



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



His Majesty the King-Emperor Edward VII.



Her Majesty the Queen Alexandra.



The coffin was deposited on a purple bier. The service was conducted by the Archbishop of Canterbury (who is eighty years of age) and the Bishop of Winchester (Dr. Davidson). The Lord Chamberlain of Her Majesty's Household (Earl Clarendon), with the Lord Steward (the Earl of Pembroke)

at his right and the Earl Marshal (the Duke of Norfolk) at his left, took his place at the foot of the coffin, and the mourners at the head. The 90th Psalm was sung to Felton's music, "Man that is born of woman" to Wesley's setting, the Lord's Prayer to the music of Gounod, of which the Queen was

a keen admirer, and the beautiful anthem to the music of Tchaikowsky. Then came forward at the foot of the coffin Mr. Henry Weldon, Norroy, Deputy to Garter Principal King of Arms, and pronounced the dead Queen's "style." Then came an anthem, "Blessed are the departed" (Spohr), and

the solemn benediction of the Archbishop of Canterbury, who then with his brother of York advanced to the communion table and prayed in silence. This with Beethoven's Funeral March, the most thrilling of them all, was the end, although many people lingered in the chapel for a long time



The Flood on the Embankment.

Herbert Dalrymple 1901.

DRAWN BY HERBERT DALRYMPLE

One of the most striking features of London's mourning for its greatest Queen was the countless flags which flew at half-mast from every large building. On the Embankment the waving ensigns and Union Jacks were very numerous. On Sunday night (January 27) the tremendously high wind carried

away the large Union Jacks flying over the Army and Navy and Junior Carlton clubs. The great flag on the new flagstaff of the Law Courts, the highest in London, also had to be replaced. At Windsor hall the Royal Standard was blown away from the Round Tower.

Last Tributes
of Affection from

the Millions who
Mourn Victoria.



South Australia.—A large design consisting of the incident of royalty, an orb surmounted by a cross, in laurel and violets.

County of Fermanagh.—A wreath 14 ft. high (by Clitheroe) in choice arches, cactuses, ultramarine, cyprus, and blue of the valley, carnations, and small lilies, with the simple inscription, "Loyal Fermanagh mourns."

Hampshire.—A wreath representing the American citizens on a shield in deep violets, geraniums, and white stocks, the stars being picked out in white satin, the whole surmounted by an eagle in deep violets holding in its beak a golden laurel wreath. "From the ladies and gentlemen of the hospital ship, *Maize*." The whole simply stood about 14 ft. high.

City of London.—Wreath of royal design of seven flowers, and with purple ribbon, on which in gold lettering was inscribed, "In memory of our beloved Queen and nation."

Town of London.—A magnificent shield (by Clitheroe) depicting an outline of the Tower in white stock, raised on a background of

purple violets, with the window and inscription set in the window. The inscription ran, "From the Governor, the Lieutenant, the Major, Yeoman, and Wardens of Her late Majesty's Royal Palace and Fortress of the Tower of London, to most respectful homage, and with the deepest veneration, love, and sorrow for their great, good, and much beloved Queen."

County of Stafford.—A magnificent wreath (by Goolyear), surmounted by a crown, and was a model of the invasion Her Majesty visited at the wall at Chatham Castle when she passed through that town in 1832. A curious feature of the wreath was that all persons entering had within the space for the first time must pay a tribute in the shape of a laurel wreath.

County of Gloucestershire.—A laurel wreath, surmounted with a star's head, on a background of white satin, and with the traditional motto ribbon.

West Hants.—A St. Andrew's cross with a heart of lilies of the valley in the center, with a bow of the regimental tartan ribbon.



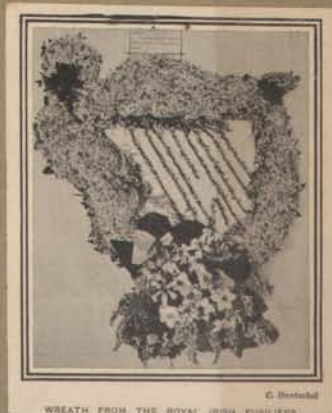
On arriving at St. George's Chapel the coffin, weighing 7 cwt., was borne on the shoulders of Grenadier Guardsmen. Their burden was so heavy that new bearers darted in by relays to take the place now of this one and now of another. This picture is by Russell.



WREATH FROM THE ROYAL THAMES YACHT CLUB



WREATH FROM THE SOCIETY OF AMERICAN WOMEN



WREATH FROM THE ROYAL IRISH FUSILIERS



This picture shows the procession winding up to the Castle with the sailors dragging the gun-carriage

DRAWN BY W. B. WOLLEN R.S.



WREATH FROM PRESIDENT McKinley



WREATH FROM THE GREEK COMMUNITY



WREATH FROM THE 7TH (QUEEN'S OWN) HUSSARS



WREATH FROM THE QUEEN-REGENT OF SPAIN
"To her sister and friend, H.M. Queen Victoria." Designed by Salomon, Pictorially



WREATH FROM THE EARL OF KINTORE
And officers of the Battalion Gordon Highlanders "as a last token of respect and devotion for their beloved Queen"



WREATH FROM THE MANCHESTER REGIMENT
submitted for by officers and non-commissioned officers and men of the regiment. Designed by Salomon

Her Resting Place at Frogmore.



From the faithful water colour by Arthur Robertson

This view shows the sarcophagus (of Aberdeen granite, supported by a block of black marble) of Prince Albert with the vacant place for Queen Victoria, who inscribed the mausoleum: "His mourning widow, Victoria the Queen, directed that all that is mortal of Prince Albert be placed in this sepulchre,

A.D. 1862. Farewell, Beloved! Here at last I will rest with thee—with thee in Christ I will rise again." The motto seen dimly on the statue on the left hand reads, "The liberal doth liberal things, and by liberal things he shall stand."

The Entrance to the Mausoleum at Frogmore.



From the faithful water colour by Arthur Robertson

The originals of these architectural views of the beautiful mausoleum at Frogmore, where the Queen rests side by side with her beloved consort, were greatly admired by Her late Majesty, to whom they were shown. This view shows the entrance to the mausoleum, through which the coffin was

borne on Monday after lying in St. George's Chapel all Sunday. The texts seen running round the roof read, "But thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ," and "To him that overcometh to him will I grant to sit with Me on My throne."

Almighty God, who rules over all the kingdoms of the world, and Dispenser of them according to Thy good pleasure...

The Accession of His Majesty EDWARD VII.

Whereas it has pleased Almighty God to call to His mercy our late Sovereign Lady, Queen Victoria, of Blessed and glorious memory...

The accession of the Prince of Wales, whom we knew but yesterday as King Edward VII, by the Grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland...

In conferring on your Imperial and Royal Highness the ancient and most noble Order of the Garter, which was founded by my ancestor many centuries ago...

Some of the most picturesque ceremonies were carried out in Scotland, which gave us King Edward in the right of male descent.

The revival of ancient ceremony is not the meaningless performance that the iconoclast would have us believe. It makes one to realise the continuity of history...

KING EDWARD'S POLICY This is the text of the speech delivered by King Edward on January 27 when His Majesty invested his grandnephew, the Crown Prince, with the Order of the Garter.

Of special interest was the reading of the proclamation by General Maxwell in the Church Square at Pretoria on January 28.

The King has carried himself with great dignity and courage since the Queen passed away, and his interesting speech on the occasion of his conferring the Garter on his grandnephew shows a statesmanlike grasp...

WHEREAS it hath pleased Almighty God to call to His Mercy our late Sovereign Lord King George the Fourth, of Blessed and glorious Memory, by whose Decree the Imperial Crown of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland is solely and rightfully come to the High and Mighty Prince, William Henry, Duke of Clarence and St. Andrew's and Earl of Manchester...

WHEREAS it has pleased Almighty God to call to His Mercy our late Sovereign Lady Queen Victoria, of Blessed and glorious Memory, by whose Decree the Imperial Crown of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland is solely and rightfully come to the High and Mighty Prince Albert Edward...



THE PROCLAMATION OF EDWARD VII. AT NEWBURY, JANUARY 25



THE PROCLAMATION OF EDWARD VII. AT ABERDEEN, JANUARY 26

TWO HISTORIC PROCLAMATIONS—WILLIAM IV. AND EDWARD VII.



THE PROCLAMATION OF EDWARD VII. AT YORK

The King was proclaimed at the Mansion House on January 25. The proclamation was read by Mr. E. Grey, on whose left stands Lord Herries, with Lord Scarborough on his right. The officer in the cocked hat standing near the railings is Colonel Brown, V.C. This picture is by Debenham and Co., Clifford Street, York.



THE PROCLAMATION OF EDWARD VII. AT CAMBRIDGE

The proclamation was made by the civic authorities on January 26 at the Guildhall and Senate House Hill, visits being made afterwards to several other points. The proclamation was read by the Recorder (Mr. J. F. Rawlinson, K.C.). This picture is by Palmer Clarke



THE PROCLAMATION OF EDWARD VII. AT WINDSOR

The proclamation was read at Queen Victoria's Memorial on Castle Hill by the Mayor on January 28, and the ceremony was repeated at the Henry VIII Gate, the entrance of the lower ward of the Castle, through which the late Queen's body was carried on Saturday. It was read a third time at Eton College. This picture is by Russell



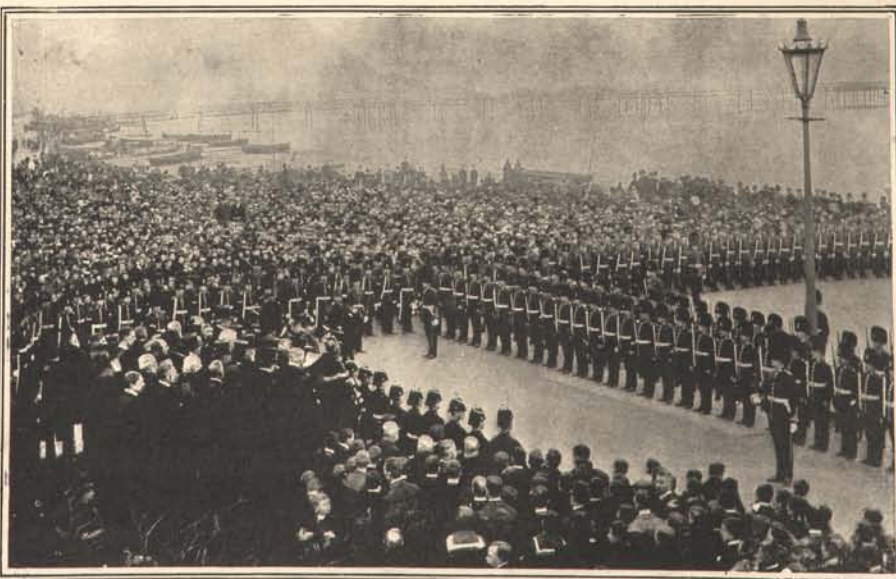
THE PROCLAMATION OF EDWARD VII AT OXFORD

The proclamation was read on January 25 at Carfax, the centre of the city, by the town clerk (Mr. R. Bacon). It was read a second time outside the University church, where the members of the Universities were assembled on a platform. King Edward matriculated at Oxford in 1659. This picture is by Hills and Saunders



THE PROCLAMATION OF EDWARD VII AT PORTSMOUTH

The proclamation was read at Portsmouth in front of the Town Hall on January 23 by the Mayor (Alderman A. L. Emanuel). A King's guard of bluejackets from H.M.S. "Excellent" was posted to the right of the steps and the Oxfordshire Light Infantry on the left, the volunteers being drawn up in front. Picture by Cribb



THE PROCLAMATION OF EDWARD VII AT DOVER

The combined civil and military ceremonial took place from the steps of the ancient Maison Dieu Hall by the Mayor (Councillor Barnes) on January 26, and the ceremony was afterwards repeated at the sea front. This picture is by Lambert Weston



THE PROCLAMATION OF EDWARD VII. AT GUERNSEY

The proclamation of the King at Guernsey on January 26 was very interesting, inasmuch as the island figures in all royal proclamations side by side with Great Britain and Ireland, the Dominion of Wales, Town of Berwick-upon-Tweed, and the Isles of Jersey, Guernsey, &c. The Lieutenant-Governor and his staff attended, and the proclamation was made at several points on the island. This picture was taken by M. J. Cluett



THE PROCLAMATION OF EDWARD VII. AT FURRES, N.E., BY SIR FELIX MACKENZIE



THE PROCLAMATION OF EDWARD VII. AT CHIPPENHAM

The proclamation was read by the Mayor (Mr. G. Collins) at the Town Hall on January 26. This picture is by S. Porter

The Stuart Predecessors of King Edward VII.



CHARLES I. IN THE GUILDHALL.
Charles I. was born at Fifehouse on November 19, 1600, and was crowned at Whitehall on January 30, 1629. The statue is one of those formerly placed on the west front of the Guildhall Chapel. It now stands in the principal staircase of the Guildhall. This picture is by Holms of Oxford Street.



CHARLES II. IN THE GUILDHALL.
Charles II. was born at St. James's, May 28, 1630, and died at Whitehall on February 6, 1685, being buried in Westminster Abbey. This statue came from the College of Physicians in Warwick Lane and stands in the vestibule of the library at the top of the vestry. This picture is by Holms of Oxford Street.

We protest in general against all acts whatsoever that pretend to confirm, authorize, or approve, directly or indirectly, the usurpation of the Prince of Orange, against all the proceedings of his pretended parliaments, and whatever tends to the subversion of the fundamental laws of our kingdom, particularly those relating to the succession to our crown.

We protest likewise and declare that no omission or defect in forms are, or can be, of prejudice to us, our lawful heirs, crowns, or subjects, reserving and asserting by these presents under our great seal all our rights and claims which remain, and shall remain in their full force, and no extremity shall oblige us to renounce or compromise.

To conclude, we protest that after this we shall not think ourselves answerable before God or men for the ill consequences already done, or hereafter may be done, to us, will draw us, our kingdoms and all Christendom.—*Protest of James II. and VII., June 8, 1689.*

It is a curious coincidence that the anniversary of the death of Charles I., whose statue at Charing Cross has been decorated during the last few years on January 30, should have come round this year when Queen Victoria lies still. But for the hopelessness of the later Stuarts, which began to manifest itself in Charles I., the House of Guelf, of which the Queen was the greatest and the last representative, might never have replaced the picturesque family who had reigned over Scotland since 1371 and over the United Kingdom from 1603. As it was, the people of England, grown weary of Charles I. and his line, reverted to the grandson of his pathetic sister, Princess Elizabeth, the consort of the poor "Winter King," Frederick, Palatine of the Rhine, in the shape of George I., who came to reign over us in 1714.

Strange as it may appear to sober-minded people there are still amongst us a small number of enthusiasts who believe as firmly as did James II., when he penned his protest of 1689, that the Stuarts should never have been dethroned. According to them our Queen should be the senior living representative of Charles I.—Princess Maria Theresa, wife of the Prince Louis, who is the son of the Prince Regent of Bavaria. Her son, Prince Rupert, attended the Golden Jubilee celebrations, much to the disgust of the Legationists, but on the present occasion Bavaria was represented by his uncle, Prince Arnault.

It is well known that Queen Victoria was very proud of her descent from the Stuarts. She possessed at Windsor the magnificent series of Stuart papers which Mr. Andrew Lang used to such good purpose in unmasking Pickles, the spy. She also got some of the Stuart relics sold a year or two ago at Calton House; and her interest in Balmoral was heightened by the fact that the neighbourhood had seen the raising of the banner for the Stuarts under the Earl of Mar.

The love that the Queen bore the Stuarts is all the more remarkable in that she, dominated by the spirit of duty, was so different from the "Martyr" of Charing Cross, who lost his head at Whitehall in 1649, and from most of his descendants. Duty was their last idea. Impulses, sometimes admirable but rarely regulated by a sense of duty to their subjects, governed them.



MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS
Mary was crowned at Perth in Scotland on February 8, 1527, and was buried on August 1 in Westminster Cathedral in royal fashion. When her son James became King of England, on the death of his mother's wedding in 1533, he transferred Mary's body to the Henry VII. Chapel in Westminster Abbey where he re-erected the monument with a kneeling figure of the poor Queen. This picture is by Holms of Oxford Street.

It might be argued that the accession to the Crown of England compelled the Stuarts beyond hope of redemption. When James VI. of Scotland set out for his new kingdom on April 5, 1603, ten days after the death of his great kinswoman, he did so with very exalted notions of his own position, fancying the wealth and the power of an English king to be far greater than it really was. He scattered titles, money, and grants of land broadcast, and altogether degenerated under the influence of his new power. He died at Theobalds and was buried at Westminster Abbey on May 5, 1625.

His son Charles was much more identified as an English king, and yet—though perhaps few people remember the fact—he was really born in Dunfermline, although the greater part of his life was spent on this side of the border. The erection of his statue at Charing Cross was very appropriate, for it was in the neighbouring Whitehall that he paid the penalty of much foolish conduct—to apply a non-controversial epithet. There is another statue of the King in the Guildhall.

Charles II. was born in St. James's Palace, and like his father was buried in the Abbey. He became more and more anti-Scottish as he grew older, for his temperament was completely at variance with that of the majority of his Scottish subjects. His emotional history, however reprehensible, was never more popular than to-day, when we have two plays written round Nell Gwyn running to crowded houses. In this connection attention may be drawn to the curiously interesting article in the January issue of the admirably edited *Genealogical Magazine*, in which Mr. George Wilson has compiled a list of 311 descendants of Nell Gwyn still alive. She had only two children by the King—Lord James Beauclerk and the Duke of St. Albans, but as the former died quite young the quasi-royal 311 of to-day are descended from His Grace, who is, of course, directly represented by the present Duke of St. Albans. The other descendants bear over sixty different surnames.

James II., Queen Anne, and the Chevalier de St. George were also born in the Palace of St. James's, which now holds the house that replaced them but does not object to the honours paid at Charing Cross. B.



JAMES I. IN WHITEHALL.
James was born in Edinburgh Castle in 1566, succeeded his mother as King of Scotland in 1587 and Queen Elizabeth as King of England in 1603. This picture is by Holms of Oxford Street.



CHARLES I. AT CHARING CROSS.
This is the statue which is decorated every year on the anniversary of the martyr's death, wreaths being hung upon it by various Jacobite societies. This picture is by Holms of Oxford Street.



QUEEN ANNE, QUEEN ANNE'S GATE.
Queen Anne, the last of the Stuart line, which had reigned Scotland since 1702, was born in 1665 at St. James's Palace, and died at Kensington on August 1, 1714. This picture is by Holms of Oxford Street.



WREATH FROM THE EMPEROR OF JAPAN.



THE PROCLAMATION OF EDWARD VII. AT LIVERPOOL.
The proclamation was read by the Lord Mayor from the balcony of the Town Hall on January 28. The Lord Mayor was accompanied by the Bishop of Liverpool, the Roman Catholic Bishop, and Archbishop John. This picture is by John Watson.



WREATH FROM PRESIDENT GARFIELD'S WIDOW.



Illustrated London News, February 7th, 1901.



THE START OF THE FUNERAL PROCESSION FROM OSBORNE: KING EDWARD VII., THE GERMAN EMPEROR, THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT, AND THE OTHER ROYAL MOURNERS FOLLOWING THE GUN-CARRIAGE ON ITS DEPARTURE FROM THE QUEEN'S ENTRANCE.



THE FUNERAL PROCESSION IN OSBORNE AVENUE: THE ROYAL MOURNERS FOLLOWING THE BIER ON FOOT.



THE PROCESSION IN OSBORNE AVENUE: THE QUEEN AND THE ROYAL PRINCESSES FOLLOWING ON FOOT.



THE PROCESSION TO COWES: OSBORNE TENANTRY AND HOUSEHOLD SERVANTS PAYING THEIR LAST MARK OF RESPECT TO THEIR DEAD SOVEREIGN.



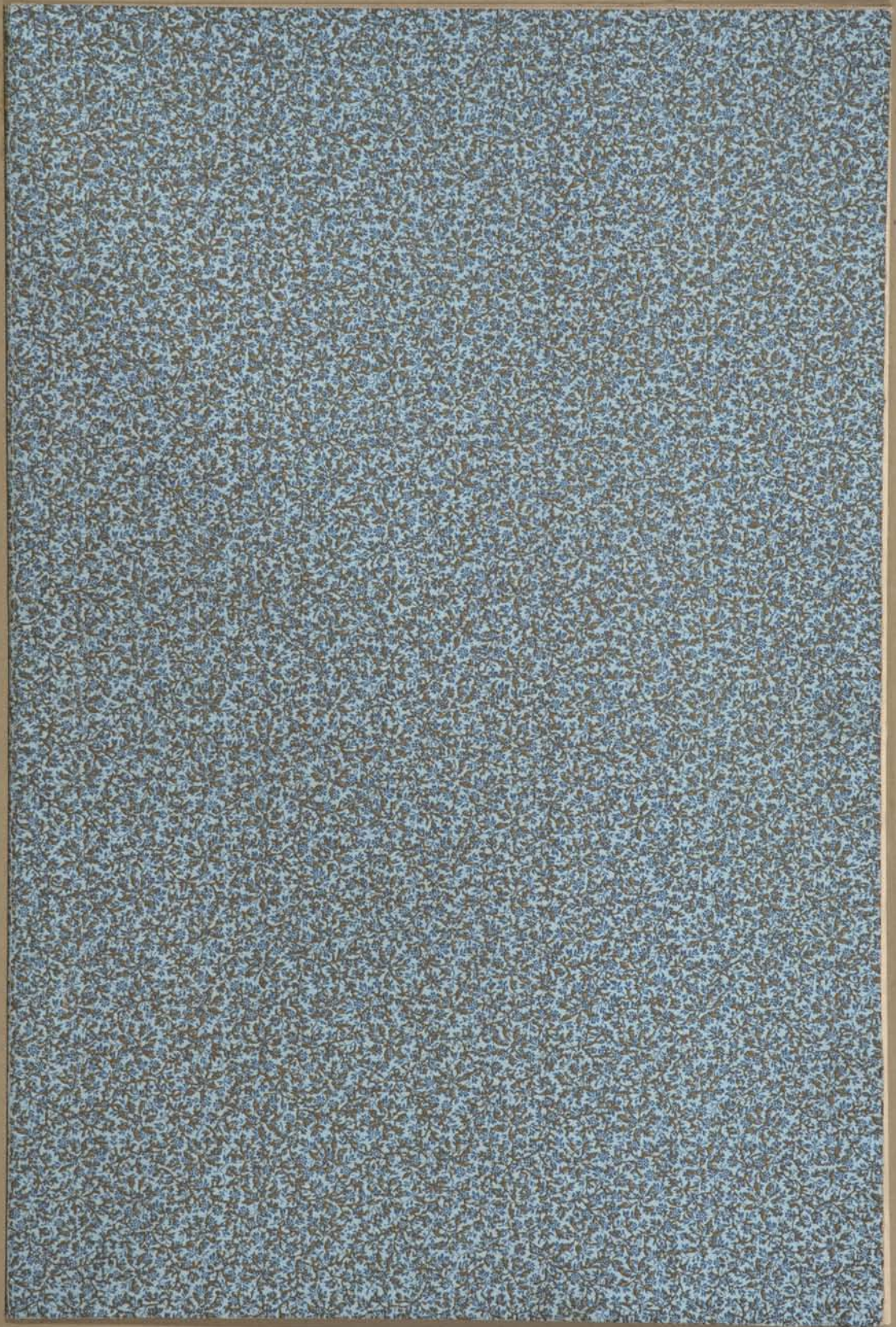
Illustrated London News, February 7th, 1901.

FROM THE EMPEROR OF THE EAST TO THE DEAD EMPRESS: THE "ALBERTA" SALUTED BY THE JAPANESE WAR-SHIP "HATSUSE."



Illustrated London News, February 7th, 1901.

A LAST SALUTE FROM THE BRITISH FLEET: THE "ALBERTA," WITH THE ROYAL CATAFALQUE, PASSING H.M.S. "MAJESTIC," AT THE END OF THE LINE OF BRITISH BATTLE-SHIPS.





THE "ALBERTA," WITH THE ROYAL CATAFALQUE, ENTERING PORTSMOUTH HARBOUR: PASSING H.M. TRAINING-SHIP "ST. VINCENT."



THE ARRIVAL AT VICTORIA STATION: NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS OF THE FOOT GUARDS AND HOUSEHOLD CAVALRY CARRYING THE COFFIN TO THE GUN-CARRIAGE.



Illustrated London News, February 7th, 1901.

THE PROCESSION THROUGH LONDON: THE COFFIN PASSING BUCKINGHAM PALACE.



THE PROCESSION THROUGH LONDON: FIELD-MARSHAL EARL ROBERTS AND THE OFFICERS OF THE HEADQUARTERS STAFF PASSING ALONG THE MALL.



Illustrated London News, February 7th, 1901.

THE PROCESSION THROUGH LONDON: QUEEN VICTORIA'S LAST-FORMED REGIMENT, THE IRISH GUARDS, PASSING THROUGH MARLBOROUGH GATE.



THE PROCESSION THROUGH LONDON: HIS MAJESTY KING EDWARD VII., THE GERMAN EMPEROR, AND THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT PASSING ST JAMES'S PALACE



Illustrated London News, February 7th, 1901.

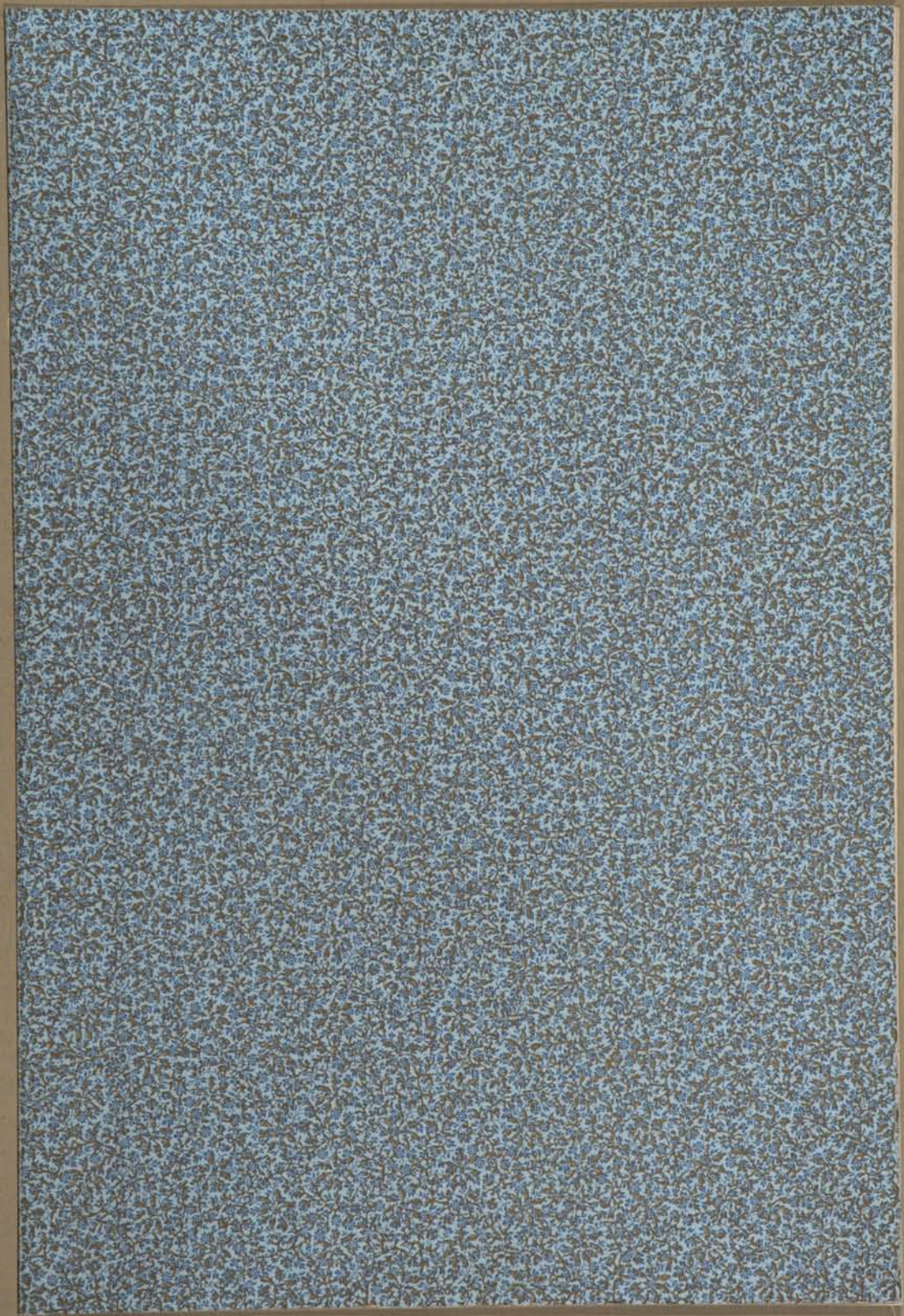
THE PROCESSION THROUGH LONDON: THE COFFIN PASSING UP ST. JAMES'S STREET.



THE PROCESSION THROUGH LONDON: THE COLONIAL DETACHMENT MARCHING DOWN PICCADILLY.



THE PROCESSION THROUGH LONDON: A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE CORTEGE PASSING THROUGH THE APSLEY GATE.





THE PROCESSION THROUGH LONDON: QUEEN ALEXANDRA IN HER CARRIAGE.



THE PROCESSION THROUGH LONDON: THE NAVAL DETACHMENT PASSING THROUGH HYDE PARK



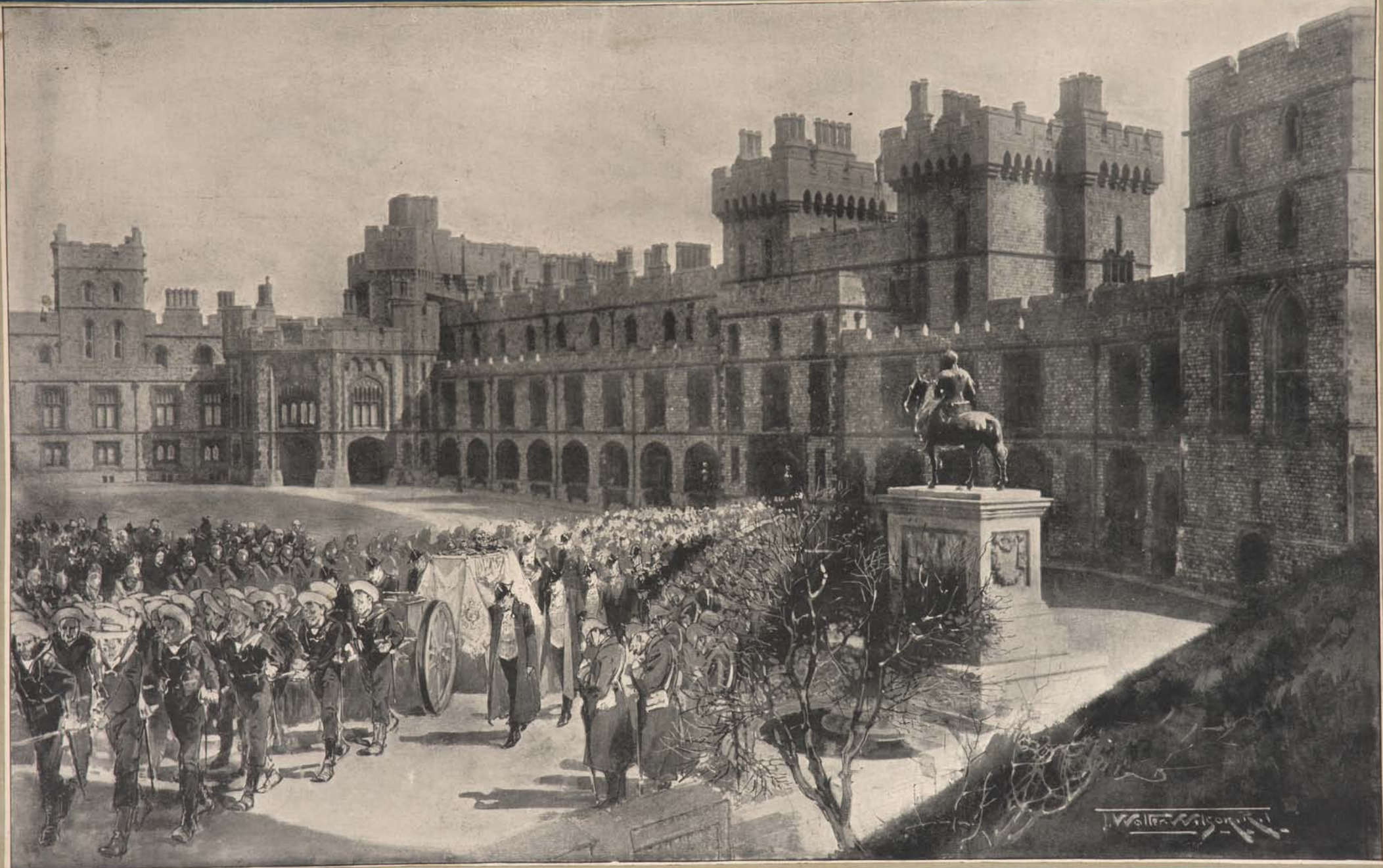
THE PROCESSION THROUGH LONDON: LIFE GUARDS PASSING THROUGH THE MARBLE ARCH.



THE ARRIVAL OF THE BIER AT PADDINGTON STATION: NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS OF THE HOUSEHOLD CAVALRY AND FOOT GUARDS BEARING THE COFFIN TO THE ROYAL TRAIN FOR ITS JOURNEY TO WINDSOR.



THE PROCESSION THROUGH WINDSOR: THE BLUEJACKETS DRAWING THE GUN-CARRIAGE TO ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL.



THE PROCESSION IN THE QUADRANGLE OF WINDSOR CASTLE: PASSING THE WINDOWS OF HER LATE MAJESTY'S PRIVATE APARTMENTS.



Illustrated London News, February 7th, 1901

THE END OF THE FUNERAL: THE SERVICE AT ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR.



THE QUEEN AND THE CRAFT.

During the whole of her long and epoch-making reign, over a people whose freedom is the admiration of the Universe, "the Queen and the Craft" is the toast which has ever held the place of honour among Freemasons. And well might this be so—for more than one irrefragable reason. The illustrious House of Hanover, of which Her Majesty was for more than six decades the impeccable Head, has rendered services to the grandest of all the Brotherhoods, the value of which may truly be said to be incalculable. Her father was a Grand Master of the Order. Her uncles were all eminently distinguished in Masonry. Two of them, King George IV. and the Duke of Sussex, presided over the destinies of the Craft with conspicuous dignity and success, and in the case of the latter Prince, with far-reaching beneficent results. To the Duke of Sussex was due that International Compact, which, as we have pointed out in a former number, transformed estrangement into fraternal co-operation, and united the three conflicting Grand Lodges of England, Ireland, and Scotland, into one harmonious Whole. All the world knows that her eldest son, who, as King Edward VII., has just succeeded to the splendid inheritance of the British Throne, has for a quarter of a century adorned the office of Grand Master of English Freemasons. One of his brothers, the Duke of Connaught, is a Past Grand Master of the Order. Another, the late Duke of Albany, first Grand Master of Oxfordshire Freemasons. The grandsons of the great Monarch, over whose lot the whole world is mourning to-day, both "saw the light, the like of which there is none other." For these reasons alone, then, if there were not, as there are, others weightier and more pertinent, "the Queen and the Craft" might well have, as it always has, been the most cherished among Masonic sentiments.

But it was not to any reflected virtues or attributes that the Mother of her People owed the deep and unvarying affection, the profound admiration and the whole-hearted loyalty of the Brethren. Her personal sympathy, always unstintingly extended, with the aims of the Fraternity, won for her their unwavering allegiance, and that sympathy was reciprocated to the very uttermost. Then, be it ever remembered, the main principles of the Craft (borne forth with unvarying steadfastness in her spotless private life, and dominated her glorious career as the greatest of Constitutional Sovereigns. The Records of English Masonry proclaim with an unobtainable sound, her appreciation of this rare, rare—Charity. Sixteen years before her first-born was admitted to the privileges of Freemasonry, Queen Victoria announced her desire to become Patroness of the Masonic Institution for Boys. Thirty years later she graciously accepted an unanimous invitation to fill a similar position with respect to the Girls' Institution. How vastly those model establishments have benefited under her patronage all Masons are aware.

Twice on memorable occasions did our dead Queen receive Deputations from Grand Lodges. On the first, she welcomed the Brethren, headed by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, who presented to her an address of congratulation upon her escape from the dastardly hands of a would-be assassin, on the fifteenth day of May, 1882. On the second of August, five years later, in the very palace in which she breathed her latest blessing, the Brethren in the Craft fettered her upon the attainment of her Jubilee. It is written of the great Elizabeth, who despatched troops to disperse the Freemasons of York, that her antagonism to the Craft "was the only point in her reign where the woman got the better of the Queen." Of our beloved Monarch who has just passed away peacefully, surrounded by her nearest and dearest ones, to the Land of Silence, the Masonic Chronicler may truthfully say, that her memory was endeared in the heart of hearts of every Member of the Brotherhood who lived under her benign dominion.



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IN MEMORIAM JAN 22^d 1901 THE LAST VOYAGE

WORDS-D.L.A. JEPHSON

MUSIC-A.H. BEHREND

Solemnly.

VOICE.

1. On the face of the world in its wide-ness Is there

ACCOMP.

sor-row and grief to day, For the wo-man of God has de-

part-ed— The Queen that was with us al-way.

1.
ON the face of the world in its wideness
Is there sorrow and grief to-day,
For the woman of God has departed—
The Queen that was with us always.

2.
On the face of the sun in its sadness
Is there shadow and pain to-day,
For the Mother of men has gone onward
On her voyage across the bay.

3.
On the face of the King in its kindness
Lie thoughts of the sad to-day;
Of the Mother who bore and who loved him,
His Queen whom he served away.

4.
On the face of the world in its waiting
Lie pity and tears to-day,
For the son who is left, and the Mother
Who has crossed to her God o'er the bay.



WILL JENKINS



THE WREATHS AND OTHER FLORAL TRIBUTES WHICH WERE SENT TO OSBORNE HOUSE IN MEMORY OF HER LATE MAJESTY THE QUEEN.



THE FIRST STAGE OF THE OBSEQUIES OF HER LATE MAJESTY THE QUEEN BEGAN AT OSBORNE HOUSE ON FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 1st, WHEN, PRECISELY AT HALF-PAST ONE, THE ROYAL COFFIN WAS PLACED ON THE WAITING GUN-CARRIAGE, AND THE SOLEMN PROCESSION, WITH THE ROYAL MOURNERS ON FOOT, STARTED ON ITS JOURNEY TO COWES.



THE FUNERAL OF QUEEN VICTORIA.
AT COWES.

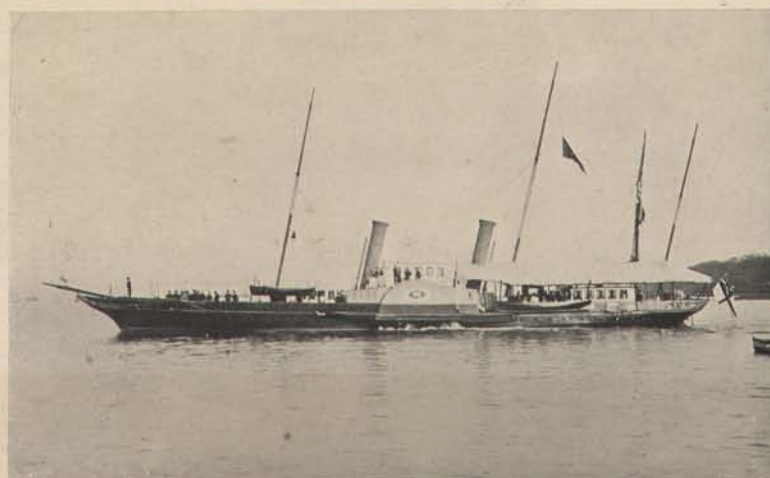
THE ROYAL COFFIN DESCENDING THE HILL FROM OSBORNE INTO COWES ON FRIDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 1st, WITH HER LATE MAJESTY'S EQUERRIES AND AIDES-DE-CAMP WALKING BY THE SIDE OF THE GUN-CARRIAGE.



CLOSE BEHIND THE QUEEN'S COFFIN, WALKING THREE ABREAST, WERE THE ROYAL MOURNERS. FIRST CAME THE KING, IN ADMIRAL'S UNIFORM, WITH THE GERMAN EMPEROR AND THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT ON EITHER SIDE. THEY WERE FOLLOWED BY OTHER ROYAL MOURNERS, AND IN STRIKING CONTRAST TO THEIR GORGEOUS UNIFORMS WERE THE QUEEN AND HER DAUGHTERS, ATTIRED IN DEEPEST BLACK.



THE ROYAL COFFIN TURNING INTO THE STREET AT EAST COWES, WHICH LEADS TO TRINITY PIER.



THE ROYAL YACHT "ALBERTA," WITH THE ROYAL REMAINS ON BOARD, LEAVING EAST COWES ON FEBRUARY 14th. ON HER PASSAGE THROUGH THE FLEET TO PORTSMOUTH.



THIS PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN FROM ONE OF THE BATTLESHIPS WHICH LINED THE SEA-ROUTE OF THE LATE QUEEN'S FUNERAL. IT SHOWS THE SAILORS MANNING THE VESSELS, AND ON THE LEFT ARE SEEN TWO OF THE EIGHT TORPEDO-BOATS WHICH PRECEDED THE "ALBERTA" ON ITS MOURNFUL JOURNEY. IN THE DISTANCE CAN BE SEEN THE THREE MASTS OF THE ROYAL YACHT AS IT SLOWLY ADVANCED WITH ITS PRECIOUS BURDEN.



THE KING LEAVING OSBORNE FOR LONDON.

THIS SNAPSHOT OF HIS MAJESTY KING EDWARD THE SEVENTH, ATTENDED BY SIR FRANCIS KNOLLYS AND CAPTAIN HOLFORD, WAS TAKEN BY OUR SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER, AT EAST COWES, ON TUESDAY, JANUARY 29th, THE DAY ON WHICH HIS MAJESTY LEFT OSBORNE FOR LONDON TO COMPLETE THE ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE LATE QUEEN'S FUNERAL.



THE FUNERAL OF QUEEN VICTORIA—THE GREAT SEA SPECTACLE IN THE SOLENT.

THE PASSAGE OF THE ROYAL YACHT "ALBERTA," WITH THE QUEEN'S REMAINS ON BOARD, FROM COWES TO PORTSMOUTH, ON FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 14TH, WAS ONE OF THE MOST IMPRESSIVE SPECTACLES EVER WITNESSED IN THE SOLENT. THE ROYAL YACHT WAS FOLLOWED BY THE "OSBORNE," THE "VICTORIA AND ALBERT," AND THE "HOHENZOLLERN," CONTAINING MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL FAMILY AND THEIR SUITES. THE CORTEGE ENTERED PORTSMOUTH HARBOUR JUST AS THE SUN, WHICH HAD SHONE BRIGHTLY DURING THE PASSAGE, WAS BEGINNING TO SET, AND IT FINALLY DISAPPEARED BELOW THE HORIZON AS THE ROYAL VESSELS DROPPED ANCHOR FOR THE NIGHT.



THE GUN-CARRIAGE, DRAWN BY THE LATE QUEEN'S FAMOUS EIGHT CREAM-COLOURED HORSES, IN THEIR GORGEOUS STATE HARNESS, AS IT EMERGED FROM THE RAILWAY STATION INTO THE LONDON STREETS ON SATURDAY MORNING.



THE KING, THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY, AND THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT FOLLOWING THE ROYAL BIER OUT OF VICTORIA STATION. HIS MAJESTY AND THE GERMAN EMPEROR WORE THE UNIFORMS OF FIELD-MARSHALS, AND THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT THAT OF A GENERAL IN THE BRITISH ARMY.



THE NOBLE MANSIONS WHICH STRETCH ALONG THE FAMOUS WEST-END THOROUGHFARE FROM ST. JAMES'S STREET TO HYDE PARK CORNER WERE CLAD IN THE SOMBRE DRAPERIES OF FUNERAL WOE. UPON EVERY HOUSE-TOP AND IN EVERY WINDOW, AND BEHIND THE LINES OF SOLDIERS AND POLICE, PEOPLE STOOD TO PAY THEIR LAST RESPECTS TO THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD QUEEN. AT NO PLACE IN LONDON WAS THE SOLEMN GRANDEUR OF THE PROCESSION MORE IMPRESSIVE THAN IN THIS STREET, WITH ITS WALLS OF LIVING HUMAN BEINGS.



AT HYDE PARK CORNER.
HIS MAJESTY THE KING AND THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY
FOLLOWING THE ROYAL COFFIN.



THIS PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS THE FOREIGN REPRESENTATIVES IN THE FUNERAL PROCESSION IN HYDE PARK. IT ALSO CONVEYS SOME IDEA OF THE ENORMOUS NUMBER OF PEOPLE WHO WERE MASSED ALONG THE ROUTE. EVERY COIGN OF VANTAGE—TREES, BUILDINGS, RAILINGS, AND LAMP-POSTS—WAS EARLY OCCUPIED BY THE MASSES, WHO, STARTING IN THE SMALL HOURS OF SATURDAY MORNING, CONTINUED TO ROLL IN BY THOUSANDS UNTIL NOON.



THE PROCESSION PASSING THROUGH HYDE PARK ON THE WAY TO THE MARBLE ARCH.
PHOTO BY THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS SERVICE, LTD.



THE DENSE CROWD THAT GATHERED NEAR THE MARBLE ARCH TO WATCH THE PROGRESS OF THE FUNERAL CORTEGE.



THE WIDENESS OF THE EDGWARE ROAD GAVE MANY THE IDEA THAT THERE WOULD BE AMPLE ROOM FOR THEM AT THIS PART OF THE FUNERAL ROUTE. SO MANY AVailed THEMSELVES OF THE OPPORTUNITY THAT AT NO PLACE IN LONDON WAS THE CROWD GREATER.



THE REPRESENTATIVES OF THE VARIOUS ARMY DEPARTMENTS WHO TOOK PART IN THE FUNERAL OF THE QUEEN ARE HERE SHOWN AS THEY MARCHED ALONG THE EDGWARE ROAD.



THE ROYAL COFFIN PASSING ALONG THE EDGWARE ROAD. THE VAST CROWD STANDING BARE-HEADED AND SILENT.



THE BARDS OF THE HOUSEHOLD CAVALRY, WHICH, PRECEDED BY AN OFFICER OF THE HEADQUARTERS STAFF, HEADED THE FUNERAL PROCESSION THROUGH LONDON



THE NEW IRISH GUARDS, WHICH, WITH CONTINGENTS FROM THE SCOTS COLONYFARMS AND GREENBERNERS, REPRESENTED THE FOOT GUARDS.



THE REPRESENTATIVES OF THE COLONIAL FORCES. A DETACHMENT OF MEN FROM VARIOUS COLONIAL CORPS, FORMED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE COLONIAL OFFICE.



THE 21ST LANCERS, REPRESENTING THAT BRANCH OF THE CAVALRY OF THE LINE



THE DETACHMENT OF BLUEJACKETS, WHICH, TOGETHER WITH DETACHMENTS FROM THE ROYAL MARINES AND THE ROYAL MARINE LIGHT INFANTRY, REPRESENTED THE ROYAL NAVY.



THE FOREIGN REPRESENTATIVES DESCENDING THE INCLINE INTO PADDINGTON STATION



THE 1ST BATTALION ROYAL LANCASTER REGIMENT, ONE OF THE DETACHMENTS REPRESENTING THE INFANTRY OF THE LINE.



A VIEW OF THE ROYAL COFFIN AS IT ENTERED PADDINGTON



THE KING, GERMAN EMPEROR, AND SUITE ARRIVING AT PADDINGTON.



THE QUEEN'S CARRIAGE ENTERING PADDINGTON STATION.



EARL ROBERTS ENTERING PADDINGTON STATION.



THE FOREIGN REPRESENTATIVES PASSING DOWN THE ROADWAY INTO PADDINGTON STATION.
PHOTO BY "THE GAZETTE."



THE SAILORS FROM H.M.S. "EXCELLENT" DRAGGING THE GUN-CARRIAGE BEARING THE COFFIN. IT WILL BE REMEMBERED THAT THE HORSES, ORIGINALLY ATTACHED TO THE GUN-CARRIAGE, BECAME RESTIVE AT THE START OF THE PROCESSION FROM THE RAILWAY STATION, AND THE KING ORDERED THE SAILORS TO PERFORM THE SAD DUTY SHOWN ABOVE.
PHOTO, BECKETT & LEWIS, LONDON.



THE KING, THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY, AND THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT FOLLOWING THE ROYAL REMAINS TO ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL.



A CLOSER VIEW OF THE PRINCIPAL FOREIGN ROYALTIES WHO FOLLOWED THE ROYAL COFFIN THROUGH THE STREETS OF WINDSOR. IN THE FOREGROUND MAY BE SEEN THE KING OF THE BELGIANS, THE KING OF GREECE, THE KING OF PORTUGAL, PRINCE HENRY OF PRUSSIA, THE GRAND DUKE OF HESSE, AND OTHERS.

PHOTO BY H. & S. L. LONDON

WE GIVE ON THIS PAGE SOME PHOTOGRAPHS OF A FEW OF THE THOUSANDS OF BEAUTIFUL AND COSTLY WREATHS WHICH HAVE BEEN SENT TO WINDSOR, OSBORNE, AND BUCKINGHAM PALACE, FROM

OR ON BEHALF OF, CROWNED HEADS, ROYAL RELATIVES, AMBASSADORS, STATESMEN, SOLDIERS, SAILORS, ARTISTIC, SCIENTIFIC AND CIVIC SOCIETIES AND CORPORATIONS IN ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.



THE BEAUTIFUL WREATH SENT BY MRS. BARFIELD, WIFE OF THE AMERICAN PRESIDENT WHO WAS ASSASSINATED.
PHOTO, HOBBS.



FROM MR. JOSEPH HOBBS CHOATE, THE UNITED STATES AMBASSADOR IN LONDON, WHO REPRESENTED HIS GOVERNMENT AT THE FUNERAL.
PHOTO, HOBBS.



FROM THE LORD MAYOR, ALDERMEN AND CITIZENS OF LEICESTER, IN TOKEN OF THEIR DEEP BEREAVEMENT AND AFFECTION.
PHOTO, KIDDERLEY, LEICESTER.



THE WREATH SENT BY PRESIDENT McKinLEY
PHOTO, HOBBS.



FROM THE OFFICERS, NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE 1ST QUEEN'S OWN HUSSARS.
PHOTO, HOBBS.



THE COFFIN CONTAINING THE BODY OF HER LATE MAJESTY, BORNE BY THE GRENADIER GUARDS, AND FOLLOWED BY THE CROWN AND ROYAL INSIGNIA, ENTERING ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL. THE STEPS WERE LINED WITH WREATHS AND MANY OTHER EMBLEMS OF MOURNING.



AT BIRMINGHAM.

A CROWD OF 75,000 PERSONS ASSEMBLED IN THE VICINITY OF THE COUNCIL HOUSE, WHICH FRONTS A FINE OPEN SQUARE, TO HEAR THE PROCLAMATION READ BY THE LORD MAYOR. A SCENE OF WILD ENTHUSIASM FOLLOWED, LOUD CHEERS WERE GIVEN FOR THE KING, AND THE VAST ASSEMBLAGE, STANDING BARE HEADED, SANG THE NATIONAL ANTHEM. AFTERWARDS, AT THE INSTIGATION OF THE LORD MAYOR, A NUMBER OF GUESTS DRANK THE KING'S HEALTH IN THE COUNCIL CHAMBER.



AT PORTSMOUTH.

BLUEJACKETS AND RED-COATED SOLDIERS LENT ATTRACTIVENESS TO THE SCENE OUTSIDE THE TOWN HALL AT PORTSMOUTH, ON JANUARY 26TH, TO HEAR THE CLERK READ THE PROCLAMATION OF THE KING. IN ADDITION TO THE CIVIC BODIES, ABOUT 250 NAVAL AND MILITARY OFFICERS, AND, IN WIFE OF THE MAIN, ONE OF THE LARGEST CROWDS EVER KNOWN IN PORTSMOUTH, ASSEMBLED ON THIS OCCASION. THE PROCLAMATION HAVING BEEN READ, THE BANDS PLAYED THE NATIONAL ANTHEM, AND THREE CHEERS FOR HIS MAJESTY WERE ENTHUSIASTICALLY GIVEN.



THE PROCLAMATION OF KING EDWARD THE SEVENTH.

AT OXFORD.

THE PROCLAMATION OF THE KING AT OXFORD WAS FIRST READ TO THE CHANCELLOR, DOCTORS, PROCTORS, AND MEMBERS OF THE CONVOCATION IN THE DIVINITY SCHOOL AT MID-DAY ON FRIDAY, JANUARY 25TH. ALL THE DOCTORS APPEARED IN THEIR ROBES, AND AFTERWARDS PROCEEDED TO ST. MARY'S CHURCH, WHERE THE CIVIC AUTHORITIES, ATTENDED BY A MILITARY CONTINGENT, PERFORMED THE SAME CEREMONY BEFORE A VAST ENTHUSIASTIC ASSEMBLY OF TOWNSFOLK.



AT BELFAST.

THE ASSEMBLAGE OUTSIDE THE TOWN HALL AT BELFAST, ON TUESDAY, JANUARY 29TH, TO HEAR THE KING PROCLAIMED, WAS ONE OF THE LARGEST AND MOST ENTHUSIASTIC EVER GATHERED IN THAT CITY. THE NEW LORD MAYOR, SIR DANIEL BIRCH, WHO WAS ACCOMPANIED BY THE CORPORATION, READ THE PROCLAMATION, AT THE CLOSE OF WHICH THE CROWD BROKE INTO A TREMENDOUS CHEER. THE NATIONAL ANTHEM BY THE GARRISON BAND FOLLOWED, AND THE PROCEEDINGS TERMINATED IN THE COUNCIL CHAMBER, WHERE A NUMBER OF PERSONS, AT THE INVITATION OF THE LORD MAYOR, DRANK THE KING'S HEALTH.



AT GUERNSEY.

GUERNSEY WELL PLAYED ITS PART IN THE PROCLAMATION OF THE KING. THE SCENE WE DEPICT BEING ONE OF UNIQUE INTEREST. IT OCCURRED OUTSIDE THE ROYAL COURTHOUSE ON JANUARY 26TH, IN THE PRESENCE OF A DENSE ASSEMBLAGE OF THE POPULACE, WHICH RESPONDED LUSTILY TO THE LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR'S INVITATION:—"THREE CHEERS FOR OUR GRACIOUS SOVEREIGN, KING EDWARD VII., AND MAY GOD BLESS HIM."



THE PROCLAMATION OF KING EDWARD THE SEVENTH.

AT WINDSOR.

IN RECLAIMING THE KING ON MONDAY, JANUARY 29TH, WINDSOR DISPLAYED ITS CUSTOMARY LOYALTY AND ENTHUSIASM. THE LAY CLERGY AND CHORISTERS OF ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WITH WHOM WAS SIR WALTER BARRAGE, IN HIS HOUSE OF OFFICE, THE UNIFORMED OFFICERS OF THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN'S DEPARTMENT, THE MAYOR, COUNCILLORS AND ALDERMEN, THE BAND OF THE 1ST LIFE GUARDS AND THE BRASS-BEHEMVED FIRMS, TOGETHER WITH A VERY NUMBER OF TOWNFOLK, TOOK PART IN THE CEREMONY. HIS MAJESTY WAS PROCLAIMED IN THREE PLACES, AND ON THIS OCCASION THE NATIONAL ANTHEM IN ITS NEW FORM WAS SUNG, FOR THE FIRST TIME, WITHIN THE CASTLE WALLS.

NOthin
blame of
apology
is needed for the
obvious fact that
the issue of
Country Life
assumes a form
to which its
readers are, in
some measure,
strangers, for the
reason of the
change in the
face of things.
All London, all
England, all the
Empire, is not
suffering from
but profiting in
heart and soul
by, an obsession,
that is to say,
in the strict sense
of the word, an
investment or a
bequegment,
by that wond-
erful series of



THE CASKET OF ENGLAND'S SORROW. "COUNTRY LIFE."

moving scenes which had its public climax in St. George's Chapel at Windsor on Saturday last, and its beginning—well, its beginning when that alarming passage in the frigid *Cassell's* warned the sorrowing world that the end of Queen Victoria's noble life and of her pure and splendid reign was surely at hand. Then it was that wherever men and women do congregate faces wore a look of constant sadness and anxiety; then it was that men asked eagerly for news, and gathered together where it might be obtained, hoping against hope that the good Queen might yet be spared for a few more years for the wholesome government of her loving people, knowing full well that, although the hope was selfish, no sacrifice of self could be so

great but that the good woman who lived for England would make it freely and willingly for England's sake. But the blow fell, in the course of Nature, and from that moment onwards there began upon a *scenarum* scale such a series of solemn sights and ceremonials, on a large scale and a small, exoteric and esoteric, as it never entered into the mind of man even to conceive as possible. The climax was the public funeral, and we will insult no reader by so



THE CARRIAGE OF QUEEN ALEXANDRA. "COUNTRY LIFE."

much as suggesting that he would not rather have a good record and good pictures of it than anything else in the world at this time. The time may never come again in this generation when there shall be any other event of even approximate interest, and grandeur, and majesty, and meaning. But for all that, in the future may come lesser but sufficient occasions.

It has been written truthfully, and that is somewhat exceptional in relation to much that has been written concerning the death of the Queen, that it was her own desire that her funeral should be military and public. Had she known that she would face death in her island home, in the district where she was a country gentlewoman, surrounded by tenants and by dear concerns of a hundred kinds, she would no doubt have expressed the desire that the ships which were her kingdom's walls of iron and tempered steel, should take their part in that last grand ceremonial on sea and land in which she was to play

the first and most vital part. Sailors, from admiral to midshipman and blue-jacket and powder monkey, there would have been in any case, for "military" in this great case, and from its very nature, meant naval and military. The accident, the coincidence, that the reaper's scythe swung forward at a moment when the Queen was at Osborne, and when the sea over which she held undisputed dominion for sixty-four years lay between her and the body of her long-lost and



PASSING THE WELLINGTON STATUE. "COUNTRY LIFE."

dearly-loved husband, did but serve to make the projected pageant more grand, more stately, more magnificent, and more affecting than it could otherwise have been. But pageant, in the fullest and most complete sense of the word, it was always intended to be.

Was there in this wish of the quietest and the most modest of women a savour of personal vanity, or of thought concerning herself or her glory a moment's suspicion? Most assuredly not. The Queen wished that, since she had reigned well, and since she had lived purely; since her influence upon her generation had been without parallel or precedent; and since her example of life was worthy to be followed, her funeral should be an abiding memory for the benefit of generations yet unborn, as well as for those who had the inestimable privilege to gaze upon it, here or there, if it were but for a moment. Little children of the thousand looked upon that marvellous procession, heard the guns, saw the gun-carriage with its pal-



SONS OF GREATER BRITAIN. "COUNTRY LIFE."

of satin and gold, felt the flashing of the jewels in the crown, gazed upon the Kings and Princes who followed Victoria on her long journey to the grave and to rest, and above all things drank in the grief of the silent populace assembled in inconceivable multitudes; and their mothers whispered to them, "Thus shall it be done to the Queen whom the people delighteth to honour." It was Demos, the many-tongued, the fickle, the varying, the uncertain, that was the great feature of Saturday's pageant. For once in the history of man *Vox Populi* was really *Vox Dei*, and that at a moment when never a word was spoken, and every head was bared, and every heart was full.

Our pictures, the precise subjects of which speak for themselves in the titles, have been chosen with a special object. Of so sacred a scene as that in the dining-room at Osborne, the hand of man could give a more complete and accurate idea than the finest photograph, for the light of day, and therefore the sun as artist, was rigidly

excluded from that holy of holies. But when it comes to a matter of procession, as it did down York Avenue from Osborne to East Cows, or at the foot of the hill where Lord Roberts had spoken but a few weeks before, or in London during that awe-

inspiring progress, or at Windsor when the "Handy Man," always ready in an emergency, took the place of the jibbing and insensate horses, the sun can beat the man out of hand. For the sea procession, on the other hand, the sun can beat the man, but only at the expense of truth. We have seen many hurried pictures, drawn by man's hand with infinite skill and craft, of the scene in Cows. Remember when the "Alberta," an old-fashioned toy of a ship, with antiquated paddles and gilded stern, glided past the floating castles of England and of flabby civilised races, while the great guns belched forth thunder and sulphurous smoke, one taking up another from end to end of a line seven or eight miles long. But not one of them conjures up the scene, not one of them makes the ear seem to ache, and the heart grow sad as one seems to hear again the roar from "Australia" and "Alexandra," and from the R.Y.S. Castle, followed by reports growing fainter and fainter in the distance, until those of the huge Japanese "Hatsuse," and of the curious French "Dupuy de Lôme," and Spithead, sound its beats of a distant drum. The impressiveness of the scene consisted mainly in the great length of the line, in the distance of about a quarter of a mile—which is more easily to be understood than two and a half cables—between each vessel, whereas the artists with the hand, almost to a man, have crowded the canvas in quite an impossible manner, causing the ships to jostle one another as if they were silly sheep in a pen. The result may be art, but it is unreal, unhistorical.

Far otherwise of it with the sun-pictures. They are historical documents, and although it by no means true that the sun cannot lie in awkward or over-clever hands, it is plain on the face of these that they are true as death. Moreover, we ourselves, that is to say the man who writes and the man who took the photographs in London, are in a position to state with complete conviction, certainty, and knowledge that they are absolutely true and accurate. Anyone could have taken the East Cows photographs, for great as the crowds were, there was plenty of room for spectators; but to have taken the London photographs without special privileges, to have produced those marvellous portraits of the King, the Emperor, the sailors, and the colonial representatives, and, above all, of that white-palmed coffin, enshrined in which is all that was mortal of a virgin soul, of a woman who was the mother of her people, and in spite of many sorrows *Ilaves fan Flant*, a joyful mother of children, a grandmother, and a great-grandmother would have been impossible. As triumphs of the photographic skill in catching a view, exercised in such fashion as to offend nobody—which is all too rare—secured by seizing opportunities in the face of immense difficulty, they are signal triumphs, and we commend them to the nation and to posterity as evidence beyond cavil or criticism of the greatest occasion within the memory of living Englishmen. Words may exaggerate; the writer may be accused of exaggeration, an enemy might say that the estimates of millions who went to immense pains for a glimpse of the Queen's coffin were in excess of the truth. But there are the people, seeking, straining, gazing. There is the King, God bless him! looking every inch the head of a mighty people as he rides and as he walks. There is the German Emperor, a Field-Marshal of the British Army, and the colonial one of the finest regiments in the Service, the nephew of the King. But the sorrowing grandeur of that Queen of men and Queen among women who has passed away, now walking and now riding in the same procession with Lord Roberts, and with others who have returned from that weary war in South Africa. There may be and there are those abroad who will not like the picture, who will believe it to possess more of political significance than we are by any means disposed to give it, but there it is beyond denial. The heads of the two Empires which could dictate terms to the civilized globe, if they pleased, are walking side by side in common sorrow, and, in our judgment, the sorrow is uppermost, and political considerations are absolutely removed from the mind of either. But, should the European crisis ever come, there is no reasonable doubt that Edward VII. and the German Emperor, remembering these days of common affliction, would work hand in hand as descendants of the Queen for the maintenance of "the inestimable blessing of peace." That is the lesson which this funeral scene, as they are faithfully set forth in the pictures, impress and enforce in a fashion which cannot be misunderstood. Let us learn it, and think over it, and act upon it.



THROUGH HYDE PARK.



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WITH MEASURED STEP AND SLOW.

COUNTRY LIFE



ENTERING PADDINGTON STATION.

One inevitable omission in these pictures and in this running commentary on the events of a marvellous and memorable day we sincerely regret. To the end of time, so many are the accounts and so diverse are even the faithful impressions of bystanders, there never will be any complete unity of opinion as to what actually occurred outside the Great Western station at Windsor when the Queen's coffin was placed upon the gun-carriage. Did that wheel horse, which the whole of the King's gunners, Horse Artillery and Field Artillery of one mind, would like to see offered for a burnt sacrifice, kick and plunge and rear, or did it simply "jib," showing that vice which reduces driver or rider to absolute despair? For on so solemn an occasion it was clearly impossible to apply the old-world remedy and to burn a truss of straw under the recalcitrant brute. Or was it simply the case that the mettlesome horses of the Royal Horse Artillery, trained to do their work mainly at the gallop, and to merit that glorious description of them, "breathing fire and smoke," which Napier penned once and for all, could not come down to that funeral pace which was appropriate to the day? Or were their joints so stiff with cold and waiting that they simply could not move up that sharp gradient which leads from the station to the main street with a ponderous load behind them? No man or woman who was not an actual eye-witness, and probably but few of the newspaper reporters, were that, can ever feel sure upon the point, and of those who were present it may almost be said that they have as many views as there are individuals to express them. The Courts of Justice alone know how many contradictory views there may be of a simple matter of fact, which ought, one would think, to be as plain as a pikestaff; and the diversity of versions is to be accounted for by the fact that the brain is at such crises taken by surprise and omits to observe.

A photograph of a horse rearing, for example, might have gone some way to settle the question. But we have it not. It remains therefore to express our heartfelt sympathy with the officers and men who were, by no fault of their own, deprived of a precious honour and privilege; there is probably not one of them who would not gladly have suffered grievous injury to avert the misfortune. But after that comes the reflection that life has its compensations.

The programme was broken, but the effect was better by far than the original conception would have been if it had been carried out. Whether the inspiration came from Captain the Hon. Hedworth Lambton (who is becoming to the reporter a kind of Divinity, a person who is always expected to be ready to act as the *Deus ex machina*), or whether the lieutenant in command, as is more likely, gave the order, we know not. But the world knows the effect; it was that the horses disappeared, that with the help of the traces of the full team and of the spare traces which are always taken in case of emergency under the gun-carriage, the sturdy blue-jackets rolled up the hill and along the appointed route with the gun-carriage, the gun, and the coffin behind them. It was a glorious spectacle, and it has been said, beautifully and we trust with truth, that in such fashion had our late Queen wished to be drawn to her rest, but that her natural kindness reminded her that the physical strain on the men would be very great. As for them, they gloried in their unexpected honour; it was the crowning moment of their lives; and when the great west doors of St. George's Chapel opened, disclosing the archbishops and the ecclesiastical dignitaries of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, it is not too much to say that a thrill of sober delight and thankfulness ran through the illustrious assemblage. It saw, framed as a picture by the archway, the sailors of the Queen straining at the ropes while they drew the Mistress of the Seas to her last rest. It was glorious beyond precedent and beyond expectation.



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ROYAL UNCLE AND IMPERIAL NEPHEW.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

THESE words are written in blissful ignorance whether one of the artists who press the sun-god into the service of COUNTRY LIFE has succeeded in catching, on an infamous afternoon, the salient features of a magnificent and memorable scene. They are addressed primarily to readers in the country and abroad, for the streets, slough of semi-congealed despair as they are, bear such an appearance as to lead to the conclusion that the mass of Londoners, "o'ercoming the winter and the grievous cold," have turned out in great numbers to see the King and the German Emperor make something approaching to a triumphal progress through London at its worst. It has been a curious, an interesting, and in its way an exhilarating spectacle. Early on Monday night the dismal rain was merged in sleet, and by one o'clock on Tuesday morning the snow was falling fast and threatening to lie; and Tuesday's dawn saw a white world, and unfortunately a sloppy one also, over which the cold North wind blew in searching strength. What the new local authorities, especially those who hold sway over Piccadilly, did no man knoweth. Salt may or may not have been commingled with the viscous mass of mire and snow and filth unmentionable which lay in great ramparts along the sides of the street, ankle-deep, *esperto credite*, and ending in level surfaces of mud, looking solid, but treacherous as the green surface of an Irish bog. It was clear at any rate that, fresh from a country in which winter spells brightness and glorious sleighing over the ice-smooth surface of the snow, the Kaiser was to see London at its worst. But he was to see the people of London at their best, old men and young, aged ladies and maidens, sons and daughters of the wild North-Easter, defying him and his attendant satellites of cold and rheumatism and the demon of catarrh, if they could but secure a glimpse of the passing of the Kaiser and the King. Even at decorations, in spite of the horrible weather and the short notice, they had made a rapid effort. Flags at the masthead, so rapidly are the spirits raised by that which appeals to the seeing eye, raised the hearts of twenty. They were English,



Reuter and Lewis.

THE NAVY'S OPPORTUNITY.

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the Jack for the most part, but there were many German tricolours also, and the Imperial flag here and there; and since the Kaiser, attentive in small things as in great, never omitted to salute it, he may learn with pleasure that its comparative rarity, and his consequent release from exertion, was due to no lack of zeal, but to a difficulty in obtaining the real article. One eager tradesman in St. James's Street is said to have spent a ten-pound note in buying the last that was to be had for love or money, and he is not likely to repent him of the deed, for he will need it again and again in the years to come.

Decorations, generally, were something of a medley. Here and there, especially in Piccadilly, a purple balcony or canopy, with white edgings, and cheek by jowl with faring crimson, as was the stand at Devonshire House, reminded one of Shakespeare's cruel line concerning the funeral bakemeats. But the finest decoration of all were the people, habited in black to a woman and almost to a man, who stood in manifold ranks patiently along the whole line of route. And as the *cortège* passed, Sir Edward Bradford, V.C., and his attendant commissioners leading the way, the Sovereign's escort of the Blues following, the grandest-looking cavalry in the world, and the carriage with its four lays and the Kaiser and the King, hats were raised and waved, and white handkerchiefs rose by the myriad from the black mass of the crowd, like sea-birds from a dark cliff, and the Kaiser learned, not for the first time, the meaning of the full-throated welcome of a free people whose hearts have been deeply touched. He was a Field-Marshal of our Army, the King was a German officer, but the cheering was insistent for both of them, and it continued, wave upon wave, like billows crashing on the shore, all through Paddington and the Park, all along Piccadilly and St. James's Street, until Marlborough House was reached. In Pall Mall in the afternoon the weather was every bit as bad, but Clubland was full of spectators. The balcony of the Athenæum was lined with spectators, amongst whom we noted the editor of the *Times*, big framed and big hearted, waving his hat and cheering with the best of the lumber folk on the pavement beneath. So the German Emperor closed at Charing Cross, and eventually in the desolation of Port Victoria, a memorable visit, and the Londoners, with whom to our knowledge were many from the country also, went their ways blessing the Emperor and the King, but not exactly blessing the vestries, or the councils which have taken their place.



VALE CÆSARI



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A FRACTION OF THE CROWD.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Photo. W. and D. DOWNEY.

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QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

THE SILVER LINING

FOR a moment it had been in our mind to write the title which stands at the head of this article under the excellent portrait of the new Queen, the "Sea-king's daughter from over the sea," which forms our frontispiece; but it seemed better to make it into a text, and to enlarge upon it, in this hour of deep and national grief for the good Queen who lies at rest full of years and honour, after a life encompassed by the love of her people and her children. Let us not forget that the future is not all black, and that the murky cloud which hangs over England is silvered by the sunshine of hope. Last week some reasons were given for a confident assurance that the King will acquit himself well in his august position. He is a full-blooded and hearty man, of natural gentleness of disposition, considerate, kindly, sagacious, and tactful. He has the tastes of a robust Englishman, he has an infinite capacity for taking pains, and it is not too much to say that his manly bearing and his dignified carriage when he addressed his Privy Council, and when he rode behind his mother's coffin through London, have made an excellent impression on the people; and that it is no small thing to raise our hopes, for appearances are deceitful in the proverb only for the most part, and the King's grave face and his serious mien help us to understand that he appreciates the greatness of the task which lies before him, and that he means to carry it out on the lines which his wise mother followed before him.

But the King is not, nor would he wish to be regarded as, the beginning and end of the whole matter. The tone of the Court, and through the Court of all ranks of Society, will depend very largely on the influence of the most gracious and beautiful lady who is now known as Queen Alexandra. Of her what shall we say without risk of offence by fulsome adulation, but rather in all sincerity? Surely first that there is not merely room for hope, but for absolute certainty, that her fair face is the mask of a soul as pure and as good as that of Victoria herself, and that her actions in the past have given ample proof that her influence will be all for good, and of very great strength and force. Queen Alexandra is no stranger within our gates. She came amongst us, amidst acclamation of the people and enthusiastic welcome from poets, no less than thirty-eight years ago, with a heart which matched her countenance in girlish beauty. She is a woman now, a woman who has twice endured the greatest sorrow, next perhaps to widowhood, that woman can be called upon to suffer—the loss of her eldest son. In the secluded churchyard at Sandringham, where the King, as he is now, used to be regarded as squire rather than as Prince of the Blood Royal and heir to the throne, is a simple tomb in which was laid to earth the body of a child prince whom Queen Alexandra has not forgotten. To inquire, although it is to be feared that his death has passed out of the memory of the nation, when that boy was taken away, and when the Duke of Clarence died in the prime of his manhood and of his promise, the heart of the nation went out to the sorrowing parents, but to the Royal mother most of all, for a mother's love towards the child she has borne is, in the very nature of things, tender beyond any other love known to humanity, and so sacred that no man may completely understand its unathomable depth. And then the nation was not slow to observe how, little by little, the bereaved mother laid aside her grief, not that it was not present all the time, in order that she might do her duty in that high state of life to which it had pleased God to call her. She was the wife of the Prince who was destined to become King of the United Kingdom, the mother of one who might in time succeed to that high dignity, and the grandmother of a child who, if all things went right, would some day sit on the throne upon which his father and his grandfather had sat before him. As such it was her duty not merely to be an example of perfect womanhood as wife and mother—that, indeed, was to her a natural instinct—but also to play her part in the great world; and that she has done, taking the place often of the aged Queen, with wondrous dignity and gentleness and kindness. But there are strength and firmness in her character, too, and both are present

in abundance, and the world may be well assured that laxity of conduct will be as severely visited with cold disdain and exile from the Court of Queen Alexandra as it was in that of Queen Victoria. Her crystal purity will be an unmixed blessing to the subjects of her Royal husband.

When our new Queen began to be seen in public after her grievous loss it was as a great lady intent on doing good, on helping the suffering and the poor; and she has been diligent and assiduous in the kindness which she loves to bestow ever since. Only those who are personally concerned in charitable movements know how hard our Princess of Wales was wont to work, how gentle was her manner, how sympathetic was her tone, how unostentatious was her method. Moreover, since the South African War began, more months ago than it is altogether pleasant to remember, she who is now our Queen has given abundant testimony, not merely by appeals to the public, but by personal visits to the sick and the wounded, that her heart bled for those who had been maimed in their country's cause. Pale cheeks would flush, and listless eyes would brighten, when the Princess of Wales was seen walking up the gangway to her hospital ship at Southampton the day after it had arrived with its cargo of suffering humanity, and at Netley her visits were as welcome as they were frequent. She is a soldier's daughter, a soldier's wife, and the son she lost last was a soldier also. She loves the Army, and the Army no less than the people loves her, and it was in a happy and sympathetic moment that the King ordained that she should be honorary colonel where his mother had held that rank until less than three weeks ago.



TUESDAY'S messages to the people and to the constituent parts of the Empire, prove conclusively that His Majesty King Edward VII. is his mother's son, and that he has inherited directly from her the gift of using that language of simple sincerity which goes straight to the heart of the people. The messages of Queen Victoria on occasions of national sorrow or of national rejoicing, and particularly those in which she acknowledged the comforting sympathy of her people, were always absolutely happy in their expression. Completely free from the suspicion of rhetoric, beautifully plain, and never exaggerated in phrase, they bore the clear mark of that much misused term, authenticity. They came from her own brain and from her own heart; they breathed her spirit, and they are preserved as precious possessions in tens of thousands of homes. Her eldest son, ascending to the Empire, which under her has grown to such vast dimensions, which under her has been cemented by the blood and the love of kindred peoples, strikes the same note in the messages of heartfelt but unstudied eloquence which he addresses on the last day of his mother's funeral—"To my People," "To my People beyond the Sea"—a beautiful phrase, which we do not remember to have seen in a document of State before—and "To the Princess and People of India." To the first two he is Edward, Rex, Imperator; to the last Edward, Rex et Imperator. To the free peoples, of whom he is titular head, he says, in effect, "I am your King, an Emperor;" to the Oriental, not yet ripe for representative government, and most likely never destined to reach that stage of development, he says, "I am your King and your Emperor." Of the former he is Ruler and King by their own goodwill; of the latter he is, for their own great good, Paramount Sovereign.

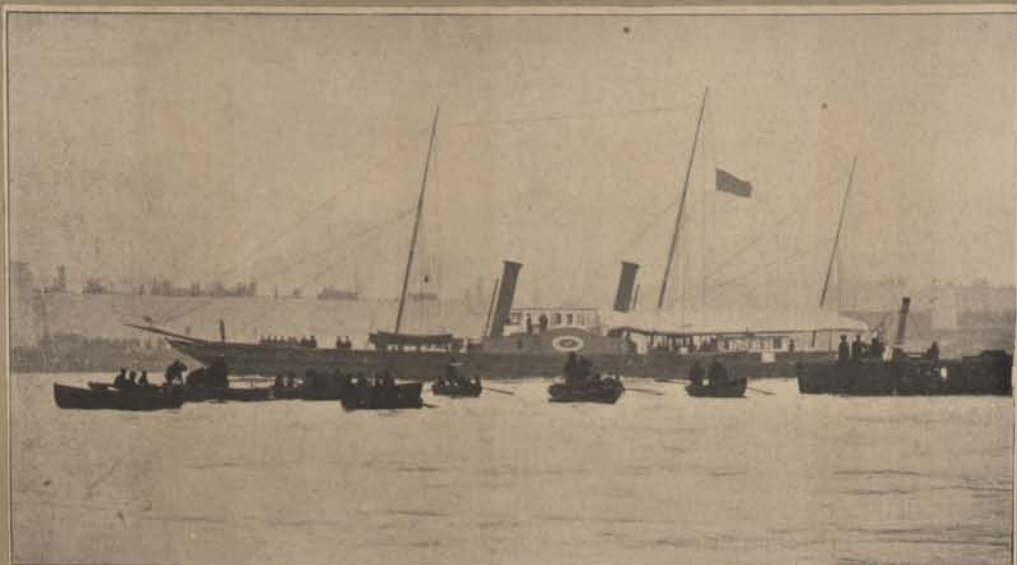


THE CHIEF MOURNERS AT THE FUNERAL OF QUEEN VICTORIA.



THE START OF THE FUNERAL PROCESSION FROM OSBORNE HOUSE, FEB. 1.

Photograph by Hagios and Mullins, Repts. L.W.



THE ALBERTA IN HARBOUR, WHERE SHE LAY ON FRIDAY NIGHT.

(Photograph by Mortimer)



THE GUN CARRIAGE PASSES THROUGH COWES, DRIVEN BY HORSES AND MEN OF Y BATTERY ROYAL HORSE ARTILLERY.

(Photograph by Russell and Sons, Antwerp)



THE ROYAL MOURNERS PASSING THROUGH COWES.

Photograph by Russell and Sons, Southsea.

Castle, Prince Edward of York, in sailor dress, so dearly loved of his great grandmother, the families of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Princess Elizabeth of Hesse, and Princess Henry of Battenberg. The Lord Chief Justice entered, wearing his crimson robes, white fur cape, and legal wig, with his Lord Justice Hilly in full-bottomed wig and gown. The Lord Mayor of London and the aldermen were specially invited by the King, and had seats in the choir. London's Chief Magistrate was arrayed in black brocaded robes and gold, the Aldermen in scarlet, not so unique in style as the attire of the Provost and two bailies of Edinburgh, in long bright red robes, ermine tippets, and cocked hats, the Provost having a notably beautiful emmelled chain of office.

Sir William Harcourt came betimes, and, like the Premier, was in the robes of a Privy Councillor, and so was the Speaker of the House of Commons. They all wore their medals and chains, the Knights of the Garter their insignias. A few foreign uniforms mingled with the rest, a dark Bulgarian-green exciting much interest. The Thakore Sahib of Morvi was the cynosure of all eyes, in the national mourning of his country, white and gold, with a large and remarkable turban.

The Chinese national dress was imposing. There were members of most of the legations; the dusky countenance of the Haytian Minister attracted the eye, and there were many costumes which puzzled the onlookers. Our Ministry was represented by the Duke of Devonshire, Mr. Balfour, Lord Rosebery, distinguishable by the ribbon of the Garter, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, Mr. Chamberlain and his son, Lord James of Hereford, and many others; indeed, everyone was a personage of note, and the very flower of our land had sent representatives. But the hours passed slowly; the guests had been notified that one o'clock was the latest time of arrival, and it was almost three before the funeral cortege reached the west door. By this time Dr Broadbent, Mr Jesse Collins, Lord Cross, the Provost, Dr Hensley, the Head Master and Dr Warre, of Eton, the Agents-General of several colonies, had passed to their places, together with Lord Ouse, the Post Laureate, and Mr Boerholm Tree. The scene outside the chapel was an ever-changing one. Every battlement displayed a crowd of faces looking down on the scene, the houses of the Knights of Windsor were filled with spectators, and some of the façades were draped with violet. About one o'clock a guard of honor of the Oxford University Volunteer Corps were drawn round the Quadrangle. The other volunteer regiments on duty included the Eton College Volunteers in the Long Walk, and the Cambridge University Volunteers, of which the King is an hon. colonel. The Duke of Argyll, Governor of Windsor Castle, fitted to and fro, and the Bishops, in their quaint Tudor dress of scarlet embroidered with the Tudor rose, a close ruff about the necks, their black hats entwined with a plait of red, blue, and white ribbons, passed in procession through King Henry VIII's Gateway. In time the space was cleared, Royal servants assembled round the doorways, and only a privileged few viewed the procession from this excellent vantage ground.

Meanwhile the patient crowd on the line of route had been in position for hours. By King Henry's Gateway the road was kept by Life-guardians on foot.

There was a clear space by the bronze statue of Queen Victoria by Boston, which rose from a bed of white flowers, lilies, heather, marguerites, and foliage. In front of the Guildhall were formed from Windsor and the neighbourhood, some in gold helmets and some in silver, who guarded the roadway, aided by the Grenadiers. As two o'clock approached all was expectancy. Every roof and window was crowded with spectators, and everyone was in mourning; there was not one discordant note of colour. On all sides the people talked of the Queen with praise, sympathy, and affection, and for the moment she was not "the late" or the departed Queen, but their Queen. The soldiers and firemen stood at ease, and were called to attention frequently, until a mounted artilleryman flew over the roadway, which had just been sanded, with lightning speed, and in a moment the guns began to fire at intervals from the Long Walk during the procession till eighty-one had been sounded, representing the late monarch's age. This continuous sound mingled with the muffled bell from the Curfew Tower. The rain had ceased, but the day was grey and gloomy, and quite in harmony with the feelings of the moment. Two detachments of Life-guardians mounted had for some time occupied the roadway, one in front of the Guildhall, one near the Queen's Staircase. Just after several close carriages, with outriders, were seen bearing the Royal ladies from the station to the chapel, they began to move. The Royal servants were all in scarlet or long-drap coats, with ermine on their arms. The three officers, in their long, well-fitting great coats, who had been peering the roadway, suddenly gave the word of command. The waiting moments had been diversified by the procession of the Mayor of Windsor in his black robes, followed by the aldermen, town clerk, &c., making their way to the chapel, a few pipers passing to their places, and the gun carriage ready for its mournful burden, painted a light stone color and magnificently horsed. It was proceeding at a quick, regular pace, but the steepest of the hand master was curvetting all over the road beside the colours tied with ermine. The wall of the churchyard shutting on the roadway was hung with black and mauve, and behind was a dense mass of people.

But then all our attention was centred on the slowly coming procession. Three Life-guardians, close together, headed the line, followed by others, as escort. Pursuivants, in their heraldic dresses, were on foot, and their red, blue, and gold, the rich heraldic embroidery, the pendent sleeves, and their stately movements carried the spectators far away from everyday life. Gen. Pole-Carew and his staff were immediately behind, but suddenly the progress was stayed, and for a while all eyes were turned to a brilliant group in the roadway, the post-grey coats of the two German regiments, with their silver mountings, mingling with the posse of aides-de-camp. Fully a quarter of an hour was thus occupied, meanwhile one of the heralds came to acquaint Lord Roberts that on the arrival of the funeral cortege, when the casket had been borne from the train through the Royal waiting-room to the gun carriage, the horses, probably from long waiting in the piercing cold, had become restless and with some difficulty could be restrained. The King was visibly distressed, but with great promptitude the horses were

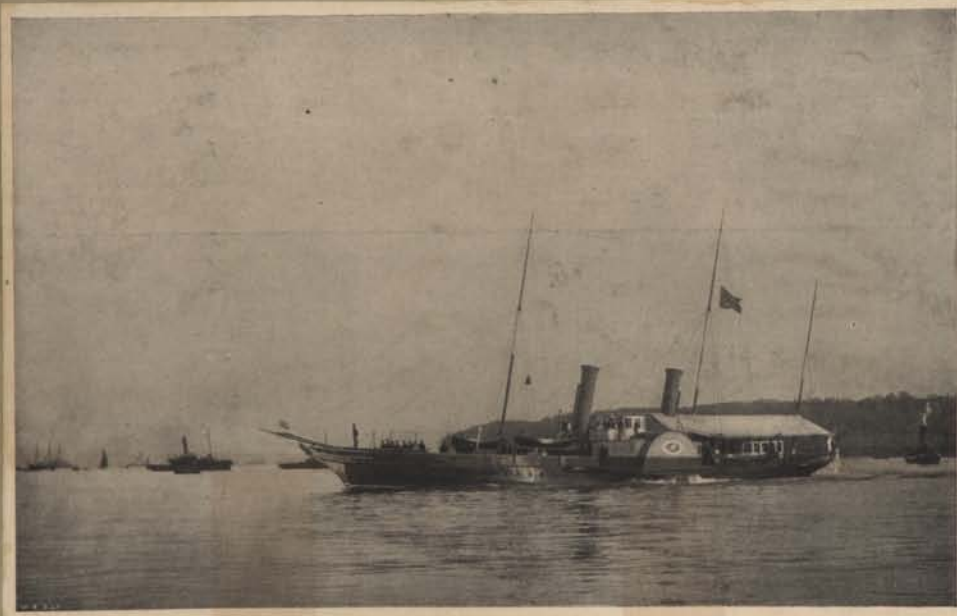
removed, and by means of their harness and some hastily procured ropes, the naval guard of honors from Her Majesty's ship, Excellent, came to the rescue, and dragged the gun-carriage to the chapel. The music hitherto had been but faintly heard; now the exquisite refrain of Chopin's "Marche Funèbre" broke on the ear, beautifully played by the Grenadiers, whose drums were veiled in ermine. The aides-de-camp included the Duke of Northumberland, the Duke of Beaufort, the Marquis of Londonderry, Lord Suffolk, Viscount Galway, Lord Hlythwood, &c. The detachment from the two German regiments, in their delicate grey and silver overcoats, discovering some touch of red or blue velvet in the midst of their silver embroidered collars, were conspicuous for their soldierly bearing. The Adjutant-General and the Quartermaster-General preceded Lord Roberts, who, like the rest, was on foot; he carried his baton in his hand, and his face was extremely sad. The maced bands of the Grenadiers and Life Guards followed. The three Kings-at-Arms, Ulster, Kerry, and Lyon, preceded the Earl-Marshal and the Gold and Silver Sticks, all moving in slow and stately measure to the accompaniment of the wailing music, the guns and the muffled bells summing at intervals—a scene never to be forgotten. The Lord Chamberlain and the Lord Steward, the military escort, and the other members of the household surrounded the gun carriage, drawn by the naval guard, with rhythmic tread, bearing the great Sovereign's body, stately mounted, the coffin hidden by its white silk pall, the emblem of a pure life, with the embazoned arms of England worked in each corner, the Royal Standard across, the ruby velvet and gold crown and regalia, including the orb and sceptre, resting on the top.

It was a stately throng. The Royal Standard was borne in front of the King by a non-commissioned officer of the Household Cavalry. Edward VII. walked with bowed head and measured tread and great dignity just behind the coffin, the German Emperor on his right, the Duke of Connaught on his left, all wearing dark military overcoats and cocked hats. Count Gleichen, Prince Louis of Battenberg, Vice-Admiral Sir J. Palliser, and Admiral Sir M. Calvo-Seymour were near at hand, and they were followed by aides-de-camp and squerries, field officers in waiting, and the Duke of Portland as Master of the Horse. In solemn procession followed such a crowd of Royal personages as has but seldom been seen in this or any other country. They came from all parts of Europe to do honor to the revered Sovereign of these Isles, whose death has been a universal grief. The King of the Belgians, leaning on a stick, the King of Greece, and the King of Portugal were in front, the latter's portly figure hidden by a long grey overcoat, which rested on his shoulders, the steves hanging on either side. Prince Henry of Prussia, the Grand Duke of Hesse, Prince Albert of Schleswig-Holstein, Prince Arthur of Connaught, and the young Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, descendants of Queen Victoria, the Crown Prince of Roumania and the Crown Prince of Germany, the Duke of Saxe, Prince Charles of Denmark, the Crown Prince of Denmark, and Prince Hohenlohe-Langenburg came next in their order, then the Crown Prince of Norway and Sweden, the Archduke Ferdinand of Austria, and the Hereditary



TORPEDO DESTROYERS PREPARING THE PROCESSION AT SPITHHEAD.

(Photograph by Russell and Sons, Scotland.)



THE ALBERTA LEAVING COVEN.

(Photograph by West and Sons, Scotland.)

Grand Duke Michael of Russia. The splendor of their uniforms was hidden by their overcoats, but the helmets and headgear were of great magnificence and of uncommon appearance. On some rested an aureole of soft yellow feathers, completely covering the crown, and on the front of a silver helmet was the famous silver swan. There were red plumes and cherry-colored plumes, and many orders glittered on their breasts. Red and white sashes and several feathers in the throng. The Duke of Aosta represented Italy. The Crown Prince of Siam was easily distinguished. The great German Empire sent the Duke of Saxony, the Grand Duke of Baden, Arnulf of Bavaria, Duke Robert of Wurttemberg, Prince Waldeck Pyrmont, Prince Ernest Hohenzollern, the Prince of Hohenzollern, Prince Philipp of Saxe-Coburg, Duke Adolphus of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, the Hereditary Prince of Saxe-Meinigen, Prince Adolph of Schaumburg-Lippe, the Duke Ernest of Ganteur Schleswig-Holstein, and Prince Frederick Charles of Hesse, Mehmet Ali walked next the Duke of Teck and Prince Henry Hesse XXV. Prince Francis of Teck was also present, together with Prince Alexander, Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, Prince Ernest of Saxe-Altenburg, and the Duke of Fife. Besides all these there was a crowd of ambassadors and representatives of foreign states, German, Russian, Austrian, French, Spanish, and Japanese easily distinguishable, all in rich uniforms, the one exception being the United States Minister, in ordinary black raiment with a tall hat. This was a most imposing array, but the pageant passed too quickly to distinguish each separately. After them came some of the Queen's Pipers, the Gentlemen-at-Arms, with their axes reversed, and the Yeomen of the Guard, with their partisans reversed. Thus in solemn procession they passed down the High-street to the Long Walk, where the Hon boys had a special place allotted them, and entering by the Sovereign's entrance, and through the Quadrangle into the front of the Horse Shoe Cloisters, they approached the steps leading to the west door. This, perhaps, was one of the most thrilling visits, and one of the most imposing pageants of the day. In front of the red brick of the cloister was a guard of Grenadiers, with their axes reversed, their heads bowed, and more waited by the steps, ready to bear their mournful burden to its last resting place. The funeral march was heard by those inside the chapel as the beautiful iron gateway and large doors were thrown open. The passing bell sounded at intervals.

On either side of the steps there was a mass of beautiful wreaths, principally violets and white flowers. Standing by the doorway were the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, and their trainbearers and the surpliced choir; the Bishop of Winchester and the Dean of Windsor, who as Prelate and Registrar of the Order of the Garter wore long trailing robes of velvet, with white ribbons on their shoulders; and the Bishop of Oxford, entirely robed in crimson.

It was said solemn silence that the men of the Grenadier Guards, in their scarlet tunics, who had watched by the body at Osborne, carried the casket up the steps, a task so difficult that it required much assistance from their fellows. The oak coffin, with the gold crown on the front and its adornment of gold and silver, seemed unusually short for its depth, and its immaculate entrance was heralded by the advent of the German Emperor's laurel wreath from Osborne. It was said never could be forgotten—so solemn, pathetic, magnificent. The heralds and the Hussarials ranged themselves by the improvised gangway beneath the organ.

As the coffin passed through the doorway the opening sentences of the Burial Service were sung. Lieut.-Col. Arthur Bigge, Col. the Hon. W. Carrington, Col. A. Davidson, and Sir Pinewood Edwards carried the pall, the crown, the sceptre, and the regalia. The other mourners had by this time doffed their overcoats, and the King and the Kaiser wore the uniforms of British Field Marshals, the Duke of Connaught a General's uniform. They walked with bowed heads in solemn dignity, the Duke of Cambridge near at hand, followed by the Royal personages and the representatives of foreign countries, who filled the entire centre space of the nave and choir—a glittering, gorgeous kaleidoscope of colour, marred somewhat by the grey light of the smoggy day. The choir was lighted by candles, which threw Rembrandtish shadows on the wonderful scene. None of the Royal Ladies were visible, but all were present, and their deep mourning made them difficult to individualise.

The coffin was placed on the violet cloth-covered bier which had awaited it so many hours. The choir was lined with the Gentlemen-at-Arms, having their axes reversed, the nave with the Yeomen of the Guard. The high officers of Her Majesty's Household surrounded the coffin, the King and his relatives at the head, and the Earl Marshal at the foot, the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Winchester conducting

the service. Plaintive, sad, and thrilling was the singing of "Man that is born of woman," to Wesley's music, and Gounod's Lord's Prayer, written for the Queen by the great composer. The Archbishop's voice was heard well in the nave, and the Bishop of Winchester read the lesson. "Lord thy God has been our refuge," wanted to the music of Fielden, fell with great power on the ears of the listeners, and Purcell's anthem "Thou knowest Lord the secrets of our hearts" was splendidly rendered. Then the Deputy Garter Principal King-at-Arms, standing at the foot of the coffin, proclaimed the Queen's titles and the King's as follows: "Forasmuch as it has pleased Almighty God to take out of this transitory life into his Divine mercy 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, Sovereign of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, let us humbly beseech Almighty God to bless with 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. God save the King."

Then followed that most beautiful anthem of Spohr "Hail are the Departed," and after the Benediction by the Archbishop of Canterbury, most impressively given, Beethoven's Funeral March was played as the vast crowd left the sacred edifice, many returning to town.

The Royal family lunched in the dining room at the Castle, some 500 other guests in St. George's Hall.

Later in the day the Queen's body was borne from St. George's chapel to the Albert Memorial Chapel, the doorway of which is immediately behind the choir, and here officers of the guards kept nightly vigil. To reach it the coffin was borne past the fine statue of the Emperor Frederick in uniform with a long regal cloak flowing at the back. A more beautiful resting place than this chapel could hardly be conceived. In front of the marble recess of the Resurrection was a huge red and white cross, and by the table of Levanta marble was a magnificent collection of floral offerings. Here was the gigantic wreath of lilies and tulips sent by the President of the United States, and a fine slab of white flowers with a panel of red in the centre surmounted by a white



THE DEER OF THE SEA QUEEN.—THE ALBERTA PASSING THROUGH THE FLEET.

[Photograph by Stephen C. O'Connell, Boston.]



THE HOHENZOLLERN AND ORBONZE FOLLOWING IN THE WAKE OF THE ALBERTA AND VICTORIA AND ALBERT.

[Photograph by F. J. Matthews.]

cross with V.R. in violets at the side, from the church of St. Mary Abbott's, Kensington. In front of the altar was the catafalque, covered with violet cloth and festooned with thick cord of the same hue, bearing on its side the letters V.R. and the Tudor rose in gold. It stood immediately in front of that exquisite recumbent monument of the Prince Consort in pure white marble, which rests on black and gold Tuscan marble; the Prince is in chain armour, wearing his mantle and chain of the Order of the Garter, his favourite bond at his foot, and immediately in front that most pathetic figure of the Queen weeping and praying. This fine cenotaph was overshadowed for the time by two high growing palms, the ribs of the leaves outlined with small inserted flowers, tulips and orchids. Between this and the fine bronze monument to the Duke of Clarence, where angels are holding above the Prince the crown of eternal glory, was a magnificent trophy of flowers from Brazil; indeed, the entire chapel was strewn with them. On raised stands on the left side of the altar was a magnificent trophy of arum lilies, mauve orchids, and white ribbon from Australia; near at hand hung the yellow ribbons attached to a gigantic wreath of violets, with its crown and harp of arms, carnations, lilies, and orchids, from China. The Kildive sent a white cross and star set with red geraniums, tied with white ribbons.

By the doorway was a white wreath from the wounded soldiers at Netley, laid in front of the monument to the Duke of Albany, and there were many others all bearing some touching words of remembrance, homage, and humble devotion.

The chisters were full of most beautiful wreaths from all parts of the world. "The citizens and council of the Port of Mauritius to Our Beloved Queen in token of our loyalty and sorrow" sent a white pillar and cross with V.R.; the University College of Bristol a beautiful crown, the Lord Mayor and citizens of Bristol another lovely trophy. From Heidelberg came a large wreath of yellow and black flowers with silver bay leaves and black ribbons. The postmen of the City of London contributed a pillar of ivory, the steps leading up to it covered with rare white flowers. From sorrowful subjects at Brandon, a harp of shamrocks, lilies and roses. The Island of St. Kitts, the mother country of the West Indies, sent a wreath of garlics, arums, and violets; King's College a very beautiful wreath with V.R. in violets. The City of Cork contributed a crown of violets, Havre Violets, chrysanthemums, and white and red lilies. A very fine trophy came from Italy tied with yellow ribbons and a huge laurel wreath. The yeomen and wardens of Her Majesty's Tower sent a panel of violets with the old Keep in white blooms on the surface. The Institute of Journalists a grateful tribute in scarlet lettering on a white scroll. The ladies of Liverpool a harp of shamrocks, and the students at Mr. Herkimer's studio a cross of violets.

The English Horticultural Society's was a beautiful wreath of red and white blooms, and the County and City of York sent a harp of lilies with the strings in violets, a crown of white blooms at the foot. A gigantic wreath of lilies of the valley had violets at one side. The Nursing Institute at Weymouth contributed a wreath. The Savage Club's trophy showed red floral letters on a white ground. From the Trinity House came a lighthouse of white flowers, surmounted by violets; from Italy a huge cushion and trophy of sciataria and other blooms. South Wales sent a cushion of violets and lilies of the valley; the Middlesex Yeomanry, lovely white and violet blooms; the wives of the warrant officers of the Scots Guards, a very splendid trophy; Harrow School, a huge wreath of mauve orchids and other blooms, and the Westminster boys and many others had contributed to this wonderful array. Canada sent a beautiful cushion with scalloped borders, all white and violet. Prince Albert's Somersetshire regiment's flowers were magnificent. The ladies of Hampton Court sent a huge cross of red lilies and lilies of the valley; the American Minister in London, a cross of lilies, lilies, and other white blooms. The Isle of Wight County Council sent a huge white wreath, and the Hippodrome a mass of truly exquisite flowers; the Imperial Yeomanry Hospital committee an enormous up-standing cross formed of violets with laurels and white ribbon attached. The Earl of Clarendon's harp was formed of lilies and arums. The South-Eastern Hospital sent a Maltese Cross of violets set in white blooms. One beautiful pillar was entirely composed of bay leaves. The London Salvago Corps offered a cushion of white flowers and violets, with L.S.C. upon it. From the Staff of Persia came a gigantic wreath including a crown of violets tied with green ribbons; an Hussar regiment sent a panel of violets with a yellow crown, &c., upon it; and the Society of Water Colour Painters a black wreath with gold berries; the City of London, the civic arms in red blooms on a white ground. From Belfast came an enormous black frame with photographs upon it, and inside

this a smooth surface of white hyacinths with raised floral devices. From the English and American ladies of Henrico came a splendid group of flowers of the south. The women of Bedford contributed violets and white blooms.

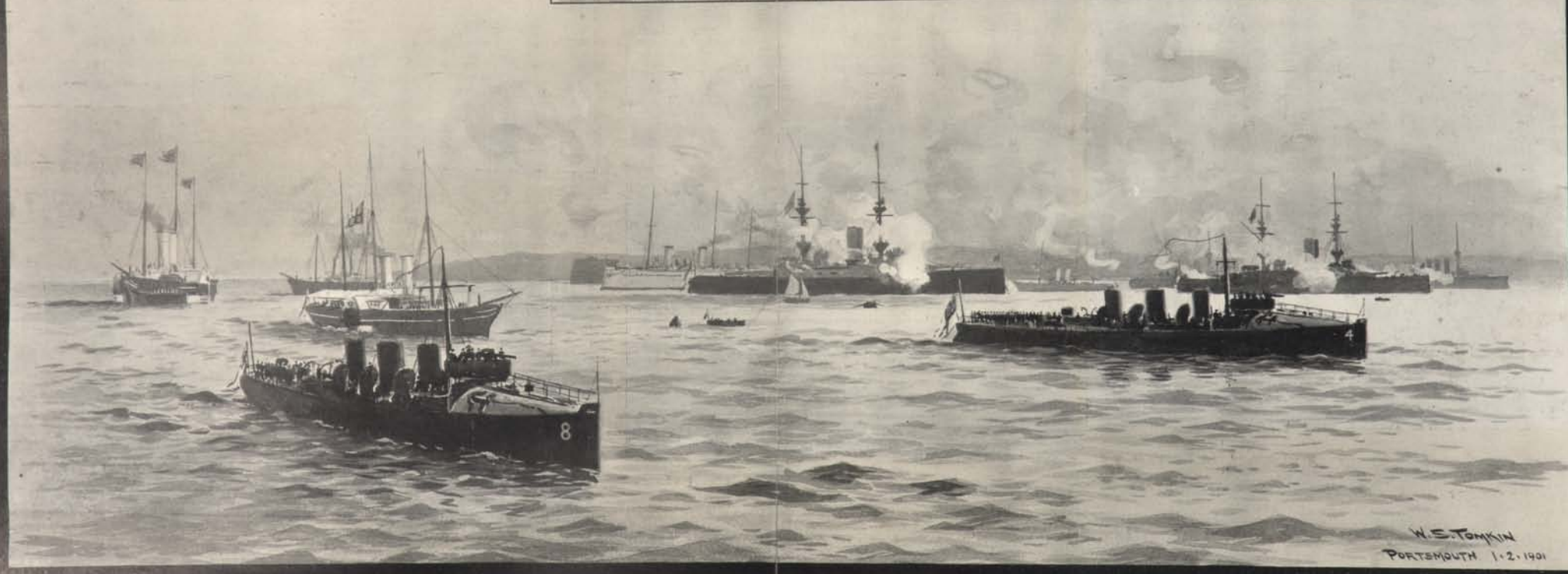
Sunday was a very memorable day at Windsor. The Castle was full to overflowing, and a morning service had been announced at St. George's Chapel, which brought a vast congregation from all the adjacent country. Sir Walter Parratt began with playing a prelude by Chamisso and every seat in the sacred edifice was occupied by a few reserved in the choir.

Everybody was in deep mourning, relieved only by the red uniforms of the military Knights of Windsor in the choir, and some of the officers of the Grenadier Guards. The Royal Closet, with its Tudor window and fine oak carving, which overlooks the chancel, was occupied by the King and Queen, their daughters, and Prince Charles of Denmark, the German Emperor and his son, the King of Greece, the Crown Prince of Denmark, and Prince Henry of Prussia. Princess Christian, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Princess Henry of Battenberg, the Duchess of Albany and their children, the Princess Louise and the Duke of Argyll were seated in the choir. The Bishop of Winchester, the Bishop of Oxford, Bishop Barry, and the Dean of Windsor all took part in the service, which was sung to Stanford in D'Est, and the special prayers learned last week by the Privy Council were given. There were special psalms and lessons, and the anthem was by Dvorak, "Blessed Jesus, fount of Mercy." The Bishop of Oxford preached from the text, Proverbs xvi, 13, "The throne is

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ENTERING PORTSMOUTH HARBOUR



W.S. TOMKIN
PORTSMOUTH 1-2-1901

VICTORIA AND ALBERT.

OSBORNE.

ALBERTA.

HOHENZOLLERN.

MAJESTIC.

HAGEN
(GERMAN).

PRINCE GEORGE.

VICTORIA LUISE
(GERMAN).

THE PASSING OF THE "MISTRESS OF THE SEAS."

The Queen, February 9th, 1901.

established by rightness." He spoke most feelingly of the great reign of the lost Queen, a reign of unbroken duty and service. He concluded by saying that we would now seek a seventh blessing from a seventh Edward. The Benediction was given by the Bishop of Winchester; the concluding voluntary was the Lamentation of Gullman. At the conclusion of the service the Royal party passed into the Dean's Cloisters and viewed the magnificent display of floral offerings; and at six o'clock the Royal family and their Royal guests attended a special service in the Albert Memorial Chapel around the coffin of the departed Queen. The Bishop of Winchester and the Dean of Windsor conducted the service, in the course of which Mme. Albani sang "Come Unto Me" and "I know that my Redeemer liveth" with deep feeling.

THE INTERMENT AT FROGMORE.

ON MONDAY THE BODY OF QUEEN VICTORIA was laid, in the presence of those she loved best on earth, in that last resting place which she had prepared in deep affection for the Prince Consort, and where all that is mortal of her late husband has been awaiting her since 1862, in the Mausoleum at Frogmore. Over the entrance is the tender loving inscription in Latin: "Farewell, well beloved; Here at last I will rest with thee, with thee in Christ I will rise again."

The ceremony was singularly impressive, and the procession was more of a public function than had been originally intended. The mile and a half intervening between the Albert Memorial Chapel and the Mausoleum appeared specially to the hearts of the spectators. It traversed ground so familiar to the dead Queen. There was hardly a day during her sojourns at Windsor that she did not pay a visit to Frogmore, and her small carriage driving thither from the castle was to be seen most mornings.

Many hundreds came from town, and all the neighbourhood flocked in to take part in the final scene. The shops in the town were closed, and a guard of honour of the 1st Life Guards were at the station to receive the King of the Belgians, the King of Portugal, the Duchess of Saxo-Coburg-Gotha, Prince and Princess Louis of Battenberg, and others who journeyed hither from London. It was at about three o'clock that the King and Queen and the Royal party assembled at the Memorial Chapel, and the gun carriage, driven by Royal Artillery horses, was drawn up outside. Again the Grenadiers carried the coffin and laid it thereon. It was covered, as before, with the white silk pall and the insignia of Royalty, the bell tolling mournfully the while from the Round Tower, only heard on the death of a Sovereign, the minute guns firing at intervals in the Long Walk. The mournful train wended its way under the archway, across the quadrangle, to the gates opening on to the Long Walk, and thence to the turning on the left which leads to the Mausoleum, the road guarded by the Life Guards. Heavy clouds were overhead, and it was as dire and solemn a day, as far as the weather was concerned, as Saturday. Chopin's "Marche Funèbre" was again heard as the Queen's Company of the Grenadiers passed through the archway. The Highlanders and pipers followed, and some of the Royal servants. The band of the 1st Life Guards and Grenadier Guards was headed by the drum major, in his highly ornate uniform, and Beethoven's Funeral March followed.



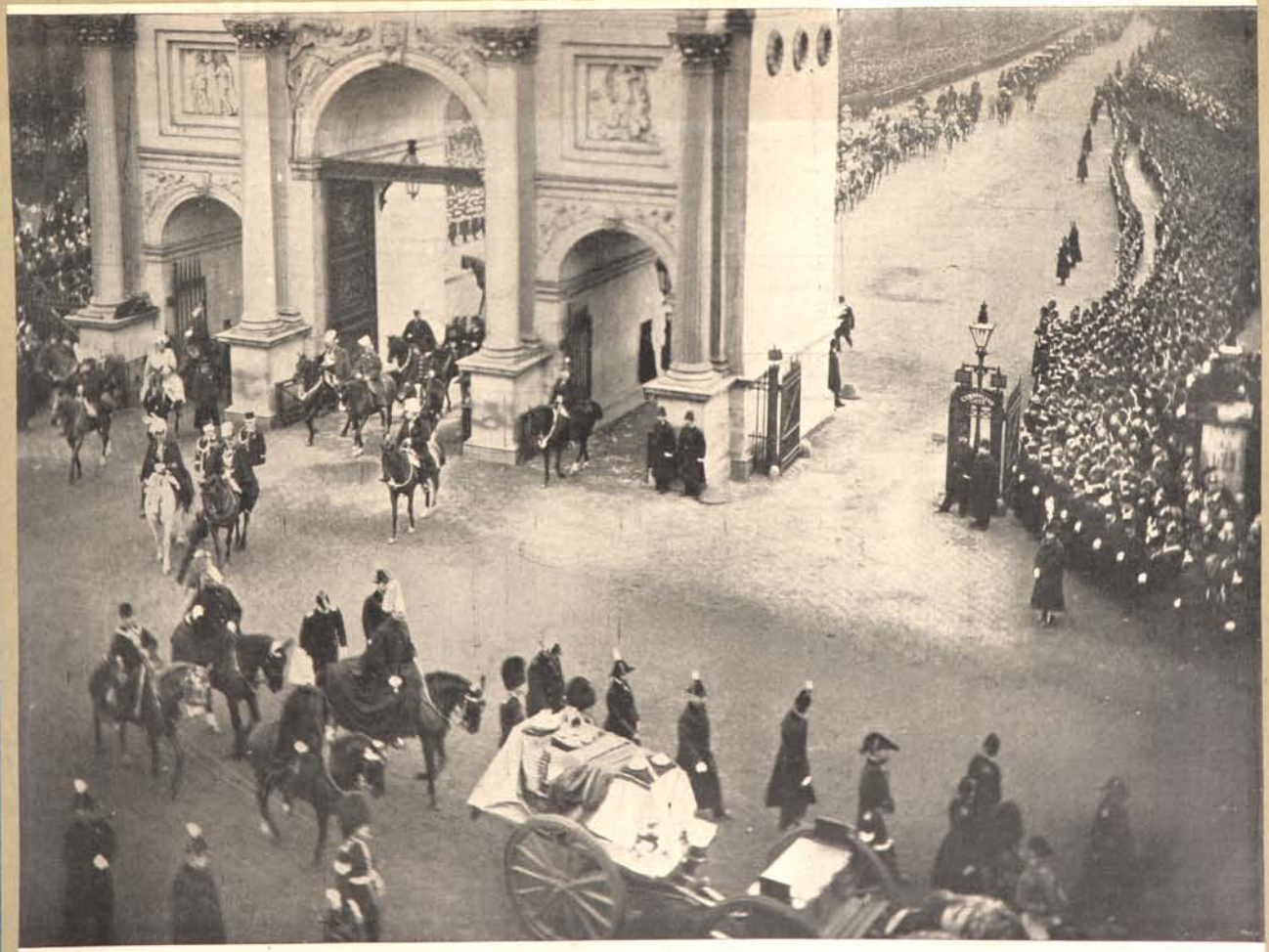
THE DROPPING OF THE COLOUES. AS THE COFFIN TURNED INTO HYDE PARK THE COLOUES WERE LOWERED TO THE GROUND.



THE QUEEN'S COFFIN, BORN ON A GUN CARRIAGE THROUGH THE STREETS OF LONDON.



THE GUN CARRIAGE PASSING THROUGH HYDE PARK.



THE PROCESSION EMERGING FROM THE MARBLE ARCH.

(Photograph by Theo. Cooper, Ireland.)

Chopin's. Canon Dalton, the Rev. J. H. Ellison, vicar of Windsor, the Bishop of Winchester, the Lord Chamberlain, and the Lord Steward preceded the gun carriage, flanked on either side by Lieut. Cole, Davison, the Hon. M. C. Legge, Sir Arthur Rigge, Sir J. McNeill, Major Count Gleichen, Col. Hochhausen, Capt. Piesenly, Lieut.-Col. the Hon. W. Carrington, and Lieut.-Col. Sir Fieetwood Edwards. Following the mortal remains of the Queen came His Majesty the King, with 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, the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg, Prince Arthur of Connaught, the Duke of Saxo-Coburg-Gotha, the Crown Prince of Germany, the Duke of Sparta, the Crown Prince of Roumania, Prince Charles of Denmark, Prince Albert of Schleswig-Holstein, Prince Alexander of Battenberg, Prince Louis of Battenberg, Prince Hohenzollern Langenburg, Prince Adolph of Schaumburg-Lippe, the Duke of Argyll, the Duke of Fife, and Count Seckendorff representing the Empress Frederick.

All were on foot, as were Her Majesty the Queen, Princess Christian, the Duchess of Argyll, Princess Henry of Battenberg, the Duchess of Saxo-Coburg-Gotha, the Duchess of Connaught, the Duchess of Albany, Princess Victoria, the Duchess of Fife, Princess Adolf of Schaumburg-Lippe, Princess Charles of Denmark, Princess Beatrice of Saxo-Coburg-Gotha, the Princesses Margaret and Patricia of Connaught, Princess Alice of Albany, Princesses Victoria and Louise of Schleswig-Holstein, and Princess Louise of Battenberg. The Queen was leading Prince Edward of Cornwall and York by the hand, and all these Royal ladies were robed in the deepest crapes as they passed with bowed heads in the solemn procession. Following in their wake were the Duchess of Baccleuch, the Countess of Lytton, the Hon. Harriet Phipps, Miss Koollys, Miss Cochrane, Lord Edward Pelham-Clinton, Sir James Reid, Her Mather, and Munshi Abdul Karim, the Gentlemen-in-Waiting on the King and Queen, and the other Royal personages brought up the rear.

The Long Walk was crowded to overflowing, and everyone uncovered as the procession moved onwards, but only a few could have seen what was passing.

Within the Mausoleum the ceremony was a most impressive one. The steps up which Queen Victoria had so often passed, and furnished for her with sloping boards, so that she could more easily enter, were bordered with flowers, large palms appeared to be growing on either side of the doorway, and the interior was entirely decorated with white blooms, save for a small red cross which accompanied a large white one on the altar. A more beautiful burial place could hardly be imagined. Its original idea was inspired by an ancient Roman tomb at Ravenna, and from the huge circular chamber, with its blue domed roof, star-spangled and held up by golden angels, radiate four transepts. It is the work of Professor L. Grünert and Mr A. J. Hambro. The stone was laid in March, 1862, by the Queen herself, and the Prince



THE WAITING ROOM AT VICTORIA



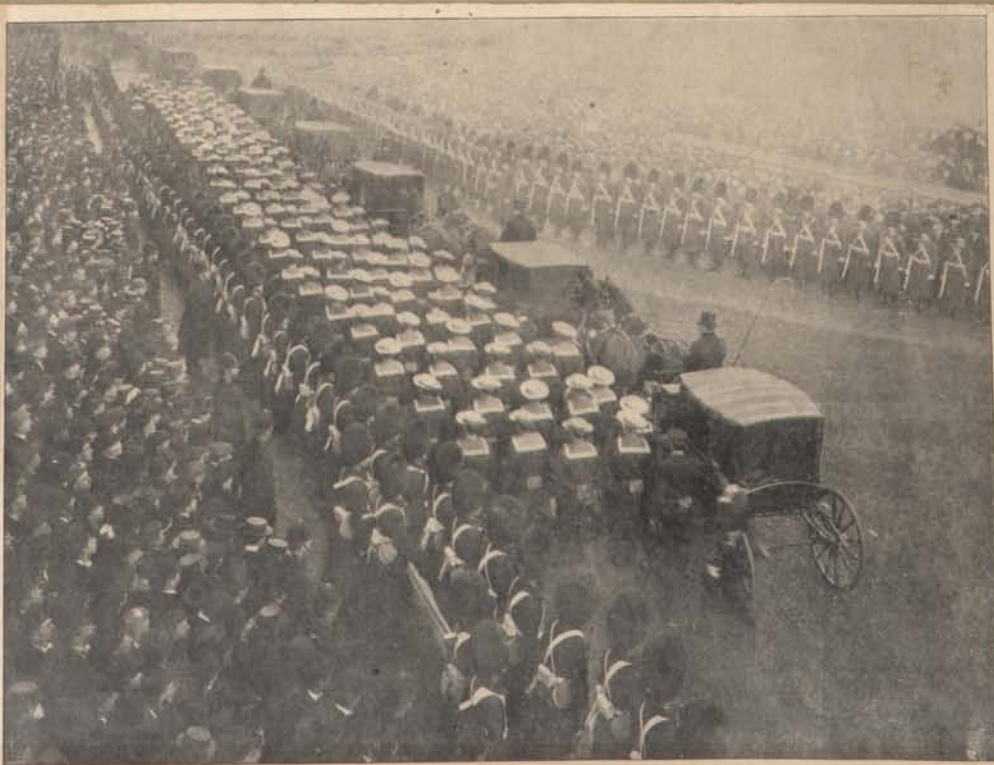
THE PROCESSION NEARING PADDINGTON; THE KING IS IN THE CENTRE, WITH THE GERMAN EMPEROR ON HIS RIGHT AND THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT ON HIS LEFT.

Consort was brought there on Dec. 18 of the same year, but it took some years to subsequently complete the great central sarcophagus, which is of highly polished dark grey Aberdeen granite. The Prince lies on the south side and the Queen on the north of it. The floor is inlaid with marble and the walls panelled with marble of various colourings. The building is filled with statues, frescoes, and tombs. Gigantic statues of David, Isaiah, and Solomon are placed in the niches of the pillars. There are some beautiful gates to the porch, and the ceiling here was designed by the Empress Frederick. One of the most exquisite monuments in the Mausoleum is to the Princess Alice of Hesse, lying as if asleep with the child for whom she died resting in her arms, and there are consoling to the Duke of Albany and the Grand Duke of Hesse. It stands in the most beautiful garden, and the exterior is worthy of the interior. There are some splendid ceilings in the transept; they depict the Annunciation, the Bearing of the Cross, and the Ascension. Pictures after Raphael's Nativity, the Resurrection, and the Crucifixion are on the walls. Bronze lamps hung from the ceiling, a gift from King Edward VII., illuminated the scene. A purple-covered platform had been raised in front of the sarcophagus, the top of which had been removed, together with the recumbent white marble figure of the Prince Consort by Baron Marochetti, representing him in Field Marshal's uniform with the insignia of the Garter, and the four bronze kneeling angels at each corner.

The choir, headed by Sir Walter Parratt, stood by the doorway, the coffin being carried past them as the wall of the lappets was heard, a company of the Queen's Grenadiers forming a double rank on the steps. The choristers sang "Yea though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death," by Sullivan, as the Royal family gathered round the coffin, the altar occupying the transept. "Man that is born of a woman" was sung to S. Wesley's music; "Thou knowest now the secrets of our hearts" was rendered to Parcell's familiar notes.

The Bishop of Winchester read the committal prayer, Lord Edward Pelham Clinton, as Master of Her late Majesty's household, scattering earth upon the coffin. The sentences "Lord have mercy upon us" were rendered to music by Tallis, and again Gossett's Lord's Prayer was given. The Dean of Windsor offered the prayer "Almighty God with whom do live." The hymn was "Sleep thy last sleep;" and when the Burial Service was concluded the choir sang Tennyson's lines "The face of death is towards the sun of life," the music by Sir Walter Parratt. With a final Benediction from the Bishop, this most impressive service was brought to a conclusion.

Thus the great and good Queen Victoria had been proudly borne across the sea and through her great metropolis to the noble chapel of the Order of the Garter, surrounded by the highest in her own and other lands, to find her final resting place in the Mausoleum she had herself erected, beside the husband whose memory she had so faithfully cherished for so many years. She had come home at last.



AT WINDSOR—THE BLUEJACKETS PROCEEDING TO THE G.W. RAILWAY STATION TO DRAW GUN CARRIAGE WITH COFFIN, THE HORSES HAVING BECOME RESTIVE.



THE GUN CARRIAGE, DRAWN BY BLUEJACKETS OF THE EXCELLENT, PASSING THROUGH WINDSOR.

[Photograph by Dunbar and Lewis, Crayd.]



AT THE FOOT OF THE STEPS OF ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL.

[Photograph by Hill and Saunders, Edin.]



THE CROWN PRINCE OF ROMANIA.



THE KING OF PORTUGAL.



PRINCE HENRY OF PRUSSIA.



(Photograph by DeLong, New York.)
THE CROWN PRINCE OF DENMARK.



THE CROWN PRINCE OF SIAM.



THE ARCHDUKE FRANZ FERDINAND OF AUSTRIA.



THE KING OF THE BELGIANS.



THE CROWN PRINCE OF SWEDEN.



THE KING OF THE BULGARIANS.



(Photograph by Fives, Paris.)
VICE-ADMIRAL DELYVALDE,
(The Representative of France.)



THE DUKE OF SPARTA.

KINGS, PRINCES, AND REPRESENTATIVES OF FOREIGN POWERS WHO ATTENDED QUEEN VICTORIA'S FUNERAL.

IRISH NOTES.

OF ALL EXPRESSED GRIEF that of the Celtic people is, perhaps, the most touching and pathetic, and of the sincerity and depth of the sorrow of the Irish for the loss of their beloved and revered Queen there can be no doubt. Before any order for general mourning was issued the people had attired themselves in black, and where through pitiful poverty this was impossible there was at least a black cravat bow on the weekly sailor hat or dingy brown bonnet. As the week advanced further signs of mourning were displayed, the shops being draped in black, and all clubs and public buildings showing symbols of sorrow, while in private houses the blinds remained down.

On Saturday the morning and the gloom seemed intensified, as all business was suspended, traffic stopped, and the very pulses of the city ceased to throb. There was scarcely a sign of life until eleven o'clock, when the masses began to throng to the cathedrals and churches, whose services were being held. Soldiers, cavalry, and infantry, as well as a large body of metropolitan police were on duty around the two cathedrals, especially St. Patrick's, where a most respectable crowd was witnessed. As far as eye could reach extended vast crowds, all black, all silent. Inside the cathedral the black draperies were intensified by the dark gloom of the day, the only touches of colour being the uniforms of the military and naval officers present, the scarlet robes of the judges, and the banners waving overhead. Owing to the King's commands to attend the funeral service at Windsor, the Lord-Lieutenant and the Countess Cadogan were unable to be present, but the Viscountess was occupied by the Chief Secretary for Ireland and the Comptess Grosvenor, Sir David Harist, K.C.B., Lord Plunket, Lord and Lady Langford, the Hon. S. Cadogan and Mrs. Adams, Sir Gerald Dunsay, Mr. Fitzmaurice-Ker, Mr. O'Connell, Sir William Thompson, Col. Fowler, Mr. Walter Lindsay, Capt. Davenport, and Mr. Hanson. The Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress compiled the few speeches, and were attended by the Mayor, the Lord Mayor's Council, the private secretary, and many members of the corporation. Trinity College was represented by the Chancellor, the Earl of Home, the Vice-Chancellor, the Right Hon. Mr. Justice Mauleverer, and the Provost, the Rev. George Salmon, D.D., who all wore their robes of office, and were followed



by the senior fellows, junior fellows, scholars, doctors, and masters, and a large body of fellow commoners. The Privy Counsellors all attended, those who were not judges wearing Court dress in accordance with their rank. The Royal College of Physicians was represented by the president, Sir Christopher Nixon, and the council, the mace being carried draped in black, and the Royal College of Surgeons was also represented by its President and council. All large public bodies were fully represented, as well as the large public schools. The military in full uniform formed a conspicuous feature among those who thronged the aisle, the Civil, Military, and Carrigrohilly districts being fully represented. The band of the 4th Battalion Rifle Brigade contributed effectively to the music, several funeral marches being performed, among which were Beethoven's March "To a Hero," Chopin's "Marche Funèbre," and Rossini's "Cyprien Armand." The white robed choir advanced up the aisle, followed by a long procession of clergy, to the chanting of the hymn "The King of Love my Shepherd is." Then succeeded the impressive Burial Service with the beautiful chants "I know that my Redeemer liveth," the stately Psalms, the "Prayer of Moses," "Lord, Thou hast been our refuge," and "The Lord shall wipe away from their eyes every tear and every sorrow," so magnificently and devotionally rendered that it can never be forgotten by those who heard it, and before separating the Dead March from "Sea" was played by the band in an impressive strain.

In Christ Church Cathedral a similar service was given to a very large congregation, also in all the important churches in Dublin and throughout the country. On Sunday all the churches held memorial services; the mourning draperies still remained, and the congregations were of immense size.

The Lord Chancellor and Lady Ashbourne were summoned to attend the funeral service at Windsor, and left Ireland for the purpose. The Lord Chief Justice was also commanded, and has gone over to England.

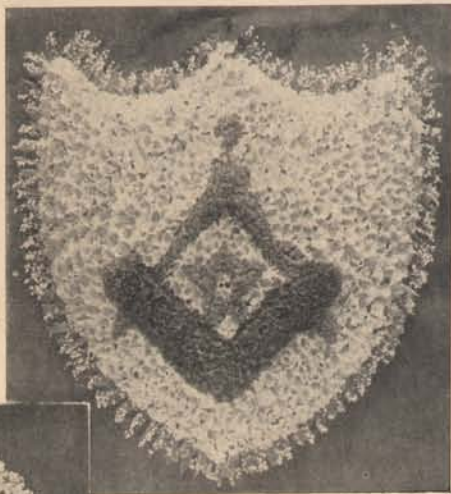
An officer and twenty men of the Dublin Metropolitan Police were sent over to attend the Queen's funeral. These men present a fine appearance, their heights varying from 6 feet 8 inches to 6 feet 4 inches. They all wore the bronze medals presented in commemoration of Her late Majesty's visit to Dublin last year.



THE INFANTAL YEOMANRY HOSPITAL, COMBETTES'S CROSS.



FROM THE SHAH OF PERSIA.



THE UNITED GRAND LODGE OF ENGLAND WREATH.



FROM THE DOMINION OF CANADA.



THE GREEK COMMUNITY WREATH.



THE PRESIDENT OF BOMBAY.



FROM THE TRINITY HOUSE. (A Model of Eddystone Lighthouse.)

FLORAL TRIBUTES
TO THE
MEMORY OF THE QUEEN.

PARIS LETTER.

THE LAST TOKEN AND TRIBUTE OF RESPECT to the greatest Queen the world has ever known was rendered by a foreign nation on Saturday, when all the public buildings in Paris had their flags flying at half mast. Craped and veiled flags appeared from many foreign hotels; whilst all the British and American business houses were closed. In the popular neighbourhood of the Opéra and the Rue Auber it was a noticeable feature, and added considerably to the friendly sympathy in the great mourning of England. There were two funeral services on Saturday at the Embassy Church in the Rue d'Argenson. The first, held in the early morning, was an official function at which the whole Diplomatic Corps were present. From an early hour, sergeants de ville guarded the thoroughfare from the Elysée to the end of the Rue Fautourg St. Honoré, which is the principal route leading to the English Church, whilst the carriages began to arrive long before the appointed hour, whilst crowds of black-robed mourners stood round the outside of the church. The edifice had never before presented such an air of sombre solemnity. The facade was heavily draped with black and silver, looped up with thick silver cords surmounted by the Royal arms. The interior was truly beautiful, with panels of black and silver decoration applied. On the rounded, light-painted walls massive draperies of silver-fringed black and ermine were arranged everywhere, whilst behind the altar a large white and black cross formed a background to the black, white, and ermine cariture. In the chancel small chairs were covered with black and

white, and round the entire edifice the large emblazoned escutcheon gave dignified evidence of the imposing occasion being a last homage the subjects of the British crown, together with representatives of foreign nations, could render to a well-beloved Queen, who, although gone, will ever live in the memory of every loyal British heart, as not only a great and good Queen, but as a noble example of womanhood and motherhood. Her goodness penetrated to the very soul of her people, by whom her late Majesty's glorious life will be remembered to the end of time. Near the chancel reserved for ambassadors and foreign officials Lady Mounson and the wives of the attachés were seated, representing stately mourners robed in deep black and wearing long ermine veils. Mme. Loebel, in mourning, escorted by Com. de Meaux-Saint-Marc, was received by the English Ambassadress, next to whom she was seated. During the arrival of all the members of the Corps Diplomatique, whose gorgeous uniforms were in striking contrast to the solemnity of the surroundings, Chopin's funeral march was softly played on the organ. The gallery was crowded with black-robed ladies, including many American, English, and distinguished French personalities. The imposing and touching service opened with a procession of the choir, followed by the many English and American clergy in Paris. The Rev. Dr. Noyes, walked in scarlet and black, came behind the choir, who walked slowly, singing "Pilgrims of the Night," when the scene was strikingly expressive. The chaplain then sympathetically read Psalm XC, and CXXX. After the anthem "All ye who weep" to the music of Gounod, a favourite and much loved hymn of Her late Majesty Queen Victoria, "Lead, Kindly Light," was sung, which seemed to impress the vast congregation of all nations present. The left arm of all the official costumes, decorated

in many cases with dazzling orders, was strapped with ermine. These high public dignitaries occupied the entire body of the church, which was eloquent of the language of foreign powers. The President of the Republic was represented by M. Cambareux, all the Ambassadors and Ministers accredited to France were present, together with M. Waldeck Rousseau, M. Paul Deschanel, M. Fallières, M. Delcassé, M. Alfred Picard, M. Delannay-Belleville, M. Crozier (directeur de Protocole), M. Mollard, M. Lépine, Gen. Zurlinden, Duc d'Arenstadt, Baron E. de Rothschild, Baron Henri de Rothschild, and Admiral Gervais. There were also among others, Prince Roland Bonaparte, whom I noticed in the seats generally occupied by the British Embassy, Princesse Mathilde, Princesse Marie Bonaparte, Princesse Marie de Mecklenburg, Duchesse de Mortemart, representing the Comtesse d'En, Comte et Comtesse de Castellane, Mrs and Miss Grouly and Baronne de Rothschild, &c. The Hon. Michael Herbert, First Attaché, received the condolences from the Assembly in place of Sir Edmond Mounson, who had left for London to attend the Royal obsequies. A similar funeral service was repeated in the afternoon, at which the entire English colony in Paris attended. All the Attachés from the British Embassy were again present. Funeral celebrations were held also in all the other English-speaking Protestant and Catholic churches, whilst news from Cannes and Mentone described distinct signs of mourning being strikingly evident, not only by the English Church ceremonies, but many shops closed and foreigners comprised a large portion of the crowded attendance in the sacred edifices.



THE LATE QUEEN AND PRINCE CONSORT VISITING KING LOUIS-PHILIPPE AT THE CHATEAU OF EU IN 1843.



THE ALTAR IN THE MAUSOLEUM AT FROGMORE.
CAMEOS AND CURIOS OF COURT LIFE.
By the Author of "An Englishman in Paris."
ETIQUETTE.

Plus un peuple est libre, moins il a de cérémonies, moins de titres, moins de démonstrations d'honneur et moins de supériorité.

ON THE 14TH INST. KING EDWARD VII. will open his first Parliament. If Voltaire could revisit the pale glimmers of the moon he would, perhaps, not be altogether satisfied, because the auspicious event will probably be marked by considerable ceremony and ceremonial; but he would not be altogether displeased, because the ceremony and the ceremonial and the display of many high-sounding titles will in no way imply the abasement and still less the entire effacement of the people face to face with either the Sovereign or the hereditary legislators by whom His Majesty will be surrounded. On the contrary, the very first act of the King will be to summon the representatives of the people to his presence, and this will be done in accordance with time-honoured traditions, for which there also is a good word to be said, if Schiller, who was as wise as Voltaire, and a greater poet than he, was correct in his maxim that "a deep meaning resides in old customs."

If these old customs be maintained, and there is no doubt about this, the King will proceed in state to meet the members of both Houses. I am writing this nearly a fortnight before the event, hence I have not as much as a programme to guide me; but I am pretty familiar with the rules and regulations observed on former similar occasions, and there is no reason to surmise that they will be abolished at one fell swoop, to please those who are always prating about republican simplicity, which simplicity very often means a pretentious ostentation of the common-places. The first place His Majesty will enter is an apartment most exclusively devoted to his use, and which was formerly called the Prince's Chamber. Here he will don his robes. In after years, which I trust will be many, the coronation garb will be completed by a crown, but at present, I believe, the ornamental and distinctive insignia of Royalty will be dispensed with for various and obvious reasons. After this King Edward will be conducted by the Lord Chamberlain to the House of Lords and take his seat on the throne to receive the obeisance of the Lords spiritual and temporal, all standing in their respective places clothed in their robes of State and office. His Majesty will then retire to the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod to order the Commons into his presence. So Voltaire, though he cannot revisit the earth, may rest contented in his grave. In England, at any rate, the people are not forgotten at the accession of a new sovereign.

Thus much for the function, which, until the coronation takes place, will be the most imposing of the new reign. There is, however, the etiquette of daily life, in which King Edward VII. will, unless I am very much mistaken, differ from his two immediate male predecessors, and adopt by preference that of his august mother, who never allowed etiquette to take the place of common sense. Spain always has been, and still is, notwithstanding the wisdom of the late King Alfonso and of his widow, the Queen Regent, the hot-house of Royal etiquette. One day Philip III. had in his private-room an ardent brace which scorched his face. The gentleman-in-waiting being absent, no one felt justified in removing it, and the King himself considered it inconsistent with his dignity to do so. The consequence was a kind of erysipelas or inflammation, of which he died a few days later.

There is an anecdote of Queen Victoria which I have not seen mentioned anywhere. It has been told, in its good enough, as a contrast to the above, to be told again. One evening, at a private reception at Buckingham Palace, the lamp began to smoke. Her Majesty instantly rose, and, to the astonishment of everybody around, turned down the wick. After which Her Majesty explained, "If I had simply said, 'The lamp smokes,' one of you would have called the chamberlain, the latter would have called the footman, the footman would have called the servant. Meanwhile the glass would have been black, and the cleaning of it, besides the bringing of another lamp, would have caused more confusion than was necessary."

If I have read King Edward's character aright, he is likely to adopt in everyday life the tactics of his mother, I am



MR. CROSTY'S WREATH.



QUEEN ALEXANDRA, THE LATE TRIN, KING EDWARD VII., THE DOWAGER EMPRESS OF RUSSIA, AND THE CROWN PRINCE OF DENMARK OUT WALKING AT FREDERSBURG.



THE SARCOPHAGUS OF THE PRINCE CONSORT AT FROGMORE, BESIDE WHICH THE QUEEN WAS LAID TO REST ON MONDAY.



THE CONFIRMATION OF QUEEN ALEXANDRA AND HER BROTHERS.

not altogether judging from hearsay. Twice within the course of my journalistic career have I travelled in the same train with the Prince of Wales, and on each occasion His Royal Highness moved as freely and as unrestrainedly on the platform when the train stopped as if he were the merest undistinguished passenger. I ought

to add that this was in France, where the people have the good sense not to mob royalty; but I feel perfectly sure that wherever it be possible he, though not abrogating one jot of his dignity, willingly dispenses with like ceremony. During his life as Heir to the Throne, he has neither sought ostentatiously demonstrations of goodwill from his future subjects nor conspicuously avoided them by shutting himself up, and as a king he will most certainly continue the same course. He will steer clear of the example of either of his grand-uncles, whether by excluding himself from the sight of his people, or by showing himself too much in order to court a fictitious popularity. William IV. was no doubt an offender in the latter respect. As Duke of Clarence he had little of that peculiar pride which, when rightly cultivated, is called dignity. William was, moreover, not always in his absolute senses, and at no time was to be left to his own guidance. These things had become sufficiently notorious to warrant his removal from the office of Lord High Admiral, but when he ascended the throne in succession to his brother, George IV., the popularization re-asserted themselves with renewed force, without there being any one to curb them. He walked in the streets, rode in an open carriage with his Queen, and set the crowd shouting and vociferating, waving hats and handkerchiefs, like parish school children at a holiday show. These were joined by other royals, who no longer constituted a majority of the people. The rest stayed away or took no heed of the folly, and indulged in the gloom of their discontent," as Burke had expressed it many years before. The King nodded and laughed, and lifted his hat to the silly people, and was exceedingly delighted. The Queen was just the contrary of her husband, both in appearance and conduct, and so, according to Mr Francis Place, whose "Notional Narratives" I have quoted, in this instance soon began to take a dislike to her.

We have a better prospect than that both as regards King Edward VII. and Queen Alexandra, and the goodwill they have secured from all classes is not confined to their own subjects. During the recent Paris Exhibition the Princess of Wales and her daughter stayed for a few days in the French capital. The Parisians thought they had a grievance against her consort for having absented himself from their show—i.e., some of the Parisians who did not reflect that in all human, and especially civilized, communities, the good must sometimes suffer for the bad. Nevertheless, there was nothing but the profoundest respect shown to the two princesses. The Parisians did not know much of them, but they remembered the cordial feeling that had always existed between them and the Heir to the English Throne, and they regretted that those feelings should have suffered even a semblance of diminution through the action of some journalists, who, in satisfaction of their own needs, pander to the worst passions of the scum.

For, it should be borne in mind that the Prince of Wales was more popular in Paris than any living European Sovereign or heir apparent, whether in the present or in the past. "The Prince of Wales," said a keen observer once, "is the only Englishman of high degree who has the hang of Paris, because he knows not only Parisians who live in their own mansions or on the entree and first floor, but Parisians who live on the second and third stories, and even some who live in attics."

And the remark was absolutely correct. The late King Alfonso and Milan of Serbia were both educated in Paris. They knew little or nothing of the daily life of its inhabitants. Milan of Serbia's knowledge was and is confined to the tenants of the Quartier Latin, which, while he was studying, he rarely left, though the Faubourg St. Germain was within a stone's throw. King Alfonso offended the Parisians mortally after his accession by the acceptance of an honorary colonelcy of an Uhlan regiment at the hands of the present German Emperor's grandfather. The Prince of Orange, who spent at least fifteen years in Paris, knew nothing of the institutions that were best worth knowing, and too much of those ignorance of which would have been profitable to him and to the country over which he was destined to rule. King Edward VII. knows every nook and corner of the French capital, and during his frequent visits has seen and studied many phases of life which will stand him in excellent stead as a sovereign.



ARTHUR WARDLE

QUEEN VICTORIA'S DOGS.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S DOGS.

OUR CONTEMPORARY THE FIELD said, "The Queen's kindness to dumb animals generally was greatly emphasized, where dogs were concerned," and the strict truthfulness of this was in evidence almost every day during the life of Her late Majesty. A child, a tiny spaniel or old-fashioned black and tan terrier was her playmate; a Queen on her deathbed, a favourite Pomeranian was brought into the chamber to receive a last royal caress. During the quiet walks in the Highlands a collie or a Skye terrier was of the party; and both at Windsor and Osborne our late Sovereign seldom went for a ramble without the company of a favourite dog or two.

Perhaps Queen Victoria's intense love and admiration of certain varieties of the canine race were not so generally known for the reason that the fondness was not displayed ostentatiously, as is too often the case with ladies who have similar tastes, and who take their little pets here, there, and everywhere, sometimes to the annoyance of those who do not care for dogs, and always to the inconvenience of themselves and of their friends. In this respect, as in all other routines of domestic as well as royal life, Her Majesty maintained that happy mean which never caused even a swerve from the right course, and made herself beloved by her subjects. The kennels at Balmoral were well stocked, mostly with animals used for sporting purposes, and there were always collies and native terriers roaming about the castle, but to the Home Park, Windsor, a visit had to be made to see the royal dogs at their best. The cosy and comfortable kennels, elegantly constructed, contain all the modern improvements likely to be of benefit to their inmates. A skilled kennelman is constantly in attendance, and, although it is generally understood that the life of a dog is not a happy one, the lives of those cared for in the Home Park are certainly exceptions to the rule which the adage "would have us believe to be true." Here there are, usually, about sixty dogs, in addition to such as were Her Majesty's household companions, which, of course, had the general run of the noble castle and its curtilage. Daily, when health and weather permitted, our late Queen visited the kennels, every minute of which would be delighted to see in the Royal mistress and scrupulous in good-natured rivalry for the first caress. Hard by the kennels is a picturesque little villa known as the Cottage, and here Her Majesty went to spend many pleasant hours, removed from trammels of state, and for the time being thinking of other matters rather than the surroundings of her Royalty. The Queen's room here was cosily furnished, and hung with paintings by celebrated artists of many of their owner's most notable and favourite dogs. On the tables were albums filled with photographs of perhaps all the dogs that have ever inhabited those kennels. Her Majesty's desire was that her dogs should have their "pictures" taken, and the result has been a collection not only of unique interest, but altogether unrivalled of its kind.

Many years ago, in looking through some of these albums, we were struck with the varieties of dogs which had inhabited the Windsor kennels from time to time, as well as their general excellence. The Skye terriers were particularly choice, and it is interesting to note that, so far as could be judged from the reproductions, they were all of the drop-eared variety. Modern taste is pronounced in favour of the prick-eared Skye terrier, but even with all the excellent specimens on the show bench to-day, there are portraits in the late Queen's album of dogs which are as good as, or better than those, with drop ears, and their coats we personally know were, as a rule, harder and of better texture than is the case with our up-to-date specimens. The royal strain was originally carefully selected by the head keeper to the Duke of Argyll, and one of the earliest dogs came from D. Ferguson, the famous Lochgillhead foxhunter. No prettier terrier could be imagined than the charming white specimen called Minna, a daughter of Corran, given to Her Majesty by the Duke of Edinburgh as far back as 1808. There another favourite Skye terrier was Cairnach, a portrait of which was painted by Sir Edwin Landseer, and the album contains many other pictures of Skye terriers. About 1870 and a little later this variety of the dog seems to have been the royal favourite. Perhaps there are Queen readers who recollect some little commotion at the West End in 1872, when a report was abroad that certain strange and ferocious animals were frequenting Hyde Park. After some little time Mr. J. Pratt, who was in the habit of exercising his Skye terriers in the vicinity, had his attention drawn thereto, and he soon found that the so-called "terrible creature" was nothing but a solitary and harmless badger, which his dogs discovered in its earth—a drain. Here he was contented to let it remain in peace, but a less humane park keeper managed with the aid of a bull terrier and sack to catch the poor creature, which he eventually sold to some youths, who, after the usual "boiling," killed it. Then it was found that the Hyde Park badger, which had lived there in a wild state for several months, had escaped from Mr. Frank Buckland's house, where it had been one of his pets. The Queen heard of Mr. Pratt's stories, and was interested in them, with the result that he on more than one occasion obeyed the mandates of his Sovereign in taking them to Marlborough House, where not only Her Majesty but the Prince and Princess of Wales truly admired them, and complimented their owner on leaving the badger alone after he had discovered its whereabouts. That the Queen should possess one of these Skye terriers was a foregone conclusion, and Mr. Pratt had the privilege of presenting Tiddy, the pick of his kennel, for the royal acceptance.

The above was not the only canine interview in which our late beloved Sovereign was interested. When, in 1871, Lord Lurgan's great greyhound Master McGrath was the Waterloo Cup for the third time, the Queen expressed a desire to see this celebrated dog, so the noble owner took him to Windsor, where the greyhound was duly fitted and admired, receiving many pleasing little tokens to show Her Majesty's appreciation of such a wonderful hound. One of the subjects Arthur Wardle has taken for the accompanying illustration is the greyhound Giddy, a daughter of Master McGrath, and which was given by Lord Lurgan to the Queen soon after the interview. Giddy was selected because of her colour, the white ticks or marks on the black ground being almost identical with those on her illustrious sire. We need scarcely say here that the Queen's interest in the greatest dog Ireland had ever produced pleased that nation immensely. The album from Windsor contains portraits of other greyhounds, including Fasty and Scott, the latter a son of Ananias and Princess Royal.

An interesting story is told of one of the Queen's Skye terriers, which was

being exercised in the park with other dogs. He ran off to hunt on his own account, and when discovered was found scratching and pawing at the ground. Although called away, he returned to the place and continued his scrapping. This led the keeper to assist the dog, with the result of the discovery of a number of watches and articles of jewellery which proved to be part of the proceeds of a city burglary that caused some little commotion at the time.

Of late years, excepting doghounds, only non-sporting dogs, which include the terriers, have been kept at Windsor, though earlier the kennels had contained bloodhounds, retrievers, as well as greyhounds, field spaniels, and sundry foreign varieties. However, the more fancy dogs were the favourites, and at one period collies appeared to be the most popular with Her Majesty, for when well trained, as all the royal dogs should be, there is no better or more faithful creature. Sharp and Noble in their day were constant companions, the latter, which had been given to the Queen by Lady Charles Kerr in 1872, being a notable dog of considerable sagacity and beauty, but he had scarcely reached his prime when the portrait of him, as drawn by Mr. Wardle, appeared. Noble then being but eighteen months old. Other favourite collies were Dandy II. and Oswald, presented to Her Majesty by the Rev. Hans Hamilton, the former being exhibited at one of the Kennel Club shows with considerable success. Her Majesty was not a particular admirer of dog shows, and the first which received Royal patronage was one of the early gatherings at Algeciras. The dogs on their return were, however, found to have contracted disease, with the result that it was some years before any of the Royal dogs were permitted to be again exhibited.

During the past few years the companionship of less robust and smaller dogs than the collie was more in consonance with the increasing years of Her Majesty, and the Royal requirements were found in the Pomeranian or Spitz dogs, not the German Pomeranian, now so fashionable, but an Italian strain, which was originally sent from Florence. The Queen preferred the name of Spitz, which, if not, perhaps, so distinctive as the former, is the older, and possibly for this reason to be preferred. However, the excellence of Her Majesty's Spitz dogs was at one time unique, and although, as already stated, by no means an admirer of dog shows, the Royal kennels were on two or three occasions represented thereat. Their greatest success was met with at Crut's Agricultural Hall exhibition in 1892, where Fluffie was awarded a first prize in its class and a special as the best of her breed in the show. Several others were sent at the same time, which were also to the liking of the judge, and the Royal Spitz dogs were given the prize awarded to the best team. Another notable dog in the deep orange or red coloured Florentine Marco, also successfully exhibited, and which was the Queen's favourite to the end. Of this charming and interesting little dog we are told the pathetic episode of the carcasses it received by its Royal mistress whilst on her death bed, Marco at Her Majesty's request being brought into the chamber.

Here, however, one cannot mention even a tithe of the Queen's dogs during her unprecedented reign of sixty-three years, but the dachshund Waldmann, brought from Baden in 1872, must not be omitted, for, a prime favourite, he was always trotting in attendance on his Royal mistress, and during the greater part of his time was even more favoured than others of the canine favourites. But whether from his portrait given on another page he was up to modern excellence so far as "show form" was concerned, there is no doubt that in affection and sagacity Waldmann had no superior. The Queen owned a black pug years before the breed became so fashionable, a rough-coated pug was at one time her companion, and later several fawn pugs were running about the castle; but the latter were sadly unlike the huge-headed, severely wrinkled little creatures we see at the shows nowadays.

Casual allusion has been made to the paintings of dogs which from time to time have adorned the walls of the Queen's cottage in Windsor Park, but there were many other favourite paintings and drawings of similar subjects in the various Royal residences, interesting because remimbrant of pleasant days in the country. They also proved a monarch's supreme judgment as a student of art.

Sir Edwin Landseer's work was greatly admired by Queen Victoria, who at least on one occasion rode over on horseback and called on the great painter at St. John's Wood. Prince Albert was a frequent visitor there. Several of Sir Edwin's important works are in the Royal possession. "Peta of Her Majesty" may be mentioned, the portraits of Dash, Hector, and Nero, three favourite dogs, and Loris, the parrot; another, the Skye terrier and masaw, interesting because it was one of the quickest pieces of painting Landseer ever did; and Prince Albert's greyhound Eos, specially painted by command of the Queen as a birthday present for the Prince Consort. The hat and gloves included in this picture were those of the Prince, which for the purpose had been surreptitiously conveyed to the studio, their owner missing them and wondering what had become of his property. Another fine picture is that of a Highland deerhound, the

greyhound Eos, and a tri-colour toy spaniel. This handsome black hound Eos formed the model of the recumbent greyhound on Prince Albert's tomb in the Memorial Chapel. George Morley also painted Eos, and her two puppies, as well as other canine subjects; the Scottish artist Journey Steele's work was likewise greatly admired by the Queen, and there are many excellent portrait sketches of favourite dogs by him at Windsor. T. M. Joy was another painter of canine subjects in royal favour, and he also executed a commission given by Her Majesty for the Queen, and there are many excellent portrait sketches of favourite dogs by him at Windsor. T. M. Joy was most happy in his terriers, the representation of a Skye given by Prince Albert to the Queen in 1842, and which lived to the extreme age of nineteen years, being particularly interesting. The work of W. Keyte and H. Sprague is also to be noted, the former by Looty, a Chinese pug, the latter by a St. Bernard. The late Burton Barber repeatedly visited Windsor, where some of his best work is to be found. The principal subject in his "Queen's Breakfast Table" is the Spitz dog Marco, and this artist likewise painted the greyhound Giddy, and sundry collies, Skye terriers, and fox terriers. Probably, taken all round, Queen Victoria's collection of paintings of canine subjects excels all others of the kind, and were additional proof of the love Her Majesty bore to dogs of all kinds, required, we have of it in these portraits; whilst the interest Her Majesty took in the collecting dog at Paddington station, her interview with him, and the golden coin dropped into his box are equally emblematic in the same connection. On the walls at the cottage are also some of Mr. Gambier Bolton's best photographs.

At the present time the Home Park Kennels contain about seventy dogs, of which the Italian Spitz or Pomeranians are the most numerous, and there are also collies, pugs, Skye, fox, and Irish terriers all in the best of health, well fed, and well cared for. Even when their day is past they are not forgotten, as the tiny slabs round about the cottage testify, and note the graves of whilom Royal favourites. On each stone is engraved the name and date of death of the dog over which it is placed, sometimes with an addition to the ordinary legend. Thus one reads: "Gipsy, a favourite collie of Her Majesty Queen Victoria. Brought from Balmoral, June, 1868, died March 15, 1885."

It is pleasant time to be able to write of a monarch who could cast aside all imperial pomp and ceremonies and revel in the quietude of a country cottage surrounded by four-footed companions as happy as their Royal master before them. The king and the Queen Consort happily esteem the dog as their illustrious Sovereign had done before them. The kennels at Sandringham contain about Alex has no other appeared before the public as to be almost as well known as his much-beloved and Royal mistress.

The drawing by Arthur Wardle accompanying this article includes portraits of the greyhound Giddy, the dachshund Waldmann, the collie Noble, the Skye terrier Corin and Minna, and the Spitz dog Marco.



HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA LYING IN STATE AT OSBORNE.
REQUIESCAT IN PACE.

Rest, Rest.
The book of life is closed and folded now.
See how serenely Death has unshrouded her form.
Love of her life, we lay her at thy side,
No more a widow, but a well-remembered bride.
Over those lonely years to sleep thy hand
'Neath God's own sunshine in the Promised Land.
Rest, Rest.

Sleep, Sleep.
The long, long day, radiant with deeds well done,
Has reached at last the setting of the sun.
The weary feet that faltered in their rest,
Have touched the golden kingdom of the Blest,
And the winged myriads hush their triumph song
To draw the pilgrim into the shining throng.
Sleep, Sleep.

KATHLEEN BARRON.



THE COFFIN, FOLLOWED BY H.M. THE KING, H.I.M. THE GERMAN EMPEROR,
H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT, AND OTHER ROYAL MOURNERS.

A TRIBUTE.

THE QUEEN is dead! Our Queen, my Queen
and I we.
A mighty job goes up from things terrene;
And who shall say but that in realms unseen
Full many a sacred apple-pear down-pours
To mark the passing of a perfect Queen?
Victoria! The very name of thee
Inspired men, and fired all their blood
To set thy standard with a ringing thud
For all the world to hear, and know, and see,
And recognise on field alike and Boad.
And women all for her sake learned to spur
Their loved ones on, till noblest deeds were done;

And those brave souls if questioned all, or one,
Would answer ever—"All our best for her!"
And if she smiled would deem that smile well won.
And herein lay the secret of it all,
Her tenderness, her humanness, which drew
Humanity to her, until it knew
That neither joy nor grief it had so small.
But Queen and Empress rendered it its due,
Oh! how we loved her for her tender heart—
Her woman's heart—that knew not to discern
'Twas humblest grave or proud emblazoned urn,
But did to all sweet sympathy impart,
And set a price for prince and poor in turn.

Victoria! Queen and Conqueror! Ages low?
That are to be shall swell thy well-earned mood,
And point to thee, victorious indeed!
And coming ages shall take up the song,
And all the endless cycles that succeed.
But when thy mightiest titles are proclaimed,
And men and women pause as tho' they
would
Find some name even nobler if they could—
Then in thy people's hearts thou shalt be
named
The noblest type of noble womanhood!
GLADYS SCHUMACHER.



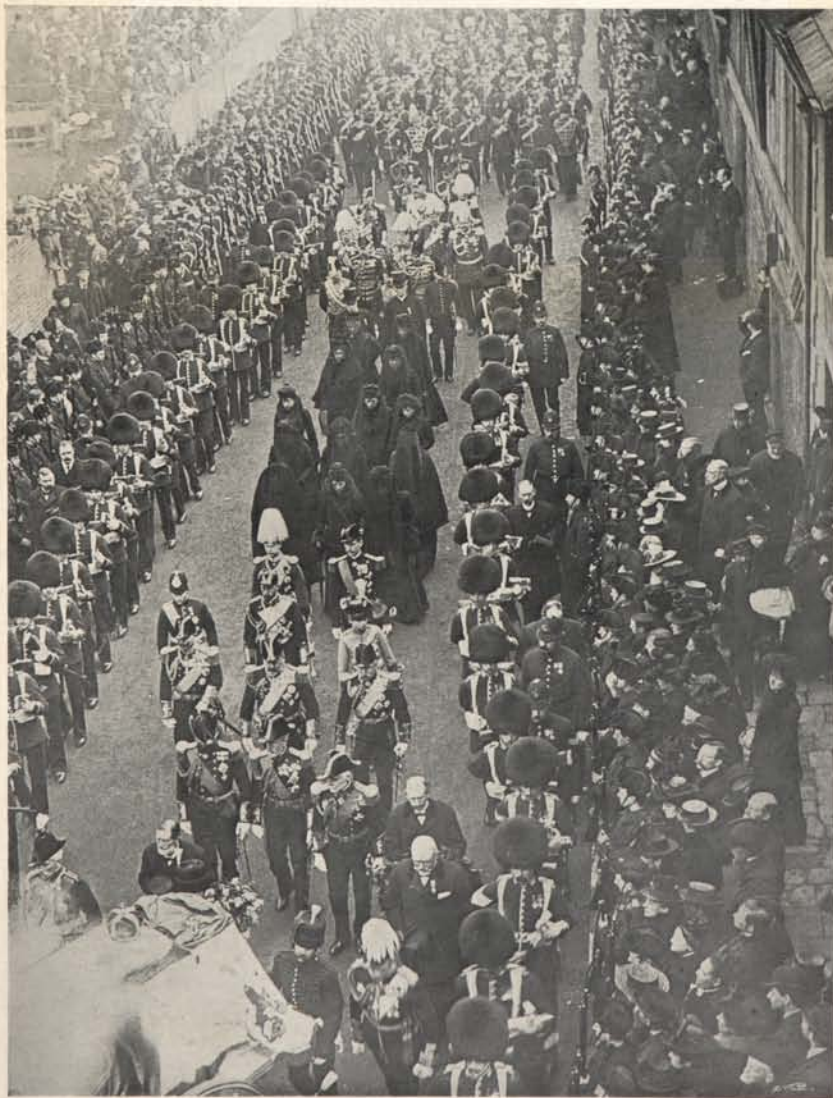
WREATH FROM THE GREEK COMMUNITY OF LONDON.



THE MAUSOLEUM, FROGMORE.
Where Queen Victoria rests.



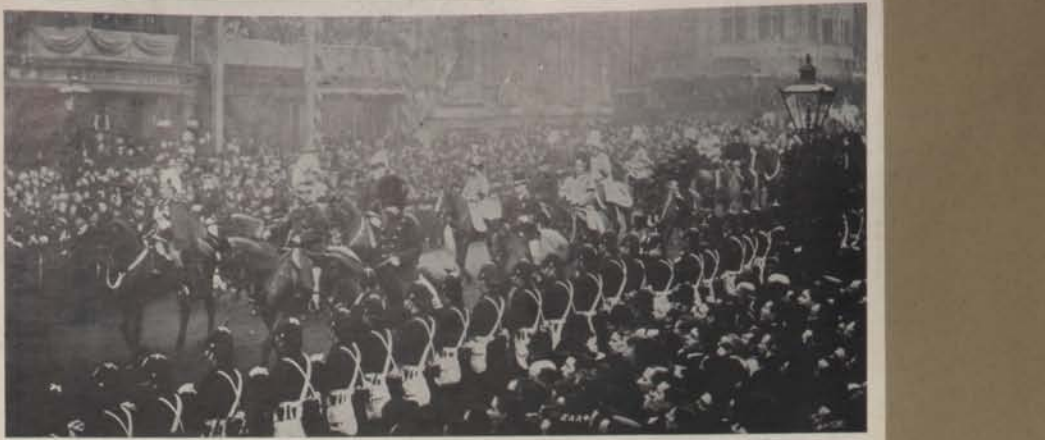
MEMORIAL WREATH FROM THE TOWN OF ATHENS.



THE ROYAL MOURNERS PASSING THROUGH COWES.

Her Majesty Queen Alexandra, H.R.H. Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, H.R.H. Princess Louise Duchess of Argyll, H.R.H. Princess Hecy of Battenberg, H.R.H. the Duchess of Connaught and Strathearn, H.R.H. the Duchess of Albany, H.R.H. Princess Victoria, H.R.H. Princess Charles of Denmark, H.R.H. the Duchess of Cornwall and York, the Countess of Lytton (Lady in Waiting to Her late Majesty), the Hon. Harriet Plumptre (Woman of the Bedchamber to Her late Majesty).

REUTERS & SPAID, BIRMINGHAM.



HER MAJESTY'S FUNERAL PROCESSION IN PICCADILLY, SHOWING SOME OF THE CROWNED HEADS OF EUROPE.

THE PASSING OF THE QUEEN.

THE great day of mourning has come and gone—that day which, however often we might have anticipated ourselves that it could not be long delayed, would have found us, as it has found us, unprepared, and left us, as it leaves us, scarcely able to realize that the curtain has fallen upon the Victorian era, and that the great Queen to whom that era owes its name has passed for ever from among us. The custom of more than sixty years is not so easily broken, the lips that have been taught to say "the Queen" do not seem to unloose so readily to say "the King," that we shall not need to remind ourselves from time to time that the title, consecrated by long usage, is now used for the last time in the familiar sense. The Queen has made her last Progress. The Empire and the Nation, the Navy and the Army have paid her the last honours; and she has passed, no longer, as has been her wont, amid the acclamations of the populace, but in a silence more eloquent and more impressive than any tumult of applause, through the streets of her great capital. It has been a Progress worthy of a great Queen and a great nation. From the time that had, as was her own desire, on a gun-carriage, her body was drawn from the gates of Osborne House to be handed over to the keeping of the Navy she loved, and reverently borne through the long and majestic lines of her ships of war in its temporary resting-place at Portsmouth, until the last more private and still more sacred scene at Frogmore, nothing has been wanting that could touch the emotions or stir the imagination. It may well be believed that the whole course of the great obsequies was designed by the Queen herself, so completely have they been so careful to consider the wishes of her subjects, which she was always so careful to consider. To the Navy, the senior service by right and by privilege, was fittingly entrusted the duty of paying the first honours to the dead, as the *Ark Royal* carried her Royal bier from the Queen's Island home to the main land. There the Army took up the glorious succession with all the splendour of a military pageant. And yet the whole would have been imperfect and incomplete without the addition of the great Procession through London, which gave to representative millions of the nation the opportunity of taking their part in the solemn celebration.

There was no mistaking the demonstration of the crowd on Saturday. In the bleak dawn of the February morning thousands were already making their way to points of vantage upon the route along which the Procession was to pass. Many, it is said, had kept night's vigil, and the sun rose upon streets already thronged with people. Solemnly dressed in black, with serious faces, and for the most part in respectful silence, they made their way as best they could to the places which choice or chance or whim marked out for them. There through the long hours of the cold winter morning they waited, patiently and quietly. They had come not merely as spectators of a splendid pageant, but to take their own proper part and share as participants in the payment of that last tribute, which, so far as its magnitude would have lacked much without their presence. If from time to time some rough jest or burst of noisy laughter struck a jarring note, it was so obviously out of harmony with the prevailing spirit as to throw into stranger relief the intense purpose of the vast majority to do honour to the Queen and woman they had loved.

Such was the spirit in which the great multitude waited, each in his individual content, and more than content, if he were repaid at last by a fleeting glimpse through the forest of heads of the white funeral carriage and of the King who followed it. Great pity to it that thousands of loyal folk even this satisfaction must have been denied. For already by nine o'clock every position which offered the smallest prospect of a view seemed to be occupied, and still by all possible means of communication, by train, tram, and omnibus, the human stream was discharging itself into the overcrowded streets. But even those who saw nothing may have gone home not wholly disappointed, since they, too, had done what they could.

Meanwhile, at Portsmouth, the Queen's coffin, followed by the Royal

annumerated, and conveyed from the tomb above to the train, which soon after nine o'clock was speeding on its way in London. In the London streets, too, the final preparations were on foot, and everything was being made ready for the great scene of all. So vast was the length of the Procession itself that it was found necessary to form up the head of it in St. James's Street, where it extended in

an unbroken line through St. James's Park by way of Buckingham Palace Road to Victoria Station, a distance equal probably to nearly one-third of the whole line of route. Such a disposition was inevitable, though it deprived all those spectators south of Piccadilly of the sight of the Procession in its entirety. Shortly after eleven o'clock, and almost punctually to the appointed minute, the Royal train steamed into the station. The necessary preliminaries occupied but a few minutes, then the signal flags fluttered, the Procession began to move, and the sound of the first gun announced to the listening multitudes that their period of sojourn was at an end. The Queen's last Progress through the streets of London had begun. In the front, far on ahead, were the detachments of the Volunteers and the Yeomanry, closely followed by the Colonial troops, who were eagerly and appreciatively

scanned. Next in order came the Militia, and then after some interval, filled by troops which it is impossible to mention in detail, the representatives of the Indian Army—a motley group, various in race, colour, and uniform, but uniformly in bearing and impressive, as no other troops could be, for the thoughts they conjured up of the great military power of the Empress of India beyond the seas. Behind them marched the Regiments of the Infantry of the Line, headed by the Rifle Brigade. Here were conspicuous the white helmets of the Royal Lancasters, and the bearskins of the Guards who brought up the rear, no troops, it is safe to say, attracting more attention than the newly-constituted Regiment of Irish Guards, with their smart appearance and splendid physique. The Cavalry who followed introduced a relieving touch of

colour into a scene which, owing to the general wearing of cloaks and the absence of sun, was rather sombrous in its effect. In front waved the red and white pennons of the 21st Lancers, the herbes of the charge at Omdurman, and in the rear shone the red cloaks and bright helmets of the Life Guards.

Sad and slow, as fits a universal woe, the procession wound its way along. To say that the people became impatient would be too much, but a vague feeling of restlessness seemed to take possession of them as detachment after detachment filed by, and it was not without something like a feeling of relief that the watches in Hyde Park recognised the swinging step of the Naval Contingent, and knew that the purely military display was nearing its close. Following the sailors rode the military attachés of the Foreign Embassies, and after them Lord Roberts with his Headquarters Staff. He was splendidly mounted, and carried in his right hand the halon of his office. As he passed a murmur ran along the lines of spectators, which it needed the exercise of some self-restraint to prevent from bursting into a cheer. But the effect was made, and the sudden sound died away again. And now the thrill of expectation became deeper, for barely had the great Field-Marshal gone by, when the appearance of the Earl-Marshal of England, with the chief officers of the Royal Household, announced the approach of the central and culminating point of all this mighty display. Preceded and attended by a splendid company of the Queen's Aides-de-Camp, naval and military, the gun-carriage, bearing all that was mortal of her who was Queen of England, came into view. The coffin was covered with the splendid pall of white satin worked with a skill and energy only possible to love and loyalty, by the ladies of South Kensington. Thrown over it was seen the crimson of the Royal robe, and surmounting all were the insignia of Royalty—the Crown, the Sceptre, and the Orb. It was a moment which will hardly be effaced from the memory of those who saw it, as the most imposing of all funeral cars passed majestically by. Every head was bared, and there fell upon the thronging crowds a silence deeper than before, broken only by the occasional booming of the gun, and faint snatches of mournful music from the bands.

Slowly the Queen passed, and all eyes were turned upon the King, who rode alone, wearing the uniform and cloak of a Field-Marshal of England and the broad ribbon of the Garter. On his right hand, slightly behind, was the German Emperor, and on his left the Duke of Connaught. Then followed the King of the Hellenes and the King of Portugal, and behind them again the most brilliant gathering of Princes

and representatives of Foreign Courts that London has seen, in our time; among whom perhaps the most conspicuous figure was that of the Grand Duke Michael, in a cream-coloured Polish jacket, trimmed with fur, scarlet breeches, and splendid plumes. The Royal carriages with Queen Alexandra and the Princesses of England closed the long line of Royal mourners. In the second rode also the King of the Belgians, and in the fourth one for whom even on such a day as that many must have had a thought to spare, so near was he to the Queen in age, and at one time so near also to the throne, the aged Duke of Cambridge.

At Windsor occurred one of those incidents which cannot be provided against, and which, on this occasion, can hardly even be described as untoward, since it gave the Bluejackets an opportunity of once more proving their readiness and resource. Owing it may be to their long wait in the cold, the horses attached to the gun-carriage bearing the coffin refused to pull and became restive. All attempts to pacify them proving in vain, they were taken out, drag-ropes were quickly improvised out of the trams and chains of the harness, and the place of the horses was taken by the sailors of the naval guard of honour, who thus had the supreme privilege of drawing their Royal Mistress on her last journey from the station to the Castle. In St. George's Chapel the first part of the Burial Service was read, and there in the Albert Memorial Chapel lay the remains of the Queen, reverently watched and guarded, until they were conveyed, on Monday, to their last resting-place by the side of the husband she loved better than anything else on earth.



SAILORS WITH GUN-CARRIAGE.

BRIDGE & LINE, DUBLIN.

QUEEN VICTORIA.

IN CHARACTER AND IN LIFE.

By Mrs. WIL C. HAWKLEY.

FEBRUARY and, 1901.

Specially written for "The Ladies' Field" by the Lady Mayoress.

SLEEP now, and take thy rest! sleep well, great Queen—
As Empire's tears about thy tomb are shed.
In costly homage; while with hush's sad tread
The Universe draws nigh to reverence thee—
Viewing thine obsequies, O! how hast thou
Our Sovereign and our Mother! Thou hadst spread
Great wings of love about the world, and fed
Thy people from thy heart's great depths of grace.
Thou hast passed hence; but there abide with us,
Unchanged through all the changes of all time,
Thy name beloved, thy memory glorious—
These—these remain, a monument sublime
Keen'd in the people's hearts, to stand for aye
And crown'd with that great word—

VICTORIA!

WHOSE scepter was self-sacrifice," sings the Poet Laureate to-day of Queen Victoria. Character, indeed, it is which moulds both action and circumstance; and it was from the inner, hidden, and often unsuspected qualities of a womanly nature that the gracious personality of Her Majesty, the personality known to the people of her realm, was evolved.

"I am anxious to bring you up as a good woman, and then you will be a good Queen also," the Duchess of Kent once assured her little daughter. But to the admirably careful education bestowed upon the girl above whose smooth forehead the mother ever saw the sparkle

of England's Crown, not everything of good in the woman was attributable. "The Queen," said Dr. Pavy, the doctor who instructed the Royal child from earliest days, "always had, from my first knowing her, a most striking regard for truth." And he made her acquaintance when she was but five years old. Her uncle, King George IV., found her, at the age of seven, sufficiently intelligent and vivacious to win his approval, whilst the gift reputed to be denied of the gods to women could not have been altogether lacking in the Princess, for when reading in Roman history the tale of Cornelia and her "jewels," the child remarked, with ready humour, "She should have said her cornelian's." The Duchess of Northumberland, who for years shared the responsibility of superintending the education of the future Monarch, declared that not only was her Royal pupil of good capacity, she had also the rare gift of sound and clear judgment combined with common sense. And a published criticism of the character of the Royal heiress, which appeared so long ago as 1830, stated that, "Though the young Princess has great vivacity, her manners to those about her are of the most engaging kind." She has very few young

companions of her own age, but towards them she departs herself in a manner to ensure their regard. She already takes delight in personally bestowing her charities upon the deserving poor of her vicinity."

Such, then, was the child Victoria, ingenious, gay, clever, of remarkable sense, and of a self-denying kindness. And it was upon this broad base of individuality thus early revealed that the ultimate personality was framed.

Not by any means without complexity was the character of Queen Victoria. It was the same woman who, during a State visit to the Court of France, refused a glass of water because it was offered without due ceremony, who, being present at a Highland christening, gave a silver mug, kissed the little baby, drank the health of mother and infant in whisky, and afterwards announced that "it was all so nicely done, so simply, yet with such dignity." And that nature might well offer riddles difficult of solution which would bear with gratitude and attention the "paternal counsels" of King Leopold, yet

at the moment when the Princess received from the messenger of King William IV. her first orphaned letter, could assume absolute independence of maternal guidance, as the Queen attended alone to all the duties of State.

There can be little doubt that Queen Victoria was constantly and keenly aware of the dual aspect of her existence. A Monarch, she was also a woman. A woman, she was not the less a Monarch. As Queen, the ruler of a mighty empire, she was loyal to the traditions and obligations of her position, guarding in her own person the honour that of the throne and realm. As woman she was a self-forgetful, loving, and sympathetic creature, with constant thought for the welfare of those around her. Yet, in both relations of life, perhaps the most striking, the paramount virtue was the same. Truth and loyalty governed her actions. True and loyal from day to day and year to year was Queen Victoria to country, duty, friends,

To write the tale of the loyalty of Her Majesty to the country and its interests, to duty and its requirements, would be to compile a history of her whole career, public and private. From the day when, at her first Privy Council, the girl-Queen vowed to govern in accordance with the country's laws, declaring that her life should be devoted to the happiness of her people, to the occasion of the opening of her earliest Parliament, when she spoke with pathetic force of the need for the guidance of her own youth by enlightened advisers, and thence to the moment when, borne down by the weight of years, of sorrow, and of responsibility, she laid down her busy pen, and left the business of her kingdom for transaction by others, Queen Victoria was as

true a patriot as Sovereign. Country and people possessed her heart. Through in the discharge of every responsibility, the Sovereign of the State investigated every point of politics, the head of the Army enquired into the finding of each Court-Martial, and the young mother, expressing sorrow that her numerous engagements detained her from hearing her own small, first-born daughter say her prayers, took every precaution in the choice of those who were the instructors of her children. And from the moment that the love of her heart awoke, she never, as she herself declared, "had an idea, if she married at all, of anyone else." "At her *Elvesen Fritschers*," whispered her loyal lips to dying ears, and to her son has the Queen bequeathed the sentiment of respectful love to Albert the Good.

But second only to her sense of loyalty was the Queen's great gift of sympathy. She it was who for her subjects turned circumstances into facts. Through her own appreciation she vivified popular events. And thus she drew together throne and people. When did ever matter of joy or sorrow affect the nation, when was battle won, mine exploded,

railway catastrophe reported, without a message from the Queen flashing along the wires? The Monarch of a victorious army, she visited wounded Crimean soldiers, and was displeased at the buildings where they were housed. To that Royal discomfit Netley Hospital over its existence. Nor in private life was she less full of consideration. Queen Victoria it was who wrote to a mother rendered childless, "Poor, poor, dear Empress! Her only, only child—her all come! And she rushed from Dalmeny to London to comfort the stricken soul."

Endowed with loyalty and truth, gifted with sympathy and courage, with her "queenliness as a woman and her womanliness as a Queen" fitting the measure of her gracious personality, what more need there be written to describe the character or mark the high ideal attained by Victoria, the Great? Of her tact, her intuitive perception of worth, her power of incessant occupation, her many other noble qualities of head and heart, much might be told. Nor in silence should be passed the deeply religious instinct which permeated her actions, satisfied

at last (as who shall not hope?) when solemn commendatory words fell upon the hush of her own death chamber. Of such matters as these, of charity and large-heartedness, of brave loving-kindness and piety, no less than of the sense of authority and the dignity of power, is character compounded. Nor may that great possession, by virtue of which each triumph of Her Majesty was gained, and the love of her peoples won, vanish within a closing tomb. By its example and by its influence shall be blessed her children and her people's children, to many generations.



"THE LADIES' FIELD" TRIBUTE TO HER LATE MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA.

The wreath, of which the above is a small reproduction, was made of roses and outdoor ferns, the initials L.V. being composed of white flowers. Purple and white ribbons completed it.

H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.
Photo by Montague, London

H.H. THE GERMAN EMPEROR.

H.H. THE CROWN PRINCE OF GERMANY.

H.R.H. PRINCE CHARLES OF DENMARK.
Photo by Quin, Essex Street

H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT.
Photo by Montague, London

H.R.H. PRINCESS CHARLES OF DENMARK.
Photo by Quin, Essex Street

H.R.H. PRINCESS VICTORIA.
Photo by Quin, Essex Street

H.R.H. PRINCE CHRISTIAN OF SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN.
Photo by Quin, Essex Street

THEIR MAJESTIES KING EDWARD AND QUEEN ALEXANDRA
Photo by Quin & Street

H.R.H. PRINCESS HENRY OF BATTENBERG.
Photo by Haines & Walling, York St W

H.R.H. PRINCE CHRISTIAN OF SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN.
Photo by Holliman, Marlborough Road

H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CORNWALL AND YORK.
Photo by Chubbell, Dublin

H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF CORNWALL AND YORK.
Photo by Trenchard, Grosvenor Street

SOME ROYAL MOURNERS.



OSBORNE HOUSE: THE CHAPEL



H.M. THE KING OF THE BELGIANS.



H.M. THE KING OF PORTUGAL.



H.M. THE KING OF GREECE.



H.R.H. PRINCE HENRY OF PRUSSIA.



H.R.H. THE ARCHDUKE FRANCIS FERDINAND, *late Appoint of Austria.*



H.R.H. THE CROWN PRINCE OF SWEDEN AND NORWAY.



H.R.H. THE CROWN PRINCE OF DENMARK.



H.R.H. PRINCE ROYAL OF GREECE (DUKE OF SPARTA).



H.R.H. THE PRINCE ROYAL OF ROUMANIA.



H.R.H. THE DUKE OF AUSTRIA.



THE PRINCE OF HOHENZOLLERN.



H.H. THE HEREDITARY PRINCE OF SAXE-MEININGEN.



GRAND DUKE MICHAEL OF RUSSIA.



H.R.H. THE GRAND DUKE OF HESSE.



THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY. Photo by Russell and Sons, Great Street.



THE BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, *Clerk of the Closet to Queen Victoria.* Photo by Russell and Sons, Great Street.



THE BISHOP OF OXFORD, *Chancellor of the Order of the Garter.*



THE BISHOP OF ELY.



BISHOP BARRY.



THE DEAN OF WINDSOR, *Domestic Chaplain to Queen Victoria.*

Photos by Russell and Sons, Great Street.

MORE ROYAL MOURNERS AND THE CHIEF ECCLESIASTICAL DIGNITARIES WHO TOOK PART IN THE FUNERAL CEREMONY.



OSBORNE HOUSE: THE COUNCIL CHAMBER.

OSBORNE HOUSE



OSBORNE FROM THE GARDENS.

OSBORNE HOUSE, where our late beloved Sovereign spent so many happy years, was the first piece of private property acquired by Her Majesty and Prince Albert after their marriage. "The Queen retained very pleasant memories of Noctis Castle, where she and her mother had made a long sojourn during the then Princess Victoria's early girlhood; accordingly, the Queen at first desired to purchase the Castle, but the Osborne demesne was for sale, and it was finally decided that this beautiful estate would be more suitable to the Royal Family.

The purchase was finally completed in 1844, and in the June of that same year Her Majesty laid the first stone of the present palatial building, which was, with the assistance of Cubitt, the great builder and architect, almost entirely designed by Prince Albert. "The Queen wrote to her uncle, King Leopold: "It sounds so pleasant to have a place of our own," and again a little later: "It is impossible to see a prettier place, with woods, sand valleys, and points of view which would be beautiful anywhere, but when they are combined with the sea (to which the woods grow down), and with grounds that are quite private, it is really everything one could wish." And to this day the above graphic description remains the best which can be given of our late Sovereign's island home. At the present moment a melancholy interest attaches to that portion of Osborne House which was specially dedicated to the Queen's use. Her late Majesty's fine suite of apartments overlooked the Solent, and consisted of a drawing-room, a bedroom, and a dressing-room. The three windows of the Royal sitting-room opened on a beautiful balcony, where of late years the Queen spent much time reading and writing, as she always preferred to do, in the open air. In some ways the Sovereign's rooms in Osborne House were more beautiful, and even more imposing, than her apartments at Windsor Castle. The private drawing-room was very lofty, and the pale green walls formed an admirable background for the many fine paintings and works of art which filled the room, and which included a fine marble bust of the late Prince Consort, as well as a full-length portrait of him, and a beautiful painting of the Queen's much-loved mother.

The Royal bedchamber, in which the Queen lay during her last illness, was also very large, and, from a modern point of view, very handsomely furnished. The pale pink walls were hung with a number of very fine sacred paintings, including Raphael's lovely "Virgin and Child," a special favourite of Her Majesty's, and Vager's "Entombment of Christ." Here, as indeed in every room much used by the widowed Queen, were several good portraits of Prince Albert.

The Queen's dining-room at Osborne House is a very stately chamber, its most distinctive feature being the famous Winterhalter group of Her late Majesty, Prince Albert, and their five elder children. In the dining-room also are gathered together the most attractive of the portraits of Queen Victoria's sons and daughters, which form a Royal collection of much artistic and historical value.

The great state apartments are, of course, extremely fine, the Indian baccheting hall being, in its way, quite unique, but at the present time it is the intimate side of Osborne House which absorbs our minds and hearts.

The grounds of the late Sovereign's much-loved country home are particularly adapted for Royalty. There are in the Osborne demesne some eight miles of drives and walks, and the gardens actually round the house are wonderfully beautiful, even in winter. Many touching little memorials of the late Sovereign's happy home life are to be found in the grounds of Osborne House. Here is the Royal Marriage myrtle tree, of which most people have heard. Here, also, are the little gardens tended in turn by Queen Victoria's children, grand children, and great-grandchildren. Faithful John Brown has his memorial in a granite seat erected by his Royal mistress, who herself chose the motto from Byron: "A truer, nobler, trustier heart, more loving and more loyal, never beat within a human breast."

And in quiet, touching juxtaposition to the John Brown memorial is the grave of Waldmann, one of Her Majesty's favourite dogs, who died twenty years ago. This is, perhaps, scarcely the moment to say all that Osborne has meant to the people of the Isle of Wight. Suffice to state that the late Sovereign's presence in their midst brought untold happiness to even the humblest of her friends and neighbours.

Wherever the Court might be, the Sovereign never forgot "the Island" and its inhabitants. Her Majesty was kept daily informed of all that was going on there, and as a supreme mark of her favour made the husband of her youngest daughter, her own closest companion the Governor of the Wight.



OSBORNE HOUSE: THE CORRIDOR.

The exterior of Osborne House is familiar to many people, but a brief description and the illustrations here given will be interesting to those who have never visited the Island, and so have but a faint idea of the situation and appearance of the sea-side residence so much beloved by Queen Victoria. Its long Italian facade, flanked by campanile and lofty flag tower, is a notable landmark from the Solent, and an object of special interest to American visitors arriving by way of Southampton. The estate on which it stands was purchased, as has been said, a few years after the Queen's marriage, and in the building of the house the Prince Consort took great interest, superintending it from the first. Naturally, even a Royal palace, dating from the Great Exhibition period, is not likely to be wholly in accord with the taste of half a century later—a taste improved and developed beyond recognition, and yet, as we must never forget, owing its first impetus to Prince Albert and his influence. Consequently, while it is impossible to regard Osborne House as a beautiful building, or to approve its decorations, yet as examples of the first efforts to re-awaken British crafts and to promote

native art, its design, its ornamentation, and its appointments generally have now acquired historic interest for their own sake, not less than for the associations connected with the august lady who spent so much of her life within the secluded domains of Osborne. The grounds, as one view shows, are both picturesque and beautiful; the Italian garden (which recalls the terraces of the Crystal Palace) being singularly in keeping with the house itself. The drawing-room, of which an illustration is given on this page, if in no sense of the word a wonderful room, and surpassed though it may be, certainly in splendour and possibly in artistic design, by at least half-a-dozen rooms in our great hotels, is filled with fine bric-a-brac and statuary. Of the latter it may, perhaps, be thought that there is too great a profusion, since it tends to give an air of coldness to the most comfortably furnished room. But the thought that its use reflects the tastes of its late well-beloved

Mistress will disarm criticism just now. The principal impression derived from the inspection of the "Palace" must be that it was, in a sense, the cradle of the great movement for British arts and handicrafts, which, set on foot by Royal patronage, has since attained national proportions. Regarded in this light it is full of interest, and cannot fail to strengthen the belief in the great part in all that pertains to the improvement of furnishing and decoration played by

the Prince Consort, whose personal influence did so much to start the movement, even if the craft and design of fifty years since were still trammelled by bad traditions.

The photograph of the Indian Room, which also appears in these pages, has been taken quite recently by special permission, and has never before been published.



OSBORNE HOUSE: THE DRAWING-ROOM (ANOTHER VIEW).



OSBORNE HOUSE: THE DRAWING ROOM.



OSBORNE HOUSE: THE ITALIAN GARDEN.



OSBORNE HOUSE: QUEEN VICTORIA'S DINING ROOM.



OSBORNE HOUSE: THE INDIAN ROOM.



OSBORNE HOUSE: VIEW FROM QUEEN VICTORIA'S ROOMS.



"I have fought a good fight,
I have finished my course,
I have kept the faith."

AMID A NATION'S TEARS QUEEN VICTORIA IS LAID TO REST.



QUEEN VICTORIA'S providential good fortune in the matter of weather held true to the last. There were times on Saturday when leaden skies threatened to send down rain on the heads of the assembled black-clad millions, but, anon, the sun asserted his sway, and broke through his curtain of clouds, and altogether, considering the season of the year, the day was kindly for the myriads who had come to bid a last farewell to their beloved Queen.

From an early hour hundreds were journeying from all points of the compass to take up a position behind the rows of soldiers and police who kept the fun at route, quite patient with the prospect in view of many hours of weary waiting. It was a well-behaved crowd, mourning being universally worn, even by the very neediest, and contained a large proportion of women who had in many cases brought their offspring with them, anxious to give these young ones the opportunity of being able to say in years to come that they had seen the last journey through London of her whose name and fame will grow into a legend as the years speed by. Of the vast host which assembled in Hyde Park between Cumberland Gate and the Marble Arch, I am sure that not one in ten saw anything of the funeral cortege except now and then the plume on the helmet of a horseman, but the utmost decorum

prevailed. I have not heard of a single case of pocket-picking, and we who had witnessed the scenes that occurred in London on Maeking night, or again when the C.I.V. were welcomed home, could hardly fail to be struck by the utter contrast.

Saturday was indeed such a day as none of us had experienced before. It was not only that all business was suspended, but each one seemed to feel that he or she had sustained an individual loss, and that life would never be quite the same again. Why the very workmen had put aside their pipes for the time being, as if instinctively conscious that such an indulgence was almost an act of sacrilege at such a time.

Her Majesty's immediate predecessor, her uncle King William IV., was buried at dead of night and such was the custom in the case of other English Monarchs. Victoria was laid to her eternal rest by the side of her beloved spouse in the broad light of day. The change is really symbolical of much. She was almost the first of her long line whose every act had nothing to fear from that fierce light which her Laureate wrote of as beating upon the throne. For the first time in English history the Queen was the first home in the land, not only in respect of constitutional establishment, but also by reason of

its purity. The Court had become the pattern and the example of a virtuous English home.

From Osborne House to Trinity Pier.

EVERY morning since Her late Majesty passed away, her kindred joined in divine service over her. They did so on Friday morning for the last time at Osborne House, and just before the moment came for bearing their dead away they assembled round her again to offer prayers, led by Bishop Davidson of Winchester. The funeral cortege left Osborne House just before half-past two, three thousand five hundred troops lining the route to the Pier. There were thirty or forty thousand onlookers, a large number for a small place like the Isle of Wight. Some had come from the mainland, while many had walked from the interior of the island to pay a last sorrowing tribute to their revered neighbour and Sovereign. The coffin was borne from the chapel, ardent to the Queen's porch by women from the Royal yacht, and placed on the gun-carriage, which was drawn by bay horses. As the carriage came into the sunlight the white satin pall covering the coffin shone like a magic cloth, its corners embellished with the arms



Hughes and Martin, Esq.

IN THE CHAPELLE ARDENTE AT OSBORNE. REST AT LAST.



Kassell and Sons, Southsea.

THE ROYAL MOURNERS PASSING THROUGH THE STREETS OF GOWES.



Arrival of the Body at Trinity Pier—Removing the white sedan Pall.



The "Alberta" at East Cowes, about to Start for Portsmouth, bearing the Royal remains.



The Bar of the Sea Queen—The "Alberta" passing the Flota in the Solent.

Highness was always a great favorite with Queen Victoria, who had a special feeling of affection for the orphan children of her beloved daughter, the late Princess Alice. The Hereditary Grand Duke of Baden, represented his father, whose health, at present, obliges him to be very careful. The Hereditary Grand Duke, whose mother was the only sister of the late Emperor Frederick, holds a military appointment in Coblenz, and he is married to the Princess Hilda of Nassau, the only daughter of the Grand Duke and Duchess of Luxembourg, but most unfortunately they have no children, and in consequence the next heir is Prince Max of Baden, who was married last year to the Princess Marie Louise of Cumberland, a niece of Queen Alexandra.

Bavaria was represented by Prince Arnulph of Bavaria, the youngest son of the Prince Regent. His Royal Highness is a soldier by profession, and is in his forty-ninth year. He is married to the Princess Theodora of Liechtenstein, and has a son.

The Hereditary Prince of Hohenzollern-Langenburg was present in his position as Regent of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, and, also, both as the great-nephew of the late Queen, and as the husband of one of her grand-daughters, the Princess Alexandra of Coburg. The youthful Duke of Saxe-Coburg, with his mother and sister, was also present, as well as the Prince of Hohenzollern-Langenburg, the son of the half-sister of the late Queen.

Prince Ernst of Saxe-Altenburg, the nephew and heir of the Duke of that ilk, represented the Duchy. He is still very young, and is married to the younger sister of the Queen of Wurtemberg, the Princess Adelheid of Schaumburg-Lippe, whose mother is a first cousin of Queen Alexandra.

The Hereditary Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin came to England to the funeral, though his health has been unsatisfactory for a long time. The Royal Highness is a first cousin of the Duchess of Cornwall and York.

The Hereditary Prince of Saxe-Meiningen, the husband of the eldest sister of Kaiser Wilhelm, the Prince and Princess Adolph of Schaumburg-Lippe, and Prince Friedrich-Carl of Hesse-Cassel, as the husband of the youngest daughter of the Empress Frederick, were all present, and are so well known as to need no special description. The Prince of Hohenzollern, who was also present, is an imposing personality. His Royal Highness is nearly connected with the British reigning house, for his second son, the Crown Prince of Roumania, is married to the eldest daughter of the late Duke Alfred of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha and his wife is an Infanta of Portugal, of the House of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, and is therefore related to the English Royal Family.

The Crown Prince of Roumania came from Bucharest, both to represent his wife and as the representative of his uncle, King Carol. His Royal Highness has often stayed in England, and is very fond of the country. He is the father of a son and two daughters.

Prince Philip of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha was present as the representative and head of the Kohary branch of the Coburg house. He is, as is well known, married to the eldest daughter of the King of the Belgians, from whom, however, he is separated.

Duke Ernst-Graether of Schleswig-Holstein, the only brother of the German Empress, came both in his capacity as the great-nephew of the late Queen Victoria (he is the grandson of her half-sister) and also as his wife is a Princess of the House of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha.

Prince Heinrich XXV. of Reuss, who is the husband of the Princess Frederica of Saxe-Meiningen, the only married great-grandchild of the late Queen of England, was also present.

Queen Victoria "Dictatress of Europe."

Lord Beaconsfield's Wish.

THIS most interesting and characteristic letter was written to the late Marchioness of Ely, when Lady-in-Waiting to Her Majesty the Queen. And now, since the writer, the recipient, and our beloved Queen have all passed away, we feel that we may give publicity to it for the benefit of our many readers. The letter has never appeared in any paper before, and is most remarkable for the fact that it contains a suggestion that Her Majesty should occupy the position of "Dictatress of Europe"—whatever the Prime Minister of that time may have intended to convey by this extraordinary expression. It may not have been intended that this phrase should be taken literally; but, at any rate, the sound common-sense which was ever so conspicuous a trait in the character of our beloved Queen at once came to her aid, and she most wisely refused the advice of even this most illustrious and distinguished statesman. This is but one more instance in many known to her sorrowing people of the tact, foresight and wisdom of the greatest Queen the world has ever known.

Hughenden Manor,
September 4th, 1879.

DEAREST FRIEND,—I must thank you at once for your kind and considerate letter, worthy of your unflinching friendship, which has so often been to me a consolation. I am grieved, and greatly, that anything I should say, or do, should be displeasing to Her Majesty.

I love the Queen—perhaps the only person left to me in this world that I do love; and therefore you can understand how much it worries and disquiets me when there is a chasm between us. It is very foolish in my



The Royal Pavilion on the Main Line Platform at Victoria Station.



The Royal Bier passing along Piccadilly.

...and, but my heart, unfortunately, has not withered
 like my frame, and when it is affected I am so harassed
 that I was fifty years ago. I received the Queen's letter
 yesterday, and wrote to Her Majesty last night. I wish
 to see the Queen, dictating of Europe many things
 are preparing which for the sake of peace and civilization
 render it most necessary that Her Majesty should
 occupy that position. This unhappy African war has
 much interested with my plans, and therefore some
 sense of annoyance in my part may be understood
 and perhaps pardonable. You are kind to ask
 after my health, and I am glad to give you the most
 satisfactory bulletin.

No doubt the extreme regularity of my life tends to
 that happy result, but, like the King of Spain, I have
 sought calm and consolation among the pine forests of
 Aretosus; i.e., in plain prose, I place on my table when
 I retire to rest a vase of the resin of those fragrant trees,
 and they have relieved me now from all my foes—fell asthma
 and chronic bronchitis. It is like the balsam which the
 ladies of charity conferred on suffering knights—but,
 happily, you have neither to touch nor taste it.

Yours affectionately,
 DEACONSFIELD.

It is generally supposed that Her Majesty was
 most anxious to assume the title of Empress of
 India, and at the time of its creation some of our
 contemporaries went so far as to state that the
 idea of becoming Empress originated with
 the Queen herself. From letters—which could not be
 made public—it is not only clearly proved that the
 suggestion came from Hughenden Manor, but that
 Her Majesty had her doubts as to the advisability
 of accepting this additional title, and for some time
 the advice of Lord Beaconsfield did not prevail.
 However, several members of her own family added
 their influence to that of the Prime Minister, and
 when Her Majesty was fully persuaded of the
 wisdom of her action she lost no time in allowing
 it to be known throughout the civilized world that
 the Queen of England was now an Empress also,
 and that this appellation should be handed down
 from Sovereign to Sovereign as long as India was
 governed by this country.



To have associated nothing but sadness with
 Queen Victoria's funeral would have been in
 gratitude to her memory. With all the deep
 sorrow we felt there was a note of pride, even of
 thankfulness, in our hearts, as our Sovereign Lady
 kept her last tryst with us—pride at the tribute
 paid to her from Sovereigns and people from all
 parts of the world; thankfulness to know that
 every wish she had expressed was being
 carried out to the letter, mingled with the ever-
 increasing feeling that the Queen's death had been
 marvellously harmonious with her life, that she
 died as she had lived, as we might have prayed for
 her on our knees. Within a few days of her leaving
 us, she was able to work as usual; her illness was
 well-nigh painless; her end serene; and even to
 the last she was able to recognise the children
 and grandchildren who gathered round her. To the
 last, too, she remained the woman and the Monarch
 we had always known her, was able to give direc-
 tions to her sons and daughters as to the disposal of
 her rings and other trinkets, and to ask after the
 welfare of Lord Kitchener and her army in South
 Africa. Her children and her country were her
 abiding thoughts until she was touched by the hand
 of God—and died.

That London was clothed in purple and not in
 black on Saturday last by order of the King,
 showed how he gauged the feelings of his people.
 Not was the *vestige*, as it passed by, too sombre of
 aspect. The gun-carriage with its precious burden,
 how simple it appeared to our eyes—how well it
 keeping with the spirit of her who had ordained to be
 borne as a soldier to her resting place. Every detail
 for the funeral had been written out by the Queen
 herself some time ago, even to the omission of the Dead
 March in "Saul" in the service, as Her Majesty
 had never liked the music of Handel.

A more beautiful sight than the long procession
 of troops and of Princes in their brilliant uniforms,
 as it crept up the hill of Piccadilly from St. James's
 Street, it would be impossible to imagine. Tears
 rose to the eyes of men and women as they
 Queen's bier passed by—tears for the loved and
 lost, and tears for the bereaved King, so kindly
 yet so human in his grief, with his worn, stricken
 face. "God bless the King," and "God save
 him," rose to the lips of many. The Duke of
 Devonshire, the proud yet modest soldier, every
 heart went out to him, and every heart to the
 Kaiser. "Why, grandfather," asked a little girl
 after the Kaiser had ridden past, "does the
 Emperor look so beautiful?" "He has a beau-
 tiful soul, my child," the old man replied.

Then came the carriages with Princess Christian,
 Princess Louise, and Princess Beatrice, worthy
 daughters of such a mother, and the pale Queen
 Alexandra herself, looking like a flower in her black
 clothes. If the sympathy and love of the English
 men and women could heal the aching hearts of the
 Queen's daughters, they would not have long to
 suffer. For Princess Beatrice, who has devoted her
 whole life to her mother, the feeling is, perhaps, espe-
 cially keen. Wonderful is said to be her courage
 and resignation in her grief.

As we think and ponder, thoughts both sad and
 sweet crowd upon our mind. Do you
 remember Thackeray's lines?



Their Majesties the King and the German Emperor in Hyde Park.



The Funeral Procession passing through Hyde Park—The Military Attache.

"Behold her by her Royal place,
A gentle lady, and the hand
That sways the sceptre of this land,
How frail and weak!
"Oh! awful is that crown of yours,
Queen of immeasurable realms,
Sitting beneath the hooding skies,
"Of English Men."

The exquisite bands to-day are folded for ever upon her breast, the crown is laid aside. Our last thoughts of our Queen are the most tender of all; and, thank Heaven, though the English are sometimes careless, sometimes irreverent, as a people we were never careless, never irreverent, when our Queen's name was in question. We cannot reproach ourselves with the thought that we did not appreciate her, ever; did not show her our love. The sunset of her life was not clouded. The Queen knew that we loved her to the last; even when she asked "Do my people love me still?" it was merely for the pleasure of hearing it said, "More dearly than ever." And so, now that all is over, we may weep tears of comfort as well as of grief, and recall with full hearts the sacred words:

"Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
Or knock the breast; no weakness, no complaint,
Dispassion or blame; nothing but well and fair,
Any what may quiet us in a death so noble."

"The wearing of the green" was an every tongue as the Irish Guards came by. At Apsley House, where many prominent Irish men and women were assembled, the excitement was specially great to see the splendid body of men. The colour they wear is not the Patrick, not the rebel green, familiar to us, but a deep peacock blue shade, very beautiful to the eye.

By the time these lines are in print the Kaiser will have left us for Germany. He may rest assured no one here will forget him. That the Kaiser, with his impulsive nature, would come over to England to see his grandmother in her illness,

surprised no one. The debt of gratitude we owe him is that he stayed quietly with us for so long when the accumulation of work which would await him on his return to his dominions promised to be overwhelming. More than that, the help he rendered his English relations during his sixteen days' sojourn here was incalculable.

Although he felt the Queen's death with all the strength of a nature as strong as her own, he preserved an absolute calm, and was ready at hand to minister to her from first to last. So poignant was our King's grief at his mother's loss that he was almost unable to cope with the stress of work imposed upon him, and turned gratefully to his nephews for support and sympathy.

Indeed, the King, with his generous nature, could not fail to be touched by the Kaiser's devotion to the Queen. That devotion amounted almost to a worship. If the Kaiser once began to talk of his grandmother, it was said, he could not stop. Her prejudices were his; and only to quote one little instance, I may mention that when a popular English theatrical company visited Berlin, the Kaiser attended every performance, gave that of a modern play, given by them. The Queen had read the play, and had mentioned in a letter to her grandson she did not approve of it. Therefore, when it was presented in Berlin he stayed severely away.

A most charming description of Queen Alexandra was given by M. Benjamin Constant, the famous French portrait painter, in the Paris Figaro last week. He had the honour of painting both Her Majesty and our late beloved Queen. Of the former he says: "Slip and of graceful mien, no Princess was ever blessed from the cradle with more beauty, more grace, or more charm. Youth shined in his soft visage of noble outline with its eyes of a pure deep blue and almost rigid look, that nevertheless penetrates you, albeit with an expression of generous candour." Describing his presentation to Queen

Victoria, M. Constant says: "A master of the ceremonies announced the Queen. Immediately afterwards I perceived a little lady in black with a rosy countenance, silver hair, and clear blue eyes, who leaned with one hand on a stick, and with the other on the hand of a young Hindu of lofty stature, wearing a turban of pink muslin. The Princess of Wales and Princess Beatrice followed the Queen."

The Queen critically inspected the picture, and graciously complimented the artist, but took exception to the colour of the blue ribbon of the sash. "I explained," relates M. Constant, "that the golden sunlight accounted for its greenish tinge. But the Queen, after complacently listening, smiled smilingly. 'All the same I do not think it is blue enough.' Of course, I could only bow an acquiescence."

During the early years of Her Majesty Queen Victoria's married life she and the Prince Consort once stayed at Walmer Castle, as the guests of the Iron Duke, for about three weeks. Their great delight was to walk about on the sea-front unattended, and to enter into conversation with some of the boatmen and fishermen on the beach. Upon one occasion the illustrious couple took shelter in one of the tarpaulin covered "hovels" belonging to an old boatman named T. Erridge, and remained there talking to him about his life and adventures for upwards of an hour.

The old man had not the remotest idea as to whom his interested visitors were, till they took their departure, but the tradition in the locality is that the Queen graciously allowed him a small annuity till his death a few years after. The Duke of Wellington frequently visited Erridge after this event, and always gave him a golden sovereign on leaving, and allowed him the free use of vegetables from the castle gardens till the day of his death.

Hobs.



By our Special Artist.

THE SCENE IN PADDINGTON STATION ON THE ARRIVAL OF THE COFFIN.



THE SOCIAL PEEPSHOW

AFTER the air and bustle of the previous week the days preceding Saturday's solemnities were comparatively quiet. Never, within living memory has London worn such a mournful aspect. Everyone, high and low, donned black garments, and if it happened that here or there a spot of colour was visible in the streets it struck quite a jarring note in the universal gloom. Never was anyone mourned either so truly or so universally as the good Queen Victoria.

It was the Queen's own wish that nothing black should be used in the mourning trappings that would, of course, be indispensable for the funeral. This was the reason that all was either white, purple, or red in the chapels, robes at Osborne, and although many of the clubs and business places in London along the line of some had all a child in a store of black draperies before the King's seizure of the subject were made public, they cheerfully sacrificed them and sent a fresh order for

the prescribed purple, as her late Majesty had also left word that the gun carriages on which her remains were to be placed at Osborne, in London, and at Windsor should not remain their glossy colour, but should be painted a black shade instead.

There will, of course be much to settle as to the households of the new King and Queen, and which of the late Queen's attendants will be retained in the new Court. Naturally a good many will be glad to retire, as they have, some of them, only stayed on in order not to sever a long connection with their beloved Royal Mistress. One of those who will almost certainly go will be Lord Bridport, who, as well as all his family, have always been on the most intimate terms with the Queen. Lord Bridport, who is now over eighty, six years of age, was Earl Marshal to the Prince Consort, and for nearly thirty years an equerry to her late Majesty, has lately been a prominent Lord-in-Waiting. One of his daughters, Mrs. Evans, was, as Miss Rosa Hood, one of the Queen's Maids of Honour, while another, Mrs. Ferguson of Pitmar, was a bed-chamber woman. Queen Victoria's ladies-in-waiting, all of whom must be peeresses, are most of them of recent appointment, and amongst these are the Duchess of Roxburgh, Lady Lytton, Lady Antrim, Lady Downe, and Emily, Lady Ampthill, but two of many years standing still survive in the persons of the Dowager Lady Erroll and Dowager Lady Southampton. The former, on the death of the late Lord Erroll, was given one of the Royal cottages at Kensington, and it is hardly likely that either she or Lady Southampton will be

attached to the new Court. Miss Harriet Phillips, Miss Frances Drummond, and Mrs. Malet have all belonged to the late Queen's Court for many years, but there are besides a number of young Maids of Honour of quite recent appointment, including Miss Sylvia Edwarles, Miss Dorothy Vivian, Miss Mary Hughes, and Miss Evelyn Moore. Of the male members of the late Queen's Court, the three favourites were undoubtedly Sir Fleetwood Edwards, Sir Arthur Bigge, and Captain Fritz Prosser, while Lord Edward Pelham Clinton, the Master of the Household, was also a most capable's servant to, as well as a *persona grata* with, the late Queen.

Two of the ladies whom the new Queen is sure to wish to have in her household are Lady Guesford and Lady Suffolk, and this will, of course, be easy, as both are Peeresses. In the case of Lady Emily Kingscote, however, it will be more difficult, as her rank would preclude her from being a Woman of the Bedchamber, whilst the office of Lady-in-Waiting would also be impossible, as she is not a peeress. Lady Emily has been in the Queen's service for many years during the time that Her Majesty has been Princess of Wales, and her family have always been connected with the Court. Her father, the second Lord Howe, having been Chamberlain to Queen Adelaide, and her nephew the present Lord Howe, was, until lately, Lord-in-Waiting. Lord Colville of Culross, who has been Chamberlain to the Princess of Wales for nearly thirty years, is not likely to be in Her Majesty's new household, as he is well over eighty years of age.

Psycho.



Reade and Lewis, Cousins.

The Funeral Procession passing along the Streets of Windsor—The King and the other Imperial and Royal Mourners.



Reade and Lewis, Cousins.

THE BLUEJACKETS DRAWING THE GUN-CARRIAGE WITH THE COFFIN THROUGH THE STREETS OF WINDSOR.



By our Special Artist.

THE FUNERAL VIEWED FROM THE LONG WALK AT WINDSOR.

The Irish Gentlewoman.

Memorial Services.

IN connection with the memorial services in Dublin a good many changes were made at the last. Their Excellencies the Lord Lieutenant and Countess Cathcart were commanded to attend the funeral obsequies in London, as were also the Lord Chancellor of Ireland and Lady Ashbourne, the Lord Chief Justice (Lord O'Hara), and Ulster King of Arms (Sir Arthur Vicars), therefore none of these notabilities were present on Saturday at the service in St. Patrick's Cathedral, which was the most impressive that has ever taken place in that venerable building. By far the larger portion of the church was reserved for the various officials, but the remainder was literally packed with a crowd of sorrowful mourners, whose sable garments threw out into almost startling relief the brilliant uniforms of the military, and the equally gorgeous robes of the Judges and municipal authorities. The pulpit, reading desk, and choir stalls were draped with crepe slightly relieved with purple. The Judges, the Chief Secretary for Ireland (Hon. George Wyndham), the Under-Secretary (Sir David Harrel), the Attorney-General, the

Solicitor-General, the Recorder, the Assistant Under-Secretary, the Chief Commissioner, and the Inspector-General R.I.C., were amongst those who sat in the front pews, the Judges present including Lord Justice Walker, Judge Meredith, Judge Gibson, the Master of the Rolls, Judge Johnson, Judge Andrews, Judge Boyd, Judge Ross, Lord Justice Finlayson, in virtue of his position as Chancellor of the Diocese, walked in the procession with the clergy. The Lord Mayor, in his robes and chain of office, was accompanied by the Lady Mayoress, who was attired in the deepest mourning. Preceding them were the Mace-bearer carrying the Mace draped in crepe, and the Sword-bearer carrying the Civil Sword, and following were all the Unions and members of the Corporation and Town Council. Representatives attended from Trinity College, the Royal College of Surgeons, Royal College of Physicians, and the Royal Irish Academy. Exactly at 12.30 the procession began to pass up the aisle, the voyagers leading the way, followed by the choir; then the members of the Chapter and the various Clergymen assisting in the service, these including the Archbishop of Dublin, the Dean of St. Patrick's, the Dean of the Chapel Royal, and others. The band of the Rifle Brigade contributed nearly all the instrumental portions and accompanied the choir, the grand organ being under repair was not available, but the small one was used in some of the music, which was exquisitely rendered by a

very full choir. The aisles were lined by soldiers, the 2nd Lancers being placed in the chancel. The short service was most impressive, and at the conclusion the Archbishop pronounced the Benediction, after which the band played the Dead March in "Saul," while the mournful congregation slowly filed out of the sacred building. Outside a considerable crowd of people had assembled, but there was no demonstration of any kind, a respectful silence being maintained everywhere throughout the city. A very large number of wreaths were forwarded from Ireland to Windsor, some being of a very beautiful design, others identical from their simplicity. A lovely floral tribune was that forwarded by the Misses Mary and Victoria Arnold, twin daughters of Sir John and Lady Arnold, and Master W. Esle, son of the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress of Dublin. It will be remembered that these three children were designated to present on behalf of the children of Ireland a bouquet to her late Majesty on the day of her arrival in Dublin last April, when the wonderful demonstration known as "Children's Day" took place in the Phoenix Park. There is something very pathetic in the sight of the three children's names associated within a year on another floral offering, no longer to be tendered to the kindly, gracious hands of the Empress-Queen, but to be placed with all reverence on her tomb.



THE GRENADIERS CARRYING THE COFFIN UP THE STEPS OF ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL WINDSOR.

and Mrs. Weston.



The Great Hall of the Knights, Schloss Stolzenfels, visited by Queen Victoria and Prince Albert in 1845.



The Garden Hall, Schloss Stolzenfels.

Queen Victoria at Stolzenfels.

As a special honor, the late Queen was not when the Duke of Devonshire after her marriage, and a very long time had elapsed between her last visit to Berlin, in the spring of 1862, and a happy visit paid by her and the late Prince Consort some years after their marriage, though the friendship between her and the House of Hohenzollern was of very ancient date. In the year 1845, when the Queen and her husband were in the Continent, King Friedrich Wilhelm IV. of Prussia arranged a grand festi-

Stolzenfels, one of the most interesting of the many ancient castles in that district. The festival was one never to be forgotten; the local situation of the castle, which stands high above the Rhine, making the scene one of fairy-like beauty. The young Queen and her husband were enchanted with the entertainment, and particularly delighted with the entertainments, and arrangements of the castle. Her Majesty, however, always had a pleasant recollection of the beauty of Schloss Stolzenfels, of which I give two views, and on several occasions it has been said that she would not rather visit the castle which she had visited so many years ago with her beloved husband. After her own time, the Emperor Frederick, ascended the throne, and again during the reign of the present Kaiser, Stolzenfels was often spoken of as a place where

Her Majesty might spend a few days and receive her guests so abundantly. A second visit was, however, made by her, and the castle has been but seldom visited since the year 1845, except by tourists. Stolzenfels was built in the year 1250 by the Archbishop of Trier, Arnold von Sarnburg, and was in the middle ages a favorite residence of the Bishops of Trier. It was destroyed by the French in the year 1802, and remained in ruin for nearly two hundred years. It was finally given by the town of Coblenz to the Crown Prince of Prussia, later Friedrich-Wilhelm IV., in 1834, and he restored it, the work being begun in 1835, and completed in 1845. A number of valuable treasures are to be seen there, and in the Hall of the Knights there is a valuable collection of armor and ancient weapons.



T.R.H. The Crown Prince and Princess of Greece.
The latter is a daughter of the Emperor Frederick of Germany and granddaughter of Queen Victoria.



H.R.H. Duke Robert of Wurttemberg.
Representative of Wurttemberg.



H.H. The German Crown Prince, K.G.
Great-grandson of Queen Victoria.



H.R.H. Prince Henry of Prussia.
Grandson of Queen Victoria.



H.H. The German Emperor.
Eldest grandson of Queen Victoria.



H.R.H. Princess Henry of Prussia.
Granddaughter of Queen Victoria.



H.H. The Grand Duke Serge of Russia.
Representative of the Tsar, and married to Queen Victoria's granddaughter.



H.H. The Grand Duchess Serge of Russia.
Granddaughter of Queen Victoria and daughter of the late Emperor Nicholas.



H.H. The King of Greece.
Son-in-law of Queen Victoria.



Consolation.

What comfort for a nation stricken down,
And bowed beneath a grief it scarce can bear?
This—that she lived, and wore the English crown,
And faced the world, though lonely, without fear.

This—that for present, past, and for all time
She lives, a splendid gift from God,
Enthroned to hearts of men of every clime,
In distant lands where English feet have trod.

A great example—all can see it well,
All strive to follow the great English Queen—
Hark! how the world uplifts one voice to tell
Such a good Sovereign there has never been.

This, then, our comfort—that she lived, and
we have learnt
How a pure woman's life can touch a
nation's heart.





H.M. The King of Portugal.
A grandson of the King, being of the family of Bruns Coburg.



H.M. King Edward VII.
Only British and representative of the Throne.



H.H. The Hereditary Prince of Saxa-Tesingen.
Married to Queen Victoria's granddaughters.



The Hereditary Prince of Hohenzollern-Langenburg.
Régent of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. Married to Queen Victoria's granddaughters.



H.M. The King of the Belgians.
His father, the first King of the Belgians, was brother of Queen Victoria and hereditary monarch being Prince Consort of England by his marriage with Princess Charlotte, only child of George IV. He was uncle also of Prince Albert.



H.H. The Crown Prince of Roumania.
Married to Queen Victoria's granddaughters.



H.S.H. Friedrich, Prince of Waldeck-Pyrmont.
Only brother of the Duke of Albany and Queen Emma of the Netherlands.



H.S.H. The Princess d'Orléans.
Formerly Princess Helene d'Orléans.



H.S.H. The Duke of Austria.
Brother and heir presumptive of the King of Italy.



THE PASSING OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

BOUDOIR GOSSIP.

AMID every token of universal sorrow and profound respect, all that was mortal of Queen Victoria passed through the mourning capital of her vast Empire on Saturday last, on its way to that burial place of many monarchs, St. George's Chapel, Windsor, where the solemn funeral service was held and the beloved Sovereign rested a while before being placed finally, on Monday, by the side of the husband whom for forty years of widowhood she had never ceased to mourn, in the magnificent Mausoleum at Frogmore.

LONDON was afitr betimes on the morning of her Majesty's funeral, but it was with a subdued activity. It might be said of the great City that in its reverence and its sorrow it "went heavily, as one that mourneth for his mother," and, in truth, the whole Empire mourned for the Mother of her people. The bleak and bitter winds of winter could not quench the glow of loyal devotion which prompted young and old, rich and poor, strong and weakly, to leave the comfort of their homes and face the biting air of early morning in order to pay the last possible tribute to their late beloved Sovereign, who had herself never allowed considerations of personal convenience to stand in the path of duty, and rarely have I seen more orderly crowds than those which lined the route from Victoria to Paddington. I hear, too, from Windsor, that the behaviour of the public was respectful and decorous to a degree. When the late Duke of Clarence was buried, there were scenes which could only be described as deplorable, but on Saturday all was stately, dignified, reverential.

THERE have been some who wondered at the desire of the late Queen to be buried with full military honours, and seemed to see something incongruous in the spectacle of the mortal remains of an sympathetic and womanly Sovereign being borne to its last rest upon a gun-carriage, and amidst pageantry eloquent of military glory. But, in the first place, Queen Victoria was proud of her position as Head of the Army, and, in the second, with her statesmanlike mind, she no doubt deliberately intended to give it a final rebuff as a more or less critical time in national affairs. Be this as it may, the fact remains that there is nothing in the world so imposing as a military pageant, funeral though it may be.

As the soldiers with their nodding plumes paced along Piccadilly one recalled Tennyson's fine lines on the Duke of Wellington's funeral—

Lead out the pageant: sad and slow,
As fits an universal war;
Let the long, long procession go,
And let the sorrowing crowd about it grove,
And let the mournful martial music blow.

The woe on the day of the Queen's funeral was in truth universal, and it was pleasant by notice how entirely the sight-seeing element of the day was subdued to a silent, all-pervading reverence and sorrow.

It was eminently characteristic of our late beloved Queen that while she chose to repose by the side of her dear husband in the private resting place she selected for him at Frogmore, rather than in St. George's Chapel or the great Abbey at Westminster, yet she was not unmindful of the fact that some amount of display was fitting and necessary at her obsequies. It was in every way, of course, desirable that there should be a military display. Without doubt the Queen, who loved simplicity, would have personally preferred that she should have been laid to rest with the scantiest amount of ceremonial and fuss; but unselfish and tactful to the very last, she left instructions for her funeral which clearly show that her country was above all things dear to her, and her Army scarcely less so.

It was, of course, inevitable that there should be some profit sought by the letting of windows on the line of the procession, but even in this connection everything seemed to have been done decently and in order, and there was nothing to jar upon one's sympathies in the hearing of the figures clad in deep mourning who reverently watched the passing of their late Queen.

As I watched the solemn, stately cortege making its way along the broad thoroughfare of Piccadilly, the Royal coffin with its escort of kings and princes, warriors and men of high official standing, I could not keep my thoughts from reverting to that other great day, in 1807, when her Majesty came amongst her people, then as glad to welcome her at her Diamond Jubilee as on Saturday they were sad to think that they looked their last upon the Queen they had loved so well. Perhaps it needed a woman to quite understand the feeling which Queen Victoria inspired in her subjects, but I do not remember anything which has expressed this with more subtlety of perception, more absolute truth, than some lines of poor Mrs. Oliphant's, in which, after apostrophising the brilliant escort—

"Princess, form in array;
Great ye are, and greater may be;
But only gards and vassals to-day
To the Lady enshrined in duty and love,"

she went on to describe the vast multitudes waiting to acclaim her Majesty, as

"Sons and lovers and subjects all,
The high and the low together."

There seems to me to be shown in these words a curiously womanly appreciation of the personal love which has always been so powerful a factor in the relations between the late Queen and her subjects.

The King, grey, worn and grave, was a stately figure as he rode at the head of the mourners, in his long cavalry cloak, and inspired a feeling of respect and most respectful sympathy. It seemed to me, also, that here was a Sovereign who might in truth be trusted to redeem the promise of his earliest speech, to follow in the footsteps of the wise and good Ruler whom we had lost, and to devote himself to the welfare of his people. Queen Alexandra we could not see, for her Majesty was, naturally, in a closed carriage. But it needed no sight of her beautiful and beloved face to convince us that in our new Queen we have a lady of gentlest nature, full of high ideals and tender sympathies, and one who will make it her constant aim and happiness to win the same universal reverence and affection as the Sovereign of whom the Laureate said with simple truth:—

"Empress and Queen, yet not the more revered,
Not the more loved, for those respecting names,
Thus far the lowlier titles, Gracious, Good,
The Worthiest of Women ever crowned."

RARELY, if ever, has there been such a gathering of the great ones of the earth to its honour to one of their dead as was the case at our beloved Queen's funeral. When, from illness or other causes, personal presence was positively impossible, the most distinguished representatives were deputed to be present, as will be seen from our portraits on page 227, which include the Tsarévitch, the Duke of Anosta, the Crown Prince of Sweden and Norway, the Crown Prince and also Prince Christian of Denmark, while the Kaiser himself was accompanied by the Crown Prince of Prussia and Prince Henry, and the cortège included the King of Portugal, the King of the Belgians, and the King of Greece.

MANY thoughts must have turned from the late Queen to Queen Alexandra with heartfelt wishes that her Majesty may long be spared to carry on, as she so well knows how, the beautiful and beneficent influence of Queen Victoria. We all, too, felt deeply grieved that to the burden of her Majesty's sorrow for the dead Queen had been added no small anxiety on account of her son, the Duke of Cornwall and York, whose illness, I believe, has been much more serious than the public have supposed.

It has been impossible not to admire the faultless tact with which Queen Alexandra deliberately shooed herself as long as possible after the death of her Majesty Queen Victoria, who,



THE FUNERAL OF QUEEN VICTORIA.—THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING AND QUEEN, WITH THE ROYAL MOURNERS, IN THE PROCESSION AT OSBORNE, FEBRUARY 1, 1901.



THE "ALEXANDRA" LEAVING COVED WITH THE COFFIN.

Illustration by artist.



THE ROYAL RECEPTION ROOM AT VICTORIA STREET.



THE CROWD IN PROCESSION.

By request of Messrs. Hoare.

in those far-off days of 1837, had shown the same admirable spirit although in circumstances not quite parallel, refusing as long as possible to place the Dowager Queen Adelaide in a secondary position. The gentle womanliness of Queen Alexandra no doubt prompted her to remain in complete seclusion until the arrival of the day of the Royal funeral made it no longer possible. The exquisite feeling displayed by her Majesty from the moment of the late Queen's death is of the happiest augury for the coming years in which, as Queen Consort, our beloved "Princess of Wales" will grace the position of the First Lady in the Land.

An interesting incident at Windsor occurred at St. George's Chapel, whence issued, at the time of the service, a Royal servant in a great hurry, who made a rapid search among the floral tributes until he found a small and simple circle of green laurel leaves, with which he promptly returned to the sacred building. Few people know afterwards, and certainly none at the time, that this simple tribute, in such marked contrast to the often monstrous and over-elaborate devices sent with better motive, perhaps, than taste, was the most interesting of all, and that the plain card attached to it bore the brief but eloquent inscription, "From her six Children."

It would be interesting to know whether there is any rule or limitation at all in connection with the reception of floral tributes at Royal funerals. The enormous size and number of those sent to Windsor became at last a very serious source of embarrassment. It is to be hoped that the ubiquitous

and painful seekers after self-advertisement are not permitted to make unbeckoned use of the occasion of the death of every Royal personage for the purpose of obtaining that publicity which their souls love.

Among the numerous floral tributes received at Windsor, the wreath of lilies of the valley and Neapolitan violets, sent by the Empress Eugénie, was particularly pathetic. By the death of our late Queen, the Empress lost a personal friend, and one whose trials in life were in some respects similar to her own. Each began life as the young, talented and beautiful mistress of a brilliant Court. Many clouds had marred the serene happiness of their later years. The Empress mourns the death of her only son, who died fighting for the British Empire in South Africa. Our Queen lost her promising young grandson, Prince Christian Victor, and South African battlefields. Both Royal ladies had passed many lonely years of widowhood. Truly the Empress could write on her card, attached to the wreath, "Souvenir d'un long passé affectueux, l'amie desolée et dévouée, Eugénie." Lilies of the valley and violets were our late Queen's favourite flowers, and with the Empress the wearing of violets was almost a passion. Clara Tselendi tells us in her life of the Empress Eugénie that as a child she was rarely seen without violets in her hair or waistband. When grown up, she still clung to those flowers, for a gipsy woman had foretold that her happiness would bloom with the violets! And so for her it did, for the violet was the emblem of the Bonaparte family.

It is hard to realise that the Queen will go no more to Deeside. For fifty odd years had she come and gone as regularly as the seasons. She called the people near by her neighbours, and she had them all about her whenever there was anything worth seeing or hearing. Deeside has been really bereft, and the affliction is more than national there—it is personal.

Experience shows that there are always minds ready to cavil at every arrangement, however obviously right and suitable it may be; yet I was certainly astonished to hear of even one individual expressing the opinion that it would have been better for the Queen's funeral to be private and quiet rather than a pageant through London. One may be sure that the Queen would have wished, had such a thing been possible, that all her "beloved people" to whom she sent such a touching message at the Jubilee time, should gather round the grave to see her laid to rest, and since that was impossible it is but right and fitting that they should have had the opportunity of paying their last tribute of love and honour by attending the sad procession as it passed along the streets. And, setting all sentimental considerations aside, a private funeral would have been altogether inconsistent with the dignity of so great a Queen.

No member of the Royal family will more keenly feel the death of the late Queen than her widowed daughter, Princess Henry of Battenberg, who was ever her constant and most devoted companion, and to whom the Queen had stood in the



THE FUNERAL OF HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA. THE PROCESSION AT PADDINGTON STATION.



THE PROCESSION PASSING THROUGH HYDE PARK.



RECEPTION OF HER MAJESTY'S COFFIN AT SAINT GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR.

Photograph by Russell and Son, Reading.

place of mother, father, and protector alike; for it was at the early age of three that Princess Henry was left to her revered father's guidance, and since the death of Prince Henry of Battenberg the Queen had seemed to move slowly than ever fold her daughter and her daughter's children to her breast. The children of Princess Henry were specially dear to the Queen, and had never been separated from their grandmother. To their mother and to them the wreck of parting has indeed been a grievous one, and to all of them a new life will now seem to begin.

At present, of course, nothing is known concerning the will of her late Majesty, but it is thought that she will most probably have left Osborne House to her youngest daughter, to whom, too, in all probability, the residence in St. James's Palace, now occupied by the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York, will be granted. Princess Henry of Battenberg will be sure to travel a great deal, as she is exceedingly fond of being abroad, and would often have visited her foreign relatives had she been able to leave her Royal mother.

SARUMBERHAM may or may not be given to the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York should they become Prince and Princess of Wales; but whether they occupy it, or it is still

retained by the King, it is certain that it will always be the favourite place of his Majesty and Queen Alexandra. With it are associated all the dearest ties of their married life, and both are sincerely attached to their Norfolk home. Naturally, it will be impossible for them to spend as much of their time there as they have heretofore; but, as the late Queen always managed to get several weeks annually at Balmoral, which was sufficiently distant, so it may be surmised will the King and his Consort find opportunity to occasionally visit their old home, which is, after all, but two or three hours from London.

The various provisions of the will of Queen Victoria will never be made public, but of course such details as the

bequeathing of Osborne House, Balmoral and some other of her late Majesty's private properties must become known when the legatee enters into possession. I believe it will be found, however, that the late Queen displayed in the document not only her customary businesslike capacity and lucidity, but also her characteristic thoughtfulness and kindness for all who had in any degree been associated with her Household, and that not less than two or three hundred names are mentioned as recipients of life annuities. If this is indeed the case it will only be one more instance of the womanly kindness which was one of the secrets of the universal homage paid to her Majesty in life and in death.

It is a curious fact that, until the ceremony of Saturday, nearly every Royal funeral at Windsor—except, of course, the comparatively recent ones of the Dukes of Albany and Clarence—have taken place by torchlight, to the inaudible enhancement of their picturesqueness. Mr. Labouchere recalls how, as an Eton boy, he saw the funeral procession of Queen Adelaide, and the ghostly weirdness of the effect of the hearse, surrounded by Life Guards in their long gleaks, and bearing lighted torches, as it filed through Eton in the darkness of a moonless night. Some idea of the scene which so impressed itself upon the receptive mind of the embryonic Member for the Royal borough—who, though not every one knows it, is by way of being a by no means inconsiderable post—may be gathered from the illustration which we give from a quaint old print of the period, showing the funeral



H.R.H. PRINCE CHRISTIAN OF DENMARK.

procession, in the Quadrangle at Windsor Castle, of Princess Charlotte, the only daughter of George IV., then Prince Regent, on the night of November 19th, 1817.

By the way, upon that occasion Drury Lane Theatre reopened on the 21st, after having been closed since the 6th, "for the benefit of certain individuals connected with the establishment, who had suffered from the shutting up of the theatre." But the performance was made an actual tribute to the dead Princess, the cushions in front of the boxes being covered with black, the pillars swathed in black and white, and the whole audience being in mourning. The programme opened with Mozart's Requiem, Handel's Funeral Anthem was sung, and Mrs. Bartley recited a long Monody in praise of the young Princess:

The Royal flower, low laid in dust,
That was your fairest hope—your fondest trust.

That King Edward VII. will rule with discretion is a foregone conclusion, for he has pledged himself to follow in the footsteps of his venerated Mother, than whom a more "Constitutional" monarch never reigned. This is as it should be, for very few people have any idea of the extent of the Royal powers and prerogative. The Sovereign, for instance, could dismiss all officers and disband the Army, sell our war-ships and dismiss the sailors, pardon all prisoners, and

make every citizen in the kingdom a peer. Of course no such monarch could ever exist, but, as they do exist it is very desirable that the occupant of the Throne should be as broad-minded and free from any suspicion of autocratic tendencies as is the King.

ARRIVES OF THE Sovereign's power, the great Duke of Wellington, who was nothing if not outspoken, once addressed severely a certain Lord who held high office at the time of Queen Victoria's Proclamation. The official in question reminded that he had a right to travel in the most carriage as her Majesty, but the Duke told him bluntly:—"The Queen can make you go inside the coach or outside the coach, or run behind like a thinker's dog."

MIRANDA

A LETTER FROM WINDSOR.
THE ROYAL FUNERAL.

Sunday, February 2nd, 1901.

YOU ask me for some account of my day at Windsor; you say you are trying to hear all about it; you say you don't read Sunday papers—well, in this case, you have not missed much as far as the ceremony is concerned, for I believe some of their representatives got into the Chapel. Not in confidence, did many hundreds of people who hoped to do so; for the Chapel is small, and the Lord Chamberlain, in whose hands the arrangements were placed, has an official list. I received my invitation, however, late on Friday afternoon, and luckily lived within a possible distance of Windsor. After a fierce dispute, ordering and counter-ordering carriages, making propitious bargains with hansom, and changing the route of journey, we finally found ourselves on an excellent morning driving to Waterloo through bustling streets. I began to think I was on the South Eastern and not the South Western, but we reached Windsor at last, and found wet streets, a slight rain and a crowd of patient sightseers, who wistfully watched us produce our cards of admittance to the Cloister precincts. Before we passed into the Dean's Cloister we fastened our eyes on wreaths, cushions and masses of flowers; but in the Cloister the heavy exotic smell, the tumultuous, riotous colours were almost overpowering. Imagine the finest flower show you have ever seen, and then you will find entirely adequate for the expressions of

revelation and love of a sorrowing world, for from every where—Europe, Asia, Australia and Africa, the messages came. However, breakfast was more pressing, but necessary, with a long and trying lay before us. Afterwards we were allowed to go and see the Memorial Chapel, being made ready for the good Queen Victoria's coffin, which by command of the King was to rest there, away from the gaze of any one, saving only by his direct permission to the guards who watch day and night until tomorrow. A purple table stood ready before the altar, but that was the only dominant note of gloom; everywhere were gay and beautiful flowers with streaming, sunny-coloured ribbons, while even on the altar were red and white blossoms; after this we went through the Royal gardens to see the swelling crowds and soldiers lining the hill and tower of Windsor. On every battlement and garret were masses of people with tickets; in Lady Seward's garden were a row of Chewer staves in the Horse-shoe Cloister, looking directly to the west gate of the Chapel Royal, were little knots of soldiers, and faces at every latticed window, where from King Henry VIII's window life for the individual has been lived. No military knight of Windsor was visible, for the lucky people, in recognition of their good services, had places inside the Chapel Royal. The steps of the Chapel were wet and muddy, but, often as the grim rehearsal had been gone through of carrying a weighted burden up the steep, long flight of steps, it was thought dangerous to drop a carpet.

But, you will say, take me inside the Chapel; so come, through the Dean's Cloister, down the aisle into the nave, bearing my invitation sent from the Earl Marshal of England, I went with an aching heart. The seats were tramped in tiers, purple-covered, but unnumbered, and, worse still, with no back to lean against, and there we sat for two hours and stood for an hour. The brilliant assembly frightened us at first, especially as, by some unlucky mistake, I had forgotten to put on a black gossamer veil, which every one uses except the ladies of the Royal household, who were as heavily veiled and swathed in ermine as were the Royalists. Some one said to me the other day that every woman looks exactly like another in general mourning, but I should



QUEEN VICTORIA AT CARLETON PLACE CASTLE.



THE ROYAL TEA-HOUSE AT FROGMORE.

Photograph by the London-Herberts Co.

wait until he sees Royal mourning. Not even a diversity of figure seems to show individuality. However, we women were strictly in the minority inside the church, a few foreign ambassadors' wives, and the wives of not or two very great men only being seated there. In the nave, however, certain blocks of seats had a great many, but gold lace and scarlet predominated. I scarcely ever saw richer and more wonderful uniforms; the silver were the soberest. They had the ungrateful task of seating the guests, for no seats were numbered. The military knights came of the last, for they were seated immediately on either side of the barrier, which opened off a narrow aisle from the west gate up to the altar. I am assured to-day to read the elaborate descriptions of seating the Royal mourners, for none were seated at all, excepting the Queen and Princesses, who drove in closed carriages to the Castle and entered the Royal box above the stalls of the Knights Garter. Nothing of them, therefore, was seen, except a few crisp veils. In the chancel I could not see a few plumes, a Field Marshal's dress, and the uniforms of the German and Austrian and Siamese Embassies, and outside was a host of other, with heralds, trumpeters, gentlemen-at-arms, most gorgeous officers of every rank, the Lord Mayor, his Clerk, the Lord Chief Justice, Mr. Gully, the Lord Chamberlain, and more people than I can remember. The organ played a little intermittingly, until the approach of the choir to the west

door brought us all to our feet. Unfortunately, we saw knew of the accident with the horses and delay, we in acute and painful silence we waited with that curious heart-shaking for the minute gun and tolling bell, the bell that is only rung for the passing of the soul of a Royal person, invariably given. I do not think I had clearly realized how awe-inspiring would be the passing through our midst only a few paces from me, in the majestic, unexpressed honor of death, of our Queen. As if to deepen the number five, a little wind stole through the opening. It was while order and number came the metallic strains of the Funeral March of Chopin. Is it Christian or pagan in its grim harmonious and tender melody? Nearer and nearer it came, knocking at one's very heart, while we stood rigid. The hoarse rattle of covered arms, and the lushed fresh young voices of the singing boys told us that Death was in our midst. First the boys, then the men, then the Dean in cardinal with cope, and then the Bishops, Winchester and Oxford, in blue velvet copes, and then the Archbishop of England, and then in naked, awful simplicity, the coffin, large high, undraped and covered. Behind came in pious futility the Crown of England, the regalia and insignia of the Order of the Garter, on a white satin pall with the Royal Standard. Behind walked the King in his Field-Marshal's dress and Order of the Garter (for the funeral was a Garter funeral), with the German Emperor and Duke of Connaught, every Royalty of the civilized world followed, or a representative of Royal rank. Had I not been

lost in realizing the "aim" of the greatest Queen in history, I could have cared more for the stream of dignitaries as they followed the car. The King stood motionless behind the feet, the Lord Chamberlain at the foot of the coffin and the Earl Marshal and Lord Steward on either side; behind him stood, stretching to the western door, the procession, while the Royal Service of the Church of England was simply concluded. It was sung almost entirely, to please the King, and was omitted; the committal prayer, and "in sum" certain hope was interpolated, a beautiful one of Tchaikowsky's; only one prayer was omitted; the coronation prayer, and "in sum" certain hope was interpolated. This, of course, could not be said until the final service at Frogmore, on Monday. The sentences were arranged as anthems, the opening one by Wesley, the last one by Pascal. The Bishop read that long and difficult to understand lesson from the Corinthians, the Deputy King-at-Arms read the proclamation, in which all the titles of Queen Victoria are pronounced, and those of King Edward. "God save the King!" was sung through the church. Spaldy's "Hark, are the departed" was sung, the Ave Maria pronounced the Benediction, every one still standing, and the service was over. While the Bishop's Funeral March was being played the coffin was taken to the Memorial Chapel, followed by the King, the German Emperor, and the Duke of Connaught, and the mourners quickly left the Chapel, the greatest part going off to the Castle for luncheon.

M.



H.E.M. THE GERMAN EMPEROR.



H.I. AND R.H. THE TSAR AND TSARINA.



H.M. THE KING OF PORTUGAL.



H.M. THE KING OF GREECE.



H.M. THE KING OF THE BELGIANS.



H.I. AND R.H. THE CROWN PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF GERMANY.



H.R.H. THE DUKE OF AOSTA.



H.I. AND R.H. ARCHDUKE FERDINAND OF AUSTRIA.



H.R.H. THE GRAND DUKE OF HESSE.



H.R.H. PRINCE HENRY OF PRUSSIA.



H.R.H. THE CROWN PRINCE OF SWEDEN.



H.R.H. THE CROWN PRINCE OF DENMARK.

PORTRAITS OF SOME OF THE ROYAL PERSONAGES ATTENDING THE ROYAL FUNERAL.

OUR NEW QUEEN.

THERE has been scarcely opportunity, while our hearts have been full of memories of our late beloved Sovereign, and our interests have been occupied with his Majesty, to speak as we all unquestionably feel about the gracious lady who is now our Queen. She has been known and loved for so many years as Princess of Wales that we shall find it hard for a time to think of her otherwise; and perhaps she herself will part with that title with no little regret. Indeed, that she still clings to it lovingly is evidenced by the fact that she has decided the fund she has organised for the widows and children of soldiers should continue to be called "The Princess of Wales's Fund." But with the newer and greater dignity that has befallen her, our hearts quite well will likewise come fuller joys. Queen Alexandra has the deepest love and reverence of the King's subjects. To rich and poor alike she has endeared herself, and all classes feel that the noble example set by our late beloved Sovereign, as wife and mother and Queen, has ever been and will ever be followed by the gracious lady whose gentle influence has been so marked during the years that she has lived among us. It

is she, we must remember, who is the mother of our future King; and what better training could we desire for him than that which has been given to all her children by the devoted and tasteful Consort of King Edward? We are, in truth, a happy people to be able to sincerely and unreservedly welcome both our new King and Queen. And it is, as we all know even better than we can express it, no facile *de jure* to say that not only King Edward, but Queen Alexandra also possesses the true love of the people. We have admired and revered her for years as pattern wife, tender mother, sincere friend, and model woman, ever simple in her tastes, ever careful as leader of Society, ever thoughtful for the poor, and unwearied in her efforts to faithfully fulfil the arduous and difficult duties imposed by her position. To our late Queen she was very dear, and by the wife of our future King she is regarded as a loving mother. Society, charities, the kingdom at large, and indeed all the English-speaking world alike, may rejoice that so good a Queen has been vouchsafed to us, and that the reign of our Sovereign, which we ever pray may be as happy and glorious as that of Victoria, will be associated with a Consort who will be both a brilliant social guide and the loving and beloved friend of the people.