

# LONDON'S GORGEOUS SPECTACLE

## Crowning Triumph of the Diamond Jubilee by the Grandest Pageant Ever Witnessed.

### MILLIONS OF LOYAL SUBJECTS CHEER QUEEN VICTORIA.

### Representatives From Every Section of the Vast British Empire March in the Dazzling Parade.

### MOST MARVELOUS SIGHT THE SUN EVER LOOKED DOWN UPON.

### Enthusiasm of the Loving English People and the Strength of Stanch Colonists Significantly Displayed at the Last Public Appearance of the Aged and Mighty Sovereign.

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LONDON, Eng., June 22.—When a crowd of jubilee sightseers flung a well-dressed stranger into the fountain of Trafalgar square the other day because he ventured a remark slightly disparaging to the Queen they symbolized the spirit which made to-day's celebration an event transcendent in all human annals. The intense loyalty of the British people to their sovereign is the one fact above all others in this marvelous spectacle in the streets of London that has impressed all beholders. It is easy to describe all else—procession, decorations and illuminations—but this stupendous thing, this majestic homage of many millions, spoken in one mighty, inarticulate voice, cannot be put into words. It was not hero worship, not mere devotion to a favorite ruler, not even patriotism. It was more personal, more human than that. It was the deepest and warmest heart-tribute to the womanliness of a Queen and the queenliness of a woman. The most significant of all this spirit found the most fervent expression in what Lincoln loved to call the "common people."

All the sordidness, pettiness and official meddling which made the preparations for the jubilee a national scandal vanished into nothingness when the masses, which still are the bone and sinew of England, got a chance to make their voice heard. The mighty roar from millions of throats never ceased from the moment the Queen left the palace until helped from her carriage at the end of the trying ordeal, three hours later.

If in some respects it was the gayest, it was in others the saddest national festival England ever celebrated. Those who had special knowledge knew, and many others suspected, it was a public farewell which Victoria was taking of her "beloved people," as she called them in the brief message caused to be telegraphed to the four quarters of the earth, wherever the British flag floats, as she set out from the palace this morning.

It was a pitiful fact also that she was able to see little if anything of those massed and massive millions gathered to greet her. This was known only to a small proportion of those who offered congratulations and homage. It was a painful truth held back. Popular emotion was sufficiently intense without the sorrow this knowledge would have added for the woman herself. However, especially with her known sensitiveness to grief, whatever the emotion may have been, her countenance during that long three hours was a mirror of conflicting emotions. Some saw smiles upon it, others tears, and still others gentle dignity and a touch of resignation, but the jubilee was not simply and solely the Queen's, as it should have been.

While the celebration first of all was a personal tribute to the sovereign there was no lack of emphasis of the significance of the second great feature. This was the new imperial spirit which has only recently had birth. It took the form of a magnificent popular ovation to representatives of the colonies, astonishing in fervor and intensity. It was all the more ostentatious because there was a public impression that the official treatment of the visiting colonial troops was not as cordial as it should have been. There had been almost a national protest against the Admiralty for their failure to provide the colonial soldiers an opportunity to witness the naval parade Saturday. It had already been pointed out in the Sun that the political purposes of the Government in connection with the jubilee were twofold. One was to inaugurate a new imperial policy and the other to make an imposing display of power in reply to the anti-English attitude of almost united Europe. These two purposes instead of being harmonized were allowed to clash in the most stupid way. The result was a bold exposure of the sordid nature of the Government's plans and a sharp rebuke from its own friends.

The following keen comment from the Standard, the staunchest Conservative organ, well expresses the popular sentiments in regard to turning the jubilee into such base uses: "The purpose of the Spithead demonstration is not to make a parade of our maritime strength for the benefit of Continental visitors. Every power of Europe is already well informed of our preparations and resources. Nor would it be the best taste on so pacific an occasion as this, within a few days of friendly congratulations conveyed from every neighboring court, to indulge in the semblance of a warlike display. The prolonged festivities of commemoration have been organized with a purely imperial view, and to leave out of the culminating scene some of the chief actors in the play is an artistic as well as a political mistake."

There was therefore a general popular rebuke in the tremendous welcome which London gave the colonial visitors along the whole six miles of the route. There was an opportunity to make this particularly striking in the first two miles, from the palace to St Paul's Cathedral, where the colonial contingent of Prime Ministers and troops marched as a separate procession more than an hour in advance of the royal parade. The Queen herself received scarcely a more enthusiastic greeting. When her carriage arrived the vast crowds were already so hoarse from cheering that they could only give vent to a rough roar, which must have sounded strangely to her ears.

But it is as the greatest gathering of human beings the world has ever seen that the jubilee will live in the memory of all who participated and in the history of the race. The effects of this massing of millions were different from anything I ever before experienced. I have been to great gatherings in France, Germany, Italy and America, but this was unlike all others. It was different even from the multitude which shouted and sang congratulations to the Duke and Duchess of York on



VICTORIA, Queen of Great Britain and Ireland and Empress of India.

[From a photograph taken in January last.]

## THE VICTORIAN PAGEANT.

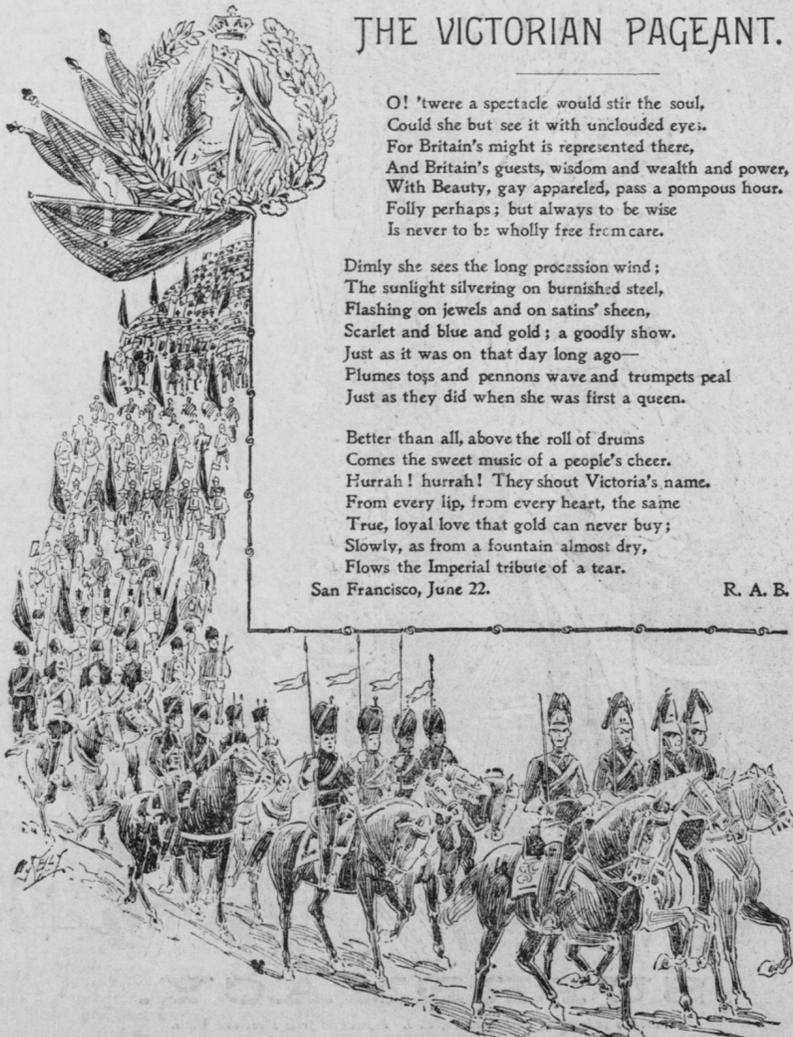
O! 'twere a spectacle would stir the soul,  
Could she but see it with unclouded eye.  
For Britain's might is represented there,  
And Britain's guests, wisdom and wealth and power,  
With Beauty, gay appareled, pass a pompous hour.  
Folly perhaps; but always to be wise  
Is never to be wholly free from care.

Dimly she sees the long procession wind;  
The sunlight silvering on burnished steel,  
Flashing on jewels and on satins' sheen,  
Scarlet and blue and gold; a goodly show.  
Just as it was on that day long ago—  
Plumes togs and pennons wave and trumpets peal  
Just as they did when she was first a queen.

Better than all, above the roll of drums  
Comes the sweet music of a people's cheer.  
Hurrah! hurrah! They shout Victoria's name.  
From every lip, from every heart, the same  
True, loyal love that gold can never buy;  
Slowly, as from a fountain almost dry,  
Flows the Imperial tribute of a tear.

San Francisco, June 22.

R. A. B.



the occasion of their marriage in these same streets four years ago. The contrast was greatest with the myriad-tongued Paris multitude which welcomed their new ally, the Russian Czar, last October. Infectious gaiety was there supreme. These mighty British millions were somehow more depressing than inspiring. They meant to be boundlessly gay, but were less so than at any national fête I ever witnessed. It would be absurd, perhaps, to say there was an undercurrent of foreboding in all the worship which was offered without stint to the gracious sovereign whose command of the hearts of the people is beyond words to describe, but more than one person expressed to-night the same vague impression.

It was after the procession that the people gave themselves up to light-hearted enjoyment. Then was the most wonderful sight of all witnessed. The human throngs that had been still, but not silent, for many hours began to move. There were vast areas of humanity which became eddying tides, flowing restlessly here and there. London was like Venice, with her streets of canals, with nowhere a glimpse of the pavement as the sluggish human streams ebbed and flowed, each drop or atom helpless to move save with the general current, and rising up from it all came the ceaseless, voiceless murmur—not soothing, like rippling water over rocks, nor majestic, like the roar of an angry sea, but restless, awesome intoning of strange new energy, which beat upon one's ear drums until now, after many hours, it has become intolerable.

Not for a moment during nearly a hundred hours has London been silent day or night. Jubilee throngs have filled the streets since Friday. Many thousands of people have not known a bed in all that time. To-night the crowds are greater than ever, and it is impossible to converse in the Sun office, near the Strand, without closing the windows to shut out the noise. But I have no word of disparagement for this wonderful day of wonderful history of this wonderful empire.

The answers which came within scarcely an hour from forty seats of Government over which the British flags float in every corner of the earth to the Queen's message of thanks to her subjects were alone sufficient to make this day memorable in human records. I, in common with thousands of other aliens, have watched men of every color and every creed marching loyally under the same flag and confess without reserve, without envy, that it was the most marvelous sight the sun ever looked down upon.

## GREATEST PAGEANT EVER WITNESSED.

### Representatives of Every Nation Ride in the Wonderful Procession, Which Is the Crowning Triumph in Victoria's Reign.

LONDON, Eng., June 22.—The field marshal in charge of the royal procession at Wellington statue, Hyde Park corner, received the signal that the Queen had entered her carriage precisely at 11 o'clock. The starting-gun in Hyde Park was fired instantly and the line of march was taken up exactly according to programme. The progress toward St. Paul's Cathedral, where the colonial procession had already gone, was made with few delays. As a mere spectacle the royal procession was truly magnificent. As a symbolization of pomp and power it eclipsed all previous earthly pageantry. Yet the great in numbers was not representative save of royalty and the weapons with which royalty maintains itself.

Captain Ames, a magnificent scarlet-coated giant, the tallest officer of the British army, splendidly mounted on a great charger, led the way. Four stalwart troopers of the Second Life Guards supported him. As the navy is not only the chief arm of defense but also the senior in service, and as everything in England goes by seniority, there followed repre-