

# VICTORIA'S JUBILEE.

ONLY FOUR WHO WERE PRESENT AT HER CORONATION

Are Now in the Land of the Living-- Nelson, Leicester, Gladstone and Villiers--How England Has Grown Great Since Victoria Was Made Queen.

Queen Victoria has outlived nearly all of her contemporaries. This is perhaps not a fresh piece of news. But it is brought to mind just now in a peculiarly vivid manner by the fact that of those peers and personages who attended the coronation of her Majesty, only four remain to figure in the grand diamond celebration which will be held on June 22 next.

They are the Earl Nelson, who, as a 13-year-old peer donned his silver coronet for the only time in his life at the moment when the Archbishop of Canterbury solemnly placed the crown of Great Britain upon the head of the Queen; the patriarchal Earl of Leicester, who acted on that occasion as page of honor and train-bearer to the sovereign's uncle, the old Duke of Sussex; Mr. Gladstone, now in his 88th year, and Mr. Villiers, "the Father of the House," who at the age of 95 still takes part in the deliberations of Parliament.

Both Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Villiers witnessed the Queen's coronation from that portion of Westminster Abbey reserved for the accommodation of the members of the first Parliament of the present reign.

With these four notable exceptions, all those who stood near the sovereign during the first moiety of her occupancy of the throne have departed for another world, preceding her to that land from whence no traveler—not even the "Anointed of the Lord"—ever returns. The Archbishop who crowned her, the ministers and statesmen from whom she sought counsel in her youthful inexperience, the great soldier, Arthur, Duke of Wellington, who performing the functions of Lord High Constable of the Realm carried the great Sword of State before her, nay even the very titled maidens who bore her train, all twelve of them gone down to the grave before her. This in itself cannot fail to endow the gorgeous spectacle in Westminster Abbey a few weeks hence with a certain degree of pathos, especially when the venerable sovereign of the British Empire will be seen making her slow and difficult way up the nave—so truly alone and lonesome in the midst of the vast and magnificently attired throng—to the thousand-year-old throne of King Edward the Confessor.

### In Westminster Abbey.

Few who were seen in Westminster Abbey on ordinary occasions would recognize the ancient face on that day. For tier upon tier of seats, thronged with beautifully attired women, and men arrayed in uniforms glittering with every degree of magnificence will fill all available space. The participants in this unique pageant,



HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.

indeed, will be so closely packed together that each gothic frame of stone will have its dazzling living picture, while the heavy walls of England's grand old metropolitan minister will seem hidden by a species of living curtain, sparkling, animated and literally palpitating with enthusiastic loyalty.

The religious portion of the ceremony will be short, the direction thereof being entrusted to the archbishops of Canterbury and of York, to the bishop of London and to the dean of the Abbey, all four of whom for this occasion will wear those magnificent gold embroidered, purple velvet mantles with long trains that are known as their coronation robes. It will consist of a "Te Deum" composed by the Queen's lamented husband, of a superb chorale likewise by the Prince Consort and commencing with the words, "Because thy God loved Israel, therefore made He the King to do justice and judgment," the national anthem being introduced in a manner peculiarly thrilling and effective.

Then the Archbishop of Canterbury, himself now on the threshold of his eightieth year, will intone the "Thanksgiving," as well as the prayers for the Queen while the solemn blessing delivered from the altar by the aged primate, followed by slow and sustained "Amen's" chanted by the choir of three hundred surpliced men and boys, stationed in the organ gallery, will bring to a close this impressive and unique divine service. Throughout this service the Queen will occupy the throne of King Edward the Confessor, over which will be thrown the royal robes of purple and ermine. It will stand on a dais that fills up the entire space between the choir and the sacristy, and facing the altar, which will be laden with gold plates and beautifully adorned with white blossoms. To the right and the left of the throne and behind it will be set gold chairs of State for the Princess and Princesses of the Royal family, and for their illustrious relatives from abroad. At each corner of the dais will be stationed the gorgeously caparisoned and gold-helmeted gentlemen-at-arms, while the line from the entrance of the Abbey to the throne will be kept by the Yeoman of the Guard or "Beekeepers" arrayed in their quaint mediaeval costume which dates back to the day of Henry VIII.

And then when the last strain of the "Amen" have died away, and the organ commences to peal forth the magnificent Recessional march from "Athalia," the Queen's children, her relatives, and her royal and imperial guests will approach one by one to pay homage to the grand old lady, who is not merely the mother of kings, but the grandmother of un-

perors, and the Matriarch of all the sovereign houses in Europe.

If at that moment her lip commences to quiver and tears unbidden well up to her eyes, and stream down her wrinkled cheeks, no one need feel in the least surprised. For let alone the changes that have been wrought during the three-score years that have elapsed since she first ascended the throne, she cannot but sorrow over the disappearance of many of those who were present at her golden jubilee in the self-same abbey only ten years back. She will look in vain for her gallant and stalwart son-in-law, Emperor Frederick of Germany, the noblest figure of the pageant in 1857, and his tragic death will be recalled to her memory by the widow's weeds worn by her eldest daughter, the dowager Empress of Germany.

The same somber garments of Princess Beatrice will revive the sense of the loss which she sustained through the death of Prince Henry of Battenberg. Gone,



RIGHT HON. C. P. VILLIERS.

too, are her Majesty's son-in-law, Louis, the burly Grandduke of Hesse, her brother-in-law, the late Duke Regnaut of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, and her favorite grandson, the Duke of Clarence. She will likewise look in vain for ex King Amadeus of Spain, Duke of Aosta, who represented King Humbert at her golden jubilee, and for the ill-fated Crown Prince Rudolf, who attended the celebration in behalf of his father, the Emperor of Austria and of Hungary. Nor are these the only shadows which will at that moment weight down her heart and depress her spirits. For the abbey is for her a Walhalla peopled by the ghosts of the illustrious dead, who in their lives bore up her hands so that they should not fall. Most of her Prime Ministers—Beaconsfield, Peel, Palmerston, Aberdeen and Russell—many of her most gallant soldiers such as Lawrence, Outram, Havelock and Clyde—aye, well nigh every one of those whose existence was devoted to her service and to endowing her reign with lustre lie buried within the walls of that ancient fane, and one can almost picture to oneself their spectres hovering in the air, and toward the throne in order to recall themselves to the kindly memory of their royal mistress by a species of supernatural homage.

### Victoria's Reign.

While no great wars have marred the lustre of Victoria's reign, yet it may be considered as the most glorious period in the entire history of Great Britain if one is to judge by the growth of the area, the population, and above all of the wealth of that empire upon which the sun never sets.

The population of the United Kingdom alone has well-nigh doubled, as has also the number of her Majesty's lieges in India and in her Colonial dependencies, the grand total of those who now accord her a willing allegiance, amounting to the colossal figure of 320,000,000. In 1857 the area of the British Empire amounted to 2,000,000 square miles, whereas to-day it is five times that size, its superficies exceeding 10,000,000 square miles. The aggregate property of the people of the United Kingdom, calculated on the basis of the income tax figures, has trebled in the last sixty years, as has also the revenue of the State, while the advance in the foreign trade of Great Britain during the same period has been more than 450 per cent.

The output of coal to-day is exactly twenty-five times as large as it was when her Majesty ascended the throne, and whereas, at that moment, the annual consumption of cotton barely exceeded 4,000,000 pounds, the returns for the last year show a consumption of more than four times that amount. And all this addition in land, in wealth and in population has been acquired not by great and sanguinary conflicts and campaigns, but during a reign that on the whole may be described as the most peaceful in English history.

Indeed it is this absence of those big wars which contribute so much to obstruct the progress and to impair the prosperity of the nations involved therein, that must be regarded as accountable for the phenomenal development of Great Britain's wealth, industry, trade and enlightenment—especially the last. It is a colossal task even to attempt to enumerate the changes that have taken place since Victoria became Queen. There was no regular or properly organized postal service three score years ago, and the price paid for the conveyance of the mails was enormous, people being compelled to pay as much as 30 and 40 cents for the transport of a letter for a few miles only. It was not until 1839 that "penny postage" was introduced, and the success of the scheme, so widely denounced at that time, may be gathered from the fact that during the twelve months which have just been brought to a close no less than 2,333,839,610 letters, post cards and parcels have been delivered in the United Kingdom through the post office. In 1837 there were no railroads and no steamships. The journey from Liverpool to London was accomplished by means of a "coach and four," while the trip across the Atlantic to New York was regarded as a quick one if done within six weeks under sail, in lieu of the six days which it takes to-day by steam. Victoria had been several years a queen before telegraphy was introduced, while it was not until she had become a grandmother that submarine communication with the United States was established. Photography, electric light, telephones, phonographs, etc., were all unknown when she became Queen, and the first entry of an iron-built ship on Lloyd's register was made when Queen Victoria's reign was only six weeks old, while during the three score years which have elapsed since then Great Britain's commercial tonnage has increased by close upon 1,000 per cent.

It was not until several years after the birth of the Prince of Wales that chloroform and other anaesthetics came into use for surgical operations, and though it is scarcely creditable, within the memory of Victoria surgeons have been obliged after amputation to resort to the same barbarous methods as those practiced in dealing with the wounded during the battle of Trafalgar—namely, to plunge the bleeding stumps into hot pitch to stay the hemorrhage.

Thousands upon thousands of hospitals and analogous charitable institutions have been called into existence in the British Empire during the last three-score years, partly through the influence of the Queen herself, and partly through that of her eldest son, the Prince of Wales, the people having been taught by their illustrious ruler, and by her children, as well, to believe that the best and surest way to royal favor was to vote money to the relief of those of their fellow citizens in want and misery. Thus, all through the memorable visit of the Prince of Wales to India, whenever the native princes in their excess of enthusiastic loyalty expressed their intentions of erecting costly statues and monuments to the Queen in their dominions, as a memorial of his stay, he invariably urged them to devote the money instead to the construction of charitable institutions, explaining that it was by relieving the distressed and the less fortunate of the Sovereign's lieges that they would best please her Majesty and himself. The result is that to-day in India some splendidly equipped hospital or charity marks every town and city in which Albert Edward halted during his progress through England's great Oriental empire, just one and twenty years ago.

The same policy has been pursued at home, and by this means millions upon millions of dollars, which would otherwise have remained in the pockets of their donors, or hoarded in banks, have been lavished upon charity and philanthropy, and it is in keeping with the entire tenor of the reign of Queen Victoria that the sixtieth anniversary of her accession to the throne should be marked by gifts to the poor, to the hospitals and to philanthropic undertakings of every kind.

### THE VICTORIAN AGE.

A Song of Triumph Over the Achievements of the Reign.

A writer in the Edinburgh Review charges down upon the pessimists of the day with a clear-toned song of triumph over the achievements of the Victorian reign. He begins by telling of the marvellous growth of the British Empire. In India, in Egypt, in Africa, in Australia, bettered conditions of life have grown up here under the shadow of the flag; and there is no guarantee that they would have reached these countries had the flag never been planted there. Canada, as we know it, has practically come into being during the reign of Victoria. In '37 we were a few detached settlements, torn by civil war. In '41 came the Union of the Canadas; in '67, the federation of the four provinces; and to-day we own half a continent, magnificently equipped with railroads and canals, where there is use for them, and offering the best opportunity for civilized settlement in the world.

The Edinburgh Review writer points out that the population of the United Kingdom has increased during the present reign by one-half; while the addition of territory to the Empire has been tremendous. "Two hundred and seventy-five thousand square miles have been added—a territory larger than Austria—in India; 80,000 square miles—a space as vast as Great Britain—in the rest of Asia; 200,000 square miles—a region as large as Germany—in South Africa, and in East Africa 1,000,000 square miles—or about half the extent of European Russia." The area now totals something like 10,000,000 square miles, and nearly every fourth person on earth "owes allegiance, directly or indirectly, to the Queen."

Coming to the condition of the people, the advance is, when measured by the progress of the past, nothing short of miraculous. Railroads, in the modern sense of the term, are the products of this reign. In 1844, we are told that a third-class railway ride from London to Exeter took sixteen hours and a half. Steamships, too, developed into usefulness since the Queen's accession. The Sirius and the Great Western crossed the Atlantic in 1838. It took the Sirius eighteen days to travel from Cork to New York. The record now is nearing five days. Telegraphing, cabling, cheap postage, are all Victorian. To say nothing of the wonders of these last days, in which the woman who may be stored up in a box or carried across a continent, in which electricity pulls loads, and lights houses and streets, in which disease is tracked to its lurking place and killed.

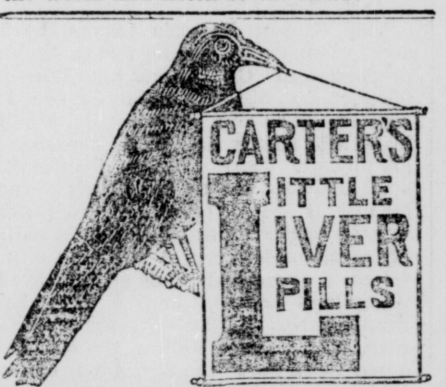
Some very suggestive figures are given,

too, bearing on the financial position of the people. "Paupers in England and Wales numbered, in 1839, 1,137,000, and in 1842, 1,429,000, but now only 800,000; with a population nearly doubled there are only two paupers for every three at the Queen's accession." The convict population in 1833 was 50,000; in 1893 it had fallen to 4,345 prisoners, and about 2,000 ticket-of-leave-men. As for education, the first annual grant in Britain for that purpose was made in 1839, and amounted to \$150,000. Now the grant totals \$45,000,000. "In 1850 one child out of every 89 people was at school, but one person out of every 20 was a pauper, and one out of every 700 was a criminal. In 1890 one child out of every eight was at school, but only one person out of every 36 was a pauper, and only one person out of every 2,400 was committed for trial."

In the face of such figures, who dare talk of the degeneracy of the times? It is only by imagining certain features of a past age imbedded amidst modern conditions that a plausible case is sometimes made out for them. In such parts of the world as have been caught in the sweep of what we call European civilization, the condition of man has been immensely bettered in the last half century. If any injury has been done us as a race, it is due to the fact that science has been so kind—as has surrounded us with so many of her good gifts that we are out off from nature and her streams of vitality. But if this be true, it is our own fault, and constitutes an abuse of genuine benefits. The time will come, too, when we shall learn better. Any age of rapid change or advance must bring forth a host of fresh difficulties and new evils which "the common sense of most" will in time overcome. A boy may cut himself with his first knife, but that does not make a knife a bad thing or render

it desirable that the lad should always be kept knifeless.

The speed at which we are progressing turns the marvels of one year into the commonplaces of the next. We are no longer very much surprised at anything. Reality is perpetually tripping on the heels of the most agile imagination. The novelist who would have trapped his villain six months ago by photographing proofs of his guilt, through an opaque substance, would have been credited with a daring fancy, but he would have barely "arrived" before the man of science. It would be bravo to-day to declare anything impossible, short of a revision of the multiplication table. One cannot be sure of what man has not yet done until he has seen his evening paper. What an age to sit in the whispering gallery of the world and listen to the news!



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