I gave it by stealth," the other child answers, using the formal genitive which, like their frills and high-cut jackets, belonged to seventy years ago. "For when you give to the poor, you must see that nobody knows it."

Boohoves and bootgod vanish away. The little Saxon knight and his brother are alone together as they saunter to and fro on the terrace in front of the house. Eight years have flown over their heads, even within the compass of this winter afternoon. To-morrow the life of undivided brotherhood ends between them for ever. Their family circumstances have been unhappy: their parents live separated; the father is often absent from home, the mother neither will ever see again. The love uniting them is deep and passionless, the love which blossoms between brothers, humble or exalted, where the elder is all weakness, selfishness—the younger so pure, so lovable, so strong.

Ernest goes to Dresden to-morrow to take up his military duties; in a month the younger crosses the sea to begin a new life. He is no coward either, and mourns the coming weeks after both have turned their backs upon the Rosenau: "and my heart is one with his. Independently of his being my brother, I love and esteem him more than any one on earth. He was good; not so though he did not know what sin was—the earthly temptations—the weakness of man. No, but he seems to be, and yet knows, how to struggle against them, supported by the incomparable superiority and firmness of his character. Time will, I trust, help me also! Now—I feel very lonely!"

And two days after, the youngest and strongest uses the same language: "Now I am quite alone. Ernest is away over the wilds, and I am left behind; still surrounded by so many things which keep up the constant illusion that he is in the next room."

HUSBAND AND WIFE.

He spends the succeeding days in utter loneliness. Sometimes he walks the four miles into Coburg, and passes sadly through its streets, so empty now that one presence has gone. The winter afternoon on which his father gives a banquet to signalise the new life coming to this beloved younger son, he slips away into the chosen silence. From the terrace of the Rosenau he gets a last view of the town beneath him, and the row of poplars running up to the palace, nearly set on fire that same afternoon; with the Thüringerwald and the mountains towards Gotha in the background. This is his adieu to dear old Coburg, but the last precious moments are here at the Rosenau: this is home on which he turns his back for all of life.

The mists gather up here upon the terrace, and in the gathering of the mists six years pass away. And the dampness and the coldness are naught to me; for all winter seems to sink in the vision of an August afternoon, and the solitude is broken again by this young Saxon knight, bringing his bride to see the house in which he was born. As they stand looking up at the towering facade, he shows where he and Ernest used to live, high up in the roof, with a tiny little bedroom on each side, in one of which they used to sleep with Fivechilds, their nurse, for curtain, in that tiny bedroom, he tells her, the paper is still full of holes from their fencing, and the very same table is there on which they were dressed when little.

And here on the terrace, he goes on to say to her who can never hear enough, he and Ernest used to breakfast with their father, who would send for them at all hours, not caring in the least whether he interrupted their studies, or how much they learnt or did not learn. Once he is started, this young Coburger has to recount the whole of his childhood, for the boy he was for sleeping; indeed, could not keep awake much after seven, nor day tumbled off his chair at dinner from this same cause, and slept comfortably upon the floor.

FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

And the young bride shares in his happiness, to find herself at the dear Rosenau, her husband's birthplace, the place for which her heart has wandered down in the meadows, inside the steps. There they fell in with an old gentleman; gems, presents, and Brandt, who at home helps to manage some of this young lady's multifarious business. The two men walk off together; but the lady, who is tired, stays on a seat at the edge of the alleyum. The peasants are finished hay-making, so they guess her they say good-night in their homely German way. One old woman stops to chat, then shakes hands before she hobbles off, and knowing in the least that this is a queen.

The progress of an adult unsteady condition has found and aids in their long-hesitated power to possess a piece of their own, ever in England, and published, three years ago, by Wards and Parents and other charming divertissements, which really are the plague of one's life.

They have come—and it is the cry roars that follow a period of ferment all over Europe, when England did not escape from the infection. Yet all this unquietness lasted a single day. Thirteen hours, and the country, the Red Flag was hoisted, the kings fell—in England the crisis lasted precisely a single day. "We had no revolution yesterday." These are the actual words of Mr. Thomas Knight, written far away from his beloved Rosenau, "and it ended in smoke. How mightily it will tell over the world!"

And dreaming these upon this terrace, the two figures seem to approach again, aged with the rains of fifteen years of added Empire. If there is any truth in what the poets said of them, if love still holds their eyes for this dear home of his so seldom visited, never to be visited any more. Death is all that is left him in England; and neither the Emperor who will stand now the first time figure of the Saxon knight, joyous and active like the wind, may banish the shadow of lifelong fellowship that is behind.

The mists are rising now, and I can see no more. My way is back again across the meadows, by the river bank where his widow sat in a happy hour, almost sixty years ago. Of the forty years of widowhood there I have none.

In a few hours her children will carry her bier through the streets of the city of faithful exiles, children who cannot say "God Save the Queen" any more. But it is left to them those who were loyal to her unswervingly for a lifetime of years.

And here, with the gloom around me, and in my heart, I seem to hear her whisper borne on the shore breathe of a thousand breezes—"God bless and save the people."

CHARLES BENHAM.

Morning Leader.
February 2nd, 1901.

OSBORNE'S FAREWELL.

THE CORTEGE ASSEMBLES AND STARTS FOR COWES.

THE SAD AND SOLEMN MARCH TO THE SEA.

From Our Special Correspondent.

Cowes, Friday.

It was a strikingly beautiful morning at Cowes. Trees and fields, and that lovely yet desolate park around the palace where our beloved Queen lay waiting the long journey to her last earthly resting-place, were shrouded in white. A thin veil of mist covering the sea. But the day promised well.

Quite early the sun was doing its best to drive away all traces of frost and gloom. It lighted up the broad, white hull of the giant Hohenzollern, it fell upon the yellow funnels of a semi-circle of warships, and a whole roadstead of shipping gradually came out into relief against the mist-bound, distant shore.

And the leafless branches of those trees which hid the house of mourning from view glinted and glistened as the sun caught their tapering tracks and put the seal of favor on the fate of the day. It was indeed a glorious day. "Queen's weather!" "She has kept it to the last!" The thought was in most minds; many tongues gave it expression.

The Gun Carriage.

One o'clock struck from the tower of Osborne House.

Scarcely a minute passed before the khaki gun carriage, drawn by a regimental team of six bays, came along from the direction of the stables. Led by an officer in brilliant Royal Horse Artillery uniform, the piece, with its temporary raised platform, wheeled round in front of the Queen's entrance, and paused at the glazed porch, where a stop was made with the carriage almost exactly in front of the door.

Eight petty officers from the royal yachts were ranged up close behind, with four of the Queen's Highlanders to aid them as bearer party. Next, the Queen's company of the Grenadier Guards, under Capt. Lloyd, marched from a shrub-lined path where they had stood in waiting, and formed up in a double line with the color held by Lieut. Pumeonby, to act as guard of honor.

Stretching from wing to wing they completely enclosed the square before her late Majesty's private entrance.

The Massing of the Cortege.

A little outside the square, on the other side, were drawn up the troop of Hants Carabineers (Yeomanry), ready to act as escort. There were only eight or a dozen, servants-in-waiting, in plain suits of black and white uniform, with a white plume surmounting their steel helmets. Three mounted grooms with scarlet coats and white breeches cantered past to take up their places at the head of the procession.

Quite another group of color was formed by the assemblage of officers of the naval and military staffs of the Portsmouth and Southern District commands.

This massing in front of the great cortège was done almost noiselessly.

The Coffin in Sight.

At half-past one to the instant we saw the sailors and Highlanders bearing the coffin towards the gun-carriage.

Not a sound broke the solemn silence save the twittering of the birds till the sharp order "Rest on reversed arms" was shouted to the Grenadiers.

The men bent forward and remained motionless for all the world like the figures which form the corners of the Guards' Memorial in London.

Then all was deep, intense silence again. Almost without a sound the coffin was placed on its khaki car.

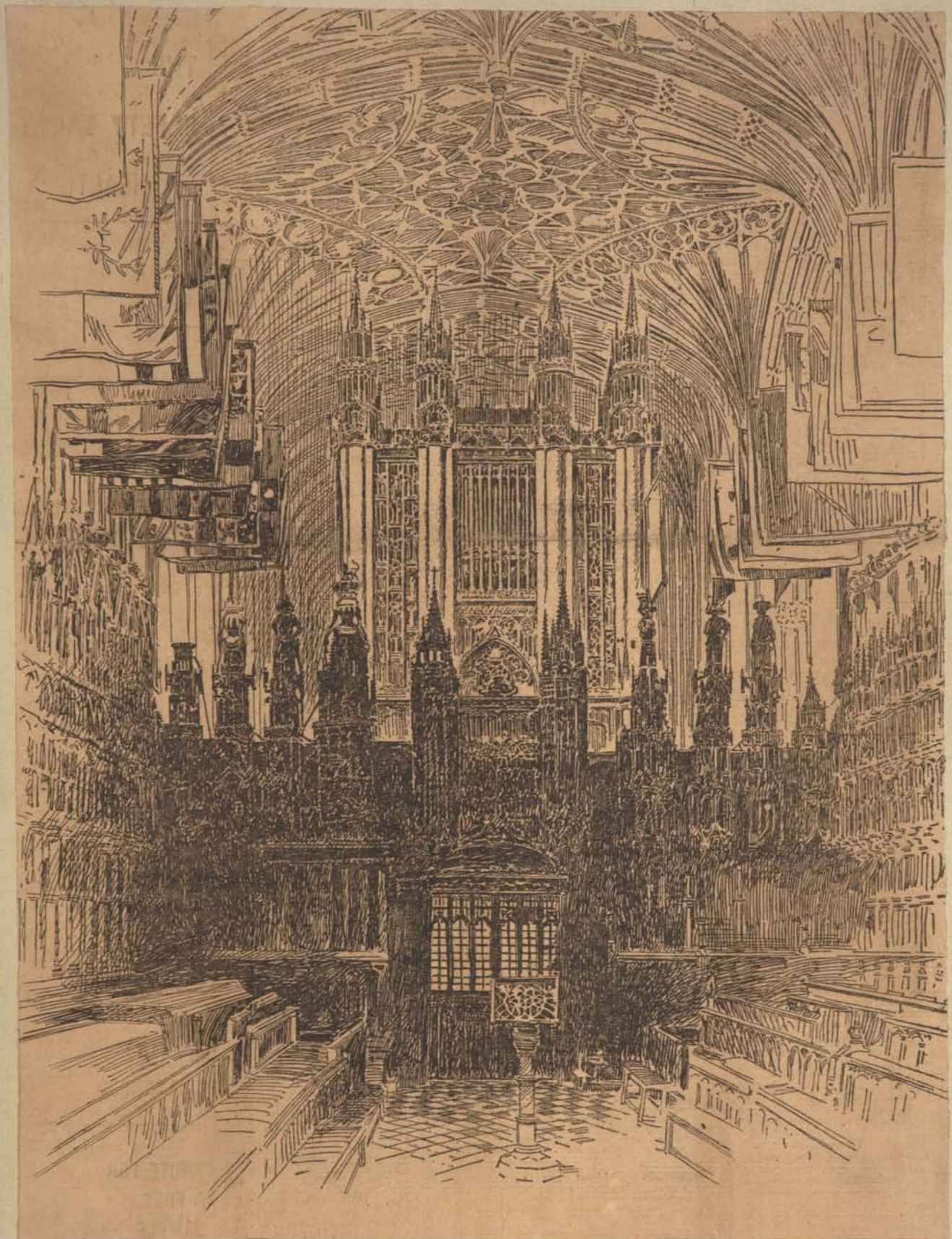
Symbols of Majesty.

Next the royal crown, the orb and the sceptre were placed on the coffin, symbols of majesty, and two small diamond coronets, one of which has been in the Chapelle Ardente during the lying-in-state.

The King walked in the centre of the first row of chief mourners. He wore the uniform of an Admiral of the Fleet, and the insignia of the Order of the Garter.

The German Emperor wore the same uniform and similar decorations. He walked on the King's right.

The Duke of Connaught, wearing a General's uniform, was on his brother's left.



The Interior of St. George's Chapel, Windsor, where the world's mourners will pay last honor to our dead Queen.

Following them were Prince Arthur of Connaught, Prince Henry of Prussia, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, and Gotha in the second line, and Prince Charles of Denmark, Prince Louis of Battenberg, and the Crown Prince of Prussia in the third line.

Behind the magnificence and variety of costume worn by these royalties came a grief-stricken group of crape-clad ladies.

The heavy gun-carriage crunched along in the sticky gravel. As slow as it moved away the Duke and Duchess grouped around as sunnerts, Admiral Sir Michael Culme-Seymour and Admiral Sir J. Fuller fell in immediately behind.

Royalties in Tears.

And then came the procession of royalties. Probably no such gathering has ever been seen in living memory.

We all remember the Jubilees; tomorrow an even larger assemblage of royal personages will be seen in the streets of London.

But here we found them walking in tears, like the humblest citizens of the land, and in surroundings that must have appealed to their innermost feelings.

The Grief-stricken Queen.

The Queen, with Princess Christian and Princess Louise on either side, were in the first line. Princess Henry of Battenberg, the Duchess of Connaught, and the Duchess of Albany in the second, and Princess Victoria, Princess Charles of Denmark, and the Duchess of Cornwall and York in the third.

All the ladies wore very heavy mourning, their black veils falling almost to their feet.

Most were in tears, and it was a strong heart that did not feel the grief that overwhelmed them so completely.

But the cortège had only moved a score of yards or so in silence when it came to a halt. As the gun-carriage was driven through the avenue formed by the Grenadiers it was brought to a halt when the coffin was abreast the regimental color.

The guard presented arms, there a funeral step joined in the procession by the side of the bier when the cortège moved forward.

The Dirge.

At last the long silence was broken. A wail went through the leafless trees and literally chilled the blood of all who stood by watching the impressive scene. The wail was the Black Watch funeral dirge.

Probably it would not have sounded so utterly unhappy and awe-inspiring under other conditions; but all the manner of sympathy had been torn at the sight of the mourning princes and weeping princesses, and there was a feeling, too, that the wintry desolation reigning in the park was emphasised by the void that has come into our national life.

Sad and Slow.

Very slowly the cortège made its way towards the Royal gate. Behind the Princess the Countess of Lytton, Lady-in-Waiting to her late Majesty, and the Hon. Harriet Phipps, her Woman of the Bedchamber, had fallen in, and after them followed the members of the household of her late Majesty, of the King and Queen, the German Emperor, and the members of the royal family.

Most were in uniform, and where this was not worn there was generally a Jubilee medal adorning a sober frock coat—or a constable's tunic. The procession was brought up by the military officers, the royal servants, and the Osborne senantry.

Just inside the gates the leland civic authorities, the royal warrant-holders, and a few privileged persons were go-bered to pay a last tribute of respect to their beloved sovereign lady.

The cortège was still moving slowly, but the pipes had changed their tune—Piper James Campbell and his nephew were now playing "The Flowers of the Forest."

Then it passed under the Queen's Gate. The bagpipes ceased. It met the great sympathetic public in silence. But only for a moment. The drums of the massed bands roll out a soul-stirring prelude. To the sad strains of Beethoven's Dead March, and later Chopin's Marche Funèbre, the journey down the troop and tree-lined York-avenue is made.

Sorrow-laden.

Behind the troops and in front of the trees is a throng of spectators, generally about four deep, but in a dense crowd around Osborne gates.

What are their impressions? They are mingled. Some talked of their admiration for these rich jewels which lay on the coffin. Some talked of their appreciation of the spirit which prompted the selection of an ordinary gun-carriage for a hearse—a thing that might transport any soldier to the grave. Some talked of the sympathetic bearing of the group of royalties that followed the remains of their revered relative, of the tears of the princesses.

And many talked of none these things. They pressed a handkerchief to their eyes, and admitted that words were impotent to express the impression made by the magnificent yet simple procession which passed so slowly before their eyes.

The Long Farewell.

At East Cowes the bands ceased playing. Muffled drums rolled out a farewell as the coffin was lifted from the gun carriage by bluejackets and carried on board the Alberta, and the chapelle ardente was placed just behind the mainmast of the ship.

The bier laid crosswaya on the deck, and was covered by a crimson canopy lined with white satin. From the four corners hung crimson curtains, which were drawn aside and tied so that a full view of the interior of the chapel might be had by the sailors of the fleet as the yacht crossed the Solent. On the coffin was placed all the emblems of majesty that lay upon it when it left Osborne House, except that the two diamond crowns were placed upon cushions on the top of two crimson draped skylights on each side of the coffin.

From Shore to Sea.

As soon as the body was removed to the Alberta the King and German Emperor, followed by the other members of the royal family, boarded the Victoria and Albert, and at 2.52 the booming of the first gun announced that the royal yacht had moved from her moorings.

Then the continuous roar of minute-guns and the tolling of bells sounded over Cowes, rendered desolate and disconsolate by the loss of their best friend and neighbor and the Empire's Queen.

DE PROFUNDIS.

HOW THE FUNERAL MUSIC STOLE ACROSS THE WATER

From Our Special Correspondent.

PORTSMOUTH, Friday.

A few minutes before three the dull boom of the first gun at Cowes told us that that last voyage had begun.

All down the lines of battleships the firing ran until it reached the vessels in sight.

Then flashes like the electric sparks of a storm were followed by puffs of white smoke, and the dull, reverberating thunder of the Mass, Prince George, and Majestic, filled in the first chord of the naval funeral music.

Minutes after minute that chord was played in differing rhythm, but always becoming louder and louder as the distant ships ceased firing when their Queen had passed.

As the time went on the strangest became still more beautiful, so peaceful, that one could hear the rooks cawing overhead.

The last had grown accustomed to the minute guns.

The Queen's Approach.

At half-past four a flash came from Nelson's old Victory, answered by the guns moored on the Portsmouth side. It signalled the approach of the dead Queen.

The bluejackets stood at attention. Almost immediately afterwards the first pair of torpedo destroyers came in sight.

The advance guard of eight low, black vessels crept slowly up the harbor two abreast, the light from the sinking sun just touching their sombre black hulls.

Then the Alberta hove in sight, moving slowly down the centre of the waterway.

Slowly she crept onwards to the mouth of the Victoria and Albert's guns.

From across the water came the solemn strains of Beethoven's music, and then our own band began Chopin's march, and the bluejackets presented arms.

Beyond the Alberta was the Victoria and Albert, and astern of her loomed the huge white hull of the Ophir. Below, a strong sunbeam to the sombre blue of the water and the brighter blue tinged with pink of the sky.

The Silence Beyond.

As the royal yacht headed for the creek which runs from the Victoria harbor the royal pier a strange silence seemed to fall on everything—a silence which the booming of the guns in the forts at the entrance to the harbor and the minute salutes from the Victory and Juno did but punctuate.

The Alberta slipped quietly to the little pier where the dead Queen had so often landed. The ring-ting of the engine-room bell was almost startling, so silent was all else.

The Fading Light.

Meanwhile the light began to fade. Gradually the opposite shore grew blue and indistinct.

It was a beautiful and peaceful homecoming, and the little creek in which the yacht will lie for the night has a quiet and intimate impressiveness which would have been destroyed elsewhere in the harbor.

A couple of marines mounted sentry over the body, and then the quiet ceremony was at an end.

Our Queen sleeps peacefully there.

The few hundred men who witnessed the end of the Queen's last voyage will, I think, never forget the scene.

Its end could not have been more homely or simple, somehow, of that regal splendor was laid aside as soon as the Alberta crept from the main stream into the little creek.

Nevertheless my memory of a solemn day will cling to that white-covered coffin lying there in the flush of coming night, and I sometimes like to picture it resting beneath the stars guarded by the men of the services the Queen loved so well.

From out the dead Sovereign came as the dead Queen of a great island folk should come.

E. A. R.

ACROSS THE SOLENT.

THE SEA'S LAST TRIBUTE TO ITS MISTRESS.

WORLD'S NAVIES PAY HOMAGE TO THE STATELY PAGEANT.

From Our Special Correspondent.
H.M. BATTLESHIP, ——.

SPITHEAD, Friday Night.

Queen's weather to the last! A hard frost ashore during the night; a thick haze on the water this morning, but from the earliest hour a promise of a halcyon day—a promise amply redeemed.

Although the funeral was not to take place until late in the afternoon, all official naval and military, were astir early.

At half-past nine Admiral Sir Charles Hotham embarked with his flag captain and a number of military staff officers at the King's Stairs of the Dockyard for Cowes, and left the harbor in his steam yacht, the Fire Queen, a few minutes later.

On his way he inspected the fleet lying here under the command of Vice-Admiral Sir Harry Rawson—a fleet which no other two countries could assemble at a week's notice, a fleet which leaves untouched Britain's power of offence as the world wields it, and does not include even the first-class reserve ships.

Here they lie in a far-flung line headed by the Majestic flying the Vice-Admiral's flag a cable and a half's length from the buoy of the Outer Spit, and almost due south, one sea mile and two cables, of Southsea Castle, the Horse Sand buoy three and a half cables right ahead as the proud ship swung on the first of the ebb tide with her stern to the east.

Perfect Queen's Weather.

At half-past ten the squadron of torpedo destroyers, black-looking little devils, left Portsmouth Harbor and ranged themselves temporarily with the fleet.

The mist of the morning had now become a thin veil of haze through which the houses at Southsea could be clearly seen, but the island not yet, and the westernmost ships were also invisible until nearly noon, when the haze was finally conquered by a bright sun, which felt almost warm, though from the west there continued to come a nipping and an eager air.

The water was as smooth as in the Thames at Richmond on an average May day, and altogether if the day had been specially ordered for the stately mournful occasion it could not have been better.

The calm was the more eloquently in the light, as the ships swung at their moorings to the varying tide, and from every brightly-burnished bit of brass aboard were reflected sunrays, while overhead the blue cerulean sky was after eleven o'clock unspeckled even by a cloudlet.

Nature in her most Perfect Mood.

Nature was indeed in her most gracious mood for the naval obsequies of the Sovereign of the Seas.

All went quietly until after two o'clock, when a signal passed that the cortège was moving forth from Osborne Towers. But just before the time for the embarkation of the body a collision occurred near the eastern part of the naval lines between a torpedo-destroyer and an excursion steamer, which seemed to catch the long black boat almost amidships, and to injure her rather seriously.

At any rate, she had to make at once for harbor.

Rather before the time expected, the first gun rung out its sharp detonations from the westward, and the lines of ships followed suit from the Alexandra even unto the Majestic, a distance of no less than eight land miles.

Billows of Smoke Smoke.

Away were carried the billows of smoke lightly to the eastward under the prevailing westerly airs, which hardly did more than to display the bunting that trailed overboard at the stern of the smaller vessels, or the signal flags that sent occasional messages along the line from ship to ship.

Just now there began to gather over the land on both sides banks of white and gray cumulous clouds, though the sky overhead remained perfectly serene.

There was some attempt to have simultaneous minute guns, but it was impossible to secure it. Even though the fingers quick-fires had all been discharged by electricity there could have been no simultaneity regards the auditors on or in the royal yachts or elsewhere, owing to the comparative slowness with which sound travels and the distances of the vessels apart.

In Solemn Silence.

Very solemn was the feeling on board the big battleships. Absolute silence prevailed as the men were gathered on the batteries to avoid as long as possible the cold, which, though the sun was still like molten gold, really called for jackets and overcoats instead of blue shirts and full-dress uniforms.

The peals of ordnance seemed intermittent, though in very fact there were seconds and more than once minutes in which there was no sound save the lapping of the wavelets against the cold steel sides of the floating forts, for with guns there are occasional misfires, and these were not avoidable, notwithstanding the most careful precautions.

The Black-Clad Host.

There was noticed by those with glasses a black line along the beaches and the piers on either side of the green-grey water. Even with a telescope viewed it in mosaic of thronged people, but the distance was too great to allow of seeing any detail. It would seem, however, that there must have been tens of thousands along the Esplanade and piers at Cowes.

The smoke from the guns had now begun to settle on the water, and though the pieces were fired outwards, the light air drove it between the lines, while it settled down as though the water had an attraction for it.

And this was deepened by the wreath settling down from the funnels of the steamships, for a big modern pacific war there is always a boiler or two going, if only to keep up the electric light in the denser parts of the ship, or even to ventilate the magazines

In a Curtain of Crape.

And, as the naval procession rounded the big ship the Assaruin, which has been guardship at Cowes, the mournful flotilla was but dimly discernal as it lurough a curtain of grey crape.

First came, with about two cables between each, two destroyers, then two columns, line ahead, at a speed so slow they had hardly steerage way; for a modern destroyer does not willingly consent to go less than seven knots, and it seemed as if their engines had to be stopped several times for a brief space while they drove ahead of themselves by the force of their impetus.

The ringing call of a bugle, caught up from ship to ship, had brought the seamen, English as well as foreign, to "mast ship."

Formerly this was one of the most inspiriting sights at a naval review when the tars vied with one another in running up the rattlines and laying out along the yards, where they had nothing between them and a fall from a dizzy height but steadfast foothold, steady nerve, and sometimes a light handline.

In these days of military tops there is no such exercise of agility.

A few men clamber up the inside of the great steel masts and occupy the tops which resemble more the fighting tops of Plantagenet days, occupied by archers, than anything thought of until within the last 40 years. The B. I. of the steam line the sides of the decks, the tops of the turrets, and the ends of the bridges.

Across the bridge of each ship is drawn up a guard of Marine Artillery and Marines, which was yesterday almost the only note of color, except the ensigns, along the whole seven miles.

The officers, in full dress of blue and gold lace, with cocked hats, and the midshipmen, were grouped up on the bridges or the quarterdecks, but they could hardly be made out from one ship to another, still less athwart the two lines. With bowed heads they stood, being in all other points rigidly at "attention," and expectation became almost painful, as with furtive glances they tried to make out the advancing yachts.

At Last the Cortège.

At length we saw them, or seemed to see them.

The guns continued to thunder away at minute intervals or so, but the Alberta could not be seen.

With her 370 tons and her small displacement, for she draws only 17ft., she was completely overshadowed in the distance by the stately vessels escorting her—the old Victoria and Albert, now not far from 40 years of age, but looking as handsome as ever—the more squat Osborne, the very stately white Hohenzollern, whose pennant at her mainmast showed the Kaiser was not on board, the Enchantress, Admiralty yacht, and others the Balloon, and some smaller craft.

The Admiral's Watchful Eye.

A long way leading the flotilla, but outside the lines in the northward, was the Commander-in-Chief's yacht, the Fire Queen, from which Admiral Sir Charles Hotham kept his very critical eye upon the ships, in order to see that nothing went wrong, or to find a reason if it did, but with such well-trained officers and men there was very unlikely to be any departure from a programme which the commander of each ship had memorised carefully explained to all hands, ordered all to the quarter-deck for the purpose.

At long last the Alberta was made out, leading the line of royal yachts. Her white ensign drooped into the white pall of her wake.

The Royal Standard of England hung limply at half-mast as the rate at which she was proceeding about equalled the force of the wind, which was fluttering the ensigns and pennants of the stationary ships.

Reverent Curiosity.

Still as she came up the haze deepened and more, and though scarcely a sound was to be heard between the guns, the ships which had bands played funeral marches, though only those on board could catch even the faintest snuffle, so subdued, so tender, were the strains.

Someone has called curiosity the dominant passion of modern life, and the utmost reverence was quite compatible with a little loyal desire to see the last of her who had worn the crown so worthily and well over more than the lifetime of white-haired greybeards, who had never dreamt, even, of beholding such a stately aquatic pageant.

The great-boats and the cocked hats of naval and military officers on board the Alberta hid their identity from those on the ships, but the royal standards floating from all three trunks of the Victoria and Albert seemed to indicate that she was the vessel which had the honor of carrying the most illustrious of the mourners. Those standards were fully hoisted, but they lay flat against the mast, like the banner of the pride of England amidships in the Alberta.

Mystic, Wonderful, and Simple.

It was not until the little yacht came nearly abeast of the successive ships that one could see even the liberal pavilion of purple and white, which encircled the form of the most beloved monarch the world has known.

Across the yacht lay the coffin, covered with a pall of silvery samite, mystic, wonderful.

Around the head of it was thrown, as with careless care, a sheet of damask gold, whereon, upon a crimson cushion, lay the Imperial Crown of England, for all men to behold adown this marvellous waterway which somehow suggested, though it far outvied, the passing of the Lady of Shalott.

A look, scarcely more than a glance, suffised for all, gentle and simple, the others in their gold lace, the men in their blue shirts, as in that glance there lay a life's memory, for none who saw the scene that glance covered man ever forgot it.

An Irresistible Recollection.

On went the little yacht slowly, as though scarcely she knew the way, the dread of her who had so often trodden her decks in past days.

Never was stateliness such as ours never saw before associated with mortuary rites; here, too, was simplicity, and in the ritual elegance and deep affection illumined the whole.

The dead Queen passed.

Her children and grandchildren and their successors followed. There was nothing there which was not worthy of an Empress; there was little there, in another sense, but what may be seen at a lych-gate of some God's acre when they are laying to rest a country kind.

And now the destroyers that had been leading the flotilla till the yachts were passed between the Majestic and the faders starboarded their helms, and rounding round a quarter-circle to port showed the way past the Bell buoy and over towards the channel that runs parallel to Southsea beach.

The Dead Queen Passed.

The haze was growing thicker, the sun was setting behind Osborne point in a glory of gold, fiercely red at the edges, tawny brown and black clouds, while the sky turned the palest translucent blue, flecked and emphasised here and there by tiny gouts of yellow gold or frosted silver.

It was a sunset that one often sees near the tropics, but not often in these latitudes in winter time. And as the day-queen departed, one felt the force of the hymn without repeating them:

As now the sun's declining rays
At eventide descend,
So life's brief day is sinking down
To its appointed end.

But just as the sun disappeared, many an eye in following the funeral flotilla discerned a bright and nearly full moon riding plainly halfway up the eastern sky, as pale in the yet still lingering light of day, that Diana appeared almost diaphanous.

Further and further away crept the Alberia, till she was lost in the shadow of the land, and her place could only be guessed at from the still visible standards of the Victoria and Albert. All this while our guns were sufficiently booming a farewell, an everlasting farewell, to the Lady of the Land, who took such a deep interest in the Navy, which so ardently reciprocated both her pride and her affections.

Back to Everyday Life.

Then the forts on shore took up the wondrous tale of possessing as the lights that the Queen was passing for the last time to her own old private station, the Victualling Yard of Gosport.

The naval obsequies were over. The new ensigns were taken down from the taffrails, and the work-a-day ensigns languidly floated half-way up to the peaks. The everyday life and work of the fleet began again.

Electric lights were hoisted and tested; full-dress uniforms gave way to pea-jackets; the men had their tea; the boats' crews were called away to carry ashore the visitors, who had been most hospitably treated aboard, and the officers who had got leave for the night ashore, ere the ships returned to their harbors tomorrow to complete their overhaul and refit.

Like an Illuminated Street.

In a little while the ensigns were hauled down altogether, the evening signalling lamps on the mast heads came into play, scintillating like the glow-worms on a warm summer sod, and presently all that had been so solemnly black and completely in keeping with the feelings of the day, became one long row of illuminated street that "lay floating many a road."

And the navy that is abroad looking after the safiest's business in far distant waters will read of these doings to-day at Spithead, and cherish the thought that if they could not be all present they were admirably represented in the last tribute of naval respect to their great and good mistress Queen Victoria.

AMERICAN SORROW.

From Our Own Correspondent.

NEW YORK, Friday.

The funeral services of the Queen are absorbing all attention here.

To-morrow grand religious functions will take place in four churches. At ten o'clock the presidents of the stock, cotton, and produce exchanges will each deliver a commemorative address and then suspend business for an hour in honor of the Queen.

The famous American poetess, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, who is now in London, has cabled to the "Journal" a set of verses on the Queen. They are being widely quoted. The last stanzas are:

Peace was your purpose, Progress was your aim,
Fair Justice was your large soul's honored guest;
When war relentless and remorseless came
The tender heart broke in your woman's breast.

No lingering lust for power defiled your mind,
Concerned with but the ultimate good of earth;
Because you lived shall unborn rulers find
A nobler meaning in imperial birth.

VALE!

ALREADY the first stage of the long, last journey is over. The gates of her island-court have closed at length upon the remains of the dead mistress. It is not often, in the nature of things, that the pomp and circumstance of royalty jostle so closely and strangely as yesterday with the simplest and most inevitable of human emotions. It seems almost a desecration of the sorrow of mourning children and descendants that it should be broken into by even the most solemn exigencies of ceremonial. Yet it was certainly appropriate that the Queen's final progress should have taken its path across the inviolate sea, which she ruled over so proudly and loved so long and well. There is a significance in the last greeting of the deep-mouthed cannon to the Sovereign, escorted home by her ships and those of the navies of the world, which robs the formality of all hollowness. And there is a recognition in this pageantry which cannot be ignored of an authority and power undiminished by the dead Queen's life-long preference for all that was simplest and least conventionally regal in her surroundings.

Yet even amid all this, yesterday it was the sentiment of domestic grief which predominated. To-day, when the Queen, passing to her resting-place under the grey castle walls of royal Windsor, is once more borne through her capital, this must perforce give way in some degree to the set mourning of the Empire. One's thoughts fly back involuntarily to past occasions when the Queen received the welcome of her subjects—to the triumphs, scarcely less solemn if their significance be read aright, of the Jubilees, to the brief visits of last year when she seemed to come among us less as a monarch than as the mother of her people. To-day it is no longer welcome, but farewell. But never has a homage more sincere or more universal been tendered. No expression of sorrow, however genuine, in which the world takes part, nation by nation, and the whole empire, race by race, must find a place and a voice, can escape the reproach of conventionality. But seldom has that convention been so invigorated by a real and living sentiment, and never perhaps so justified by the ideas which to-day's mourners will suggest. Foreign princes and envoys will testify to a respect evoked in unparalleled measure by the Queen's personality among those who knew her in perhaps her most royal aspect. The colonial representatives will recall the liberation and consolidation of great communities which found independence under her sway. Above all, the swaying crowds of the unknown will mark the regret of those who pay the last dues of respect not only to the Queen at whose feet the web of our national history has been woven, not only to the woman who has sweetened the domestic life of her country, but to the great, half-comprehended influence, nearly always silent and always discreet and modest, for the loss of which every citizen knows himself the poorer.

For reasons like these the ceremonies of to-day are permissible. Many would be more touched by a simpler committal of a great and good woman's ashes to the dust. Her children would be spared the pain inseparable from the intrusion of public curiosity into private sorrow. Even the public themselves would escape the haunting distress caused by those to whom it is no reproach that "the bonds of Agamemnon are asbow," and who are eager to turn the national lamentation to account. But where one sentiment or the other must be sacrificed, it is right that the dead Queen's people should find articulate and tangible expression for a regret which is not only decent and seemly, but in itself sincere. There is no need again to enumerate Queen Victoria's virtues, nor to emphasise the sense in which her passing marks the end of an era. There is no need to find an excuse for human regret

When that which once was great has passed away.

It is our common instinct which calls us to bid the Sovereign and the Queen-Mother a long and sad farewell.

Daily Express,
February 2nd, 1901.

With all the pomp and ceremony befitting her state, the greatest Queen of a mighty Empire was yesterday borne in solemn procession on the first stage of her last journey.

Surrounded by her loved family, the remains of the dead Sovereign were carried amid tears from the Royal house at Osborne.

Her Majesty's Highland servants led the way, and the Queen's Pipers played the wailing dirge of the Black Watch.

The embarkation on the Alberta of the Royal coffin was made amid the sound of muffled drums; and the tiny yacht with its mighty burden passed over the water towards Portsmouth between lines of war ships, which thundered forth a last salute to all that was earthly remaining of Queen Victoria.

TRIBUTE OF TEARS.

OSBORNE'S LAST HONOURS TO THE DEAD QUEEN.

AN IMPRESSIVE MARCH.

"Hush! She is coming."

That was the whisper that ran through the knot of spectators standing on the lawn at Osborne when a little tremble of movement among the group gathered at the principal entrance indicated that the Queen was about to start on her last journey.

There had been little parade or ceremony. The Queen's Company of the Grenadier Guards had lined up facing the House, and waited with reversed arms.

The gun-carriage, drawn by eight splendid horses of the Royal Artillery, and painted khaki colour, had been standing in front of the porch for a good half-hour.

A dozen policemen, a few officials of the Household, and a group of fifty or sixty newspaper men—the eyes of the Empire and the world, treated with the task of conveying to remembered millions of readers the word-picture of an historic occasion—made up the total gathering.

The moment was one of the greatest and saddest in our history. The thoughts of the Empire were gathered in that small square of grass and gravel, hallowed by the wings of Osborne House, for all the world knew what time was fixed for the passing of the Queen from the house of death.

In the warm stillness of the Australian summer night our kinsmen at the Antipodes were waiting for the passionless finger of the clock to point the moment of departure.

In India, in Canada, in every corner of the earth where the British flag flies a watching hours of day and night, in varying seasons of diverse climates, every subject of the British Crown turned a tender thought towards the beautiful island that lies at the feet of England, and pictured the scene that should be as the Queen's body was borne out to burial.

WITH QUICKENED PULSE.

We, the few thousands who, out of all the millions of our race, were privileged to witness it, realised the solemn magnitude of the occasion with quickened pulses and breath held back.

Ever since day dawned and the restful moonlit night had given place to glorious sunshine, our tense nerves had been waiting for this—the culmination of an emotional pressure rising from interest to excitement and from excitement to the strained silence of expectant awe.

The island held no other thought. All through the forenoon marching thousands of soldiers, hurrying throngs of civilians had been pouring into the village of East Cowes, crowding the ferries and landing stages, transforming the restful little place into a whirlwind of human struggle.

All had a common objective in their journeying, a common thought in their bosoms. They were coming to see the Queen pass to her rest.

Half in sunlight and half in shadow lay the space where the gun-carriage waited for its burden, the line of shade cutting with quaint exactitude the very middle of the porch from which the coffin was to come.

Three sides of the square were enclosed by the grey walls of the house, and the fourth was filled up by the line of Guardsmen whose vivid scarlet tunics contrasted with the grey green of a huge cypress that fronted the Royal dwelling.

The sun, ever friendly to our Queen, had risen in a cloudless sky, and as soft was the air, as blue the sky, it scarcely seemed impious to think that God had lent a fair fortune to guide the winter burial of a Queen whose greatness had always been humbly laid at His feet.

A word of command wielded the statuesque line of motionless Guardsmen, the row of red tunics wavered itself, broke into two sections, and edged the trim grass plot between which the carriage-drive runs up to the door.

IN DEAD SILENCE.

Brilliant Highland plaids flashed across the grey front of the porch, and her Majesty's personal servants bore the venerable bulk out of the house where she had lived so many happy years quietly, humbly, in dear pleasure.

The coffin was laid on the gun-carriage which was drawn by eight horses, the bearers took their places in front, and the last journey of the Queen was begun.

Never was the burial of a great monarch begun with more touching simplicity. The group of Highland servants led the way immediately following them was the figure of the bier, the coffin covered with a pall of richly-embroidered white silk and the diadem of sceptre.

Upon this rested the crown, orb, and sceptre. On either side the line of Guardsmen moved slowly, and between their ranks walked the mourners.

The King, the German Emperor, and the Duke of Connaught led the array, and in groups of three abreast came the Crown Prince of Germany, Prince Henry of Prussia, Prince Christian, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, Prince Arthur of Connaught, Prince Charles of Denmark, and Prince Louis of Battenberg.

Nearly all were naval uniform—the King and the Kaiser dressed as Admirals of the British Fleet.

Following them were the Queen and the ladies of the Royal Family, whose sombre attire was the only touch of gloom in a stately and magnificent pageant. In rows of three they came, each in deepest black and wearing a long crape veil that reached below the waist.

The Queen, the Duchess of York, Princess Christian, the Duchess of Saxe-Coburg, the Duchess of Argyll, Princess Henry of Battenberg, the Duchesses of Connaught and Albany, Princess Victoria, and Princess Charles of Denmark—all were on foot, walking behind their dead as humbly as any cottagers of rural England.

TEAR-STAINED FACES.

Their veils could not hide the swollen eyelids and tear-stained faces that betrayed the reality of their sorrow, and it was noticeable that Princess Henry of Battenberg, nearest and dearest of all the dead Queen's daughters to her in her later years, could not quite hold her emotion in check, and was sobbing quietly as she moved in the procession.

After came the Ladies-in-Waiting and the members of the Royal Households, and then the waiting groups of officers joined in the cortège, followed by the Royal servants and the tenants of the Osborne estates.

As the gun-carriage turned from the drive into the avenue leading to the Queen's Gate the Queen's pipers began the dirge of the Black Watch, and the melancholy wail of the pipes broke the stillness of the quiet afternoon, giving expression to the restrained sorrow that throbbed in the heart of every spectator.

The scene was most pathetic in its simplicity—the coffin of the dead Sovereign resting on its rough conveyance; King and Emperor and Princes of the Blood, the Queen and the ladies of the Royal Family, all walking through the lines of humbler mourners with no ostentation of rank, no splendour of funeral pageantry, the prosaic note illustrating in its blankness the unusually quality of the departed Monarch and the nearness of the tie of humanity that attached her so dearly to her subjects.

GLINT OF GOLD AND STEEL.

Slowly the procession moved along through the trim lawns of Osborne, hardly like a funeral procession, so dominant was the note of military colour, so brilliant the glow of gorgeous uniforms and the glint of gold and steel.

It was the progress of a warrior Queen, the ruler of a great nation attended by her soldier sons and grandsons, the suggestion of mourning being only in the black line that marked the progress of the tender woman of her race.

Passing through the Queen's Gate, the procession entered between the lines of troops which guarded the road to Trinity Pier, the soldiers standing in close order with arms reversed.

Behind these, the narrow footwalks were crowded with reverent spectators, thousands of whom had crossed to Cowes during the previous day and in the early hours of the morning.

Black was the universal wear, and in sad silence the Queen's people watched the passage of her mortal remains, many women weeping quiet tears and many a man choking down his disposition to cry by the more solemn of resolutions.

Down the long hill that leads to Cowes the cortège proceeded, and as it neared the narrow streets of the village the crowd grew denser and the chord of emotion thrilled to a higher note.

Slow but incessant was the movement of the funeral car; remorseless as eternity the passing away of the loved Queen, who had been a familiar friend to many of the thousands that marked her transit down the hill.

Round the sharp turnings in the streets of East Cowes the trained horses that pulled the royal freight made their way with deliberateness, and Trinity Pier was reached soon after half-past two.

BOARDING THE ALBERTA

At Trinity Pier the Royal yacht Alberta had been lying for some days past, her yellow funnels glaring with new paint and everything quick-and-span aboard her.

On the after-deck a tier had been erected for the reception of the coffin, draped in crimson cloth and covered with an awning, the sides of which could be lowered to form a complete enclosure in case of bad weather.

As it happened, this measure was not necessary, and the canvas was drawn tightly to the roof.

The mournful music of the bands leading the way heralded the approach of the funeral procession, but when the glare of embarkation was reached the melody ceased abruptly, and the bandsmen took up the position allotted to them at the side of the pier.

Thereafter the murmur of the muffled drums supplied an accompaniment of the sternest melancholy to the last sad acts of the Queen's departure.

It grew upon the most stolid nerves, this incessant, wanton-like, soul-rending burden of formless sound, like the beating of savage tom-toms which stir black blood to frenzy.

To such accompaniment the gun-carriage passed through the heavy stone archway that marks the entrance to Trinity Pier, and halted in front of the gangway leading to the Royal yacht.

Here the soldiers of the Queen gave up their sacred charge to her sailors. A dozen blue-jackets who had personally served the Queen in her voyages by water formed up round the coffin.

The pall was removed, disclosing the polished casket underneath, and the stalwart sailors carried the precious burden on board the Alberta, where it was placed on the bier and once more covered with the pall on which the insignia of Royalty were replaced.

The Royal mourners passed on to the deck of the Alberta, and those in the steam-launches, which took them on board the yachts in which they were to follow the progress to Portsmouth, saving the Duchess of York, who, after a brief interchange of compliments with Admiral Fullerton, in command of the Alberta, went ashore and returned to Osborne to attend the sick bed of her husband.

There was a perfect English representation of the scene in the supreme moment of parting. The Kaiser walked just a little while longer than the others, and gazed for a steadfast moment on the coffin.

UNDER WAY.

It was a little after three o'clock when the boom of the first gun from the guardship Australia told the waiting thousands who had massed along the esplanade that the Alberta was under way.

Promptly the signal was taken up by the ships of the Fleet, and gun answered gun along the mighty line of battleships, the echoes of every report rolling back from the wooded slopes of the Solent.

THE LAST SALUTE.

FAREWELL OF THE FLEET TO HER MAJESTY.

THE ALBERTA'S BURDEN.

H.M.S. ALEXANDRA, OFF COWES.
Friday Evening.

The blue waters of the Solent have been the theatre for many a superb and historic naval pageant, but never has there been one witnessed more majestic, more solemn, more awe-inspiring than when the Navy bade the last adieu to the Queen who for sixty long years has ruled over it.

It was but fitting that the first of the ceremonial honours to be paid to the beloved dead should be rendered by that Navy of which she, as no other British Monarch, had realised the value. For to the Queen the Navy has always been potent, not as a power of offence the aggressive warfare, but as the greatest factor in the preservation of the peace of the world.

Queen's weather is proverbial, and Victoria the Good and Great passed to her last resting night as perfect a winter afternoon as could be imagined.

Lying two and a half cables apart, the long line of ships which spread in all their majesty over the seven miles that lie between Cowes and Spithead had swung by the tide head to westward, and so lay with their length pretty well parallel to the track of the funeral procession.

THE SIGNAL OF FAREWELL.

It was just five minutes past three o'clock when the first gun was fired from the Admiralty, the guardship which always lies in Cowes Harbour when Royalty is in residence at Osborne.

This was the signal that the Alberta had left the Trinity Pier, and simultaneously the men, who had been silently standing at divisions, rushed to man ship. Intimation had been given to the Fleet, and to one minute from the Australia's first the minute-guns resounded.

Round and about the sides of every vessel were—quicker than it takes to write these words of blue-jackets, officers in the fullest of uniform, men in their best rig, with hats and not caps, not only round the sides, but girdling also each turret and barbette and also the fighting-tops.

As the little Alberta, with her solemn freight, passed each ship, the guards stood to the present arms, remaining at the salute till the coffin had passed, and ceasing afterwards to the most melancholy and striking attitude of military mourning, the resting of arms reversed.

So they stood, statuesque and motionless, until the procession had well passed.

IN BRILLIANT SUNSHINE.

Every effort was made to ensure that the firing of the minute guns should be simultaneous in each ship in the squadron, and the guns were fired from the starboard side—namely, from the side looking towards the Hampshire shore, the funeral procession being, of course, on the Isle of Wight side.

As the Alberta slowly rounded the Australia and the guns of the old guard-ship boomed out the last salute they would pay to Queen Victoria.

The destroyers were in double column line ahead, the port column comprising the Peterel, Crane, Kestrel, and Syrtis, those on the starboard including the Spiteful, Electra, Fawn, and Violtiere.

As the Alberta steamed out from Cowes Roads a dark cloud for a moment obscured the brilliancy of the sun, but it had passed in a moment, and it was in a flood of sunshine that the procession took its way through the lines.

The first hand to join the thunder of the minute guns with a mournful funeral march was that of the Helicon-ellers, and, as the Imperial yacht put under way from her moorings to take her place in the procession the destroyers, funereal in their very appearance, glided silently down the line, curve rippling the water, smooth as an inland lake in summer, and keeping the most perfect station.

Then the Alberta neared us. We could from our lofty standpoint see well the the mortuary chapel erected aft, where the coffin containing the body of the dead Queen lay athwart ship.

Stately simple, with but the purple, white, and gold of the pall and the crowns of the wreaths to catch the eye, it was the most impressive sight I have ever witnessed, and I have seen pageants in more than one quarter of the globe.

FOR THE LAST TIME.

Standing in the bow of the vessel, right in a statue of blue and gold, was the first lieutenant for the last time taking her Majesty through her Fleet.

At the four corners of the coffin stood other statues in blue and gold—her naval Aides-de-Camp; and above her floated her own Royal Standard dipped at half-mast.

Clearly one could see with the naked eye the little crown that lay at the head of the coffin, and somehow it seemed to strike home to all that not only had we lost the head of the State, but the woman whom we loved more than any woman who ever lived and who could truly say:

I have felt with my native land,
I am one with my kind.

The only music that wafted out as the only was borne down the line of her Fleet were the Funeral Marches of Chopin and Beethoven, the only marches that were allowed to be played; and the solemn strains rose from each ship's band as the procession passed.

THE KING'S SALUTE.

Immediately behind the Alberta came the Victoria and Albert, conveying the Imperial and Royal mourners. All her flags were hoisted to the truck, her ensign only being half-masted. At the fore she flew the Admiralty flag, at the main the German and the British Royal Standards, and at the mizzen the Great Union, or Union Jack, as it is generally, but erroneously, termed.

Standing on the port side of the quarter-deck, within pistol-shot of our ship, stood the King in the uniform of an Admiral of the Fleet, wearing a great star, and beside him, in sombre black, our Queen.

Rigidly saluting his Fleet as he passed he looked every inch a King, and the sweet figure at his side seemed to cling to him as if she were sinking.

And so the stately pageant faded into the haze that hid from our sight the great ships at the line that stretched down the Solent.

Thus the Queen bade good-bye to the Navy that was through her reign and will be through all reigns the embodiment and weapon of her power and the nation she ruled.

Fittingly she passed to her last resting-place, girdled with the sorrow, love, and admiration of the Navy that never failed her or the Empire.

ACROSS THE SOLENT

MIDST THE THUNDER OF MIGHTY NAVAL GUNS.

SOUL-STIRRING SPECTACLE.

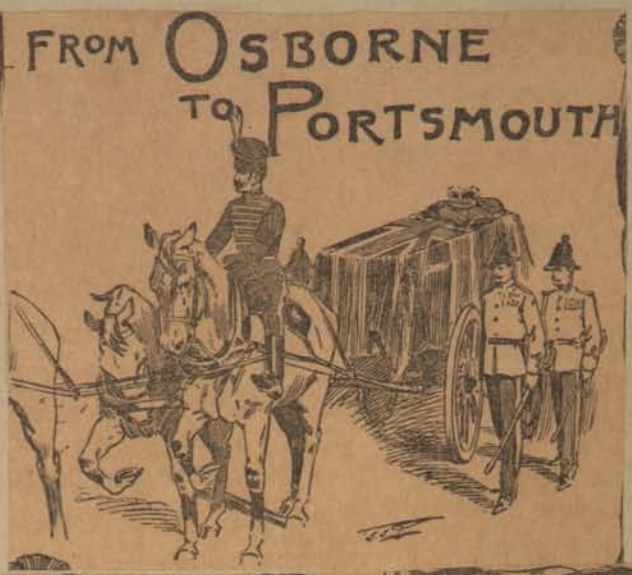
Portsmouth rose in a spirit of hushed expectancy.

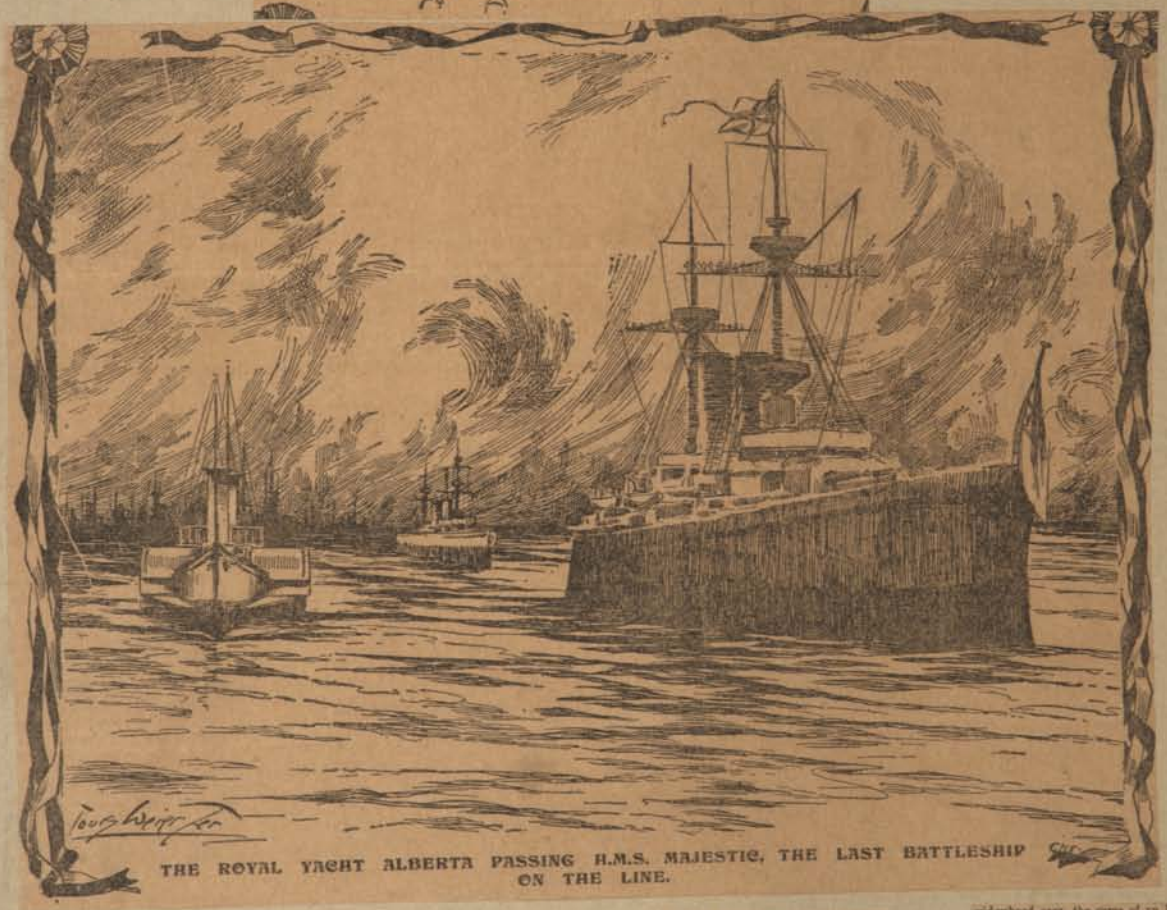
By thousands the people passed down to the sea shore and over the ferries to Hasler and Stoker Bay, in which lines by hour the silent pageant of ships and sea and wait for the last moving scene of all.

At noon the vessel chartered by the Admiralty to carry the members of the Press to their place in the stately line of battleships and cruisers left Portsmouth and passed slowly down the waterway.

It was fitting that the men who have voiced the feelings of a world in tears should

FROM OSBORNE TO PORTSMOUTH





THE ROYAL YACHT ALBERTA PASSING H.M.S. MAJESTIC, THE LAST BATTLESHIP ON THE LINE.

to give a place and a throw in the last sad tribute of the nations.

English to the left, German and French to the right, lay the war vessels, strung in straight lines. Between them ran the swift despatch boats and grim, black destroyers, police and messengers of the day.

Over the rippling water hung the light haze of a winter noon, clearing slowly to the brightness of a perfect winter day.

Hushed on the steamer were the voices of the men as they picked out the war vessels by name and the land-marks of the Solent shores.

Keen were the eyes which sought and found the grey twin towers of Osborne and the bare, thin flagstaff of the Queen's last earthly home.

THE VOICE OF CANNON.

From Cowes the great white steamer bore with the faithful Lords and Commons passed down and swung at anchor opposite the old Navy.

Then came a sudden transition from silence to the roar of cannon. Sharp! long! long!—short, sharp, sudden from the west, again and again, all along the line from Cowes to Portsmouth.

The first minute-gun had been fired, and wreaths of white smoke hung above the white and yellow upper parts of the vessels. It struck the water with a sudden deep significance, that strong sound heard from a score of ships over the placid Solent.

Then again silence so intense that the sound of a bugle and the voice of an officer calling the ship's company to order half a mile away can be distinctly heard.

Every minute the guns send the silence with solemn regards. Over the bows of the Press boat, towards Gilkicker, we, waiting, strain our eyes in eager gaze. For three quarters of an hour the guns have cracked and roared out their passing knell.

The Queen comes. Eight black destroyers steal silently past in double column, as slowly and quietly that sea feels as if they were drawn by an invisible, an Almighty hand.

They pass, and the band on the Nimbs approite takes up the sweet, sad strains of Beethoven's beautiful dirge. With tears compelling sadness the music floats across the water.

THE GREATEST OF ALL.

The Queen passes. 'Tis but a tiny yacht with two sailing pilot vessels and three slender masts; but it bears all that was mortal of the greatest, the wisest, the best woman that ever sat on a throne.

The little Alberta, with the churning paddle wheels, is the smallest and the proudest here to-day.

Do you see that canvas spread over the stern? Can your keen eyes find beneath it the crimson canopy? That white is the pall, that glitter the crown, and under them she lies in simple, dauntless state.

With slow and stately motion follow another and larger yacht. From the foremast she flies the red Admiralty flag, from the mainmast the Royal Standard, from the mizzen the Union Jack—all at half-mast—and from the stern the drooping, trailing white ensign.

By the sign of her raised flags we know that the King is on board, and there, if quiet not to excess on the bridge following with steady pace the moving vessel with the solemn convoy.

For the last time he gives precedence to the Queen. Those two—the dead Queen, the living King—take to themselves all attention. What though other vessels follow the Osborne with Kings of Portugal and Greece on board, the majestic Hohenzollern with her War Lord of Europe, the Empress with the Water Lords of England!

A HAVEN AT PORTSMOUTH.

Through the fading light of the sun, setting in a radiance of gold, bathing Osborne in chill splendour, we watch the fiery yacht with rest for her alone. Up the harbour she goes, within speaking distance of the battleship and allied alarms, and so to a safe anchorage behind the Dockyard, where all night the destroyers, mute, but passing vigilant, will keep their grim and silent watch over the mighty dead.

THE FUNERAL TRAIN.

Ratcliffe privacy will characterise the removal of the Royal coffin from the Alberta to the Royal train this morning.

The entraining will take place at a quarter to nine, and the train will consist of two saloons and three first-class coaches, the centre of the saloons, formerly her Majesty's favourite riding carriage, has been decorated in its furniture and transformed into a funeral car, draped in purple and white, in the centre of which the bier will rest, four chairs for the watchers being placed in the corners.

The outside of the saloon is white, in striking contrast to the mahogany-lined coaches at either end of it.

The King's saloon, with its four compartments and handsome appointments, will follow the funeral coach.

Petty-officers of the Alberta will carry the coffin over the few yards of space which separate the landing-stage from the train, and a salute will be fired by one hundred Marines.

Beyond this there will be no ceremonial.

Our Mourning.

"For they rest from their labours." These solemn and beautiful words of consolation will be heard to-day by myriads of mourners such as history has never known; and never have they had more meaning. The Queen is at rest, the long widowhood over, the curse of an Empire far greater than ever man or woman ruled before all lifted from her. She sleeps the last sleep of the noblest woman that ever sat upon a throne, a Queen whose name will be for all time a type of goodness and devotion, of abounding womanly and Queenly love. Again and again in these days of mourning the hopeless attempt has been made to shadow forth our sense of the inestimable debt we owe to Queen Victoria for her unresting labours of more than sixty years, in great things and in small. It is impossible. Even in thought we cannot grasp the magnitude and intensity of our great Queen's labours for us.

It would be selfish to wish her back; it would be ungrateful not to feel happy even amid our sorrow for what the life of Victoria the Good has done for our nation, for its individual men and women, and for the world. The Queen's people are bowed down in grief to-day for their immeasurable loss; it could not and it ought not to be otherwise. But theirs is the grandest of all griefs, the gloom that is half brightness because it is so inextricably interwoven with thankfulness and pride. Our Queen has done her work for us; she has established a firm basis whereon the coming generations may build, and left us an imperishable example. She has earned her rest

THE LAST WATCH.

As the sun sank beneath the horizon last night the Royal Yacht Alberta, bearing the remains of our late beloved Queen, came to rest. Through the night torpedo-boats kept watch over the dead Queen as she was rocked for the last time in the cradle of the deep.

That will be the thought behind all the tumultuous feelings of pain that will rush over the throngs to-day as they look upon the coffin as it passes. Another consolation is there also for them and for the millions who will be present in spirit with the multitudes in the streets and parks. It is much to realise the silent communion of sorrow that makes of the Empire to-day one manifold throbbing heart. Exactly what each one of us feels is being felt by millions of our fellows throughout the earth. Surely there is comfort in that thought. It imparts to all of us the priceless sense of thorough sympathy, and brings us nearer together than anything has ever done. The Empire-wide patriotic rejoicings of the Diamond Jubilee, the brotherhood on the field in South Africa, seem almost weak ties beside this unity of personal grief.

It is no exaggeration to say that nothing has ever touched the whole world so deeply, or so absorbingly concentrated its unanimous reverence upon one man or woman, as the death of Queen Victoria. In the whole civilised world this morning and afternoon there will be few indeed who will not think of what is passing in London; the vast majority of the civilised world is thinking of little but that. In these days we know almost at once what is being done and said in every quarter of the earth, and we are well aware of what will be reported to us from every quarter before Monday. This world-wide emotion is a wonderful instance of the closeness of one nation to another in these days of instant communication, but it is incalculably, infinitely more significant of the unique reverence inspired in all men by the life and personality of Queen Victoria.

Those of us who are privileged to-day to be bodily present at the Queen's last passage through her people must feel comforted and sustained by this consciousness of universal sympathy, and above all, of the pride and devotion that mingle with the deep grief of our fellow-subjects everywhere. But it also lays a great responsibility upon us. To us is given to represent this mighty world-unity, and it is our part to do it worthily. There is no fear that we shall not.

Yesterday the thunders of the fleet; to-day the vast hush of gathered multi-

tudes of men and women. The silence that fell upon London on the evening of Tuesday in last week will never be forgotten. It was the most impressive of tributes that could possibly have been paid. And to-day, without doubt, such a silence will salute the dead Queen as she passes. In those still moments we may dimly realise something of the immensity of the life-work now finished and of the great community that mourns and honours with us.

Aftermath of Comfort.

Selfish indeed would be our lamentations this day if we were so engrossed by our own sense of irreparable loss that we failed to be touched by those pathetic figures who follow the bier. A funeral is ever one of the most trying ordeals through which men and women of any fine sensitiveness can pass; and the saddest sight in any of the unnumbered solemnly noticed processions that wend through London thoroughfares is the pallid face of the mourner in the midst of its dark surroundings. But the ordeal in these cases is, at any rate, soon over. When "this full sergeant Death" arrests great public personages, Kings and Queens, the march is long and terribly trying to the mourners of the family. It would be difficult perhaps to exaggerate the severity of this ordeal to the King and his brother and sisters, to his Queen Consort and her dear Princesses. Two days of such strain and stress may try the nerves and the will-power of even the strongest.

And nobly are they one and all bearing up to-day. And earnestly do tens of thousands of men and women in the multitude of spectators to-day long to be able to whisper some word of comfort and sympathy to the mourners as they pass. We cannot by fair words assuage the grief of the frushly bereaved. In the first ecstasy of sorrow, indeed, words of consolation may fall on hearts that cannot heed. Yet when the good and great pass away, their work well done, there is a rich aftermath of comfort, even of joy. We may feel sure that such an aftermath will before very long be reaped by the children and the children's children of Queen Victoria even to the third generation of those who have loved her as mother.

They will come to derive lasting comfort and joy from the knowledge that Queen Victoria died a death that might

be called ideal. So ripe in years; so blessed by all her people; so honoured, even loved by those who have not always—who have not lately—numbered themselves among the friends of Britain; so strong in faith from first to last; so happy in her children. How many of even the best Kings and Queens of our own or of any other land have ended thus? Their number, in truth, is passing small.

THE QUEEN'S LAST RIDE.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

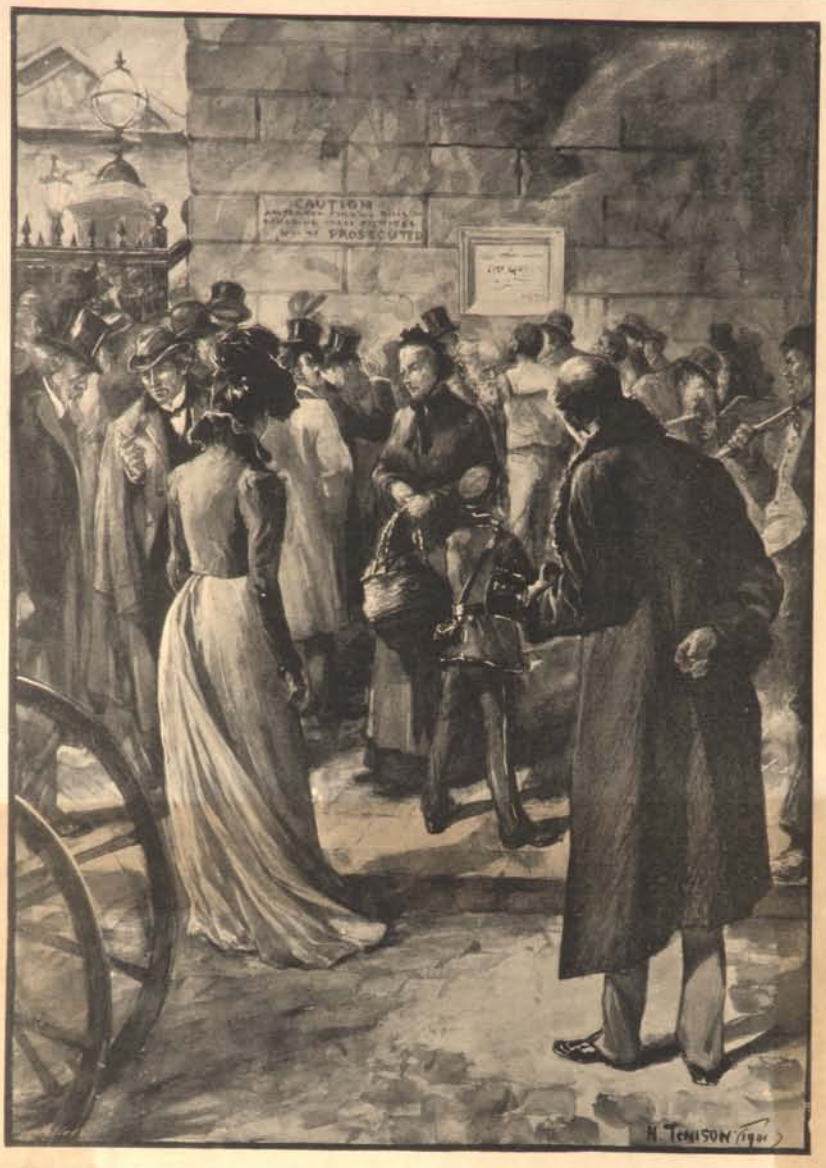
The Queen is taking a drive to-day,
They have hung with purple the carriage way,
They have dressed with purple the Royal truck
Where the Queen goes forth, and never comes back.

Let no man labour as she goes by
On her last appearance to mortal eye,
With heads uncovered let all men wait
For the Queen to pass in her Royal state.

Army and Navy shall lead the way
For that wonderful coach of the Queen's to-day,
Kings and Princes and lords of the land
Shall ride behind her—a humble band
And over the city and over the world
Shall flags of all nations be half-mast furled
For the silent lady of Royal birth
Who is riding away from the courts of earth;
Riding away from the world's unrest,
To a mystical goal on a secret quest.

Though in regal splendour she drives through town,
Her robes are simple, she wears no crown.
And yet she wears one, for widowed no more,
She is crowned with the love that has gone before
And crowned with the love she has left behind
In the deepest depths of each thinking mind.

Uncover your heads—lift your hearts on high—
The Queen in silence is driving by.



"THE QUEEN IS DEAD!"
SCENE AT THE MANSION HOUSE, JANUARY 22ND, 1901.

OUR DEAD QUEEN.

THAT the Queen no longer rules in this land, that the great Victorian era is closed, and the longest reign is at an end, will take us some time to fully realise. To conceive the idea that our Sovereign Lady will never again govern and interest herself in all that has concerned her country and her people is well-nigh impossible, seeing that for almost sixty-four years it has been with her that the rule of England has been associated. At present we are full of that excitement which is bound to proceed from so historic an event as the accession of a new King; but presently, when this has calmed down, we shall come to a better understanding of the terrible void that is left in our hearts and the enormous change wrought in our nation's history by the death of Victoria the Great. She was a Sovereign who possessed the individual love of her subjects, and, above all things, had been the mother of her people; though every whit a Queen, it was her motherliness, so to say, and her essentially womanly qualities which endeared her to her people, and indeed to all nations. This truly was the secret of the great love she inspired. It was thus she appealed alike to the admiration, respect, and affection of both men and women. As in times of national trouble and when calamities have overtaken us she ever showed the deepest and most womanly sympathy, so in her own hours of grief did she turn to her people for comfort and support; and thus between monarch and subjects there grew up in the past sixty-three years a love that was real and personal, so to say, as well as that complete and mutual understanding which is only born of love.

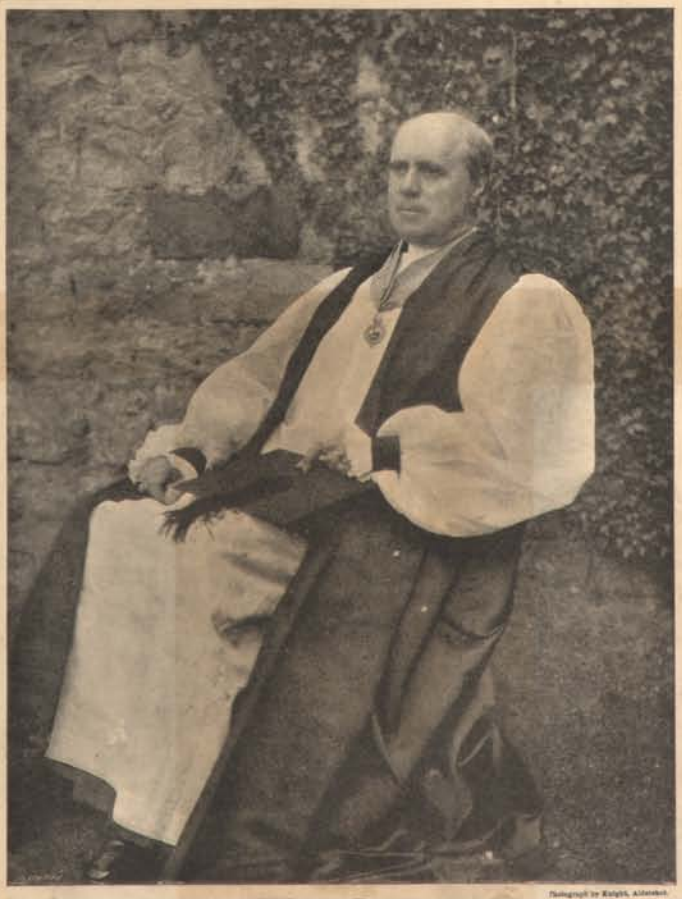
But Queen Victoria did something more than win the sincere affection of English men and women. She so lived as to set the standard of English domestic life, and to be an example for all time.

> "Her Court was pure; her life serene;
> God gave her peace, her land reposed;
> A thousand claims to reverence closed
> In her as Mother, Wife, and Queen."

And of her truly will children of our children say: "She wrought her people lasting good." We have grown so accustomed to the blessings that have accrued from the rule of a Sovereign whose domesticity and piety and tact and wisdom have changed the whole tone of English life, and made England to be the greatest and most respected nation in the world, that we do not always remember how much we really owe to the beloved Queen who is now to be laid to rest beside her ideal knight, nor how great and truly noble must have been the character of a woman who could have thus swayed and influenced a mighty nation. She was only a girl when she was set over us, with but indifferent examples to follow; yet from the outset her purpose was a high one. To serve her people truly and faithfully was her first determination, and from this she never swerved. To be a true woman, a devoted wife, and a good mother were her highest personal ambitions; and while her own children rise up and call her blessed, her country reaps in the sanctity of its home life the harvest which has sprung from the seed of her beautiful and pure example.

Naturally, women must feel that the reign of Victoria has been a special triumph for their sex. During her rule the position of woman has entirely changed. The English woman of to-day is an absolutely different being, both physically and mentally, from the Englishwoman of the early Victorian era. But it must ever be borne in mind that, while it has been under Victorian rule that the higher education of our sex has been fostered, that greater social liberty has been granted to us, and that everything tending to our hygienic welfare and general independence and advancement has been encouraged, our revered late Queen ever held in absolute abhorrence everything that tended to rob her sex of the sweeter and gentler and sympathetic qualities of womanhood. This it is well to remember, and to impress upon our girls that she was a great and wise Queen, who never for a moment forgot that she was a woman. That England's longest reign has been a Queen's, that under her we have been godly and quietly governed, that under her our Empire has extended its bounds, and that under her we have become the greatest nation in the world, are facts of which women may indeed feel proud. But we have reason, too, to boast that, withal, she remained wise, unselfish, ever modest and tactful. History alone can do her justice. We can only mourn and live worthy of the pattern she has left us, proud that it has been our privilege to live under the rule of the greatest monarch who ever sat on England's Throne.

OSBORNE HOUSE.
(Where Queen Victoria Died.)



The Bishop of Winchester.
(Who was present at Osborne at the Queen's Death.)

Photograph by Elliott and Fry

SIR R. DOUGLAS POWELL, BART.

Photograph by Vaughan and Walton, Ryde

SIR JAMES REID, BART.

THREE OF THE LATE QUEEN'S DOCTORS

SIR FRANCIS H. LAKING, K.C.V.O.

BOUDOIR GOSSIP.

IN MEMORIAM:

THE QUEEN-EMPRESS, VICTORIA THE GOOD.

Laudes Christo, Deo gloria,
Vivat in orbe Victoria!

She is gone,
But only taken
From our sad expectant sight
Out of this o'er-troubled night;
While we stray and stumble on,
All her heart doth now awaken.
Now her head
Is upraised above the gleaming
Of false lights that beacon wrong,
Prophets vain or siren song,
And she reigns indeed at length
In the calm of conscious strength—
We are dead,
And *we* are dreaming.

Rest! Her work is finished,
And we murmur "It is well!"
Though we mourn her passing knell;
She has wrought
Long and lovingly, and nought
Need be added or diminished.
Ah! her travail was not wasted,
Children's children who have tasted
Of its golden fruits shall bless it,
Hail the charters
Sealed with blood
Wrung by soldiers brave and martyrs
From the battlefield or flood—
Nunc in pace requiescit!

She has heard the Master's voice
Sweetly calling
Through the falling
Shadows, and she had no choice,
Though the pathway looked so dim,
But to rise and follow Him.
For a little she has left us
And bereft us
Of the guidance that was good,
Stablished in the faith that must
Bud and blossom in the dust,
And made fair by womanhood.
Nothing little, nothing mean
Dimmed the lustre of that life
With the common or inclean;
She was raised beyond our strife,
By the glory that is Love
Grandly lit from founts above.

She was humble, she was stately,
Simplest deed—she did it greatly;
Every burden that she bore,
Counting not the pangs and prices,
And her willing sacrifices,
Needed then be done no more.
When she spoke in judgment plain
Quiet words or Queenly sentence,
After her none spoke again,
And her acts asked no repentance.

Kings came to her as a Mother,
Governments and dynasties,
Pomps and principalities
Bowed to her as to no other;
And the mourner would she wean
From a suffering truly known,
By the measure of her own—
Nations upon *her* did lean.

Is she dead?
Nay, she is living
Now her beautiful pure part
In the homage of each heart,
Broadened by her gracious giving,
Brightened by each word she said.
Best of women,
Wives and mothers,
Through these wondrous eighty years,
She shall never, never die;

Time, that smites the base and smothers
In oblivion without tears,
Shall but strengthen as for no men
Memory's true and grateful tie.

In our chronicles the pages
Written by her sweet white hand
Need no courtly turns or glosses;

All may there unstained stand—
All go down the endless ages:
Loves and losses,
Cares and crosses
Are her milestones through this land.
She, who ruled bereaved and lone
In the tumult of the town,
Ever tolling,
Never soiling
Once the splendour of the Throne,

Now puts on a heavenly crown.
Laudes Christo, Deo gloria,
Vivat in orbe Victoria!

F. HARALD WILLIAMS.

SIR JAMES REID—whose portrait we give, together with that of Sir R. Douglas Powell and Sir Francis Laking, who were also in attendance on the Queen—became Resident Physician in 1881, Physician-in-Ordinary to the Queen in 1889, and to the then Prince of Wales in 1899. He was born in 1849, educated chiefly at Aberdeen Grammar School and University, and, as well as many scientific degrees and honours, has the Red Eagle of Prussia, Imperial Order of the Crown of Germany, and Ernestine Order of Coburg. He was created K.C.B. in 1895, and Baronet in 1897. He married in 1899, Susan, formerly Maid of Honour to the Queen, daughter of the first Baron Revelstoke. Sir R. Douglas Powell became Physician-in-Ordinary to the Queen in 1899. He is consulting physician to various hospitals, a member of the chief medical societies of London, and has been a Knight of Grace of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem since 1898. He married, in 1873, a daughter of Sir John Bennett. Sir Francis Henry Laking, Surgeon to her late Majesty, the Duke of Connaught and Household of the Prince of Wales, was born in 1847, and received his medical education mainly at Heidelberg and St. George's Hospital. He received his knighthood in 1893, and became Knight Commander of the Victorian Order in 1898. Sir Thomas Barlow, who was also in attendance with Sir James Reid and Sir R. Douglas Powell as Physician Extraordinary, is consulting physician to the Great Ormond-street Hospital for Children, member of several medical societies, and was one of those who received the honour of knighthood on the advent of the New Year.

It is not easy to realise yet that the last word has been written about our beloved and venerable Queen, save in the way of tender, loyal and reverent reminiscence. Although for so many years, with the exception of the two ever-memorable periods of 1887 and 1897, Queen Victoria led a life of comparative retirement, the fact only added to the profound respect in which she was held, and the rare occasions of her presence amongst her subjects only made it the more valued. Familiarity, even with Sovereigns, if it does not dispel illusion, does not stimulate the imagination, and, in the case of the Queen, the fact that millions of her people rarely if ever saw her, only served to surround her with a curious atmosphere of romance. It would be a mistake to describe the Queen of late years as an Idea, but, indisputably, her Majesty was an Ideal for millions of her subjects, and the effect of her noble character and beautiful life was expressed with singular felicity by the Archbishop of Canterbury, when he declared that thousands upon thousands are living better lives, although they know not the reason, simply because there was such a Sovereign on the Throne—a fine tribute to the influence of a noble life upon the character of those to whom even the personality of the good Queen was unknown.

In our sorrow for the loss of the Queen it is difficult to take home to ourselves the consolation of her having reached a great age, as her wonderful vigour and vitality made it impossible to realise that idea; and, without any conscious thought on the subject, one anticipated her living on and on, like the wonderful old people one sometimes meets with, hale and energetic in their nineties. One thing is certain, that however long she might have continued to reign, she could never have died more beloved, more honoured, more valued; and it would surely have been her own wish—and her people must feel it is best for her—to have died as she did, rather than have lived to see the sceptre fall by degrees from faltering hands, and to pass through all the weariness and suffering of prolonged infirmity. The nation's loss is immeasurably greater because her faculties had suffered no eclipse, and yet in that fact lies some little consolation.

It is not generally known that Osborne, of which we give a view, was the first of what may be termed our reverend Queen's private residences, and that the purchase of the estate and erection of the building cost the Queen, out of her own private income, something like two hundred thousand pounds. In writing to her uncle, Leopold, King of the Belgians, on the matter in 1845, soon after the purchase of Osborne had been arranged, the Queen said: "It sounds so pleasant to have a place of one's own, quiet and retired, and free from all Woods and Forests and other charming departments, which really are the plagues of one's life." The satirical reference to the "Woods and Forests and other charming departments" was occasioned by the fact that for some few years previously the Queen had been steadily reducing the chaotic departmental management of her Royal Household to something like order, for confusion and multiplicity of Household offices had been so extreme that it is said that the Lord Chamberlain was responsible for cleaning the inside of the palace windows, and the Woods and Forests department the outside, so that reform was rather necessary in many ways. Osborne, as it was the first private residence acquired, was also essentially "home" to the Queen, for here in past days she was surrounded by her beloved children, who delighted in their Swiss cottage, a domain sacred to their special pursuits and pastimes. The boys had here a carpenter's bench and a forge, while the girls had kitchens and gardens, as well as a natural history museum, which afforded mutual pleasure and instruction. A notable memento at Osborne is a large myrtle tree, which was raised from a sprig of myrtle taken originally from the wedding bouquet of the Princess Royal. A piece of myrtle from this tree has since regularly formed part of the bouquet of every Royal bride in the Queen's family. Another reason for the Queen's fondness for Osborne was found in the fact that it was here she often came with the Prince Consort, for amid homelike seclusion they could snatch a few brief days for rest and recreation from the onerous pressure of exalted political responsibility and the constant cares of State.

EVENTS so sad and far-reaching as that which all the world is now deploring, have singular results in unthought-of directions. On Tuesday, in New York, the news of the Queen's death reached the Naturalisation Bureau just as a British subject was taking the oath of allegiance to the Republic, and repudiating all allegiance to foreign Powers and potentates, especially the Queen. The incident was at once stopped, and all British naturalisations postponed until official notice of the Accession of King Edward VII. had been received at the White House.

A PAPER familiar to lovers of animals, the *Stock-keeper*, tells an interesting story of the Queen's love of dogs. After referring to the pathetic fact that on the day before her death her Majesty asked that her little Pomeranian, Marco, might be brought to her, it goes on to say that when at Windsor her Majesty would drive every afternoon to the Home Kennels, where she had seventy or eighty dogs, and, sitting in a kind of summer-house, called the "apron room," put on a large apron, and then have all her pets admitted one by one to be petted and caressed by her. It is a pretty picture, and might well make a sympathetic subject for a Luncheon of to-day.

THE curious in the matter of coincidences will scarcely have failed to notice the fact that the Queen's foster-brother died upon the same day as her Majesty, and also that the Queen died on the eve of the anniversary of her father's death. January, by the way, has been a sad month for our Royal Family. King George III. having died on the 29th, only six days after the Duke of Kent, in 1820, while Prince Henry of Battenberg died on the 20th, and the Duke of Clarence on the 14th.

IN MEMORIAM.

"But who shall so forecast the years
And find in loss a gain to match?
Or reach a hand thro' time to catch
The far off interest of tears?"

It is with grief as sincere as it is profound that we have to chronicle the death of our revered and beloved Sovereign, Her Imperial Majesty Victoria, Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, and Empress of India, which took place at Osborne on January 22nd, after an illness so brief that her loyal and loving subjects had scarcely become familiarised with the idea that the customary good health of her Majesty had failed, before they were plunged into sorrow by the news of her decease. It was only in the afternoon of Friday, the 18th ult., that the public received the first intimation that the Queen was ill, and on the following morning an authorised announcement in the daily papers confirmed the rumours of the previous day.

"The Queen, during the past year, has had a great strain upon her powers, which has rather told upon her Majesty's nervous system.

"It has, therefore, been thought advisable by her Majesty's physicians that the Queen should be kept perfectly quiet in the house, and should abstain for the present from transacting business."

So ran the communication made by authority to the public, and at once the general anxiety on behalf of the Queen, and eagerness to obtain the latest reliable news of her Majesty's condition became universal and intense. The health of the Queen monopolised public attention and her Majesty's name was upon every lip. It was not merely a great Queen, the greatest and best Sovereign that England has ever known, who was stricken down by illness; it was the friend and Mother of her many millioned People who was in the thoughts and the hearts of every man and woman in the Empire, the subject of innumerable prayers, of profoundest sympathy.

It was in the afternoon of Saturday that London learned of the hasty departure of the Prince of Wales for Osborne, followed at an interval of a very few hours by the Princess, who came up from Sandringham by special train, only to leave London again almost immediately by another special train for the Isle of Wight. The Princess was accompanied by the Duke of York, and the Duchess of Argyll had previously left for Osborne with the Prince of Wales. Princess Henry of Battenberg was already with the Queen, as, too, was Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, and the only absentee amongst her Majesty's children was the Duke of Connaught, who had not returned from Berlin, where he had gone by desire of the Emperor.

By a strange and pathetic coincidence, the Queen reached on Saturday a quite unique period in her long and illustrious life.

Her Majesty then attained the age of 81 years 240 days, or one day more than the age reached by her grandfather, George III., at his death in 1820.

Thus, Queen Victoria had therefore not only reigned longest, but lived longest of any British Sovereign; and the occasion, besides calling for the congratulations of her subjects, naturally accentuated the anxiety which was being experienced in regard to the unhappy change which had made itself manifest in her Majesty's health, and when a noon bulletin from Osborne, posted at Buckingham Palace and the Mansion House, stated:—

"The Queen is suffering from great physical prostration, accompanied by symptoms that cause anxiety.

(Signed) R. Douglas Powell, M.D.
James Reid, M.D."

public anxiety became well nigh intolerable. It would be superfluous to dwell upon the deep and dominant note of personal sympathy and sorrow which was universally audible. Everyone felt keenly how deeply and bitterly the aged Sovereign must have suffered during the past year, when to her grief for the death and suffering caused by the war were added the loss of her son, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, and of her grandson, Prince Christian Victor of Schleswig-Holstein. Bravely as the venerable Queen had ever borne the burden of her years, and bravely, too, as her Majesty had always refused to permit her personal sorrows to interfere with her discharge of public duty, it was felt that this sequence of sad events must have had a baneful effect upon the Queen's nervous system, and that even her splendid, selfless courage could not render her proof against the pressure of painful circumstances. But the public had become so habituated to hearing favourable accounts of her Majesty's health, they had for so long, as it were, taken for granted the most optimistic views, that they found it difficult to realise that at last the wonderful constitution had given way, undermined by the labours and sorrows of four-score years. But, alas! the sad fact had to be realised. The golden bowl of a great life was broken; the silver cord of a beautiful life was loosed, and the noblest Queen and woman in the whole story of our country has passed to where "beyond these voices, there is peace."

The long life and beneficent reign of Queen Victoria would need for anything approaching an adequate record whole volumes, so marvellous a period have they covered in the history of the British Empire. But, briefly as we must necessarily deal with the subject, the chronicle of the more than four-score years of her Majesty's life, with illustrations which throw light upon many phases of the Queen's reign, and portraits of her Majesty at all ages, from infancy to extreme old age, can scarcely fail to win the sympathetic interest of her loving and sorrowing subjects in every quarter of the globe.

The first noteworthy feature of importance is that her Majesty Queen Victoria was not merely in sentiment and in sympathy, but in actual fact, an English Queen. At large pecuniary sacrifice, and at no little risk to the health of the lady who was to become the mother of the Victorian Line of Sovereigns, the Duke and Duchess of Kent travelled in hot haste from the Continent, in order that the expected heir or heiress to the British Throne should be actually British born. Moreover, the Queen's father, Edward, Duke of Kent, was of Saxon origin, so that nothing was lacking in the birth and ancestry of the Queen to make her sentiments and sympathies intensely and unalterably English.

Springing from this Saxon race, Edward, fourth son of George III., afterwards Duke of Kent and Earl of Dublin, displayed many of his ancestry's finest characteristics. With a lofty sense of duty, he began his work in the army as a reformer, and, as usual, reaped the reformer's rewards—misrepresentation and abuse. But he faithfully adhered to the ungrateful task he had set himself, accepting patiently all the slanders heaped upon him.

The Duke married a Royal widow of Saxony, whose government of her little kingdom was that of a wise, good Regent. This lady was Victoria Maria Louisa, a daughter of his Serene Highness Francis, Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Saalfeld. From this union sprang Queen Victoria, born at Kensington Palace on May 24th, 1819.

After the Duke's death in January, 1820, his bereaved Duchess devoted all her time, thoughts, and energies to fitting his only child for the brilliant destiny, which then might, or might not, have been before her, and the early years of the Princess Victoria were watched with the most anxious care.

The childhood of the Queen was passed chiefly at Kensington Palace and Claremont, and her life was one of the utmost simplicity. Her family rose very early all through the summer months, and before eight in the morning Mrs. Breck, the nurse, brought her into the pleasant little breakfast-room overlooking the garden, to hear prayers, listen to a chapter of Scripture, and then take breakfast, which she did in her own little chair from her own table, placed close beside that of her devoted mother. Her playmate, the Princess Feodore, the Baroness de Spaeth, and the Baroness Lehzen, her governess, shared the meal. From nine to ten the Princess was out in the park or gardens, enjoying a gallop on her pet pony or donkey, or in her own little carriage with its two drab-coloured shaggy ponies, its tiny boy outrider in his wig and livery, and her favourite dog, Dash, running and barking beside her. From ten to twelve the Duchess devoted herself to instructing her daughter, and under her care Princess Victoria displayed the fairest promise.

King William IV. breathed his last in the seventy-third year of his age, just as midnight passed into the dawn of a new day, June 20th, 1837.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, who had just left the royal death-bed, hurried, with Sir Henry Halford, the King's physician, and the Lord Chamberlain, to their carriages, and drove from Windsor Castle to the palace of the first Dutch king, at Kensington, arriving as the clocks were striking five. The impatient knocking of the visitors from Windsor at the Palace gates long remained unanswered; and it was again some time before the Duchess would permit them to have the desired interview with the young Queen, who was sleeping so sweetly and soundly that it seemed a pity to awaken her. Not, indeed, until they announced that their business was of extreme urgency and importance, and in connection with the king's death, were they honoured by the presence of the new Queen of England, who came to them so hastily that she wore a dressing-gown, over which a shawl had been hurriedly thrown. Her blue eyes were full of tears, and her fair hair fell in loose masses to her shoulders as she stood close beside her mother.

Her Majesty was then in her eighteenth year, which Parliament had determined should be that of her legal majority—a studious, thoughtful, accomplished, very serious, and quiet but cheerful girl, so brought up, as her mother asserted, that she might approach her Accession with a full and weighty sense of all implied by the consideration of its most sacred trust.

Lord Mayor Kelly, with the Sheriff and Recorder of the City of London, was one of the first to arrive at the Palace, having been summoned to the Privy Council, of which, until the new Sovereign was proclaimed, he was a member.

Lord Melbourne was then Premier, and on the same morning, at nine o'clock, he reached the Palace to request a private interview with the girl-Queen, that he might prepare her to receive, about a couple of hours later, the great Lords of her Majesty's Privy Council.

When the Cabinet Ministers and the great officers of State, with the Lord Mayor, Sheriffs, and Recorder, and about a hundred Lords of the Privy Council, were assembled, the Proclamation of the Princess Alexandrina Victoria as Queen of England was made before them; and then the young Queen, calm and dignified, although pale and sorrowful, took possession of her throne. She was dressed very simply in deep mourning, and as she received the oaths of allegiance from all present she gave her hand to each to kiss, blushing as her old uncle, the new King of Hanover, bent the knee, and rising impulsively to prevent the Duke of Sussex, who was infirm, from performing with difficulty the same act of obeisance. On the following day the Proclamation made at the Privy Council was repeated publicly: first in the courtyard of St. James's Palace, where the Queen herself witnessed the ceremony in deep mourning; then at Charing Cross, at Temple Bar, and at various points in the City; and, lastly, opposite the Mansion House, the ceremony being performed with all the usual stately and quaint old observances.

Her Majesty paid her first visit in State to the House of Lords on July 17th, 1837, to prorogue Parliament. Her speech was spoken in a clear, unfaltering voice, with great elocutionary charm, and it astonished all present to witness her placid self-control. On November 9th her Majesty paid a State visit to the City, in accordance with ancient custom, and honoured with her presence the civic banquet in the Guildhall.

The great event of the following year was the Coronation, for which preparations were made on a scale of unusual magnificence, although the actual ceremony was shorn of many ancient features. On the morning of June 28th, with the dawn, the streets began to fill, and crowds soon blocked up all the avenues of approach to Westminster Abbey. At seven o'clock a detachment of the Grenadier Guards arrived at the Abbey; at eight came the peers and peeresses—the former in their long crimson velvet robes, and wearing their coronets; the latter appearing, despite the Earl Marshal's published instructions to the contrary, with remarkably long trains, borne in some cases by children of noble birth. At ten o'clock the boom of cannon announced that the Queen was leaving Buckingham Palace. Then came the Bishops, grave and dignified; and, not less conscious of their mightiness, the Judges and great law officers. As ten o'clock struck, the Dean and Prebendaries of Westminster emerged in the full glory of their ancient coronation vestments, with pages and gentlemen ushers in their wake.

The guns were more frequently fired, the roar of voices increased, the bells pealed their loudest, and approaching music swelling with triumph mingled with them. The roar of the cannon became one continuous thunder-peal. "The Queen! The Queen!" was then the universal cry. And then a long, long pause—her Majesty was in the porch preparing to appear. Presently the sharp, quick flutter and rustle of ladies' dresses, a bustling movement, and a bending forward of innumerable heads, announced something important. The choir commenced singing, "I was glad when they said unto me, We will go into the house of the Lord"; and then the Royal procession, duly marshalled and arranged, and headed by the Prebendaries and Dean, entered the Abbey nave.

Observed of all observers moved the girlish figure of the Queen, calm, self-possessed, and placid, advancing with conscious dignity and a firm step, perfectly at her ease, a little pale, and very grave, wearing her ermine-bordered crimson State robes, her fair hair bound with a circlet of gold, ten Gentlemen-at-Arms on either side of her, the Bishop of Bath and Wells on one hand, that of Durham on the other, eight ladies of rank supporting her enormously long train, with the assistance of the Lord Chamberlain, whose coronet was borne after him by a page.

On October 10th, 1830, Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha arrived in London. This young Saxon Prince belonged to the family of the Duchess of Kent. He was born on August 26th, 1819, and paid his first visit to this country in his eleventh year as the guest of his aunt the Duchess. In Kensington Palace he still prosecuted his studies, sharing the lessons of his

Photograph by Russell and Sons.

KENSINGTON PALACE.

H.R.H. Edward, Duke of Kent, Father of the Queen.

The Duchess of Kent and Princess Victoria at the Age of Two Years.

Princess Victoria in 1824.

Princess Victoria in August, 1828.

cousin, the Princess Alexandrina Victoria, and with her visited Claremont. They became the best of friends and constant companions.

On the 15th November following the arrival of the Prince, he returned to Germany, and on the 23rd her Majesty summoned the Privy Council to Buckingham Palace, and made to them what is now the historically famous Declaration, which was duly printed, of her intention to marry Prince Albert.

In the following year, her Majesty, when opening Parliament on January 16th, announced to her Lords and Commons her coming marriage.

On January 20th Lord John Russell announced that the Government intended to apply for a grant of £50,000 a year for the household expenses of Prince Albert, which sum was afterwards reduced to £30,000. On the following day a Bill was introduced for the naturalising of the Royal bridegroom; and on January 28th Prince Albert was brought back to England with State ceremonies, having been previously invested with the Insignia of the Garter. With him came his father and brother. On their way they visited a relative at Brussels who had much to do with the union in its preliminary stages—Leopold, then King of the Belgians—and they arrived in England on February 6th.

On an inclement day, February 10th, the marriage was magnificently celebrated in the Chapel Royal of St. James's Palace. The Prince wore the uniform of a British field-marshal. The Queen wore white satin trimmed with orange-flower blossoms, a bridal wreath, and veil of Honiton lace. Her Majesty appeared, it is said, "pale and anxious," and continually looked down, while her mother seemed "disconsolate and distressed." The gentlemen present wore, for the most part, Court dress, with the addition of wedding favours. The ladies presented a display of varied and delicate colours, amidst which diamonds and jewels flashed and sparkled like fireflies.

On June 10th, the smouldering undercurrent of discontent, fostered by depressed trade and manufactures, flashed out a danger signal. The Court rejoicings had been denounced by the Chartists as heartless and wasteful in a year of distress; and, probably influenced thereby, a half-crazy barman, a mere lad, named Edward Oxford, being on Constitution Hill at six o'clock in the evening, fired a pistol at her Majesty, who was then riding by with the Prince in a low, open phaeton. The postilions pulled up, but the Prince cried out to them to drive on, as, bending forward, he pressed the Queen to his side. As he did so, Oxford fired a second shot, and the ball passed over her Majesty's head. As the man was seized by those who stood near, the brave young Queen, who had just laughed when asked if she was terrified, stood up to show all present that she was unhurt. As she returned, all the riders in Rotten Row, gentlemen and ladies, formed a guard to shelter her from any possible repetition of such an outrage. Oxford was tried, pronounced mad, and sent to Bedlam.

On November 21st, 1840, the Queen became a mother, and the glad event was everywhere received in a spirit of congratulatory delight. The infant was a princess, now the Empress Frederic, mother of the German Emperor.

Princess Victoria in her Tenth Year, with a Facsimile of her Autograph as then Written.

On November 9th, Lord Mayor's Day, 1841, was born the Prince of Wales.

The succeeding year was a troublous one. The distress amongst the labouring classes was worse than ever, strikes abounded in the manufacturing districts, there was war in China and rebellion in India, the Corn Law agitation added to the political strife, factories were abandoned, shops closed, crime was increasing, trade at a standstill, and the national income insufficient for the nation's most pressing needs. But through it all went steadily on the march of national progress. Railways were increasing; filthy courts and alleys were being swept away, broad new thoroughfares being substituted for them; Trafalgar Square was in progress; the present British Museum growing up to take the place of old Montagu House.

When the Queen found that the purpose of Sir Robert Peel's tax upon incomes introduced this year was by its imposition to enable him to withdraw taxes which had a tendency to cripple certain manufactures in which the suffering poor were largely employed, she voluntarily desired that her own income, although legally exempt, might also be taxed. Yet on May 30th there flashed out another danger signal, when an unknown man snapped a pistol at the Queen as she and the Prince were returning from the Chapel Royal. On the following day, although the Queen was unwell and the Prince nervously apprehensive, the Royal pair rode out as usual. Just as they reached the scene of Oxford's attempt upon the life of her Majesty, the report of a pistol was again heard, and the man who fired it, a carpenter named Francis, was secured by a policeman. He was tried and sentenced to death, but, in accordance with her Majesty's desire, his sentence was commuted, and he was banished the country.

Her Majesty holding a Drawing-room, 1837.

The day after this merciful act had been carried out, a hunchback named Bean fired at her. The pistol missed fire, and when examined was found to be only loaded with pieces of tobacco pipe. The culprit escaped, and every hunchback in London was watched until a fortnight or so after, when the offender was caught and imprisoned.

The King and Queen of the Belgians visited the Queen this year, and the King of Prussia was also in England. Both were entertained splendidly. His Majesty of Prussia came to stand as sponsor to the baby Prince of Wales at the Royal christening, which was a very imposing function. He arrived on January 25th and stayed until February 4th. It was in this year that her

Queen Victoria in 1837.

Majesty first visited Scotland. She sailed from Woolwich one wet Monday morning in her yacht the *Royal George*, a squadron of steam and other vessels accompanying her as a guard of honour. The anchor was dropped in Leith harbour on the morning of September 1st. The reception her Majesty experienced was most enthusiastic, and when the Royal pair entered Edinburgh they were met by a picturesque bodyguard of Royal Archers, mounted and armed from head to foot.

Visiting Lord Dalhousie at Dalhousie, the Royal tourists were delighted to find it "a real old Scotch castle," and were told that since it was honoured by the presence of Henry IV. no other English sovereign had entered it. In Perthshire they reached Dupplin, Lord Kinnoull's place, where a battalion of the 42nd Highlanders was drawn up to receive them with military honours. Visiting Lord Mansfield at Scone, her Majesty passed the night under his roof, and on the following day was shown the mound on which the ancient Scottish kings, seated on the Stone of Destiny (supposed to be that on which the Patriarch Jacob laid his head to sleep and dreamed his famous dream), received their crown and were proclaimed the chosen of their people. At Dunkeld the Royal party were awarded another grand reception, and amongst those who there came forward to greet and welcome the Royal pair was poor Lord Glenlyon (Duke of Athol), led by his wife, he having been suddenly stricken with blindness. At Taymouth Lord Breadalbane appeared at the head of his Highlanders in Campbell tartan, and received the couple, with swords bare, drawn up in front of the castellated stone house in which they were to make their stay. On September 17th the Royal couple, returning, reached the Nore. In this year her Majesty travelled for the first time by rail.

H.M. the Queen in the Costume worn at her First Review.

For the Queen, 1843 was a year of Royal Progresses. After visiting the Isle of Wight, she, with the Prince, embarked at Southampton in the Royal yacht, visited several places in Devonshire and Cornwall and then crossed the Channel to the coast of Normandy, where the Royal Orleans family gave her a very genial welcome. On the morning of September 2nd, 1843, the Queen neared the little seaport town below the historic Château d'Eu. Her Majesty landed in a State barge, in which she was conveyed under the care of M. Guizot and Lord Cowley. The days following her Majesty's arrival were devoted to feastings and balls, concerts, forest *fêtes*, dramatic and other entertainments, until, on the morning of September 7th, her Majesty bade her hosts adieu, and, sailing away for England, landed at Brighton early in the afternoon. On September 13th the Queen and Prince left Brighton for Ostend, to visit the King and Queen of the Belgians, travelling in succession to Bruges, Ghent, Antwerp, and Brussels. Returning, the Royal tourists visited Cambridge and other places in the Midlands. In this year, on April 25th, was born the Princess Alice Maud Mary.

Born on August 6th, 1844, the christening of Prince Alfred, afterwards Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, was a State function of imposing grandeur; and not less imposing were those ceremonies which in October welcomed, as the guest of England and her Queen, Louis Philippe, King of the French, who had been on intimate terms with her Majesty's father. He was received at Windsor, where the Queen in-

vested his Majesty with the Order of the Garter. In May there was a grand masked ball at Buckingham Palace. In this year London was visited by her Majesty's Imperial godfather, Nicholas, Tsar of All the Russias; and again State ceremonials and rejoicings welcomed the Imperial guest, whose tall, handsome figure, and magnificent gifts of rare jewels, won the hearts of all the Court ladies.

In September, 1844, the Queen revisited Scotland, accompanied by the Prince, the little Prince of Wales and the Princess Royal. The Royal party landed at Dundee, where the Provost and a great crowd gave them a loyal welcome. The ride to Blair Athol was found delightful, and during the time that the Queen and Prince enjoyed the hospitality of the owner of Blair Castle every feeling of ceremonious restraint appears to have been abandoned. On October 1st her Majesty bade Blair Castle a pleasant adieu. All the rambles and sketching, deer-stalking and drives were over. "We were sorry," she said, in her simple, unaffected, earnest way, "to leave the dear Highlands! Every little trifle and every spot I had become attached to; our life of quiet and liberty, everything was so pleasant." In 1844, also, her Majesty and the Prince paid a visit to historic Burghley, visiting also Northampton and Stamford.

In the course of the following year the Queen and Prince Albert reviewed the Fleet at Spithead, and gave a grand masked ball, visited Stowe, where her Majesty planted a commemorative oak, Brighton, Wolverton, Buckingham, and other places, and also the Duke of Wellington at Strathfieldsaye, and made a trip to Portsmouth, where the keys were ceremoniously surrendered to her. After presiding at a grand review of troops on August 9th, her Majesty embarked, with her Royal Consort, at Woolwich, for a visit to Germany, passing through Belgium on the way. She visited many places of interest there, and greatly enjoyed her first introduction to Saxony, the cradle of her race.

Parliament was opened by her Majesty in person in 1846 at an unusually early date, January 19th. The Queen's Speech referred to the failure of the potato crop in Ireland, and somewhat vaguely and timidly to the forthcoming repeal of Trade Laws as a desirable "enlarging" of our "commercial intercourse." The state of Ireland was becoming alarming. Famine and rebellion threatened both people and Government. In many parts of Ireland neither life nor property was safe, and landowners were seeking refuge in England.

On May 25th Princess Helena Augusta Victoria was born.

The Dowager Queen Adelaide was in 1847 visited by her Majesty at Cassiobury, the seat of Lord Essex, and the Queen and Prince visited Hatfield House.

Prince Albert was elected Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, the State ceremony of his inauguration taking place at Buckingham Palace. The Peers assembled for the first time in their new palace at Westminster this year.

The Queen and Prince Albert made a tour round the West Coast of Scotland, starting — on board her Majesty's yacht the *Victoria and Albert*—from the Isle of Wight, on August 11th. "Everywhere," says the Queen, "the good Highlanders were very enthusiastic." The tour lasted until September 19th, and on the 21st London was again reached.

The year 1848 was one of revolutions. The General Election of 1847 had given a new Ministry and a Budget which necessitated an addition to the income-tax, which raised a fierce storm of popular indignation, under which it was withdrawn. There was, at the same time, an uneasy feeling with regard to the possibility of defending our shores successfully against the French, who were, it was said, making preparations for invading them. In February it was known that another Revolution had broken out in Paris, and soon after, Louis Philippe and his family sought refuge on our shores, exiles flying for their lives, together with many of the Court. The Queen gave the exiles hospitable welcome.

Princess Louise was born this year, on the 18th of March.

In the latter portion of this year Prince Albert purchased the old castle of Balmoral in Aberdeenshire, with which so much of her Majesty's life was afterwards associated: a picturesque old place in a little nest of woody hills beside the River Dee.

Her Majesty took possession of this modest Highland dwelling on Friday, September 8th, and in the afternoon enjoyed a walk with the Prince about their pretty new estate, enthusiastically admiring its site and the beautiful views commanded by the surrounding heights. After a few days' sketching for her Majesty, and deer hunting for the Prince, they returned on the 29th to Cowes.

In August, 1849, the Queen made a tour through Ireland, where she was everywhere received with acclamation, joyous welcome, and loyal speeches; and, although the country was still agitated by the pressure of distress and political commotion, the warm-hearted, impulsive Irish were completely won when their Queen presented to them her four children.

The death of the Dowager Queen Adelaide, eldest daughter of George, Duke of Saxe-Meiningen, who, in 1818, married the Duke of Clarence, afterwards William IV., was announced. She died in retirement at Bentley Priory, near Stanmore, where she had lived for years, devoting the larger portion of her income to charitable purposes.

In the following year, 1850, Prince Arthur William Patrick Albert, now Duke of Connaught and Strathearn, was born, on the 1st of May. On July 8th his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge expired.

This bluff old uncle of the Queen was one of the most popular members of King George the Third's family. In August the Queen and Prince Albert went to Belgium on a visit to their relative, King Leopold I.

In a period of profound peace, and amidst signs of growing prosperity, Great Britain sailed out of the first into the second half of the nineteenth century.

The 1st of May, 1851, is a day which will ever be memorable as that on which was opened by her Majesty

Programme of the State Procession on the Occasion of the Queen's Coronation.

The Prince Consort.

The Queen in the Dress worn by her on Thanksgiving Day, February 27, 1872.

H.M. the Queen at the Age of 18.

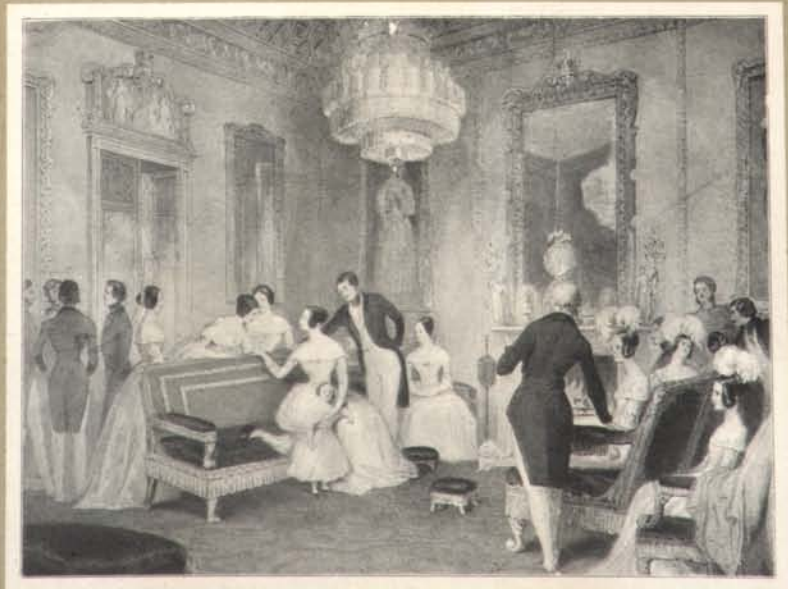
THE QUEEN PRESIDING AT HER FIRST COUNCIL.
(*From the painting by* Sir David Wilkie.)

The Audience Chamber, St. James's Palace. The Proclamation of Her Majesty as Queen.

H.M. the Queen with the Prince of Wales.

Prince Consort and the Princess Royal.

THE QUEEN, ACCOMPANIED BY THE KING OF THE BELGIANS AND THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON, LEAVING WINDSOR CASTLE TO ATTEND A ROYAL REVIEW AT WINDSOR IN 1838.



BUCKINGHAM PALACE IN THE EARLY FORTIES. THE YELLOW DRAWING ROOM: A REMINISCENCE.

THE PRINCE CONSORT DEER-STALKING IN THE HIGHLANDS.

the Queen the first of our great International Exhibitions. After all its cost was paid a surplus remained of £150,000, which was spent in the purchase of the land on which now stand the South Kensington Art Galleries and Museum.

In the following year the Queen and Prince Albert took a trip to the Continent, leaving Osborne on July 19th, and visiting Antwerp and Brussels. In September the Royal couple at Balmoral heard of the death of the Duke of Wellington. Her Majesty wrote in her diary: "We were startled this morning, at seven o'clock, by a letter from Colonel Phipps, enclosing a telegraphic despatch with the report from the sixth edition of the *Sun*, of the Duke of Wellington's death the day before yesterday, which report, however, we did not at all believe. Would to God that we had been right, and that this day had not been cruelly saddened." The Duke died, in his eighty-third year, on the Tuesday before, at three o'clock in the afternoon, at Walmer Castle.

In 1853 her Majesty and the Prince Consort visited Dublin to open the Great Exhibition.

The birth of Prince Leopold, afterwards Duke of Albany, occurred on April 7th.

The great event of the following year was, of course, the proclamation of war against Russia, which was not made until March 27th, a horror of war still haunting the Ministers, and strengthening their protracted reluctance to commence hostilities. Russia did not actually proclaim war before April 11th.

On March 11th the Baltic Fleet set sail, the Queen by her presence encouraging officers and men alike to do their duty. In June the Queen opened the Crystal Palace at Sydenham.

This year, the Queen, according to a custom which soon became an established one, retired to her Scotch home, where a new castle was replacing the old one, designed in accordance with the plans and taste of her Royal Consort.

One of the chief events of 1855 was the opening of the new Royal Exchange by her Majesty—a State ceremony of historic import—to which the Queen proceeded in her great gilded coach with its famous cream-coloured team, amidst a mass of cheering people. She wore a dress of white satin and silver tissue, with a brilliant display of diamonds.

Throughout the spring and summer the war still raged, the soldiers everywhere proving themselves by endurance, discipline and heroic courage the bravest of the brave.

The Queen watched the course of events with eager interest, and when the news of her soldiers, shelterless, foodless, and without ammunition, in the face of the most terrible hardships and difficulties, came to England, she wrote personally to Lord Raglan on the subject. When in February the General paid her Majesty a flying visit, her intense anxiety was telling upon her health, and the royal children clustering about him said, "You must make haste back to Sebastopol and take it quickly, or else it will kill mamma." In April her Majesty received a visit from her Imperial ally, the Emperor of the French, who was received at Windsor, the day of his arrival, curiously, following close upon that on which the widowed ex-Queen of the French had visited the Queen and the Prince. The newly-made Emperor's reception in England was enthusiastic; and in August the Queen was in Paris, where she received such a welcome as few Sovereigns have experienced. She was accompanied by Prince Albert and the Prince of Wales, the English Royal Family occupying the Palace of St. Cloud, and passing the time in a brilliant round of State ceremonies and festivities. In September, tired out with incessant excitement and gaiety, the Queen was delighted to retire to the quiet of her Highland home, the newly-erected and enlarged Balmoral Castle, then only partially completed. There, on the 10th, Lord Granville received the news that Sebastopol had been abandoned by the Russians and was in the hands of the Allies.

"God be praised for it!" wrote the Queen in her diary. "Our delight was great, but we could hardly believe the good news, and from having so long, so anxiously expected it, one could not realise the actual fact."

Hopes of peace sprang up early in the year 1856.

In April peace was declared, and never was there more real joy in the land than was that which pealed forth in the bells, and flashed out in the fireworks and illuminations welcoming the end of a war of which the people were beginning to question the wisdom. Military matters were to the fore all through this year, and there was a grand review of troops at Aldershot before the Queen, who rode her favourite charger, and wore a kind of semi-military costume.

India came to the fore the following year as a source of trouble and disaster. In July, like a thunderclap, came the news of a Sepoy rising, symptoms of which had been observed with an apathy which arose from over-confidence in the loyalty of a people alien in race and religion, and subject to all the secret, unreasoning impulses of religious fanaticism. Early in February, General Hearsey sent in a warning report, which received scant notice, but his urgent representations at last awakened attention. But the precautions came too late. At Meerut, on May 10th, came the outbreak which led to scenes of such barbarous cruelty. The treachery of Nana Sahib and the Cawnpore massacre were followed by the sternly repressive march of gallant Sir Colin Campbell and Havelock's soldiers.

Princess Beatrice was born on April 14th this year. In September the Queen was again in the Highlands, and on the 8th her Majesty and the Prince opened a new bridge over the Linn of Dee. The Queen has told us how she was received on the bridge by Lady Fife, and how, in honour of the grand occasion, they all "drank in whisky 'Prosperity to the Bridge.'"

In 1858 the Queen visited Birmingham, and, being in the neighbourhood, extended her tour to Warwick Castle. To commemorate her visit, she planted in the grounds a young oak, which still survives, healthy and vigorous.

An Act of Parliament abolished the government of the East India Company this year, and substituted that of her Majesty. In 1858 the war in China came to a fortunate end, and the establishment of a Regency in Prussia proved favourable to the wishes of a pair of Royal lovers, who were this year united—the Princess Royal of England and the son and heir of the Regent, afterwards German Emperor. 1859 proved an exciting year. France and Austria preparing for war, and soon in the midst of its horrors, attracted all eyes. A feature of this year was the unaccountably threatening warlike attitude France suddenly assumed against this country, to which we owe the formation of our Volunteer force. The Queen passed her autumn in Scotland; Prince Albert reluctantly leaving her to act as President of the British Association at Aberdeen. Afterwards she and the Prince enjoyed one of their Highland touring expeditions.

In the following year, which was one of prosperous tranquillity, the Queen and Prince reviewed large bodies of Volunteers in Hyde Park and in Edinburgh. The Prince of Wales visited North America, where he was most enthusiastically welcomed by all but a few riotous members of the Orange party in Upper Canada. In the United States the Prince met with a reception hardly less satisfactory. He found the States in the violent throes of party warfare, threatening dismemberment. The Queen and Prince Albert spent their autumn holiday in Scotland, where they began a series of "Great Expeditions," as her Majesty called them—that is, tourist wanderings extending over nights and days up amongst the mountain solitudes, visiting shepherds' huts, and staying at village inns, where they were quite unknown, and encountering all those little awkward makeshifts and inconveniences which tourists in the Highlands are familiar with, highly amused with the novelty of their situation.

THE PRINCE CONSORT.

In September the Queen and her Consort paid a visit to their eldest daughter, the Crown Princess of Prussia.

The year 1861 was one of dire misfortune and deep sorrow for the Queen.

It was that in which she lost her mother, the Duchess of Kent—a parent for whom she had always displayed the most intense affection. In September the Queen and Prince Consort were once more at Balmoral, whence they started on the 20th for their second "Great Expedition," which was followed by others. Wandering sometimes afoot, sometimes on little sure-footed mountain ponies, sometimes in ramshackle old vehicles hired at village inns; now in a dog-cart, now in a carriage of their own, they went their way. But these pleasant outings ended all too soon, and were the last her Majesty enjoyed with him who gave them their charm. Ere this year had run its course the Queen was a widow.

Only those who understand Court life can realise completely what the Queen's loss really was. The grandeur of a Court, with all its stern restrictions and isolating etiquette, "the fierce light that beats upon a throne," the jealousies, intrigues, and pitfalls surrounding a monarch who earns the suspicions and dislike of party politicians by holding herself aloof from their intrigues and dissensions; all these and many other influences must have so strengthened the links of love and confidence between our Sovereign and her Consort that their sundering was such a pang, her loss such a loss, as it is not easy to imagine. Through all these complications and dangers the Prince had carefully guided her, until, worn out with anxieties and over-work, he laid down his life for her and for the people he benefited, leaving her Majesty's crown for ever after a lonely splendour.

The Prince had been unwell some days, but, reluctant to abandon his daily duties, he struggled against the disease, and only when the symptoms assumed a really dangerous aspect retired to a little bed in his dressing-room he had chosen because bells from it communicated with the various members of his household. This apartment was exchanged for a larger and lighter one at his own request, and when he entered it he said, "Ah! this is the room in which George IV. and William IV. died"; and the Queen remembered—probably with a thrill of some vague terror—that in the previous March, just before the Duchess of Kent died, she slept in that very room; and in that room died, a few days after, on December 14th, the Prince Consort.

July of the following year saw the Princess Alice united in marriage to the Crown Prince of Hesse-Darmstadt. Never was Royal lady more tenderly or fervently beloved. When her brother, the Prince of Wales, drew nigh to the awful door by which her father had gone out into the dark Beyond, she crossed

QUEEN VICTORIA.

the seas to nurse him. Whenever and wherever good was to be done there was the Princess Alice Maud Mary, a living picture of that "Good Queen Maud" of whom she was so worthy a descendant.

There were few subjects to awaken public interest in 1863; the general attention being concentrated upon the American Civil War and the state of political matters in Hungary. But one event of a domestic character created a sensation which might well be called extraordinary. This was the arrival of the Princess Alexandra, daughter of Prince Christian, afterwards King Christian IX. of Denmark, to become the wife of the Prince of Wales. She arrived at Gravesend in March. From thence by rail the Prince and Princess came to the Bricklayers' Arms Station; and their progress onward through the streets to the Paddington Railway Station was one of the most remarkable ever witnessed. In the City, so dense was the mass of spectators that progress through them appeared at one time an impossibility, and more than once or twice the open carriage in which the Prince and Princess were riding was actually lifted by the crowd from the ground. The Queen, expecting their arrival, watched at a window facing the entrance of Windsor Castle for hours, only retiring from it when it became too dark to recognise approaching figures. In the evening there was a general illumination. On March 10th the wedding took place amid great rejoicings throughout the length and breadth of the land. 1864 brought another year of tranquil prosperity, and on January 8th the nation rejoiced to hear of the birth of an heir to the Prince of Wales, who was christened Albert Victor Christian Edward.

In the autumn of the following year her Majesty the Queen retired to her beloved Highland solitudes. She visited the Duchess of Athol, making the journey through dense mountain mists and heavily falling rain. The Queen this year visited Coburg, and there inaugurated a statue of the late Prince Consort, executed by Mr. Theed. The death of the Belgian King, her Majesty's uncle, was one of the notable events of the year.

Amongst the disasters of the year 1865 were the appearance of the cattle plague and the activity of Irish-American conspirators, under the name of Fenians.

1866 was a year of gloom and threatening. The disturbing elements of party politics, always fruitful of evil when they arouse the passions and appeal to the prejudices of the ignorant, blending with commercial and trade depression, gave it a very ominous aspect. Thousands were this year reduced from prosperity to poverty. The alarm commenced with the failure of one or two country banks. On the 10th of May, Overend and Gurney, the bankers, suspended payment, with engagements amounting to £19,000,000. The consternation this created was immense. In this year the Princess Helena became the bride of Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein. The wedding ceremony was performed at Windsor.

The Queen's speech on the opening of Parliament in 1867 referred chiefly to the awful ravages of famine in India, and the spread of cholera in England (then happily checked); to labour strikes and their frequency, with the misery they brought upon humble homes, and the losses sustained through them by the public generally. On February 17th in this year the first ship—the *Prima*, a vessel of 80 tons burden—passed through the Suez Canal from the Mediterranean into the Red Sea. On June 3rd was laid the foundation-stone of the viaduct which now spans the steep hollow formed by Farringdon-street, doing away with one of the most dangerous roads in London—viz. Holborn-hill, and on May 20th the Queen laid the foundation-stone of the Royal Albert Hall. The Queen received in July the Viceroy of Egypt as her guest, and, a few days after, the Sultan of Turkey.

The following year the Queen was subjected to a painful shock and much subsequent anxiety, during a visit of the Duke of Edinburgh to Australia, where he was enthusiastically received, but where a Fenian attempt was made upon his life, arousing a spirit of fierce indignation in the colony.

In 1869 the Irish Church Establishment was abolished by Parliament, and

"WINDSOR CASTLE IN THE PRESENT TIME."

the formal opening of the Suez Canal took place, the Queen displaying much interest in the event.

In 1870 an all-important event of the Queen's reign was the introduction of Mr. Forster's Elementary Education Bill. The keynote of the movement had been struck in the warning of Mr. Lowe, who, in 1867, after the Reform Bill of that year had passed, pointed out that, having given political power to the labouring classes, their ability to use it properly ought to be increased. Charles Dickens died this year; and it also has its place in history strongly marked, for in it broke out the war intended to strengthen a cause then rapidly growing weaker, that of the Napoleonic dynasty in France: the terribly famous Franco-Prussian War.

It was a peaceful year in England, but a fearful one in Paris, shut in by the army of triumphant Prussia, with slaughter and famine staring its hapless inhabitants in the face, and the Queen's sympathies were keenly enlisted.

March 29th saw the opening by the Queen of the Royal Albert Hall, with all the pomp and circumstance surrounding an important State ceremonial.

The marriage of her Majesty's fourth daughter, Princess Louise, to the Marquis of Lorne, took place at Windsor Castle in March of this year.

The illness of our mourning and widowed Queen was regarded with great anxiety by the nation generally, and the more serious illness of the Prince of Wales following soon after, re-awakened the same feelings. By the end of December it was currently reported that his Royal Highness had a very small chance of recovering.

On February 18th, 1872, a crazy Irish lad, maddened by the Fenian horror, threatened the Queen with an empty pistol, to induce her to read a petition demanding the release of Fenian prisoners.

In February of this year the recovery of the Prince of Wales was celebrated by a solemn service of thanksgiving at St. Paul's, to which the Queen and Prince went in State, passing through immense crowds lining the streets from Buckingham Palace to the cathedral doors.

The French Emperor, Napoleon III., aged and worn by sickness and disaster, came to England in this year to live and die in peaceful exile the treaty of peace having freed him from detention in Germany. He arrived at Dover from Ostend on March 29th, and took up his residence at Chiselhurst. A visit was paid by Prince Arthur to Ireland, together with his sister, the Princess Louise, and her husband, then the Marquis of Lorne. The Fenians tried to get up a counter-demonstration, but were dispersed by the police.

The year 1873 proved comparatively tranquil and prosperous. Famine in India and the assassination of Lord Mayor, Governor-General of India, while visiting the Andaman Islands, on the east side of the Bay of Bengal, were amongst its saddest events. In this year the Shah of Persia paid her Majesty the Queen a State visit, and was received by the people generally with wonderful expressions of goodwill and welcome. In this year was organised the Metropolitan Hospital Sunday Movement, a philanthropic movement of great moment which is in full power to-day.

In November of the following year the Prince and Princess of Wales visited Birmingham, and on January 23rd was celebrated, at St. Petersburg, the marriage of the Duke of Edinburgh with the Grand Duchess Marie Alexandrovna, only daughter of the Emperor of Russia. On March 12th the Duchess made her public entry into London, accompanied by her husband and the Queen. The weather was bitterly cold, snow falling most of the time, but thousands of people lined the gaily-decorated streets. In May, the Tsar Alexander II. visited England, and was everywhere greeted most cordially.

In 1875 the illness of Prince Leopold for some time caused her Majesty and the nation anxiety. Early in January of this year a Bill was brought into the French Assembly for leave to construct a tunnel under the Channel dividing France from England, which was granted, but the tunnel is not yet made! The Prince of Wales this year announced his intention of paying a State visit to India, and he and the Princess inaugurated the dedication of Firth Park to the people at Sheffield. Her Majesty visited the Duke and Duchess of Argyll at Inveraray. On November 8th the Prince of Wales landed at Bombay, and received a splendid welcome from the English residents and the native Princes. He proceeded to visit the Guicowar at Baroda, and from Bombay visited Ceylon, Colombo, Madras, and Calcutta. The Queen took her usual autumn holiday at Balmoral.

The Prince of Wales, continuing his Royal progress through India, arrived at Delhi on January 11th, 1876. In February the Princess of Wales and her children returned from a short visit they had paid to Denmark, and in the same month the Prince started from Bombay on his voyage home. The Queen opened the new Grocers' Wing of the London Hospital, and the Prince Consort's statue on the Albert Memorial was unveiled. Northumberland Avenue, a new thoroughfare on the site of old Northumberland House at Charing Cross, was this year opened to public traffic. In March 28th her Majesty was proclaimed Empress of India. In August the Queen visited Edinburgh to inaugurate a memorial of the Prince Consort; and the Prince of Wales laid the first stone of a new post-office at Glasgow.

In July, 1877, some anxiety was caused by the illness of Prince Albert Victor from typhoid fever. On his recovery, the Prince, with his brother, Prince George of Wales, took their places on board the *Britannia* training ship at Dartmouth. It was said in November that the Queen, anxious to see the dreadful sufferings and slaughterings of the war with Turkey brought to an end, had herself addressed a very strong personal appeal to the Russian Emperor, and soon after rumours of peace began to grow strong. The publication of *The Life of the Prince Consort*, under her Majesty's revision, this year, gave the general public a kind of inner view of the Royal life and duties which must have gone far to correct some very erroneous conclusions.

On January 1st, 1878, the Imperial Order of the Crown of India was instituted. It consists of the Sovereign and such as her Majesty may have thought fit to appoint of the Princesses of her Majesty's Royal and Imperial House, the wives and female relatives of Indian Princes, and the wives and other female relatives of persons who have held or will hold the office of Viceroy and Governor-General of India, Governors of Madras and Bombay, or Principal Secretary of State for India.

This year is remembered as that in which the Princess Alice died.

The Zulu War—in which the Prince Imperial, Louis Napoleon, lost his life, and which brought King Cetewayo a captive to England—belongs to the year 1879, and so does the obstructionist policy of Mr. Parnell and his following.

At Windsor, on March 13th, the Duke of Connaught was married to Princess Louise Margaret of Prussia, in the presence of a brilliant assemblage of Royal and aristocratic spectators.

The Queen in 1880 visited the Continent, and also opened Parliament in person.

The year 1881 was memorable in various ways. A war against the Dutch Boers in the Transvaal resulted in a series of battles—in the last of which, that of Majuba Hill, our troops were defeated—and a compromise made for the sake of peace. On the 19th of April in this year the Right Hon.

Buckingham Palace: the Library during a Foreign Levée in 1840.

The Throne Room of St. James's Palace: an Investiture of a Knight of the Garter.

A Drawing-Room shortly after the Queen's Marriage.

curable Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield, died of bronchitis, at Curzon-street, Mayfair. In July her Majesty reviewed 52,000 Volunteers at Windsor.

On November 23rd her Majesty returned to Balmoral from Windsor, and soon afterwards she, with the Princesses Louise and Beatrice, attended a ball at Abergeldie, given by the Prince and Princess of Wales to the servants and tenants on the Royal estates. Her Majesty also this year, for the first time for many years, visited a theatre.

The year 1882 opened with signs of watchful expectation. Ireland displayed but faint signs of improvement, and the starting of a Ladies' Land League by Miss Parnell gave an element of novelty to the situation. Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke were this year murdered in open day, while walking in the Phœnix Park, Dublin, by Fenians. The world was this year again startled by another attempt on the life of the Queen, this time at Windsor. A man named Roderick Maclean fired a revolver at her Majesty as she drove past him from the Windsor Railway Station. He stated that he was a starving grocer's assistant, had no desire to hurt the Queen, but had committed the offence to call attention to his forlorn and hopeless condition. On the 14th of March the Queen left England to obtain "some comparative rest and quiet." Accompanied by the Princess Beatrice, and on board the Royal yacht, she proceeded from Portsmouth to Mentone, travelling as the Countess of Balmoral. She returned, greatly benefited by her trip, in April. The marriage of Prince Leopold, Duke of Albany, to Princess Helen of Waldeck-Pyrmont was one of the events of this year. The ceremony was performed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, with the usual State magnificence and festivities, and the town of Windsor was gaily decorated. On the 6th of May, the Queen paid a State visit to Epping Forest to inaugurate its dedication henceforth and for ever to the people. In this year the New Law Courts were opened by her Majesty with State ceremonial of a very impressive character. The Queen occupied a throne upon a raised dais in the Great Hall, where she was surrounded by nearly all the most eminent men of the day—lawyers, soldiers, sailors, statesmen, diplomats, and the heroes of modern art, science, and literature, including a novel element in the form of Ambassadors from China and Japan, with envoys from Servia and Roumania.

Great excitement was created by the landing at Portsmouth of men and officers representing a contingent from the Indian Army, which had done good service during the Egyptian campaign. The Duke of Connaught, who had shared the hardships of desert warfare with bravery, met the Queen at Windsor Castle, where he received the Mayor and Corporation of the Borough, and listened to a loyal address.

On November 18th there was a grand review in St. James's Park, by the Queen, in presence of a brilliant gathering of notabilities. After the review the troops marched through the streets amidst enormous masses of spectators; the Indian contingent was received with great enthusiasm. Her Majesty also received the Indian officers and men at Buckingham Palace; and on the following Tuesday a large number of the men received medals and decorations from the Queen's hand at Windsor Castle.

On March 27th, 1883, her Majesty suffered a severe loss in the death of her faithful personal attendant, Mr John Brown, who was the favourite gillie of the Prince Consort. Her Majesty, referring to him with deep feeling as her honest, faithful, and devoted follower, also awarded high praise to him as "trustworthy, frank, truthful, and discreet."

Late in March, 1884, arrived the news of the death of the Duke of Albany. His Royal Highness had gone to the Riviera for a few weeks at carnival time, and had entered into the usual gaieties of that seductive spot. Never robust, the excitement told on his constitution, and he died in the night, unexpectedly, quietly, suddenly. This fresh blow might have crushed the spirit of a less courageous woman than our Queen; but she strove against the new affliction, and bore her sorrow bravely. Prince Leopold's remains were brought to England by the Prince of Wales, and were buried in St. George's Chapel, Windsor.

A few days later the Queen addressed a letter to her people expressing herself deeply touched by the outburst of feeling, and thanking the nation for the sympathy it had shown towards herself and the widowed Duchess of Albany in their sudden sorrow. On April 16th her Majesty started for Darmstadt, and at the end of the month was present, very privately, at the marriage of her granddaughter, Princess Victoria of Hesse, daughter of Princess Alice, with Prince Louis of Battenberg.

Early in 1885 the news came of General Gordon's death, causing the most intense grief in all parts of the kingdom. The Inventions Exhibition was opened by the Prince of Wales on May 4th, and closed on November 9th. But the story of 1885 is, besides, marked by an event which made the national heart throb with sympathy. For years the country had looked upon the Queen's youngest daughter as a woman to be admired. But the Princess did not marry. People wondered if she had resolved to devote her life wholly to attendance on her mother. But such was not the case. In Prince Henry of Battenberg the Princess found the husband for whom she had waited; and on July 23rd, 1885, they were married in Whippingham Church, near Osborne.

On January 8th the coming of age of Prince Albert Victor of Wales was celebrated with much rejoicing at Sandringham.

The chief event of the following year was the stately ceremony of opening Parliament by her Majesty in person: a brilliant spectacle. The opening of the Indian and Colonial Exhibition at South Kensington, by the Queen, was accompanied by a repetition of all those State ceremonies which had attended the opening of the 1851 Exhibition. The Crown Princess of Germany crossed the sea to witness it; Lord Tennyson, as Poet Laureate, devoted a poem to it full of power and patriotic pride.

One of the most prominent events of the early part of the year was the laying of the foundation-stone of the Examination Hall for the Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons, on the Thames Embankment. The Queen was accompanied by the Prince of Wales—the Princess was at Bournemouth, a guest of the Duchess of Sutherland—the Duke of Connaught, Prince and Princess Christian, Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, Princess Louise, the Marquis of Lorne, and a brilliant suite.

On the same evening, after the return to Buckingham Palace, an untoward event took place. The Queen went out for a drive in the park, accompanied by her devoted daughter Princess Beatrice. On Constitution Hill—the scene of so many dastardly attempts on the life of our beloved Queen—a man pushed some papers into the Royal carriage. The incident may have had no special significance, but it caused an unpleasant sensation in those who witnessed it.

In addition to the State functions which necessarily arose with each succeeding year—the Drawing-rooms, the State concerts, and State balls—the Queen performed a great number of public acts. Her presence at a grand concert in the Albert Hall, when Gounod's *Redemption* was performed in splendid fashion, was in itself sufficient to mark a new departure in her daily life.

The State visit to Liverpool for the opening of its great Exhibition will never be forgotten. For once "Queen's weather" forsook Queen Victoria, and the windows of heaven were open to some purpose. But her Majesty did not shirk her duty even during the direst downfall. The Exhibition was declared open amid surroundings almost romantic, and next day the Queen drove through the streets of Liverpool in drenching rain, and sailed down the Mersey. Everywhere—the Queen stayed two nights in Liverpool, sleeping at Newsham House (since called Victoria Lodge)—the popular enthusiasm was undamped by climatic influences. Shortly afterwards the Queen went again to Balmoral for the usual spring visit, but the sojourn in her favourite home was cut short by political complications. The Queen commanded the Prince of Wales to lay the foundation-stone of the new Tower Bridge, which his Royal Highness accordingly did, amid much popular enthusiasm, on Monday, June 21st. On the following Monday his Royal Highness again fulfilled her Majesty's commands by laying the foundation-stone of the new People's Palace at Mile End. On the last day of June the Queen declared open the "Royal Holloway College for Women."

On Friday, July 2nd, her Majesty reviewed the troops at Aldershot. Fourteen thousand men marched before the Queen, who was accompanied by the Prince and Princess of Wales, many other members of the Royal Family, and a brilliant following of distinguished personages.

On July 7th the Queen decorated Trooper John Waterston, of the Royal Horse Guards, with the medal for distinguished conduct in the field, for exceptionally efficient service in the Nile campaign. A few days later the Court left Windsor for the South, the Queen leaving there on the 17th inst., and making a swift journey to Edinburgh, staying at Holyrood. Her Majesty opened the Exhibition in the Scotch capital, and amongst the other incidents of her sojourn in "the true and tender North" was the Royal drive to the residence of the Marquis of Lothian near Dalkeith. The first official mention of the Imperial Institute occurs shortly after this date in a letter from the Prince of Wales to the Lord Mayor. In December the baptism of the infant son of the Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg took place, the Queen being present.

In 1887, the year of "Jubilee," early in January the Queen "received with great regret the news of the death of the Earl of Iddesleigh." With the advent of February some unusual festivities were enjoyed by the Court; on March 12th her Majesty paid a private visit to Olympia, accompanied by the Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg and the young children of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught.

On the 23rd of March the Queen went to Birmingham to lay the foundation-stone of the new Law Courts, and met with a most hearty reception.

In April the Queen, accompanied by the Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, started from Windsor for Cannes and Aix-les-Bains. On the 20th of that month the Royal party returned home.

Early in May her Majesty received at Windsor Castle a notable gathering. The Delegates from the Colonial Conference, accompanied by their wives, were "commanded" to Court, and presented to the Queen. Shortly afterwards the Queen, accompanied by the Court circle, left Windsor for Buckingham Palace, where a crowded Jubilee Drawing-room was held. Previously, the Queen had held a Court in Buckingham Palace, at which she accepted addresses from the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Commons of the City of London.

During this stay in her capital the Queen paid a flying visit to Westminster Abbey, and examined the plans for the Jubilee Thanksgiving Service, the cost of the preparations for which amounted to £17,000. In the afternoon of the same day the Queen drove to the Wild West Show, where Buffalo Bill and the Indians and cowboys gave a private performance before the Court.

On Saturday, May 14th, the first of the great Jubilee public demonstrations was caused by the Queen coming to London, and driving through the City in order to open the People's Palace in the East-end. From Paddington along Oxford-street, along crowded Cheapside and on to the East-end, the Royal party progressed through what was literally one long lane of faces. The streets were gay with bunting, and the East crowded out into the streets to give welcome to the West, and the West, equally curious to have a peep at its near neighbours, went to the East. The Queen was accompanied by the Prince and Princess of Wales, and other members of the Royal Family.

The scene at the Palace, with its magnificent display of gaily-dressed ladies, was an impressive one. Her Majesty, who was in black, with the sombre colour of her bonnet relieved by a white feather, drove up punctually to time, departing from her usual custom so far as to carry a beautiful bouquet of red roses.

After the Queen had greeted her children, Sir Edmund Hay Currie stepped forward and read an address, to which her Majesty made reply. Following the scene in the People's Palace, her Majesty proceeded to lay the foundation-stone. Upon the return journey to the City, which was made through the same route as the coming, her Majesty proceeded to pay a visit to the Mansion House, not having entered the civic palace since the distant days when she visited it with her mother, the Duchess of Kent, some three years before her accession.

Shortly after the arrival of the Queen at the Mansion House, Miss Hanson, in a charmingly innocent, childlike way, presented a bouquet to her Majesty, who, with a motherly gesture, stooped to kiss her.

Her Majesty, on May 17th, graciously received at Windsor Castle deputations from the London and Edinburgh Universities and the Society of Friends, the latter being introduced by John Bright, to whom the Queen was extremely gracious. And upon the same day the Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne were engaged in the congenial work of opening the Jubilee Exhibition at Liverpool, and in the evening the Prince of Wales and other royal guests were present at a Masque of Painters, held at Princes' Hall, Piccadilly. Upon the following day the opposite social extremes were brought sharply into contrast, first by the presence of the Prince and Princess of Wales at Shoreditch Town Hall, to open a fancy fair in that poor and crowded part of the capital, and still more by the arrival of a deputation of pit-brow women in their rough working dress, and with their hearts burning to influence the Home Secretary favourably as regarded the Mines Regulation Bill then before the House of Commons; while on the same night Buckingham Palace was brilliant with light and crowded with distinguished men and beautiful women upon the occasion of a State ball.

On May 21st came the first news of the illness of the Crown Prince of Prussia from the throat affection which was so soon to prove fatal.

On May 23rd a special service was held at St. Margaret's, Westminster, in celebration of her Majesty's Jubilee, and was attended by nearly the whole of the members of the House of Commons; and the Prince and Princess of Wales visited the East-end, and opened new college buildings at the London Hospital.

On June 7th, the Society of Arts conferred the Albert Medal upon the Queen as a graceful recognition of the Jubilee of her Majesty's accession. June 9th was signalised by a successful operation on the Crown Prince of Prussia by Sir Morell Mackenzie, which gave rise to sanguine hopes, destined never to be fulfilled.

On Tuesday, June 21st, the Queen arrived in London for the Jubilee celebration held the following day in Westminster Abbey, where a thanksgiving service was held, the Queen, escorted and accompanied by a remarkable gathering of Sovereigns and Princes and Royalties from every part of the world, going in procession from Buckingham Palace to the Abbey with an amount

of State and magnificence rarely paralleled in the history of England, much less in her Majesty's own reign, and making a truly Royal progress amid the enthusiastic greetings of tens of thousands of loyal subjects. On the 23rd the Queen attended a huge feast given to 26,000 London children in Hyde Park, after receiving at Buckingham Palace a deputation, who presented her Majesty with the Women of England's Tribute, amounting to £75,000, and subsequently, on her way to Windsor, alighted at Slough, visited Eton College, unveiled a statue of herself, by Boehm, on Castle Hill, Windsor, and witnessed a torchlight procession of Eton boys in the Grand Quadrangle of the Castle.

On Friday, June 24th, a great review was held at Aldershot before the Royal visitors to the Jubilee festivities, 10,000 children were entertained at the People's Palace, Mile-end, the Queen drove along an array of volunteer fire brigades in the Home Park, Windsor, and a special thanksgiving service by the citizens of London was held in St. Paul's. On Monday, June 27th, the Queen gave a State banquet at Windsor to her Royal and other guests, and through the columns of the daily papers addressed to the nation a touching and dignified Letter of Thanks. The month closed auspiciously enough with a brilliant garden party on the 30th at Buckingham Palace, at which the Queen was present, and the Queen's sovereignty over Zululand was proclaimed at Ekowe by Mr. Osborne.

On July 2nd the Queen published a gracious Letter of Thanks for the Women's Jubilee Offering. The 4th July was a great day for Metropolitan Volunteers, 23,000 of whom marched past the Queen at Buckingham Palace, and on the following day her Majesty laid the foundation-stone of the Imperial Institute, South Kensington, with much pomp and ceremony. On July 7th a masque and revels were held at Gray's Inn, to celebrate the Jubilee, and on the 11th the Queen reviewed 58,000 Regulars and Volunteers at Aldershot. On July 14th the Queen and Princess Beatrice visited Lord and Lady Salisbury at Hatfield, and on the following day her Majesty laid the foundation-stone, on Smith's Lawn, Windsor Park, of the equestrian statue of the late Prince Consort, subsequently executed by Sir J. Edgar Boehm, as part of the Women's Jubilee offering. On the 25th a grand Naval Review was held at Spithead, the Queen inspecting 135 vessels, with a complement of 20,200 officers and men. On August 9th the Queen's decision was made known that the surplus of the Women's Jubilee Offering should be devoted to nurses and nursing establishments. The Queen's Jubilee presents were exhibited to the public at St. James's Palace, opening on the 13th, and tens of thousands of all classes crowded to see them.

On October 7th a Jubilee statue of the Queen, erected by her Majesty's tenantry, was unveiled by the Prince of Wales at Balmoral. On the last day of the month news arrived of the indisposition of the German Emperor.

On the 8th of the month the Crown Prince of Prussia suffered a relapse, and Sir Morell Mackenzie was summoned, at the recommendation of the Crown Princess.

Although the year 1888 was destined to prove fateful enough ere it had run its course, it opened in a singularly uneventful fashion, the principal item of general interest in the record of January being the receipt of favourable reports from San Remo at the end of the month regarding the health of the German Crown Prince. Yet on the following day bad news reached England of the Imperial sufferer; on the 10th the operation of tracheotomy was performed. As the Emperor William was indisposed, Prince William of Prussia left San Remo for Berlin, even his sense of duty to the Emperor and the nation not permitting the Crown Prince to make a journey fraught with so much danger. On the 8th the condition of the Emperor grew more alarming, and all the members of the German Royal Family were summoned, and two days later he died, and the Crown Prince, himself then a dying man, was proclaimed Emperor, under the style of Frederic III. On April 25th the Queen, who had been spending some weeks in Italy, arrived at Charlottenburg, and had a long and touching interview with the Empress Frederic. On May 25th the Emperor was present at the wedding of Prince Henry, his second son, to the Princess Irene, which was celebrated in the private chapel at Charlottenburg, but did not attend the banquet; on June 2nd the Emperor drove from Charlottenburg to Potsdam, and there, at the Palace of Friedrichsruhe, he died, on June 16th.

On March 12th an event took place in which the whole nation took a keen and sympathetic interest, namely, the celebration of the silver wedding of the Prince and Princess of Wales.

On April 2nd the Queen presented a very beautiful and costly altar cross, in commemoration of her Jubilee, to St. George's Chapel, Windsor; and on the 16th of the month the town of Windsor presented a handsome diamond jewel to Princess Christian, in recognition of the kindly interest manifested by her for so many years in all matters connected with the welfare of her native town.

The Prince of Wales commenced his New Year campaign in the public interest by visiting Lambeth Palace on January 8th to meet a deputation of working men with regard to the proposal to acquire Vauxhall Park for the use of the public. To the great grief of the Queen, her cousin, and of the Duke of Cambridge, her son, as well as of all the members of the Royal family, the venerable Duchess of Cambridge died at St. James's Palace on April 6th, the funeral taking place at Kew on the 15th in the presence of her Majesty and many members of the Royal Family. The Princess of Wales engaged on May 8th in the congenial work of laying the foundation-stone of the New Hospital for Women in the Euston-road. On May 20th the Queen, who had all her life taken a most kindly interest in Eton College, visited Eton, and laid the memorial stone of the new buildings, her Majesty's reception being made the occasion of a display of enthusiastic loyalty.

On June 28 the nation learned with loyal interest and satisfaction of the betrothal of the Princess Louise of Wales to the Earl of Fife. On July 19 it was announced that a dukedom had been offered to the Earl of Fife. The Princess Louise of Wales and the Duke of Fife were married in the Private Chapel of Buckingham Palace on July 29th, the bride and bridegroom afterwards driving to the Duke's house at East Sheen. The German Emperor arrived in the Channel on August 2nd with his squadron, and, after a postponement on account of bad weather and a gale, a grand inspection of the Fleet was held off Portsmouth on the 6th, the Emperor concluding his visit to the Queen and leaving Osborne on the following day. But, before leaving England, the German Squadron was reviewed by the Queen at Osborne, the German Emperor leaving England on the 9th.

On August 24th the Queen paid a visit to Pale Hall, in Wales, and during her stay visited Sir Theodore and Lady Martin, and drove to various places of interest in the neighbourhood of the Vale of Llangollen, leaving for Balmoral on the 28th.

The year 1890 was characterised by a gradual crumbling to pieces of many old forces and the severance of several interesting links with the past. At home and abroad the year was largely one of trouble and unrest. Influenza, strikes, storms, and international "questions," were its predominant features. On January 7th, the Dowager Empress Augusta of Germany died. On January 12th, Mrs. FitzGeorge, wife of the Duke of Cambridge, passed away after a long and painful illness.

On March 8th "the Queen, and still more the Duke of Connaught, lost a dear, valued, and a most devoted friend'" in Major-General Sir Howard Elphinstone, who was washed overboard from the steamship *Tempowire*, while journeying from Plymouth to Teneriffe. On March 24th the Queen left Windsor for Aix-les-Bains, where her Majesty sojourned till April 30th, returning by way of Darmstadt, where she visited the Emperor and Empress of Germany.

On May 2nd Prince Albert Victor returned to London from his Eastern tour, and was on May 23rd gazetted as Duke of Clarence and Avondale, and Earl of Athlone, his place and precedence in the House of Lords being agreed to on June 17th, whilst on June 23rd he took the oath and his seat in the Upper Chamber.

At Chelsea, on May 7th, the Prince of Wales opened the Royal Military Exhibition, which was visited by the Queen on July 4th. On May 10th, at Buckingham Palace, her Majesty received the Jubilee gift from the Army, and on May 12th the Queen unveiled, at Smith's Lawn, in Windsor Great Park, the statue of the Prince Consort which had been erected with a portion of the funds subscribed by the women of the Empire in commemoration of her Majesty's Jubilee. On July 14th the Queen attended a garden-party at Marlborough House. On August 4th her Majesty was visited by the German Emperor at Cowes; and on August 9th Heligoland was formally handed over to Germany. On August 11th the Queen reviewed an Austrian fleet, commanded by the Archduke Stephen, in the Cowes-roads. Much interest attached this month to the pardon granted by the Queen to the "implacable" Dhuleep Singh, and to an agitation which was started for the reform of the marriage laws in India.

On October 2nd the Queen of Roumania ("Carmen Sylva") visited Queen Victoria at Balmoral. November was marked by a Royal marriage—that of Princess Victoria of Prussia to Prince Adolf of Schaumburg-Lippe—on the 19th. On December 12th occurred the painfully sudden death of Sir Edgar Boehm in his studio, and in the presence of his pupil, the Princess Louise. On the 8th Sir Edgar had finished the statue of the late Emperor Frederic, which the Queen unveiled in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, on the 18th.

1891 was a year of political, social, and climatic unrest, in which the fell influenza epidemic worked its evil way throughout the length and breadth of Europe, and strikes in the old world were accompanied by revolutions in the new. On February 26th the Queen launched the *Royal Arthur* and the *Royal Sovereign* at Portsmouth.

On February 27th, the Empress Frederic and her daughter, Princess Margaret, arrived at Windsor from Paris on a visit to the Queen. On March 3rd the betrothal took place of Prince Aribert of Anhalt to Princess Louise of Schleswig-Holstein. On the 18th the Queen and the Empress Frederic visited Eton, where the Empress unveiled a new statue of her Royal mother. On the 21st her Majesty, accompanied by Princess Beatrice, left England for Grasse, and did not return to Windsor until April 30th. On March 22nd the Empress Frederic opened a new wing of the Women's College in Baker-street. The Manipur Massacre, on March 30th, was made memorable by the heroism of Mrs. Grimwood, young Lieutenant Grant, and others. Mrs. Grimwood was invested by the Queen with the Red Cross, and received in audience by the German Emperor and Empress. On May 2nd the Prince of Wales opened the Naval Exhibition at Chelsea, which was visited by the Queen on the 7th. On the 21st the Queen paused on her journey south to lay the foundation-stone of the infirmary at Derby. On June 22nd the Queen was present at the marriage of Miss Ponsonby and Colonel Montgomery at the Guards' Chapel; and on the 29th her Majesty came specially to London from Windsor to act with the Princess of Wales, as sponsor to the infant daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Fife at the Chapel Royal, St. James's.

On July 3rd the Queen announced her consent to the marriage of her granddaughter, Princess Louise of Schleswig-Holstein, to Prince Aribert of Anhalt. The wedding, which took place three days afterwards at St. George's, Windsor, was witnessed by the German Emperor, who, accompanied by the Empress, arrived at Windsor on July 4th; and after a series of balls, banquets, garden parties, reviews, and other functions, in addition to visits to the Guildhall, Eton, Hatfield, and elsewhere, returned to Germany in the middle of the month. On July 10th the Queen received two envoys of the King of Gazaland; and on the 16th reviewed the troops at Aldershot. On the 22nd the Prince of Naples arrived in this country, and made a somewhat lengthy stay. He was the guest of the Queen, and before he left had bestowed upon him the Order of the Garter. August was marked by the cordial welcome awarded the French Fleet under Admiral Gervais, which arrived off Osborne on the 19th. On the 20th the Admiral and his principal officers were the guests of the Queen. On the 24th, the Queen left for Scotland, and three days after the French Fleet left English waters.

On October 3rd, Princess Beatrice gave birth to her third son, at Balmoral. The young prince was christened on the 31st, when the Queen held the infant at the font as proxy for the Duchess of Connaught.

On December 6th the announcement was made of the betrothal of the Duke of Clarence to Princess May of Teck, and before the year was out it was decided that the marriage should take place on the following February 27th.

The twelve months which ended on December 31st, 1892, were punctuated with disasters on sea and land. Shipwrecks, mine explosions, cyclones, fires, and famines rivalled the influenza and the cholera as death-dealing agencies in almost every corner of the habitable globe. Early in the year—on January 14th—the Duke of Clarence and Avondale died at Sandringham. He was attacked on the 7th with the prevalent influenza, and pneumonia supervened. But the Duke's death—which occasioned the practical retirement of the Queen and the Prince and Princess of Wales from public life during the year—was totally unexpected by the general public. Only a few hours previous to its fatal termination, his illness had taken what was regarded as a favourable turn. The Court went into mourning until February 26th. After a service at Sandringham the remains were placed with impressive ceremony in the Albert Chapel, Windsor, on January 20th, on which date the Queen attended a special memorial service at Osborne, and similar services were held in all the chief centres of the Empire. A touching message from the bereaved parents of the late Duke was issued from Windsor Castle on the day of the funeral. On January 27th the *London Gazette*, which was issued with a mourning border, contained a beautiful and pathetic letter, addressed by the Queen to the nation.

The Marquis of Lorne was in January appointed Governor and Constable of Windsor Castle. On February 27th, the day which had been fixed for the marriage of the Duke of Clarence and Princess May, the Queen placed an offering of choice flowers over the coffin in the Albert Chapel at Windsor. March was marked by the departure from Windsor, on the 19th, of the Queen, who journeyed to Costebelle, one of the most beautiful spots on the north Mediterranean shore; and by the visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales and their family to Cap Martin, where the mild air and the scent of the pine-woods completed the cure of Prince George. Her Majesty returned to Windsor on May 3rd via Darmstadt, where she stayed with the Empress Frederic, her sojourn at Darmstadt being rendered peculiarly painful owing to the recent death (on March 13th) of the Grand Duke of Hesse, the husband of Princess Alice.

The Birthday Honours list in May contained the announcement that Prince George of Wales had been raised to the Peerage under the title of the Duke of York, Earl of Inverness and Baron Killarney. On May 20th the Queen left Windsor for Balmoral, where her Majesty was visited on June 5th by Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria and his mother, the Princess Clementine of Orleans.

In June the Queen received the "gratifying intelligence" of the engagement of Princess Marie of Edinburgh and Ferdinand, Crown Prince of Roumania. In entering into this engagement, the Princess renounced all right of succession to the English throne. On June 9th the Duke of York received from King Humbert the Order of the Annunziata, and on the 17th his Royal Highness took his seat in the House of Lords. On June 22nd the Court returned to Windsor, and on the 27th the Queen laid the memorial stone of the new garrison church at South Camp, Aldershot, afterwards holding a review of the troops on Laffan's Plain. Her Majesty was visited by the King of Roumania (whom she invested on June 30th with the Order of the Garter), the Prince of Hohenzollern, and the Duke of Aosta. On July 4th the Queen received the Gaekwar of Baroda and his family at Windsor, and on the 16th granted an audience to the Liberian negress Mrs. Martha Ricks, the latter visit being afterwards commemorated by an exchange of photographs between Mrs. Ricks and her Majesty.

On August 2nd the Queen conferred the Order of Victoria and Albert on the Marchioness of Salisbury, and on the 10th bestowed the Order of the Garter upon the Dukes of Devonshire and Abercorn. On November 21st her Majesty invested Lord Rosebery with the Order of the Garter, and the Maharanee of Baroda with the Order of the Crown of India. In December the busy tongue of rumour associated the names of the Duke of York and Princess May, who, it was stated, were about to be betrothed. On the 17th the Prince of Wales performed his first public act since the death of the Duke of Clarence, in laying the foundation-stone of the Clarence Memorial Wing of St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington, of which the Duke of York accepted the Presidency as a tribute to the services of the senior physician, Dr. Broadbent, who had attended his Royal Highness during his serious illness a year previously.

The year 1893, which was to prove so disastrous to the nation in many ways, opened to the sound of wedding bells. On January 10th, at Sigmaringen, according to the Roman Catholic rite, Princess Marie of Edinburgh was married to Prince Ferdinand, the heir-apparent to the Roumanian throne. Among the 400 specimens of women's needlework and painting passed at the Imperial Institute for exhibition at the Chicago "World's Fair," were several water-colour drawings by the Queen. These included a drawing by her Majesty of her Indian Secretary, the Munshi Hafiz Abdul Karim, and two table napkins spun by her own hand. The promoters of an anti-crinoline

THE QUEEN IN WINDSOR FOREST.
(*From the painting by* Sir Edwin Landseer.)

BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

ernando excited some derision, and partly spoilt a good cause by attempting to induce the Queen and the Princess of Wales to identify themselves with the movement. On March 20th her Majesty left Windsor for the Villa Palmieri, Florence, whither she was accompanied by Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg. During her stay the Queen received the King of Italy and other distinguished visitors. On April 10th her Majesty drove through Florence and inspected the Uffizi Gallery; on the 11th she visited the Church of the Annunziata; on the 17th, the Church of Santa Croce; on the 18th, Fiesole; on the 19th, the ancient Etruscan city of San Gimignano. On the 20th her Majesty witnessed the "Procession of Phantasmagoria"; and on the 21st she journeyed to the Certosa Monastery; on the 23rd, to Petraja; on the 24th, to the Museum of the Monastery of San Marco, and the Boboli Gardens. The birthday of Princess Beatrice was the occasion of festivities, including a series of serenades and a battle of flowers in the Corso, which her Majesty witnessed from the residence of the Prefect.

The *Court Circular* of May 3rd contained the announcement of the betrothal of the Princess May and the Duke of York. The news, which was everywhere received with satisfaction, recalled the fact that the Duke of York's uncle, the Tsar Alexander III., married the Princess who, under other circumstances, would have been the wife of his elder brother. The formal opening of the Imperial Institute on May 10th by the Queen was witnessed by a brilliant assemblage of representatives from all corners of the Empire. Her Majesty, who was supported by the Prince of Wales as President, performed the ceremony with a key which was a composite of precious metals and jewels that came from divers parts of her dominions. The Duke of York and Princess May were received with outbursts of cheering, this being their first public appearance together after their betrothal.

On June 21st the Queen returned to Windsor after enjoying a month of delightful weather in the Highlands; and on the 23th—the anniversary of her coronation—her Majesty unveiled, at Kensington Gardens, the statue of herself by Princess Louise.

On July 6th occurred the great social event of the year, the marriage, in the Chapel Royal, St. James's, of the Duke of York and Princess May. Brilliant as the summer had been, on no day within the recollection of most had the sun shone with more splendour, or the gray old city looked more gay with bunting and brighter with flowers, and crowded with a joyous people, than was the case on this auspicious occasion. The foreign Royalties attending included the King and Queen of Denmark, Prince Waldemar, and the Tsarevitch. The scene within the Chapel Royal was one of intense interest. The Queen was accompanied by the bride's mother. The bridegroom, wearing a post-captain's uniform, was supported by the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh; the bride by her father and her brother, Prince Adolphus. The bridesmaids were:—The Princesses Victoria and Maud of Wales, the Princesses Victoria Melita, Alexandra, and Beatrice of Edinburgh, the Princesses Margaret and Victoria Patricia of Connaught, Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, and the Princesses Victoria and Alexandra of Battenberg. The Primate officiated; and at the moment he pronounced the words "to be man and wife," the guns without the building heralded abroad the tidings to the people. The text of the Archbishop's short homily was "Noblesse oblige!" The bride and bridegroom later in the day drove from Buckingham Palace to Liverpool street, on their way to York Cottage, Sandringham.

On July 8th the King and Queen of Denmark had a splendid reception on their visit to the City, when they were accompanied by the Prince and Princess of Wales. The death took place on August 22nd of the Duke Ernst of Saxe-Coburg Gotha, brother of the late Prince Consort, and the Duke of Edinburgh at once assumed the Government of the Duchy. On August 26th the Queen attended a special memorial service at Osborne, and the Court went into mourning from that date till September 23rd. On September 11th the Queen laid the foundation-stone of a new church at Crathie. On September 18th her Majesty visited the Duke and Duchess of Fife at Mar Lodge, where the Duke and Duchess of York met with a cordial welcome on the 15th. On September 29th the Grand Duke and the Grand Duchess Serge and the Grand Duke Paul of Russia visited the Queen at Balmoral. Among other visitors to her Majesty were Prince Aribert of Anhalt and the Empress Eugénie.

H.M. THE QUEEN IN HER ROBES OF STATE.

The *Court Circular* of January 10th, 1894, contained the information that "Her Majesty received yesterday evening the gratifying intelligence of the betrothal of her dear grandson, the Grand Duke of Hesse, with her dear granddaughter, Princess Victoria Melita, second daughter of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, which took place at Coburg yesterday."

On February 2nd, the Empress Frederic arrived at Osborne on a visit to the Queen, who delayed her departure for the Continent on account of an accident to her granddaughter Princess Victoria Eugénie of Battenberg, who, while out riding in the vicinity of Osborne, on February 10th, was pitched over the head of her pony through the animal stumbling. On the occasion of the complete recovery of the young Princess early in March, the Queen made commemorative gifts of money to all the men on the Osborne estate. In February it was announced that her Majesty had conferred the order of the Crown of India upon the Countess of Elgin.

On March 13th the Queen, with Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, left Windsor for the Villa Fabbricotti, Florence, where, on the 16th, her Majesty was welcomed by the Duke of Aosta on behalf of King Humbert. After a stay which had been favoured with the most brilliant weather, the Queen, accompanied by Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, left Florence on April 16th for Coburg, to attend the nuptials of Princess Victoria Melita. The wedding of Princess Victoria to her cousin, the son of the ever-lamented Princess Alice, took place at Coburg on April 19th, those present in addition to the Queen and the bride's parents including the Prince of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, the Empress Frederic (who had left London on March 19th), the German Emperor, and the Tsarevitch.

Very important was the formal announcement, on April 20, of the betrothal of the Tsarevitch to Princess Alix of Hesse. The news of this betrothal, in the bringing about of which the Duchess of Coburg was believed to have played an important part, was conveyed to the Queen by the Emperor William.

On May 17th the Queen reviewed some 12,000 troops at Aldershot, the Royal party including Princess Beatrice, the Duchess of Connaught, Duchess of Coburg, Princess Alix of Hesse, and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein. On May 18th the Queen reviewed the 1st Yeomanry in Windsor Park after an inspection of the troops had been made by the Duke of Cambridge. On May 19th the Queen for the first time witnessed a performance of Gounod's *Faust* in the Waterloo Chamber at Windsor Castle. On May 21st her Majesty left Windsor for Balmoral, which was reached on the 22nd. *En route* the Queen formally opened the Manchester Ship Canal, the directors of which in their address made special reference to her Majesty's position as Duchess of Lancaster. The Prince of Wales, on May 2nd, on behalf of the Queen, formally opened the new building of the Royal College of Music at South Kensington. In June occurred one of the great events of the year, at White Lodge. On the 23rd of the month the Duchess of York was safely delivered of a son, and England was the possessor of a third direct heir to the throne. On July 11th, the Queen, the Tsarevitch, Princess Alix of Hesse, Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, and the Empress Eugénie left Windsor for Aldershot, to attend a grand torchlight tattoo arranged by the Duke of Connaught and the officers of his staff. The Queen remained at the Royal Pavilion overnight and was on the next day present at a review of the troops.

At White Lodge, on July 16th, the christening of the Duchess of York's little son took place. The Archbishop of Canterbury officiated. The Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Tsarevitch, Princess Alix, Lord Rosebery, and Lord Salisbury were present. The following were sponsors: the Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Tsarevitch, the Duke of Cambridge, Duke and Duchess of Teck, Duchess of Fife (representing the Queen of Denmark), Princess Victoria of Wales (representing the Queen of the Hellenes).

HER MAJESTY OPENING PARLIAMENT IN THE OLD HOUSE OF LORDS.

WINDSOR CASTLE.

Photograph by Russell and Sons, Windsor.

THE QUEEN WITH THE PRINCE OF WALES AND THE PRINCESS ROYAL.

THE PRINCE CONSORT.

THE WIDOWED QUEEN, 1862.

THE QUEEN AT THE MARRIAGE OF T.R.H. THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.

Prince Adolphus of Teck (representing the King of Denmark), the Duke of Connaught (representing the King of Württemberg), and Prince Louis of Battenberg (representing the Duke of Saxe-Coburg). The child received the names of Edward Albert Christian George Andrew Patrick David.

On October 15th the Queen held a Council at Balmoral, when her Majesty gave her consent to the marriage of Prince Adolphus of Teck to Lady Margaret Grosvenor, the event taking place at Eaton Hall on December 12th in the presence of the Duke and Duchess of York and a distinguished gathering. During almost the whole of October Europe was a prey to alarmist reports regarding the Tsar, whose grave condition led to the sudden departure on October 31st of the Prince and Princess of Wales for Livadia, where Princess Alix arrived on the 22nd, and whither the King and Queen of Denmark and the Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Coburg also hurried with all speed. On the 26th it was announced that the Tsar was "much better" and the marriage of the Tsarevitch was said to have been fixed for the 29th. By the latter date the tension of public anxiety had somewhat lessened, but reliable information as to the course of the Emperor's illness was still wanting. The end came on November 1st, when the Tsar died peacefully, after receiving the Communion and giving all at his bedside his parting blessing. In the presence of the Tsar Nicholas II., the Empress Dowager, and the Grand Dukes and Grand Duchesses, Princess Alix, on November 2nd, made her formal confession of the orthodox faith.

The marriage contract between Tsar Nicholas and his betrothed was signed in St. Petersburg on November 23rd. The marriage ceremony took place in the Imperial chapel of the Winter Palace on the 27th. On the day of the marriage the Queen gave a banquet at Windsor Castle; her Majesty, "looking very radiant," proposed the only toast, "the health of the bride and bridegroom," emphasising the occasion by standing up. Her Majesty requested Lord Carrington to journey direct from St. Petersburg to Windsor, after the ceremony, to convey to her a full and particular account of her beloved grand-daughter's nuptials. On November 15th, at Windsor, the Queen granted an audience to the princes and chiefs who came to England on October 27th to beseech her Majesty's Government for protection against the annexation of Swaziland by the Boers. On November 24th, the little Prince Edward of York was taken for the first time to Windsor Castle, in order that her Majesty might witness the excellent progress that had been made by her great-grandson. On December 10th, the Queen was deeply grieved to receive news of the death of her first cousin, Count Mensdorff Pouilly, second son of the Queen's maternal aunt. On December 11th there was a distressing incident at Windsor Castle. Her Majesty held a council, at which Sir John Thompson, the Canadian Premier, was introduced, and sworn in as a member of the Privy Council. Almost immediately after leaving the Royal presence, Sir John was attacked by syncope, and died within a few minutes. He was to have started on his return to Canada on the 19th. He was accompanied on his journey to this country by his second daughter, whom the Queen invited to the Castle on the

H.I.M. THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY—ENGLAND'S STAUNCH ALLY.

15th. Her Majesty in many other ways displayed her sympathy with the bereaved relatives of the deceased Premier, whose remains were ultimately conveyed to Canada in a British man-of-war—the *Blenheim*. On December 19th the Queen left Windsor for Osborne, where on the 22nd her Majesty received General Tchertkof, the special envoy sent by the Tsar to notify his accession to the Russian Throne.

The year 1895 proved to be one of considerable international trouble, but Great Britain successfully negotiated a campaign in Chitral, and solved a testy little problem with Nicaragua, and the promise of an Anglo-Russian *rapprochement* was realised by an agreement regarding the Pamirs. The Queen was greatly grieved at the illness, early in January, of Sir Henry Ponsonby, who was suffering from a form of paralysis. Sir Henry was now in his seventieth year. His illness rendering the re-assumption of his duties a matter of impossibility, Lieut.-Colonel Sir Fleetwood Edwards and Lieut.-Colonel Bigge were in May appointed Keeper of her Majesty's Privy Purse and Private Secretary to the Queen respectively. In July Sir Fleetwood Edwards took up the duties of another office which had to be given up by Sir H. Ponsonby—that of Receiver-General of the Duchy of Lancaster. On February 2nd, the Queen held a Council at Osborne, when Mr. Cecil Rhodes was sworn in a member of the Privy Council. On February 7th, the Empress Frederic arrived at Osborne on a visit to the Queen. On February 18th, her Majesty and the Empress Frederic, with other members of the Royal Family, journeyed from Osborne to Buckingham Palace, where her Majesty entertained a large party at dinner on the same evening. On the 19th, the Queen held the first Drawing-room of the season, and afterwards drove in an open carriage through the West-end. On the 20th, the Queen left London for Windsor. On the 25th, the Queen held an investiture, and on the 26th witnessed a performance of Delibes' comic opera, *Le Roi l'a Dit*, by a number of students of the Royal College of Music.

On March 3rd the Queen came to London, and on the 5th held the second Drawing-room of the season, afterwards going out for a drive in an open carriage. On March 6th the Queen privately invested the Marquis of Londonderry with the Order of the Garter and gave a very gracious reception to the veteran actress Mrs. Keeley, who was also presented to the Empress Frederic and Princess Louise. The Queen, on March 6th, returned to Windsor. On March 8th there was a picturesque ceremonial at the Siamese Legation, when Prince Mahavajirahvudh, the new Crown Prince of Siam, who had been presented to the Queen at Windsor on the 2nd, was invested with the insignia of his rank. In March the Queen sent a sum of £25 to Miss Weston in recognition of that lady's work in connection with the Royal Sailors' Rest, and later in the year her Majesty sent Miss Weston the wherewithal to defray the cost of a cabin in the Rest at Devonport. In a little book published at this time Mr. A. J. Butler pointed out that the application of the term Gaelic to the Royal family was nothing more than a vulgar error. On March 13th the Queen, with Princess Beatrice and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, left Windsor en route to Cimiez, which was reached on the afternoon of the 15th. Princess Beatrice's children followed by easy stages and were installed in the Villa Liserb. The reception accorded her Majesty by the French people was a particularly hearty one. It is even stated that at Toulon the impressionable Admiral Gervais was so carried away by his feelings that, in violation of all Royal etiquette, he seized her Majesty's hand and kissed it with fervour. At Hyères the Queen was presented with a superb bouquet by Mdlle. Brown de Colstoun, the daughter of the Maritime Prefect of Toulon, and it is recorded that scarcely had the Royal party taken possession of their apartments in the hotel at Cimiez ere a deputation of the ladies of the Halles, in their picturesque costumes of white and red, prayed for and were granted an audience. On the morning of March 16th the Queen drove in her donkey chaise through the lovely grounds of the Villas Liserb, Montebello, and Valbrose; and in the afternoon her Majesty drove round the Amphitheatre. On the 18th the Queen received visits from the Grand Duke Peter Nicolaievitch, and the Grand Duchess Militza of Russia, the Duke and Duchess of Leuchtenberg, and the Duchess Alexander of Oldenburg. After a drive to the Gairaut Cascades, and back by way of the Avenues St. Maurice and Gambetta, the Queen received Mr. Harris, the British Consul at Nice, and Mrs. Harris, from whom she accepted an album of water-colour sketches by the Consul, the covers being the work of Mrs. Harris. On the 21st the Queen was present at the final Battle of Flowers at Nice, when the Royal carriage was completely littered with small bouquets. Her stay-at-home subjects read with some degree of envy that her Majesty entered so thoroughly into the spirit of the festival that she, assisted by her grandson, returned with animation the floral missiles among the crowd. On the 22nd her Majesty's visitors included the Grand Duchess Nicolas Nicolaievitch of Russia, and Lord Dufferin, with Consul Harris and Mrs. Harris, joined the Royal dinner party. On the 24th her Majesty drove through the square in front of the church which was built in the ninth century on the ruins of a Roman temple, and witnessed the progress of the Concourdon festival. On the 27th, in the Magnan square, the Queen inspected five companies of the 24th

THE PROCESSION OF PRINCES AT HER MAJESTY'S JUBILEE, 1887.

Chasseurs. As the Royal carriage passed slowly down the line, the troops, who were under the command of Major Restar, presented arms, and their band played "God save the Queen." On April 1st a concert was given before the Queen by the choristers of the National Russian Chapel, under the direction of Dimitri Slavinsky Dagreneff. The Marquis and Marchioness of Salisbury were among those present. On April 2nd the Prince and Princess of Monaco visited the Queen, and on the same date Admiral Gervais and M. Henry, the Prefect, joined the Royal family at dinner. On April 5th the Dowager Duchess of Saxe-Coburg visited her Majesty. On the 6th the Queen breakfasted under a tent in the hotel gardens, and after her customary drive was visited by the Archduke and Archduchess Rainer of Austria and the Archduke Louis Victor, youngest brother of the Emperor of Austria. In the afternoon her Majesty, with Princess Henry of Battenberg, drove to Old Cimiez and thence over the Paillon to Cap Ferrat. The Royal party rounded the promontory and reached the plateau, where an Indian attendant, who had been sent on in advance, had prepared tea. On the return journey her Majesty's carriage passed the Villa Pollonais, the residence of the Mayor of Ville Franche. Madame Pollonais, accompanied by her husband, advanced to the carriage, and presented to the Queen a bouquet of choice flowers, which her Majesty graciously accepted. On April 8th the Queen travelled by train, *viâ* Cannes, to Grasse, where she stayed in 1895.

On the 24th her Majesty went to Darmstadt, receiving a warm welcome from the inhabitants, and proceeded to the palace, where apartments had been prepared for her reception. On the 26th her Majesty paid her first visit to Homburg, driving there from Cromberg in the company of the Empress Frederic. On May 1st the Queen and the Princesses who accompanied her on her continental visit, were once more at Windsor.

The "lion of the season" arrived in London on May 24th in the person of Nasrullah Khan, son of the Ameer of Afghanistan, who was lodged with his various retinue at Dorchester House. His Highness was received by the Queen at Windsor on the 27th, and again visited her Majesty on July 1st, when he presented to her Majesty an autograph letter from the Ameer, written in Persian, and contained in a casket, the cost of which was estimated at £6,000. After attending an incalculable number of functions, in London, the principal provincial towns, and in Scotland, including a State ball, a State concert, several dinners, a grand review at Aldershot, a reception at the Guildhall, the Royal Military Tournament, the Derby, Cup Day at Ascot, the Imperial Institute, and Daly's Theatre, the Shahzada took leave (on July 20th and 26th) of the Queen and the Prince of Wales, and left England for Paris, Naples, and Rome, on September 3rd, having prolonged his stay to one of about fifteen weeks' duration. The Queen, who returned to Windsor from Balmoral on June 22nd, was visited this month by the Duke of Aosta, Princess Hélène of Orleans, the Comtesse de Paris, the Prince of Naples, the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Hesse, the Duke of Turin, the Count of Flanders and the Duke of Oporto. On the 18th the Queen and Princess Beatrice attended the dedication of the new church at Cresthie.

On July 12th the Queen visited Aldershot Gymnasium, and on the following day witnessed a grand review of the troops on Laffan's Plain. On the 16th there was a performance of *Carmen* in French at Windsor Castle. On the 17th the Queen granted a farewell audience to Lord Brassey. On July 21st about 100 of the Indian and Burmese performers from the Empire of India Exhibition went to Windsor and presented the Queen with a handsome silver rose-water vase and flowers. On the 22nd her Majesty left Windsor for Osborne, where she visited Sir Henry Ponsonby and entertained the Crown Princess of Roumania and the Grand Duchess of Hesse at dinner. In July her Majesty received a quaint birthday gift from India in the shape of her biography written in Hindustanee, the gift of the Nizam of Hyderabad, who is one of her Majesty's most loyal subjects. On July 27th, at Osborne, her Majesty conferred the V.C. upon Surgeon-Captain H. F. Whitchurch for gallantry during the Chitral campaign. On August 14th the Queen attended a bazaar at Carisbrooke Castle. On the 28th, after a peculiarly trying experience, owing to the excessively hot weather, the Queen left Osborne for her favourite residence at Deeside. On September 28th, her Majesty was visited at Balmoral by Prince and Princess Henry of Prussia. By the Queen's wish the room in Kensington Palace where her Majesty was born, and which had been closed for years, was specially renovated so as to present the exact appearance which it had in 1819.

On October 10th, Shakir Pasha arrived at Balmoral, and was invested by the Queen with the Order of the Bath (3rd class, Military Division), being also the recipient of the Egyptian War Medal. The new C.B. and Major Wingate were included on October 10th in the Royal dinner party. The Queen notified in October her patronage to the Lyceum reception to be held on November 22nd in honour of Mrs. Keeley's 90th birthday, and also took the Royal Box for the English opera season at Covent Garden. On October 15th the Queen laid the foundation-stone of the Duke of Fife's new mansion. The Queen's valued private secretary and friend, Sir Henry Ponsonby, died on November 21st after a long illness.

The season of hope and gladness which ushers in every new year alike for the highest and the humblest had scarcely passed in 1896, when from the dread and dangerous country of Ashanti came alarming news of Prince Henry of Battenberg. Smitten with malarial fever, he grew worse so rapidly that almost before the country had realised that he was ill came the news of his death. The sad event, which plunged the Queen and her youngest daughter in profound grief, took place on January 20th, on board H.M.S. *Blonde*, en route for Madeira, where it was hoped, the Prince would regain his strength. The body of his Royal Highness was brought home in the *Blenheim*, and the funeral, conducted with full military honours, took place on February 5th at Whippingham, where the Prince was married to Princess Beatrice. In the ensuing week the Princess went to visit the Empress Eugénie at Cap Martin, her children going to Cimiez, where the Queen followed them, leaving England on March 9th. The death of Prince Henry of Battenberg was made the occasion of one more of the Royal and womanly letters to her people from the Queen which have done so much to stimulate the affectionate loyalty of the nation. In this letter her Majesty thanked her people for the comfort afforded by their sympathy both to herself and to "the daughter who has never left me, and has comforted and helped me," and the Queen referred to the dead Prince as "a dearly-loved and helpful son," and as "the dear and gallant Prince who laid down his life in the service of his adopted country." The Queen's annual visit to the Continent was naturally even more than usually private, her Majesty only receiving the Emperor and Empress of Austria and a few Royalties while staying at Cimiez, and returning to Windsor at the end of April. In connection with the lamented death of Prince Henry, it is interesting to note that the Queen appointed the Princess her husband's successor in the governorship of the Isle of Wight, despite the fact that no woman had held the office since Isabella de Fortibus, who ceded her rights, six hundred years before, to Edward I. for a money payment of £60,000. On June 20th the Queen entered upon the 60th year of her reign, and London, Windsor, and many large towns were decorated, although there was no official celebration of the event.

A bright day in the Queen's year was the marriage of her granddaughter, Princess Maud of Wales, to Prince Charles of Denmark, which took place at the Chapel Royal, St. James's, on July 23rd, the Queen having shown the kindest interest in all the preliminary arrangements and being present at the ceremonial. Only two more events stand out with special prominence in the life of her Majesty during the remainder of this year—her reception of the Chinese Envoy, Li Hung Chang, at Osborne, in August, and her entertainment of the Tsar and Tsaritza, at Balmoral, where their Imperial Majesties arrived on September 22nd, and where they enjoyed a freedom and privacy rare and therefore delightful to them. The Queen remained at Balmoral until November 6th, and, after a few weeks' sojourn at Windsor, left for the Isle of Wight to spend at Osborne, as usual, Christmas and the close of the year.

Amongst the more interesting and important events of this year of the Queen's reign may be mentioned the appointment to the Laureateship of Mr. Alfred Austin, whose best known works are "The Golden Age" and "The Season," two satires, "Savonarola," a tragedy, "English Lyrics," and a play dealing with Alfred the Great, called "England's Darling." The Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Benson, died with tragic suddenness in Hawarden Church on October 11th, while on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, and was succeeded by Dr. Temple, Bishop of London, who, in his turn, was succeeded in the Bishopric of London by Dr. Mandell Creighton, now, unhappily, passed away. Trafalgar Day was publicly celebrated for the first time on October 21st by decorating the Nelson Monument in Trafalgar Square.

If it did not seem inappropriate to use the word shadow in any connection in respect of the great historic event which made the year 1897 unique in the story of the civilised world, we should be inclined to say that the great event of June 22nd "cast its shadow before," even from the very first day of the year. Everything, for months past, had upon it, not the shadow, perhaps, but the effulgence of "The Queen's Day." The year opened with the announcement that the Queen would choose Cimiez again for her spring holiday, and there, in due course, her Majesty arrived in mid-March, spending her time in the usual restful fashion, and leaving Cimiez for Windsor direct when her holiday was over, arriving in excellent health at the Royal Borough at the end of April.

The one notable incident in the Queen's visit was, unhappily, a sad one, namely, the tragically sudden death of the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, which took place at Cannes on April 11th, and was a great shock and grief to her Majesty. During the Queen's sojourn at Osborne the dedication service of the Memorial Chapel erected to Prince Henry of Battenberg in Whippingham Church was held, on January 20th, and was attended by the Queen, Princess Henry of Battenberg, and a number of English and Continental Royal personages.

The Prince of Wales, early in the year, inaugurated a special Hospital Fund, as *the* national commemoration *par excellence* of the Diamond Jubilee of the Queen, and the result was an enormous influx of subscriptions from all parts of the Empire, the object being to free the great London hospitals from debt, and safeguard them by large investments, so far as possible, against such embarrassments in the future. The Queen, to the great delight of all, held the first Drawing-room of this memorable year in person on February 24th, driving subsequently through the West-end, and receiving countless marks of loyal respect as she passed through the streets. On Sunday, April 25th, the Duchess of York gave birth to a daughter, her third child, at York Cottage, Sandringham, the happy news being at once telegraphed to the Queen at Cimiez. A most interesting and kindly letter

BALMORAL: THE QUEEN'S HIGHLAND HOME.

THE LORD CHANCELLOR PRESENTING TO THE QUEEN THE ADDRESS OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS ON THE DIAMOND JUBILEE.

IN FRONT OF ST. PAUL'S ON DIAMOND JUBILEE DAY.

dated April 29th appeared in the Press from the Princess of Wales, expressing a desire that the poorest of the poor should be feasted on Jubilee Day, and under the *egis* of the Lord Mayor a fund was formed to which the Princess sent £100, while many large donations followed.

Nothing, except the almost concluded Greco-Turkish War, the opening of the Blackwall Tunnel by the Prince of Wales on May 22nd, and the visit of the Queen to Sheffield on May 21st, but the Jubilee was talked about, and the wildest rumours were afloat as to a possible failure of the food supply, and other serious difficulties. Meantime the Queen sojourned at Balmoral in excellent health, only returning to Windsor four days before that great day destined to be written in letters of gold in the history of the Empire.

The Jubilee of 1887 was a noble pageant, but that of 1897—known as the "Diamond"—far surpassed it in almost every particular, and the mighty muster of the gallant sons of the Empire, shoulder to shoulder with the unrivalled soldiers of the Queen, was a sight never to be forgotten by those who witnessed it.

London had put on its gayest dress to welcome the venerable Lady, and tears rose to a million eyes, and the familiar lump rose in a million throats as her Majesty, Queen of Great Britain and Ireland and Empress of India, her face pale, and her familiar features quivering with emotion, acknowledged the welcoming shouts of her people. There was so much to see, and yet when it was all over it seemed as if the magnificent procession had consisted of one figure only, so intent was every eye upon the Empress-Queen.

As to the procession itself, it comes back to us in memory as a blaze of gorgeous colour. The bravery of war seemed to pass panorama-like before our admiring eyes, and there was nothing to suggest that later the darker aspect would come into view. The glories of victories were emblazoned in the precious standards proudly borne aloft by the youngest officer belonging to each detachment of horse or foot as it passed. The "Handy Man," who had not then won his new title of honour, was there with his lusty comrades. The Household troops, with the giant Ames at their head, won cheers from the men and women in the street. The crowd looked with awe and wonder at the swarthy Indians in their magnificent uniforms, who sat their prancing horses as if the animals and riders were one. They came from that mysterious East, over which the Queen ruled with a strong, but loving and sympathetic hand, and they were welcome. But a roar, second only to that reserved for the Queen, filled the air when Lord Roberts of Kandahar—"Our Bobs"—was recognised upon his beautiful Arab charger riding at the head of the picturesque Colonials.

Behind him came the grand men, whom in common with our regular troops and Volunteers he loves to call "my comrades." How proud they looked, knowing that they were welcome in that national display of love and enthusiasm for our Queen and theirs. The Commander-in-Chief received an ovation, but as he rode immediately in front of the Queen, the majority of the onlookers were almost too preoccupied to notice him. T.R.H. the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Cambridge were close to the kind wheels of the carriage, and just behind his brother was the Duke of Connaught; but many in the crowd were unaware of their identity, so absorbing was the presence of the Queen.

The Royal Standard was carried in State in the procession, and grouped around was a brilliant cavalcade of noblemen and gentlemen of the Household. A detachment of the Royal Irish Constabulary, in their rifle-green and silver uniform, and mounted upon fine bay chargers, made a novel feature.

It is pleasant to remember that comparatively few accidents marred the day of national rejoicing. Lord Howe, who rode with the body-guard of the Royal Standard, was violently thrown from his restive horse, and the Queen several times sent back to ask for him. It was part of her beautiful character never to forget how precious sympathy is to both high and low.

Perhaps the grandest part of the Diamond Jubilee Commemoration was the service outside St. Paul's. There were many who before the event were inclined to say and to think that it would "spoil the day," that it would lack solemnity, if it were not actually irreverent. But nothing could have been more beautiful and impressive. The crowd massed upon the steps of the noble church, the church dignitaries in their robes, the gorgeous cavalcade on horseback grouped around the Royal carriage, the motionless figure of the Queen, the sympathetic faces of the two Princesses seated opposite, watchful for the first signs of fatigue or over-mastering emotion, the solemn strains of the organ pealing through the open doors of the Church, added to the extraordinary impressiveness of the unusual scene. And when the service was over, and thousands of voices were raised in the familiar words and music of the National Anthem, there were those in the mighty throng who could not sing for tears, and the Queen herself almost broke down as the voices of her people—the men, women and children who loved her, the soldiers, many of whom have since died for her and their country—fell upon her ears.

But cheers and general rejoicings were not the only features of the Diamond Jubilee. The future Queen of England remembered that amongst the loyal subjects of the Queen were many poor people who were not able to take any part in the festivities of the Queen's Day, and for more than three hundred thousand guests dinners were provided by the Prince and Princess of Wales. The story of one of those Royal feasts would be the history of all. There were loyalty, goodwill, and good cheer, gratitude, bright colours, a hum of voices which joy made harmonious, and underlying all the undercurrent of pathos which is never absent from any happy human gathering.

The Royal party from Marlborough House paid a visit to the meeting at the Holborn Town Hall, where about 1,500 guests sat down to an excellent dinner. It is matter of history that, as the gracious horses paced round the table, one poor old dame put down her knife and fork, and, looking up into the sweet face of the Princess, said, "Thank you, dear." The Princess put her hand upon the arm of her humble guest, and smiled at her in her own gracious way.

HER MAJESTY VISITING EARL CADOGAN AT DUBLIN CASTLE.

THE QUEEN AND BOOLER DUNNE.

It is well known that the Queen took the greatest possible interest in these entertainments of her poorer subjects, and more especially in the feast arranged for the crippled children belonging to the Ragged School Union.

It would occupy too much of the space at our command were we to describe in detail the magnificent presents which were received by the Queen on the occasion of her Diamond Jubilee. Everyone remembers the exquisite sunshade studded with diamonds in the handle which was the gift of the Father of the House of Commons, Mr. Villiers. The sunshade itself was made of black satin and Chantilly lace. The beautiful bracelet presented by the Royal Household was greatly valued by her Majesty, who wore it at all the State dinners of the Jubilee week.

The State performance at the Opera on the occasion of the Jubilee was a magnificent function. The floral decorations were a feast of beauty and colour. The Royal box was framed with roses. First came deep red, then pink, then a pale yellow which looked almost white. A great crown, perfectly correct in shape, even to the jewelling in orchid spikes, was placed over the box, and each of the Royal ladies present had awaiting her a Victoria shower bouquet of hothouse flowers.

On the day her Majesty left London for Windsor the scene in Hyde Park was to the full as memorable as in the streets on Jubilee Day. For hours the crowds waited in the broiling sun; chairs were letting at a premium, and upon them ladies stood, as to sit was impossible in the throng, and it was past five when the longed-for Royal escort appeared in the distance. The sight was worth waiting for. An escort of Indian Princes encircled the Royal carriage, and the effect of the whole was imposing in the extreme.

The Garden Party given by her Majesty in commemoration of the Diamond Jubilee was a brilliant function, and it was noticed that at it the Queen carried the diamond-decked sunshade already mentioned, the Jubilee gift of the oldest member of her Majesty's faithful Commons.

The year following the Diamond Jubilee, 1898, was comparatively a quiet one for the Queen. In fact, but for the Jubilee itself, 1897 was not remarkable for Court functions, or even for private functions that were out of the common. In February her Majesty received as her guests at Osborne her granddaughter Princess Henry of Prussia, whose husband had sailed for China and also the Empress Frederic, and the Hereditary Princess of Saxe-Meiningen and her only daughter. The first Royal wedding of the year—an event in which our Queen was greatly interested, was that of the Princess Dorothea of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha to the Duke of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Augustenburg. The Queen was represented by the Duke and Duchess of Connaught. It should not be forgotten that an act of special kindness and sympathy was shown by the Queen to the family of the popular actor, William Terriss, who was the victim of a cowardly murderer at the close of 1897. The Queen wrote as follows: "I deeply feel the loss which has robbed the English stage of one of its brightest ornaments." Early in January it was announced that if all went well her Majesty would leave England in March for a sojourn at Cimiez, and before the Court left Osborne after the Christmas holidays the Memorial Chapel to Prince Henry of Battenberg at Whippingham Church was dedicated.

It is pathetic to read in the news of the day in February, 1898, that the Queen was looking forward to her visit to Cimiez as a period of rest and quiet, little dreaming of the period of unrest, disquiet and anxiety which was before her in the last year but one of the century owing to the South African War. She was in good spirits all through 1898 and able, as usual, to take the keenest interest in all the concerns of her realm, and her loyal subjects were delighted that she was able to come to London for a short visit before she left for the South. She was able to hold a portion of the Drawing-room, and it was noticed how well and bright she looked, and also that she walked with greater ease than usual.

It was in March, 1898, that the throwing open of old Kew Palace to the public by order of the Queen was first spoken of. Her Majesty's little great-grandson, Prince Edward of York, spent a great deal of time with her about this period—she was very tenderly attached to the little Prince. Shortly before she left England her Majesty was present at the confirmation of Princess Margaret of Connaught in the Private Chapel at Windsor; indeed there is scarcely a member of the Royal family who will not be able to associate some particular event in his or her life with the gracious and devoted lady whom how we now deplore.

A very slight indisposition from which the Queen suffered shortly before she left for Cimiez was magnified by rumour into something alarming, and was also supposed to have some political significance, and to be made an excuse for giving up her trip abroad; but the anxiety of the public was soon relieved by her actual departure for what proved to be her last visit to the land of flowers and sunshine.

No events of any moment occurred during the Queen's visit to the Continent, but her Majesty was kept well informed of the events which were causing no small excitement in London and the provinces, namely the interchange of explanations which were taking place between the Colonial Secretary and the Transvaal Government, and Queen and subjects were alike hoping that war might be averted.

It was shortly before she left England that the Queen paid one of her many kind visits to Netley Hospital and distributed amongst the patients copies of her Jubilee photograph, and ordered that artificial limbs of the best description should be supplied at her cost to all of her brave soldiers who had been wounded in the recent frontier war in India and had need of them. During her stay at Cimiez the Queen was present at the confirmation of Princess Alice of Albany, at Cannes, by the Bishop of Winchester, and just at the same time, Easter, 1898, her Majesty was gratified by the news that there was no need for anxiety respecting the health of the Duke of Coburg, but at the was very much concerned about the struggle then going on between Spain and America. The necessity for war was painful to her Majesty, but she also knew that it not infrequently made for peace.

In May the Queen held a Drawing-room, which was described as even more brilliant than the great function of the Jubilee year. Her Majesty remained in the Throne Room for an hour after the Diplomatic circle had been received, and seemed unusually strong and well.

In July the Queen performed one or two public functions, and the opera of *Romeo et Juliette* was performed by command at Windsor. On Thursday, the 12th, her Majesty reviewed her troops at Aldershot in the presence of a crowd of Royalties, and with that martial display the season practically came to an end. New colours were also presented in July by the Queen to the Coldstream Guards, on the Royal Parade ground at Windsor.

Towards the end of July her Majesty entertained a succession of distinguished visitors. In August she was rather anxious about the accident to the Prince of Wales, but he was well enough to allow her to go, as usual, to her beloved Scottish home, somewhat, however, later than usual that year.

In September came the news of the victory of Omdurman and of the murder of the Empress of Austria, the latter of which caused profound sorrow to the Queen, and early in October the Queen of Denmark passed away.

Another visit to Netley Hospital took place in November, 1898. Her Majesty on that occasion was escorted through the wards to see the wounded men who fought at Omdurman by the Sirdar, Lord Kitchener himself, in whom the Queen seemed, it was said, much interested.

Christmas was spent peacefully and happily at Osborne, and in the Christmas number of the *Queen* an article appeared which we may assume was approved by her Majesty, as it was not disclaimed. It contained a beautiful message of peace to her country and her people. But, alas! before that day twelvemonth, war was raging in South Africa, and Lords Roberts and Kitchener were speeding across the sea to wrest victory from defeat.

In the early part of the last year but one of the century there were not many public functions in which the Queen took part; we learn that she took a keen interest in the Gordon Memorial College by the fact that she sent a special telegram to Lord Cromer on the subject. Once more the rumour was in circulation that Princess Victoria of Wales was about to marry her cousin, Prince George of Greece; and it was also said that the aged King of Denmark would pay a visit to the English court. In the newspapers of the day we find constant allusions to the wonderful health and strength of her Majesty, and in the early months of 1899 she was unusually strong and well; but the heavy strain of the war time was not yet.

In February the preparations for the Queen's visit to Cimiez were begun at the Hotel Excelsior. From the Emperor of Austria both her Majesty and the Empress Frederic received the Cross of the new Order of St. Elisabeth, which he had instituted in memory of his wife, the murdered Empress. Throughout the whole of February the health of the Queen continued good, and her share in public business was performed with her usual unfailing zest. But she received a great shock when the news reached her of the death of the only son of the Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. She immediately cancelled all her public engagements, and Court mourning made the opening of the season very dull. The Queen, too, although well, was very much upset by the loss of her grandson, and by the sudden death of President Faure.

In March her Majesty paid her last visit to Cimiez, and was most enthusiastically received by the good people of Nice, who, for obvious reasons, were justly indignant at the treatment she had received at the hands of the lampooners of Paris. Later in the month came the news that the Queen was well, but not in good spirits; but even then the shadow of coming war was beginning to brood over the nation, although no presentiments were being made.

It was a great pleasure to the Queen that the Empress Frederic was able to join her at Cimiez, and also to appear at a large dinner-party which her Majesty gave in her honour.

By May 8th the Queen was in England, looking very well, and able to go about as usual—her walking powers had improved; indeed, as well was also at that time that she held part of the Drawing-room on May 16th, and was seen driving about in London as usual. On the 24th her eightieth birthday was celebrated with unusual impressiveness. It was spent by the Queen at Windsor, and in the Quadrangle of the Castle the National Anthem was sung with immense vigour as a serenade, the Eton boys taking part lustily in the loyal strains. It was in this month also that her Majesty laid the first stone of the new buildings at the South Kensington Museum, now known as the Victoria and Albert.

The heat of the summer of 1899 was very trying to the Queen, but none the less she opened the children's wing of the Royal Isle of Wight Infirmary. As usual, her Majesty made a charming and sympathetic little speech.

The Queen was at Balmoral when the South African war was begun by the invasion of Natal by the Boers and the investment of Ladysmith; but not until the history of the reign is written can we know if any personal part was taken by her in the negotiations which led up to the ultimatum. But it is known to every one that she took an untiring interest in the struggle; that she sent her soldiers to the front with words of sympathy and kindness ringing in their ears; that the wives and children of those who still stood in the fighting line, as well as the widows and orphans of those who fell in battle, received assistance at her hands. The wounded were comforted and cosseted by her presence at their bedside, and the women who sent many sons to the front were not forgotten.

On November 11th her Majesty bade farewell to the 1st and 2nd Life Guards at Windsor, and made one of her stirring little speeches to the brave fellows. Four days later her Majesty paid a visit to Bristol to open the Jubilee Convalescent Home. The ancient city received its Queen in a manner befitting its traditions. The ceremony was most impressive, and it will be remembered as one of the last, if not the very last public function, in which our Queen took part.

It was soon after her visit to Bristol that her Majesty had the great pleasure of receiving the German Emperor and Empress and two of their sons as her guests at Windsor; and it was during the stay of the illustrious visitors that the friendship between the rulers of two great countries was

Her Majesty's Party at Windsor to the Families of her Soldiers at the Front.

The Queen and the Children of Ireland.

cemented even closer than with the tie of blood: a friendship which is likely to bring forth good fruit.

In December the Queen mourned the death of Lady Salisbury, and with her subjects at home her Majesty was eagerly watching and waiting for official news from the seat of war. December had been a sad month for the Queen ever since 1861, and in 1899 came the awful week of Stormberg, Magersfontein and Colenso.

The Queen and her people mourned together, and, from that time, those who had the best means of knowing said, the bravest of women was never quite herself again.

The year 1900 cannot be said to have opened with promise of brightness, or with great hope of peace; and to Queen and country alike it was a time of grave anxiety. Lords Roberts and Kitchener arrived in Cape Town on the 10th of January, and a great silence—which lasted for weeks—fell upon them. Kimberley, Ladysmith, and Mafeking were still hemmed in by the Boer forces; Buller, who, in common with Methuen, had been waiting for guns and cavalry, made a forward movement; and at home in England the call to arms was being answered by a host of brave men eager to fight for their Queen. This outburst of patriotism brought untold comfort to the aged Sovereign. Needless to say, she showed unflinching courage in the face of danger and suspense.

It was a relief to her loving subjects to know that their Sovereign Lady, who had lived through the Crimean War and the still more terrible Indian Mutiny, was able to show a brave face to her people and give them an object-lesson, which they were not slow to learn, in courage. She sent out men of her kin to join in the struggle, and the last days of the old year were gladdened to her troops by the message that she sent them. On January 4th a letter of appreciation to the gallant C.I.V.'s was received by them with delight; and her message to the defenders of Ladysmith, who had so splendidly repulsed the Boer attack on January 6th, went straight to the hearts of the men who had fought like lions in defence of the old flag.

On March 8th the Queen came to London, and the rejoicings, which were but just over for the relief of Ladysmith, broke out anew when she appeared amongst her people. The enthusiasm had received a fresh impetus from the attitude of the gutter press of the Continent, which had thought fit to revile the gracious and venerable lady, whose age and nobility should have rendered her sacred. During her visit to London her Majesty drove through the West-end and the City, and her welcome was as great as on Jubilee Day. During her stay in town she inspected the Guards at Buckingham Palace. "The fighting men broke in the wars" had never failed to enlist the sympathy of the Queen, and on February 27th she went to Netley, and, in March, to Woolwich, to visit the Herbert Hospital.

It was just at this time that her visit to Ireland at Easter-tide began to be talked about, and her determination not to spend any portion of the spring abroad was warmly approved by her people. It was before the 17th of March that her Majesty gave an order which showed her wisdom and her foresight. Mindful of the magnificent services of the Irish regiments in the field, she gave permission for her Irish soldiers to wear the shamrock on St. Patrick's Day, and accordingly the 17th was celebrated as it had never been before, not only in Ireland, but also in Bloemfontein.

On the 2nd of April the Queen left for Ireland, and on the 4th made a triumphal entry into Dublin. The welcome accorded to her left nothing to be desired. A few of the Irish members stood aloof, but even their bark was worse than their bite; and there was not a solitary incident of an unpleasant character during her Majesty's stay of three weeks in the Irish capital. At the beginning of the visit a Royal proclamation appeared for the formation of a regiment of Irish Guards, and the end was marked by a munificent gift to the poor of Dublin, and by a message to the Irish people in which was expressed her Majesty's gratitude for the warmth of her reception. During her stay in Dublin there were many public and private festivities, addresses were received from public bodies, and the Lord Mayors of Dublin and Belfast had honours conferred upon them.

In spite of her advanced years and the anxieties which weighed upon her, the Queen was very often amongst her subjects during the first six months of the year; and the great public events—such as the Indian famine, the great fire in Canada, the relief of Ladysmith, the triumphant march of her victorious army from the Modder River to Pretoria under Lord Roberts, and, later, the tempestuous welcome given to the C.I.V.'s on their return, which followed that of the Naval Brigade—received from her the greatest possible amount of interest and sympathy. And it was never forgotten by the nation that, whether their beloved Queen was at Windsor, Osborne, or Balmoral, she was watching with her people, and sharing to the full their hopes and fears. No one was left out. With her own kind and trembling hands she pinned the V.C. upon the breasts of brave men, and received at Windsor those who had served her by serving those who had fought and bled for her. Amongst the latter were the faithful nurses from Mafeking. The Canadian heroes of Paardeberg received a special welcome at her hands; and her loyalty to her soldiers inspired in them an answering spirit which not Time itself will be able to quench.

It was on the very day of her entry into Dublin that the young Italian, Sipido, attempted the life of the Prince of Wales; and on July 26th her Majesty was grieved beyond measure to hear of the cowardly assassination of her good friend the King of Italy. Four days later the news came that the Shah of Persia had been fired at as he was leaving the Paris Exhibition.

It is almost impossible to mention in detail all the good work done by the Queen in the closing months of one of the most eventful years of her long reign, and her children aided her in every good work. Her Majesty took a practical interest in the Hospital Ship *Princess of Wales*, and she was glad to know that one of her sons—the Duke of Connaught—hauled the Union Jack aloft upon the *Maine*, the Hospital Ship given by America to England. On July 30th her Majesty lost her second son, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha—better known to us as the Duke of Edinburgh. The Queen was also sorely troubled by the illness of the Empress Frederic, from whom she hoped to have received a visit in Scotland. But life was not all sadness even when death and illness were sources of grief to the venerable Queen; and amongst the happy and more fortunate events were the birth of a third son to the Duke and Duchess of York, and the visits of her Majesty's staunch friends and allies his Highness the Khedive of Egypt and King Oscar of Sweden.

The crisis in China, and the lack of news from the legations in Pekin, weighed heavily upon the spirits of the Queen; and when the news reached her that the brave men and women were actually safe, the relaxation of the strain was almost too great for her Majesty. Even then her health was a source of great concern to her family, but her visit to Scotland in the summer seemed to bring back some of her wonted vigour. In September she was very anxious to pay a visit to her daughter, the Empress Frederic, but her physicians could not advise her to make the long journey; but in the Court news of September we read that her Majesty was in good health.

In October it was announced that the Duke and Duchess of York were going to Australia in April or May of the first year of the new century; and the Queen, although she was disinclined to be parted from them, showed the keenest interest in the project.

In December, when it was known that Lord Roberts was actually on his way home, the Queen began to look forward to his coming with even more than the usual interest which she took in public events; and a message from her reached the Field Marshal at one of his stopping places, to the effect that her Majesty would receive him at Osborne. As late as December 29th, it was thought possible that, if alarming news came from Germany, the Queen would make a hurried journey in order to see her beloved child alive.

Shortly before Christmas, before the Court went to Osborne for the holidays, her Majesty with her own hand presented the Victoria Cross to Captain Sir John Milbanke, Captain Micklejohn, Sergeant Engleheart, and Driver Glasock, of the famous Q Battery. The ceremony took place in the White Drawing-room at Windsor, and an eye witness has said that the brave men so greatly honoured, and the venerable Lady who spoke so kindly to them, were alike moved to tears. Who can tell that she and they did not feel that it might be the last time that any of her soldiers would be decorated by their grateful Queen?

About the middle of the month the nation learned with joy that her Majesty would, if all were well, spend the spring at Cimiez, and it is curious that at the same time there were alarming rumours about her health, which was supposed to be seriously impaired. There is no doubt that the excitement of Lord Roberts' home-coming and the long conversations she had with him may have helped to bring on the sleeplessness from which she began to suffer about this time; but the curt information that "the Queen is well and transacting business as usual," was still current.

In the opening weeks of this century there were few, if any, events in which the Queen took an active part. December and January brought back many memories to the patient and sympathetic "Mother of her people"; the stern determination of the Boer leaders to continue the war added to the sadness which filled her heart; and another great blow fell upon her when death claimed her old and devoted friend Jane, Lady Churchill, who may be said to have more than filled the place once held by Lady Ely in the confidence of her Royal mistress. The reports of the health of the Empress Frederic were better in the first week of January, 1901, and there were hopes that she would be able to join her Majesty at Cimiez.

Very little information reached the outer world of what took place between Lord Roberts and his grateful Sovereign at Osborne; but we may be sure that between the gallant soldier, who put his grief aside at the call of duty, and the venerable Monarch, who felt with him all the bitterness of his personal loss in the war, there was too much in common when they met for need of many words.

Soon after this historic interview, it was announced that the Queen's daily drives were much shorter than heretofore on account of the damp; and, knowing her Majesty's disregard of weather, the words might have conveyed a warning. But we paid no heed to them; the country could not bear the thought that the end was even then approaching; and then the summoning of the Royal family to Osborne, and the arrival of the Queen's eldest grandson, H.I.M. the German Emperor, who, with fine feeling, at once stopped the Bicentenary festivities in Berlin, and hastened to show his reverence for the Queen and his goodwill to England by hurrying to the bedside of the dying Sovereign, warned us that the end was near. Yet, despite this warning, it still seemed with awful suddenness that the blow fell.

Of the beautiful nature, the noble character, of the Queen, it would be almost an impertinence to write, were it not that it is to that nature and that character that the nation, the Empire, owes so much of its happiness, of its prosperity, and of the respect which it obtains from other nations. Self-sacrifice, lofty motive, a fine intellect and even finer heart, were at the root of every action of the Queen's life. Not once, but a hundred times during her long reign did her Majesty identify herself with the joys and sorrows of her people, so that for many years there had been a touching reciprocity of sympathy, so

THE ROYAL MAUSOLEUM AT FROGMORE, WITH TOMB OF THE PRINCE CONSORT, BEHIND WHICH IS THE RESTING PLACE OF VICTORIA THE GREAT AND GOOD.

real, so deep, so personal, as to make the Queen and the nation at one almost as completely as though she had been in truth the mother of her people. No sudden joy flashed into the lives of Queen or subjects, no unlooked-for sorrow swooped down upon throne or cottage, but was the sure motive of reciprocal emotion between the Queen and her people; and this broad humanity, this perfect womanliness of the Queen, will remain amongst the most beautiful of her attributes when her golden deeds are chronicled in the pages of history for those who shall come after. The goodness as well as the greatness, the simple piety, the pure womanliness of Queen Victoria will remain for all time to prove how nobly her Majesty fulfilled in her life the promise of the words, "Regina Dei Gratia."—Queen by the Grace of God.

Well has she tuned her woman's heart
To e'en the smallest tale of grief;
And been herself the sweetest part
Of all her womanly relief.
Her power was rather felt than seen,
The blossoms hid the Royal rod;
We only knew that she was Queen,
Just by the grace of God.

In her own home and in the homes of her people, by kindly deed, by bright example, by reflected grace, the Queen was a personality from which radiated sweetness and light; and the home life of the Empire will never lose the beauty, the dignity, the sweetness which it attained under the ægis of the Sovereign who was as perfect as wife and mother as she was as Queen. Moreover, Science and the Arts owe much to Queen Victoria. Her reign produced much that was worthy, much that was wonderful, much that was beautiful; and no one was more ready to foster all that was best than was the Queen, herself an artist, a musician, a woman of wide reading and deep thought, and imbued with a desire to persistently encourage Science and the Arts in the same spirit as that which was so marked a characteristic of the Prince Consort. It is true that, since the dark days of 1861, the Queen did not appear frequently in public as a patron of the Arts, but none the less her influence was constant, and countless workers in various forms of art owe much to her Majesty's sympathy and encouragement. Gifted with bright and alert intelligence, the Queen was always in touch with everything that took place within the Empire, and, for that matter, in the civilised world; and the fact that she was a woman never for a moment weakened either her interest in her people and all that concerned them, or her influence in moulding the thoughts, character, and aspirations of the millions over whom she was called upon to rule. As the Poet Laureate finely made her say:—

"I cannot don the hauberque and the helm,
To my weak waist the sword I cannot gird,
Nor in the discords that distract a Realm
Be seen or heard.

But in my People's wisdom will I share,
And in their values play a helpful part,
Leading them still, in all they do or dare,
My woman's heart.

And hoply it may be that, by God's grace,
And unarmed Love's invincible might,
I may, though woman, lead a manly race
To higher height."

The womanliness of the Queen was always a beautiful and valuable feature of her reign; for the sound common sense, the wise and gentle motherliness of her domestic sway, the good housewifely qualities and virtues, if we may so express it, which the Queen invariably displayed, made Windsor and Osborne absolutely model *ménages* for all classes of her subjects. Simplicity, sincerity, courage, devotion to duty, love of home and family, tender sympathy, an ear for all trouble and a hand eager to relieve, a Queenly dignity, a womanly gentleness, a statesmanlike wisdom in affairs of State, combined to make the Queen-Empress a beloved and revered personality, a figure unique in the history of the world. The social influence of her Majesty was always dominant, even in the later years of comparative retirement, and it invariably made for the sweetening and ennobling of domestic life. Wise in her rule over many millions of subjects of many races, aiding statesmen by the value of her vast experience, governing with a tact which was unerring and instinct with noble principles, of the greatness of her gifts and of her character there could be no question. But even above these noble qualities and powers must rank the perfect womanliness which won not merely duty, reverence, obedience of subjects to Sovereign, but an affection as universal as it was sincere. For these beautiful gifts and qualities is it that the illustrious Monarch whose death has thrown a world-wide Empire into mourning and cast a gloom over the civilised world will be known to history not merely as Victoria the Great, but by a title which would assuredly have appealed more closely to her own nature: Victoria the Good!

"GOD SAVE THE KING!"

By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

IN Victoria the Well-Beloved somewhat was surely honoured as it has never been honoured before in the history of the world. For the great potentate who lies so silent now—busy no more with harassing affairs of the nation—was a great stateswoman, as great, at least, as Elizabeth. Yet she touched the hearts of old and young as no mere politician could ever have done. The passing of no sovereign had ever roused such passionate emotion among people of Anglo-Saxon kin. Her manly sympathy with human woes brought her into the closest touch with every one of her subjects. She had the modern sense of the pathos of human life, and the awful mystery of Death was an abiding shadow on her palaces and her castles. Queen Victoria had much of the grave dignity of the Oriental, and an especial sign of this quality was the fact that she rarely smiled. The slight young girl who stood at the window of St. James's Palace and heard the Heralds proclaim her Queen of Great Britain and Ireland in 1837 had tears in her eyes; and tears were in the eyes of the mighty Sovereign (how much mightier since 1837 we can read in the record hostility of Europe) when Lord Roberts went to tell her, only the other day, how things fared in South Africa.

It would seem as if England, the most civilized section of nations, was destined to achieve greatness under female sovereigns. Under Elizabeth, under Anne, under Victoria, there has been a Golden Age of prosperity, of martial success, and of the Arts. Letters, above all, have reached their highest point under each of these great Englishwomen. To name the "Elizabethans" is to evoke a procession of great men—statesmen, philosophers, poets—who had few rivals until Victorian times. In the highest aspect of womanhood there is something which Englishmen instinctively revere. A great Queen rouses a passion of chivalry which no King could ever hope to inspire, and just as it was well for England that Elizabeth sat on the throne during the troublous times of the Armada, so it was well for the Empire that Victoria was alive during the crisis of 1899. To "die for the Queen" has a clarion sound of manly chivalry and devotion. It was not only to assure that Queen Victoria was the head of the Army. Her messages gave hope and comfort in the direst straits, and the chivalry and loyalty of the common soldier towards her Majesty have never been equalled since Napoleon led his legions across a devastated Europe.

To contrast our two greatest Sovereigns, Elizabeth and Victoria, is to realise how serious we modernes are compared to the England of the sixteenth century. The daughter of Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn was a true child of the Renaissance: broad-minded, yet subtle; strongly intellectual, yet the slave of flattery; pleasure-loving, yet astute; widely tolerant, yet fond of fal-lals, outward show, and Royal pomp and circumstance. That Elizabeth, with all her brain-power, occasionally made herself ridiculous, there is, alas, not the smallest doubt. She had moods in which she was at the mercy of every handsome face and smooth tongue about the Court. Her rages were unseemly, and the curious favour which she showed to certain of her subjects was apt to set heads wagging. Though England felt sure under Elizabeth; and though, during her life-time, and long after, she was known as Good Queen Bess, it is certain that behaviour such as hers would not have been tolerated in an age like the Victorian, an age in which dignity and human responsibility weigh so heavily on thinking minds. Victoria, indeed, was the very antithesis of Elizabeth in every respect. Towards the end of her life it was our Queen's vast experience of affairs, her great good sense, her kindly outlook, her position as the head of the greatest Empire of the world, which made her the arbiter of international politics. Yet of Elizabethan subtlety, the practice of playing off one nation on another, she was guiltless. Victoria was always all simple-hearted, clear-minded and far-seeing.

The whole story of this great Sovereign—her commanding personality, her unparalleled influence abroad, and the empty wards of the sorrow and consternation which her passing away has evoked, is an ironical commentary on the popular idea that "woman's only sphere is the home." Will there still be people to maintain that theory so agreeable to masculine egotism, that women are by nature hopelessly incapable of managing serious affairs, of directing policies, or of developing a truly guiding head and brain? For the little Princess of eighteen who became Queen of England in 1837 was not held, by statesmen of the day, to be a Princess of great parts or strongly marked personality like the girlish Elizabeth. Yet by close and unswerving attention to the affairs of the nation and a whole-hearted devotion to the good of her subjects, Queen Victoria lived to be the most revered potentate who ever wielded a sceptre. As an object-lesson for those who hope for the higher education of women and a larger participation by them in public affairs, the life and death of our great Queen is of special import and significance.

HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY, ALEXANDRA, QUEEN OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND, EMPRESS OF INDIA.

HIS MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY, EDWARD VII., KING OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND, EMPEROR OF INDIA.

VICTORIA THE GOOD.

THE RESTING-PLACE OF H.R.H. THE PRINCE CONSORT IN FROGMORE MAUSOLEUM, WHERE QUEEN VICTORIA WILL BE BURIED ON FEBRUARY 2nd.

TO THE REVERED MEMORY OF

VICTORIA,

QUEEN OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND, EMPRESS OF INDIA,
AN IDEAL SOVEREIGN, WIFE, AND MOTHER.

Beautiful in her holy peace as one
Who stands, at evening, when the work is done,
Glorified in the setting of the sun!—*Whittier.*

VICTORIA.

May 24, 1819—January 22, 1901.

By Alfred Austin, Poet Laureate.

Dead! and the world feels widowed!
Can it be
That She who scarce but yesterday upheld
The dome of Empire, so the twain seemed one,
Whose goodness shone and radiated round
The circle of her still-expanding Rule,
Whose Sceptre was self-sacrifice, whose Throne
Only a loftier height from which to scan
The purpose of her People, their decrees,
Thoughts, hopes, fears, needs, joys, sorrows, sadnesses,
Their strength in weal, their comforter in woe,—
That this her mortal habitation should
Lie cold and tenantless? Alas! Alas!
Too often Life has to be taught by Death
The meaning and the pricelessness of Love,
Not understood till lost. But She—but She—
Was loved as Monarch ne'er was loved before,
From girlhood unto womanhood, and grew,
Fresh as the leaf, and fragrant as the flower,
In grace and comeliness until the day
Of happy nuptial, glad maternity,
More closely wedded to her People's heart,
By each fresh tie that knitted Her to Him
Whose one sole thought was how She still might be
Helpmate to England; England then, scarce more,
Or bounded by the name of British Realm,
But by some native virtue broadening out
Into an Empire wider than all names,
Till, like some thousand-years out-branching oak,
Its mildness overshadowed half the globe
With peaceful arms and hospitable leaves.

But there came to Her an hour,
When nor Sceptre, Throne, nor Power,
Children's love nor nation's grief
Brought oblivion or relief,
When the Consort at her side,
Worthiest mentor, wisest guide,
Was by Heaven's divine decree
From her days withdrawn; and She,
As dethroned by her distress,
Veiled her widowed loneliness;
And, though longing still to hear
Voice so reverenced and dear,
All her People understood
Sacredness of widowhood.

Then when She came amongst them yet once more,
She came in Autumn radiance, Summer gone,
Leaf still on branch, but fruit upon the bough,
Fruit of long years and ripe experience,
A shade of grave bereavement on her brow,
Withal more wise, more pitiful, tender more
To others' anguish and necessities,
More loved, more reverenced, even than before;
Till not alone the dwellers in her Isle,
But the adventurous manhood of its loins,
In far-off seas and virgin Continents
They won and wedded to domestic laws
And home's well-ordered household sanctities,
Hailed Her as Mother of the Mother Land,
Queen, Empress, more than Empress or than Queen,
The Lady of the World, on high enthroned
By right divine of duties well fulfilled,
To be the pattern to all Queens, all Kings,
All women, and the consciences of men
Who look on duty as man's only right.
Nor yet alone to those empowered to her
The subjects of her Sceptre, proud to pray,
"God save our Empress-Queen Victoria!"
But those, our kinsmen overseas, that cling,
With no less pride, to Kingless government,
Honoured and loved Her, hailed Her Queen o Queens,
Peerless among all women in the world.
And long and late this happy season wore,
This mellow gracious Autumn of her days,
This sweet grave Indian Summer, till we grew
To deem it limitless, and half forgot
Mortality's decree. And now there falls
A sudden sadness on our lives, and we
Can only bow disconsolate heads and weep,
And look out from our lonely hearths and see
The homeless drifting of the winter mist,
And hear the requiem of the winter wind.

But from that Otherwhere man's Faith and Hope,
And mortal need for immortality
Invisibly conceive, I seem to hear
A well-remembered voice, august and mild,
Rebuking our despondency, and thus
Bidding us face the Future, as She faced
Anguish and loss, sorrow of life and death,
The tearful sadness at the heart of things.

"Dry your tears, and cease to weep,
Dead I am not, no, asleep,
And asleep but to your seeing,
Lifted to that land of Being,
Lying on life's other shore,
Wakeful now for evermore.
Looking thence, I still will be,
So that you forget not me,
All that, more than, I was there,
Weighted with my Crown of care.
Over you I still will reign,
Still will comfort and sustain,
Through all welfare, through all ill,
You shall be my People still.
I have left you, of my race,
Sons of wisdom, wives of grace,
Who again have off-spring, reared
To revere and be revered,
Those on mighty Thrones, and these
Doomed thereto when Heaven decrees.
Chief amongst them all is One,
Well you know, my first-born Son,
Best and tenderest son to me,
Heir of my Authority.
He through all my lonelier years
Tempered with his smile my tears,
And was, in my widowed want,
Comforter and confidant.
Therefore, trustful, steadfast, brave,
Give Him what to Me you gave,
Who am watching from Above,
Reverence, Loyalty, and Love!
And these gifts He back will give
Long as He shall reign and live."

Alfred Austin.

QUEEN VICTORIA: A TRIBUTE.

By LADY JEUNE.

"THE QUEEN is dead!" are the words that are on every lip to-day, and yet how few of us till within the last few days had even thought that we should hear them spoken, for we had long regarded her as someone outside the pale of ordinary mortals, and the life of England seemed inseparably joined to that of the Queen. But now she is gone we realize that the kind heart, the wise judgment, the tender woman's nature are lost to us for ever, and that the beloved Monarch has crossed the dark river and passed into the silent land of Death. The length of the Queen's reign, which had really begun so long ago, before the life of the generations of men and women whom she numbered among her subjects had commenced, had, in a way, exalted her into something not mortal in respect of age or length of life, and when one talked of the Queen it was as if she were an integral part of the Empire, which would last as long as its foundations. We never spoke or thought of her as aught but the living, inspiring element of our national life, and one which seemed indestructible; and the possibility of the death of Queen Victoria, though a matter which could be discussed from an abstract point of view, was never in reality crystallized until the last sad days which told us that the end was approaching.

And now that she has gone and we analyze our feelings, we find nothing at first but a sense of personal loss—a feeling that we have all lost a friend. Even the poorest and the weakest of her subjects are to-day like the little ragged boy in the street the other night who, on asking news of the Queen, and being told she was dead, sat down on the doorstep to cry. That little boy embodies the nation's feelings to-day. We can only weep, for we have lost not only our Queen, but a woman whose life was one long lesson of patience, unselfishness, and devotion to duty.

If we think of the temptations of such a position, we strike the keynote of the sentiment that animated her life, and which found voice in the simple, childish words to her governess when she realized the great and responsible career which lay before her: "How many a child would boast, but they don't know the difficulty. There is much splendour, but there is more responsibility. I will be good." It seems the most touching episode in a life surrounded by so much that appealed to the lower instincts and aspirations. The Queen had lived herself into the hearts of her people, for at the beginning of her reign the feeling of loyalty and devotion to the Throne was much weakened by the strain which carelessness of public opinion, the stupidity and immorality of the Court, had put on the country; and while welcoming the new order of things which the advent to power of a young and pure girl seemed to prognosticate, the nation felt necessarily the anxiety and uncertainty which surrounded so unknown and so powerful an influence.

After sixty-three years we know the result, and we can judge of the country's appreciation of what the Queen has done by the overwhelming sorrow of to-day, when from the furthermost corners of her vast Empire there is one long sob of sorrow for her who was in every sense of the word the mother of her people. To us, for all time, she has shown what can be made of life in a high position, the example of a pure and happy home, a high ideal of existence, a power of sympathy most touching and beautiful; and by her complete abnegation of self she has put before the world a picture in which there is not one shadow. Indeed, if one examines the Queen's reign from the personal point of view, one can honestly say she has left nothing undone.

She came at the dividing of the ways, a new era of discoveries in science, of great industrial developments, a period when the political power was suddenly wrested from the aristocratic classes and given to the masses; at a moment when it needed all the calm wisdom and belief in the genius of the English people for self-government to tide over the greatest revolution in the history of her country. And the young, inexperienced girl came to wield the sceptre of a mighty Empire, strong in her sense of duty and love of her country. And how nobly she has lived up to all that was required of her! Of those immediately surrounding her, she won the complete affection, and of her political advisers, both those with whom she sympathized and those with whom she disagreed, she gained the confidence and trust, and one and all were always ready to bear witness to the absolute and unvarying justice of the constitutional impartiality which she displayed. This is no small praise for a woman possessed of firm character, holding strong opinions, and surrounded by an atmosphere of adulation, and by people with whom she could not move on terms of equality.

The pathetic story of the Queen's saying there was no one left to call her by her Christian name enables one to realize the isolation of the position, and after the death of the Prince Consort it is difficult to imagine a more solitary life than hers, while the flood of her grief was so passionate and strong as to tempt her deeply into retiring from the world and from her people. It was a great temptation, a terrible struggle, and those only who watched the effort it cost her to come back to life can realize how great a sacrifice she made for her people's sake. To ordinary mortals, even when the heart is crushed by a similar sorrow, there are friends, associates, equals, with whom the agony of life can be shared. To the Queen there was no one. She had to bear it all alone—the sorrow and the burden of Empire. We can nearly all remember how she did come back to her people, and how, when she first spoke to them of her own sorrow, and her appreciation of their affection, it was so quickly followed by a message of tenderest sympathy to the desolate widows of some of her poorer subjects.

Bit by bit reminding them that, though not yet able to come back to the ceremony of her station, she always had their welfare at heart and shared their joys and sorrows, the time arrived when, to her people's indescribable satisfaction, she appeared again among them, and the years 1887 and 1897 must have assured her of the deep, passionate affection with which her people regarded her. Who can ever forget those glorious days, when the whole city turned out in wild holiday, not to see the military pageant or to welcome the soldiers from our vast Colonial Empire, the first proof of the wide-stretching sympathy which united them to the Mother Country, but to see the little, grey-haired old lady in her State carriage, the Queen, the mother, the friend of her people? No one wanted more than that, and when the Queen had gone by people were satisfied. The Queen had come and gone, and they had shown her by their acclamations that it was she, and she alone, they loved and wished to see; and no one who was in London last spring can ever forget how, though borne down by the deep anxiety of the war, and deeply anxious as to her soldiers in South Africa, she came for a few days to drive about her great Metropolis like any private citizen in order that she might see her people and be seen by them. It was the trust and confidence she showed in them that made her people love her; the simplicity of her life, her appreciation of all the difficulties, the trials, the sorrows of the poorest of her people, that appealed to them so strongly.

In the future, when the story of the great Victorian era is written, the figure of the Queen will always be the most interesting and human in history. A woman must always enlist the chivalry and support of a people like the English. She is the rallying point for all their loyalty and devotion; and though the Queen, by her youth and her beauty, appealed strongly to their sentiments at the commencement of her reign, she did not gain her ascendency over the most critical race in the world for that reason alone. She, no doubt, represented the apotheosis of the greatness of her country. During her prosperous reign great and beneficent changes in the condition of the working classes took place. Under her wise auspices education became general, by her example the responsibility of wealth and power was realized both in thought and deed by those who possessed it. She always strove for peace, and if there were moments when the clash of arms disturbed the stillness of her reign, no one mourned more for the blood that was shed than she. She had the highest sense of the greatness of her Imperial position, and she lived to see herself Monarch of the greatest Empire of the world, knit together by bonds of love and devotion to the woman who represented the highest ideal of Imperial wisdom and goodness. She was, in fact, the embodiment of everything that appealed to the pride and glory of England, and, no doubt, though that shed a halo over her declining years which those who write of her cannot disregard, the real secret of the Queen's power lay in a much simpler and less complex cause. The pure life, the high sense of duty, and the unselfish devotion she showed to the cause of the people was the key-note of a veneration unparalleled in history. In the deep grief of her people in these first days of desolation and sorrow we see and understand how the noble simplicity and purity of her life, her high ideals, have made us feel the poorer for her loss.

The country knows that a great and powerful influence for good has gone out of its life. How unconsciously her moral excellence has influenced our thoughts and actions in all the great changes of her reign it is impossible fairly to estimate, or how differently events might have worked out but for the high character and personal influence of the Queen. Time alone will solve all these questions. We realize vaguely what we owe her, and what we have lost—but we can never fill the void she has left. We can only treasure the priceless heritage which her noble example, her high character, her unbroken devotion to the cause of duty have left to her people, and the tears which are shed to-day are the sincerest evidence that they understand how truly she lived up to her own words in the speech she made at her first Council: "I place my firm reliance on the wisdom of Providence . . . and I shall steadily protect the rights and promote to the utmost of my power the happiness and welfare of all my subjects."

QUEEN VICTORIA.
At the age of 12.

THE LATE DUKE OF KENT AND STRATHEARN.
Queen Victoria's Father.

SCOTCH NOTES.

THERE is nothing thought of, nothing discussed here, as I write, save the death of the Queen. No palace and no people have a better title to mourn for the great and good lady who has gone than Scotland and her Scotch subjects. The Queen loved Scotland, and Scotland loved and revered the Queen with an intensity beyond the power of written words to express.

THERE are a few old people still alive who remember Her Majesty's first visit to Edinburgh and Scotland. She was little more than a bride then, only twenty-three, "very fair, very slender, very bright, and happy-looking," I have been told. Prince Albert was with the Queen, and they stayed with the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch at Dalkeith Palace, where a Drawing Room was held, the only Drawing Room ever held by the Sovereign Lady in a non-Royal residence.

EVERYONE knows how well the Queen loved Balmoral, how freely and unaffectedly she went about among her neighbours there, rich and poor, how closely the Highland home is associated with her joys and sorrows for over fifty years. It is needless to enlarge upon the subject here. Those who saw the Queen leave Balmoral last autumn say they felt convinced at the time that she would return no more; and those who came in personal contact with her on that occasion avee that Her Majesty held a similar conviction.

THE QUEEN always visited more freely in Scotland than in England. She stayed or called at most of the great Scotch houses at one time or another, among them Dalmeny (the residence of Lord Rosebery), Newbattle (the seat of Lord Lothian), Dupplin (belonging to the Earl of Kinnoull), Scone Palace (Lord Mansfield), Taymouth Castle (Lord Breadalbane), Drummond Castle (Lord and Lady Willoughby d'Eresby), Blair Athol (Lord and Lady Glenlyon), Inveraray Castle (the Duke of Argyll), Ardvreikie (Lord Aberdeen), Haddo House (Lord Aberdeen), Cramond House (a residence, close to Edinburgh, of her mother, the Duchess of Kent), Invermark (Lord Dalhousie), Dunkeld (the Duchess of Atholl), Floors Castle (the Duke of Roxburghe), Dunrobin (the Duke of Sutherland), Inverlochy Castle (Lord Abinger), Tantallon (Sir Hew and Lady Dalrymple), Blythswood (Lord Blythswood); while, of course, her frequent visits to houses in the near neighbourhood of Balmoral—as Invercauld—are matters of almost current knowledge. It will be remembered, too, that one of the Queen's daughters and one of her eldest son's daughters are married to Scotsmen. So that, in an especial way, we may be allowed to lament the great dead. There has been no such desolation in the hearts of the clansmen since the black days with Prince Charlie.

QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

THE GERMAN EMPEROR.
Reproduced, by permission, from "Royalties of the World."

KING EDWARD VII.
Ascended the Throne January 22nd, 1901.

THE GERMAN EMPEROR.

IT is an old saw that only in times of trouble do we know our real friends. The German Emperor—by far the most astute Sovereign on the Continent of Europe—has hastened to this country in a time of overwhelming tribulation, and by that filial act he has made an impression on all English men and women which will never fade away in their lifetime. That the Kaiser should have abruptly left his capital in the midst of all the *fêtes* and feasts of the bi-centenary of the foundation of the Prussian monarchy—manifestations of popular feeling so dear to the average Teuton—is an event not only of the first importance to us, but one calculated to make a profound impression on England's enemies. After this epoch-making event it is not unlikely that much of the yelping and snarling on the Continent will die down. Those who are sure of august and Imperial alliances are usually treated with respect. The spectacle of Cæsar watching anxiously by the sick-bed of the great and good Victoria is one without parallel in history. The lesson, no doubt, will be learned, the sermon digested, the strange and imposing picture will remain ineffaceable.

THAT Wilhelm II. has lived down some temporary unpopularity in England is obvious. The public has come to see that what this Monarch does and says has a deeper import than the sayings and doings of ordinary potentates, and that in the end he is more likely to be right than wrong. When he ascended the throne there were many people here who resented the dismissal of Bismarck (the cartoon of Sir John Tenniel in *Punch*, called "Dropping the Pilot," will be remembered by all), and sought in that somewhat hurried act a proof of the young Emperor's desire to seize the helm of the State and plunge Europe into a sanguinary struggle. Yet exactly the contrary has happened. It is true that the Kaiser is, to all intents and purposes, his own Foreign Minister, but then his efforts, during the whole of his reign, have been towards the preservation of peace. Bismarck's great, ruthless brain comprehended only a policy of "blood and iron," and it is notorious that he would have again attacked France in 1875 if he had been permitted by Kaiser Wilhelm I. The Queen's grandson, ever since he mounted the Imperial throne, has been set on developing Germany along the lines of peace, commerce, and the arts; with what results we can all see—not without misgivings for our own pre-eminence—in the New Germany.

HERE was a Prince who understood that, after her stupendous victories in 1870, Germany had nothing to fear from her neighbours either on the east or the west; all she had to do to become the most powerful nation on the Continent was to develop her commerce and her industrial resources. The result is that, nowadays, if we want to cross the Atlantic at the highest possible speed and in the greatest possible luxury, we secure a state room in one of the German floating palaces rather than in a Cunarder or a White Star liner. The result is that half the time we in London are buying German fabrics and German cutlery, German china and German edibles, because they are cheaper and not easily distinguishable from our own. The result is that London and all our great commercial and manufacturing towns are thronged with highly-educated German clerks, who know their two or three modern languages, and who can live and thrive on a pound a week. On the side of the arts, too, there has been a notable renaissance. In Berlin, under the leadership of Sudermann and Hauptmann, there has arisen of late years a new drama of the highest interest, a movement of such importance as to far eclipse anything which has been done for the theatre on the banks of the Seine since Alexandre Dumas *fils*. In short, the Germany of 1901 is not the Germany of 1888, and this wonderful transfiguration is largely the work of its present ruler.

WILHELM II. is strangely impulsive for a Teuton. The swiftness with which he grasps the true import of events and proceeds to commend publicly thereon leaves tit-witted folk gasping. An undue fuss was made in England on the subject of the famous Krüger telegram; but what sane and clear-seeing person, outside the clique of Mr. Cecil Rhodes, saw anything but cause for national shame in the illegal and foolish Jameson raid? Again, the "mailed-fist" speech on the despatch of Prince Henry and a German man-of-war to China was the signal for the cackling of fools on this side of the Channel. As it turned out, the Kaiser knew what he was talking about, and the appointment of Count von Waldersee to the supreme command of the Allied troops at Pekin is only the last phrase of that famous announcement.

WHAT one likes, too, about this surprising Monarch is that he is thoroughly human. Unlike so many Kings and Princes, he does not suggest a wax-work figure in Imperial ermine, but a man with a kind heart and a considerable share of German *gemüthlichkeit*. When Mr. Rudyard Kipling lies at the point of death in New York, the Emperor sends his wife a telegram, signed "Wilhelm," causing that lady considerable perplexity as to who her familiar correspondent in Berlin may be. Again, we have all heard how the American Minister in the Prussian capital fell into disgrace because he omitted to bring Mark Twain to Court, and how that amiable humorist was *fêted* by Emperor and Empress, once they discovered his presence in Berlin. These may be small things, but taken together they show real kindliness, which, allied to width of vision and a sane judgment, argue well for the peace of Europe. And the peace of Europe, it is an open secret, lies largely in the hands of that Cæsar who so patiently stood watching by an august sick-bed.

ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

DUBLIN.

I NEED scarcely tell you with how much sorrow we all received the first intimation of the Queen's illness, or what a profound and deep feeling of anxiety prevailed in every circle, not only in Dublin but throughout Ireland, when it became known how grave Her Majesty's condition had become, and what faint hope there was of recovery.

On Monday, the 21st, we were unofficially informed that our worst fears had been realized, and the utmost consternation prevailed, so that the relief when a more favourable bulletin was issued can better be imagined than described. Her Majesty's recent visit to Dublin seems to have doubly endeared her to her Irish subjects, and there is not even a little corner-boy who did not join in the universal prayer for a prolonged life for our dear, good Queen, and who did not share in the anxiety which rested like a heavy cloud over the City and the hearts of all Her Majesty's most loyal subjects.

In Ireland people never do anything by halves; if they mean a thing they enter into it with extraordinary energy, and this was doubly noticeable during the trying week we have just gone through. There was only one thought and one hope expressed by the humblest of Ireland's sons, who made the sorrow of the nation their own, and who hoped against hope for better tidings from Osborne.

On Monday night the crowds round the newspaper offices were rejoiced at hearing that Her Majesty's strength was maintained, and the news was quickly circulated. Constant telegrams came to the Lord Lieutenant, and on Tuesday the impression was that the Queen's wonderful recuperative powers would prevail, more especially as she recognised most of the members of the Royal Family.

The Queen has had a grand life, and notwithstanding all her own troubles, borne with exemplary fortitude, she has always been ready to share her people's joys and sorrows, and never failed in sending timely sympathy and help. With such a gloom over our country it seems hardly in good taste to speak of any of our social fixtures, yet I ought to tell you that most of them have been abandoned. The dinner party on Thursday, at the Chief Secretary's Lodge, does not take place; Lady Meredith put off her dance on Tuesday, for which great preparations had been going on in the Antient Concert Rooms; Mrs. Battersby's musical party of Wednesday, Chief Justice Fitzgibbon's ball of that evening, and Mrs. Poe's dance at Santry Court on Friday are among those that have been put off indefinitely, and other future arrangements are also cancelled. Weddings, if they take place at all, will be as quiet as possible, and even the most youthful of our many *débutantes*, who were so eagerly looking forward to their season, willingly resign all their pleasant engagements and expectations, their one thought being of the grief of the Royal Family.

Nothing could exceed the sorrow expressed on all sides when the news of the death of our beloved Queen reached Dublin at seven on Tuesday evening. The theatres had early doors open as usual, but the various managers, who announced the sad tidings from the stage, said that there would be no performance, and the audience had their money returned. On Wednesday morning every shop in the principal streets had signs of mourning. In many cases blinds were only half open, and liveried porters had crape on their sleeves. Several of the establishments draped their shutters in black; indeed, there was not a shop that has not come forward loyally with expressions of profound sorrow. Nothing but black clothes and materials appeared in the tailors' and dressmakers' windows; every person one met wore mourning, and the blinds in the private houses were kept down. The Royal Standard floated half-mast high over the clubs and public buildings; the windows of the United Service Club, Kildare Street Club, Stephen's Green Club, and the Alexandra (Ladies') Club have not guided up their blinds since the announcement of the mournful event, and over the door of the last-named club is a heavy black drapery. The poor people of the city show every sign of mourning possible to their condition, and the bells of the various churches and cathedrals tolled solemnly at intervals on Tuesday evening and Wednesday. The loyalty of even the humblest of the people can be understood when a poor man exclaimed, "If any person is in Heaven, it is the good Queen Victoria." The Lord Mayor has the city flag half-mast high over the Mansion House, and, although general mourning has not been ordered as I write, there is not a creature to be met in the streets who is not robed in black. The proclamation of the new King is to be read in Dublin immediately.

YOUNG EYES.

ART is a profession which demands from those who practise it their whole energy, their entire thoughts; and Queen Victoria, immersed as she was from her girlhood in the affairs of the greatest empire the world has ever seen, never had time to develop fully the artistic talent which she undoubtedly possessed. But her devotion to art was evident all through her long and distinguished life, from her childhood, when she studied assiduously under Westall, to those later days when sketching was her constant and favourite recreation. Richard Westall, R.A., the first drawing master of the little Princess Victoria, was an old man when he commenced his lessons, and he was over seventy when he died in the year of his pupil's accession to the throne. But he was a good teacher, and in an obituary notice in one of the journals of the period a critic writes: "Westall's last occupation was to give lessons to Princess Victoria, and how effective have been those lessons the very beautiful drawings of his Royal pupil abundantly prove." He died a poor man, and left behind him, unprovided for, a blind sister, for whom, however, the Duchess of Kent, with characteristic good nature, made ample provision.

In Prince Albert the young Queen found a kindred spirit in art. Less skilful in drawing than his wife, the Prince was nevertheless an excellent critic and an enthusiastic worker. Both the Queen and the Prince learnt a great deal from Sir Edwin Landseer and his brother Thomas, who taught them to etch. Sir Edwin painted the first portrait of the Queen given by her to Prince Albert before their marriage, and afterwards frequently drew and painted the other members of the Royal Family. He made the designs for the Queen's private writing paper, and in the early forties both the Queen and the Prince made numerous etchings from Landseer's drawings. In landscape the Queen took lessons from Mr. W. L. Leitch, an accomplished water-colour painter, who was afterwards elected Vice-President of the Institute. An amusing story is told of one of the earlier lessons, which illustrates at the same time the Queen's ready wit and her kindly good nature. The Queen, when drawing, dropped her pencil, and stooped to pick it up. Mr. Leitch, however, had also noticed the pencil's fall, and he too bent down to recover it, with the result that the heads of pupil and teacher came into collision. The drawing master's embarrassment may be imagined, but the Queen laughed the matter off by saying, "We ought surely to do better work, Mr. Leitch, now that we have put our heads together!" Mr. Leitch continued to teach the Queen and her children for twenty-two years; his last Royal pupil was the Princess of Wales. He owed his appointment as drawing master to the Royal Family to the recommendation of Lady Canning, an able amateur artist, and the sister of the famous Louisa Marchioness of Waterford, who sometimes accompanied the Queen in her sketching expeditions in the Highlands. Her Majesty refers to Lady Canning in this connection several times in the "Journal of our Life in the Highlands"; as, for instance, when describing her visit to Glen Tilt in September, 1844: "We then went nearly to the top of Cairn Chlamain, and there we separated . . . . Lady Canning and I went quite up to the top, which is deep in moss. Here we sat down and stayed some time, sketching the ponies below . . . . The view was quite beautiful, nothing but mountains all around us, and the solitude, the complete solitude, very impressive." All through the "Journal," that interesting record of the happiest and most peaceful period of the Queen's life, the references to the pictorial possibilities of the landscape and people are incessant, and show how large a place art occupied in the writer's thoughts. The sketch book was always at hand, and even at the deer-drive in the Balloch Buie, when the Queen and Prince Albert were waiting, hidden in a little hut of hurdles and heather, for the stags to come by, we are told that they "sat quite still and sketched a little; I doing the landscape and some trees, Albert drawing Macdonald as he lay there. This lasted nearly an hour." As everybody knows, some of the slight but characteristic and expressive sketches made by Her Majesty in the Highlands are reproduced in the pages of the "Journal."

While Prince Albert was alive, the Queen used to accompany him to numerous picture galleries, and usually made a special visit to the Royal Academy. Mr. Frith has told us in his "Reminiscences" how the Queen on one of these visits saw and admired his "Ramsgate Sands," and ultimately acquired it, although it had already been disposed of to a dealer. The artist, who, as one of the Academy Council, was present at the time the Royal visitors arrived, was presented to the Queen at her request, and ventured to ask Her Majesty a question concerning the house shown on the cliff on the right hand of the picture. It was the house in which she had stayed during her visit to Ramsgate as a little girl, and the Queen remembered at once all about it. A few years later Mr. Frith was brought into closer relation with Her Majesty through painting the picture of the marriage of the Prince of Wales, the first rough sketch of which he submitted to the Queen, who made many useful and valuable suggestions about the composition and colour, "being herself an artist, of experience and ability." In fact, had it not been for the influence of Her Majesty, by whom the picture was commissioned, it would have been impossible to paint the "Marriage of the Prince of Wales" satisfactorily; for this great lady said that either could not or would not spare the time to sit, could not lend her dress, and so forth. But Mr. Frith, in his own words, "threatened them with the Queen," with a result which was in the end always satisfactory.

Mrs. E. M. Ward is another eminent painter who has executed commissions for the Queen, and can bear testimony to her artistic appreciation and skill. Her Majesty had, in Mrs. Ward's opinion, great natural gifts for art, and her critical faculty was exceptionally acute. "One sweet little sketch," said Mrs. Ward to the writer of these notes, "she sent to my husband (the late Mr. E. M. Ward, R.A.) to work from for one of his pictures, 'The Visit to the Tomb of Napoleon,' now hanging on the walls of Buckingham Palace. It was of the greatest use to him, and was a most charming likeness of the Empress Frederick as a young girl. One day when Her Majesty was calling at our house and looking at some of my portraits of children, she expressed her great wish to paint in oils, but said to me, 'Wherever I begin, after setting my palette, I am sure to be called away suddenly on some important business, and I think, therefore, that it is better to give up oils and keep to water-colours. Don't you think so, Mrs. Ward?' I once showed Her Majesty Sir William Ross's portrait group of my children, of which she was so fond that she asked to see it whenever she came, and always said that, although she owned many of Sir William's miniatures, she thought mine was his masterpiece. The Queen retained hers with great keenness and brightness, and was on that subject as brilliant as on everything else. I remember once when she gave me a commission to paint a copy of a picture, she said, 'I know you artists are apt to improve upon the original, and that sometimes imperils the likeness. But this I want to be an *exact* copy!'" Among other things initiated by the Queen by Mrs. Ward was a portrait of Princess Beatrice when a child. Her Majesty made many visits to the studio while this was in progress, and aided the painter by her criticism and advice.

Little, unfortunately, has been seen in public of the Queen's work in art, for, although she accomplished a great deal and presented to personal friends many etchings, drawings, and other studies, she always objected to their exhibition. But a portrait of the Empress Frederick when a child was shown at the Exhibition of Lithographs at South Kensington a year or two ago; and everyone will remember the etchings which Her Majesty exhibited at the Guildhall for the benefit of the Artists' War Fund—portraits executed in the forties of the Princess of Hohenlohe-Langenburg (mother of the German Empress) and of the late Prince Alfred, Duke of Coburg. The first of these etchings realised, when sold at Christie's for the War Fund, no less than 180 guineas, and the second 100 guineas. It is interesting to recall that the Queen took an equal interest in a somewhat similar exhibition which was organised for the benefit of widows and orphans of British officers at the time of the Crimean war. The Queen did not herself exhibit, but sent drawings by five of her children, one of which, by the Princess Royal, a water-colour study of a woman weeping over the body of a dead Grenadier, attracted great attention at the time.

The Princess Royal (the Empress Frederick) followed in the footsteps of her mother, and studied art sincerely and successfully. Of the great accomplishments of H.R.H. the Duchess of Argyll, especially in sculpture, the reader will need no reminder, and Londoners have always before them the excellent statue of her great mother which the Princess carved, for erection opposite Kensington Palace. Princess Henry of Battenberg, too, is a skilful painter in water-colours, and an example of her work was seen only last autumn at the Royal Institute; and in the younger generation, Princess Alice of Albany has proved by her work, under the direction of Mrs. E. M. Ward, that she also inherits some of the talent of her grandmother. The reproductions of drawings by her late Majesty which accompany this article are of extreme interest, especially the dexterously drawn and quaintly characteristic studies of the Queen's children, attired in the curious and not always beautiful fashions of a bygone day. As records of the achievements in art of a woman who has held a more distinguished position in the world's history than any other of her sex, they will always be worth preserving.

Those interested in theatrical matters will be specially charmed and amused at the pictured records of the histrionic taste so early developed in the elder members of the Royal Family, and shared, as time has proved, by their younger brothers and sisters. Private performances have constantly been given at Osborne, and though, of course, the outside public has no right and no power to possess any knowledge of the subject, it is pretty generally believed that several of our late Queen's children are possessed of dramatic talent of no mean order. The contrast between the severe and classical style, as illustrated in the scene from "Athalie," and the light comedy of the little German play, which in the present day strikes one the more forcibly from the quaintness of the now old-fashioned dresses, gives indisputable proof of the versatility of the Royal children.

VICTORIA, ALBERT, AND ALICE, 1845.
From a Drawing by Queen Victoria.

ALFRED AND ALICE, 1846.
From a Drawing by Queen Victoria.

"DIE TAFEL BIENEN."
Princess Helena, Princess Alice, Prince Alfred, Princess Louise, the Prince of Wales, the Princess Royal.
From a Drawing by Queen Victoria.

QUEEN VICTORIA.

HER INFLUENCE ON THE AGE.

By Mrs. Will C. Hawksley.

LONG ago, on the day when the Crown of England was set upon the stately head of the girlish Queen Victoria, amongst the throng that assembled to behold the imposing ceremony was numbered the Turkish Ambassador to the Court of St. James. Viewing, through Oriental eyes and with Eastern prejudices, the gorgeous crowd gathered in Westminster Abbey, he passed on the way to his place, overwhelmed by wonder. And those who were near heard the muttered exclamation: "All this for a woman!"

To-day Great Britain mourns—mourns in no mere conventional sense of black garments and flags at half-mast, but with hearts silenced by sorrow and with fast-falling tears; mourns, too, with a strange sort of unbelief in the cause of sadness. Long before most of the mourners were born Victoria was Queen. Her sovereignty had therefore become to them of the established order of things. Yet now——"I told you the Queen was dead, and you wouldn't believe me," was the overheard reproach of one small child in the street to another, as the tolling of the bells made themselves heard on the fatal night. And no one quite believes the same fact even yet, or understands that Queen Victoria is "The Queen" no longer.

All Britain weeps. The Queen lies dead! And from the vast Empire, the language of which an august lady of more than seventy years of age undertook to learn because she governed its races, the same cry of grief arises. The Kaiser-i-Hind must kneel her bald head upon the sceptre. By an united Australia its federated powers are forgotten, as its States with one consent bewail their loss. The Sovereign has left them even in their hour of rejoicing. The Colonies who, at the call of the Homeland, sent levies to her aid, behold a home bereft. The mother of her people, of sons near and sons afar, has passed; and in passing has carried the devotion of innumerable hearts with her. "All this for a woman!"

For a noble woman dead, for a wondrous epoch ended. The reign, of which the commencement was hailed with jubilation, of which the Jubilee was marked by a procession of Princes, of which the end is lamented with world-wide regret, has constituted a period magnificent in achievement. The days which have witnessed the development of steam locomotion and the utilization of electricity, which have girdled the globe by possibilities of instantaneous communication, and have forecast, in dreams, the invention of aerial ships, must for ever attire existence for each member of the human family. Amongst the constantly progressive scenes of the changing years Queen Victoria moved, a potent factor in the making of history. What traces are left upon the age to commemorate the presence of this Monarch Beloved!

When Queen Victoria ascended the throne, a dainty, blue-eyed maiden, she found herself amidst a Court of many intrigues, the ruler of a people who cared as little for the Royal House as the Royal House had cared for them. At once the condition of things underwent a change. The almost childish grace and innocence of the "little Queen" aroused the chivalrous instincts of all classes. The members of her immediate entourage became desirous of winning the approving glance which yet was always denied to incapacity, injustice, and vice. Moreover, as Her Majesty rode and drove about London she showed herself in touch with the multitude. She trembled and even wept at their greeting when she was proclaimed Queen. She prevented the soldiers from hustling the too eager spectators of her coronation procession. By the mere power of her personality she both purified her Court and consolidated the power of the Monarchy. Within but a few months of her accession she wielded over the hearts of her people an invisible sceptre, the sceptre of a simple, holy womanhood. And that sceptre she never relinquished during all the sixty-three years that she wore a crown.

The respect of the Queen for constitutional government has become a by-word. Once, and once only, did she rebel against the behests of her Ministers, and that in defence of the intimacies of her household, in loyalty to the friendships of her choice. On the other hand, her constant impartiality, the consistency with which she ever supported tried institutions and customary traditions, carried the country safely, and sometimes almost unconsciously, over many a perilous moment of anxiety and unrest. Constitutionalism has been justified by the influence of England's greatest Queen.

Upon the advance of art and of science, the opposition or neglect of so illustrious a personage must have had disastrous effect. Neither opposition nor neglect was accorded. True is it that the wisdom and courage by which the Princess Victoria became the first Royal personage to submit to vaccination may not be credited to the then tiny lady. But the Queen it was who gave impetus to the evolution of the steam engine by testing and using the railroad. By the pressure of her hand was the cable between England and America brought

QUEEN VICTORIA AND THE PRINCE CONSORT IN 1840.

QUEEN VICTORIA HUNTING AT WINDSOR.

QUEEN VICTORIA IN RIDING DRESS.

"ARTHUR, APRIL 5th, 1850."
Out walking. On parade. At luncheon.
From a Drawing by Queen Victoria.

SCENE FROM RACINE'S "TRAGEDY OF ATHALIE."
Princess Royal, Prince of Wales, Princess Alice, Prince Alfred, Princess Helena, Princess Louise, H. Seymour, C. Phipps, etc.
From a Drawing by Queen Victoria, 1853.

from work, whilst the first knighthood was of her creation, and artists, sculptors, musicians, men of letters have received from her recognition, raising them in the social sphere. The appreciation of Queen Victoria has gone far to render genius the rival even of riches.

The influence of Queen Victoria upon the age ... Monarch was for an Archbishop's prayers, of whom Dean Wellesley wrote that "the Church does not know what it owes the Queen," and in whose expressions of sorrow, written to the nation at the time of the death of the Duke of Clarence, occurred the words: "It is my earnest prayer that God may continue to give me health and strength to work for the good and happiness of my dear country." Nor did the Queen's religion stop there. At the bedside of the sick, into the hovels of the poor she penetrated, affording an example which the most highly placed women of the Empire have been proud to emulate. Philanthropy at large has been blessed by her touch, not merely by reason of her own liberalities, but also, to quote Sir Henry Burdett, by "her patronage, which is so powerful in drawing gifts from others." The greater good of the world marks the passage of Victoria along life's highway.

In no respect, however, has the influence of Her Majesty upon the age been more potent and obvious than in the revolution which her position and personality have worked with regard to the dignity and liberty of women. To sketch here and now the ever-growing recognition, during the latter half of the nineteenth century, of the power of womanhood would be impossible. Enough that it was the woman upon the throne which rendered that progress possible. As perfect a mother as daughter, ever the ideal head of a happy home, the dutiful wife of a devoted husband, Queen Victoria was none the less the Sovereign who insisted that "having given her sanction to a measure it be not arbitrarily altered or modified by a Minister," who claimed the right of a full understanding with regard to all documents to which she set her signature, and who impressed the prejudiced Count Bismarck as the cleverest woman he had ever met. The influence of Queen Victoria has proved once and for ever that the sphere of woman is not necessarily limited to that of home.

Yet one other considerable factor must ever enter into a true estimate of the strength of influence exerted by Queen Victoria upon the age. As the revered head of a Royal house, the mother of a family of which the descendants themselves hold sway in many States, bringing to bear paramount powers of example and even of law, the reflex effect of the Queen's influence has been manifested throughout Europe and indeed the world. Nations are, in social and moral aspect, apt to become reflections of their rulers. How many lives, therefore, has the worth of one noble woman rendered the more glorious! "All this for a woman!" But how much has that woman accomplished! Queens of England there have been before Victoria: Mary, of sorrowful life and of evil memory; Elizabeth, of virile brain and of vanity insatiable; Mary, again, of unfilial action and of insignificance unutterable; Anne, the prey of factions and the culmination of Stuart weakness. But to Queen Victoria it was left to show the influence of pure womanhood, invested with the magnificence of supreme position, and guided by a tender woman's heart.

To-day Queen Victoria lies dead, her memory embalmed by the love and tears of many peoples of diverse nationalities. But even as we know her gone, we recognise in the present, which her personality has in so great measure moulded, in the works that do follow her, how salutary as well as potent has been the influence of England's greatest Queen upon the spirit of the age, and therefore shall be upon that of ages yet to come. For the future is controlled by the past.

The Victorian era is come to an end; but the glory of its memory will always be connected with the Queen from whom it takes its name. For this reason, among others, some of us will be glad that the King has not chosen to be known by a name so intimately associated with Victoria as that of Albert, but has preferred a title that carries the thoughts back to the glories of a remoter past. The Victorian influence is, and will ever remain in history, a thing apart.

As will be seen from our illustrations, some of the most charming counter-et presentments ever drawn or painted of our beloved Sovereign were those which pictured her as a horsewoman. It has often been said that riding is an art that cannot be perfectly acquired save in early youth; in that case, the Queen was the exception that proves the rule, for, though she only became a horsewoman after her accession, she was one of the most charming and accomplished lady riders of her time, absolutely fearless, possessed of extraordinary nerve, and having a graceful, upright seat at a time when few girls held themselves properly in the saddle.

Even as quite a child the future Sovereign of these realms was exceedingly fond of horses, but the Duchess of Kent, naturally afraid for the safety of so valuable a life, did not encourage the Queen's love of equestrian exercise; and though she was, of course, taught to ride, it was not until after she was actually Queen, and so her own mistress, that she became a horsewoman in any real sense of the word.

An interesting little story, which shows how readily thought of horses and horsemanship occurred to the youthful Queen's mind, survives from the days when our late beloved Sovereign was still a light-hearted maiden Queen. Through the offices of some kind-hearted person about the Court the difficult circumstances of a hard-working but poverty-stricken servant was brought to the Monarch's notice. The Queen expressed the greatest concern, and begged to know if there were no sinecure which she could bestow on this good servant of the Court. She was told that the offices which had been open to her good gift but a few months before were all now filled up, and that there was no available place for this unlucky gentleman. "If that is really so," observed Her Majesty, smiling, "I must violate the Constitution, and make a new office. I will create the poor man my stirrup-holder, at a salary of £200 a year."

Windsor Great Park is admirably adapted both for riding and hunting—facts the young Sovereign discovered very soon after her accession. In those days, even more perhaps than now, riding was, as a form of exercise, habitually pursued into middle age, and the Queen's first Prime Minister, Lord Melbourne, as well as the venerable Duke of Wellington, constantly formed part of the Royal riding parties, placing themselves one on each side of their Royal mistress, who heartily enjoyed these excursions, which were naturally watched with immense interest by the good Windsor folks.

The Royal borough first became aware that Her Majesty took a very special interest in her cousin, Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, by seeing what long rides the maiden Queen and the Prince took together during the two princely brothers' visit to Windsor; and it was during the same historic cavalcades that Lord Melbourne, a shrewd judge of character, first made up his mind that in Prince Albert his beloved young mistress would find a true and tender consort.

Prince Albert was an admirable horseman, never happier than when in the saddle, and possessing a real knowledge of all that concerned the health and happiness of his four-footed friends. Under him the Royal stables became the most noted in Europe, and even now they are taken as models at many a European Court.

The Queen and her new consort spent much of their short honeymoon riding and driving about the beautiful country round Windsor, and soon, as was recorded in a quaint set of verses, Her Majesty began to taste the delights of our greatest national amusement—hunting.

Hark! follow o'er the gravel path,
Hark! follow o'er the green!
Hark! follow to the Royal chase,
With Albert and the Queen!

It was noticed that when they were out with the Royal buckhounds the Sovereign was fond of giving the Prince "a lead," and she sometimes did the same in the case of a distinguished Royal guest.

During all the earlier and happier half of her life as Queen of these realms the late Sovereign was often present to see historic races run, and in later years she was fond of saying that she well remembered how great the effort had been on her first going to Ascot as a girl, for she was well aware that she would be the cynosure of all eyes. Once, however, she had the support of her husband's presence, she thoroughly enjoyed witnessing the "sport of Kings"; and even to the end of her life Her Majesty took great interest in what may be called the nobler side of racing, showing particular gratification when her old friend, the Duke of Westminster, won the "blue ribbon" of the turf, and also congratulating her eldest son very warmly on his similar success with Persimmon.

The Queen always took very special interest in the training of her horses, and she would frequently enquire how such or another favourite colt was getting on under the severe course of tuition to which it was being put. Few, even of the greatest lovers of horses among us, realize to what a strain these nervous, high-spirited creatures are often put when driving through great crowds and hearing all sorts of alarming sounds. This, of course, is specially the case, or, rather, would be specially the case with the horses of Royalty; and accordingly they receive a very special training—that of being made to stand perfectly still close to railway arches, in front of traction engines, and within sound of quick firing.

The Queen's horses were most admirably trained, and Her Majesty, during the whole course of her long, eventful life, was only twice in a real carriage accident.

Just now it is interesting to recall the fact that during fifty years of her long and glorious reign the Queen was driven, at any rate on all State occasions, by the same coachman, an excellent man named Payne. He first entered the Royal service as a lad of thirteen. Payne, who was fond of chatting about the great pageants in which "me and Her Majesty have taken part," used to say that the first Jubilee was by no means the occasion of the greatest crowd through which he ever drove his Royal mistress. The state entry of the Princess of Wales into London was far worse; close to the Mansion House and the Bank the stress was so terrible that one mounted officer and his horse got right under the carriage, but he was extricated.

Payne in his day drove every Monarch in Europe, and he had—and perhaps still has, if he has survived his Royal mistress—a splendid collection of gifts from those who had sat behind him; but naturally Mr. Payne particularly valued the beautiful diamond tie pin which the Queen herself personally handed to him on the fiftieth anniversary of his entrance into the Royal service.

Among the Queen's special favourites were always the deservedly famed cream-coloured ponies, who, bred at Hampton Court, were only used by the Sovereign on quite exceptionally great occasions. Curiously enough, these distinguished little animals are not favourites in the Royal stables, for they have the reputation of being extremely obstinate and ill-tempered, as well as rather nervous.

As will be seen by one of our engravings, the Queen, even after her widowhood, still took long riding expeditions when in Scotland. Her Majesty was advised to continue this form of exercise as long as possible, as it was found that she missed it greatly, and so, although the general public were scarcely aware of it, the Sovereign continued to be a horsewoman till late in the seventies, generally riding a sure-footed Highland pony, who seemed quite aware of the honour which was being done him.

During the last twenty years our late beloved Sovereign contented herself with driving, but to the end she interested herself actively in all that concerned her horses, and it was by her special wish that all her granddaughters were early made accomplished horsewomen.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S HORSES.

EQUESTRIAN PORTRAIT OF QUEEN VICTORIA.
From a Painting by Count d'Orsay, 1841.

QUEEN VICTORIA.
At the time of her marriage, 1840.

QUEEN VICTORIA AND THE PRINCE CONSORT.
From a sketch taken at Windsor, and published in 1840.

H.R.H. PRINCE ALBERT.

PRINCE ALBERT AT THE FIRST FANCY DRESS BALL AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent.

Princess Feodora of Leiningen, half sister to Queen Victoria. H.R.H. Princess Victoria. H.S.H. Charles, Prince of Leiningen, half brother to Queen Victoria.

Her Majesty the Dowager Queen Adelaide.

QUEEN VICTORIA AT THE FIRST FANCY DRESS BALL AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S FIRST ENTRY INTO THE CITY.
Lord Mayor's Day, 1837. View taken from the corner of Chancery Lane.

THE FIRST COUNCIL OF HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA, AT KENSINGTON PALACE, JUNE 20th, 1837

IT is impossible to give even a very slight sketch of our beloved Sovereign's great and glorious reign without alluding to Her Majesty's youthful years, spent under the loving guidance and watchful eye of a most devoted mother.

The Princess, who was destined to be known in her later life as the greatest as well as the most beloved and venerated Monarch the world has ever known, seemed at the time of her birth by no means certainly destined to occupy the throne she adorned so long.

She was the only child of Edward, Duke of Kent, and Victoria Mary Louisa, nee Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, and widowed Princess of Leiningen. The Duke of Kent, fourth son of George III., was already fifty when he married the beautiful and clever widowed Princess; and it is said that, though the Duke's marriage was highly desirable, his choice of a bride was entirely guided by personal considerations, for his Duchess was no longer very young, and it would not have been surprising in the circumstances had there been no offspring of the union. When, however, the Duchess was expecting her accouchement, the Duke decided that his child must be British born. The Royal couple accordingly came to England, and there, within a comparatively short time, Her Royal Highness gave birth to a daughter in the suite of rooms at Kensington Palace destined to become for ever noted as the birth-place of Queen Victoria.

The Duke of Kent seems to have had from the first a prevision of the great fate in store for his daughter, for it is on record that when presenting the baby to his friends he observed: "Look well at her, for she will yet be Queen of England." Within less than a year the good father had been prematurely cut off by death, and his Duchess found herself alone in a foreign country with but straitened means, and only too well aware that she was an object of dislike and jealousy on the part of those of her sisters-in-law who had not been fortunate enough to provide the country with an heir.

The Duchess of Kent, with great courage and determination, made up her mind that it was her duty to remain in England, and to bring up Princess Alexandrina Victoria, as she was then called, in the country over which she might one day be called upon to reign. And so began what proved to be for the mother and the future Queen long years of abnegation and difficulty. Both George IV. and William IV., though personally kind to their niece, had but little affection for her admirable mother; and to the end they both hoped that the young Princess would be superseded by a Prince born to some other member of the Royal Family.

The education of the young Princess was most carefully conducted under her mother's personal supervision. Her governess was Fräulein, afterwards Baroness, Lehzen; her tutor the excellent Dean Davys, afterwards Bishop of Peterborough. "I fear you will find my little girl very headstrong," the Duchess is said to have explained to the good clergyman. "for I find that my ladies spoil her." The Princess, who was a very beautiful child, with a brilliant complexion and lovely fair, curly hair, spent her childhood and early girlhood between Kensington Palace and Claremont—two somewhat dreary residences for a future Queen. Many years later, when writing to her much-loved uncle, Leopold, the first King of the Belgians, the Queen touchingly referred to the happiness brought by him into her somewhat dull childhood.

There are several accounts of how Princess Victoria became aware of her nearness to the throne. It is said that the Baroness Lehzen put a genealogical chart into a book that the young Princess was reading, and that after she had read it the Royal child smiled up sparkly, and placed her hand on that of her kind teacher, with the simple remark, "I will be good." At that moment, it need hardly be said, there remained no hope of the Duchess of Clarence's giving birth to living children. Had she done so, Princess Victoria's chance of coming to the throne would, of course, have been extinguished.

Princess Victoria had attained her legal majority of eighteen only a few days when her uncle, William IV., was stricken with his last fatal illness; but the fact that he was dying was not realised even by those round him, and apparently neither the Duchess of Kent nor her young daughter was aware of the imminent change approaching in their condition.

The moment the Royal demise had taken place, the then Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Howley, and the Marquis Conyngham posted up to town, reaching Kensington early in the morning. Eagerly they enquired for the Princess, and were told that she was asleep, and could not be disturbed. "We come on business of State to the Queen," said the Archbishop. Accordingly they were shown into a room, where, a few moments later, the new Sovereign, wrapped in a dressing-gown and with slippers on her bare feet, appeared in their presence, prepared for the news they had to bring her, and, though tears were in her eyes, perfectly collected and dignified.

The Queen's first Council was held the following day; and the Duke of Wellington, who was present, said that he could not have wished his own daughter to have behaved with greater dignity and finer feeling.

Then followed two brilliant but uneventful years of sovereignty. Many European Princes came to woo the young British Queen, but Her Majesty declared herself wholly fancy free, though she seems even then to have had a very warm affection for her first cousin, Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, who was almost exactly her own age, and with whom she had been in fairly constant correspondence during the whole of her young life. It is said that Her Majesty has often spoken with great regret of the fact that her future husband was not present at the Coronation. On this occasion the Queen, practically went through the ordeal alone, although, of course, her mother drove with her from the Palace to Westminster Abbey. Wonderful and impressive must have been the scene, only, perhaps, exceeded in splendour and beauty by that ceremony which took place in the same sacred fane fifty years later. The young Queen, only just nineteen, looked wonderfully well, and went through the whole of the long and fatiguing ceremonies—they lasted nearly five hours—with admirable composure and dignity; one most pathetic and characteristic episode being the young Queen's rising to meet the aged Lord Rolle, who was really too infirm to mount the steps of the throne, when coming up to do homage.

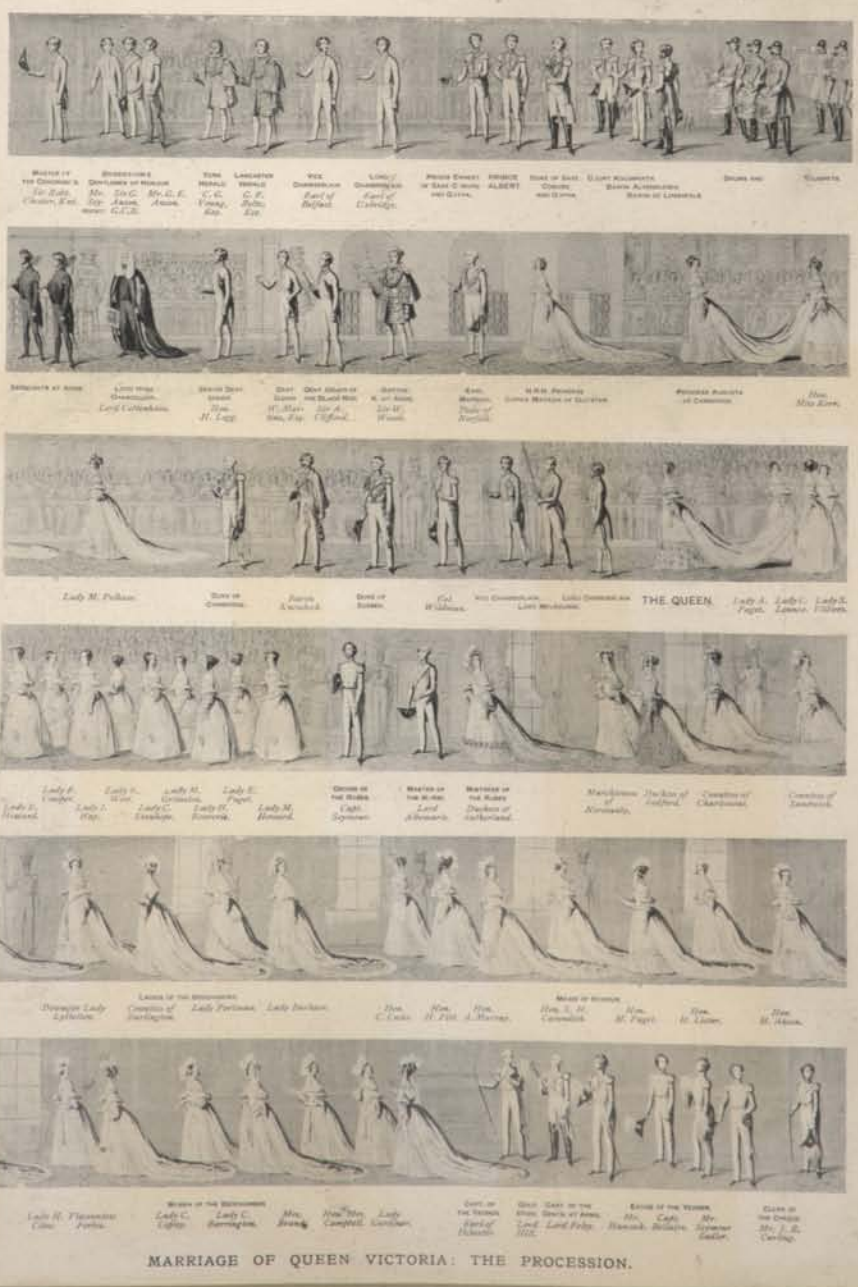
It was shortly after the Coronation that Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha and his elder brother arrived at Windsor on a long visit to their Queen and cousin. The Queen wrote to her uncle: "Albert's beauty is most striking, and he is most amiable and unaffected—in short, very fascinating." It soon became obvious that the Queen was much interested in the gallant young Prince, who was, on his side, unaffectedly and deeply in love with her. Still the long-looked-for announcement tarried, and had it not been that Prince Albert evidently felt his position to be one of difficulty the situation might have been prolonged for months. At last, however, on the eventful date of October 15th—a day ever kept with the greatest joy and

QUEEN VICTORIA HUNTING WITH THE ROYAL BUCKHOUNDS IN 1844

THE CORONATION OF HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY, JUNE 28th, 1838.

HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA RECEIVING THE SACRAMENT AFTER HER CORONATION IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY, JUNE 28th, 1838.

MARRIAGE OF HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA AND PRINCE ALBERT AT THE CHAPEL ROYAL, ST. JAMES'S, FEBRUARY 10th, 1840.



MARRIAGE OF QUEEN VICTORIA: THE PROCESSION.

"THE BRIDAL MORN."
Queen Victoria and Prince Albert on their return to Buckingham Palace after the wedding, February 10th, 1840.

HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA.
At the age of 20. From a painting by William Fowler.

HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA.
In her Wedding Dress.

THE CHRISTENING OF H.R.H. THE PRINCESS ROYAL AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE, FEBRUARY 16th, 1841.

solemnity by Her Majesty—the Queen signified to the Prince that she had at last made up her mind; and with girlish simplicity she wrote to one of her dearest friends: "I do feel so guilty, I know not how to begin my letter. . . . Albert has completely won my heart, and all was settled between us this morning."

The story goes, and it seems to be well authenticated, that on the eve of the Queen's engagement taking place she presented Prince Albert with a buttonhole. In a moment the Prince slit open his uniform in a spot over his heart, and thrust therein the signal mark of his lady's favour. The engagement lasted but a few weeks, and the marriage took place in the Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace, on February 10th, 1840; the Queen's wedding present to her bridegroom consisting of the star and badge of the Garter, and the Garter itself, set in diamonds.

The Queen's marriage ceremony was worthy of the high state and rank of the contracting parties. The Queen was accompanied by the Duchess of Kent, but given away by her uncle, the Duke of Sussex. The bridal robe was of white satin, entirely covered with exquisite Honiton lace; and in place of the crown, which had generally been worn by former Queen brides, Her Majesty wore a simple wreath of orange blossoms, covered with a long lace veil. It was noticed that though the Queen on the way to the church looked agitated and nervous, on her return with the Prince she looked radiantly happy.

The next great event in the Sovereign's life was the birth of her first child, the Princess Royal, who for one year was heiress-presumptive of her Sovereign mother. Then came the arrival of the longed-for Prince of Wales, and the Queen's cup of joy—as she herself touchingly recorded—was full to overflowing.

During many years that followed, Her Majesty's personal history was like that of the proverbially happy country. The Queen's life during the "forties" was simply studded with happy episodes—to the journey to the coast of France, where the British Sovereign and her consort were splendidly entertained by Louis Philippe and his good Queen; a first glimpse of Scotland; the pursuit of art, both the Queen and the Prince being admirable artists; and the birth of successive beautiful children. Now and again a painful episode occurred, like that of the attempt on the Queen's life by a madman, and the natural disappearance one by one of Her Majesty's trusted old friends—notably, the venerable Duke of Wellington. Still, the first cloud in the Sovereign's ideally happy life may be said to have been the outbreak of the Crimean War, which meant months of agonized anxiety for the sensitive and sympathetic Monarch.

The fact that the French and English were allies in the East gave Napoleon III. an excellent excuse for asking Queen Victoria and Prince Albert to pay a visit to Paris, and this may be said to have been a charming and delightful break in a very gloomy period, which was, however, enlivened by a charming domestic event, the engagement of the Princess Royal to Prince Frederick of Prussia.

On January 25th, 1858, was celebrated the first wedding in the younger Royal Family, and this may be said to have been the last great gathering at which the Queen, her husband, and all their children were present. The year 1859 opened suspiciously with the birth of the Sovereign's first grandson, the present German Emperor; and during this same year occurred the historic visit of the Prince of Wales to Canada and the United States.

There was nothing to show that any shadow hung over the Royal Family in the year 1861. The Queen and Prince Albert celebrated, amid much simple public rejoicing, the coming of age of their happy, and, indeed, ideal married life. "Very few can say with me," wrote the Queen on that day of days, "that their husband at the end of twenty-one years is not only full of the friendship, kindness, and affection which a truly happy marriage brings with it, but of the same tender love as in the very first days of our marriage." However, within very few days the Queen needed all her fortitude, for the Duchess of Kent became seriously ill, and before the end of March the Queen was an orphan, feeling her loss with a terrible intensity.

A greater blow was, however, coming on the Sovereign. After a very happy visit to Ireland, where the Prince Consort spent his last birthday on earth, His Royal Highness's health began to fail. Early in December he became somewhat seriously ill, though his imminent danger does not seem to have been realized till quite the end. The blow fell on the Queen, accordingly, with crushing force, the more so that Sir James Clarke, who was the physician in attendance, told the Sovereign but a very few hours before the Prince's death that he had seen a recovery in far worse cases.

There is but little to record of the first few years of the Queen's widowhood. Although the Sovereign, with characteristic self-control and high sense of duty, soon devoted herself once more to public affairs, a long period went by before she could make up her mind to emerge from her seclusion. Her heart seemed really broken; and, deep as were the affection and love surrounding her, none realized how great an effort she was compelled to make before she was able to assist in the Royal Closet at even such a ceremony as the marriage of her eldest son to the lovely Danish Princess, who had already won the hearts of the British people.

For four long years the Queen did not attend any really public function, such as the opening of Parliament. But, as mercifully always happens, as time went on, her deep sorrow, if not allayed, became at least much softened in character; and during the last twenty years of her life Her Majesty undoubtedly really enjoyed her well-filled and beneficent existence, though several terrible sorrows darkened her forty years of widowhood, notably the deaths of three of her much-loved children, the premature decease of her eldest daughter's noble husband, and that of her youngest daughter's equally loved consort, while only a few days before her own fatal illness Her Majesty, as we all know, suffered the great grief of losing her life-long friend, Lady Churchill. In spite, however, of these sorrows, the beloved Queen undoubtedly enjoyed such splendid proofs of the nation's love and devotion as were showered upon her on the occasions of the Golden and Diamond Jubilees.

One of the principal characteristics of Her Majesty's admirable character was her long-enduring and faithful friendship for those whom she had once honoured with her affection. It is not too much to say that in her each of her servants found not only a kind mistress, but the kindest and most considerate of friends, while she was never averse from showing signal marks of consideration to those who had proved

HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA.
IN 1845.

QUEEN VICTORIA, 1841.

HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA, PRINCE ALBERT, AND THE PRINCESS ROYAL AT WINDSOR CASTLE, 1845.

QUEEN VICTORIA AND THE PRINCE OF WALES, AGED 4

ROYAL FAMILY GROUP, 1846.
Her Majesty Queen Victoria, Prince Albert, the Princess Royal, the Prince of Wales, Prince Alfred, Princess Alice, and Princess Helena.

HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA WITH PRINCE ARTHUR.

themselves worthy. To give one example: The Queen, for the first time on record, paid an informal visit to Lord Beaconsfield at Hughenden. Her Majesty and her youngest daughter lunching with the great statesman. Sir Theodore Martin and his beautiful, gifted actress-wife were similarly honoured in their pretty Welsh home, and during the last years of the reign the Queen frequently relaxed her early rule of never paying any visit to a subject save with regal ceremony. Again and again the Sovereign visited those of her faithful friends and servants who were too ill to come to her. She spent many hours in the sick-room of the late Lady Augusta Stanley, and when Sir Thomas Biddulph was dying his Sovereign went to him, and the following pathetic little exchange of words took place between them, as recorded in the Queen's diary: "I stood looking at him and took his hand, and he said, 'You are very kind to me'; and I answered, 'You have always been very kind to me.'"

The death of the Prince Imperial was a sad blow to the Sovereign of these realms; and ever since—that is, for upwards of twenty-one years—she has been the greatest stay and comfort to her bereaved mother.

The deep interest taken by our late beloved ruler in the course of the Transvaal campaign has often been brought home to us all during the last year. Her Majesty constantly alluded to the fact of how vividly she realized her subjects' anxieties and fears, owing to the circumstance that she herself, during the Egyptian War, had gone through the same tremors on behalf of her son, the Duke of Connaught. During those anxious weeks the Sovereign and the Royal soldier's young wife were at Balmoral, and when at last there arrived news of the great victory of Tel-el-Kebir joy was almost swallowed up in keen anxiety. At last, however, came the joyful telegram: "The Duke of Connaught is safe and well, and behaved admirably, leading his brigade to the attack." Since that time the Sovereign

QUEEN VICTORIA, PRINCE ALBERT, PRINCE ARTHUR, AND THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.
The Duke presenting his Godchild with his first birthday gift. From a painting by F. X. Say, a ter Winterhalter.

sustained two sad losses concerned directly and indirectly with her Army. First, Prince Henry of Battenberg fell a victim to his desire of serving adequately the Queen and country of his adoption; and the closing days of the Transvaal War were darkened, not only to the Sovereign but also to the nation, by the tragic death of Her Majesty's dearly loved grandson, Prince Christian Victor of Schleswig-Holstein.

Although, as we have seen, the Queen during the first half of her reign paid frequent visits to the Continent, only during the last twenty years did Her Majesty make a practice of spending a brief holiday in the sunny land of France. Perhaps the first of these pleasant sojourns abroad was that at Aix-les-Bains in 1884. On her way to Aix Her Majesty and Princess Beatrice spent a few days at Darmstadt, where the Queen's orphaned grand-daughters were ever the subject of her tenderest care and thought; and it is believed to have been on this occasion that the Sovereign's youngest daughter met her future husband, Prince Henry of Battenberg, for her engagement was shortly after celebrated, the marriage taking place in Whippingham Church on July 23rd.

The Sovereign opened Parliament in person for the last time in the January of 1886; the occasion being marked by peculiar

HER MAJESTY AND PRINCE ALBERT AT THE GREAT EXHIBITION 1851.

HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA RECEIVING A COMPANY OF GUARDS (HEROES OF THE CRIMEA) AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE, 1855.

QUEEN VICTORIA IN 1854.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S STATE VISIT TO THE ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, 1855. WITH THE PRINCE CONSORT, NAPOLEON III., AND THE EMPRESS EUGENIE.

HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA'S VISIT TO THE ARCTIC SHIP, THE RESOLUTE. DECEMBER 16th, 1856.

THE LAST DRAWING ROOM ATTENDED BY PRINCE ALBERT WITH QUEEN VICTORIA, ST. JAMES'S PALACE, 1861.

MARRIAGE OF H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES AND THE PRINCESS ALEXANDRA OF DENMARK IN ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR, MARCH 10th, 1863. QUEEN VICTORIA MAY BE SEEN IN HER PRIVATE PEW ON THE RIGHT.

QUEEN VICTORIA.
As an Archer.

HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA AND PRINCE ALBERT VISITING WOUNDED SOLDIERS OF THE CRIMEAN ARMY AT BROMPTON HOSPITAL, CHATHAM.

The Hon. Judith Hatherd. The Hon. Mary E. Byng.
The Hon. Evelyn E. Moore. The Hon. Mary F. Hughes.
Her Majesty Queen Victoria.
The Hon. Alice Majendie. The Hon. Ethel Cadogan.
The Hon. Bertha Lambart. The Hon. Frances M. Drummond. The Hon. Constance H. Kerr.

QUEEN VICTORIA AND HER MAIDS OF HONOUR.

FOUR GENERATIONS OF THE ROYAL FAMILY.

QUEEN VICTORIA SKETCHING AT LOCH LAGGAN, ATTENDED BY THE PRINCE OF WALES AND THE PRINCESS ROYAL.

solemnity and great popular enthusiasm. Her Majesty was dressed in a black velvet robe trimmed with ermine, and the bodice was fastened by the Koh-i-Noor. The Queen then appeared in vigorous health, and the same year saw her present at many public functions, including a number which took place on the occasion of a Royal visit to Liverpool, during which time the Court stayed at Newsham House.

It has often been stated that no pageant the world has ever seen has equalled in splendour and in imposing majesty the great service which took place in Westminster Abbey on June 21st, 1887. As was but meet, the Sovereign lady, who was celebrating her fifty years of glorious reign, was accompanied to King Edward's church by all her living descendants; the noblest figure in the cavalcade of Princes who surrounded the Royal carriage, being undoubtedly Frederick the Noble. Not only impressive and beautiful, but exceedingly solemn, was the great scene in the Abbey, when the venerable Sovereign warmly embraced her sons and daughters, her children-in-law, her grandchildren, and her great-grandchildren. It was characteristic of the Queen's thoughtful kindness that, on this memorable day, she made a point of driving through the Park, in order that the 30,000 children assembled therein might have the joy of seeing their Sovereign.

Very eventful, though in a happy and peaceful sense if one or two sad occurrences be omitted, were the ten years which elapsed between our late beloved Monarch's two Jubilees. The silver wedding of the Prince and Princess of Wales gave the Queen an opportunity of proving her deep affection for the Heir Apparent and his beautiful consort; for the first time Her Majesty dined at Marlborough House. The same year, however, was overshadowed by the serious illness of the German Emperor, and the Queen, notwithstanding her age, journeyed to Berlin in order to see the invalid and to console with her presence her much-loved eldest child. The Emperor Frederick's death, which occurred, by a sad coincidence, exactly fifty years after Queen Victoria's Coronation, was a great grief to the Sovereign; but a heavier calamity was too soon to overtake the British Royal Family. The year 1892 had scarcely opened before the country was overwhelmed with sorrow at the news of the death of the Prince of Wales's eldest son and heir. The Queen felt this melancholy event with extreme intensity; and in her letter to the nation Her Majesty observed: "These testimonies of sympathy with us, and appreciation of my dear grandson, whom I loved as a son, and whose devotion to me was as great as that of a son, will be a help and consolation to me and mine in our affliction."

The Duke of York's marriage to Princess Victoria Mary of Teck was, naturally, a great source of gratification to the Sovereign, who had always maintained the closest relations with her first cousins—the Duke of Cambridge and Princess Mary, Duchess of Teck. Yet another Royal marriage of scarcely less interest to the Monarch was that of her much-loved grand-daughter, Princess Alix of Hesse, to the present Czar of Russia.

The many events and picturesque functions connected with the Diamond Jubilee are still vividly present to the minds of most of us. Although many dear and familiar faces were absent from the second Jubilee, the Sovereign had the pleasure of welcoming innumerable Royal personages who had hastened from all quarters of the earth to do her honour; and the Royal procession, headed by the Queen in person, which took place through London, by a route which, it will be remembered, comprised some of the poorest districts of the great town, will ever live in the memory of the present generation.

The last three years of the Sovereign's life were undistinguished by any great event, with the one exception of the South African campaign; and, in all probability, the late Sovereign's keenly sympathetic interest in all that affected her people must have hastened the end. Each day of the last year of the century brought news exciting, pathetic, sad, or glorious from the front, and one of the last questions asked by the greatest and most peaceful Sovereign the world has ever seen was: "What news of the war?"

Respect bids Her Majesty's people draw a veil over the last sad days of our great and good Queen's life. Osborne was the first and the favourite of her private homes, built under the close superintendence of the Prince Consort, and set down in the midst of a devoted and loyal populace. None can doubt that the Queen would not have chosen any other place in which to breathe her last.

QUEEN VICTORIA, 1869.
Painted by A. Graefle; published by command, and dedicated to T.R.H. the Princesses.

QUEEN VICTORIA, PRINCE ALBERT, AND FAMILY LEAVING KINGSTON HARBOUR, IRELAND.

"THE SECRET OF ENGLAND'S GREATNESS."

HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA'S LION DOG FROM MALTA.
The last of his tribe.
Painted by Sir. Edwin Landseer, R.A., and engraved from the original picture in the possession of H.R.H. the late Duchess of Kent.

SOME ROYAL PETS.

A MELANCHOLY interest is always attached to all objects associated in any way with those who are dead, and it stands to reason that the favourite animals of a loved one who has gone must be regarded with a special tenderness. At the present moment, when not only the English nation, but the world in general, mourns the loss of Queen Victoria, a pathetic little incident connected with the last days of her life will be often quoted—namely, the fact that the august invalid asked after one of her pets, an old Pomeranian called Marco, whose portrait, together with that of his constant companion, Turi, a lovely little white dog, reproduced from a charming painting by Mrs. Massey, appears, amongst others, in these pages. Every member of the Royal Family is devoted to animals of all kinds, and readers of THE LADIES' FIELD are familiar with many beautiful specimens that have gained distinction at the various shows. Marco and Turi however, are not champion animals—they possess an interest and a value far higher than any in connection with the prize ring, as having been constantly in Queen Victoria's society, so much so, in fact, that, as the artist said, "it was necessary to fit in the hours of the sittings when these portraits were in progress in order that they could accompany the Queen on her morning drive, which usually took place about mid-day." It was shortly before Christmas, 1900, that the picture was painted. "Marco," says Mrs. Massey, "is an old dog, and has been painted a number of times, so sits for his portrait splendidly. His face is getting quite grey." Turi, on the contrary, on these occasions "took no interest in art, and didn't attempt to disguise the fact." Directly he was posed he would go to sleep, though in general he was of a most lively disposition, like his brother, a pet of Princess Beatrice, another beautiful little white Pom.

Princess Charles of Denmark's Italian Spitz, Carlo, is as bright and fascinating a little creature as one could wish to meet with. He is most beautifully marked, and has a pure white shirt front and socks, his body being of beautiful shades of sable, very rich in colour on the top of his back, and the head splendidly marked with black—"altogether most paintable," as Mrs. Massey says, adding, "I painted him in the dining-room at Marlborough House, Christmas, 1900. He has a most fascinating little way of crossing his front paws, and takes an intelligent interest in everything going on round him."

And equally "paintable," making an almost more charming picture than her sister's pet, is Fluffy, who divides the favour of Princess Victoria with Dovey, the snow-white bird who has been in his Royal mistress's possession for twenty-three years, and always goes about with her. Dovey appears to bear a charmed life, having had more than one miraculous escape. Fluffy and Dovey are the greatest friends; the bird will perch on the other's fluffy white back, or between his paws, and it must be a pretty sight to watch them together.

Peter, His Majesty's black French bulldog and constant companion, gained the commendation of the artist as "a good sitter." He is a big dog, with a fine coat, the colour of which is shown up by the white leather collar he wears. He is of a very affectionate disposition, as may well be supposed from his expressive face.

Excellent examples of their breed, and most exquisite, silky, lovable little creatures, are Billee and Punchie, the Chinese and Japanese spaniels painted by Mrs. Massey at Windsor during the visit of the German Emperor in 1899. The picture was a birthday present from her husband to H.R.H. the Princess of Wales, and the originals are the constant companions of their Royal mistress.

FLUFFY AND DOVEY.
Property of H.R.H. Princess Victoria.
Copyright strictly reserved.

CARLO.
Property of H.R.H. Princess Charles of Denmark.
Copyright strictly reserved.

MACAW, LOVE-BIRDS, AND DOGS.
Property of Her Majesty Queen Victoria.

PETER.
Property of H.M. the King.
Copyright strictly reserved.

TURI AND MARCO.
H.M. Queen Victoria's Pets.
Copyright strictly reserved.

BILLEE AND PUNCHIE.
Chinese and Japanese Spaniels: Property of H.M. Queen Alexandra.

MARMOSETS.
Property of Her Majesty Queen Victoria.

KING EDWARD VII.

WITH all the pomp and ceremony proper to the occasion, amid the blare of trumpets and the gleam of heraldic pageantry, mediæval in its splendour, Edward VII. has been proclaimed "King of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, Emperor of India"—the last a title which by of all our Monarchs is the first to bear immediately from his accession. On Thursday morning, for the first time, the citizens of the vast capital of his dominions permitted themselves to give something like unrestrained expression to the enthusiasm of devotion on which at the proper time, and in happier circumstances, the King will be able to count. From the sad thoughts that centre round the bier of the still unburied Queen it is not only permissible, but right and natural, at such a time to turn to the King who has taken up in due succession, the burden of Sovereignty; to consider what he has been in the past, and therefrom to judge what he will prove in the future to the nation over which he has been called to reign. Such a contemplation is reassuring in the extreme, and in it the nation finds some touch of consolation for the irreparable loss it has sustained. There can be no doubt, moreover, that the confidence in the King, so widely felt and expressed, has been fully confirmed by his first public act—for in theory, at least, the taking of the oath of succession is a public act—which is still fresh in our memory.

ACCESSION OF KING EDWARD VII.
Reading the Proclamation from the Steps of the Royal Exchange.

His Majesty's address on that occasion has produced a profound impression. The manliness and modesty of its tone, the depth of feeling in the allusions to the death of the beloved Queen, and to the King's sense of the greatness of his own responsibilities and his determination to bear them to the best of his ability, struck right home to the hearts of his hearers. "In undertaking the heavy load which now devolves upon me, I am fully determined to be a Constitutional Sovereign in the strictest sense of the words, and as long as there is breath in my body to work for the good and amelioration of my people." Such are the weighty words, spoken in the fullest conviction of their import, with which the King enters upon the duties of his great office and position. That this should be the King's attitude and demeanour is only what has been expected by those who have followed with deep attention his career as Prince of Wales. The position of Heir Apparent to the Throne is one of extreme difficulty, and, it may be added, of extreme temptation. He has all the *prestige*, much of the authority, and none of the responsibility that attach to the Reigning Sovereign. To recognise the admirable discretion with which "the Prince," as he was lovingly called, has borne his part, it is enough to direct our thoughts back to the memory of one or two others who have stood in the same relation to the Throne, and to recall some of the scandals that have been occasioned by kindly, and serious and almost rebellious opposition to the Crown and its Ministers. To say that "the Prince" has never made mistakes would be to deny that he is human; but, such as they were, they have passed with riper experience, and been forgotten in the readiness and diligence with which he has devoted himself to the public service.

The King has, in fact, served a long apprenticeship to the Throne in the best of schools. Ever since his marriage he has filled a large place in the life of the country. For some years after the death of Prince Albert, in the close retirement of her widowhood, Queen Victoria felt a natural and most womanly distaste for the pomp that necessarily attended upon her public appearances and the splendid ceremonial of Court life. From the social obligations of her position she never shrank, but much of the necessary display she left to the Prince of Wales. In him, she and the country found the ablest of substitutes. He held levées, he laid foundation stones, he opened public buildings, he attended public meetings, he visited the great provincial towns, he put himself at the head of national and philanthropic movements; in short, in a great, if not the greatest, number of the thousand and one things that go to make up the external life of a Sovereign he stood forward to the people as the representative of the Crown. And everywhere that he went he won golden opinions. On his visit to Canada, when but a lad of eighteen, his admirable sayings, laughingly to Baron Stockmar that the Canadians were described "as the best product of nature." The same popularity, though not always in the same quaint expression, has followed him ever since. We have become accustomed, and more particularly of late years since Queen Victoria resumed the exercise of public functions and some more active and more prominently into the public view, to attribute some part of "the Prince's" popularity to the reflected light shed on him by the great reverence and affection in which his Queen-Mother was held. To some, though only to a strictly limited, extent this was the case. For, in fact, the King is a born leader of men, with many of the qualities that give a man influence over his fellow-men, whether he be Prince or no. To take a simple instance: What average person does not admit the pleasure of being recognised individually by one who, whether by birth or talent, is entitled to rank among the great ones of the earth? Such pleasure, by his wonderful memory, the King has often been able to confer by a kindly word. It is a small matter, perhaps, but from such small matters may spring the loyalty and patriotism of a nation. At any rate, one thing is certain, and that is that in all classes of society, in the clubs, in the streets, on the race-course, from "Duke's son" to "cook's son," men have loved "the Prince," and they will love the King.

THERE was for some time an uncertainty as to whether he whom the nation has so long loved under the name of the "Prince of Wales" would be proclaimed under the title of Albert Edward I. or of Edward VII. Although the nation holds the memory of Albert the Good in deepest reverence, there can be no doubt that His Majesty followed the national aspirations when he finally decided to reign as Edward VII. Very picturesque and moving was the scene of the public proclamation, which, taking place primarily in the courtyard of St. James's Palace, was repeated at various public thoroughfares amid large and breathlessly interested crowds.

QUEEN ALEXANDRA, the beloved Consort of our King, feels the terrible national loss in a particularly acute manner; indeed, Her Majesty was absent from the first of the Royal Family gatherings which took place after the dread news had become known to the watching and waiting world. Queen Victoria was ever a most affectionate mother to her sons' wives and to her daughters' husbands; and a quite peculiar bond of union existed between the late Sovereign and the lovely King's daughter from over the sea who was the first of Her Majesty's daughters-in-law. Much sympathy will be felt with King Edward's consort in her natural sorrow at leaving her lovely Norfolk home, endeared to her by a thousand sad and happy associations. As is well known, the Royal Family have never particularly cared for the private suite of Royal apartments at Windsor Castle, and it is hoped by many of their Majesties' friends that Sandringham will remain to them what Osborne was to the late Sovereign—a holiday home where they can occasionally take a little relaxation and rest.

IT is not too much to say that every European Court will be plunged into far more than official mourning for Queen Victoria. Very significant is the statement that the Russian Court will mourn officially for just as long as that of St. James's. In our late Sovereign the Russian Empress loses an adored mother rather than a grandmother; and Her Imperial Majesty is being thought of with much affectionate anxiety by innumerable English friends and relations who realize what the blow must be for her.

SYMPATHY, and in full measure, must be extended to the late Sovereign's household, who lose a beloved and affectionate mistress; and the blow will fall with double intensity on the venerable Duchess of Abercorn and on the group of great ladies whose connection with the British Court extends over a period of many years. As yet nothing is known as to the composition of the new Royal household, but there can be no doubt that the new King and Queen will take over many of the late Sovereign's household, including the Queen's physicians, one of whom had but lately received the signal honour of being awarded a residence within the precincts of Windsor Castle.

A SAD interest now attaches to the personality of the late Sovereign's doctors. Sir Francis Laking is one of the most popular medicos of the present day. He was one of the first great doctors to forsake the Harley Street region, and his delightful rooms in Pall Mall recall more the temporary town home of a noted sportsman than that of a hard-working doctor. He is a man of many hobbies, perhaps the principal of them being geology. He is one of those doctors who quickly acquire the confidence of their patients, and the Queen is said to have often asked his advice about other matters than those simply concerning her personal health.

SIR JAMES REID, who, from being the son of a small Aberdeenshire doctor, became one of the most trusted and privileged personages about the late Court, and the husband of one of Her late Majesty's favourite Maids of Honour, is the embodiment of Scottish reserve and caution. He is completely absorbed in his profession, and never allowed his position as Physician-in-Ordinary to the late Queen to stand in the way of his learning all that was to be known concerning new pathological and scientific discoveries. He takes in all the British, French, German, and Austrian medical papers, and, it may be whispered, is a frequent anonymous contributor to their pages. He has also, of course, contributed signed work to the leading medical publications of this country. He is fifty-one, and has retained a look of vigorous, alert middle age. He is very fond of cycling, and is said to have been the first person who persuaded Queen Victoria that this form of exercise was suitable for ladies.

SIR RICHARD DOUGLAS POWELL, who signed the first bulletins concerning the Queen's attack of illness, comes of a military family; but his charming and clever wife was a daughter of the late Sir John Bennett. Though he only held his responsible position about the late Court for one year, he was long before that date well and favourably known to many members of the Royal Family. He is a great walker, and may often be met in the early morning taking a brisk walk from Wimpole Street to the extreme further end of Kensington Gardens. He has had an anxious year, for his eldest son and heir is an officer in the Royal Welsh Fusiliers—a regiment formerly commanded by his paternal grandfather.

THE DEATH OF QUEEN VICTORIA: THE LYING-IN-STATE AT OSBORNE HOUSE

When morning broke the day after the Queen died the flagstaff at Gibraltar was seen bearing the Royal Standard at half-mast.

HALF-MAST HIGH: DAWN AT OSBORNE, JANUARY 23

As soon as the news of Her Majesty's death was received at Portsmouth, a message was signalled by flash light from the dockyard to all the ships of the Channel Squadron.

THE QUEEN IS DEAD: FLASHING THE NEWS TO ALL THE WARSHIPS OFF PORTSMOUTH

Blue-jackets, eager as all Londoners now are perpetually found of their papers, and during the Queen's illness it put such news as the signals could not supply was strongly marked. One sketch shows the postman at Spithead, who has brought a stock of papers with the account of the Queen's death, being weighed on leaving the quarterdeck on his way to the Mess Battery

THE QUEEN'S DEATH: THE ARRIVAL OF NEWSPAPERS ON A BATTLESHIP

The Queen's Company of the 1st Grenadier Guards, now the King's Guard, arrived at East Cowes on Friday, landing at the south-western pier in review marching order, the officers in command being Captain Sir John Ourtney, Lieutenant J. C. Dunnington, and Lieutenant Fetherstonhaugh. They are now, save for a guard at Osborne, at the barracks of the Royal Elite Reserve there. The Company is composed of picked men of especially fine physique

THE KING'S GUARD LANDING AT THE SOUTH-WESTERN PIER, EAST COWES

The World's Sympathy

It is hardly a figure of speech to say that the whole world has joined in England's mourning for her Queen. From every country in the world tributes of respect have been paid to the memory of the late Queen, and kindly words of sympathy expressed for the country that has known her rule so long and will know it no longer. If these expressions of esteem and sympathy had come only from countries in close friendship with our own we might have reasonably discounted their warmth. But they have been universal, for, as Mr. Balfour well said in the House of Commons, "Even the countries that loved not England, loved England's Queen." It is respect for a life, which was noble as well as exalted, that has so moved all the peoples of the world, and made them realise how much the world as well as England has lost by her death. As was fitting, it has been arranged that foreign countries should be duly represented at the Royal funeral. The German Emperor is sending a whole squadron to the Solent to join in escorting the body from island to mainland. Other countries will also send ships, and will, in addition, be represented at the further ceremonies in London and at Windsor. Even more gratifying perhaps than these outward tokens of the respect of our neighbours for our departed Queen, is the spirit of kindliness which seemed to have been evoked by the shock of her death. Specially noticeable is the manner in which the French Press, which of recent years has been the reverse of friendly, has now begun to insist that there are no solid reasons why England and France should not be on the best of terms. Such advances will be fully reciprocated in this country. We have absolutely no quarrel with France, and no desire to have one, and the closer the friendship between the two countries the better for both of us. The same truth holds good for all our neighbours. It is to our interest and to theirs to maintain not merely a passive peace but an active friendship. There are fewer real obstacles in the way of such an ideal than people generally imagine. Half of the international disputes over which the Press works itself up into white heat, turn out six months later to be barely worth the trouble of debating. Is it too much to hope that the nations who will be gathered this week around the coffin of the Great Queen may pause to reflect on the brilliant triumphs for civilisation which they can, by united action, achieve, and upon the misery which awaits mankind if they permit their petty and ephemeral jealousies to grow into permanent discords?

A Correspondent writes:—"In company with the rest of the world John Bilbrow about outside the paper shops and could see nothing. Rare-headed women and men in every variety of costume gathered in knots, talking with grave and sympathetic faces. At last a band of eager shrill-voiced little newsboys rushed into the street bringing the news that had been in the air all day. The papers were quickly bought up and read in silence."

"THE QUEEN IS DEAD": THE RECEIPT OF THE NEWS IN SOHO

On Saturday morning the German Emperor was abroad at a most unusually early hour. His Imperial Majesty was driven down from Osborne to Trinity Wharf at eight o'clock, and steamed off in Portsmouth in the King's yacht *Alberta* to meet his son. The Kaiser having met the Crown Prince at Portsmouth, they returned together on the *Alberta*. The journey to East Cowes was accomplished a little after eleven.

THE ARRIVAL OF THE CROWN PRINCE OF PRUSSIA ON THE "ALBERTA" AT COWES

SIMPLE in her fashion in life, the Queen wished everything about her to be simple in death. Her wish has been respected. For the first few days after her death the Queen's body rested in most simple fashion in the room where she passed away—not a very big bedroom, but a bright, cheerful apartment looking over the Solent. As so often the case, Her Majesty looked many years younger in death than in life, her wrinkles had smoothed out, and her features were the happiest, most peaceful expression. Her head was gently turned to one side, her hands—always so beautiful—were crossed on her breast with the wedding-ring uppermost, and the filmy, white draperies surrounding her face gave a fitting finish to the picture. Snowdrops, lilies of the valley and other lovely white and purple blossoms were scattered about the bed, with a few wreaths from her nearest and dearest. A cross and a bust of the Prince Consort were placed at the head of the bed, and on either side stood like statues an Indian attendant, one of the Queen's dressers being at the foot. There were many visitors to the death chamber, the Royal Family coming in and out, while all the Royal household and a privileged few on the estate, together with the officers and some of the sailors of the Royal yachts were admitted to take a last look at their loved mistress. But in those first days of bereavement the Royal Family were left as quiet in their sorrow as their position permitted, and the outside world, however eager to know every detail of the situation, were content with the barest scraps of information. It was a crowded household, for the German Emperor decided to stay till after the funeral, and his son, the Crown Prince, joined his father, while fresh relatives kept constantly arriving from abroad.

A NATION'S GRIEF

No Monarch could wish to be more honoured in her death than Queen Victoria. It is no exaggeration to say that the whole nation is in mourning. Black is the only wear, even among the poorest, the shops show black shutters and memorial inscriptions, theatres have closed, private as well as public social functions are at an end, and it would be an impossibility to do more than allude to the demonstrations of sympathy throughout the whole of the United Kingdom. It is the same in every part of India and the Colonies, where there is but one voice of sorrow. Especially is this the case in Australia, whose new existence as a Commonwealth makes the memory of the Queen's sympathy particularly dear. To turn to home more near, London has never seemed more depressed, and the sable attire so universal adds to the gloom. Indeed, most people had put on mourning long before the official notice was published, during a general mourning from Monday last.

THE QUEEN ON HER BIER

The first step towards the last honours to Queen Victoria was taken on Friday morning, when her remains were removed from her deathbed to the dining-room at Osborne, temporarily transformed into a *chapelle ardente*. Once before the room had been used as a chapel, and that in connection with mourning, although the occasion was a wedding. When Princess Alice was married in 1862, the Prince Consort's death was too recent for any splendid ceremony, and so the wedding took place in the Osborne dining-room. It is a fine room, with handsome decorations in Louis XV. style, and a massive black marble mantelpiece. All the furniture was removed and the room was entirely draped afresh, but there were none of the dismal sable trappings usually attending death. Everything, indeed, spoke of life and hope. Rich crimson hangings concealed the walls, and on one side was an enormous Union Jack caught up with a white cross from Frogmore. A small dais was draped with the Royal Standard, and there rested the coffin, with tall silver candelabra on either side. A pall of white satin and lace hid the coffin, and on this lay the Sovereign's crimson velvet and ermine robe, as Head of the Order of the Garter, and a small crown, its jewels flashing in the rays from the candles. Opposite was a small altar with crimson frontal, a handsome Greek cross, candlesticks and flowers, while several sacred pictures were also hung about the room. Indian and Scotch attendants were on guard, together with detachments from the Queen's Company of the 1st Grenadier Guards. These troops were Her Majesty's personal guards in life, and they will watch over her to the end, when their duty is transferred to the King. It fell to the lot of the Sister Service, however, to bear the body of the Queen into the chapel, a party from the Royal yacht being chosen for this purpose. Previously the Royal Family had looked their last on the dead Queen's features, and the coffin had been sealed up. Directly the Royal remains were placed on the dais, the Bishop of Winchester performed a short Service. During the day the Osborne nursery were admitted to the chapel, filing past the coffin in silence and sorrow.

The first opportunity of visiting the chapel having been given to the Royal tenantry at Osborne, the next visitors were the officers and men of the King's Royal Rifle Guard, who had formed the Guard of Honour at Osborne until the Grenadiers arrived. To them succeeded the crew of the German Imperial yacht *Hohenzollern*, and for the following days there was a constant stream of people whom the King and Court officials considered entitled to the privilege.

After the first day the Indian and Scotch watchers were replaced by four of the tallest Grenadiers, chosen from the "Queen's Company." They stood like statues, with bowed heads, bearing on their rifles at the four corners of the bier—most impressive figures—and their scarlet tunics harmonised with the draperies of the room. Some relief to the general crimson was given by the beautiful tapestries on either side of the altar, representing the Annunciation and the Presentation in the Temple, and as it were framing the painting over the altar—an "Adoration of the Infant Jesus," which used to hang in the Prince Consort's dressing-room. Amid the mass of wreaths and flowers in the room, three wreaths especially caught the eye. They offended the natural colours, red, white, and blue, and the ribbons marked respectively H. I. B. showed that they came from the Queen's three daughters. Princess Christian's wreath was of red azaleas, Princess Louise had chosen white—lilies and spires, and Princess Beatrice the delicate blue of Wedgwood hyacinths woven into dark foliage. Higher up were lovely white garlands—one with A. E. and A. marking the King and Queen, while "W. and A. V." on another told of the German Emperor and Empress's offering. Only wreaths from the Royal Family and near relatives were placed in the chapel. No inscription was more touching than the childish handwriting on a little wreath of spring flowers, "Dear Gangas from Elizabeth of Hesse,"—recalling the pet name used by the four-year-old great-grandchild.

SUNDAY IN THE CHURCHES

There were no empty churches or chapels on Sunday throughout England, for thousands who rarely enter a church door had joined the regular church-goers to hear the funeral orations on the Queen. St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey were crammed to repletion, and the crowds who could not find room at the morning services waited to squeeze into the afternoon services, other crowds arriving being disappointed in their turn. The metropolitan cathedral was shrouded in black, but the Abbey, being a Royal chapel, had the Royal purple draapings, wonderfully effective. St. Paul's counted the Lord Mayor and Corporation among its congregation to listen to the Archbishop of Canterbury, whose simple, manly panegyric of the Queen went to all hearts. Both in London and throughout the provinces all the chief dignitaries were the preachers of the day, while the Roman Catholics and Nonconformists also put forward their leading lights. Specially noticeable were the tributes from the Jews in the synagogues on their Sabbaths.

But in no Service was there a more touching and personal note than in the little church of Whippingham, where the Queen had so often worshipped. There were gathered the new King and Queen, the German Emperor and his heir, and a long array of Princes and

When the French Chamber of Deputies assembled on Thursday M. Waldeck-Rousseau ascended the Tribune and spoke as follows:—"In concurring in the Chamber the award which has just closed a reign it feels that it is also associated with the history of almost an entire century the sentiments due to and the tribute of the homage of respect which the world is offering to the memory of Queen Victoria. Mourning the sorrow of the English nation by the affection which it felt for its Sovereign, it bows with respect before the grief which pierces the heart of a people. The applause of the Chamber was unanimous, and when the President said "The Chamber joins in the regrets just expressed by the Government" this applause redoubled in vigour and was repeated on every bench without distinction of political opinions

THE DEATH OF THE QUEEN: A TRIBUTE FROM THE FRENCH CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES

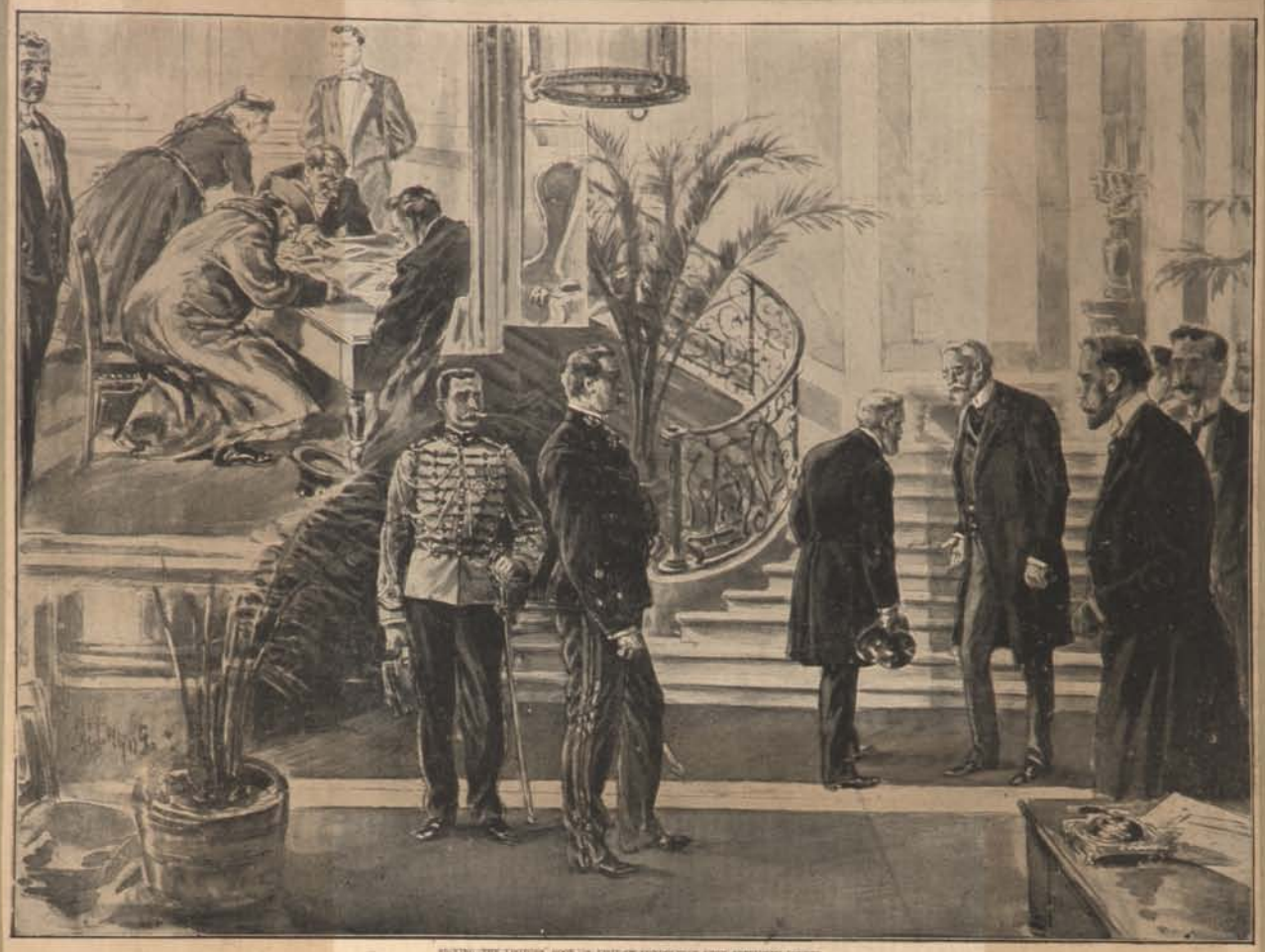
Princesses to hear the Bishop of Winchester speak of the dear Sovereign whom he had known so long and so well. The Royal party came in at the end of the morning Service, and sat in the Royal pew on the south side of the chancel, which is very little visible to the congregation.

AN IMPERIAL BIRTHDAY

"England sees in a great object-lesson which has touched her to the core the great ruler of the German people simply taking his quiet place as the grandson of our Queen," said the Bishop of Winchester at Whippingham on Sunday. Certainly never has William II. of Germany received heartier wishes from the English people than on this birthday, spent on a pious errand away from his own country. The birthday brought a note of cheerfulness into the prevailing gloom. Emperor William had his son with him in time for the day, the young Crown Prince having arrived on the Saturday, and being met at Portsmouth by his father and the Duke of Connaught. As the German Imperial yacht *Hohenzollern* had arrived and was lying off Cowes the Emperor and Crown Prince went aboard for congratulations early in the morning, and after the Service at Whippingham Church returned to give a luncheon on board, the staff of the German Embassy having come down to congratulate their Royal Master. Early in the afternoon came the King and all the Royal Princes with Earl Roberts to offer their formal birthday congratulations, and as the weather was extremely rough they did not find it very easy to board the *Hohenzollern*, which was rolling heavily, indeed the gale prevented the Queen Alexandra and the Princesses from coming. The King had an important birthday present for the Emperor, his appointment as Field-Marshal in the British Army, so that his German Majesty—being already a British Admiral—now holds the highest appointments in the sister services. He had put on the British Admiral's uniform to receive King Edward. Another birthday gift had a melancholy interest—the insignia of the Garter in diamonds, which the Queen had intended to present to her grandson. Now the German Crown Prince has been enrolled in the Order, the King conferring the decoration on the young Prince with much ceremony on Monday.

THE QUEEN'S FUNERAL

In death as in life Queen Victoria showed her foresight and care for details. Her Majesty planned every single detail of her last funeral, even to the rings to be left on her fingers. As a soldier's daughter and the head of the Army she chose a military funeral, and it is for this reason she will be borne to her last resting-place on a gun-carriage instead of a stately funeral car. Yet plain and homely as the Queen wished her funeral to be, in other respects it promises to be one of the most impressive spectacles of its kind, for the Naval display, the host of Royal mourners, and the homage of a truly mourning people, may be looked upon as unique. Besides the German Emperor with his heir and his brother, Prince Henry, the Kings of the Belgians, Portugal and Greece and the Grand Duke of Hesse will be present; Russia, Austria, Italy, Sweden and Norway and Denmark will send their heirs-apparent, and other countries their highest dignitaries. Dearly as the Queen loved her soldiers she did not forget her sailors, and as the Navy is to be as fully represented as the Army, in the last honours to the Sovereign. All through the week battleships have been assembling off Spithead, till the gathering resembled one of the great Naval Reviews which the Queen held on certain memorable occasions. Nor is native Naval strength alone to the front. A fine German Squadron, under the command of one of the Queen's grandsons, Prince Henry of Prussia, follows the lead of the Emperor in paying homage to the dead Monarch. Other countries follow suit, till the gathering is thoroughly representative. Yesterday (Friday) was to see the departure of the Queen's remains from her home in life. Quietly, and with no needless display, the coffin was to be brought from Osborne House to the *Alberta*, where it would rest on draped trestles on the quarter-deck on the very spot where a brass plate notes that Prince Henry of Battenberg's remains were placed during their last voyage. Four naval aides-de-camp would guard the remains. In solemn procession the Royal yacht would steam down the Solent, preceded by eight torpedo-destroyers. Immediately behind the *Alberta* would come the *Victoria and Albert*, bringing the King and Queen with Princess Victoria and Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark; then the *Osborne*, with the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York and other members of the Royal Family. The ten or eleven miles from Cowes to Spithead would be lined with warships in order of battle, the British vessels on the northern side and the foreign ships on the southern, and through this imposing array the funeral procession would pass slowly amidst the firing of minute guns to Portsmouth to spend the night. Early this (Saturday) morning the Queen's body was to be landed and transferred to the special train, which would also carry the Royal mourners to London. Reaching Victoria at ten the Queen's coffin is to be carried by non-commissioned officers and soldiers of the Household regiments to the gun carriage which has been specially made at the Woolwich Arsenal and forms part of the latest new field batteries. Drawn by six of the famous Royal Flemish cream-coloured horses, and with a limber carriage in front, the gun-carriage will show the muzzle of a 15-pounder gun projecting underneath the platform, supporting the coffin with its white satin pall. State officials and troops will precede the Royal coffin, and immediately behind it is to ride King Edward as chief mourner, followed by the Royal Princes, the German Emperor and other foreign Royalties, mostly on horseback. The route from Victoria to Paddington is to be lined with troops, and similar arrangements will prevail at Windsor, where the funeral party are expected just before noon. From the station the procession goes straight to St. George's Chapel—possibly the Royal mourners may walk that short distance. The whole of the Burial Service is to be said in the Chapel, the funeral marches being those by Chopin and Beethoven, chosen by the Queen herself, as she never cared for the "Dead March" in *Saul*, usually considered most appropriate on such occasions. The pall-bearers will be four crowned heads—the German Emperor, the Kings of the Belgians, Portugal, and Greece—and four Heirs Apparent—the Crown Princes of Germany, Denmark, Greece, Sweden and Norway. There is to be no dismal black in St. George's, for all the funeral draperies will be of Royal purple, as at the Duke of Clarence's burial. Instead of the Queen's remains being taken at once to the Frogmore mausoleum, where the devoted wife is to rest by the side of her husband, the final committal Service is to be deferred to Monday, or perhaps later. Until then the Queen's coffin will remain in St. George's Chapel. Probably it will be placed in the Albert Memorial Chapel, and a service celebrated there on Sunday before the Royal Family. By Royal order (Saturday) is to be observed as a day of general mourning, all business being suspended. The King, however, does not wish that the aspect of mourning should be too depressing, for he orders all draping of buildings, to be purple and not black. Moreover, with a view to the injury of British trade by such a long period of wearing black only the King has limited the public deep mourning to March 6, half mourning to be worn until April 17.



SIGNING THE VISITORS' BOOK ON A VISIT OF CONDOLENCE FROM PRESIDENT LOUBET

THE QUEEN'S DEATH: SYMPATHETIC CALLERS AT THE BRITISH EMBASSY, PARIS

DRAWN BY C. E. TURNER, R.W.S. FROM A SKETCH BY A. KENT KEMP

The members of the Queen's Household, the officers and petty officers of the Royal yachts, the secretary, and telegraphists on the island were admitted to the death chamber and paid their last respects. Every one of Her Majesty's surgeons was invited to attend, and some failed. From the steward of the estate to the humblest farm servant, long since pensioned and relieved of actual labour, all came. There are only two tenant farmers on the Osborne estate, but these were present, and the privilege was extended to those members of the Metropolitan Police Force who had guarded Her Majesty's person.

THE DEATH OF THE QUEEN: OFFICERS OF THE ROYAL YACHTS LEAVING OSBORNE HOUSE AFTER THEIR VISIT TO THE DEATH CHAMBER

VIEW OF THE INTERIOR OF THE ROYAL MAUSOLEUM AT FROGMORE, ERECTED BY QUEEN VICTORIA "TO PERPETUATE THE MEMORY OF HER GREAT AND GOOD HUSBAND"

THE QUEEN'S LAST RESTING-PLACE

THE CENOTAPH OF THE PRINCE CONSORT IN THE ROYAL MAUSOLEUM AT FROGMORE

"Place aux Dames"

"QUEEN VICTORIA THE WOMAN"

By LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

The universal sorrow in which the nation is plunged by the death of our beloved Queen is a sorrow that comes home specially to women. That a woman should have filled so high and unique a position in this world, should have carried out so lofty an ideal, should have astonished her very ministers by her sagacity, her ability, and her diligence in business, should, during her long reign, have adhered so strictly to constitutional principles that not a single mistake can be charged to her account, is in itself a marvellous record. But it is when we come to consider the real femininity of her character, her affection for her family, her tender, true and womanly impulses towards the poor, the suffering, the widow and the orphan, her domestic and simple tastes, and the homeliness of her daily life, that the full beauty of the Queen's character stands revealed.

The neurotic and indolent woman of the present, lapped in ease and idleness, would stand appalled at the labour and routine of a Queen's day. Mr. Balfour has told us from his place in the House of Commons, that the Queen had "no holiday, to her there was no intermission of toil; domestic sorrow, domestic sickness made no difference to her labours," and those labours were continued without intermission for sixty-three years! What is the existence of the average well-to-do woman compared to this? A little walk, a little drive, protracted meals, long evenings spent in pleasant talk or cheerful games, breakfast in bed on the slightest pretence, a little embroidery, some novel reading, and half an hour spent in the cares of housekeeping, make up many a woman's day. She is rarely hurried, except in a matter of shopping or writing notes, and she seldom endures a minute's ennui or a spell of fatigue that can be avoided.

The Queen's dictum that a constitutional monarch did not exist to govern, but to give an example, was certainly carried out in her own life, and the realisation of the part that duty governed her every action, is responsible for the reverence and admiration in which she was held by her people. Every woman has a right to be proud of her as a shining light of her sex. Dignified and queenly as she was, the humblest of us may follow in her steps, may cultivate those rare qualities with which she was so richly endowed. She was no New Woman, impatient and striving after liberty and licence, she had no craving to destroy the trammels of custom, but within the rigid limits of duty she found means to cultivate all the womanly virtues.

While endowed with a masculine understanding and a wonderful grip of public affairs, Queen Victoria neglected none of the lighter feminine employments and talents. As a girl she was a beautiful dancer, courting the admiration of even the fastidious French people by the way she moved, her courtesy was the most graceful possible, and her little figure instinct with quiet dignity. She was an accomplished horsewoman, escorting the unwilling praise of the Iron Duke, as she rode at the head of her troops. She enjoyed walking, and was never happier than when adventurously exploring the Scottish hills of her Highland home in the company of her husband and one lady-in-waiting, as she relates with naive glee in her journal. Her picnics and outdoor tea-drinking, her excursions and drives, are known to everybody. She was English to her finger-tips in her love of fresh air and disregard of weather, and all coddling or soft modes of bringing up were distasteful to her. The Royal children's nursery was as plain and homely as that of any subject, and her children were constantly taught to help themselves and dispense with the attendance of nurses and servants.

Her accomplishments were varied. She sang charmingly, with a sweet and true voice; she drew correctly and with taste; she spoke fluent German and French, and her reading was wide. She was a thorough woman, with eclectic tastes which ranged from Bach to Wagner. In her young days she was exceedingly fond of the theatre, and an enthusiastic patroness of the drama, about which she could speak intelligently. In fact, had she not been a Queen, she would always have been a most cultured and accomplished woman. Her catholicity of tastes was remarkable in a Princess brought up within the precincts of a palace, where life is naturally narrowed, and flattery the food of Kings.

The Queen's love for the charms of the country has influenced her subjects enormously. Before her time great ladies cared only for the delights of town, the simple pleasures of the garden and the orchard had not appealed to them, their clothes were unsuited to rough walks, and their delicacy did not incline them to trudge in muddy paths. During the Queen's reign linsey-woolseys, tweeds, and serges have replaced silks and satins for country wear, and given a freedom and an impetus to pedestrianism which has afforded thousands innocent amusement. The Queen's fondness for picturesque scenery and her habit of planting commemorative trees wherever she went, encouraged landscape gardening, and has done much for the cultivation of rare coniferous plants and shrubs. Lord Bacon said, "He who plants a tree is a benefactor to mankind," and the Queen was one of the greatest benefactors in this respect. She loved her forests and her woods with a jealous love, and both she and the Prince Consort planted trees habitually with no niggard or careless hand.

She shrank not from the humblest tasks of sewing and embroidery, and even to extreme old age continued the habit of knitting in the evenings while being read to. Many a wounded soldier has treasured the Queen's quilt worked by her own hands, beneath which he has crept back to convalescence. Nothing came amiss to the Queen, the smallest as well as the most important duties. She cared as much for the welfare of her humblest dependant as for the wealth of the greatest ruler in Europe, she was as kindly in word and deed to the peasant as to the potentate, and her gracious thoughtfulness to dependents formed one of the most love-compelling traits in the most womanly of natures.

The example of her life has done more to raise the standard of womanhood, and to exalt her sex in the eyes of mankind than any amount of cries from the shrieking sisterhood. She knew full well that "quietness and confidence shall be thy strength" is a mighty saying and modelled her conduct on its precepts.

With her it was the well-balanced mind that governed all. In youth she was fond of pretty clothes, but dress always took its proper and subordinate place in her life. She was proud of her hands and arms, which were indeed splendidly modelled and preserved their beauty to the last. She enjoyed a good story, a little bit of fun, and a hearty laugh as much as anyone. She was no prude, but a healthy, happy-minded woman of wide sympathies, keen sensibilities and genuine piety. In her we mourn not only the Queen, not only the mother of her people, but the "perfect woman, nobly planned, to warn, to comfort and command."

Even in hours of sorrow, dress must invariably form an important factor in women's life, and mourning, coming as it does unexpectedly, sorely tries everyone's energies. Unrelieved black is rarely becoming, and few women keep suitable garments in their wardrobes except, of course, countries to whom black is a necessary part of their ordinary outfit. One wonders whether it is from economy or from a sense of the fitting that noblemen array themselves in their "blacks" on every occasion of mourning or rejoicing, and that Scotch lassies wear black alpaca as their best gown. The depths and the period of mourning is now considerably curtailed. No longer are palaces and dwelling-houses hung with funereal draperies, or widowed Queens condemned to keep their bed for six weeks in a darkened room, lighted only by wax tapers, attended by their maids of honour, and attired in white, as were the "Reines Blanches" of France. Crape, too, has declined in favour, an admirable change, for crape is ugly, cumbrous, unserviceable, and liable to be spoilt by every drop of rain. The poor still cling fondly to crape as an emblem of woe, and the very needlest will put on her crape bonnet, or pin a crape bow on her mantle. Yet dull stuffs and long black veils, as worn by Frenchwomen for the profoundest mourning, are quite as sombre in appearance and more artistic as a drapery.

The Royal Mausoleum at Frogmore

Frogmore House, with gardens of about thirteen acres, is an ancient demesne of the Crown. It was sold during the Civil Wars, but in 1792 it was purchased by Queen Charlotte, and at her death was bequeathed to Princess Augusta. It was afterwards occupied by the Duchess of Kent, the Queen's mother, and it was here that so many happy days of the Queen's early married life were spent. Within the estate is the Tea House, where the Queen used to love to take breakfast with her grandchildren. At Frogmore House, too, was born the late Duke of Clarence, while the beautiful grounds are the site of the picturesque Mausoleum which contains the remains of the Duchess of Kent, and it was in the same grounds that the Queen ordered a Mausoleum to be erected as the tomb of the Prince Consort.

The Prince died on Saturday, December 14, 1861, and his funeral took place on the following Monday week. The ceremony, which was private by the Prince's own desire, took place in St. George's Chapel, Windsor. There, in the Albert Chapel as it is now called, though it was built by Cardinal Wolsey to be his own grave and monument, the Cardinal also directed that there should be erected within it, over his actual grave, a tomb of "white and black marble with eight brazen columns round it and four others in the shape of candlesticks," designed by Benedetto, a Florentine, with much carving and gilt. This monument was never finished. Part of the work accomplished was sold by the Commonwealth in 1646, but the marble sarcophagus, designed for a priest, became ultimately the last resting-place of a sailor. It now holds the body of Nelson, who was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral. Near the altar is the Cenotaph of the Prince Consort by Baron Triqueti, and the chapel also contains the tombs of Prince Leopold and the Duke of Clarence. In December, 1862, the Mausoleum erected by the Queen as the tomb of the Prince Consort was complete, and further his remains were accordingly removed on December 18 of that year. The building, which was designed by Mr. Humbert and Professor Grüner, is larger and more imposing than the Mausoleum of the Duchess of Kent. It has cost altogether, from first to last, pretty nearly a quarter of a million. It is in the shape of a Greek Cross, and the fine flight of granite steps leading to the entrance is guarded by two imposing bronze figures, one with a trumpet, the other with a sword. From the centre of the cross springs an octagonal tower, which is a conspicuous object from the Long Walk in winter time. Its height is eighty-three feet, and the whole building covers an area of seventy square feet. The entrance is approached by a fine flight of granite steps, and the doorway is guarded through a triple arch, supported on columns of Cornish granite, the building itself is built of Portland stone and Aberdeen granite. Over the door is an inscription in Latin to the effect that this sepulchre was erected to Prince Albert by "his sorrowing widow." Facing the door, which is of the usual oak in the shape under a Roman, representing Christ breaking out of the tomb. The dome or tower is lighted by eight windows of stained glass of three lights each. The ceiling is sky blue with stars of gold, and the floor is of inlaid polished marble. In the centre of the building, directly under the dome, on a black marble plinth, stands the great Aberdeen granite sarcophagus containing the body of Prince Albert. At each corner kneels the bronze figure of an angel with clasped hands and outstretched wings, designed by Baron Marochetti, while on the lid of the tomb lies the full length effigy of the Prince, sculptured in white marble, and representing him in the uniform of a Field-Marshal, with the mantle of the Order of the Garter. This figure was the last work executed by Marochetti. On the south side of the sarcophagus is the inscription in gold letters:—

FRANCIS ALBERT AUGUSTUS CHARLES EMMANUEL,
DUKE OF SAXONY AND PRINCE OF SAXE COBURG AND GOTHA,
PRINCE CONSORT,
SECOND SON OF ERNEST I.,
REIGNING DUKE OF SAXE COBURG AND GOTHA,
BORN AT ROSENAU, NEAR COBURG, AUG. 26TH, 1819;
MARRIED FEBRUARY 10TH, 1840, TO VICTORIA,
QUEEN OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND;
DIED AT WINDSOR, DECEMBER 14TH, 1861.

No other tomb is placed in the Mausoleum, but in the south aisle of the building is a monument to Princess Alice. The effigy of the Princess Consort only occupies half the lid of the sarcophagus, the other half being covered by a plain slab, the Queen wishing that one day her body should lie next to that of her husband she loved so well and mourned so deeply. This plain marble slab tells its own tale, and now in God's good time the great Queen is being laid to rest in the place where she often went to pray on Sunday—the place where lies her devoted Consort.

On the anniversary of the Prince's death the Queen and members of the Royal Family used to attend a special morning Service of a very impressive character in the Mausoleum. After the Service the members of the Royal Household and the Royal tradesmen and friends were graciously permitted to view during the remainder of the day. Except on this special occasion the building has not been open to the public.

November 23, 1558 — QUEEN ELIZABETH — March 24, 1603

March 8, 1702 — QUEEN ANNE — August 1, 1714

June 20, 1837 — QUEEN VICTORIA — January 22, 1901

ENGLAND'S THREE GREAT QUEENS

The Queen's Pets

Her Majesty and the Royal Family, without exception, have always been devoted to animals, and the housing and feeding of the Royal pets is an important item of the Royal Household. In her early years the Queen was very fond of horses and was a practised rider, but towards the latter part of her life Her Majesty's personal affections were bestowed more on the sweet white donkeys which drew the Royal chaise about the grounds and which were quite characters in the animal world. The race began with a fine beast to which the Queen took a fancy when at Aix-les-Bains, and over after a white donkey formed part of the stud, the latest importations coming from Cannes. Lord Kitchener also brought the Queen a very handsome donkey from the South. But of all Royal pets dogs have been first in the Queen's affections, dogs of all sorts and conditions, from the stately collie to the bow-legged dachshund. Perhaps collies were the prime favourites, the tawny "Marco," who won so many prizes, being a special pet. He was run very close, however, by the fox terrier "Spot," who was the Queen's constant companion for many years. The Queen was amongst the first to forbid her fox-terriers being "docked," and Her Majesty herself always chose the various dogs' names.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S FAVOURITE DOGS

FROM THE WATER-COLOUR PAINTED BY GABRIELE MASSEY

OSBORNE HOUSE, ISLE OF WIGHT, WHERE HER MAJESTY DIED

THE QUEEN'S PAVILION

THE QUEEN'S ALMSHOUSES AT WHIPPINGHAM

WHIPPINGHAM CHURCH, WHERE THE ROYAL FAMILY ATTEND

THE SWISS COTTAGE AT OSBORNE

ONE OF THE FAVOURITE RESIDENCES OF QUEEN VICTORIA

The Queen's Homes

Since Queen Victoria first saw the light in Kensington Palace on May 24, 1819, Her Majesty had many homes. Her childhood and early youth were mostly spent at the Palace in the "Old Court Suburb," her accession and marriage took her to the stately buildings of Windsor Castle and Buckingham Palace, and the country homes she so dearly loved of late years have been Osborne and Balmoral. It is not quite two years ago—on her eightieth birthday—that the Queen formally handed over her birthplace to the British nation.

KENSINGTON PALACE.

That quaint old red brick structure half hidden more than one King and Queen before the Princess Victoria found herself Sovereign of Great Britain. Originally known as Nottingham House, it was chosen by William and Mary as their favourite residence, and there Mary died of smallpox, followed eight years later by her husband. Queen Anne and her Consort, George of Denmark, and George II., make up the list of Royal deaths in Kensington Palace, which was so hardly crowded in the birth of the Queen who claims the longest reign in English history. At the time of the child's birth, her parents, the Duke and Duchess of Kent, occupied the rooms on the east side, where Princess Louise and her husband afterwards lived; and a month later, the little Princess—"plump as a partridge," as said Baron Stockmar—was baptised in the chief apartment of the State suite—the Cube Room. The big silver font was brought from the Tower on purpose, the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London performed the ceremony, and the Tsar, the Prince Regent, the Queen Dowager of Wurtemberg, and the Dowager Duchess of Coburg stood sponsors. After her father's death, the little Princess was brought up very quietly in the Palace, playing in the gardens, where she was well known to the public, and learning her lessons in ignorance of her future position till the day when she found the genealogical paper put into her Bible, and solemnly told her governess "I will be good." The room where the Queen was born is left as nearly as possible in its original condition, and her childish toys are still visible—the dolls which she dressed with such pride and the damaged playthings at which a modern child would turn up its nose. The Queen's playroom was in the King's Gallery. Two more rooms are memorable, the ante-chamber adjoining her bedroom where she was announced in the middle of the night on June 20, 1837, to learn her accession, and the apartment under the grand saloon, where the young Queen held her first Council. It has massive columns and looks into the courtyard, its appearance being well known through Wilkie's famous picture of the Council.

After Her Majesty's accession, when the Queen passed from the simple life of the Princess heiress to the state of reigning Queen, Windsor Castle and Buckingham Palace were the Royal head-quarters. The Queen was never much attached to her town homes, and since the death of the Prince Consort has never lived there for more than a week at a time, using the Palace "solely for State functions." Windsor Castle is so essentially a part of the national history, the official home of our Sovereigns for centuries, that it could hardly be called the personal home of the Queen. That title properly belonged to her Northern and Southern homes, which the Queen and Prince Consort truly created—Balmoral and Osborne. Perhaps just now the greater interest clings to the simple house in the Isle of Wight, where the Queen breathed her last.

OSBORNE HOUSE

Osborne House cannot compare in beauty or size with many of the stately homes of England. It has been a good deal enlarged since the Queen and Prince Consort settled there to give their children "fly sea-breezes, but it is still unequal to entertaining numerous guests at a time. Indeed, when many of the Royal Family were there with the Queen during the August yachting season, they overflowed into the various cottages scattered about the estate. But the house has lovely sea-views, and both from her windows and the terrace the Queen could see far and wide and watch the busy traffic in the Solent. Especially lovely are the grounds, with their sunny shrubs and trees remaining fresh and green in winter under the mild, moist climate of the Isle of Wight. There are cedars brought from Lebanon, myrtle bushes which have contributed to every bridal bouquet in the Royal Family, and trees planted by every Royal visitor and by every Royal bride and bridegroom. Indeed the entire Valley Walk—facing the side of the house overlooking Osborne Bay—is lined with exotic evergreens planted by various Royalties. Each stands in a big black box, and bears its date and the name of its planter. There is a little memorial shrubbery for visitors of lesser degree, while the Royal children's gardens are kept just as they were when the Prince of Wales and his brothers and sisters carved juvenile gardeners. Another memory of Royal childhood is the miniature fort with wooden cannon, built by the young Princes. A little museum in the garden contains relics of the Prince Consort and various shooting trophies. Often in the hot weather the Queen sat looking over the East gardens with their beautiful statuary from the East Terrace, where a little shower gave room for her chair and table.

Osborne House is very simply furnished so far as the Queen's private apartments were concerned. Her private drawing-room was a snug room leading into her dining-room, and less remarkable for decorations than for the mass of photographs and portraits filling every corner. Two huge medallion portraits of the Queen and Prince Albert are conspicuous, while a bust of the Prince Consort stands on the mantelpiece. A huge folding screen for cabinet photographs and various solitary frames cover the grand piano at one side of the room, for since the Queen herself gave up music she was very fond of hearing her daughters and her middle-class nieces sing and play. The floor is parqueted, and books and flowers abound on every table. The exercise is one of the most charming spots in Osborne House, with its statuary, valuable emblems, and profusion of plants.

Of late years a new wing had been added to the house, including the splendid Indian Durbar Room, carried out from the designs of a Hindoo architect. The Indian decorations are very lovely, with their gilded mouldings and mahogany carvings—the only specimens of pure Indian internal architecture in the country. All the work was carried out by Indian workmen. A splendid balcony at the end of the room is carved with figures of Hindoo divinities, and a giant peacock stands over the mantelpiece. In this room the Royal Family and Household have given many private theatricals and tableaux vivants, which the Queen thoroughly enjoyed. The Princesses Louise and Beatrice were the heroines of *The Sleeper Awakes* and another time of "The Seasons," with Princess Louise as the Old Year and Princess Eugenie of Battenberg as the New Year, the Princess of Connaught as Spring and Princess Beatrice as Autumn was a specially memorable performance. These were the Christmastide gaieties, for the Queen rarely spent Christmas away from Osborne. Her other visit was in the late summer, when foreign relatives and the Royal Family came for the yachting. For many years the Queen used to go to Whippingham Church, which was built from the Prince Consort's designs; but since the private chapel was arranged in Osborne House the Royal pew at Church has not been so often occupied.

BALMORAL

After all, there was no home so dear to the Queen as the Highland Castle, which she pathetically called her own creation." There Her Majesty laid aside State as far as it was ever possible, and the very simplicity of rooms and furniture made Balmoral more like an ordinary home than a Royal residence. With that devotion to her husband's memory which has been so conspicuous in her life the Queen never allowed anything to be changed from the original plan and furniture. When anything wore out it was replaced by an exact copy—just as the cracked whists of the *Victoria and Albert* was renewed though the fashion was long out of date. Candles (and lamps still light most of the rooms, and the tartan hangings of the drawing-room are more characteristic than authentic. The bedrooms too, but hangings of Royal Stuart tartan, and looks very imposing with its trophies of stags' heads and Highland weapons. At one side is a large recess lined with carved oak and mirrors where the Queen used to sit to watch the dancing when she gave a Highland ball. There is a charming picture of the Queen at Balmoral in recent years written by the Secretary of the Queen of Roumania, when Carmen Sylva visited Her Majesty in the Highlands. He says that he was watching a Highland dance in that very ballroom, when suddenly he felt a presence behind him. "Leaning on a tall stick was a small figure dressed in mourning, a gentle face under white hair—it was Queen Victoria, who attended the warlike pantomime, unnoticed, still, silent. She looked like a fairy of the awe-inspiring sort, so different from her portraits, from the sad countenance she has to exhibit in public. She shrunk towards the door with a wonderfully elastic step, and as she spoke to me, her clear eye fixed upon me, I had the feeling that, short in stature as she was, I was dwarfed by her presence. She sat still and silent at dinner, with her Indian servants behind her, like a picture of the early Italian religious painters."

Perhaps the Queen's greatest enjoyment at Balmoral was the daily long drive among the mountain scenery and the lochs, leaving home, which suited her well. She liked to drive very quickly, and never took the same pair of horses further than eight miles, relays being arranged. Formerly she drove often as her various little hunting lodges or shiels—the Glassch Shiel, where she sometimes stayed a night or two; the Loch Muick Shiel, where the Queen and Prince Consort were fishing when they heard that the Duke of Wellington was dead, or the Glen Gelder Shiel under Lochnagar. For thirty-five years the Queen worshipped on Sundays in the ugly old Crathie Church—now replaced by a fine new building, but eventually tourist curiosity drove her away. Sunday was always carefully kept by her Majesty, who would never do business then unless absolutely necessary. Tradition says a Minister once arrived here on Saturday night with papers which he declared it was absolutely necessary the Queen should deal with the next morning, Sunday or not. On Sunday the Minister accompanied the Queen to service in the private chapel, where curiously enough the sermon turned on Sunday observance. Afterwards the Queen slyly asked the Minister how he liked the sermon—the fact being that she had given the preacher a hint. Nothing was said about the papers till the evening, when Her Majesty remarked that as they were of such importance she would receive the Minister at seven the next morning to sign them. The Minister, not being an early riser, mentally vowed that he would never again suggest business on Sunday.

HAPPY DAYS AT WINDSOR: THE QUEEN AND PRINCE CONSORT RIDING IN THE PARK

The Queen and Music

Throughout her reign the Queen has been a warm friend to music. Before the death of the Prince Consort she was a frequent visitor to the Opera and to concerts. A quaint print was only a few weeks ago exhibited in the West End of the Princess Victoria and the Duchess of Kent in a box at the King's Theatre, the future Queen looking through one of those queer single-barrelled lorgnettes which were the opera glasses of that period. Men still living can recollect the brilliant scene at the Opera House when, during the Crimean War, a State performance was given in honour of Napoleon III. The Queen and her husband attended the first of the Handel Festivals at the Crystal Palace, and also the performance at Exeter Hall of "Elijah," when the Prince wrote that eloquent dedication which is still printed in some copies of Mendelssohn's oratorio. Mendelssohn himself has left on record a high opinion of the musical qualifications of Her Majesty, and still more so of the Prince Consort, who it is well known was a skilful organist and an able composer. A volume of his works were published by Messrs. Metzler only a few years ago, and his Coorale tune "Gotha" is still frequently heard in churches. As to the Queen, Mendelssohn wrote (in a letter to his mother) of her sweet voice and her singing, "quite faultlessly and with charming feeling of expression," as shown by her rendering during his visit to Buckingham Palace, in 1842, of Fanny Mendelssohn's "Schoner und Schoner," and of Mendelssohn's own "Pilgerspruch." While Mendelssohn was making music at the Palace a screeching parrot objected to his melody, and was forthwith removed from the room by the irate composer, to the immense amusement of the Royal couple.

The Queen learned music from the great Lablache, the most humorous basso and the plumpest operatic vocalist of his day. The tale, indeed, is told that once, when riding in a cab the bottom fell out, and as the unfortunate singer could not attract the attention of the driver he was seen with his feet through the floor running as hard as he could to keep pace with the cab. Before, however, she studied under Lablache, the Queen, as a very young girl, was a pupil of John Bernard Sale, a bass singer at Westminster Abbey and organist of St. Margaret's, Westminster. It was Sale who taught the little Princess Victoria, but her pianoforte studies were finished by Miss Philpot, who afterwards became Mrs. G. F. Anderson, wife of the Queen's Master of the Musicke. Mrs. Anderson likewise taught most of the Queen's children. Her Majesty throughout her life was a constant patroness of musicians. In her youth she "commanded" to Windsor or Buckingham Palace musicians of such varied schools as Mendelssohn and Wagner (which of whose music was first heard in London at the State Concerts), Rubinstein, Liszt, Madam Schumann, Wilhelmine Clauss, Arabella Goddard, Rubini (with whom the Queen sang duets), Sims Reeves, and modern artists such as Paderewski, Rosenthal, Joachim, Sir Charles and Lady Hallé, Sarasate, Jean de Reszke, and Madame Albani. With Madame Albani, indeed, Her Majesty was on terms of some intimacy, and when (as happened for several years) the Canadian prima donna, by invitation of the Duke of Fife, spent her autumn holidays at Old Mar Lodge, the Queen was constantly in the habit of driving thither from Balmoral and taking tea with the eminent vocalist. The last concert which the Queen attended was, we believe, the short musical performance at the opening of the Imperial Institute, although as recently as March, 1900, Her Majesty attended a performance of "Elijah" given in St. George's Chapel, Windsor. When the Albert Hall was first opened she more than once attended the afternoon concerts there, and those, indeed, are, if we recollect rightly, the only public performances at which the Queen has been present since the death of the Prince Consort.

The Princess Royal married the Crown Prince of Prussia, who afterwards became Emperor Frederick. The eldest son is now the German Emperor, William.

THREE GENERATIONS: QUEEN VICTORIA, HER ELDEST DAUGHTER, AND ELDEST GRANDSON

One of the greatest trials of Royal life is the penalty of living so much in public. Perhaps few Sovereigns have felt this more than Queen Victoria, who, though so emphatically every inch a Queen on State occasions, was by nature devoted to a quiet, homely family life. Her Majesty always loved the country and its simple amusements far better than town and its gaieties—even when she was a young and happy girl—and the picture of their Sovereign which will live nearest to the hearts of her people is not the Queen in her State Robes, but the Queen as the woman at home, amongst her family, in her personal interests and among her neighbours. For this reason any lifting of the veil hiding the Royal domestic existence has always been so eagerly welcomed. People like to know how the Queen spent her day, what she read, what she ate and drank, and so on. The English as a tea-drinking nation have engaged sympathy with the Queen's love of tea. The Queen was always devoted to tea, and has enjoyed as much in the Jura better than her tea-drinking outside doors when in the Highlands or abroad. During her visits to the Riviera it was the business of the Indian attendants to find out some suitable spot with a charming view, where they prepared the tea ready for Her Majesty to stop during her afternoon drive. The same programme was often carried out at Balmoral, either out-of-doors or to one of the picturesque little cottages—or "shiels," as local parlance—of the old Royal hunting-lodges on the estate. Brown bread and butter, cut rather thick, was the Queen's favourite food at tea. Years ago, when the Queen could move about fully, Her Majesty did not disdain a cup of tea in the homes of the humble cottagers, whom she so often visited. Speaking of the Queen's walking-stick, for some years Her Majesty used quite a historic stick. It was a most British-looking relic, originally made and presented to Charles II. by a loyal citizen of Worcester, who had dedicated it out of a famous local oak tree. When the Queen first used the stick, it only had a plain gold cap, but later on there was a queer little Italian idol, which had formed part of the booty of Seringapatam.

It may not be generally remembered that there was a strong admixture of Irish blood in the Queen's pedigree. Her Majesty was directly descended from James VI. of Scotland and I. of England, who, in his turn, traced back through Kenneth II. of Scotland to King Fergus Mor, who ruled Argyle in 457 A.D. Fergus Mor was one of the Royal Irish adventurers who carried Irish power into Scotland and established it there. His successors were a long line of Irish kings, tracing their pedigree from one, King Hermon, who ruled in Ireland in its very earliest days.

The Queen and Literature

By H. HOY THOMAS

A SKETCH of Queen Victoria's literary tastes and inclination can find no more fitting, and certainly no earlier starting point than a pretty little nursery anecdote which is related by the late Mrs. Oliphant. It appears that the infant Princess rebelled indignantly against the first attempt to teach her the alphabet, and was only finally convinced that the time and pains needed for that arduous task would be profitably employed when it was pointed out to her that "unless she learnt her letters" she would never be able to read certain attractive looking books that lay just then upon the nursery table. The warning had the desired effect. "I learn, too!" was the ready response, and thereupon the future Queen and Empress applied herself diligently to this humble, yet indispensable, preliminary to a course of literary studies. No mere rebellious aversion from school tasks are reported from that time. On the contrary, the little pupil exhibited a very remarkable faculty for learning languages, and acquired both French and German readily and easily, though sometimes she objected to speak them when not in the mood. "I am an English girl," she would proudly say on these occasions, "and I shall speak nothing but English."

That the Queen became a skilful draughtswoman and a cultivated musician all people know. Equally well known is it that she knew the Italian language—could read, even in her girlhood, Virgil and Horace—and had made some progress in Greek and mathematics. Altogether, in those pre-Victorian days the Queen was justly regarded as a highly-educated woman. She had, moreover, unquestionably literary gifts, which were not the less genuine because, as Mrs. Oliphant has pointed out, they had their limits, though these did not prevent that distinguished novelist and woman of letters from describing her first book, "The Early Years of the Prince Consort," as "unique so far as we know, possessing in one way a power like that of genius, a power almost of creation in its perfect simplicity and truth. . . . Her other books—the journals of her life in the Highlands—have been described by the same hand as "books which are not books," but rather a sort of series of letters straight out of her own heart to the hearts of her people. The special favour which the Queen ever showed to her future biographer—so long her neighbour in Windsor, and so often her guest—is in itself a testimony to the Queen's literary taste and discernment; but as regards fiction she was rather an omnivorous than a critical reader—a peculiarity which, as Mrs. Oliphant observes, is to be noted in most people who are deeply occupied—Darwin, for example, who, like his Sovereign, "read novels largely," and was not much concerned about the quality of them or their claim to be called literature. Her literary tastes were certainly not narrow or exclusive. We know that among her favourite authors were Shakespeare, Tennyson, Adelaide Procter, Jane Austen, Charlotte Brontë, Mrs. Craik, George Eliot, Edna Lyall, Schiller, Goethe, Heine, St. Simon, Racine, and Lamartine. There is one great novelist, at least, to whom the Queen was constant to the last. References to Scott abound in her letters and Journals. In those days of anguish when the Prince Consort lay dying, and in his last illness, the Queen has herself told us that he found some comfort in listening to her reading of "Peveril of the Peak." In the "Leaves from the Journal" Clough's lines descriptive of Highland scenery are quoted; but the fine passage "Land of brown heath and shaggy wood," from the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," is placed at the head of the division. "Life in the Highlands, 1848 to 1861," and the view of Loch Muick recalls the illustrious diarist "The Lady of the Lake," and the lines—

> Every on on they hore, mony hoof
> And hoofes rang the welkeyis proud.
> At first she wond by thirteen taste,
> Reflexe along the waters vaste;
> And, lingering long by cape and bay,
> Watched every harebell nodd away.

The reader of the Journals will not have forgotten the Queen's account of her pilgrimage to Abbotsford, then in the occupation of Mr. Hope Scott, the husband of the great romance writer's granddaughter and only surviving descendant. "They showed us" (she writes) "the part of the house in which Sir Walter lived and all his rooms, his drawing-room with the same furniture and carpet, the library where we saw his manuscript of 'Ivanhoe,' and several other of his novels and poems and other relics. Then his study—a small, dark room, with a little turret, in which is a bust in bronze done from a cast of Sir Walter taken after death. In the study we saw his journal, in which Mr. Hope Scott asked me to write my name, which I felt it to be a presumption in me to do, as also the others."

There are references in the Queen's private Diary to George Eliot's "Silas Marner," "Anthony Trollope's" "The Warden," and Charles Lever's "Dodd Family." The writings of Dr. Norman Macleod, for whom the Queen had a strong personal regard, and for whose stones she had a special liking, are also frequently mentioned; but when we turn to the writers of the Victorian era, whom the Queen delighted to honour, the first and foremost place must be given to Lord Tennyson, the relations between whom and the Court must ever take rank among the most pleasing episodes in the literary history of that time. The first series of the "Idylls of the King"—if we take no count of the "Morte d'Arthur," which, beautiful as it is, is but a fragment, was published in the year 1859, and it appears to have made a deep impression upon the mind of the Prince Consort, who had already paid a visit to the poet at Freshwater. In a letter, dated Buckingham Palace, May 17th, the Prince wrote to the poet asking as a favour that he would write his name in his correspondent's copy of this volume. The "Idylls," he wrote," quite rekindle the feeling with which the legends of King Arthur must have inspired the chivalry of old, while the graceful form in which they are presented blends these feelings with the softer tone of our present age." The request was complied with, and the book remained to the last a favourite with the Prince. In reading it to the Princess Frederick William, during her visit to England in 1861, he pointed out passages from which he wished her to make pictures, and she was engaged on this labour of love at Windsor when the death of her illustrious father shattered the happiness of her life, and converted the hitherto joyous life of the Queen into one of gloom and despair. The first meeting between the Queen and Poet Laureate after the death of the Prince is recorded in the hand of Lady Tennyson from her husband's information. "There was a kind of tenderly reverent silence about her (says this affecting narrative). She said many kind things to him—such as 'Next to the Bible, I find my greatest comfort.' She talked of the Princess Alice, of Hallam and Moral Essays, and of Goethe and of Schiller in connection with him, and said that the Prince was so like the picture of Arthur Hallam in 'In Memoriam'—even to his blue eyes. When A. said that he thought that the Prince would have made a great King, she answered, 'He always said that it did not signify what he did, he did right thing or did not, so long as the right thing was done.' The last words spoken at this memorable interview were the poet's assurance, 'We all grieve with your Majesty,' and the Queen's answer, 'The country has been kind to me, and I am thankful.'" Many years after the Queen wrote more than once in her Diary, "I told him (Tennyson) what a comfort 'In Memoriam' had again been to me, which pleased him." A far deeper, because a more directly personal interest, however, must have been that which was inspired by the dedication of the "Idylls" to the memory of the Prince Consort, with its exquisitely tender references to the Queen's bereavement. Surely this with the kindly dedication of the poems to the Queen, dated March, 1851, may claim to be the noblest pieces of verse ever addressed by a poet to his sovereign.

Charles Dickens's relations with the Queen were less intimate, and extended over a far shorter period. Tennyson had been in a marked degree the object of the Queen's personal regard from the year far-off time when she conferred upon the greatest of lyrical poets the laureate wreath, then

"Summary from the Queen's
Of time that otherwise nothing bore."

down to the day (May 14, 1887), when she wrote to tell him what pleasure she had found in the performance of his "beautiful Jubilee Ode," with Dr. Stanford's music, at Buckingham Palace, and, indeed, down to the close of his glorious career, which caused her sorrow as deep. Dickens, on the other hand, though the Queen was known to be an ardent admirer of his novels, had, owing to accidental causes, which will be found set forth in Mr. Forster's biography, no opportunity of a personal introduction to Her Majesty till near the end of the great novelist's life. By what unfortunate combination of circumstances they had failed to meet when the Queen in 1857 honoured the amateur performance of "The Frozen Deep" at the Jerrold benefit is related in the following passage:—

"It had been hoped to obtain Her Majesty's name for the Jerrold performances, but being a public effort on behalf of an individually absent would have involved either personal compliance or the giving of a perpetual offence." Her Majesty, however, then sent through Colonel Phipps a request to Dickens that he would select a room, do what he would with it, and let her see the play there. I said to Colonel Phipps, thereupon, that the idea was not quite new to me, that I did not feel easy as to the social position of my daughters, etc., at a Court under those circumstances, and that I would beg Her Majesty to excuse me if any other way of seeing the play could be devised.

Finally it was arranged that a special preliminary performance should be given at the Gallery of Illustration before the Queen and such personal friends as she might be pleased to invite. The result is described as "a great gratification." "My gracious Sovereign," says Dickens (9th July, 1857), "was so pleased that she sent round begging me to go and see her and accept her thanks. I replied that I was in my fave dress, and must beg to be excused, wherefore she sent again, saying that the dress "could not be so ridiculous as that," and repeating the request. I sent my duty in reply, but again hoped that Her Majesty would have the goodness to excuse my presenting myself in a costume and appearance that were not my own. Dickens's reluctance to making himself "a motley to the view" of his beloved Sovereign was natural enough, but the incident was the more regrettable because, owing to other circumstances in the following year, a special for gratifying the Queen's long-cherished desire to be present at a reading of the "Carol" proved abortive. The opportunity, however, though tardy, came at last, thanks mainly to the Queen's delicate tact and characteristic kindness. On the occasion of his last visit to America Dickens had brought back a collection of photographs of the battlefields of the Civil War, which the Queen having heard of expressed a wish to see. Dickens sent them at once, and went afterwards to Buckingham Palace with Mr. Helps at Her Majesty's request, "that she might see and thank him in person." What befel at that historic interview, which took place in the middle of March, 1870, is related by Dickens's biographer. Upon Her Majesty expressing regret not to have heard his readings, Dickens intimated that they were now become a thing of the past, while he acknowledged gratefully Her Majesty's compliment in regard to them. She spoke to him of the impression made upon her by his acting in "The Frozen Deep," and on his stating, in reply to her inquiry, that the little play had not been very successful on the public stage, said this did not surprise her, as "it no longer had the advantage of his performance." After further conversation he related to her the striking story of President Lincoln's dream on the night before his assassination. The Queen then asked him to give her his writings, and inquired if she could have them that afternoon. Her guest begged for time in order to send her a bound copy. Her Majesty then took from the table a copy of her book upon the Highlands, with an inscription in her own hand, "To Charles Dickens," saying that "the humblest of writers would be ashamed to offer it to one of the first," but that Mr. Helps having asked to give it had remembered that it would be valued most from herself." With these gracious words the Queen took leave of her illustrious guest. Dickens, it is evident, was deeply touched by these proofs of the Queen's regard. It is a touching sequel to the story that the very day of the great novelist's sudden death brought to Gadshill the Queen's acknowledgment of the receipt of the handsome set of his entire writings, together with a telegram from the Queen, despatched from Balmoral, and expressing Her Majesty's deepest regret at the sad news.

The Religious Side of the Queen's Life

By THE REV. MONTAGUE BOWDEN

It is difficult to realise that our beloved Queen, whose span of life stretched from almost the commencement of the nineteenth century to the opening weeks of the twentieth, is no longer with us. The influence of her personality, no less than the wisdom of her counsel in State affairs, has played an important part in the recent history of the nation and the Empire, and both will be sorely missed. Of Her Majesty as the ruler of hundreds of millions of subjects, different in creed, in nationality, in temperament, others will speak. The central topic of this article is the religious character of Queen Victoria.

Born on May 24, 1819, the Princess Victoria was the only child of the Duke and Duchess of Kent. From infancy she was trained to render admirable by her mother. The Duke having died when she was only eight months old—and from the Duchess of Kent the future Queen early imbibed those devotional instincts which soon became a part of herself. But the formation of her character, in childhood, also owed much to her tutor, Mr. Davys, who afterwards became successively Dean of Chester and Bishop of Peterborough. His method of instruction was simple and "quiet." I have the following story from one who knew the future Queen well, and had a first hand knowledge. When teaching the little Princess her alphabet, he used to produce a number of letters made of ivory, which he threw upon the floor, and then instructed his pupil to pick out the letter he named. When she was about twelve years old, it was decided, with the sanction of the Duchess of Kent, that she should be informed of the likelihood of her succession to the throne of the realm. Accordingly, Mr. Davys, having led her on to the study of contemporaneous history, asked her who would be the next ruler when the King died. She pondered the matter long and anxiously, and then remarked, "I suppose it would be myself." And then—allowing even at that age a seriousness beyond her years—she added "There is much reflection, but more responsibility."

From that moment the Princess seems to have resolved to acquire to fit herself for the position to which she would, in all probability, be called. One of her favourite subjects of study during her girlhood was the Book of Psalms, which she read so frequently that she almost knew it by heart. In a small edition, given by her to a friend—which should still be in existence—there are numerous marginal notes and other entries, revealing the days on which the young Princess was accustomed to read the volume, and giving many indications of the devotional habits of mind which she cultivated in those days. Both the Duchess of Kent and her daughter were much attached to Dr. Davys. When the Princess became her presumptive to the Throne, it was intimated to her mother that it would be more fitting that some distinguished prelate or ecclesiastic should be appointed as "instructor to the future Queen." His Royal Highness cleverly met this point, it is said, by asking her own wishes in the matter, by replying that if a dignified ecclesiastic was indispensable to fill this important office, the opportunity had arrived for conferring on Dr. Davys the preferment which he so well merited, and shortly afterwards he was made Dean of Chester. Two years after her accession, the Queen promoted him to the see of Peterborough.

The coronation of Her Majesty was an event which might easily have turned a wiser and a wiser head than that of the young Princess Victoria, whose first thought, when she was roused in the dead of night by the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Lord Chamberlain, to learn from them that she was Queen of England, was to ask the former to pray for her. But it is recorded that when she attended the service in Westminster Abbey, with its solemn ceremonial and historical pageant, her deep sense of reverence was apparent to all those who were present on the occasion. One who took part in the proceedings on that memorable day has testified that Her Majesty looked—not anxious and elated (as might have been expected in a young girl of only eighteen summers, suddenly raised to the pinnacle of earthly ambition)—but pale and tremulous.

The Queen's marriage to her cousin, Prince Albert, which took place in 1840, brought into her life a further influence for good. Of the moral character of the man of devoted affection which bound Her Majesty and her husband closest, and here, for nigh on forty years, kept his memory green in the heart of our revered Sovereign, it is not for us or for our subjects to speak. But the sterling qualities which won for the Queen's husband the title of "Albert the Good," strengthened in Her Majesty those devotional virtues but life to the benefit of her people and the service of her God, which the natural seriousness and attainments of her youth had already developed. As children were born to her, the Queen did not—though the pressure of public duties might well have been pleaded in excuse—hand over the religious training of her sons and daughters to others. It was now due to their instructors, and mothers them to the principles of the Christian faith, by her own unswerving labours. When the Archbishop of London was, on one occasion, catechising the Prince of Wales and his brothers, he was much struck by the ready answers which they made, and was told that it was a great source of comfort to her as thoroughly grounding you in the Church Catechism." The reply was: "Oh! her's a mamma who teaches us the Catechism."

One of the special characteristics of the Queen's reign—one to no small measure to her personal influence—has been the absolute religious freedom that has been granted to all her subjects, and the removal of religious tests and disabilities. "Before he was Prime Minister" was uttered throughout the country the proclamation of the Penal Bill, establishing a Roman Catholic hierarchy in England. Her Majesty did much to calm the excitement that had sprung up. Writing on the subject, the year 1851 would never have consented to say anything which breathed a spirit of intolerance. Sincerely Protestant as I always have been and always shall be, and indignant as I am at those who call themselves Protestants, while they are in fact quite the contrary, I much regret the uncharitable and intolerant spirit exhibited by many people at the public meetings."

It is sometimes thought that, in the episcopal appointments—which are made by the Crown—the Queen did little more than confirm the nomination made to her by the Prime Minister for the time being. This is an entire mistake, as there was no branch of her extensive patronage to which Her Majesty devoted more anxious thought than that which concerned the Bishops. Archbishop Thomson owed his promotion to the Primacy of the Northern Province at the early age of forty-two, to the Queen's personal intervention. In recent years, Her Majesty expressed her wish that in the case of the two names submitted to her for the appointment of a suffragan, and both the second name (instead of, as was usual, the first), because she believed the clergymen thus chosen was the more suitable man for the position. In writing to Dr. Benson, who had just been offered the See of Truro by Mr. Gladstone, the Queen urged him to accept the Bishopric, as she felt that he would thereby conduct greatly to the well-being and strength of the Church and be a great support to herself.

She was always intensely anxious that those who were raised to the Episcopal Bench should be possessed of a power of influence that would help to elevate the nation and deepen the religion of the people. In a letter written after the death of Dr. Lightfoot, Bishop of Durham, she said, referring to the selection of the Bishop: "It is a great anxiety, and the man to be chosen must not be taken with reference to satisfying one or the other party in the Church, or with reference to any political party—but for their real worth. We want people who can be firm and conciliating; also the Church cause be maintained. We want large, broad views, or the difficulties will become insurmountable." For some years, the Queen's desire to promote to a vacant see a man chosen for his blameless life and Christian character, led her to overlook or at least to moderate the necessity for those statesmanlike qualities and scholarly attainments so essential to the Bishops, with whom lies the task of moving the Church's policy and defending her doctrines. But whatever her own wishes, His Majesty, to her infinite credit, always yielded ultimately to the opinions of her Ministers.

Every subject of the Queen is aware how sincere was her devotion to everything connected with Scotland, and how eagerly she looked forward to her visits to her beautiful Highland home. When at Balmoral, she was regular in her attendance on Sundays at the Kirk; and she was in the habit of jotting down in her diary a brief record of those sermons preached before her which made an impression on her mind. Her Majesty had a great admiration for the bishops Rev. Norman Macleod, of Glasgow; and wherever in Scotland the Castle—which to her was frequently wont to describe—made a point of engaging him in conversation on various religious topics, especially on the progress and prospects of the Established Church of Scotland. Of a sermon by Professor Caird, she made the following notes:—"What must religion be. It ought to pervade every action of our lives; not nothing only for Sundays, or for our closet; not a thing to drive us from the world; not a perpetual moping over "good" books, but 'living and doing good;' 'letting everything be done in a Christian spirit.'"

But the Queen's religion was not confined to a regular attendance at the opportunities of worship. She carried her Christianity into her everyday life, and gave practical evidence of the spirit of charity (caritas) by which she was actuated. She was the truly beautiful, and the personal friend, of all her dependents; whether they belonged to her household at Buckingham Palace or at Windsor, or were her servants and workpeople at Balmoral,—a score her neighbours at Osborne, or the inmates of the cottages and picturesque almshouses at Whippingham, which were erected by the Queen, at her own charges, to be homes for those who had grown old in her service.

Of Her Majesty's fulfilment of the Apostolic precept—"to do good and to distribute forget not"—the public know but little. A donation of a hundred guineas here, and five hundred pounds there to religious organisations or philanthropic institutions, announced in the public Press, formed but a small portion of the open-handed liberality with which the Queen has striven, without ostentation, but with genuine sympathy, to relieve the distress and misery of thousands of her subjects, and to help in any effort which she believed to be calculated to further the cause of God and of humanity. A true daughter of the Church of England, the Queen realised the responsibility of her position, as ruler over an Empire, wherein not only every phase of Christian thought was represented, but which contained Hindoos, Mohammedans, and other non-Christian races. She retained to the last her early practice of the reading of the Bible and the study of devotional literature; and her influence over her Court was, throughout her long reign, directed towards the promotion of a high ideal of life. As girl, as wife, as mother, as Queen, she has set us a grand example of the truest and noblest type of Christian womanhood.

The Queen and Art

By H. H. SPIELMANN

ART, in its widest sense, always appealed strongly to the Queen. Painting, sculpture, music, poetry, and the drama all interested her intensely, and she never let slip an opportunity for proving how much she loved them. Pictorial art she appreciated in its deepest appeal—the lowest it for its emotional expression, and she valued it for the record it affords. Practical art she understood well. She had indeed been used to it as a child, and had at all times one of the most favourite painters. In her choice of these favourites she distributed her favours judiciously, and although she never set to Leighton, Watts, or Millais, she selected in former years many of the chief artists of the day to paint her. They were to record her features in simple portraiture, or to depict her as the central figure of the State ceremonials in which she took part. She began sitting to painters and sculptors while she was yet a child, and the number of portraits of her in all mediums and methods which have appeared in the Royal Academy alone, since her accession, exceeds the number of seventy. It is interesting to recall some of the chief among those to whom we are indebted for these works: Sir David Wilkie, Sir George Hayter, Sir Edwin Landseer, Sir William Ross, Sir Francis Grant, Sir Francis Chantrey, Sir John Steell, Sir Edgar Boehm, Sir James Linton, C. R. Leslie, A. E. Chalon, W. Behnes, C. B. Birch, G. H. Thomas, Mr. Sant, Mr. Alfred Gilbert, Mr. Onslow Ford, and Mr. Orchardson. These, together with Winterhalter, Herr von Angeli, and M. Benjamin-Constant, comprise but a fourth of the painters and sculptors of the Queen.

At the beginning, too, the Queen was a patroness of art, in the sense of giving commissions or of purchasing pictures. No sooner was she married than she formed her taste on that of the Prince Consort, wishing to be entirely guided by him in her encouragement of painting and sculpture. It is, therefore, the more remarkable that, in the revival of Court interest in art, entirely due to Prince Albert, the preference shown by Her Majesty was wholly English in character. No sooner had she come to the throne than she commissioned Wilkie, Hayter, Leslie, and Chalon to produce ceremonial portraits of her; and this course was later on approved and encouraged by the Prince Consort. Her young desire was to help on British art, and the motive which guided her in her active approval of the Great Exhibition of 1851, and later on of the Museum and the Science and Art Department at South Kensington, was the patriotic

spirit that inspired a great national movement. It is true that she occasionally bought, for her private collection, a picture by a foreigner—such as "The Great Fishing at Antwerp," by Baron Wappers; but she reserved herself practically for the British school. Thus, taking her acquisitions at random, we find that she bought Leighton's "Cimabue" when it appeared at the Royal Academy: She acquired Dobson's "Charity of Dorcas" in 1855, Herbert's "Virgin Mary" in 1860, Maclise's "Scene from Midas," Sir Noel Paton's "Home from the Crimea," and "The Good Shepherd," John Phillip's "Andalusian Letter-Writer," Corbould's "Woman taken in Adultery," and Holl's "No Tidings from the Sea"—lent to the last Old Masters' Exhibition—and Lady Butler's "Roll Call." All of these were pictures that had taken her fancy. And when she and the Prince Consort had determined to have the little pavilion in Buckingham Palace grounds decorated with fine frescoes from the subject of "Comus," she invited Leslie, Ross, Eastlake, Uwins, Stanfield, Etty, Maclise, Landseer, and Dyce to carry out the work.

In the same light, she commissioned pictures from Mr. Frith, Mr. Carl Haag, Mr. Andrew McCallum, and many more. They were not so many as some might expect, but it must be remembered that the Queen had motives, which need not here be enlarged upon, for restraining any temptation to extravagance on the head of artistic luxury. And if it be thought that Her Majesty's taste a half a century ago was "Early Victorian," it must be remembered that it was, therefore, true to herself; and that while seeking to distribute her favours among British painters and sculptors, she could appreciate none the less the etchings of Mr. Whistler, of which she formed a collection at Windsor Castle. Etching had a peculiar fascination for her; and her practice of it, as will be seen, was of great indirect advantage to artists and the law which governs them.

More than any of her subjects, the Queen employed art and artists for the purposes of record. To the services of Mr. G. H. Thomas, so frequently drawn upon, I have already alluded; he, together with others, has recorded in colour the Sovereign's chief coronations, public and private, of the Queen's other Imperial and state functions, weddings, progresses, and the like. On these works the Queen expended considerable sums for her private gratification and for the historical remembrance of future generations. Mr. W. Corbet, Mr. R. T. Pritchett, Mr. Chevalier, Sir John Gilbert, Sir Oswald Brierly, and Mr. McCallum, among many others, have received commissions of longer or shorter duration, and between them produced a vast number of clever records: Mr. Yet Prinsep, R.A., Mr. Sydney Hall, and Mr. Herbert Johnson have recorded great scenes enacted in the Indian Empire, Mr. Lockhart and Mr. John Charlton have celebrated her Jubilees; and the list might be extended to a great length. Moreover, the Court memorialist several artistic slaves—the Principal Painter in Ordinary (Mr. J. Sant, R.A.), the Queen's Painter in Scotland (Sir Noel Paton), Marine Painter in Ordinary (Mr. Edward de Martino), and an engraver (Mr. Gerald Robinson); besides a Surveyor of Pictures (Sir J. Charles Robinson). Now the Queen shrank before really great commissions, as when she purchased M. de Triqueti to decorate the chapel at Windsor, in memory of Prince Albert's mother; and when, after the glories of the Prince Consort's memorial, she commissioned Mr. Alfred Gilbert to create and carry into execution the noble and poetic tomb of the Duke of Clarence in the Memorial Chapel.

Her love for animals, as everyone knows, was singularly strong and tender. Leslie, who was present at the Coronation, declares that on the morning which he (Leslie) was leaving the bath of her pet dog, and was required to put off his robes and perform that office, she might be free "to go and wash Dash." Whether or not the story be apocryphal, it paints in a kindly and sportsmanlike sympathy which has many times called in the aid of art. The Queen liked to have her best dogs, horses, or stock painted or modelled by specialists. Thus, when Landseer who was employed, now Abraham Cooper; again Mr. A. Stilwell Cooper was called in by the Prince Consort to set on canvas the Queen's pet Guernsey cow "Beffie" and her calves—a gift from the Corporation of the Isle of Wight; and, yet again, her favourite saddle horse "Tartar" was painted four times in one year (1856) by Barraud, S. Pearce, and Morley, and all the pictures she ordered to be exhibited at the Royal Academy, the same year. Or Mr. Williamson or other court sculptor of the day would be required to divert his attention from modelling little Princes and Princesses in order to reproduce in marble the finely-bred pet dogs which the Queen was rarely without. And as often as not, at least in early years, the result went to the Academy.

No institution ever had a more kindly friend than the Royal Academy, of which Her Majesty, as Monarch, was the mistress and the autocrat. The Academy is essentially a Royal private establishment answerable to the Sovereign alone. It is the Sovereign who signs the Academicians' diplomas constituting them Esquires; and who is at all times accessible to the President on the business of the Academy. When Her Majesty succeeded to the Throne, the Academy had just entered into possession of its new premises in Trafalgar Square, and thither the Queen lost no time in repairing as a Sovereign Lady, although she had visited the Exhibition a couple of months before. She graciously announced (contrary to what rumour had given out) that she would continue the Royal favour to the Royal Academy, and confirmed to the President (then Sir Martin Archer Shee) the privilege of access. And then, as if to accentuate her promise of benevolence, she conferred knighthood on Collcott, Newton, and Westmacott. But when the Prince Consort died, the Queen visited the Academy no more; but she always testified her unflagging interest in her University of Art by lending copiously every year to its winter exhibitions of Old Masters, and when any picture of striking interest aroused her curiosity, she would request that it should be brought to her for inspection. In other special cases she would command that certain pictures should be exhibited on its walls; such an example was the portrait of Lord Beaconsfield, by Millais. Now did she confine her attention to the Academy, but evinced her desire to help in the advancement of other societies by conferring on them the title of "Royal." Among the chief of them are the Institute of Painters of Water-Colours, the Water-Colour Society, the Painter-Etchers, and the Society of British Artists.

But the Queen was not satisfied with granting such patronage of Art as came within her power to confer; she sought to understand it and practise it herself. She was so keen critic of a picture, it will that is said of her by every artist who has had occasion to double the testimony of the composite of opinion. Mr. Stilwell Cooper, for example, declared that she would examine a picture for a quarter of an hour in all the different points, making most intelligent and pertinent remarks as to the execution of the work. Within equally keen witness to her artistic intelligence, and Redgrave confirmed the statement, adding, "I was pleased to find her taking continually about painters."

The fact was, the Queen, was practising art herself, and entertained a kindly feeling for the whole community. She had been well taught in drawing from her childhood, but other duties prevented such great and successful application as became possible to two of her daughters—the Empress Frederick and the Princess Louise. But the Queen, as has been said, found delight in etching. She was instructed in the art by Landseer, and in 1840 she produced several plates, including two of little girls and two heads of dogs—"Islay" and "Eos" (the latter of which Landseer painted in the picture now at Windsor Castle), and these she followed up with an etching of Adelaide, Princess of Hohenlohe-Langenburg, then a little child, who became the mother of the present German Empress, and mother of Prince Alfred, the late Duke of Saxe-Coburg.

But the etching-needle did not satisfy the Queen; she wished to draw right sketch of landscape, like the subject she painted and wrote from the sketch-book. In her "Journal in the Highlands," and elsewhere, she makes frequent allusion to her sketching, even to putting the sketch afterwards on stone for printing in the form of a lithograph. It will thus be seen that not only as a lover or patron of Art His Majesty touched points of contact with the community of artists, but, like them, she knew the pleasures and pains of effort, and even of supporting criticism. The last was perhaps the most human touch of all, and warms the heart towards the mighty Sovereign who, like any professional artist, looked tremblingly at the critics. An example of this may be quoted; she had found, according to Redgrave, that Maclise hesitated to send a certain large picture to the Academy for fear of the critics—that the last year, for the same reason, he had not exhibited at all. "How strange," she said, "that he should care for such things! I'm surprised he should think anything of newspaper criticisms;" speaking as though she felt they were necessary evils and must be borne with, but she could estimate them at their real worth. The Prince, Redgrave hastens to add, had lately been savagely attacked in a low print.

Everyone with knowledge of the subject must marvel how, in a busy life, packed full of the toil of routine, patronised with great indolence of enormous importance, of universal concern, and vital interest to nations and to the peace of the world, Queen Victoria could find time and heart to give so much thought and love to gentle Art, bestowing frequent and tenderable respect to artists, encourage their advancements and make—as far as her opportunities would allow—common cause of sympathy with the aspirations of beauty and of poetry.

And she had her reward. For during her reign she saw the rise of painters whose names will in future times be held in shed glory even on her effulgence; she saw the renascence of English Architecture—a waste turned into a flowering garden; and she witnessed the birth of a school of sculpture such as has not been in Britain before. And future generations perhaps will see, longer than in the ranks of the great army of artists who changed what was once a reproach almost into triumph, the Monarch herself has claimed a modest place, and by her example, if not by her achievement, has added a great vital force to the gracious advance of Art.

Topics of the Week

Long Live the King!

LIKE the sable cloud of which Milton sings the sorrow which has darkened the Empire during the last few days, "turns forth its silver lining on the night." It has, indeed, a double compensation—one in the pride with which we look back on the splendid past, and another in the confident hope with which we confront the veiled future. Victoria the Great and Good has been gathered to her ancestors, but she has left behind her a tradition which is not a mere impalpable memory, but is the breath of a new life in the ancient monarchy which she transformed into the greatest Empire known to history. This may be seen in the vivifying effect of her great moral example on the national character, and in the new strength which her orderly life and wise statesmanship gave to the ancient institutions of the realm. But it is not only that she has bequeathed to us a great and flourishing estate; she has also left us a successor who worthily inherits the place she occupied in the affection and confidence of her subjects. King Edward VII. begins his reign under the happiest auspices. He has at his feet a devoted people. He enters upon an exalted office which during the past six decades has vindicated its high usefulness in a democratic age. He has a ripe experience, a keen taste for affairs, a generous heart, the most perfect tact, a profound knowledge of men, and a strong sympathy with the feelings, the wants, the hopes and the aspirations of the Empire. The opening of his reign differs from that of his illustrious mother in several respects, but they are differences which make for a continuity of the Victorian tradition, and not in any sense for a departure from it. The Queen had to learn her *métier* as monarch during the early years of her reign. Her son has already learnt it, and in the same great school. Both he and his mother had for their earliest guide the same gifted teacher—the late Prince Consort—and both found instruction in the intimacy of a long line of illustrious statesmen. At sixty the King brings to the throne an accumulated knowledge of statecraft and of political precedents, which, if inferior to that of his mother, is far superior to that of any living English Statesman, with the single exception of Lord Salisbury. For forty years of his life he has been in close personal contract with the best minds of his age and with every distinguished figure in English political life. He has travelled widely, and he has sounded the national life at every level. Add to this the exquisite tact which has made of him a pattern of a constitutional Heir-Apparent, and we need not wonder that his subjects look forward to his reign as King with tranquil confidence. And if we examine the national tasks of the future in detail, this confidence can only be the more justified and strengthened. The epoch on which we are now entering must be for the Empire an epoch of peace and of domestic reorganisation and consolidation if the Victorian legacy is to be preserved. Everything in the temper and tastes of King Edward VII. warrants the conviction that he will worthily watch over and stimulate this work.

Nowadays the peace of the world depends quite as largely on monarchs as in the heydey of absolutism. From their personal and dynastic connections they have, as a rule, a better insight into foreign affairs than can be possessed by any Minister, and they have, of course, a much larger influence with foreign Governments. That the King inherits all his mother's influence in this respect, and that he is anxious to employ it for the promotion of peace, has been shown on several occasions, notably by his visit to Russia when his nephew, the Tsar, ascended the throne, by the affectionate relations he has cultivated with another illustrious nephew, the Emperor of Germany, and by the personal popularity he has conquered in France. In the domain of domestic politics he is not less in sympathy with the Imperial ideals which contemplate at once a closer union with the Colonies and the training of what Lord Rosebery has called "an Imperial race" by the steady cultivation of social reforms. In this connection it is only necessary to recall the energy with which he worked for the establishment of the Imperial Institute, and the zeal and intelligence with which, as President of the Royal Commission on the Housing of the Poor, he laboured to solve a problem which lies at the very root of the moral and physical well-being of the great mass of the nation. These are practical reasons which, apart from the mere sanguineness of loyalty, must lead every Englishman to found the highest hopes on the accession of King Edward VII. to the throne of his glorious and never-to-be-forgotten mother. There is still great work to do for England and her daughter nations, and, thanks to the example of Queen Victoria, and the confidence she inspired, the Crown has vast opportunities of assisting and guiding such work. That the King will prove equal to these opportunities none can doubt. But, happily, he does not stand alone. What he may lack in those delicate feminine intuitions which enabled Queen Victoria to touch the inmost recesses of the hearts of her subjects, he will always find in abundance in his beautiful and beloved Consort. It is not only by King Edward that Queen Victoria is succeeded, but also by Queen Alexandra. No Princess of the Royal House ever wielded a more absolute sway over the affections of the nation than the "Sea-King's daughter from over the sea," who now shares the throne of the British Empire. With her on the King's right hand we may be sure that the bounties which have been showered on this happy nation during the last sixty years will know no diminution, and that the age of Victoria will only know a riper splendour in the reign of Edward and Alexandra.

In the midst of their heartfelt sorrow for a great and good Queen, the British nation have been prompt to welcome the new Sovereign who brings to his task the ripe experience of many years devoted to the welfare of his people. In the case of Royalty, personal sorrow must give way to public duty. Only a few hours after his accession the new King was in London to fulfil the first formalities of his reign. Quietly and unostentatiously His Majesty left the House of Mourning at Osborne, driving in an open carriage to Cowes with the Dukes of York and Connaught and Prince Christian. Many people were about in spite of the early hour, but they got the briefest glimpse of the King, who hurried on board the *Alberta*, the Royal Standard running up as he stepped on the deck. There were no salutes either as the *Alberta* left Cowes or when she reached Portsmouth, the Royal party driving to the station in close carriages. Before starting, however, the King received the Mayor of Portsmouth to thank him for the messages of condolence, His Majesty adding how he felt from the bottom of his heart that he had the sympathy of the entire nation. Londoners had been on the alert for their King's arrival long before the actual time, and gradually the route from Victoria to Marlborough House grew black with people. It was a quiet, serious crowd, however, most people being in mourning, and when, after some hours of waiting, the Royal carriage appeared, not a sound was raised, though every head was bared. Eager sightseers had clustered round Marlborough House and St. James's as points of vantage; but just before the King's arrival the police made a general clearance, so there was nobody but officials about when the King drove into the courtyard of the house where he has lived as Prince of Wales for so many years, while the Duke of York went across to York House.

KING EDWARD'S FIRST COUNCIL

Probably the thoughts of many who took part in the Council went back to that famous picture by Wilkie, representing Queen Victoria at her first Council. This time the scene was changed as well as the chief character; for whilst the Queen held her Council at Kensington Palace, King Edward held his at St. James's Palace. The Banqueting Hall filled rapidly, awaiting the King's arrival. Lord Salisbury and the Duke of Devonshire were conspicuous among the Members of the Cabinet, which was almost complete. Privy Councillors of all degrees were in levée dress, robes, or uniform, while the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Lord Mayor and several members of the Corporation were included in the gathering. At the end of the Banqueting Hall stood a gold and crimson chair for the King, with a table in front and four chairs to the right for the Royal Princes. At two o'clock the Dukes of York, Connaught and Cambridge, with Prince Christian, entered and seated themselves, whilst everyone else remained standing. Then the business of the meeting began by the Duke of Devonshire, as Lord President of the Council, reading the summons convening the meeting, and inquiring whether the King should be informed that the Council was sitting. Assent being given the Royal Dukes

"GOD SAVE THE KING": THE PROCLAMATION IN THE GRAND COURT, ST. JAMES'S PALACE

"GOD SAVE THE KING": LORD ROBERTS SALUTING THE NATIONAL ANTHEM AFTER THE PROCLAMATION AT ST. JAMES'S PALACE

...reached to inform the King, who had arrived meanwhile, under the escort of Horse Guards. A few moments later the doors flew open, and a procession of State officials, headed by the Lord Chamberlain, passed in solemnly backwards before the King. His Majesty wore a Field-Marshal's uniform and the Order of the Garter. Behind him came the Duke of Cornwall and York and the other Princes. No time was lost in getting to work. Clearly and slowly Edward VII. spoke the weighty words of his first public utterance as Sovereign, deep emotion being plainly visible in his tones. It was a brief and simple declaration, speaking of the irreparable loss to the nation, and stating that His Majesty was "fully determined to be a Constitutional Sovereign in every sense of the word, and, as long as there is breath in My body, to work for the good and amelioration of My people." The King stated that he had chosen to be known by the name of Edward, instead of Albert, and that in so doing he wished that the name of Albert the Great should stand alone. His address ended, the King sat down at the head of the Council Table, and the Lord Chancellor administered to the Sovereign the Oath of Allegiance to the Realm, His Majesty first lifting his right hand to swear and then signing the document. He next subscribed the Oath to maintain the Church of Scotland, both parchments being countersigned by the Royal Dukes, the Duke of Fife, the Archbishop of Canterbury and the chief Ministers. The Lord Chancellor then read out various official offers, to all of which the King remarked, "We approve," and the Privy Councillors, "We agree." Now came the most picturesque part of the ceremony, the taking of the Oath of Allegiance to the King. Holding a Testament the Royal Dukes, one by one, knelt before the new Sovereign, took the oath and kissed his hand. After the Royal Dukes came the Cabinet, headed by Lord Salisbury, and next all the Privy Councillors in bunches, everyone, however, kneeling on the left knee and kissing hands. Finally there was the signing of the Proclamation to the Nation, which announces that, "It has pleased Almighty God to call to His mercy our late Sovereign Lady Queen Victoria, of Blessed and Glorious Memory," and that with "one Voice and Consent of Tongue and Heart, the High and Mighty Prince Albert Edward is become our only lawful and rightful Liege, Lord Edward the Seventh, by the Grace of God, King of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, Emperor of India. To Whom we do acknowledge all Faith and constant Obedience, with all hearty and humble Affection, beseeching God, by whom Kings and Queens do reign, to bless the Royal Prince Edward the Seventh with long and happy years to reign over us." So the King's first Council ended, and as His Majesty drove back to Marlborough House the crowd found their voice once more to shout "God save the King."

PROCLAIMING THE KING

So far all the ceremonies connected with the Accession had been semi-private—next day came the first public State pageant. Comparatively few of those now living can remember the Proclamation of Queen Victoria, and Londoners were proportionately anxious to witness the ceremony of proclaiming the King. But the authorities stole a march on the public, and while everybody believed the Proclamation to be fixed for ten o'clock, it was actually made at nine before many people were about. The first Proclamation took place in the Court of St. James's Palace, which was lined on three sides with the Guard of Honour from the Grenadier Guards, the regimental colours—borne by Lieutenant Sutherland—showing a crape streamer. Then came the Headquarters Staff, led by Earl Roberts, who were for the first time the Order of the Garter which had been one of the last gifts of the dead Queen. As the hour of nine struck, out stepped on the Palace balcony the Earl Marshal of England—the Duke of Norfolk—resplendent in scarlet and gold, Norroy King of Arms and the various Heralds, all exceedingly magnificent in crimson tabards worked with the Royal Arms in gold. With the heralds were the four Sergeants-at-Arms carrying huge gold maces, and a quartette of State trumpeters who opened the proceedings by an elaborate fanfare. "This ended, the Deputy Garter read the Proclamation from a long parchment scroll, his clear distinct tones penetrating to the very end of the courtyard, and at the close cried "God save the King." Once more the State trumpets sounded, the Grenadier band played the National Anthem, and the stately assemblage of officials disappeared to form into procession and make the Proclamation at other points of London. But here came a departure from precedent. Instead of bravely cantering on horseback for the public eye to revel in their gorgeousness, Earl Marshal, Deputy Garter, and Heralds drove in close carriages, and the procession resolved itself into a military show alone. The first halt was at the confines of the City—the site of old Temple Bar—where, as no city gates now remain, a scarlet ribbon used barred the way, and intimated that even the King's messengers had to ask the Lord Mayor's permission to enter the City. Here stood the Lord Mayor and Corporation, and to them advanced Rouge Dragon alone with courteous request and a parchment scroll. A brief parley, and down went the scarlet ribbon; the procession crossed the Ribbon while City and State trumpets blew a lively blast. On they went to the corner of Chancery Lane, where York Herald read the Proclamation, and the people shouted lustily as the procession re-formed on its way to the Royal Exchange. By now the crowds had gathered, and the biggest concourse of the day had gathered round the Royal Exchange and the Mansion House. The Proclamation took place on the steps of the Royal Exchange, and the crowd raised a cheer. Lord Roberts, who was in full uniform as Commander-in-Chief, and who occupied a position in front of the gorgeous Headquarters Staff, uncover...

...change, and a most imposing scene it was, with all the civic grandeur added to the State procession and a black mass of spectators on all sides. Here the proceedings were a little varied, for after the trumpets came the Town Crier to pray silence for the Lord Mayor to read the order for the Proclamation. Somerset Herald read the Proclamation this time and loud indeed was the cheering. This was the end, and the whole party retreated back to the Mansion House to drink the King's health, whilst the crowd sang the National Anthem and cheered to the echo. The King was also proclaimed at the Tower of London by the Governor, who cried "God preserve King Edward VII." the Chief Warder responding "Amen." The Proclamation was made throughout the provinces on the succeeding days with more or less ceremony, but there was a very imposing scene at Dublin. First the Proclamation was made by the Lord-Lieutenant in Council, and then was read outside the Castle by Ulster King amid a huge gathering.

THE KING'S RETURN TO OSBORNE

After his Royal Proclamation had gone the round of his capital the King himself was on his way back to Osborne. With him went the Duke of York and Connaught and the Duchess of Albany with her son, the young Duke of Saxe-Coburg, and her daughter, Princess Alice. The same respectful silence greeted the King's departure from London, but Portsmouth had laid aside her mourning for the moment to greet the new Sovereign. The ships were gay with bunting, Royal salutes thundered out; there were guards of Honour and welcoming officials in waiting. The King held a brief reception on deck before the *Alberta* left for Cowes, when flags and salutes marked her arrival. These honours, however, were only to greet the the King on his first formal appearance as Sovereign, for the flags dropped half-mast high as soon as His Majesty had driven off to Osborne, where the German Emperor, with little Princess Elizabeth of Hesse, were waiting outside the house to welcome him.

PARLIAMENT AND SOVEREIGN

The first Parliament of Edward VII. met on Friday, for a double reason, to pass an address of condolence on the death of the Queen and to congratulate the new King. The House of Commons led the way with Mr. Balfour formally bringing the Speaker the King's Message. This was very brief, and no sooner had the Speaker finished reading the document than Mr. Balfour began to move the address in reply. His speech was very touching, especially when he alluded to the mass of work which fell upon the Queen. Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman followed for the Opposition, raising general approval by his tactful allusion to Queen Alexandra, and the motion being carried unanimously, everybody trooped off to the other House. Indeed so brief were the proceedings that the Speaker had time to dissolve and go over to the House of Lords—quite an

The London Gazette of January 31, in describing the Proclamation of the King, says:—"The Procession, headed by the Horse Guards, moved from St. James's Palace to Temple Bar, and Bougo Dragon Pursuivant of Arms, sitting from the carriage, advanced between two trumpeters, preceded up each of the Horse Guards, to the barrier, and after the trumpets had sounded thrice, demanded in the usual form admission into the City to proclaim His Royal Majesty King Edward VII.; and being admitted, and the barrier again closed, Bougo Dragon was conducted by the City Marshal and his Officers to the Lord Mayor, who was in attendance on his State carriage, when Bougo Dragon delivered to his Lordship the order in Council which the Lord Mayor, having read, returned, and directed the barrier to be opened; and Bougo Dragon being re-conducted to his place in the Procession, it then moved into the City, the High Bailiff of Westminster Ring off at Temple Bar."

"WHO GOES THERE?": THE CITY MARSHAL CHALLENGING THE PURSUIVANT OF ARMS WHO DEMANDED ADMITTANCE TO THE CITY TO PROCLAIM THE KING

The proclamation in London in connection with the Accession of King Edward VII. at Edinburgh took place at the Market Cross. There were as yet no signs of local city unrest in, forbidding the members of the Corporation and various officials in all customary public fashion, the party, a good silver high-flyer-mace, and the Culverin performers, while the military and Volunteers kept the streets. The Proclamation having been read by Sir James Balfour Paul, Lyon King of Arms, a fanfare of trumpets was sounded, bells were rained, and a evening shout was given. Our photograph is by J. Patrick, Edinburgh.

PROCLAIMING THE KING AT EDINBURGH: THE CEREMONY AT THE MARKET CROSS

unprecedented event. The House was densely crowded, and the feminine element thronged every possible corner where ladies were allowed. One Royal Prince was present—the Queen's cousin, so near to her in age, the Duke of Cambridge, now almost the only surviving member of that generation of the Royal House. Lord Roberts and Lord Rosebery sat on either side of him. The King's Message having been read, Lord Salisbury went on to speak of the Queen in terms only possible to one who had known her so well. The Premier was deeply moved and at times threatened to give way, but his pathetic speech was a very beautiful tribute of affection to a great and dearly loved Sovereign. The Earl of Kimberley brought more personal reminiscences to his store of eloquence, and a few words from the Archbishop of Canterbury came as a faithful touch. The address was agreed to and Parliament dispersed until the official meeting on February 14.

Besides his Proclamation and Message to Parliament, the King has sent Messages to the Army and Navy, thanking them for faithful services to Queen Victoria and alluding to their loyalty. There is a special personal touch in the Message to the Navy, as His Majesty mentions how both his sons were educated in the Service. Both the Army and the Navy are to wear mourning for six months.

FROM QUEEN TO KING

Many are the minor changes which follow the transmission of rule from mother to son. For instance, at present we have no Prince and Princess of Wales, because while the couple who have so long borne the title have become King Edward and Queen Alexandra, the Heir-Apparent and his wife do not become Prince and Princess of Wales by inheritance, but by special creation. The title has to be conferred afresh on every Heir-Apparent, and so it lapses on the heir becoming King. Indeed, King Edward was not created Prince of Wales till he was just a month old. But the Duke of York is Duke of Cornwall by inheritance—a title which comes down direct from the Black Prince, and is notable as the first dukedom created in England. Accordingly the Duke's present official title is now "Duke of Cornwall and York"—the inherited title being put before the created title—that of York. This is the way in which the Duke and Duchess are described in the new edition of the Prayer Book now officially relieved. The alterations of "Edward" for "Victoria," the changes of pronouns, and so forth are duly enumerated, and the Prayer for the Royal Family is amended to the form of "our Gracious Queen Alexandra, George Duke of Cornwall and York, the Duchess of Cornwall and York," etc. Clergy who do not as yet possess the new copies are urgently requested to "correct and amend such Prayers with the pen." There is the same kind of change in the oath of allegiance which Lords and Commons have been taking this week.

The London Gazette of January 22, says:—"At the corner of Chancery Lane York Herald read the Proclamation; then the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, Recorder, Sheriffs, Chamberlain, Common Serjeant, Town Clerk, and City Officers fell into the procession immediately after the Officers of Arms, and the procession moved on in the Royal Exchange."

THE YORK HERALD PROCLAIMING THE KING AT CHANCERY LANE

The Proclamation of the new King was made at the Town Hall, Liverpool. The Lord Mayor (Mr. Cruetbwaite), accompanied by the civic officers, by the Corporation constables in the city, and by as many leading citizens as could be accommodated in the somewhat narrow space, appeared on the balcony overlooking the Exchange Flags. The large quadrangle below was densely crowded, as were the tops of the houses surrounding the Flags and the roofs of some of the buildings. After a fanfare of trumpets the Lord Mayor read the Proclamation. The National Anthem was sung by the crowd, as of course were all the subsequent ones. The photograph is by Brown, Barnes and Bell.

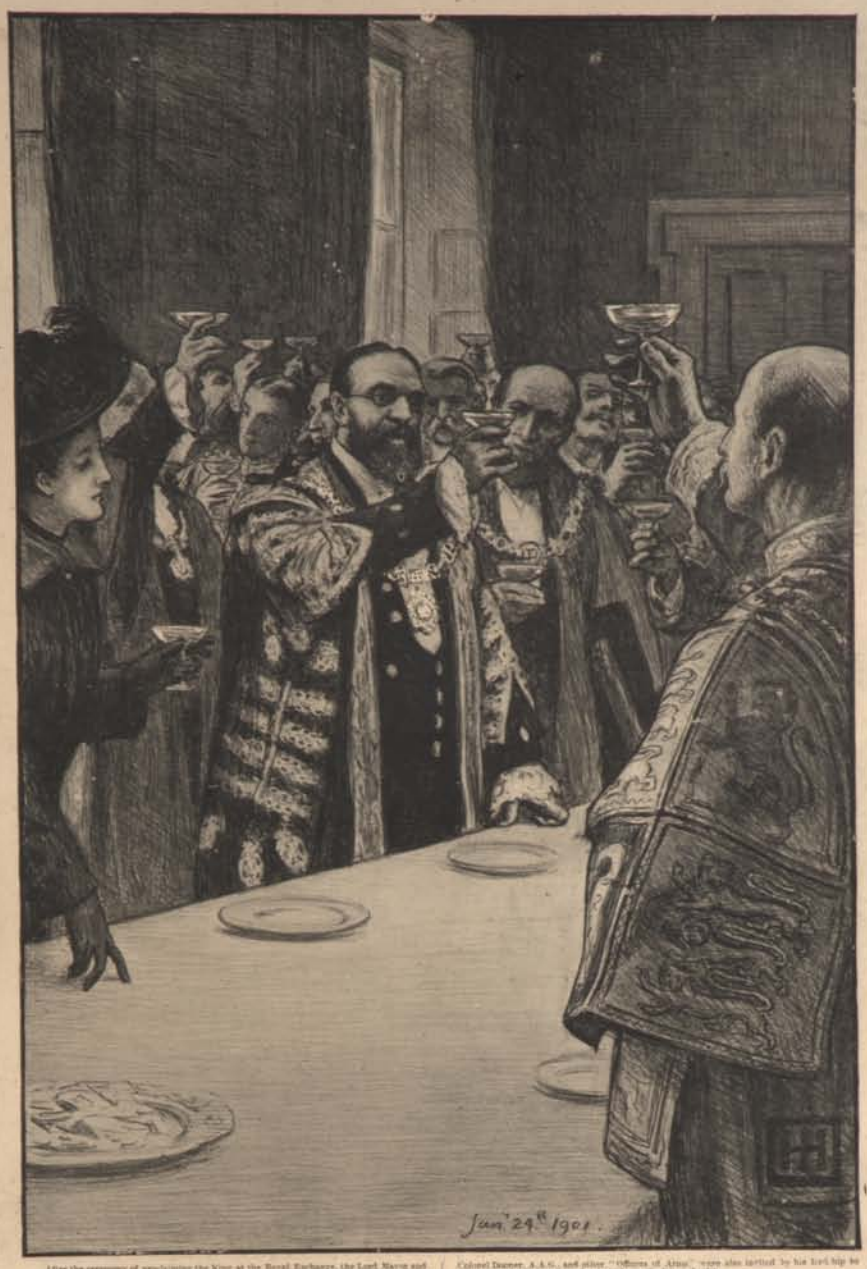
PROCLAIMING THE KING IN LIVERPOOL

After the ceremony at the Royal Exchange the Lord Mayor, the Sheriffs, the Officers-at-Arms, and other dignitaries of the pageant walk back to the Mansion House. The Lord Mayor, going to the portico and addressing the crowd, says: "Fellow citizens, let me ask you to join with me in saying, from the bottom of your hearts, 'God Save the King!'" Immediately arose a roar of applause, hats and handkerchiefs were waved, and the informal episode proved a happy finishing touch to the great ceremonial of the day.

"GOD SAVE THE KING": THE SCENE AT THE MANSION HOUSE AFTER THE PROCLAMATION

The Lord Mayor of Birmingham read the Proclamation at the Council House, the chief municipal building, to a crowd of 20,000 people. His lordship was accompanied by the Town Clerk and representatives of all public bodies. After the Proclamation the band struck up the National Anthem, and the multitude joined in its singing, after which loud cheers were given for the King. [Our photograph is by T. Lewis, Birmingham.]

PROCLAIMING THE KING AT BIRMINGHAM



After the ceremony of proclaiming the King at the Royal Exchange, the Lord Mayor and the Aldermen walked in procession to the Mansion House, accompanied by the Heralds; and Colonel Dawnay, A.A.G., and other "Officers of Arms" were also invited by his lordship to join him in drinking at his official residence the King's health.

AFTER THE PROCLAMATION OF THE KING: DRINKING HIS MAJESTY'S HEALTH AT THE MANSION HOUSE

The ceremony of proclaiming the King was performed in Dublin by the Ulster King of Arms on Cork Hill, at the entrance to the Upper Castle Yard. [See Illustration in Irish] photograph by Chancellor and Son.

PROCLAIMING THE KING AT DUBLIN

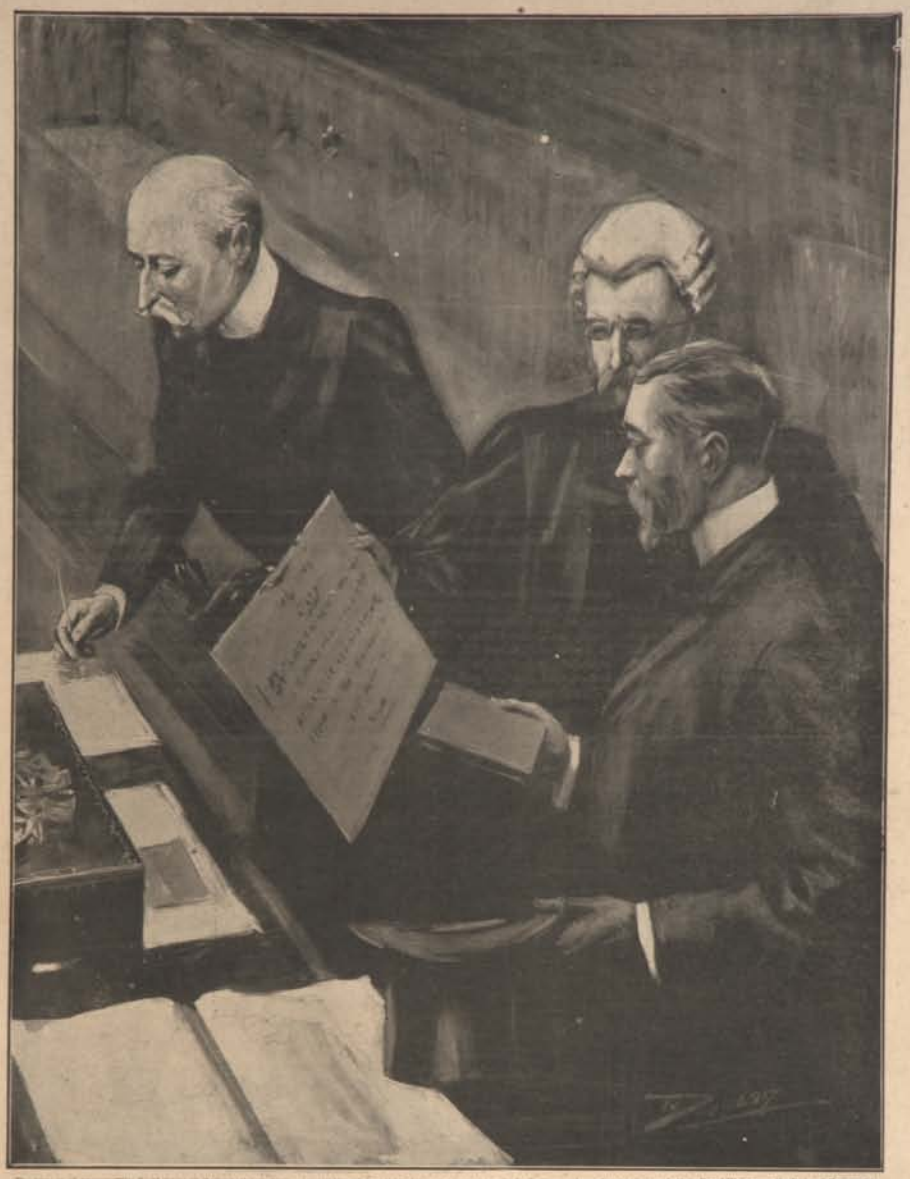
King Edward VII. was proclaimed King at the Town Hall, Bradford, on Saturday, by the Mayor. Our photograph is by A. E. and C. Fox, Bradford.

THE PROCLAMATION OF THE KING AT BRADFORD

THE KING'S FIRST PRIVY COUNCIL: THE DUKE OF YORK KISSING HIS MAJESTY'S HAND

THE PROCLAMATION OF THE KING AT BERWICK

THE PROCLAMATIONS AT BRISTOL: OUTSIDE THE COUNCIL HOUSE



The proclamation of accession was read on Wednesday last week. After the address had been moved and seconded the Lords took the oath of allegiance. Immediately afterwards their Royal Highnesses the Duke of Connaught and the Duke of York were sworn

THE MEETING OF PARLIAMENT: ROYAL DUKES TAKING THE OATH OF ALLEGIANCE IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS

The accession of Edward VII. was celebrated at a special Service in the Cathedral at Winchester, and afterwards the Mayor and Corporation [illegible] Guildhall, with the military and Volunteers, clergy and children assembled while the Town Clerk read the Proclamation of the King, after which the National Anthem was sung. Our photograph is by H. W. Salmon, Winchester

THE PROCLAMATION OF THE KING AT WINCHESTER

According to custom, the Speaker himself first took the oath and signed the roll of Parliament. Privy Councillors followed next, without distinction of party and were sworn in groups. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, Mr. Chamberlain, and Sir William Harcourt were in the first group. While they were one by one signing the roll, Mr. Balfour hurriedly entered the House from behind the Speaker's chair and warmly greeted Sir William Harcourt and Mr. John Morley. The swearing continued without incident for a couple of hours. By six o'clock the rush of members crowding to be sworn came to an end and the sitting was suspended

THE MEETING OF PARLIAMENT: MEMBERS TAKING THE OATH OF ALLEGIANCE TO THE NEW SOVEREIGN, JAN. 22

In the presence of a vast crowd King Edward VII. was proclaimed on Saturday at Southampton. Our photograph is by W. Gregory and Co., Strand

THE PROCLAMATION OF THE KING AT SOUTHAMPTON

After the Proclamation had been read at the Market Cross and three parts, Holyrood Palace, and there the King was proclaimed by the Edinburgh Herald. Our photograph is by J. Patrick, Edinburgh

THE PROCLAMATION OF THE KING AT HOLYROOD PALACE

After attending his first Privy Council the King returned to Cowes on Thursday. All the ships at Portsmouth were dressed for the occasion.

KING EDWARD VII. LEAVING PORTSMOUTH ON THE ROYAL YACHT "ALBERTA"

DRAWN BY C. A. HADDRAD

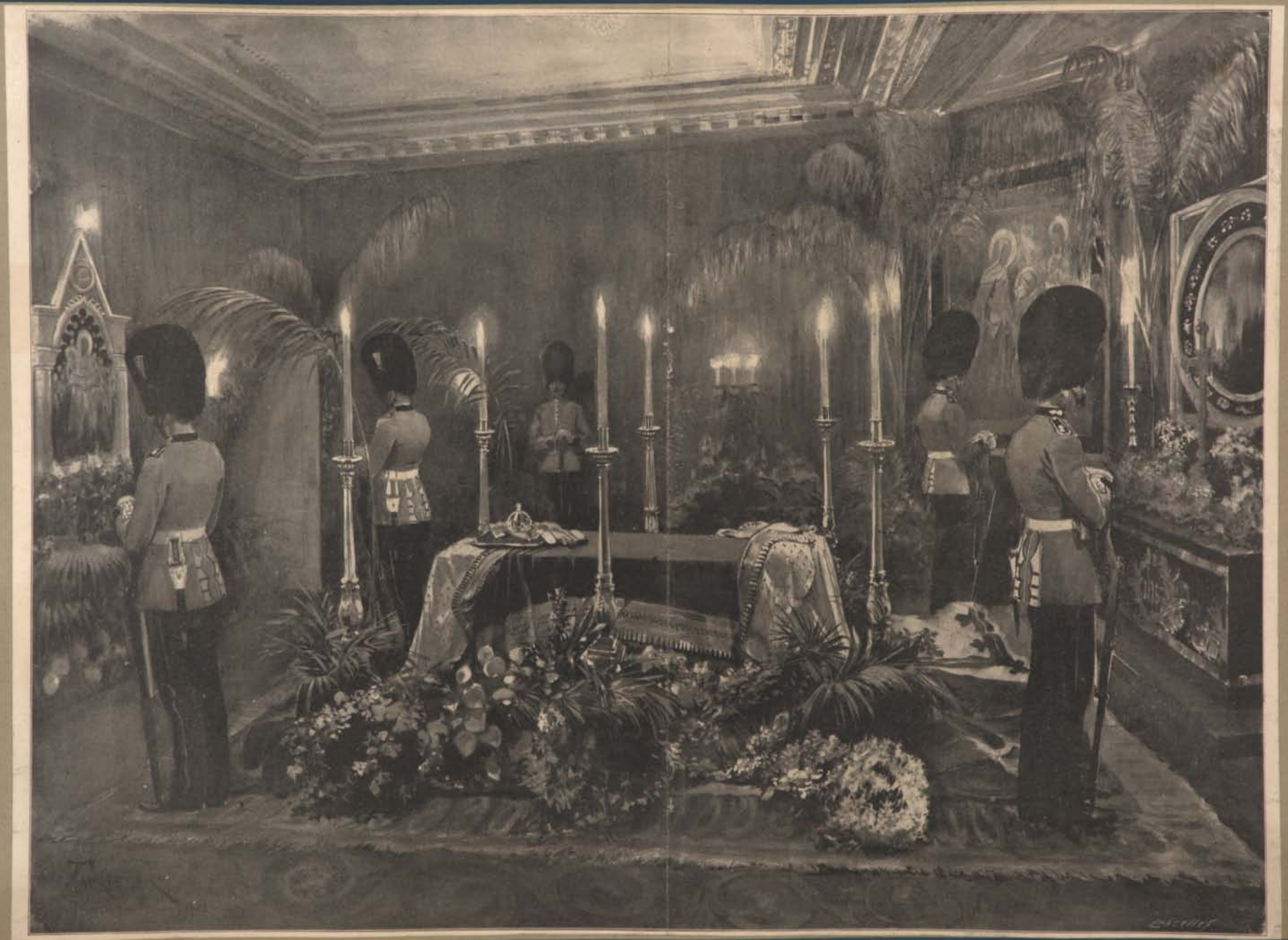
FROM A SKETCH BY LIEUT. H. S. HALLIS, R.N.

As view of the King's return from his attendance at his Privy Council, orders had been issued from the naval and military headquarters that the bridges of gold should give place for the day to signals of welcome to the newly-acclaimed Monarch on his journey from the mainland to the Isle of Wight. The route to the buoy and highest land-stripe, a change. All signs of gold lace, even Blue jackets had been busy embellishing all the warships' colours-fashion. On each vessel the Royal Standard flew at full-mast, with the White Ensign high on the dock-staff at the stern. Then, amid the boom of saluting guns and the cheers of the Regional Anthem from the decks of the men-of-war, the Royal Yacht, flying the Royal Standard, Admiralty flag, and Union Jack at full-mast, hauled out into the stream, bearing the newly-acclaimed Sovereign back to Osborne.

THE KING RETURNING TO COWES AFTER THE PROCLAMATION: THE ROYAL YACHT PASSING H.M.S. "AUSTRALIA"

At Cambridge King Edward VII. was proclaimed on Friday morning by the Vice-Chancellor (Mr. W. Chawner, M.A., Master of Emmanuel College), in the Senate House. Afterwards accompanied by the members of the Senate, he proceeded to the south door. There trumpeters were stationed and a vast crowd collected. After a fanfare the Registrar read the Proclamation, which was followed by singing "God Save the King." Vociferous cheers for the King were then given, the trumpets again sounded, and the ceremony was at end

PROCLAIMING THE KING AT CAMBRIDGE: THE REGISTRAR READING THE PROCLAMATION AT THE DOOR OF THE SENATE HOUSE



"HER COURT WAS PURE; HER LIFE SERENE; GOD GAVE HER PEACE."

Illustrated London News, February 2nd, 1901.

TENANTS AT OSBORNE PAYING THEIR LAST TRIBUTE TO THE ILLUSTRIOUS DEAD.

I much deplore that, owing to the early date at which portions of an illustrated journal must be prepared for the press, I was compelled to send forth my last week's chat with my dear readers couched in terms that would have been very much altered had the mournful event that is casting a gloom of grief over us been certain to occur when I wrote. The daughters of her Empire loved their Queen with all that special affection that a full ability to appreciate her life implies: as true a wife, not only while her faithful, loving husband stood at her side, but through the long years of loneliness; as wise a mother that of all her children none have been undutiful, none have disgraced their training, none revolted against her queenly and maternal authority, but all have given her unfailing homage and devoted love; as kind a mistress; as faithful a friend; as untiring in national and public duty, and combining this wider work so perfectly with the duty of private life; as fine an example of the possibility of public work, political understanding, and unceasing occupation about wider affairs being combined with the fullest and most perfect discharge of all a woman's private and personal obligations—women who can grasp the more completely the wonder of this great life must be the more full of sorrow that so brilliant a sun has left their firmament. But the clouds of glory that it leaves can never fade.

How much in the progress of the women of her time was due to this great presence on the throne is, perhaps, hardly realised. But that it has counted for much is obvious. In her wisdom, the Queen never permitted herself to be cited as an advocate of any change of an extreme nature; but from the first she gave such measure of support as she deemed wise to the advance of her women subjects in opportunity. The first college that was ever founded for the higher education of women was called "Queen's College," with her late Majesty's very special sanction, so long ago as 1848; and she further contributed a considerable annual subscription to its funds. At every later convenient opportunity she continued to testify her appreciation of the widening of women's education by such acts as personally opening the Holloway College and giving it the name of "Royal," and by sending for the portraits for her own album of the young ladies who distinguished themselves by carrying off the highest honours of Cambridge University. When Miss Faithfull endeavoured to open new spheres of employment to women, the Queen gave permission for the enterprise to be called after herself, and added: "All such new and practical steps for opening new branches of employment to [illegible]-trained women must meet with her Majesty's cordial approval." Women doctors have found their best sphere of usefulness through the fund for affording medical aid to Indian women, which was established by Lady Dufferin as a direct result of her Sovereign's memorials given after the Queen had received Dr. Mary Scharlieb and others in personal interviews to learn the actual need that existed. The Women's Jubilee Tribute, which it is a source of permanent satisfaction to me to know I had the honour of first suggesting in this very page, was appointed by the Queen to aid the diffusion of trained nursing to the poorer class, a great help to placing the nurses on a settled plane of position. Other illustrations might be cited. But above all, it is her own life, from the hour when the girl of eighteen stepped into a place of such power and "kept her head" amidst all the excitement and adulation, down to the last year of stress and trial, in which the aged lady proved herself as devoted to the public service and as capable in all her words and ways as ever, and all through those sixty-three years—it is this record that is the great help, the unending benefit, that the dear Queen has given to women.

Repeatedly as I have seen her late Majesty, both on public occasions and once or twice more personally, there are some moments that stand out in memory—the Jubilee service of 1887 for one. How striking was the extraordinary dignity of the figure that walked alone through the old Abbey's nave, preceded by the Princess in their splendid uniforms, scarlet and white and gold-bedizened, followed by the Princesses in the lightest of trailing gowns all flashing with gems; the little figure in plain black relieved only by a glimmer of white beneath the black lace tablier, the blue ribbon of the Garter across the bosom, and the one row of splendid brilliants that trimmed and outlined the Stuart front of the bonnet—how it concentrated the splendid dignity of the historic hour! I thought of the saying of Lady Eastlake in one of the early years of the reign: "It could not be said that *she did well*, but that she was *the Queen*." In fact, every time that I saw the Queen, stout and short, and often very, very simply dressed, I wondered anew at the extreme stateliness and dignity, combined with absolute unpretentiousness, of her aspect. Some of you will have seen such dignity in a measure in private life, in some honourable aged woman of noble thoughts and high standard of conduct. Try to imagine this unconscious grandeur of soul intensified a hundredfold by the knowledge of supreme greatness that had become a part of the everyday consciousness, by self-possession gained by the habit of bearing without outward sign the attention and gaze of multitudes, by the assurance that love and reverence waited on every step, and perhaps those never fortunate enough to have looked upon Queen Victoria may form some notion of the extraordinary dignity that was around her like a visible halo, and that was so strangely combined with such simplicity, quietness, and freedom from "airs."

But though the Jubilee service was the grandest occasion on which I noted her true majesty, never did I see the Queen look so happy as on the occasion when she received the personal portion of the women's tribute. While assigning the greater portion of the money to founding the Queen Victoria Jubilee Nursing Institute, she accepted a portion to be spent on a statue of her beloved husband. On the occasion of the laying of the foundation-stone of the statue at Windsor, there were but very few men present: it was a great crowd of women, and mostly women of some mark and standing, representatives selected from all portions of the kingdom; and the woman Sovereign received the tribute of a respect that came not only from her subjects, but also from her own sex, with a happy expression that transfigured her countenance, and, as the older women present declared, recalled her earlier, happy days. She looked so alert, bright, and happy as she walked round the great enclosure, speaking to one lady after another, receiving presentations and enjoying the homage of the affectionate women gathered together there. But, indeed, those who only know her from portraits can form but little idea of the expression of keen intelligence, wisdom, activity of all the mental faculties, that lit up the somewhat heavy features when animated and happy, and changed the whole aspect.

Queen Victoria was happy in coming to her great power so early that to fill it grew into a habit, and therefore called forth no self-consciousness and awakened no vanity. Happy that, in a man of proper rank and age, and in every way suitable in position, she found a husband of rare personal beauty and charm, so that she could love him; of intelligence and moral worth, so that she could lean upon him; of strength of character enough to be faithful in his home and self-suppressing in the State, so that she could trust him to the uttermost, as spouse and as counsellor alike! Happy in the health and character of her children! And happy not least in her death, in the fullness of years and honours, and yet with powers almost undiminished and strength preserved to bear the weight of crown and sceptre until the very end of her fortunate life!

2. The first public intimation on Clydeside: the word "Queen" half-erased on the ruined tower of Milton Cotton-Mill.
3. The first announcement in the window of the *Evening Times* in Stockwell Street.
4. An early indication: on the river; half-mast flags on a Clyde Trust steamer.
5. The flag half-mast on the County Buildings, Dumbarton.
6. The Union Jack half-mast high on Dumbarton Castle.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY I. Z. ADELTE.

There is nothing so impressive in modern history as the mourning of the nations for the Sovereign we have lost. Her true greatness is seen, indeed, not so much in the sorrowing allegiance of her own people as in the homage of voices which have not been wont to address this country with acclamation. The personal influence of Victoria transcended that of all the monarchs of her time, and no European statesman was ever heedless of it. That it was exercised with fine sympathy and judgment is attested by the foreign tributes to the Queen's memory, some of them tributes which surpass anything that has been written in her praise even by her own subjects. I would commend this to the attention of Mr. W. D. Howells, who had the luckless inspiration to write for the February number of *Harper's Magazine* a criticism of what it pleases him to call our "grotesque idolatry of Sovereign-worship." If Mr. Howells had known anything about the monarch who reigned over us for sixty-four years, and could have foreseen the world's estimate of her character and authority, he would probably have abstained from a phrase, of which the ignorance is as serious as the taste.

Some of the most striking articles on the Queen have appeared in French journals, not famous for their idolatry of our institutions. Familiar polemics have been suspended for a while, although the accession of King Edward VII. seems to discredit the favourite assumption that England is isolated from the sentiment of civilisation. This sentiment is eloquent in honour of the Queen and of her successor. By a singular irony, the Kaiser is delighted on his birthday to be made a Field-Marshal of the British Army, which the Pan-Germans affect to despise. A thoughtful reader at Columbus, Ohio, sends me a copy of a paper in which some local divine denounces Lord Roberts as a butcher, and, in the name of Christianity, condemns all dukes, marquises, and earls. How pained this worthy man must be when he reads the ordinances of the King's accession, and observes that no Christianity, save his own peculiar brand, protests against those fresh muscles for freedom that has not the luck to breathe the air of Columbus! The very name of Edward VII. transports me into that historical romance which Mr. Howells regards as the lodge of servitude to obsequious ideals. With the utmost difficulty I refrain at meals from calling lustily for a stoup of wine to drink his Majesty's health, and confounding all treasonable knaves who refuse to join in the toast. Our Seventh Edward is separated from the Sixth by more than three centuries; but imagination skips the interval, Ohio notwithstanding.

This is not wonderful when you consider the ceremonial that attended the induction of the King into his high office. First came some imposing documents signed by the Clerk of the Privy Council, Algernon Fitzroy. With such a name as that before him, who could believe himself to the same age with tramways and the penny post? I wanted to sit down to dinner in a shirt of mail, ready to sally forth against any varlets who should bid defiance to Almeric and the faithful Barons assembled at St. James's Palace. Then there was the King's speech, that strong and simple utterance, true literature of fine emotion; such a contrast to the formal Speeches from the Throne that are concocted by timid or despairing Ministries. I pictured Almeric and the Barons leaning on their two-handed swords as they listened breathlessly to this moving address, and at the end of it smiting their mailed hands together with unconfutable feeling. Nay, that gathering at St. James's Palace had kinship with a past even more remote, for it sent a spark of electricity back along the whole line of continuity from Saxon times, when the Witenagemote held high conference. At a flash you saw the British Constitution in its cradle, rocked even then by dukes, unconscious of the wean to be brewed by-and-by at Columbus, Ohio.

ARRIVAL OF THE OCEAN CROWN PRINCE AT PORTSMOUTH: HIS MEETING WITH THE KAISER.

DRAWN FROM THE MAIDEN OF THE "MAJESTIC" BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. FRED. T. JANE.

His Imperial Majesty stood on the quay near the bows of the "Alberta." The Crown Prince, running up to his father, bowed low and kissed the Kaiser's extended hand.

THE LATE QUEEN VICTORIA.

No note of funereal gloom was struck in the decorations of the chamber in which Queen Victoria took her last rest at Osborne. Black drapery was almost absent, red being the prevailing colour. Under the light of the silver candelabra, which blended softly with the light of day admitted through the folding doors, lay all that was mortal of our greatest Sovereign. About the coffin was draped the ermine robe of the Garter, at the head glittered the diamond crown. Beneath the coffin lay the Royal Standard, and beneath that again a rich Indian shawl. Motionless about the bier, with heads bowed and arms reversed, stood tall Grenadiers, still as statues.

The scene has been recorded by our Special Artist at Osborne, Mr. A. Forestier, in a drawing which has been inspected and approved by his Majesty the King. Another of our Special Artists has set forth the last visit of the Queen's humble neighbours to the royal Lady who was at once their Sovereign and friend.

SPECIAL SERVICES.

The principal services of last Sunday, Jan. 27, with reference to her Majesty's death were held at St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, St. George's Chapel, Windsor, and Whippingham Church. At St. Paul's, the Archbishop of Canterbury preached the sermon, choosing for his text, "And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord" (Rev. xiv. 13). His Grace went on to point out the many virtues which had adorned her Majesty's life. She loved her people, she cared for them, she constantly watched over their interests. Her advice was prompted by love, enlightened with loving labour, to which she devoted herself from the time she ascended the throne until God called her away to His Imperial Presence. She was a great Queen because she was so good a Queen.

At Westminster Abbey Dean Bradley preached from the words: "For David, after he had served his own generation by the will of God, fell on sleep, and was laid unto his fathers" (Acts xiii. 36), and "Well done, thou good and faithful servant" (Matthew xxv. 21). The venerable Dean in the course of his sermon recalled how in his boyish days he had seen the little Princess Victoria at the seaside, and how he saw her pass on her way to her coronation in that Abbey-church. From personal reminiscences he went on to remind his hearers of what her Majesty had done to raise the social and moral tone of all who came under her influence. They might venture humbly to think that they were not misapplying the sacred words if they felt that to Queen Victoria might be said: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

At St. George's Chapel, Windsor, the Dean preached from Job i. 21, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away." They must ever, he said, remember Heaven's great gift in a dutiful, loving, wise, sympathetic, and religious Queen, whose memory would never fade. Owing to the preparations for the solemn service of to-day, only the choir of St. George's Chapel was available for use last Sunday. The Dean, as our Artist has depicted, preached from a lectern placed within the Communion rails. Our Illustration shows the place where the royal catafalque will stand. On the north wall may be noticed a sort of loggia, which forms the front of the royal pew.

At Whippingham Church the Bishop of Winchester preached before King Edward and the German Emperor. The Rector of Whippingham assisted in the service.

THE NEWS OF QUEEN VICTORIA'S DEATH IN PARIS: RAISING THE UNION JACK OVER THE BRITISH EMBASSY.

EMBROIDERING THE ROYAL PALL AT THE ROYAL SCHOOL OF ART NEEDLEWORK, SOUTH KENSINGTON.

THE DEATH OF QUEEN VICTORIA: COUNT VON BÜLOW, IMPERIAL CHANCELLOR, ANNOUNCING THE NEWS IN THE GERMAN REICHSTAG.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. H. ARMS, FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN BERLIN.

Count von Bülow, the Chancellor, at the opening of the Imperial Diet in Berlin, on February 01, announced the death of Queen Victoria. The members received the message standing, and the President, in response, declared that her Majesty's memory would ever be held in high honour.

THE LIVING DESCENDANTS OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S DONKEY.

Queen Victoria had a favourite donkey as long as most of her subjects could remember. The generation of children contemporary with her Majesty's children were familiar with pictures of prize donkeys owned by the Queen, and much illustrated in papers devoted to the inculcation of kindness to dumb animals. If Balaam's ass did not come and for ever deliver his race from that category, by elegiacs, donkeys with distinct historic associations began to be stalled in the Queen's stables and to be heard of by her subjects. There was the black donkey the Queen bought on the Riviera, and, which did duty in her donkey-carriage for over a decade. A successor to Jacko was the white donkey which Lord Kitchener presented to the Queen, and which was itself an animal of rather large experiences. It was born in Egypt, and it went with the Queen to Ireland, where it drew the carriage about the grounds of the Viceregal Lodge. The Queen's favourite pace for donkey-driving was a walk; and needless to say neither the faithful Jacko nor his successor ever showed the slightest inclination to be rebellious against her Majesty's commands in this matter of leisurely speed. To "hasten slowly" was their motto—as it is that of the British Constitution. Her late Majesty's love for dumb animals drew around her many pets, among which the famous white Pomeranians shown on another page bore a conspicuous part. The picture depicts a breakfast party where the Pomeranians came in for some crumbs from the table.

A REMINISCENCE OF QUEEN VICTORIA'S LAST VISIT TO IRELAND: HER LATE MAJESTY IN HER DONKEY-CARRIAGE IN THE GROUNDS OF THE VICEREGAL LODGE.

THE LIVING DESCENDANTS OF QUEEN VICTORIA

Prince Waldemar of Prussia.
Prince William Victor of Prussia.
Prince Henry Victor of Prussia.

Crown Princess of Roumania.

Grand Duchess of Hesse.

Prince Adalbert Ferdinand of Prussia.
Prince Augusta of Prussia.
Prince Joachim of Prussia.

Hereditary Princess of Hohenlohe-Langenburg.

Princess Beatrice of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha.

Princess Margaret of Connaught.

Princess Patricia of Connaught.

German Crown Prince.

Prince Rupprecht of Prussia.

Prince Oscar of Prussia.

Prince Edward of York.

Prince George of York.

Prince Henry of York.

Prince Carol of Roumania.

Prince Alexander of Oldenburg.

Prince Gottfried of Hohenlohe-Langenburg.

Prince Frederick William of Hesse.

Prince Maximilian of Hesse.

Prince Wolfgang Maurice of Hesse.

Prince Philip of Hesse.

Princess Henry XXX. of Reuss.

Princess Victoria Louise of Prussia.

Princess Victoria of York.

Photo. Swaine.
Lady Alexandra Duff.

Photo. Swaine.
Lady Mary Duff.

Grand Duchess Olga of Russia.

Grand Duchess Tatiana of Russia.

Grand Duchess Marie of Russia.

Princess Elizabeth of Hesse.

Princess Elizabeth of Roumania.

Princess Marie of Roumania.

Princess Helena of Greece.

THE AUDIENCE CHAMBER, WINDSOR CASTLE.

AUDIENCE CHAMBER, WINDSOR CASTLE.

The Audience-Room at Windsor Castle contains a throne and canopy from which it popularly takes the name of the "Throne-Room, though that is not the designation applied to it in the Duke of Argyll's "Guide to Windsor Castle." In this splendid apartment, with its panelled walls and gorgeously gilded ceiling, Queen Victoria received, time and again, the great embassies of State. The length of the Audience-Room gave that sense of approach without which a function is deprived of half its dignity.

QUEEN VICTORIA AND HER FAVOURITE POMERANIANS.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S FAVOURITE POMERANIAN.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S TEA-ROOM, FORT BELVEDERE, WINDSOR.

FORT BELVEDERE.

Most people have but a vague idea where Fort Belvedere is when the Court Circular announces that royal salutes have been fired from it. The fort is beautifully situated on a hill in Windsor Forest (here a forest of pines) about six miles from the Castle. Its tower and upper windows command extensive views of the country for many miles around, the Crystal Palace being plainly seen glistening in the sun on a fine day. Here it was her Majesty, when residing at Windsor, and out for her afternoon drive, often stopped for a cup of tea. A beautiful little room was fitted up for her especial use.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

With the exception of a small knot of Paris journalists who, by their trade, are compelled to ponder constantly to the worst promptings of the least creditable section of the democracy, there are no Frenchmen who deliberately misrepresented Queen Victoria. If I add to these hateful slanderers three or four artists and, what is more regrettable, highly gifted ones—who during the last couple of years have coloured their talents in the same direction, I shall have practically exhausted the number of traducers of the departed Sovereign. There are thousands upon thousands of inconsiderate, but not necessarily unenlightened, Anglophobes in France; there are not five hundred well-informed and decently bred Frenchmen or women who have ever said a harsh word or harboured an unkindly thought against the venerable lady who is gone. Nay, more: the ignorant satiric readers of the shrieks and carriage of the so-called Revolutionary sheets are amenable to reason, provided one take the trouble to point out to them the limitations of truly Constitutional Sovereigns in shaping the policy, both home and foreign, of the nations over which they rule.

During the many years of my constant and very intimate intercourse with all classes and conditions of Frenchmen, I have now and again had this task devolve upon me; truth to tell, not very often, for, odd though it may seem, in all questions of international concern in which England has aroused the susceptibilities of France, the nation has almost instinctively established a distinction between the English and their Queen, and, above all, between the Queen and the woman. The majority of these French men and women know nothing of Tennyson; it is doubtful whether his name conveys more to them than that of a great poet. Yet, without knowing, they have unconsciously embraced the two well-known lines of his: "A thousand claims to reverence closed in her as mother, wife, and Queen."

The Southern peasantry among whom Queen Victoria resided annually for a couple of months during the latter years of her reign are but eagles; nevertheless, their system of logic, though limited enough, was almost Iroquois, if applied to the royal visitor. "I am not a notable when applied to the royal visitor. well-informed man, Monsieur," said a well-to-do peasant to me one day; "but my sense tells me this: When a man or woman, but especially a woman, rules over a powerful and proud people, and above all a people jealous of their liberty, for a great number of years without provoking a revolution, such a woman is not only a clever Queen, but a fundamentally good Queen. When, during that time, there is a constant reference to the woman, the wife and the mother rather than to the Sovereign, that woman is an exemplary one in the private concerns of life. I have often discussed this with my neighbours, and with the schoolmaster and the curé, and if you would get at the real reason of our respect and admiration for Queen Victoria, you may take it that the common conclusion at which we have arrived is at the bottom of it."

Nevertheless, I have met with cases of dissent. In one instance the dissentient critic, a very advanced Republican who but recently held an important municipal position in Paris, did not for a moment deny the sterling and remarkable qualities of Queen Victoria as a ruler; he was less willing to consider her in the simple light of a private gentlewoman, wife, and mother. I am giving his remarks verbatim, for though they were extremely frank, they were uttered in absolute good faith. "What you choose to call the domestic virtues," he said, "are undoubtedly there; I am not quite prepared to separate them from her public acts; they are part of the whole of the stock-in-trade of a talented interpreter of the rôle of a Queen." "Then Berenger, Thomas the elder, Messonnier, Pius IX., Leo XIII., and Carnobert, not to say Hoxan and others, were all in error in their estimate of the woman as distinct from the Queen?" I asked. "No," was the answer, "they were not wrong; but they judged from a very remarkable whole; they did not apply microscopical investigations to the various components of the character. The woman appeared to them surrounded with the halo of a Queen."

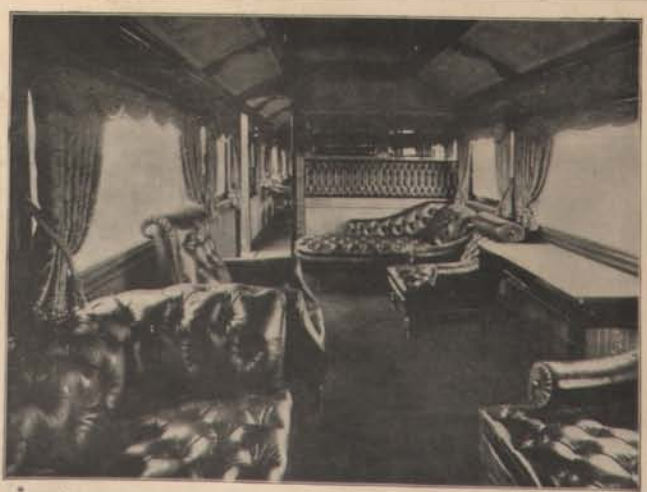
Thereupon, I told him how, many years ago, Queen Victoria had burst out crying at Louis Philippe's reference to his former wanderings and poverty. "Was that like a Queen or like a woman?" I insisted. "It was like a Queen, vaguely foreseeing a similar reversal of fortune in the case of an upraising of her people," he replied. After that I mentioned Queen Victoria's refusal to have the wedding of the marriage service changed when the ceremony of her wedding was being arranged. He remained more unconvinced than ever. "That was a bit of clever playing to the gallery," he retorted. "Have you ever read her Majesty's correspondence with her daughter Alice, the Grand Duchess of Hesse? Have you ever been told of the story of that suite of furniture which the Grand Duchess wanted and could not very well afford?" I queried. "No, I have never heard of that," he said. "That was certainly very unlike a Queen and very much like a woman," he remarked, after I had recounted to him the whole of the episode. Then I delivered my last blow, and described to him at length the incident of the Queen losing her keys in the King's Road, Windsor, and of Colonel (afterwards Lieutenant-General) Arbuthnot walking slowly in the middle of the carriage-way with his eyes fixed on the ground, and a strong body of police and park-rangers drawn in a line across the thoroughfare and imitating the scrutiny of the gallant soldier. "Do you mean to say that the Queen ever lost her keys?" I smiled assent. "In that case I surrender," he laughed. "Theft was decidedly like a woman and unlike a Queen." The countryman was offended by absurd means, but the faith these gained was never wounded. I was pleased to think that the majority of the French papers, both in their leading articles and in their biographical notices, have not failed to lay stress upon these womanly qualities, while never losing sight of the Constitutional aspect of the whole.

QUEEN VICTORIA AND HER INDIAN SECRETARY.

THE SERVICE AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY ON JANUARY 27: DEAN BRADLEY PREACHING THE SERMON.

THE KING'S TRAIN.

The train in which his Majesty the King has travelled in his recent journeys between Portsmouth and London belongs to the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway. It was completed at the company's works at Brighton in April 1899. The trial trip of the train took place on April 15 of that year. The King's saloon measures 14 ft. 8 in., the Queen's 19 ft. 5 in. in length. The width and height of both are 8 ft. 9 in. The upholstery throughout is of dark green morocco, and the material and colour were chosen by Queen Alexandra herself when Princess of Wales. The train is lighted by seventy electric lamps, the current being provided by a dynamo worked in a bogie wheel. Mr. Billinton superintended the work.



THE KING'S SALOON, IN WHICH HIS MAJESTY MADE HIS RECENT JOURNEYS BETWEEN LONDON AND PORTSMOUTH.

THE MEMORIAL SERVICE AT ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL ON JANUARY 27: THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY PREACHING THE SERMON.

THE MEMORIAL SERVICE IN ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR ON JANUARY 27: THE DEAN OF WINDSOR PREACHING THE SERMON.

THE SEVEN EDWARDS.

The name is so Old-English—so Saxon, we should have said in the former days before we were schooled out of the habit—that it is much to be wondered at that Edward the Elder (a very important King), Edward the Martyr, and St. Edward Confessor were left out of the reckoning when Edward Plantagenet was called the First. If the Normans had been all Williams, Richards, Geoffreys, the newness of the new monarchy would have been more marked; but they used the Saxon name Edward and even the British name Arthur, as though to show a continuity with the past; and nevertheless they ignored three former Edwards to number the Angevin Edward, and thus to call our King the seventh and not the tenth of his name.

And Edward I., famous soldier and more famous legislator, was worthy to be first of any company—a born

KING EDWARD THE FIRST.
Crowned 1272.

KING EDWARD THE SECOND.
Crowned 1307.

leader. It is true that the execution of the Charter was wrested from the King, who was inclined to press imposts upon the country for the sake of his wars in Scotland, France, and Flanders. So dear were these wars to the heart of the King that he spent his people's substance upon them "without warrant of law," and then owned that fault of his, with a burst of tears, in Westminster Hall. If some were slow to pay with their purse, others were loth to pay with their person, and of these was that Bigod, Earl of Norfolk, whom Edward would have sent to battle abroad: "Sir Earl Bigod, you shall either go or hang!"; and who replied: "Sir King, by God I will neither go nor hang!" But what was done by this impetuous King in confirmation of the rights and liberties of the subject—whether voluntarily or involuntarily—was of Constitutional

KING EDWARD THE THIRD.
Crowned 1327.

KING EDWARD THE SEVENTH, OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND, EMPEROR OF INDIA.
Accession Twenty-January 22, 1901.

KING EDWARD THE FOURTH.
Deposed Henry VI. 1461.

importance. The second Edward, worthless and unfortunate, made a deliberate effort to escape from the Charter, the Barons, and all conditions that hampered kinghood, and in vain. "Edward of Carnarvon," when he was murdered, was already discrowned, deposed, a private person, without any manner of royal dignity: the steward of his household had broken his staff of office, as at a King's death, months before the tragedy of Berkeley Castle; and "Edward of Windsor," his son, already wore the crown as Edward III. Captain, conqueror, the King of Chaucer, the King of Poitiers, the father of the Black Prince, the severe, the magnanimous, the husband of the merciful Philippa, this Edward is one of the magnificent figures in English history. So is not the later and trivial Edward, the fourth of the name,

KING EDWARD THE FIFTH.
Accession Twenty 1483 (Murdered in Tower same Year).

KING EDWARD THE SIXTH.
Accession Twenty 1547; Died 1553.

whose reign is part of the innumerable miseries of those Wars of the Roses, to which we owe the long barbarism of England—England that has no primitive art and little primitive literature. As for the fifth Edward, he did no more than live to be murdered, one of the innocents of history. And the sixth, dying in sight of a distracted people, while every conspicuous head was lopped off on an impartial block, in this cause or that, was hardly more a King. Long is the time and large the space before the seventh of the ancient English name ascended a throne against which neither Barons nor people contend. But the nation rejoices to see another Edward at the head of the State, and trusts to find in him one who will carry to yet greater fame the virtues of his predecessors.

PROCLAMATION OF EDWARD VII. IN LONDON.

The necessities of State permit no interruptions, and with all becoming expedition on the passing of the Sovereign, it was the duty of the proper officials to take care that the successor to the throne be proclaimed in due course. Accordingly, at nine o'clock on the morning of Jan. 24 the Heralds attended at St. James's Palace formally to proclaim King Edward VII. The Earl Marshal, the Duke of Norfolk, accompanied by the Deputy Garter King of Arms and the Heralds and Pursuivants in their splendid tabards, emerged upon the balcony of Friary Court, and proceeded with their duty. At a given signal the trumpeters blew a flourish, and the Norroy King of Arms in a loud voice proclaimed King Edward VII. King. Prominent among the distinguished soldiers who took part in the ceremony was Lord Roberts. The Heralds, escorted by a troop of the Horse Guards, immediately left for Temple Bar, where the historic ceremony of demanding entrance to the City was gone through between Bongs Dragon and the City Marshal. Within the City barriers the Lord Mayor was in attendance to receive the Heralds, who made their proclamation once more at the foot of Chancery Lane. They then proceeded to the Royal Exchange, on the steps of which the Lord Mayor appeared, escorted by the College of Heralds. The ceremony opened, as before, with a fanfare, but this time it was given by the City trumpeters, the State trumpeters re-echoing the flourish. Thereupon the Lord Mayor required the Heralds to proclaim his Majesty, which Somerset Herald did. The Lord Mayor next called upon all present to sing "God Save the King," and the National Anthem was heartily joined in by the assembled thousands. Provincial proclamations are treated elsewhere.

THE CEREMONY AT WINDSOR.

ACCESSION OF KING EDWARD VII.—PROCLAMATION OUTSIDE THE ROYAL EXCHANGE: THE LORD MAYOR CALLING ON THE ASSEMBLY TO SING "GOD SAVE THE KING."

Drawn by our Special Artist, Mr. Allan Stewart.

After Somerset Herald had proclaimed his Majesty, all present bared their heads and cried enthusiastically "God Save the King!" The trumpeters blew a fanfare, and then, on the suggestion of the Lord Mayor, the National Anthem was sung by the assembling thousands, Colonel Barnaby leading.

THE CEREMONY AT CHESTER.

H.R.H. [illegible] to visit that city, with Prince of Wales as new Earl of Chester.

THE CEREMONY AT PORTSMOUTH.

THE CEREMONY AT ST. MARY'S, OXFORD.

PROCLAMATIONS IN THE PROVINCES.

"This day his Most Gracious Majesty King Edward VII. was proclaimed with the usual ceremonies." The announcement in the *Gazette* dated Jan. 24 had special reference to the ceremonies attached in London, but the Provinces were not behind in their arrangements. Prompt to the day, immediately on receipt of the official document from the Privy Council, the Lord Mayor of Liverpool read it from the balcony of the Town Hall. Twenty thousand people were packed together on the Exchange flags when the Lord Mayor made his appearance, accompanied by the Bishop of Liverpool, the Roman Catholic Bishop, the local Archimandrite, military officers, members of Parliament, consuls of all nations, and many representative citizens. A fanfare of trumpets opened the proceedings, and when the Lord Mayor had finished the reading of the Proclamation, he cried out "God Save the King!" and so gave the signal for a mighty burst of cheering. The crowd then sang the National Anthem to the accompaniment of the Police band; and the Lord Mayor and his guests subsequently drank the health of the King.

On the same morning, but even an hour earlier, the large square fronting the Town Hall in Manchester was packed with people when the Lord Mayor appeared and read from a specially constructed platform the epoch-making document from Whitehall. The ceremony was thrice repeated at other points of the city. At Bristol, where the King was proclaimed from a special car, the City Cross was the site chosen. The Duke of Beaufort, the Guild of Merchant Venturers, the Bishop, and a large body of Volunteers took part in the historic proceedings.

Chester, a city which affords most setting for an ancient ceremony, had its Proclamation at noon, when the Mayor, the Deputy-Mayor, the Sheriff, and the Recorder, accompanied by the mace and sword bearers, ascended the Town Hall balcony overlooking the Market Square. The singing of the National Anthem was followed by loud cheers for Edward VII., Earl of Chester.

At Oxford, the members of the Corporation proceeded to Carfax, the centre of the city, to proclaim the King, a ceremony repeated on the sites of the four ancient gates. In a convocation of the University, attended by nearly three hundred members, the Vice-Chancellor recited the Proclamation, and then witnessed the civic proceedings from a platform facing the High Street.

At Bradford the Proclamation was made by the Mayor last Saturday morning to some twenty or thirty thousand people assembled outside the Town Hall. At Norwich, where the nearness to Sandringham gave an additional and local significance to the proceedings, the King was proclaimed by the Mayor from a lofty platform erected in the Market Place. Many magistrates were present, as were also Mr. Sheriff and Mrs. Cozens-Hardy. In Guernsey, patriotic enthusiasm outside the Royal Courthouse reached its height when the Lieutenant-Governor called for three cheers for the King. Our Illustrations record the scenes witnessed at York, Windsor, Nottingham, Birmingham, Cardiff, Portsmouth, and Southampton—scenes more or less closely reproduced in every town and city in the kingdom.

At Edinburgh the King was proclaimed with full heraldic ceremonial at the Market Cross and Holyrood. In Dublin the ceremonies began at the Castle under the presidency of the Lord Lieutenant, who had the support of the Lord Mayor, the Lord Chancellor, the Chief Secretary, the Lord Chief Justice, and others. On Cork Hill, the extensive space in front of Dublin Castle, the Proclamation was made with the assistance of Athlone Pursuivant and Ulster King.

THE CEREMONY AT LIVERPOOL.

THE CEREMONY AT THE ROYAL COURT-HOUSE, GUERNSEY.

THE CEREMONY AT THE LAW COURTS, YORK.

THE CEREMONY AT NOTTINGHAM.

THE PROCLAMATION CEREMONY AT BRISTOL.

THE CEREMONY AT BRAINTREE.

THE CEREMONY AT NORWICH.

THE CEREMONY AT MANCHESTER.

THE CEREMONY AT CORK HILL, DUBLIN.

THE CEREMONY AT SOUTHAMPTON.

THE CEREMONY AT HOLYROOD PALACE, EDINBURGH.

THE CEREMONY AT CARDIFF.

THE CEREMONY AT NOTTINGHAM.