



EMPERESS OF INDIA  
MEMORIAL VOLUMES

VICTORIA  
REGINA ET IMPERATRIX

1837 - 1901

Indian Princes' Edition

*SUBSCRIBED FOR BY*

His Highness Bhavsinghji,  
Maharaja of Bhavnagar.







THE  
EMPRESS OF INDIA  
MEMORIAL VOLUMES



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REGINA ET IMPERATRIX  
1837 - 1901

## 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 1897  
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





The Handy-Man's Last Tribute of Devotion to the Queen-Empress.  
(The above Photograph shows the Blue-jackets dragging the Gun-carriage through Windsor).





THE PROCESSION FROM OSBORNE

Photo Gregory and Co., Bristol.



PASSING THROUGH COWES

Photo Smith and Sons, Bristol.



R.Y. "Alberta."

WATCHING THE "ALBERTA" ON HER WAY FROM EAST COWES TO PORTSMOUTH FROM SPRING HILL BEACH.

Photo W. W. Kirk and Sons, Bristol.





AT TRINITY WHARF, COWES—BLUE-JACKETS REMOVING THE BODY TO THE "ALBERTA."

Photo Charles Knight, Alton

Were all the manifestations of public grief and individual sorrow which the loss of our greatest Queen has inspired the funeral ceremonial began at Osborne on Friday. The proceedings there were almost of a family character, members of the Royal house and the late Queen's old retainers having—with the best fight—the prominent places in the first stage of the sad progress. The coffin, borne from the chapel to the gun carriage by a company of blue-jackets, left the Park by the Queen's Gate, with an escort of Grenadiers, Highlanders, and Hampshire Carabineers. The Alberta awaited the procession at Trinity Pier. She had been specially prepared for her melancholy duty—a pavilion having been devised in

the after part, in which the liee was placed, with insignia and wreaths at the sides. The King and Queen entered a procession, in company with Princess Victoria, Princess Charles of Denmark, Princess Christiana, Princess Louise, and Princess Henry of Battenberg. The immense streamer straight to the Royal yacht Victoria and Albert, which lay in the roads. They were succeeded by the Duke 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 launch to the Osborne. The procession along the grand line of war ships, doubled for some distance by a line of foreign vessels, was the most imposing naval scene perhaps in our annals. When the Solent Fleet had completed its strikingly solemn and impressive tableau, and

the royal flotilla rounded the Spit, the port and garrison began to be in evidence. The torpedo craft steamed along the carefully hooped channel leading into the harbour, followed, at short intervals, by the Alberta, the Victoria and Albert, the Osborne, and the Hohenzollern, with the Eucharistess (Admiralty yacht) and the Irene (Trinity yacht), being up the rear. As the flotilla moved along the shore at Southsea, minute 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, sorrowful tones of the big bell of the Town Hall fittingly typified the sorrows of the civil community.

Shortly before 8 o'clock on Saturday the remains of her Majesty were reverently taken from the Royal yacht Alberta, and placed in the special carriage of the King's train. The train started for London immediately, amidst the booming of guns from the ships in Portsmouth Harbour and the forts. The King, in company with Queen Alexandra, had slept overnight on board the Victoria and Albert, and arrived at the Alberta in a steam pinnace. He was almost immediately joined by the German Emperor, who steamed across from the Hohenzollern. Both the King and Emperor were wearing the uniform of a British Field-Marshal. The guard of honour on the jetty consisted of several hundred Marines and blue-jackets. Commanders of the battalions who took part in the previous day's proceedings had already assembled in the covered way leading from the yacht to the railway station, a distance of only 200 or 400 yards. The Rev. C. G. Lang, vicar of Portsmouth and chaplain to her late Majesty, was on board before the arrival of their Majesties, and conducted a short service just before the Queen's body left the yacht. At Victoria, where the traffic had been temporarily suspended, extensive arrangements had been made for the reception of the coffin and the formation of the procession, which was to accompany it to Paddington. In the interval there was a reception in a pavilion prepared by Messrs. Maple for the convenience of the King and his Royal guests, which, despite its temporary character, was very elaborately upholstered and magnificently decorated in the Louis XVI

style. When all was ready his Majesty gave the signal to move on—the bands of the Household Cavalry leading. Then came detachments of Volontiers, Yeomanry, the Colonial Militia, the Hon. Artillery Company, Indian Army representatives, several line regiments and regiments of Grenadier, Artillery, Cavalry, and Blue-jackets. Then came the attachés, the headquarters staff, the gun carriage with the coffin, attended by equestrians, aides-de-camp, the Lord Chamberlain, and other high officials, and followed by the King, the German Emperor, the Duke of Connaught, the King of Greece, the King of Portugal, and the other royal personages. The detachment of German officers came next, and

in the first of the several Royal carriages was the Queen, with the Duchess of Fife, the Princess Victoria, and the Princess Charles of Denmark. Through an impressively large and imposingly synthetic assemblage the cortege made its way to Paddington, and thence the coffin and principal mourners were conveyed to Windsor, where, in St. George's Chapel, the funeral service took place.

Owing perhaps to the long waiting, the horses attached to the gun carriage at Windsor became restive, and the son of the naval guard of honour were impelled to drag the gun carriage to the church. After the ceremony, the liee was watched day and night by Colonel Napier Miles and officers of the Life and Grenadier Guards, until, on Monday, the final removal to the Mausoleum at Frogmore took place. It was a very simple ceremony, and was carried out, as were the proceedings on Friday and Saturday, without an incident of dis-



THE KING'S WAITING ROOM AT VICTORIA STATION.

Photo De la Roche

order and solemnity and the sincerity of the universal regret. The coffin was preceded by Canon Bullen and the Bishop of Winchester, the Duke of Argyll, Governor of Windsor Castle, the Lord Chamberlain, the Lord Steward, and was escorted by the members of the late Queen's household, and followed by the mourners of the Royal Family and the German Emperor and the Royal and illustrious visitors. At the Mausoleum at Frogmore, the Bishop of Winchester read the Committal Prayer, and the Master of the Household cast upon the coffin the sacred earth from Palestine. The Dean of Windsor read the prayer, "Oh, God, with whom do live the spirits;" and after impressive hymns by the choir, notably the pathetic "Sleep thy Last Sleep," the service concluded with the Benediction.

Knox sport was to a great extent at a standstill last week, as nothing important could be considered pending the burial of our good Queen. The new reign should see women take more and more to out-of-door pursuits, and, indeed, I believe it will. To the King's place in the history of sport some of the men contribute to our paper will do full justice. The Queen is a jockeywoman, an angler, a trier-list, a whist, and a walker. Her Majesty was a horsewoman, but of late years she has not taken equestrian exercise. As Princess of Wales her peculiarity was riding at the off-side of her saddle, which was due to a stiffness of the right knee brought about by illness. Her seat was always excellent, and a man who sought to know good hands on reins says that here were admirably light and firm. I have seen her Royal Highness, as she then was, driving a pair of beautifully shaggy greys about 15.2 or 5 in the Park, and some, soon after the Duchess of Fife was married, I met the Princess in Richmond Park driving the Duke's team of black bays with the Duke beside her, and tooting them along by her own riding pleasure and with great confidence. A friend of mine, who knows many of the Royal family than I do, tells me that the Princess of Wales often saw to the lathering of her horses herself, and it was as much as any coachman's place was worth to see a lady hit in her Royal Highness's service.





THE "ALBERTA" LEAVING TRINITY PIER.

Photo by John K. ...



TORPEDO BOATS PRECEDE THE PROCESSION AT SPTHEAD.

Photo by ...



"Nymph."

"Alberta."

"Leda."

"Duguay de L'An."

"Victoria and Albert."

"Hatsun."

"Don Carlos."

Photo by ...

THE SEA-QUEEN'S BEE—THE "ALBERTA" PASSING THE FLEET.





THE SUNSET OF A LIFE—THE "ALBERTA" PASSING NELSON'S "VICTORY" ON FRIDAY EVENING



SOME ROYAL MOURNERS

Photo P. Baker.





AT THE MARBLE ARCH.

Photo from Daily, Olym.

As an angler the Queen is most successful; she has fished in Denmark and in Scotland, and is very patient and very skilful, and has landed many a fine salmon. Her Majesty takes a keen interest in shooting, and has often witnessed a great shoot in the Highlands, and also at Sandringham, and when the King of Sweden organised them in her honour and the King's when they were staying in Denmark. As a walker her Majesty is a really good performer. In Denmark it was her custom to be about for hours. That is, of course, impossible in London; but when at Mar Lodge, Balmoral, and Aberfeldie, her Majesty walked a great deal over difficult ground and greatly enjoyed it. At Sandringham also it has been the Queen's habit to walk a great deal, and also to tricycle, although the latter means of progression appealed to her more while it was a novelty.

It is perhaps as a yachtswoman that "the Sea King's daughter from over the sea," is best appreciated in sporting circles. Nothing ever gave her greater pleasure than a cruise in a sailing-boat in a stiff breeze, with a mackintosh and suitable hoodgear. It was her custom to accompany the Prince of Wales in the *Albatross*, and later in the *Britannia*. The Osborne was ever a floating home to her Majesty, and she loved it and left it very little during her stay at Cowes. She enjoyed cruising in the Osborne, too, and made nothing of the inconveniences of bad weather. Our new Queen's love for open air equals that shown for it by her son who will live always in our hearts and minds as Victoria the Great and Good. Her Majesty drives in an open carriage in the coldest of weather—in fact, uses a closed one only when desiring privacy. In racing, the Queen shares the King's great interest. When Percepsion won for her husband the blue riband of the Turf, there was not a brighter congratulation offered than that of the Princess, who had had such confidence in the horse that she had advised the members of her household to put theirs in him, too. Her Majesty has never been a better, nor has she ever lent her countenance to women who bet, but has no narrow-minded views on the subject of gloves or friendly sweepstakes, or such things as add to interest but cannot embarrass. We all know that a habit of betting has obtained among the women of what is known as the smart set. It has not, I feel sure, added to their happiness or comfort in the smallest degree, and, as in the past, they have had no encouragement by either precept or example from the Princess of Wales, so, in the future, those who do it, need not look for the favour of the Queen. The Queen loves animals, and admires and appreciates their brave emulative spirits, their grand efforts, and their beautiful characters far too well to make gain or loss a factor in her enjoyment of a race meeting.

Her Majesty is an intensely womanly woman, but by no means a narrow-minded one. As Princess of Wales she encouraged her daughters to bicycle, to fish, to walk, to yacht,

and to be interested in animals. Photography is an art to which Queen Alexandra took from its first introduction in a form suitable for a lady's manipulation. Her Majesty has always been most successful, especially with snap-shots, and has a wonderful collection made on many historic occasions. Princess Victoria, now of Great Britain and Ireland, is also an enthusiastic photographer. Her Royal Highness, when in Switzerland last summer, was always accompanied by her camera on every expedition. She travelled *incognito* as Miss Johnson, and was often in crowded public railway carriages quite unrecognised, and apparently very pleased that it was so.

I was one of the many who journeyed down to the Isle of Wight last week to see that sight, the beauty and impressiveness of which I cannot ever forget. As a naval display it was as nothing compared with the great Diamond Jubilee Review. There were ten miles of ships on Friday, and thirty miles at the former historic event. At the Review too the order was closer, and there were finer representative vessels. On Friday, however, there was such a solemnity about the long lines of great unadorned warships; there was really a kind of great lull on the water broken by the first minute gun which pierced the quiet, together with the toll of the bells from the land. I know well that everything that could be written has been written, and that most powerfully and graphically about this historic occasion. Consequently I will only detail some personal experiences. One thing that struck me was that just as the procession of Royal yachts was coming up to the donkey line of ships the sun struck the brass-work of those to the mainland side, and the result was a sudden line of golden light like wonderful jewels sparkling in the sun. Another impression that we received was the mournful aspect of torpedo destroyers steaming quite slowly. As a rule they speed through the water at a very rapid rate, appearing like busy busy unicorns of evil import. As they passed slowly by a new dignity was theirs. They seemed like pastoral harbingers of solemnity and state, and one seemed to form quite a new idea of those little flying engines of destruction as they hardly perceptibly moved their long black hulls and stunted funnels through the clear blue water. Again, we were struck by the graceful lines of the English Royal yachts, and by the fact that the *Alberta* alone had at her foremast the Royal Standard and at the main the white ensign. The papers I see said that the Royal Standard floated from the Victoria and Albert's main. I looked from a cove of vantage such as was vouchsafed to few and with a powerful glass, and saw the rare topmast of every steeple in that stately group of yachts save that carrying the earthly remains of the late Queen Empress. We were so impressed that we said to each other, what a touching tribute that neither Emperor nor King Emperor had on this occasion allowed

their Royal and Imperial standards to be displayed from the masts. I cannot say if they hung out over the sterns of the Victoria and Albert, Osborne, and Hohenzollern, but I saw none from masts but on the *Alberta*. It seemed to us such a long time after we saw the wicked-looking little tongues of flame from the guns that we saw the smoke, and later still heard the report. The guns of the different vessels seemed to speak in different voices. Some gave one sharp, sudden, deep report, like the bang of a low-toned gong. Others a quicker, sharper, snarling sound; but there was one that touched us all more than the others. It was a great snap, followed by a long reverberation, and it affected us like the baying of a gigantic, iron-throated bloodhound grieving for its master.

Of all that we saw that day the most glorious thing was the sinking of the sun in a golden splendour as we steamed into Portsmouth Harbour when the ships had ceased their mournful firing. Down it went as if to remind us of the brilliance of that simple, self-denying life and its exceeding great reward. Behind the island, silhouetting the lovers of Osborne dark against a luminous, almost orange background, and a lady near me said, very beautifully I thought, "It is gone to-night to rise again to-morrow more brightly still as the Queen has done!"

At Portsmouth station we found, after grandeur, commingling, into which I need not enter here, the Royal yachts were lights and brilliant, for Royal and Imperial owners were on board. The Hohenzollern was berthed where the *Powerful* was last year; the Victoria and Albert and Osborne were at their moorings in the Harbour, and the *Alberia* was in Chatham Dockyard closely and carefully guarded. Saturday's proceedings have been described by the

ablest of journalistic pens, therefore I will say only that the very horses seemed to know how stately and how solemn and, above all, how triumphant was the end of the good Queen's life. Lord Roberts' pained face, when the crowd would, in a moment of forgetfulness, have cheered him from the cheer in their throats, and the sound that emerged was like a dirge. The crowd was not a wall crowd so much as an awed one, and, to my mind, Queen Victoria's glorious ended reign is the finest sermon on the value of simple goodness and devotion to duty that can ever find its way to the hearts of her people.





THE FOREIGN KINGS AND PRINCES.

Photo Aryst Archer, High-street, Kensington.



KARL ROBERTS.



IN PICCADILLY.

Photo Gregory and Co., Strand.





A ROYAL CARRIAGE



THE BOYS OF THE GREENWICH R.N. SCHOOL LINING THE ROUTE.



H.M. LEOPOLD II., KING OF THE BELGIANS.  
BORN APRIL 9th, 1835; SUCCEEDED TO THE THRONE DEC. 17th, 1865.

Photo A. Basson



H.M. GEORGE I., KING OF GREECE.  
BORN DEC. 24th, 1824; ASCENDED THE THRONE JUNE 27th, 1863.

Photo Morris, Athens.





*Photo Bunnell and Sons*  
H.M. WILLIAM II, KING OF PRUSSIA AND GERMAN EMPEROR.  
BORN JAN. 27TH, 1835; ASCENDED THE THRONE JUNE 15TH, 1888.



*Photo Cassels, Edin.*  
H.M. CARLOS I, KING OF PORTUGAL.  
BORN SEPT. 28TH, 1863; SUCCEEDED TO THE THRONE OCT. 19TH, 1889.



ENTERING HYDE PARK.



THE LAST SCENE AT WINDSOR.

*Photo J. J. Archer, High-street, Kingston.*  
MONDAY'S PROCESSION FROM THE ALBERT MEMORIAL CHAPEL TO THE TROUSERS MANUFACTURER, WHERE THE EDUICE CONSORT WAS LAID TO REST FORTY YEARS AGO.





DOWN HIGH-STREET, WINDSOR--THE BIER BEING DRAWN BY BLUE-JACKETS IN PLACE OF THE RESTIVE HORSES. Photo Bamber and Lott, Captives.



MARCHING INTO PADDINGTON STATION.



THE KING, THE GERMAN EMPEROR, AND THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT ENTERING PADDINGTON STATION.



THE BOYS OF KNELLER HALL TRAINING SCHOOL AT HYDE PARK CORNER.

Photo E. Baker





FROM OSBORNE TO WINDSOR. THE COFFIN LEAVING THE PORCH OF OSBORNE HOUSE.



FROM OSBORNE TO WINDSOR. THE COFFIN, DRAWN BY BLUEJACKETS, APPROACHING ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL.



OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

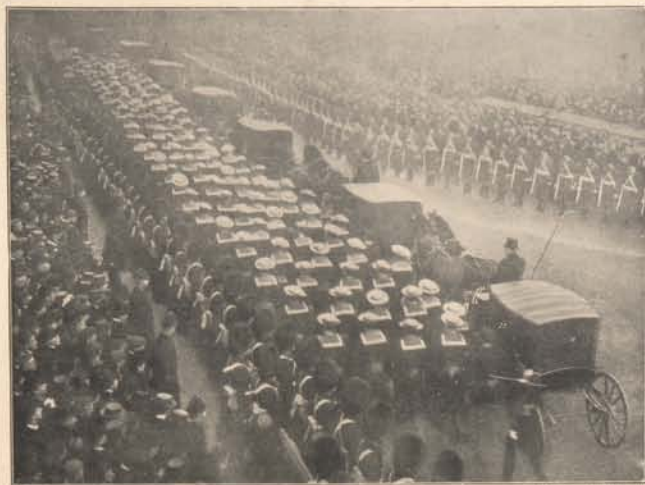
THE FUNERAL OF QUEEN VICTORIA: CLOSING CEREMONIES AT WINDSOR.

On the arrival of the cortege at Windsor, where a great company was in waiting to join the procession to

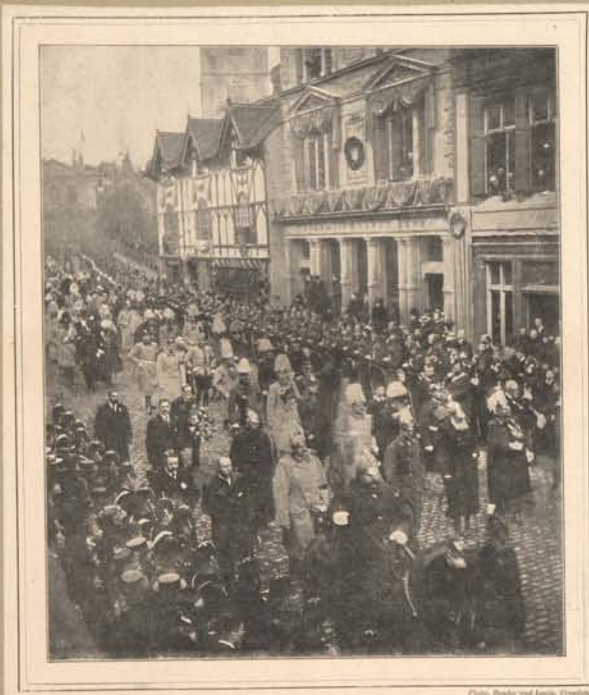
St. George's Chapel, the arrangement was that the snow-white bier should be drawn by artillery-horses. It was here that the one hitch in all the well-regulated proceedings occurred. The horses were cold and restive, and could not be got to start quietly with their precious burden. The Blunderbusses saved the situation, made ropes of the traces whereby to harness themselves to the gun-carriage, and, after a delay of a quarter of an hour, themselves drew the coffin through Windsor to the Castle. The Duke of Cambridge, the foreign Ambassadors, the Marquis of Salisbury and the Ministers of State, Lord Rosebery and other ex-Ministers, were here added to the mourners, who followed the simple service conducted by the Dean of Windsor, the Bishop of Winchester, and the Archbishop of Canterbury.

The service in St. George's Chapel began with the procession from the west door, the leading trobles and singing men chanting, unaccompanied

the funeral sentences set to music by Croft. The entire service, by command of the King, was as fully choral as possible, and after the psalm "Domine refugium," sung to a simple chant of Felton, and the interminable lesson being read, the flute-like notes of the organ and the clear boy trebles began the sentences usually recited in the passage from the chapel to the grave: "Men that is born of a woman," set as an anthem by S. S. Wesley. This was followed immediately by "Thou knowest, Lord, the secrets of our hearts," with the severe, plaintive setting of Purcell. The last refrain, full of an involuntary cry for mercy, "Suffer us not, at our last hour, for any pains of death to fall from Thee," fell almost as a whisper. The Paternoster was chanted in English, of course, to an unaccompanied melody of "Gounod," finishing with an elaborate "Amen." Between the two collects, in which "our sister," in touching simplicity, was commended in hope to Heaven, an anthem by Tchaikowsky, little known, was interpolated. "How blist are they whom Thou hast chosen." It is very characteristic of the Russian master, and the choice of it showed a freedom from the pedagogue spirit that dominates so many royal chapel and cathedral



HER SAULORS' LAST SERVICE TO QUEEN VICTORIA: BLUEJACKETS PROCEEDING TO WINDSOR STATION TO DRAW THE GUN-CARRIAGE.



CROWNED HEADS AND ROYAL PRINCES IN THE PROCESSION AT WINDSOR.

choirs. It has the rich harmonies of the Russian Church, with a mastery elaboration of counterpoint, intricate and difficult to sing. This was not apparent, however, to any uneducated ear, for the choir attacked it evenly, and with a clear purity of intonation that was delightful. It begins with a jubilant air for the trebles, that the tenors and basses echo; but the undercurrent of melancholy creep-

ily and up, conquering and dominating the joy, until the triple "Alleluia" has a very peculiar effect, paradoxical as the description sounds. The music had hardly died away before the Deputy King of Arms' clear voice read the Proclamation, and "God Save the King" cut the air and set every nerve throbbing through the brilliant gathering. Immediately after the last echo had died through the nave and aisles, as if in a loyal rebound to the good Queen Victoria, Spohr's anthem, "Blest are the departed," rose softly from the organ-chamber in hushed restraint. Not even excepting the anthem of Tchaikowsky, it was the most pathetic contribution to the service. The Archbishop pronounced the Benediction. The Queen's coffin was borne to the Memorial Chapel, where it rested until Monday, while the strains of Desloven's Funeral March gave the signal for the departure of the royalties, peers, and commoners. The entire service was characterized by a severe simplicity,

speaking part of the service. The effect of the mounting organ playing a voluntary of Mendelssohn, the finished expectancy, and the first faint notes of the muffled bands creeping round the hill and the Castle walls with that triumph of Pagan despair and serenity of Christian hope, the "Marche Funèbre" of Chopin, produced an effect on the congregation which it is impossible to translate from the keen physical pain to mere words of description.

On Sunday a very private ceremony took place in the Memorial Chapel, at which only the King and Queen and a few of the royalties, the Bishop of Winchester, and Dean of Windsor were present. Madame Albani was summoned to sing there in the little chapel. On the purple catafalque rested Queen Victoria's plain oak coffin, covered with the white satin pall, the crown and regalia and insignia of the Garter. Above the bier on the altar stood a cross six feet long of white and red roses. All round were piled the floral tributes of the sorrowing Kings and Queens of Europe and the President of France; behind the bier stood the cenotaph of Prince Albert, the tomb of the Duke of Clarence; and on the ear fell Madame Albani's thrilling voice as she sang "Come unto Him," a solo of Gounod, and "I know that my Redeemer liveth," from Handel's "Messiah." No full service was held, but a few collects read by the Bishop of Winchester brought the ceremony to an end.



THE FUNERAL OF QUEEN VICTORIA: YEMEN OF THE GUARD IN THE PROCESSION AT WINDSOR.



THE FUNERAL OF QUEEN VICTORIA: THE ROYAL MOUSKETEERS, CROWNED HEADS, PRINCES AND PRINCESSSES PASSING THROUGH COWES.





Photo. Messrs. and Lewis. London.

THE COFFIN, FOLLOWED BY THE ROYAL MOURNERS, PASSING THROUGH WINDSOR.



ETON COLLEGE VOLUNTEERS MARCHING TO THEIR POST WITHIN THE PARK GATES AT WINDSOR.





Photo. Birtcher and Lewis, Graphs

R.N. SAILORS LAST SERVICE TO QUEEN VICTORIA: BLUEJACKETS DRAWING THE GUN-CARRIAGE TO ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR.



BEARING THE COFFIN INTO ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR.





THE MONUMENT IN WINDSOR CASTLE COURTYARD AT WINDSOR. HER LATE MAJESTY'S STATUE DRAPED AND DECORATED.

Photo. Hulton-Deutsch.



Photo. Hulton-Deutsch.

THE ROYAL PRINCES IN THE PROCESSION AT WINDSOR.

THE SERVICE AT FROGMORE.

After the Sunday evening ceremony no one entered the Memorial Chapel of Windsor excepting the officers of the Grenadier Guards, whose vigil was held continuously by the bier of the Queen. In the forenoon of Monday, the King, with the Duke of Connaught, walked over to Frogmore to visit the Mausoleum, and to satisfy himself that the preparations were complete. Carrying out his orders that no black draperies should be used for decoration, the Mausoleum had very little of the sombre gloom of the tomb. A dull grey cloth carpeted the floor; white flowers were piled round the walls, wreaths brought from the Dean's Chapter; palms stood by the sarcophagus; candles burned on the altar, while on the altar itself was a large cross of white flowers, with one of red geraniums lying on it. The graven angels had been removed from the sarcophagus of the Prince Consort, while a purple draped platform, hung with wreaths of laurel emblazoned with gold letters, V.R.I., gave a rich central point. The sides of the steps up to the Mausoleum were bordered with flowers. The King changed his desire for the last rites to be in private, and gave orders for his people to gather in the Long Walk, while inmates of the Castle household and the precincts of the Castle were allowed to gather at the St. George's Gate, looking down the Long Walk. By order, every shop and office in Windsor was shut from two to four o'clock, every flag flew half-mast high and every window was shrouded. The Dean of Windsor, Canon Dolson, and the Vicar of Windsor (the Rev. J. Ellison), with the choir, preceded the funeral procession, and stood waiting at the Mausoleum steps, the

Dean wearing his Order of the Garter as Registrar. On either side of the steps were the officers of the Grenadier Guards, while on the air floated the strains of Beethoven's Funeral March and the "Marche Funèbre" of Chopin. As the funeral entered the grounds of Frogmore the bands were silenced, and the royal pipers played the "Lament" at the Black Watch as they preceded the coffin, which was borne by the gun-carriage and the horses of the Royal Artillery, which were quite tractable. Immediately behind it walked the King as chief mourner, in uniform, heavily cloaked, the German Emperor, and the Duke of Connaught. The Queen, in heavy crape, led little Prince Edward of York, in a sailor suit, and the remainder of the royalties followed. The Bishop of Winchester preceded the coffin, and the gates closed on the royal party as the choir sang an anthem of Sullivan, "Yes, though I walk through the Valley of the Shadow of Death." Only three anthems were on the programme page: the above; a hymn of three verses, "Sleep thy last sleep," and a beautiful setting by Sir Walter Parratt of Tennyson's funeral ode on the Duke of Clarence. The committal prayer was read, while Lord Edward Pelham-Clinton, as Master of the Queen's late Household, threw some grains of earth, brought from the Mount of Olives, upon the coffin. The Benediction was pronounced, and the last service to the Good Queen Victoria was ended. The royal family, one and all, drove back to the Castle.





THE TROUBLE WITH THE ARTILLERY HORSES AT WINDSOR STATION.



THE WORLD'S TRIBUTES TO QUEEN VICTORIA: THE FOREIGN PRINCES IN THE COURTYARD.

Photo. Jackson & Son, London.





THE END OF THE QUEEN'S LAST JOURNEY. THE PROCESSION LEAVING WINDSOR FOR FROGMORE.

## THE FUNERAL OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

On Friday, February the First, the funeral procession set out from Osborne with the royal coffin drawn upon a gun-carriage, to the music of the Highland pipes which the Queen had loved in life. She was followed to the margin of the sea, where the fleets of our own and of other nations awaited the passing of the mistress of the seas, from sea to sea, by those dearest to her on earth. The King was the foremost figure in that mourning group, which included the Duke of Connaught, the German Emperor, Prince Arthur of Connaught, Prince Henry of Prussia, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, Prince Charles of Denmark, Prince Louis of Battenberg, and the Crown Prince of Germany. After these came the group of ladies, led by the Queen. With her Majesty were Princess Christian, Princess Louise, Princess Henry of Battenberg, the Duchess of Connaught, the Duchess of Albany, Princess Victoria, Princess Charles of Denmark, and the Duchess of Cornwall and York. The line of mourners was lengthened by royal servants, royal tenants, officers of the Household, and military officers. All these walked, the ladies wearing black veils, which did not, however, prevent the sympathetic crowds from recognizing them as they passed. Now it was to the alternating music of Beethoven (the adagio of Op. 26) and of Chopin (the famous funeral march played at his author's own burial) that the procession passed to Trinity Pier. The coffin was placed upon the *Alberta*, lifted on a bier covered with ruby velvet, and over it was spread the pall of white satin, edged with gold lace, and embroidered at each corner with the royal arms. Over this lay the Royal Standard, and thereon the crown, the orb, and the insignia of the Garter. The decorations of the catafalque were carried out by Messrs. S. T. Waring and Co. The Grenadiers, who formed the escort, reversed arms as the Hussackets carried the coffin on board. Once in its place, Lady Lytton and Miss Harriet Phipps took up their position at the head, and at each corner stood a naval aide-de-camp, one of whom was Captain Holworth Lambton. After the royal mourners had passed to the *Victoria and Albert*, Admiral Sir J. Fullerton gave the command for the *Alberta* to cast off; she then crossed

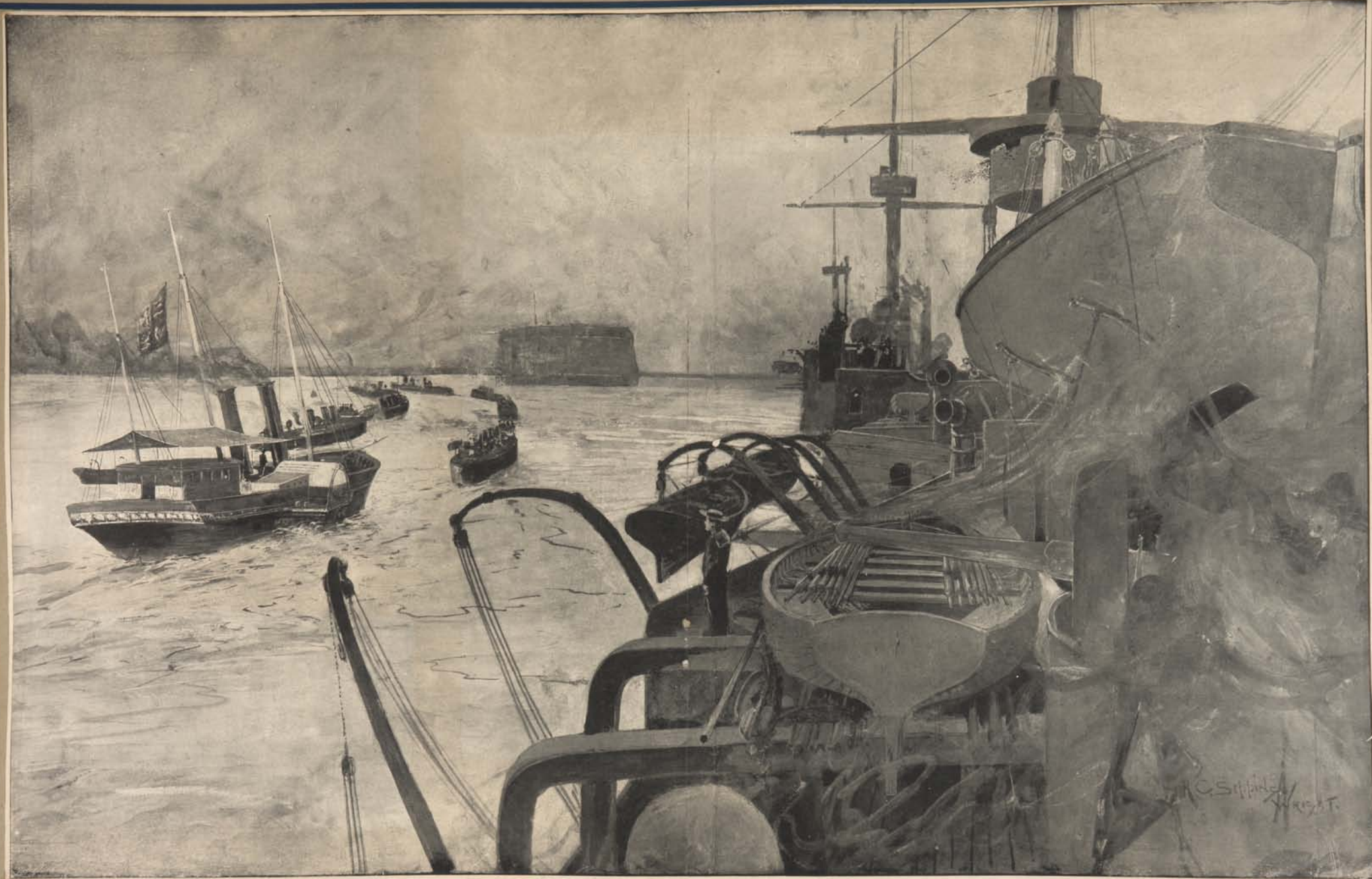
the Solent, passing through the Fleet that Queen Victoria had been so proud to call her own. When Portsmouth Harbour was reached, the royal yachts proceeded to the Clarence Victualling Yard, where they remained for the night. On Saturday morning the body was borne by train from Gosport to Victoria Station, where a beautiful reception pavilion for the use of the royal personages had been fitted up by Messrs. Maple and Co.

An officer of the Headquarters Staff led that historic line of mourners; after him followed the bands of the Royal Horse Guards and 2nd Life Guards, repeating at intervals the solemn music of the marches already named; then followed many companies of Volunteers, Yeomanry, Militia, Colonial Corps, Departmental Corps, and officers representing the Indian Army; Infantry of the Line were followed by Foot Guards; and Cavalry of the Line by the Household Cavalry. Then came a contingent representing the Royal Navy, followed by the Military Attachés to the foreign embassies. The Headquarters Staff of the Army came next, with Lord Roberts as its chief personage, a solitary figure towards whom all eyes were turned, and whose name occupied many lips. Four bands preceded the Duke of Norfolk in his Earl Marshal's dress, another solitary rider; and after him came three Gold Sticks, great officers of the Household, with an imposing group of aides-de-camp. Then came the gun-carriage bearing the coffin, flanked on either side by an escort of officers, and immediately followed by Major Count Gleichen, Prince Louis of Battenberg, Vice-Admiral Sir J. Fullerton, and Admiral Sir M. Culme-Seymour. The Royal Standard, borne by a non-commissioned officer of the Household Cavalry, immediately preceded the King, with whom rode the German Emperor on his right hand and the Duke of Connaught on his left. Close behind were the King's aide-de-camp, the King's Equerry, the Duke of Devonport (Master of the Horse), Lord Walsley (Gold Stick), General von Scholl, and other functionaries. Side by side rode the King of the Hellenes and the King of Portugal, in brilliant uniforms; and other royal horsemen included Prince Charles of Denmark, the

Hereditary Grand Duke of Baden, the Crown Prince of Siam, the Duke of Saxony, the Duke of Sparta, the Hereditary Grand Duke Michael of Russia, Prince Henry of Prussia, the German Crown Prince, the Crown-Prince of Denmark, the Crown Prince of Sweden and Norway, the Crown Prince of Romania, the Archduke Francis Ferdinand of Austria, and many more. Carriages followed, the first containing the Queen and her three daughters; the second containing the King of the Belgians, Princess Christian, Princess Louise, and Princess Henry of Battenberg. After the sixth carriage, in which were Lady Suffolk (Lady-in-Waiting to the Queen) and Miss Knollys (her Majesty's Woman of the Bed-chamber), came the non-commissioned officers and men of the German army detachment, and a closing escort.

At slow pace the mournful procession passed up from Victoria, by Buckingham Palace, along the Mall, up St. James's Street, down Piccadilly, into the Park at Anstey Gate, up the east road, and from the Marble Arch, by the Edgware Road and Oxford and Cambridge Terrace, to Paddington Station. The houses on the route hung out draperies of purple and a little black; all balconies and windows were thronged with spectators, who were also mourners; and it was through a continuous black crowd of bystanders, the like of which had never before been witnessed, that the dead Queen made her last progress through the Metropolis. Some of the spectators had taken up their position the night before, but the police had received orders to prevent the assembling of crowds before morning dawned. With the earliest light, however, a stream of people could be seen flowing from north and south, from east and west, towards the pathways that were to be traversed by the illustrious living and the illustrious dead. For four or five hours a million patient people stood sentinel 'till the cortege passed. Mourning was universally worn, but nothing was more impressive to the eye than was to the ear the hush that marked the passage of the silent Queen. At Paddington Station, the transfer of the coffin to the train was effected with due solemnity. The concluding ceremonies at Windsor are described on another page.





QUEEN VICTORIA'S LAST VOYAGE ACROSS THE SOLENT: A SALUTE FROM THE GERMAN WAR-SHIPS.





KING AND KAISER: EDWARD VII. OF ENGLAND AND WILLIAM II., GERMAN EMPEROR.

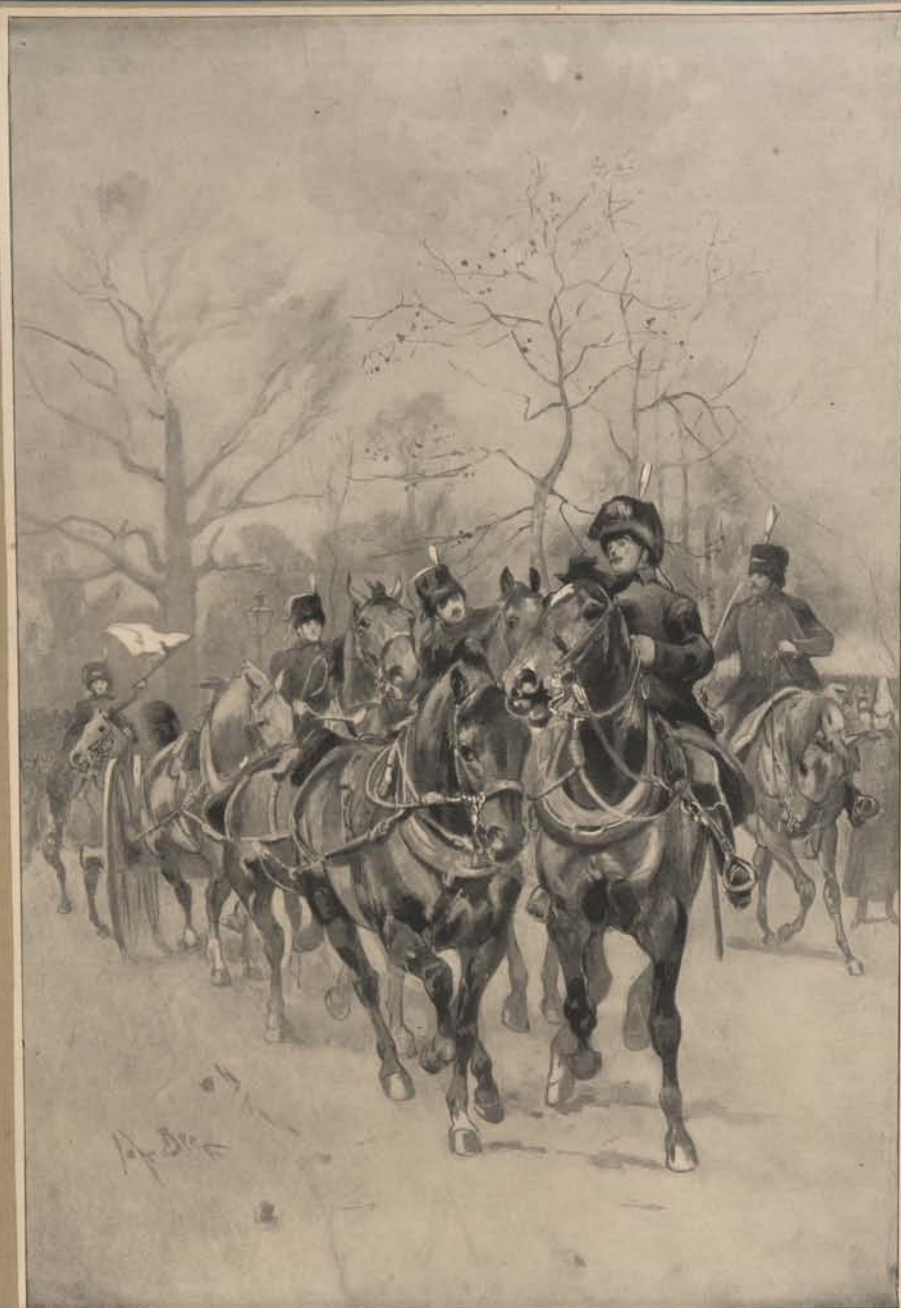
#### KING AND KAISER.

No more favourable augury for the future of the Anglo-Germanic peoples could be found than the kindly relations existing between King Edward VII. and his imperial nephew William II., relations which have found expression in the present time of national sorrow. That the Kaiser's sympathy has made a deep impression on the public mind was manifest from the enthusiastic reception which thousands of loyal Londoners accorded him when he drove through the Metropolis last Tuesday, Feb. 5, on his departure for Germany. His Imperial Majesty, as he rode by the side of our King on the great day of mourning, received the silent thanks of the nation. On Tuesday outward expression of feeling was not out of place, and King and Kaiser were both assured that the heart of the British people is with them. The Emperor and King arrived at Marlborough House at two p.m., and after luncheon drove to Charing Cross Station, where the farewells were spoken to our illustrious guest.



QUEEN VICTORIA'S SEAMEN MOURNERS: THE NAVAL DETACHMENT PASSING THROUGH HYDE PARK.





THE START OF THE PROCESSION IN LONDON: THE SIGNAL FOR THE ROYAL HORSE ARTILLERY TO ADVANCE.

*The military taking part in the procession were posted in a long line extending from the gates of Victoria Station to the Parkside Hotel in Finsbury. The moment the signal was given in the gun-coverage a signal was given down the line by a white flag around with black, and every detachment moved off simultaneously.*



THE NAVAL DETACHMENT PASSING HYDE PARK CORNER.

*Photo. London News.*





THE CORTAGE PASSING THROUGH HYDE PARK.



HONOURING THE DEAD EMPRESS: THE REPRESENTATIVES OF THE INDIAN ARMY PASSING THROUGH HYDE PARK

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

It was impossible that the last progress of Queen Victoria through London should be absolutely satisfying to the imagination. In the Solent the fitness of all the conditions was perfect; and when the little *Alberta*, bearing her solemn burden through the throng of stately war-ships that thundered the last salute to the great Sovereign, disappeared into a cloud, the sight was like the passing of Arthur. But the procession in the London streets had a more difficult task. A chill of disappointment fell upon high-strung nerves when it was seen that the march was uneven, and that the touching significance of the reversed arms was marred here and there by the hurried tread of the mourners. I suppose that every spectator had an ideal, and felt a momentary grievance because it was not fulfilled. No one whose soul had ever been penetrated by the unearthly beauty of Chopin's "Marche Funèbre" could bear to hear it hurried by a military band. To me there was an incongruity between the gun-carriage that

bore the bier and the cream-coloured horses; but, by an inspired accident, the horses waiting at Windsor proved unmanageable, and the bier was drawn to St. George's Chapel by the bluejackets. There imagination triumphed indeed in the most splendidly dramatic touch of the whole ceremonial. Cream-coloured horses belong to gilded coaches; but the bluejacket is the true son of a gun, and when he did this last service to his dead Queen, he figured once again as the most picturesque symbol of her power.

But the procession in London had its great moments. When our eyes fell upon the bier, and upon the Queen's crown, that none of us ever saw before and none will see again, there was a hush so deep that you might have thought the hearts of the crowd stood still. There will always linger in my mind a picture of that multitude of bared heads, and white faces rigid with intensity of feeling. Here was no wide-mouthed curiosity at a show. Many of the onlookers belonged to the poorer classes — men whose rough toil afforded

little stimulus to the imagination. Few of them had ever looked upon the Queen in life; but in her crowned death she touched them to a reverential awe that made a visible impression on their lives. We are not all constituted to see and feel alike. Some persons whose intelligence I should not dream of depreciating confessed to me that they saw nothing impressive in the spectacle. Others protested in the name of delicacy against the whole ceremony. They thought it disrespectful to the illustrious dead to carry her through the London streets. They would have preferred that she should be privately taken to Windsor; and had it been decided to bury her in Westminster Abbey, they would have contrived some wonderful scheme for smuggling the coffin to the grave without the public knowledge. I mention these suggestions because they illustrate the infinite variety of the human mind. For myself, I perceive a better sense of proportion and of dignity in the simple folk who gathered in the streets before the winter dawn to bid the last farewell to their Queen.





THE COFFIN PASSING THE WELLINGTON MONUMENT AT HYDE PARK CORNER.

Frank Jackson (Photography Co.)



QUEEN VICTORIA'S GREATEST SOLDIER: FIELD-MARSHAL EARL ROBERTS IN THE PROCESSION.



THE LAST TRIBUTE OF THE ENGLISH FROM OVERSEAS: COLONIAL CONTINGENT PASSING THROUGH HYDE PARK.



THE SOYAL MOURNERS ENTERING HYDE PARK.

Frank Jackson (Photography Co.)





THE WOMEN'S TRIBUTE TO QUEEN VICTORIA: THE FOREIGN PRINCES ENTERING PADDINGTON STATION.

Photo: The Illustrated London News.



THE ROYAL CARRIAGES PASSING THROUGH HYDE PARK.

Photo: The Illustrated London News.





LONDON'S REGIMENTS IN THE PROCESSION: THE IRISH AND SCOTS GUARDS PASSING DOWN FICCADILLY.



THE KING, THE GERMAN EMPEROR, AND THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT IN THE COFFEE

Photo. London Illustrated News Co.

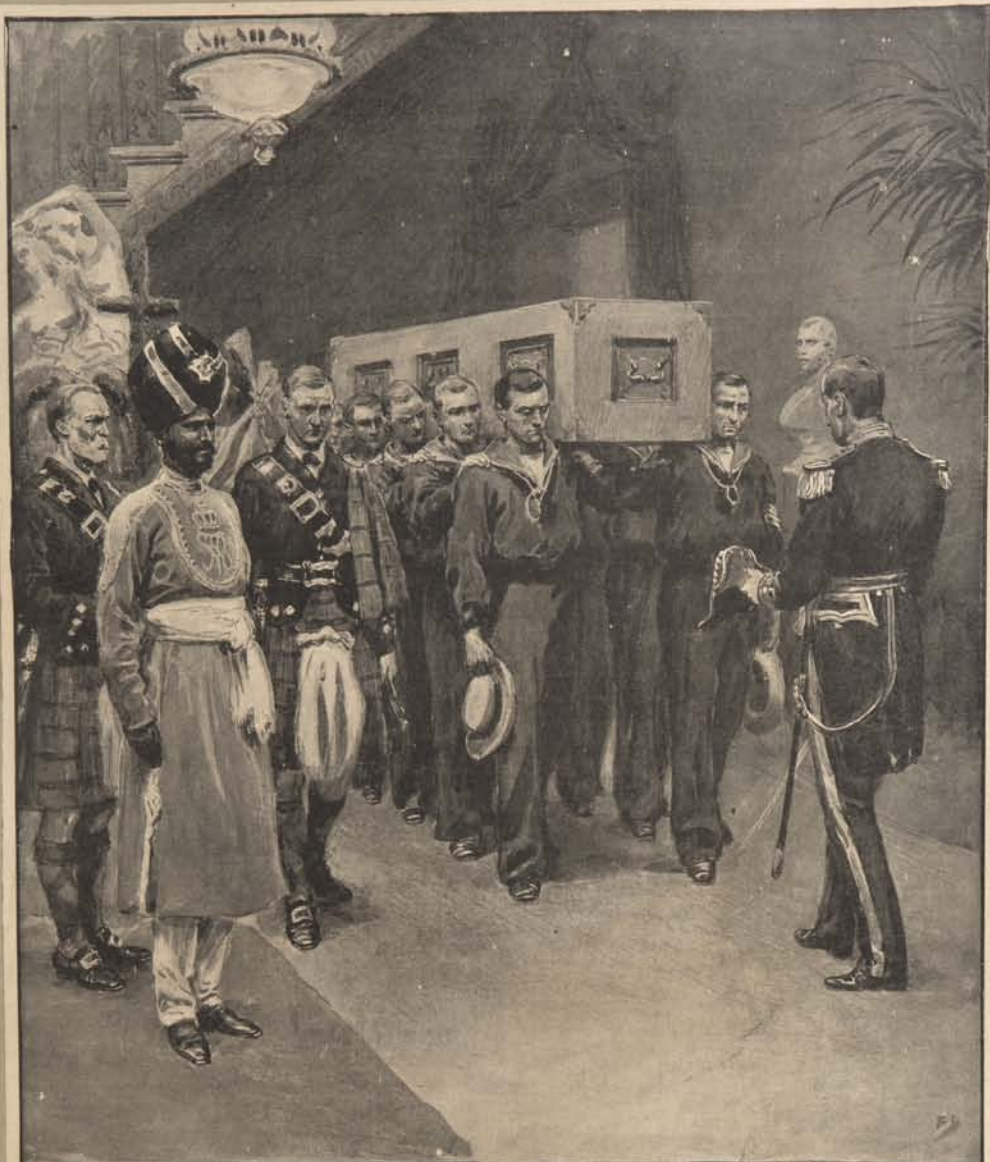




The Graphic, February 6th, 1901.

THE FUNERAL PROCESSION AT HYDE PARK CORNER: ROYAL MOURNERS ENTERING THE PARK





DESIGN BY FRANK BAIRD, R.A.

FROM A SKETCH BY GUY SPENCER ARTHUR, W. E. HAIG

The coffin containing the mortal remains of Queen Victoria was conveyed from the Chapel of St. Anne at Osborne by petty officers from the Royal Yacht, supported by Highland scouts, to the gun-carriage, on which it was to be carried to the Pier at Cowes.

STARTING ON THE FIRST STAGE OF THE LAST SAD JOURNEY

The Preparations

It has been said, since the preparations for the late Queen's funeral were first actively begun, that to find it parallel to the pageant of the Duke of Wellington, on November 15, 1852. But it is certain that no such comparison can be maintained, for putting aside the fact that the one was the funeral of a subject—one of the greatest, it is one, that monarch ever had—and the other that of a Sovereign, the great spectacle of 1852, as a spectacle, can hardly be thought of in connection with the stupendous Royal Obituaries of 1901. When, after the stunning shock of the Queen's death had passed away, it became necessary to make arrangements for the laying of the beloved remains to rest in the sepulchre she had herself prepared for her husband, public interest was rapidly concentrated upon the various stages of the last sad journey—first the transport of the coffin from Osborne across the Solent to the mainland, and then the transport by rail to Windsor. It was not known for some days in what manner this would be done, but the King and those who assisted him finally arranged a pageant which would be at once simple and grand and would appeal to all, as it did, as being in every way fitting and worthy of the Queen and the woman, whose own character combined those same two qualities. Thus, for the Sovereign there would be the long line of warships "speaking earthly thunder" over the waves ruled by the Sea-Queen; for the woman—the "soldier's daughter"—the simple 12-pounder gun-carriage; for the Sovereign was the Royal crown on crimson velvet and the glorious coronation robes round the bier; for the woman, the humble tributes of the lowly of her people, a few violets or pansies and plain wreaths of laurel hung on London lamp-posts.

As the preparations took shape, and when the date of the funeral was fixed, it became known that London was to have the opportunity, much longed for, of paying its homage to the dead Queen. The whole ceremony was planned in three great sections, to last from the afternoon of Friday, the 1st of February, to the following Monday. On the first day the body was to be taken to Portsmouth; on the second day, Saturday, the 2nd, from Portsmouth to Windsor; and on the third day, Monday, the 4th, the remains were to be placed in the catafalque at Finsbury in the presence of the King and of the Royal relatives only.

It soon became evident that the arrangements at Osborne and Portsmouth pointed to an imposing naval funeral pageant. While the Queen lay in the death-chamber at Osborne, with a few white flowers around her and the thin veil over her features; while, later, she lay in greater state, with crown and robes and the Royal banner and the national flag grouped about her bier, the warships were assembling from far and near and taking up their positions in a long line, which was to stretch from shore to shore, and along which their late Mistress was to be borne, escorted by their crews and their guns and their bands—a Guard of Honour for the Dead, such as has not been before known in our history.

ARRIVAL OF FOREIGN ROYAL MOURNERS

The Queen's eldest grandson, the German Emperor, arrived at Osborne, as is well known, soon after the illness of the Queen passed into a critical stage, while for three days preceding the funeral, Royalities poured into London from all parts of the Continent. Four countries sent their Sovereigns, grand dukes, were represented by their rulers, heirs-apparent, abbeys, and the East vied with the West in special embassies. Royal guests and British officials to welcome them were coming and going at Victoria and Charing Cross from morn to eve. Prince Christian represented the King at the most important arrivals; but, as a rule, the Royal squarries did the honours. First just the scene was the King of Portugal, followed, some hours later, by the King of Greece and Duke of Sparta, who were greeted by Prince Charles of Denmark. The King of the Belgians arrived the same day, but travelled no further than Dover, whence he paid a visit of condolence to Osborne. His Majesty did not appear in town until the eve of the funeral. Thick and fast next day came hatches of Grand Dukes and Princesses—German, Austrian, Italian, Swedish and Danish, and housing the guests was a weighty matter. King Carlo of Portugal went to Buckingham Palace, so did the Crown Prince of Sweden, the Duke of Ansa and Archduke Franz Ferdinand of Austria. As most relatives of King Edward, the King of Greece with the Duke of Sparta, the Danish Crown Prince and the Tzarvitch were put up at Marlborough House, while the Duchess of Saxe-Coburg welcomed at Clarence House her three sons-in-law—the Crown Prince of Roumania, the Grand Duke of Hesse, and the Regent of Saxe-Coburg. Other Royalities were entertained by various noblemen in London and Paris, and the Oriental representatives and other foreign dignitaries mostly found quarters at Buckingham Palace. Emperor William and some German Princes remained to witness the final committal of the Queen's body to the Empress Mausoleum, and the King of Portugal also staid a few days longer, but the majority of the Royalities left directly after the funeral.

THE QUEEN'S LAST PROGRESS.

On Friday morning the first ceremonies connected with Queen Victoria's funeral began, in weather that we have long been accustomed to call "Queen's weather." After a beautiful, frosty night the dawn broke through a misty atmosphere, but long before the solemn pageant that was to be enacted began, the haze rolled away, and the most perfect February morning was revealed. Thus the Queen's last sad progress over the route she had traversed so often was graced with the weather associated in our minds with Her Majesty's visits to her subjects in London and elsewhere. As the mist cleared, the sun shone down on a magnificent sight. The Royal yacht *Alberta* was lying at Trinity Pier, East Cowes, waiting to carry the Queen to the last time. In the coal-water were two more Royal yachts—the *Victoria* and *Albert* and the *Dilemma*, the German Emperor's yacht *Hohenzollern*, the guardship *Australia*, and the eight torpedo-boat destroyers which were to escort the *Alberta*. Out at sea, in the Solent, between Cowes and Portsmouth, lay a chain, measuring ten miles, of British war-ships and several foreign warships. Noticeable among the latter was the great Japanese battleship *Hatsuse*, which has just been completed by the Armstrong Company for the Mikado. She has a displacement of 15,000 tons, and was

the largest ship in the Solent. The four German vessels at the Portsmouth end of the line also attracted attention, the *Bader* flying the flag of Prince Henry of Prussia. One of the most attractive ships of the foreign squadron was the French *Duques de Leno*, with her low quarter-deck and enormous ram. It was a magnificent sight, this display of naval power, and eminently fitting to the occasion when the mortal remains of the Sovereign Lady of the nation, that proudly styles herself Mistress of the Seas were to be carried to their last resting-place.

THE NAVAL PAGEANT

The warships thus brought together to do honour to the memory of England's greatest Queen were drawn up in the following order:—*Alexandra*, second-class battleship, 9,450 tons. Captain F. W. Fisher, Flagship of Rear-Admiral Sir G. Noel, Admiral-Superintendent of Naval Reserves.  
*Camperdown*, first-class battleship, 10,600 tons.  
*Admiral*, first-class battleship, 10,300 tons.  
*London*, first-class battleship, 10,600 tons.  
*Collingwood*, first-class battleship, 9,920 tons.  
*Colossus*, second-class battleship, 9,420 tons.  
*Saint Paul*, first-class battleship, 10,470 tons.  
*Nile*, first-class battleship, 11,940 tons.  
*Howe*, first-class battleship, 10,320 tons.  
*Melampus*, second-class cruiser, 3,400 tons.  
*Seymour*, second-class cruiser, 4,020 tons.  
*Calliope*, first-class cruiser, 5,600 tons.  
*Bellona*, third-class cruiser, 4,285 tons.  
*Puck*, third-class cruiser, 2,135 tons.  
*Pharos*, third-class cruiser, 2,135 tons.  
*Diana*, second-class cruiser, 5,600 tons.  
*Comus*, third-class battleship, 6,200 tons.  
*Arrogant*, second-class cruiser, 5,730 tons.  
*Minerva*, second-class cruiser, 5,600 tons.  
*Albatross*, first-class cruiser, 11,000 tons.  
*Hero*, third-class battleship, 10,200 tons.  
*Hood*, first-class battleship, 14,150 tons.  
*Trident*, first-class battleship, 11,940 tons.  
*Revolution*, first-class battleship, 14,150 tons.  
*Exeter*, second-class battleship, 8,420 tons.  
*Jupiter*, first-class battleship, 14,600 tons.  
*Humboldt*, first-class battleship, 14,900 tons.  
*Mars*, first-class battleship, 14,900 tons.  
*Prince George*, first-class battleship, 14,600 tons.  
*Majestic*, first-class battleship, 14,920 tons.—Flagship of Vice-Admiral Sir H. L. Rawson.  
Opposite the *Diana* was the *Antelope*, first-class torpedo gunboat, and then there was a succession of ships stretching out as far as the *Majestic* on the opposite side. These ships were drawn up in the following order:—*Antelope*, first-class torpedo gunboat, 810 tons.  
*Ceres*, first-class torpedo gunboat, 810 tons.  
*Shipyard*, first-class torpedo gunboat, 715 tons.  
*Leda*, first-class torpedo gunboat, 810 tons.  
*Alarm*, first-class torpedo gunboat, 810 tons.  
*Press-boat*, The *U.S. Alberta*.  
The *U.S. Scout*, with M.V.'s on board.  
*Carlet*, representing the Spanish Navy.  
*Dona Carlos*, representing the Portuguese Navy.  
*Hatsuse*, representing the Japanese Navy.  
*Duques de Leno*, representing the French Navy.



Admiral  
*Victoria Louise*  
*Hagen*  
*Boden*  
 representing the German Navy.

THE SCENE AT OSBORNE

As the morning wore on, as the air near Osborne increased and the crowd of spectators who gathered to witness the procession to East Cowes grew in magnitude. The gates of the Royal Grounds were kept rigidly closed until half-past twelve. In front of the house were drawn up the Queen's Company of the 1st Grenadiers with the State Colours, and before the door of the house was the black-coloured gun-carriage that was to carry all that was mortal of our Great Queen to the landing-stage at Cowes. Within the grounds were a few privileged persons, and conspicuous among these were fifty men, invalids from South Africa, who had been brought from the Convalescent Home in the Island to stand near the bed of the Great Queen whom they had served so well.

In another avenue stood a large group of the royalty on the estate—men, women and children, and quite near the house were the blue-jackets from the Royal yacht. In the Marine Drive, immediately facing the house, were the muffled band, numbering eighty instrumentalists.

A short service was held in the chapel service, by the Bishop of Winchester before the body of the Queen was removed. At 1.30 the coffin was carried out of the house by the Highland 42 and sailors from the Royal yacht, placed on the gun-carriage, and an ambulance, at the head and foot of the coffin respectively, carried the great State Crown and Sceptre and two cots.

The Guard of Honour of the Queen's Company of the 1st Grenadiers, which had for some time been standing looking on with bated breath in an attitude of mourning, were ordered by the King to reverse their arms again and look up and down the Avenue. The gun-carriage was slowly drawn from the porch, the Queen's pipes took up their places in front of it, and the procession solemnly formed and began its march at the salute of 21 guns.

THE START FROM OSBORNE HOUSE

As the mournful procession began its sorrowful march, the pipes played the plaintive funeral dirge of the Black Watch. Every eye as the cortege passed was riveted on the gun-carriage. Over the pall, of black, white and gold embroidery, was stretched the Royal Standard, and on the flag were the crown, the orb, and the sceptre, symbols of power and majesty, now for ever laid aside. Behind the gun-carriage walked the King, with hand bowed; on his right his Imperial nephew, the Emperor William, and on his left his brother, the Duke of Connaught. The King and the German Emperor wore the uniforms of British Admirals, and the Duke of Connaught was in that of a General. The sight of the Royal uniforms reminded one that our noble Prince, the Duke of Cornwall and York, was absent from the high throne, and the hearts of all who looked on as the sad procession passed went out to the Royal Grandson of our beloved Queen Victoria, who was thus prevented from paying his last respects to her memory. After the King and his two Royal relatives came the Crown Prince of Prussia, Prince Henry of Prussia, Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, Prince Arthur of Connaught, Prince Charles of Denmark, and Prince Louis of Battenberg. All the Royal mourners went on foot, and it was touching to see Queen Alexandra and the other Royal ladies, with their mourning veils nearly reaching to their feet, pass slowly by. The Duchess of Cornwall and York turned back when the Admiralty pier was reached to return to the bedside of her husband. The Royal ladies walked three abreast, and as they passed there were few in the crowd who were not moved. There was something in the Queen and Princesses following after like the humblest of subjects which appealed pathetically to the hearts of the spectators. Perhaps it was the mingled simplicity and pomp that touched the onlookers; but, however that might be, the Royal Family had the deepest sympathy



The King returned to Osborne from London on January 21, after assisting at the arrangements for the Queen's funeral. Admiral Fullerton was in attendance, and as the Royal yacht Osborne crew alongside the pier he handed His Majesty the ropes of the gangway.

THE KING LANDING AT TRINITY PIER, EAST COWES, ON JANUARY 21

of the crowd with them in their sorrowful duty. As the procession moved towards the gates of the Royal estate, the pipes changed their tune to the "Flowers of the Forest"—a wailing dirge that has accompanied many a Highland Chief to the grave.

AT THE GATE OF THE ROYAL ESTATE

As the procession reached the Queen's Gate the Pipes stopped playing, and the muffled drums, forty of them in all, rolled on with soft-recurring rhythmic beats, and then the muffled bands burst forth with the magnificent music of Chopin's Funeral March. As the cortege passed outside the gates every man bowed his head and

every woman curtained low. The troops, reversing their arms, bent with bent heads over them, still as statues.

Down the hill towards Cowes went the sad procession. The air was clear, the sun was bright, the people were still and silent; no sound but that of the mournful march could be heard, and that could be heard far by distant spectators on neighbouring hills, and on ships out at sea. Slowly the solemn procession passed down York Avenue to the Harbour, making a striking picture as it wended its way through the beautiful scenery, through an avenue of people who were better described as mourners than spectators. Everywhere the demeanour of those who stood at the roadside was respectful, sympathetic and reverential.

THE EMBARKATION

At length the Trinity Pier at East Cowes was reached. Outside the gates was a guard consisting of a body of Princess Beatrice's Regiment of Life of Wight Volunteers. The men, in their black uniforms, stood with their arms reversed and their heads bent over the batts of their rifles, from the moment that the signal was given that the funeral cortege had left Osborne, and their attitude, representing as it did extreme grief, lent additional solemnity to the mournful pageant. Inside the enclosure the bearer company, consisting of twelve stalwart and bearded blue-jackets, each with his arm bearing good-conduct medals, stood to attention as the head of the procession passed upon the path leading to the embarking stairs. The solemn strains of Chopin's "Dead March" ceased as the gates were entered. As the gun-carriage swung through the gates to the left of the flag-staff, the muffled drums of the muffled bands rolled out solemn funeral notes. The King, the German Emperor, and the various Royal mourners, with their aides, halted as the gun-carriage stopped in front of the steps, and saluted. The Queen's



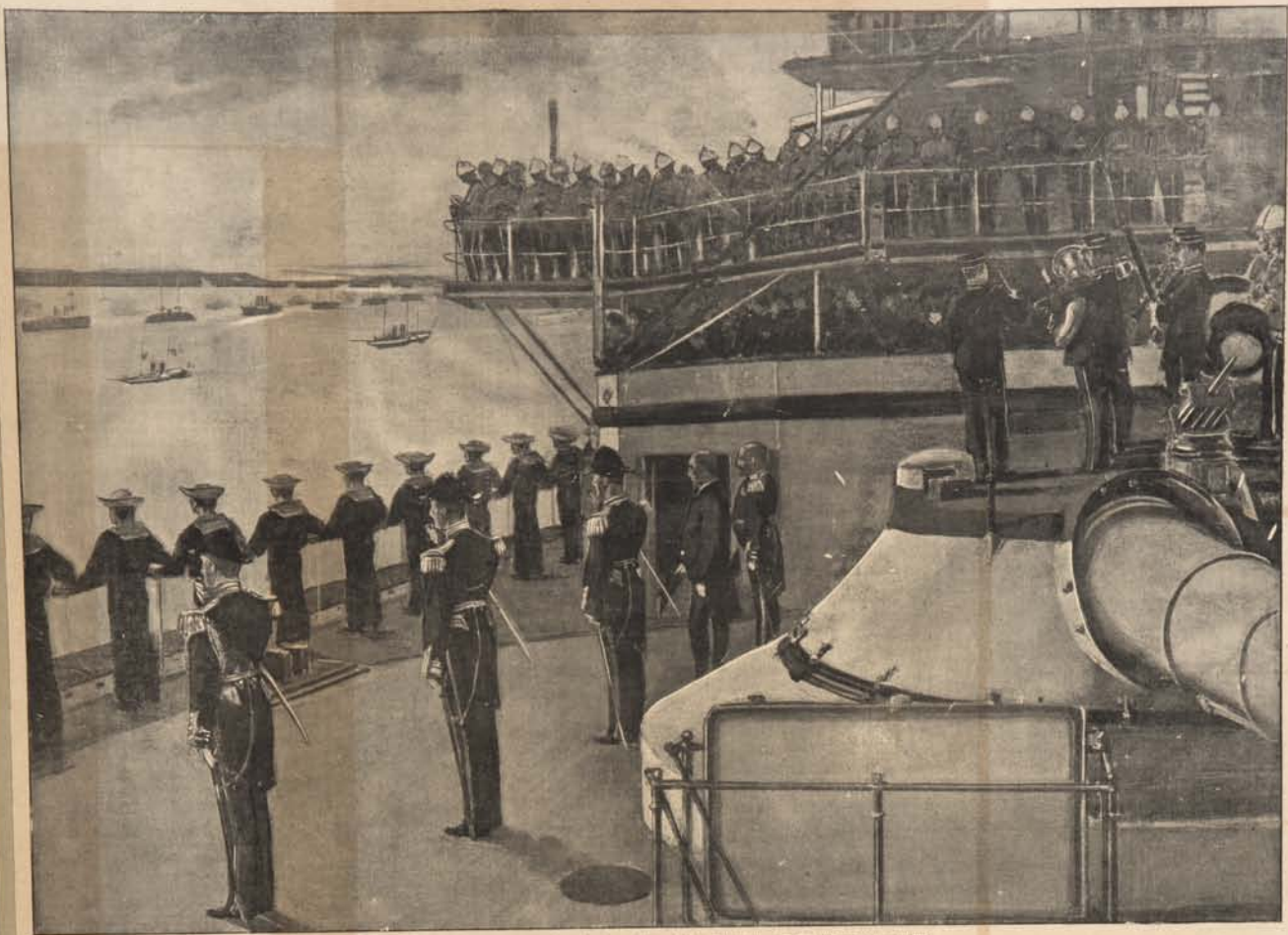
The casket in which the coffin rested, with a view of all the details of the casket, and just above of the ship's cabin where the Royal Family. Four pillars (shown in purple) with white silk and purple curtains. Every arrangement that the corpse could be drawn around

them, thus, with the casket swung which covered the after part of the ship, creating a tiny chapel for the coffin to rest in. On the right were four magnificent "seats," the privileged gift of the admirals commanding at Portsmouth, Devonport, the Nile, and in the Channel.

They represented anchors, being of white linen of the valley, Harrier's blue, arm, blue, and various and the inscriptions were similar in each case. From the Vice-Admiral, Rear-Admiral, Captain, and Officers, as a slight token of loving devotion to their Queen.

THE CATAFALQUE ON THE ROYAL YACHT "ALBERTA"





As the Royal yacht with the catafalque on board passed through the fleet, every ship was manned.

THE ROYAL YACHT "ALBERTA" PASSING THROUGH THE FLEET, AS SEEN FROM H.M.S. "MAJESTIC"

Officers, touching head and shoulders above all others, marched with measured tread and arms reversed. They flew up on each side of the coffin, presented arms, and then stood with their heads bent over their rifles. Those officers who had had the privilege

of being aides-de-camp to Queen Victoria lifted the silken pall from the coffin. The bluejackets in turn lifted the coffin from the carriage, and the solemn procession was continued from the waiting-room to the deck of the *Alberta*. The King, the Duke of Connaught, and the German Emperor, immediately followed, and stood to the salute as the Royal remains were reverently placed upon the catafalque.

**THE ROYAL CATAFALQUE**

The remains of Her Majesty rested in a deck pavilion, specially constructed for the purpose by the Portsmouth Dockyard Authorities, and finely decorated by Messrs. S. J. Waring and Sons.

Inside the pavilion a framework served to carry a lining of the finest red cloth hangings, of extreme severity of form. Only one colour was employed, the whole scheme being carried out in a superb note of red—simple, stately, and impressive. From the ridge hung a rich canopy of Imperial tudy velvet, lined with pure white silk, with pendant draperies of the same material disposed at the four corners, designed after the period of the Fifteenth Century. Underneath this canopy the coffin, placed on a bier, was also draped with ruby velvet. At one end of the pavilion there was a pyramidal drapery, on which rested a red velvet cushion supporting a Royal crown. The fine combination of the crown, had a magnificent rich red, were used by anything except the crown, had a magnificent effect; and, throughout, the treatment was in harmony with the best traditions of art, besides being in accordance with the expressed wishes of the King, who had indicated his desire that everything should be as simple as possible, while retaining dignity and richness of effect.

**ON THE "ALBERTA"**

The catafalque on the Royal yacht, on which the coffin of Queen Victoria was placed, was situated just abaft the funnels, and in front of the deck saloon. On board were four of the Queen's Aides-de-Camp with the Countess of Lytton, Lady of the Bedchamber, and the Hon. Harriet Pléssis, Woman of the Bedchamber. An awning of canvas covered the whole after-part of the ship. The effect, which was solemn and magnificent, was added to by four beautiful wreaths suspended from each pillar. Each wreath consisted of an anchor of white lilies and a chain of violets, the privileged gift of four of the late Queen's naval commanders-in-chief—viz., the Vice-Admirals of the Portsmouth, Devonport, Nore, and Channel Squadrons commands. The decks of the yacht were carpeted with Royal purple, and the whole ship converted into a floating *chapel* and worthy of the passing of Queen Victoria, Britain's greatest monarch. After remaining for a brief period by the coffin-side, the King and

the Royal mourners entered a steam launch and embarked upon the other Royal yachts. At 2.45 the *Alberta* cast off. All along the shores the people of the island were collected to pay their last respects to her who was not only their monarch, but their neighbour. As the Royal yacht left the mouth of the river, every head was bared. No sooner did the Royal yacht pass the guardship *Australia* than the minute guns of the naval fleet thundered forth the expression of a nation's grief.

**THE NAVAL PROCESSION**

When all was ready, the Royal Procession began its progress through the Fleet. The *Alberta*

was escorted by a torpedo-boat

fleet, and the Naval procession

was in the following order—

- |                   |                    |
|-------------------|--------------------|
| 1. <i>Porci</i>   | 5. <i>Spithead</i> |
| 2. <i>Crows</i>   | 6. <i>Electra</i>  |
| 3. <i>Kestrel</i> | 7. <i>Fawn</i>     |
| 4. <i>Sylvia</i>  | 8. <i>Vulture</i>  |

ROYAL YACHT *ALBERTA*  
 Royal Yacht *Victoria* and *Albert*  
 Royal Yacht *Osborne*

Imperial Yacht *Hohenzollern*  
 Admiralty Yacht *Emu*

The coffin on the *Alberta* could be seen plainly by the fleet on the warships as the Royal yacht steamed slowly past. Standing in the canopied chapel, keeping their last watch over the Royal body, were Admiral Sir Michael Colborne-Seymour and the three other Naval Aides-de-Camp of the late Queen, standing in a row, with Sir John McNeill, and the two Maids of Honour.

As the *Alberta*, with the dead Queen on board, guarded by her equerries, steamed away from her moorings, with the Royal Standard at half-mast, and with Admiral Fullerton on the bridge, the whole military saluted, and the massed bands played "The Saints of God." The procession staved very slowly along the line. As the yacht approached, every ship was manned, and minute guns boomed out, while the beautiful funeral marches of Chopin and Beethoven could, once again be heard floating over the still water. In this way the procession slowly made its way along the line, and turned by the *Majestic*, so as to get into the fair way for the harbour. Then the fleet at Spithead ceased firing, and the ships in harbour and the shore batteries took up the salute.



THE NAVAL PAGEANT, FIRST-CLASS BATTLESHIPS AT THE EAST END OF THE LINE



THE NAVAL PAGEANT, FIRST-CLASS BATTLESHIPS AT THE EAST END OF THE LINE

**SCENES AT PORTSMOUTH**

The imposing naval pageant at Spithead brought to Portsmouth more visitors than had ever been known, except perhaps on the occasion of the Diamond Jubilee. Early in the morning Portsmouth was astir. For hours before the Royal yacht was fitted to start from Cowes, thousands made their way down to Southern beach and to other places by the water-side whence a view could be obtained of the historical and remarkable pageant. People came from near and far to pay their final tribute of respect to their dead Sovereign, but though the streets of the town were crowded with sightseers, Portsmouth never wore a more melancholy aspect. Many of the shops were closed, and there was scarcely a house which failed to display some emblem of its sorrow.

The Mayor and Corporation of Portsmouth were given every facility to view the spectacle, and were placed on the spur railway close to the Harbour, whilst the wives and families of soldiers and sailors found places on the King's Battery close by. On the Portsmouth shore over 1,000 women and children from the Naval Depot marched the sea face of the Dockyard from the end of the sixth railway jetty to the north railway jetty. The men from the gunnery establishment at White Island and boys from the training ship *St. Vincent* manned Barron Island, at the entrance to the Clarence Water Creek. Their familiar landmark of the Harbour, Nelson's old Factory, had a share in rendering honour to the remains of the





OLD ROYAL SERVANTS AND CHILDREN BRINGING WREATHS TO ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINCHESTER  
A LAST TRIBUTE OF AFFECTION AND RESPECT



The presence of five German warships at Spithead was due to the German Emperor's desire to pay respect to the memory of Queen Victoria. The sailors on board these ships soon made friends with our Bluejackets. The Germans were easily recognized by a group by the characteristic to their caps

THE "ENTENTE CORDIALE": BRITISH AND GERMAN BLUEJACKETS FRATERNISING

late Sovereign. On the poop of the huge hulk there was a guard of the Royal Marines.

Every precaution had been taken by the authorities to prevent any craft getting in the way of the Royal yacht, and accordingly the road was kept by steam launches, each in charge of a lieutenant. They patrolled the Harbour from its entrance to the Victoria, to keep the course clear. A considerable period before the cortege was timed to reach Portsmouth its boats were on the water, with the exception of those officially allowed to be there. The insignificant naval display, which stretched along opposite Southsea, amazed thousands during the morning to hire boats in order to get near the beach—boats that part of the Solent dotted with these tiny craft glittering in the sunshine, and with the huge battleships in the background, as viewed from the Southsea shore, made a picture of surprising grandeur. The Lords of the Admiralty left the dockyard for Coates shortly after eleven o'clock. They were the Earl of St. Albans, Admiral Lord Walter Kerr, Rear-Admiral Archibald Lucas Douglas, Rear-Admiral Arthur Kryke Wilson, Rear-Admiral Arthur William Moore, and Mr. Ernest George Freyman.

ARRIVAL OF PEERS AND MESSES AT SOUTHAMPTON

Four heavily laden special trains left Waterloo early in the morning for Southampton, for the convenience of members of both Houses of Parliament and their wives who were to witness the naval ceremonies in the Solent. Among some of the well-known passengers were the Earl of Arden, Sir F. Milner, Mr. W. F. D. Smith, the Earl and Countess of Athol, Sir L. Colville, Mr. Anstruther, Lord Stalbridge, and Earl Spencer. There was a great crowd at the station, but the railway police had made special arrangements for dealing with the large influx of passengers and the hundreds of extra vehicles which drove into the station yard. A huge crowd assembled at Southampton to witness the embarkation of Lord and Countess, but there was no demonstration whatever. All were attentive, and at once went on board their respective

alongside the pier, and the guard of honour were dismissed. Hardly had the yacht been berthed than darkness began rapidly to gather, and then the night guard, consisting of Captain Thornton, two subalterns, and thirty-two men of the Royal Marines, began their vigil. Arrangements were made for relieving their guard every two hours, and twenty out this purpose: four relays of men were provided. At least one side-deck was on duty on board at all hours of the night. The Marine guard were posted so as to prevent any approach to the yacht, and the augmented police force were assisted by Marine sentries. On the water side two picket boats were on duty from the yacht to the Victoria, and other picket boats patrolled the water from the Trinity to the mouth of the harbour.

THE DEPARTURE FOR LONDON

Preparations for Saturday's ceremony in town began shortly before nine o'clock, when the coffin was taken from the Royal yacht *Albion*, and placed in the special carriage of the King's train. The train started for London at seven minutes to nine under the blowing of the guns from the ships in Portsmouth Harbour and from the King, in company with the Queen and some of the Royal Princesses, who had slept overnight on the *Victoria* and *Albion*, arrived at the *Albion* in a steam pinnace, which was flying the Royal Standard and the Union Jack. His Majesty was followed a few minutes later by the German Emperor, who had steamed across from the *Hohenzollern*. Both the King and the Emperor were wearing the uniform of a British Field-Marshal. The Guard of Honour on the jetty consisted of several hundred Marines and Bluejackets.

The commanders of the battleships, who took part in the pageant on Friday, had already assembled in the covered way leading from the yacht to the railway station. Before the arrival of their Majesties, the Rev. C. G. Lang, vicar of Purves, chaplain to Her late Majesty, was in waiting on the yacht, and a very brief service was held just before the Queen's body was removed. Among those present were the Duke of Connaught, the Crown Prince, Prince Arthur, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, Prince Henry of Prussia, and Princess Henry of Battenberg. The station was draped with red, blue, and black cloth, and a specially constructed corridor ran from the platform to the gateway of the *Albion*. While the coffin was being moved, the ships and forts in the harbour fired salutes.

The coffin was carried from the yacht to the train by eight petty officers from the various Royal yachts. Her late Majesty's Crown, Orb, and Standard were carried behind. Following the insignia of Royalty walked the King and Kaiser, the Duke of Connaught, the Crown Prince, Prince Arthur, and the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha. On each side of the corridor were stationed the Admirals from the ships in the port, and the military staff. The naval men took up their position on one side, and were faced by the military. Between these lines the royal cortege proceeded to the train, and as the mournful procession went along, the quiet was disturbed only by the firing of the guns, the strains of Chopin's funeral march, and the rain. For while London provided what might almost be called Queen's weather, the last, in Gosport on Saturday morning the rain came down in torrents.

The coffin was placed on a dish in the saloon, and the King and Queen, German Emperor, and other Royal personages took their seats in the saloon allotted them. The procession started from the yacht at eighteen minutes to nine, and at seven minutes to nine the train started for London.

THE SCENE IN LONDON

If Friday's ceremony was stately and magnificent in its grandeur, Saturday's ceremony in the heart of the capital of the greatest Empire the world has known was not less remarkable on its simpler lines. The one day was the day on which the Navy paid its last tribute to the great Queen who had watched over its fortunes with unflinching sympathy, the other was the day for the Army to testify to its sorrow, with added vigour the mourning of the countless thousands who poured into London from every quarter to pay their last tribute. None who witnessed it are ever likely to forget the aspect of London on that Saturday. Business was everywhere suspended, flags fluttered half-mast high, and an all-pervading gloom was in the air; this gloom showed on the faces of the crowds; it seemed to be reflected from the heavy overhanging sky.

Indistinct but unmistakable, it testified, as nothing else could have testified, to the universal mourning for the national lion. If any doubted the hold which Queen Victoria had on the affections of her people, he or she should have gone out into the streets early on that grey morning. An uneasing, harrying crowd poured westward. It was a grey, sober crowd; scarce a number of it was there who did not wear some mourning tribute, while deep mourning was the rule rather than the exception. There was no life, no gaiety about it, only a restless eager longing on the part of many thousands to stand somewhere on the line of the funeral procession—even though this might entail many hours waiting in the row and chilly air—and thus mute pay their last homage.

Long before the little army of soldiers had trooped into their positions along the line of route this far larger and fiercer army was hastening from east and west and north and south, and one cannot but be sorry for the multitudes who must have failed even to catch a glimpse of one of the most remarkable pageants London has ever witnessed, or is ever likely to witness. Thus did London assemble to see her Queen pass through the capital for the last time.

The troops who lined the route began to arrive on the scene soon after eight o'clock, and some two hours was the hour. The police had been in evidence from half-past six, clearing the people from positions which they fondly cling to as coigns of advantage, and rigidly maintaining an open course. At all the roads abutting on the line of route, cavalry, supported by police, kept back huge crowds, who else would have broken through in waves, while the ambulance detachments in the rear, unfortunately, had many opportunities of justifying their presence. Men, who rarely suffer in crowds, nevertheless shrink from them, while women, oddly enough, never seem to hesitate about crowding themselves in the danger of being squeezed to death by people as helpless as themselves, or trampled underfoot by mounted men, and at a dozen points on the route one saw fainting women being quietly and swiftly taken away. But though the casualties were many, they were, fortunately, slight. The interest of the day for London began at Victoria Station, where, shortly after the military had assembled, and a great army it seemed as they took up their allotted positions, the foreign representatives—and, later, the Royal visitors—began to gather from the various places where they had been quartered. Many had stayed at Buckingham Palace and Marlborough House—whence carriage after carriage drove away shortly after ten in a white smoke, into the long procession, was that of the Royal grooms taking down the horses for the King, and some of his illustrious guests to ride on their arrival. Perhaps nowhere more than here were the crowds greater. They flooded every side street and blocked everywhere, even though there seemed but the remotest chance of catching a glimpse of an officer in full dress or a lancer's pennon; while people who had seats at windows in Buckingham Palace Road experienced the most difficultly in getting to their destinations. The fortunate few who succeeded in securing good positions near Victoria were in the end repaid, for as the different detachments and component parts of the procession arrived the scene became full of life and colour.

The Life Guards made a brilliant patch of colour, and every splendid was the appearance of the 1st Hussar Regiment, whom the Kaiser had sent for their light grey coats and splendidly martial appearance attracting wide attention. Soon afterwards a stir was caused among the otherwise mute crowd by the arrival of Lord Roberts. He had ridden down some part of the route, receiving a reception strangely in contrast with the rest of the proceedings, broke out into cheer after cheer. One heard the cheering break out in waves as he rode down St. James's Street and stopped to talk to some of his staff near St. James's Palace. Then it broke out again as he started on his way to Victoria, and was caught up all along the route until it culminated at Victoria. It was a

ARRIVAL OF THE CORTEGE AT PORTSMOUTH

At three o'clock the first salute-gun was heard announcing that the procession had started. As the *Higgins* was rounded, the Royal Standard, and at ten minutes past four the first signal that the cortege was nearing Portsmouth Harbour was given by the firing of a salute-gun from the *Victoria*. The men of the Depot, who had mustered on the jetties, and the Marines and bluejackets on duty at Clarence Victualling Yard, were at once ordered to follow. Then a hull fell upon the scene, only broken by the booming of minute-guns from the *Victoria* and *St. George*.

Barrow Island, at the mouth of the creek leading to Clarence Yard, was occupied by the men of the *St. Vincent*, who, Englishland, lined the circumference of their drill ground. Two hundred bluejackets from the *Excellent*, under Lieutenant Drury-Lofe, formed the guard of honour on the jetty, while in the square leading from the entrance of the yard to the water side was a guard of 400 Marines under Major Ormsby Johnson. The entire force was under the command of Captain W. De V. Hamilton, of the *Duke of Wellington*, and as the first destroyers came in sight, about twenty minutes past four, the men presented arms, and stood at attention until the day's ceremony was at end.

Standing on the ledge of the *Albion* was Vice-Admiral Sir John Palliser with his staff. Captain G. A. Broad silently directed the arrangements for the berthing of the vessel, while a small boat went alongside, and minutely carried to the shore the salute by which the vessel was greeted. At the head and foot of the coffin were Marine sentries. The crew, with heads uncovered, outlined the ship. Superintendent Fraser, who has for many years been at the head of the police that guard the Royal Palace, was on duty for the first time in attendance on his Royal Mistress. Lining the jetty a number of naval pensioners were on duty. While the *Albion* was being berthed the *Victoria* and *Albion* dropped anchor immediately abreast of Clarence Yard. The *Albion* took up a position a little lower down the harbour, and the *Hohenzollern* berthed alongside the south railway jetty of the dockyard. These all carried masthead flags, but the only display of hailing on the *Albion* was the Royal Standard at half-mast. It was not anticipated that the yacht would reach her destination until five o'clock, but soon after half-past four the gateway was brought





On Friday evening the Royal yacht *Alberta* was anchored close to the old Victory in Portsmouth Harbour. The British Marine mounted guard, and the gilded deck, where the Queen's coffin lay, was illuminated by electricity. Admiral Sir M. Colborne-Seymour and others were on duty. The *Forster* and *Albatross*, with the King and Queen on board, was close by, and also was the *Hobenzollern*, with the German Emperor. Outside were the torpedo destroyers which formed the advance guard during the journey from Cowes to Portsmouth.

NIGHT: THE ROYAL YACHT "ALBERTA" IN PORTSMOUTH HARBOUR.

relief at that time of solemnity to have this one opportunity for gaiety, and there seemed nothing wrong about the incident, as the Field-Marshal, riding as only he can ride, gravely acknowledged the compliment by saluting with the head in which he carried his regiment and gold helmet.

At five minutes to eleven the front of the actual funeral conveyances arrived. First of all came the gun-carriage to carry the coffin. It was drawn by the eight cream-coloured horses which Landrovers have so often seen drawing their Sovereign, and no one could help a feeling of sadness at the thought that this was the last time the picturesque cortège would be seen in town in connection with that memorable figure. With the cream horses and their burden came six Royal State carriages, to carry Queen Alexandra and the Royal Princesses and others. Each was drawn by four horses, and accompanied by outriders and footmen.

INSIDE THE STATION

The privileged few inside the station saw one of the most solemn and interesting scenes in the whole pageant, namely, the marshalling of the Royal mourners, while the whole of the station presented a strangely different appearance to that which we usually know. All the gaudy advertisements had been removed or covered, and a fine partition had been erected on the arrival platform for the use of the King and Queen and the reception of the Crown mourners. With its exterior walls of purple and white, this Royal apartment formed a gorgeous picture, which stood out in striking contrast to the sordid background of the station walls. Inside were panels of rich tapestry, representing the favourite homes of the Queen, and mirrors mounted in gold, with dainty furniture of the Louis XVI. period, together with a marble bust of the dead Queen on a draped pedestal, were brilliantly illuminated by electric light. A Persian rug covered the floor, and the tent roof was of alternating stripes of silver and purple cloth in and round about this pavilion. Here gathered the Royalists who had been seen to arrive, the Crown Prince of Denmark being the first, though he was quickly followed by the King of Portugal, the Crown Prince of Siam, Prince Francis of Teck, Prince Christian, the Duke and Duchess of Fife, and the Duke of Anet. The Duke of Cambridge came shortly before Lord Roberts, and the remainder of the brilliant group, who subsequently made one of the most brilliant spots in the procession, arrived in rapid succession. At five minutes to eleven, immediately after the pilot engine, the Royal train steamed into the station, and a remarkable hull came over the scene. Rifles were reversed, hands were bared, and the horses of the officers which were being led up and down the sand-covered way were held still. The King and Queen quickly alighted, and with the German Emperor went to the pavilion. Then the King turned to watch while the heaver party, consisting of non-commissioned officers and men drawn from the Household Cavalry and Brigade of Guards, recently removed the coffin from the coach in which it had travelled, and made it fast to the gun-carriage. The pall and insignia were then arranged in silence, a few minutes sufficed to arrange the last details of the procession, the Guard of Honour reversed rifles, the coffin was borne out into the street, and within a few minutes of half-past eleven the mournful pilgrimages began to the accompaniment of Chopin's Funeral March.

ALONG THE ROUTE

It was only to be expected that huge crowds would assemble at Buckingham Palace. The East End no less than the West sent its thousands and these were recruited by all those who were disappointed of a view at Victoria and elsewhere. The large open spaces in front of the Palace, it was anticipated, would afford an excellent view, but this was far from being the case, while as bad or worse was the case of those who had thronged into St. James's Park. Inside the railings of Buckingham Palace were two purple-draped stands facing westward, one for the members of the Household, and the other for the members of the Press. The huge court before the Palace was deserted, the closed gates and the high railings keeping all possible intruders back. Against the garden-wall of St. James's



The floor of the nave was covered by a cloth of green-grey colour, and workmen were busy with its upholstery throughout the week. WORKMEN PREPARING ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR, FOR THE SERVICE

Palace, and extending from Marlborough Yard to the Dale of Sutherland's grounds were two wooden galleries for the use of members of the House of Lords and the House of Commons. From these positions excellent views were to be obtained, but the position of the ordinary sightseer was rather pathetic. In St. James's Park, by nine o'clock, the crush was terrible. The closing of the gates made no appreciable difference, and only masses those locked in to climb every tree the trunk of which gave the slightest hold, while a desperate charge was made for the high-standing stratagies overlooking the Mall. Even from a distance one heard the cries of women at this juncture, and realized that the crowd had grown almost beyond control. The police who attempted to stem the torrent were entirely helpless, and in a very few minutes the whole length of the straggery was in the possession of thousands, who were thus able to obtain a distant view of the pageant. The stands were torn aside, and ruthlessly trodden underfoot, while a glass-roofed building was wrecked. By ten o'clock the whole area was black with humanity, and it is hardly an exaggeration to say there was not an inch of untrammeled ground on either side of the troops.

St. James's Street was packed at an early hour, and at one moment the crowd broke through, police and soldiers being busy for ten minutes, while women fainted and narrowly escaped being trampled to death. General Trotter, however, brought up reserves of Cavalry, and order was temporarily restored, though the crowd

broke through once more at the Jersey Street corner, sweeping away police and Footmen, surging down on to the Colonial representatives, unwilling to take their place at the procession. The Colonial, however, were equal to the occasion, and the route was cleared once more, just as the Duke of Cambridge, with the Duke of Devonshire, drove through in a closed carriage on the way to Victoria. Ficcally and Oxbell Street were not less thronged, while Hyde Park was the rendezvous of thousands, some of whom had passed the night within its limits. Twenty to thirty deep these patient mourners waited, while in the vicinity of Paddington, every fragment of space at windows, on roads, or where trees or railings gave a momentary advantage, was thronged. Many indeed, had passed the night on benches or in the station waiting-rooms. One can only wonder that the day passed off with so few serious accidents when it is remembered that every train coming to town was stopped, namely, that though they had brought thousands, they had been forced to leave behind far more thousands than they could bring. All in all, though, it was an extraordinarily orderly crowd, fully feeling the solemnity of the occasion, fully determined that, if possible, nothing should mar the solemnity of the day, so that although along Piccadilly the pressure was so great that scores of people fainted, and at the Marble Arch troops had difficulty in keeping the route, and many rushes were made, giving the St. John Ambulance Association forty cases before 11.30, there was yet no disor-





The sun was setting, leaving a crimson afterglow in the sky, as the Royal yacht steamed into the Clarence Yard, preceded by the eight torpedo-boats, which then left the procession and steamed into their berths in Fountain Lake. The Alberta was fettered to her moorings in Clarence Yard. H.M.S. Victory, the flagship of the Port-Admiral, which heralded the approach of the Royal yacht by firing salute-guns, gave the signal for the forts outside also to fire salute-guns.

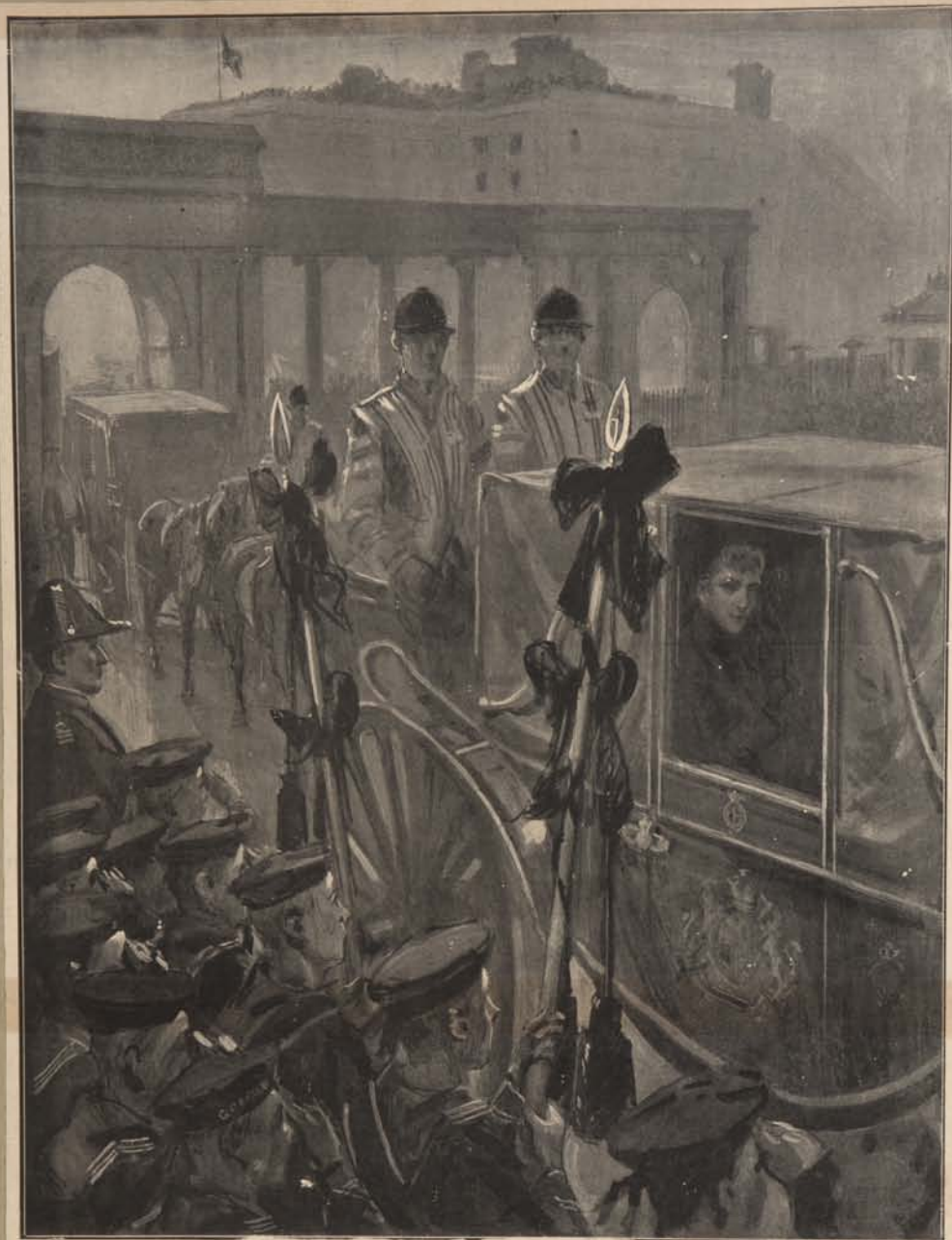
**QUEEN VICTORIA'S LAST SEA JOURNEY. THE ROYAL YACHT "ALBERTA," STEAMING INTO PORTSMOUTH HARBOUR**



Round the Adlon statue were the boys of the Duke of York's School, and when Lord Roberts passed in the procession, the eye of the spectator wandered from the Commander-in-Chief to these soldier lads. The sight appealed to the imagination very strongly.

**THE TOP OF THE LADDER AND THE FOOT: A STRIKING PICTURE IN THE LONDON PROCESSION**





Near the great gates by which the park is entered stood in April 1898 the first length of the line to the east was occupied by some 400 boys of the Royal Naval School at Greenwich, under the command of Captain Anson; and the first on the west, opposite to them, was held by about 500 boys from the Duke of York's School, under the command of Captain Thomas.

QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S CARRIAGE ENTERING HYDE PARK

Since sufficient to destroy the prevailing impression of solemn mourning. On all hands the King's expressed wish, that purple should be the mourning colour along the line of route, was complied with, and the decoration was for the most part in quiet keeping with the solemnity of the function and with the general feeling of the people. In one thoroughfare the following impressive legend in large white letters on a purple cloth was read on the side of the corner mansion, "In loving memory of our revered Sovereign, who is sleeping in peace—perfect peace." Elsewhere purple hangings and wooden staves painted of the same Imperial colour were to be seen all along the way, forming a striking background to the thousands of flags which, seen from above, shone with remarkable distinctness from amid the general black costumes. In many places the black hangings which had been in evidence earlier in the week had been removed and the Royal purple substituted, while all along the route the lamp standards were hung with wreaths of laurel and other evergreens—fittingly typifying the memory of the Queen whom all had gathered together to honour.

THE FUNERAL CORTÈGE

It was at 11.25, four minutes late only, that the signal at Buckingham Gate waved his flag to pass the word along the route that all was in readiness at Victoria for a start, and almost immediately the words "Slow march" were uttered, and the pathetic cavalcade started. All the soldiers carried their rifles reversed, that is to say, under the left arm, the butt upwards and the muzzle pointing downwards behind, and they marched thus with their right arms behind their backs. At intervals, to relieve the strain they changed position from left to right. The staccated drums boomed dully, and the massed bands of the Coldstream and Scots Guards, together with the bands of the Royal Marine Light Infantry, the Royal Engineers and Royal Artillery, played now Chopin's magnificent Funeral March, now Beethoven's beautiful and mournful strains. Many women were moved to tears, many men laboured to conceal their emotion, for everything conspired to make the scene one to stir feelings to the utmost. The remarkable mistiness of the waiting millions was almost oppressive, and though the sun struggled through with a wintry gleam on one or two occasions, as if endeavouring to give a counterfeit presentment of Queen's weather on this her last sad day in London, the general impression was that of a grey day wholly in keeping with the national sentiment. One missed the cheers for favourite regiments, while the dark overcoats, which in the majority of cases were worn, robbed the scene of most of its colour, though the Lancers and Dragoons gave it a little life as did the splendid red cloaks of the Life Guards. But every eye was strained to catch the first glimpse of the all-important feature in the sad pageant, and when it came it was like a brilliant burst of the sunshine through the gloom. Perhaps because one usually associates funerals with black and mourning robes the splendid colour of the funeral cortège itself almost



PAUL PEARCE REVIEWS THE  
AND  
A SKETCH IN THE  
FLOWER-MARKET  
WINDSOR

HOW THE POOR OF WINDSOR SHOWED THEIR AFFECTION TO THE QUEEN





The Graphic, February 6th, 1901.

John Charlton 1901

THE FUNERAL CAR OF A SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER





The Graphic, February 6th, 1901.

FAREWELL! THE NAVY'S LAST SALUTE TO QUEEN VICTORIA: THE "ALBERTA" PASSING THROUGH THE FLEET AT SPITHEAD





THE PROCESSION ON THE WAY TO PADDINGTON: PASSING BOUNDARY ROAD (FORMERLY KNOWN AS OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE TERRACE)



Miss Rita Chase, the lady who originated the movement for attaching mourning wreaths to lamp-posts, writes from 214, Eaton Square:—"I shall be glad if you will mention the extraordinary and touching response the people have made to my appeal for wreaths for the funeral on Saturday. Hundreds have already arrived, sent by the express and by the very latest of the boat, some of whom carried their own all in." Our illustration shows donors to lamp-posts, writes from 214, Eaton Square.

WREATHS OF LAUREL FOR THE LAMP-POSTS ON THE LONDON ROUTE





The route from Victoria Station was as follows:—Along Buckingham Palace Road to Buckingham Gate; past the front of Buckingham Palace to the Mall; down the Mall to the landing by St. James's Palace; past St. James's Palace, up St. James's Street, along Piccadilly to Hyde Park; into the Park by Archer Gate, and out of Hyde Park by the Marble Arch; along Edgware Road to Boundary Road (formerly known as Oxford and Cambridge Terraces), London Street, and across Friel Street to the arrival platform of Paddington Station.

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE ROUTE SHOWING THE PROCESSION ON THE WAY TO PADDINGTON



Following a battery of Royal Marine Artillery came a body of smart Bluejackets, 500 strong, in stow hats. The sea service was represented by detachments of Royal Marine Light Infantry and Royal Marine Artillery and these Bluejackets.

THE NAVY'S PART IN THE LONDON PROCESSION: THE CONTINGENT OF BLUEJACKETS





VIEW OF THE PROCESSION FROM THE ROOF OF ST. GEORGE'S HOSPITAL: THE GUN-CARRIAGE ENTERING HYDE PARK

started those who beheld it. The eight cream-coloured horses in their gorgeous trappings, the snowy whiteness of the pall, the beautiful colour of the Royal Standard and the dazzling symbols of Royalty—the Sceptre, Crown, and two Orbs which reposed thereon—combined to make a blaze of colour which came in wonderful relief to the surroundings, and those who saw the gun-carriage pass on its stately way bearing the remains of the most famous "Soldier's daughter" the world had known, are left with a picture in their hearts which they will be old indeed ere they forget.

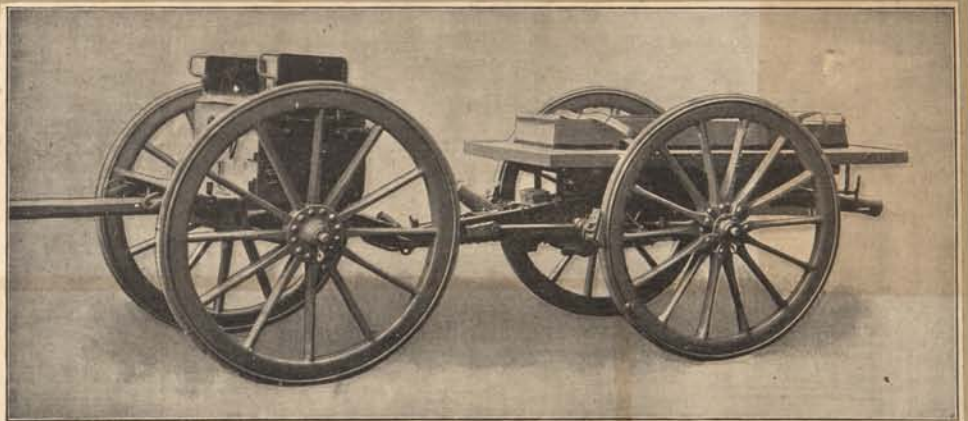
Once one could take the eyes from this it was to note the King riding slowly behind in solemn state. Recent events had left their mark on him. He seemed almost unconscious of the crowds, but a dignified martial figure, he rode slowly by, looking either ahead or downwards, and only rarely acknowledging with a silent salute an occasional distinguished mourner. On the King's right, but a little behind, the German Emperor was an impressive figure, looking stern, sad, and as though he felt keenly the imperiousness of the occasion, but yet an easily recognizable leader of men. On the King's left was the Duke of Connaught. Afterwards followed a galaxy of Kings, Princes, and celebrities, among whom the King of the Hellenes and the King of Portugal were easily recognizable. Then one turned for a last glimpse at the gun-carriage, and after that the whole thing was a mournful though splendid memory. Almost at the end of the procession came the Royal state carriages, bearing Queen Alexandra, the King of the Belgians, the Royal Princesses, the Duke of Cambridge, and ladies and gentlemen in attendance. The first four of these were each drawn by four horses, and it was in the first—though all were closed carriages—but one caught a glimpse of the sad face of Queen Alexandra. Through the serrated ranks of people the procession made its silent progress. Heads were bowed as the gun-carriage passed, colours were lowered, and all the troops lining the route reversed their arms and stood resting their hands on the butts of their rifles, while over everything, like a pall, hung a silence "so heavy you was 'd afraid to speak," and that the remains of the great Queen passed in wondrous and beautiful majesty through London and through her sorrowing people. At about noon the procession reached the Park gates and passed the Achilles Statue, the hillock on which it stands being crowded with masses of spectators, fringed by four hundred boys from the Royal Naval School, Greenwich, and a detachment from the Duke of York's School. At half-past twelve the head of the procession arrived at Paddington, but it was a quarter-past one before the end had filed in.

The carriage set apart for the reception of the Queen's coffin was to be distinguished by the closely drawn blinds of purple veiling the draped interior of the covered tier, and by the purple-painted dome of the roof. Upon the carpeted platform immediately opposite the footboard, was placed an exquisite bank of exotic foliage and flowers, the latter radiantly white, while a few feet away, concealing a portion of the station ironwork, a larger and more pretentious floral device was spread, fronting the Royal saloon. The brickwork of the wall enclosing the opposite platform was concealed beneath a covering of red, relieved by purple and white hangings, while the great tiers of seats erected at the entrance, and in the inclined approach, were veiled in purple. Two large platform trucks, each attended by a Royal groom, passed up the platform shortly before the arrival of the procession, laden with magnificent wreaths, crosses, and other emblems, which had been brought from Victoria across London in order to be placed beside the Queen's coffin during its transit from the Metropolitan.

The subdued strains of a band were audible as the bluejackets moved into the terminus, and the members of the Diplomatic Corps and other uniformed officials disposed themselves in a long line fronting the roadway as soon as it became evident that the coffin was approaching. Earl Roberts then rode in at the head of the Headquarters Staff. The gun-carriage came to a standstill at the door of the Royal saloon, the coffin was lifted on to the shoulders of the Guardsmen, and, flanked by the King, the Kaiser, and the Duke of Connaught, was lifted upon the bier in the Royal saloon, the wreaths being disposed about the base of the coffin.

AT WINDSOR

As might have been imagined the Royal borough showed many signs of mourning for the great lady who passed so many years of her life within the walls which dominate the little town. The statue of the Queen, erected at the foot of the Castle hill to



The three 12-pounder gun-carriages for use at the funeral at Cowes, in London, and at Windsor—were newly painted khaki colour, and were fitted with rubber-tired wheels. That at Cowes was driven by Artillerymen, and had a team of eight artillery horses. In the procession through London the carriage was drawn by eight of the colonialised cream horses, which were so much admired by the public on the

occasion of the Jubilee procession. At Windsor it was originally intended that the carriage should be drawn by artillery horses, but as these proved dangerously restive their place was taken by bluejackets. Our photograph is by Carl H. H. and Co.

THE GUN-CARRIAGE USED TO CARRY THE COFFIN IN THE LONDON PROCESSION

commemorate the first Jubilee, was adorned with green, and the base was festooned with hangings of purple. The Gullinbursti was draped in mourning, black and purple, the pillars being turned with these two colours, with ivy as symbol of remembrance. To Windsor as elsewhere the early trains brought thousands of people, who proceeded in orderly and almost silent manner to dispose themselves at the various points of vantage along the short route from the station to the park entrance. The route lay down the High Street and Park Street, through the Cambridge Gate, into the park and the Long Walk. Every window was crowded with people, who looked out upon the scene with a reverential interest, although, for those who took up their positions early in the morning, the wait was a long and weary one. An early train brought many of the principal officials of the College of Heraldry, gorgons in their quaint mantles, tabards, and insignia of office, and the still more medieval Yeomen of the Guard, under Col. Hennell, carrying their halberds at the slope. These latter marched to their respective positions at the Castle and the point where a section was to join the procession. At eleven-forty came the first of the King's guests, including peers and judges in their crimson and russet robes, the Lord Chief Justice, Lord Morris, the Poet Laureate, Lord Rowton, the Attorney-General, and the Earl of Dartmouth, while later there arrived a Naval Guard of Honour from H.M.S. *Excellent*, who took up position facing the arrival platform, and another guard of honour of the 3rd Scots, with crepe-draped colours. The 1st Grenadiers, charged with the duty of lifting the late Queen's coffin from the train to the gun-carriage, came next, with the bands of the 1st Life Guards (unmounted) and of the Grenadier Guards. At twelve thirty-five came a heavily laden special train, with a brilliant company of Cabinet Ministers, Royal Equerries, special representatives of foreign States, members of the Corps Diplomatique, and Privy Counsellors. The Royal train was preceded by a special, bringing Earl Roberts and the Headquarters Staff of the Army. The actual funeral train was drawn by the "Royal Sovereign," an engine decorated for the occasion, and carrying in front of it a magnificent white wreath tied with purple streamers. Queen Alexandra and the Royal Princesses at once drove off to the chapel in closed carriages. As the coffin was lifted by the

Grenadiers the guards of honour gave a Royal salute, and the officers and diplomatists present stood at the salute. The gun-carriage for the removal of the coffin to the chapel, the third which had been called into requisition, was painted khaki colour, had rubber tyres fitted to the wheels, and was to have been drawn by half a dozen horses, in charge of Artillery drivers, but in connection with this an awkward *contretemps* occurred which threatened to mar the whole ceremony. The order had been given to start, there was an impressive roll of muffled drums, and the head of the procession had actually moved forward, when the artillery horses obstinately refused to move. They had grown cold during the long waiting in the biting wind, and now became restive and refused to move save at grave risk of overturning the gun-carriage; one horse in particular pranced and reared in most alarming manner. Much concern was evinced by the King and the German Emperor at the hitch which occurred. But at this painful crisis the Naval Guard of Honour came to the rescue. The order was given to pile arms, and the bluejackets doubled to the front. Assisted by the artillerymen the horses were quickly removed. An improvised rope was made of the traces, the King watching the while, and at 2.30, after fifteen minutes' delay, the procession once more advanced at funeral pace. The bluejackets who dragged the gun-carriage belonged to H.M.S. *Excellent*, and were under the command of Lieutenant Royle.

The Royal procession was practically identical with the procession in London, except for the fact that Queen Alexandra and the Royal Princesses took no part in it, but drove straight to St. George's Chapel; but it had one striking addition in the form of the brilliant group of representatives of Foreign States, of whom a list is given below:—

REPRESENTATIVES OF FOREIGN STATES

- AMBASSADORS
- Turkey—Turhan Pasha, Alexander-Carlssonoff Pasha
- France—Vice-Admiral Brialmont
- United States—The Honourable Joseph H. Choate
- Spain—The Duke of Mandas and Villaverde
- Japan—Baron Hattori





Conspicuous in the procession was a detachment of Colonial troops, men who had been sent home to England in pursuit of health and strength lost through battle or disease in South Africa, and who were accorded an opportunity of following the remains of their beloved Queen on the way to their last resting place.

**THE LONDON PROCESSION: THE COLONIAL CONTINGENT PASSING THROUGH THE MARBLE ARCH**

**ENVOYS EXTRAORDINARY AND MINISTERS PLÉNIPOTENTIAIRY**  
 Persia—General Mirza Mahomed Ali Khan, Ala-ud-Daulah  
 Guatemala—Senor Don Fernando Cruz  
 Nicaragua—Senor Don Octavio Medina  
 Paraguay—Senor Don Estanislao Machala  
 Chile—Senor Don Domingo Ycaza  
 Argentine Republic—Senor Don Florencio L. Dominguez  
 Switzerland—Mons. Charles D. Boncompagni  
 Netherlands—Baron de Hadenbroek de Bergambacht  
 Mexico—Senor Don Sebastian Mir  
 Serbia—M. Mijatovich  
 Brazil—Senor Don J. A. Nelson  
 Uruguay—Senor Don Alfonso de Zuzuman  
 Bulgaria—Count de Boursleben,  
 Korea—Tobin Poono Ye  
 Ecuador—M. Humberto Morla  
 Hanover—Colonel Baron von Klenck  
 Luxembourg—Count d'Assenbourg  
 Mecklenburg-Schwerin—Count von Hadenburg  
 Monaco—The Count Baby d'Arvieux  
 Oldenburg—Count von Wald  
 Sutes of the Royal representatives  
 Suites of representatives of Foreign States  
 Non-commissioned officers and men of the German detachment  
 Gentlemen-at-Arms with their arms reversed  
 Yeomen of the Guard with their pendants reversed

One of the most impressive scenes of all in a day which will ever be remembered vividly was the brilliant spectacle presented as the procession wound slowly down the slope from the quadrangle of the Castle to the western entrance of St. George's. Behind the red cloaks of the Horse Guards one saw the white waving plumes of the Commander-in-Chief and the other high officers of the army; then the sombre uniform of bluejackets drawing the gun-carriage, and beyond a mass of waving plumes of white and of every imaginable colour, some of the foreign Ambassadors and representatives wearing green, and yellow plumes above their gorgeous uniforms.

The streets, houses and roofs were crowded with people in deep mourning, while the line of route was admirably kept until ultimately the procession came to the grand quadrangle under the late Queen's favourite rooms, and so to St. George's Chapel.

**IN THE CHAPEL**

In St. George's Chapel the service did not begin until after three, though many mourners had taken their places as early as eleven o'clock, while, long before the procession arrived, a brilliant gathering had taken their places on the special tiers of purple-covered seats erected in the aisles on either side of the carpeted nave. The Queen and other Royal ladies, in deepest mourning, were in the Royal gallery. Leading statesmen occupied places on the left hand side of the Choir. Corresponding seats upon the opposite side were allotted to diplomatic representatives, of whom there was an exceptional array. Conspicuous among them were the Turkish Ambassador wearing his fez, the Chinese Minister, the Crown Prince of Siam, the Persian Minister, and the representative of the Republic of Hayti. The only Indian Prince now in this country is the Thakore Sahib of Morvi, who was present, attired in white, his national mourning colour. Special places were allotted to the Military Knights of Windsor, who claim to be the most ancient military institute existing under the Crown, as their Order is said to date back to 1349, which is actually about six months anterior to the



**THE ROYAL TRAIN ON ITS WAY TO VICTORIA: INTERESTED SPECTATORS**

creation of the Garter. A picturesque feature was added when the Yeomen of the Guard, in their square black hats, antique ruffes, and truly Elizabethan costume, were brought up to line the centre of the nave. Still another element of vivid colour was added when shortly afterwards His Majesty's Gentlemen-at-Arms—a stalwart body, with scarlet uniform and brightly burnished helmets with tall white plumes—were appointed to a corresponding duty in the Choir.

At a quarter-past two o'clock Sir Walter Parratt, who presided at the organ, played some short voluntaries. At half-past two o'clock the clergy and choir entered the church from the east end, and slowly moved towards the western door. In front came the two Archbishops, their trains borne by four boys in white from the choir. They were followed by the Bishops of Winchester and Oxford, after whom walked the Dean of Windsor attired in his scarlet robe as Registrar of the Order of the Garter. Then came the surpliced choir, who formed in two lines along the central path of the nave. After the Prelates came to a halt near the western door, there was a pause of about half an hour.

At length the doors were opened wide, and disclosed a striking scene. The State Herald first entered, recognised at once by their richly embroidered costumes. At each side of the doorway there stood a small body of tall non-commissioned officers of the Guards waiting, strong and erect, to take their turn as bearers of the Royal coffin. In a few minutes more the advance guard of the stateful procession was visible, and the gun-carriage was drawn by the bluejackets into the Horseshoe Cloisters, and halted at the foot of the steps leading to the grand entrance. The Grenadiers presented arms as the coffin was reverently placed upon the shoulders of soldiers waiting to receive it. The white silk pall with the emblems of Sovereignty that had lain upon it was now carried by the Esquierres, and not replaced upon the coffin until it had been deposited upon the purple-draped trestles erected near the altar rails in the centre of the Choir. Then, amid a sense of most impressive grandeur the coffin-bearers reverently carried their precious burden to its place. The choir came first, singing beautifully the opening sentences of the Funeral Service to the music of Crull, the well-known seventeenth-century composer. Then walked the prelates and clergy, after whom came the coffin, and then the mourning pageant.

The King, as chief mourner, took his stand at the head of the coffin, the Lord Chamberlain took the place at its foot, with the Lord Steward on his right hand and the Earl Marshal on his left. The Lesson for the Day was read by the Bishop of Winchester, and the Prayer by the Archbishop of Canterbury. The choir sang "How Blest," between the two Collects after the Lord's Prayer. Then the Nuncio Deputy to the Principal King-at-Arms proclaimed the style and titles of the late Sovereign and those of the new King—"King of Great Britain and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, Emperor of India, Sovereign of the most Noble Order of the Garter. God save the King!" This was followed by Spohr's anthem, "Blest are the Departed," after which the service, most solemn and impressive throughout, was concluded with a funeral march by Beethoven. Very quietly at the finish did the immense gathering of the noble and the distinguished make their way from



the building, leaving the coffin to those who watched it until the removal to the Albert Memorial Chapel.

The last and scene, the interment in the Mausoleum at Frogmore, took place on Monday afternoon. At three o'clock the military band, preceded by the Bishop of Winchester and the Dean of Windsor, carried the coffin to the gun-carriage. A guard of honor of the Queen's Company of the Grenadier Guards, together with the regimental band, was mounted on the roadway opposite the chapel. The procession then started, all the members on foot in the following order: The Queen's Company, with reversed arms, came first, followed by the Duke of Argyll, Governor of Windsor Castle, and the Highland pipers, Royal serants, and band of the Grenadier Guards, the Bishop of Winchester and the Dean of Windsor, the Lord Chamberlain and the Lord Steward, who walked immediately in front of the gun-carriage. Following the coffin came the King, the German Emperor, the King of the Belgians, the King of Portugal, the Duke of Connaught, Prince Henry of Prussia, Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, Prince Arthur of Connaught, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, the Grand Duke of Hesse, the German Crown Prince, Prince Albert of Schleswig-Holstein, Prince Alexander of Battenberg, Prince Louis of Battenberg, and Prince Adolphe of Schaumburg-Lippe. After their Majesties and the Royal Princess came Queen Alexandra, leading her grandson, little Prince Edward; Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, Princess Louise (Duchess of Argyll), Princess Henry of Battenberg, and other relatives of the late Queen. After leaving the Albert Chapel the procession ascended the Lower Wall, passed to the left by the Round Tower, then through the Norman Gate across the Grand Quadrangle, through the George IV. Gate, between the York and Lancaster Towers, along the Long Wall, and through Frogmore Lodge gates to the Royal Mausoleum. The choir of St. George's Chapel met the cortege on the Mausoleum steps. After the coffin had been carried into the Mausoleum there was a brief service, followed by the Benediction, pronounced by the Bishop of Winchester. Thus quietly, and in the presence only of relatives, did the long three-days' journey from Osborne end, and the great Queen was laid to rest in the way she had chosen, and in the place she had long selected, by the side of her dearly loved Consort.

**The Foreign Royal Mourners**

FAR and wide have spread the branches of the Royal House of Great Britain. Of the many foreign Monarchs and Princes who assembled on British soil to pay the last homage to Queen Victoria, scarcely half a dozen are not connected either by birth or marriage with the British Royal Family. Yet these Royalties represented nearly all the great countries of Europe, besides lesser Continental States, truly justifying the title sometimes given to the Queen—the Grandmother of Europe. Four Crowned Heads, five rulers of thrones, and twelve Heirs-Apparent to Crowns or Grand Duchies possessed a gathering never equalled in England except at the Jubilee. Many of these Royal guests were here then to take in that memorable procession of Princes on Jubilee Day, and now again they have ridden through London streets as escort to the Queen, but under the saddest circumstances.

Naturally the German Emperor claims first place, alike from his relationship as the Queen's grandson and from his position as ruler of one of the greatest Continental Empires. Emperor William, striking personally, however, would make him prominent in any case. War lord and naval expert, statesman and sportsman, artist and dramatist, stern disciplinarian, and tender husband and father, William II. is so remarkable for his versatility as for his unerring energy. His English blood comes out in his domestic tastes, in his preference for a plain joint instead of made dishes, in his liking for travel—he is often jokingly called "the travelling Emperor"—and above all, in his love of the sea. Never has the German Navy risen to such a pitch of excellence as under his reign. How far his heir, Crown Prince Frederick William, shares his father's characteristics has yet to be shown. At present the Prince is a quiet, reserved young fellow of eighteen, who all his life has been working beyond his years, as if weighted by the responsibilities of his position, so impressed upon him by his father. He has worked exceptionally well, first in his military studies at Ploem, and now that he has come of age, in actual military service at Potsdam, besides due training in seamanship. The same quiet, gentle nature distinguishes the Emperor's brother, Prince Henry of Prussia, who, in many respects, is quite his father's opposite, and was thought by the Queen very like his grandfather, the Prince Consort. A petted domestic creature in his old days, but his career as a naval officer—and a very good sailor. He has led him away from home to spend most of his thirty-eight years of life at sea. Married to a granddaughter of the Queen, Princess Irene of Hesse, the Prince has three bonny sons to lighten the home in the old "Schloss" at Kiel.

Leopold II. of Belgium is a marked contrast to his fellow-Sovereign of Germany. He hates State and ceremony, and is never so happy as when he can stroll about in an old coat unbuttoned and unbuttoned. His tall figure, with its long head and slight limp, is a familiar sight at his favorite Ostend, where nobody pays any attention to him, and he chats with the fishermen like one of themselves. For his Majesty is devoted to the sea, and to yachting in particular, and revels in racing the deck of his yacht *Alicante* in the roughest weather, smoking strong cigars, whilst his suite retires miserably to their cabins. Though of an easy-going nature, King Leopold is a hard worker and keen statesman. He has had many misfortunes in his sixty-five years—the death of his two heirs, his son and nephew, and the unhappy marriages of his two daughters. King Charles of Portugal belongs to a younger generation, being only thirty-seven years old, although he has reigned for eleven years. Short, fair and sturdy, Dom Carlos I. prefers study to sport. He has not found the Portuguese throne a bed of roses, but his tact has carried the country well through her difficulties. Dom Carlos and his wife, Queen Amalie, daughter of the late Comte de Paris, are a remarkably happy couple, and devoted to their two boys. The King was very loath to marry when he was Crown Prince, but one day he saw the portrait of the Orleans Infantes and his choice was made. King George of Greece needs little introduction to English people, for he is always sure to be welcome as the brother of Queen Alexandra. Few foreign Monarchs are better known in England, for King George always spends the summer travelling to see his relations, and often stays a few weeks with his sister as well as joining the family gathering in Denmark. Thirty-two years of reign over the Hellenic have brought him through many vicissitudes, notably the recent war with Turkey, but Greece has gained both territory and prosperity under her present King. He copies the simple domestic life of his old home in Denmark, and the Court at Athens is a thoroughly happy family centre. The Crown Prince Constantine, Duke of Sparta, resembles his father a good deal. He was rather a quiet, reserved personage till the late war brought out his soldierly qualities, and he has had plenty of experience of government, as he always acts as Regent during the King's yearly holidays. The Duke of Sparta married a daughter of the Queen's grandchild, Princess Sophie, third daughter of the Empress Frederick.

A special link binds England to Duke Adolphus Friedrich of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, for his mother is Princess Augusta of Cambridge, sister to the late Duchess of Teck and the Duke of Connaught. Another near connection is the Hereditary Grand Duke of Baden, only son of the reigning Grand Duke and cousin to the German Emperor. It was in his lovely summer home at Malau, on Lake Constance, that the old German Emperor spent his happiest holidays, the reigning Duke having married William I.'s only daughter, Duke Charles Edward, of Saxe-Coburg—formerly known among us as the little Duke of Albany—is the junior of all, for he was only sixteen when he succeeded his uncle, Duke Alfred, *Roi-Auguste*. He was one of the Queen's favorite grandsons, as the only boy and rascally child of her dear boy son, the Duke of Albany. The Grand Duke Ernest of Hesse is not only the Queen's grandson in his own right as eldest son of the Princess Alice, but also married a grand daughter of the Queen, Victoria's second daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Coburg. He has very lively spirits and delights in practical jokes, but does not care much about the outdoor exercises which the Duchess so enjoys. The young couple's only child, five-year-old Princess Elisabeth, has been the bright spot amidst the mourning at Osborne. The Prince of Waldeck-Pyrmont is a connection as the only brother of the Duchess of Albany. He is a soldier, and married to a Princess of Schaumburg-Lippe.

To pass from the rulers of the present to those of the future. The eldest of the party is the Crown Prince of Denmark, older than his Queen Alexandra and the Duke of Edinburgh, and the only Prince of the Royal Family, still in the prime of his manhood, he is immediately next to the Throne. His neighbor in the North, the Crown Prince Gustav of Sweden, is equally solidly in his harness, and is the only one of the Royal Family who has not been a Prince during the late reign. The Swedish Prince is twenty-two years of age and is married to the Grand Duke of Oldenburg. Two more of the Queen's grandsons by marriage



FOREIGN ROYAL MOURNERS IN THE PROCESSION; A SCENE IN PICCADILLY



THE ARRIVAL AT PADDINGTON; THE KING AND GERMAN EMPEROR ENTERING THE STATION

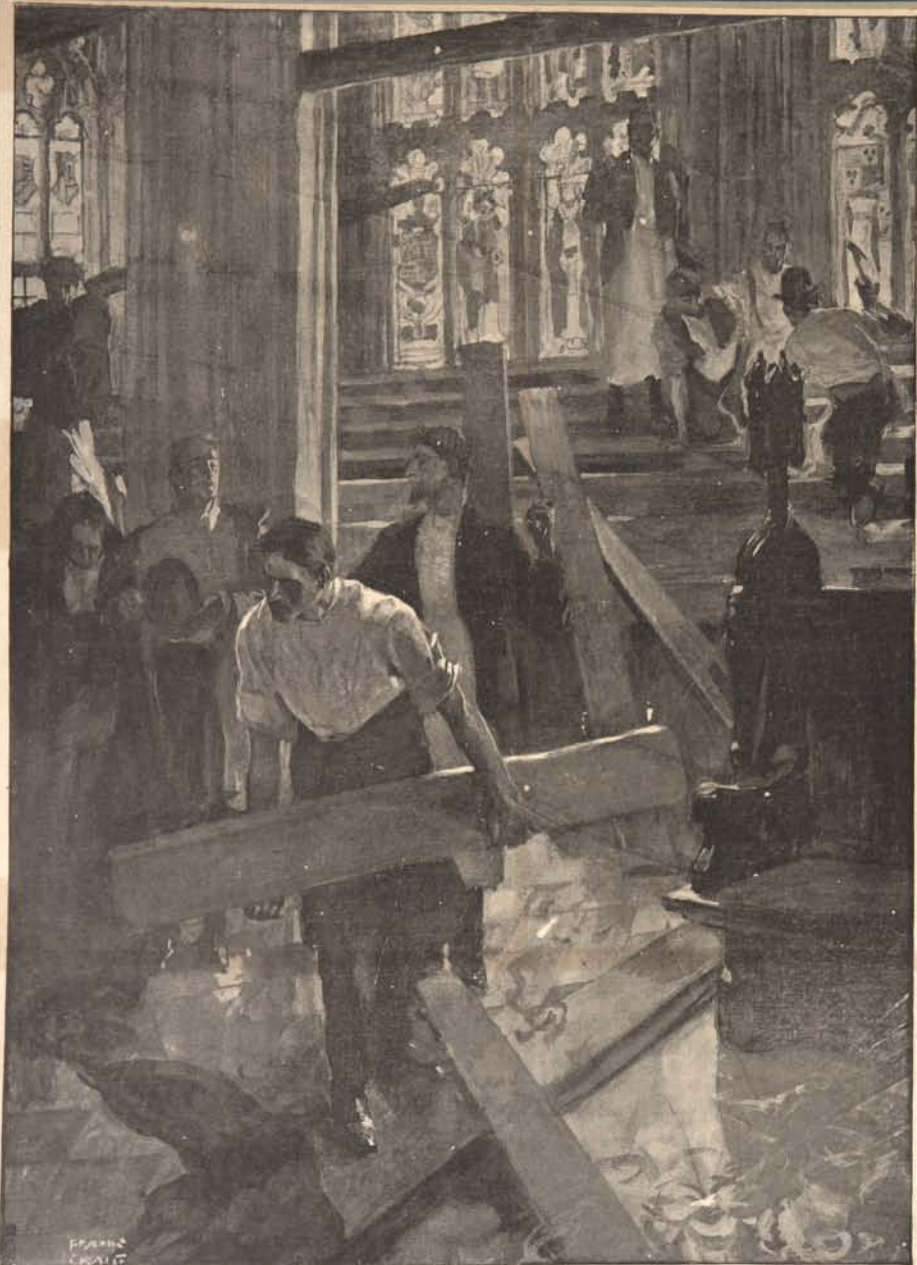


It was officially reported that all wreaths should be sent to the Master of the Household, Windsor Castle. The floral tributes arrived in very large numbers and were unpacked in the Duke's Chiffonier. Some were so bulky that they could only just be got through the doorway.

**WREATHS ARRIVING AT WINDSOR CASTLE**

are the Crown Prince of Oldenburg, whose wife is Marie, eldest daughter of Duke Alfred of Saxe-Coburg, and the Hereditary Prince of Saxe-Meiningen, allied to the Empress Frederick's eldest daughter. Like most German Royalties Prince Bernhard is a soldier. The Crown Prince Ferdinand of Romania holds his position by adoption, not by inheritance. The King and Queen of Roumania having lost their only child, King Charles chose for their heir the nephew, second son of Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern. The story of his wanting to marry Marie, Victress, the Queen of Roumania's maid of honor, wore a halo of romance round his name, but he married the English Princess Marie—a happy union that with two lovely children. There is a certain similarity between Prince Ferdinand and the heir to the Austrian Throne, Archduke Francis Ferdinand. The Archduke is also heir by adoption, since Emperor Francis Joseph lost his heir, the Crown Prince Rudolf, under such tragic circumstances. He, too, loved a lady of lesser degree, and has chosen to waive the succession for his descendant in order to marry the beautiful Countess Sophie Chotek. An ardent sportsman and clever writer, the Archduke prefers travel and study to the burden of a crown. Two more heirs hold their position by inheritance—the Duke of Anjou and the Tsarevich—for the birth of a direct heir would alter their situation effectually. In that case





Under the direction of Lord Esher, Secretary of the Office of Works, and Mr. A. Y. Pitt, Clerk of the Works and Chapter Secretary, extensive repairs were made in the Chapel for a congregation of nearly a thousand. The seats were in lines along the north and south sides, being the nave, and were covered in purple.

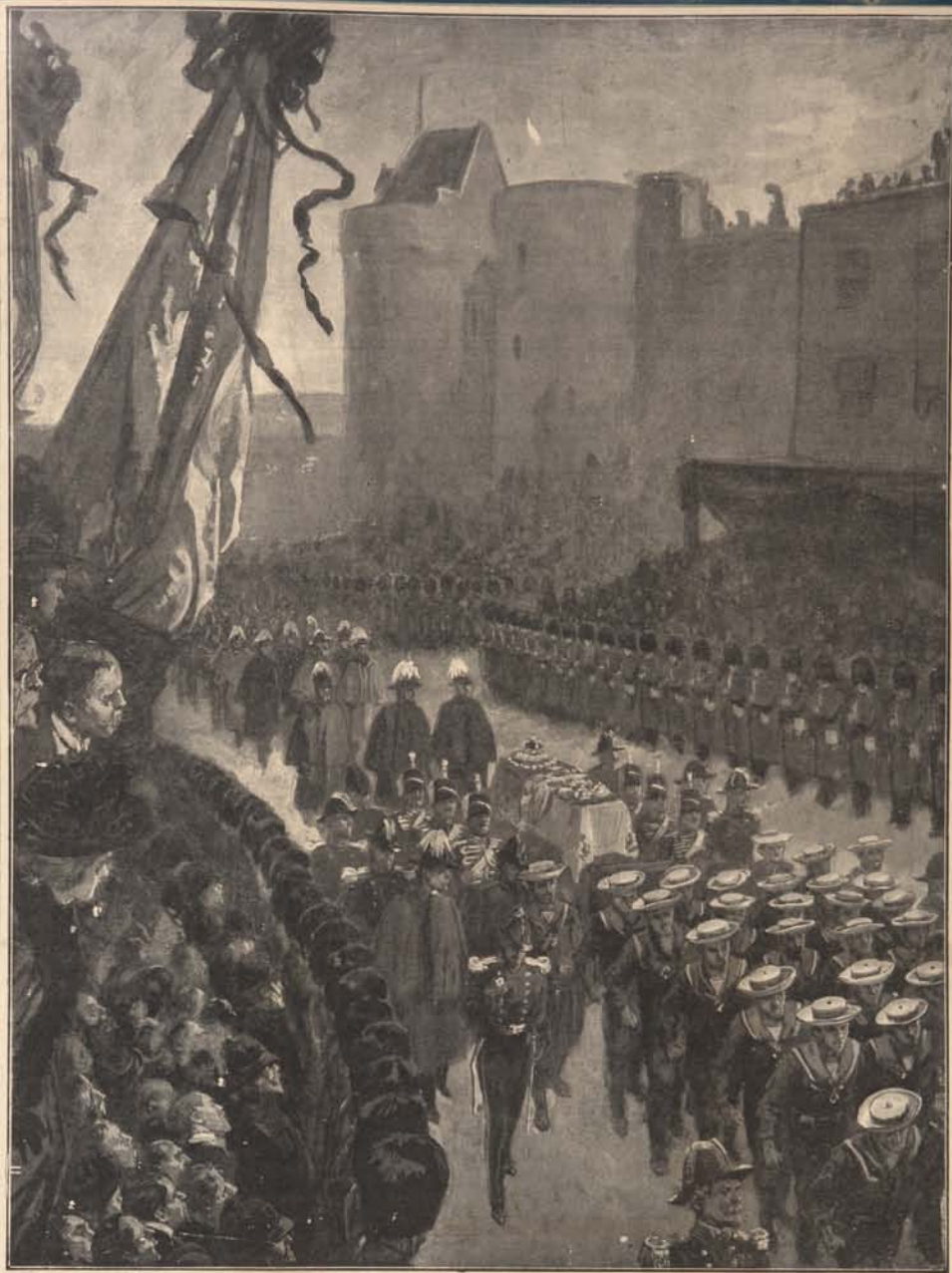
PREPARING FOR THE FUNERAL SERVICE IN ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR



It was done upon 2:30 when the enormous lines of the Curlew Tower fell indicated the approach of the procession. Simultaneously the guns of the 11. Battery of the Royal Horse Artillery, stationed in the Long Walk, boomed forth the first of those mournful salutes which were kept up until the conclusion of the service in the chapel.

ROYAL HORSE ARTILLERY FIRING MINUTE-GUNS IN THE LONG WALK IN THE GREAT PARK, WINDSOR





When the horses attached to the gun-carriage grew restless through their long wait and it became  
 evident that to insist on urging them forward would risk the overturning of the carriage, the horses  
 were detached, and as no other team was immediately available, a hurried consultation was held, and  
 it was decided to allow the blue-jackets to draw the funeral car to the Quire.

**THE PROCESSION IN HIGH STREET, WINDSOR. BLUEJACKETS DRAWING THE GUN-CARRIAGE**

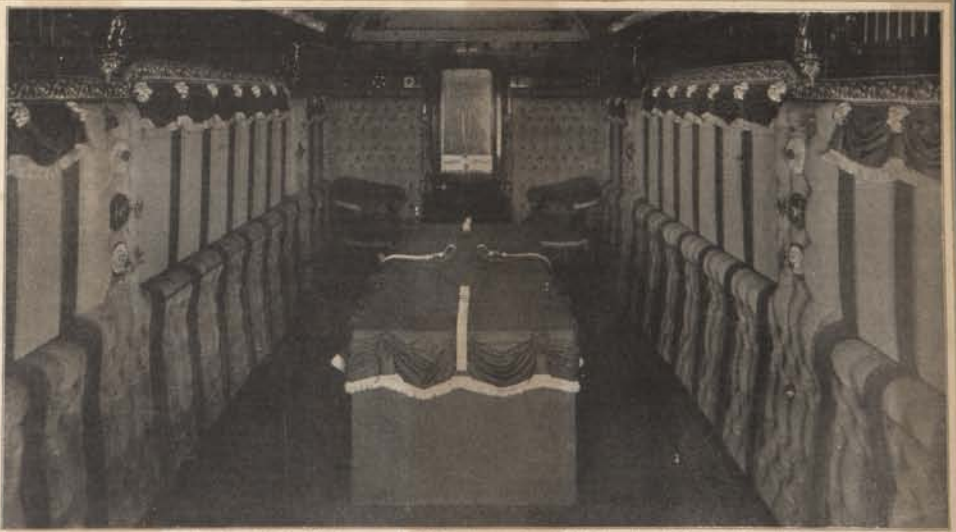
The Duke of Aosta would have twice lost his chance of a crown, as for a few months he was heir to the Spanish throne, during the brief reign of his father, King Amadeo. Now he is heir to his cousin, the new King of Italy, until the expected advent of a child to Queen Helen decides the question. This turn of the tables is a decided disappointment to the Duke and his wife, who was Princess Helen of Orleans, as the young couple have a fine boy of their own, always looked upon as the heir. The Tsarevitch Michael is the Tsar's second brother, a quiet young fellow of twenty-two, of whom little was heard until he became heir by the death of his consumptive brother, the Grand Duke George. He is his mother's constant companion. Another heir, the Hereditary Prince of Hohenzollern-Langensalza, comes in a simple character—as Regent of the Duchy of Saxe-Coburg and as husband of the Queen's granddaughter, Princess Alexandra of Saxe-Coburg. One Oriental windfall among the Westerns, the Crown Prince of Spain, who is being educated in England. Prince Christian of Saxe-Altenburg is the son of the King and the second Queen, becoming heir some time ago on the death of his half-brother. From the East, too, comes Prince Mehemet Ali, brother to the Khédive, who represents Egypt.

Amongst the Saxe-Coburg family was Prince Philip, the eldest son of the aged Princess Clémence of Orleans, with his heir, Prince Leopold. Prince Philip married Princess Louise of Belgium, and his only daughter is the wife of Duke Günther of Saxe-Weimar, mother to the German Empress, and surplus of Prince Christian. Prince Ernest of Saxe-Altenburg is a son of another branch of the Saxon House in the Ernestine line, and will eventually succeed his uncle, the reigning Duke, while the representative of the Royal Saxon line was Prince John George, nephew of the reigning King and second son of Prince George, heir to the throne, as the King is childless. King Albert was too ill to crown himself, and Prince George developed measles, so the younger son was sent instead. Duke Albert of Württemberg is the future King of Württemberg, but the present monarch having no son, the crown must pass away to the Dux line, and so fall to Duke Albert. It will be a sweeping change to Protestant Württemberg, for the Duxal house are Roman Catholics. Prince Henry Louis XXX, is the husband of the only great-grandchild of the Queen old enough to be married—Princess Fyodor, the daughter of the hereditary Prince and Princess of Saxe-Meiningen. Prince Adolphus of Schaumburg-Lippe and Frederick Charles of Hesse are respectively husbands of the Empress. Frederick's remaining daughters, Princesses Victoria and Margaret, and the last chess with Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern—known as the cause of the Franco-Prussian War—and Prince Anstath of Russia, grandson of the Regent Lauripal and the Austrian Emperor.

**Queen Victoria and Her Army**

**AN OLD SOLDIER'S REMINISCENCES**

It is only in keeping with the whole of her illustrious and most beneficent reign that our late dearly-loved Monarch should have desired to give a military character to her funeral observances whenever Death placed a veil between her spirit and her sorrowing subjects. From her accession to the throne Queen Victoria always displayed a marked interest in her Army, never missing an opportunity of associating herself personally and sympathetically



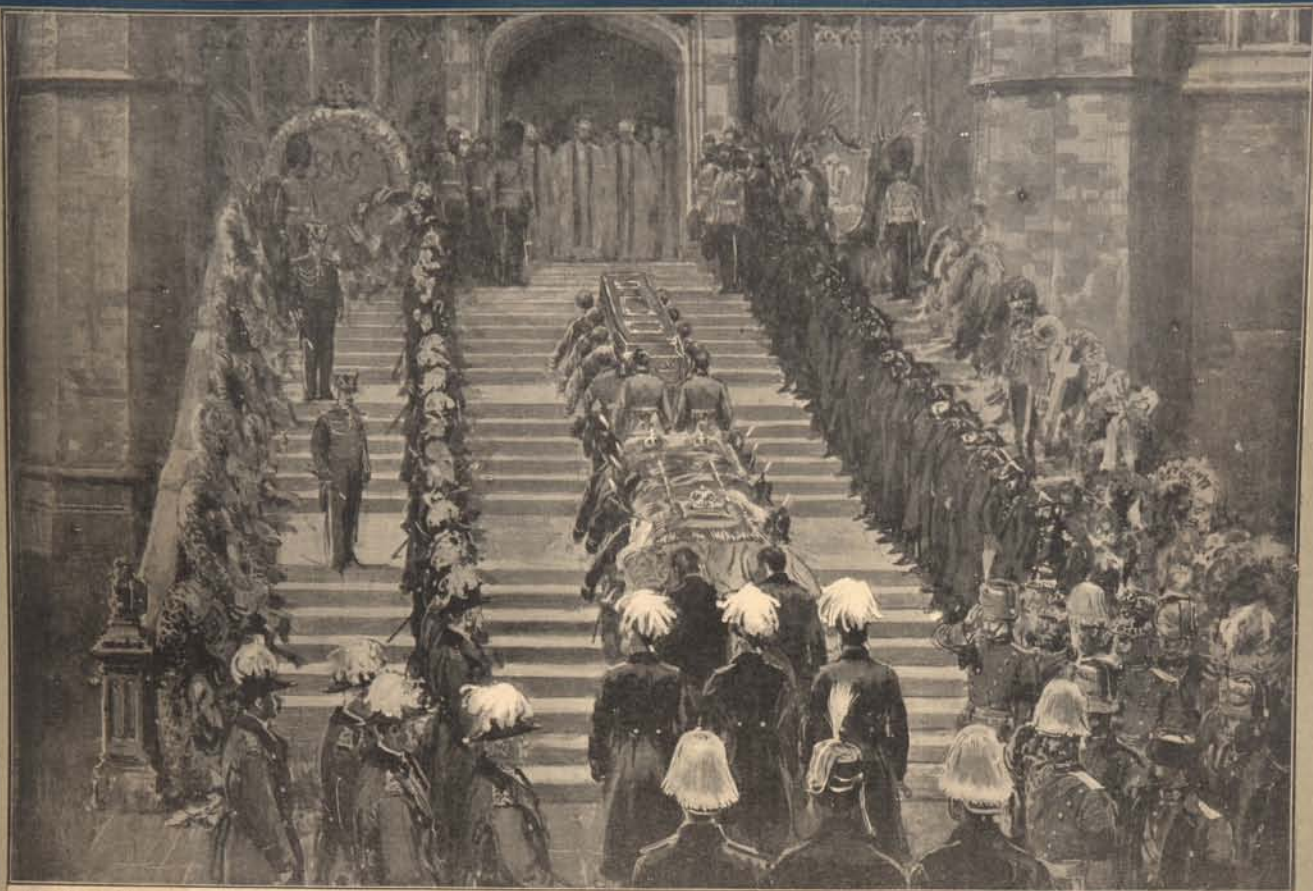
The carriage used as a funeral car on the journey from Paddington to Windsor was one that had been often used by Queen Victoria. The suspension system and revolving furniture had been removed, and in their place stood an imposing canopy, about two feet high, supported by four huge, wide leather straps. The whole was draped in purple and ornamented with gold tassels. The interior of the

**THE FUNERAL CARRIAGE IN WHICH THE COFFIN WAS CONVEYED FROM PADDINGTON TO WINDSOR**

with its glories and its sufferings. This predilection may have been due, in some measure, to the fact of her most trusted counsellor being the hero of Waterloo. The Iron Duke occupied an absolutely unique position. After the downfall of Napoleon he became the champion of the Constitution against revolutionary encroachments, and proved himself as sagacious in the ordering of his political campaign as he had been in conducting hostilities against the greatest captain of the age. My memory of the Duke carries my mind back to the day early in 1851 when I had the honour of being presented to the still young Queen at St. James's. The impression of personal happiness created by her very aspect and that of her brilliant

entourage has never left me. I still see her with stalwart Prince Albert—he was not yet Prince Consort—standing on her right, and with Lord Alfred Paget, another fine figure, discharging his official functions as Clerk-Marshal. The Royal couple had pleasant smiles for all. I particularly noticed, while nervously awaiting my own turn to kiss hands, that the Queen pretended not to see any mishap consequent upon the awkward performance of that august ceremony. It was not so easy as it is nowadays for officers to go down on the left knee, get up again, and walk away backwards without coming into collision with the spectators. The scarlet coat and the pantaloons were so tight that neither the body nor the legs could be bent without





DRAWN BY J. ZIMM, R.I.

On the arrival of the procession the iron doors of the Chapel were swung open, and the front of the funeral cortege began to enter the church through the doorway at the steps of the Chapel.

...of carrying into the chapel the body of their departed Queen had fallen. These stood high in white and highly ornate, but on each side of the casket, when the gun-bearing support party in front of the steps, the first rank of bearers quickly but quietly stepped off the

...and the shivering oak coffin was carefully lifted by their shoulders and carried up the steps. At this time it was surrounded by the shoulders of the waiting Guards, and, headed by the King and Queen, it was borne slowly to the purple-covered catafalque before the altar.

THE ARRIVAL OF THE PROCESSION AT ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR; CARRYING THE COFFIN UP THE STEPS

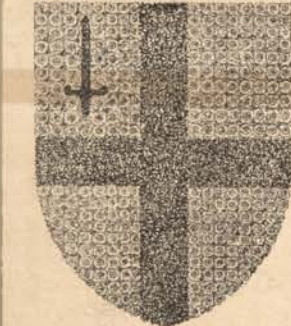
extreme difficulty. Stories are told of veterans who had to be helped up to their feet, but neither the Queen nor her dearly-loved husband were ever known to smile on these occasions.

Next to the Royal pair at the dais the Iron Duke was the cynosure of all observation. A small, spare man, he moved hither and thither among the throng at both Levees and Drawing Rooms—the latter could then be attended by a gentleman who had been previously presented—narrowly scanning every young officer, apparently to judge whether he had the makings of a good soldier. When I was subjected to this ordeal I fairly trembled with anxiety. It seemed to me that the glance of the eagle eye was more searching and more particular in my own case than in others. It was a great relief, therefore, when the Immortal passed on, all the crowd deferentially making way for him, to the Presence Chamber. The Queen's beautiful smile, so kindly, so gracious, was said to always become infused with additional sweetness when the great commander made his appearance. But he never departed by a hair's breadth from the submissive demeanour of a humble and faithful subject of the Crown and its august wearer. Although some historians of the Victorian Era have implied that official friction occasionally impaired personal relations between Prince Albert and the great Duke, I can bear witness that no such rumour was ever heard at Court half a century back. As I attended several Drawing Rooms after my presentation I think any tale of that sort must have reached my ears in one shape or another had it been current. What I heard was that the Prince shared with the Queen her almost reverence for the conqueror of Napoleon and the saviour of Europe. Furthermore, I can affirm that when the latter died, in September, 1852, the sorrow of the husband of the Royal Mistress whom he had served so faithfully in all the affairs of State was painful to witness.

It may well be, therefore, that the special regard in which the Queen held the Army throughout her long and blessed reign—without any disparagement, however, to the Navy—was in some degree due to what she had heard from the Iron Duke about the splendid bravery, the stoical endurance of suffering, and the grim tenacity of the British soldier during the long years of the Peninsular War. Be that as it may, it is now an open secret that her tender heart was wrung with agony by the terrible consequences of official blundering at the outset of the Crimean campaign, and it was then that her mind evolved the happy idea of creating a new Order of British chivalry, only to be bestowed on the bravest of the brave. I lay stress upon the fact that it was the Queen herself to whom the project first occurred, and when it received the Prince Consort's warm approval there only remained to work out the details. Such is the genesis of the Victoria Cross, the Order which takes precedence even of the Garter in the other affairs of honour to Lord Roberts' famous name. It owes its existence exclusively to the benign Sovereign from whom it takes its title.

But the Queen did not rest satisfied with being the parent of the Order of Valour. On the 29th June, 1857, she personally bestowed the decoration at a Hyde Park review on sixty-two honoured recipients belonging to both combatant services, and a little more than a year afterwards a still larger number were admitted for acts of heroism performed during the suppression of the Sepoy Mutiny in India. It was with the greatest anxiety that she watched that desperate struggle between East and West, and most strongly insisted was Her Majesty in pressing upon her Constitutional advisers the urgent need for haste in despatching strong reinforcements. To further demonstrate her solicitude for the scanty forces which had at first to stem the torrent of revolt, she personally visited some of the merchant ships chartered as transports and when the clipper "Lightning" performed the passage to Calcutta in record time the Royal wish is said to have been to enter knightship on her skipper. It was a little subsequent to the termination of this life struggle between the white and black races that the descendants of a humiliated martial ancestor made her first appearance in military uniform. At a review held at Aldershot in 1859 she was attired in a General's tunic, and had a plume of white ostrich feathers in her hat. By good fortune I chanced to be present, and I well remember how gracious she looked at the saluting point. She still wore a youthful appearance, and there was no waning of the happy smile which had dwelt on her pleasant face from the date of her marriage. The soldiers simply saluted their gracious Sovereign. Queen Bees herself, when she addressed her troops at Tilbury, could not have been held in stronger personal affection by them. When the Volunteer Force sprang into existence as England's answer to French bullying, the Queen

did all in her power to endow the new organisation with permanent vitality. It seemed to her—and she said so—a noble thing that tens of thousands of young citizens should have instantly rallied to the defence of her kingdom without any other inducement than a sense of patriotic duty. To mark her gratitude for this self-abnegation, the Queen held a grand review of the citizen Army in Hyde Park on 22nd June, 1860, while a little later she fired the first shot at Wimbledon, to launch the newly constituted National Association for the Promotion of Rifle-shooting. That was the last occasion, unhappily, on which I had the personal gratification of noticing how happy the Queen appeared to be. I did not see her again until some time after the Prince Consort's untimely demise, and then sadness had taken the place of smiles for ever. Yet the sorrowing widow's care for the Army was not less tender than that of the happy wife had been. Every practical effort to ameliorate the soldier's condition met with her cordial support, while she herself interested herself in the wives and children of troops sent to the front. The amount of good this accomplished,



The City of London Corporation's tribute to Her late Majesty was designed in the form of the City shield. The groundwork was of white carnations, interspersed with filices of the valley, the cross being of large black red carnations over a layer of carnations, while the dagger was of scarlet carnations. The shield, which was about four feet six inches high, and three feet six inches across, was mounted on a handsome white oak foundation. It was designed and made by Mrs. Hutchart, St. Swinburn's Lane, E.C.

FLORAL TRIBUTES FROM THE CORPORATION OF THE CITY OF LONDON



The Greek resident in London sent a wreath with a foundation of bay leaves, at the base being an arrangement of olive boughs, white flowers, and sprigs of rose pines. It was made by Robert Green and Co. Our photograph is by Russell and Sons.

FROM THE GREEK COMMUNITY



The Trinity House tribute was very prettily designed from a model of the Biddystone Lighthouse, some five feet six inches high. The letters and lines were of filices of the valley, and made dense, under the dome, was a large ball of scarlet carnations, to represent the light. The balcony and cap were of violets. The stem was made up of white carnations, having clusters of violets while from the lowest of these depended a ladder of violets. The base, in imitation of rocks, was thickly bedecked of grey sea moss, and on this, in letters of violets, was placed the opening words of Cardinal Newman's hymn, "Lord, kindly light," which was one of the Queen Victoria's favourite hymns. The tribute was designed and made by Mrs. Hutchart, St. Swinburn's Lane, E.C.

FLORAL TRIBUTES FROM TRINITY HOUSE



The floral offering from the Institute of Journalists took the form of a cross, about seven feet high, made of white flowers, with the words, "A grateful Tribute," worked in coloured blossoms. The lower half of the cross bore the names of a quill pen, worked in crimson flowers. Our illustration is from a photograph by Van der Weyde.

FLORAL TRIBUTE FROM THE INSTITUTE OF JOURNALISTS





Only those wreaths were, loyal personages, or which had a public and noble character were laid out in the Albert Memorial Chapel. If any attempt had been made to crowd all the wreaths into the building, the chambers and most interesting could not have been seen to advantage. It was, therefore, determined to display as many as possible, especially those from private persons, in the Dean's cloisters, where the public were permitted to see them.

LOOKING AT THE WREATHS IN THE CLOISTERS OF ST. GEORGE'S, WINDSOR



This tribute was designed by the Mayor and made by eight firms in the city. It took the form of a Winchester St. Cross cross, and was over five feet in diameter. It was composed chiefly of white roses (Spinks) and violets, while the framework was of oak taken from the roof of the cathedral during its recent reconstruction.

FROM THE CITIZENS OF WINCHESTER



This wreath is eight feet in diameter, with a total two feet wide, composed of five of the colors: white roses, carnations, and amaranthus. One side of the wreath is covered with a magnificent spray of maize stalks. It was made by Robert Green and Co. Our photograph is by Russell and Sons.

FROM PRESIDENT MURKLEY



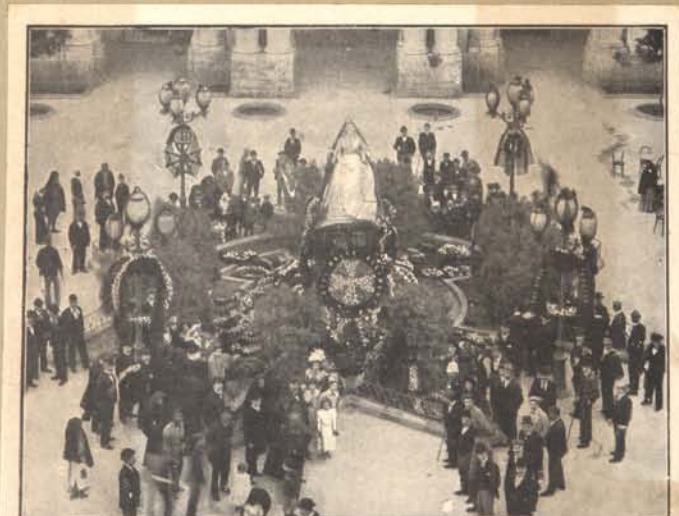
This wreath is five feet in diameter and is composed of 1,200 white roses (the Yorkshire variety) and backed with laurel leaves. Our photograph is by Russell and Sons.

FROM THE LEEDS CORPORATION



The widow of President Garfield sent a wreath "In grateful remembrance of the Queen's kindness to her." It was made by Robert Green and Co. Our photograph is by Russell and Sons.

FROM MRS. GARFIELD



On arrival in Malta of the sad news of the Queen's death, the statue of Her Majesty in the town was draped in black and covered by wreaths of natural and artificial flowers. The tributes were sent by the clergy, business firms, Government and private offices, and all Maltese communities.

FLORAL TRIBUTES AROUND THE STATUE OF QUEEN VICTORIA AT MALTA



The 7th Hussars, one of the Hussar regiments that bear the name "Queen's Own," sent a laurel wreath, which was made by Robert Green and Co. Our photograph is by Russell and Sons.

FROM THE 7TH QUEEN'S OWN HUSSARS



mainly through her influence and example, could hardly be overestimated. The commanding officer of a distinguished battalion writes me:—"The death of the dear Queen has fallen upon the whole Army as a personal loss; when it was announced, there was a wail of woe throughout the barracks, and my sergeant-major assures me that the weeping was by no means confined to the women. It was as if a dear relation or friend had been stricken away." This widespread grief had the fullest justification; even when the dark shadow of Death began to fall upon the Throne, its aged and suffering occupant took thought for the welfare of the Army which would follow her only a few months before that fatal Friday, when the official medical announcement from Osborne gave solemn warning to the nation to be prepared for the worst, the Queen sent for Lord Roberts. What took place at that sorrowful interview will probably not be forgotten by many years hence. But it is a safe conjecture that the dying Monarch desired the attendance of the Commander-in-Chief to receive from her own lips the latest instructions in connection with the welfare of the Army which might ever be able to give. In keeping with the character of exalted thoughtfulness for the troops was her order that the military testimonial presented to her personally by the children of Canada should be paid over to the Patriotic Fund for the relief of the widowed orphans of soldiers who have lost their lives in South Africa.

Queen Victoria as Empress

By AN OLD INDIAN

LONG before the addition of an Imperial office to the Royal title, it was an open secret at Court that the late Queen greatly desired closer personal association with the native population of the Crown. It is even said that shortly before the lamentable demise of the Prince Consort a project was half formed for a Royal tour in Hindostan. This auspicious scheme necessarily had to be abandoned after the death of the Queen herself would have experienced anything but pleasure from a visit which she had believed distressing memories of the happy times when she and her beloved husband planned the details of the medicine trip. It is an altogether erroneous supposition that the idea of giving the Empress the East emanated solely from the brain of Lord Beaconsfield. The most that can be claimed for him in that connection is a quick and sagacious interpretation of unexpressed aspirations. Although the East India Company ceased to exist long before the year it was not until January 8, 1877, that the Queen was formally proclaimed Empress of India, with the title of "Kaisar-i-Hind," the nearest equivalent. But the enormous peninsula had passed under the direct rule of the former date, and the superbly successful Delhi and elsewhere which accompanied the later preoccupation solely accounted an accomplished fact. Long before they occurred the people of India had come to pass appreciation of the happy change in their political condition from the deposition of the East India Company. That grand Company had confined its administrative capacity; Governor-Generals had become too powerful to be kept under control from London Street. The minds of natives grew untroubled and untried owing to the apparent instability of governing policy, and they were especially well to do, and in the end, such strong-willed persons as Lord Dalhousie, would assist their States.

The time was ripe, therefore, for the substitution of a better state of things, and was carefully calculated to touch those springs of personal loyalty which form such a dominant characteristic of all Asiatic races. To the mind of the ripe Company was a dim but very visible shadow of a better time, and the King of the Hahabur, and credulous with every sort of imposture. Some of these poor, ignorant folk really believed that the great corporation was a demon subdued with immortality, while even the better educated failed to comprehend the nature of the imposture. It was the most visible assurance of the British Crown which had been entrusted to a handful of private gentlemen, practically responsible to none but the shareholders in a trading concern for the just exercise of governing authority over the native population. The outlook of the Mutiny, that tremendous shock had, in all events, the happy effect of finally shattering the British idea that the Company's system of administration could not be improved upon. It is easily conceivable, therefore, that, in spite of the splendour of its achievements, the idea suggested by the whole native population. Popular expressions then centred on the question as to whether the change of rule might not subvert the scriptures of Ribhaonam for the ladies of his race. That had not been the intention of the King of the Hahabur, and he was not unambiguously, in the slightest degree, the exact conditions of life among the heavers of wood and dwellers of water.

It was when the native mind was thus hovering between vague dread and hopeful expectancy that the Queen formally accepted responsibility for the well-being of the countless myriads of the Indian population. How would the Kaisar-i-Hind fulfil that responsibility, traders and peasants were told. The Magid Emperors by grinding the faces of the poor, or would she emulate the more beneficent Hindoo deities in her humanity? It took no long time to clear away all doubts on this point. The native-both natives, traders and peasants-soon learned, with much surprise and gratification, that their Empress interested herself personally, and without intermission, in all matters concerning their economic well-being and happiness. The Princes found that the native-both natives, traders and peasants-soon learned, with much surprise and gratification, that their Empress interested herself personally, and without intermission, in all matters concerning their economic well-being and happiness. The Princes found that the native-both natives, traders and peasants-soon learned, with much surprise and gratification, that their Empress interested herself personally, and without intermission, in all matters concerning their economic well-being and happiness.

The result is that those chiefs have become pillars of the British Raj, loyal and obedient, as they were once, with the same faith as in times times. Their undisciplined troops, which used to be a danger to the State, have become a valuable addition to the Imperial forces, which may be safely trusted to render loyal service whether in India or elsewhere. The fact that the Government took more note of the suspicious fact that the Empress, in her deep solicitude for their happiness, had set herself to acquire their language, although at an age when very few boys are abroad further. Lingering attachment. The Princes found that the native-both natives, traders and peasants-soon learned, with much surprise and gratification, that their Empress interested herself personally, and without intermission, in all matters concerning their economic well-being and happiness. The Princes found that the native-both natives, traders and peasants-soon learned, with much surprise and gratification, that their Empress interested herself personally, and without intermission, in all matters concerning their economic well-being and happiness.

Queen Victoria as a Social Force

By T. H. S. SCOTT

AT the time it seemed as if the crown of William IV. might have descended to his brother-in-law, the Duke of Cambridge. To that case, the British Monarchy might not have passed elsewhere through the troubles of 1848. The girl of eighteen, whose constitutional majority her uncle had prayed he might live to witness, both then and thereafter, proved the one safeguard against revolution in the throne of the Plantagenets. In very early days the general result of the differences between the Duke of Cambridge and William IV., so far as the Princess was concerned, were, according to Lord Melbourne, "to touch him tact behind, and a tact in sailing Scylla and Charibdis, which would have well become the navigators of the Æneid. In a schoolmasterly moral the Princess had already learned that she and more gracious qualities than. Her father's favourite brother, the Duke of York, died after a slow and very weary illness; from the first, his niece took her place as the chief caregiver of the sick-room; here were the hands that every morning put fresh flowers on which opened the patient's eyes, and toward them he looked on the silent figure of the little girl who, during his waking hours, never suffered herself to be far off. All this time, too, the Princess had another island on her hands—an old soldier who had served under her father first at Chateaubriand afterwards in Canada, had been discovered in sickness, solitude, and want. Out of her pocket-money the Princess established the stricken and destitute veteran in a little cottage, where she visited him daily, bringing in her hands all that could give ease or solace to the fading life. Not incidentally and at once, but by degrees and at intervals, these traits, so strikingly prophetic of the matured character and later course of her possessor, became generally known. The first instance of tactful consideration for others' feelings, that profoundly impressed all classes of her subjects occurred when the young Sovereign went to St. Albans before Adelaide before the removal from Windsor Castle was complete. As the Princess anticipated, in honor of the occasion, the Royal Standard was about to be fully hoisted. This, however, she thought might have suggested painful associations to the Dowager, and the preparations were therefore all once countermanded.

In the early May of 1836, there came to a close in Paris, an exhibition of pictures of antiquities, at the Louvre. Slight as its importance may seem, this show had a most noteworthy and political importance of its own felt throughout Europe. It formed the earliest expression of the reaction in favor of antiquity, which, setting in first with the higher or more educated classes, gradually influenced the whole community. An immediate and widespread interest in the development of a school of ornate and less postulistic collectors. During the eighteenth, or the beginning of the nineteenth century, æsthetics had been a vague, intangible, rosy, ideal, such as those of whom Horace Walpole may be taken for a type; they were, for the most part, of mature years, they had not described the enthusiasms of youth during the infancy of the Victorian age. In France, old names, old furniture, old tapestries, old country houses, old forms and ceremonies, became the fashion. Whatever avowed of revolution was considered as had fallen. Very soon this taste crossed the Channel, and the acquisition of historic relics of every kind found as much favour in schoolrooms and nurseries too of three generations since as was to be extended to stamps or autographs at a later date. As Princess Victoria had entered largely into this pursuit (as Queen, she did not see her interest in it) since then she ever regarded with kindly concern the successive development among all classes, and especially among the young of her subjects, for getting together objects, little or great, of however small value in themselves, which, in a hourly less of her matter, may make them feel that amidst such articles better acquainted with the history, geography, the fairs, and the fairs of their own or any other country.

In another way, more or less picturesque in itself, and certainly not before the notice of a future historian, the social influence in little things of Queen Victoria upon her day may be traced. Under the Gorgee, many fine ladies acquired a taste for needlework, floral and ornamental, and other such varieties of employment; a gift of needlework in a past generation have been busy with their amblers, with tailoring or dressmaking for their dolls, now thought light literature, or lighter music, the sole pastime worthy of general admiration. The Queen, from her childhood an excellent needle-woman, yet had, at an early age, after she had assumed the scepter; of that practice and of its results upon the tastes and social standards of her subjects, several among John Leach's drawings in the earlier numbers of Punch remain the following today.

That the needle, even among young ladies, who are the product of "High Schools," has not even now quite been supplanted by the pen, is in great part due to the personal influence of her who, during more than three-score years, was the first lady in the land, the teacher, and liberator. Her own, may make them feel that amidst such articles better acquainted with the history, geography, the fairs, and the fairs of their own or any other country. In another way, more or less picturesque in itself, and certainly not before the notice of a future historian, the social influence in little things of Queen Victoria upon her day may be traced. Under the Gorgee, many fine ladies acquired a taste for needlework, floral and ornamental, and other such varieties of employment; a gift of needlework in a past generation have been busy with their amblers, with tailoring or dressmaking for their dolls, now thought light literature, or lighter music, the sole pastime worthy of general admiration. The Queen, from her childhood an excellent needle-woman, yet had, at an early age, after she had assumed the scepter; of that practice and of its results upon the tastes and social standards of her subjects, several among John Leach's drawings in the earlier numbers of Punch remain the following today.

Such are among the suggestive, superficial examples of the influence, from the first, exercised by Victoria upon the social life and taste of her generation. It was the ministrations of the Princess by the bedside of the Duke of Edinburgh, and especially the Prince of Wales, which have affected the distribution of popular affections for authors in every department. Charles Dickens, as all readers of his letters given in Foster's life know, conceived a passionate admiration for the youthful Sovereign whom he had first seen, with his mother, in Kensington Gardens. The novelist lived, in the course of an interview of a formally which rather depressed him, to hear from his Sovereign's lips that of all his works "David Copperfield" ever drew her eye, as well as that of her family's favorite. "But, like her great Minister, the Queen ever remained constant in her fidelity to Sir Walter Scott; Miss Austen and Miss Edgeworth were, to the last, read and re-read by the Queen.

When, in 1870, the temporal power of the Pope had practically ceased to exist, among the most notable instances of the Holy Father were some who did not hesitate to predict that what he did politically, spiritually, and morally he would more than gain. Under Queen Victoria has steadily taken place, and is now practically completed, a process of social identification, the Crown of the people's prerogative, with which, in association, it has perished. Charles II. and George IV. were both indeed leaders of Society; but what a Society, and what chiefly for the first time in English annals the Sovereign has been just but has identified the monarchy with an inspiring supremacy over whatever is most purifying, most ennobling, most humanizing, and most Christianizing in the agencies at work among the nation, whether with or without seas. One feature alone the Queen's should be brought out into relief and a strong relief. All persons at all acquainted with her character and habits, when they heard the Sovereign had given up her long established habits, and was drenching herself in old art, prepared themselves for the worst.

To Englishmen from childhood age has so consistently acted on the principles that of all medicines and preservatives fresh air is

the most infallible. At Balmoral the Queen's official work was always done under a tent in the garden. Next to fresh air the Queen believed in simple excellence in cooking. The curtainment of dinner guests may seem to have begun with Marlborough House; it certainly has gradually become general, because of its adoption by the Prince of Wales. The first movement, however, in that direction, long before his accession, was made by the Duke of his own, begun with his august mother. To sum up, Queen Victoria in her generation did more than has yet been achieved by any individual, crowded or uncrowded, towards popularizing not only philanthropically every sort of good work, but an equally high and of observation as well. The Prince of Wales, his success has already made these pursuits and interests fashionable. As King Edward VII. he may be trusted to perpetuate in them the intelligent and stimulating interest that formed his undoubted heritage from both his parents.

Some Funerals of British Sovereigns

IT is interesting to compare the majestic splendor of last Saturday's procession with the ceremonies observed at the funerals of former Kings and Queens of England. Turning to the records of the funeral of William IV. in 1837, it is curious to notice that Grenville does not appear to have been impressed by the spectacle. "The service," he says, "was intolerably long and tedious, and miserably read by the Dean of Windsor." Yet this is the account of the funeral service as given in the "Annual Register":—"At ten minutes to two o'clock the long, deep, thrilling echoes of the trumpet blast, combined with the low, rumbling murmur of the kettledrums, announced the approach of the procession. The Dean of Windsor, the Prebendaries and chorists, carrying lighted tapers, then advanced towards the south door, where there was a canopy of purple velvet, supported by eight gentlemen in deep mourning. At ten minutes after ten o'clock the Royal body was received at the entrance of the chapel. The procession gradually entered the choir, and as it wound its way slowly along to the Royal vault the different members of it filed off to the stations which had been previously allotted to them by the heralds. The Dean and Prebendaries of St. George's Chapel took their station within the rails of the altar. It had been arranged that during the service the Knights of the Garter should occupy their respective stalls, with the exception of the supporters to the chief mourner and the supporters of the pall; but by accident some of their seats were preoccupied by the Bishop, and they had, in consequence, to look for accommodation elsewhere. The Ministers of State, the great officers of the Household, the nobility, Privy Counsellors, judges, and law officers were placed in the vacant stalls and in the lower seats on each side of the choir. The Grooms of the Bedchamber, Gentlemen Ushers of the Privy Chamber, the Equerries, and the other members of the procession arranged themselves on each side of the altar, while the peers who carried the banners of Brunwick, Hanover, Ireland, Scotland, St. George, and the Union stood at the front of the coffin on the steps of the Communicant table.

"After the coffin reached the platform by which it was to be lowered into the tomb, and had been placed under the canopy of purple velvet previously prepared for it, the pall was removed, two cushions were placed on it, and on these cushions were deposited the Royal Crown of Hanover and the Imperial Crown of the United Kingdom. His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex walked to the edge of the platform, and then took his seat at the head of the corpse upon a chair provided for his use. His supporters stood on each side of him. His Royal Highness Prince George of Cambridge was also seated near his Royal uncle. The Marquis Conyngham, as Lord Chamberlain of His Majesty's Household, took his place at the foot of the corpse, and the supporters and assistant-supporters of the pall and of the canopy arranged themselves on each side of the Royal body.

"The Earl-Marshal stood near the Duke of Sussex, as did also the Duke of Wellington. The peers who acted as assistants to the chief mourner, and the other noblemen and gentlemen who followed the Royal body, arranged themselves in the best order they could behind the Royal body. At this moment a scene of funeral grandeur presented itself to the eye as once solemn and picturesque. Every stall and seat in the chapel was filled save that of the Sovereign, and there was scarcely standing room left for the detours of distinguished persons in naval and military uniforms who had entered the choir along with the corpse. The eyes of many were at this moment turned up to the Royal closet, in which Her Majesty Queen Adelaide had been for some time seated.

"After the chant was finished the Dean of Windsor moved from the Communicant table through the mass of mourners to a station provided for him on the right hand of the corpse, and proceeded to read, in a loud and vigorous free voice, the Rite after the sentences drawn in prayer performance of which the body is usually committed to the grave. As soon as he commenced reading it the platform descended slowly but silently; and just as the coffin disappeared from view, the Dean having said, 'We commit his body to the ground, earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust,' the porter of the college threw some sand upon it from a bag of sand which he had brought with him for this purpose."

"Immediately after the solemn interment of the body was finished the sound of a rocket discharged from the gate of the chapel, as a signal to strike the flags of the Round Tower, was heard."

"The Dean now read the Collect and the Blessing. At that moment Sir William Wood, Clerks Office, Deputy King of Arms, came forward and pronounced the style of his late Most Sacred Majesty, and announced Queen Victoria as his true and legitimate successor."

"The Duke of Sussex and Prince George of Cambridge then rose from their chairs, and quitted the chapel by the door under the Royal Closet. Her Majesty Queen Adelaide had quitted the chapel by the same road a few minutes before the declaration of His Majesty's style by the Deputy King of Arms. The Dead March in 'Saul' was then played on the organ, and this being considered as a signal that the funeral service was over, the members of the procession, who were much fatigued, and many had undergone the course of it, and by the entry of the chapel, proceeded to quit as quickly and as quietly as possible. Nothing like order was observed in the return of it to the Palace."

"The funerals observed at the funeral of William IV. were copied from those of the funeral of George IV. The chief mourner at the funeral of George IV., says the "Annual Register," was "the King's Most Excellent Majesty." The funeral took place at ten o'clock in the evening.

"At the funeral of George II. the horses were drawn by eight cream-colored steers with large purple velvet trappings. The procession passed through Hyde Park and Green Park and by the Horse Guards' to the grand entrance into the House of Lords. There, in the Prince's Chamber, the King lay in state until the following morning, when the Royal corpse was carried to Westminster Abbey and interred in the Royal vault in Henry VII.'s chapel."



After the execution of Charles I. the body was conveyed to his lodgings at Whitehall, and then to his house at St. James's, where the body was embalmed and put in a coffin of lead. The public was allowed to view the coffin during the following fortnight. Then the coffin was taken at night by four servants to Windsor, and placed in the room, formerly the King's Bed-chamber. On the following day the coffin was removed to Dean's Hall, where it lay until three o'clock in the afternoon. Five peers had obtained an order from Parliament for the most interesting of the King, provided that the expense did not exceed £500. The Governor of the Castle refused to allow the Prayer Book Service for the Burial of the Dead to be read when the coffin was conveyed to St. George's Chapel. The simple ceremony was performed during a heavy snow-storm, and it is said that snow lay on the coffin when it was being carried into the chapel. Eventually the five peers discovered a vault in the middle of the choir, in which there was room for one more coffin, and there the body of King Charles I. found a resting-place. The vault also contains the coffins of Henry VIII. and Lady Jane Seymour.

James I. died at Theobalds. His body, for the greater state, was conveyed by torch-light from Theobalds to Denmark House, where, having rested from the 23rd of April to the 7th of May, it was carried to Westminster, and there interred in the Chapel Royal with great solemnity, but with greater lamentation.

At the funeral of Queen Elizabeth, "the City of Westminster," says Stow, "was surcharged with multitudes of all sorts of people, in the streets, houses, windows, leads, and gutters, who came to see the obsequy. And when they beheld her statue, or effigy, lying on the coffin, set forth in Royal robes, having a crown upon the head thereof, and a ball and a sceptre in either hand, there was such a general sighing, mourning, and weeping as the like hath not been seen or known in the memory of man; neither doth any history mention any people, time, or state to make such lamentation for the death of a sovereign." Another account says: "At her funeral were said to be mourners in black, to the number of one thousand and six hundred persons."

No records have been preserved of the funeral of Edward VI., but details of the expenses incurred at the ceremony were discovered many years ago. Some of these accounts are interesting. The harness within the chappell at Whitehall, Thomas Stacey, for 32 yards of black velvet, seams for cover the horse's rounde aboute above the majestie clothe, and fawere pootes of the said horse of two breedes of velvet at 11 yards longe, to 22 yards and for the fawere pootes 10 yards, to 32 yards, price the yard 16s.—42s.—0.—0. We also gathered from these accounts that the coffin was borne on a "charriott of tymlite," and that the harness of the horses was covered with black velvet. The account for this was:—11m., for 16 yards of black velvet double length for covering of harnesses for the said charriott horse, price every yard thereof 16s.—42s.—16.—0.—0. This charge would appear to be very excessive, for lower down in the accounts we read: "Thomas Caire for 2 paves of atroppe lathers covered with velvete, at 5s.—4s.—8d."

A brief description of the funeral of Henry VII. is given by Hall in his "Union of the Houses of Lancaster."—"Upon Wednesday the 9th date of Maye the corps was putte into a charriott covered with blacke cloth of gold drawn with 6 greate courtes, covered with black velvet." The "charriott" was "garnished with cushions of fine gold." A waxen image of the King, dressed in robes of state, with a crown on the head, lay on the coffin. The procession was met at London Bridge by the "Mayor and his brethren," who held long torches. Some children, who carried lighted tapers, were also present at the ceremony. The body was taken to St. Paul's, and removed on the following day to Westminster.

The death and burial of Richard III. are described in Sir Richard Baker's "Chronicles of the Kings of England." After the battle of Bosworth, his body was left naked and despoiled to the raven's beak. It was taken up, was trussed behind a Pursuivant at Arms, one Blanch Sanguier, or White Bear, his head and arms hanging on one side of the horse and his legs on the other, and all begrimed with mire and dirt. He was afterwards buried with "small funeral pomp" at Leicester. The same historian, in his account of the funeral of Henry VI., says that on the day after the death of the King:—"He was brought to St. Paul's Church in an open coffin bare-faced . . . from thence in a boat to Chertsey Abbey, without Priest or Clerk, Turph or Taper, Saying or Singing, and there buried." The coffin was afterwards taken to Windsor, and buried there. According to Shakespeare, the attendants at the funeral were commanded by the Duke of Gloucester to set down the open coffin in order that he might make love to the Lady Anne, daughter-in-law of the dead King.

At the funeral of Henry V., the hearse, "Covered with red velvet, embroidered with gold, was drawn by four horses, whose caparisons were richly worked with gold, and imbued with the Royal arms." "Over the char was borne a rich canopy by four noblemen—surrounded by men clothed in white, bearing torches." All other mourners were in black, and "last of all, the Queen, with her retinue, came after the corpse at the distance of two miles."

Of the funeral of Richard II. it is recorded:—"His body was embalmed and covered with lead, all save the face, and then brought to London, where it lay at St. Paul's three dayes together, that all men might behold it to see he was dead. The corpse was afterwards taken to Langley in Buckinghamshire and there buried in the Church of the Friars Preachers. But afterward by King Henry the Fifth, it was removed to Westminster, and there honourably entombed with Queen Anne, his wife, and that beautiful picture of a King, sitting crowned in a Chair of State, at the upper end of the choir in St. Peter's at Westminster is of him: Although it is related that he had escaped out of prison and led a solitary and virtuous life in Scotland, and there died (as they hold) in the Black-Friars at Stirling."

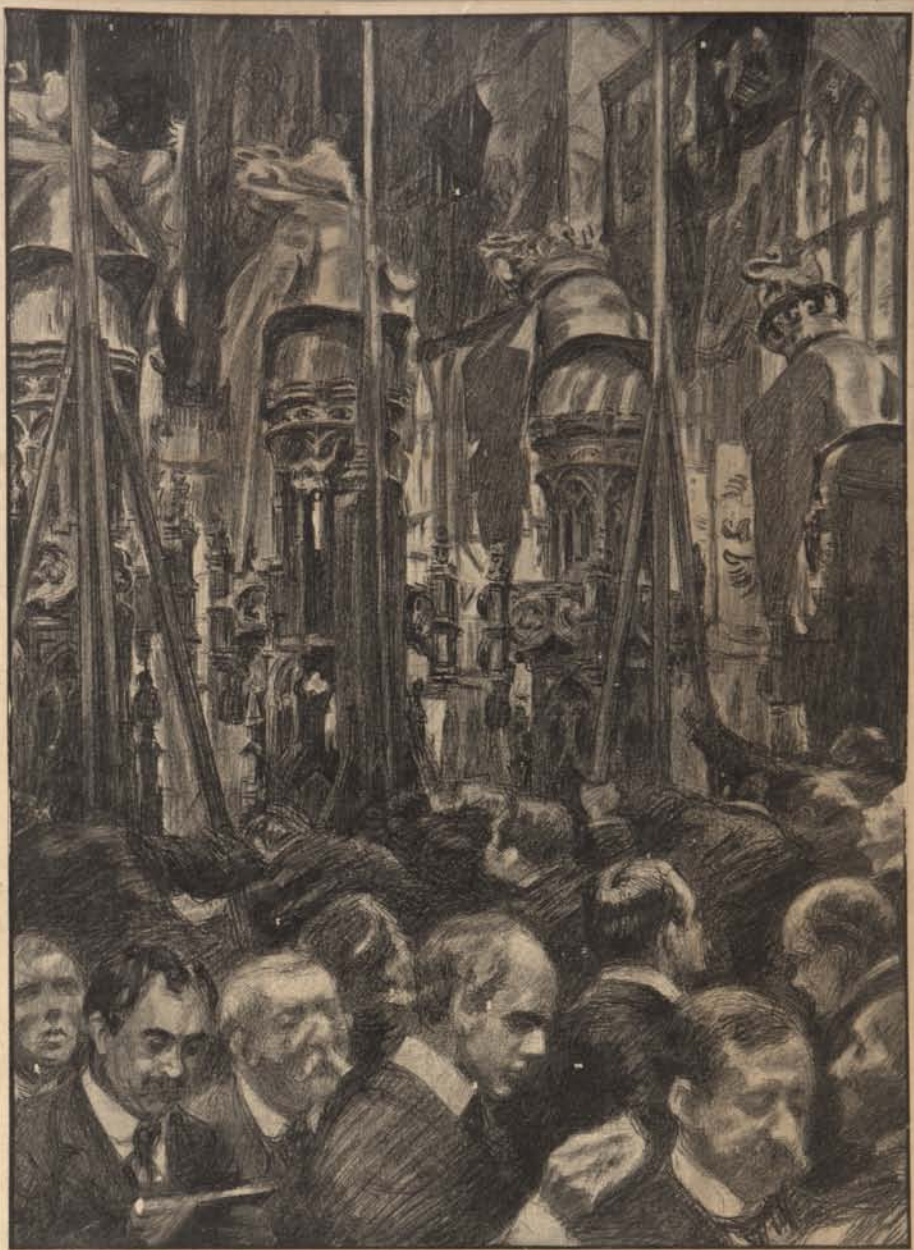
The funeral of Edward III. is thus described by Freytag:—"The body was carried in great procession upon an open hearse, through the city of London to Westminster, through crowds of people, who with tears and lamentations bewailed their loss. The corpse was followed by his children, together with the nobles and prelates in a great company."

King John was buried at Worcester, under the High Altar of the Cathedral. The body was wrapped in a monk's cowl, "which the superstition of that time accounted sacred, and a defensive against all evil spirits."

A description of the funeral of Henry II. is recorded by Mathew Paris:—"In the morning he was carried forth to be buried, habited in his royal robes, with his face uncovered, and a golden crown upon his head, gloves upon his hands, shoes wrought with gold upon his feet, and spurs; having a sceptre in his hand, a large ring upon his finger, and his sword was girt round him."

In the "Chronicles" of Sir Richard Baker an account is given of the death and burial of William I.:—"I may well say, he was conquered by Death, seeing Death used him more desperately than ever he living used any whom he had conquered! For no sooner was the Body out of his body, but his attendants, who had followed him, laid his hands on, forsook him and fled, leaving his body almost naked upon the ground. Afterwards, William, Archbishop of Rouen, commanded his body should be conveyed to Caen, but his command was little regarded; all at last, one Herlewin, a Country Knight, in his own charges caused his body to be embalmed, and conveyed thither, where the Abbot and Monks meeting the corpse, suddenly in the midst of their solemnities, a violent Fire broke out in the town, with this frightful translation, all at once, the place, and thus was his body the second time left forlorn."

In the end, a few monks returned, and accompanied the hearse to the Abbey Church; but when the Divine office was ended, and the body ready to be laid in the grave, "one Anselm Fitz-walter stood up and claimed that he should have been the floor of his father's house, which King William had violently wrested from him; and thereupon charged them, as they would answer it before the dreadful Face of God, not to give up his body with the Earth of his inheritance." Anselm, "Hearly, the King's youngest son, and the only son present at the funeral, agreed to pay £100 for the ground. In the year 1062, when Admiral Coligny took the City of Caen, some soldiers threw into the vault of William I., and in having the hearse they had respected, they threw forth his bones with great solemnity; where some were afterwards brought into England."



PRESS REPRESENTATIVES AT THE SERVICE IN ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR

### Royal Funeral Music

THE British Kings of the fifteenth century were borne to their graves in the chanting of the monks in accordance with the Burial Office of the Roman Catholic Church. It was, indeed, not until after the Reformation that special music began to be composed for such occasions. There is a tradition that a funeral anthem on the death of Henry VIII. was written by old Thomas Tallis, the musical Vicar of Bray, who managed to retain his post at the Chapel Royal through the reigns of Henry, Edward VI., Mary and Elizabeth. For the funeral of Queen Mary (William III.'s Consort), in 1665, the funeral anthems "Blessed is the Man" and "Thou Knowest, Lord" were composed by Purcell. According to contemporary records, the day of the Queen's funeral "was dark and troubled, and a few ghostly plumes of snow fell on the black plumes of the funeral car." The date was early in March, and a long procession of "Lords in scarlet and ermine, the Commons in long black mantles," marched before the corpse, before which the banners of England and France, Scotland and Ireland were borne. Inside the Abbey the whole of the church was adorned with innumerable wax lights, and as Purcell's anthems, "Blessed is the Man," was started, "contemporary writer declares that "a little robin-messenger, which had found refuge from the inclement weather few-down and perched on the banner." Dr. Tansley, who was one of the choir, speaking of this anthem, said, "It appeals to all that were present, as well such as understood music as those that did not, whether they ever heard anything so rapturously fine and solemn, and so heavenly in the operation, which drew tears from all." The second anthem, "Thou Knowest, Lord, the Secrets of our Hearts," is one of the "Sentences" said or sung over the body at the graveside. According to Dr. Tansley it was "accompanied by full, mournful, trumpet, and it has been used at every royal funeral at St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey ever since it was first composed. A large number of funeral odes and motets to Queen Mary's memory were published about this time, amongst others an "Epicædion" by Dr. Blow, and other pieces by Farwell. Purcell's funeral music afterwards came into vogue and this in all probability was used at the death of Queen Anne. Handel, it is true, to the great displeasure of his Hanoverian niece, afterwards George I., was then in England, living with Richard Lord Burlington, at Burlington House in Piccadilly, a place which that art-loving nobleman had built "in the middle of the fields," as King George remarked. Lord Burlington replied that he did not wish to have neighbours to be annoyed by his music. It is now, of course, practically the centre of busy, fashionable London. The greatest of the British funeral anthems, however, was that composed by Handel for performance in Henry VII.'s Chapel on the death of George II.'s Queen Caroline in 1737. A portion of the music of this funeral anthem, which was used at Handel's own obsequies at Westminster Abbey, as well as at the burials of George III. and William IV., was performed at the Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace four years ago as a Prelude to Israel in Egypt. The first chorus (which has now been dropped) is based upon a German chorale, "Herr Jesu Christ du hochbegabter Gott." Mozart used a portion of this chorale as the subject of his opening movement of his "Requiem," but the other portions of the work are the funeral anthem proper; and, as those who have heard them under successful circumstances, such for example as at the funeral service at Westminster

Abbey to the late Sir George Macartney will agree, nothing can be more impressive. Indeed, the change from the solemnity of "Her body is buried in peace," to the joyful choral shout, "But her soul liveth evermore," is almost dramatic. Certain German critics have noticed a supposed resemblance between the subject of "When the ear heard her," to the libretto which concludes the overture to "Il Pastor Fido." But this is purely fanciful. Another favourite movement is that beginning, "She delivered the poor." The general music of Royal funeral services is settled by custom. At any rate, since the days of "craft, the "Sentences" have been sung by the gentlemen and boys of the Chapel Royal to the music of Cook and Purcell, while the Psalm

Chant (at the funeral of William IV., both Psalms were sung) and is invariably the noble music of Purcell. This time, however, the Psalm Chant will probably be that of the Rev. John Felton, who was Minor Canon at Hereford 150 years ago. The music will probably also include Spohr's "Blest are the departed," from the "Last Judgment," and Samuel Sebastian Wesley's "Organist of Gloucester from 1865 to 1870; "Mary that is born of woman." In the Marches and Hymns there is, of course, a much wider field for choice. The Dead March in Saul was, at one time, too rigorous; but the Queen is said to have left directions that preference shall be given to Mendelssohn's Funeral March; doubtless an adaptation of the "Song without words" in E Minor. Her late Majesty is known also to have greatly admired Chopin's Funeral March, or rather the version of it accorded by Henry Reber from the Pianoforte Sonata expressly composed for the composer's funeral in Paris. At recent public funerals also the Guards' Bands have played the Funeral Marches from Beethoven's "Eroica" Symphony, and a version for military band of the funeral march from the same composer's Pianoforte Sonata. In regard to the hymns the Queen's early favourite was the so-called "Luther's Hymn," set to the familiar words, "Great God, what do I see and hear?" This hymn, when the Queen was a child, was immensely popular with the public, as sung by the great singer, John Brahm; the laterials between the lines being filled up by a sort of trumpet fantasia played by the elder Harper. "Luther's Hymn" was, indeed, sung by John Brahm at the very first funeral that the Queen ever attended, namely, the Worcester Festival of 1820. Luther certainly adapted the hymn, but whether he composed the music or even wrote the words is a matter of controversy. The choice of Royal funeral music is, therefore, by no means limited.





STATUE OF QUEEN VICTORIA OUTSIDE WINDSOR CASTLE.



The Duke of York, King Edward VII, Prince Christian.  
KING EDWARD VII (WHEN PRINCE OF WALES; THE DUKE OF YORK, AND PRINCE CHRISTIAN  
LEAVING THE HUSSAR GUARDS AFTER THE TROUPEAU OF THE COLOUR.

"THE MOTHER OF ENGLAND SLEEPS."

Half-mast the flag  
A sorrowing nation weeps.  
Muffle the bells:  
The Mother of England sleeps.

Her hands are crossed:  
Those hands that now for three-and-sixty years  
The kingdom's sceptre lovingly have wielded  
Are crossed in death: God, dry the nation's tears  
And take our Mother dear, whose task is yielded—  
Whose hands are crossed.

Her eyes are closed:  
Those eyes that laughed when ours with joy were bright,  
That dimmed with tears when ours were dull with sorrow,  
Are closed in death: God, make our darkness light  
And wake our Mother to a glad to-morrow—  
Whose eyes are closed.

Her heart is still:  
That heart whose bursting love knew no relief  
In peace, in war, at night, when day was dawning,  
Is still in death: God, soothe a nation's grief  
And stir her heart again in Heaven's morning—  
That heart now still.

Her work is done:  
That work of which none other knew the weight,  
The work she bravely faced and feared it never,  
Ends but in death: God, help our orphaned State  
And take our Mother to Thy rest for ever—  
Whose work is done.

Half-mast the flag:  
A sorrowing nation weeps.  
Muffle the bells:  
The Mother of England sleeps.

KERLE HOWARD.



THE ROYAL FAMILY, 1840.



SUMMER SOUVENIR OF THE PRINCE ON THE RIVER THAMES, NEAR BRAY LOCK.



THE CLUBMAN.

Her Late Majesty the Queen's Funeral.

UNDER an iron sky, through a city which glowed dimly with the soft imperial purple, the Queen-Empress passed through London on Saturday last to her resting-place. The tramp of the long line of grey-clad infantry, the wail of the funeral march, the low thunders of the muffled drums, the thud of the minute-guns, were the only sounds that broke the hush that fell on the multitude as the procession began to move through the wide streets. It seemed as though the tolling, noisy, frivolous capital had, for the hour, become a place consecrated.

It was a quiet gathering of the black-clothed citizens that I saw as I walked in the early morning through Hyde Park to Piccadilly. There were some noisy boys and men in the trees, but along the verge of the roadway the thick, black, living line had ranged itself without needing a word from the police. The troops, Volunteers for the most part in grey and rifle-green, were as yet in column of route in the centre of the road, and it did not seem to me as if they would be called upon to break back the crowd, and would have only the simple ceremonial work to perform. At Hyde Park Corner a wide space had been cleared and was kept by the dismounted Dragoons and a regiment of Pastiers. A Guard of Honour with the colours draped with crepe moved into position as I passed, and a General, entering up with his Staff, took up, for a moment, the position he and they would occupy when the procession passed, before moving on into the Park to superintend the ranging of the troops. Where Park Lane debouches into Piccadilly, a crowd pushed against the lines of police and mounted men, and the human mass swayed backwards and forwards. Pausing for a moment to look at the great street decked as I have never seen it before—for though it has fluttered with flags many a time, I can never remember it in trappings of woe—I could see some moving crimson specks forming into a little, compact body close to the long wall of Devonshire House, and I knew that the procession had begun to form up and that it was time to get through the crowd to a by-street, and so to a Club, if I was to view from that point of vantage the passing of the pageant.

In the Club-windows and in the stands down Piccadilly there were but few officers in uniform; a gleam of silver and some Hussar-plumes at the Cavalry Club, and some vivid touches of scarlet and gold amidst the black at the Naval and Military and the Junior Club of the same name, were the only relief to the general sombreness of dress. All the officers on the active list who were not in the long lines of troops keeping the road were between the two Palaces in the Mall.

Like a mallet striking on wood came the report of the first gun from the Park, and an ex-Staff officer who stood by me, true to his training of a lifetime, noted the time, as he would have done at the commencement of an action—it was eighteen minutes past eleven. The sharp word of command bringing the men to "attention" ran down the lines of troops, and the sudden silence fell, even the men and lads in the trees of the Park holding their peace. Then, after a pause of a few minutes, the crimson-clad bands of the Household Cavalry came slowly past, and with the rhythmic tramp of many feet, always an impressive sound—on this occasion a solemn one—the infantry, marching with arms reversed, began like a grey river to stream past. Nowhere could the procession be seen better than in Piccadilly. In the Mall and St. James's Street the great pageant was formed up preparatory to the order being given to march, and the spectators saw but a part of it; but it passed unbroken, except for a gap between the military escort and the naval one, along the borders of the Parks.

Some lookers-on, who did not understand the organization of the military pageant, wondered at the small proportion of cavalry and artillery in it to the great mass of infantry; but the inclusion of great bodies of Volunteers and Militia in the escort was an honour which the Auxiliary Forces have nobly gained, and the three countries of the United Kingdom each sent their contingent. It was a body of troops typical of the Empire's power—little, thick-set Londoners, stout country lads, tall, stern Highlanders, alert Irishmen, blue-eyed Bombay Lancers, khaki-clad officers of the Frontier Force, Hottentots, Australians, New Zealanders, Canadians, men of the Cape, the campaigning tan still on their faces; the Guards, marching as they alone can march; and then the cavalry and Horse Artillery, the Marine Infantry and Artillery, the latter being men of magnificent physique, and the sailors, their straw hats a line of light in the dark picture, tramped past; and Lord Roberts, our soldier hero, rode attended by an Aide-de-Camp. Then, as the silence seemed to deepen, two more words of command rang down the line, every hat was raised, and a great gasp, a sigh, came up from the multitude as, surrounded by her Aides-de-Camp, the crepe-covered Royal banner dancing behind, the music of the bands sobbing before her, the dead Queen, most beloved of Sovereigns, moved by, and we bade her "Adieu" in most reverent silence.

Like a soldier His Majesty sat his horse, looking straight before him, and no man or woman who saw him pass but thought a loyal prayer that his reign may be happy and glorious; and beside him, with pale face, and strong, set mouth, rode the German Emperor, who in these dark days has found his way very surely to our hearts, and the Sordly Prince, the Duke of Connaught. Then the great cavalcade of Princes, a group of bright colours, and the closed carriages of Queen Alexandra and the Princesses.



A URBAN PORTRAIT OF HIS MAJESTY KING EDWARD VII.



THE GERMAN ROYAL FAMILY, PAINTED BY ORDER OF THE EMPEROR FOR QUEEN VICTORIA'S BIRTHDAY IN 1893.

THE MAN IN THE STREET.

The Passing Across the Sea—The Funeral in London—The Scene in Hyde Park—Beneath a Snow-white Pall—A Kingly Gait and a Loyal Nod—Kings, Princes, and Generals—Aladdin's Lamp—The Purple in the Streets.

I SUPPOSE there never has been such a magnificent pageant as that which was the accompaniment by land and sea of Queen Victoria's journey to her last home. "The Man in the Street" would have given much to see the procession on Friday through the lines of the magnificent fleet when, after the homely bearing of the coffin from Osborne to Cowes, the body of the Queen of the Seas was borne on board the yacht for the final journey across the narrow waters she had so often passed and repaired. The ceremony (invariably called to mind the great occasion of the Diamond Jubilee, when the vastest and most powerful fleet ever seen was gathered together in those very waters to bid the Queen who last Friday crossed to England never to return to the little island she loved so well. There were two-and-thirty naval monitors drawn up in line, not to mention the torpedo-boats and the ships of foreign Navies, and through them the little *Alberta*, with the coffin covered with its white satin pall almost alone upon the deck, steamed slowly to the sobbing minute-guns of the Fleet.

It was most thoughtful of the King to arrange that the funeral procession should pass through London on its way to Windsor. London is the Capital of the Empire, and His Majesty has always been jealous of its rights. And well did the millions of the great city respond to his confidence. Never in my life have I seen such vast crowds or so ardently a congregation of all sorts of people. For my own part, like some hundred thousand other Londoners, I chose Hyde Park as the best place to see the procession from, and so wide is the space there that, although I did not enter the Park until after ten, I was able to see the pageant in every detail most perfectly. I bore up just opposite Dorchester House, and as the ground rose from the roadway along which the funeral passed, I was able to see over the twenty or thirty sandy-carriage wharves in front of me. I saw only one policeman on my way across the Park, but, to my knowledge, even he was not needed. The crowd policed itself, mistral and reverent of the mighty dead.

There was a long wait, but we were not cold. The crowd was too closely packed for that. It was a curious sight in front was a slope of heads all turned away from us, and then came the helmets and hats of the soldiers lining the route, and beyond them again a sea of faces packed close, where the flower-beds should be, right up to the railings. Across the road was Dorchester House, draped in purple, with spectators on every floor, and even on the top of the roof. Over our heads the trees were black with boys, who had secured splendid points of vantage, one tree especially being tenanted by half-a-dozen sailors and a fireman. Every now and then, a General, followed by his Staff, trotted along the roadway, and gradually we edged nearer and nearer to the front.

At last, somewhere behind us, the minute-guns began to boom out, and we knew that the procession could not long be delayed. As the troops of different arms and regiments came by, the interest grew tender and tender, until at last we saw the cream-coloured horses that drew the gun-carriage, and caught the gleam of the white satin pall that covered all that was left of the great and good Queen whose loss we all mourned. Hitherto the people had been talking and naming the different regiments; but now a cry of "Hush!" was murmured all through the crowd, and every hat was removed. There was something splendid in the simplicity of the gun-carriage with the white satin pall unadorned with the Royal Arms in the corners, and with the crown, the sceptre, the two orbs, and the broad ribbon of the Garter all clearly visible lying upon it.

King Edward looked very sad and very worn, but he was a truly kingly and impressive figure riding behind his mother's coffin. If I may say so, I had feared that the German Emperor, having been War Lord for so many years, would have been the more imposing figure, but I was rejoiced to see that our own King Edward looked every inch a King, and in staidness and dignity was unsurpassed. The Emperor supported his uncle nobly and loyally, and, after the King, all eyes were turned to him, for we felt grateful to him for the respect and reverence he has shown to his Royal grandmother. After these two Sovereigns, even the splendid cavalcade of Kings and Princes which followed could attract but little attention, though such a gathering has probably never been seen before at any time. Earlier in the procession, Lord Roberts had been welcomed silently, but on such an occasion even the great soldier passed without the usual welcoming cheer. The German soldiers of the Queen's Regiment also roused our curiosity, for they were fine, soldierly men.

The private houses along the rest of the route were all decked out, while inside Paddington Station the grim walls and pillars were encircled with crimson, purple, and white hangings, and by a beautiful mass of rare white flowers just opposite the carriage in which the Queen's coffin was placed. So great and spontaneous an expression of a nation's love and sorrow has never been seen before, and the scene on Saturday was one which we shall all remember as long as we live. "Good bye, dear Queen."



LAST VOYAGE OF QUEEN VICTORIA: TORPEDO-BOATS, PRECEDING THE FUNERAL YACHT "ALBERTA" IN THE SOLENT, PASSING H.M.S. "MAJESTIC."



**A Wonderful Portrait of Queen Victoria.**

At the present moment, when M. Benjamin Constant's wonderful counterfeit presentation of Her Majesty remains one of the most faithful portraits of our late beloved Sovereign taken in recent years (as will be allowed by all who purchase the Fine-Art Engraving from the original to be issued by *The Illustrated London News*), there is something very interesting in the views entertained by the famous French painter concerning his various Royal sitters. M. Constant has had many such, but none, it need hardly be said, who so impressed him with a sense of majesty and power, as well as of personal charm, as did Queen Victoria. The first sitting took place in the March of 1899, in the presence of both the present Queen and Princess Henry of Battenberg. It was on this occasion that M. Constant's sketch was submitted to the late Sovereign, and, as may be easily understood, the Royal sitters' remarks were of the greatest value, though the only actual

piece of criticism she had to offer concerned the colour of the blue ribbon of the Garter, which, owing to the shaft of bright sunlight which pervades and illumines the portrait, assumed a greenish tinge, which was not, it seems, pleasing to the Queen, who loved no colour so much as true blue.

M. Benjamin Constant also had the signal honour of painting the portrait of the then Princess of Wales, and the veteran French painter has left a charming word-picture of the "loveliest of his Royal sitters." "Father tall and slim, and of graceful mien; no Princess was ever blessed from the cradle with more beauty, more grace, or more charm. Youth clings to this soft visage of noble outline, with those eyes of pure deep blue, and almost timid look, which, nevertheless, is curiously penetrating, albeit the expression is one of generous candour." Her Majesty is, considering how often she has had to perform the same tedious task of sitting for her portrait, an admirable sitter, and, as those who have the privilege of knowing our new Queen will

easily understand, there were few sittings given at Marlborough House at which Miss Knollys, Her Majesty's most faithful friend and Lady-in-Waiting, was not present, while another constant though timid attendant was the then Princess of Wales's little spaniel, immortalised, it will be remembered, in a most delightful painting of the Queen then done by Mr. Luke Fildes.

**Other Portraits of the late and present Queens.**

Exceedingly beautiful and giving a good idea of the loveliness of the Royal bride are some of the paintings, many of them now hung in various Royal Palaces both in this country and on the Continent, done of the then Princess of Wales just about the time of her marriage. Winterhalter painted her very frequently, as did another admirable Continental portrait-painter, Leuchars; and in Mr. Prith's historic painting of the Royal Wedding is also an imperishable memorial of our Queen as she was in those far-off days. But of all portraits done of the Princess of Wales, none so completely gives her peculiar grace and dignity of bearing as does the full-length painted a few years ago by Mr. Edward Hughes. It is this portrait, already reproduced some time ago in *The Sketch*, that was exhibited at the Guildhall by the special wish of its possessor, the then Princess of Wales; and it is, of the many portraits of Queen Alexandra, that which is preferred both by her own family and her intimate friends.

**A Carriage of Kings.**

As was the case with the two great Jubilee processions, so the grandiose and mournful pageant of last Saturday was made even more impressive than it would otherwise have been by the presence of a number of the great European Sovereigns, all come to do honour to the departed Queen-Empress and to testify their respect and affection for King Edward VII. At the head of the list of imperial and kingly mourners one naturally places the Emperor William. The King of Greece is not only the new Sovereign's brother-in-law, but he cherished a particular affection for the Queen, who often gave him much valuable and acceptable advice. King Leopold of Belgium lost in the late Sovereign a most affectionate and devoted first-cousin; indeed, Queen Victoria regarded all her Uncle Leopold's children with a sisterly affection, and nowhere will her death be more sincerely mourned than at the Belgian Court. The King of Portugal was, but the other day, the recipient of a

most kindly message from the Queen, who, owing to the Saxe-Coburg connection, always treated him as a very near relation.

Those Princes who may well look forward to be the Kings of the twentieth century formed a fine and characteristic group. The German Crown Prince, though the youngest of them all, has already the martial look which is the distinguishing trait of the Hohenzollerns. The Grand Duke Michael of Russia, who is still his brother's heir-apparent, is, through his mother, nephew to the new King and Queen, and so had a double right to be present on this historical occasion, while with him, also representing the Russian Court, was her late Majesty's grandson by marriage, the Grand Duke Serge, the Crown Prince of Denmark, the Crown Prince of Sweden, and the Archduke Francis Ferdinand of Austria, though none of them directly related to the late Sovereign, are all on intimate terms with the British Royal Family; and the Duke of Aosta, the first cousin and heir-presumptive of the King of Italy, has had,



QUEEN VICTORIA, PHOTOGRAPHED SOON AFTER THE DEATH OF THE PRINCE CONSORT.



HIS MAJESTY THE KING OF BELGIUM.

through his wife, a peculiar link with Queen Victoria, who always showed the Duchess of Aosta, at the time when she was still only Princess Helene of Orleans, much affection and consideration. Among the Princes present, but a few were the husbands of Her late Majesty's granddaughters, such, for instance, as the Crown Prince of Roumania, the Hereditary Prince of Saxe-Meiningen, the Hereditary Prince of Hohenzollern-Langenburg, Prince Henry of Prussia, himself a grandson of the Queen as well as married to one of her descendants, while the same double relationship existed with the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Hesse.

**An Annoying Contretemps.**

The fact that the Duke of Cornwall and York has been confined to his bed at Osborne with an attack of German measles is, of course, a most unfortunate contretemps, and will be ever regretted by His Royal Highness, for it prevented his taking part in the marvellous sea and land pageants of last Saturday, and also made it impossible for His Royal Highness to render much assistance to the King, who, in addition to bearing the weight of his own private sorrows and anxieties, had to act as host to the great assemblage of Royal personages. To Her Majesty Queen Alexandra the illness of her son must have been obviously a source of particular anxiety, and the double trouble she has had to face cannot but increase the measure of heart-felt sympathy entertained by the public for our new Queen as well as for the King.



FUNERAL PROCESSION OF QUEEN VICTORIA THROUGH LONDON. THE COFFIN PASSING THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S MONUMENT AND APRILEY HOUSE.



**The Queen's Will.** The Queen's last will and testament is, as everyone knows, a document which is not proved, but few persons know why. It is simply and solely because the probate duty, being payable to the Sovereign, cannot be enforced on the Sovereign's estate. Of course, this is a legal fiction, but, at the same time, it obtains. The one man who knows most about the Queen's property is Lord Cross, who had always been her confidential adviser, and under whose direction Her Majesty made several most profitable investments; but it should be remembered, to the Queen's great credit, that she never embarked in any speculation unless she was well assured that the undertaking was honourably conducted. Lord Cross was not the man to give his liege-lady wrong advice. On the contrary, he erred, if possible, on the side of caution. It is not generally known, by the way, that the Queen, under protest, always paid rates and taxes to the Borough of Windsor for the Flemish Farm in Windsor Great Park. But they were not paid in full—a shilling or two under the rate, by way of the said protest.

**Lord Rosebery and the Queen.** The Earl of Rosebery paid his oratorical tribute to the Queen at a meeting of his countrymen connected with the Royal Scottish Corporation in a Court off Fleet Street on Wednesday last. The mace of this ancient body, covered with erape, lay before him, and on the table was the huge snuff-box of the Corporation. The noble lord collects snuff-boxes, but does not sniff. His speech was brief and unpretentious, but was characterised by genuine feeling, and was delivered in a low, solemn voice. No subjects of the Queen were more attached to Her Majesty than the Scotch, and none of these were more fervent in their loyalty than the men who have made fortunes or won distinction in London. Lord Rosebery had, therefore, an audience after his own heart. The Scottish Corporation desires to present its Address, not through the Secretary of State, but to the King personally. It boasts of two precedents for personal presentation, and, with Lord Rosebery as its Treasurer, it may not be denied on this occasion.

**Our King as a Boy.** When King Edward VII. was a boy, he very often went down from Windsor to Eton, where he had more than one friend at the school. It was by the express wish of the Queen that when the Prince of Wales visited the College he was to be received with no ceremony. This was literally carried out on one occasion, when the young Prince, wandering away from the Greatman-in-Waiting, was suddenly greeted by a boy with the familiar question, "What's your name? Where do you board, and who's your tutor?" The Prince tumbled to the situation, and gravely replied, "My name is Wales; I board at Windsor Castle, and my dame—not my tutor—is the Queen." Then he shook hands with the inquirer, who, so far from being abashed, merely remarked, "You're in very good quarters, sir."

**The Scotch and the King's Title.** Some of the descendants of "Scots who hae wi' Wallace bled, Scots whom Bruce has aften led," are pretending to protest against the title of Edward VII. Just as "Jemie," who came up from Holyrood to London, was Sixth of Scotland and First of England, the neo-patriotic Scots insist that King Edward, although Seventh of England, is only First of Scotland. They will not admit the claims of the early Sovereigns of that name to their country. There is a story that "the Severith" was struck out of the oath in the House of Commons to satisfy the scruples of Mr. James Caldwell, who is reported to have made a protest to the Speaker. But, if Mr. Caldwell has not been misrepresented by colleagues who tell the story, surely he was trying a Scotch joke upon Mr. Gully.

The passage of centuries has marked many changes in the title of our country's Sovereign. That of "King of England," for instance, was unknown until adopted by Egbert in 828. In the time of Henry VIII., the designation "Defender of the Faith" was added, and in the same reign this Monarch also introduced that of "King of Ireland." Anne

was the first to style herself as ruler of "Great Britain," and George III. effected another change by dropping the title of "King of France," which his predecessors had long borne. Queen Victoria's reign was responsible for two important alterations in the Royal designation. The former of these was the omission of "Hanover" therefrom; the latter was the addition (on May 1, 1876) of "Empress of India."

**Proclamation of the King at Pretoria.** The ceremonies in connection with the Proclamation of His Majesty King Edward VII. at Pretoria last week, were naturally of a very impressive kind, and, though largely of a military character, crowds of civilians were present. It was surely something more than a curious coincidence that, with such an enormous number of British troops now in South Africa, of the three battalions which took part in the ceremony, the 2nd Norfolk Regiment not only sent representative five companies, but its band played the National Anthem when the Royal Standard was run up. Although His Majesty has no official connection with the old Ninth, except as their Sovereign, the lads of Norfolk must have felt, in a special sense, the honour done to their corps, for many of them, no doubt, hail from the neighbourhood of Sandringham. The presence of the "Holy Boys"—the Norfolks' nickname—in Pretoria should be especially welcome to the pious Hoppers, though the peculiar designation was got in rather an unorthodox manner, for it is said that, many years ago, the Norfolks, in stress of battle, employed the leaves of their Bibles as wadding, thus literally sending home the message.



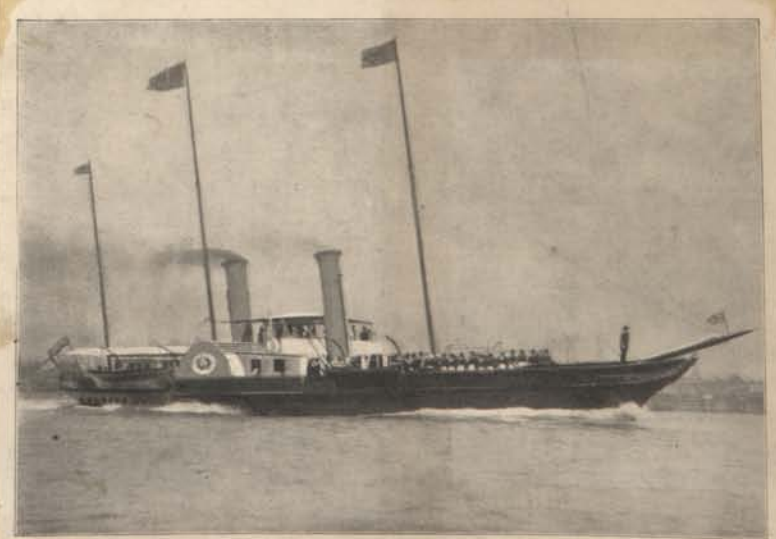
FUNERAL PROCESSION OF QUEEN VICTORIA PASSING THROUGH HYDE PARK.



HIS MAJESTY THE KING OF PORTUGAL.



IN MEMORIAM: THE LATE QUEEN, AND THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES ON THEIR WEDDING-DAY.



THE ROYAL YACHT "ALBION," WHICH CONVEYED THE QUEEN'S BODY FROM COVE TO PORTSWORTH ON FRIDAY LAST.



**The Kaiser's Birthday.** For the first time on record (writes the Berlin Correspondent of *The Sketch*) the German Emperor has spent his birthday out of Germany. The sole cause was the death of our beloved Queen. His Imperial Majesty's grandmother. Absent were all the usual outward signs of rejoicing, lacking the sound of bands and cheers. It was the Emperor's birthday, but had it not been for the white Prussian flags fluttering distantly from the Government buildings in the blinding snow and driving rain, no one would have guessed the fact. It is true that the trumpeters blew their heralds' blast from the Castle, the reveille was played by the 2nd Infantry Guards, and the church bells rang out in the early morning; but these passed unheeded by the populace, partly on account of the fearful weather, and partly because it was Sunday morning, and on that day early rising is the exception, not the rule. To the English Church of St. George's, however, poured unceasing streams of mourning subjects of the late Queen resident in Berlin. The Emperor's birthday was also kept very quietly in the Royal Palace. The Emperor attended Divine Service at Potsdam, Dr. Dreynder preaching the sermon. All the birthday presents were sent by Her Majesty to the Emperor in England.

**Service at St. George's.** The first service at the English Church in Berlin since the death of the Queen was held on the Sunday, at eleven

o'clock. All English residents in Berlin who were at all able to attend the service made a point of proceeding to the pretty little church, despite the fearful storms of snow and rain. The chaplain, the Rev. J. H. Fry, took for his text, "Her children shall rise up and call her blessed," and alluded in touching terms to the great goodness of heart of the late Queen Victoria, and also to the filial devotion of the

German Emperor, as evidenced by His Majesty's prompt journey to the bedside of his revered grandmother the very instant he heard of her illness. In referring to the model of simplicity of life observed in the Potsdam Castle, the chaplain remarked that this noble pattern of domestic purity and simplicity had without doubt been originally suggested by the exemplary Court-life at the home of the Queen in England.

**Altered Precedence.** The demise of the Sovereign means an entirely altered precedence, but our Royal Family are so affectionately welded together that this fact is not likely to bring about the many distressing occurrences which happened when the Throne passed from William IV. to the Maiden Queen, Victoria. In those far-off days, the members of the old Royal Family, as it was called, found it hard to have to give way not only to the Sovereign herself, but to her Consort and to the younger Princes and Princesses of the Blood. After this last week, the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York will, of course, take precedence before the King's own brothers and sisters, and so also will not only the Princess Royal, Duchess of Fife, but also Her Royal Highness's two daughters, who, though not of Royal birth, will be entitled, by virtue of their mother's rank, to walk in front of all their Majesties' nephews and nieces.

**New Court Appointments.** It need hardly be said that, as yet, no new Court appointments have been made, and any formal announcements concerning these and kindred matters can be but guess-work. It cannot be doubted that Edward VII. will still be served by those of his friends and servants who have so admirably fulfilled their duties in the Heir-Apparent's Household. Many vacancies will be equally certainly filled up from among His Majesty's large circle of personal friends, but there is not likely to be any change in such purely political appointments as Master of the Horse, Lord Chamberlain, and Lords-in-Waiting, though it is, of course, possible that certain high Court officials may take this opportunity of resigning their positions.

**Queen Alexandra's Household.** The Household of the Queen Consort naturally differs in many points from that of the Queen Regnant, and during the last ten days precedents have been eagerly sought for. Queen Adelaide, the Consort of William IV., lived a very quiet and retired life, and George IV., as all the world knows, had practically no Queen. Queen Charlotte, on the other hand, kept up a great deal of state; accordingly, the excellent Court of George III. and his worthy Consort will probably furnish many a precedent for that of Edward VII. and Queen Alexandra. Many people are wondering who will be the new Queen's Chamberlain. No one about the Court holds a more responsible and influential position, for from his office are issued most of his Royal Mistress's invitations, and, when the nobleman in question has some experience of the work, he practically has in his gift many valuable posts and sinecures. The new Ladies of the Bedchamber must, of course, be all Peers, and they will be, probably, chosen among the friends of the three young Princesses of Wales. Those ladies who occupied the position of Ladies of the Bedchamber to the late Sovereign are many of them far past middle-age.



THE PRINCE OF WALES IN 1875.



THE GRAND DUKE MICHAEL OF RUSSIA, WHO REPRESENTED THE CZAR AT THE QUEEN'S FUNERAL.



AN ETCHING BY QUEEN VICTORIA IN 1840.



HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN AS PRINCESS WITH HER DOGS AT SANDRINGHAM.

**Royal Etchings.** Slight as these early etchings by our late Queen were, I am sure they will be valued by readers of *The Sketch* as tokens of "a vanished hand" kindlier in the hand. I am indebted to Mr. Richard Fuller Maitland, their owner, for courteous permission to reproduce them. That these specimens of her youthful



AN ETCHING BY QUEEN VICTORIA OF A DRAWING BY PRINCE ALBERT IN 1847.

work were valued by Her Majesty was evident from the fact that, when they were offered for sale to the Queen in 1896, a reply was received from Colonel Sir Arthur Biggs to the effect that "the Queen would be quite prepared to consider the re-purchase." It will be observed that one of the Royal etchings was drawn by the late Prince Consort.

**The late Sovereign and Sir Walter Scott.** A good deal has been written of late regarding links with the past, and in this respect it is curious that, till the death of Queen Victoria, the august lady was, perhaps, the last surviving link with Sir Walter Scott. Of the great romanticist, at any rate, the Queen had some personal knowledge, for to Princess Victoria Sir Walter Scott was introduced in 1828; so the Queen, if she had not conversed with, had seen, and listened to the voice of, the distinguished novelist. Though not widely known, it is the case that the Queen was a fervent admirer of Sir Walter Scott's works, and had read all his books several times; and, in view of this, it is interesting to recall that, a good many years ago, she paid a visit to Alibonford. For the so-called "problem" novel that recently had a considerable vogue the Queen had a healthy contempt; the works of several contemporary lady writers, notably those of Edna Lyall, Annie Swan, Mrs. Fyvie Mayo, and Miss Corelli, were, however, it may surprise some to hear, in great favour in the Royal Households.

**Viscount Dalrymple and Queen Victoria.** Amid the innumerable testimonies from representative men in every rank to the unflinching conscientiousness and kindness of the late Sovereign, that expressed by Viscount Dalrymple, from his own experience and as Chief Magistrate of Stranraer, is of exceptional interest. Lord Dalrymple, eldest son of the Earl of Stair, is the only Peer in the land who occupies the Provost's chair, and, in this capacity, he said, at a special meeting of the Town Council of Stranraer the other day, that he never would forget that, on one occasion some years ago, when he was laid up at Windsor, Her Majesty was very kind to him. He treasured, too, as one of his precious possessions a picture which the Queen gave him as a memento of the occasion when it was his privilege to sit in the Royal pew in the old Parish Church of Cathie, Viscount Dalrymple also mentioned that when his brother, Colonel Dalrymple-Hamilton, returned home from South Africa, with the loss of one arm, the Queen sent him a kind letter, not written by the hand of her Secretary, but by her own, and bearing her signature.

**King Khama's Tributes.** Among the numerous expressions of grief and tributes of affection evoked by the death of Queen Victoria that have come from distant lands, not one has been more touching than King Khama's naïvely simple and sincere, yet wistful eloquent, panegyric. The sable monarch, on learning that the Great White Queen was dead, thus gave utterance to his feelings: "She carried me in her arms. She was our ruler, father and mother. There is pain in all our hearts. But may her Son excel her!" There is more than the mere conventional ardour of the Orient in Khama's brief elegy, and in his expression of good wishes for King Edward VII. The African chief, who has for long been a faithful friend of Great Britain and a good ally throughout the present trouble in South Africa, has received tokens of kindness from both the late and the reigning Sovereign, and when, six years ago, with the chiefs Bathoen and Sebele, he visited this country, the bonds of amity with England, first instilled into the mind of the African chief by David Livingstone, were linked in indissoluble union.



THE PRINCESS OF WALES.



**The King's Private Secretary.** Everyone who has been favoured with any of Sir Francis Knollys' courteous letters from Marlborough House—communications instinct with urbanity as gracious as that by which the Prince of Wales himself has ever been noted—will admit that King Edward VII. could not possibly have a better or more devoted Private Secretary than Sir Francis.



SIR FRANCIS KNOLLYS, THE KING'S FAITHFUL PRIVATE SECRETARY.

Fidelity to the high trust reposed in him, conscientious discharge of his onerous duties, possession of unruffled geniality and delicate tact, and absolute discretion—these are some of Sir Francis Knollys' qualifications for a position which is probably only second in importance now to that of a Minister of State. The burthen of the Monarch having fallen upon His Majesty's shoulders—and how heavy the load must be was clearly indicated in the eloquent eulogium Mr. Balfour passed on the late Queen and upon our new Sovereign in his great House of Commons speech—the King doubtless finds Sir Francis a still more valuable help to him. Indeed, the daily papers have told the public how Sir Francis has been in close attend-

ance upon His Majesty in his several journeys during the just eventful fortnight between Osborne and London, thereby emphasising the fact that the experienced and trusty Private Secretary remains his "right hand." In the interesting "Life of the Prince of Wales" published by Mr. Grant Richards (from which handsome volume I am permitted to copy the accompanying portrait), it is stated that Sir Francis Knollys "has to act as his Royal Master's supplementary memory. Princess Charles of Denmark is said to have once observed that she felt sure that, if Sir Francis were suddenly awakened in the middle of the night, and asked what were the Prince of Wales's engagements eight days forward, he would immediately begin to recite the entire list. Be that as it may, the position of Sir Francis Knollys is a very responsible one, and even his most intimate friends marvel how he can get through the enormous amount of work he has to do." In fine, an indispensable factotum. Second son of the late General the Right Hon. Sir H. Knollys, K.C.B., and married to Arlynn, daughter of the late Sir H. Tyrrell, Sir Francis Knollys was created "K.C.M.G." in 1886, and "K.C.B." in the year of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee. It may be added, as a happy coincidence, that the sister of Sir Francis, Miss Knollys, has for many years been able to render to the ever-young Princess who is now our Queen similarly devoted service to that which her brother has rendered to the King. Good health and long life to both to give their Majesties their priceless services for many years to come!

**The Royal Colonial Tour.** There seems no doubt that the projected Royal tour of the British Colonies will, after all, be carried out by the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York. It is, however, not likely that their Royal Highnesses will leave the United Kingdom until the year of Court mourning has expired, and until the Coronation has taken place. It is also certain that before they start on what is sure to be a great triumphal progress through Greater Britain they will already have become Prince and Princess of Wales.

**The Royal Dutch Wedding.** There seems something almost tragic in the thought that, while this country is plunged in the deepest gloom, our near neighbours the Dutch should be in a state of extravagant jubilation. The Royal Orange Blossom, as the worthy Hollanders now style their little Queen, seems to be going through much the same kind of annoyance and difficulty which attended our own late Sovereign during the days which immediately preceded her marriage to Prince Albert. The Dutch people, while thoroughly approving of Queen Wilhelmina's marriage, would, it is whispered, have much preferred a Danish or even a Russian Prince to a German, and, as the State of Mecklenburg-Schwerin is still in an almost mediæval state of feudalism, some of the officials about the Court fear that Duke Henry will introduce all sorts of formal and stiff rules of etiquette—a state of affairs which would not at all suit those who have only had to deal with the kindly and simple Queen-Mother and the high-spirited and patriotic insular Sovereign, who, however dignified she may be in her relations with foreign potentates, always unbent completely to her people.

**Respect of the French for Queen Victoria.** In France, the news of the Queen's passing away was a veritable shock, for, in spite of those polemics, the relations of the French are closer with us than with any other people. For them also, and for them in particular, because of the instability of their own Government during the century past, the Queen was the symbol of what was most stable in the world. The President of the Republic on Jan. 23, cancelled all his social engagements, and paid a visit to the English Embassy, which visit Sir Edmund Monson an hour later returned. On his part, the President of the Council, M. Waldeck-Rousseau, at the opening of the Chamber on the same morning paid this tribute to the Queen: "Gentlemen,—In announcing to the Chamber the event which closes a reign associated with the history of nearly a century, the Government desires to bring its tribute to the homage of respect which the world renders to the memory of Queen Victoria; and, measuring the grief of the English nation by the affection which it owed to its Sovereign, it inclines with respect before the mourning which has fallen upon it." In the Senate, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, M. Delcassé, announced the event in these terms: "The Senate knows the mourning which has fallen upon England. The Government appreciates all the loss to the English nation from the disappearance of the Sovereign whose reign has cast an imperishable stamp upon the history of the world, and who by her qualities, by the practice of the rarest virtues, and by her long experience, had acquired even outside the limits of her Empire a particular authority, and merited universal respect." The English Church in Paris held on

THE CHAIR.

THE PRINCE OF WALES (NOW EDWARD VII.).



THE CHAIR.

QUEEN VICTORIA.

AN INTERESTING GROUP AT BALMORAL.



CHRISTENING OF THE PRINCE OF WALES AT ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR, JAN. 23, 1901.

Saturday two services, one of which representatives of the French Government attended.

The "Prince's" King Edward during his Double in Paris. many visits to Paris must have often smiled at the close resemblance to him of his "double" (remarks the Paris Correspondent of *The Sketch*). The man was—I may add, is—the complete and absolute counterpart of our Sovereign. I have seen him scores of times, and, whenever there was a chance of turning up at any festival of importance where the "Prince" might reasonably have been supposed to be present, he showed sign of life. Accordingly, the "Prince" found that in one evening he had occupied a box in two distinct theatres, and had, with his habitual courtesy,

congratulated two of the leading actors at the same time and in different quarters of the city. The actual Prince was severely itself (and even such a violent anti-English journal as *La Patrie* admits it) in his dealings with the French theatrical profession. He took little or no interest in the classical plays at the Français, but was devoted to all that showed the passing mind of to-day. If it pleased him, he

was roudy in his praise; but any play, however modern and fashionable it might be, that was based on a lower range of morality annoyed him, and he cut his cigar and lit it with the care of a connoisseur and strolled out, ignoring the howling of the lackeys.

**The Kings.** It would be unjust not to pay a tribute to the courtesy, and even reverence, that the French have paid to the Sovereigns who passed across French territory on their way to England for the funeral. The railway companies strained every nerve, and it is to be regretted that M. Emile Loubet found the policy of his country in such a cobwebbed state that he could not fulfil his wish and personally attend the funeral of Her Majesty.





HIS MAJESTY KING EDWARD VII AS A FIELD-MARSHAL.

LONG LIVE THE KING!

ONCE more we hear the words, long familiar in the land, of "Long live the King!" No Heir-Apparent of past times was ever so justly popular as was our new Sovereign before his recent Accession, and, in the midst of his many weighty cares, he can rest confident in the sympathy and understanding of the whole vast Empire over which he rules and over which the sun never sets.

A LITTLE PRINCE AT LAST!

Although the birth of the Princess Royal had been hailed with great rejoicings, as was natural, a Prince of Wales was even more eagerly looked for; accordingly, when on Nov. 9, 1841, the booming of the cannon announced to an expectant populace that the Queen had at last got a son and heir, great was the popular excitement and rejoicing.

At the time it was currently said that the venerable Duke of Wellington, who was one of the first admitted to the Queen's ante-chamber, asked the nurse, "Is it a boy?" only to receive the dignified answer, "It's a Prince, your Grace!"

A REGAL CHRISTENING.

The christening of the Prince of Wales took place two months and a-half after his birth—that is, on Jan. 25, 1842—the ceremony being celebrated, as pictured above, in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, the principal sponsor, the then King of Prussia, being actually present in person. Of His Majesty's sponsors, only one now survives, namely, his aunt, the venerable Dowager-Duchess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, who was represented at the christening by the late Duchess of Cambridge. Somewhat to the surprise of the old Royal Family, the Royal baby on whom so many hopes were centred received only two names—Albert, after his own father, and Edward, after the Queen's father, the Duke of Kent. The late Sovereign herself wrote a most touching account of her eldest son's christening. "It is impossible," so ran the words in the Queen's Journal, "to describe how beautiful and imposing the effect of the whole scene was in the fine old Chapel, with the banners, the music, and the light shining on the altar."

A QUIET CHILDHOOD.

The world was privileged to know curiously little of the future Monarch's childhood, for Queen Victoria and Prince Albert did not care that the fierce light which beats upon a throne should come too near their nurseries; accordingly, many Royal and notable visitors came and went to Windsor, and even Buckingham Palace, without even catching a glimpse of the little Prince of Wales; but Sir Charles Lyell, the great geologist, found him "a pleasing, lively boy," and he seems to have won the real affection of all those with whom he came in contact.

THE KING'S FIRST APPEARANCE.

The Prince of Wales was seven years old when he made his first appearance in public. The occasion was his parents' visit to Ireland. The warm-hearted Irish nation gave their future Sovereign a splendid ovation, and it is said that His Majesty has always retained a very affectionate and kindly recollection of this first visit to beautiful Erin. It was in the autumn of the same year, namely, in 1849, that the Prince was first seen by the citizens of London, for, notwithstanding his tender years, he actually represented his Sovereign mother at the opening of the Coal Exchange. The Royal party, which consisted of Prince Albert and the Princess Royal, as well as the Prince of Wales, travelled to the City from Westminster in a state-lodge, and the two Royal children's governess, Lady Lytton, has described the eventful day in a very amusing fashion, specially mentioning that, when some City Father addressed the lad as "The pledge and promise of a long race of Kings," "poor Princey did not seem to guess at all what he meant!"

HIS MAJESTY'S FIRST TUTOR.

It was about this time that the Prince of Wales was given over into the care of a tutor, Mr. Henry Birch, who, at the time of his being offered this responsible post of teacher to the future Sovereign, was one of the assistant-masters at Eton, himself an old Etonian and a man of the highest character and of the most amiable disposition. Long after he was



THE PRINCE OF WALES.



THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

grown up, the Prince of Wales remained on the most affectionate terms with his old friend and first tutor. Mr. Birch did not hold his responsible position many years, and when he finally resigned his post his Royal pupil showed him endless little signs of affection and regret. The Prince's next tutor was Mr. Frederick W. Gibbs, who retained his position till His Majesty was eighteen.

AN AMUSING STORY.

The Prince of Wales accompanied his parents during their historic visit to Paris in the August of 1855, and he and the Princess Royal had a most delightful time—indeed, it was said at the French Court that the young Prince so much enjoyed himself that he actually implored the beautiful Empress, who had been so kind a hostess to her young guests, to ask permission for them to stay on after their parents had gone. When Her Imperial Majesty remarked smilingly that Queen Victoria and Prince Albert would not be able to spare their two elder children, the little Prince answered eagerly, "Not so without us? Pray do not think that, for there are six more of us at home; they can do without us quite well for a little while"—a view which, however, did not find acceptance in the proper quarter.

THE ROYAL CONFIRMATION.

The future King received the rite of confirmation in the April of 1858, and among those asked to attend the ceremony were the three great statesmen of that day—Lord Palmerston, Lord Russell, and Lord Derby. On the previous day, the Prince of Wales was examined by the Archbishop of Canterbury in the presence of his parents, and, according to Prince Albert, "Bertie acquitted himself extremely well."

THE KING'S FIRST OFFICIAL RESIDENCE.

Few people are aware that our present Sovereign first began his independent existence at White Lodge, Richmond Park, and even now the delightful suite of rooms which was fitted up for him still bears the name he then adorned. At the time, His Majesty was only eighteen, and it was arranged, in order that he might not be lonely, that three young men of high birth, breeding, and character should share his bachelor establishment; two of them were soldiers—Major Teesdale, the hero of the siege of Kaz, and Major Lindsay, V.C., whose extraordinary valour at Inkermann had aroused the admiration of the whole nation; the third of the Prince's companions was Lord Valletort.

HIS MAJESTY'S LEGAL MAJORITY.

Nov. 9, 1858, was an eventful day in the Monarch's life, for, on entering his eighteenth year on that date, he, as Prince of Wales, attained his legal majority. It was on this occasion that the Queen sent her son the epistle which was said by Greville to be "one of the most admirable letters that ever was penned," and so touched was the Royal recipient that he brought it to General Wellesley, who happened to be with him at the time, with tears in his eyes, expressing himself not only deeply moved, but determined to carry out the precepts therein inculcated.

THE KING'S CANADIAN TOUR.

The future King was only eighteen when his parents decided that he should make a tour of the Dominion of Canada. During the Crimean War, the Canadian Parliament had levied and equipped a regiment of infantry, and it was felt that, as the Sovereign could not herself pay a visit to the Colony, her Heir-Apparent should go in her place. The moment the approaching tour became known, the then President of the United States, Mr. Buchanan, wrote to Her Majesty and begged that she would allow the Prince to extend his tour through the United States, and this was accordingly arranged. The Prince landed at St. John's, Newfoundland, on July 24, 1860, and from thenceforward his tour through his future Transatlantic possessions was one long, unbroken triumph. The sight of the Prince of Wales aroused the wildest enthusiasm, and as he went along the Canadian women shouted after him, "God bless your pretty face, and send you a good and beautiful bride to keep it company!"—an aspiration which was certainly fulfilled to the letter.





HER MAJESTY QUEEN ALEXANDRA AT HER WRITING-TABLE.

**THE FUTURE KING AND GEORGE WASHINGTON.**

One of the most picturesque incidents of the then Prince of Wales's tour in the United States was his visit to Mount Vernon, in order to see the tomb of George Washington. His Royal Highness planted a chestnut close to the historic spot; and, as the *Times* eloquently said, "It seemed, when the Royal youth closed in the earth around the little germ, that he was burying the last faint trace of discord between us and our great brethren in the West."

**HIS MAJESTY ON SHORT RATIONS.**

On the Prince's voyage home from America, a sudden storm arose, and so delayed the *Hero*, on which the Royal party were, that everybody, including it is said, the future King, was reduced to salt fare, there being only a few days' rations left. Meanwhile, those at home were naturally very anxious, and two men-of-war were sent to seek for the missing *Hero*, which, however, to the great relief of all concerned, reached Plymouth safely almost a month after she had sailed from America.

**EDWARD VII. AS AN UNDERGRADUATE.**

While the Prince of Wales was still in his teens, *Punch* published some amusing lines, entitled "A Prince at High Pressure," of which one verse ran—

Dipped in grey Oxford mixture (that that poor a fixture),  
The poor lad's to be planged in less orthodox Cam;  
When dynamics and statics and pure mathematics  
Will be piled on his brain's neural cargo of cam.

At Oxford the Prince was at Christ Church; at Cambridge he was made a member of historic Trinity College, and there he was for a while the pupil of Charles Kingsley. While at College he led very much the same life as did the other young men of his own age, with the one exception that he did not live in College or in lodgings, but with his Governor, Colonel the Hon. Robert Bruce.

**HIS MAJESTY AT THE CURRACH.**

During the Long Vacation the Prince went on military duty to the Curragh, where he was visited by his parents, the Prince Consort spending his last birthday in Ireland. The Prince of Wales accompanied his father and mother to Killarney, and, shortly after, His Royal Highness went to Germany, when took place the memorable first meeting between himself and the lovely Danish Princess who is now His Majesty's Queen Consort.

**A ROMANTIC ROYAL MEETING.**

The story goes that the Prince of Wales met his future wife in the fine old Cathedral of Worms, and in an accidental fashion. A formal call was to have been exchanged the next day, but the Prince and his Equerry, while wandering through the beautiful aisles of the Cathedral, suddenly came across another couple of eighteens—a fine-looking, middle-aged man accompanied by a lovely girl. These were Prince Christian of Denmark and his eldest daughter. The future King seems

to have fallen in love at first sight, and, shortly after, the two young people had many opportunities of becoming really acquainted with one another at Heidelberg, where the Prince was staying with his eldest sister; and in the Prince Consort's diary we find the significant entry that "the young people seem to have taken a warm liking for each other."



THE PRINCE OF WALES AND PRINCESS ALICE.



PRINCE AND PRINCESS WITH FOUR CHILDREN.

**A DARK CHAPTER IN THE MONARCH'S LIFE.**

Almost immediately after came the darkest chapter in our Monarch's life; that is, the death of his beloved father, an event which occurred with terrible suddenness. The Queen, prostrated by grief, had already retired to Osborne, when her eldest son found himself in the sad, responsible position of acting as chief mourner at the Prince Consort's funeral. Prince Alfred being, unfortunately, absent from the kingdom, His Royal Highness was supported by Prince Arthur; and all those present at the stately pageant were much moved at the terrible grief of the two brothers—

indeed, so distressed was the Prince of Wales that it was felt that something must be done to distract him from his sorrow, and, with the Queen's full consent, it was arranged that he should pay a visit to the Holy Land.

**EDWARD I. AND EDWARD VII.**

Very interesting is it now to recall the fact that not since the days of Edward I. had the Heir to the British Throne visited Palestine, and it was arranged that the Prince of Wales and Dr. Stanley—who accompanied him on this most interesting tour—should strictly follow in the footsteps of the first Edward and of Richard Coeur-de-Lion. It was characteristic of our present Sovereign that, wherever he went, he carefully collected various souvenirs, including the flowers indigenous to each place, for his mother and sisters. His Majesty has retained the

most agreeable recollections of his Eastern tour, which was a fitting prelude to the event which immediately followed, namely, his marriage.

**THE VIKING'S DAUGHTER FROM OVER THE SEA.**

Now that Queen Alexandra is so deeply enshrined in the hearts of the British people, it is strange to think how little her personality was known in the days that immediately preceded her arrival in this country. Princess Alexandra of Denmark was the great-niece of the late Duchess of Cambridge, but she had only once visited England, and it was in Belgium that she was first presented to Queen Victoria. During the Royal engagement, she accompanied her father to Osborne, but,



as the British Court was in the deepest mourning, the future Queen did not then go to London or take part in any public function.

**HAPPY OMEGA.**

The marriage of the Heir-Apparent aroused the greatest enthusiasm, and

Alfred Tennyson, the Poet Laureate, faithfully voiced the popular feeling in his charming verses beginning—

Clash, ye bells, in the merry March air!  
Flash, ye cities, in rivers of fire!  
And welcome her, welcome the land's hour,  
Alexandria.

**THEIR MAJESTIES' WEDDING.**

The marriage of the Heir-Apparent to Princess Alexandra was the first Royal wedding celebrated in St. George's Chapel since that of Henry I., in 1122, and March 10, 1863, was, as most of us are aware, the memorable date of this, for the British people, most anxious day. The beautiful bride—a vision of loveliness—wore an orthodox white satin and lace wedding-gown, and her splendid train of silver moure-antique was carried by her eight bridesmaids, who are all, it is pleasant to recall, married and still living. Her Majesty's engagement-ring, which has always been worn by her since the day it was placed on her finger by the then Prince of Wales, consists of a beryl, an emerald, a ruby, a turquoise, a jacinth, and a second emerald; the initials of the royal spelling; His Majesty's intimate family-name of "Bertie." The Royal honeymoon was spent at Osborne, which thus has many happy as well as sad associations for their Majesties.

**EARLY YEARS OF MARRIED LIFE.**

During the years that followed their marriage, the Prince and Princess of Wales—to give them their old names—lived a very happy, busy life, both being devoted to the lovely group of children who quickly came to fill the Royal nurseries. Intensely interested in all kinds of philanthropic and social schemes for the amelioration of their future people, we catch many a glimpse of their united, well-filled existences in contemporary biographies and narratives. One story which shows how proud the Prince was of his wife used to be told by a lady well known in Oxford society. During the visit paid by the Royal couple to the University, the Prince approached his hostess and asked her pleasantly of what she was thinking. "I was looking at your beautiful Princess," she answered, after a moment's hesitation. "Yes, I think she really is very pretty," was the naive and delighted answer.

**THEIR MAJESTIES' FIRST JOINT VISIT TO IRELAND.**

The Prince and Princess of Wales visited Ireland five years after their marriage, and met with an enthusiastic reception, the lovely Princess being presented shortly after her arrival with a pair of white doves, which carefully brought home to Sandringham, because the forerunners of a whole covey. It was on their return journey that their Majesties also paid their first visit to Wales, making a pause at the famous Castle of Carnarvon, the birthplace of the first Prince of Wales, a son of Edward I.

**THEIR MAJESTIES IN EGYPT.**

The fact that their Majesties made a most interesting Egyptian tour is forgotten by now. They did so, however, during the winter of 1869, and their journey in Northern Africa comprised a trip up the Nile in a state dahabieh, aptly named by the then Viceroy the "Alexandria."

**A TERRIBLE ADVENTURE.**

It was during the royal progress up the Nile that their Majesties ran one of the greatest dangers of their lives. One night, the Prince of Wales became aware that there was something on fire. Hurrying his Consort and her Lady-in-Waiting on to the shore, he and his suite—which included Prince Louis of Battenberg—hastened to put out the conflagration, which was already assuming large proportions. It was said at the time that, had not the Prince given the alarm, awful results might have come to pass, for the dahabieh was of wood, and there were also a great number of cartridges on board, the expedition being one undertaken principally for sport. It was during this tour in the Near East that their Majesties saw the Suez Canal, being received by the late M. de Lesseps.

**THE KING'S ONE GREAT ILLNESS.**

His Majesty has undoubtedly a very fine constitution, for during the whole course of his life he has had only one serious illness, that which laid him low in 1871. It was exactly ten years after the Prince Consort's terrible illness that the nation became aware that the much-loved and popular Prince of Wales was being seriously ill of the same dread disease which had carried off his father. Anxious nights and days followed. His Majesty was nursed solely by the Princess of Wales and by his sister, the Princess Alice, assisted by an experienced Nurse from St. Bartholomew's Hospital. It was then that the Queen was summoned to Sandringham. Her Majesty's first visit to her eldest son's Norfolk home took place on Nov. 29, and on Dec. 1 there seemed a slight rally—indeed, the Royal patient, recovering consciousness, made to those about him the touching remark, "This is the Princess's birthday."

The Queen returned to Windsor, only, however, to be summoned again in a very few days, and the *Times* made the ominous statement: "His Royal Highness still lives, and we may still, therefore, hope." Indeed, on one evening, great crowds were gathered before St. Paul's Cathedral waiting for the tolling to begin which would tell an anxious world that the worst had come to pass. Most happily, a turn for the better took place, and on the 14th December, the tenth anniversary of the Prince Consort's lamented death. By Christmas Day all dangers were considered as at an end, and on December 26th the Queen wrote a touching letter to the nation, expressing her deep thankfulness at her son's recovery, and gratitude at the wonderful outburst of affection and loyalty which his serious illness had aroused throughout the whole Empire.

At the time it was said in medical circles that the future Sovereign owed his really wonderful recovery to Dr. (afterwards Sir) William Gull, the famous doctor who, though then still young, was taking an active part in the management of the Royal case. The Prince, according to this story, seemed to be absolutely dying, when Gull, by a sudden inspiration, sent for a bottle of the very best brandy, and rubbed the patient with it vigorously till returning animation rewarded his efforts. After the Prince's recovery, Sir William Jenner, his principal physician, was given a "K.C.B.," and Dr. Gull was created a Baronet.

**OUR DEVOTED QUEEN ALEXANDRA.**

During the Prince's illness his noble-hearted Princess behaved with extraordinary courage—indeed, as was semi-officially communicated to the Press, "Her Royal Highness is bearing her great trial in an admirable manner and with singular equanimity, and, while thoroughly aware of the Prince's serious illness, Her Royal Highness has throughout been calm and collected." There remains in the Parish Church of Sandringham a touching memento of Queen Alexandra's gratitude for her husband's safe recovery—

To the Glory of God,  
A Thank-offering by His Mercy,  
ALEXANDRA.

"When I was in trouble, I called upon the Lord, and He heard me."

**THANKSGIVING DAY, 1872.**

Shortly after the Prince of Wales's recovery, it was arranged that, on Feb. 25, the Queen, accompanied by her Heir and his Princess, should proceed in State to St. Paul's to publicly render thanks for the future King's recovery. The congregation consisted of thirteen thousand notables of all ranks and conditions, but, wonderful and impressive as was the scene in the City Cathedral, even more remarkable was what was witnessed in the streets of London. As the Royal cortege passed by at



THE WEDDING OF THE PRINCE OF WALES AND PRINCESS ALEXANDRA AT ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR, 09 MARCH 10, 1863.



HIS MAJESTY KING EDWARD VII. AT HIS DESK.



THE PRINCE OF WALES BRINGS PRINCESS ALEXANDRA AS BRIDE TO LONDON: THE ROYAL PROCESSION IN THE STRAND, WEST OF TEMPLE BAR.

one point, thirty thousand children sang the National Anthem, and hundreds of thousands turned out to cheer their Queen and her son, KAISER-I-HIND.

At the present moment, when His Majesty Edward VII. is being proclaimed throughout his vast Eastern Empire as "Kaiser-i-Hind," Emperor of India, it is interesting to recall the tour made by him in the year 1875. The then Viceroy, Lord Northbrook, had the honor of entertaining his future Sovereign, but His Royal Highness travelled as Heir-Apparent, and not as representative of his august mother. Among well-known and popular members of his suite were the late Duke of Sutherland, Lord Carrington, Lord Charles Beresford, Sir Dighton Probyn, Canon Duckworth, and Sir Joseph Fayer, while the veteran War Correspondent, Sir William Russell, represented the Press, a fact which resulted in an admirable account of the tour.

His Majesty started on Oct. 11, and he proceeded on the *Scrapia*, one of the old Indian troopships, to Greece and Egypt. From the moment the Prince of Wales landed in Bombay, nothing could exceed the unbounded enthusiasm and delight of natives belonging to every caste and condition; and, in addition to taking part at endless ceremonies and visiting all the principal cities of India, he also saw something of Eastern sport, taking part in a cheetah hunt and a pig-sticking expedition.





THEIR MAJESTIES KING EDWARD VII. AND QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

INCIDENTS OF THE TOUR.

A charming incident occurred during the commencement of the Prince's Indian tour. Just after his arrival at Bombay, His Majesty celebrated his thirty-fourth birthday, and the first thing which met his eyes on the morning of that day was a new portrait of his beautiful Princess, which had been secretly brought by a member of his suite, Sir Bartle Frere, who was acting in this matter on behalf of Her Royal Highness. The same day, after holding a *darbar*, the Prince went to the *Scorpio* and saw the crew enjoy a splendid birthday-dinner provided by himself.

RETURN FROM THE EAST.

The then Prince of Wales left Bombay for home on March 13, having travelled during the four months spent by him on Indian soil eight thousand miles; he was also said to have seen more in that time of Her Majesty's Eastern Dominion than any living Englishman. On his way home, our present Sovereign again made a short stay in Egypt, whence he went to Gibraltar and Spain.

NATIVE INDIA'S QUEENLY WELCOME.

The future King was, as has been said, welcomed with enthusiasm by the natives of India, and, as is the habit with the educated Parsee, many poems were published in his honour; one which excited great amusement among the British readers of the paper in which it appeared began—

Hail! Hail! Our hundred hails,  
To the mighty Prince of Wales!

Yet another "poem" written in the future Sovereign's honour attempted to describe his prowess as a sportsman—

He will beautifully shoot  
Many a Royal tiger brute;  
Turning on their backs they'll die,  
Shot in the apple of the eye!

A Christian native of the Madras Presidency wrote a hymn in the Royal visitor's honour, which began with the verse—

Praise the Lord, my soul, O!  
Praise His name always!  
May He bless the Princess,  
And her husband, Wales!

A SAD BEREAVEMENT.

The year 1878 is marked with a black stone in the Royal calendar, for it was then that their Majesties lost their beloved sister, Princess Alice, Grand Duchess of Hesse; and in the following June came the tragic death of the Prince Imperial, in whom the Heir-Apparent had always taken a most keen and affectionate interest—indeed, it was by His Majesty's own wish that he and his Royal brothers acted as pall-bearers at the French Prince's splendid funeral.

THEIR MAJESTIES' SILVER WEDDING.

On March 10, 1888, the future King and Queen's Silver Wedding was celebrated. Unfortunately, the old German Emperor, William I., died on the 9th, and everything in the way of public rejoicing had, of course, to be countermanded. The day, however, was celebrated with great rejoicings at Marlborough House, Queen Victoria herself driving there to offer her congratulations in person to her beloved eldest son and his Consort. Her Majesty cherishes among her dearest possessions the cross of diamonds and rubies given to her by her husband as his present, and in her boudoir is always kept the charming silver model of "Vivie," her favourite nurse, which formed the gift on the same occasion of her own and the present King's five children.

THE KING'S ELDEST BROTHER-IN-LAW.

On Jan. 14 of the same year, our King had the great sorrow of losing his eldest brother-in-law, "Frederick the Noble," between whom and himself there had always existed a strong bond of brotherly affection. The Prince of Wales, as he then was, hastened to Berlin in order to console his favourite sister.

THE FIRST BREAK IN THEIR MAJESTIES' FAMILY CIRCLE.

In 1889 occurred the first break in the future Sovereign's family circle. It was, however, a happy break only, caused by the engagement and marriage of his eldest daughter, Princess Louise of Wales, to the Duke—then Earl—of Fife. The wedding was celebrated on July 27, and formed the occasion of a great gathering. It was the first Royal function of the kind at which a plain Esquire acted as best man, the fortunate individual being Mr.—now Lord—Fitzkings. The following spring, on May 17, the Prince and Princess of Wales became for the first time grandparents, the Duchess of Fife giving birth to the little daughter who is now known as Lady Alexandra Duff.

HER MAJESTY'S HALF-CENTURY.

The following autumn, the Prince of Wales celebrated, amid universal good wishes, his fiftieth birthday, and, on this occasion, the theatrical managers of London, who owe so much to the King's patronage and intelligent appreciation of the stage, presented the Heir-Apparent with a fine gold cigar-box weighing over a hundred ounces.

THE KING OF PLAYGOERS.

Edward VII. has always been a very kind friend to "the profession"—indeed, in the past thirty years it has been said that the Prince of Wales has done more good for dramatic art in this country than any other personage past or present save Shakespeare! His Majesty has been a playgoer for something like fifty years, for he assisted at dramatic performances when he was quite a child. To take but one example of this fact, he was present at Macready's Farewell in the year 1851, and among his most treasured recollections of the stage are his having seen the great Rachel in her prime, when she was acting at the old St. James's Theatre. During the Franco-Prussian War, when the Comédie-Française emigrated bodily to this country, they found a warm and kind-hearted supporter in the generous Heir-Apparent of these realms.

THE KING AS AN ACTOR.

It will probably surprise many people to learn that His Majesty is not only a very excellent amateur actor—as a child, he very often took part in small dramatic performances before his parents—but that he has completely mastered the art of "making-up"; and he is said to be one of the best, as he is one of the most sympathetic, of critics. Several famous plays have been produced at Sandringham. Some fourteen years ago, Mr. Charles Wyndham played there "David Garrick"; and, two years later, Sir Henry Irving and Miss Ellen Terry had the honour of playing in "The Bells" and in the Trial Scene of "The Merchant of Venice" before the Queen, who was then paying a visit to the Prince and Princess of Wales in their Norfolk home. At Sandringham, also, was played "A Pair of Spectacles" by Mr. Hare.

EDWARD VII. A FREEMASON.

Curiously few reigning Sovereigns have belonged to the ancient Craft of Freemasonry, although the Sovereign's great-uncle, George IV., was installed Grand Master, when he was still Prince of Wales, and the late Queen's father, the Duke of Kent, was, in his day, a noted Freemason. The King was first initiated in 1868, the ceremony taking place in Sweden; but His Majesty was not elected Grand Master of England till the resignation of the Marquis of Ripon, just twenty-six



THE PRINCESS OF WALES IN 1872.



THE PRINCE OF WALES AS A GUARDSMAN.





THE WEDDING OF THE DUKE OF YORK AND PRINCESS MAY AT THE CHAPEL ROYAL, ST. JAMES'S PALACE, ON JULY 8, 1893.



HIS MAJESTY KING EDWARD VII.



A FAVORITE PORTRAIT OF QUEEN ALEXANDRA.



QUEEN VICTORIA'S FAVORITE POMERANIAN DOG, FOUNDED BY HER MAJESTY DURING THE CLOSING DAYS OF HER LIFE.

years ago. It is possible that His Majesty will, during the next twelve months, preside over a great meeting of Masons. He has already done so on two occasions, both functions taking place in the Royal Albert Hall—the first during Jubilee Year, 1887, and the second just ten years later, when nearly ten thousand numbers were present, and close upon £140,000 was subscribed for the new Masonic Institution for Boys.

**THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF CLARENCE.**

In 1892, just nine years ago, a terrible blow befell not only our future King and Queen, but also the nation, by the death of the high-minded and amiable Duke of Clarence. His Royal Highness fell ill on Jan. 9, and only five days later the news of his death overwhelmed the Empire in mourning. The intense affection with which their Majesties were even then regarded by the whole of the English-speaking world was touchingly shown by the messages and letters they received from every quarter of the globe, one such message of condolence being actually forwarded them by the captive Zulu chiefs then at St. Helena.

**THE KING AND THE WORKING CLASSES.**

The following year—that is, in 1893—our King became a member of the Royal Commission on the Housing of the Poor, and this gave him a good opportunity of making himself well acquainted with the life and conditions of the least fortunate of his subjects—indeed, as is well known, His Majesty is familiar with some of the poorest and most miserable quarters of the great city of London, for, during the period he sat on the Commission he visited all those places which he thought would make him better grasp the subject under discussion. The fact that the Prince of Wales had for many, many years been a subscriber to those agencies which particularly interest themselves in working men and their

lives is not known. To give an instance: His Majesty on one occasion, at great personal inconvenience, made a point of visiting an Exhibition, presided by a number of working-men of East London, which he had heard was likely to become unsuccessful for lack of public notice. His visit and the great interest he took in the exhibits became widely known, and made success a failure.

**THE KING AS A SPORTSMAN.**

It is to be hoped that the cares of State will not prevent the Sovereign from continuing to indulge in his love of sport. His Majesty is a fervent shot, and, though probably the great shoots which were one of the features of his life at Sandringham as Prince of Wales are things of the past, it is quite likely that, now, much more attention will be paid to the Windsor preserves than has lately been the case. While at Balmoral, which is said to have been settled by Queen Victoria on the reigning Sovereign in part in settlement with the Crown, His Majesty and the Duke of Cornwall and York will have many opportunities of deer-stalking.

**EDWARD VII AND THE "SPORT OF KINGS."**

Many years have gone by since the then Prince of Wales first became actively interested in racing, and among his pleasant memories is the enthusiasm with which was greeted his winning the Derby with Persimmon in 1896. Although the then Prince of Wales had long taken an active interest in racing, it was not till comparatively lately that he took a really great part in the "Sport of Kings." In 1890, His Majesty's winnings were only £700; the next year they had run up to £1000. Then his fortunes fluctuated till 1895, when the Royal Stables were £2000, and the future King's income stood tenth in the





PROCLAMATION OF KING EDWARD VII. IN IRELAND: AT THE CASTLE GATES, DUBLIN, ON JAN. 24.

list of winning owners. There is something rather sad in the thought that His Majesty may never be able to ride his cob on to the Heath and watch the morning gallops at Newmarket, but it is pleasant to think that he can look back on having won the "Blue Ribbon" of the Turf.

**EDWARD VII. AND HIS LOVE OF RUSSIA.**

Our new Sovereign has always been extremely fond of the great Russian Empire and of his Russian friends. For his brother-in-law, the late Czar, he cherished a profound affection, and he was naturally much gratified when he learnt that his niece, Princess Alix of Hesse, was to wed the Princess of Wales's nephew, the then Czarowitch. Accordingly, it was with the deepest grief that the then Prince of Wales and his Consort, almost immediately after the betrothal, were summoned to Livadia to attend the death-bed of Alexander III. Although they travelled night and day, they arrived too late; but the Russian nation will not soon forget that Edward the Seventh's fifty-third birthday was spent in deep mourning at Livadia, or that the then Prince of Wales, closely identified himself during the sad days that followed with Russia's national mourning. The Prince and Princess were present at the Czar's funeral ceremonies and at the young Czar's quietly celebrated marriage a few days later.

**THE KING AND HIS MOTHER'S DIAMOND JUBILEE.**

The then Prince of Wales naturally played a great part in the Jubilee festivities of 1897, and it was noticed by the great officials about the Court that all the arrangements were, by the Queen's desire, submitted for his approval. His Majesty has always been a remarkably good organiser, and that everything connected with that great and glorious function passed off without a hitch was undoubtedly greatly owing to his untiring efforts; while His Majesty also raised an enduring monument of the Jubilee by founding the Prince of Wales's Hospital Fund for London. Perhaps the most interesting of the Jubilee functions, in addition to that which took place on the Jubilee Day itself, was the Naval Review at Spithead, where the Heir Apparent represented his Queen Mother. On the occasion of her Diamond Jubilee, Queen Victoria appointed her eldest son to be Great Master and Principal Knight Grand Cross of the Most Noble Order of the Bath.

**THE NEW KING AS MASTER.**

One of the most beautiful traits in Her late Majesty's character was her faithful care and affection for those who had spent their lives in her service. Edward VII. inherits this fine trait of his venerated mother's character, and to say that he is adored by those who serve him is no exaggeration. Some years ago, when Macdonald, an old servant of the Prince Consort's who afterwards passed into the service of the then Prince of Wales, died in the pretty cottage at Sandringham which had been bestowed on him by his Royal master, both the Prince and Princess attended the funeral and laid wreaths on his coffin. And no one is more thoughtful in times of distress and sickness than is the King—indeed, on more than one occasion, when some personal bereavement has befallen his Private Secretaries, he has even, when his doing so has put him to the greatest inconvenience, released them from duty and done his correspondence himself.

**HER MAJESTY AND HER SERVANTS.**

Queen Alexandra has never missed an opportunity of showing a touching gratitude to those who have in any way served her. Some years ago, she sat up many nights tending with a dying servant who had been with her as a bride, and who had been, later, employed in the Royal nurseries; and she is as considerate concerning the well-being and health of even the humblest members of her household as was the late Sovereign.

**AN UP-TO-DATE SOVEREIGN.**

The King's interest in all up-to-date inventions has been strikingly shown during the last few years by His Majesty's interest in motoring and in motor-cars—indeed, the King was one of the first to make use of motor-tricycles, and he has lately become the possessor of a fine automobile car. There is scarce a new invention, from that which makes easier the lot of the agricultural labourer to that which bears on the reproduction of colour by photography, which has not been very soon brought under the notice of our new Sovereign; and, whenever his doing so would give an impetus of a useful nature to an invention obviously of public value, His Majesty has never been backward in doing all he could to promote its success by all means—and they are many—which lie in his power.



PROCLAMATION OF KING EDWARD VII. IN SCOTLAND: AT THE MERCAT CROSS, EDINBURGH, ON JAN. 22.





THE LATE PRINCE CONSORT'S SARCOPHAGUS; THE RESTING-PLACE OF QUEEN VICTORIA IS ON THE FAR SIDE OF THE MONUMENT.



THE MAUSOLEUM AT FROGMORE, WHERE THE BODY OF QUEEN VICTORIA LIES BY THE SIDE OF THE PRINCE CONSORT.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

"Life is Death"—*Nil nisi bonum*—Spectacular Armies—A Lean Year—*Carissimæ de Successione*—Eternals—"Her" Myriad Monuments.

IT is a curious clashing of mourning and rejoicing. Royal telegrams contain condolence and congratulation in a single sentence; in the midst of death we are in life. And even still the words, "the King," are unfamiliar enough to give the newspapers the historical air of a century ago. Curious also is the coincidence of important events in the Courts of Europe. Almost simultaneously with the funeral of the English Sovereign, St. Petersburg celebrates the restoration of its Czar to life, and a King-Consort of Holland is created by the wedding of this week at The Hague.

To imagine that the absolutely unanimous chorus of praise of the late Queen is the result of her being the Queen is not hard to prove wrong. A reputable English paper of the time, the *Weekly Dispatch*, spoke (on the death of George IV., of his having "possessed all the crimes and vices of his father, with the addition of every gross and sensual propensity which can degrade an individual nature." And the liberty of the Press is greater now. Yet not an editor to-day but speaks in extraordinary terms of the virtues of Queen Victoria. Had there been one, ill would it have fared with him at the hands of his fellow-countrymen. The late Queen may even prove to be stronger than ever in death, and to have created what she could not create in life—an Anglo-French *entente*. There is, indeed, an armistice in international jealousies.

For a year we have from the height of our experience derided the poor English officer, his talloring and upholstering, his profound knowledge of superficialities. Perhaps, it needed a grand military pageant to recall to us the value of the spectacular side of the Service. The importance of externals is immense; there are scientific explanations of the fact—too deep for the pages of *The Sketch*. The dead Queen at least thought so much of them as to wish to be buried like a soldier, with all the pomp and circumstance of war. For the moment we may perhaps have been carried too far in the fetish of technical training and business-like soldiering, taught us, God knows! bitterly enough. Are we in danger of forgetting such military facts as *esprit de corps*, morale, and regimental pride, which Napoleon looked upon as three times as important as physical force?

The demise of the Queen has followed on a year and a-half of war. The rush for mourning will do nothing to make up for the absence of a Season, Bond Street, Piccadilly, and the neighbourhoods peopled by the leisured classes have been a city of the dead. A year hence every thing will revive. The King's income will be increased, and enough is known of King Edward to assure us of a "good time coming." The presence of the Sovereign as the centre of London Society is expected to narrow the world of fashion—which, indeed, wears narrowing—and lessen the commercialism which has pervaded it since the late Queen withdrew herself from public.

One hears apologies for the slip of speaking of the King (whom an American paper calls "a true Fishman," with typical accuracy) as "the Prince of Wales." There is no slip. He has not ceased to be Prince of Wales by his elevation to the Throne, though the Duke of York, by being created Prince of Wales, should cease *ipso facto* to be Duke of York, according to precedent. And the Prince's title could even be given to someone else, for was not Queen Elizabeth, Princess of Wales? The Cape Colony Dutch, by-the-by, argue that their oaths of neutrality were to Queen Victoria, not King Edward; and that they are free again! Thus does the pious Dutchman split straw with his conscience. Yet it is encouraging to find him even take this trouble where a mere oath of allegiance is involved.

In the well-informed French Press, the choice of the name Edward is variously interpreted as a reminiscence of Edward VI. and a guarantee of Church reform (!), and as a promise of the tyrannical rule of Edward III. (a course which our knowledge of the Sovereign's character obviously leads us to expect). The *raison d'être* is, of course, prestige. His Majesty's position is (if possible) strengthened by his descent from his Royal namesake who reigned a thousand years ago and whose grandfather was first King of England. We English love the old-fashioned. When the Queen was so anxious to have the Prince Consort created King, she was told by her advisers, "If you get the English people used to making Kings, you will get them used to unmaking them."

For the great Monument to Queen Victoria, the subscriptions, though from an Empire drained by war, should be enormous. But if ever could be said "Si monumentum queris circumspice," it is here. Even the universal air of gloom, which will take months to efface, and the mourning, which will be visible much longer, proclaim it. There is the former colony of Victoria to perpetuate the name, an immense African lake, a great London railway-station, and (to say nothing of the use of "Victoria" as a Christian-name) innumerable streets, ships, towns, halls and other buildings, hospitals, societies, engineering triumphs, and the thousand million coins in circulation impressed with the portrait of the dead Queen—and the memory of a good woman to be preserved for life and handed on to their descendants by one-third of the inhabitants of the globe.

WILL ROWAN.

A NEW STORY OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

During one of the early visits of the Queen and Prince Albert to Holywood Palace, the Royal Steward found one Sunday that he had no biscuits for luncheon. A messenger sent to the city found his way to the premises of a baker and confectioner in Queen Street, and arriving the occupant, who lived in the rooms over his shop, of Her Majesty's requirements, was told that the baker would not open his shop on Sunday to any customer, Royal or otherwise. At the instance of the official deputed it his duty to acquaint Her Majesty with the non-success of his messenger. The Queen felt annoyed that the shopman should be disturbed on Sunday, and on the following day caused an apology to be made to him, at the same time ordering a box of the biscuits to be sent to the Palace. When supplied, Her Majesty jocularly remarked to the Prince Consort, "Those biscuits are very fine; in the future we must call them the 'Albert biscuits,'" and the tradesman and his successors have ever since enjoyed Royal patronage.





*The Graphic, February 9th, 1901.*

QUEEN VICTORIA'S FUNERAL: THE COFFIN ON THE GUN-CARRIAGE LEAVING OSBORNE HOUSE









THE KING AND THE ROYAL FAMILY FOLLOWING THE GUN-CARRIAGE  
THE PROCESSION FROM OSBORNE TO TRINITY PIER EAST COWES

a greeting to the Ruling Chiefs of the Native States and to the millions of subjects in that country. The Queen-Empress, said the King, displayed an unwavering interest in India. "It was to be her wish and with her sanction that I visited India and made myself personally acquainted with the Ruling Chiefs, the people, and the cities of that ancient and famous Empire. I shall never forget the deep impressions which I then received, and I shall endeavour to follow the great example of the first Queen-Empress to work for the general well-being of my Indian subjects of all ranks, and to merit, as she did, their unflinching loyalty and affection."

DEPARTURE OF ROYALTIES AFTER THE FUNERAL

With this fitting end to the mournful pageant the British Court turns a fresh page of its history. One by one the foreign Royal mourners and representatives have taken their departure, bearing with them the gratitude of the nation for the tribute of respect paid by every country of the globe. To go back again for a moment, immediately after the solemn ceremonies of Saturday King Edward passed into Windsor Castle as its new master, to act as host for the first time in the official home of the British Monarchs. There was the duty of entertaining the mass of guests, His Majesty and

the Royalties taking lunch in the big dining-room, while other visitors adjourned to St. George's Hall, where a buffet was arranged. Then came various leave-takings, as some of the foreign Royalties, like the Austrian Archduke Francis Ferdinand, the Crown Prince of Sweden, Prince Arnulph of Bavaria, and the Duke of Wurtemberg were going home at once. Most of the other guests speedily went back to town after a formal reception and thanks from the King, but the German Emperor, with his son and brother, the Kings of the Belgians, Portugal, and Greece, the Tsarevitch, and all the German Princes closely related to Queen Victoria, remained at Windsor, besides the whole of the British Royal Family. All the foreign Royalties—Leopold of Belgium and Carlos of Portugal excepted, being Roman Catholics—accompanied the King and Queen, with the Royal family, to St. George's Chapel, on Sunday morning, where a special service was held and the Bishop of Oxford preached. The German Emperor and his son remained until Tuesday, when they came up from Windsor with the King, and passing through London, embarked at Port Victoria on board the imperial yacht "Hohenzollern," which took them to Flushing.



WATCHING THE PROGRESS OF THE PROCESSION THROUGH THE FLEET FROM SOUTHEAST BEACH

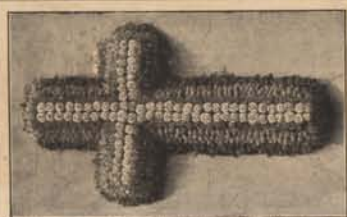




The King and Queen, the Ottoman Emperor, and other members of the Royal Family attend Divine Services on the Sunday before the funeral at Whippingham Church, when the Bishop of Winchester presided.  
SUNDAY MORNING AT WHIPPINGHAM CHURCH - THE ROYAL PARTY LEAVING AFTER THE SERVICE

AN epilogue of exceeding solemnity and impressiveness has been written to the story of Queen Victoria's glorious reign. The memory of her funeral obsequies will go down to generations of Englishmen as worthy a record of her unparalleled life and of the might and majesty of the colossal Empire which had grown out of her fostering care and wise rule. As a piece of symbolical pageantry nothing could have been more fitting, nothing more artistically or more sympathetically contrived. That wonderful tribute of the sea when the Royal bier was transported along the golden track of the setting sun, through an avenue of the iron fortresses which are at once the emblems and the instruments of Britain's Imperial power, and amid the funeral cadences of booming guns, seems to come to us straight from the age of mythic giants. And yet how pathetically does it illustrate the vast power wielded by the simple goodness of a gentle and loving woman. And that Royal progress through the streets of London, with its interminable hosts of grey-coated warriors, and its splendid cortège of Kings and Princes! It was, perhaps, more conventional than the naval pageant, but it was a right Imperial function nevertheless, and it said well all that the Empire wished to say in the supreme moment of its farewell. But all this, great as it was, was, after all, mere symbol. The real funeral cortège was supplied by the innumerable millions who stood silent and hunched as it passed, who thronged the churches in every corner of the realm, who reverently abstained from work through the wide expanses of Continent and in the thousand islands of the sea where the British flag waves. It may in truth be said that Victoria was escorted to her last rest by her people, by their sorrow and reverence, their love and gratitude. But more imposing still was the tribute from foreign countries. There was not a land whence echoes of our own mourning did not come, nor the mere tributes of courtly etiquette, but that more broadly based homage which told that the hearts of the people had been touched. It is a striking testimony to the nobility of character which above national industries and race distinctions could thus inspire the imagination of the whole of the great human family. The truth is that Queen Victoria was not merely Queen of England and Empress of India. She was to the whole world "the Queen," the type of what a Queen should be, an exemplar of womanly character in the highest sphere of womanly usefulness. All this was shown in the colossal circumstances of the ceremonial which awaited her remains to their last resting place. One must be thankful that full justice was for once done to a noble life, thankful, too, that such a life had been vouchsafed to us, and that for countless generations its story and example will be handed down as a guide and an inspiration to her people. Even in death she has been a blessing, for there are few of us who can turn from the contemplation of her life and character which has absorbed us all during the last mournful days without feeling morally better and stronger. Thus her memory must always be a comfort and a beacon to her people, and while it lives in their hearts they need have no fear.

THERE was no happier characteristic of the late Queen's funeral than the mingling of the sea and land forces throughout, while at the same time each was allotted a special sphere of duty. This sort of association is precisely what would be certain to occur if this country were at war with some Great Power. In the Crimea the Navy helped the Army, and the Army helped the Navy, while quite recently bluejackets rendered effective aid to khaki-clad soldiers at besieged Ladysmith. It was entirely suitable, therefore, that the King's careful arrangements for his dear mother's obsequies insured co-operation between the services throughout, while at the same time marking out the maritime portion chiefly for the Navy and the land portion for the Army. Not less happy was his policy in insuring adequate representation for each and every arm of his military forces. Not a single uniform now in use but had some weaters; even the non-combatant branches were admitted to the honour of paying a last tribute of respect to the Great Lady who took pride in being "a soldier's daughter." She had loved the Army as a whole, and as a whole it desired to afford one last proof of the veneration in which all ranks held the memory of "the soldier's friend." In numbers alone, the soldiers who took part in the sad proceedings nearly equalled an Army Corps, and the mournful march through London thus had an almost purely "military" character, in the common acceptance of the term. But at Windsor, the accident's restiveness of a horse restored the interdependence of the Services, by giving opportunity for the escort of bluejackets to harness themselves to the gun-carriage. And thus Queen Victoria finally passed to rest, as she would have desired, with sailors and soldiers sharing the solemn duty of conducting her hallowed remains to St. George's Chapel.



This cross was sent by Mr. Choate, the American Minister. It was woven for the King and Queen by Robert Green and Co. Our photograph is by Charles Henschel, Ltd.

FROM THE AMERICAN MINISTER



A beautiful wreath arrived at Windsor from the 4th Battalion of the Manchester Regiment. It was made by J. Solomon. Our photograph is by Charles Henschel, Ltd.

FROM THE 4TH MANCHESTER REGIMENT



A handsome oval wreath was received from the people of Canada. It was made by Whelan and Palmer.

FROM CANADA



A wreath representing a harp, and bearing the inscription, "As a last token of respect and devotion for their beloved Queen," was sent from the Princess Victoria's Royal Irish Fusiliers. It was made by J. Solomon. Our photograph is by Charles Henschel, Ltd.

FROM THE ROYAL IRISH FUSILIERS



An oval wreath, seven feet high, of beautiful autumn and winter flowers, with a cluster of arm lilies and palms at feet, flowers indigenous to Australia, from the Commonwealth of Australia. It was made by J. H. Isaacs. Our photograph is by Charles Henschel, Ltd.

FROM THE COMMONWEALTH OF AUSTRALIA



A dignified wreath of pure white flowers, lilies, and roses, was sent by the Emperor of Japan. A brand white ribbon edged with crimson bears the Emperor's name in gold and letters. It was made by J. Solomon. Our photograph is by Charles Henschel, Ltd.

FROM THE EMPEROE OF JAPAN



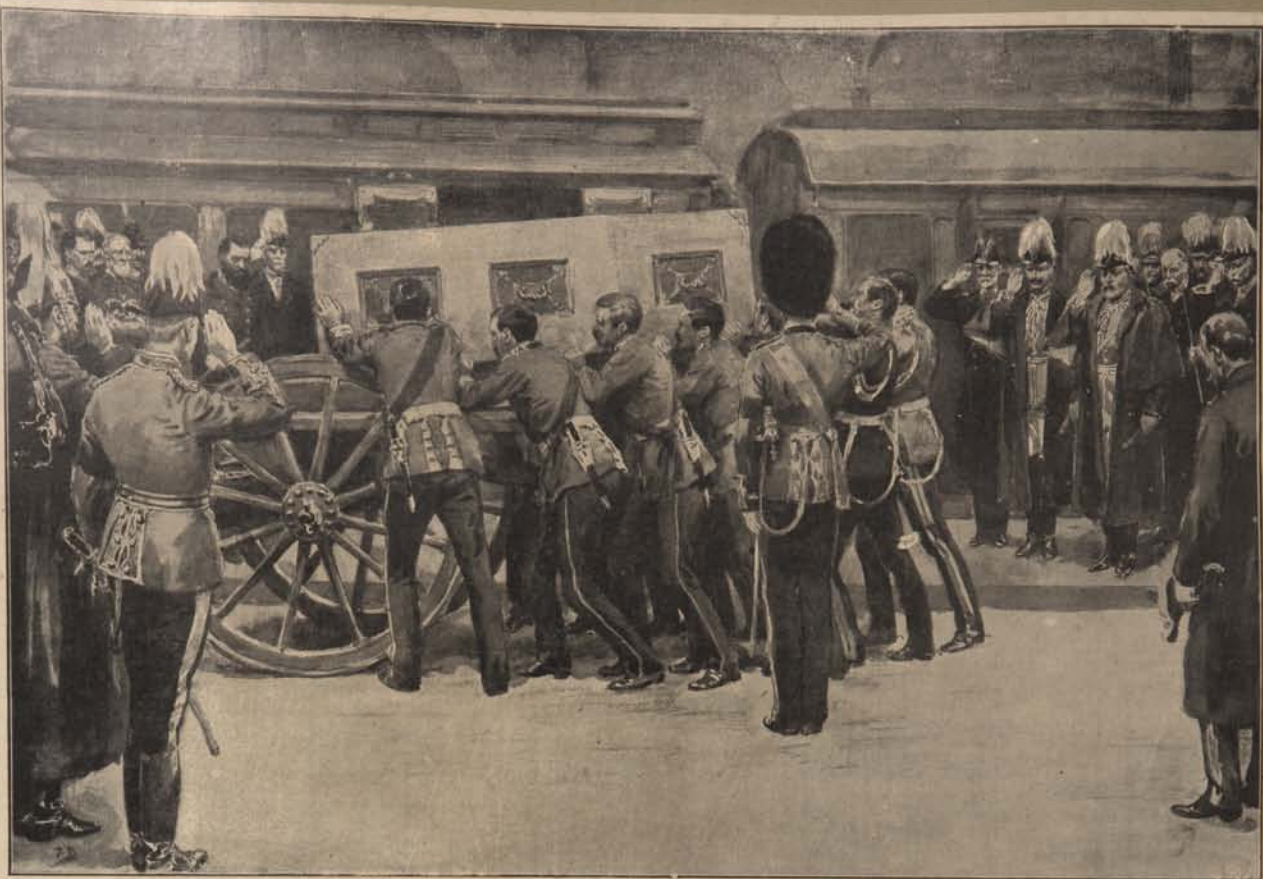
The wreath from the Queen Regent of Spain, inscribed "To my sister and friend, Her Majesty Queen Victoria." It was seven feet high, with handsighten gerbera white, Parma violets, orchids, amaranthus, helios, geranium, and some palm leaves, and with a ribbon in the national colours. It was made by J. H. Isaacs. Our photograph is by Charles Henschel, Ltd.

FROM THE QUEEN REGENT OF SPAIN

Floral Tributes

THE flowers for the Queen's funeral are said to have cost nearly 30,000. Most of them were grown in England, and the mass of floral tributes was of unprecedented beauty. Some of them, and their inscriptions, were particularly noteworthy. The Queen Regent of Spain sent a presented a Royal Standard five feet by nine, composed entirely of finest orchids, while the King's Scholars of Westminster offered a wreath of pink and white flowers measuring twelve feet. The immense shield of the 7th Hussars, composed of regimental and the 9th Lancovers' shield of white anemones and lilies of the valley, with crossed lances formed of magnificent crimson carnations, and white flowers, pleased much by its originality and taste. Some of the private tributes showed tender care and thought. People gave as much as a hundred pounds for a wreath, and nearly everyone remembered that lilies of the valley were the Queen's favourite flower. The ex-Emperor Eugénie, herself bowed down with sorrow and infirmity, added to her choice wreath of lilies and Eugénie. The King of Portugal's tribute was a crown of lilies, white orchids and violets; the Tsar and Tsarina's a wreath of Parma violets and masses flanked with black and yellow ribbons, the arms and violet; the Emperor of Russia sent a wreath of lilies, and roses; the Duke of Devonshire sent white orchids, heart-shaped by a crown worked in red, and a blessing; Queen Olga, in the shape of Victoria Cross, crosses, wreaths of laurel and palms, mallards, and shrubs of flowers, herbs with broken strings, shields, etc., made up a rare and marvellous collection.





Soldiers and Hussars came to the salute, and all the same moment, an attendant before the train—the Royal train—stepped into the station. As soon as the train had been brought up to the Royal entrance, the signal was given. After an interval of a few minutes the signal was given to the heavy party of Guardsmen, twelve of whose number advanced across the road to the wagon in which the coffin was resting. Five were brought out the beautiful pall, and the crown, scepter, and scepter which had rested upon the coffin; the King and Prince stood at the side, the guard retired, and, as slowly and reverently the Guardsmen bore their precious burden across the platform and deposited it upon the gun-carriage. And perfect silence the beautiful cream-colored pall was replaced, the crown and its regalia were placed in their former position, King and Prince resumed their charges, the Queen and the Princess entered the Royal carriage, and the last progress of Queen Victoria through her ever loyal capital began.

BEFORE THE PROCESSION THROUGH LONDON, PLACING THE COFFIN ON THE GUN-CARRIAGE AT VICTORIA STATION



Two small German cavalry regiments were represented in the procession, the 5th (Prince of Wales's) Hussars, of which King Edward VII. is Honorary Colonel, and the 1st Queen's Dragoon Guards, of which Queen Victoria was made honorary colonel in 1899.

GERMAN CAVALRY IN THE ROYAL FUNERAL PROCESSION PASSING DOWN PICCADILLY

### Club Comments

By "MARMADUKE"

King Edward the Seventh is probably the most experienced man of the world there is. He has travelled much, he has known and known all the most prominent people of his day, and has been behind the scenes in many of the political and social events of the times, and he has a stupendous memory and marvellous tact. His fondness for music is well known. He has seldom missed being present at the opening banquet given by the members of the Royal Academy, he has seen every important play which has been produced, either in London or Paris, during the past forty years, he has encouraged literature, and has extended his hospitality to most of the leading men in science. Never did a Prince ascend a Throne with so vast an experience, and so capable of using his knowledge of men and things for the good of his people.

The affection shown by the German Emperor for the Queen, and the way he has associated himself with the nation in its grief, has won for him the good opinion and the gratitude of all classes. His example on this occasion cannot but draw the two peoples together, cannot but lead them back nearer to the pleasant traditions of the

past. In the early days of the late reign Germany held a high place in the esteem of the English; her language was widely spoken by the well-educated, her literature was commonly known, and the thoughts of her thinking men exercised great influence. It will be a problem for historians to solve, to wit, to discover what caused a later generation of English-speaking men and women to stray to other countries for their literary inspirations.

If those who should know speak from their knowledge, the London of the immediate future will be much changed from that to which we are accustomed. It is said that the King will reawaken the sleeping splendour of the Court, and that gilded carriages and scarlet uniforms are once more to be common in the streets. As the Court will be continually at Buckingham Palace, that change would produce a marked effect on the usual thoroughfares, and it would also, for a certainty, encourage those who are entitled to do so to revive some of the splendours of former days, which have of late years been discontinued. Not later than twenty years ago there were many who went to Court in gorgeous chariots, but the simplicity of modern days in this respect has caused them to discontinue the practice. It is also said that at no distant date all officers will have to wear uniforms as is the custom in the Continent. That, too, will have an enlivening effect on the town.

Parliament will be called upon, almost as soon as it reassembles to reconsider the Civil List. There is reason to believe that a large sum will have to be voted to enable the King to meet the increased expense consequent on the greater call made on the Sovereign by modern requirements. The annual income settled on the Sovereign in exchange for the Crown lands is £265,000, but the value of those lands has increased to over £500,000 a year since the settlement was agreed upon.

For many years her late Majesty kept a diary, and extracts from this were published on two occasions—in 1867 "Leaves from the Journal of our Life in the Highlands," and in 1884 "More Leaves from the Journal of our Life in the Highlands." There is reason to hope that the Queen for long continued the practice of recording daily her experiences, and the thoughts which they gave rise to, and that extracts from those further diaries will be published in due course.

It is extremely to be hoped that the room in which Her Majesty died at Osborne will be kept in perpetuity as it was in her lifetime; the room should be a relic for the rest. Another obvious suggestion, and one which will most certainly be adopted, is that an Imperial Monument should be erected in her honour, in memory of a great Queen, a great woman, a good wife, and a good mother—a woman who never forgot to be a Queen; a Queen who never forgot to be a woman.





The Graphic. February 9th, 1901.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S LAST PROGRESS THROUGH LONDON: THE GUN-CARRIAGE BEARING THE COFFIN PASSING THROUGH THE MARBLE ARCH





A VIEW OF THE PROCESSION PASSING ALONG PICCADILLY TOWARDS HYDE PARK



DRAGG BY G. BATES

FROM A SKETCH BY ALBERT DINWIDIE

THE PROCESSION PASSING THE ROYAL SOCIETIES' CLUB IN ST. JAMES'S STREET



THE END OF THE PROGRESS THROUGH LONDON; THE ARRIVAL OF THE GUN-CARRIAGE AT PADDINGTON









QUEEN VICTORIA'S FUNERAL: THE KING AND THE ROYAL MOURNERS SALUTING AS THE COFFIN WAS CARRIED TO THE TRAIN AT PADDINGTON





When it was found that the artillery horses attached to the gun-carriage had grown restive through waiting, it was decided to allow the bluejackets to draw the funeral car to St. George's Chapel. The men showed by their expressions how highly they valued the privilege.

**AN UNEXPECTED PRIVILEGE FOR THE NAVY: BLUEJACKETS DRAGGING THE GUN-CARRIAGE THROUGH WINDSOR**



**FOREIGN VISITORS LEAVING THE SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY STATION, WINDSOR**





Following the Gentlemen-at-Arms came the Yeomen of the Guard, and they closed the procession.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S FUNERAL: THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD ENTERING ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR



HMP

All the head of procession were three Pages-at-Arms, in their tabards of red and gold, on whose arrival the doors of the Chapel were being open

THE ARRIVAL OF THE FUNERAL PROCESSION AT ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR





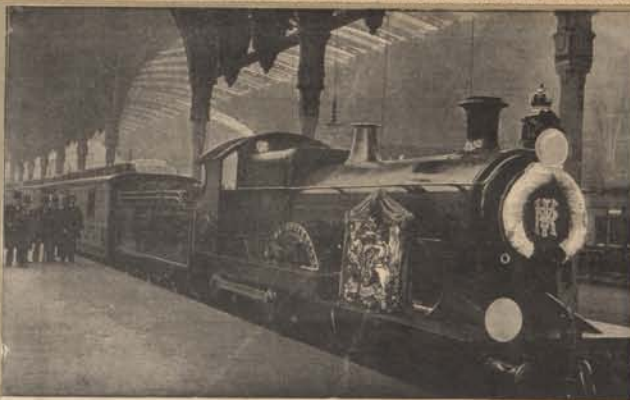
The Graphic, February 9th, 1901.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S FUNERAL: ROYAL MOURNERS AT THE SERVICE IN ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR





GENERAL VIEW FROM THE WEST END  
THE FUNERAL SERVICE AT ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR.



The Great Western Railway Company's engine "Royal Sovereign," which belonged to the Queen's train, was used to convey the coffin and the Royal party from Paddington to Windsor on the day of the funeral. Our photograph is by Reinhold Tiele.

THE ENGINE WHICH TOOK THE FUNERAL TRAIN TO WINDSOR

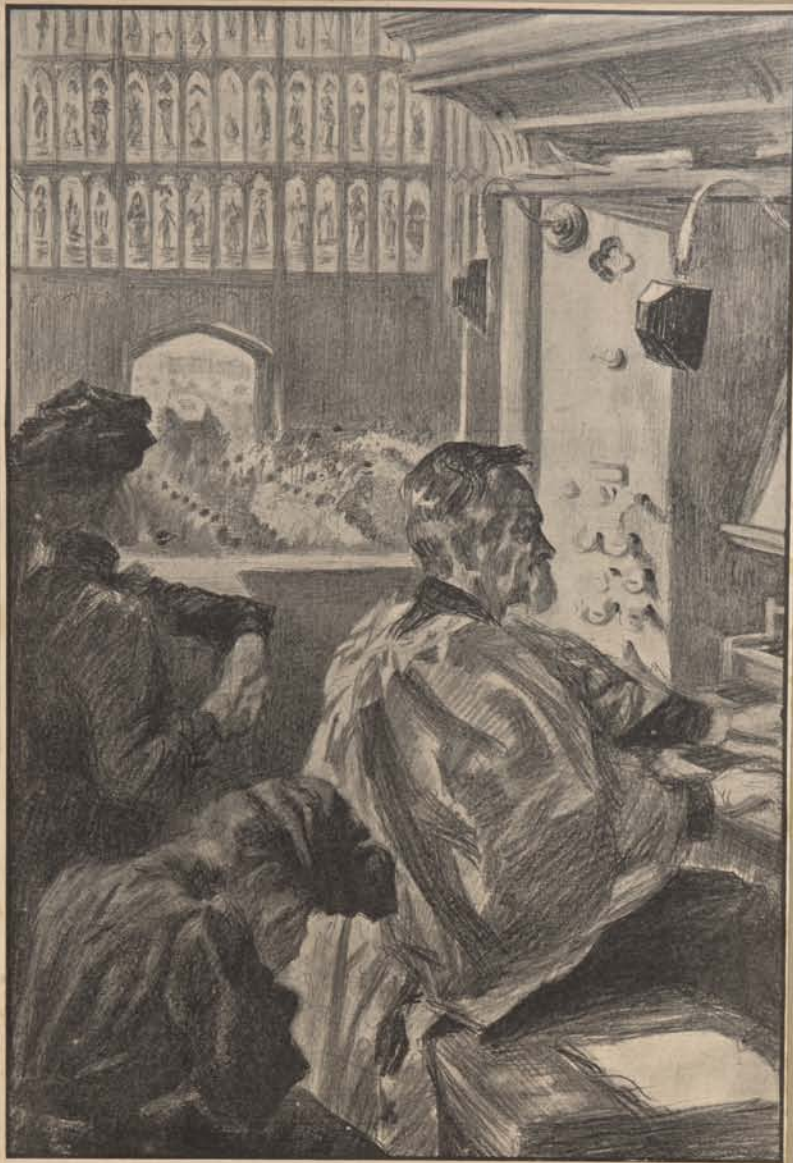


The Royal train which conveyed the coffin of the Queen and the illustrious mourners to Windsor consisted of seven eight-wheeled coaches—five saloons and two brake vans, and was built for her late Majesty's Jubilee in 1897. The Queen's carriage, incidentally known as "Royal No. 2," had existed for some years previous as a six-wheeler, and was to have been abolished to make room for a new and larger coach.

But, as Her Majesty had expressed a feeling of attachment to this particular carriage, the railway authorities decided to retain the service, by adding another pair of wheels and ten feet in its length, to harmonize with the construction of the new train. The Queen made her last and journey to Windsor on Saturday in this carriage.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S LAST JOURNEY TO WINDSOR: THE ROYAL TRAIN AT PADDINGTON





SIR WALTER PARRATT PRESIDING AT THE DESK  
THE ROYAL FUNERAL SERVICE AT ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR

Queen Victoria and the Farm

By H. K. RAINBOW

Writes it became definitely known that a youthful lady of few eighteen springs had succeeded in the British Throne there were no subjects more enthusiastic in their loyal rejoicings than the farmers of Great Britain. Lord Beaconsfield has told us how "Our young Queen and our old institutions," because the wisdom of "the country party," and how the Whig toast, "She found us in and she kept us in," was answered by the witty query, "But will she keep you in when she finds you out?" There is no doubt, however, that the death of William IV. was regarded as, in some respects, a blow to the agricultural interest. A young lady, whether wielding a sceptre or toying with a fan, is not expected to take much note of farming matters, and the Duke of Kent having been a Liberal, it was freely thought, to tell the truth, somewhat absurdly, assumed that the new Sovereign would throw her influence into the scale on behalf of the interests which were already marshalled under the Anti-Corn-Law banner. It is now, of course, a matter of history how admirably correct and politic was Her Majesty's course during the turbulent period of 1838 to 1846, but it remains to be said that over and beyond political "correctitude" there was on the part of the young Queen, a prompt and kind exhibition of personal interest and sympathy which quickly won the agricultural heart. In 1838, the English Agricultural Society was formed, and it is a matter of common knowledge that Royalty usually lets several years elapse before the permission to use the word "Royal" is granted, even to the most useful of new ventures. The Iron, however, is personal and is never personal for political purposes. It may, therefore, be said with some confidence that one of Her Majesty's earliest acts of personal judgment in a State matter was when in 1839 she offered this society's charter and the title of Royal. The step was achieved by the insertion of a clause excluding all political discussion at the society's meetings, a stipulation which not improbably was the saving of the Society in the next ten-troublesome years. In 1840 the marriage to Prince Albert gave Her Majesty a companion who sincerely loved a country life, and the Home Farm at Windsor was soon visited by the Prince Consort's farm. Interest in rural affairs increased, and in 1841 we find the youthful Queen granting a

long and private interview to Mr. F. Smith, Norfolk farmer, who had invented a useful improvement to the ordinary working plough. There is no occasion to dwell on the practical value of such kind and wise acts, and if for years after the event Mr. Smith was wont to represent Her Majesty as speaking a broad Norfolk dialect, there never was any doubt as to the reality of the interest taken both by the Queen and by the Prince Consort in any improvements likely to tempt farmers as a class. In 1845 the purchase of Osborne gave the Sovereign a private home, and there was much happiness felt, at Her Majesty's own "journal" show, at the ability to get away from the official life and be "really quiet in the country." Visits to the homes of our landed aristocracy did much to endear the Queen and Prince Albert to the nation, for it soon came to be known that the pair were indeed in living a homely country life, and were seen as at once as when released from the cares not merely of a Court, but also of a town. In 1848 the domains of Richmond and Abergeldie, in Aberdeenshire, were acquired, and here soon more the Royal preference for an absolutely rural home was manifest. It was not playing at pastoral. As Greyille wrote at the time: "They live there not merely as private gentlemen, but like very small gentlemen." An estate of some thousand acres had in due staff of game-

keepers and park-keepers, but—there was only one

possession! The Queen, at this time, was a great walker, and visited the cottage for milk round. Balmoral, not indifferently taking tea with the cottagers. It was said a rural and truly uneducated people that the Sovereign of a world-wide Empire was most happy; the notes in the "Journal" which deal with the country life are full of a quiet and very lowly honour and honour is rare in a woman, be she seated in a train or in the recesses of a mighty throne. How does she appreciate the remark of old Mrs. Grant that "she (Mrs. Grant) was glad to see her (the Queen) looking so nice" that day, and how truly does a woman's observation come out when again and again she speaks of *the country* of the private greetings and conversations of the country side!

In 1857 the Queen visited the Royal Agricultural Society to Windsor, and the Show then held in the Great Park was long remembered as one of the most beautiful spectacles ever witnessed. The Queen twice visited the Show. During the next ten years Royal patronage was freely accorded to every agricultural movement of importance. The title of Royal was allowed to two agricultural fairs, the Highland Agricultural Show was visited, and the local shows of the Isle of Wight were habitually supported. Prizes were given both by the Queen and by her husband for the best cattle at Bournemouth and at the Royal Enclosure and both Shows as well as at the Royal, and, best of all, the Royal farms began to exhibit and compete in the open classes, where the owners of the animals are in no way known to the judges until the awards have been made. The animal pictures of Sir Edwin Landseer and Mr. Peter Graham at this time won much notice from the Queen; and several purchases were made. After the death of the Prince Consort, in 1862, Her Majesty was withdrawn from public view for many years, but the Scots cottagers round Balmoral and the Osborne tenantry were never forgotten.

In 1870, when the R.A.S.E. visited London, Her Majesty paid a long visit to the showyard at Kilburn, and the fine weather which, as usual, accompanied her was almost the only glimpse of sunshine in a week of disaster and heavy fog. The state of the yard might well have deterred younger and more active visitors, but the Queen made no short or perfunctory stay. In 1880, the year of his Jubilee, the Royal Agricultural Society had the unique privilege of securing Her Majesty's personal presidency, and the Show was held at Windsor. Not were these the only honours which

the Queen was pleased to show to the leading body of English agriculturists, for the State apartments were thrown open to the members during the entire show week, and the Council, a large and representative body, were entertained at a State banquet at St. James's Palace. After twice inspecting the show and seeing the working dairy and the butter-making, the Queen wrote to the Council an autograph letter, which is now among the Society's most treasured possessions. The letter was most graciously worded and free from all formality and stiffness. It specially praised the organising services of Sir Jacob Wilson, and of Mr. Ernest Clarke, and the latter gentleman was subsequently knighted. Among other agricultural honours conferred by the Queen may be named Sir James Caird and Sir John Ernest Lawes, the first two agricultural writers and politicians; the second as an agricultural chemist, and the magnificent tower of 100,000, to the cause of agricultural science. The dinner and luncheon arrangements enjoyed by the R.A.S.E. in 1880 was the cause of an unique country attendance, 155,000 persons visiting the Show. This has, of course, been surpassed in the great cities, but is undoubtedly in excess of any attendance at a small local centre. The railways did not, we fear, rise to the occasion, the journeys being extremely slow and tedious, though Windsor is only twenty-one miles from London. The Society, at the



GUARDING THE ROYAL COFFIN: GENTLEMEN-AT-ARMS ON DUTY  
AFTER THE SERVICE IN ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR





PORTRAIT OF KING EDWARD VII. AT THE AGE OF FOURTEEN



ONE OF THE FIRST ACTS OF KING EDWARD VII. WAS TO GIVE THE FOLLOWING MESSAGE TO THE NAVY, WHICH WAS READ ON THE QUARTERDECK OF EACH SHIP IN PRESENCE OF THE SHIP'S COMPANY:—"I AM DESIROUS OF EXPRESSING TO THE NAVY MY HEARTFELT THANKS FOR ITS DISTINGUISHED AND REMOVED SERVICES DURING THE LONG AND GLORIOUS REIGN OF MY BELIEVED MOTHER THE QUEEN, IN WHOSE 'DARWIN' I NOW ASCEND. HER MAJESTY, EVER PRAISED OF THE GREAT DEEDS OF HER NAVY, THE PROTECTOR OF OUR SHORES AND COMMERCES, WATCHED WITH THE HIGHEST INTEREST HER VAST PROGRESS DURING HER REIGN, AND MADE IT THE PROVISION OF MY LATE BROTHER'S (AS I AM) CHIEF DUTY TO BE THE EARLY EDUCATION OF BOTH MY SONS. WASHINGTON OVER YOUR INTERESTS AND WELL-BEING, I CONFIDENTLY BELIEVE THAT REMAINING TRACED WHICH IS THE PROVED INHERITANCE OF YOUR SOLE SERVICE."—LONDON, B. A. I.

PHOTO BY H. W. COLE, R. S. I.

READING THE KING'S MESSAGE TO THE NAVY ON BOARD A BATTLESHIP

conclusion of the Windsor meeting, asked Her Majesty to accept a special gold medal in honor of the occasion, which will long be remembered. At the Diamond Jubilee Day the agriculturists of England received the present from some wealthy and generous donors of a portrait-group by Mr. Richardson, R. A. This represents "The Four Generations of the Royal Family." Her Majesty gave the artist special sittings, and the picture received her personal approbation before being sent to the Chamber in Hanover Square, and, as the last portrait of Her Majesty by a man of genius, has a national value which can scarcely be exaggerated.

There is, perhaps, nothing which more surely distinguishes a wisely official from a genuine liking than the development of a preference or hobby. If the Queen's farms had been simply noted for all-round excellence agriculturists would have in some respects been less interested than they were when Her Majesty's patronage of the beautiful breed of red Devon cattle became marked. Her Majesty's Devons have been a feature of all the chief shows for ten years or more, and there is no better breed either for beef or for the quality of the milk, though larger animals, of course, give more of the latter. A very kindly notice taken many years ago by the Baroness Burdett-Gusts in encouraging the cotes close to the kind and to take pride in their donkeys received direct Royal encouragement, and when after a fall in 1881 Her Majesty was advised to walk as little as might be, a donkey chair was in constant requisition, and the Royal farm had always its stable of well-groomed and well-cared-for animals. Her Majesty was also very fond of dogs, especially Pomeranians and Spitzes, and a life-sized portrait was painted by the late Mr. Baron Barber of Her Majesty seated in her donkey carriage with two of her favorite dogs in the foreground. It may be added that the Queen is an excellent example in having the Court supplied from the Windsor Farm and from neighboring farms to her own estates. Her favorite food was no other than plain roast beef; a Devon stately supplied the meat, but occasionally a Hereford was favored. At Christmas, when Queen's

College, Oxford, had its famous Boar's Head from an Oxfordshire farm Her Majesty was pleased to take one-half of the body, while among her presents to her relatives in Germany, English Christmas fare always figured largely and was especially welcomed.

A young and newly-appointed equerry, one day going round the stables at Windsor, came across a simple old lady in a mushroom hat and a countrified black gown. Filled with the importance of his new dignity, the sensible official shouted across the intervening stable, "My good woman, you must get out of this! Strangers are not allowed here, especially when Her Majesty is in residence." He finished up his remarks by threatening to take her to the gate himself if she were not quick in going. His feelings on discovering that the intruder was his Royal Mistress in person may be better imagined than described. But the Queen, with delightful good humor, forgave him, and at the same time complimented him on his zeal and obedience to standing orders.

The Princess Victoria was once taken on a visit to the seat of Earl Fitzwilliam, in Yorkshire. Wet weather had made the paths in the grounds very slippery, and the Princess, who was walking ahead of the walking party, was warned of the fact by a kindly gardener, who told her the paths were "very slaps." "Slaps! slaps! What is slaps?" cried the Princess, in the characteristically abrupt style that reminded those about her of the late King George III. The explanation which followed had no effect upon her, for she started off again, and, before long, came down in the mud. "Now your Royal Highness understands the word 'slaps,' theoretically and practically," said Lord Fitzwilliam, as he hastened to her assistance. "Yes," said the Princess, "I think I do. I shall not forget it again."

Queen Victoria's Descendants

THE descendants of Queen Victoria numbered in all eighty-six. Her Majesty had nine children, of whom six survive; forty grand children, of whom thirty-one survive; and thirty-seven great-grand children, all of whom have survived her. So that of the eighty-six descendants seventy-four are still living. Of the children five were girls and four boys, and of them the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, the Duke of Albany, and Princess Alice died before Her Majesty. Of thirty grand children, six were children of the King, who has four children living; eight were children of the Empress Frederick (the Princess Royal); seven were children of the late Princess Alice; five were the children of the late Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha; five were children of the Princess Christian (Helena); three were children of the Duke of Connaught; two of the late Duke of Albany; four of Princess Henry of Battenberg (Desiree). Of the great-grand children twenty-two are boys and fifteen are girls. Six are grandchildren of the King; eighteen of the Empress Frederick; eleven of the late Princess Alice; and six of the late Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha. This apparent total of forty-one is reduced to the correct total of thirty-seven, when we remember that of them six grand children of both the Empress Frederick and the Princess Alice, while one is grandchild of both the Princess Alice and the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha.

From Queen Victoria are descended the future occupants of the thrones not only of Great Britain, but of Germany, Greece and Roumania. The Emperor William is Queen Victoria's grand-son, and he has six sons. The heir to the throne of Greece is the King's eldest son, the Duke of Sparta, who married the Empress Frederick's daughter, Princess Sophia (a granddaughter of Queen Victoria), and they have two sons. The connection with Roumania is supplied by the Princess Marie of Edinburgh, who married Prince Ferdinand, the eldest son of King Charles of Roumania, and of that marriage a son was born in 1893.





A GLIMPSE OF THE KING



THE GOVERNOR OF THE ISLE OF WIGHT HEADING THE PROCESSION AT COWES



THE COFFIN BEING CARRIED FROM LAND ON TO THE "ALBERTA"  
Photo by Charles Knight



EARL ROBERTS AT PADDINGTON

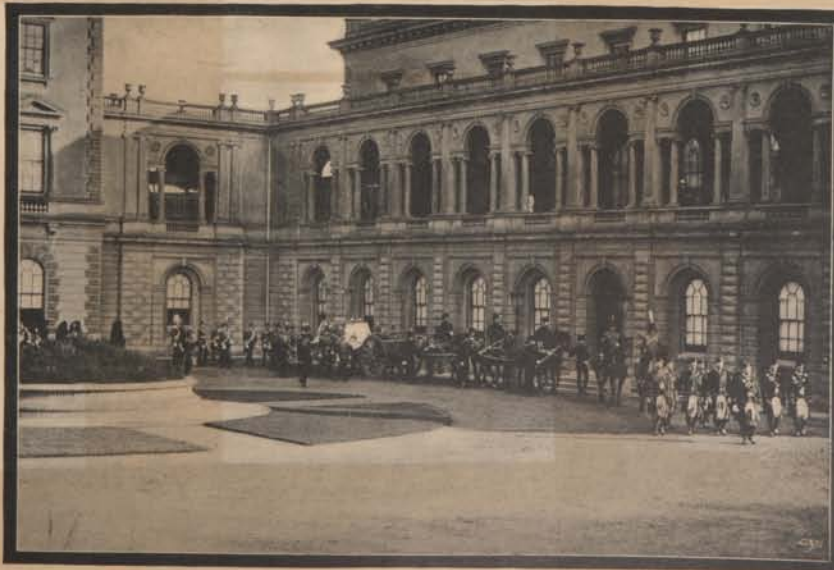


THE FOREIGN MILITARY ATTACHES



EARL ROBERTS IN OXFORD TERRACE

THE START AT OSBORNE



THE FUNERAL CORTEGE, HEADED BY THE HIGHLAND PIPERS, LEAVING OSBORNE HOUSE





THE ROYAL MOURNERS PASSING THROUGH COWES



THE COFFIN WITH ITS FIRM OUTER SHELL READY TO BE REMOVED





THE TORPEDO-BOATS LEADING THE WAY IN FRONT OF THE "ALBERTA"

CROSSING THE SOLENT

DREAM death hangs heavy on the darkened land,  
Naught breaks upon the stillness and the gloom,  
Except the wind that sighs a world's flight  
Over the whispering waters into night,  
When lo! the silence's veil with sudden boom.

The sound of distant guns break on the ear,  
Dispelling fine spun thoughts and dreams forlorn,  
Heralding England's Queen to her last rest  
Over the waves she ruled, upon their breast  
She glides into Eternity's pale bourne.

I see two far stretched lines of stately ships,  
The iron ramparts of a mighty land  
An avenue of steel. How gaunt are they  
These world-weary units summoned here to-day,  
To guard a dead Queen home in manner grand.

With pomp, majestic panoply of death,  
They bear the sleeping Sovereign home once more,  
With lowered standards, boom of sullen guns,  
Stirring to tears the hearts of all her sons,  
That wait expectant on the saddened shore.

O tired Ruler, eased of all thy cares,  
We sorrow for thy loss, yet we hope on,  
That though afar, in spirit near us still,  
Smiling on those that prosper, health thy will,  
Thy guiding love will bless the mourning throng.

Lo! even now the dawn breaks through the clouds,  
And the night flees before the man's young breath,  
For we will take example of the Dead,  
Essay with hope to lead the life she led,  
And wade with steps grown strong this ford of death.

J. S. A.  
A WESTMINSTER SCHOOLBOY.

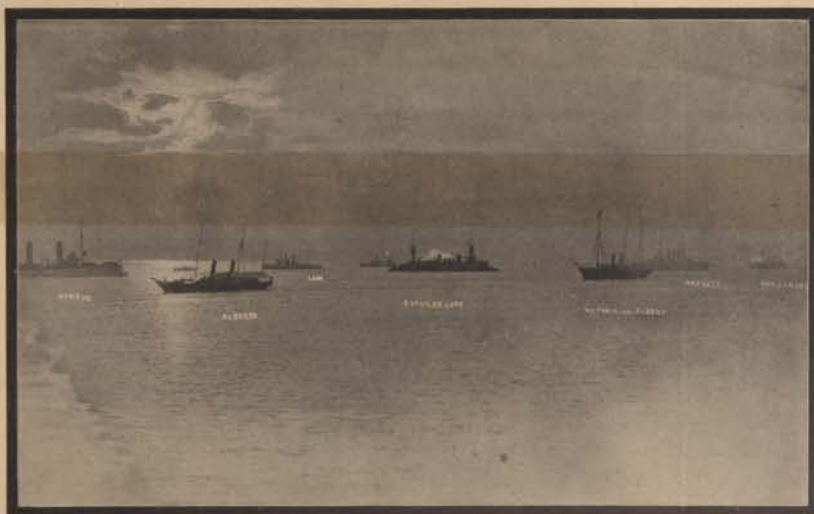
IN MEMORIAM

FRIEND of thy people, England's Mother-Queen,  
How great the harvest of thy years hath been!  
Bright is the glory of thy stainless name,  
Victoria the Good, nor scorn, nor shame  
Cling to those Royal robes so nobly worn  
E'en to life's eventide, from early morn.  
Firmly in honour's ways thy feet have trod,  
True to thyself, thy people, and thy God.  
Lo! Womanhood itself hath won from thee  
A fairer lustre, grandeur pure and free,  
Thro' the wide world all nations far and near,  
A woman's name for ever will revere.

True wife, so faithful in the long years past,  
God hath restor'd to thy fond heart at last  
Thy husband, one so lov'd, so wondrous dear,  
Whose loss to thee grew greater year by year,  
Mother most tender, friend so wisely kind,  
Alas! thy people ne'er again will find  
Another like to thee. Thy Sovereignty  
Thy sceptre was, and will for ever be.  
Thine own. Thou from the Throne by love didst reign,  
Mid days of joy, long years of lonely pain  
Thy heart aye thro' with ours, and the sweet strain  
Of sympathy we felt, whose golden gleam  
Brighten'd and strengthen'd the strong cord of love  
That bound us to our Queen.

O, sorrowful farewell!  
To us who mourn thy loss—for thee 'is well,  
A fairer diadem rests on thy brow,  
The thorns of earth no more can pierce thee now,  
Those tired feet have reach'd the tearless shore;  
And thou, safe Home, with God, for evermore.  
O most belov'd, farewell! a long farewell!  
We lov'd thee—love we still. Farewell!

LOUIE PENNINGTON.



THE "ALBERTA" PASSING THE FLEET

THE PASSING HOUR

POST SCRIPTUM  
GENTLE Spirit, looking down  
On thy timental of clay,  
On the sceptre and the crown  
That aside to-day;  
Spirit who art partit  
From the dross of earthly things,  
Are we foolish in the pride  
Of our sorrowings?  
Rather was our solemn task  
Clearly seen and rightly done  
If a single child shall ask  
How thy praise was won.

J. S. A.  
It would be difficult to imagine anything more impressive than the funeral of Britain's great Queen. With all the gorgeous pomp of Sovereignty she passed in high triumph through the capital of the Empire, receiving the grand and silent homage of countless multitudes. In all that solemn pageant there was none of the artificial symbols of war; the rulers and princes of the world rode in their most resplendent uniforms in the train of the great monarch who went to her last resting-place surrounded and adorned by all the glorious trappings that belong to the highest earthly power. It was a last grand tribute of honour rendered to her who can never die so long as history lives, and right fitting it was that in such a function the glory of immortal fame should triumph over the material pomp of death. It was through streets arrayed in lustral purple unmarred by black that that stately procession passed; it was a feeling of pride in the greatness of their Sovereign that restrained the multitude from tears for their beloved friend. In the secret depths of the heart the personal affliction sears like white-hot iron; but ours is no hopeless weep for life cut short by death; we weep for one who in the fulness of time and on the completion of her

splendid work has gone to her well-earned rest, and whom we weep, we glory in the life she gave us, in the Imperial heritage she has bequeathed to us, and pride in her undying greatness rises supreme in our breasts.

The messages that the King has sent to the various peoples in his Empire are instinct with the personal feeling and fact which so endeared his revered mother to the whole nation. It is a pleasing surmise for the future. These open letters from the Sovereign are of course largely matters of form, but at the same time the wording in the present instances so fitly and so readily be recognized as his Majesty's own, and it is as much for the freedom from restraint, in the informality in their diction, as in the sentiments they express, that these three documents will be received with such warm feelings by his subjects.

With the accession of our new Sovereign has come a rather remarkable change in our national life, which I have not seen commented on. The military character of Queen Victoria's funeral naturally pre-occupied the civilian element in public life being somewhat excluded. But one and beyond this it is interesting to note how rapidly militarism has grown during the past few days. It is the Commander-in-Chief, and the Premier, who, of public men, has been most in the public mind during these days. It is Earl Roberts, our Lord Salisbury or Lord Lansdowne, who receives from the departing Kaiser the most signal mark of favour he has in his power to bestow. We have at our bound kept into the spirit of a military race. The presence of the great war-lord in our midst, and his noble-war popularity, probably have much to do with this change in our character. In any case, whatever the cause, it is highly gratifying and augurs well for that any reorganisation which we all hope will now be taken seriously in hand.





THE "ALBERTA" WAS FOLLOWED BY THE "VICTORIA AND ALBERT" (WITH THE KING ON BOARD), THE "OSBORNE," THE "HOHENZOLLERN," AND THE "ENCHANTRESS." ON THE LEFT IS SEEN THE "RATTLESNARE," ON THE RIGHT THE "HOOD"





Prince Christian King of the Belgians King of Portugal King Edward VII  
Prince Henry of Prussia German Emperor Duke of Connaught







THE COFFIN AT THE CORNER OF OXFORD TERRACE



THE FOREIGN PRINCES AT HYDE PARK CORNER

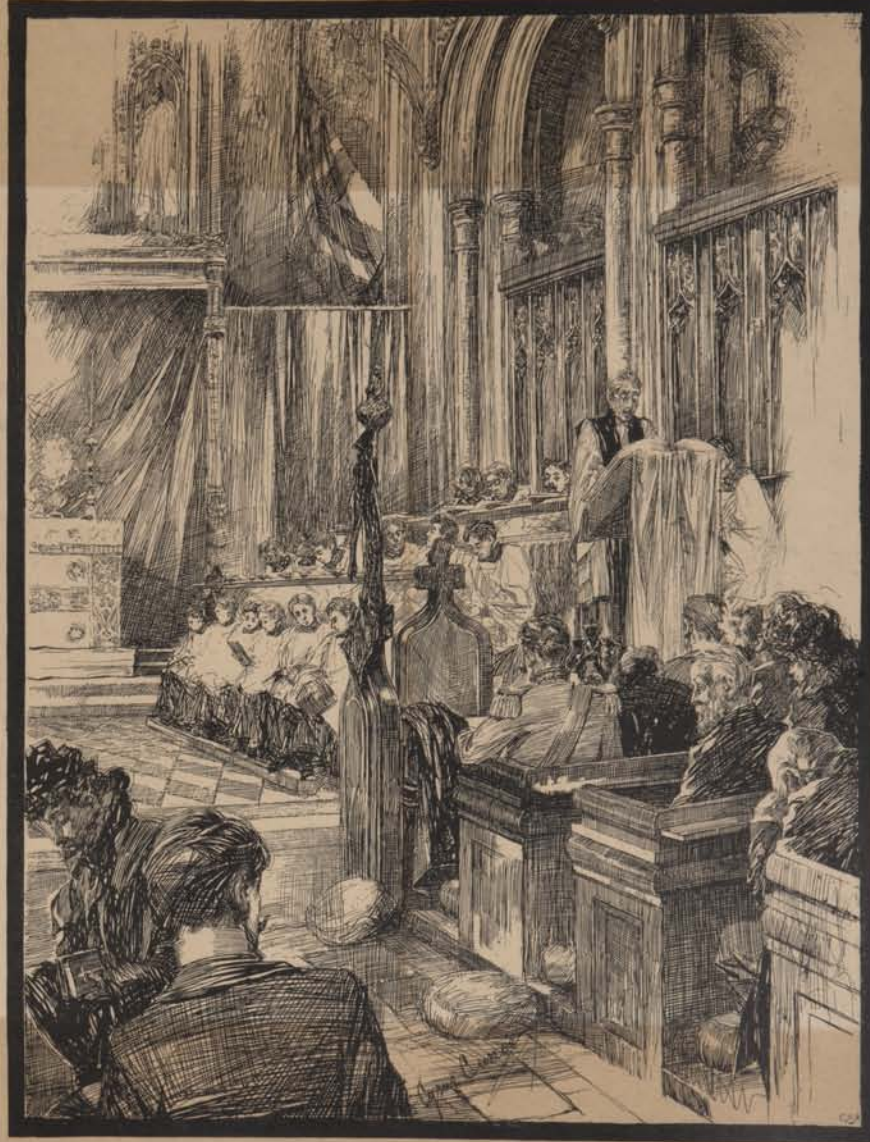


THE IMMENSE CROWD AT HYDE PARK CORNER  
AS IT APPEARED AFTER THE PROCESSION HAD PASSED





THE FUNERAL CORTEGE AT THE MARBLE ARCH



THE MEMORIAL SERVICE AT ST. MARGARET'S, WESTMINSTER





OUR FUTURE KING SALUTES THE SAD PROCESSION

THIS TOUCHING LITTLE INCIDENT WAS WITNESSED BY OUR ARTIST, MR. ALBIN, ON SATURDAY, AT WINDSOR. PRINCE EDWARD OF YORK WAS ACCOMPANIED BY HIS SISTER, AND THE YOUNG ETON VOLUNTEERS FORMED AN APPROPRIATE BACKGROUND.



THE TRIBUTES OF SPAIN, THE COMMONWEALTH OF AUSTRALIA, AND CANADA

THE FLORAL TRIBUTES

One of the most remarkable features of Queen Victoria's funeral was showing the universality of the sorrow at her death, and yet one of the least commented on because the most secluded from the popular eye, was the vast quantity of floral tributes sent from every people, race and country on the earth. Whole cartloads were sent from London, tokens of grief from all the more prominent persons in the country, and at Windsor the offerings of the humblest—the cottage's modest bunch of old-world blossoms, the school-child's crude handful of wild flowers—were all received as readily and as courteously as the tributes of the mightiest in the land. None were refused, none turned back, and never probably in the world's history has any burial before been glorified by so enormous a mass of beautiful flowers. On the days preceding the funeral, all the principal florists of London and in the provinces were working day and night to fulfil the orders they had received. In the window of one was a magnificent trophy of immortelles, tied with a green sash bearing in gold the legends, "From her humble and loyal servants and subjects Redvers and Audrey Buller." At another a giant wreath was displayed, which had been ordered by Sir John Blundell Maple; at a third a splendid shield bearing the Arms of the City of London,

carried out in white lilies and carnations and red orchids, was made to the order of the Metropolitan Corporation; at yet another a huge cross of exotic, nearly fourteen feet in height, was exhibited as the tribute of one of the South American Republics. The size and costliness of these masterpieces of the florist's art has probably rarely been equalled, never surpassed. Wreaths of from six to ten feet in diameter, crosses, shields and cushions, the last both with and without the regal crown upon them, of from five to fifteen feet in height, were almost common, whilst the prices in scores of instances exceeded a hundred pounds each. But it was not so much these tokens of affection from her own beloved subjects that are the most significant as showing the wide extent of the sorrow felt. It was the enormous number sent from over seas that brings home to one most vividly the world-wide unanimity of the mourning that the death of our great and good Sovereign has caused. Mr. McKinley personally sent a beautiful memento of his high appreciation of Queen Victoria, and from the recent foes of the United States, from Spain, came a floral tribute worthy of the high traditions for courtesy and good taste of this great nation of the past. These great twin children of the Empire, Australia and Canada, each sent splendid trophies to testify to their loyalty and sorrow.



PRESIDENT MCKINLEY'S TOKEN



THE PRINCE CONSORT'S TOMB



FROGMORE, WHERE THE QUEEN HAS BEEN BURIED



STATE FUNERALS

There has in recent years come a most notable and praiseworthy change over the character of funeral ceremonial in this country. The agitation of fifteen years ago against the horrible gloominess and gruesomeness that at times were thought to be the only decent concomitants of the burial of human remains has had a great effect upon the people of England. The horrible semi-heathenish display of woe which had always been the fashion, has yielded place to a more restrained and more Christianised simplicity. To realise how great the change is in this respect, one has but to attend any funeral of importance on the Continent, or even in Scotland, where the dour Northern character has clung tenaciously to the grim horrors of an earlier day. The long line of ponderous funeral coaches, with their swart, long-haired and long-tailed ostlers, the heavy silver-edged black trappings, the exaggerated plumes, the array of gloomy mutes, the dull black hearse of gargantuan size, all are now things of the past—in London, at any rate. And the change that has now become a recognised fact in private obsequies is taking place in public funerals. The stern but beautiful simplicity of Mr. Gladstone's burial was the first example of a State function of this kind from which all the elaborate ceremonial of mourning had been shorn. And now the funeral of our beloved dead Queen follows on lines of similar grand simplicity. The day of great crane-draped torches, of long files of black troopers, of streets all hung with black curtains, of towering catafalques of grotesque sombreness, has gone, let us hope never to return again, and with it, equally let us hope, the hideous practice of a morbid lying-in-state to gratify the sensational curiosity of the unhealthy-minded section of the public. The contrast between the funerals of, say, the Duchess of Kent

or the great Duke of Wellington and that of Queen Victoria well marks the great change that has occurred. On the Continent the ghastly elaboration of public burial ceremonies still continues, and in France and Italy especially reaches extreme limits. The function at the obsequies of the late King of Italy was quite restrained in comparison with the almost heathenish excesses with which some recent funerals have been marked. No one who has witnessed one of these strangely inappropriate tributes to the great dead can fail to have been shocked. It is considered but a poor compliment if the overwrought feelings of women-folk do not lead to painful scenes of hysterics and fainting, whilst the grim severity of their ostentatious mourning has an almost sickening effect on even the most virile natures. That such adjuncts belong to a bygone age is clearly shown by the similarity that the old-time funerals of State bear to their modern prototypes. Any account of the "splendid displays" at the burial of Queen Elizabeth, or of one of the earlier monarchs of the British Dominion show that that same feature, the same pomp, the same mournful artifices figured in those old ceremonies as are still to be seen on the Continent. It is true that at the time of the Plague a more rough-and-ready method of burial prevailed, and corpses were hurled into pits by twentys instead of being decently interred one by one. However, the more practical methods and ideas of modern days, or indeed of the days of old Rome, were unknown. Whether we shall live to see a monarch cremated instead of buried lies, of course, hidden by the veil of obscurity. But fashions move so quickly that the idea does not seem to be altogether impossible. Cremation, of course, is not dignified, and the death and burial of a monarch are traditionally associated with tremendous pageant and display.



THE FUNERAL OF QUEEN ELIZABETH



LATE DUKE OF TECK'S COFFIN  
ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR



THE ALBERT MEMORIAL CHAPEL



THE QUEEN'S STATUE AT MALTA  
SURROUNDED BY WREATHS AND EMBLEMS OF MOURNING BECAUSE OF HER MAJESTY'S DEATH



LATE DUCHESS OF TECK'S COFFIN  
MEMORIAL CHAPEL, WINDSOR

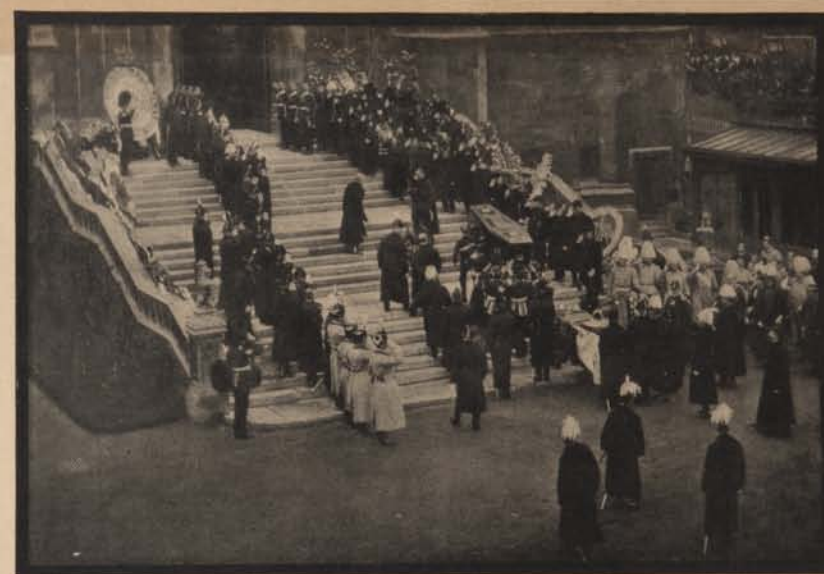


WREATHS AT THE LATE DUKE OF CLARENCE'S FUNERAL  
AT THE ALBERT MEMORIAL CHAPEL, WINDSOR





THE ARRIVAL OF THE CORTEGE AT ST. GEORGES CHAPEL, WINDSOR



THE COFFIN BEING CARRIED UP THE STEPS INTO ST. GEORGES CHAPEL, WINDSOR

**A TOUCHING REMINISCENCE OF HER MAJESTY'S LAST VISIT TO FRANCE**

UNDoubtedly one of the greatest charms of our late beloved Queen was her wonderful personal fact always exhibited at the right moment and in

The following incident, surely not forgotten, will show how this womanly charm attracted all hearts to her. It was after the Fashoda episode when her Majesty's determination to take her usual journey to Cinis inspired a certain amount of anxiety and caused a great deal of uneasiness as to the reception she would meet with there. These fears proved quite groundless; her gracious dignity imposed respect at once, and she touched all hearts by her simple yet earnest kindness. Our sentimental French neighbours grew even enthusiastic when they saw her Majesty during one of her drives stop her carriage to notice a pretty little peasant girl standing by the roadside, her arms filled with wild flowers, and gazing with eyes of wonder at the great Queen as she passed by. Charmed by the pretty picture she made, the Queen at once expressed the desire to have the little one's portrait done, and gave the command for this to M. Albert Perrot, the famous pastel artist, whose work had already received her high approbation.

The portrait proved most charming, and at the last sitting the little girl was brought to see her Majesty, who embraced her kindly, and with her own hands placed round her neck a handsome gold necklace.

This incident of the last stay in the Sunny South seems to have dwelt kindly in her Majesty's memory, as only a few weeks months ago, the picture having been slightly damaged, she had the following letter written to the artist:—

"Balnoral Castle, 28 Sept., 1900.  
"Cher Monsieur, — Il paraît que le tableau que vous avez peint il y a deux ans est un peu abîmé. La Reine croit que c'est à cause du verre qui est trop près du pastel et qu'il serait mieux d'insérer du carton entre le verre et le pastel.

"Sa Majesté me charge de vous demander d'avoir la bonté retoucher le tableau. — CAPTAIN PONSOMBY."

What a wonderful heart and memory is shown in just the simple incidents related above.

**A ROYAL ANSWER**

LOREN MELROSE, devoted though he was to his Sovereign, was fond of saying that he would rather manage ten Kings than one Queen. On the first occasion on which he had to approach the Queen in a business capacity, he tried to persuade her to sign a certain State paper on the ground of its being expedient. Hardly had the word come out of his mouth before the eighteen-year-old monarch stopped him with the remark, "I have been taught to judge between what is right and what is wrong, but expediency is a word that I neither understand nor wish to hear."

**THE QUEEN'S WALKING-STICK**

THE Queen was always very fond of having historical objects in constant use; thus her Majesty's walking-stick, which is of British oak, was made for and presented to Charles II. by a Worcester man. Tradition says that the staff was made of a branch of the famous oak-tree among the thick brambles of which the King hid after the battle of Worcester. When this curious historical relic came into possession of the Queen, the stick had only a plain gold top. To this were added by her Majesty a tiny Indian idol, studded with jewels, which formed part of the booty of Serampour. The Queen has always been very much more interested in the Stuarts than in her more immediate forebears, and she possesses a very interesting collection of Stuart relics, including many trifles which belonged to and were used by the young Pretender during his ill-fated sojourn in Scotland. The members of the White Rose Society would do well to keep this in mind when they preach sedition.



THE QUEEN'S LITTLE FRIEND AT CINIS





BLUEJACKETS PULLING THE GUN CARRIAGE AT WINDSOR  
THE ARTILLERY HORSES DEPUTED FOR THE PURPOSE REFUSED TO MOVE, BUT THE BLUEJACKETS WERE ON THE SPOT READY TO REAR THE REMAINS OF  
THEIR BELOVED MONARCH TO THE LAST RESTING PLACE.



THE MEMORIAL SERVICE IN ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR  
A FITTING CONSUMMATION OF A SOLEMN AND REMEMBRABLE DAY: FEBRUARY 2, 1901





THE QUEEN IN HER BEREAVEMENT



PRINCESS BEATRICE IN A CHINOLINE



THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT



THE EMPRESS FREDERICK



ROYAL FAMILY GROUP  
TAKEN IN THE SIXTIES



THE LATE QUEEN ON HORSEBACK  
WITH JOHN BROWN, HER FAITHFUL ATTENDANT

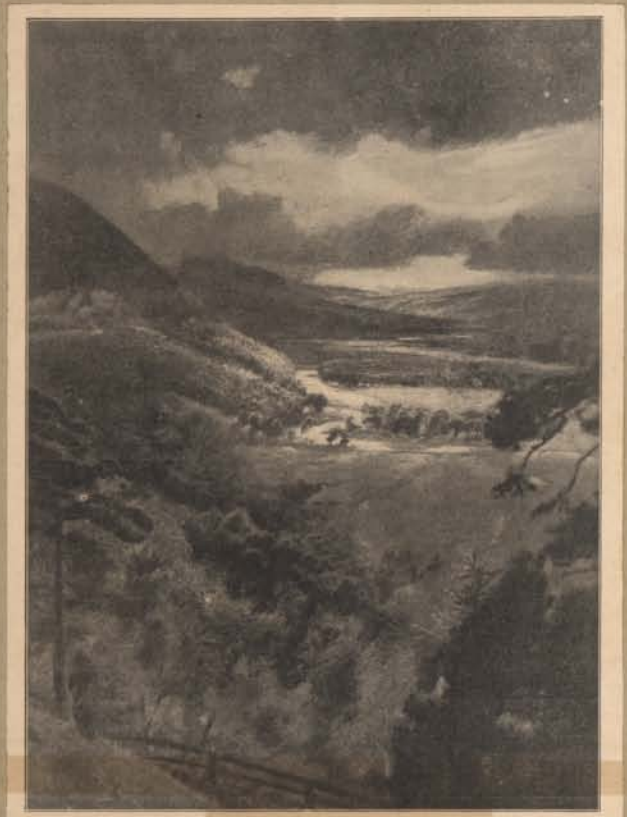




QUEEN'S FUNERAL CELEBRATIONS AT MANCHESTER  
THE LORD MAYOR OF MANCHESTER LEAVING THE TOWN HALL.



General Debonis, Office of the House of the President (back view), Prince Murillo, Ambassador of Austria (shaking hands),  
M. de Sola (Prefect of the Seine), Mr. Harcourt (Secretary to the English Embassy).  
FRANCE'S TRIBUTE TO THE DEAD QUEEN OF ENGLAND  
A SPECIAL MEMORIAL SERVICE WAS HELD ON SATURDAY, ATTENDED BY MANY OF THE MOST IMPORTANT  
DIPLOMATIC AND OFFICIAL REPRESENTATIVES. THIS SHOWS THE EXIT FROM THE CHURCH



THE LATE QUEEN'S FAVOURITE VIEW AT BALMORAL  
From the painting illustrated by presented to Queen Alexandra, by E. Pomeroy Leighton

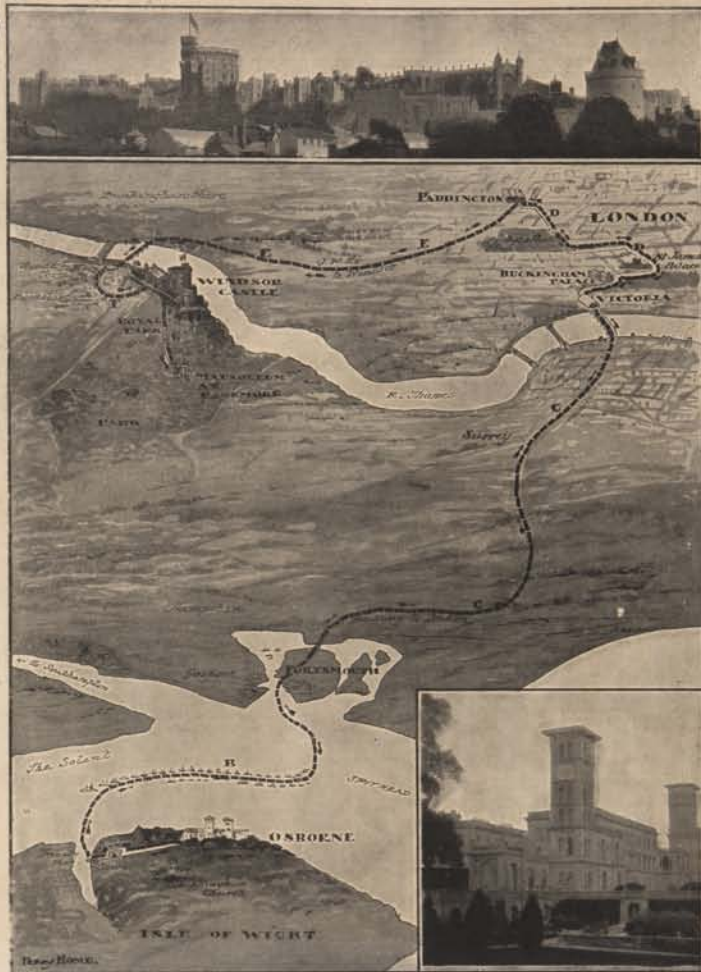


THE WREATHS AT OSBORNE



# Her late Majesty Queen Victoria

THE LAST JOURNEY OF ALL—OSBORNE TO WINDSOR.



DESIGNED BY PERCY HOME

## BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE FUNERAL ROUTE FROM OSBORNE TO WINDSOR, FEBRUARY 1 AND 2, 1901.

The last journey of Victoria the Good from her seaside home at Osborne to the mausoleum at Frogmore in the grounds of Windsor Castle is indicated on the map by a black band. The distance (marked A) from Cowes to Trinity Pier on the little stream known as the Medina River is hardly a mile. From thence to Portsmouth or Gosport (B) is a stretch of 10 miles by the waterway, staked out by great battleships. The

Distances	Miles
Cowes to Trinity Pier	1
Portsmouth to London	74
London to Windsor	22

distance (C) from Portsmouth to London is 74 miles by rail. From Paddington to Windsor (E) is 22 miles, so that the whole sad journey measured about 110 miles. References to the lettered portions of the route will be found beneath the illustration of the funeral procession and will help readers to locate the memorable scenes depicted by our artists. The photographs of Windsor and Osborne reproduced here are by Frith and Co., Reigate



THE FUNERAL CORTEGE LEAVING OSBORNE HOUSE AT 1.30 ON FRIDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 1  
The picture, taken by Hughes and Martin of Reigate, shows the part played by the Queen's Household in the funeral procession



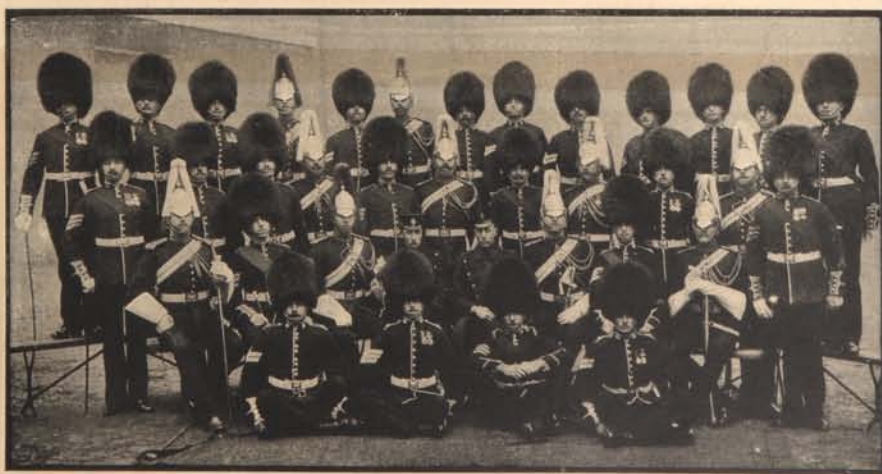


DRAWN BY FRED PEDRAM

THE DEPARTURE OF THE FUNERAL PROCESSION FROM OSBORNE HOUSE

Under a beautiful summer-like sky all that was mortal of Her Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria left Osborne House at 1.35 on Friday afternoon, February 1. The King's company of the Grenadier Guards, commanded by Captain Lloyd, was stretched across the quadrangle. The coffin was borne by blackjacks to the gun-carriage, the late Queen's Highland attendants supporting the pall walking on each side. The members of the Royal Family walked three abreast, headed by the King, the German Emperor, and the Duke of Connaught, in 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 end were Prince Charles of Denmark, Prince Louis of Battenberg, and the Crown Prince of Germany. The Queen walked first with Princess Christian and Princess Louise, and after them in threes came 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.



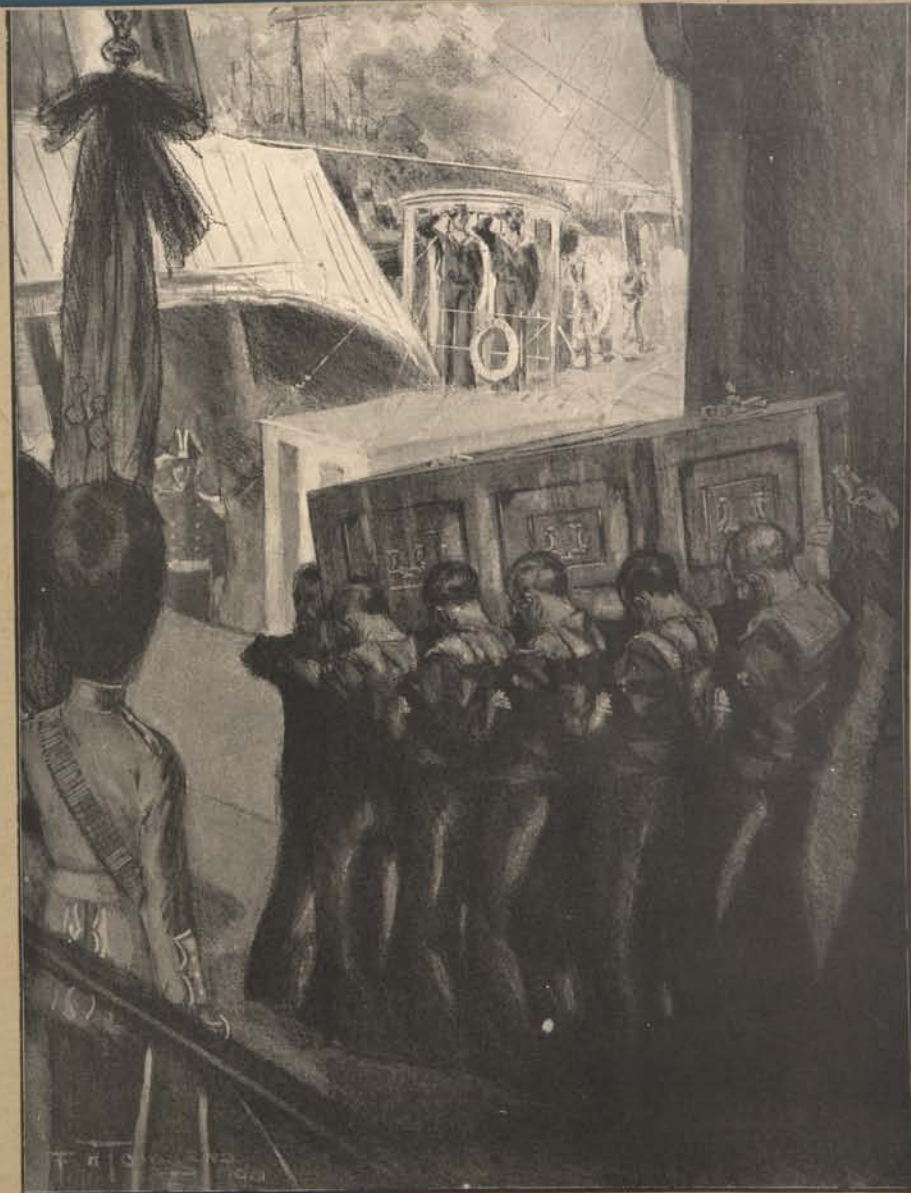
THE GUARDSMEN WHO WERE CHOSEN TO CARRY THE QUEEN'S COFFIN

Gregory





These excellent pictures by Russell show the cortege passing through the streets of Cowes. The first picture shows the coffin drawn by the Royal Horse Artillery. In the second are seen Queen Alexandra and her daughters and the late Queen's daughters and daughters-in-law.



DRAWN BY F. H. TOWNSEND

The distance between Osborne House and Tristram Pier, Cowes, is about a mile, and it was traversed in forty minutes. The royal yacht "Alberta," which was to bear the precious burden to the mainland, was reached from the wharf by a crimson-covered gangway. The bluejackets lifted the coffin on to the deck, and one saw for the first time the richly polished casket with its massive gilded plate and handles. The moment the foot of the coffin reached the deck a sailor ran up the Royal Standard to half-mast at the main, 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 greeters saluting. The coffin was placed on the bier which ran 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 Sphere, February 9th, 1901.

THE ROYAL YACHT "ALBERTA" WITH QUEEN VICTORIA'S MORTAL REMAINS PASSING FROM COWES TO PORTSMOUTH BETWEEN EUROPE'S BATTLESHIPS.





DRAWN BY CHARLES WYLLIE

The "Alberta" after her historic voyage, described by Mr. Wyllie in the double-page picture in the middle of this issue, was taken alongside the royal pier at Clarence Yard at 4.40 on Friday afternoon, February 1. The

"Victoria and Albert" and the "Osborne" with our Royal Family aboard were placed at moorings in the harbour, and the "Hohenzollern" with the German Emperor was berthed at the southern jetty of the dockyard.

As became the ruler of the greatest naval Power in the world the mortal remains of Her late Majesty were borne on Friday on the "Alberta" from Cowes to Portsmouth between a long line of battleships. The procession was led by destroyers of the Portsmouth command, taking this form:—

Port-aid	Spithead
Cross	Spithead
Royal	Spithead
Spithead	Spithead
Alberta	Victoria and Albert
Osborne	Osborne
Hohenzollern	Hohenzollern
German Emperor	German Emperor
Troop	Troop

The ships between which the yacht passed were:—

Name	Type	Class	Tonnage
1. <i>Albatross</i>	Twin-screw battleship	(1901)	9,430
2. <i>Campanella</i>	"	(1901)	10,500
3. <i>Salway</i>	"	(1901)	10,500
4. <i>Beaumont</i>	"	(1901)	10,800
5. <i>Collingwood</i>	"	(1901)	9,500
6. <i>Colinet</i>	"	(1901)	9,500
7. <i>Saint Paul</i>	"	(1901)	10,470
8. <i>Nile</i>	"	(1901)	11,040
9. <i>Haze</i>	"	(1901)	10,300
10. <i>Malindi</i>	Twin-screw cruiser	(1901)	3,400
11. <i>Succo</i>	"	(1901)	3,300
12. <i>Galata</i>	"	(1901)	4,200
13. <i>Belona</i>	"	(1901)	4,200
14. <i>Palatia</i>	"	(1901)	5,135
15. <i>Filona</i>	"	(1901)	5,135
16. <i>Alona</i>	"	(1901)	5,000
17. <i>Compass</i>	Twin-screw battleship	(1901)	6,000
18. <i>Atreus</i>	Twin-screw cruiser	(1901)	3,700
19. <i>Marica</i>	"	(1901)	3,600
20. <i>Nile</i>	"	(1901)	11,000
21. <i>Haze</i>	Twin-screw battleship	(1901)	6,000
22. <i>Haze</i>	"	(1901)	11,200
23. <i>Trillick</i>	"	(1901)	11,200
24. <i>Beaumont</i>	"	(1901)	10,800
25. <i>Edinburgh</i>	"	(1901)	9,400
26. <i>Jupiter</i>	Twin-screw cruiser	(1901)	3,700
27. <i>Hamelin</i>	Twin-screw battleship	(1901)	14,000
28. <i>Mari</i>	"	(1901)	14,000
29. <i>Prince George</i>	"	(1901)	14,000
30. <i>Majestic</i>	"	(1901)	14,000

Name	Type	Class	Tonnage
1. <i>Albatross</i>	Twin-screw torpedo gunboat	(1901)	400
2. <i>Glauco</i>	Twin-screw gunboat	(1901)	712
3. <i>Sagefish</i>	Twin-screw torpedo gunboat	(1901)	712
4. <i>Lark</i>	"	(1901)	712
5. <i>Bullfinch</i>	"	(1901)	712
6. <i>Albatross</i>	"	(1901)	712
7. <i>Albatross</i>	"	(1901)	712
8. <i>Albatross</i>	"	(1901)	712



COMMANDING THE EASTERN PORTION OF THE LINE OF BATTLESHIPS  
Vice-Admiral Sir Harry Hanson, senior officer in charge of the Channel Squadron. This picture is by Russell.



COMMANDING THE WESTERN PORTION OF THE LINE OF BATTLESHIPS  
Rear-Admiral Sir Gerard Noel, Admiral-Superintendent of Naval Reserves. This picture is by Wainwright and Green.



THE MOST FAMOUS OF VICTORIA'S SHIPS  
This is the deck of the "Victory," the flagship at Portsmouth of Admiral Sir Charles Hastings, who had so much to do in arranging the funeral of Friday. It need hardly be said that the "Victory" was the ship on which Nelson received his death wound at Trafalgar, eighty-six years ago. This picture is by Russell.

GERMANY	FRANCE	SPAIN	NETHERLANDS
- Baden	- Dupuy de Lôme	- Nieuwpoort	- Helder
- Hagen	- Helder	- Helder	- Helder
- Victoria	- Helder	- Helder	- Helder
- Lohse	- Helder	- Helder	- Helder

The whole scene, which is pictured vividly by Mr. Charles Wyllie in the double-page drawing in the middle of this issue, was most impressive. As the "Alberta" with her sad burden passed the ships each man-of-war boomed its minute guns; and on the landward side the echoes woke more guns, which told the seas that Victoria was no more.

The great spectacle must have reminded many who witnessed it of the Queen's favourite Laureate's stately paragon on the Passing of Arthur and that "dusky barge, dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern," which bore down to take the tired king away with his beautiful swan song:—

I am going a long way  
With these thou wilt—(if indeed I go)  
(For all my mind is clouded with a doubt)—  
To the island-valley of Avilion;  
Where falls not hail, nor rain, nor any snow,  
Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies  
Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard lawns  
And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea,  
Where I will heal me of my grievous wound.

The stately pageant was indeed the symbol of Britannia, the sea queen, mourning for the monarch under whom she had risen to such might, so that the old wooden "Victory" of Nelson's immortal fight, with all its glories, seemed but a speck against the great black shadows of the mighty monsters of to-day, on which for nearly sixty-four years presidents of the mess rising in their places every night had addressed their comrades—"Gentlemen, the Queen!"





This picture shows the Queen in the crimson ermine robe of the Garter which was used as the pall on her bier at Osborne. The Garter was instituted in 1348 by King Edward III. This picture is taken from a photograph of a print of the period by Bassano

The scene began at Osborne House on Friday, whence a gun-carriage conveyed the coffin amid the wailing of Scots pipers to the Trinity Pier, Cowes. Sir Michael Culme-Seymour, the Queen's personal aide-de-camp, walked immediately behind the bier, and a little after came the King with his nephews, the Kaiser, on his right and his brother, the Duke of Connaught, on the left. Other members of the Royal Family followed the King in order of precedence, the German Crown Prince and the

Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, noticeable from their boyish appearance. After them came the ladies of the party—Queen Alexandra and her daughters and the late Queen's daughters. When the gun-carriage drew up in the courtyard of the Trinity Pier twelve of the *Albion's* petty officers lifted the coffin and carried it across the gangway on to the royal yacht.

The Queen could have died at no more appropriate place than Osborne, for nowhere else could the sea have rendered such a tribute to her as was witnessed when her favourite yacht, the *Albion*, bearing her mortal remains, glided between ten miles of ships of

war which took the silent Solent with the mournful boom of minute guns on February 1. The sun came out as on a summer evening to glid the grey clouds of February, and the sea was smooth. It was as if the elements knew that a great figure was passing, and that the new order which had come needed a smiling day to hearten it for its new life.

The journey from Portsmouth to London on Saturday started badly, for rain fell in torrents until Horsham was reached, although it did not prevent thousands of the country



THE GUN-CARRIAGE ON WHICH THE BODY OF HER LATE MAJESTY WAS BORN  
This picture, taken by Heston, shows the carriage, in which her mortal remains were borne.



COLONIAL TROOPS IN THE PROCESSION  
They were composed of men returned from the war

folk standing in the dark meadows watching the swiftly-moving procession on the rails. The train was preceded by the "Sirdar" locomotive acting as pilot, and the engine which drew the funeral train, fittingly named "Empress," was suitably draped. The funeral car was the third on the train as shown on the accompanying picture (by Mr. Alexander Richardson). The King and German Emperor were in the second carriage. At the time the picture was taken the train was travelling at the rate of forty miles an hour, making up lost time. The train was hand-signalled, and the man partly seen to the extreme left of the picture was chowing the green flag to indicate that all was clear ahead.

The terminus, appropriately named Victoria, was reached in good time at two minutes to eleven, and soon the waving flags of the signallers along the whole route announced to the waiting millions that the last procession had started. Rarely has human eye seen such a crowd as lined the three miles to Padding-

ton, and blackened the parks as if a flight of locusts had taken possession of the green sward. The Kaiser has seen many crowds, but assuredly never such an one as this.

Our artists and photographers have depicted the great procession more effectively than any pen can possibly do. The Duke of Norfolk as Earl Marshal was conspicuous, and so was Sir Evelyn Wood. The behaviour of the crowd at almost every turn of the route was well-nigh perfect, even under the strong temptation to cheer Lord Roberts, who rode alone with singular dignity.

All too unexpectedly for the occupants



*With the best Affection*  
*Elizabeth*

THE SIGNATURE OF QUEEN ELIZABETH

## England's Second Greatest Queen.

THE FUNERAL OF ELIZABETH.

*Victoria R.I.*

THE SIGNATURE OF QUEEN VICTORIA

### ELIZABETH R. (1533-1603)

Queen Elizabeth lived in a great age, in many aspects as great as that of Victoria. It was an age of vast projects and great undertakings—a difficult age to rule. Modern England was bursting the bonds of mediocrity, and intelligence, under the cognomen of a "revival of learning," was struggling to its feet. To have led the nation to success during such a crisis is a feat which the greatest kings might envy this English Queen. Dr. Creighton in his "Age of Elizabeth," in comparing Elizabeth with Mary Queen of Scots, says that the Queen of England was "identified in her interests with the nation over which she reigned, and though she might at times be capricious yet in the end her sense of duty towards her people prevailed over her purely personal desires. She lied and plotted and quibbled; but it was to gain, at the least possible cost to her people, some object which was for her people's good." Unlike Victoria, her latter years were overclouded with unpopularity. However, her revocation in a famous speech of all illegal grants of monopolies removed this shadow during her last days, but the death of Essex evidently preyed upon her mind, a moodiness which was increased by her isolation. She died on March 24, 1603.



QUEEN ELIZABETH (holding the Orb and Scepter as she went to St. Paul's, November 4, 1558)

### VICTORIA R.I. (1818-1901)

The character of Queen Victoria differed greatly on its moral side from that of Elizabeth. The Queen would not so much as allow the word "expediency" in her presence. Truth, she hotly declared to Lord Melbourne, she could understand, but not expediency. Elizabeth can claim the title of the Great, but cannot enjoy with Victoria the name of the Great and the Good. The magnetic influence of Her late Majesty is attributable in part to her wonderful, inspiring sense of duty—not the grim hard way of facing life that characterized the older Puritans; not the "sickly conscience" of some of our later moderns; but a deep, cheerful, religious sense of what was right for herself and what was due to her subjects. It was, in fact, the sense of duty instilled in the eternal mother, full of sound sense, not peculiarly articulate, but deep-seated, innate, and perpetually justifying her whole life, and, as a consequence, everybody around her. Her sense of duty ought to be a great inspiration to the people whom she has left behind to mourn her. If they are wise they will emulate her in that heroic pilgrimage through a world that had brought so many sorrows to her great heart during those eighty-two years of life that were hers.



THE FAITHFUL SUBJECTS WHO LED THE PROCESSION AT ELIZABETH'S FUNERAL (the figures in front are the Knight-March's men to bear the bier)

of windows and balconies came the royal bier, the gun-carriage upon which was placed the coffin that held the majesty of a great empire. The imagination was touched quite beyond words, but one wanted a little time to collect one's thoughts—for all passed too quickly. All eyes were turned to the King, who looked magnificently kingly, and then to the Kaiser, whose firm, determined face seemed to bear far beyond his forty years the pain and weariness of great responsibilities. At Wind-

not occurred the most dramatic incident of the journey. The horses attached to the gun-carriage refused to move. But the blue jackets who had been selected to form a guard of honour were ready for the task, and thus the Queen of the greatest naval empire on earth was borne to her last resting place by some of her sailors.



THE EMPEROR'S CHARIOTS AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE. The Kaiser rode in the magnificent grey charger seen in the middle of the picture. Nemo Vult, the German Master of the Horse, is on foot.

At St. George's Chapel were assembled many of the best-known exponents of the Empire, famous parliamentarians like Lord Salisbury, Sir William Harcourt, and Lord Rosebery being most conspicuous. The Archbishop of Canterbury and the Archbishop of York read the funeral service. King Edward VII., the Kaiser, and the other Kings and Princes gathered round the coffin, and the scene was touching beyond anything of the kind ever witnessed in this generation. Before the choir sang the concluding anthem the herald stepped to the foot of the coffin and proclaimed the style and titles of the late Queen and of her successor thus:—

Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God to take out of this transitory life some His Divine Majesty the late most high, most mighty, and most excellent Monarch Victoria, by the grace of God of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Queen, Defender of the Faith, Empress of India, and Sovereign of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, her Majesty beneath Almighty God to have won long life, health, and honour, and all worldly happiness the most high, most mighty, and most excellent Monarch our Sovereign Lord Edward, now by the grace of God of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith, Emperor of India, and Sovereign of the Most Noble Order of the Garter.

On Saturday evening the remains of the Queen were removed to the Albert Memorial Chapel, and on Monday afternoon a procession followed the coffin, which was preceded by the Bishop of Winchester and the Dean of Windsor, to the mausoleum at Frogmore, where it was placed in the sarcophagus by the side of Prince Albert. On Tuesday the Kaiser left London, having enshrined himself in our hearts.



# ENGLAND'S SECOND GREATEST QUEEN

## The Funeral of Elizabeth.



YEOMEN, EARL'S SERVANTS, TRUMPETERS, PORTCULLIS OFFICER AT ARMS, AND A SERGEANT-AT-ARMS  
The right figures to the left represent the yeomen of the palace, garter, garter, halberdiers, crossbow men, spicers, and of the chamber of robes and wardrobe



THE HELM AND CREST  
Borne by Raft Strake, York Herald of Arms

These drawings of Queen Elizabeth's funeral procession are taken from an illuminated manuscript exhibited at the present time in the Greenville Gallery of the British Museum. The work, which is supposed to have been executed by William Camden, Clarenceux King of Arms, who himself walked in the procession, is entitled "The True Order and formal Proceeding at the Funerall of the most high, renowned, famous and mighty Princess Elizabeth of England, France, and Ireland, late Queene." The drawings reproduced here are only selections from a very long procession. The London through which Queen Elizabeth's procession moved was a very different city to the one of to-day. The population was considerably under 500,000. The whole population of England at the time was barely 2,500,000. Even the small portion of Westminster traversed by Queen Elizabeth's funeral procession—from Whitehall to the Abbey—would not be recognizable. The banqueting hall now standing had not then been built. The Tudor palace of Whitehall crossed the narrow public way by great arches and covered a considerable amount of ground, but only a few private houses or shops gathered round the Abbey of St. John, Westminster, and the Queen's palace, immediately beyond, were fields stretching away to the unbroken country side. London was small in 1603, but it was growing at such a pace that new buildings were forbidden to be put up "where no former hath been known to have been." In this very year 30,578 persons are said to have perished from the plague. In 1603 London was almost entirely built of wood. Seventeen years later Sir Hugh Myddleton conferred an inestimable boon on London by bringing pure New River water to the city, but previous to this the water supply was in a condition scarcely realizable by us owing to the contamination of surface wells. The principal streets were unpaved, and no hackney coaches plied until twenty years later.



SOMERSET AND RICHMOND HERALDS  
Robert Tremell and John Keesse

WHAT LONDON WAS LIKE IN THE DAYS OF QUEEN BESS



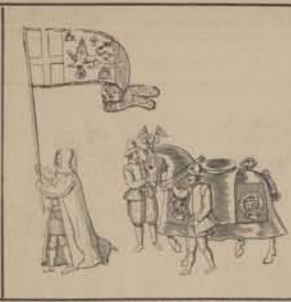
THE BANNER OF ENGLAND  
Borne by Footsore and Howard of Englandham



THE QUEEN'S BIER-CHARIOT, BENEATH THE CANDY BORNE BY SIX KNIGHTS



SIR WALTER RALEIGH  
Captain of the Guard



STANDARD OF THE LION AND THE QUEEN'S HORSE  
The standard was borne by Thomas Somerell



LORD CHANCELLOR AND THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY



HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA  
The picture by Nicholas of Jherusalem shows the Queen being the victor of Waterloo on Saturday



THE FUNERAL TRAIN ENTERING LONDON FROM PORTSMOUTH



THE GERMAN CROWN PRINCE IN THE PROCESSION  
The Prince is seen talking between the best figures in front





**GREECE (The Crown Prince)**  
He is not only the nephew of Queen Alexandra, but brother-in-law of the King, for his married Queen Victoria's granddaughters, Princess Sophia of Prussia. His father was also present.



**FRANCE (Vice-Admiral Admiral)**  
He is the head of the Naval General Staff, and was accompanied by Mr. van der Lubbe, Lieutenant Paton, coming across in the French man-of-war which took part in the jagged at Spitzberg.



**DENMARK (The Crown Prince)**  
Prince Christian, born 1812, is the eldest brother of Queen Alexandra, and the uncle and father-in-law of her daughter, Princess Marie of Wales. He was attended by Colonel de N. Kruger.



**RUSSIA (Grand Duke Michael Alexandrovich)**  
The only surviving brother and heir-presumptive of the Czar. He was born in 1878 and is the nephew of Queen Alexandra. He was attended by Lord Dufferin.



**THE DUKE OF SAXE-COBURG**  
Prince Leopold, Duke of Albany, Queen Victoria's grandson, was born in 1876, and succeeded his uncle (Prince of Saxe-Coburg) as Duke of Saxe-Coburg last year.



**WALDECK-PYRMONT (Prince Frederik)**  
Born in 1857, he is the brother of the Duchess of Albany and the uncle of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg. He married Princess Elisabeth of Schaumburg-Lippe.



**HOHENZOLLERN-LANGENSFELD (Prince Hermann)**  
Born in 1877, he is Queen Victoria's nephew. His son and heir, Prince, married her granddaughter, Princess Alexandra of Coburg, and is now the Regent of Coburg.



**HESSÉ (The Grand Duke)**  
Ernest Ludwig is the great-grandson of Queen Victoria, being the son of her eldest daughter, Princess Alice, and the brother of the Grand Duke. He was attended by Lord Willoughby.



**ROMANIA (The Crown Prince)**  
Princess Marie was born in 1875, and married in 1893 Queen Victoria's granddaughters, Prince Marie of Saxe-Coburg. He is son of the Queen's second cousin, Prince Antonio, Duke of Portugal, and cousin of the King of Portugal.



**THE PRINCE OF HOHENZOLLERN**  
Lazareff was born in 1873, and married the Queen's second cousin, Antonia, Infanta of Portugal, who is the aunt of the present King of Portugal. He is the father of the Crown Prince Ferdinand of Romania.



**BATTENBERG (Hereditary Prince Heinrich)**  
Born in 1872, he married the Queen's sister and Queen Victoria's granddaughters, Princess Charlotte of Prussia, whose daughter, Princess Heinrich XXX, of Battenberg, the first of Queen Victoria's great-granddaughters to marry.



**HOUSE OF SAXE-COBURG (Prince Louis)**  
Born in 1834, he is Queen Victoria's second cousin and married her second, and his son first cousin, Prince Louis of Belgium. His mother was a daughter of Louis Philippe. He was attended by Duke Guntar of Schleswig-Holstein.

## THE BURIAL OF QUEEN VICTORIA THE GOOD

Some of the Royal Mourners from the Continent.

### OUTLOOK ON FOREIGN AFFAIRS

The solemn pageant of sorrow is over and the truce of death ends. The Sovereigns and Princes who have come to do honour to the eldest and best of their order go back to their nations and their duties, and the international business of the world goes on. Not that, in reality, the death of Queen Victoria has given pause to any important movement in policy. The pause, which was very noticeable, had come before her illness was announced. The rumours of European intervention or mediation in South Africa are obviously unfounded. The different rulers whose states might have intervened must have reviewed the situation before Mr. Kruger came to Europe, and must have decided not to interfere. Nothing has happened since then to alter the grounds for their decision except that the Boers have shown unexpected obstinacy, and have succeeded in eluding the forces brought against them. But the arguments against intervention remain what they were. To suppose that the champions of an oppressed nationality sheathed their righteous swords and allowed Milord Sir Kitchener to butcher the white-soiled, or at any rate white-flagged, martyrs of the Transvaal because they were afraid of hurting the feelings of a venerable lady—related to some of them—is ridiculous. The German Emperor, whose warm-hearted affections and sympathy have endeared him to all of us because we know that his action is personal

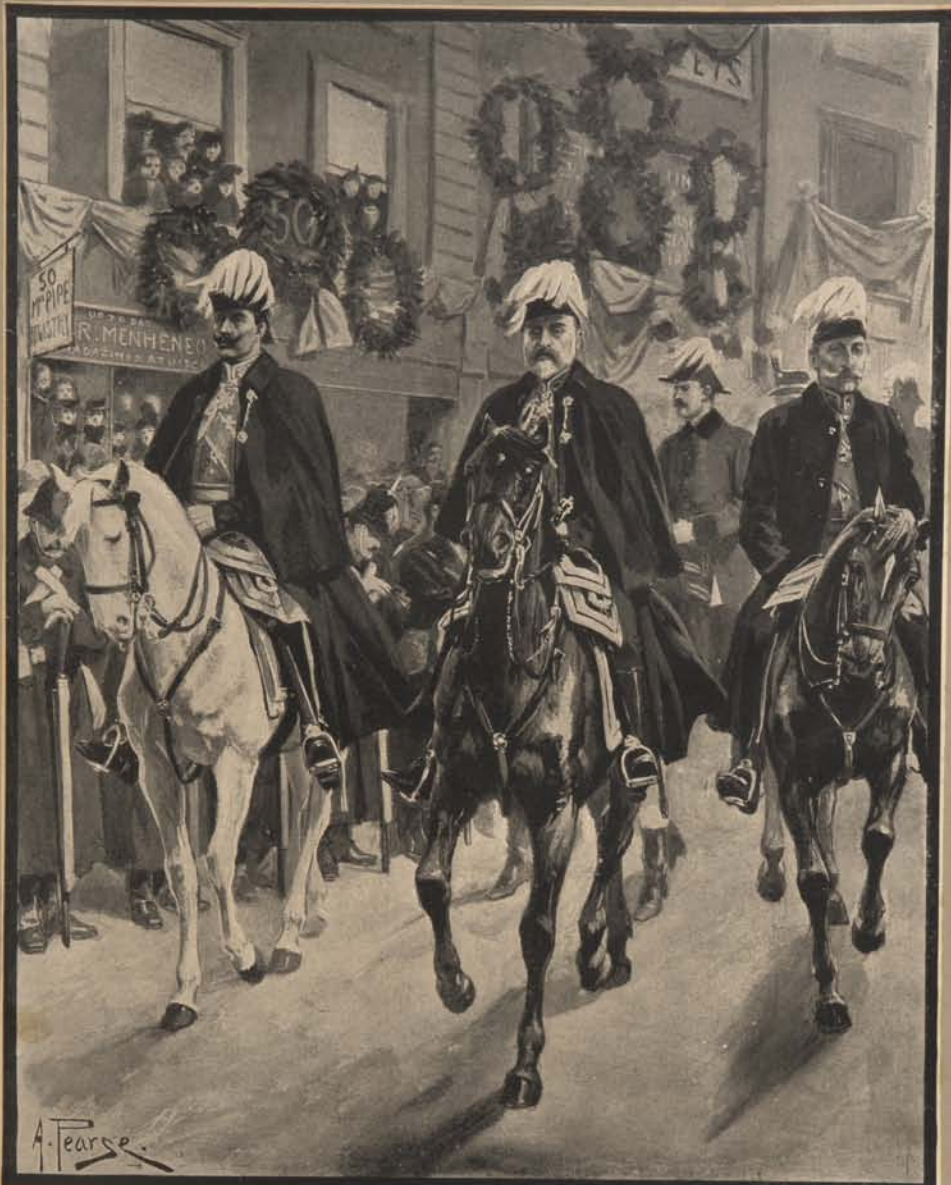


THE CHARGER THAT THE KING RODE

and no mere formal sign of alliance, is not likely, as some journalists "do vainly talk," to interfere with his uncle any more than with his grandmother; not in France more likely to be hostile to England when the new King is one of the most popular of men in France.

Certain Russian newspapers exult over the approaching ruin of Alliance now that the protection of our Queen's virtue and age is removed. They will do such things—what they are yet they know not. We can wait and see. The policy of the Russian Empire is no more dictated by its newspapers than the finances of a merchant by the yapping little dog in his back yard; and there is still a famine of ready money in Russian industry and trade. Russia has no more spared us for the age of Queen Victoria than we have spared her for the youth of Czar Nicholas II. If Russian statesmen see a safe and probable way to aggrandise Russia at our expense they will take that way now, just as they would have done at any time during the past fifty years. The fact that the ruler of Russia is friendly to our Royal Family will not retard a conflict any more than the ignorant popular Anglophobia of the Russians will hasten it. Englishmen were rather liked in Russia before the Crimean War, and never was there a conflict in which there was less national animosity between the combatants or in which the fighting was fiercer.





THE CHIEF MOURNERS IN THE GREAT FUNERAL MARCH THROUGH LONDON  
 King Edward VII. (looking every inch a king), mounted on a dark bay charger, was the chief mourner. On his right rode the German Emperor on a grey charger. His face was pale, his features drawn tight, and he sat like a statue. Both wore the uniform of British field-marshal. On the King's left rode the Duke of Connaught.

DRAWN BY A. PEARSE



A TASTEFUL EFFORT IN HOLBORN

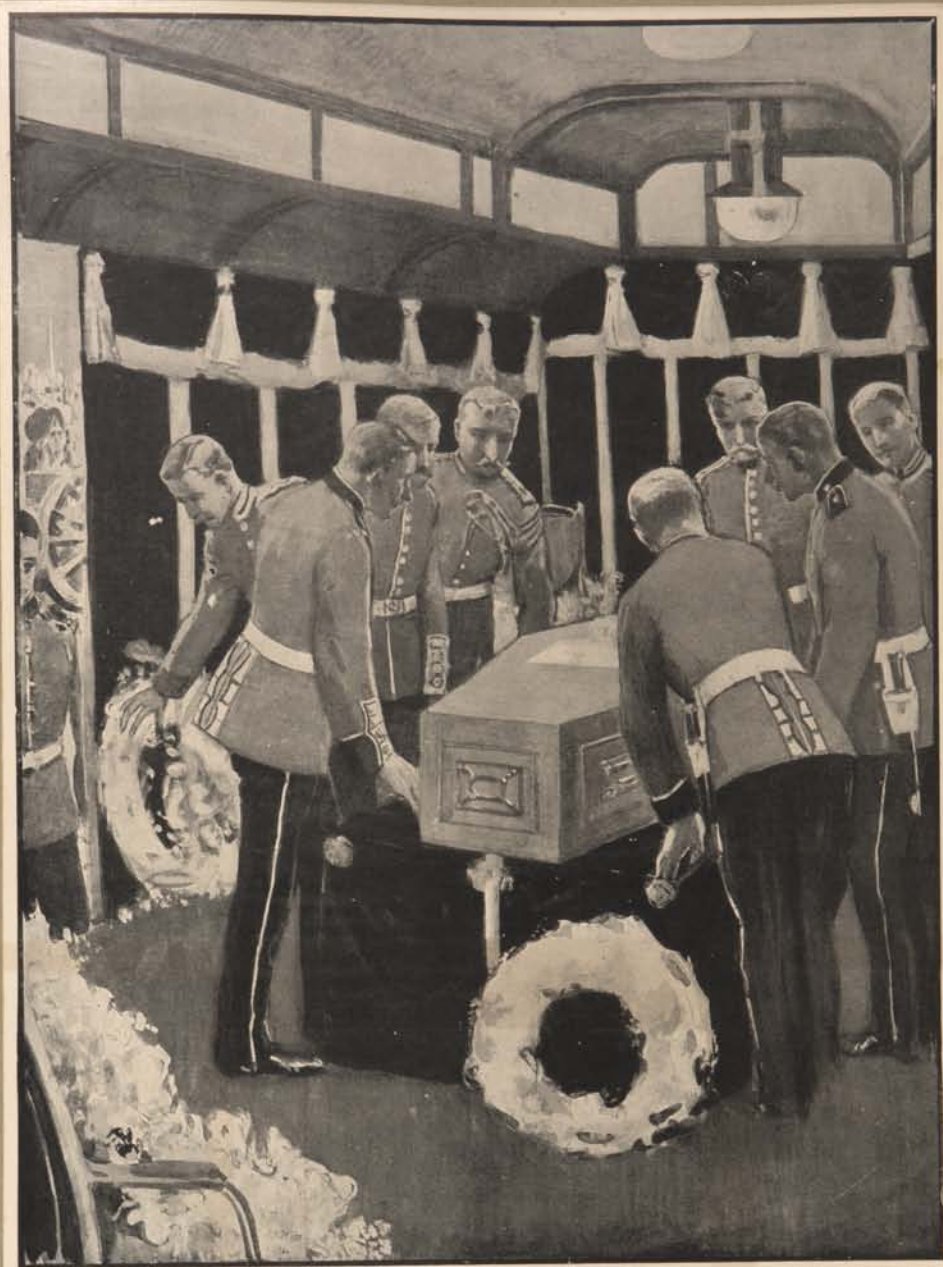


A REGENT STREET DECORATION



SPECTATORS IN THE TREES AT HYDE PARK WATCHING THE FUNERAL PROCESSION





DRAWN BY OSCAR ECKHARDT

At 8.53 on the morning of February 2 the royal train, consisting of two saloons and three first-class carriages, steamed out of Portsmouth preceded by the pilot engine, "Sirdar." The funeral car was one which the late Queen had often occupied when travelling to and from Scotland or between Windsor and Portsmouth. The ordinary hangings had given place to purple and white velvet, the bier, which rested in the centre, being covered with similar material. The exterior of the car had been coloured white. After the coffin had been moved from the shoulders of

the bluejackets and placed on the bier Admiral Sir Michael Colvocozy, the late Queen's first and principal naval aide-de-camp, and three of his colleagues entered the car and remained in charge until the arrival in London. The King, the Queen, the German Emperor, and other royal mourners took their seats immediately after the coffin had been placed in the train, occupying a saloon behind the funeral car. The journey to London was made in torrents of rain, which happily cleared (at Honham) before the capital was reached.



WHERE KING EDWARD RECEIVED THE FOREIGN MOURNERS  
This is the junction erected by the Mayor at Victoria Station in which the King received the foreign princes and potentates. This picture is by S. B. Hales of Oxford Street



THE DRAPED EXTERIOR OF LORD GLENSHEEN'S HOUSE, PICCADILLY



WHAT HYDE PARK LOOKED LIKE AFTER THE PROCESSION  
So great was the crush in Hyde Park that many of the spectators took to the branches of trees, while the railings on every hand were twisted and broken. This picture is by Henry Irving



The King of Portugal and Prince Henry of Prussia in the Procession.

From Henry of Prussia



King of Portugal

DRAWN BY R. M. PAXTON

The crowd along the whole of Piccadilly was very dense. The route was lined by men representing every branch of the service. The 7th Dragoon Guards were drawn up at the entrance facing the gate at Apsley House

WOMAN'S SPHERE

"She gave her name an epoch"

No column devoted to the discussion of matters feminine can this week, when the hearts of both writer and readers are overflowing with sorrow at the death of the Empress, speak of lighter matters of the moment. Saturday's public homage, silent and reverent as it was, to our dead Queen, who made her last journey through London surrounded by her people who worshipped and loved her, is still fresh in our minds, and it will be long before the heart-stirring music of Chopin's, or the stately familiar Beethoven's, Funeral March, played with an exquisite perfection by the massed bands, will cease in our ears. And shall we ever forget the august burden on the gun-carriage with its beautiful white pall and royal insignia, all that remained to tell us that not only our Queen but the "Lady of the World" was passing for ever out of our midst. I trust not, for her influence on the age, even throughout the whole world, was immense, "beside

which," to quote Lord Rosebery's tribute, "the age of Elizabeth appears pale."

YET to our Queen Alexandra, but erstwhile our much-beloved Princess of Wales, whose grief at her irreplaceable loss, has been as deep a tribute as of a daughter's love, every heart goes out in sympathy, and we feel that we have yet a Queen amongst women to command our reverence and loyalty.

Simply attired in deepest mourning and heavily veiled were Her Majesty and the Royal Princesses as they passed through London almost hidden from sight in the closed carriages, but they and the kindly mourners must have been touched by the universal throbb of grief which went up from the mute crowds throughout the entire route from Victoria to Paddington. It was a happy thought of His Majesty to order purple instead of black trappings, and very joyfully was it carried out, for few fronts failed to make a fitting and artistic display of purple and white cloth, relieved in many instances with large green wreaths. Miss Close's suggestion, too, of decorating the lamps passed *en route* with laurel and other green wreaths was carried out with enthusiasm, though I fancy few remained within an hour after the procession had passed, as there was a rush by the crowd to obtain the leaves as a memento of the memorable day.



THE DRAPERY AND EVERGREENS AT DEVONSHIRE HOUSE. Piccadilly was conspicuous for the number of its draped houses, the cloth being very tastefully clad in white and purple.

Last Tributes  
of Affection from

the Millions who  
Mourn Victoria.

King of Greece.—A replica of the royal coat of arms in Parma violets, white stocks, and willows.

Prince George of Greece.—A cross of white lilac 8 ft. high, flanked by French lilies of light blue satin, leading to gold inscribed the inscription, "From the King of Greece.—Prince George."

Queen of Holland.—A wreath of violets (by Gouda), lilies, which were woven lines of the valley and cattails outside. The simple inscription on the same ribbon was: "Wilhelmina, Queen of the Netherlands."

Sheik of Persia.—An immense wreath of lilac of the valley and the chestnut outside.

Princess May of Hannover.—Bottle in white orchids and lilac of the valley.

Grand Republic.—The President sent a laurel wreath (made by Gouda) with flowers (symbolizing



TRIBUTE FROM THE KING OF GREECE  
Designed by Gladys

the sake of her Majesty's years, their remembrance were enshrined in the memory of the years of her unimpaired life, griefless resignation, those during which she was a wife and mother, and a monarch, and the great of her widowhood. The overall bore the inscription, "Brazilian Heritage, from the President."

President of Chili.—Wreath of pale lilacs with white and orchids.

Agrarian Legation.—Wreath of white flowers and orchids.

Cremona.—A wreath of lilac of the valley and chestnut with blue and white ribbon bearing the inscription, "To the Memory of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, with feelings of the deepest respect, from the President of Cremona."

Chinese Embassy.—Wreath 8 ft. high of white flowers with stems of violets.





HER LATE MAJESTY'S MOURNING GUARDS WITH ARMS REVERSED

DRAWN BY LANCE THACKERAY

The scene at St. James's along the Mall and St. James's Palace was most impressive, a dense mass of people crowding the whole area as far as the eye could reach



THE MOURNING DRAPERIES ON THE BARONESS BURDETT-COUTTS'S HOUSE, PICCADILLY



AT THE CORNER OF EDGWARE ROAD

A familiar house at the corner of Edgware Road had its balcony hung with the following inscription: "In loving memory of our revered Sovereign who is sleeping in peace, perfect pause"



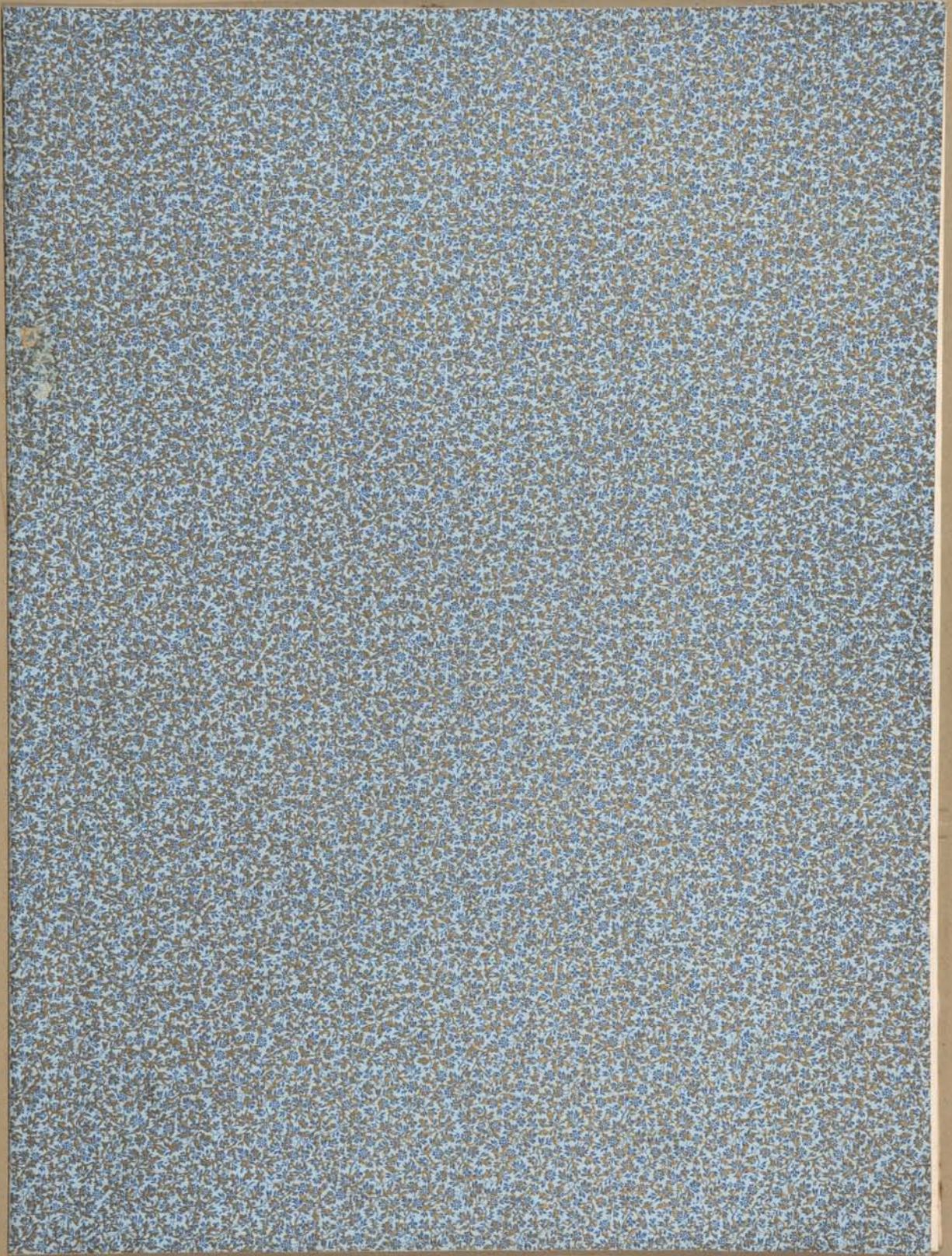
THE DRAPED WINDOWS OF THE ROTHSCHILD HOUSE, PARK LANE



THE KING AND KAISER (ON THE GREY HORSE) ABOUT TO ENTER HYDE PARK AT APSLEY HOUSE

TRIN









From Cassia

THE BIER EMERGING FROM THE PARK AT THE MARBLE ARCH

*Queen Alexandra alighting from her Carriage at Paddington.*



DRAWN BY J. FINNEMORE, R.L.

Purple and white cloth draped the walls and barriers, the platform being covered with a thick crimson carpet, and on it were arranged two beautiful parterres of white flowers backed with palms and evergreens. The approach to the platform was lined by men of the Rifle Brigade, and within the station opposite the point at which the coffin was carried from the gun-

carriage to the train stood a guard of the Royal Marine Light Infantry. The royal train which bore the coffin to Windsor consisted of seven eight-wheeled coaches and was built for the late Queen's Jubilee in 1837. It was at 12.30 that the head of the procession reached Paddington, and it was an hour later when the train started.