

The Biography of His Majesty—KING GEORGE V.—By Major C. F. L. Kipling

SUNSHINE PIERCES CLOUDS AS GUNS BOOM MIGHTY SALUTE TO ANOTHER RULER GEORGE V.

CHAPTER 11
Happy augury for reign of new monarch precedes coronation ceremony in Westminster Abbey, wherein is re-enacted century-old ritual—Prince David kissed by father in affectionate greeting before eyes of assembled lords of realm in gorgeous raiment.

The King is dead—Long live the King. In yesterday's chapter of the "First Dude Story of Kingship," Kipling narrated the events of the memorable year of 1910 which saw the passing of Edward the Peacemaker and the accession of George V. to the British throne. Over the tier the German Emperor wrung the hand of the new ruler with a show of emotion. Four years later their armies were to be at each other's throats.

The King's first State appearance was at the opening of the new Parliament in February, 1911—that parliament which all unknown as yet to those who formed it was to last through a period of unparalleled difficulties and dangers until 1918.

And now the year of mourning for Edward the Peacemaker, was over, and all England prepared for that culminating ceremony of Kingship, the Coronation of an English King, with the rites and solemnities which date back to the days of Edward, the Confessor.

It was a grey and clouded morning, that 22nd of June, when the King and Queen in their State coach drawn by the famous "creams in trappings of purple and gold, set out from Buckingham Palace to Westminster Abbey. Earlier there had been rain, but now, at ten-thirty, there was a gleam of sunshine, as the National Anthem crashed out and the guns boomed the salute.

The King wore a crimson mantle, edged with mink, the Royal fur, and the Cap of Maintenance on his head was also of crimson velvet and white fur. By his side sat Queen Mary, bare headed, dressed in cream color and gold.

The crowds along the whole route were immense, but the arrangements had been magnificently organized by Lord Kitchener, whom the King had specially summoned to take charge of the troops; and not a single accident occurred.

Reaching the Abbey the King and Queen entered it by the West door, where, in the annex officials and peers and the great Ceremonial Officers, with all those who would take part in the pageantry, were assembled.

The Duke of Norfolk, as Earl Marshal, was in charge of all the arrangements. The interior of the Abbey was transformed; all the massed statues and memorials were hidden by draperies of blue and silver-grey, whilst the floor was covered with a darker blue carpet. In the South Transept the Princes of the Blood and the Peers were scarlet-robed; the North Transept was filled with Princesses and Peers, glittering with Jewels.

Between was the "Theatre", the square platform before the sacristum, or Alter with the traverses or retiring-rooms on either side for the King and Queen.

Something like eight thousand people were privileged to attend the Coronation; it was an assembly representative of all classes.

Gradually peers and people, Ministers of State and Princes of the Blood Royal assembled in their places, the serious-faced boyish Prince of Wales last to take his seat in a chair to the right of the dais.

Then . . . a waiting pause, before a fanfare of trumpets sounded, and the procession of the Queen entered. As the first of the high officials who preceded her appeared, suddenly, unexpectedly to some, burst out a chorus of clear boyish voices.

"Vivat Regina Maria!"
It was the King's Scholars of Westminster School, led by the School Captain, exercising their time-honored privilege of being the first to greet the King and Queen, from their appointed place in the gallery.

Slowly the stately procession advanced; the Queen's regalia first, her crown carried by the Duke of Devonshire, her sceptre by the Marquess of Waterford, her ivory rod or "verge" by Lord Durham; then her chaplains and household, and with a gorgeous pageant of color and gold, the Standard of the United Kingdom and the Dominions, each carried by Viceroys, Governor of Dignitary.

The Prime Minister and the Archbishop of Canterbury, with the Lord Chancellor and the Lord President of the Council, also walked before the Queen, who came forward, tall and stately, surrounded by her ladies, and knelt in her place to the left of the altar.

And now once more comes the shout of the Westminster boys, "Vivat Rex Georgius!" and the King's procession advances.

Now came the first part of the magnificent ceremonial, the Recognition. The King stood before the Coronation Chair, and the Archbishop of Canterbury, with the Lord Great Chamberlain, the Lord High Constable, the Earl Marshal, and Garter King of Arms, went successively to the four quarters of the "Theatre" or



THE KING AND HEIR TO THRONE
Two official photographs of King George and the Prince of Wales. Major C. F. L. Kipling, in his biography of the King appearing exclusively in the Guardian relates many anecdotes in the lives of these two personalities whose names will live forever in the history of the world.

platform and called out. "Sirs I here present you George, the undoubted King of this Realm. Wherefore all you who are come this day to do your homage and service, are you willing to do the same?"

Here again, first of all the King's subjects, the scholars of Westminster exercise their right and shout, waving their College caps, "God save King George and the Queen!" followed by a tremendous answering shout from all the rest of the congregation.

The Litany and a short service followed, with a sermon by the Archbishop of York, and then the Archbishop of Canterbury went to stand before the King and to ask him solemnly, "Sir, is your Majesty willing to take the oath?"

Swears to govern justly
"I am willing," the King answered and with the sword of State carried before him; went to kneel before the Altar, raising his hand and laying it upon the open Bible, whilst he swore to govern according to Parliament and the laws and maintenances of the land.

Whilst the "Veni Creator Spiritus" was sung, the King took his place, divested of his crimson robe and cap, in King Edward's Chair, that strange throne of English Kings, made of

plan wood and enclosing the "Stone of Scollie" the "Irish Stone of Destiny" brought from Scotland by Edward I in 1296 and in those days supposed to be the actual Stone of Beth-el.

Four Knights of the Garter held a pall of yellow silk over the King's head, whilst the Dean of Westminster brought forward the Ampulla or Eagle of sacred oil, with the golden spoon. The King himself opened his garments at the breast, whilst the Archbishop anointed him there and on the palm and forehead, signifying Glory, Valor and Knowledge, and repeating the words of the Anointing.

The next part of the ceremony symbolises the King's part as a Priest and a Knight, the twofold mystical character of early days. He was invested with the sacerdotal garments, the Colobrium Sindonium, a sleeveless alb; or rochet, trimmed with lace over this is the Supertunica of Cloth of gold, lined with crimson, and embroidered with roses, shamrock and thistles, with a crimson satin surcoat. Over this is worn a girdle or sword-belt.

The Golden Spurs were brought, the King's heel lightly touched them before they were returned to the altar by the Lord Chamberlain. The great sword of State, two-handed and sheathed in crimson and gold, was brought forward, unheated and held up as a symbol of power, this being the only occasion upon which the blade leaves its scabbard. Then it was deposited in St. Edward's Chapel and another sword brought forward, sheathed in purple velvet, and blessed by the Archbishop, afterwards being girt upon the King by the Lord Chamberlain, whilst the Primate exhorted him, "With this sword to do justice and stop the growth of iniquity," in the ancient formula.

The King himself ungirded the sword and laid it on the altar, to symbolise that all strength and power comes from God, and then followed the curious custom of the Earl who first carried the sword redeeming it for one hundred shillings, and bearing it, naked, before the King for the remainder of the ceremony.

And now the solemn ceremony swept grandly on to the Enthroning. The King was invested with the Armill, shaped like a Bishop's stole and bearing the symbols of the United Kingdom and of all the Dominions, as well as the cross of St. George and the Eagle of Imperial Sovereignty. Finally the Imperial mantle or Dalmatic, cope-like in shape, and gorgeously woven of gold and silver thread, was clasped round the King's shoulders and he reseated himself in the Chair of State.

And finally after many incidental ceremonies comes the moment to which all the rest has been, as it were, ascending,—the actual crowning of the King.

St. Edward's Crown, the Royal Crown of England is brought forward on a crimson cushion. It is a replica of the ancient crown lost at the Commonwealth, made of purest gold, and encrusted with precious stones to the number of which the greater portion of the Cullinan Diamond has recently been added.

The Archbishop came slowly forward, and set the King Crown reverently upon the King's head. At that moment, as though at a magical signal, lights glowed throughout the Abbey, and with a Peer set his coronet upon his own head, whilst the silver trumpets burst out exultantly, the bells of the Abbey brok into peals, and from the Tower and

Hyde Park thundred out the Royal Salute to the newly-crowned King.

It was a wonderful and unforgettable moment, and the no less touching and moving ceremony of the Homage followed, for which the King took his seat on the throne, just under the lantern and the Crown of St. Edward was replaced by the Imperial Crown re-made for his Majesty from that which King Edward VII wore and containing the famous "Black-Prince Ruby" which gleamed in the helmet of Henry V. at Agincourt.

The Archbishop of Canterbury came forward first, to kneel and touch the Crown and kiss the King's left cheek, whilst he vowed for himself and for all the Lords Spiritual,

to be faithful and true to his Sovereign Lord.

Then, with charming and boyish simplicity, the Prince of Wales came forward, divesting himself of his coronet, kneeling to repeat the splendid words of the old homage and oath, which his father had himself used not many years before. And her once again, the formal homage was not enough for the father's love as the boy's lips touched his cheek, King George bent forward, gently pinched his chin, and then drew him close and kissed him warmly.

Afterwards each in their degree and rank came the Princesses of the Blood and the representatives of Dukes, Earls, Marquises and the rest, and then finally another outburst of trumpets, bells and distant guns, with cheers renewed again and again.

"God save King George! Long live King George! May the King live for ever!"

The King remained seated on his throne, and now the Queen came forward to kneel before the altar for her crowning, under the pall upheld by four beautiful stately women, the Duchesses of Hamilton, Montrose, Portland and Sutherland.

The Queen's head was anointed, the Ring placed upon her finger, the Crown placed upon her head, with the Koh-i-Nor blazing from it resplendent amongst all the other jewels.

Once more came the ripple and glitter of light through the transept where the Princesses and Peerses sat, as each raised her coronet and placed it upon her head. And now the Queen received her Sceptre and the Verge with the Dove folded wings and returned to her place, a most regal stately figure in white and gold and gleaming gems, making as she passed a low obeisance to the King, as his first subject.

A hush fell upon the great Abbey church, which had seen the ceremony so many times. King and Queen delivered their sceptres to the Lords, removed their crowns and went to kneel, humbly and reverently, before the altar to receive the Sacrament. But first, by old custom, the King

offered bread and wine to the Archbishop another symbol of his priestly office, and made his oblation of an altar cloth and an ingot of gold.

It was two o'clock before this solemn and fitting end to the ceremony was over, before the whole of the splendid rites were complete, and the King and Queen drove back to the Palace through the throngs of their people, wearing still their imperial crowns, and the King once again in his crimson velvet and mink-er.

The enthusiasm was amazing, and there were many cheers for the Royal children, the young Prince wearing his coronet with such dignity, Princess Mary with the small circlet set upon her flowing hair.

And then as a culmination, after the King and Queen had reached the Palace and disappeared came the one touch needed to complete the splendor of the day.

Scarcely five minutes afterwards, the King, crowned and robed, appeared upon the balcony of the Palace, to show himself to his people, according to immemorial custom, turning to give his hand to the Queen and lead her forward. The cheers which broke out at sight of them were unprecedented; it seemed as though the great crowd had gone mad, for even the troops who lined the streets waved their muskets and cheered and cheered again.

Then hand in hand the King and Queen disappeared once more within the Palace, accepted by the Nation, crowned and hallowed to the service of the people.

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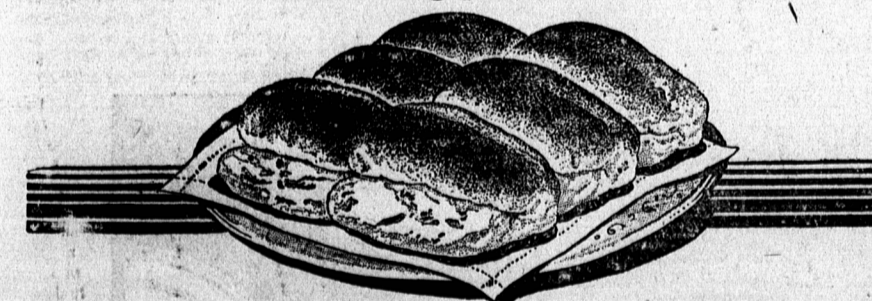
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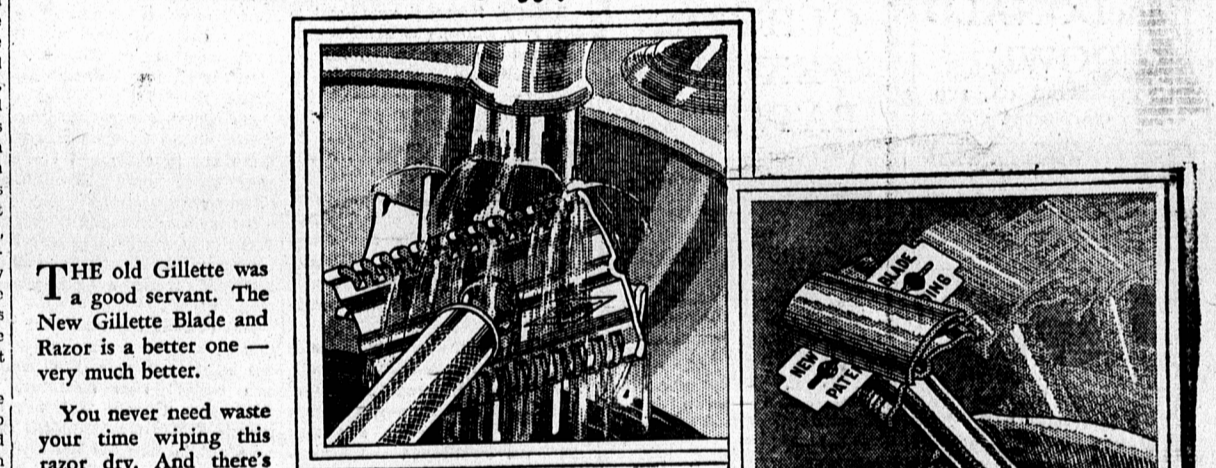
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