

# CROWN and EMPIRE

*AN ANECDOTAL BIOGRAPHY OF  
KING EDWARD THE PEACEMAKER*



*A. E. KNIGHT*







THEIR MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTIES KING EDWARD VII. AND  
QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

*(Photo by Messrs. Gunn & Stuart.)*

Coronation Edition

# CROWN and EMPIRE

*A Popular Account of the Lives  
Public and Domestic*

OF

Edward VII. and Alexandra

*With Notes on Some Memorable Coronations*

BY

Alfred E. Knight

AUTHOR OF "VICTORIA: HER LIFE AND REIGN," ETC., ETC.

*WITH TWENTY-EIGHT ILLUSTRATIONS*

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1902



*By the Same Author*

VICTORIA: Her Life and Reign  
1819-1901

*WITH MANY ILLUSTRATIONS*

Fifth Edition

LONDON  
S. W. PARTRIDGE & CO.  
8 AND 9 PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.

## P R E F A C E.

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“CROWN AND EMPIRE” is not a formal, systematic biography of our popular King, but what might suitably be styled a book of Royal waymarks. The purpose of the book is to present, in a series of pen-pictures, an all-round, sympathetic view of His Majesty in some of the chief circumstances, public and private, of his active and eventful life.

The *private* life is treated, for the most part, in the first two sections of the volume; and the King's *work*, as a friend of social reform and national progress, in the third; while in the fourth will be found accounts of two of His Majesty's most famous *travels in foreign lands*. The concluding section is devoted to an account, largely in the words of persons contemporaneous with the events described, of the most memorable coronation scenes in the world's history, special attention being given to British coronations. The materials for this account were not gathered without considerable labour of research; but the interest felt by the public in coronation lore gave the

necessary *motif* and spur, and we trust that the result will be the reader's pleasure and edification.

In the chapters dealing with His Majesty's public life in the United Kingdom are incorporated numerous quotations from his speeches, so that the reader is furnished with the King's opinions on a great variety of subjects *in his own words*. The most conflicting statements are abroad as to His Majesty's thoughts and feelings upon many important questions of the day : here will be found his actual utterances on those questions—surely (since politics are excluded) the safest of all authorities !

The list of books to which we are under obligations is a very full one, and special mention must be made of the following :—Queen Victoria's *Leaves from the Journal of our Life in the Highlands*, and *More Leaves* ; Martin's *Life of the Prince Consort* ; Englehart's *Journal of the Progress of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales through British North America* ; *The New England Tour of the Prince of Wales*, published by the Bee Printing Co. of Boston, Massachusetts ; Cornwallis's *Royalty in the New World* ; *Tracts relating to Freemasons*, by T. W. Tew and others ; Sir William Russell's well-known volumes on the King's marriage and the Indian visit ; Arthur Taylor's *Glory of Regality*, and T. C. Taylor's *Chapters on Coronations* ; Schuyler's *Peter the Great* ; Carless Davis's *Charlemagne* ; Carlyle's *History of Friedrich II. of Prussia* ; *The Speeches and Addresses of the Prince of Wales*, edited by Dr Macaulay ; and *The Private Life of the*



*King.* This last is a quite recent book by one of His Majesty's household, a gentleman who not only has much to tell us that is new and delightful, but who is a born story-teller into the bargain.

Our thanks are also due to the authors of various articles in the leading magazines and newspapers, wherein, alas, so much of permanent value on all subjects lies buried and forgotten. The mines from which we have chiefly dug are *The Times*, the defunct *Morning Herald*, and various special numbers of *The Graphic* and *The Illustrated London News*.

A. E. K.



# CONTENTS.

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## I. BUD-TIME: A BOOK OF BEGINNINGS.

	PAGE
1. CHILDHOOD, . . . . .	13
2. STUDENT DAYS, . . . . .	32

## II. WEDDING BELLS—AND AFTERWARDS: THE STORY OF THE HOME.

3. THE COMING OF THE PRINCESS, . . . . .	45
4. SANDRINGHAM, . . . . .	59
5. THANKSGIVING-DAY AND OTHER MATTERS, . . . . .	77
6. MARLBOROUGH HOUSE AND ABERGELDIE, . . . . .	92
7. SOME ORANGE-BLOSSOMS AND A MAY-FLOWER, . . . . .	101

## III. LEAF AND FRUIT: SOME PASTIME AND WORK-TIME RECORDS.

8. WHAT THE KING HAS DONE FOR EDUCATION, . . . . .	115
9. THE ARTS AND SCIENCES VIEWED THROUGH ROYAL GLASSES, . . . . .	135
10. THE KING AS HOSPITAL PATRON AND FRIEND OF THE NEEDY, . . . . .	155
11. THE KING AND THE BULWARKS OF THE STATE; WITH PEEPS AT SOME CIVIC FUNCTIONS, . . . . .	176
12. THE KING AS A FREEMASON, . . . . .	196



## IV. EAST AND WEST, AND THE HOMAGE OF THE PRINCES.

	PAGE
13. DOMINION DAYS, . . . . .	207
14. SHAKING HANDS WITH UNCLE SAM, . . . . .	222
15. FROM KANDY TO CASHMERE, . . . . .	238

## V. AVE CÆSAR! OLD-TIME RECORDS OF SOME MEMORABLE CORONATIONS.

16. A FOREWORD, . . . . .	271
17. EMPEROR, KAISER, KING, AND TSAR, . . . . .	279
18. ARTHUR OF CAMELOT TO RICHARD OF YORK, . . . . .	294
19. HENRY TUDOR TO GEORGE III., . . . .	319

I.

BUD-TIME :

A Book of Beginnings





# Crown and Empire

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## CHAPTER I.

### CHILDHOOD.

ALBERT EDWARD, by the grace of God King of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, and Emperor of India, was born at Buckingham Palace on November 9, 1841.

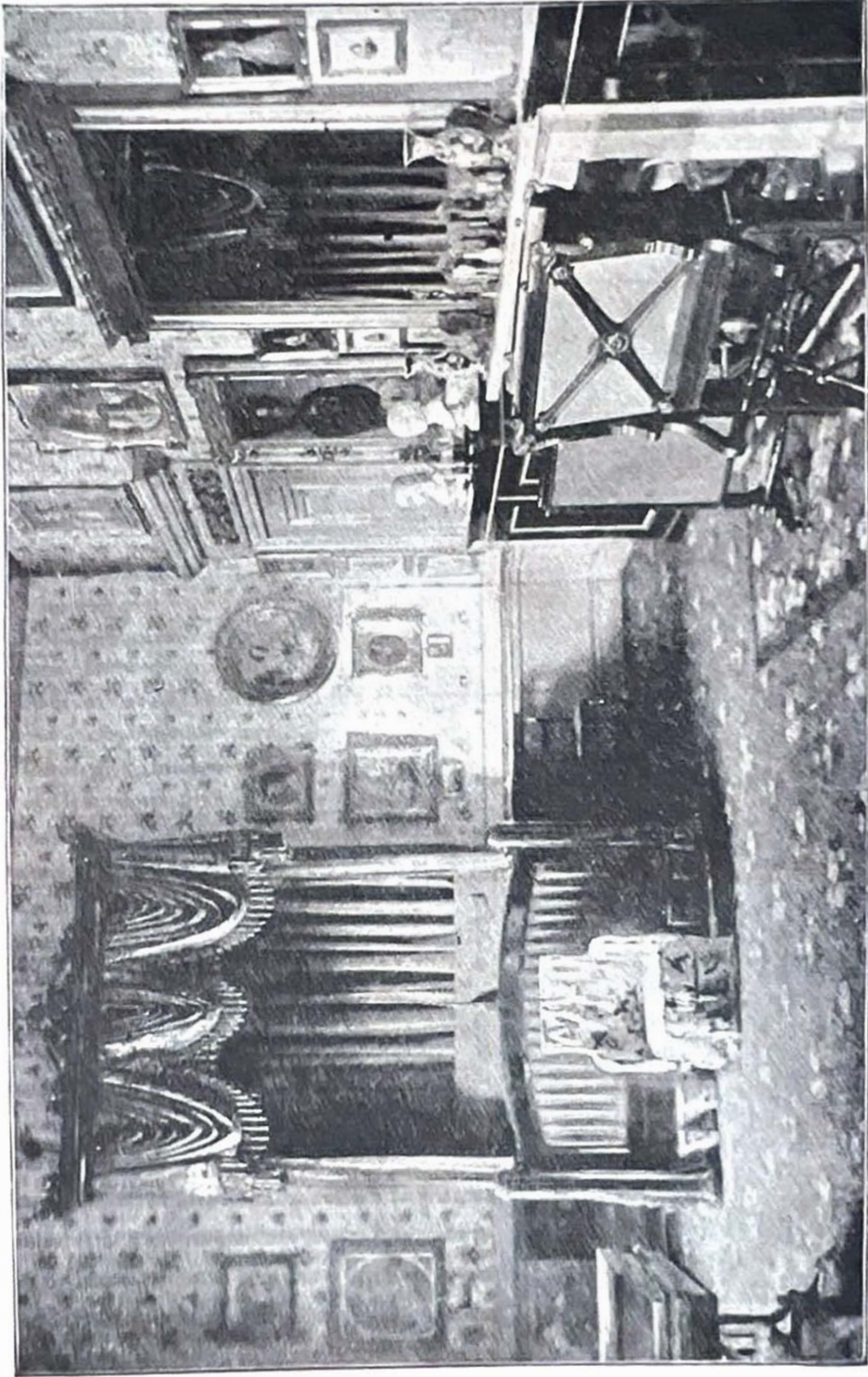
The first of Queen Victoria's sons, though not her first-born child, his advent was the occasion of much rejoicing. At the birth of the Princess Royal, about a twelvemonth earlier, the hopes of the Prince Consort had been somewhat dashed. "For a moment only," as the late Queen has told us, "was he disappointed at its being a daughter and not a son." But when a year had passed, and the Queen presented her husband with a little son, unmixed joy reigned in the palace. Everybody was deeply interested in the little stranger. "Is it a boy?" asked the old Duke of Wellington when the nurse entered the adjoining room, where,

according to custom, the Ministers of State were awaiting the event ; and the nurse replied, with withering dignity, " It is a *prince*, your grace."

The rejoicings spread from the palace to the farthest limits of the kingdom, and thence to the colonies, and were spontaneous and sincere. The Tower guns boomed out the announcement just as the Lord Mayor's procession was setting out from Guildhall, and at the civic banquet that evening the little Prince's health was drunk with three-times-three. Hardly more than a week later he was "deemed strong enough to be wrapped in a splendid mantle of blue velvet and ermine, and shown to the various members of the family, and all the Court circle who went to the palace to taste the caudle, sign the visitors' book, and inspect the baby."<sup>1</sup>

The Court removed to Windsor Castle on December 6th, and the Queen wrote from thence to her uncle, the King of the Belgians: " We arrived here safe and sound with our awfully large nursery establishment yesterday morning. To-day is very bright, clear, and dry, and we walked out early, and felt like prisoners freed from some dungeon. . . . I wonder very much whom our little boy will be like. You will understand *how* fervent are my prayers, and I am sure everybody's must be, to see him resemble his father in *every, every respect*, both in body and mind! Oh, my dearest uncle, I am sure if you knew how happy, how blessed I feel, and how proud in possessing, such

*The Private Life of the King*, p. 17.



THE ROOM IN BUCKINGHAM PALACE WHERE THE KING WAS BORN.

a perfect being as my husband, and if you think that you have been instrumental in bringing about this union, it must gladden your heart!" History has since shown that not Queen Victoria only, but the whole British Empire, owes a big debt of gratitude to "Uncle Leopold."

When Christmas came round, and the Christmas trees were lighted up in the royal palace, the little Prince was not forgotten. "To think," says the *Queen's Journal*, "that we have two children now, and one who enjoys the sight already, is like a dream!" while the Prince Consort, writing to his father, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, said feelingly: "This is the dear Christmas Eve, on which I have so often listened with impatience for your step, which was to usher us into the gift-room. To-day I have two children of my own to make gifts to, who, they know not why, are full of happy wonder at the German Christmas tree and its radiant candles."

The baptismal ceremony took place exactly a month later in St George's Chapel, Windsor, and the baby Prince was not over-burdened with names. He was called Albert after his father, and Edward, as being one of the most illustrious names on the roll of English sovereigns—that was all. The moderation of his parents is a proof of their good sense, and perhaps accounts for the fact, which is vouched for by a *Times* reporter, that His Royal Highness behaved "with truly princely decorum." King Frederick William of Prussia was the boy's godfather, and came over to





THE CHRISTENING OF THE KING.  
(From a picture by Sir G. Hayter in the Royal Collection.)



England in person to undertake this highly responsible office, his other sponsors being members of the English Royal family and of the houses of Saxe-Coburg and Saxe-Gotha. The font used for the occasion (which has since done service for all Queen Victoria's children and most of her grand- and great-grand-children) was of pure gold. The Archbishops of Canterbury and York officiated, supported by a troop of other great dignitaries of the Church. A special anthem had been composed by Sir George Elvey, but the Prince Consort would not have it sung. "No anthem," he said. "If the service ends by an anthem, we shall all go out criticising the music. We will have something we all know—something in which we can all join—something devotional. The Hallelujah Chorus: we shall all join in that, with our hearts." So the Hallelujah Chorus ended the service.

After the ceremony there was a magnificent banquet in the State dining-room at the Castle, when the enormous gold punch bowl designed by Flaxman to the order of George IV. was used for the last time. Having charged their glasses from the bowl, the company honoured in succession the four toasts of the evening, namely, "His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales," "The King of Prussia," "Her Majesty the Queen," and "His Royal Highness the Prince Albert." After the banquet, the huge christening cake (eight feet in circumference) was cut up and distributed in the Waterloo Chamber, where the Queen held a grand reception. The ceremony, the luncheon and the

entertainment of the various guests were altogether a very costly business, the expenditure falling little short of a quarter of a million pounds.

The greatest care was given to the Prince's govern-



THE KING AS A BABE.

ance in the nursery, his Royal mother superintending all the arrangements. His wet-nurse was Mrs Brough, wife of a sail-maker in the Isle of Wight, whose fee was £1000. Another of his nurses was Mrs Hall, who seems to have summed up in her portly, genial

person all the traditional excellences of a model Royal nurse. She became known in the Queen's family as "dear old May," and such was King Edward's regard for this faithful servant, that when she died at an advanced age in 1888, he sent a wreath to be placed on her grave, which bore the inscription: "In remembrance of dear old May."

The member of the Royal household who had the *chief* care of the Prince until his sixth year was Lady Lyttleton, in whom both the Queen and Prince Consort had the fullest confidence, and who has given the public some charming accounts of the Royal children in her well-known *Memoirs*.<sup>1</sup> From her writings, as well as from other sources, we gather that the Prince as a little fellow (indeed, until he attained to manhood) was very shy; in this respect affording a striking contrast to the Princess Royal, who was of a somewhat "masterful" disposition. Prince Metternich once said of him: "Plaisait à tout le monde, mais il avait l'air embarrassé et très triste" (He pleases everybody, but has an air of sadness and embarrassment).

Even when quite young he was kept very closely to his lessons. Queen Victoria, as is well known, was a strict disciplinarian. Truthfulness, and a high sense of honour, were sedulously inculcated; obedience was ever insisted upon; and punishment was sure to follow any infraction of duty. Somewhere in 1846 an able pamphlet appeared, in which the question was raised,

<sup>1</sup> Lady Lyttleton accepted the post in 1842, and resigned it in 1850. She was a sister of the late Mrs Gladstone.

"Who should educate the Prince of Wales?" and the Prince Consort read the pamphlet with care, and fully canvassed the subject with his great friend and counsellor, Baron Stockmar. The Baron drew up an elaborate memorandum, in which, among many other things, he strongly advised that the Prince's education should be one which would "prepare him for approaching events"—(those important social changes in the country which were already beginning to be felt)—rather than one which would "stamp, perhaps indelibly, an impression of the sacred character of all existing institutions on his youthful mind." At the same time, he was careful to add that "the education of the Prince should nowise tend to make him a demagogue or a moral enthusiast, but a man of calm, profound, comprehensive understanding, imbued with a deep conviction of the indispensable necessity of practical morality to the welfare of both Sovereign and people." Broadly speaking, these were the principles by which the Queen and Prince Consort were governed in their choice of governesses and tutors, chaplains and governors, throughout the period of the Prince's minority: and probably no youth of royal or noble blood, and perhaps few commoners' sons, were ever kept more rigorously to their lessons than was he.

Yet there were recreations also. The Queen quite agreed with the old adage that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," and neither the Prince nor his brothers and sisters were ever stinted in their amusements. In the story of the *Early Years of the*

*Prince Consort* there is an amusing reference to the interruptions of the schoolroom studies by the old Duke of Saxe-Coburg, who loved to carry off the two boys (*i.e.*, the Prince of Wales and Prince Alfred) and take them on excursions. The Queen herself so acted from time to time, one very notable holiday having been given up to two trips in the Royal yacht, *Victoria and Albert*, the favoured children being "Vickey" and the subject of our narrative. This was in the August and September of 1846, when the Prince was less than five years old.

The places visited on the first trip were Portland, Weymouth, Guernsey, Dartmouth, and Plymouth; on the second, Jersey, Falmouth, St Michael's Mount, and the Duchy of Cornwall. When the yacht put into Dartmouth, it was raining heavily, and the deck was swimming with water; but foul weather did not deter the Royal holiday-makers from enjoying the scenery, the children, as we learn from the Queen's *Journal*, "being most anxious to see everything." At Plymouth a brief visit was made to Lord Mount-Edgcumbe's house, where the children had lunch. "At ten" [on the morning of August 22nd], writes the Queen, "I went in the barge with the two children, the ladies, Baron Stockmar, and Lord Alfred Paget, and landed at Mount Edgcumbe, where we were received by Lady Mount-Edgcumbe, her two boys, her sister and nieces, and beyond the landing-place by Lord Mount-Edgcumbe. . . . I got into a carriage with the children and Lady Mount-Edgcumbe,



and took a lovely drive along the road which overhangs the bay, commanding such beautiful views on all sides, and going under and by such fine trees. . . . The day very hot and a little hazy. We came to the house at eleven. The children went with their governess [Mdlle. Gruner] and the other children into the shade and had luncheon in the house, and I remained in the gallery. . . . A little after twelve we returned to the yacht, which had been beset with boats ever since six in the morning."

More prominence is given to the boy-Prince in the Royal notices of the second trip—perhaps because among the scenes visited was his own Duchy of Cornwall. After passing the Alderney Race, where they experienced a great deal of rolling, "Bertie," we are told, "put on his sailor's dress, which was beautifully made by the man on board who makes for our sailors. When he appeared, the officers and sailors were all assembled on deck to see him, and cheered, and seemed delighted with him." On leaving Penzance on the 5th of September, the boats crowded round the Royal barge, "and when Bertie showed himself the people shouted—'three cheers for the Duke of Cornwall!'" A day or two afterwards, the yacht was at Falmouth, where the Corporation of Penryn came on board, being very anxious to see the young Duke. So the Queen stepped out of the deck pavilion with her little sailor-boy; and Lord Palmerston, who was a guest on the Royal yacht, told the deputation that that was the Duke of Cornwall; whereupon the old

Mayor of Penryn said he hoped the little boy would "grow up a blessing to his parents and to his country." In the afternoon the Royal party got into the smaller yacht *Fairy*, and sailed up the Truro as far as Malpas, where they had to stop a while owing to the number of boats, all filled with people, who had come out from a little place called Sunny Corner, to get a peep at their Sovereign and the tiny Heir-apparent. "Indeed," adds the Queen, "the whole population poured out on foot and in carts, etc., along the banks; and cheered, and were enchanted when Bertie was held up for them to see. It was a very pretty, gratifying sight."

The next year the Prince and his eldest sister again accompanied their parents on a yachting excursion—a more extended trip than the last, embracing the Welsh coast, the Isle of Man, and the West of Scotland. At the beginning of the trip the little people and most of the ladies were sea-sick, but the former made a quick recovery. When the yacht arrived off Pembroke, numbers of boats put off from the shore, "with Welshwomen in their curious high-crowned hats; and Bertie was much cheered, for the people seemed greatly pleased to see the 'Prince of Wales.'"<sup>1</sup> It was the same in Scotland, where, as the Prince Consort wrote to Baron Stockmar, "the people were as much rejoiced to see the Duke of Rothesay as the Welsh were to salute the Prince of Wales on their native ground." Specially was

<sup>1</sup> *Leaves from the Journal of our Life in the Highlands*

this the case at the pretty little town of that name, where the Highlanders were very enthusiastic, and also called for a cheer for the "Princess of Great Britain." The young Prince enjoyed everything extremely, and, not the least, a visit to Fingal's Cave, which his Royal mother, the indefatigable chronicler of those Highland flittings, thus describes: "As we rounded the point, the wonderful basaltic formation came in sight. The appearance it presents is most extraordinary; and when we turned the corner to go into the renowned Fingal's Cave, the effect was splendid, like a great entrance into a vaulted hall; it looked almost awful as we entered, and the barge heaved up and down on the swell of the sea. It is very high, but not longer than 227 feet, and narrower than I expected, being only 40 feet wide. The sea is immensely deep in the cave. The rocks under water were all colours—pink, blue, and green—which had a most beautiful and varied effect. It was the first time the British standard with a Queen of Great Britain, and her husband and children, had ever entered Fingal's Cave, and the men gave three cheers, which sounded very impressive there."

Meanwhile, there had been a change of governesses, Mdlle. Gruner having been replaced by Miss Hildyard; and about the same time the Prince was receiving his first music lessons from a Mrs Anderson, wife of the Queen's bandmaster. Tutors did not arrive upon the scene till later.

In September 1846 the Royal family had moved

for the first time into Osborne House, and here were spent some of the Prince's happiest as well as busiest days. By the aid of diaries, letters and volumes of reminiscences, it is not difficult to picture the Royal family in their island home. At one time we see them out in the beautiful grounds, given up to the enjoyment of the warm summer weather; the children are chasing butterflies, the Queen sits under the trees reading a book, and the Prince Consort is drinking "the Kissinger water Ragotzky." At another time we witness the giving over of the Swiss cottage to the Royal children—a present indeed! for the structure is what its name expresses, a veritable Swiss cottage, with kitchen, pantry, dairy, carpenter's workshop, and no end of upstairs rooms, to say nothing of the stairs and galleries on the outside. The building was erected partly for the children's amusement and partly for instruction in little household duties and manual industries. A museum of natural history was attached, and beside the house were plots of cultivated ground—a plot for each Prince and Princess—which the youthful owners were permitted to keep in order themselves, and from which they gathered, not flowers merely, but useful stores of horticultural and botanical knowledge. The young Prince, indeed, was taught to build and to garden, working two or three hours a day side by side with common labourers. A foreman was placed over him who criticised his work, and wrote down on a sheet the amount done. The

sheet was examined by the Prince Consort once a week, and payment was afterwards made, at a fixed rate, for the task performed.<sup>1</sup> In those days the Prince was a fine little fellow and well-behaved; his large eyes and curly hair giving promise of the handsome man which he became. Though shy, he was full of fun, and not above a bit of mischief, too, at times, for he was every inch a boy. On a certain occasion he was joking one of the Queen's dressers about her height, and his little sister Alice, thinking, in her tender-hearted way, that his remarks might have caused annoyance, said to him, in a voice loud enough for the dresser to hear, "It is very nice to be tall; papa would like us all to be tall." To this period of his life belongs the story of his fall from an iron-barred gate, an accident serious enough to justify the fear that he would be permanently disfigured. But the fear was happily belied, and he escaped with nothing worse than two ugly black eyes and a badly-cut nose.

In his eighth year the Prince was placed for the first time in the hands of a private tutor. The anxious choice fell upon the Rev. Henry Birch—ominous name!—a clergyman who had taken high honours at Cambridge, and had been for four years an under-master at Eton. Writing from Windsor Castle (April 10, 1849) to the Dowager-Duchess of Gotha, the Prince Consort says: "The children grow more than well. Bertie will be given over in a few

<sup>1</sup> *The Private Life of the King.*

weeks into the hands of a tutor, whom we have found in a Mr Birch, a young, good-looking, amiable man, who was a tutor at Eton, and who not only himself took the highest honours at Cambridge, but whose pupils have also won especial distinction. It is an important step, and God's blessing be upon it, for upon the good education of princes, and especially of those who are destined to govern, the welfare of the world in these days very greatly depends." Mr Birch was the Prince's tutor for four years, and was succeeded, at the recommendation of Sir James Stephen, by Mr Fredk. Gibbs, M.A., who held the responsible position till 1858, in which year the Royal pupil was placed under Canon Kingsley, the famous novelist, with whom he read history for several months. Mr Corbould instructed the Prince in drawing, and M. Brasseur was his French teacher.

The glimpses we get of his home-life during these boyhood years are few and brief, though everyone familiar with the life-history of our late beloved Queen (and who is not?) may, by dint of a little imagination, fill up a tolerably correct picture for himself. The ceremonious London days, with the orderly drives in the park and all that irksomeness of restraint which residence in the great Metropolis of necessity imposed; the Windsor days, with their Christmas festivities; the summer days at Osborne, so inseparably associated with the utilitarian pleasures of the Swiss cottage, and the trips in the Royal

yacht; and lastly, the autumn days at Balmoral, where the Queen and Prince Consort lived like private gentlefolk, and the children had their picnics and pony rides among the purple heather—the story of those happy Victorian days offers the outline of a picture which cannot, in so far as Prince Albert Edward is concerned, be particularly gloomy or colourless.

Baroness Bunsen, who, with her husband, was a guest at Windsor Castle in February 1854, has preserved for us one scene in which the boy-Prince figures pleasantly as a chief actor. The Royal children had devised a masque in honour of the anniversary of their parents' marriage, and this is how the Baroness describes the entertainment: "We followed the Queen and Prince Albert a long way, through one large room after another, till we came to one where hung a red curtain, which was presently drawn aside for a representation of the four seasons, studied and contrived by the Royal children as a surprise to the Queen, in celebration of the day. First appeared Princess Alice as the Spring, scattering flowers, and reciting verses, which were taken from Thomson's *Seasons*; she moved gracefully and spoke in a distinct and pleasing manner with excellent modulation, and a tone of voice sweet and penetrating like that of the Queen. Then the curtain was drawn, and the scene changed, and the Princess Royal represented Summer, with Prince Arthur stretched upon the sheaves, as if tired with the heat

and harvest-work : another change, and Prince Alfred, with a crown of vine-leaves and the skin of a panther, represented Autumn—looking very well. Then followed a change to a winter landscape, and the Prince of Wales represented Winter, with a cloak covered with icicles (or what seemed such), and the Princess Louise, a charming little muffled-up figure, busy keeping up a fire ; the Prince reciting, as all had done, passages more or less modified from Thomson. Then followed the last change, when all the Seasons were grouped together, and far behind, on a height, appeared Princess Helena, with a long white veil hanging on both sides down to her feet . . . . pronouncing a blessing upon the Queen and Prince. . . . The Princess looked very charming. This was the close ; but, by command of the Queen, the curtain was again withdrawn, and we saw the whole Royal family together, who came down severally from their raised platform ; also the baby, Prince Leopold, was carried in by his nurse, and looked at us all with big blue eyes, stretching out his arms to be taken by the Prince Consort.”

That the Balmoral days were specially happy ones to the Prince we may gather *inferentially* from the testimony of so keen an observer as Charles Greville, and *directly* by the testimony of Lady Canning, who both speak from personal knowledge. Greville says : “They [the Royal family] live without any state whatever : they live not merely like private gentlefolks, but like very small gentlefolks—small house,



small rooms, small establishment. There are no soldiers, and the whole guard of the Sovereign and the whole Royal family is a single policeman, who walks about the grounds to keep off impertinent intruders or improper characters. Their attendants consisted of Lady Douro and Miss Dawson, lady and maid of honour; George Anson (the Prince [Consort]'s private secretary) and Gordon; Birch, the Prince of Wales's tutor, and Miss Hildyard, the governess of the children. They live with the greatest simplicity and ease. . . . The Queen is running in and out of the house all day long, and often goes about alone. . . . After luncheon we went to the Highland Gathering at Braemar—the Queen, the Prince [Consort], four children, and two ladies in one pony-carriage; John Russell, Mr Birch, Miss Hildyard and I in another." Here we are in the midst of circumstances from which no healthy child could fail to derive pleasure; and if anything were wanted to confirm this view, we have it in the statement of Lady Canning: "The children are as merry as grigs; and I hear the Prince of Wales and Prince Alfred, who live under me, singing away out of lesson-time as loud as ever they can."

## CHAPTER II.

### STUDENT DAYS.

ON the 3rd of April 1854 the Prince took his place for the first time beside the Queen and Prince Consort upon the throne;<sup>1</sup> and from that time he was frequently seen in public. Prior to this, however, he had been present at two or three State ceremonials of more than usual magnitude and interest. There was the opening of the London Coal Exchange by his father, in October 1849, when the river spectacle gave the occasion unusual *éclat*; and there was the still more memorable opening of the Great Exhibition of '51, inaugurated by the Prince Consort, when the young Prince, who stood on the right of Queen Victoria in Highland costume, excited a good deal of favourable comment. In 1857 he accompanied his parents to Manchester for the opening of the Art Treasures Exhibition, the Royal family being guests

<sup>1</sup> A memorable occasion, being that on which the addresses of both Houses of Parliament were presented to the Queen, in answer to Her Majesty's message announcing the opening of the war with Russia.

at Worsley Hall during the visit. On the day of the opening, it was computed that upwards of a million people were in the streets. "The crowd was enormous," says the *Royal Journal*, "greater than ever witnessed before, and enthusiastic beyond belief—nothing but kind and friendly faces."

To this year belongs the happy time spent by the Prince of Wales at Königswinter, a delightful village on the Rhine, near the University town of Bonn, whither he went with General Grey, and others, in furtherance of his studies. His confirmation took place at Windsor Castle in the ensuing April, and was followed by a fortnight's holiday in the south of Ireland, after which he resided for a time at the White Lodge, Richmond, that he might "be away from the world and devote himself exclusively to study, and prepare for a military examination. As companions for him," continues the Prince Consort, from whose letter we quote, "we have appointed three very distinguished young men, of from twenty-three to twenty-six years of age, who are to occupy, in monthly rotation, a kind of equerry's place, and from whose intimate intercourse I anticipate no small benefit to Bertie." These companions were the eldest sons of Lord Mount-Edgcumbe, Major Teesdale of Kars celebrity, and a Victoria Cross hero, Major Lloyd-Lindsay.

Meanwhile the Rev. Charles Tarver (afterwards Canon of Chester) had become Director of Studies and Chaplain, and in this capacity he accompanied

the Prince on a kind of educational trip to Rome, Spain, and Portugal in the early months of 1859, and afterwards to Edinburgh, where the Prince attended lectures on chemistry by Dr (afterwards Sir) Lyon Playfair, and studied Roman history under Dr Schmitz. The Prince's place of residence while in Edinburgh was Holyrood Palace. His father, who, throughout his valuable life, took so deep an interest in the training of all the Royal children, had at this time an educational conference with his son's tutors, and thus wrote of it to his beloved Stockmar: "They all speak highly of him, and he seems to have shown zeal and goodwill. Dr Lyon Playfair is giving him lectures on chemistry in relation to manufactures, and at the close of each special course he visits the appropriate manufactory with him, so as to explain its practical application. Dr Schmitz (the Rector of the High School of Edinburgh, a German) gives him lectures on Roman history. Italian, German and French are advanced at the same time; and three times a week the Prince exercises with the 16th Hussars, who are stationed in the city. Mr Fisher, who is to be the tutor for Oxford, is also in Holyrood. Law and history are the subjects on which he is to prepare the Prince."

One of Professor Playfair's lessons in practical chemistry—or rather, his manner of illustrating the lecture—was sufficiently startling. They were going over some extensive works, and the Professor asked the Prince to plunge his naked hand into a huge

cauldron of lead, many degrees above boiling-point. With a coolness born of knowledge and of confidence in his preceptor, the Prince thrust his hand into the white-hot mass and withdrew it unscathed.

It should be said that the visits to Königswinter, Rome, etc., mentioned above, were not the first visits of the Prince to the Continent. His acquaintance with both France and Germany date from childhood. The first time he crossed the English Channel was in 1855, when Queen Victoria was the guest of Napoleon III. and the Empress Eugénie in Paris. The visit was greatly enjoyed—so much so, indeed, that, on the day of parting, the young Prince begged the Empress to let him stay a little longer. The Empress laughingly told the boy that his parents would not be able to spare him, to which he replied, with a frankness that is one of his characteristics, that he did not think he would be missed, as there were plenty more of them in the nurseries at home.<sup>1</sup>

Between the Königswinter visit and the educational trip with Mr Tarver, on a snowy January day, the Princess Royal, then a girl of eighteen, was married to Prince Frederick of Prussia. The marriage was solemnized with becoming pomp in the Chapel Royal at St James's Palace, and the Prince of Wales was one of those who signed the register when the ceremony was over. On his birthday, in the November following, he was made a Colonel and decorated with the order of the Garter, events which

<sup>1</sup> *The Private Life of the King.*

are both alluded to by his father in a letter to the Prince of Prussia, from which the following extract, with its allusion to another domestic matter, is worth preserving: "I ought not to tease you just now with family trifles, still I will let you know that Bertie, who to-day solemnizes his eighteenth birthday, proposes to pay a fortnight's visit to his sister, and asks leave to present himself to you. It will not be a State but purely a family visit, and we beg you, therefore, to show him such slender courtesies as are suitable to a member, and a very young one, of the family. To-day he becomes a Colonel in the Army (unattached), and will receive the Garter. Colonel Bruce, Lord Elgin's brother, has become his governor. Mr Gibbs retires to-morrow."

The visit was paid, and while staying with the newly-wedded pair in the German palace, the Prince received his emancipation from parental authority. It came to him in the form of a letter from the Queen, which Greville describes as "one of the most admirable letters that ever was penned."<sup>1</sup> She told the

<sup>1</sup> Treating of this subject in his *Life of the King* (the first volume of which has but recently appeared), Mr Penderel-Brothurst points out a curious error of calculation on the part of His Majesty's parents. "The whole of the King's biographers, with one accord," says he, "have based upon this letter the statement that he on this day attained his eighteenth year, and consequently his legal majority. This is obviously impossible, since, having been born in 1841, he was then clearly only seventeen. Both the Queen and her husband acted upon the belief that the heir to the throne attained his legal majority on November 9, 1858. Otherwise why the motherly letter, why the

Prince that he might have thought that the rule which his parents had adopted for his education a severe one, but that his welfare had been their only object. Knowing well to what seductions of flattery he would eventually be exposed, they had wished to strengthen and prepare his mind against them ; but he was now to consider himself his own master ; and, though they would always be ready to give him advice in the future, should he think fit to seek it, they would never intrude it upon him. The whole letter, which was a very long one, was in the same strain, and it made a profound impression on the Prince. His feelings were touched to the quick, and he brought the letter to Lord Wellesley in floods of tears.<sup>1</sup>

Soon after his return to England, the Prince went to Oxford, and began his University career. It was arranged that he should be an undergraduate of Christ Church, the College whose plain flat buildings, unrelieved by cloisters and covered walks, enclose the largest and ugliest quadrangle in Oxford. The quadrangle is known as "Tom Quad," after the famous bell, "Great Tom of Oxford," which is set in the main gateway of the College. The Quad was soberly excited when, at the opening of Michaelmas term, 1859, the Prince of Wales, in a carriage-and-Garter, why the Colonelcy in the Army ? It was, however, not until nearly a year later, when the Prince was really on the eve of attaining his legal majority, that Parliament was asked to provide money for putting Marlborough House in order."

<sup>1</sup> *Victoria : her Life and Reign.*

pair, and attended by the three gentlemen who were to live with him and perform equerry's duties when necessary, drove beneath the shadow of the great bell into the very heart of *Alma mater*. He was received by Dr Liddell and Archdeacon Clarke, who were then the Dean and Sub-dean respectively, and when he had entered his name in the College book, he was conducted by those gentlemen to the house of Dr Jeune, the Vice-Chancellor of the University. "Amid such distinguished surroundings, the Prince passed his examination and duly received his certificate of matriculation, written in scholarly Latin. He then went with his suite to Frewen Hall, a charming residence that had been taken for him, where he spent a quiet evening with his gentlemen ; an extraordinary contrast to the reception at Oxford of his ancestor, George IV., who, as Prince of Wales and undergraduate of Christ Church, was entertained at a huge banquet in the Great Hall of the College, and towards the end of the evening was scarcely in a fit condition to sign the College book."<sup>1</sup>

A good beginning is promise of a good finish, and it is certain that the Prince fulfilled his year at Oxford in a way that brought credit both to himself and the College. We read with interest that he was very regular in his attendance at prayers. "The day after he became an undergraduate was St Luke's Day, and he walked from Frewen Hall, where he lived, to Cathedral service at Christ Church at eight o'clock in

<sup>1</sup> *The Private Life of the King*, 162-3.



the morning. On other days he attended 'College Prayers' in Latin, which were read at 8 a.m. in the winter, and 7 a.m. in the summer term. . . . It was noticed by the authorities of the University that whenever he paid a visit to some country house in the neighbourhood of Oxford, for an afternoon's shooting or for an evening's dancing, he was always in his place at the appointed hour for prayers the following morning. On Sunday afternoons he generally went to hear the 'University Sermon' at St Mary's."<sup>1</sup>

His sterling good sense was also shown on the occasion of the celebration of his birthday at Oxford, when the jubilations terminated in a very serious "Town and Gown row." How his dissipated great-uncle, George IV., would have rejoiced in such a spree! Not so the Prince, who was greatly upset by the affair, and visited his grave displeasure on the College men who had organized the disturbance. Yet he was only eighteen years of age at the time.

Still, it need not be supposed that the Prince was averse to a little fun, nor even that he was by any means impeccable. The well-known story of his Oxford escapade points the moral that kings and princes may err like ordinary mortals, and that their peccadilloes have very much the same "sweet human characteristics." "He wished to come up to London without either his suite or his tutors being any the wiser, and he flattered himself that by dint of clever management he had left Oxford station totally un-

<sup>1</sup> *The Private Life of the King*, p. 292.

recognised. What was his astonishment, therefore, on arriving at Paddington, at being met by one of the Royal carriages and a couple of footmen, who stopped him as he left the train, and gravely asked him where he wished to be driven. It is said that, despite his annoyance, the Prince was equal to the occasion, and, jumping into the carriage, said, 'Drive me to Exeter Hall.'"<sup>1</sup>

The Prince's chief relaxations during his Oxford career were boating, shooting and hunting. Intensely fond as King Edward is of most sports, he never seems to have taken kindly to cricket. He was what Etonians would call a "wet bob" rather than a "dry bob"—that is to say, he preferred taking a scull or an oar to handling ball or bat in our great national game. There is a story that he once played in a cricket match at the Viceregal Lodge, Dublin, when he not only missed two good catches, but got bowled for "a duck" before he had stood two minutes at the wicket. Whether the story be true or not, it is well known that the Prince eschewed cricket while at both Universities, and that, on the other hand, he loved to take a pair of oars, or to stand on the Christ Church barge during "Eights Week," watching with keenest interest the "bumping races" between the respective colleges.<sup>2</sup>

During his Oxford days, too, he constantly hunted with various neighbouring packs—the South Oxfordshire, the Pytchley, the Quorn, and the Vale of Ayles-

<sup>1</sup> *The Private Life of the King*, p. 134.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*

bury. Doubtless His Majesty still cherishes a lively remembrance (though this would be a somewhat later reminiscence) of one notable run with the Royal Hounds, on which occasion the deer took the field from Harrow to Paddington, where it was finally killed, and from whence the King rode in hunting costume to Marlborough House.

Between the Prince's Oxford and Cambridge days (for he matriculated at both Universities) he paid a memorable visit to America, and another visit of still deeper moment to himself—to Germany; but of these we shall have more to say hereafter. While at Cambridge he resided at Wadingley Hall, and his life there seems to have been very similar to his life at Oxford. "They were happy days, and I always look back to them with the greatest pleasure and satisfaction," he told a distinguished audience in the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge, twenty-seven years later. Alas, that they were so sadly interrupted!

On the 13th of December 1861 the Prince received an urgent summons to Windsor. The Prince Consort was dying. He arrived at three o'clock the following morning, and Sir Henry Holland at once acquainted him with his father's condition. Dying! It was the Prince's first great sorrow. The circumstances of the last illness of the "Prince of many virtues" are too well known to need recapitulation here. The Prince of Wales was one of those who knelt in the solemn death-chamber while the precious life ebbed away.

"In the solemn hush of that mournful chamber," says Sir Theodore Martin, "there was such grief as has rarely hallowed any deathbed. A great light which had blessed the world, and which the mourners had but yesterday hoped might long bless it, was waning fast away. A husband, a father, a friend, a master, endeared by every quality by which man in such relations can win the love of his fellow-man, was passing into the Silent Land, and his loving glance, his wise counsels, his firm manly thought should be known among them no more." Before the Castle clock had chimed the midnight hour, the Royal sufferer lay dead.

The funeral took place on the morning of Monday, the 23rd of December 1861, when the remains were temporarily deposited in the Royal vault of St George's Chapel. The Prince of Wales was the chief mourner, and during the earlier part of the service, he was observed to speak a few soothing words to his little brother, Prince Arthur, who at first was inconsolable. At a later moment, when the precious dust had been committed to the grave, and the mourners came forward to take a last look at the coffin, the elder brother's own fortitude forsook him. He stood for a moment with his hands clasped, looking down into the vault, and then, hiding his face, burst into tears.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Victoria: her Life and Reign*, p. 248. When the Royal Mausoleum at Frogmore was erected to the memory of Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales subscribed £10,000 from his own purse towards the beautifying of the building.

II

WEDDING BELLS—AND  
AFTERWARDS:

The Story of the Home



## CHAPTER III.

### THE COMING OF THE PRINCESS.

WHILE the eldest son of Queen Victoria was still in petticoats, and his brother (the late Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha) was a baby four months old, there was born in a plain four-storey house, situated in a quiet street in Copenhagen, a Princess, who was destined to become successively Princess of Wales and Queen of Great Britain and Ireland. Needless to say, this Princess was Alexandra (Alexandra-Caroline-Maria-Charlotte-Louisa-Julia, to quote her full name), daughter of that Prince Christian who afterwards ascended the Danish Throne as Christian IX.

At the time of the Princess's birth her father was not in the direct succession to the Crown, and so straitened were his means, that he was compelled to practise the strictest economy. The Princess was educated at home, and, in common with her sisters, seems to have led a life of much quiet and retirement. Her childhood was spent for the most part in the Copenhagen home, but every year there was a summer visit to Bernsdorf, in the pleasant

open country not far from the capital, where her parents had a second residence. When, in the Princess's tenth or eleventh year, it was recognised by the Danish people that no direct heir to the throne was likely to be forthcoming, Prince Christian was acknowledged as Heir Presumptive, and easier days set in. Hence, in her sixteenth year, we find the Princess travelling about with her parents, and visiting places of interest on the Continent. She was exceedingly beautiful, of the fair Scandinavian type, and the fame of her gold-brown hair, fine blue eyes, and brilliant complexion soon travelled to the English Court.

Before the Prince Consort's death it had been almost settled between himself and Queen Victoria that the Prince of Wales should seek a wife among the German Princesses, and the young Prince, brought up, as he had been, in the strictest habits of obedience, was prepared to accede to the wishes of his parents, till the merest accident upset all calculations. A young German officer, who was on friendly terms with the Prince, informed His Royal Highness one day that he was engaged to be married, and that he would like to show him the portrait of his bride-elect. He gave the Prince a photograph of a beautiful young girl, wearing the plainest of white muslin frocks, with her hair brushed back from her brows, and a narrow black velvet ribbon tied round her throat. The Prince immediately asked the name of the original, when the young officer discovered that he had inadvertently



given the Prince the portrait of Prince Christian of Denmark's second daughter. When this was explained, the Prince refused to return the photograph, and on seeing, a few days later, a miniature of the same lady in the Duchess of Cambridge's drawing-room, he declared there and then that he would only marry the original of these two pictures.<sup>1</sup>

So the idea of a German alliance had to be abandoned, and it was presently arranged that the young Prince and Princess should be brought together with a view to marriage, should the meeting result in a mutual attachment. Much to the Prince Consort's annoyance, the project got wind, and even before the young people met it was actually canvassed in the Continental papers. The news soon crossed the Channel and was copied into the English journals, and the project met with general approval. The meeting—or meetings, for there were two—took place at Speier and Heidelberg on the 24th and 25th of September, and were eminently satisfactory. "The young people seem to have taken a warm liking for each other," wrote the Prince Consort, guided doubtless by his son's enthusiastic letters; and there is a touch of the superfluous in a further note in the diary: "We hear nothing but excellent accounts of the Princess Alexandra."

Some little time after his father's death the Prince paid a visit to the Danish Royal family, and on the 9th of September 1862 his engagement was formally

<sup>1</sup> *The Private Life of the King*, pp. 38, 39.

announced by the reigning Head of the family, Frederick VII. In England no official public announcement appears to have been made until *The Times* soberly recorded the fact on November 25th. The English people—always cordial believers in love matches—received the news with unqualified satisfaction. There was an instant and enormous demand for photographs of the Princess; and when the beautiful original reached our shores, a Nation was waiting to receive her to its arms.

The Prince was waiting too. Dressed in a blue frock coat and grey trousers, he went on board the vessel which had brought his bride hither, and there by the cabin door saluted her with a true English kiss on her sweet face. Then arm in arm they walked between the lines of cheering spectators, bowing and smiling, while white-frocked little girls strewed flowers before them, and the cannons boomed a welcome to the "Sea Kings' daughter from over the sea."

On the Monday following, the marriage was solemnized at St George's Chapel, Windsor, with befitting splendour. It was a cold March day, but the sun rose in a clear sky and shone out with regal brightness the whole morning. From an early hour the loyal town of Windsor—gay with floral devices and triumphal arches—was astir. A little before ten o'clock numbers of well-dressed persons, armed with cards of admission, began to assemble on Park-hill; and at half-past ten there was an anxious crowd, requiring the exertions of a force of Coldstream



THE MARRIAGE OF THE KING AND QUEEN.

(From a painting by W. P. Frith, R.A.)

Guards, Horse Guards and police to restrain into an unbroken line. An hour later the first detachment of the bridal procession issued from the Castle and proceeded in the direction of St George's Chapel. Among the occupants of the seven carriages of which it was composed were the bride's three brothers and four sisters, and some other princes and princesses. The members of the Danish Royal family were loudly cheered.

An interval of waiting followed, endurable enough under the bright sun and clear though frosty sky, and then at a quarter before noon, another Royal *cortège*, consisting of eleven carriages, issued forth. In these were the members of the English Royal family and their suites, and the bridegroom's tiny nephew, Prince William of Prussia (the present Emperor of Germany), who with his young mother occupied a carriage to themselves. The Crown Princess, though always popular in her own right, was in this instance further accepted as in some sense the representative of Queen Victoria, whom the too recent death of the Prince Consort debarred from appearing publicly in the procession.

Punctually at twelve o'clock the bridegroom's procession set forth. The Prince occupied the sixth carriage, in which also were his supporters, the reigning Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, and the Crown Prince of Prussia, husband of the Princess Royal. Some school children, who were drawn up in front of the Castle, started the cheering as the bridegroom's carriage emerged from the gate, and

instantly it was taken up in true British fashion by the assembled spectators. His Royal Highness was wearing the mantle of the Garter over a General's uniform, and as he bowed his acknowledgments, looked, as he had reason to do, the happiest of men.

Last of all came the bride's *cortége*, the most magnificent, albeit the shortest, of all. Equerries and State officers occupied the first three carriages; the fourth contained the Duke of Cambridge, the bride's father, Prince Christian of Denmark, and—the bride. At the sight of Princess Alexandra enthusiasm was redoubled. It was noticed that Her Royal Highness had not the flush of excitement on her features which had been visible on the occasion of her public entry, and there were faint traces of agitation in her demeanour, but she looked, if possible, more charming and winsome.

The scene within St George's Chapel as the processions entered was one of extraordinary splendour. With trumpet flourish and roll of drum, in cadence measured and timed, tossing plume and lustrous train, gold and jewel, cloth of gold, satin and ermine, ribands and stars condensed and formed a pyramid of colours which tapered in at the door of the Chapel and shed a flood of light, as peers and peeresses, Knights of the Garter, and Ministers gathered in their places. As the trumpeters reached the choir, blowing lustily with upraised faces, they passed to the right and left, and Beethoven's Triumphal March heralded the arrival of the first two processions in

the choir. A few moments elapsed, and then Lord Sidney, preceded by the drums, returned to the closed curtain at the end of the nave. It was now a quarter to twelve o'clock. The ringing cheers outside, and the music of the National Anthem which rose above them, announced that the third procession was about to enter. Norroy King of Arms and Clarenceux King of Arms led the way, and were followed by the chief officers of the Prince's household and Earl Spencer.

Then the drums rolled and the trumpets sounded again, the curtain opened, and the bridegroom entered, accompanied by his Royal supporters, and followed by a stream of equerries and other gentlemen. His Royal Highness' uniform was almost concealed by the mantle of the Garter, the only indication of what was beneath the cloak being his gold-striped over-all and spurs. As he passed up the nave, he bore himself with princely dignity, and gave the impression of one who has a light heart. Every eye spoke its blessing and every head paid its willing homage, and the Prince returned the reverences of the people on both sides with scrupulous and zealous observance of courtesy. Probably there was not one heart that did not say, quietly and truly, "God bless him!"

The curtain closed once more; drums and trumpets presently ceased, and the march from *Athalie* took up the joyous strains. The bride's procession was at hand. Simultaneously there was a movement of curiosity and excitement in the nave, which were not at all appeased by the sudden uplifting of the curtain



to permit three or four gentlemen with wooden poles and boxes—photographic appliances, as was shrewdly suspected—to flit up towards the chancel. In a little while the clangour of trumpets was heard again, and with that the curtains parted, and the bride's procession entered.

It is said that the Prince gave one look to satisfy himself of the fact of the arrival, and then kept his eyes fixed upon his widowed Mother (who sat at the window of the Royal pew, a little withdrawn from general gaze), until his affianced stood beside him.

The hush was now so deep and breathless that even the restless glitter of the jewels that twinkled everywhere seemed almost to break it, and, despite the stately etiquette which had hitherto regulated every word and gesture, all bent far and eagerly forward as the hum and rustle in the nave beyond showed the young bride to be drawing near. In another minute she had entered, and stood

"In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls,  
Queen-lily and rose in one";

the fairest of all the galaxy of fair maidens assembled in the Chapel that day. Though not agitated, she still appeared nervous; and as, with head bent down, but glancing her eyes occasionally from side to side, she moved slowly up towards the altar, the soft, delicate bloom of colour which ordinarily lighted up her face had all but disappeared. The bridal dress was embroidered white silk, trimmed with silver, the bodice of which, falling tight, set off the tapering waist and

faultless symmetry of form to absolute perfection. The gorgeous train of white and silver was borne by eight young ladies, between the ages of fifteen and twenty, the very choice and flower of the fair scions of our most ancient houses. Beneath the bridal veil was a large bouquet of orange flowers, carried in a princely gift from one of the guests, the Maharajah Dhuleep Singh.

Slowly the bride approached the *haut pas*, and as she stopped to bow to Queen Victoria, some of her fair attendants, who were even more nervous than herself, attempted to kneel, but finding their mistake, rose quickly and moved on as if they did not mean it. Then, and then only, did the Prince turn, as if to receive her, but checked himself as he saw them all bowing to the Queen, and for the first and only time seemed irresolute as to what he ought to do. The long keen scrutiny had apparently disturbed his composure at last, though only for a second; and the anthem having now ceased, all retired a little apart. The bride and bridegroom were thus left standing in the middle of the *haut pas*, the latter quite alone, the former still closely surrounded by her bridesmaids.

Then the organ pealed forth again, and the beautiful voices of the choir—the incomparable Jenny Lind's among the rest—opened the marriage service with the solemn words of the chorale—

“This day with joyful heart and voice  
To Heaven be raised a nation's prayer ;  
Almighty Father, deign to grant  
Thy Blessing to the wedded pair.





QUEEN ALEXANDRA AS A BRIDE.

“So shall no clouds of sorrow dim  
The sunshine of their early days ;  
But happiness in endless round  
Shall still encompass all their ways.”

The music of this chant was composed by the Prince Consort, and on hearing the familiar strains, the widowed Queen drew back from the window and burst into tears. But the bridal party were unaware of the incident. The bride's face was turned from the pew, and the Queen was withdrawn too much from the front for the Prince to see her, though his looks were often turned in that direction. As the solemn chant ended, the prelates advanced to the communion rails, and the Primate, in a rich clear voice, which was heard in every part of the building, commenced the service with the usual formulary : “Dearly beloved, we are gathered together here in the sight of God, and in the face of this congregation, to join together this man and this woman in holy matrimony.” There was the usual thrilling and solemn pause after the call to the congregation to declare if there was any impediment to the marriage, and then the Archbishop passed on to : “Wilt thou, Albert Edward, have this woman to thy wedded wife, to live together after God's ordinance in the holy state of matrimony ? Wilt thou love her, comfort her, honour and keep her, in sickness and in health ; and, forsaking all other, keep thee only unto her, so long as ye both shall live ? ”

To this the Prince rather bowed than responded,

for, though the hush was profound, his voice was scarcely heard. To the same question: "Wilt thou, Alexandra Caroline Maria, have this man to thy wedded husband?" the reply was just audible, every ear being strained to catch it. But to the words: "I take thee, Alexandra, to my wedded wife, to have and to hold from this day forward, for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish till death do us part, according to God's holy ordinance; and thereto I pledge thee my troth"—the Prince repeated clearly word for word after the Archbishop—though now again, when it was the turn of the young bride, she could be heard only with the greatest difficulty. Her cheeks were suffused with a crimson flush, and she seemed excessively nervous.

To the question: "Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?" the Royal father of the bride bowed and moved towards the Princess, who was removing her glove hurriedly. Then the Prince—"taught by the priest," as the rubric says—repeated in a clear soft voice, firmly and deliberately: "With this ring I thee wed, with my body I thee worship, and with all my worldly goods I thee endow—in the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

Thereupon all knelt down, and when prayer had been offered for blessing on "this man and this woman," the Archbishop joined their hands, uttering at the same time the warning: "Those whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder." The

67th Psalm was then intoned by the choir, and the customary exhortation and benediction concluded the service. With that the signal was passed to those outside ; the guns in the Long Walk boomed forth ; and soon from every steeple in the land the bells were ringing out a merry peal. Whilst the benediction was being pronounced Queen Victoria was again overcome, and, leaning forward, buried her face in her handkerchief. The bride and bridegroom then joined hands again, and the latter, turning to the Queen, gave a nod of filial recognition, which the Queen answered in the same homely fashion. A similar greeting was given to the Princess, and then Her Majesty quitted the Royal pew, and the whole pageant went pouring out of the choir in a gorgeous glittering stream of colour. The united procession of the bride and bridegroom returned in twelve carriages to the Castle, and from thence the happy couple departed in the afternoon for Osborne, where the honeymoon was spent.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The above account is collated, abridged and somewhat altered from the exhaustive reports in *The Times* newspaper, facts from other sources being here and there incorporated.

## CHAPTER IV.

### SANDRINGHAM.

THUS opened the wedded life of our King and Queen, a life which has since known its sorrows as well as its joys, its thorns with its flowers, but in which the love on neither side has ever faltered. "From the first," says the entertaining author of *The Private Life of the King*, "the Prince of Wales was extraordinarily proud of his wife's beauty, and when, as a young married couple, they paid a visit to King Leopold's Court in Brussels, the Prince was never tired of commanding admiration and eulogy for the charms of his lovely Princess. At a great reception, held at the palace in honour of the newly-married pair, the Prince turned to a lady of the Court whom he knew, just as the Princess was passing by on the King's arm, and whispered enthusiastically : 'Is not she a pet? Is not she a darling?'" Nor was his admiration confined to words. Everything that he could do—and a Prince can do much—to fill her life with joy was done; and, as we all know, devotion was repaid by devotion, and their lives flowed together in an even stream of happiness. £50,000 was the sum



the Prince spent on Marlborough House, his town mansion, with the view of furnishing it to the Princess's taste ; and at Sandringham, his Norfolk estate, and Abergeldie, his Scotch residence, he was ever preparing surprises for her. At one time we hear of him making the Princess a present of a new phaeton ; at another time of a choice necklace or bracelet ; at another of a small coach with a team of horses. When travelling together he would plan entertainments for her, without her knowledge ; or arrange firework displays in her honour ; or join her in *incognito* shopping excursions and donkey-rides. In these, and in a thousand-and-one other ways, he testified his delight in her, his admiration for her, and the devotion of his love towards her.

On the 8th of January 1864 their first child was born at Frogmore, where the Prince and Princess were spending the winter. The baby's arrival was quite unexpected, and, moreover, quite unprepared for. Only a few hours previously the Princess had been skating with her husband on Virginia Water. The child was christened Albert Victor, but was always known as "Eddy" in the home circle, and "Prince Eddy" by members of the Household. Other children followed at fairly regular intervals—George Frederick (now Prince of Wales) on June 3rd, 1865 ; Louise (now Duchess of Fife) on February 20th, 1867 ; Victoria, on July 6th, 1868 ; Maud (now the wife of Prince Charles of Denmark) on November 26th, 1869 ; and Alexander (who lived but a few hours) on April 6th, 1871.

The training and education of King Edward's children seem to have been carried on on lines as



THE LATE DUKE OF CLARENCE, THE FIRST-BORN  
CHILD OF THE KING AND QUEEN.

*(From a Photo by Russell & Son.)*

sound and sensible as those which had been laid down by the Prince Consort for his own children. Sim-

plicity was the first law of the nursery, and anything of the nature of coddling was quite unknown. If Prince Eddy tumbled off a chair and bruised his forehead—and he *did*—well, he must be brave and try not to cry ; if the “little girls,” as their father called them, were naughty (and be sure they sometimes were), they must be corrected as are the children of ordinarily-placed people. Toys they had, but not extravagantly expensive ones nor in great number ; and they were not permitted to receive gifts except from relations. Their religious training began early—at their mother’s knee ; and was afterwards entrusted to Mr Onslow, the then rector of Sandringham, in whom the Prince had the greatest confidence. It was Mr Onslow’s practice to give the children simple portions of the Bible to learn, and hymns suitable to their tender age. Once, when the Princess Victoria had repeated Heber’s well-known hymn, “From Greenland’s Icy Mountains,” quite through without a mistake, she was promised the reward of hearing it sung in church the following Sunday, and, of course, the promise was kept. Mdlle. Vauthier (now Mrs Johnson) was the little girls’ principal governess, and much attached herself to the children, who always called her “Maddie,” the name by which she is still known in the Royal circle.

One who is a personal friend of the present Prince of Wales has given a very entertaining account of his boyhood days, those glad-hearted days when his elder brother was living, and nobody dreamt that



Prince George was destined for the purple. They were spent amid a constant scene of change. When he and Prince Eddy were quite young, they accompanied their parents to most places whither the Prince and Princess of Wales travelled, not in this country only, but also abroad. "Five homes, however, appear to have shared the greater portion of their time in pretty regular succession—Sandringham in the winter; Marlborough House in the spring and London season; Osborne Cottage, Isle of Wight, in the early summer; Abergeldie Castle, in Scotland, or Bernstorff Schloss, near Copenhagen, in the autumn. At the Schloss Prince George passed many a happy month. It is well known that the simple country home life which the [then] Princess of Wales, with her sisters, the present [Dowager-]Empress of Russia and the Duchess of Cumberland, used so thoroughly to enjoy with her own parents in her childhood, was still as far as possible lived over again whenever the reunion of the families took place beneath the parental roof. There, in the great beech woods that fringe the waters of the Sound at Charlottenlund, the grandparents, their married sons and daughters, and their young grandchildren were able to pass the greater portion of each day in Danish rustic fashion—riding, driving, and picnicking; and the children often, both morning and afternoon, bathing in the sea with their cousins. There it was that Prince George and the present Czar laid the foundation of their intimate and permanent friendship. The two, as

little lads, were fond of swimming races together, of bowling their hoops in keen rivalry, and, with boyish zest, of emulating each other in many a game of play. The Czar's admiration for the English and thorough knowledge of the English language and literature, date from those youthful days. From Denmark the family would return to England in time to be at Sandringham for the Prince of Wales's birthday at the beginning of November. There, too, their life was characterized by the same healthy simplicity. Prince George was always full of bright fun and frolic—'a regular little pickle,' as he was called. ["Rare young toads" was the phrase employed by an old retainer at Frogmore when describing what Prince George's father and uncles were when *they* were boys.] All the five children of the Prince and Princess of Wales were often to be seen together after tea-time in the Japanese bowling-alley of the Great Hall, just as they are shown in Sant's and Zichy's pictures, giving themselves up with thoroughly happy *abandon* to games and romps with such guests as cared to participate. At all times their love and reverence for their father and mother were most marked and observable. In the daytime, if it was frosty, Prince George and his brother took their turn in skating and pushing their sisters in sleighs along the frozen garden ponds; or, if the weather was favourable, were to be seen on their ponies cantering about the broad grass roads so plentiful in that part of Norfolk; or, now and again, as a treat, were

allowed to be present with their groom at a covert side or meet of the West Norfolk. Their education about this time was entrusted to Mr [now Canon] Dalton; but the King's own former tutors, Canons Birch and Tarver, as well as Mr Onslow and Canon Duckworth, all appear to have had charge of the boys for shorter or longer periods."<sup>1</sup>

Sandringham, the King's Norfolk estate, was purchased from Mr Spencer Cowper in 1861, the price paid being £220,000; but the mansion has been practically rebuilt since the Prince brought his lovely bride to it soon after their honeymoon. It is built of red brick with stone dressings, in the Elizabethan style; the large windows, set in well-designed stone mullions, showing His Majesty's taste for light and airy rooms. From the first, Sandringham Hall became the King's home in the true English sense of the word. Here he lives the life of a landed proprietor and country gentleman, while his beautiful Consort plays, with seductive grace and naturalness, the part of my Lady Bountiful.

As host and hostess the King and Queen are seen to perfection. Guests at the "great house," who usually arrive in the afternoon, are received in the saloon, and nothing can exceed the geniality of their host or his thoughtful efforts for their happiness. Once, when a distinguished gentleman of somewhat infirm habit came to stay at the Hall, the King himself selected an apartment for him on the ground floor; and this

<sup>1</sup> *Illustrated London News*, Wedding Number, July 10, 1893.

little incident may be regarded as typical of hundreds more. The saloon is a spacious, home-like apartment, ceiled and walled with oak, and the polished floor is spread with comfortable rugs, where lounges and chairs in rich profusion seem to repeat, in their mute fashion, the cordial welcomes of the King and his family. Here may be seen two model bronze cannons, "Eugénie" and "Louis Napoleon," a gift of the late Emperor of the French, a hoof of the famous race-horse "Eclipse," and a fine collection of arms. Of deeper and more human interest is the series of family paintings, which include a group in oils by Zichy of their Majesties when Prince and Princess of Wales taking tea with their children, portraits of Princess Louise, Princess Beatrice and other relations, and several pictures of Highland life.

Guests are not detained long in the saloon; but are conducted at once to the visitors' rooms, passing on their way the schoolroom, where Prince Eddy and Prince George received a great part of their early education. Before dressing for dinner, which is served at eight o'clock, every guest is provided with refreshment in his own apartment; but it is said that the King "greatly disapproves of the fashion that prevails in some country houses of sending champagne or other pick-me-ups to the ladies' dressing-rooms."<sup>1</sup>

The dining-room at Sandringham is a splendid apartment, hung with costly tapestry, a gift of the late King of Spain, and wainscoted with finely-

<sup>1</sup> *Private Life of the King*, p. 273.

carved oak. It contains some full-length portraits, a beautiful Landseer,<sup>1</sup> and numerous other paintings by famous artists. The chairs are upholstered in blue leather touched with gold, and the table is long and narrow. The King and Queen sit facing each other at the centre of the table, not at either end. When His Majesty was Prince of Wales, the *menus* for the day were usually submitted to him, and he would make his pencil comments thereon, which, of course, were scrupulously regarded by the *chef*.

After-dinner drinking is unknown at the Royal table, and when the gentlemen have smoked their cigarette or cigar, they adjourn to the big drawing-room, an apartment as enchanting in its way as any we read of in *The Arabian Nights*. Its prevailing colours are pale blue and pink, cream and gold, and the hangings are of dull gold silk. The windows offer a delightful view of the serpentine lake, and the rockeries and park beyond. Series of mirror-backed shelves, designed by the King himself, glitter with reflections of innumerable pieces of Sèvres and Dresden china of rare value; and a tall screen, covered with rich silk of a Royal crimson, compels attention by the beauty of its autotype portraits, which are those of the King's daughters. A bow-shaped conservatory, well furnished with basket-work chairs, abuts from the drawing-room, and is beautified with a marble group of "Girls Bathing." It is used as a smoking-room in the winter-time.

<sup>1</sup> "Mare and Foal."

Before Prince Eddy's death the next act after dinner would on certain rare and royally-favoured days have been to adjourn to the great ball-room, which is situated in what is known as the "bachelor's wing" of the mansion. Here were given—to the county, the farmers, and the servants respectively—those three annual balls of which so much has been said and written. In the early days they were held in the saloon, but the Prince's hospitality outgrew the accommodation, and after the great fire at Sandringham a few years back, a new wing was added to "the great house," and the chief feature of this new wing was the ballroom. It is a magnificent apartment, with a gallery for the orchestra at one end, and comfortable lounges for lookers-on and sitters-out between the large bay windows.

"A Sandringham ball," says a gentleman of the King's household who has taken part in more than one, "always opened with a quadrille, in which the Royalties and the house party—having received the principal guests in the drawing-room, and having walked from thence in procession to the ball-room—took the leading part. The King and Queen invariably took 'tops and bottoms,' and the sides were filled up with people staying in the house and anyone of their neighbours and tenants whom they asked to join in. The King was a most energetic partner, and always 'dances to the tune,' as he himself expressed it. 'Sitting out' was at a discount in the Sandringham ball-room; and every one, old and young, was

expected to dance, not only 'squares' and 'rounds,' but Highland flings, jigs, country dances, Sir Roger, and the 'Triumph,' a boisterous measure which was immensely popular with His Majesty."<sup>1</sup> In the midst of his own pleasuring, he always had a kindly and attentive eye for his guests, and, with the instincts of a true-bred gentleman, would leave a pretty partner to pay compliments to an old lady—one of no social importance it might be—whom he would supply with refreshments or take in to supper. He was always delighted, too, to find partners for a "wall-flower," and would himself set the chivalrous example by dancing with her.

After the ball there would be an adjournment to the billiard and smoking-rooms; and after that, perhaps, to the bowling-alley—a long, narrow apartment, furnished on the best American model with all the requisites for the game. The King was intensely fond of bowls, and the noise of the balls has sometimes been heard in that quarter of the house at three or even four o'clock in the morning, surprising fair lady guests out of their first beauty sleep with rumbling as of distant thunder. Thus it will be seen that bedtime is a movable feast at Sandringham.

In spite of late hours, however, the King has always been an early riser. Frequently he has breakfasted and transacted a good deal of business with members of the Household before his guests (or, at least, the late risers) are stirring. The room in which, as land-

<sup>1</sup> *Private Life of the King*, pp. 80-81.

lord of a great estate, he receives reports about his property and tenants is quite a small one, just off the saloon. Here, in presence of the Comptroller of the Household and his secretary, he has his business talks with Jackson, the head gamekeeper, about the hatching out and the rearing of the young pheasants ; or with Brunsdon, his *plumassier* and naturalist, about the state of things at the miniature Zoo ; or with the stock-keepers, about the fattening of sheep and cattle for show purposes. The transaction of this sort of business usually occupies the best part of an hour, and when all has been attended to, the King joins his guests in the library or the saloon.

The library consists of three rooms, communicating one with the other, on the right of the entrance hall ; and the books are arranged in cases of light pollard oak. They make a sumptuous show, and embrace works on almost every subject upon which an educated gentleman might be supposed to be informed. The classics of England, France and Germany are liberally represented, as well as the best current literature of those countries, Mr Maurice Holzmann, C.B., being the King's "taster" in these matters. Of *éditions-de-luxe* the King is a generous purchaser ; and all well-known—with not a few less-known—works of history, travel and adventure find honourable lodgment on the spacious shelves. Biographies, memoirs and volumes of letters are also much in evidence, and perhaps few private libraries contain such a wealth of books on military



and naval subjects. His Majesty's literary tastes are said to be very pronounced, and to be talked into reading a book which he finds unworthy of notice "edges" him not a little.

An informal stroll through the grounds or some portion of the estate usually follows the King's appearance among his guests, in which they are free to accompany him should they feel so disposed. "The first thing that strikes the eye on leaving the house is the extreme beauty of the gardens, especially when one is reminded that much of the land about Sandringham was, when the estate was purchased, in a most neglected state. But perseverance and clever landscape-gardening have done a great deal; and the terrace that runs along the western side of the house, the beautiful lawns and the artistically-arranged clumps of flowering shrubs and evergreens, are striking witnesses to the King's taste and ability as a country gentleman. Below the terrace is an Italian garden, but without the formality of the stiff ribbon bordering, to which all the Royal family seem to have a great dislike. Beyond this lies the lake, a fine expanse of water, which the King a few years ago supplemented by another artificial lake. The two are connected by a small stream, and both are well stocked with black bass. The King may point out with just pride a charming rockery and waterfall which he designed, and which, with its rustic bridges, miniature caves, and water-sprayed ferns, form a delightful retreat on a hot summer day. Near by is

the Alpine garden, a favourite nook of the young Princesses; it is wild and characteristic, and one blaze of flowers. Nearer the house is an avenue of trees of considerable interest, for every one of these has been planted either by a member of the Royal family," or by some specially distinguished guest. Every tree is labelled with the planter's name, so that the avenue will have a very unique interest in years to come.<sup>1</sup>

Not infrequently, on Royal birthdays, the beautiful grounds are thrown open to the children on the estate, and the Princesses may be seen "as busy as seamstresses," cutting up bread-and-butter and plum-cake for the little guests. On one of these occasions it happened that Queen Alexandra, returning from a walk in the Sandringham lanes, came upon a small group of children, who were staring through the Norwich gate with very longing eyes. They had come from a part of Dersingham not on the Royal estate, and so had no right of admittance to the "tea," but the Queen went over and asked them if they were going to the school-room by-and-by. "Noa," answered one of them, with Norfolk bluntness, "seyther don't work for t' Prince."

"What does your father do?" asked the Queen, graciously.

"Feyther? Oh, 'e goes a-poachun!" was the ready response. (The poaching would take place on the King's estate.)

<sup>1</sup> *Private Life of the King*, pp. 90 and 91.

Her Majesty laughed heartily, and asking no further questions, gave orders for the admission of the children to the feast.

Great as is the beauty of the grounds, the chief interest outside the Royal mansion centres, however, in the live stock, of which there is a brave show.

The King's love of animals is well known, and is shared by all his family. The stables near the house for the carriage and riding horses, the kennels for the many dogs of various breeds, the shire horse, thoroughbred, and hackney stud farms, the Queen's dairy, the cattle and sheep farms at Wolferton and Appleton—all speak to the fact that the owner of Sandringham Hall looks with kindly eyes on the brute creation, and spares no expense in making provision for their comfort in health and in sickness. Here may be seen the huge bay mare "Eleanor," the splendid stallion "Self-help," the famous snow-white shorthorn bull "Crystal Prince," and the little dexter bull "Tommy Dodd"—all winners of many a prize at British shows. Observe the dogs also—though you will want some time for that, since there are half a hundred of them. One of these is the Lapland sledge-dog "Perla," a prize-winner wherever shown; another is the prize-bred Dandie Dinmont "Venus," originally the pet dog of the late Duke of Clarence; a third is the rough Basset hound "Beauty," whose shaggy coat, long ears, short stout legs and sagacious face give her quite "an old man learned" appearance: thus we might go on enumerating.

Even the pigs are worth regarding. There is a fine breed on the estate known as "Improved Norfolks," which Charles Lamb, with his weakness for "a young and tender suckling, under a moon old," might condemn as "hobby-dehoys"; but they, too, have a reputation that has travelled far beyond their country—a European reputation. When the King went to India in 1875, he took out with him on the *Serapis* as a present for his brother-in-law, the King of Greece, some of these famous animals, which were put in charge of a Norfolk countryman. On the return of this worthy to Sandringham, the Royal family were much entertained by the account of his experiences in Greece and of his interview with King George. "His majesty were a very nice-spoken gentleman," he said, "and were very pleased with the pigs; but I wouldn't care to live in them parts myself." He also told the Princess of Wales that her brother the King "sent his love to them all," a remark which amused the Princess exceedingly.

There is no such thing as a public-house on the whole of the Sandringham estate, and drunkenness is absolutely unknown. In each village, however, the King has built a picturesque club-house, which is well provided with books, papers, and writing materials, and which is run on Dr Arnold's system; its few and far from irksome regulations being enforced with some strictness. Every village has also a school-house, in which both the King and Queen take a deep interest, sometimes popping in to hear the children

read or sing, or to examine a class on any particular subject. The labourers' cottages on the estate, which, no less than the schools and club-houses, the King takes a pride in pointing out to his guests, are beautifully built little houses, though let at the low rental of £4 a year.

"Should the King have an absolutely free afternoon, he likes best to take his guests further afield over the estate, passing as he goes by York Cottage, which for many years was called the Bachelors' Cottage. It was here that Prince Eddy, with his tutors and one or two friends, chosen from among his fellow-midshipmen on the *Bacchante*, was prepared for his entrance to Cambridge University. After that this most cosy little abode was fitted up entirely for the use of bachelor guests. When the Duke of York married, the Prince gave his son the choice between Appleton Hall and the Bachelors' Cottage as a country residence. We know that the latter was chosen, and the little house was at once enlarged and re-decorated. . . . When York Cottage and the bonny grandchildren have been duly inspected, a move may be made for Brunsdon's house, near which is a creeper-covered cottage [once a monkey-house] filled with birds." Still further afield is Park House, built by the King for his Comptroller and old friend Sir Dighton Probyn, and the Alexandra cottages; and by the time these have been visited there is talk of tea, which is a most substantial meal in the King's household.<sup>1</sup>

*Private Life of the King*, pp. 102-104.

Sunday is a very quiet day at Sandringham, a day of happy restfulness and calm, the ring of sportmen's shots, and the whirr of agricultural machinery giving place to the sound of village bells and the note of praise. The service at the little church is fully choral, and is beautifully rendered. It was not always thus. In the earlier Sandringham days, the organist was a man of very limited musical talent, and often set the Prince's teeth on edge with his playing. The Princess pleaded for him, and for a long time her pleadings were effectual; the organist's services were not dispensed with. But one morning, after a more than usually painful exhibition of incompetence, the Prince could endure the state of things no longer. "Come here, both of you!" he called to the Princess and Mr Onslow, the Rector, and followed this abrupt summons with a pronouncement of the offender's dismissal there and then.

## CHAPTER V.

### THANKSGIVING DAY AND OTHER MATTERS.

THE brass lectern of Sandringham Church is an object of deep interest. It was a thank-offering from Queen Alexandra on the recovery of her husband from an all but fatal illness in 1871. It bears the inscription :

“TO THE GLORY OF GOD.”  
A THANK-OFFERING FOR HIS MERCY,  
14 *December* 1871.  
ALEXANDRA.

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

The seeds of this illness appear to have been sown on the Continent in the previous autumn ; and it was noticed on the Prince's return that he had lost a good deal of his buoyancy of spirit. “He has exerted himself too much,” was the general thought ; “but,” says Sir William Russell, “it was not generally known that, attended by only three gentlemen, he had made an excursion *incognito* to the battlefields of Sedan and Metz before he went to Frankfort, and that he had, owing to curious mischances, of which

the story is too long to tell now, been subjected to great inconvenience, and had to sleep after a long and trying day in the pestilential air of a town in the centre of a battlefield, which had been for many months filled with wounded men.”<sup>1</sup> It was probably at this time that the fever germs got into his system. Be that as it may, the physicians who were summoned to Sandringham when the first definite symptoms of indisposition appeared, were not long in coming to the conclusion that the Prince was in the incipient stage of typhoid fever, and their conclusion was unfortunately but too correct. Day by day the fever gathered strength, and each bulletin that was issued was more alarming than the last. He was nursed with untiring devotion by the Princess of Wales and Princess Alice, and visited by his august mother. Those who remember that time can tell how for some weeks all thoughts were turned to the chamber of sickness at Sandringham; with what anxiety the daily bulletins were looked for, and with what depth of sincerity. The prayers of millions ascended to the Author and Sustainer of life. “Morning after morning, crowds, ever shifting, ever pouring from the parks and streets, and drifting away in sadness, were collected before the gates at Marlborough House, and at the various places in London where the bulletins from Sandringham were posted up, and every word in the measured sentences was noted, weighed, and discussed with an interest in the depths

<sup>1</sup> *Harper's Magazine*, April 1885.



of which all differences of party feeling and policy lay buried. In the sympathy for the Princess, in the popular regard for the Prince, Radical, Whig, and Tory stood on common ground."<sup>1</sup> Not wife and sister alone, but eager millions stood by the sick bed, watching

“ . . . the golden lamp of life burn spectral dim ;  
Till love could hardly mark  
The little sapphire spark  
That only made the dark  
More dark and grim.”

By Saturday, the 9th of December, the terrible crisis was over, and the Princess was able next day to write a hurried line to the Rector of Sandringham, which, even at this distance of time, we confess we cannot read without emotion. The letter ran: “My husband being, thank God, somewhat better, I am coming to church. I must leave, I fear, before the service is concluded, that I may watch by his bedside. Can you not say a few words in prayer in the early part of the service, that I may join with you in prayer for my husband before I return to him?” Despite the better news, however, many people shook their heads, and the ominous remark was often heard, “The Prince Consort died on the 14th ; wait and see!” But when the dreaded 14th had come and gone, and the Prince continued to improve, the hopes of all grew stronger, and it was felt that he would recover. Who knows but that he would have been

<sup>1</sup> *Harper's Magazine*, April 1885.

taken on that sad anniversary day but for a nation's prayers?

The historic bedroom where this memorable victorious fight with Death was fought bears much the same aspect as it did those thirty odd years ago. It is a fine lofty room, with great bay windows letting in the fresh salt-smelling Norfolk air, and the walls are papered in blue and white. The pulley-hook in the ceiling, by which the Prince used to raise and lower himself in the big blue and white bed during his convalescence, is still to be seen—a steadfast, silent reminder of the saving mercy of God.

The Prince was pronounced out of danger on December 26th, on which date Queen Victoria sent to the nation a touching letter of thanks for the sympathy which had been shown throughout the land. The last bulletin was issued on January 14th, and nine days later distinctions were conferred on the Prince's physicians—Sir William Jenner being made a K.C.B., and Dr Gull a baronet. Queen Victoria ordered a National Thanksgiving, which was fixed for February 27, 1872, but prior to this the Prince and Princess of Wales attended a more private service at Westminster on the suggestion of Dean Stanley, who preached an eloquent sermon on Psalm cxxii. 1 : "I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord."

On the day of *public* thanksgiving, the Royal procession and the display inside St Paul's were far less imposing, scenically speaking, than on that other



THE THANKSGIVING SERVICE AT ST PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

famous day, the 23rd of April 1789, when King George III. and Queen Charlotte went to the great Cathedral, to return public thanks for His Majesty's restoration to health. Modern usage wisely dispenses with excess of heraldic pageantry and official display on such occasions ; but, none the less, Thanksgiving Day 1872 was a day to be remembered.

No fewer than 13,000 persons had places allocated to them in the Cathedral, among whom were 885 peers and commons, 560 naval and military officers, 1300 church dignitaries and their friends, 330 mayors and provosts, most of the leading lights of the legal profession, 80 members of the Press, the Corps Diplomatique, "distinguished foreigners" *ad lib.*, and representatives of the London School Board, the Board of Works, learned societies, the Nonconformist body, and the "general public." The crowds lining the streets along which the Royal procession passed were innumerable. "All London was in the streets," and the Prince was greeted with frequent cries of "God bless you!" "God bless the Prince of Wales!" and so forth, which he acknowledged with his usual courtesy by frequently raising his hat. As the *cortège* passed through the Green Park, an army of 30,000 children sang the National Anthem. The service in the Cathedral commenced with the *Te Deum*, after which was an anthem from the 118th Psalm, and the choral hymn "Gotha" by the Prince Consort. The interest of the service reached its height during the reading of the "General Thanks-

giving" in the solemn pause which followed the inserted words, "Particularly to Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, who desires now to offer up his praises and thanksgiving for Thy late mercies vouchsafed to him." After another anthem and a short sermon from Romans xii. 5: "Every one members one of another," the special Thanksgiving Hymn, composed by the author of "The Church's One Foundation," was sung to the familiar tune *Aurelia*.

" O Thou our soul's salvation !  
Our Hope for earthly weal !  
We, who in tribulation  
Did for Thy mercy kneel,  
Lift up glad hearts before Thee,  
And eyes no longer dim,  
And for Thy grace adore Thee  
In eucharistic hymn.

" Forth went the nation weeping  
With precious seed of prayer,  
Hope's awful vigil keeping  
'Mid rumours of despair ;  
Then did Thy love deliver !  
And from Thy gracious hand,  
Joy like the southern river,  
O'erflowed the weary land.

" Bless Thou our adoration !  
Our gladness sanctify !  
Make this rejoicing nation  
To Thee by joy more nigh ;  
O be this great Thanksgiving  
Throughout the land we raise,  
Wrought into holier living  
In all our after days !

“ Bless, Father, him Thou gavest  
Back to the loyal land ;  
O Saviour, him Thou savest,  
Still cover with Thine Hand :  
O Spirit, the Defender,  
Be his to guard and guide,  
Now in life’s midday splendour,  
On to the eventide ! ”

When the Archbishop had pronounced the benediction, the grand notes of the National Anthem swelled out from the organ ; and then Queen Victoria came forward and bowed twice, and with that the Prince also bowed, and the procession began to move down the nave. By this time His Royal Highness was looking pale and fatigued, and as he rose again to take his place in the procession, the Princess, regardless of ceremony, went to her husband’s side, drew her arm through his, and with a most touching solicitude, led him very gently down the steps to the Royal carriage.

In her own days of weakness—for the Princess had herself passed through a serious illness in the late sixties—she had experienced the sweetness of a husband’s support and sympathy, and it must have been a grateful duty to her to nurse him back to health when he, too, was brought low. Proofs of his devotion to her—so precious to a young wife—had been forthcoming again and again during the weary months that she was bound to her couch, and the Prince’s grief at her sufferings, and attention to her slightest desires, had been remarked by all.

The story of Thanksgiving Day has taken us far from the "great house," though not before the space which we had set apart for Sandringham matters was more than exhausted. Among the guests who visited there annually, two seem to have been special favourites—not with the Prince and Princess only, but also with their children—namely, the Rev. William Rogers of Bishopsgate and the late Charles Kingsley. The latter would, of course, interest them much with his fund of marvellous anecdotes and romance of natural history. In his *Life and Letters*, special mention is made of two sketches and little notes which Prince George and his brother sent to him when he was lying upon his death-bed at Eversley. They had now attained the age when most boys are sent to school. By many it was expected that they would be sent to Eton or Wellington College; but as Prince George had been destined for the Navy, both Princes, in the summer of 1877, joined the *Britannia* at Dartmouth as naval cadets. "Naturally, their three hundred and fifty shipmates wondered at first what sort of boys the Princes would be. All were surprised at their absolute freedom from the slightest trace of vanity or self-importance, and their unaffected open-heartedness and straightforward simplicity. Prince George quickly became a favourite with the rest of his 'term' for his spirit, good nature, and humour. His readiness to obey, and to acquire habits demanded by the service, is still a tradition on board the training-ship. His teachers there still



remember how keen a desire he showed to get on in his class by dint of real work and application. His instruction he took, of course, in class with the other cadets of his term, and was subject to exactly the same discipline and drill as they were. More than one anxious mother would have been rather nervous if they could have seen him aloft laying out on the yard-arm on a bitter cold morning before breakfast, furling sail with the rest of the watch of his division in the *Dapper*. Several of the friendships Prince George made on board the *Britannia* bid fair to last his lifetime. His present equerry, Sir Charles Cust, belonged to the same term as he did, and more than once since they have been shipmates together. At the end of one summer term the Prince and Princess of Wales came round in the Royal yacht *Osborne* and gave away the prizes; and Prince George's two years of naval schooling were over. In 1879 he went to sea in the corvette H.M.S. *Bacchante*, Captain Lord Charles Scott. In her gun-room he met again several of his *Britannia* friends who had left the ship before him, while four or five of the senior midshipmen had been drafted into her from the Mediterranean squadron. The *Bacchante* proceeded first into the Mediterranean, and subsequently to the West Indies. The months passed quickly. The life of routine and discipline moulded Prince George as it moulds so many more; his social rank was completely ignored by officers and men; his whole being was merged in that of a midshipman. His



interest in his boat's crew and in the men of his gun on the main deck was proverbial"; and the young Prince, as if to contradict the popular idea about princes, throve amazingly on the plain and hard fare which was meted out to him.<sup>1</sup>

In 1880 the *Bacchante* formed one of a squadron of vessels which made a cruise round the world, so that Prince George was brought into contact with an endless variety of new and strange scenes, the recollection of which is not likely ever to fade from his mind. "The first journey to the West Indian Islands," says the author of *The Private Life of the King*, "gave the two Princes a delightful experience of Bermuda, where they enjoyed the splendid hospitality of the Governor and Lady Laffan. While they were at Bermuda, it was arranged that Queen Victoria's grandsons should visit in a steam launch the various small islands that in those latitudes star the sea in all directions. A large party was made up for the purpose, among which were the Princes and others of the *Bacchante's* midshipmen. At the first island on which they set foot the authorities, who wished to present Prince Eddy with a bouquet of Bermuda lilies, anxiously inquired the Prince's identity among the group of naval cadets. Prince George, ever ripe for a bit of fun, gave the most misleading answers, with the result that the embarrassing bouquet was presented to every midshipman before it at length reached the

<sup>1</sup> *The Boyhood of Prince George*, by a personal friend.

hand for which it was intended. After this ceremony the party again boarded the launch, where the high spirits of the young Princes led them into a joke which greatly astonished the dignitaries of the next island on which they landed. They sat together in the bows of the launch, and during the short voyage between the islands, amused themselves by ornamenting each other's noses with the pollen from the brilliant orange stamens of the Bermuda lilies. The astonishment of the islanders may be imagined when they beheld their future King's sons landing on their shore with brilliant yellow noses."

If we have had more to write about Prince George than Prince Eddy, it is not from any desire to slight the memory of the King's eldest son, but rather because Prince George, as now Heir to the Throne, is necessarily more in people's thoughts. To say that the Duke of Clarence was a most amiable Prince is very feebly to speak the praise that is his due, for all who came in contact with him, from the highest to the lowest, are unanimous in their testimony to his high and noble qualities. He was his mother's special favourite; and those who were his fellow under-graduates at Cambridge relate that when the Princess and his sisters came to see him there,<sup>1</sup> the lad's face would light up, and he would take his mother fondly round the waist and walk

<sup>1</sup> He occupied two sets of rooms at Trinity College overlooking Nevile's Court.

about with his arm encircling her.<sup>1</sup> When he was created Duke of Clarence and Avondale by Queen Victoria, he wrote a charmingly boyish letter to the Rev. W. Rogers, in which, after signing himself "Edward," he added the postscript: "I am, as you see, signing myself in the name you know me by when a boy, which I prefer with old friends, as I hope I may call you."

The King was as fond and proud of him as his mother, and things have never been quite the same at Sandringham since the young Prince's death. He caught a chill while standing in the bitter cold by the grave of Prince Victor of Hohenlohe, and influenza and pneumonia supervening, he was dead in a few weeks. It was a terrible shock to his parents, and none who saw the King at Sandringham on the day of the funeral will ever forget, says an eye-witness, "the expression of almost hopeless despair with which he followed his son's body from Sandringham Church to the railway station, walking as he did, in the depth of winter, along the country roads, close behind the gun-carriage that bore the coffin."

Not a great while after the sad event, as Queen Alexandra was walking with one of her ladies in the Sandringham lanes, she came upon an old woman, weeping and tottering under a load of packages. She was a carrier, who made her living by fetching groceries and other small goods from the market

<sup>1</sup> *The Woman at Home*, Oct. 1893.



QUEEN ALEXANDRA AND THE POOR CARRIER WOMAN.

town for the country people. The Queen gently accosted her with the words: "This burden is too heavy for you at your age."

"You're right, ma'am," the old woman answered. "I'll have to give it up ; and if I give it up I'll starve. Jack carried 'em for me—my boy, ma'am."

"And where is he now ?"

"Jack? He's dead—oh, he's dead!" said the woman wildly.

The Queen hurried on, drawing her veil over her face. A few days later a neat little cart and a trim donkey were brought to the old carrier's door.

Yet the dark cloud had a silver lining, as all clouds have. "I gave Eddy a little book," said his bereaved mother to the Bishop of Bedford on a subsequent occasion, "and wrote in it,

'Nothing in my hand I bring,  
Simply to the cross I cling.'

When he was gone, and lay like one sleeping, I turned to the table at his bedside, and I saw the little book in which were written those words, and I could not help feeling that he did cling to the cross, and it had all come true."

## CHAPTER VI.

### MARLBOROUGH HOUSE AND ABERGELDIE.

WE have taken up so much space with Sandringham matters that there is little left for dealing with Marlborough House and Abergeldie. Marlborough House is one of Wren's buildings, and was erected for the great Duke of Marlborough in 1709-10. It was purchased about a century later by the Crown, and in 1850 was settled on the Prince of Wales on his coming of age. The mansion is a stately red-brick edifice, with stone dressings, and overlooks St James's Park and the Mall. Defoe's brief description of it as it appeared in 1722 enables us to realise its main features with sufficient clearness: "The palace of the Duke of Marlborough," he says, "is in every way answerable to the grandeur of its master. Its situation is more confined than that of the Duke of Buckinghamshire, but the body of the house is much nobler, more compact, and the apartments better composed. It is situated at the west end of the King's Garden on the Park side, and fronts the Park, but with no other prospect but that view. Its

court is very spacious and finely paved; the offices are large, and on each side as you enter, the stairs, mounting to the gate, are very noble."

Before the King's accession, when this was his only town house, about one hundred rooms were available, of which many were magnificently furnished. As the residence has now passed to his son, many changes are of course inevitable. The saloon was undoubtedly the grandest apartment during the King's tenancy, while the "Indian Room" was perhaps the most interesting. The former is a spacious square apartment, lighted from above; and three sides of it were covered with frescoes by Laguerre, representing the battle of Blenheim and the murder of Marshal Tallard. Some panels of Gobelin tapestry, depicting scenes from *Don Quixote*, were placed on either side the south entrance; and the western wall was also enriched with tapestry, the subject illustrated being the massacre of the Marmalukes. These tapestries were all the gift of Napoleon III. The King's favourite shade of blue was the predominant colour of the furniture and hangings; while palms and inlaid cabinets added to the brightness of the room. A band always played here while the King was dining.

The Indian chamber contained a priceless and unique collection of Oriental treasures, the gifts of subject rajahs and maharajahs during the Prince's historic tour of 1875-6 (see pp. 238-270). Here was a solid gold tray from Mysore; there, a quaintly

modelled procession of brass cavalry men. In one place stood a rosewood cabinet in which was a crown of gold, literally blazing with jewels; elsewhere was an oaken case containing an ivory gun-stock, exquisitely carved with figures of wild beasts of the jungle. A shield hung over it, which was roughly valued at £20,000. These were a few of the treasures, but a full list would run to several pages.

The State dining-room is another right Royal apartment. It has seven windows, and is fifty feet long. In the King's time, the walls were covered with ruby-coloured silk, and the hangings were of the same colour and material. It contained portraits of the first three Georges, of Victoria and the Prince Consort, of the late Empress of Germany (the King's sister), and of the present Emperor. The panelled ceiling was white, and the furniture mahogany, upholstered in scarlet leather. During dinner the Prince and Princess sat opposite one another at the centre of the table, just as they did (and do) at Sandringham. A full party would consist of about forty persons, and if it were a man's party, whist-tables were set out both in the saloon and drawing-room. The staff of servants in and about the house numbered about one hundred and twenty.

A gentleman of the King's household, to whom we are already indebted for much informing matter, has described with a facility of touch that comes of intimate knowledge of his subject the normal London



days at Marlborough House when His Majesty was Prince of Wales. Every one of those days, he tells us, "was fully mapped out, and had not the King been a singularly punctual, active, and business-like man, he could never have compassed half the duties arranged for him. He believed firmly in early rising, and not infrequently was seen taking a brisk stroll in St James's Park or the Green Park soon after eight in the morning. At nine o'clock he had his second breakfast served in his sitting-room, where he subsequently worked with his private secretary till about 10.30, when he visited Sir Dighton Probyn, the Comptroller of the Household, in the office on the ground floor directly below the Prince's sitting-room. To him the Prince gave half-an-hour of his valuable time.

"Then followed a series of interviews—with artists, contractors, tradesmen of all kinds about all subjects—in the ante-room; or there were deputations and commissions to be seen in the great saloon downstairs. Sometimes the business connected with the Duchies of Lancaster and Cornwall was disposed of at Marlborough House, sometimes the Prince attended at the offices of the estates. Almost daily he visited his stables, where about sixty horses generally stood in the season, in roomy stalls, above which each animal's name was inscribed on an enamelled iron plate.

"Soon after mid-day the Prince's own brougham came round. It was a 'Hooper,' very quiet in style,

with linings of dark blue, and lit at night by a most clever installation of lamps. The interior was cunningly fitted with all a smoker's necessities, and sundry pockets for holding books and papers. The Prince paid visits, often of a ceremonious or business character, before luncheon, which at Marlborough House was served at 2.30, and for which 'open house' for relations was usually kept. The Household, which breakfasted between nine and ten o'clock, and dined at seven, lunched at two, so all were ready for the work of the afternoon, which comprised every kind of function calculated to promote and encourage the well-being of the public. Dinner at Marlborough House was of necessity a movable feast, dependent on the engagements for the evening."<sup>1</sup>

Of the State dinners, the garden parties, the splendid balls which have been held in the historic mansion during the forty years of the King's tenure, we cannot here speak at length. Doubtless one of the most interesting to the general public was the Fancy Dress Ball of 1874, when His Majesty appeared as Charles the First, and his beautiful Consort as a Venetian lady. On that occasion the great lawn was entirely covered in by a tent, where supper was served, and dancing lasted till nearly six in the morning. Functions of this kind bring before us the King in another character—as the Head of Society; in which position he always bore himself with prudence and good sense. Perhaps no man has

<sup>1</sup> *The Private Life of the King*, pp. 202-3.

done more than he towards breaking down the barriers which had for centuries existed between men and women of different sets and grades of society ; so that nowadays neither poverty nor lowly birth are necessarily grounds of exclusion from noble or Royal houses.

The Prince, indeed, was the most democratic heir-apparent on the face of the earth. He was intolerant of every form of purse-pride and coroneted insolence, and was so ready to give his hand to any man or woman whom talents or moral qualities had raised above the common level, that he might long ago have adopted for his motto those lines of Pope :

“Worth makes the man, the want of it, the fellow ;  
The rest is all but leather and prunella.”

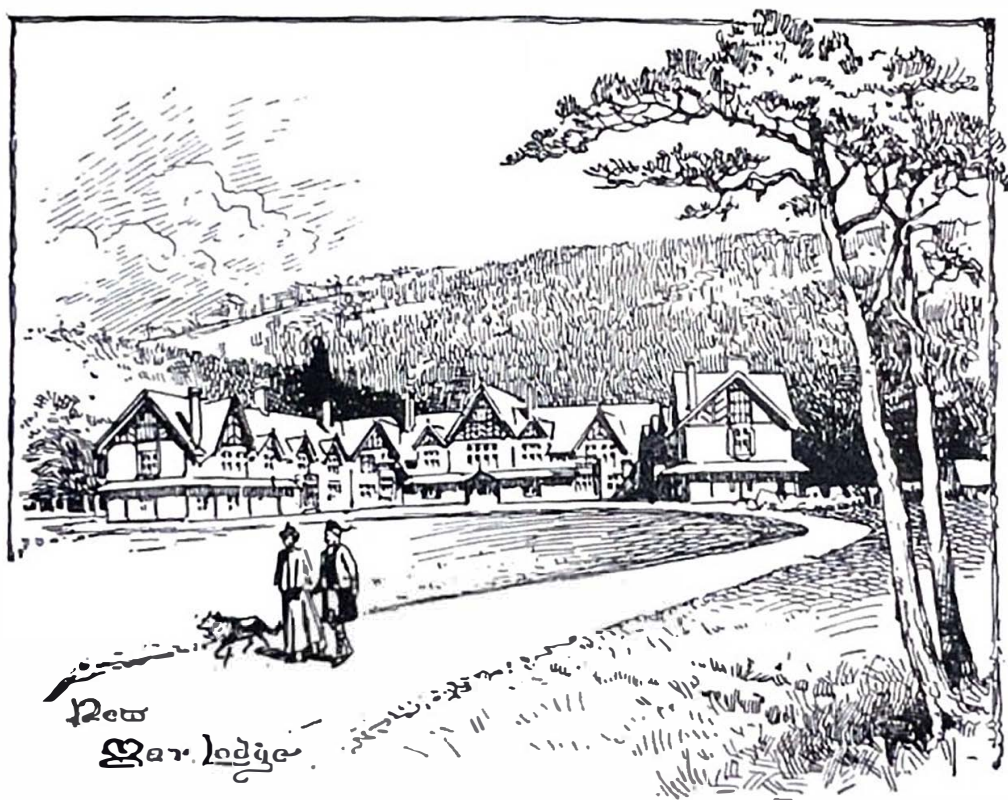
That the Prince could give a snub, however, where a snub was needed, was illustrated by his action at a fancy fair some years back. The fair had been got up for charitable purposes, and a society beauty, who was presiding over a refreshment stall and asking sufficiently exorbitant sums for her sweets and drinks, offered the Prince a cup of tea. He was about to take it at the price demanded when the fair vendor, thinking to amuse His Royal Highness, took a sip from the cup herself, saying vivaciously, “Now the cup of tea is five guineas !” The Prince accepted the cup without a smile, paid the amount asked for it, and then handed it back with the chilling request, “Will you please give me a clean cup ?”

What a change from Marlborough House was Abergeldie—for many years the Scotch residence of

the Prince of Wales! The castle is situated about two and a half miles from Balmoral, close to a famous forest of drooping birches, and within sight of great masses of golden-brown and purple heather. The Dee flows just behind the castle, which is old and picturesque, and approached by a fine avenue of larches; while two majestic Scotch firs flank the entrance-gate. The square tower is the older portion, and stands on the spot where the last witch burned on Deeside was chained. The execution took place on Craig-na-ban, a pretty wooded hill with another and more agreeable association. Here it was that the young Crown Prince of Prussia (the late "Frederick the Noble") pulled the white heather which he presented to his sixteen-year-old lady-love, and which enabled him, as Queen Victoria tells us, "to make an allusion to his hopes and wishes, as they rode down Glen Gironach" together. The first floor of the tower forms one large vaulted apartment, which was the Prince of Wales's own bedroom; but over this the tower is divided into smaller rooms, which are reached by a winding stone staircase. Near the south entrance stands a great tree, under which the young Princes, George and Eddy, and the little Princesses could be seen at their tea by the passer-by; for the castle is very near the highway. The place is small for a Royal residence, and the long line of carriage-houses has often had to do service for a ballroom.

Sixteen miles off is New Mar Lodge, where the King's eldest daughter (the Duchess of Fife) reigns

as queen. She is known in the neighbourhood as the "gem o' the Ha'," and there are now two pendant gems, her little daughters, the Ladies Louise and Bertha. The Duchess is strongly domestic in her affections, with a taste for medical studies, and a marked dislike for the stir and noise of large cities.



NEW MAR LODGE.

*The Residence of the Duke and Duchess of Fife.*

"I would not exchange one peaceful day of Deeside for a month of London or Paris," she once observed. From the heights above, New Mar Lodge looks more like a street of houses than one mansion, but the effect is picturesque; and the arrangement of offices makes it one of the most hygienic clusters of buildings of its kind.

That the Prince was a believer in love-matches is proved not only by the cordiality with which he consented to the union which made the Princess Dagmar mistress of Mar Lodge, but also by the readiness with which he sacrificed the great ambitions which he had cherished for his youngest daughter, Princess Maud, when Prince Charles of Denmark—who is but the *second* son of the heir to the Danish throne—made offer for her hand. Her father knew that she was clever enough and beautiful enough to aspire to a crown, but when he had ascertained her own mind with reference to the proposal, he waived his personal feelings and warmly upheld the marriage. The young couple (they were married in 1896) now divide their time between Denmark and England. Their English residence is Appleton House, a fine mansion, with quite a romantic history, on the Sandringham estate; and the Amalienborg Palace at Copenhagen, where they occupy a flat of twenty rooms. Before her marriage, Princess Maud used to love to go about *incognito*, under the pseudonym of "Miss Mills," in which name she was often received as a guest in the house of her old governess, Mdle. Vauthier—now the wife of a Mr Johnson, who at one time represented Exeter in the House of Commons.

## CHAPTER VII.

### SOME ORANGE-BLOSSOMS AND A MAY-FLOWER.

WE have touched upon the marriages of the King's daughters, the Princesses Dagmar and Maud; we have yet to speak of the marriage of his only surviving son, the Prince George of earlier chapters, since 1885 Duke of York, and now Prince of Wales. That event was one of national importance, and we must, therefore, treat of it with some detail.

Prince George's bride, Princess Victoria Mary<sup>1</sup>—better known as “the Princess May”—is the only daughter of the late Duke and Duchess of Teck, and was born at Kensington Palace on May 26th, 1867. Her mother, whose name will live in the memories of Englishmen on account of her singular beauty of character, was a daughter of the first Duke of Cambridge, and therefore, like Queen Victoria, a granddaughter of George III.<sup>2</sup> Her father was a

<sup>1</sup> Her full name is Victoria Mary Augusta Louisa Olga Pauline Claudine Agnes!

<sup>2</sup> The first Duke of Cambridge was George the Third's youngest son.

direct descendant of the famous Counts of Würtemberg, the title and insignia of Duke, with the arms of the Duchy of Teck, having been granted in the fifteenth century to his ancestor, Count Eberhart "with the Beard," by the Emperor Maximilian. This Eberhart was an interesting character. "One evening, at a grand banquet of German dukes, each of the princes boasted of his land—Saxony of his mines, the Palatine of his vineyards; one of his rich cities, another of his fighting men. Then said Count Eberhart: 'And I, of my land, can say but this: there is not a Swabian shepherd on whose lap, when weary, I may not lay my head and sleep in peace, knowing that he would die ere the least harm should come to me.'

"Then shouted loud the princes,  
Till rang the roof and wall,—  
'This bearded count is richest,  
His lands bear best of all.'"<sup>1</sup>

The Princess May was a strong child, fond, as all nice little girls are, of dolls, but not very fond of study. Her education was carried on under her mother's direction; and whilst still very young, she accompanied her parents to Italy, and remained with them during their lengthened stay abroad. She was naughty at times, we are told, "but *naturally*, not *phenomenally* naughty," and even in her scrapes showed a generous inclination to take her fair share of blame—nay, even a little more than her fair share, if by doing so she could save some one weaker or younger

<sup>1</sup> Rev. S. Baring-Gould.





THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES AT THE TIME OF THEIR MARRIAGE

than herself. Besides her own brothers, she had no child companions save the children of the Prince and Princess of Wales, whom she often visited, and with whom she had many a merry game. She was an imaginative child, fond of playing at real-life dramas, yet dramas that were highly emotional in style, and quite preposterously full of heroism.

When she was ten or eleven years of age, Mdlle. Hélène Bricka, a charming French lady of wide reading and general knowledge, was appointed her governess, and from that time was almost constantly with her during several years. Next to her mother, this lady has had more to do with the training of the Princess's character than any other person. In her eighteenth year, the Princess became impressed with the deeper significance of life, and began what she herself regards as her education in the truest sense. One of her oldest friends, Lady Wolverton, says that "a strong desire came over her to learn the meaning of some of the deep things of life, to know what had made mankind what it is, and what had made her dear country what it is ; and what it behoved every Englishwoman to be and do as a worthy citizen of that country." These impressions drove her to the reading of the great historians. So that the present Princess of Wales knows more than most women of the writings of Motley and Macaulay, of Froude and Richard Green—to say nothing of the best historical works of Germany and France.

Her dislike to anything savouring of demonstrative-

ness, a dislike in which the Prince of Wales also shares, led some hasty people to assume, just after the engagement had been made public, that there was little real depth of affection between them; indeed, it was asserted, on the testimony of a sentimental, imaginative reporter, that the Princess had buried her heart with her first love, the Duke of Clarence, and that the new betrothal was the compulsory first step towards a mere *mariage de convenance*. Nothing could be farther from the truth; for whilst it is an undoubted fact that the Princess was deeply attached to the dead Prince, it is not less certain that she regards with the fullest and most loving devotion the Prince who has made her the second lady in the land.

The marriage was arranged to take place in the Chapel of St James's Palace, and the day fixed for the event was the 6th of July 1893. Since the marriage of the bridegroom's parents thirty years before, no Royal wedding had excited such universal interest and enthusiasm. On the last day of June, guests from across the water began to arrive in London. The King and Queen of Denmark (grandfather and grandmother of the bridegroom) arrived first, and were met by the (then) Prince and Princess of Wales at St Pancras; next came the Czarewitch, who also was received by the bridegroom's parents; while the Grand-Duke of Hesse, the son of the late Princess Alice, went down to Windsor as the guest of Queen Victoria. He was met at Windsor station by the late Prince Henry of Battenberg, and, after lunching with

his august grandmother, proceeded to Buckingham Palace for the remainder of his visit. The Crown Prince of Belgium, representing the King and Queen of the Belgians, arrived at Victoria a little later ; and then, within a few hours, the Prince and Princess Henry of Prussia, representatives of the German Emperor and Empress.

On the afternoon of the 5th, the Princess May, accompanied by the Duke and Duchess of Teck, left her home at White Lodge, Richmond, for Buckingham Palace, escorted by a troop of the Middlesex Yeomanry. It was a triumphant progress the whole way—Mortlake, Barnes, Hammersmith, Kensington, all being gaily decorated, while the streets were lined with people, who heartened the bride with their cheers, and wished her "Godspeed" as the carriage swept past. The Princess and her parents were lodged in a suite of apartments overlooking St James's Park, and lying on the Princess's boudoir table when she arrived was a bouquet from the Duke of York. In the evening there was a State performance of "Romeo and Juliet" at the Opera-house, which was lavishly decorated. The performance was in French. M. Jean de Reské, who appeared as Romeo, had sprained his ankle a day or two before, and betrayed the fact once or twice by a slight limp ; but, as someone pleasantly remarked : "It is not surprising if Romeo limps a little, considering that he is so strongly addicted to the climbing of balconies."

Almost before dawn on the marriage morning crowds

began to pour towards St James's and Pall Mall, the great foci of attraction, and long before eleven o'clock the pavements along the whole route of the procession were black with people—a huge, swaying, struggling mass, gay, good-humoured, abounding, above all things, in unparalleled enthusiasm. They seemed to have caught the spirit of Mr Baring-Gould's ringing lines :—

“ To the Swabian tree comes a princely hand,  
To gather a sprig of may,  
In the garden of roses of Angle-land  
To root it for ever and aye.  
And the bells will ring  
And the maidens sing  
With the lads, as in time of hay.

“ A flow'ret watched by angel eyes,  
And white as the whitest bloom,  
And sweet as the breath of Paradise,  
Is the May our prince brings home.  
In a gladsome rout  
We will all turn out,  
For our hearts are full to-day,  
In a merry throng  
To welcome with song  
Our prince with the Swabian May.”

At about half-past ten the guests invited to the Chapel began to assemble, and were at once conducted to their seats by the gentlemen ushers. Mr Gladstone was one of the first to arrive. He wore the blue-and-gold uniform of an Elder Trinity Brother, with naval epaulettes. Cabinet Ministers, the Corps Diplomatique, and many social celebrities came trooping in later; but of course the ladies, in their toilettes of



surpassing beauty, were the chief attraction till the royalties began to appear. Meanwhile the Archbishop of Canterbury took up his position behind the altar rail, having the Bishop of London on his right and the Bishop of Rochester on his left.

The first of the Royal family to arrive was the Duchess of Fife, who, with her husband, passed to seats on the south side of the altar steps. Some minutes thrilled away, and then a roar of cheering, swelling louder and louder every moment, was heard, and the distinguished watchers in the Chapel knew that the Royal processions were not far off. The procession of Queen Victoria's Household and the non-Royal representatives of foreign sovereigns came first, marshalled by Gold Stick Sir Patrick Grant. Then came a long line of English and foreign princes and princesses, including Prince Waldemar of Denmark and the Prince and Princess of Prussia: then the Czarewitch, escorting the Queen of Denmark; and, following these, Queen Victoria herself, wearing the blue ribbon of the Garter over a dress of black watered silk richly trimmed with Honiton lace. She moved alone, supported only by her stick, and took her seat in the chair provided for her on the altar steps. A little behind the Queen came the Princess of Wales, leaning on the arm of her father the King of Denmark. She advanced and kissed the Queen's hand, and was warmly embraced in return.

A quarter of an hour went by, and then, to the swelling notes of the organ and the blare of trumpets,

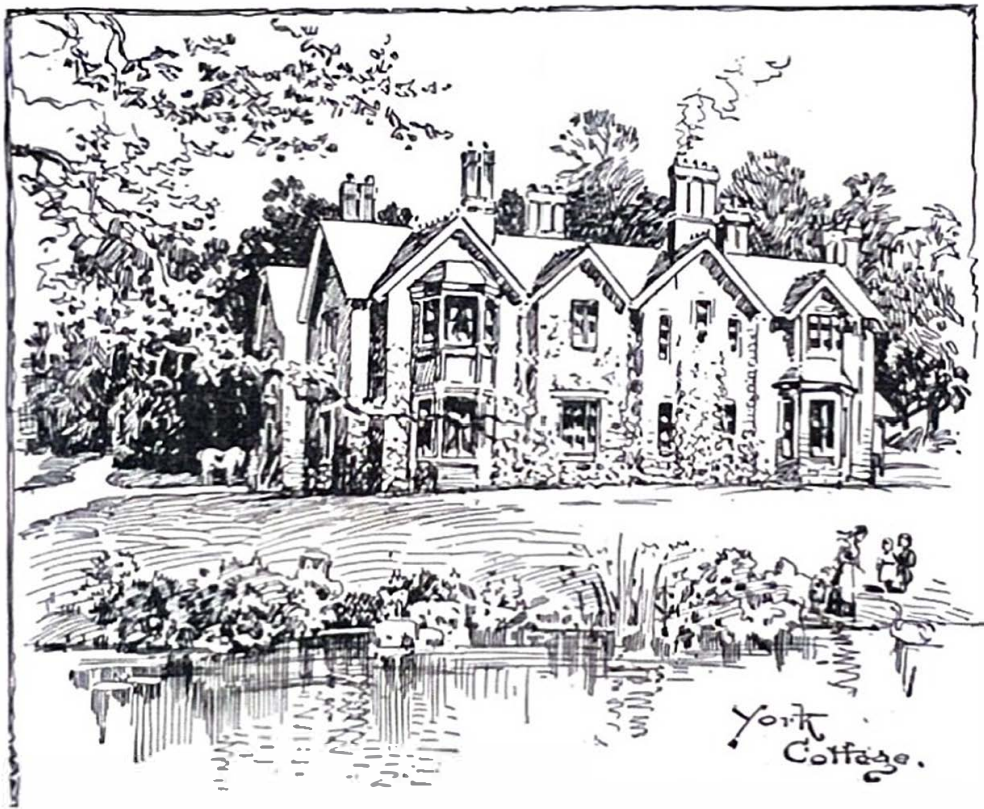
the bridegroom's procession entered. The bridegroom walked between his father and uncle, the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh. They were all dressed in naval uniform—the Prince of Wales as Lord High Admiral of the Fleet, the Duke of Edinburgh as Admiral of the Fleet, and the Duke of York as a Captain in the Royal Navy. The bridegroom looked a little pale, but walked with a firm, upright step and bright face. Last of all came the bride's procession.

A hush of expectancy had fallen upon the brilliant assemblage, and all eyes were turned towards the door through which she would enter. The period of waiting was not long, and fresh tumults of cheering outside presently announced that the procession had reached the Palace. In a moment or two more the bride appeared, escorted by the Duke of Teck, on her left, and her brother, Prince Adolphus—in Lancer's uniform—on her right. The bridesmaids followed, bearing the train of the bridal robe, which was enriched with flounces, and a veil of fine old Honiton lace. The veil fell from a diamond tiara, which was surrounded with wreaths of orange blossom; and trails of the same nuptial flowers, with buds and foliage, were carried down on either side of the flounced space. The bridesmaids' dresses were of ivory-white silk, with sleeves of delicate chiffon; and each of the young ladies wore a bracelet with the rose of York, a present from the bridegroom.

HAVING been affectionately received by the Queen, the bride took her place beside her betrothed at the altar; whereupon the organ pealed out again, and the hymn, "Father of Life Everlasting," was sung by the boy-choristers of St James's Palace. Then the Archbishop prayed, and all rose to their feet as the marriage service proper began. "At this moment," says an eye-witness, "the scene was solemnly impressive, and brilliantly picturesque in its wealth of accidental harmony. The gorgeous uniforms of military officers and Gentlemen-at-Arms; the delicate hues of feminine attire; the gold-laced diplomatic uniforms worn by the Ministers; and the sparkling of many jewels, were all softened and blended in the sombre light of the church. The Duke of York's response to the question, 'Wilt thou have this woman to thy wedded wife?' was clearly heard in every part of the building, but the Princess answered in a voice so low as only to be audible to those near her. But when the bride had been given away by her father, and the ring placed on her hand, both uttered in clear voices the undertaking to hold each other from this day forward for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, and thereto they plighted their troth." At the conclusion of the ceremony, the bride and bridegroom advanced and kissed the Queen; after which they embraced the Queen of Denmark, and the Prince and Princess of Wales. The Park guns meanwhile thundered out the salutes, the opening



chords of Mendelssohn's immortal "Wedding March" crashed on the organ, and cheer after cheer from the vast crowds in the streets told out a Nation's congratulations and carried the news that the marriage was an accomplished fact to the distant palace and the far-away suburb.<sup>1</sup>



After the wedding-breakfast the happy couple set off for Sandringham, it having been arranged that they should spend their honeymoon at York Cottage, the pretty little house (once known as Bachelors'

<sup>1</sup> The above description is based upon the full and able accounts in the Wedding Numbers of *The Graphic* and *The Illustrated London News*.

Cottage) which the Prince of Wales had recently given to his son. The drive to Liverpool Street station through the tastefully-decorated city was another triumphal progress, and on the arrival of the bride and bridegroom at Sandringham, yet a further welcome was accorded them.

This auspicious union has resulted, as we all know, in four lovely children, the eldest of whom (Prince Edward) is, of course, in the direct line of succession to the Throne. He seems to be a splendid little fellow, and if his future training is as careful and judicious as his father's and grandfather's has been, there is every likelihood that he will make a good and wise ruler. All the children are great pets, and it is the King's delight to shower gifts and treats upon them. They, in turn, are deeply attached to him, watch for his visits with the keenest pleasure, and regard him as the most indulgent grandfather in the world.

### III

## LEAF AND FRUIT:

Some Pastime and Worktime Records



## CHAPTER VIII.

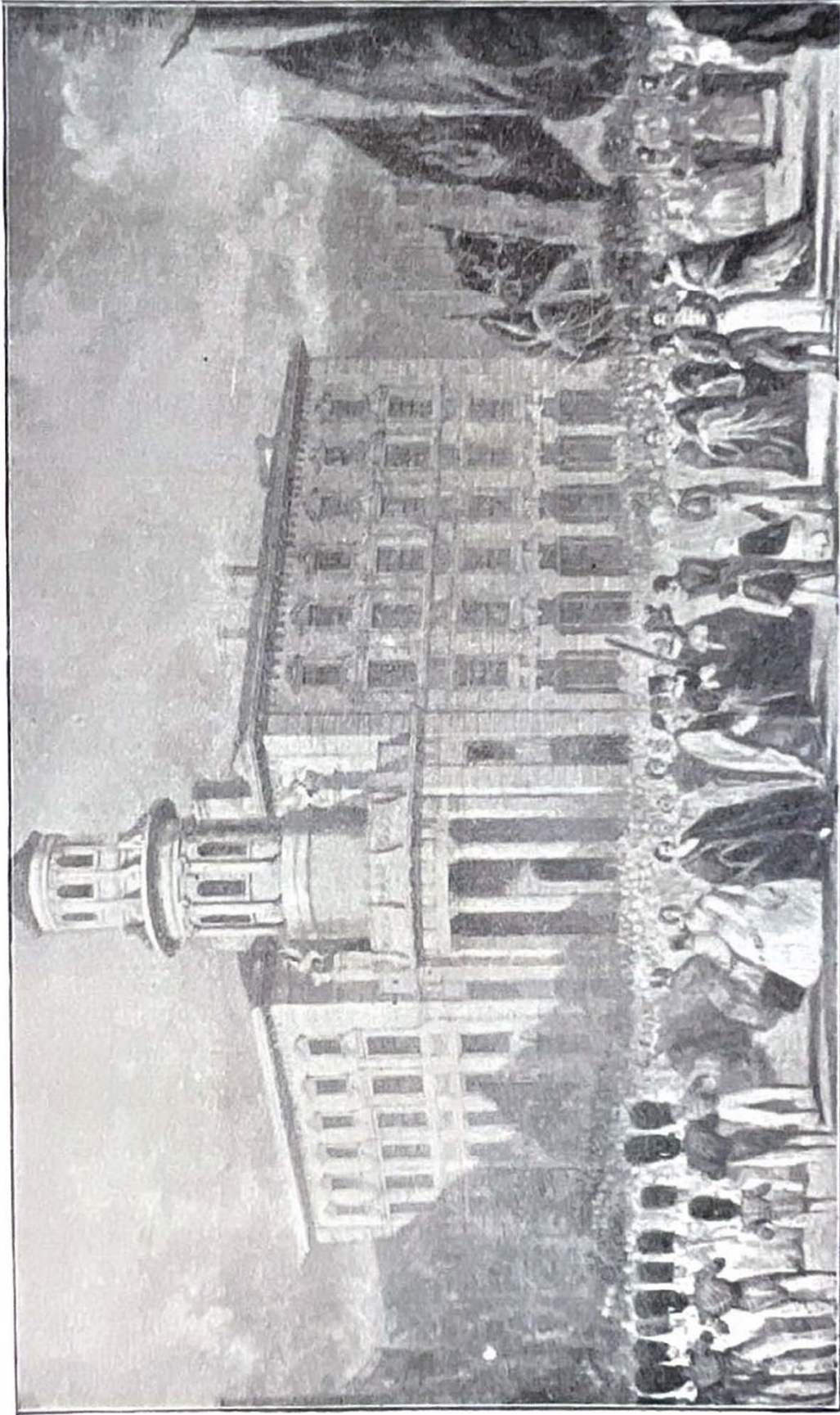
### WHAT THE KING HAS DONE FOR EDUCATION.

IF evidence were wanted of the wide range of the King's knowledge and of the admirable use that he has made of it, the record of his public life from the early sixties to the present time would abundantly supply it. Though as Prince of Wales he was never consulted on matters of State policy, and his ambitions were bounded by the laying of foundation-stones, unveiling of statues, and supporting by presence, voice, or purse the numerous benevolent and philanthropic institutions of the three kingdoms, yet the magnitude, heartiness, and efficiency of the help rendered gave that help a special character, and stamped the Prince as a man in whom were Royal qualities of the right sort.

In a work like the present, it is obviously impossible to treat of the events in question with any completeness, but we will touch upon a few of them, and endeavour, by occasional reference to the Prince's speeches, to give the reader some idea of the attainments and public virtues of the Ruler of the British Empire.

Consider, for example, the Prince as *an advocate of Education and patron of Exhibitions*. He was in his twenty-fourth year when he went over to Dublin to open the Irish International Exhibition of 1865. The keynote of his public life may be said to have been struck on that occasion, when he declared before an immense audience in the great Hall, where the opening ceremony took place: "The example of my lamented and beloved parent will, I trust, ever be present to my mind as a stimulus in the encouragement of every work tending to advance international prosperity, and to develop the powers and resources of our own country." The speech from which this is an extract was a model of brevity—clear and to the point, and with a ring of sincerity in it that went to all hearts. At the close of the ceremony the Prince made a second speech; and then, to the music of Haydn's *Creation*, the State procession moved from the Hall and made a tour of the Exhibition; afterwards returning to the dais, where the Prince commanded Sir Bernard Burke, Ulster King-of-Arms, to declare the Exhibition open. This was done amid a fanfare of trumpets, the sound of which was the signal to a man outside the building to send up a rocket, which in turn was a signal to the Kingstown forts and ships of war, and in a moment the air was rent with salvos of artillery. On the Prince's return to the Viceregal Lodge, an incident occurred which is worth mentioning, if only on account of its novelty. A young Irish lady,





FIRST PUBLIC FUNCTION ATTENDED BY THE KING—THE OPENING OF THE COAL EXCHANGE, OCTOBER 1849.  
(See p. 32.)

smartly dressed and very beautiful, forced her way on horseback through the dense crowds, and riding right up to the Royal carriage, said victoriously, "Now that I have seen the Prince, I shall go home quite happy!" With great good-humour and gallantry the Prince raised his hat to the fair breaker of bounds, and rewarded her with a smile that must have gone straight to her heart.

On his return from Ireland in the same month (May), the Prince opened the International Reformatory Exhibition at the Agricultural Hall. The exhibits were the productions of various schools connected with the Reformatory and Refuge Union, of which the good and venerated Lord Shaftesbury was the President. In the course of his reply to the noble Earl's address, the Prince expressed his full and hearty sympathy with "the Christian and kind feelings" which had animated the organizers of the Exhibition, and "which," said he, "we ought to pray should animate the whole of the nations of the world." The cheers which greeted the speech were loud and prolonged; and the favourable impression which his words had produced was confirmed by the interest the Prince took, not only in the exhibits, but in the youthful stall-keepers themselves. He made several purchases, and when one exhibitor wished the Prince to accept a toy cart, which had attracted his notice, His Royal Highness good-humouredly declined such irregularity, but kindly included the article among his selections and paid liberally for it.



About a month later we read of the Prince distributing the prizes at Wellington College, and later still (in June 1866), he publicly testified his interest in a higher kind of education—the education of the soul—by laying the foundation-stone of the stately edifice in Queen Victoria Street which for thirty-five years has been the head-quarters of the British and Foreign Bible Society. “I have an hereditary claim to be here on this occasion,” said the Prince in the course of his speech. “My grandfather, the Duke of Kent . . . warmly advocated the claims of this Society; and it is gratifying to me to reflect that the two modern versions of the Scriptures most widely circulated—the German and the English—were both, in their origin, connected with my family. The translation of Martin Luther was executed under the protection of the Elector of Saxony, the collateral ancestor of my lamented father; whilst that of William Tyndale, the foundation of the present authorised English version, was introduced with the sanction of the Royal predecessor of my mother the Queen, who first desired that the Bible ‘should have free course through all Christendom, but especially in his own realm.’” After the ceremony, the Prince, and all who had borne part in it, were entertained to luncheon at the Guildhall, where he again dwelt upon the importance of the Society and the good work that had been done by it.

In the same month the Prince presided at the in-

auguration or formal opening of the Warehousemen and Clerks' School near Croydon, and was present at the opening of the new dining-hall of the Merchant Seamen's Orphan Asylum, on which occasion the Princess accompanied him. In proposing the health of the Royal visitors, Lord Alfred Paget, who presided, said that he had known His Royal Highness almost, he might say, before he knew himself, and that he could bear testimony to the interest he took, not only in every manly English sport, but in everything which tended to contribute to the advancement of such institutions as the one whose success he testified on that occasion his desire to promote. In referring to this eulogium, the Prince said: "I felt almost inclined to blush at the terms in which the noble chairman alluded to his friendship for myself, and I can never forget the kindness which he has shown towards me since my early boyhood."

Anon we find the Prince at Spring Grove, inaugurating the English branch of the International College, under the direction of Dr Schmitz, a former tutor of the Prince. The Duc d'Aumale, the Prince de Joinville, and the Comte de Paris were also among the guests. In responding to the toast of his health, the Prince of Wales insisted with much emphasis upon the importance of a study of modern languages. "I have travelled a great deal on the Continent," he said, "and am confident that I should have found my sojourn in those countries far less pleasant than it was if I had not possessed a considerable knowledge

of the vernacular of the people." After proposing "Success to the London College of the International Educational Society," he added: "With that toast I beg to couple the name of Dr Schmitz, whose pupil, I am proud to say, I once was while studying in the city of Edinburgh."

In the following year the interests of education brought the Prince to Glasgow, where he laid the foundation-stone of the new University buildings, the erection of which, with the purchase of the site, was to cost nearly half-a-million of money. The spectacle was an imposing one, and a vast concourse of people witnessed the ceremony, both the Prince and Princess being loudly cheered.

In March 1870 His Royal Highness presided at the seventy-second anniversary festival of the Royal Masonic Institution for Boys, on which occasion above six hundred brethren of the craft were present, including the then Grand Master elect, Earl de Grey and Ripon. In the course of a capital speech, the Prince made the following allusions to popular ideas about Freemasons, but we doubt if all our readers will share in his enthusiasm or endorse his views: "People naturally say," observed the Prince, "that they do not approve of secret societies; but I maintain that the craft is free from the reproach of being either disloyal or irreligious, and I am sure you will all support me in that assertion. . . . Brethren, I desire to remind you that when, about seventy years ago, it became necessary for the Government of that

day to put down secret societies, my relative, the late Duke of Sussex, urged in his place in Parliament that Freemasons' lodges ought to be exempt from such a law, and the force of his appeal was acknowledged. From that time Freemasonry has been devoid of politics, its only object being the pure and Christian one of charity."

Four days after the Masonic festival, the Prince was presiding at the rooms of the Society of Arts, in connection with the "Educational Section" of a series of proposed International Exhibitions. We have nothing special to note of this meeting, nor of the Prince's visit to Dulwich in June of the same year to open the splendid block of school buildings designed by the late Charles Barry, and known as Dulwich College. The school is connected with the "College of God's gift," founded and endowed by Edward Alleyn, a play-actor and bear-keeper to Queen Elizabeth, and a friend of Shakespeare. The Prince made a thoroughly good speech, which was cheered to the echo by the boys; and after luncheon he went with Dr Carver, the headmaster, to view the famous collection of Dutch pictures in the gallery near at hand.

On the first day of the following month the Prince was at Reading, laying the foundation-stone of the new Grammar School. The stone was laid with Masonic honours, and many prominent Masons were present in costume. A part of the ceremony was very curious. When the Provincial Grand Master

had handed the silver trowel to the Mayor, the Mayor in turn handed it to the Prince, requesting him, in the name of the school trustees, to proceed with the ceremony. Thereupon the Grand Chaplain offered a prayer, the architect presented his plans, the Grand Secretary read the inscription on the stone, and the Grand Treasurer deposited gold, silver and copper coins of Victoria's reign in the cavity prepared for them. The Prince then proved and set the stone, saying: "May the Great Architect of the Universe enable us successfully to carry on and finish the work of which we have now laid the principal stone, and every other undertaking which may tend to the advantage of the borough of Reading and this neighbourhood, and may this school be long preserved from peril and decay, diffusing its light and influence to generations yet unborn." To this the Masons present answered with one accord, "So mote it be." The Prince next spread corn on the stone, and from the ewers handed to him poured out wine and oil, saying: "May the bountiful hand of Heaven ever supply this country with abundance of corn, wine and oil, and all the necessities and comforts of life." The brethren again responded in the masonic formula, "So mote it be." Then the treasurer to the school presented to the Senior Master Builder a purse of gold, saying: "It is the pleasure of the Prince that those who have hewed the stones and those who have laid them, and all who have assisted, should rejoice in the light." The *Hallelujah Chorus*, performed by

the band and choir, closed the ceremonial, which was altogether very quaint.

Within the next twelve months the Prince was the central figure at the opening of two more exhibitions—the Workmen's, in July 1870, and the International, in May 1871; but the public was getting rather weary of these great shows, and neither seems to have been a very great success. Soon after the International Exhibition, the Prince made one of his most earnest and thoughtful appeals on behalf of the Homes for Little Boys at Farningham. The attention to detail, which has ever been one of the King's characteristics, and the skill with which he marshals his facts in few words, are admirably exemplified in this speech. Not only did His Royal Highness give a short account of the founding of the Homes, but he described the education received by the boys, their excellent schooling in such subjects as arithmetic and geography, besides the industrial training which was a special feature of the institution. "I find," he said in effect, "that they are taught to make clothes, boots, mats, etc. ; there is a carpenter's shop and a painter's shop, and a paper-bag shop ; they have a printing establishment, a laundry, a bake-house, a garden, a farm ; and there are means for teaching the pupils a great variety of other useful occupations, so that they may go forth good and honest young men, capable of gaining their own livelihood, instead of returning to those haunts of vice from which they have been snatched."

In proposing "The Army, Navy, and Reserve Forces" at the fifty-sixth anniversary festival of the Royal Caledonian Asylum, less than a month later, the Prince made one of his very few public allusions to current literature. After referring to the changes that were about to be effected in the organisation of the Army, His Royal Highness "expressed a hope that those changes, whatever they might be, would place the safety of the country upon a secure foundation, and would enable us to prove that the author of the well-known *Battle of Dorking* was a false prophet. The writer of that interesting production, however, deserved our thanks, inasmuch as he had pointed out to us the danger of being 'caught napping.'" Imagine the jubilations of the author and his publishers when they saw this gratuitous advertisement of the book in the public journals next morning!

On the 25th of July 1872 the Prince was present at a School Drill Review in the Horticultural Gardens at South Kensington, when thousands of lads of the *Warspite*, *Goliath*, and *Chichester* training ships went through their evolutions and marched past the saluting-point in a manner that called forth the Prince's unqualified praise. He afterwards distributed banners at the Albert Hall to each prize school, and when this function was over the words of "God bless the Prince of Wales" were taken up by the boys, the Prince (with whom were the Princess and her two sons) standing in the front of the Royal box while it was sung. At the distribution of prizes to the boys

at the Derby Grammar School a few months later, H.R.H., who had come over from Chatsworth, wrote his name in each of the prize-books in remembrance of the occasion.

In March 1874 the Prince was pleading the cause of the British Orphan Asylum at Slough; in the following month that of the Royal Medical Benevolent College at Epsom; and in the spring of the ensuing year, that of the Royal Cambridge Asylum for Soldiers' Widows. The Prince and Princess were both present at the installation of the Merchant Taylors School in the Charterhouse (Charterhouse School having been meanwhile removed from its historic site to Godalming), and among the other distinguished visitors were Princess Mary and the Duke of Teck. Luncheon was served in the Assembly Hall, where the Master of the Merchant Taylors Company gave an account of the origin and history of the School, introducing references to former Princes of Wales who had been benefactors of the Company from the time of Edward I., the first Prince of Wales, to that of James I., who, with his son, the Prince of Wales, dined in this hall. It was for that occasion, in 1607, that Dr John Bull composed the music of the National Anthem. The Queen of James I. was Anne of Denmark. "History repeats itself," continued the Master, "for you, Sire, have entwined the flower of Denmark in the wreath of England." Just before the Royal party left it was announced that the Princess—with the active support



of the Prince—had asked an extra week's holiday for the boys, and when it was further announced that the request had been granted, the boys hurrahed and shouted as only schoolboys can.

A good deal of feeling was roused among teetotal bodies throughout the country when it became known that the Prince intended to preside at a special jubilee festival of the Licensed Victuallers' Asylum on 7th May 1877. This feeling was so strong that the Prince felt called upon to justify his action when the festival came off. "During the last three or four days," said he, "I have received as many as two hundred petitions from bodies in all parts of the United Kingdom begging me on no account to be present here this evening. Of course, I do not wish in any way to disparage those temperance societies. . . . But I think this time they have rather overshoot the mark,<sup>1</sup> because the object of the meeting to-night is not to encourage the love of drink, but to support a good and excellent charity." The Prince then took shelter behind his father, who, said he, "would never have been the patron of the Society unless he was sure that it was likely to do good, and that it was deserving of his support": yet H.R.H. appeared to forget that good men have sometimes given their support to bad causes. The same speech

<sup>1</sup> Had they overshoot the mark? The Temperance societies felt that by patronising the Asylum the Prince was also patronising the Licensed Victuallers, whom, with good reason, they have long regarded as the cause, direct or indirect, of so much of the poverty, sottishness, and crime which curses the country.

affords an instance of the King's readiness of speech and the facility with which he can turn from a serious subject and the driest facts to indulge in a little persiflage or playfulness. "Lord Granville," he went on, "has made far too flattering allusion to me as a chairman, but as he has been kind enough to say—giving me certainly a broad hint—that speeches of this kind should be short, I am only too happy to avail myself of it; and if brevity is the soul of wit, I shall be the wittiest of chairmen."

In July 1878 the Prince (with whom was the Princess) was at Wanstead, presiding at the anniversary festival of the Infant Orphan Asylum. Here a little Danish girl, eight years old, commenced the proceedings with a pretty speech, in which she gave the company an account of the asylum. "She had been told," she said, "that it was the largest of the kind in England. When the boys, girls, officers and servants are all there, 700 persons sleep in the building. The schools are in three divisions—senior, infants and nursery children. In the two large senior schools there are about four hundred boys and girls. They learn grammar, history, geography, arithmetic, French, music, and drawing, and the girls learn needlework besides. In the two infant schools they do not learn quite so much. In the nursery they learn just a very little and play a good deal. And being little children they learn about the Bible." Praise, kisses and other attentions rewarded the little speech-maker; and in his remarks at the luncheon the

Prince did not forget to pay the child a special compliment. "I may say that there is one little girl who perfectly astonished us by the elocution which she possessed—well worthy of many a distinguished member of Parliament."

Other occasions which we should like to touch upon if space permitted, and which had more or less of an educational bearing, were the laying of the foundation-stone—and, three years later, the opening—of the Guilds of London Institute; the opening of the new buildings of the City of London School; the inauguration of the new City of London College in Moorfields; the opening of the Birkbeck Institution near Chancery Lane; of the new Sion College on the Embankment, and of the new College of Preceptors in Bloomsbury Square; the Jubilee Festival of the London Orphan Asylum; the Leeds visit to open the Yorkshire College; and lastly (not, however, that the list is really exhausted), the meetings, first at the Mansion House and then at Marlborough House, in connection with the Gordon Boys' Home. On all these occasions the Prince was the central figure—and not by any means a merely *ornamental* figure, for purse and brain were alike enlisted in the things to which he set his hand. As the Duke of Cambridge once said of him: "When the Prince takes up a subject, he always does so thoroughly and well."

Of the Prince's interest in what we may call the *later* Exhibitions—such as the "Fisheries" and

"Healtheries" (barbarous name!), the Colonial and Indian, the Manchester of 1887, the Glasgow of 1888, and the Anglo-Danish—we all know. On the first of these exhibitions there was a handsome profit of over £15,000, of which two-thirds was invested, "with a view to applying the proceeds"—we quote the Prince's own words—"to the assistance of families who have suffered the loss of a father or husband in the prosecution of his calling as a sea-fisherman," while a further sum of £3000 was applied to the formation of a Fisheries Society. The Colonial and Indian Exhibition was a still bigger success. The surplus was over £35,000, of which £25,000 was voted to the fund of the Imperial Institute, an object on which the Prince had set his heart in an especial manner, and which was to constitute the grandest and most enduring memorial of the Victorian Jubilee. On this great work we must say a word or two before passing on.

"It was towards the end of the year 1886," says Sir Somers Vine, the assistant secretary of the Institute, "and just before the closing of the Colonial and Indian Exhibition, that H.R.H. the Prince of Wales conceived the happy idea of combining its lessons and the remembrance of the conspicuous event of the following year by the founding of an architectural memorial, within whose walls useful work might be carried on from day to day with advantage to every British subject, and appropriately typifying the desired unity and illimitable resources

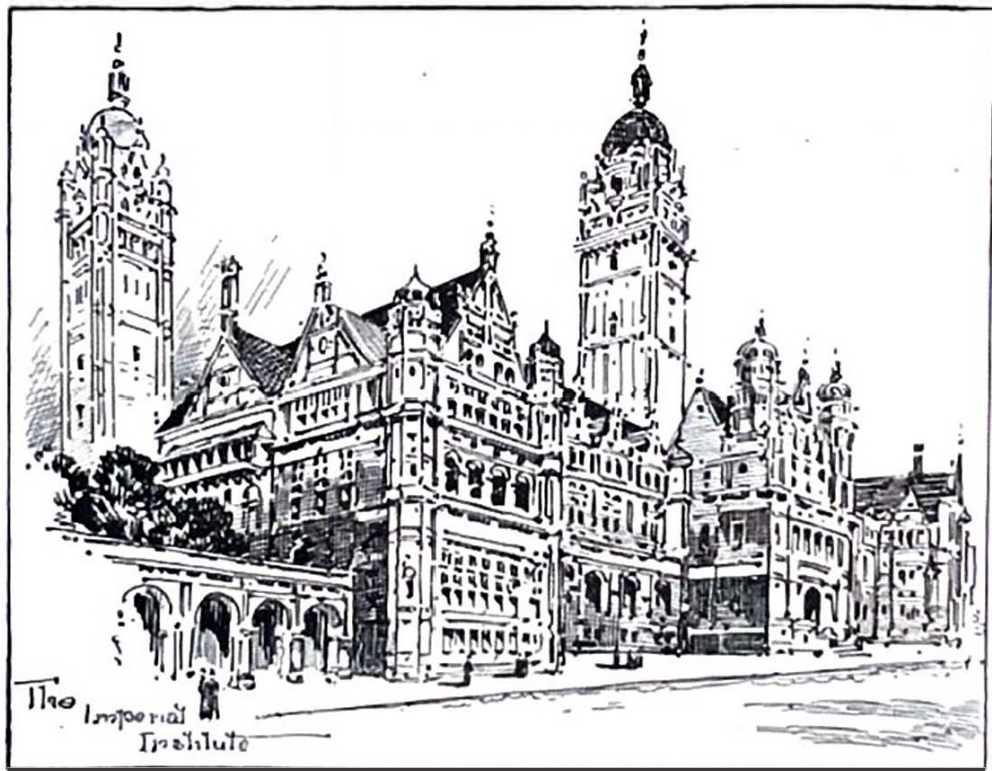
of every portion of that mighty Empire which he and his sons

‘ Had seen face to face,  
And fain would leave as one.’

“ Before the end of the summer of 1887, over £400,000 had been freely subscribed from every part of the world which acknowledges the supremacy of the British flag, and this gratifying tribute to a noble idea afforded evidence of widespread confidence in the aims and intentions of its avowed promoter. . . . The suggested location of the Imperial Institute provoked much contention, which fittingly earned the designation of ‘ The Battle of the Sites.’ It ended in the acceptance of an almost free grant of a space, of nearly nine acres in extent, by the Royal Commissioners of 1851. In no other part of London was such an advantageous position to be found, except at a cost which would, after the purchase of the ground, have left a sum wholly inadequate for the erection and maintenance of the buildings, and the accomplishment of the several objects which had been indicated.”

The architect of the building was Mr Thomas Colcutt, F.R.I.B.A., whose designs were selected, from among those of numerous competitors, by a committee of judges which included Mr Waterhouse, R.A., and the late Sir Frederick Leighton. The prevailing style of the Institute is a free rendering of the Renaissance, and the amplitude of mouldings and abundance of arabesque carvings show a relationship to early

Italian Renaissance; so that the structure affords a notable example of the gradual movement towards the Renaissance as practised in Italy during the last three decades. The crowning attraction of the foreground is the great portal, surmounted—although set back from it—by a large square tower, capped by a



THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE, SOUTH KENSINGTON.

dome-shaped cupola with emblematic effigy at the top. The height of the tower is 300 feet, and of the two flanking towers, 176 feet; their solidity being insured by walls 9 feet thick, composed of hard bricks set in cement. The principal entrance is 17 feet wide, by  $23\frac{1}{2}$  feet high, and is constructed altogether of Portland stone. The facing-material of the front

walls is of the same stone. Over the arch is a frieze covered with symbolic modellings, the seated figure in the middle representing Queen Victoria.

The Institute was opened on the 12th of May 1892, in lovely weather. There were three distinct processions, each interesting in its way, though the late Queen's, of course, took the palm. In the first were the Dukes of Connaught and Edinburgh, with their wives and children; in the second (which did not, like the others, start from Buckingham Palace, but from Marlborough House) were the Prince of Wales, Prince George of Wales and his betrothed, the Princess May; and last of all came the great procession, the inevitable outrider in scarlet giving earliest warning of Victoria's approach. A detachment of Household cavalry, proceeding at a walking pace, followed the outrider; and then came a lumbering succession of garishly-decorated State-coaches, in which were Maids of Honour, Officers of the Royal Household, etc.; presently, more cavalry, and some Colonial and Indian troops; then a Royal carriage containing Prince Christian and Prince Henry of Battenberg, and more troops. Last of all the famous "cream" ponies, with their gold and crimson trappings, and amid a storm of cheers, the white-haired Empress-Queen came into view, bowing and smiling to her subjects.

Inside the great building the ceremony was regal in the extreme. The Queen looked rather tired, but abating none of her customary dignity, was helped on

to the dais, and at once seated herself with an expression of relief in the chair prepared for her. Without much delay, the Prince of Wales read his short address, expressing the hope that the Institute would promote the technical, scientific, and commercial progress of the Empire; to which address the Queen, still seated, read a reply. Madame Albani then sang, with a sweetness all her own, the National Anthem; the Archbishop of Canterbury pronounced the benediction, and the Prince declared the Institute open. A golden key, exquisitely bejewelled, was next handed to the Queen, who fitted it to the ward of a sort of automatic slot-machine hard by, turned it, and immediately some bells high up in the Queen's Tower rang out a responsive peal. With that the Park guns boomed, and everyone knew that the ceremony was complete.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Victoria : Her Life and Reign.*



## CHAPTER IX.

### THE ARTS AND SCIENCES VIEWED THROUGH ROYAL GLASSES.

IN the last chapter we were considering what the King has done for education: we propose now to regard him in a new rôle—namely, as *a Patron of the Arts and Sciences*.

His earliest appearance in a public assembly after his marriage was at the banquet of the Royal Academy of Arts on the 2nd of May 1863. The presence of the young Prince so soon after his marriage gave unusual *éclat* to the occasion. After the toast of "The Queen," the President, Sir Charles Eastlake, referred in moving terms to the loss which the Royal family, and, indeed, the whole nation, had recently sustained in the death of the Prince Consort. He gave, "The memory of the great and good Prince Consort," which was drunk in deep silence. The next toast was, "The Prince of Wales and the rest of the Royal family." "The Council of the Royal Academy," said the President, "had that day the honour of offering their respectful and heartfelt congratulations to His Royal Highness on his marriage to a Princess

whose personal attractions and gracious manners enhance the impression of Her Royal Highness's amiable character." The Prince, in replying, spoke under deep emotion, and with great impressiveness of manner. He could not, he said, divest his mind of the associations connected with his beloved and lamented father, whose bright example stimulated his own efforts to tread in his footsteps. "Whatever my shortcomings may be," he went on, "I may at least presume to participate in the interest which he took in every institution which tends to encourage art and science in this country, but more especially in the prosperity of the Royal Academy."

On many subsequent occasions the Prince was a welcome and honoured guest at the R.A. dinners, and he has been often complimented—and deservedly so—for his ability in finding ever fresh material for his speeches on those occasions. In 1866 the then President, Sir Francis Grant, in proposing the usual toast, described the Prince as a "brother-brush," a compliment which His Royal Highness adverted to very neatly thus: "I thank you also for the allusion you made to me as a brother of the 'brush.' Although, as I observed before, I will do my utmost to support art, still I am afraid I shall never be able to compete with you as a painter; but at the same time I shall always be ready to enter the lists with you in the hunting field as long as you do not attempt to ride over me at the first fence." At the banquet of 1867 we listen to the Prince's hearty praise

of Sir Edwin Landseer's "Trafalgar" lions; in 1871 he is deploring the illness of the great animal painter, and in 1874 there is a touching allusion to his death. This was the year in which Lady Butler (*née* Elizabeth Thompson) stepped into fame with her picture, "Calling the Roll after an Engagement in the Crimea," which was purchased by Queen Victoria, and removed from the R.A. walls at her command before the close of the Exhibition. The Prince paid a warm encomium to the artist at the banquet. "I am glad," said he, "to take this opportunity of saying that I hope those gentlemen who have come to the Royal Academy on this occasion have not forgotten to look at one picture in the next room, which, I think, well deserves attention. It is numbered 142 in the catalogue, and is entitled 'Calling the Roll after an Engagement in the Crimea.' This picture, painted by a young lady, who, I am given to understand, is not yet twenty-three, is deserving of the highest admiration, and I am sure she has before her a great future as an artist."

The next occasion on which the Prince was a guest in Burlington House was in 1879—the first presidential year of Sir Frederick Leighton. Referring to the change of presidency, the Prince observed: "The members of the Royal Academy—I may say all who sit at these tables—feel that they lost a friend in the death of Sir Francis Grant, who so long presided with so much geniality and kindness at these anniversaries. But of the Academy, as of Royalty, it may be said, *Le Roi est mort! Vive le*

*Roi!* The President is dead; another President is elected. Sir Frederick Leighton is an old friend of mine—a friend of upwards of twenty years' standing. I congratulate him most cordially and sincerely on the high office he now holds. I may also congratulate the Royal Academy on having such a man to preside over their meetings." In the following year the Prince himself came in for a handsome compliment from the new President's lips. "Sir," said Sir Frederick, "of the graces by which your Royal Highness has won, and firmly retains, the affectionate attachment of Englishmen, none has operated more strongly than the width of your sympathies; for there is no honourable sphere in which Englishmen move, no path of life in which they tread, wherein your Royal Highness has not, at some time, by graceful word or deed, evinced an enlightened interest."

The Prince's first public appearance as a *Patron of Literature* was at the Royal Literary Fund Dinner in 1864. In that year the widowed Queen had granted to the Institution the privilege of bearing the Crown as an addition to its armorial bearings, in commemoration of the presidency of the Prince Consort. Upwards of 400 persons attended at the dinner, and thanks, doubtless, to the presence of the young Prince as chairman, the donations were far in excess of former anniversaries. "You are all aware, gentlemen," he said in the course of his chief speech that evening, "of the immense advantages which have been derived from this Society. One of its principal features is

that it is not limited to our own countrymen, but is often extended to literary men of all nations; so that we may feel proud to think that by our timely assistance we not only advance the literature of our own country, but that of other nations. In this way, many eminent men who would otherwise be incapacitated from carrying on their labours, and from making their talents known to the world, are enabled to do so. The second important feature is the secrecy with which this timely aid is given—a secrecy so sacredly observed that in the whole number of cases, which amount to 1645 since the foundation of this Corporation in the year 1790, there is not a single case of any indiscretion having been committed; and if cases have been brought to light at all, it has only been through the acknowledgment of the literary men thus assisted, who have been anxious to express their gratitude.” Among the other speakers were Mr Anthony Trollope, Lord Houghton (better remembered as Mr Monckton Milnes), and one or two Cabinet Ministers.

The author of *The Private Life of the King* informs us that “many opportunities for patronage have been taken out of the hands of the King by the circumstances of the times. Not only does the ragged genius not come under his immediate notice, but the profuseness of the patronage bestowed by George IV. has filled the State treasure-houses. It also must be remembered that the small allowance made by the country to Queen Victoria’s eldest son while he was

Prince of Wales left him little chance of competing with his great artistic predecessor. He had, therefore, to seek far and to seek carefully to find worthy objects for patronage within the scope of his income. Within his means he did well ; he was always ready to lend his time, his patience, and his purse to anything which he has found worthy for his hand to do. But the firm establishing of the Royal Academy brings into only too sudden notice any budding Joshua Reynolds or sucking Constable, while the enormous growth of the daily and weekly press takes care of the petty Popes, the little Laureates, and the coming Chattertons. With pictures and poetry taken out of his grasp, therefore, the King turned his attention to music."

As a *Patron of Music* the Prince has a claim upon all worshippers at the shrine of St Cecilia. The Royal Academy of Music, founded in 1822, and incorporated in 1830, had for some years provided in a limited way for the training of pupils, etc., when it began to be felt and publicly urged that some institution was needed with larger expansiveness and better capabilities of diffusing a love of music among the people. In this way the National Training School for Music came to be founded, the first important conference on the subject being held at Marlborough House in June 1875, with the Prince as Chairman. The whole cost of the building was defrayed by a member of the Council, Mr Freake ; and, in due course, Sir Arthur Sullivan became the first Principal of the School. In

1878 the Prince summoned a number of gentlemen to a second conference at Marlborough House, where the proposal to found a National College of Music, uniting the Academy and the Training School, was first mooted. A committee was appointed, and the assent both of the Academy and the School had been obtained when the Academy withdrew, and declined to accept the proposals of union. But the Prince had set his heart upon the establishment of a truly national institution, and as Professor Macfarren and the directors of the Academy stood in the path of this most patriotic desire, he determined to act without the Academy, and to advocate the founding of a Royal College of Music on independent lines.

Not till nearly four years later was effect given to this resolution; the Prince, and those whose hearts were with him in the business, being unwilling to launch out until their plans were fully matured and there was reasonable prospect of success. On the 28th of February 1882 the first great meeting was held in the banqueting hall, St James's Palace, the Prince in the Chair, its object being "to solicit public support for founding a Royal College of Music." At this gathering—which was a truly national one, and attended not only by representatives of all the most distinguished and influential classes in the kingdom, but also by the Ambassadors and Ministers of the chief Continental Powers—the Prince made one of the longest speeches he has ever delivered. An admirable summary of the objects which were before

his mind as the chief promoter of the movement is contained in the following paragraph—a paragraph which shows the Prince at his very best: “What,” said he, “I seek to create, is an institution bearing the same relation to the art of music as that which our great public schools—Eton and Winchester, for example—bear to general education. On the one side you have scholars who are on the foundation and educated by means of endowment; on the other side, pupils who derive no direct benefit from the foundation. Both classes of pupils follow the same course of study; their teachers are the same, their rewards are the same. They differ only in the fact that the collegers derive aid from the college, while those who are not on the foundation pay for the whole of their education. I lay great stress on this combination of the two systems of education—that by endowment and that by payment. Financially it enables us to have salaried teachers of the greatest eminence, who will give so much of their time as they devote to teaching exclusively to the instruction of pupils at the college. But, more than all, a union of different classes in a common and elevating pursuit is the best mode of binding in one tie of common enthusiasm the different grades of society, varying alike in wealth and social influence. Each has much to learn from the other, and this learning is best acquired in an institution where all meet on common ground, and on a footing of artistic equality. A further object, and one most material, is sought to be attained by



including in our college persons who do not intend to make music their profession. To advance music as an art in its highest aspects, resort must be had to those who possess the best opportunities for general mental culture. The most highly educated classes are those who have the greatest power of disseminating the influence of art throughout the country. They are the sources from which the civilising stream proceeds downwards, and penetrates through every channel of our complex social life."

The Inauguration of the new College took place fourteen months later in the fine suite of rooms in the Albert Hall, granted to the College by the Commissioners of the '51 Exhibition. Among the distinguished company present at the ceremony were the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, Princess Christian, the Duke of Westminster, Sir George Grove, the Director of the College, and the Archbishop of Canterbury. In an interesting address, Sir George Grove sketched the results of the Prince's appeal, which had fulfilled the expectations of the most sanguine, and altogether exceeded the hopes of not a few. In the short intervening period forty-four meetings had been held in the provinces and several at the Mansion House; and by these means, as well as by the personal exertions of the Prince and his Royal brothers, a sum of money had been raised amounting to £110,000. Already many scholarships for tuition had been founded, fifteen of which included maintenance; and

the efficiency of the staff of teachers might be estimated by the fact that *artistes* of the first rank like Mesdames Arabella Goddard and Goldschmidt (Jenny Lind), Doctors Bridge and Parry, Mr Pauer, and Signor Visetti were included in the list. In view of such a report there was room for congratulation. The Prince's measured and thoughtful reply contained some added facts. "I feel," he said, "that one great object of a College of Music has been secured—namely, the discovery of latent musical ability, and the extension to those who, with great natural gifts, have been blessed with little of this world's goods, of the opportunity of obtaining instruction in music, to say the least, not inferior to any which this kingdom can afford. . . . The occupations of the scholars are as various as the places from which they come. I find that a mill-girl, the daughter of a bricklayer, and the son of a blacksmith, take high places in singing, and the son of a labourer in violin playing. The capacity of these candidates has been tested by an examination of unusual severity."

From Music we turn to Science. The King's interest in scientific matters has been shown in various ways and on many occasions. Of the readiness and zeal with which he has lent his name and voice in support of every important exhibition which has been held in the three Kingdoms since his father's death we have already spoken; but that is far from all. In order truly to realise the King as the Patron of Science, we must turn from the general to the

particular, from the miscellaneous objects of the exhibitions to more special matters.

Right back in 1866 we find the Prince of Wales the guest of the President and Council of the Institute of Civil Engineers, sitting at the same table with eminent scientists such as Armstrong and Rennie, Sir Richard Owen, and Sir Henry Bessemer. The banquet was given at Willis's Rooms on May 9th. To have to talk to engineers upon engineering was an anxious, difficult business: let us see what sort of a hand the young Prince made of it. After alluding to his pleasure at being present as an honorary member of the Institute, and having expressed his pride that his father had been an honorary member before him, he went on: "Mr President and gentlemen, perhaps it is a difficult task for me to address so eminently scientific a body, more especially to eulogize them; but I cannot forbear adverting to the names of two most distinguished members of it—I allude to Mr Brunel and Mr Stephenson, whose names will never be obliterated from our memory. The important services they have rendered to this country can never be forgotten. Let us look round at the vast works which have been completed, or which are in the course of completion, in this country. Though it may, perhaps, seem unnecessary, I think it right I should on this occasion ask you to look for a moment at the vast extension of our docks all over this country—at the great improvements in the electric telegraph, and also in our steamships, and,

in fact, in the general steam navigation on our waters. Let us look at what has been done at home—and when I say at home, I mean in the Metropolis. No one can walk over Westminster Bridge without being struck by those magnificent quays which are being built on either side of the river, and are commonly called the Thames Embankment. These constitute the most important works of the day. I must also refer to the Metropolitan Underground Railway, which is owing to the continued exertions of your distinguished President (Mr Fowler), and which, although not entirely completed, has been in use for nearly three years, and has, I believe, to a considerable extent diminished the traffic in our streets. Let us look also at our Colonies, and see the many important works which our engineers have contrived there. I would allude more especially to one—the celebrated bridge built over the St Lawrence, called the Victoria Bridge, which is close to Montreal, and which was constructed by one of your most renowned engineers, Mr Stephenson. I had the honour of inaugurating that bridge in the name of Her Majesty the Queen. I have to be thankful to you all in many ways; but I have to be particularly thankful to Mr Stephenson for having built such a bridge, because, perhaps, I should never have had an opportunity of visiting our North American Colonies and a portion of the United States, if I had not received an invitation to inaugurate that great work.” There is certainly a rather boyish tone about this

speech ; but when we recollect that the Prince at the time of its delivery *was little more than a boy*, and that the topic—besides being, probably, an uncongenial one—was but one out of hundreds of others upon which he was supposed to have an almost debating knowledge—the wonder really is that he was able to do as well as he did.

In May 1869 the Prince was dining with the members of another learned Society, the Geographical, at the Royal Institution. In the modest speech which he made on this occasion, he referred with gratitude to the facilities which had been afforded him for foreign travel at an early age, and expressed his conviction that reading books of travel will never give one “so full or favourable an idea of the countries described” as visiting those countries for oneself.

Six weeks from the Geographical Society’s meeting he was at Lynn—the chief port on the east coast next to London—opening the new Dock. The ceremony was a very imposing one. On arriving at the Dock, the circumference of which was densely crowded, the Royal visitors (the Princess accompanied her husband on this occasion) were greeted with cheering, ringing of bells, and every demonstration of welcome. When it came to the ceremony of declaring the Dock open, an agreeable surprise was added by the terms in which the announcement was made :

“ I declare this Dock now open, *and that henceforth it is to be called the Alexandra Dock.*” The people were delighted, and testified their delight by burst after

burst of cheers. The idea of naming the Dock after the Princess was the Prince's own thought, conceived a few minutes before the ceremony took place.

Next we find His Royal Highness at the Society of Arts, presenting the Albert Gold Medal to M. de Lesseps, the constructor of the Suez Canal. The Prince addressed M. de Lesseps in French, and the famous engineer replied in a telling speech, which contained a personal allusion of some interest. "I have already had the good fortune of finding myself with you, Monseigneur," he said, "when travelling in the desert ; and there—where a man, however highly he may be placed, shows himself as he is—I have been able to appreciate the noble character, the lofty mind, and the elevated sentiments of your Royal Highness, and I am happy to bear this testimony in the presence of the distinguished men who surround us." Three other occasions on which the Prince has given the Albert medal with his own hands may be touched upon. The recipients were Sir Henry Bessemer, the inventor,<sup>1</sup> the distinguished French economist, M. Chevalier, and Mr Doulton, the head of the great Lambeth potteries. The presentations to Bessemer and Chevalier were made at Marlborough House, where also the third would

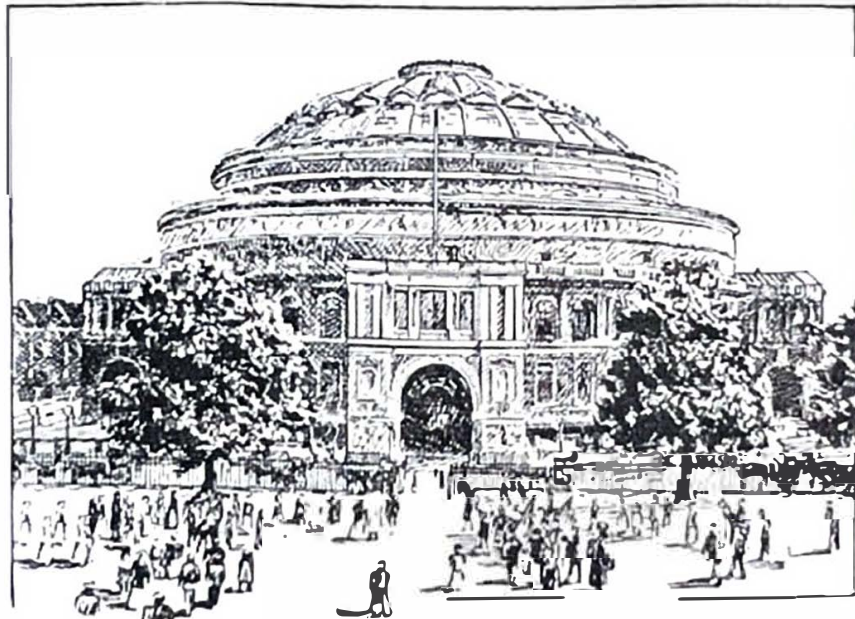
<sup>1</sup> Bessemer is the discoverer of a metallurgic process which serves as a substitute for puddling with certain descriptions of cast-iron, and for the manufacture of iron or steely-iron for many purposes. The discovery was announced before the British Association in 1856.

have been made, had it not occurred to the Prince that possibly Mr Doulton would be better pleased to receive the medal in his own place and among his own work-people—another of those happy thoughts with which the King is ever so ready, and which are so gratifying to the persons favoured.

Only six days after the presentation to M. de Lesseps, the Prince went in State, as the representative of Queen Victoria, to open that magnificent work of Sir Joseph Bazalgette—the Thames Embankment. The procession, which consisted of five Royal carriages and an escort of the Horse Guards, was joined at Westminster Bridge by the Chairman and Members of the Metropolitan Board of Works; and here, amid salutes of artillery and the answering shouts of many thousand spectators, the ceremony took place. “We must all rejoice,” said the Prince, “that while the Embankment and the noble roadway, which I am happy this day to open in the name of Her Majesty, add largely to the beauty and convenience of the Metropolis, the works connected with them may be expected materially to diminish the sources of disease and suffering to the inhabitants of this bank of the Thames.”

At the opening of the Royal Albert Hall of Arts and Sciences (now better known simply as the Albert Hall), the Prince, as President of the Provisional Committee, had to appear in a somewhat new rôle. The late Queen opened the Hall in person, and it fell to the Prince, *as a loyal subject of the Queen*, and, as we

said, the President or Chairman of Committee, to read and present the address which is usually delivered on such occasions. The Queen listened to the address with great attention, and, at the close, handed her written answer to the Prince, saying, however, in a voice that was clearly heard in every part of the vast building: "In handing you this



THE ROYAL ALBERT HALL.

answer, I wish to express my great admiration of this beautiful Hall, and my earnest wishes for its complete success." When the Bishop of London had offered a dedication prayer, the Prince, after a minute's conference with the Queen, said aloud, "The Queen declares this Hall to be now opened."

The inauguration of the completed Breakwater and Harbour of Refuge at Portland, in August 1872,



was a water- rather than a land-show, and was very imposing. The Prince came over from Osborne in the Royal yacht *Victoria and Albert*, attended by a whole fleet of ironclads. Admiral Hornby's magnificent flag-ship, the *Minotaur*, led the van ; and some idea may be formed of the impressive nature of the proceedings from the fact that, of the other ships, fifteen were first-rate ironclads. Alas ! for the Civil Lords of the Admiralty, the sea was quite rough, so that the vessels pitched horribly, and — well, their Lordships began to look anything but happy, and were glad of the first excuse to go below. Not so the Prince, who had crossed the Channel too often to be distressed by a little tossing, and who went through the day's proceedings without a qualm. The stone being laid, prayers were said by a clergyman ; plaster was spread on the surface on which the last of seven million tons of Portland stone was to find a firm resting-place ; the usual glass bottle containing newspapers, coins, and a chart of the island and the break-water was laid in the groove prepared ; and, when the Prince himself had spread some mortar, the great block was lowered into its place. His Royal Highness then struck three blows upon it with an ivory mallet, tested it with a silver level, and completed a very short but sufficient ceremony by saying, " I now declare this stone to be well and truly laid, and this great work to be complete." At the concerted signal of a lowered flag, the guns of the fort fired a salute, and the spectators raised a cheer. " The inscription on

the stone read as follows, the concluding quotation having been added, so 'tis said, by the Prince himself: —'From this spot, on the 25th of July 1849, His Royal Highness Prince Albert, Consort of Queen Victoria, deposited the first stone of this breakwater. Upon the same spot, on the 10th of August 1872, Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, laid this last stone, and declared the work complete.—*These are imperial works, and worthy Kings.*'"<sup>1</sup>

Another great engineering achievement, or series of achievements, of the Victorian era with which the King's name is inseparably associated is the Harbour and New Harbour at Holyhead, the joint work of Rennel and Hawkshaw. Thither went the Prince in August 1873, and was received by his brother, the late Duke of Edinburgh, then the Master of Trinity House. On that occasion the Breakwater was declared complete and the Harbour of Refuge open. Seven years later the harbour extension, or New Harbour, constructed for the North-Western Railway Company, was completed, and again the Prince's services were in requisition. He met with an enthusiastic reception both on land and water, and the welcome was fully earned, as H.R.H. was overpressed with work at the time, and the journey had been made at very considerable inconvenience to himself. A *Times* leader-writer feelingly wrote on this subject the morning after the ceremony: "The representative duties of Royalty in this country are heavier than

<sup>1</sup> Dr James Macaulay.

the private functions the hardest-worked Englishman has to perform. Only the other day we were recording the part played by the Prince of Wales in an ecclesiastical pageant in Cornwall. On Wednesday he was introducing a foreign sovereign to the Corporation of London. Straight from that ceremonial he had to take flight across the island to open formally the new harbour at Holyhead. In these scenes and a hundred like them a Prince's functions cannot be discharged satisfactorily unless he be at once an impersonation of Royal State and, what is harder still, his own individual self. He must act his public character as if he enjoyed the festival as much as any of the spectators. He must be able to stamp a national impress upon the solemnity, yet mark its local and particular significance. In presenting a King of the Hellenes to the citizens at the Guildhall, the Prince of Wales had to remember that his guest and the guest of the city was both a near and dear relative and the embodiment of an illustrious cause. In laying the first stone of a cathedral at Truro, he had to be both Duke of Cornwall and the Heir of England. In presiding yesterday at Holyhead, he had to recollect the provincial associations connected with the title he bears, and not forget the imperial importance of a work which creates a new link between two great divisions of the United Kingdom. That he achieved his task successfully was a matter of course. No apprehension ever touches those who are present at a scene of which the Prince of Wales is the centre,

that he may chance to chill by lack of interest, to choose his words of admiration inopportunately, or to praise without sympathy. The work he came, as it were, to sanction by national approbation is a grand engineering undertaking, and is grander yet in its probable moral consequences. The Prince of Wales understood and expressed its significance from both aspects."

## CHAPTER X.

### THE KING AS HOSPITAL PATRON AND FRIEND OF THE NEEDY.

WHEN, in 1881, the International Medical Congress was, for the first time, held in this country, the occasion was deemed of sufficient importance to warrant the general desire that "the Prince of many parts" should open the Congress. His consent was readily obtained, and on August 3rd the first meeting was held in the great room of St James's Hall, which was packed to suffocation, some 3000 members being present. The Prince was accompanied by his brother-in-law the Crown Prince of Prussia, the late Emperor "Frederick the Noble." "Few things," said the Prince in the opening of his speech, which was as packed with good things as a Christmas larder, "can tend more to the welfare of mankind than that educated men of all nations should from time to time meet together for the promotion of the branches of knowledge to which they devote themselves. The intercourse and the mutual esteem of nations have often been advanced by great international exhibitions, and I look back with pleasure to those with which I have

been connected; but when conferences are held among those who in all parts of the world apply themselves to the study of science, even greater international benefits may, I think, be confidently anticipated; more especially in the study of medicine and surgery, for in these the effects of climate and of national habits must give to the practitioners of each nation opportunities, not only of acquiring knowledge, but of imparting knowledge to those of their confrères whom they meet in congress." The whole speech was very warmly received; and when the Prince had resumed his seat, Sir James Paget, as President of the Congress, proceeded to read the inaugural address. This done, the meeting resolved itself into sections for special subjects; to one of which sections the world-famous Professor Virchow of Berlin delivered an address in German.

Touching upon Medical Congresses brings before us a more distinctly philanthropic side of the King's life as Prince of Wales, namely, his interest in hospitals. We should hardly like the task of calculating how many of these invaluable institutions he is Patron of—they are so numerous; and as founder of the Prince of Wales' Hospital Fund—one of the many interesting memorials of the Victorian Jubilee—he has surely earned the lasting gratitude of all Englishmen.

In May 1868 the Prince was at West Smithfield, presiding at the annual "View dinner" of St Bartholomew's Hospital, on which occasion he visited—*not for the first time*—several of the wards. In pro-



THE KING AND QUEEN VISITING A HOSPITAL IN THE  
EARLY SIXTIES.

posing "Prosperity to St Bartholomew's Hospital, and Health and Ease to the Patients," the Prince said: "It gives me the greatest pleasure to propose this toast. This hospital, the largest and most ancient of the metropolitan hospitals, was founded in 1123 by Rahere, and was then attached to the Priory; and on the suppression of the monasteries, in 1544, it had a charter granted to it by Henry VIII., whose portrait occupies the wall on my right. At that time the hospital had only 100 beds, one physician, and three surgeons; and it has now 650 beds, twelve physicians, and twelve surgeons, besides an array of lecturers, dispensers, and other officers. We may regard this as a grand day, and those who have gone through the wards of the hospital will have found everything in good order; but I once took the officers by surprise, and I came here in the winter, practically without giving notice. I can assure you I found everything on that occasion in the same condition as to-day—nurses and attendants in their places, and surgeons and physicians punctiliously discharging their duties. I may here advert" [the Prince proceeds to account for a visit so unexpected] "to the terrible event which occurred in the winter—the Clerkenwell explosion. That showed how well organised the hospital is, and how admirably its arrangements are adapted to such an emergency. Almost immediately after the explosion, as many as forty patients were safely housed in the hospital, while many had their wounds dressed and were sent away. I came here, and found that



the sufferers were receiving every possible attention." The above are but two out of many visits which the King has paid to this historic hospital.

Towards the end of May 1870 the Prince of Wales was pleading the claims of St George's Hospital, at the Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover Square. On this occasion he doubled his annual subscription of one hundred guineas, and the Princess also gave fifty guineas. In the course of an able speech—the prelude to moving a vote of thanks to the Prince, as Chairman—the Marquis of Westminster told of a visit which he had recently paid to a hospital in Milan, in which there were something like 3000 beds. In different rooms were portraits of the benefactors of the institution—some full-length, others three-quarters, some half-length, and others only heads. On inquiring the reason of this distinction, the noble Marquis had been informed that the size of the picture was regulated by the amount of the sum subscribed. Thus a £4000 donor had his portrait painted full-length, a £500 donor perhaps by a half-length, and so forth. In responding, the Prince urged warmly the need of subscriptions, and at the conclusion of his speech said: "Lord Westminster has just alluded to the hospital at Milan, and to the portraits of different sizes, according to the amount of money subscribed by the originals. I have but one suggestion to make to you in that respect, and one to which, I am sure, you will respond—that you should all contribute very largely that circular golden portrait

representative of the Queen which this Hospital needs so much."

In 1869, and again in 1871, the Prince's powerful support was enlisted on behalf of the Asylum for Idiots at Earlswood. No charity, urged the Prince, at a festival dinner at the London Tavern, had a greater demand on public sympathy and support, and he enforced a very earnest appeal by placing a cheque for one hundred guineas in the hands of the Secretary of the Institution. A year or two later His Royal Highness was advocating, with true breadth of sympathy, the claims of the German Hospital, Dalston, at Willis's Rooms. About 300 persons sat down to dinner, among whom were the German and Austro-Hungarian Ambassadors, some Consuls of Continental States, and other distinguished foreigners. The Prince presided, and made two or three capital speeches; and during the dinner Mr Marriott's band discoursed sweet music to the guests, and a choir, under the direction of Sir Julius Benedict and Herr Ganz, sang German songs by Schubert and others. The donations amounted to over £5000—£1200 in excess of any previous collection.

Many other instances of the Prince's interest in hospital work might be spoken of, but our space is limited. The record would embrace the Festival Dinner at Willis's Rooms on May 24th, 1881, on behalf of The Royal Hospital for Women and Children; the opening of Convalescent Homes at Swanley in 1872 and 1885; the opening of the new buildings

of the London Hospital, and of the new wing of the Deaconess' Institution and Hospital at Tottenham—both in 1887 ; and a long list of similar functions, in which the Great Northern Hospital, Holloway Road ; the Brompton Hospital, Fulham Road ; the Alexandra Hospital, Queen's Square, and how many more ? came in for a share of the Prince's willing and liberal patronage.

The more *miscellaneous* philanthropic and religious causes in which the King in his subject days showed hearty and practical interest are also very numerous. In May 1865 His Royal Highness visited the Sailors' Home at the London Docks, and opened the new buildings of that deserving institution ; in June of the following year he presided at the sixteenth anniversary festival of the Friend of the Clergy Corporation ; and in March 1867 was present at the annual meeting of the Royal Lifeboat Institution, held in the Egyptian Hall of the Mansion House. On this occasion H.R.H. was received in the State Drawing-room by the Lord Mayor, attended by the sword and mace-bearers of the Corporation, and thence conducted to the Hall, where a brilliant company was assembled. At no part of the Prince's speech was he more heartily cheered than when he affirmed : " Among the many benevolent and charitable institutions of this country there are, I think, few which demand our sympathy and support more, and in which we can feel more interest, than the National Lifeboat Institution. An institution of

this kind is an absolute necessity in a great maritime country like ours. It is wholly different in one respect from other institutions, because although lives are to be saved, they can in those cases in which this society operates only be saved at the risk of the loss of other lives. I am happy to be able to congratulate the Institution upon its high state of efficiency at the present moment, and upon the fact that by its means nearly one thousand lives have been saved in the course of the past year." After the meeting the Prince lunched with the chief magistrate in the Long Parlour of the Mansion House, where he made another speech. In 1884 he again presided at an Annual Meeting of the Society.

One of the oldest institutions of this country is the cosmopolitan charity known as the Society of Friends of Foreigners in Distress, with its almshouses at Lower Norwood, where many a poor alien, fallen upon evil days, has found shelter in his old age. On 5th May 1868 the Prince of Wales presided at the sixty-second anniversary festival of this most deserving charity. Even at the time of its initiation in 1806 the institution had been thought to be a work of necessity, but, urged the Prince, how much more had it become such since the means of communication between country and country had been so vastly increased, and trade, manufactures, and commerce had so largely attracted the people of other nations to our shores! Having proceeded to give some convincing statistics, and an account of the

workings of the Society, H.R.H. begged to propose that the toast be drunk up-standing with three times three, a call which was heartily responded to.

An occasion quite as interesting as the above was the unveiling, about a twelvemonth later, of the Peabody Statue near the Royal Exchange. The indebtedness of the City of London to the man whose magnificent gifts to her suffering poor were thus commemorated was feelingly emphasised by the Prince at the time of the unveiling. "The name of George Peabody," he said, "is so well known to all of you, that really I feel some difficulty in saying anything new of that remarkable man ; but, at the same time, it affords me the deepest gratification to join in paying a mark of tribute and respect to the name of that great American citizen and philanthropist—I may say, that citizen of the world. England can never adequately pay the debt of gratitude which she owes to him—London especially, where his wonderful charity has been so liberally distributed. For a man not born in this country to give a sum—I believe, more than a quarter of a million of pounds sterling—for purposes of benevolence is a fact unexampled. His name will go down to posterity as one who has tried to ameliorate the condition of his poorer fellow-creatures, and especially to benefit their moral and social character. I have not yet had the opportunity," the Prince continued, "of seeing the statue which is about to be unveiled, but having had the privilege of knowing the sculptor,

Mr Story, for a space of now about ten years, I feel sure it will be one worthy of his reputation, and worthy also of the man to whom it was dedicated. Before concluding the few imperfect remarks which I have ventured to address to you, let me thank Mr Motley, the American Minister, for his presence on this occasion, and assure him what pleasure it gives me to take part in this great, and, I might almost say, national ceremonial of paying a tribute to the name of his great and distinguished countryman. Be assured that the feelings which I personally entertain towards America are the same as they ever were. I can never forget the reception which I had there nine years ago, and my earnest wish and hope is that England and America may go hand in hand in peace and prosperity."

The statue was then uncovered amid ringing cheers, and when these had subsided, Mr Motley (now better remembered as the historian of the Dutch Republic than a United States Minister) addressed the vast concourse of people in an eloquent speech, which was punctuated with frequent and approving cheers from his auditors. In closing he said: "It is a delightful thought that the tens of thousands who daily throng this crowded mart will see him [Peabody] almost as accurately as if in the flesh; and that generations after generations—that long, yet unborn, but, I fear, never-ending procession of London's poor—will be almost as familiar with the form and features of their great benefactor as are those of us who have enjoyed his

acquaintance and friendship in life." The distinguished sculptor was also called upon for a speech, but he said that he had none to make. "That is my speech," he added, pointing significantly to the statue—and an eloquent speech it undoubtedly is.

In presiding at the annual festival of the Railway Benevolent Institution, on March 27th, 1873, after a very busy day, the Prince made some pointed and thoroughly sensible remarks on the risks incurred in railway travelling, and the desirability of thinking out measures for reducing them. "Not a day goes by," he reminded his audience, "but most of you travel once—probably twice. In stepping into a railway carriage, do you not think of the risks you may run? An accident may happen to anybody, though every possible security and guarantee may be given that no accident shall occur. Well, if we as passengers run risks, how much more so the officers and servants of the companies; and that not every day, but every hour and minute of their lives? We may be sure it is the earnest desire of the managers and directors—many of whom are here this evening—to do all in their power to guarantee the safety of the passengers and of those to whom are entrusted the care and management of the trains. I feel sure I cannot impress on them too strongly the necessity for their still using every effort in their power to prevent accidents, which are unfortunately too frequent. It is not for me in the presence of so many great railway authorities to say what plan may be best

devised to lessen accidents—whether it may be that there are too many railways, whether the immense network which exists in this country comes too closely together at different stations, or the trains follow each other at intervals too short. These are questions with which I do not feel myself competent to deal; but at the same time I feel that the question of railways, and especially the frequency of accidents, are brought more distinctly under our notice when we consider the claims of the Institution we are brought together this evening to promote. This is a theme about which one might talk for a long time; and I know, on occasions of this kind, it would be out of place on my part to give you a long oration; yet, though I but feebly express what others would much better have laid before you, I hope you will believe that nobody feels more deeply for this Institution than I, and nobody will continue to take a greater interest in everything connected with our great railways. To show you that I am not using mere stereotyped phrases, I may tell you that no week elapses without my travelling once or twice at least by train. I have therefore the opportunity of seeing, as well as anybody can see, how admirably our railway system is worked. Not only the managers and directors, but the officers and servants have my warmest admiration for doing their utmost in the execution of their duty, and also for their unvarying courtesy and attention.”

A few years later, in a speech full of interesting



statistics, the Prince pleaded for funds for the Railway Guards' Friendly Society. The appeal was liberally responded to, H.R.H. leading off with his customary cheque for one hundred guineas. There is nothing special to record of this festival dinner ; and we may now pass from the claims of railway employées to those of a far larger class—namely, the agricultural and farming population.

As a country gentleman, and landlord of a large estate, it goes without saying that the King is—and, since he became a landed proprietor, has ever been—the friend and patron of all national movements for the bettering of the condition of the agricultural classes. Elsewhere in this volume we have spoken of the interest taken by His Majesty in his Norfolk tenantry ; but the circle of his sympathies is not bounded by the lanes and fences of Wolferton and Sandringham ; it extends in all directions as far as the “inviolable sea” which compasses the three kingdoms. Testimony to this fact is borne by his own speeches, to say nothing of his numerous benefactions, which are the usual accompaniments of his utterances on all philanthropic subjects. “I say sincerely, that I take a great interest in all that is connected with agriculture,” he said, at the fifteenth anniversary festival of the Royal Agricultural Benevolent Institution. “I may call myself a colleague of many of you present as a farmer on a small scale, and I only hope that I may never have occasion to be a pensioner of this Institution (!). It is impossible,

I think, for any British gentleman to live at his country place without taking an interest in agriculture, and in all those things which concern the farmers of this great country. . . . Gentlemen, this excellent and charitable Institution has been only in existence" [the Prince was speaking in 1875] "for the space of fifteen years, and its object is the relief of farmers who have been reduced by failure of crops, loss of stock, bad seasons, and other causes. It has been founded, as I say, for this purpose, but there is one thing which is absolutely necessary to entitle to relief, and that is that the recipient of the pension must have, as his exclusive means of support, cultivated at least fifty acres, or rented land at £100 a year at least for twenty years. And those farmers who receive pensions must prove to the society that they do not possess an income from other sources of more than £20 a year. Among those, also, who are benefited by the society are the widows and children or orphans of farmers and their unmarried daughters."

After the list of subscriptions (which amounted to £8000) had been read by the Secretary, and the toast of "The Executive" had been proposed by Mr C. S. Reid, M.P., and responded to by the Marquis of Huntly, a good deal of curiosity was excited when the Prince again rose to his feet. "The list of toasts which we all have before us has now come to an end," he said, "but I shall take the liberty of proposing one more—the last, but by no means the least. We have been honoured on this

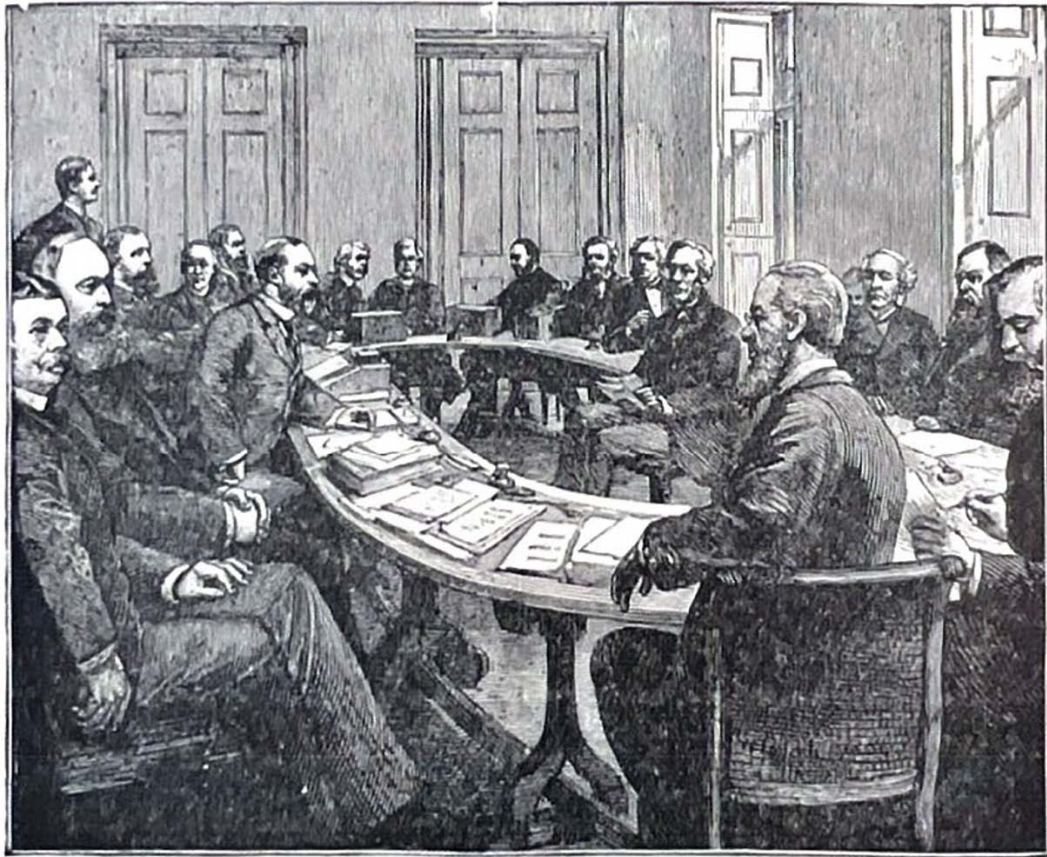
occasion by fair ladies, and I think it would be very wrong if we were to separate without cordially drinking their health. We see especially how much the comfort, the well-being, prosperity, and happiness of farmers and agriculturists depend upon a kind wife to cheer them by the fireside at the end of their day's work, and to lighten by female influence the load of difficulties. . . . I beg to propose the toast of 'The Ladies,' coupled with the name of Mr Mechi."<sup>1</sup>

A matter nearly related to the above, and to which the King has given much and earnest attention, is the Housing of the Poor and Working Classes—one of the gravest and most perplexing of our social problems.

In February 1884 this difficult question was before the House of Lords, and Lord Salisbury moved an Address to the Throne for the appointment of a Royal Commission to inquire into the matter. When Lord Carrington had seconded the motion, the Prince rose in his place, and in a few pregnant words, based upon first-hand knowledge and practical experience, gave his powerful support to the motion. This was one of the rare occasions on which the Prince had addressed the House, and he was heartily cheered both on rising and resuming his seat. The personal allusions in the speech give it a special biographical value, and we need offer no apology for quoting it at some length. After alluding to

<sup>1</sup> The founder of the Institution, and a well-known agriculturist.

the speeches which had gone before, and affirming his conviction that a searching enquiry was necessary, H.R.H. continued: "My Lords, it is not my intention to trouble your Lordships with many remarks, though I take the keenest and liveliest interest in this great



A ROYAL COMMISSION ON THE HOUSING OF THE POOR.

*The King examining the late Lord Shaftesbury.*

question. Still, I confess I have not gone sufficiently into the matter for me to venture on giving an opinion, especially after what has fallen from the noble Marquis and the noble Lord. At the same time, I can assure you, my Lords, that I am deeply

flattered at having been appointed a member of the Royal Commission. The subject of the housing of the poor is not entirely unknown to me, as, having acquired a property in Norfolk now for twenty years, I have had something to do in building fresh dwellings for the poor and working classes. On arriving there I found the dwellings in the most deplorable condition, but I hope now that there is hardly one on the estate who can complain of not being adequately housed.

“I quite endorse what has fallen from the noble Marquis and the quotation which he made from the letter of Mr Williams which appeared in to-day’s newspapers. A few days ago I visited two of the poorest courts in the district of St Pancras and Holborn, where I can assure you, my Lords, that the condition of the people, or rather of their dwellings, was perfectly disgraceful. This in itself proves to me how important it is that there should be a thoroughly searching enquiry. As your Lordships are aware, there have existed now for some short space of time several private societies organized for the purpose of enquiring into this very question. I am sure that we ought all to be grateful to these gentlemen for giving up their time to so important a subject, and I feel that the Royal Commission can in nowise clash with the efforts of these private individuals.

“In conclusion, my Lords, I wish to say that I cherish an earnest hope, which I feel will be shared

by your Lordships, that the result of this Royal Commission will be a recommendation to Parliament of measures of a drastic and thorough kind, which may be the means of not only improving the dwellings of the poor, but of ameliorating their condition generally."

On scores of occasions the Prince received deputations of working men at Marlborough House and elsewhere, when his invariable courtesy, and the fulness with which he was wont to enter into the subject of such deputations, had often the most gratifying effects, even though, as was sometimes necessarily the case, he was unable to offer more than sympathetic wishes and kind advice. Frequently, however, he was able to achieve the end which the workers had been long and fruitlessly seeking.

On May 5, 1879, a very humble class of the community received welcome assurance of the Prince's care for their well-being — though, indeed, such assurance was hardly needed—when H.R.H. presided at the festival dinner of the Cabdrivers' Benevolent Association. The Association exists for the fourfold purpose of granting annuities of £20 a year, of advancing small loans, of giving temporary relief in cases of urgent distress, and of assisting the widows and orphans of cabmen. The Prince described them as "an honest, persevering, and industrious" class, and drew a sympathetic picture of the "poor men sitting on their cabs in the cold east

## *THE KING AS HOSPITAL PATRON*

winds . . . . and in the rain and snow." He cited numerous statistics to show their honesty, and drove home the facts by an anecdote, which had been related to him the same day by one of their well-wishers. The story was this: "A gentleman drove in a cab to a shop, left the cab and entered the shop. On coming out he was not in so quiet a frame of mind as when he entered; it was evident to the passers-by that he was dissatisfied with the shopman: he left the shop and went away. The shopman threw a case into the cab. The gentleman had forgotten it. But the cabman immediately drove to Scotland Yard and delivered the case, which was found to contain jewellery worth £2300." "I believe—at least it is the popular belief," said the Prince in an earlier part of the same speech, "that there is only one article a cabman never returns, and this is an umbrella, and I think that is, we may consider, quite fair. A gentleman having an umbrella may not want a cab, but without an umbrella he will be compelled to take a cab if the rain comes on!"

In 1884 (August 1st) the Prince addressed an Anti-Slavery Society Meeting in the Guildhall—a kind of jubilee celebration of the Abolition of Slavery in the British Colonies. A few of the veterans who had taken part in the great struggle fifty years before—Joseph Sturge, for example, and Sir Henry Verney, M.P.—as well as several descendants of the early champions of the cause, were on the platform. Among the ladies present were the Baroness Burdett-

Coutts, and Miss Gordon, sister of General Gordon of Khartoum. On a dais at the rear of the platform were flower-crowned busts of Clarkson and Granville Sharp, and in front were iron chains and heavy wooden yokes, grim reminders of the horrors under which our black-skinned brethren had once groaned.

On this occasion the Prince made one of his longest and best speeches, and his announcement that he had been induced to preside from "a conviction of the paramount importance of the Society to the great interests of humanity and justice" was received with tumultuous cheering. "We may all be proud, ladies and gentlemen," he said later, "that England was the first country that abolished negro slavery. Parliament voted, and the nation paid twenty million pounds sterling to facilitate this object. . . . The great Republic of France, in 1848, under the guidance of the veteran abolitionist, M. Victor Schoelcher, and his colleagues, passed a short act abolishing slavery throughout the French dominions: '*La Republique n'admet plus d'esclaves sur le territoire Français.*' In Russia the emancipation of twenty millions of serfs in 1861 by the late Emperor of Russia must not pass unchronicled in a review of the history of emancipation, although, strictly speaking, this form of slavery can scarcely be classed with that resulting from the African Slave-trade. In the United States of America, in 1865, the fetters of six millions of slaves in the Southern States were melted in the hot fires of



the most terrible civil war of modern times. Passing on to South America, and looking to Brazil, it may be noted with satisfaction that all of the small republics formerly under the rule of Spain put an end to slavery at the time they threw off the yoke of the mother country. The great Empire of Brazil has alone, I regret to say, retained the curse which she inherited from her Portuguese rulers." In replying to a vote of thanks towards the close of the meeting, the Prince pointed to the slave-irons exhibited on the platform, and stated that they had been brought from Zanzibar by Sir Bartle Frere. "By looking at these implements of the slavers," he added, "you will be more convinced, perhaps, than by anything else, of the cruelty and hardships which slaves in this part of Africa had to undergo."

In June 1886 the Prince was in East London laying the foundation-stone of the People's Palace, and in the following year he accompanied his august mother to the "Opening," which, as most of our readers will remember, was celebrated with much state. The poor of the neighbourhood turned out in their thousands from slums and lodging-houses to see the Royal procession pass, and Queen Victoria and the Prince were both loudly cheered.

## CHAPTER XI.

### THE KING AND THE BULWARKS OF THE STATE; WITH PEEPS AT SOME CIVIC FUNCTIONS.

THE events which we have been sketching in the three preceding chapters recall only a tithe of the philanthropic movements and institutions with which the King was pleased to link his name before the great burden of the State fell upon his shoulders: yet they sufficiently indicate the breadth of His Majesty's sympathies, and the extracts which we have given from his public speeches show very clearly the firm bent of his mind in the direction of all that makes for the moral advancement and social development of the people. Not less cordial were his relations with the Army and Navy—to say nothing of the Law and the various Civic institutions of the country. Of these things we shall now speak.

It was very soon after his marriage that the Prince was “respectfully requested to take upon himself the freedom of the city [of London], to which he is entitled by patrimony”; and the event was celebrated by a great civic banquet at the Guildhall, where covers were laid for 2000 guests. The arrival of the Royal

party shortly after 9 p.m. was announced by a flourish of trumpets. The Prince was accompanied by the Princess, and among the other Royal guests were Prince Alfred, the Duchess of Cambridge, and the Duke and Princess Mary of Cambridge. They were received by the Lord Mayor and Court of Common Council, who all wore their robes and insignia of office, and were conducted to the dais, in front of which was a table whereon lay the historic sword and mace. The official record of the Prince's title to the freedom having been read, His Royal Highness made and afterwards signed the following declaration:—

“I, Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, do solemnly declare that I will be good and true to our Sovereign Lady Queen Victoria: that I will be obedient to the Mayor of this City; that I will maintain the franchises and customs thereof, and will keep this City harmless, in that which in me is: that I will also keep the Queen's peace in my own person: that I will know no gatherings nor conspiracies made against the Queen's peace, but I will warn the Mayor thereof, or hinder it to my power: and that all these points and articles I will well and truly keep, according to the laws and customs of this City, to my power.

“ALBERT EDWARD.”

Mr Benjamin Scott, the Chamberlain, then read an address, offered the Prince the right hand of fellowship, in the name of the citizens of London, and presented the gold casket containing the record of the freedom. The Prince replied in a formal speech,

bristling with compliments, in which the phrases, "sincere gratification," "patrimony that I am proud to claim," "the greatest city of the commercial world," "illustrious men," etc., etc., were introduced with all possible effect; and so the ceremony ended. A ball followed, the Lord Mayor leading off in a spirited quadrille with the Princess of Wales, and the Prince with the Lady Mayoress. Aged citizens relate that the Guildhall has never witnessed a scene to equal it—so splendid was the ball and so joyous. The Princess wore around her fair young neck the *rivière* of diamonds presented by the city corporation at her marriage. It was valued at £10,000.

Exactly a month later, the Prince was again the subject of civic hospitality, when he went to the city to take up his freedom in the Mercers' Company, and to enrol his name on their records. He had already (that is, before his marriage) been enrolled in the Fishmongers' Company, and when he next partook of their welcome (in June 1865) he appeared as a member—a freeman of their corporation—as well as a guest.

On July 11th, 1867, the Prince was one of the distinguished company invited to a banquet at the Mansion House, to meet the Viceroy of Egypt, Ismail Pasha. "We have every reason to be grateful to the Viceroy and to his government," said the Prince in the course of his speech, "for the means he has afforded us of visiting that country, and for the great hospitality that he has shown us on all

occasions. I myself received distinguished marks of kindness under the rule of his brother, the late Viceroy, in 1862. Nothing could exceed the kindness and courtesy with which I was treated, and the facilities with which I was enabled to visit that most interesting country." The speech concluded with a gracefully tender allusion to the Princess of Wales, who was just recovering from the serious illness of which we made mention in an earlier chapter. "I know I only express her feelings," said the Prince, "when I say that she has been deeply touched by that universal good feeling and sympathy which has been shown to her during her long and painful illness. Thank God she has now nearly recovered, and I trust that in a month's time she will be able to leave London and enjoy the benefits of fresh air."

January 9th, 1874, is another noteworthy date in the annals of the city of London. On that day the Prince of Wales unveiled the memorial equestrian statue of the Prince Consort, which stands at the western entrance to the Holborn Viaduct. At the site an address was read, containing a description of the memorial, and an account of its origin : and on the conclusion of the ceremony, the Prince was driven in the Lord Mayor's State-carriage to the Guildhall, where between 700 and 800 guests sat down to luncheon. After the first loyal toast, "The Queen," had been received with all honours, the Lord Mayor said : "I now raise my glass to the memory of the

late Prince Consort. 'He being dead yet speaketh.'" The toast was drunk standing, and in profound silence. In responding to the toast of his own health, the Prince acknowledged his debt of thanks to the donor of the statue, whose name he knew, but who wished it not to be made public. "To the Corporation of London," he added, "I have to express my thanks for having contributed a part of the statue—namely, the pedestal; and I am sure that the work which we have inaugurated to-day will long be an ornament to the City of London."

The banquet to Lord (then Sir Garnet) Wolseley at the Mansion House, in March of the same year, again brought the Prince to the City. The gallant General had just returned from the highly successful Ashantee Expedition, and on the day preceding the banquet both Houses of Parliament had passed an unanimous vote of thanks for the manner in which the difficult campaign had been conducted. Covers were laid for 260 guests, among whom were several Royalties, the officers of Sir Garnet's staff, and others who had figured conspicuously during the Expedition. The guest of the evening sat on the Prince's right hand. We can only give the conclusion of H.R.H.'s speech on this occasion, though it was all good and to the point. "I cannot sit down," he said, "without taking the opportunity of saying how much I rejoice—may I say, as a soldier and a comrade of those I see around me?—that this Expedition has ended in so successful a manner. English officers and English

troops have kept up their reputation. They have not only displayed great courage—that they have done on all occasions—but they displayed extraordinary endurance, owing to the fearful climate and country they had to contend with. I am glad to have the opportunity of welcoming home the gallant General on my right, and congratulating him on the great success of his expedition.”

Wolseley, whose rising was the signal for a tremendous ovation, made a speech that was admirable alike in tone and feeling, and abounded in shrewd soldierly observations on the conduct and results of the war. One passage may serve as a sample of the rest: “The military world,” he said, “has learnt many military lessons in recent years, but the most valuable to us as a nation that has been taught us by the Abyssinian and Ashantee Wars is, that when you have to appoint an English General to command any military undertaking, it is necessary to trust him; to supply him with all he asks for; and, above all things, to avoid the error of severing the military command from the diplomacy necessarily connected with the operations. I have no hesitation in saying that had my operations been encumbered by the presence with me of a Civil Governor, or of an Ambassador authorised to give me orders, I do not think I should ever have reached Coomassie. Upon my arrival at Cape Coast Castle, at the beginning of last October, I found it in a state of siege. A large Ashantee army threatened both it and Elmina; a panic and

demoralisation had seized upon all classes ; the people from the surrounding districts had flooded into the towns on the Coast, where they soon suffered from disease, owing to their crowded condition ; trade had almost ceased altogether, and a large proportion of the people depended upon the Government for their support. When I left Cape Coast Castle, at the beginning of this month, I left there a prosperous population, enjoying the blessings of peace and the mercantile advantages attendant thereon. I found upon my arrival on the Coast the *prestige* of England at its lowest ebb, but, before I departed, I left our military fame firmly established on a secure base, consequent on the victories so gallantly won by the troops under my command."

About six weeks after the Wolseley banquet, on what is known as "the great grand day" of Trinity Term, the Treasurer and Benchers of the Middle Temple entertained the members of the Inn in their ancient and historic Hall ; and the Prince—himself a Bencher since 1862—was present as one of the *hosts*. The Hall dates back to 1562, and is one of the most famous relics of old London. On four prior occasions at least, Royalty had honoured the Hall with its presence—the visitors being Queen Henrietta, the consort of Charles I., Peter the Great of Russia, William III., and the Prince, who was now repeating his visit. There is also a tradition that Queen Elizabeth was present at a rehearsal there of *Midsummer Night's Dream*, in which its immortal author



took part; and that in the course of the revel, the Virgin Queen danced with her Chancellor, Sir Christopher Hatton. The Prince alluded to the tradition in responding to the toast of his health, and playfully added: "I am afraid that nowadays the duties of the Chancellor are more arduous than they were then, and that they do not allow him much time to acquire the art of dancing." Earlier in his speech the Prince told his brother Benchers: "I cannot feel that I am quite a stranger among you, although it is now nearly thirteen years since I had the honour of being enrolled as a member of this Inn. My relations with you are, unfortunately, of an almost honorary character, but I can assure you that I consider it a very high honour to be connected with this Inn. It is, I am sure, a good thing for the profession at large and for the public in general that I have never been called to the Bar, for I must say that I could never have been a brilliant ornament of it."

Two months later, or thereabouts, His Royal Highness was at Plymouth opening the new Guild Hall and Law Courts; and in 1882 he was present at that far grander function, the opening of the Royal Courts of Justice by Queen Victoria. As this was hardly "the Prince's show," however, and we have given an account of the ceremony in a companion biography of the late Queen,<sup>1</sup> we will pass on to other matters.

Perhaps the shortest speech the King ever made

<sup>1</sup> *Victoria: her Life and Reign.*

was at the beginning of his Indian tour (November 1875), when he addressed 2000 sailors of the Fleet under a huge marquee on the Esplanade at Bombay. The men had been given a dinner—of a kind that sailors do not often get (ducks and chickens, hams and sucking-pigs, plantains and oranges being among the good things on the bill of fare)—and after the dinner the Prince entered the marquee, and, amid a hurricane of cheers, took a glass of lemonade, and toasted the Flying and Indian Squadrons. “Sailors,” he said, “I hope you have enjoyed a good dinner and a pleasant day. I drink to the healths of the Indian and Detached Squadrons.” After making a tour of the tent, he returned to his carriage.

In the autumn of 1877 His Royal Highness went to Dartmouth to place his sons, Prince Eddy and Prince George, on the training ship *Britannia*, under the care of Captain Fairfax, R.N. “At the end of the summer term in the following year, the Prince consented to preside at the distribution of prizes on the *Britannia*, and graciously announced that the successful pupils should receive their medals and books from the hands of the Princess of Wales. The Mayor and Corporation of the ancient borough of Dartmouth took advantage of the occasion to give official welcome to the Royal visitors, and to present an address, which the Prince signified his readiness to receive on board the Royal yacht *Osborne*. Thither the magistrates repaired in the forenoon. The picturesque estuary of the river Dart never had

displayed so festive an appearance. The *Britannia* and her attendant yacht the *Sirius*, the Royal yacht, the Admiralty yacht, which had brought the Lords of the Admiralty, several ships of the Plymouth fleet, under Admiral Sir Thomas Symonds, besides a large flotilla of yachts, steam launches, and all sorts of boats, were covered with gay bunting, while flags floated from every point of the shore and the town.”<sup>1</sup>

The Town Clerk, having read the address of welcome, the Prince made a suitable reply, and afterwards congratulated the Mayor, Sir Henry Seale, on the success of the illuminations the evening before. Then, accompanied by the municipal authorities, and by the Duke of Connaught, Prince Louis of Battenberg, and a numerous retinue, the Prince and Princess proceeded to the *Britannia* for the distribution of the prizes, their two sons being in the boat with them—one steering, the other pulling the second bow oar. “They were received by Mr W. H. Smith, then First Lord of the Admiralty, and the other Lords; by the Commander-in-Chief of the Plymouth division of the Channel Fleet; and Captain Fairfax of the *Britannia*. Between 500 and 600 of the friends and relatives of the cadets, and other invited guests, among whom were Lord and Lady Charles Beresford, and Sir Samuel and Lady Baker, were assembled on the quarter-deck, sheltered from the sun by a canopy of flags, surmounted by the flag of Denmark and the white ensign of England.”<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Dr Macaulay.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*

The Princess having distributed the prizes, and Dr Hirst, director of studies at the Greenwich Naval College, having read a report on the state of the training, the Prince of Wales, standing on the deck in the uniform of a captain of the Royal Naval reserve, said :—

“ My Lords, Ladies and Gentlemen,—Permit me to express to you the great pleasure it has given the Princess to present the cadets who are about to leave the *Britannia* with the prizes which they have so successfully won, and to express to you on my own part, as well as on that of the Princess, the very great pleasure it has given us to be here to witness and take part in these interesting proceedings. . . . I can only wish those who are about to leave the *Britannia*, and who have now fairly entered that noble service for which they have been trained, all possible success. Let me hope that the tuition they have received here will not be thrown away upon them, and that they may all emulate those bright examples to be found in English history, and of which every naval officer must be proud. To those cadets who still remain on board this ship I can only recommend strict assiduity to their studies and strict obedience to discipline, and that all of them try to pass out of the *Britannia* as highly as they can, remembering, above all, that saying which one of our greatest sailors has handed down to posterity—‘England expects that every man will do his duty.’ A personal interest which the Princess and myself take in this

ship, and the confidence we have of its being an excellent practical school for boys, have been testified by the fact that we have sent our two sons among you to be educated. For myself, my only hope and trust is that they may do credit to the ship and to their country."

At the conclusion of the speech, three cheers were called for for the Prince and Princess, which were heartily given, and prolonged to three times three. The sightseers in the row-boats around the *Britannia* caught up the cheers with a will, and the high banks of the Dart sent them back in a thousand echoes. Captain and Mrs Fairfax afterwards had the honour of entertaining the Royal personages and a select party at luncheon; and later in the day the Prince went on board the German Imperial frigate *Niobe*, news of the visit being instantly wired to the Emperor. On leaving the *Britannia* for the shore, the Prince and Princess were rowed by full-grown sailors, and their two sons sat in the stern sheets, happy enough in the thought of the holidays before them. Near the landing-stage, the cadets of the *Britannia* sat in their blue coats with tossed oars; while from the numerous craft in the river, and also from the shore, cheer after cheer went up. As the Princess stepped from the boat, little girls came forward, dressed in white, and strewed flowers in her path.

On August 16th, 1880, the Prince crossed from Osborne to Portsmouth to present new colours to



THE KING AT A CHILDREN'S FESTIVAL IN HYDE PARK ON  
THE OCCASION OF VICTORIA'S GOLDEN JUBILEE.

*A child, introduced by the King, is receiving an inscribed mug  
from the late Queen's own hand.*

the Royal Welsh Fusiliers—the famous Twenty-third—whose 1st Battalion was about to embark for India. The motto of the regiment is the motto of the Prince of Wales, “*Ich Dien*,” and the proud words “*Nec aspera terrent*” are emblazoned on its colours. The record of the Twenty-third Foot is a long and honourable one, and it was fitting that the presentation of the new colours should be made by the titular Head of the Principality. The old colours had been presented by the Prince Consort in 1849, when also the Battalion received from Queen Victoria the first of those Royal goats which have always since marched at the head of the regiment. The regimental pet was not a *new* institution at that time, but hitherto the men of the regiment had found the goat themselves.

As for the old colours, the Queen’s had been carried by Lieutenant Anstruther when he was killed at Sebastopol in the gallant act of planting them on the Great Redoubt. Twelve officers and half the rank and file fell in that terrible rush, but the Royal Welsh had the honour of first entering the enemy’s stronghold. The colours were pierced with seventy-five bullets, and the pole of one of them was shot in two and had to be bound together with a cord. After Anstruther had fallen, the Queen’s colours were carried till the end of the battle by a wounded non-commissioned officer, Sergeant O’Connor, whose bravery was rewarded with a commission and the Victoria Cross. O’Connor rose to be Colonel of the 2nd Battalion, and was at Portsmouth, his breast covered with



decorations, when the Prince crossed the Solent in the Royal yacht *Osborne* for the purpose related.

The ceremony of removing the old colours and presenting the new was witnessed by an immense and enthusiastic assemblage, and was an imposing and affecting spectacle. To see the old tattered colours, so full of honourable associations, placed in front of the saluting point, and then sent to the rear to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne," brought the tears to many a brave fellow's eyes ; though, of course, the faded relics had to go, for in their shredded state they could not be unfurled. On presenting the new colours, the Prince said :

"Colonel Elgee, officers, and non-commissioned officers and men of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers,—I consider it a very great privilege to have been asked to present your regiment with new colours on the eve of its departure for India. It occurs to me in presenting these colours that they are to replace those which were given to you about thirty-one years ago by my lamented father, and which through three campaigns your regiment has carried with honour and success. You will, in a few years, celebrate your 200th anniversary, and during that time your regiment has served in nearly every quarter of the globe, and seen as much or more service than any regiment in the Army. You have served at Corunna, Salamanca, the Peninsula, Waterloo, Alma, Inkerman, Sebastopol, Lucknow, and, coming down to more recent times, Ashantce. I feel sure that there will



always be the same emulation among those who serve in your ranks as there has been in the past, and that the good name of your regiment will always be maintained as prominently as it is now. You are now on the eve of departure for India, and nobody wishes you 'Godspeed' more sincerely than I do. I feel sure that, whatever your services may be, they will be such as will bring credit to your regiment, and will add additional proofs of the valour for which it is so justly celebrated."

When Colonel Elgee had replied, and the line had been reformed, the Prince had the whole of the officers drawn up on each side of the drums, and as they saluted and passed to their posts, each was individually presented to the Prince and Princess by the Colonel. After the whole party from the Royal yacht had partaken of luncheon, they went aboard the *Malabar*, on which the troops had meanwhile embarked, and stayed there three-quarters of an hour inspecting the vessel. Their return to the *Osborne* was the signal for the troopship to draw away into the stream; whereupon the Royal Marines on shore struck up, "The March of the Men of Harlech," and the troops responded by singing "Auld Lang Syne."

The following year was the year of the great Colonial Banquet at the Mansion House—a truly historic occasion, on account of the extraordinary numbers of Governors and ex-Governors, Premiers and ex-Premiers, Administrators and ex-Administrators of our Colonies, who were assembled there by invitation

of the Lord Mayor, Sir William M'Arthur, M.P. The chief guests were the Prince of Wales, President of the Colonial Institute, and the King of the Sandwich Islands. One's ideas of a monarch of the Sandwich Islands are associated somewhat with beads and feathers, but the conception is an antiquated one. His Majesty appeared at the dinner in faultless evening dress, and made, moreover, a sensible little speech when responding to the toast of his health.

The Prince, too, was in good form, as he always is when dealing with Colonial matters, and was particularly happy in his allusions to the unique character of the gathering. "It is a peculiar pleasure to me to come to the City," he said, "because I have the honour of being one of its freemen. But this is, indeed, a very special dinner—one of a kind that I do not suppose has ever been given before; for we have here this evening representatives of probably every Colony in the Empire. We have not only the Secretary of the Colonies, but Governors past and present, ministers, administrators and agents, are all, I think, to be found amongst us. I regret that it has not been possible for me to see half or one-third of the Colonies which it has been the good fortune of my brother, the Duke of Edinburgh, to visit. In his voyages round the world he has had opportunities more than once of seeing all our great Colonies. Though I have not been able personally to see them, or only a small portion of them, you

*THE KING AND BULWARKS OF STATE* 193

may rest assured it does not diminish in any way the interest I take in them." Towards the close of his speech the Prince reiterated his regret that he had never had the opportunity of seeing the great Australian Colonies, a fact to which Sir William M'Arthur had previously alluded. "But though, my Lord Mayor," said His Royal Highness, "I have not been to Australia, as you have mentioned, I have sent my two sons on a visit there; and it has been a matter of great gratification, not only to myself and to the Princess, but to the Queen, to hear of the kindly reception they have met with everywhere. They are but young, but I feel confident that their visit to the Antipodes will do them an incalculable amount of good."

In March 1882 the Prince was speaking on the Volunteers at a dinner at Willis's Rooms. His speech abounded in interesting personal reminiscences. "I remember," said he, "as though it were only yesterday, when I was an undergraduate at the University of Oxford in 1859, the commencement of the Volunteer movement. I remember the interest which all the townspeople of Oxford took in that movement, and also the interest it excited among the undergraduates. I confess I thought at that time, and many others shared my opinion, that to a certain extent the commencement of that movement was an inclination on the part of the citizens of our country to play at soldiers. Many thought that the movement would not last. However, I am glad to

find, as you all will have been equally glad to find, that we were entirely mistaken in that opinion." Towards the close of the speech, in thanking the company for the heartiness with which they had drunk the toast of the Princess of Wales, and of the Princes Eddy and George, he said: "I am happy to be able to announce to you that I received a telegram just before dinner informing me of the arrival of the *Bacchante* at Suez. My sons are now, therefore, rapidly approaching the termination of their cruise, which has been round the world."

In the same month of the following year the Prince made an earnest appeal for funds towards the restoration of the tombs of British soldiers in the Crimea, which had not only been grossly neglected by the Government, but in many cases had been violated by Mahomedan fanatics. The scandal was felt to be so great that the Commander-in-Chief, the Duke of Cambridge, called a meeting at the United Service Institution, Whitehall, to consider what ought to be done. The Prince of Wales was asked to move the first resolution, which was to the effect that immediate steps should be taken to remedy the existing state of the graves. In acceding to the request, the Prince alluded to his own visit to the Crimea during his Eastern travels, and spoke of the deep regret with which he had observed the manner in which the graves were kept. He ventured the suggestion that we might follow the French custom and collect the remains of our dead soldiers

in a substantial mausoleum. "It was really sad," he went on, "to see the neglected condition of the tombs. There was one especially with which I was struck—that of Sir Robert Newman, who was in the Grenadier Guards, and fell in the Battle of Inkerman. His tomb was a most elaborate and expensive one, and was built with a dark stone, a kind of porphyry. This was broken almost entirely to pieces. Upon enquiry of some Russian authorities who accompanied me on that occasion, I discovered a curious fact. The idea was not merely that of disturbing and breaking open the tombs; but, as most of you are aware, the Crim Tartars—who are Mahomedan by religion—had an idea that treasures were to be found in the tombs. Therefore the disturbing of them was not merely for the sake of disturbing the dead, but with the hope of finding some treasures there. It is needless to say that their investigations were not satisfied in that respect."

## CHAPTER XII.

### THE KING AS A FREEMASON.

ONE of the grandest and most impressive functions in which the King has ever taken part is undoubtedly his Installation as Grand Master of English Freemasons.

This is not the place, even if we had the requisite knowledge for the task, to attempt an analysis of the history of that mysterious, secret, and widely-spread Order—an Order which does not hesitate to ascribe its inception to Mizraim, a grandson of Noah, and to claim links of brothership with the builders of Solomon's temple. Tradition says that Mahomedan architects from the African coast planted the Order in Spain about the ninth century, and that it was introduced into Britain in 674 A.D. It is certain that Freemasonry was interdicted in England by a law of Henry VI. in 1424; and that Freemasons the wide world over were excommunicated by the Pope in 1738, and again condemned by the Vatican in 1865. In a speech of the Prince's, from which quotation has been previously made (p. 122), we saw

with what special favour the Order was treated when, in 1840, the British Government legislated on the subject of secret societies. Though a law was passed on that occasion for the suppression of such societies, exception was made in the case of Freemasons' Lodges, thanks to the powerful intervention of a Royal Duke—himself a Mason—and of other influential Brethren of the Craft.

The Prince's initiation into the Order goes back to 1868, but his link with the Freemasons of England was not formed till nearly a year later. He owed his initiation to the King of Sweden, and the ceremony took place in that country. In September 1869 he was made a Past Grand Master of English Freemasons, and in February 1871 he paid his first visit to an English Lodge. The meeting took place at Freemasons' Hall, and was, of course, a notable one, though unreported. In July of the same year he was installed Worshipful Master of the Royal Alpha Lodge, of which he had been elected a member in the summer of 1870; and then came the event of which we now propose to speak—an event perhaps unparalleled even in the history of Freemasonry. Need we say that we refer to His Royal Highness's Installation as Grand Master of English Freemasons, which took place at the Albert Hall on April 28th, 1875? The King has himself declared, with emphasis of adverbial reiteration, that the memory of that day can never, *never* fade from his mind.

Since the society of Freemasons is, as we have

stated, a secret one, it may be supposed that, on this occasion, every precaution was taken to secure the strictest privacy. The work of fitting up and decorating the hall, which was carried out on a lavish scale, was completed by ten in the forenoon; and at that hour the workpeople were dismissed, and the hall and its approaches handed over to the sole custody of Freemasons. The large body of brethren who acted as stewards were placed at the numerous entrances, for each of which a certain number of tickets had been issued. One o'clock was the hour fixed for the opening of the doors, but long before that time large numbers of brethren had arrived. They were admitted in batches, twenty or thirty at a time, in order to avoid the possibility of any of the uninitiated getting in. As the hall gradually filled, the scene became more and more picturesque. Every brother wore a light blue silk collar. In box, in gallery, on the floor, in the sky (as one might almost say of the uppermost tier), blue was the predominant colour, relieved by white gloves and—where provincial grand rank asserted itself—by a deep rich underglow of purple and gold. When the hall was quite filled the effect was very remarkable.

Shortly after half-past two, the Pro-Grand Master, the Earl of Carnarvon, was ushered into the building by a procession, and took his seat on the purple-cushioned throne of the days, which was magnificently carpeted. At a quarter after three, trumpeters in the hall heralded the approach of



another procession—that of the Provincial Grand Masters, Warders and Chaplains—on the entrance of which the vast assembly stood up, and the grand music of *Stabat Mater* pealed from the organ. This procession was a long one, reaching the whole length of the hall. Grand Lodge was then opened in ancient form ; though what that ancient form is, the outside world must not be told. After a little routine business had been transacted, Lord Carnarvon read a congratulatory telegram from Genoa, and then, as Pro-Grand Master, gave orders for the introduction of the Prince of Wales. Sir Albert Wood, Director-General of Assemblies, thereupon advanced to the front of the dais, and called upon certain Masons to assist him in the task. In response to the call, stewards and office-bearers of distinction rapidly got into order, and without more ado moved off to the vestibule, where the Prince was waiting.

They were not long gone—indeed they had scarcely disappeared—when an usher returned and waved his staff of office as a sign that the procession had been reformed. The trumpets shrilled again ; a grand processional march, specially composed for the occasion, crashed on the organ ; and then, as the vast assemblage of 10,000 Masons rose like one man, there was seen in the vista the Masters of two of the Lodges, bearing aloft on crimson cushions the collar, gloves, apron, and jewel of the new Grand Master. Immediately behind them came the Grand Secretary, the Grand Registrar, and no end of other officials with

"Grand" prefixed to their sounding titles; and then the notes of the organ were drowned in a thunder of applause as the new monarch of English Masons—the Prince of Wales—entered.

Of the ceremony that followed we have but a meagre account. It was a kind of Enthronement, prior to which the Prince, *on bended knees*, swore loyalty to the laws of the Freemasons as laid down by the Earl of Carnarvon. Having taken the oath of fealty, he was led to the right hand of the throne, and was divested of the insignia with which he entered the hall, in order that the Pro-Grand Master might place the chain of office about his neck, and that he might be clothed with the superb apron, etc., which had just been borne in state before him. There was a lull while this was being effected; and then, amid a fresh storm of cheers—the vast assemblage again standing—the Prince was conducted to the throne, from henceforth to rule the Craft in England.

Sir Albert Wood next made proclamation: "Be it known that the Most High, Most Puissant, and Most Illustrious Prince, Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, Duke of Saxony, Duke of Cornwall and Rothesay, Earl of Chester, Carrick and Dublin, Baron of Renfrew, and Lord of the Isles, Great Steward of Scotland, K.G., K.P., K.T., G.C.B., Knight Grand Commander of the Star of India, Knight of the Elephant of Denmark, Knight of the Golden Fleece, has been elected Most Worshipped Grand Master of Freemasonry in England. Whom the Great Architect of

the Universe long preserve!"<sup>1</sup> Ten thousand pairs of hands then made the Masonic salute, though what that is we know no more than Mrs Caudle, who, if we remember rightly, tried hard to coax the secret from her husband. More enthusiastic cheering succeeded the salute, and when comparative silence was restored, the Earl of Carnarvon rose from the seat to which he had retired, and, according to ancient custom, addressed the new Grand Master on the duties of his office. He concluded thus:—

"Your Royal Highness is not the first by many of your illustrious family who have sat in that chair. It is, no doubt, by the lustre of your great name and position you will reflect honour on the Craft to-day; but it is also something to be at the head of such a body as is represented here. I may truly say that never in the whole history of Freemasonry has such a Grand Lodge been convened as that on which my eye rests at this moment, and there is further an inner view to be taken, that so far as my eyes can carry me over these serried ranks of white and blue, and gold and purple, I recognise in them men who have solemnly taken obligations of worth and morality—men who have undertaken the duties of citizens and the loyalty of subjects. I am expressing but very feebly the feelings and aspirations of this great assemblage when I say that I trust the connection of your Royal Highness with the Craft may be lasting, and that you may never have occasion for one

<sup>1</sup> *Tracts relating to Freemasons*, by T. W. Tew and others.

moment's regret or anxiety when you look back upon the events of to-day."

On rising to reply, the Prince was again greeted with loud and prolonged cheering, and it was some minutes before he could begin. He then said :

"Brethren, I am deeply grateful to the Most Worshipful the Pro-Grand Master for the excessively kind words he has just spoken to y<sup>ou</sup>, and for the cordial reception which you have given me. It has been your unanimous wish that I should occupy this chair as your Grand Master, and you have this day installed me. It is difficult for me to find words adequate to express my deep thanks for the honour which has already been bestowed upon me—an honour which has, as history bears testimony, been bestowed upon several members of my family, my predecessors ; and, brethren, it will always be my most ardent and sincere wish to walk in the footsteps of good men who have preceded me, and, with God's help, to fulfil the duties which I have been called upon to occupy to-day.

"The Pro-Grand Master has told you, brethren, and I feel convinced, that such an assemblage as this has never been known ; and when I look round me on this vast and spacious hall, and see those who have come from the north and south, from the east and the west, it is, I trust, an omen which will prove on this auspicious occasion an omen of good. The various duties which I have to perform will frequently, I am afraid, not permit me to attend so

much to the duties of the Craft as I should desire ; but you may be assured that when I have the time I shall do the utmost to maintain this high position, and do my duty by the Craft, and by you on every possible occasion. Brethren, it would be useless for me to recapitulate everything which has been told you by the Pro-Grand Master relative to Freemasonry. Every Englishman knows that the two great watchwords of the Craft are Loyalty and Charity. These are their watchwords, and as long as Freemasons do not, as Freemasons, mix themselves up in politics, so long I am sure this high and noble Order will flourish, and will maintain the integrity of our great Empire.

“ I thank you once more, brethren, for your cordial reception of me to-day, and I thank you for having come such immense distances to welcome me on this occasion. I assure you I shall never forget to-day—never ! ”

A renewed tempest of cheers sounded through the hall as the Prince resumed his seat. The speech had been delivered with perfect elocution, and every word had penetrated to the remotest recesses of the vast building, but as he uttered the closing words, which were a manifest impromptu, there was just so much tremor of his voice as seemed to show that even the trained self-possession of Royalty may be sometimes shaken.

The Lodge was formally closed at five o'clock, and in the evening there was a grand banquet at the Freemasons' Hall, at which the Prince presided. We

have nothing special to relate of it, nor anything further to say about the Freemasons—unless, indeed, that the Prince was annually elected Grand Master until his accession to the Throne, when, following the precedent of George IV., he resigned the position and assumed the title of Lord Protector.

IV

EAST AND WEST,  
And the Homage of the Princes





## CHAPTER XIII.

### DOMINION DAYS.

THE KING is one of the most "travelled" men in the three kingdoms. The only Continent that he has never visited is the Australian. Europe he knows thoroughly, from Russia in the north to Spain and Greece in the south. He has paid extended visits to India, and Turkey in Asia. He has made the Nile journey, ascended the Great Pyramid, and been the guest of the Khedive of Egypt at Cairo. He has steamed up the St Lawrence, raced with Indian canoes on the Ottawa, and crouched in oilskins under Niagara. He has crossed the United States, stood with President Buchanan at the grave of Washington, shot quails and prairie hens in Illinois, and danced with Boston belles in their own city. We propose in the next few chapters to follow him in one or two of the more memorable journeys.

The visit to Canada and the United States comes first in point of time, for it takes us right back to the year 1860, when the Prince was still in his teens and his Cambridge days were yet before him: it

may therefore be treated first. The real originators of the visit were the Canadians themselves, who petitioned Queen Victoria to send one of the Royal family to inaugurate the opening of the Victoria Bridge at Montreal; though it was never contemplated that the Heir Apparent would be selected for that purpose. However, it was the Queen's gracious pleasure that her eldest son should perform the ceremony, and to this wise determination was added the resolution that the tour should be prolonged by an informal visit to the United States President—the aged James Buchanan.

The correspondence which passed on the subject was of the most cordial character. "I have learned from the public journals," wrote the President, "that the Prince of Wales is about to visit your Majesty's North American dominions. Should it be the intention of His Royal Highness to extend his visit to the United States, I need not say how happy I should be to give him a cordial welcome to Washington. You may be well assured that everywhere in this country he will be greeted by the American people in such a manner as cannot fail to prove gratifying to your Majesty. In this they will manifest their deep sense of your domestic virtues, as well as their convictions of your merits as a wise patriot and constitutional sovereign."

The Queen answered :

"My Good Friend,—I have been much gratified at the feeling which prompted you to write to me

inviting the Prince of Wales to come to Washington. He intends to return from Canada through the United States, and it will give him great pleasure to have an opportunity of testifying to you in person that these feelings are fully reciprocated by him. He will thus be able, at the same time, to mark the respect which he entertains for the Chief Magistrate of a great and friendly State and kindred nation.

"The Prince of Wales will drop all royal state on leaving my dominions, and travel under the name of Lord Renfrew, as he has done when travelling on the Continent of Europe.

"The Prince Consort wishes to be kindly remembered to you.—I remain now, your good friend,

"VICTORIA R."

The Prince, in whose company was the Duke of Newcastle and other gentlemen, first touched American soil at St John's, Newfoundland, on the 24th of July 1860. He was received on landing by the Governor, Sir Alexander Bannerman, and proceeded to Government House through streets lined with cheering crowds, and under triumphal arches beautiful with flowers. Two days were spent in the island—neither specially eventful, though the royal party seem to have derived a good deal of fun from the ball at the Colonial buildings on the second day. "This was an amusing affair," says one of the suite,<sup>1</sup> "and went off upon the whole very well. On our way, the horse,

<sup>1</sup> Mr Gardner Englehart, Private Secretary to the Duke of Newcastle.

resenting a squib thrown under his feet, threw me out of the carriage into the road. On the day before, in going to the levee, he had declined to take us up a steep pitch in the street, until the Chief-Justice, the most energetic man in the island, in whose carriage we were riding, and whose wig we were nursing inside—its owner being, fortunately for us, outside—seized the reins, when the horse promptly obeyed his ‘mandamus.’ At the ball we again found him *Master of the Ceremonies*, and the life and soul of the whole affair; he was chairman of the committee of management, and arranged everything, from the gas to the partners.”

At Frederickton, New Brunswick, the Prince witnessed a “snake and scalp” dance of Melicete Indians on the lawn of the Governor’s house—a quaint monotonous exhibition, chiefly remarkable for the beautiful combinations of colour in the dresses of the chiefs and their squaws. A day or two later, when nearing the little village of Gaspé on the Canadian shore, the *Hero* ran aground and had to be tugged off by the *Ariadne*. The sheriff of Gaspé took advantage of the accident and came off with an address. On August 14th the St Lawrence was entered, and on reaching the mouth of the Saguenay a few hours later, the *Hero* again showed its fondness for Canadian soil by repeating the adventure of Gaspé. However, she sustained no material damage, and was afloat again in an hour.

On the 18th, which was a Saturday, Quebec was

reached. As the Prince left the deck of the *Hero* and stepped into the boat which was to convey him to the landing steps, the flagship in the river fired the first of her twenty-one guns ; and this was the signal for the rest to pour forth their volleys in concert with the Citadel. On reaching the landing-stage, the Prince was received under a circular wooden canopy by the Governor-General and the Canadian Ministry in their civic uniforms of blue and gold ; whilst the people, who had gathered in their thousands, sent up shout after shout of welcome. The five miles of road to Cataraqui, the country residence of the Governor-General, whither the Prince was almost immediately driven, was lined with loyal and enthusiastic crowds, and the decorations along the whole line of route were beautiful and abundant. In the evening, the ships in the river and the city were brilliantly illuminated, and the streets were thronged with perambulating multitudes.

The next day (Sunday) was spent very quietly, the Prince driving in the morning in an open carriage to the English Cathedral, where the Bishop preached a good sermon. The Prince afterwards sent a Bible to the prelate, on the fly-leaf of which he had written with his own hand, "To the Cathedral of Quebec, in memory of Sunday, August 19, 1860. Albert Edward." On the Monday, in spite of a heavy and continuous rainfall, the Royal party set out in carriages for the Chaudiere Falls, nine miles from Quebec, which they reached in about two hours. The depth

of the Falls is about a hundred and thirty-five feet, and they are divided by rocks into three currents, of which the one on the western side is the largest. They partially re-unite before their broken and agitated waters are received into the basin, which is a turbulent whirlpool. Owing to the shape of the rocks, a portion of the flood is diverted into an oblique direction beyond the line of the precipice; while their cavities increase the fury of the hurrying foam-flecked stream as it flings itself into the gulf. In spite of the rain, the excursion seems to have been thoroughly enjoyed.

Doubtless the great event of the Quebec visit was the levee at the Council Chamber on the 21st, when the Speakers of the Upper and Lower Houses of the Colonial Parliament were knighted by the Prince. His Royal Highness wore military uniform, and some seven to eight hundred persons attended. A visit to the Ursuline Convent was paid on the day following, when the Prince was welcomed with some verses, which were sung by the nuns to the accompaniment of a guitar. We give the chorus of the song—

“ Wake, wake, a merry, merry peal,  
And let it echo long ;  
While wishes for the Prince's weal  
Are mingled with our song.  
May every blessing on thee rest !  
Thus rings the merry peal ;  
And thus we hail thee, royal guest,  
Thus pray we for thy weal ;  
While still that merry, merry peal  
Rings loud and echoes long.”

The next morning the Prince left the Parliament House and embarked for Montreal. The same scenes of enthusiasm which had attended his entrance into Quebec marked also his departure. Already the young Prince had made himself very popular in the Queen's Canadian dominions. As the Royal *cortége* passed along, the cheers of men and the waving handkerchiefs of women denoted the sincerest enthusiasm. A rousing swelling shout went up as he stepped from his carriage at the point of embarkation, where many thousands were assembled, and still louder was the burst of loyalty as he left the boat for the steamer. Then, too, the loud-tongued cannon rolled out the thrilling music of a Royal salute, and the crews that manned the yards of the men-of-war waved their hats and raised their voices in a stormy chorus of cheers.<sup>1</sup>

Montreal was reached on the 25th, in threatening weather, and amid the usual loyal demonstrations. The reception of the Royal party at the landing-stage, by M. Rodier, the Mayor, afforded some amusement. The gold chain of St John river added much to the magnificence of his official robes, with which his whole deportment harmonised, and the Prince could scarcely command the muscles of his face, as, with stately mien, the chief magistrate read the corporation address of welcome, *first* in French and afterwards in English.

The ostensible object of His Royal Highness's visit

<sup>1</sup> *Royalty in the New World.*

was now about to be consummated—the opening of the Victoria Bridge. Mr Englehart thus describes the event: “Arrived at the station at about 1 P.M., we embarked in a railway saloon car: but before starting, the Directors of the Grand Trunk presented their ‘opening address’ in the car itself; while outside, above, and around press loyal crowds, through whom an opening is made with some difficulty for the Boston Fusiliers, who had come from the States to do the Prince homage. With a warning snort the train moves on through the cheering crowd, and is about to dash into the great bridge tunnel; but at the very entrance its progress is arrested, and the Prince descends to lay the *last* stone of the magnificent structure—spreading the mortar and handling the silver trowel, as the newspapers say, in true masonic style. The car remounted, the train proceeds to the central arch, where the construction of the bridge is examined, and the last rivet—a silver-headed one—driven home by H.R.H. Out of the tunnel on the further side—then back again—and to the station to luncheon. Here the Prince and his party were seated on a raised circular platform, looking down upon the body of the hall, which contained 800 guests. After the usual loyal toasts, H.R.H. gave ‘the health of the Governor-General, success to Canada, and prosperity to the Grand Trunk Railway.’ We shall not forget, . . . the simple and hearty address of the artizans and working-men employed in the construction of the great bridge, or the answer they received. In few



and earnest words they declared their satisfaction in having been instrumental in forwarding the great work, and pointed with honest pride to its designer<sup>1</sup>—sprung from their own class—and to his staff of engineers, the chief of whom, Mr Ross, lay at that moment on a sick-bed in England, unable to be present at the ceremony.”

At a somewhat early hour on the 27th, the Prince went to see some lacrosse matches, a game at that time little known in England. The first match was between sixty of the Algonquin tribe of Indians and an equal number of Iroquois ; and after a spirited contest, the umpire gave judgment in favour of the latter. Then twenty-five Montreal gentlemen took rackets and played against as many Iroquois, losing the first two games but winning the last. A war-dance followed, in which about twenty Indians, in full war-paint and armed with tomahawks and scalping knives, formed themselves into a ring, while one of their number, squatting in the centre, beat a drum and began singing monotonously. This uncanny dance was the most amusing feature of the programme, and the Prince laughed heartily at the weird and warlike antics of the men ; himself in turn being stealthily regarded by the squaws, who sat before their bark wigwams wrapped in blankets, and evidently looked upon the Prince as a chief among the pale faces of whom it would be interesting to know more.

These performances over, the Prince held a levee,

<sup>1</sup> Robert Stephenson.

and after the levee there was a grand luncheon, and a ride round "the mountain," and after the ride a sort of State dinner—"a very fatiguing day," says Englehart; though the dinner was by no means the end of it. A ball followed—in a great circular wooden building 275 feet in diameter, which had been specially constructed for the occasion at a cost of 25,000 dollars. The ball opened at ten o'clock, and the Prince danced till four.

Sherbrooke was visited on the 30th, and here His Royal Highness exercised the Queen's prerogative, by restoring to his rank, from which he had been degraded, an old English naval officer of the name of Felton, who had been Nelson's flag-midshipman. The act of clemency was highly appreciated.

The early days of September found the Royal party at Ottawa, where the Prince laid the first stone of the new Parliament House, and had a breath-catching run down one of the timber slides on a "crib" or raft. A party of twenty embarked on the "crib," and took up a position in the after-part. On the rope being cut, they glided off rapidly down the sloping water, which foamed up and broke over the forepart of the raft. The Prince found the sensation of descending this watery hill at once novel and delightful.

To this portion of the Royal progress belong some exciting canoe races on the Ottawa River, in which the Prince and all the members of his suite took part. The capabilities of a Canadian canoe are well described by Mr Englehart. "The canoes round projecting

points, struggle up steep rapids, urge their way through rocks and broken water, each emulous of its neighbours, and jealous of the second place, the Royal boat being always in the van. A small canoe with three Indians and two squaws, one with her papoose in her arms, held its own with and sometimes outstripped the rest, although more strongly manned. The papoose seemed quite callous to the sun, which streamed down upon its naked head. So strange was the whole scene that it required no great flight of imagination to fancy ourselves Iroquois starting on some warlike expedition under our great chief."

At Kingston the action of certain leaders of the Orange party led to some unpleasantness. They wanted to make the Prince's visit an occasion for a grand display of so-called religious zeal. It was found inadvisable to land, and the steamer proceeded to Belleville, where a similarly unhappy state of things prevailed; and the vessel retraced her course to Cobourg. This also was an Orange stronghold, but here good sense prevailed; and the Prince, having been invited to a ball, graciously accepted the invitation, and was very loyally received when he went ashore.

Orange fever seemed to be at its height at Toronto, which was reached on September the 7th, and but for the tact and firmness of the Duke of Newcastle, the visit might have been marked by disturbances of a serious nature. The Duke had heard that the would-be demonstrators had placed a picture-trans-

parency of *William III.* crossing the *Boyne* on one of the triumphal arches, and he told the Mayor that the picture must be taken down. The Mayor gave the necessary assurances, but broke his word, and when the Prince entered the town an hour or two after dark, there was the transparency confronting him. Thereupon the Duke sent for the Mayor, and after pointing out to him the deception that had been practised on the Prince, told him plainly that reparation must be made or he should advise H.R.H. to signalize his displeasure in an emphatic manner. "In the meantime," added the Duke, "you will see the propriety of absenting yourself from the levee." On the morning of the 9th there was some more unpleasantness. The Royal party attended the Cathedral at eleven, avoiding in their way the obnoxious arch, which was in the main street. This enraged some Orange partisans, and during service they surrounded *William III.* with banners, and even flaunted flags in the Prince's face as he left the Cathedral. At one time there was talk of taking the horses out, and dragging the carriage under the arch ; but fortunately this came to nothing. After considerable crowding the Royal party got away, but the carriage was followed by a rabble, who hissed and jeered, until the calm bearing of the Duke of Newcastle shamed them into something like a cheer.

The 14th of September found the Prince at Niagara Falls, one of the boundary-marks between the Dominion and United States territory. An amusing incident

which happened at Brantford, on the way to Niagara, ought not to be passed over. The hats of the Royal party, which had been deposited in a dressing-room while their owners were at luncheon, were found to be denuded of their bands! The Prince was the first to discover this in the train; and when it was ascertained that the *white* hats, of which there were four or five, were the only sufferers, he at once came to the conclusion that his enthusiastic admirers, the young ladies, determined to possess themselves of some relic of him, but sorely puzzled to know which was the Royal hat, had unbanded them all.<sup>1</sup>

The sight of the mighty falls filled the Prince with enthusiasm. The river at the falls is 740 yards wide, and the half-mile immediately above the cataracts is a rapid, in which the water falls 58 feet. It is then thrown, with astonishing grandeur, down a stupendous precipice of 150 feet perpendicular, in three distinct and collateral sheets; and, in a rapid that extends to the distance of nine miles below, falls nearly as much more. The river then flows in a deep channel till it enters Lake Ontario, at Fort Niagara. The suspension bridge over the Niagara, which was built about five years before the Prince's visit, has a single span of 820 feet, and is justly regarded as a monument of engineering skill.

In August 1859 Blondin had performed the foolhardy feat of crossing the falls on a tight-rope; and when it was known that the Prince would visit

<sup>1</sup> Englehart.

Niagara, it was arranged that the feat should be repeated. Not only was it repeated, but Blondin made the dangerous passage in company—carrying a man named Colcord on his back! In order the more steadily to secure the rider, there were stirrups hanging from the bearer's shoulders, in which Colcord inserted his feet. Blondin rested once or twice on the way, and Colcord had to stand on the rope till word was given him to mount again. At one of these remountings the onlookers were horrified to see the balance-pole swaying violently up and down, and Colcord ineffectually striving to get his right foot into the stirrup. Many sought relief by turning away their eyes. Never was man more dependent upon his fellow than were these acrobats upon one another during those critical moments. The whole passage from shore to shore, which lasted upwards of twenty minutes, was, indeed, fraught with the gravest anxiety, though doubtless the chief performer was far more cool and collected than the vast crowds who were watching him supposed. No catastrophe occurred; and after resting for a few minutes, Blondin attempted—and accomplished—the dangerous feat of walking across the boiling waters on stilts. He came towards the Prince with a bird-like, rapid and measured step, and as he sprang from the stilts, and planted his feet once again on *terra firma*, he was warmly cheered and congratulated by all the Royal party.

On the Monday following, His Royal Highness crossed in a small oared boat from the Canadian

side, climbed the two hundred and ninety wooden steps of the cliff, and was soon standing on Prospect Place, in United States territory. The first part of his Tour was at an end.

That the Prince retained for many years a pleasant and lively recollection of the Canadian visit, is clear from a speech which he delivered at the Mansion House at the great Colonial Banquet in July 1881. "It is now going on for twenty-one years," said the Prince, "since I visited our large North American Colonies. Still, though I was very young at the time, the remembrance of that visit is as deeply imprinted on my memory now as it was at that time. I shall never forget the public receptions which were accorded to me in Canada, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Prince Edward Island ; and if it were possible to repeat that visit, I need not tell you, gentlemen, . . . of the great pleasure it would give me to do so."

## CHAPTER XIV.

### SHAKING HANDS WITH UNCLE SAM.

ON September 17th the Prince entered United States territory. The relations between the Republic and Great Britain were then, as now, of the most friendly character. Not to speak of the myriad ties which commerce had woven, friendships had grown up which were being strengthened every year. Americans who had visited England prior to the Prince's visit had been treated with the utmost goodwill and kindness, and had not been slow to report the fact to their fellow-countrymen. There was no longer any need of jealousy or distrust between the two foremost nations of the world, and hence the Republic was just as ready to welcome the future King of Great Britain as the still loyal colonies had been. They regarded his coming as a proof of the goodwill of the British Government, and believed that the event would do much to perpetuate the friendly relations of the two peoples.

Detroit, in State Michigan, one of the earliest of the Jesuit outposts, was the first town to accord the



heir to the throne of England a welcome. At this stage in his travels the royal title was dropped, and during the month that the Prince remained the guest of the Republic he was simply known as Baron Renfrew.

After inspecting the town in the forenoon, the Royal party travelled by special train to Chicago, ordinary traffic being stopped for the time. At Chicago the Prince received a rousing welcome, all the streets on the way to his hotel being densely crowded ; and the next day he was shown round the city by the mayor and other notables. Luncheon followed, and after luncheon the Prince and the chief members of his suite left for the prairies of Illinois, where they enjoyed some excellent shooting. The rolling undulations of prairie, stretching to the horizon, and broken in parts by plantations of Indian corn and patches of low scrub—sumach, for the most part—appear to have made a great impression, and the Prince spoke of the scenery with enthusiasm to Mr Lincoln (afterwards President Lincoln) when he stayed for a day or two at his house in Springfield.

The three days' sport on the prairies was a great success, the total "bag" consisting of 300 head of quail and prairie hens.

At St Louis, one of the oldest of American cities, and their next important halting-place, they met with something of an adventure. Wandering out in the evening, they fell in with a stump orator, who was holding forth on the steps of the Court-house

in support of the Southern democratic candidate for the Presidency. Between his views and those of the other section of the democratic party, represented by a Mr Douglas, there existed certain differences on the subject of slavery, then the absorbing topic of conversation, and the pivot upon which the election was sure to turn—differences described by the orator as being “as high as heaven and as deep as hell.” These differences unexpectedly took a practical turn, and with a cry, “Out with your arms, Douglas men!” there was a rush and scrimmage, in which one knife at least was drawn and used. The Prince and his suite, taking no interest in these high and deep differences, saw no reason for incurring their penalties, and beat a retreat to Barnum’s Circus close by, where a great agricultural fair was being held, and some fast trotting-horses were on show. Here they were very well received, and accommodated with seats in the central stand, from which they could view the horses with ease, and the Prince could be seen by the 20,000 or 25,000 people assembled.

From St Louis they went by special train to Cincinnati, where Judge Storer, the mayor, gave them a magnificent luncheon ; but on returning to their hotel, the Prince was sadly mobbed by the people, who crowded every corridor and passage in order to get a sight of him. Pittsburg and Harrisburg were next visited, the country through which they passed looking exceptionally brilliant in its autumn dress. The sugar and the common-maple, the dogwood tree,

the hickory, sumach, locust-tree, beech, birch, and oak all contributed their various colourings.

Washington was reached on the 3rd of October, and the royal party proceeded at once to the White House, where they were cordially received by President Buchanan,—“a gentle, agreeable old gentleman,” says Englehart,—and by the President’s niece, Miss Lane,—“the handsomest young lady” they had seen in the States. With this young lady the Prince played at “ten-pins” in a private bowling-alley the following afternoon—a more pleasant occupation, doubtless, than the interminable hand-shaking to which he was subjected at the President’s levee, where the doors were open to all comers, and the sovereign people came and went as they pleased. A trip to Mount Vernon, the residence and grave of Washington, in company with President Buchanan, was one of the most striking events of this eventful month, and gave peculiar pleasure to the American people. The day was lovely, and the run of twenty-five miles down the Potomac was much enjoyed by all. As the President and the Prince left the vessel for the shore in the first boat, the latter with the tiller-rope in his hands, no one could fail to be struck with the singular circumstance of a President of the United States being steered by a Prince of Wales, great-grandson of George III.—the purpose of their journey a visit to the grave of Washington! When the grave was reached, all the party, including the Prince and President, stood uncovered, and an impressive silence

reigned. "It is easy moralising on the scene," wrote the *Times* correspondent, "for there is something grandly suggestive of historical retribution in the reverential awe of the Prince of Wales, the great-grandson of George III., standing bareheaded at the foot of the coffin of Washington. For a few moments the party stood mute and motionless, and the Prince then proceeded to plant a chestnut by the side of the tomb. It seemed, when the Royal youth closed in the earth around the little germ, that he was burying the last faint trace of discord between us and our great brethren of the West."

Richmond and Baltimore were the next towns taken on the route, and then came Philadelphia. Among other places visited in this city was the Penitentiary, which at that time was conducted on the principle of solitary confinement. Each cell had a small garden attached to it, and every prisoner had some special employment, at which he was obliged to work. In walking through the corridors, the Prince conversed for a few moments with one of the unhappy inmates, late an assistant-judge, who had been condemned to twenty years' confinement for forging state warrants.

An extraordinary and impressive reception awaited the Prince in New York, where hundreds of thousands of people lined the way from Emigration Wharf to the City Hall. From the curb-stones of the streets to the coping-stones of the houses; one mass of human beings cheered and waved a welcome to "Victoria's

Son." "For his Mother's sake," inscribed on one of the banners, was the keynote of the whole. An escort of cavalry accompanied the carriage, and the traffic was, of course, entirely suspended. The ball in the evening, which, says Mr Englehart, "had been heralded with too loud a flourish, resulted in a meagre success." It was held in the Academy of Music, a pretty building, but too small for the purpose. On entering it, the Prince found the whole of the area densely packed, and the boxes and lower galleries also full. The company had already begun to pass before him, bowing as they passed, when some cracks, followed by a few screams, were heard proceeding from the centre of the mass, which suddenly separated in all directions, leaving a few ladies and gentlemen to extricate themselves from the traps by which they had descended to the depths below. The floor had given way! and, though no great injury was done to aught save crinolines, the accident delayed the opening of the ball for two hours. All behaved very well, and as nobody was seriously hurt, the panic was succeeded by a general thrill of amusement. The Prince and his party proceeded to the supper-room while the carpenters took possession of the floor of the theatre and commenced its repair; and, as the story goes, were so intent on this operation that they inadvertently nailed down one of their fellows!

An American journalist, who wrote a rhyming account of the ball, after describing the catastrophe, continues in this fashion :—

“ But soon the floor was set aright,  
And Peter Cooper's <sup>1</sup> face grew bright,  
When, like the swell of an organ,  
All hearts beat time to the first quadrille,  
And the Prince confessed to a joyous thrill  
As he danced with Mrs Morgan.

Then came the waltz, the Prince's own—  
And every bar and brilliant tone  
Had music's sweetest grace on ;  
But the Prince himself ne'er felt its charm,  
Till he slightly clasped, with circling arm,  
That lovely girl, Miss Mason.

But ah ! the work went bravely on,  
And meek-eyed Peace a trophy won  
By the magic art of the dancers ;  
But the daring Prince's next exploit  
Was to league with Scott's Camilla Hoyt,  
And overcome the Lancers !

. . . . .  
And so the fleeting hours went by,  
And watches stopped, lest time should fly—  
Or that they winding wanted ;  
Old matrons dozed, and paters smiled,  
And many a fair one was beguiled,  
As the Prince danced on, undaunted.”

The following day there was a flying visit to Barnum's Museum, and the Prince was shown the Albinos, the Siamese Twins, and the “What-is-it,” a poor idiotic and deformed negro, who seemed like a horrible link between humanity and the brute. In the evening a torchlight procession of some 6000 of the city firemen, all dressed in their red uni-

<sup>1</sup> Peter Cooper was the Mayor.

forms, and carrying torches, defiled before the Prince's windows. As each brigade, accompanied by its band and decorated engine, passed under the royal window, the men testified their welcome by a *feu-de-joie* of Roman candles and blue and red lights, which illuminated the whole procession and the dense crowd around with wonderful effect. The display lasted over an hour, and was a decided success.

From New York the Prince proceeded up the Hudson River to Westpoint, passing Washington Irving's house at Sunnyside, and the romantic "Sleepy Hollow" which the pen of the genial American has made so famous. Albany succeeded Westpoint, and here a Waterloo soldier was presented to the Prince. The old man begged him to open some letters of recommendation to Canada, which had been in his possession for more than twenty years, and which, from a nice sense of honour, he had refrained from reading, as he had been unable to give them into the hands of the proper authorities. Of course his request was granted.

The Prince's American holiday was now drawing to a close, Boston, Cambridge, and Portland being the only towns of importance which remained to be visited. Boston was taken first, the royal party with other invited guests and a gay escort reaching that city of culture on October 17th, soon after four o'clock. The Bostonians had assembled in their thousands to welcome the guests, and the wide street up which the procession passed presented a gala

appearance. Not only were the windows of the houses filled with eager spectators, but the roofs also in many cases were thickly peopled. Flags fluttered everywhere, and never had the stars and stripes and the cross of St George been more happily blended. It was the tribute offered—not to the Prince only, but to the English Nation by a city renowned as the intellectual centre of the New World—the city which, “of all others (to quote from the eulogium of an ecstatic Bostonian) the true Englishman has always liked.” The reception may be said, indeed, to have fully justified a remark made by the Duke of Newcastle: “If the Prince remains here much longer, there is the danger of his being nominated to the Presidency, and elected by unanimous consent.” No sooner was he fairly within the limits of the Tri-Mountain, than he was greeted with cheers and huzzas from multitudes of eager tongues. The ladies, who were present in great force, were not to be outdone in heartiness of demonstration, and waved their handkerchiefs vigorously all along the line. “This,” says a Massachusetts journalist, “the Prince did not fail to observe, and with emotion, for he acknowledged the ovations with low and sweeping bows, and other signs of gratitude and appreciation!”

On the second day the Prince had a brief interview with an old soldier, Ralph Farnham by name, who had reached the patriarchal age of 105 years. Farnham was in the memorable battle of Bunker's Hill. In spite of his great age he was still vigorous



and hearty; and was on a visit to Boston when the Prince and suite arrived. Mayor Lincoln introduced the veteran to the Prince, who shook hands with him, and expressed his pleasure at meeting him. The Duke of Newcastle also shook hands with the old man, and enquired whether he was present at the surrender of General Burgoyne. "Oh, yes," said Farnham, "and a brave officer he was, too." "But you got the best of him there," said the Duke. Farnham answered that Burgoyne's supplies were cut off, and his army was in a wretched condition. Turning then to the Prince, he said, "I hear so much in praise of your Royal Highness, that I fear the people will all turn Royalists!" a remark which was received with much merriment. It was interesting thus to witness a soldier of the Revolution, 105 years of age, talking amicably with a Prince whose ancestor was on the throne of England at the time he was born, and against whose great-grandfather he had taken arms during the War of Independence.

The chief public events during the stay in Boston were a visit to the Capitol, the festival at the Music Hall, and a grand ball at the Boston Theatre. The festival at the Music Hall calls for special mention. The performers, to the number of 1500, were chiefly school children, and the music and singing are said to have been excellent. Dr Wendell Holmes composed the following ode for the occasion, which was sung to the air of our National Anthem ;—

"God bless our Father's Land,  
Keep her in heart and hand,  
One with our own !  
From all her foes defend,  
Be her brave people's friend,  
Protect her throne !

"Father, in loving care,  
Guard Thou her kingdom's heir,  
Guide all his ways ;  
Thine arm his shelter be,  
From harm by land or sea,  
Bid storm and danger flee,  
Prolong his days !

"Lord, let war's tempest cease,  
Fold the whole world in peace  
Under Thy wings !  
Make all the nations one,  
All hearts beneath the sun,  
Till Thou shalt reign alone,  
Great King of kings !"

The ball was a brilliant affair, and quite eclipsed the similar function in New York—not in the opinion of Bostonians merely, but by pretty general consent. The following account of it, from the pen of a perservid eye-witness, is interesting as a specimen of contemporary American journalism. "The ball given in honour of the Prince of Wales at the Boston Theatre, on Thursday evening, October 18, so magnificent in its general effect, so well managed in all its details, naturally provokes a comparison with a similar festival some sixty years since, when the Duke of Kent, grandfather of the Prince of Wales, attended a ball in our city. . . . The Academy of

Music seemed to have undergone a transformation like that of a fairy tale. One hardly recognized the opera-house in its disguise. A firm and smooth flooring covered the stage and body of the house, forming a splendid hall, semi-circular at one end and square at the other. The parallelogram upon the stage was surrounded by panels alternating with mirrors, and pedestals supporting large vases of the rarest flowers. At the rear was a scene representing Windsor Castle. Opposite, in the centre of the balcony, was the Royal box, a tent of scarlet trimmed with gold. The bands were stationed at the extremities of the balcony, next to the private boxes. . . . Over the broad expanse swept throngs of people full of animation, their features lighted up to a preternatural brilliancy under the overpowering radiance. Promenading at length came to an end ; for with every hour the crowd increased, until the area was as well packed as a drawing-room with a party of one's 'dear five hundred friends.'

"From either balcony, especially from the upper one, the *coup d'œil* was magnificent. Here were gathered quiet parties of lookers-on, splendid in costume, radiant with beauty and intelligence. Soon the galleries are full to the last foot of standing-room. It is ten o'clock, and the Royal box becomes the focus of every eye. For an hour and more the music of Gilmore's band had kept the audience within the bounds of patience, and now was heard the preliminary tuning from Mr. Zerrahu's well-

appointed orchestra. There is a movement heard in the corridors, and a look of expectation brightens all the sea of faces, like the sunlight breaking over a field of waving grain. The orchestra plays the Jubilee Overture, based on the air, 'God save the Queen !' Somebody tips over the vase of flowers in front of the Prince's box ; there is a laugh at the awkwardness, but in a moment space is opened on the floor, as between waves, and the Royal party is conducted through the hall by Mayor Lincoln.

"Without delay a space is cleared in the centre, and the dancing begins. Nothing could be more simple—nothing more mannerly. There was no crowding around the set, although more people clustered there than elsewhere ; nobody pushed or pinched or annoyed the Prince(!). In short, Boston, as we believed would be the case, was on its good behaviour, and indicated its claim to social supremacy over the *parvenus* of the so-called metropolis(!).

. . . . "The company is worth a study. That agreeable-looking man of the world is the new Chief Justice. Yonder is a venerable millionaire, with his stately dame in her rich laces. Very bluff and sailor-like is that noble old Commodore. Here loiters a Colonel of Militia ; there is one of the Governor's staff, conspicuous for soldierly bearing and showy costume. A few scarlet coats, some decorated with medals and crosses, relieve the sober monotony of civilian's dress. There stands a prominent Senator of the United States, for the time forgetting Kansas,

Covode, Hyatt, and John Brown. Here is a professor from Harvard. There is the bald and massive head of a Democratic leader, famous at the bar, and on the field as a general of militia. Aldermen who do not guzzle champagne, nor go in their shirt-sleeves ; common councilmen who don't steal ; a Mayor who is not a rowdy, nor a patron of rowdies, form a body of civil patrons of the ball whom gentlemen need not be ashamed to own.

"As to the ladies, if there should happen to be reporters present who are sufficiently acquainted with the bewildering technology of the mantua-makers, we trust they may receive ample justice. For ourselves, we have only a confused recollection of beautiful shoulders, not too much encumbered, of necks undisfigured with chains and jewels, of gauzy muslins, glistening satins, and exquisitely tinted silks —of floral head-dresses, deep laces, *recherché* nose-gays, and all the array of nameless trifles that make up the attire of the reigning belle. . . . A more uniformly set of elegant costumes among fifteen hundred ladies we never saw. . . . The ball, in fact, was fairly representative of Boston ; substantial and comfortable ; rich and attractive in its rather quiet way ; well conducted ; marked by good breeding, easy manners, and with just enough of curiosity respecting the guest of the evening to give piquancy to what might otherwise have been a prosaic entertainment."

At noon on the 19th of October the Royal party started for Cambridge in carriages-and-four, and

arrived at the gates of Harvard University a little before one o'clock. Here the undergraduates, to the number of 450, were drawn up in quadruple lines, and greeted the Prince with hearty cheers. Among the distinguished persons who met the Prince on his entrance were three or four whose names have a European celebrity. There was Edward Everett, the statesman and orator, Professor Agassiz, the famous naturalist, Longfellow the poet, and Oliver Wendell Holmes. After inspecting the buildings of the University, the Library, Law School, etc., the Royal party proceeded to the Observatory, and looked through the great telescope at the star  $\alpha$  Lyræ. From the Observatory they returned to Cambridge to luncheon, and experienced in their own persons the effects of the Maine liquor law—no wine or beer being allowed on the table. They then returned to Boston.

Portland—the most beautiful city of the Pine Tree state—was the last place visited, and here the Prince remained only a few hours. The great event of the day—and also one of the most interesting and thrilling of the whole tour—was the final embarkation, and the sailing of the Royal squadron. Shortly after reaching the wharf, parting words were exchanged with Governors Banks and Goodwin, Mayor Lincoln and others; and then the Prince and suite stepped into the twelve-oared cutter that was in waiting for them. A fresh breeze was blowing at the time, the air was delightfully clear, and the whole scene beautiful to a degree. In the harbour were five British war-

steamers, and the United States revenue-cutter, all dressed with flags, and most of the vessels at the wharves were gaily decked and flying colours. As the Prince stepped into the boat, his standard was unfurled at the bow, a royal salute boomed from the squadron, and amid a salvo of cheers, "Baron Renfrew" bowed his farewell to the American people, and, once more as Prince of Wales, was rowed towards the *Hero*, in which he made his return journey to England.

## CHAPTER XV.

### FROM KANDY TO CASHMERE.

“IT has long been my earnest wish—the dream of my life—to visit India,” are the King’s own words.<sup>1</sup> The manner in which the wish was gratified and the dream fulfilled will be described in the following pages ; though, as the tour—or rather, Embassy—occupied a period of upwards of six months, it is obviously impossible to present more than a sketch of the Royal progress in the present volume.

The Indian troopship *Serapis*, an ironclad of 6200 tons burden, with a screw-propeller, and engines of 700-horse power nominal, was the vessel chosen by Government to convey the Prince to the country he so much wished to see. The vessel was fitted up in princely style, and had for consort the *Osborne*, which carried some of the Prince’s suite. The gentlemen of the party consisted of Lord Suffield, Major-General Probyn, Colonel Ellis and Sir Francis Knollys—all members of the Prince’s household ; the Duke of

<sup>1</sup> Spoken in Bombay at the State banquet given on his birthday, November 9, 1875.



Sutherland, Lord Alfred Paget, Lord Aylesford, Lord Carrington, Sir Bartle Frere, Colonel Owen Williams, Lord Charles Beresford and Captain FitzGeorge,—companions by invitation ; Canon Duckworth as Chaplain, Dr Fayrer as physician, Mr W. H. Russell, the brilliant *Times* correspondent, as Honorary Private Secretary, and Mr S. P. Hall, as artist. This completed the list.

The Prince left London on the evening of Monday, October 11th, 1875, in company with the Princess, who parted from him at Calais. On the 18th the *Serapis* arrived at the Piræus, the port of Athens, where H.R.H. visited and received a visit from the King and Queen of Greece. On the 23rd the Royal traveller was at Cairo, where for three days he was splendidly entertained in the Ghezireh Palace on the banks of the Nile, by the Khedive of Egypt. Aden, the British station at the south-west point of Arabia, was reached on November 1st, and the Prince had time to see the place and to dine with the Resident, General Schneider. Seven days later (Monday, November 8th), at nine o'clock in the morning, the *Serapis* and *Osborne* dropped anchor in the harbour of Bombay.

The Bombay of forty years ago was a city of 560,000 souls, one half of whom were Parsees. It is situated on an island, which extends from north-east to south-west about eight miles, and which has an average breadth of three miles. It is a city of mosques and temples, of synagogues and chapels,

the resorts of Parsees and Mahomedans, Hindoos and Brahmins, Sindees and Jews—a city in which there is a plenitude of religious festivals all the year round. In the streets and bazaars may be heard a Babel-like confusion of tongues—Assamese, Beig Bhakur (derived from Sanskrit), Hindustani, Canarese, Cutchee, Guzerathi, Mahrathi, Malaya, Parita, Sindee and Punjabee; while the lover of the picturesque may feast his eyes on a continual carnival of varied races and costumes, though the multi-coloured and multi-clad people rushing to and fro are, in general, bent rather upon money-making than on pleasure. “For the rest, the thoroughfares present an astounding *mélange* of savage buffaloes, drawing hackeries, or native carts; water-carriers yelling out ‘*Panee!*’ (water); coolies squabbling over pice; money-changers intent on their ‘usances’; native ladies and children, fantastically bedizened, in equipages drawn by oxen; Parsee merchant princes in sumptuous chariots with outriders; Arab horse dealers; ayahs with babies; European and native soldiers; old-fashioned Moslems, in flowing robes and prodigious turbans; Brahmins, Jews, Portuguese half-castes, sailors, grooms, and porters—all ‘working up together,’ as the innkeeper in *The Old Curiosity Shop* put it, ‘into one delicious gravy.’”<sup>1</sup> This is Bombay.

The disembarkation of the Prince took place in the afternoon of his arrival, amid the firing of salutes and cheers from the men-of-war and merchantmen in the

<sup>1</sup> George Augustus Sala.

harbour. The Viceroy (Lord Northbrook) had come off from shore in a state barge an hour earlier, and now accompanied the Prince to shore. At the landing-stage His Royal Highness was received by the Governor of Bombay, who was surrounded by the members of his Council, the Commander-in-chief, and other officers belonging to the Presidency. At the dockyard, where the first real reception took place, an arch of evergreens, gaily bestuck with flags, had been erected; and here were assembled a select company of two hundred spectators, nearly a third of whom were native princes and chiefs, resplendent in barbaric pearl and gold. The young Guicowar of Baroda and the Rajahs of Kutch, Marwar, and Kolapore occupied prominent positions, as did also Sir Salar Jung, who represented the Nizam of Hyderabad. The Prince of Wales wore Field-marshal's uniform, with the addition of a scarlet scarf, but the Field-marshal's cocked hat had been discarded in favour of a white helmet and plume. He looked exceedingly well and in the best of spirits, and replied to the address of the Corporation in a loud clear voice. He then walked up the centre passage of the landing-stage; and as the Viceroy introduced the native princes to him, shook hands with them one after another, addressing a few well-chosen words to each. On leaving the dockyard he was loudly cheered by the Europeans in the crowd outside, the Orientals, as their habit is, looking on in stolid silence.

A very pretty native Indian ceremony was performed by a dozen Hindoo girls just before the Prince stepped into the carriage which was to take him to Government House. These damsels, brightly dressed in loose robes of satin, pink, blue or yellow, carried small baskets of flowers. They took handfuls of the flowers out of the baskets and lifted them above the Prince's head, while each uttered the words, "I would gladly give up my life for thy safety," and then dropped the flowers in his path. This dainty act, at which the Prince seemed both surprised and pleased, was an impromptu adaptation of a native marriage ceremony. In this way the Parsee women salute the bridegroom.

The Government House is situated at Parell, four miles from the port of Bombay, and the drive thither was a singularly impressive one. The whole route was lined many deep with natives—all keenly interested, all intent on welcoming their future overlord, but all profoundly silent. It must have been an interesting novelty to the Prince, so used to noisy receptions: it is certainly a relief to the chronicler of Royal pageants and processions (whose stock of superlatives has a limit) to meet with such an instance.

But just as birds of no song have compensations in brilliancy of plumage, so these grave, undemonstrative people made up for their voicelessness by the picturesque variety of their costumes. The predominant colour was white, but white in Eastern

countries tells with wonderful effect, and amid the whiteness—and gathering value by the contrast—were all the colours of the kaleidoscope. Dark blue dresses ; red, green, and yellow turbans, shading swarthy faces ; gold and silver embroidery—these made an attractive picture, and one upon which the Prince could not but gaze with deep delight. The balconies, too, were bright with native ladies dressed in gorgeous silks and sparkling with jewels ; and even from the housetops there were black eyes looking down upon the procession.

The next day was the Prince's birthday, which was celebrated by a grand reception or *darbar* of native princes and dignitaries at Government House, at which congratulations and many valuable presents were exchanged. The Prince sat on a silver throne, with his suite and numerous native attendants about him, and as each *rajah* or other potentate was shown into his presence, H.R.H. rose, shook him by the hand, and, with princely courtesy, conducted him to a seat on the right of the throne, thereupon resuming his own seat. "A few minutes' conversation then took place, and Major Henderson introduced the attendant *sirdars* to the Prince. These each offered a *nussur*, or present, of five gold mohurs to the Prince. The offerings were presented on a folded handkerchief laid upon the hands placed together. These were touched by the Prince in token of recognition, and were then remitted, as no presents were to be offered in return. In the case of Sir

Salar Jung, who appeared with a deputation on the part of the Nizam, 103 gold mohurs were offered and similarly remitted. The ceremony of Attar and Pan was then gone through. This consists in a slight sprinkling with attar of roses, the pan being a small portion of betel-nut, which is received, but not put into the mouth. In each case His Royal Highness presented the attar and pan to the prince or rajah, while Major Henderson presented them to the attendant sirdars."

At night the city was brilliantly illuminated, and the Prince drove through the streets, escorted by a squadron of the 3rd Hussars, to look at the beautiful lantern devices, and to read the flame-written words of welcome which everywhere abounded. The festivities ended with a State banquet at Government House.

A pleasing incident occurred next day, when the Prince went to a grand open-air treat given to 11,000 native school children. A beautiful Parsee girl, attired in pink satin, came up to His Royal Highness and the Governor, laden with wreaths of jasmine. She held up one of them before the Prince, who, with a bright smile and courteous bow, took it in his hand, mistaking her intention. With a disappointed look the girl turned to the Governor, and held up before him a second wreath. The Governor, more experienced in such matters, bowed his head, and allowed her to place the garland round his neck. On seeing this the Prince smiled again, and attempted

to slip the garland he was holding over his own head, whereupon the girl, with a glad look, promptly undertook and performed the little office; and afterwards presented His Royal Highness with a bouquet of roses, jasmine and yellow Christmas flowers.

The Christian children on this occasion sang "God Bless the Prince of Wales," the Parsee children a laudatory ode in Guzerathi, and the Hindoos a similar composition in Marathi. We give (in translation) a verse of each of these odes—the Guzerathi first—

"All hail to thee, most noble Prince! This day  
To thee in song we would our homage pay.  
Though far away thy mother's splendour streams,  
These distant realms are gladdened by the beams,  
When thou, her Empire's heir, our Prince art found  
Here in our midst, upon the Indian ground;  
While all the nation rises up to greet  
Our Royal Guest. But for a welcome meet  
What can we render, but our loyal love,  
And hope that all thy life may noble prove?"

Here is a verse from the Marathi ode—

"The Prince for whom of old prayers were offered to the Lord,  
that Prince the Lord hath brought safely hither.  
When attacked by illness, there came a message by wire; and  
all here supplicated the Lord:  
The prayer was—'Save the Prince.' Thus was the danger  
averted by the Lord.  
Now may this Prince travel far and wide; and having  
traversed the country, acquire information;  
May he then convey all to his Gracious Mother; and thus  
may the happiness of the subjects ever be promoted.  
May the Prince travel in happiness over the whole of Hindo-  
stan; he will be welcomed by all loyal people.

Cheerfully accepting this welcome, may he satisfy the wishes of his subjects.

To give the subjects the blessings of education, and to rule justly, is the high privilege of a king.

A good king rules in the fear of God, and wins renown in the songs of his subjects."

A good deal of the Prince's time while in the Bombay Presidency—indeed, throughout his progress—was spent in receiving visits from the native princes and nobles and in returning them; but that did not hinder him from seeing the country. On November 12th he crossed to the neighbouring island of Ghara-puri and spent several hours in the extraordinary Cave Temples of Elephanta. The largest of these temple caves is 130 feet long by 123 feet in breadth, and is reached by a long flight of steps excavated—unchronicled centuries ago, and at enormous labour—out of the solid rock. In the recesses of the temple are portrayed in bas-relief carvings the *avatars*, or transformations, of the Hindoo deity, Shiva. After inspecting the interior of this cave, which was lighted with pyramids of oil-lamps arranged in three lines, and with chandeliers, the Prince dined at a table placed just beneath the bust of the three-headed idol. The effect is described as very weird.

Poonah, the "Brahmin Hotbed," as it is called, was visited the day following (Saturday, November 13), the Prince remaining there over Sunday in order to attend a grand review of native and European troops on the 15th, which went off very well. He then returned to Bombay. One morning was devoted to

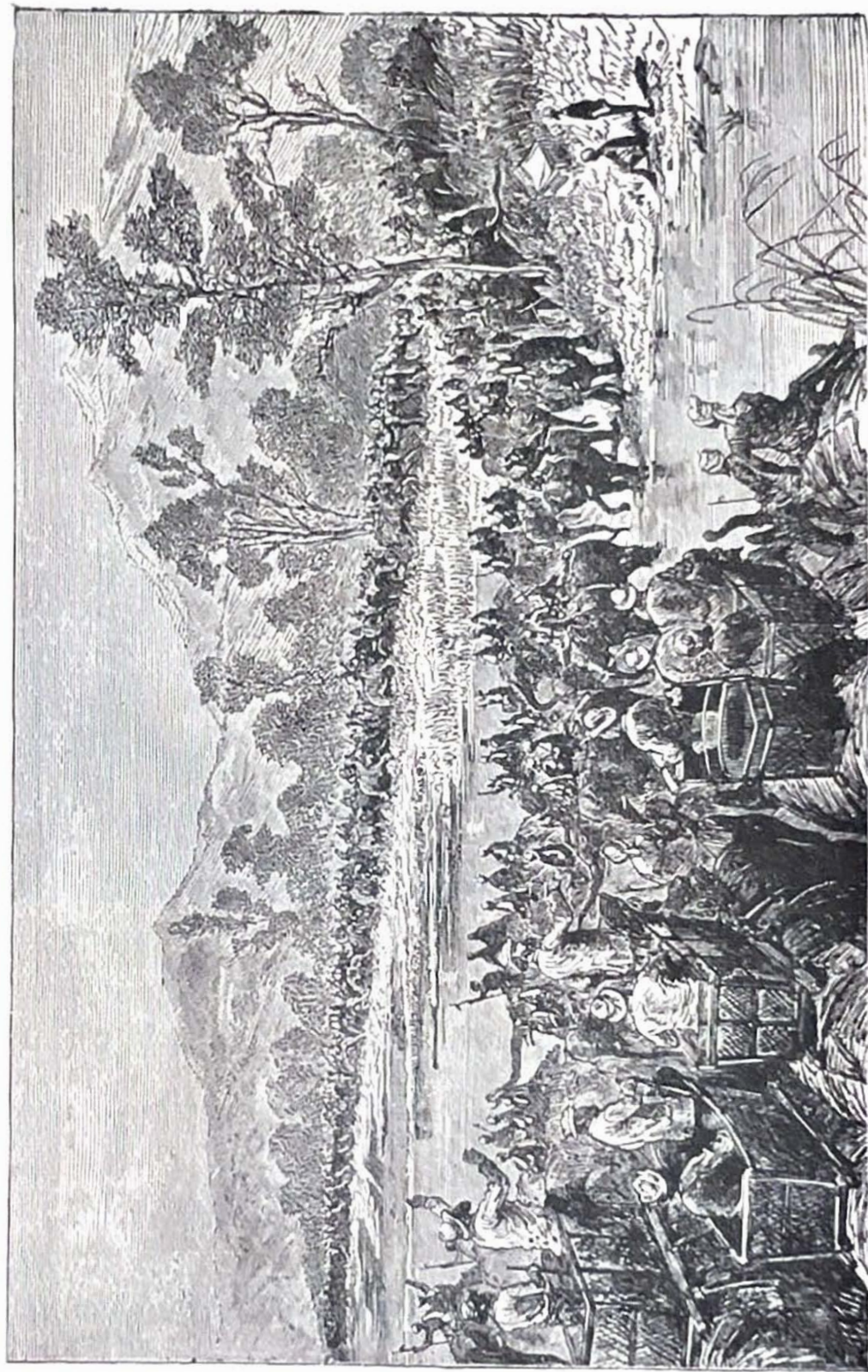


a drive along the crest of Malabar Hill to the field where stand the famous Parsee "Towers of Silence." Five towers of costly hard black granite, the largest about twenty-five feet high by fifty in diameter, are clustered on the heights of this field. They are coloured white and are without ornament; and each has a well in the centre. From the opening of this well, an inner floor slopes at a gentle incline upwards to the ruin of the tower. The bodies of the Parsee dead are placed on this slope to be devoured by birds of prey—men's bodies at the outer edge, women's in the middle, and children's at the rim nearest the well's mouth. Groups of gorged vultures may often be seen on the neighbouring palm-trees sunning themselves after their horrid meal. It is a disgusting sight.

From the 18th to the 23rd the Prince was the guest of the boy-Guicowar of Baroda. The whole story of the visit reads like a page from the *Arabian Nights*. The wonderful self-possession of the lad was a theme of general comment. A village lad, raised from comparative poverty but a few months before, he now bore himself with perfect composure and dignity, and fell naturally and with genuine gracefulness into a tone of equality and frank boyish cordiality in his intercourse with the Prince of Wales. It is to be regretted that H.R.H., while in Baroda, countenanced by his presence some wild beast fights in the celebrated (perhaps we should rather say "notorious") Arena of the Guicowar's Capitol. The animals which were made to measure their strength against each

other for the Royal amusement were some elephants, rhinoceroses, buffalos and rams. The elephant fight is thus described:<sup>1</sup> "Two elephants, bare except for small paddings upon their backs, had been chained to a wall at different ends of the arena, and had been rendered 'must,' or prepared for the conflict by spiced foods and drugs. One of the combatants was a huge animal, the other smaller, but much more energetic. Upon their chains being loosed, the elephants did not show much taste for the fight, so some footmen advanced with lances to stir them up. The larger one attempted to charge the footmen and get through one of the smaller openings, but only succeeded in bringing down a shower of bricks. Finding his attempt to escape ineffectual, he apparently accepted the combat, and the two elephants 'closed' in a leisurely way, forehead against forehead, and tusk clashing against tusk, their trunks sometimes hanging down between their heads and sometimes twisted above their heads. We may here mention that the tusks of each had been cut short, and left flat at the ends, so that no wounds could be inflicted. The Prince had also requested that the animals should in no case be permitted to hurt each other, as he only wished to see the manner in which these animals fight, and not a fight itself. The elephants, however, did not seem inclined to injure each other very much, as they pushed and fenced, sometimes one giving way and sometimes the other, but they never charged

<sup>1</sup> *The Graphic*.



AN INCIDENT IN THE VISIT OF THE KING TO INDIA—A PROCESSION OF  
700 ELEPHANTS CROSSING A NULLAH.

nor struck home. After a while the bigger elephant got tired of this fun, and turning his back to his antagonist made slowly off. The smaller combatant resented this as an affront, and valiantly charged again and again his opponent's rear, ultimately plumping him against the wall. The larger animal now appeared to get out of temper, and began to roar angrily, and had it not been for the Prince's request, the fight would have begun in real earnest. Two footmen, however, advanced with lighted rockets, and scared the smaller elephant to the other end of the arena. Here his adversary pursued him, and an exciting struggle again seemed imminent; the footmen, however, once more ran forward, and placed huge spiked pincers round the hind legs of each, so that the animals could not move without hurting themselves."

The next day the Prince and his suite proceeded by rail to the demesne of the Muckinpoora Palace, eight miles from Baroda, where a great hunt of the black buck with cheetahs had been organized. The cheetahs are hunting leopards with hooded eyes. The natives call them "burrah billies." They are singularly intelligent and tractable animals; and the five that were used at the Prince's hunt permitted him to stroke them, purring the while like domestic cats. The party started off in ox-carts, the cart containing the Prince and the Duke of Sutherland leading. Some herds of black buck were presently sighted about fifty yards distant, and one of the cheetahs

was slipped. The cheetah missed his quarry, giving up at 500 yards; and the buck that he had singled out got clear away. At last they came upon two bucks that were fighting together, and the cheetah being unhooded again, sprang towards one of them and pulled it down. Other two animals were afterwards brought to earth in the same way, and then the Prince grew weary of the sport, and with the Duke and one or two others of the party proceeded to stalk the deer. His Royal Highness presently brought down a fine buck; and on the way back to the Palace tried to get a shot at a paddy-bird,<sup>1</sup> but his stealthy movements to get within range were misconstrued by a couple of native girls, who thought the Prince was after *them*, and their frightened cries scared the bird also.

In the voyage to Ceylon, which was the next event of the Royal progress, stoppages were made at Goa (the old Portuguese settlement) and Beypoor, but at the latter place the Prince did not land, owing to the prevalence of cholera in the district. At Aquada, between those places, the Prince engaged in a little net-fishing. His boat, in which were also the Duke of Sutherland, General Probyn, Dr Fayrer and Captain Glyn, was towed out by a launch, and a rocket was sent up from the *Serapis* to announce the departure to those on shore. Fires lighted on the beach showed the Prince's party where the nets were being drawn, but before they reached the shore, the boat was struck

<sup>1</sup> The rice-bird or Java sparrow.



by a breaker, and the Prince and the Duke, who sat beside him, were drenched. It was just enough to laugh at—the sea water was warm and the beach was near. The scene was picturesque. The natives, who are credited with a strong love of sport, had congregated there, and were watching the proceedings with great interest. As there was not a sufficiency of fuel, they came down with pieces of their timber houses, and contributed them to the fire. The fishing was pleasant, if not profitable. Delighted at seeing the Prince and his friends working in the water, the sailors waded and swam in the surf, half-naked, hauling at the seine. But big fish were not in the way, and after three draws of the net, there remained on the beach only thirty *kate* (maiden ray), and some dozens of a fish like a large sardine, but certainly inferior to the Mediterranean article, and tasting, according to a high authority, “like flannel stuffed with pins.” Still there was the sense of doing something, and there was plenty of laughter as the surf broke on the beach. At midnight the Prince and his party returned to the *Serapis*, wet to the skin, and woke the sleepers to tell them what had happened, and very glad was everyone to see all safe on board again.

Ceylon was reached on December 1st. The Prince landed at Colombo, but it was not till his arrival at Kandy, in the interior, that his great reception took place. Here, in addition to the Governor of the island, some twenty of the great Kandyan chiefs welcomed their over-lord and rendered homage. The

most treasured object in Kandy—indeed, in the whole island—is the (reputed) sacred tooth of Buddha, the founder of the Buddhist religion, whom the Cinghalese Buddhists tell us was '27 feet in height. Perhaps the legend was invented to account for the dimensions of the tooth, which is one-and-a-half inches in length!<sup>1</sup> It is well that the good Gautama was of a mild and peaceful disposition, for a set of such teeth would have made him a terrible fellow to fall out with. Of course the tooth was taken from its nest of nine golden pagodas and shown to the Prince; but what H.R.H. thought of it, and whether he was able to keep a straight face while the poor spectacled, shaven-headed priests were exhibiting their precious treasure, we do not know.

The Prince's chief object in visiting Kandy, however, was to witness the Perahara, a spectacular religious ceremony, which a writer in *The Standard* described as "a mixture of a Lord Mayor's Show and a Spanish religious procession." The same writer has given so graphic a description of the ceremony as it was witnessed by the Prince, that we insert it without comment and almost without abridgment.

"In order that His Royal Highness might view at his leisure the details of the procession, it was arranged that a private rehearsal should take place in the garden of the Governor's house on the evening of the Prince's arrival. Only the Kandyan chiefs and a

<sup>1</sup> In Sir James Tennent's *Ceylon*, it is stated that the tooth was manufactured by one Wikrama Bahu in 1566.

few visitors were invited. They assembled in the grounds in front of the fine building, which stands in beautifully laid-out gardens and grounds. Upon the Royal party coming out from dinner, the Governor presented the Kandyan chiefs and the visitors to His Royal Highness, and the Prince during the evening chatted freely with the chiefs, almost all of whom speak English fluently. The gardens were purposely kept in darkness, except the space immediately in front of the house, so that the component parts of the procession—although from the long pauses and breaks it could scarcely be called a procession—emerged in a dim, shadowy way out of the darkness, and faded away in the same ghostly sort of manner—an effect greatly added to by the noiseless tread of the elephants and of their naked-footed attendants. The line of road in front of the house was lighted by torch-bearers; and at the head of the procession came some more torch-bearers, who ranged themselves in a large circle, into which entered four priests fantastically dressed in garments glittering with gold, silver, and gems. These, to the sound of tom-toms, pipes, and of instruments resembling hurdy-gurdies, began to dance, or, rather, to posture in strange, wild figures, which would have been laughable had it not been for the gloomy air with which the priests went through what to them was a religious ceremony, and this, with the innumerable torch-bearers, and surrounding circle of absolute darkness, gave a weird and unnatural air to the whole affair. Then came whip-



bearers, and fan-bearers, and other officials, and then out of the darkness a mass, at first without shape, but which turned out to be three elephants close together. The central and much the largest animal carried on his back a sort of shrine, of pagoda form, in which were the bow and arrows of the god. Upon each side upon the smaller elephants rode priests. The animals were richly caparisoned, and wore coloured hoods or masks with round holes trimmed with gold braid, and looking like big eyes, changing entirely the expression of the elephants' faces. Upon arriving opposite the Prince the great beasts wheeled slowly round in line, and knelt down in salutation before the Prince. Upon their rising he went forward, patted them, and gave them pieces of sugar-cane. They went on, and were succeeded by more dancers, more elephants in parties of three, more followers with emblems, until, weird and fantastic as the whole thing was, it became monotonous."

While in Ceylon the Prince went on a hunting expedition in the dense jungle about Ruanwella, a secluded district between Kandy and Colombo, and shot his first elephant. He was accompanied by Lords Suffield and Charles Beresford, and preceded by the usual beaters, whose work it is to drive the elephants into the square palisaded enclosure or kraal, near which the sportsmen are stationed. A platform had been erected for the Prince close to one of these kraals, and when he had taken up his position, and his companions had found places for

themselves on high rocks in the immediate vicinity, the beaters advanced in a cordon, which they gradually contracted as they neared the mouth of the enclosure. Among the animals driven forward by this moving cordon "was one old tusker with much blood upon his head ; he was said to have slain five or six men, and many bullocks. This fellow had his ladies about him, and for them he fought very chivalrously, charging against the beaters over and over again. Ultimately he abandoned his females, crashed through the beaters, driving them helter-skelter up into the trees for safety, and made his escape clear."<sup>1</sup>

This happened about two o'clock, and the Prince had been waiting patiently up in the "perch" ever since nine. By this time most of the party were feeling bored and hungry, and there was a general move down to the tent on the kraal for luncheon. "But the Prince refused to quit the place whence it might at any moment be possible for him to get a shot. His great eagerness had been for the man-slaying tusker ; but he had gone, and there still remained the prospect of being more successful with a herd of seven elephants still within the beaters' cordon. Only they could not be persuaded to leave the cover. His Royal Highness, from his elevation, could now and then hear the huge animals trumpeting and crashing through the dense jungle, within, as it seemed, a short fifty yards of him ; but so thick was

<sup>1</sup> *Daily News.*

the foliage that a sight never offered. At length, about half-past four, the gentlemen in the tents heard a couple of shots from the Prince's perch, and rushing out on the sound, were in time to see an elephant stagger on to his knees while the blood poured from his head. From his knees he sank on his side, and the first elephant shot by the Prince lay dead before him."<sup>1</sup>

After quitting Ceylon the vessel crossed the Gulf of Manaar, and landed at Tuticorin in the Carnatic, Tippoo Saib's old territory, where the Prince was received with the usual Royal honours. His chief stopping-places in the Carnatic were Madura, Trichinopoly, and Madras. At Madura he visited the palace and the temple, and was shown the "golden lotus tank," and the temple jewels and the golden idol. The pavement of the idol-shrine was lined with dancing-girls, who scattered flowers at his feet. While the inspection was being made, the temple guns were fired almost without intermission.

One of the excursions from Trichinopoly was to the far-famed Temple of Srirungan and the Hall of the Thousand Pillars. At the former place the Prince was received by the priests with great ceremony—bevy of Nautch girls strewing flowers, singing and dancing before him, and afterwards going through a short performance. Their faces were tinged with a yellow dye, and their smoothly-brushed jet-black hair was bound up behind with strings of pearls.

<sup>1</sup> *Daily News.*

At Madras, which was reached on December 13th, the floral devices and illuminations were more native in their character than at Bombay. There were representations of mosques and oriental palaces, and the Prince was depicted in impossible uniforms, while the Princess was shown in one transparency in apparel that was a kind of cross between an Indian begum's State dress and a Mary-Queen-of-Scot's costume. An enterprising importer of jams, marmalade and other potted comestibles had stuck up the ambiguous motto, "God *preserve* the Prince of Wales." The illumination of the surf by means of blue fires which are not extinguished in water, had a superb effect, and greatly pleased and interested the Prince, who went on to the pier and himself threw over many of the cases of Greek fire.

Satiated with pyrotechnics, the Prince passed on to the Rocopooran terminus, where a public entertainment had been got up for his special diversion. It was a native entertainment, and commenced shortly after midnight with a grand "nautch." "One dance in particular deserves mention as being especially graceful. To the tune of "Bonnie Dundee," on tom-toms, etc., a dozen Nautch girls, dressed in a profusion of silks, jewels, and bangles, performed the Kôlâttam (plait dance), each girl holding the end of a coloured ribbon, the other being secured to the roof. While dancing the girls wove the ribbons into various patterns, fencing at the same time with a dagger held in the unoccupied hand. The music consisted of tom-

toms, violin, castanets, and tambourine, while the correspondent of the *Times of India*, who certainly *ought* to know something of the native tongue, chronicled the chorus as follows:—

Na dada dada da dada dana,  
Na dada dada da dada dana ;  
Na dada da, dada, da dada da na  
Na dada, dada da dada na.

“Next came a Carnatic *pas seul* by a lady named Guyana, described as ‘far from plain, most richly dressed and loaded with jewels,’ but, like the peacock, with a harsh and rough voice—who, however, was congratulated by the Prince on her performance. After a song discoursed to a peculiar-looking instrument formed out of a pumpkin, and a concerted piece on the violin, the Prince left at 2 A.M., notwithstanding that *Sakuntala*, a Hindustani drama in four acts, still remained on the programme.”<sup>1</sup>

After the Prince had seen all the chief sights of Madras, and enjoyed an excellent run with the Madras hounds, H.R.H. again embarked on board the *Serapis* and proceeded to Calcutta, which was reached on the morning of the 23rd. That boisterous genius, Rudyard Kipling, has described the city in four lines.

“ Me the Sea-captain loved, the River built,  
Wealth sought and Kings adventured life to hold.  
Hail, England ! I am Asia—Power on silt,  
Death in my hands, but Gold ! ”<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *The Graphic*.

<sup>2</sup> *The Seven Seas*, p. 12.

"Power on silt," a city of wealth and infection,—yes, that is Calcutta. Here are mingled in picturesque confusion columns, domes, steeples, huge ships, quays, palanquins, dark-skinned and white-robed natives, soldiers, horses. The squares, with their beautiful gardens, may vie with any in London or Paris; the Government buildings are palatial—the private mansions elegant in the extreme. But it is a city of illusions. Proceed a little farther, and what do we find? Magnificence disappears; the streets degenerate into unclean cholera-breeding alleys; and sordid thatch-roofed one-storied hovels, stretching away towards the horizon of the plain, take the place of the palaces. The population is not quite so diversified as in Bombay. The vast mass of the native inhabitants are Northern Bengalis, largely engaged in money-dealing and speculations in textile fabrics. The ancient native aristocracy has long since faded out, and has been replaced by a numerous class of wealthy parvenus.<sup>1</sup>

As being the metropolis of the English dominions in India, it was here that the crowning public event of the Prince's Indian Tour came off. Among the host of native princes who welcomed H.R.H., when he stepped ashore at Prinsep's Ghaut, were the Maharajah Scindiah of Gwalior, G.C.S.I., and the Maharajah of Puttiala, G.C.S.I. The latter, a multi-millionaire, wore upon his person diamonds and jewels to the value of £300,000. There also was the burly form of Holkar,

<sup>1</sup> *India and the Prince of Wales*, p. 26.

the Maharajah of Indore, who would fain have shown the magnificence of his loyalty to the Prince by a gift worth £50,000; and the Maharajahs of Cashmere, Jheend, Jodhpore and Rewah. All were introduced again at the great reception by the Prince on the following day.

This Reception resembled very much the Bombay durbar, save that it was on a grander scale. According to Dr William Russell, the only newspaper correspondent present on this occasion, the *cortège* of the Maharajah of Cashmere was the most magnificent, though all were gorgeous to a degree; while the splendour of his personal adornment caused the impressions produced by previous arrivals to fade away. One princess was introduced—"a very eccentric visitor," says Dr Russell—the Sultana Jehan, Begum of Bopal. "A salute was fired, and a closed brougham drove up to the steps, at which the guard presented arms. The door was opened, and out stepped a shawl, supported on a pair of thin legs, and on the top of the shawl there was the semblance of a head; but face there was none, for over the head there was drawn a silk hood, and from it depended a screen of some sort of stuff, but this veil concealed features which report says are not at all deserving of such strict retirement, though her Highness is nearly forty, which is old for India. With her was her daughter, a figure draped and dressed like the first, and quite as old, to judge from appearances, though the lady is only eighteen. The

ladies walked very slowly one after the other, and were led up the steps as if they were performing some remarkable feat. The Sirdars, among whom were two highly jewelled lads, said to be her Highness's nephews, were dressed magnificently, and one old fellow, Jam Alladeen Khan, was a very fine type of a native Minister."<sup>1</sup>

To tell of the levees and the visits, the balls and State dinners, the native entertainments and the snake-poisoning experiments at which the Prince was present while in Calcutta, is a task that must not be attempted here. We have but space for a short account of what we described above as the crowning public event of the Royal tour, namely, the holding of a Grand Chapter of the Star of India.

The Chapter was held on New Year's Day, on an open space called the Maidan, about a mile from Government House. Here an encampment of native princes had been formed, and a grand durbar tent, resplendent with blue silk and silver edgings, the colours of the Order, had been pitched for the Investiture. At the north-eastern extremity of the tent was a dais, on which were two solid silver chairs with golden lions at the sides: one, surmounted with a crown, for the Viceroy; the other, bearing the familiar ostrich-feathers, for the Prince of Wales. The Knights of the Order, European and native, accompanied by their esquires and retinues, entered

<sup>1</sup> *The Times.*



the tent in an almost unbroken procession—the Companions, first, then the Knights, and finally the Knights Grand Commanders.

Last but one came the Prince of Wales, his procession advancing in two lines. His Royal Highness “wore a Field-marshal’s uniform, with a white helmet and plume, a regal umbrella of gold overshadowed him, while his train was carried by two naval cadets dressed in the style of Charles I., Cavalier hats and cloaks, tunics, trunk hose, rosetted shoes, all in blue satin, and wearing Cavalier wigs. Lord Northbrook, as Grand Master, came in last of all, and with that the Chapter was opened, the Secretary, Mr Aitchison, reading the roll of the Order, and each Knight seating himself as he answered. The Secretary then read out the business to be done, and the Queen’s Warrant, naming the persons to be invested, and directing the Prince of Wales to hold the Investiture. After handing the warrant to the Prince, Mr Aitchison went in search of the Maharajah of Jodhpore—the first Knight to be invested.

“The Maharajah entered the tent in a small procession, the insignia being borne before him on a cushion, and was led up to the Royal dais, before which he bowed profoundly. Two Knights-Commanders then robed him in the blue mantle of the Order, and this done, Mr Aitchison led him to the Prince, who placed the Collar of the Order round his neck, saying: ‘In the name of the Queen and by

Her Majesty's command I herewith invest you with the honourable insignia of the Star of India, of which Most Exalted Order Her Majesty has been graciously pleased to appoint you to be a Knight Grand Commander.' A salute of seventeen guns was then fired, the Maharajah made a deep reverence, and retiring, was then conducted to his seat, where his banner was unfurled and his full titles proclaimed by Mr Aitchison, and a flourish of trumpets.

"The Maharajah of Jheen was next invested with similar ceremonies (his salute being eleven instead of seventeen guns), and then various Knights Commanders and Companions were created. After this the Chapter was declared dissolved, and the Prince left in the same State with which he had entered."<sup>1</sup>

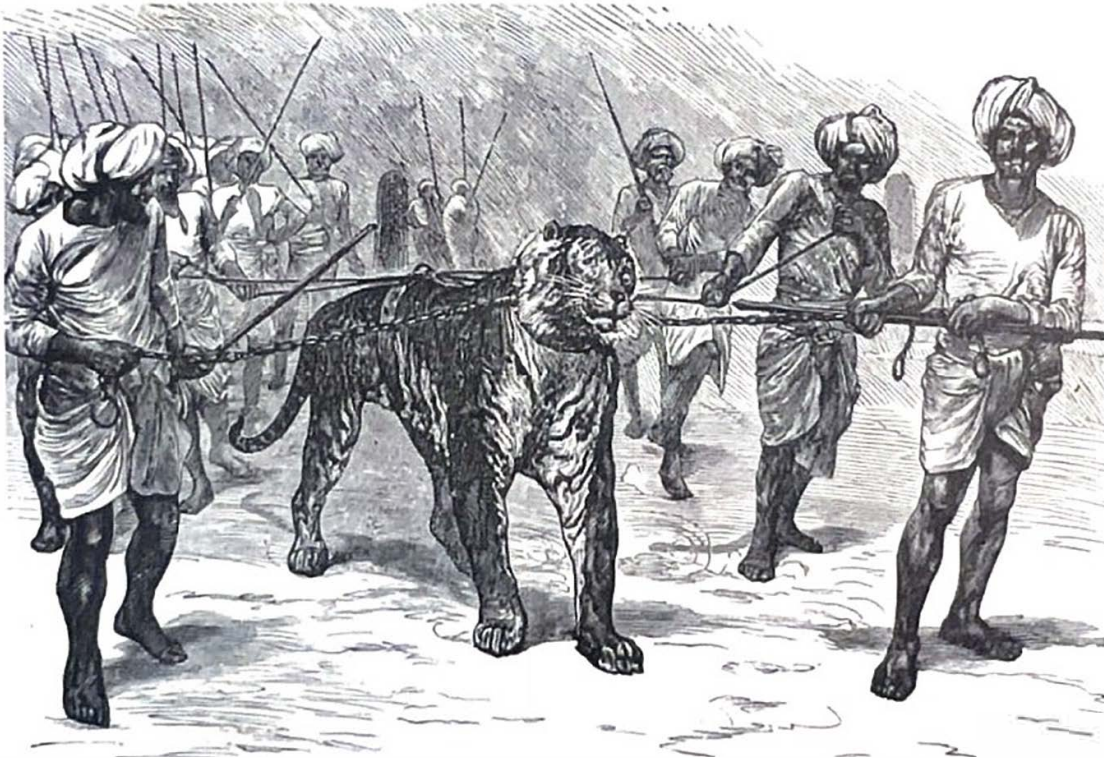
Calcutta was by no means the last place visited by the Prince in India, though it is the last that we can linger over here. Many cities, whose names are written large in Anglo-Indian history, had yet to be seen. There was Benares, the holy city of the Brahmins, where fat oxen, tame and lazy, roam unmolested in the streets, and where even the monkeys have a temple and are worshipped; there was Lucknow, "the city of Timely Relief," so famous in the Mutiny, and said to be four thousand years old; there was Cawnpore, the scene of Nana Sahib's perfidious treachery, whose very name seems to smell of the shambles. Delhi, too, the ancient capital of the great Mogul Empire, and the scene of the most

<sup>1</sup> *The Graphic*.

memorable siege in British history; and Agra, favourite city of Akbar the Great, where stands that poem in marble, the Taj Mahal, which was built by Shah Jehan, for the remains of his beloved wife, at a cost of £750,000. Twenty thousand workmen are said to have been occupied upon it for twenty-two years. All these places did the Prince visit, and still the list is not exhausted. We have said nothing of Lahore, nor of Gwalior, nor Jeypore, nor Allahabad, nor Indore—all places of prime importance, where the Prince witnessed many a strange sight, and engaged in many a never-to-be-forgotten expedition. Neither have we touched upon his two more northern excursions to the independent provinces of Cashmere and Nepaul, where His Royal Highness was most royally entertained by the Maharajah of Cashmere, and by Sir Jung Bahadoor, the Prime Minister of the Ruler of Nepaul. Whilst hunting in the great Terai jungle the Prince's elephant was charged by a tiger, and for a few breathless moments the life of His Royal Highness was in some peril. Our account of the Indian tour may conclude with a description of this incident from the pen of one of the gentlemen of the party.

“The game lay in a patch of forest, which was hemmed in by the pad-elephants. The howdah-elephants joined the circle at intervals, under the direction of Mr Girdlestone. They all advanced into the wood. The ground was at first rising or hilly, but they soon came to a gully covered with high

grass. Into this the elephants went, crashing down all before them. A cry of 'Bagh!' or 'Tiger!' was heard to the left hand, and the reports of two guns. The circle of advancing elephants drew in, rapidly narrowing, and surrounded a clump of grass, which seemed alive with tigers. The Prince had the Maharajah on his left hand, and further to the left



A CAPTIVE TIGER LED BEFORE THE KING AT BARODA.

was General Sir D. Probyn, pistol in hand. The tigers, finding themselves hemmed in, rushed furiously round the circle, roaring loudly. The elephants were trumpeting, men shouting, and it was a scene of great confusion. Above all was heard the shrill voice of Sir Jung Bahadoor, hurling imprecations on the head

of any one who should allow the line to be broken. The grass on the side where the Prince was gradually became trampled down; yet a patch was still left, giving covert to the tigers. Out of this patch of grass they kept charging into the open. In one of their charges, the elephant ridden by His Royal Highness was attacked. Though a staunch animal, this elephant did not keep his front towards the tiger, but turned so as to receive the tiger upon his vast haunch. This movement sent the mahout and the other persons upon the elephant reeling backwards; but the Prince instantly recovered himself, coolly turned round, and fired. The tiger was killed, his head being at that time very near the legs of Mr Peter Robertson, the Prince's attendant, then seated behind him. Four tigers were killed at this one spot; but the biggest of them, the paterfamilias, is supposed to have escaped."

On the 5th of March the Prince held a species of farewell durbar at Allahabad, where presents were exchanged and Sir Jung Bahadoor was publicly thanked for the magnificence of his hospitality during the Nepaul visit. His Royal Highness also handed Sir Jung a letter in reply to the *Kureeta* of welcome sent by the Maharajah. On taking leave, the Nepaulese Prime Minister asked General Probyn to tell the Prince that "from now and for ever all we have are his—our men, our money, our lives."

By March 10th the Prince was back at Bombay, and, three days later, he received the farewell address

of the city on board the *Serapis*. At four o'clock in the afternoon, amid a general salute from thirteen ships-of-war, the vessel sailed. As soon as she moved ahead, the *Undaunted* (flag-ship), *Doris*, *Diamond*, *Vestal*, *Arab* and *Jumna*, and the ironclads *Magdala* and *Abyssinia*, manned yards, cheered, and fired a Royal salute. The Admiral signalled "God speed you!" to which the *Serapis* replied, "Thanks; hope to meet soon again." The Prince remained on the bridge till the vessel was fairly at sea, and then went below.

V

AVE CÆSAR !

Old-Time Records of Some  
Memorable Coronations





## CHAPTER XVI.

### A FOREWORD

ON the 22nd of January 1901, Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, became King of England. In the evening of that day of national sorrow, shortly before seven o'clock, the following telegram was received by the Lord Mayor of London: "My beloved mother has just passed away, surrounded by her children. Albert Edward." The end of the good Queen's life was a peaceful and painless one, and all her living sons and daughters, with the exception of the late Empress Frederick, were about her bed at the last. The Empress was in Germany—too ill to be present. The circumstances are so fresh in everyone's recollection that we do not propose to recapitulate them here.

The next morning the King, accompanied by the Duke of York and the Duke of Connaught, left Cowes for London to preside at a special Privy Council at St James's Palace. His Majesty made the formal announcement of Queen Victoria's death and of his assumption of the Sovereignty in the following speech:—

"Your Royal Highnesses, my Lords and Gentlemen,—This is the most painful occasion on which I shall ever be called upon to address you.

"My first and melancholy duty is to announce to you the death of my beloved mother the Queen, and I know how deeply you, the whole nation, and, I think I may say the whole world, sympathise with me in the irreparable loss we have all sustained.

"I need hardly say that my constant endeavour will be always to walk in her footsteps. In undertaking the heavy load which now devolves upon me, I am fully determined to be a constitutional sovereign in the strictest sense of the word, and as long as there is breath in my body, to work for the good and amelioration of my people.

"I have resolved to be known by the name of Edward, which has been borne by six of my ancestors. In doing so I do not undervalue the name of Albert, which I inherit from my ever-to-be-lamented, great, and wise father, who by universal consent is, I think, deservedly known by the name of Albert the Good, and I desire that his name should stand alone.

"In conclusion, I trust to Parliament and the nation to support me in the arduous duties which now devolve upon me by inheritance, and to which I am determined to devote my whole strength during the remainder of my life."

After the Oath had been administered to the King, bidding him to govern the Kingdom according to its laws and customs, His Majesty received the homage

of the Ministers, who took the Oath of Allegiance and Supremacy, kneeling before the throne. They at the same time surrendered their seals of office, which, however, were at once returned to them; and with that they kissed hands.

In accordance with the provisions of a statute of the reign of Queen Anne, which enacts that, on the demise of the Crown, Parliament, if separated by adjournment or prorogation, shall immediately meet and sit, both Houses of Parliament met at four o'clock on the afternoon of January 23rd, that members might take the Oath of Allegiance to King Edward VII. The peers were dressed in black, and in the side gallery the peeresses and their daughters looked even more sombre. The first to take the oath was the Lord Chancellor, Lord Halsbury. Each peer read from a large pasteboard card the declaration of allegiance as follows: "I — do swear that I will be faithful and bear true allegiance to His Majesty King Edward the Seventh, his heirs and successors, according to law. So help me God." He then kissed the New Testament which he had been holding in his right hand, and wrote his name on the Roll of Parliament, a long parchment about 12 inches wide. In the Commons the same procedure was gone through. The first to take the Oath was Mr Gully, the Speaker. Two hundred and ninety-eight members were sworn on the first day, the last being Mr Samuel, who, in Hebrew fashion, wore his hat and was sworn on a copy of the Old Testament.

The Proclamation of the King, as "our only lawful and rightful Liege Lord Edward the Seventh" was begun in London, in the Friary Court of St James's Palace, shortly after nine o'clock on the morning of January 24. Overlooking the quadrangle where the proclamation was made is the balcony, from one of the windows of which Victoria had appeared to her people for the first time when she was proclaimed Queen sixty-four years previously. The King's proclamation was read by Norroy King of Arms, in presence of the Duke of Norfolk (Earl Marshal), Lord Roberts (Commander-in-Chief), and other high State and Heraldic functionaries. The Proclamation ran thus:—

#### "PROCLAMATION.

"Whereas it has pleased Almighty God to call to His Mercy Our late Sovereign Lady Queen Victoria, of Blessed and Glorious Memory, by whose Decease 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: We, therefore, the Lords Spiritual and Temporal of this Realm, being here assisted with these of her late Majesty's Privy Council, with Numbers of other Principal Gentlemen of Quality, with the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Citizens of London, do now hereby, with one Voice and Consent of Tongue and Heart, publish and proclaim, That the High and

Mighty Prince, Albert Edward, is now, by the Death of our late Sovereign of Happy Memory, become our only lawful and rightful Liege Lord Edward the Seventh, by the Grace of God, King of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, Emperor of India : To whom we do acknowledge all Faith and constant Obedience, with all hearty and humble Affection ; beseeching God, by whom Kings and Queens do reign, to bless the Royal Prince Edward the Seventh, with long and happy Years to reign over Us.

“ Given at the Court of Saint James’s, this twenty-third day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and one.

“ GOD SAVE THE KING ! ”

The ceremony was witnessed by a crowd of spectators, who joined cordially in the concluding words, “ God save the King ! ”

After the proclamation at St James’s Palace, the heralds proceeded to Temple Bar, where the Lord Mayor gave them the customary permission to enter the City, and the King was again proclaimed ; the ceremony was also repeated at Chancery Lane and the Royal Exchange. The Heralds then accompanied the Lord Mayor to the Mansion House and drank the King’s health ; after which the Chief Magistrate appeared on the balcony, and addressing the immense crowd gathered in front said : “ Fellow citizens, let me ask you to join with me in saying

from the bottom of your hearts, 'God save the King!'" The crowd not only said the words, but sang them too—breaking out spontaneously into the familiar strains of the National Anthem.

In Scotland His Majesty was proclaimed on January 25th at three different parts of the capital, namely, the "Mercat" Cross, the Castle Gate, and Holyrood Palace. Amid a fanfare of trumpets the Lord Provost called upon the Herald to read the Proclamation, which he did; and finished by raising his hat and exclaiming, "God save the King!" Another fanfare of trumpets followed, and the band of the Lothian and Berwickshire Yeomanry played the National Anthem, while every head was uncovered, and the guns on the Castle ramparts boomed forth a royal salute. The Lyon King of Arms next called for three cheers for the King, which were given with great enthusiasm by the whole multitude: the Unicorn Pursuivant went through the formality of responding; and the King's Proclamation was next read by the Herald, and responded to by the Carrick Pursuivant. While the ceremony was being repeated at the "Pier and Shore" of Leith a blinding storm of sleet and snow came on. In Dublin similar scenes were enacted, the Proclamation being read first at a meeting of the Privy Council and afterwards on Cork Hill, at the entrance of the upper Castle yard. A salute of 101 guns announced the completion of the ceremony.<sup>1</sup>

Not till the following year, when the period of

<sup>1</sup> *The Sphere*, February 2, 1901.

mourning was over, did the King hold his first Court. From an outside and public point of view the event was a dismal failure. There was nothing to engage attention except the long line of mud-splashed carriages, a few Life Guards, a dash past of Royal carriages, and the wet, waiting crowds. Inside Buckingham Palace, however, the gathering was brilliant, and March 14, 1902, will doubtless long remain a red-letter day in the memory of numbers who were present.

“The King and Queen and Princess Victoria arrived at the Palace from Marlborough House shortly after ten o'clock. Alighting at the Garden entrance, they passed within the Palace. Other members of the Royal Family, including the Prince and Princess of Wales, with the members of the Household and the Court functionaries in attendance, had already assembled awaiting the arrival of their Majesties. The King and Queen, accompanied by the other members of the Royal Family, entered the Throne Room at half-past ten. By this time, holders of invitation tickets, the Cabinet Ministers, foreign Ambassadors, and members of the Corps Diplomatique possessing the right of *entrée*, had begun to arrive. Those armed with tickets, which were green, red, and white, according to the rank and dignity of the holder, on alighting at the awning erected within the courtyard, presented them to the uniformed Marshalman in waiting. He, tearing a corner off the ticket, handed it back with a stately bow. Thence the privileged ones passed within the

Palace precincts and through the entrance hall to the grand staircase. The hall, with its supporting columns of Carrara marble, shone with the reflected radiance of some hundreds of tiny electric lamps. Here, and on the grand staircase, also aglow with electric lights, were stationed the Yeomen of the Guard, in the quaint garb which has survived so long. Passing up the marble stairs, the head of the long line of ticket-holders was soon in the presence of Royalty. The Royal party stood grouped within the Throne Room. A little in advance were the King and Queen. As the names were announced, those honoured by invitations passed into the Royal apartment, bowing first to the King and then to the Queen. This latter ceremony, by Royal command, was subjected to some slight modification. Formerly it was obligatory to bow to each member of the Royal Family present on such occasions, but last night obeisances were made to the King and Queen alone. Light refreshments were supplied in the green drawing-room.”<sup>1</sup>

The Coronation is still an event we wait for ; though we hope to give a detailed account of it in a future edition of this work. Meanwhile, as a sort of prelude, we offer the reader an account of some of the most memorable coronation ceremonies of other days, in which we venture to predict he will find much that is curious and entertaining, and not a little that throws light on the symbolic ritual which will be observed at the crowning of King Edward VII.

<sup>1</sup> *Daily Chronicle.*



## CHAPTER XVII.

### EMPEROR, KAISER, KING, AND TSAR.

PROFESSOR SAYCE, the eminent Orientalist, informs the present writer that the monuments have as yet yielded no account—at least no perfect account—of an Assyrian or Egyptian coronation. “The only light has come,” he says,<sup>1</sup> “from the recent German excavations at Abusir in the temple erected to the Sun-god by User-en-Ra of the fifth dynasty. Here the ceremonies attending the inauguration (rather than coronation) of the Pharaoh are depicted. But unfortunately the tableaux are much mutilated, and it will be some time before what can be made out of them will be ready for publication. The crowning of the King with the white crown of Upper Egypt originally took place at Nekhen, opposite Nekhab (the modern El-Kab).”

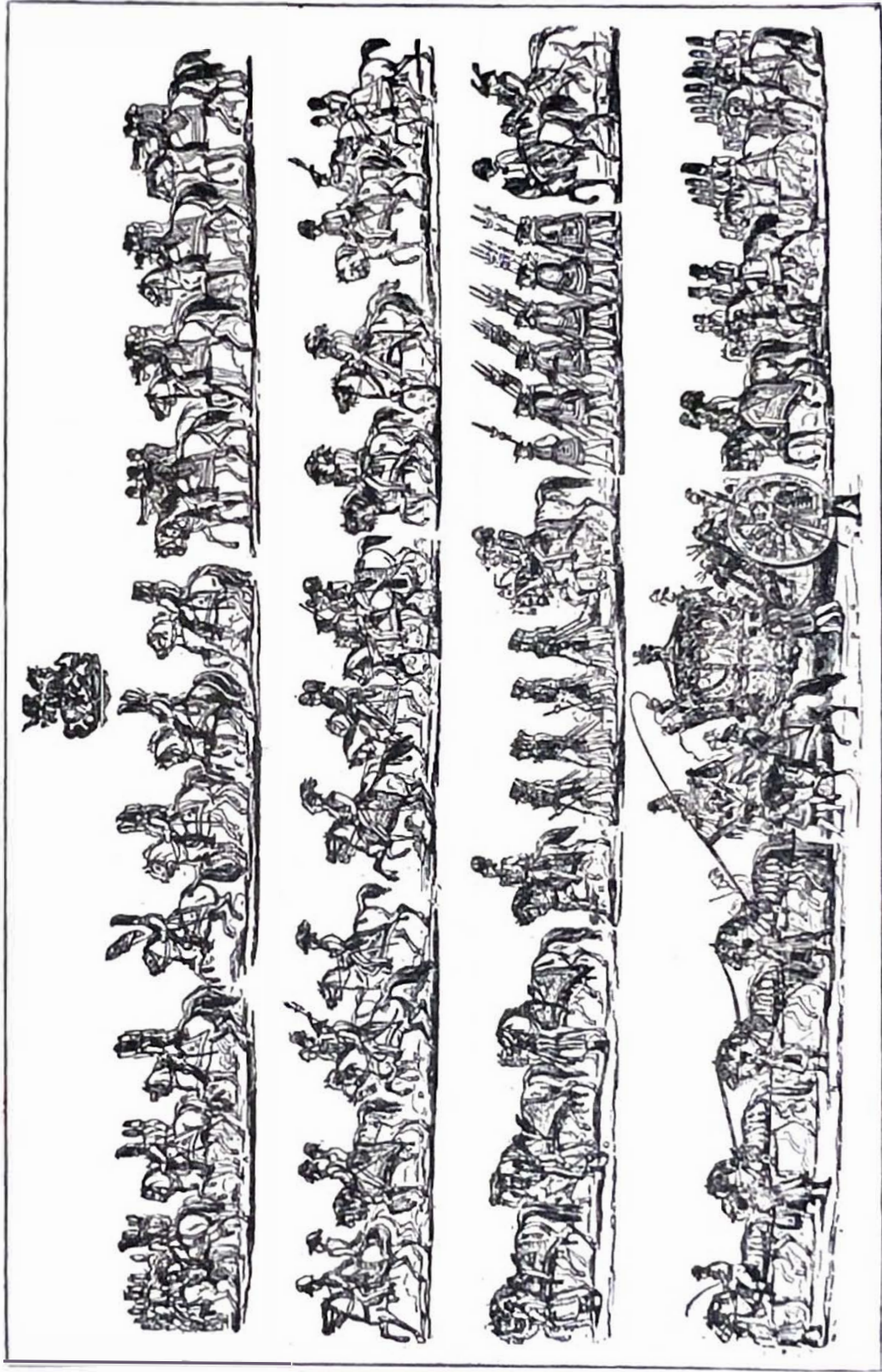
The classical writers are even less helpful. Either the coronation ceremonies of those remote times were not thought worthy of being chronicled, or the accounts of them have perished; and this is true in respect of

<sup>1</sup> Writing from Egypt in February 1902.

Greece and Rome no less than of Egypt and the Euphrates district. Doubtless the earliest detailed reference to anything of the kind is to be found in Scripture, and very interesting the reference is.

“And David said, Call me Zadok the priest, and Nathan the prophet, and Benaiah the son of Jehoida. And they came before the King. The King also said unto them, Take with you the servants of your Lord, and cause Solomon my son to ride upon mine own mule, and bring him down to Gihon; and let Zadok the priest and Nathan the prophet anoint him there king over Israel: and blow ye with the trumpet, and say, God save King Solomon! Then ye shall come up after him, that he may come and sit upon my throne; for he shall be king in my stead; and I have appointed him to be ruler over Israel and over Judah. And Benaiah the son of Jehoida answered the King, and said, Amen; the Lord God of my lord the king say so too. As the Lord hath been with my lord the king, even so be he with Solomon, and make his throne greater than the throne of my lord King David.

“So Zadok the priest, and Nathan the prophet, and Benaiah the son of Jehoida, and the Cherethites, and the Pelethites, went down, and caused Solomon to ride upon King David’s mule, and brought him to Gihon. And Zadok the priest took an horn of oil out of the tabernacle, and anointed Solomon. And they blew the trumpet: and the people said, God save King Solomon! And all the people came up after



A CORONATION PROCESSION. [FROM AN OLD PRINT.]

him, and the people piped with pipes, and rejoiced with great joy, so that the earth rent with the sound of them." <sup>1</sup>

Prince Adonijah, who had meanwhile been giving a great feast to priest Abiathar and the captains of the host, and had so won them to his side that they were crying 'God save King Adonijah!' heard the distant shouts of Solomon's followers and enquired what they meant. On ascertaining the cause, his spirit sank within him, and as his guests rose up in trepidation, "and went every man his way," he also arose "and went and caught hold of the horns of the altar." On Solomon sending him a conditional message of grace, he left his place of sanctuary, and "came and bowed himself to King Solomon; and Solomon said unto him, Go to thine house."

Such is the story of the "Wise King's" accession, and such apparently is the earliest account of the inauguration of a monarch to be found in authentic history. Whether Alexander the Great was ever formally crowned we know not; and Cæsar Augustus, the greatest of the Roman Emperors, slipped so gradually into the purple that to speak of his coronation would be absurd. It is only when we look further down in history, and touch the period when the taste for a symbolic ritual had become very pronounced, that we find the reports of such ceremonials becoming full and frequent. Before we turn to British coronations, it may be interesting to enquire how such

<sup>1</sup> 1 Kings i. 32-40.

things were formerly managed abroad; and for this purpose we cannot do better than glance at a few coronation scenes in which the pre-eminently great rulers of Europe have figured.

Commence we then with Charles, first Emperor of the West, better known as Charlemagne, *i.e.*, Charles the Great. Charlemagne was crowned at St Peter's at Rome, in the month of December A.D. 800. His latest biographer, Mr Carless Davis, thus describes the event:<sup>1</sup> "It was Christmas Day, and the Pope was saying mass. The King, with his sons, Pepin and Charles, knelt in a conspicuous group before the altar-shrine of the Apostle. The scene must have been strange and impressive. Purple curtains draped the interspaces of the columns in the central nave, and formed a sombre frame to the sea of upturned faces. A pale winter light, struggling through the rudely-glazed windows of the clerestory, left the body of the church half in darkness. The eastern apse formed the solitary spot of brightness in the pervading gloom. The entrance to it lay through a great triumphal arch; from this depended the 'Pharos' of three thousand candles, always lighted on such high festivals. Beneath the arch was the shrine of the Apostle, studded with jewels, and completely encased in plates of gold and silver. Behind the shrine and around the apse were mosaics of rainbow hues commemorating Constantine, the builder of the church, the first of Christian emperors, and the chief

<sup>1</sup> *Charlemagne, the Hero of Two Nations*, pp. 202-204.

benefactor of the Papacy. Amid this splendour flitted to and fro the figures of Leo and his attendant priests, arrayed in their sumptuous Byzantine vestments; and the mystery of the eternal sacrifice unfolded itself to the gaze with all the stately circumstance of tinkling bells and smoking incense, sonorous chantings and muffled prayers, crossings and genuflexions, advancings, retreatings, kisses of peace. . . . But we may well believe that on this Christmas morning the congregation had no eyes for the familiar ceremonies. Their gaze would rather fix itself upon the figure of the King, as he knelt with his sons before the shrine a little way apart from the crowd. They had been warned that something unusual was to happen—that he would not leave the church as he had entered it.

“As the King rose from his knees at the end of the mass, the Pope suddenly produced a crown of gold, and set it on his head. In a moment the whole church thundered with the antique formula of acclamation: ‘To Charles the Augustus, crowned of God, the great and pacific Emperor, long life and victory!’ Led by the Pope, the congregation broke into the litany called *Laudes*, in which the saints were invoked on behalf of the new Emperor, his children and his subjects. A demonstration so elaborate can hardly have been unconcerted; and Charles, it would seem, was not altogether taken by surprise, for he patiently allowed himself to be invested with the Imperial insignia.”

Stepping down a few centuries, we come to the crowning of the founder of the Prussian kingdom, Frederick I., father of Frederick the Great. Carlyle has touched the main facts in a passage full of the strong vitality and rugged humour for which his writings are famous.

“The magnificence of Friedrich’s processionings into Königsberg, and through it or in it to be crowned, and of his coronation ceremonials there, what pen can describe it, what pen need ! Folio volumes with copper-plates have been written on it ; and are not yet all pasted in bandboxes, or slit into spills. ‘The diamond buttons of His Majesty’s coat’ (snuff-coloured or purple, I cannot recollect) ‘cost £1500 apiece’ ; by this one feature judge what an expensive Herr. Streets were hung with cloth, carpeted with cloth, no end of draperies and cloth ; your oppressed imagination feels as if there was cloth enough, of scarlet and other bright colours, to thatch the Arctic Zone. With illuminations, cannon-salvos, fountains running wine. Friedrich had made two Bishops for the nonce. Two of his natural Church-Superintendents made into quasi-Bishops on the Anglican model—which was always a favourite with him, and a pious wish of his—but they remained mere cut branches these two, and did not, after their haranguing and anointing functions, take root in the country. He himself put the crown on his head : ‘King here in my right, after all !’ and looked his royalest, we may fancy ; the kind eyes of him almost

partly fierce for moments, and the 'cheerfulness of pride' well blending with something of awful.

"In all which sublimities, the one thing that remains for human memory is not in these Folios at all, but is considered to be a fact not the less: Electress Charlotte's, now Queen Charlotte's, very strange conduct on the occasion. For she cared not much about crowns, or upholstery magnificences of any kind; but had meditated from of old on the infinitely little; and under these genuflexions, risings, sittings, grimacings on all parts, and the endless droning eloquence of Bishops invoking Heaven, her ennui, not ill-humoured or, offensively ostensible, was heartfelt and transcendent. At one turn of the proceedings, Bishop This and Chancellor That droning their empty grandiloquences at discretion, Sophie Charlotte was distinctly seen to smuggle out her snuff-box, being addicted to that rakish practice, and fairly solace herself with a delicate little pinch of snuff. Rasped tobacco, *tabac râpé*, called by mortals *râpé* or rapee: there is no doubt about it; and the new King himself noticed her, and hurled back a look of due fulminancy, which could not help the matter, and was only lost in air. A memorable little action, and almost symbolic in the first Prussian Coronation. 'Yes, we are Kings, and are got *so* near the stars, not nearer; and you invoke the gods, in that tremendously long-winded manner; and I—Heavens, I have my snuff-box by me, at least!'"<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *History of Friedrich II. of Prussia, called Frederick the Great*, vol. i. pp. 44-46.



The greatest ruler that Russia has produced is Peter the Great, who was born in 1672. He was only ten years old when he was elected Tsar of all the Russias ; but as there was a strong feeling with many that his elder brother, Ivan, who was almost an idiot, had been illegally excluded from the throne, it was proposed that the latter should be made Tsar also. The proposal was acted on, and the two princes were crowned together at Moscow in the summer of 1682. The ceremony is thus described :

“ At the first dawn of day, on July 6th, the bells began to ring joyfully, and there was a great procession of the clergy from all the churches. At five o'clock the two boy Tsars went to the Palace Chapel for matins, and then in procession to the banqueting-hall. Here, in honour of the day” . . . many chief officers of the State received promotion. “ The Tsars wore long robes of cloth of gold covered with lace and fringes, broad sleeves, and caps set with precious stones. Not only were their robes cut from the same piece, but the candles they held were of the same length, that there might seem to be no inequality. Select boyárs were then sent to the treasury to fetch the cross, the crowns, the sceptres and the other regalia, which were brought in by priests, and then carried to the Cathedral of the Assumption, where they were received by the Patriarch and the superior clergy on gold dishes, and placed on the lecterns prepared for them. On entering the banqueting-hall the boyárs informed the Tsars that all was ready, and

then a long procession—beginning with the inferior officials, rising to the highest boyárs, then to the Tsars, and gradually diminishing again to the petty officials and nobles—went slowly down the Red Staircase, from the banqueting-hall to the Cathedral of the Assumption, over a path made on the pavement by crimson cloth, which was sprinkled by priests with holy water, through the dense masses of the populace which filled the whole square.

“At the entrance of the Cathedral, the Tsars were met by the Patriarch, who wished them long life and held out the cross for them to kiss. After kissing the great pictures on the altar-screen, especially the Virgin painted” [according to a foolish tradition] “by St Luke, the Tsars took their places on the platform. Standing here among the throng of their subjects in this old Cathedral, the gilded walls and pillars of which, lighted up by flickering candles, displayed the rude pictures of saints and martyrs; under the great central dome, from which looks down the gigantic image of our Saviour, with hands upraised in the act of blessing, the Tsars, after reciting the story of their accession to the throne, demanded of the Patriarch the rite of consecration and coronation. The Patriarch in reply asked to what faith they belonged. They answered: ‘To the holy orthodox Russian faith,’ and set forth in a long speech the good which they expected to do to their people. Then, after hymns and prayers, and swinging of censers, the Patriarch placed on their heads the

crown of Monomachus, threw over their shoulders the coronation vestments, placed on their breasts the pectoral cross, gave the sceptres and globes into their hands, and then, when all had again taken their seats, ascended the pulpit and preached a sermon upon the mutual duties of Tsar and people. Then followed the Mass, during which the Tsars in sign of their being priests as well as kings, went within the chancel behind the altar-screen, and administered to themselves the Eucharist with their own hands. The service over, the Tsars again kissed the cross, the relics and the holy pictures, and with the nobles went in procession to the Cathedral of the Archangel Michael, where they paid reverence to the tombs of their ancestors, the Tsars who are buried there, and especially to that of the Tsarévitch Dimítri. . . . Thence they went to the Cathedral of the Annunciation, then to the banqueting-hall of the palace, where they received congratulations. Two days later occurred the great official banquet of the coronation.”<sup>1</sup>

Napoleon I. was another of those Empire-makers upon whom history, by universal consent, conferred the appellation “Great.” He was crowned at Paris on December 2, 1804. By a master stroke of diplomacy, which it would be beside our purpose to speak of more particularly here, he induced Pope Pius VII. to cross the Alps and officiate at the ceremony. Madame Junot, wife of one of Buonaparte’s famous generals, has graphically described the scene. She

<sup>1</sup> *Peter the Great* (vol. i. pp. 93-95), by Eugene Schuyler.

writes sympathetically, and, being an eye-witness, her description has a special value.

“Who that saw Notre Dame on that memorable day can ever forget it? I have witnessed in that venerable pile the celebration of sumptuous and solemn festivals; but never did I see anything at all approximating in splendour the spectacle exhibited at Napoleon’s coronation. . . . Along the ancient walls, covered with magnificent tapestry, were ranged, according to their rank, the different bodies of the State, the deputies from every city—in short, the representatives of all France assembled to implore the benediction of Heaven on the sovereign of the people’s choice. The waving plumes which adorned the hats of the senators, counsellors of state, and tribunes; the splendid uniforms of the military; the clergy in all their ecclesiastical pomp; and the multitude of young and beautiful women, glittering in jewels, and arrayed in that style of grace and elegance which is only seen in Paris:—altogether presented a picture which has, perhaps, rarely been equalled, and certainly never excelled.

“The Pope arrived first; and at the moment of his entering the Cathedral, the anthem *Tu es Petrus* was commenced. His Holiness advanced from the door with an air at once majestic and humble. Ere long, the firing of a cannon announced the departure of the procession from the Tuileries. From an early hour in the morning the weather had been exceedingly unfavourable. It was cold and

rainy, and appearances seemed to indicate that the procession would be anything but agreeable to those who joined it. But, as if by the especial favour of Providence, of which so many instances are observable in the career of Napoleon, the clouds suddenly dispersed, the sky brightened up, and the multitudes who lined the streets from the Tuileries to the Cathedral enjoyed the sight of the procession without being, as they had anticipated, drenched by a December rain. Napoleon, as he passed along, was greeted by heartfelt expressions of enthusiastic love and attachment.

“On his arrival at Notre Dame, Napoleon ascended the throne, which was erected in front of the grand altar. Josephine took her place beside him, surrounded by the assembled sovereigns of Europe. Napoleon appeared singularly calm. I watched him narrowly, with a view of discovering whether his heart beat more highly beneath the imperial trappings than under the uniform of the guards: but I could observe no difference, and yet I was at the distance of only ten paces from him. The length of the ceremony, however, seemed to weary him; and I saw him several times check a yawn. Nevertheless he did everything he was required to do, and did it with propriety. When the Pope anointed him with the triple unction on his head and both hands, I fancied, from the direction of his eyes, that he was thinking of wiping off the oil rather than of anything else: and I am so perfectly acquainted

with the workings of his countenance, that I have no hesitation in saying that was really the thought that crossed his mind at the moment. During the ceremony of anointing, the Holy Father delivered the impressive prayer concluding with the words: 'Diffuse, O Lord, by my hands, the treasures of Thy grace and benediction on Thy servant Napoleon, whom, in spite of our personal unworthiness, we this day anoint Emperor in Thy Name.' Napoleon listened to the prayer with an air of pious devotion; but just as the Pope was about to take the crown, *called* the Crown of Charlemagne, from the altar, the Emperor seized it, and placed it on his own head. At that moment he was really handsome, and his countenance was lighted up with an expression of which no words can convey an idea. He had removed the wreath of laurel which he wore on entering the church, and which encircles his brow in the fine picture of Gérard. The crown was, perhaps, in itself less becoming to him; but the expression excited by the act of putting it on rendered him perfectly handsome.

"When the moment arrived for Josephine to take an active part in the grand drama, she descended from the throne and advanced towards the altar, where the Emperor awaited her, followed by her retinue of court ladies, and having her train borne by the Princesses Caroline, Julia, Eliza and Louise. One of the chief beauties of the Empress Josephine was not merely her fine figure, but the elegant turn

of her neck, and the way in which she carried her head; indeed, her deportment altogether was conspicuous for dignity and grace. I have had the honour of being presented to many *real princesses*, to use the phrase of the Faubourg Saint-Germain, but I never saw one who, to my eyes, presented so perfect a personification of elegance and majesty. In Napoleon's countenance I could read the conviction of all I have just said. He looked with an air of complacency at the Empress as she advanced towards him; and when she knelt down—when the tears, which she could not repress, fell upon her clasped hands, as they were raised to heaven—or rather to Napoleon—both then appeared to enjoy one of those fleeting moments of pure felicity which are unique in a lifetime, and serve to fill up a lustrum of years. The Emperor performed with peculiar grace every action required of him during the ceremony; but his manner of crowning Josephine was most remarkable: after receiving the small crown, surmounted by the cross, he had first to place it on his own head and then to transfer it to that of the Empress. When the moment arrived for placing the crown on the head of the woman whom popular superstition regarded as his good genius, his manner was almost playful. He took great pains to arrange this little crown, which was placed over Josephine's tiara of diamonds: he put it on, then took it off, and finally put it on again, as if to promise her she should wear it gracefully and lightly.'

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### ARTHUR OF CAMELOT TO RICHARD OF YORK.

IN the twelfth century history of Geoffrey of Monmouth, of which, however, so much is fabulous, there are occasional references to British coronations; and these are, apparently, the earliest in our country's annals. Thus in one place we read that Asclepiadotus—*praefectus pretorio* under Constantine Chlorus, a man of whom authentic history hardly makes mention—"with the consent of the people, placed the crown upon his own head, and governed the country in justice and peace ten years." There is also an equally inconsequential reference to the crowning of Constantine at Silchester, about a century later (A.D. 409). On this occasion, says Geoffrey, "the Britons, before dispersed, flocked together from all parts, and in a council held at Silchester, promoted Constantine to the throne, and there performed the ceremony of his coronation."

A little further on in the same history we have a somewhat fuller account of the crowning of Constantine's] successor, Constans, whose title to



the throne was disputed by many of the people. "Some were for setting up Aurelius Ambrosius, others Pendragon; others, again, some other person of the Royal family. At last, when they could come to no conclusion, Vortigern, consul of the Gewisseans, who was himself very ambitious of the crown, went to Constans the monk, and thus addressed himself to him: 'You see your father is dead, and your brothers on account of their age are incapable of the government; neither do I see any of your family besides yourself, whom the people ought to promote to the kingdom. If you will therefore follow my advice, I will, on condition of your increasing my private estate, dispose the people to favour your advancement, and free you from that habit, notwithstanding that it is against the rule of your order.' Constans, overjoyed at the proposal, promised, with an oath, that upon these terms, he would grant him whatever he would desire. Then Vortigern took him, and investing him in regal habiliments, conducted him to London, and made him king, though not with the free consent of the people. Archbishop Guethelin was then dead, nor was there any other that durst perform the ceremony of his unction, on account of his having quitted the monastic order. However, this proved no hindrance to his coronation, for Vortigern himself performed the ceremony instead of a bishop."<sup>1</sup>

According to Geoffrey, Aurelius Ambrosius suc-

<sup>1</sup> *Six Old English Chronicles*, pp. 160, 179, 207, 220, and 230.

ceeded Constans, and was anointed king by the clergy, and received the homage of the people. At his death a comet appeared, and Merlin the Magician was called upon to explain the terrifying portent. "O distressed people of Britain!" he responded, "alas! the illustrious prince is departed! The renowned king of the Britons, Aurelius Ambrosius, is dead! whose death will prove fatal to us all, unless God be our helper. Make haste, therefore, most noble Uther, make haste to engage the enemy; the victory will be yours, and you shall be king of all Britain. For the star, and the fiery dragon under it, signifies yourself, and the ray extending towards the Gaelic coast portends that you shall have a most potent son, to whose power all those kingdoms shall be subject over which the ray reaches. But the other ray signifies a daughter, whose sons and grandsons shall successively enjoy the kingdom of Britain." Uther Pendragon acted on the advice given, fought with and vanquished his opponents, and then took the crown by universal consent.

The "most potent son," whose birth was foretold by Merlin, was Arthur, the great hero of mediæval fable and romance. Arthur, according to the popular legend, had been brought up in obscurity by one Sir Ector, and his Royal origin concealed; so that when (at the age of fifteen, as Geoffrey says) his claim to the throne was put forward, he met with the most determined opposition. However, he justified his claim by wrenching from the solid marble, in which

it was embedded, the wonder-working sword Excalibur, of which 'twas written, "Whoso pulleth out this sword of this stone and anvile, is rightwise king borne of England." Sir Ector tried to accomplish the feat, but failed, and with that he called upon Arthur's foster-brother, Sir Key; but Sir Key was not more successful. "'Now shall ye essay?'" said Sir Ector to Arthur. 'With a good will,' said Arthur, and pulled it out easily. . . . And right as Arthur did at Christmasse he did at Candlemasse, and pulled out the sword easily; whereof the barons were sore aggrieved, and put it in delay till the high feast of Ester. And as Arthur sped afore, so did he at Ester; and yet there were some of the great lords had indignation that Arthur should be their king, and put it off in delay till the feast of Penticost. . . . And at the feast of Penticost, all maner of men essayed for to pull at the sword that would essaye, and none might prevail; but Arthur pulled it out afore all the lords and comons that were there, wherefore all the comons cried at once: 'We will have Arthur unto our king, we will put him no more in delay; for we all see that it is God's will that he shall be our king, and who that holdeth against it, we will slay him.' And therewithal they kneeled down all at once, both rich and poore, and cryed Arthur mercy because they had delayed him so long. And Arthur forgave it them, and tooke the sword between both his hands, and offered it up to the altar where the archbishop was, and was made knight of the best

man that was there. And so anone was the coronation made, and there was hee sworne to the lords and comons for to be a true king, to stand with true justice from thenceforth all the days of his life: and then he made all the lords that held off the crowne to come in and to doe him service as they ought to doe."<sup>1</sup>

Coming to times more truly historic, references to the crownings of kings of the Saxon and Danish lines are sparse enough. Asser, in his *Life of Alfred*,<sup>2</sup> tells us that, in the year 856, "Humbert, bishop of the East Angles, anointed with oil and consecrated as king the glorious Edmund, with much rejoicing and great honour, in the royal town called Burva, in which at that time was the royal seat, in the fifteenth year of his age, on a Friday, the twenty-fourth moon, being Christmas-day." The old monk says nothing of Alfred's coronation, but remarks that, on the death of his brother Ethelred, with whom he had divided the government, he, "by God's permission, undertook the government of the whole kingdom, amid the acclamations of the people." Doubtless the times were too anxious and unsettled to allow of any grand or elaborate ceremonial. Another chronicler, Ethelwerd, who wrote his short history in Latin, tells us that Alfred's son, Edward the Elder, "was elected by the nobles, and crowned with the royal crown on

<sup>1</sup> *La Mort d'Arthur* ("Library of Old Authors" edition), vol. i. pp. 13, 14, 15.

<sup>2</sup> *Six Old English Chronicles*, p. 50.

Whitsunday, one hundred years having elapsed since his great grandfather, Egbert, had gained his present territories."<sup>1</sup>

Our next source of information is the *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*, which sheds a stray beam of light here and there upon the coronations of the last of the Saxon kings, Harold II., and of the sovereigns of the House of Normandy. All that is said of Harold on this subject, however, is, that "this year (1065) was Harold consecrated King—and he with little quiet abode therein, the while that he wielded the realm"; and, under date 1066, "Harold the earl succeeded to the kingdom of England, even as the King had granted it to him—and men also had chosen him thereto—and he was crowned on Twelfth-day. And that same year that he became king, he went out with a fleet against William."<sup>2</sup> The Battle of Hastings terminated at once his brief reign and stormy life, and William the Conqueror ascended the throne.

William was very anxious that his conquest of England should at least appear to be sanctioned by the consent of the people, and he therefore gave orders that his new subjects should be invited to witness the ceremony of his coronation on Christmas Day, 1066. Stigand, Archbishop of Canterbury, refused to perform the ceremony, because, as some assert, he looked upon the Norman duke as an

<sup>1</sup> *Six Old English Chronicles*, pp. 37, 38.

<sup>2</sup> *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle* (Bohn's Series), pp. 439 and 443.

CORONATION CROWN



EDWARD VII.



*Edward the Confessor.*



*Edward the Confessor.*



*Henry II.*



*John.*



*Henry III.*



*Edward II.*



*Richard II.*



*Henry IV.*



*Henry V.*



*Henry VII.*



*Charles II.*

CROWNS OF THE KINGS OF ENGLAND.

usurper ; but Peter de Langtoft, who wrote a chronicle of England in French verse in the thirteenth century, informs us that Stigand was at this time suspended by the Pope. The passage in Langtoft is curious :—

“ Fair grace William fond : his chance fulle well him satte  
The realme of Inglond so graciously he gatte,  
The archbishope Stigand, of Inglond primate  
That tyme was suspended, the pope reft him the state.  
The abbot and prioure, men of religion  
The oder men of honoure, archdecane and person  
Wer prived [deprived] of thar office, . . . .  
The archbishope of York com with devocioun.

. . . . .  
Befor the barons brouht, he gaf William the coroun  
To chalange was he nouht, Sir Stigand was don down.”<sup>1</sup>

After William had taken the coronation oath, to protect the church, prohibit oppression, and execute judgment in mercy, Aldred put the question, “ Will ye have this prince to be your king ? ” The people answered with loud shouts, and the noise gave so much alarm to the Norman garrison in the city, that the soldiers thought the English had revolted, and began setting fire to the houses in order to divert attention ; while the officiating clergy and monks were so panic-stricken as to be scarcely able to go through with the office of crowning.

The brief account of William’s coronation in the *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle* is not so flattering to the king as is that of the Augustinian canon, Langtoft.

<sup>1</sup> That is, the right of the Archbishop of York to crown the king was not challenged—the suspended Archbishop (Stigand) was quite suppressed.

"Then, on mid-winter's day, Archbishop Aldred consecrated him ['William the Earl'] king at Westminster; and he gave him a pledge upon Christ's book, and also swore, before he would set the crown upon his head, that he would govern this nation as well as any king before him had at the best done, if they would be faithful to him. Nevertheless, he laid a tribute on the people, very heavy; and then went, during Lent, over sea of Normandy, and took with him Archbishop Stigand, and Aylnoth, Abbot of Glastonbury, and child Edgar, and Edwin the Earl, and Morkar the earl, and Waltheof the earl, and many other good men of England. And bishop Odo and William the earl" [*i.e.*, William Fitz-osbert, created Earl of Hereford] "remained here behind, and they built castles wide throughout the nation, and poor people distressed; and ever after it greatly grew in evil. May the end be good when God will!"

William Rufus, who succeeded the Conqueror, was crowned with much pomp by Lanfranc, Archbishop of Canterbury; the Archbishop of York, eight other bishops and many of the chief nobility assisting. Besides taking the usual oaths, the king promised to follow the primate's counsels in all his administrations, and, as an old writer says,<sup>1</sup> "He was well eyed of Lanfrank whyle he lyved, for he was dyvers and unstable of manners, so that atwene hym and his lordes was often dyssension." Langtoft makes special mention of the coronation ring.

<sup>1</sup> Fabian.



“To William the rede kyng is gyven the coroun,  
To Westmynstere tok he ryng in the abbey of Londoun.”

After the crowning,—we again quote from the *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*—“the king went to Winchester, and examined the treasury, and the hoards which his father had amassed; gold and silver, vessels of plate, palls, gems, and many other valuables that are hard to be numbered.”

The price of a seat at William II.'s coronation was a *blank*, which was advanced to a *crocard* at the crowning of Henry I.; and on later occasions to a *pollard*, a *suskin* and a *dodkin*; all coins of very mean value, a sort of base money, in fact, imported from the continent.

The coronation of Henry I. was a hurried affair, but he was crowned a second time after his marriage with Matilda, niece of Edgar Atheling of the ancient Saxon line. Langtoft, indeed, recognizes Matilda as a sovereign in her own right, calling her “kyng and sire.”

“Henry wedded dame Molde that kyng was and sire;  
Saint Anselme, men tolde, corouned him and hire.  
The corounyng of Henry and of Molde that may<sup>1</sup>  
At London was solemply on St Martin's day.”

At the crowning of Stephen (who was really an usurper, inasmuch as he had sworn allegiance to the Empress Matilda), a dreadful storm arose, which threw the officiating parties into such confusion that the consecrated water fell to the ground, the kiss of peace after the sacrament was omitted, and even the

<sup>1</sup> Maiden.

final benediction forgotten. In consequence of these untoward circumstances, the barons subsequently compelled the king to swear a new oath, the ceremony taking place at Oxford.

There seems to have been nothing exceptional attending the coronation of Stephen's successor, Henry II., in 1154; but a curious and dangerous innovation was introduced by the King himself sixteen years later, when he proposed to his parliament that his son Henry should be crowned titular king. The nobles reluctantly consented, and on the 14th of June the young prince was enthroned at the abbey church of Westminster, the Archbishop of York officiating. The King of Scotland was among those who performed fealty and homage, though with the necessary limitation, "saving the fealty due to their lord the king, his father." At this time Henry was in the midst of his fierce contest with Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury, which accounts for the absence of the "Primate of all England" from the ceremony. It is said that at the coronation feast the king, with his own hand, served up a dish at the prince's table; but the arrogant boy, instead of feeling grateful for the unusual honour conferred upon him, said to the Archbishop of York, "Assuredly it is no great condescension for the son of an earl to wait on the son of a king."

The crowning of Richard I. — crusading Richard of the Lion-heart — which comes next in order, is interesting for several reasons, and is also the first of

which the old chroniclers have given us anything like a full account.

Having made all necessary preparations for his coronation, the King came to London, "where he assembled the Archbishops of Canterbury, Rouen, and Tours, who had given him absolution in Normandy for waging war against his father after he had taken the cross as a crusader. The archbishop was also present, with all the bishops, earls, barons, and nobles of the kingdom. When all were assembled in the prescribed order, the ceremony commenced."<sup>1</sup> First, the prelates, etc., wearing their square caps, and preceded by deacons burning incense and others carrying holy-water, etc., went to the door of the Royal bedchamber, and led the King in solemn procession to the great altar in the church of Westminster. Four barons, bearing great wax tapers, accompanied the priests' procession, and behind them walked two earls, one carrying the Sceptre and Cross, the other the Sceptre and Dove. Then came three more earls, bearing swords in golden scabbards taken out of the Royal treasury. They were followed by other nobles, who bore between them a coffer containing relics over which the coronation robes were spread. Next came the Crown, in the custody of the Earl of Chester ; and, last of all, the King himself, under a canopy of silk on gilt-headed spears, which was held over his head by four barons. Two bishops walked beside him.

On reaching the altar, Richard made oath on the

<sup>1</sup> Taylor's *Chapters on Coronations*.

holy Gospels and the relics that he would observe peace, honour, and respect, all the days of his life, to God, holy Church, and its ordinances. He swore also that he would administer justice in rectitude to his people, that he would abolish all evil statutes and customs, and that he would enact good laws.

"His attendants then stripped him to his trousers and shirt, the latter being left open between the shoulders to admit of the anointing. Baldwin, Archbishop of Canterbury, who wore rich buskins of cloth of gold, then anointed the King in three places,—on the head, between the shoulders, and on the right arm. A consecrated linen coif and a cap of estate were then placed upon his head, and he was vested with the Royal robes, the dalmatic, and the tunic. The archbishop then delivered him a sword, to restrain the enemies of the Church."<sup>1</sup> Investiture with the pall of state, and the buckling on of the spurs, was then accomplished by two earls; and after the King had made more solemn promises with reference to his oath, the crown was placed upon his head.

Thus crowned, and with a sceptre in each hand, he was led to the throne. Mass was then sung, and at the offertory and benediction which followed, the King made his two oblations. This done, he exchanged the heavy crown which he was wearing for a lighter one, and, arrayed in fresh robes, proceeded to the banqueting-hall.

Meanwhile, outside the church, an anti-Jewish

<sup>1</sup> Taylor's *Chapters on Coronations*.

riot was in full and fatal progress. The Rabbi Joseph thus pathetically records the event: "And he [King Henry] died, and his son Richard reigned in his stead, in the year four thousand nine hundred and fifty, which is the year one thousand one hundred and ninety; and they put the royal crown upon his head in the city of London, in the royal palace, which was without the city. And there gathered themselves together in that place much people from Yzarphat and from the isles of the sea. And also the Jews, the heads of the people, were among those who came to bring gifts unto the King. And the people murmured against them, saying, 'The thing is not right, that the Jews should look at the crown wherewith the priests crowned him'; and they pursued them and reviled them. But the King knew nothing of it. And a report was heard in the city, saying, 'The word came forth from the mouth of the King to destroy the Jews.' And they arose suddenly against them, and pulled down their houses and their towers, and killed of them about thirty men. And some of them slaughtered their children and themselves, that they might not abide that bitter day. There fell slain Rabbi Jacob, from Orleans, for the sake of the holiness of his Creator, on that fearful day. But of all this King Richard knew nothing till he heard the voice of the multitude, and he said, 'What is this to-do?' And the doorkeeper said, 'Nothing; only that the boys rejoice, and are merry in heart.' And it came to pass, when he heard this

great evil, his anger was much kindled, and his wrath burned within him. And he commanded, and they tied the doorkeeper to the tails of the horses, and dragged him, and cast him about in the markets and in the streets, until his spirit departed, and he died. Blessed be He who giveth vengeance! Amen."

Passing over the coronation of John, which has nothing special to mark it, we come to that of Henry III., of which the Elizabethan chronicler, Holinshed, has left us some account. The first crowning took place at Winchester Cathedral, London being at that time in possession of the French, but three or four years later the ceremony was repeated at Westminster; "to the end it might be said that now after the extinguishment of all seditious factions, he was crowned by the general consent of all the estates and subjects of his realm." When, sixteen years later, the king married the beautiful Lady Eleanor, daughter of the Earl of Provence, her crowning was marked by much pomp and circumstance, and the function was followed by a grand banquet. "At the solemnitie of this feast and coronation of the quene," says our chronicler, "all the high peeres of the realm, both spirituall and temporall, were present, there to exercise their offices as to them appertained. The citizens of London were there in great arraie, bearing afore her in solemn wise three hundred and threescore cups of gold and silver, in token that they ought to wait upon hir cup. The archbishop of Canturburie (according to his dutie) crowned hir, the

bishop of London assisting him as his deacon. The earle of Chester bare the sword of St Edward before the king, in token that he was earle of the palace, and had authoritie to correct the king, if he should see him to swarve from the limits of justice; his constable of Chester attended him, and remained where the presse was thicke, with his rod or warder. The earle of Pembroke, high marshall, bare the rod before the king, and made roome before him both in the church and in the hall, placing everie man, and ordering the service at the table. The warders of the Cinque Ports bare a canopie over the king, supported with four speares. The earle of Leicester held the bason when they washed. The earle of Warren in the place of the earle of Arundell, bicause he was under age, attended on the king's cup. M. Michael Bellet was butler by office. The earle of Hereford exercised the roome of high marshall in the king's house. The lord William of Beauchamp was the almoner. The chief justice of the forrests on the right of the king removed the dishes on the table, though at the first he was staied by some allegation made to the contrarie. The citizens of London served out wine to everie one in great plentie. The citizens of Winchester had oversight of the kitchen and larderie. And so everie person, according to his duty, exercised his roome, and bicause no trouble should arise, many things were suffered, which upon further advice taken therein, were reformed. The chancellour and other ordinarie officers kept

their place. The feast was plentiful, so that nothing wanted that could be wished. Moreover, in Tothill Fields royall justes were holden by the space of eight daies together."

Of the coronation ceremonies of the first three Edwards there is little to be said. They were grand, indeed, but the scale of magnificence was not exceptional. Edward II. seems, however, to have shown great disregard to prudence and precedent by disposing of the sceptre, spurs, swords, etc., to his favourites, and by delivering the crown to be borne by the unworthy Piers Gaveston. It is recorded that a knight, Sir John Bakewell, was killed ("thrust or crowded to death," as Holinshed says) at this king's coronation.

Richard II. followed Edward III., and the ceremonials connected with his enthronement appear to have been of a particularly fatiguing kind. On the day before the coronation, when the King proceeded in state from the Tower to Westminster, the city, says Holinshed, "was adorned in all sorts most richlie. The water conduits ran with wine for the space of three hours together. In the upper end of Cheape was a certeine castell, made with foure towers, out of which castell, on two sides of it, ran forth wine abundantly. In the towers were placed four beautifull virgins, of stature and age like to the King, apparelled in white vestures, in every tower one, the which blew in the king's face, at his approaching neare to them, leaves of gold ; and as he approached also, they threw on him and his horse, counterfeit florins of gold.



When he was come before the castell, they tooke cups of gold, and, filling them with wine at the spouts of the castell, presented the same to the king and to his nobles. On the top of the castell, betwixt the foure towers, stood a golden angell, holding a crowne in his hands, which was so contrived that when the king came, he bowed downe, and offered to him the crowne. But to speake of all the pageants and shewes which the citizens had caused to be made, and set forth in honour of their new king, it were superfluous, everie one in their quarters striving to surmount other; and so with great triumphing of citizens, and joy of the lords and noblemen, he was conveyed unto his palace at Westminster, where he rested for that night."

Poor King! The crowning had yet to come, and as we have said, the ceremonial was of an exceptionally fatiguing kind. Richard was so exhausted before it was over that he had to be borne back to the palace on knights' shoulders, and to rest awhile before he could perform the remainder of his allotted duties. The feast which wound up this day of laborious splendour was a very grand affair. "To show what royall service was at this feast," says Holinshed, "it passeth our understanding to describe; but to conclude, the fare was exceeding sumptuous, and the furniture princelie in all things, that if the same should be rehearsed, the reader would doubt the truth thereof. In the midst of the king's palace was a marble pillar, raised hollow upon steps, on the top whereof was a great gilt eagle placed, under whose feete in the chapites of the pillar,

divers kinds of wine came gushing forth at foure severall places all the daie long, neither was anie forbidden to receive the same were he never so poor or abased."

The next coronation (Henry the Fourth's) is only to be noticed for the fact that, on this occasion, the *ampulla*, or golden eagle, in which the anointing oil is preserved, was used for the first time: nor was the crowning of his son and successor, Henry V., marked by any incident of greater moment than the storm which raged during the ceremony. "Such great hope and good expectation was had of this man's fortunate successe to follow," says Holinshed, "that within three daies after his father's decease, diverse noblemen and honourable personages did to him homage, and swore to him due obedience, which had not been seen done to anie of his predecessors, kings of this realme, till they had been possessed of the crowne. He was crowned the ninth of April, being Passion Sundaie, which was a sore ruggie and tempestuous day, with wind, snow, and sleet, that men greatly marvelled thereat, making diverse interpretation what the same might signifie." The feast at the coronation, of his consort, Katherine of France, seven years later, affords us a graphic picture of the time, and must not be passed over. The genial Elizabethan is again our authority. After the solemnization of the crowning in St Peter's Church, Westminster, "the queene was conveyed into the great Hall of Westminster, and there set to dinner. Upon whose right

hand sat, at the end of the table, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Henrie, surnamed the rich, cardinall of Winchester. Upon the left hand of the queene sat the King of Scots in his estate, who was served with covered masse, as were the fore-said bishops, but yet after them. Upon the same hand and side near the boord's end, sat the duchesse of York and the countesse of Huntingdon. The earle of March, holding a sceptre in his hand, kneeled upon the right side; the earl marshall, in like manner, upon the left of the queene. The duke of Glocester, Sir Humfre, was that daie overseer, and stood before the queene bareheaded. Sir Richard Nevill was that day carver to the queene, the earl's brother of Suffolk cupbearer, Sir John Stewart sewar, the Lord Clifford pantler in the earle of Warwick's steed, the Lord Willoughbie buttler, in steed of the earle of Arundell, the Lord Graie Ruthin or Ruffin, naperer, the Lord Audlie almoner, in steed of the earle of Cambridge. The earle of Worcester was that daie earle marshall in the earle marshall's absence, who rode about the Hall upon a great courser, with a multitude of tipped staves about him, to make and keepe roome in the said Hall. Of the which Hall, the barons of the Cinque Ports began the table upon the right hand, towards St Stephen's Chapell, and beneath them at the table, sat the vowchers of chancerie. Upon the left hand, next to the cupboard, sat the mayor and his brethren, the aldermen of London. The bishops began the table, against the barons of the Cinque

Ports, and the ladies against the mayor. Of which two tables for the bishops, began the bishops of London and Durham, and for the ladies the countesse of Stafford and the countesse of North.

"The feast was all of fish, for the ordering of the service whereof were diverse lords appointed head officers, as steward, controller, surveyor, and other honourable officers. For the which were appointed the earles of Northumberland and Westmoreland, the lord Fitzhugh, the lord Furnevall, the lord Graie of Wilton, the lord Ferres of Grobie, the lord Poinings, the lord Darcie, the lord Dacres, and the lord De la Warre. These with others ordered the service as followeth; and for the first course, brawne in mustard, eels in burneur, pike in herbage, fuiment with balien, lamprie powdered, trout, codling, plaice fried, martine fried, leech lumbard flourished tarts, and a devise called a pellican, sitting on hir nest with hir birds, and an image of St Katherine (the patron saint of the quene) holding a booke, and disputing with doctors, holding this poesie in her right hand, writen in faire and legible letters, *Madame la Reine* (my lady the Quene) and the pellican answering:—

C'est la signe et du roy  
Parer tenir joy.  
Et a tout sa gent,  
Elle mette sa content.

'Tis the sign of the king  
That great joy he will bring,  
To all in his land,  
By this fair lady's hand.

"The second course was gellie coloured with columbine flowres, white potage or creame of almonds,

breame of the sea, conger; cheuen, barbill and roch, fresh salmon, halibut, guenard, rochet broiled, smelts fried, crevis or lobster, leech damaske, with the King's poesie, flourished thereon. *Une sans plus* (one without more), lamprie fresh baked, flampenie flourished with a scutcheon royall, and therein, three crowns of gold with flour de luces and floure of camomill wrought of confections, with a devise of a panther, and an image of St Katherine, with a wheele in one hand, and a scrowl with a poesie in the other; to wit—

La royne ma fille,  
In cesta ile,  
Per bon resoun,  
Aves renoun.

This princess, my daughter,  
In this isle girt with water,  
By her virtue will claim  
Great honour and fame.

“The third course was, dates in compost, creame motte, carpe deore, turbut, tench, perch with goion, fresh sturgeon with welks, porperous rosted, crevesse de eau douce, pranis, eeles, rosted with lamprie, a leech called the white leech, flourished with hawthorn leaves and red hawes; a marchpane garnished with diverse figures of angells, among which was set an image of St Barnabas, holding this poesie—

Il est escrit,  
Pur voir et cit,  
Per mariage pure  
C'est guere ne dure.

It is Heaven's decree,  
As all present may see,  
That this marriage of peace  
Will make the wars cease.

“And lastly, a devise of a tiger looking in a mirror, and a man sitting on horse-backe, holding in his arms a tiger's whelps, with this poesie—

*Per force, sans resoun, ie ay prise ceste best.*  
By force, without noise, I have taken this beast.

"Thus with all honour was finished the solemn coronation, after which the quene sojourned in the palace of Westminster till Palme Sundaie following ; and on the morrow she took her journie towards Windsor, where the king and she held their Easter."

After Henry V. came the boy King Henry VI., whose coronation was celebrated both at Westminster and Paris with great splendour. Among the devices was one of "an emperoure and a kynge, arrayed in mantellys of garters, which figured Sigismounde the emperoure and Henry V., and a figure lyke unto Kynge Henry VI., knelynge to fore theym, with this balade takkyd by hym :

Agayn, miscreantes, the emperoure Sigismounde  
Hath shewed his myght, which is imperyall,  
And Henry the V., a noble knyghte was founde  
For Cristes cause in actes martiall.  
Cherished the Church, to Lollers gave a fall,  
Giving example to Kynges that succede,  
And to their branche here in especiall,  
While he doth reigne to love good and drede."

Sixteen years after his accession the king wedded Margaret of Anjou, who was crowned at Westminster on the 20th of May 1445. The citizens of London gave her a stirring welcome. "The city," says Stowe, "was beautified with pageants of divers histories, and other shewes of welcome, marvellous, costly and sumptuous. At the bridge foote, toward Southwark, a pageant of Peace and Plenty, with the motto, *Ingredimini et replete terram* (Enter and replenish the earth), and certaine verses in English.



1



2



3



4



5



6

THE SIX EDWARDS.

Noe's ship<sup>1</sup> upon bridge, *Jam non amplius irascar super terram* (I will no longer pour my fury over the earth), and certaine verses in English. At the great conduit in Chcape, of the five wise and the five foolish virgins, verses in English. At the crosse in Cheape, of the heavenly Jerusalem, verses. At Paul's Gate, of the generall resurrection and judgement, with verses accordingly, all made by John Lydgate."

Of the coronation of Edward IV. there is nothing to be said; and his son, Edward V., affords an instance—unique perhaps in British history—of a sovereign who was *never* crowned. Preparations were indeed made for the ceremony, but the barons and commons refused to confirm his title, and offered the crown to his uncle the Duke of Gloucester, who ascended the throne as Richard III. It would appear, however, that the unfortunate Prince figured in Richard's procession, as the coronation roll contains an entry for the charge of his dress. At the ensuing feast "the king sate in the middle and the queene on the left hand of the table, and on everie side of her stood a countesse holding a cloth of pleasance when she list to drinke."

<sup>1</sup> That is, Noah's Ark.



## CHAPTER XIX.

### HENRY TUDOR TO GEORGE III.

OF the Tudor coronations we shall mention only one. Henry VII., Henry VIII., Edward VI., and Mary were all crowned amid circumstances and surroundings which made the occasions memorable, but interest undoubtedly centres and culminates in the last of that despotic line—Elizabeth.

Elizabeth, daughter of Henry VIII. and Ann Boleyn, was crowned on Sunday, January 15th, 1558—not, however, by either of the Archbishops, but by Dr Oglethorpe, Bishop of Carlisle, Bishop Bonner's vestments being borrowed for his use. The see of Canterbury was then vacant, and Dr Heath, Archbishop of York, declined to officiate because of the change in religion. Holinshed, who describes the whole of the Royal procession with the greatest minuteness, informs us that the companies of the city "stood along the streets one by another, inclosed with railles hanged with cloths, and themselves well apparelled with manie rich furies, and their livèrie hoods upon their shoulders in comelie and seemlie maner, having

before them sundrie persons well appavelled in silks and chains of gold ; as wiflers and garders of the said companies, besides a number of rich hangings, as well as tapistrie, arras, cloths of gold, silver, velvet,



QUEEN ELIZABETH.

damaske, sattin, and other silks, plentifullie hanged all the waie, as the queene's highnesse passed from the town through the citie."

A scaffold was erected near Fenchurch, on which a band of music was placed, and here also stood a child who was "appointed to welcome the queen's majestie on the whole citie's behalf."

When Elizabeth came to the scaffold the procession halted, and the child recited the following lines :—

"O peerlesse sovereigne queene,  
Behold what this thy towne  
Hath thee presented with  
At thy first entrance heere !  
Behold, with how rich hope  
She leades thee to thy crowne !  
Behold, with what two gifts  
She comforteth thy cheere !  
The *first* is blessing toongs [tongues]  
Which many a welcome saie !  
Which praie thou maiest doo well,  
Which praise thee to the skie :  
Which wish to thee long life ;  
Which blesse this happie daie,  
Which to thy kingdom heapes  
All that in toongs can lie.

The *second* is true hearts,  
Which love thee from their root,  
Whose sure is triumph now,  
And ruleth all the game  
Which faithfulness have wonne,  
And all untruth driven out ;  
Which skip for joy, when as  
They heare thy happie name.  
Welcome, therefore, O queene  
As much as toong can tell ;  
Welcome to joyous toongs,  
And hearts that will not shrink ;  
God thee preserve we praie,  
And wish thee ever well."

At the conclusion of these lines the whole assembly gave a rapturous shout of approbation, and the Queen returned thanks to her subjects. In Gracechurch Street, a pageant was erected representing the Royal ancestry of Elizabeth, and the union, in her person, of the rival claims of the houses of York and Lancaster. This also was poetically interpreted to the Queen in lines of unimpeachable loyalty. On Cornhill "was a child representing hir majestie's person, placed in a seat of government, supported by certeine vertues which suppressed their contrarie vices under their feet." Another tableaux represented "the eight beatitudes expressed in the fift chapter of the Gospell of St Matthew applied to Queen Elizabeth": and at the "little conduit in Cheape" were two figures representing Time and Truth. The former personage rather perplexed the Queen at first, and she asked who it was. On being informed, she observed wittily, "Time! and time hath brought

me hither." Truth lowered a Bible to the Queen, which was graciously received. To crown the whole, Temple Bar "was dressed finelie with the two images of Gogmagog the Albion, and Corineus the Britain, two giants, big in stature, which held in their hand a table, wherein was written the effect of all the pageants which the citie before had erected." During the procession many poor women ran to the chariot and offered nosegays to Elizabeth, which were in all cases accepted, and at the Fleet bridge, one withered old crone gave her a sprig of rosemary ("Rosemary, that's for remembrance," says Shakespeare), which the Queen held in her hand until she reached her palace at Westminster. Singularly enough, though Holinshed gives so full an account of the processionings and other preparatory solemnities, he says nothing of the great ceremony itself. We must therefore content ourselves with the old chronicler's assertion that it "tooke end with great joy and contentation to all the beholders."

The coronation of James I. was performed by Archbishop Whitgift, the ceremonial being prepared under the pedant monarch's own superintendence. As the plague was then raging in London, there was no procession from the Town to Westminster, and for the same reason no persons save the Lord Mayor, aldermen, and twelve principal citizens of London were admitted to attend the ceremony.

The second of the Stuart monarchs, Charles I., was crowned on February 5th, 1626. The principal novelty

on this occasion was the introduction of the following clause in one of the prayers: "Let him obtain favour for thy people, like Aaron in the tabernacle, Elisha in the waters, Zacharias in the temple. Give him Peter's key of discipline and Paul's doctrine":—a very fruitless addition, as we all know.

Some years later, Charles was crowned King of Scotland at Edinburgh. The most singular of the many pageants which were prepared in his honour was a huge model of a mountain which supported a triumphal arch, and upon which sat a nymph, representing the Genius of the city of Edinburgh. "She was attired in a sea-greene velvet mantle, her sleeves and under-robe of blue tissue, with blue buskins on her feete; about her necke she wore a chaine of diamonds, the dressing of her head. represented a castle with turrets, her locks dangled upon her shoulders." This remarkable young lady was attended by Religion, "all in white taffeta, with a blue mantle seeded with. starres, and a crowne of stones on her head, to show from whence she is." The maiden leaned upon a shield, and was trampling beneath her feet Superstition, figured by a blind old woman in rags. On the left hand stood Justice, in "a red damaske mantle," who was also trampling upon somebody, whom our chronicler, with some ambiguity, describes as "a person of fierce aspecte, in armes, but broken all and scattered." When the King drew near, the mountain began to move, and the nymph in sea-green velvet addressed a long

speech to His Majesty, which opened in this fashion : "Sir,—If Nature could suffer rocks to move, and abandon their natural places, this town, founded on the strength of rocks (now by all cheering rays of your Majesty's presence taking not only motion but life), had, with her castle, temples, and houses, moved towards you, and besought you to acknowledge her yours!" Surely this, to use a homely phrase, was spreading the honey of adulation rather thick !

Cromwell, the greatest ruler our country has ever had, refused the Kingship, so that we may pass over the period of the Commonwealth and Protectorate, and come to the coronation of Charles II. Here is the delightful Pepys' account : "About four [April 23rd, 1661] I rose and got to the Abbey, where I followed Sir J. Denham, the surveyor, with some company he was leading in. And with much ado, by the favour of Mr Cooper, his man, did get up into a great scaffold across the north end of the Abbey, where, with a great deal of patience, I sat from past four till eleven before the King came in. And a great pleasure it was to see the Abbey raised in the middle, all covered with red, and a throne (that is, a chaire) and footstoole on the top of it; and all the officers of all kinds, so much as the very fiddlers, in red vests. At last comes in the Dean and Prebendaries of Westminster, with the Bishops (many of them in cloth of gold copes), and after them the Nobility, all in their Parliament robes, which was a most magnificent sight. Then the Duke

and the King with a sceptre<sup>1</sup> (carried by my Lord Sandwich) and sword and wand before him, and the crowne, too. The King in his robes, bare-headed, which was very fine. And after all had placed themselves, there was a sermon and the service; and then in the quire of the high altar, the King passed through all the ceremonies of the Coronacon, which to my great grief I and most in the Abbey could not see. The crowne being put upon his head, a great shout begun, and he come forth to the throne, and there passed through more ceremonies: as taking the oath, and having things read to him by the Bishopp; and his lords (who put on their caps<sup>2</sup> as soon as the King put on his crowne) and bishops come, and kneeled before him. And three times the King-at-Armes went to the three open places on the scaffold, and proclaimed, that if any one could show any reason why Charles Stuart should not be King of England, that now he should come and speak. And a Generall Pardon also was read by the Lord Chancellor, and meddalls flung up and down by Lord Cornwallis, of silver, but I could not come by any. But so great a noise that I could make but little of the musique; and, indeed, it was lost to everybody.

“I went out a little while before the King had done all his ceremonies, and went round the Abbey to

<sup>1</sup> It was St Edward's staff.

<sup>2</sup> “As yet Barons had no coronet. A grant of that outward mark of dignity was made to them by Charles soon after his coronation. Elizabeth had assigned coronets to Viscounts.”—Lord Braybrooke.

Westminster Hall, all the way within rayles, and 10,000 people, with the ground covered with blue cloth; and scaffolds all the way.

“ Into the Hall I got, where it was very fine with hangings and scaffolds one upon another, full of brave ladies; and my wife in one little one on the right hand. Here I staid walking up and down, and at last upon one of the side stalls I stood and saw the King come in with all the persons (but the soldiers) that were yesterday in the cavalcade; and a most pleasant sight it was to see them in their several robes. And the King come in with his crowne on, and his sceptre in his hand, under a canopy borne up by six silver staves, carried by Barons of the Cinque Ports, and little bells at every end. And after a long time, he got up to the farther end, and all set themselves down at their several tables; and that was also a brave sight: and the King’s first course carried up by the Knights of the Bath, and many fine ceremonies there was of the Heralds leading up people before him, and bowing; and my Lord of Albemarle’s going to the kitchen and eating a bit of the first dish that was to go to the King’s table.

“ But, above all, was these three Lords, Northumberland, and Suffolke, and the Duke of Ormond, coming before the courses on horseback, and staying so all dinner-time; and at last bring up [Dymock], the King’s Champion, all in armour on horseback, with his speare and targett carried before him. And a



Herald proclaims<sup>1</sup> 'That if any dare deny Charles Stuart to be lawful King of England, here was a Champion that would fight with him'; and with these words, the champion flings down his gauntlet, and all this he do three times in his going up towards the King's table. To which, when he is come, the King drinks to him, and then sends him the cup which is of gold, and he drinks it off, and then rides back again with the cup in his hand.

"I went from table to table to see the Bishops and all others at their dinner, and was infinitely pleased with it. And at the Lords' table, I met with William Howe, and he spoke to my Lord<sup>2</sup> for me, and he did give him four rabbits and a pullet, and so Mr Creed and I got Mr Minshell to give us some bread, and so we at a stall eat it, as everybody else did what they could get. I took a great deal of pleasure to go up and down, and look upon the ladies, and to hear the musique of all sorts, but above all the 24 violins.

"About six at night they had dined, and I went up to my wife. And strange it is to think, that these two days have held up fair till now that all is done, and the King gone out of the Hall; and then it fell a-raining and thundering and lightening, as I have not seen it do for some years: which people did take great notice of: God's blessing of the work of these two days, which is a foolery to take too much notice of such things."<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> For full text of proclamation, see p. 334.

<sup>2</sup> Lord Sandwich.

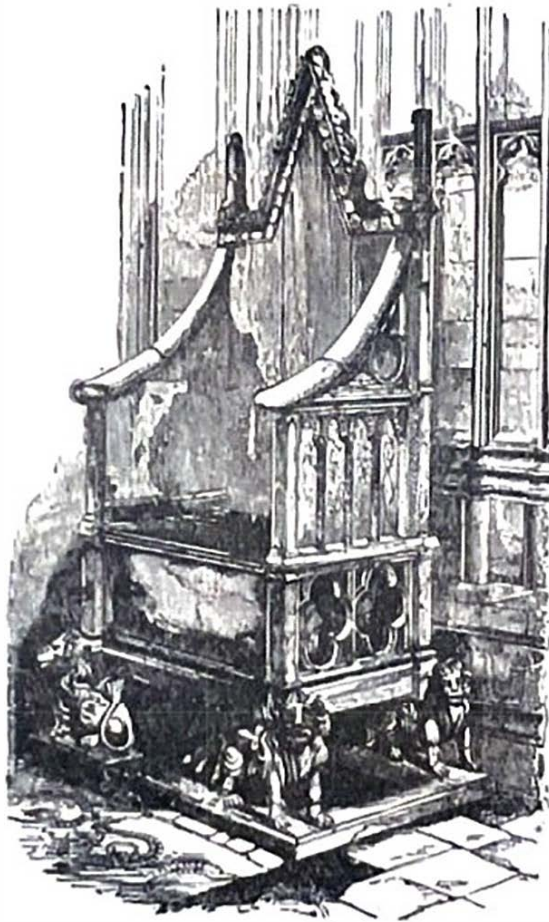
<sup>3</sup> *Diary and Correspondence of Samuel Pepys, F.R.S.*, edited by Lord Braybrooke, vol. i. 175-178.

The last of the Stuart line, James II., was crowned on April 23rd, 1685. The ceremony was very grand, but there is only one slight incident connected with it that we shall here record. On the King's return from the Abbey, the crown tottered upon his head, and but for the Honourable Henry Sidney, who caught at it just in time, would certainly have fallen off. "This is not the first time our family have supported the crown," said the plain-spoken courtier, as he righted the emblem of sovereignty on the King's head.

The coronations of William and Mary, of Anne, and of the first two Georges, may be treated in a few lines. The ceremony at William and Mary's crowning, which took place on the 11th of April 1689, is described as "stately and cold." The Bishop of London officiated in the room of Archbishop Sancroft, who had scruples about the legitimacy of William's election to the throne. Anne was crowned on April 23rd, 1702. Her husband, who was present, took no part in the ceremony. The Queen gave the kiss of peace to the archbishop and the other prelates ; but when the temporal peers did their homage, they only *seemingly* kissed Her Majesty's cheek. At George I.'s coronation, considerable confusion was caused by the fact that the King knew scarcely a word of English, and everything had to be explained to him in Latin. Unfortunately the ministers of State engaged in the ceremonial did not speak that language with the purity of Seneca or Cicero ; and hence arose the

jest that "much *bad language* had passed between the King and his Ministers on the day of his coronation."

Passing over George II. we come to George III., the best and longest-reigned of the Hanoverian



CORONATION CHAIR.

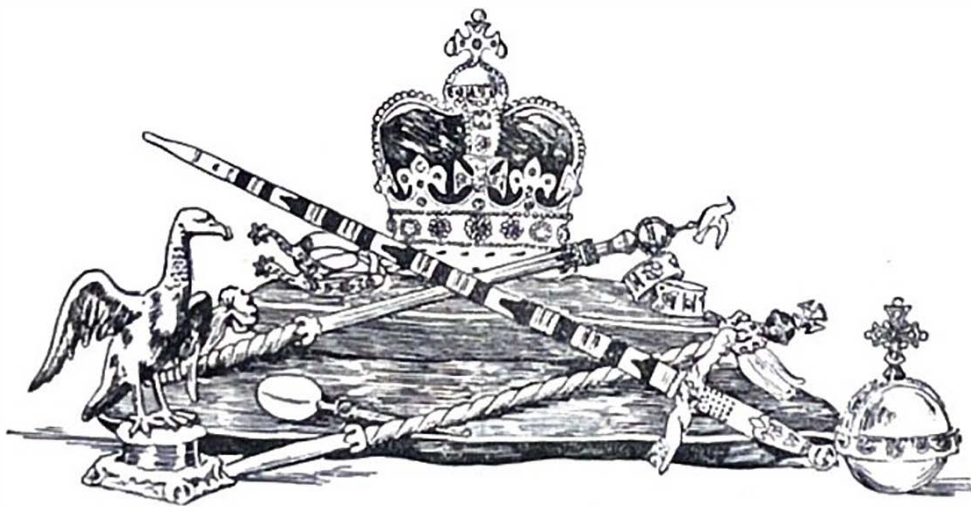
kings. He was crowned on September 22nd, 1761, his consort, Queen Charlotte, being crowned at the same time. Of the many contemporary accounts that exist of the coronation, the wittiest that have come under our notice are contained in the letters

of Horace Walpole. The famous *litterateur*, however, has more to say about the festive than the religious side of the ceremonial—indeed he does not seem to have been at the service in the Abbey, but only at the after-banquet in Westminster Hall.

It was shortly after one o'clock that the King and Queen entered the Abbey, and proceeded to their seats on the *east* side of the throne. The Archbishop of Canterbury made the recognition, and then their Majesties made their first oblation, consisting of a pall of cloth of gold and an ingot of gold of a pound weight; and afterwards proceeded to fresh chairs—this time on the south side of the throne. Then the Litany began, during which the Regalia were severally presented at the altar, and the great officers retired to their seats. The Litany being ended, and part of the Communion Service read by the Archbishop, a sermon was preached by the Bishop of Salisbury. The attention which the King and Queen paid to the sermon, and the evident reality of their devotion throughout the long service were remarked by many. *Veni Creator* was next sung, and His Majesty then removed to St Edward's chair. Here the anointing was performed by the archbishop, four knights of the Garter holding a pall over the King's head while this ceremony was in progress. Next, the Spurs were presented, and His Majesty was girt with the Sword, which was afterwards offered and redeemed. Walpole tells us that both the Sword and the Palls for the King and Queen had been forgotten by the Earl

Marshal, and so, says he, "they used the Lord Mayor's sword for the first and made the last in the Hall!" His Majesty was then invested with the Armil (a kind of stole), the Purple Robe, and the Orb; but returned the latter to the altar on receiving the Ring.

Then, having put a glove upon his right hand, the Sceptre with the Cross was placed therein by the archbishop, who afterwards placed in His Majesty's



THE REGALIA.

other hand the Sceptre with the Dove. Then, amid the acclamations of the assembled peers and commons, the crown was placed upon the King's head; and with that the peers put on their coronets; the Dukes of Normandy and Aquitaine their hats; the bishops, knights of the Bath, and the judges their caps; and the kings of arms their crowns.

A Bible was next presented by the Archbishop, who pronounced the benediction; and with that the

King kissed the bishops kneeling before him. *Te Deum* was afterwards sung, and, during the singing, the Enthronement was carried out with much solemnity. All that now remained was for the lords, spiritual and temporal, to perform their homage, which they did in order of rank, each in succession taking off his coronet (this, of course, the bishops could not do), touching the King's crown, and kissing his cheek. Medals of His Majesty and the Queen were then thrown about by the treasurer of the household, and eagerly scrambled for.

The coronation of the Queen was not on so elaborate a scale, and when it was over, and the Royal pair had exchanged their heavy crowns and vestments for lighter crowns and fresh robes, the procession was reformed, and returned to Westminster Hall for the banquet. "It was now dark," says Walpole, "and by a childish compliment to the King, they reserved the illumination of the Hall till his entry ; by which means they arrived like a funeral, nothing being discernible but the plumes of the knights of the Bath, which seemed the hearse." Yet, when once illuminated, the Hall "was noble. The blaze of lights, the richness and variety of habits, the ceremonial, the benches of peers and peeresses frequent and full, was as awful as a pageant can be."

Their Majesties' table was served with three courses, at the first of which Earl Talbot, as Steward of the King's Household, rode up on horseback from the Hall gate to the steps which led to the Royal

presence. "The Earl piqued himself," says Walpole, "on backing his horse down the Hall, and not turning its rump towards the King: but he had taken such pains to dress it to that duty, that it entered



KING OF ARMS.

backwards, and at his retreat the spectators clapped—a terrible indecorum, but suitable to such Bartholomew-Fair doings." Before the second course, the Champion was brought up between the High Constable and Earl Marshal, followed by four pages,

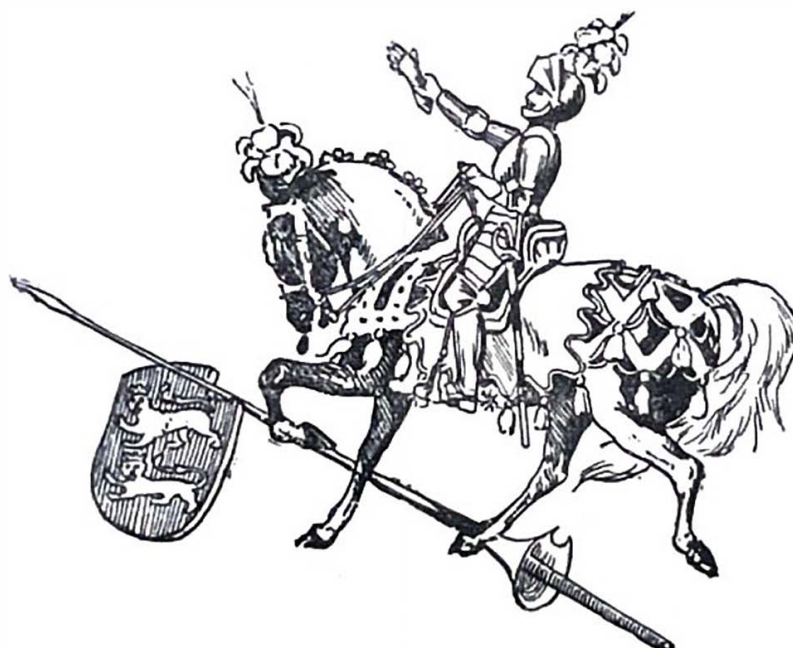
and preceded by the herald, who pronounced the challenge in these words:—

“If any person, of what degree soever, high or low, shall deny or gainsay our Sovereign Lord, George William Frederick, King of Great Britain and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, etc., son and next heir to our Sovereign Lord George Augustus, the last king deceased, to be right heir to the Imperial Crown of this realm of Great Britain or that he ought not to enjoy the same; here is his Champion, who saith that he lieth, and is a false traitor, being ready in person to combat with him; and in this quarrel will adventure his life against him, on what day soever he shall be appointed.”

The Champion then threw down his gauntlet, whereupon, to the amazement of all who witnessed the episode, a lady's white glove, thrown from one of the spectators in the gallery, twirled fluttering to the ground! It was handed to the Champion, who, on recovering his composure, supposing that the glove had been accidentally dropped by a lady, asked with great gallantry, “Who is His Majesty's fair foe?” No answer was vouchsafed; and after a few moments of waiting, the herald picked up the Champion's gauntlet, and returned it to him. A rumour was prevalent at the time that the dropping of that white glove was no accident—nay, it was even affirmed that the person who threw it was none other than the Young Chevalier, who had entered the Hall in female attire!



"The Champion acted well," says Walpole; and the cynic continues in his gossip fashion, "The other paladins had neither the grace nor alertness of Rinaldo. Lord Effingham and the Duke of Bedford were but untoward knights errant; and Lord Talbot had not much more dignity than the figure of General Monk in the abbey. The habit



THE KING'S CHAMPION.

of peers is unbecoming to the last degree, but the peeresses made amends for all defects. Your daughter Richmond"—he is writing to the Countess of Aylesbury—"Lady Kildare and Lady Pembroke, were as handsome as the graces. Lady Rochford, Lady Holderness, and Lady Lyttleton looked exceedingly well in their day; and for those of the days before, the Duchess of Queensbury, Lady

Westmoreland, and Lady Albemarle were surprising. Lady Harrington was noble at a distance, and so covered with diamonds, that you would have thought she had bid somebody or other, like Falstaff, 'rob me the exchequer.'" After more praise of the like discriminating kind, Walpole winds up with these words: "*Per contra*, were Lady P., who had put a wig on, and old E., who had scratched hers off. The Dowager E., and Lady S., with her tresses coal-black, and her hair coal-white. Well, it was all delightful, but not half so charming as its being over!"<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Private Correspondence of Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford*, vol. ii. 287-295.

THE END.

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