

among others, attacked him severely. On the night when the Lords passed the bill of the corn laws Lord John Russell was forced to resign. Lord John Russell succeeding him, by a vote of 100 to 100, feeling that he had greatly changed towards Russell and having, in the beginning, received him reluctantly, she now bade adieu to him most sorrowfully, deeming his outgoing as irreparable to the country. In the disturbed times a fifth child was born at Buckingham Palace (May 25, 1840), to whom the name was given of Helena Augusta Victoria. Meanwhile a beautiful hour had been built for the Queen as a mother, and the groom, who had been laid out according to the designs of Prince Albert, and in September the Queen died there for the first time.

THE YEAR OPENED SADLY.

The new year opened somewhat sadly, and at the opening of Parliament, the Queen spoke of the pestilence and the famine in Ireland, she was visibly affected, though then the distress there was only at its commencement. After the dissolution of Parliament, the royal couple, with their children, started on a voyage to the Western Highlands of Scotland, where, however, they were not favored with "Queen's weather." When Parliament reassembled the Queen should have the benefit of the advice of her medical attendants, who, though her never obtained himself on the subject, was yet at all times a faithful and trustworthy counsellor to her Majesty, and who was now honored by the title of "Prince Consort," and by his installation as Chancellor of Cambridge. A crisis came in France, and the Orleans Government was replaced by a republic, this revolution occurring just a few weeks before the arrival of the Queen's fourth daughter.

In August, 1841, the Royal family visited Ireland, winning golden opinions on all sides, one old lady exclaiming, "Och, Queen, dear," as the Royal children passed, "make one of them Prince Consort, and all Ireland will die for you!" A plea graciously granted by the Queen in the following year, when her third son was born.

The year 1844 witnessed the preparation for the great war with Russia. Early in the morning of February 28th the Queen and Prince stood on the balcony of Buckingham Palace to bid good-bye to the gallant soldiers told off for duty. We have no space to dwell upon the great battles of Alma, Balaklava, and Inkerman, nor to dilate on the glorious charge of the Light Brigade, the tedious siege of Sebastopol, and the hardships of that bitter winter, redeemed by the beautiful heroism of Miss Florence Nightingale and her devoted band of nurses. The following year, when the nation was disheartened with the story of the misery abroad, Lord Palmerston succeeded Lord Aberdeen, and the capture of Sebastopol led up to the treaty of Paris, where peace was made with Russia.

For a brief space, with the exception of her visit to Persia and China, the land was at rest, and then suddenly the discontent of the natives in India blazed out, trifling circumstances, such as the refusal to be tried in a court of law, a new rifle had been invented a short time before, in which greased cartridges were used, and the Sepoys, believing this grease to be the fat of a cow, which they deemed it sacrilegious, and rose in rebellion.

It was the year in which the Queen's youngest child, Princess Beatrice, was born, whilst the engagement of her eldest daughter, the Princess Royal, to the Duke of Edinburgh, was being celebrated. The handsome young German Prince who had won his suit in offering the young girl a sprig of white heather, the emblem of good luck, found as they sat on the Crilly, that the young girl was the Queen's daughter.

The Queen was terribly distressed by the massacre at Cawnpore, whilst the nation was wild with joy at the relief of Lucknow, where the star of hope had shined for but four months. It is pleasant to turn from this gloomy picture to the bright ceremonial of the Princess Royal's marriage, resembling in many features the marriage of the Queen's daughter, Alice, who was married in her arms a few hours after a terrible fall from her bedroom window to the stone terrace below.

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QUEEN VICTORIA'S GIRLHOOD—A COLLECTION OF ROYAL PORTRAITS.

able interest has centered round the private life of the heir apparent, whose eldest daughter, following the dictates of her heart, became the Duchess of Fife in 1889, and who has added two little girls to the list of the Queen's grandchildren. One of the most tragic events in the Royal annals, was the sudden death of the Duke of Clarence and Avondale, who in the natural course of events would have one day ascended the throne. By contrast, the year of 1833 was the most brilliant since the jubilee, the season culminating with the wedding of the Duke of York and the Princess Victoria Mary, of Teck.

An event of much public interest was the birth of Prince Edward of York, the English great-grandchild, destined one day to wear the Crown. In latter-day politics, Mr. Gladstone's resignation, on account of increasing years, was followed up by the accession of Lord Rosebery, who, after a somewhat brief term of office, went out. Lord Salisbury then came into power, and is at present Premier, in addition to which he has accepted a new office for himself as Warden of Cinque Ports.

The most modern engineering feat in the great Tower Bridge, which the Queen opened in person in 1894, and the most recent event of Royal interest is the marriage of the Princess Maud, of Wales, with her cousin, Prince Carl, of Denmark, which brings us to the close of the season of 1896.

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In April, 1847, the Queen visited twelve ladies with the Imperial Order of the Crown of India, and in November of the same year she was married to her second daughter, Alice, who went out to Canada with her husband. A month later the hand of the Reaper was once more busy in the Royal circle, and another child was removed by all was sought in marriage by Prince Louis of Hesse, and the engagement was duly sanctioned, almost at the time when the Prince of Wales returned from America, the Duke of Devonshire, who had been married to the Princess Alice, and the year which had closed so auspiciously was succeeded by the saddest in the Queen's reign. Early in March the Queen's son, the Prince of Wales, whom she had loved so tenderly and who had so well earned the generous regard of devotion which Queen Victoria had always lavished upon her.

In a measure, owing to his increasing work, the health of the Prince Consort became gradually undermined, and a feeling of prescience told him that he could not withstand the strain of his duties for the latter days of November. He was already assailed by an insidious malady, when a delicate question arose between Britain and the United States which necessitated the presence of the Queen and Prince Consort working hard together in amending the letter Lord Russell suggested should be sent to the United States Government. On Sunday, December 1st, when the Prince gave the draft note to the Queen—his last piece of work for the country he had served so well, and yet so singularly unobtrusively—he complained of his difficulty in reading the note, and from that moment the malady deepened with awful rapidity. The record of those sad days, when the gallant Prince grew weaker, and his adoring wife watched at his bedside with inexhaustible anguish, should never remain sacred. It is the story, not of a Queen, but a loving, faithful wife, utterly broken-hearted at the thought of a separation from the partner of her life, who from the husband for whom she had entertained an absolutely ideal love. As the dull December afternoon faded in, the distinguished patient grew momentarily weaker, but was conscious, and the wife, leaning over him, addressed him in his native tongue, telling him his little wife, his "Kleines Frauchen," the pet name that had so often risen to his lips—but he could not answer her in words, only the weak, farrowed kiss showed that his brain still thrived in union. Before midnight fell the solemn tolling of the bells announced the death of the Queen, in her webbed shoes, was struck down—a desolate widow—and that the nation had sustained a loss which, in the first blow, they were incapable of realizing to its full extent.

In the terrible days that followed, when nothing could assuage the Queen's anguish, naturally enough she shrank from appearing before her people, remembering the happy days when she had been amongst them, and when she had sat at her side. Nevertheless, no single State duty was neglected, though unthinking people scarcely knew the magnitude of her tasks, doubly hard at this time, because deprived of him whose wise counsel she had ever been ordered her. With admirable self-denial, at a time when her heart hungered most over her children, she sent the Prince of Wales to distant lands, in furtherance of her late husband's career, for the Queen, in a her heavy mourning attended the wedding of Princess Alice with Prince Louis.

With her sad loss still ever present, on March 10, 1843, the Queen witnessed from the Royal closet the brilliant celebration of her eldest son's marriage, and as, in

DRESS! 'TIS THE QUEEN

45,000 UNIFORMED MEN WILL HEAR THIS COMMAND IN LONDON.

A MAGNIFICENT MILITARY DISPLAY.

Swarthy Troopers from India, Commanded by Native Nobles, Already on English Soil—A Detachment from Sierra Leone in Attendance.

(Correspondence of the Dispatch.) LONDON, June 8.—Next to the Queen herself and the attendant procession of Royalty, the most notable feature of the great display June 21 will be the military. Forty-five thousand men, representing the different people included within the British empire, will salute her Majesty. They will be men of various colors, but each and all loyal British subjects, and to call an Indian soldier loyal is almost a revelation to those familiar with the Sepoy as he was twenty years ago.

The commander-in-chief and his staff, who may, perhaps, be included in the personal staff of the Queen, the Queen being the titular chief of the army, will ride in the procession. A very important factor, however, will be the enormous representation of the artillery, no less than twenty-two batteries, counting in all 108 guns, are expected to take part. The household cavalry will also be largely represented, and the cavalry of the line, which will be called upon to furnish the guard of honor for some of the royal visitors from across the seas, will also be extensively employed. Thus it does not seem such a wonder, after all, when one thinks about it, that the Queen's procession from Buckingham Palace to St. Paul's Cathedral will be nearly a mile and a quarter in length. Surely, it should surpass in splendor and significance of power every Royal pageant London has ever witnessed.

All her Majesty's attendants have been summoned to attend their sovereign June 23—Colonel, the Duke of Westminster, Cheshire Yeomanry and Queen's Westminster Volunteers; the Earl of Wessex, London Scottish; the Earl of Derby, Third Royal Lancaster; the Earl of Home, Lanark Yeomanry; the Earl of

Mount Edgumbe, Second V. B. Devonshire; the Earl of Cork, North Somerset Yeomanry; Earl Percy, Third Northumberland Fusiliers; the Earl of Haddington, Lothians and Berwick Yeomanry; the Earl of March, Third Royal Sussex; Lord C. J. Hamilton, Fifth Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers; Lord Suffield, Norfolk Artillery; Lord Belport, North Yeomanry; Lord Blythwood, Third V. B. Highland L. I.; Sir R. Ogilvy, Forfar and Kincairdine Artillery; Sir C. S. Gzowsky, Canadian forces; W. Bell, Royal Guernsey Militia; Sir J. Godfrey, Royal Jersey Militia; H. H. Parr, M. S. B. V. C., R. MacG. Stewart, W. J. Thomas, Third South Wales Borderers; J. P. Brabazon, J. R. Slade, R. A. A. G. Hammond, V. C., R. Gough, J. H. Barnard, J. H. Rivett-Carnac, J. C. Cavendish, Second V. B. Dorsetshire; E. H. Hutton, A. Gassell, W. Campbell, Royal Marine Artillery; M. Protheroe, B. G. D. Cooke, Second V. B. Royal Welsh Fusiliers; G. L. C. Money, Cameron Highlanders; F. Howard, Fifth Brigade; A. B. Crossbie, Royal Marines; J. G. Kelly, J. Davis, Third Royal West Surrey; J. Stevenson, Ninth Lanark Rifles; F. J. Kempster, Royal Munster Fusiliers; C. C. Egerton, and R. A. P. Clements, South Wales Borderers. It is expected that all will attend who may be on Indian or other foreign service.

Arrangements have been made by the War Office with the various railway companies concerned for the whole of the infantry and other dismounted troops, regular and militia, to be brought into London on June 21, and to be discharged by 6 o'clock in the morning. They will be marched off immediately to rendezvous in Hyde Park, the Green Park, Battersea Park, Chelsea, and Wellington Barracks, and other concentrating points, where the men will be at once provided with a hot meal after their night's journey. It is understood that the Southwestern railway will have to carry the greatest proportion of troops, more than 1,000 having to come up from Aldershot and Pirbright; whilst from Portsmouth the number will be about 2,500; from the Sussex militia camps, 2,500; from Colchester, nearly 2,000; from Dover, 1,200; from Chatham, 2,000; and from Woolwich, 1,300.

In addition to these the railway companies will have to bring in the naval and marine contingents, the Sandhurst and Woolwich cadets, and 1,500 volunteers from various parts of the country, besides other and smaller contingents. At their places of rendezvous the troops will be formed into brigades under general or regimental officers, and will be marched to their stations on the route of the Queen's procession. Shortly after this has passed they will return to their railway stations for the return journey.

It is intended to give all the soldiers a shilling beyond the ordinary day's pay. It will be an odd sight to the Londoner and one equally strange to the foreigner accustomed to London sights and crowds to see the Indian contingent lined up on the day of the procession. To most of us the Tommy Atkins of the Indian empire has been the creature of the novelist. We have unconsciously associated him with memories of the Sepoy rebellion, and the thought of the Indian soldier has brought to mind the siege of Lucknow and all its attendant horrors. How little, then, were we prepared for the calm, dignified and very cleanly-appearing dark-skinned men who, 20,000 in number, represent the Indian empire in the procession known as the Imperial Service troops?

Soldierly, every inch of them. In most instances their fathers and their fathers' fathers were soldiers. There is something more than simple military training in the appearance of these men. It is not the work of the drill-master, indefatigable though he may be. It is heredity, a far more powerful factor. The troops consist of the cavalry, the most striking feature of the Royal procession June 21. There will be no finer appearing body of men in the whole contingent that presents arms with the Empress of India driven in the line. They are commanded by the representatives of the great native States of India, who are known as the Guard of Honor. They consist of the cavalry commanders of the Imperial Service troops, in most cases relatives of native princes. The arrival of these representatives in London shows the happy solution of a serious problem of the Government. It is to 19 years