

BULLETIN OF THE ST. PAUL GLOBE.

SUNDAY, JUNE 20, 1897.

Weather for Today—Fair, Variable Winds.

- PAGE 1. Victoria's Sixty Years' Reign. Eve of the Great Jubilee. Greeting of Columbia. PAGE 2. Great Naval Review. PAGE 3. Triple Role of a Monarch. Soldiers of Great Britain. Prince of Wales as a Life Saver. Brilliant Crown in the Sky. PAGE 4. Editorial. Favorable Bank Statement. PAGE 5. John Bull Smiles on the World. Americans and the Jubilee. PAGE 6. Bolt in Republican Caucus. McKinley's Cuban Conservatism. President Replies to Protestants. Rate War as Fierce as Ever. PAGE 7. Tariff Tinkering Reaches Wool. Castle Before Civil Service People. United Church Convention. Reception to Dr. Stamm. PAGE 8. Queer Feat of a Somnambulist. Today at the Churches. McCreary Returns to St. Paul. PAGE 9. Men Buried in the Sand. German Cabinet Changes. PAGE 10. St. Paul Defeated at Milwaukee. Indianapolis Bitten at Kansas City. Indianapolis Whips Grand Rapids. Columbus Too Much for Detroit. Averages of Western League Teams. College Boat Crew Talk. PAGE 11. First Cycle Races at Lexington Park. No Wind for White Bear Races. PAGE 12. Charter Petition Liberally Signed. Sensational Warner Divorce Case. Stone for the Capitol. PAGE 13. Business Man's Announcement. PAGE 14. Books of the Week. Federation Meeting at St. Cloud. In St. Paul Labor Circles. Montana Indian Outbreak. PAGE 15. Business Man's Announcement. PAGE 16. In St. Paul Social Circles. Maclester's Woman Graduate. Suburban Social News. PAGE 17. Chulalongkorn Is Coming. Noise Doesn't Disturb Reed. The Week at the Metropolitan. PAGE 18. Victorian Styles of the Day. Fashions of New York. PAGE 19. Germania Bank to Reorganize. Receiver Auerbach Steps Out. Bar Silver, 60 1-2c. Cash Wheat in Chicago, 60 5-8c. PAGE 20. Wants of the People. PAGE 21. Wants of the People. PAGE 22. The Queen of Hearts. Christian Endeavor Convention. EVENTS, TODAY. Met—Jim the Penman, 8.15. MOVEMENTS OF STEAMSHIPS. NEW YORK—Arrived: Umbria, Liverpool. Sailed: La Choucas, Havre; Ema, Genoa; Sparham, Rotterdam; Furnessia, Glasgow; Norge, Stettin. LIVERPOOL—Arrived: Georgic, New York. Sailed: Cufic, New York. A big glucose trust has been formed. That ought to stick. Weyler is going to ride an American horse. If that equine is a good American, he will know whom to kick. The people of Havana never get any real news in their papers. It is all blue penciled by Capt. Gen. Weyler. London has the jubilee fever very badly. It leads to wine drinking and carousing, but is not otherwise dangerous. Indianapolis wants two glasses of beer for a nickel. Signs are not wanting that Indianapolis is developing into a hog. Chicago is wondering why Lake Michigan is steadily rising. That ought to be easy. Chicago isn't using enough water. The St. Paul team made three hits yesterday. It could have made a fourth one with the St. Paul public by winning the game. Spain is willing to pay Dr. Ruiz's widow \$40,000. If Uncle Sam will not press an official claim, Uncle Sam isn't built that way. An Indiana man made affidavit that he saw a sea serpent. His friends are now trying to lead the serpent and pin the affidavit to him. A Boston man has bet \$1,000 that he can walk from Pittsburg to Cincinnati on the water. He must have been practicing on the Chicago river. Mayor Harrison, of Chicago, gave 133 jobs to Democrats in one day. This is one way to bring prosperity to the great Democratic family. Appropriately enough, flood matting was the first thing to be trod upon by the opponents of the tariff bill. It was sent back to the free list, 25 to 22. Through a bit of Associated Press carelessness the New York bank clearances for the week were made to appear as a decrease of 3.6 per cent. The clearances actually showed an increase of 3.6 per cent.



QUEEN FOR SIXTY YEARS

All the World Assembled to Do Honor, by Its Envoys, to Victoria, of the British Realm.

DIAMOND JUBILEE INAUGURATED.

LONDON, June 19.—Now that the jubilee is at hand, and England as well as the whole world has its attention focused on Queen Victoria, there is nothing of greater interest than a retrospective view of the sixty years of history making in which this remarkable woman has participated. Going over this time, year by year, one first marvels, then grows amazed, and at last finds himself filled with admiration for the woman who has performed the multifarious duties of wife, mother and queen without swerving once from the path of duty or seeking relief from the tremendous burdens that she has been called upon to bear. To discuss the history of Queen Victoria is to take up in detail the years which have made more of the English nation than any others in existence. Monarchs have risen and fallen, time and again in England. It has frequently been the case that they have won the affections of the people in a measure. Look back into English history, as we will, however, we can find no instance since the days that William the Conqueror first stepped foot on British soil, where one who wore the purple succeeded in twining his or her name with the strand which wound together have formed that great cable of union which winds British hearts as well as the British empire. In the years that have elapsed since Victoria first assumed the reins of government, the people whom she has ruled have had opportunity to judge her as never queen was judged before. They watched the young girl of eighteen, fresh from the joys and follies of irresponsibility suddenly assume the cares of statehood and attempt the solution of problems which many older and wiser persons would have hesitated to consider. They saw the woman of middle age, stricken with grief at the loss of her dearly beloved husband bear up bravely under that burden of sorrow and devote the same infinite care to the interests of her subjects that she had bestowed when enjoying the years of happiness that previously was hers. They have seen this sorrowful and careworn woman growing old with them, and still never forgetting to put first of all the interests of those who had put their trust in her. They see her today in the gathering years with the sunset of her life made still more beautiful by the cloud-like radiance of the love of a nation. Very interesting is the story of the childhood of the little princess, brought up with the most absolute simplicity, and being taught to meet strangers with a friendly regard which won many a heart, as the little lady gave childish greetings to those she met in her daily walks in Kensington gardens. Steady, hard work was the order of the day. In music and singing she was early proficient, and languages she acquired with much facility. As every one knows, it was not till Princess Victoria was in her eleventh year that she became aware of her position with regard to the throne, and it was that which made the characteristic observation, "Now, many a child would boast, but they don't know the difficulty; there is much splendor, but there is more responsibility;" and lapsing from this grave language, she concluded with the earnest utterance: "I will be good," a simple sentence which has surely been her majesty's guiding motto throughout her long and glorious reign. Her girlish years passed quietly in contented study and visits to the outlying towns of the kingdom, the Duchess of Kent, ever thoughtful of her child's future, judging it advisable to let her see something of the country in this way, and everywhere the gentle young girl, with her gracious yet dignified manners, won the regard of the people. Growing older, the princess was seen in Hyde park, the Academy, at theaters, concerts and Ascot races. An interesting ceremony at this time was her confirmation in the Chapel Royal, the solemnity of which deeply affected the princess, for she clung sobbing to her mother, feeling, as the archbishop addressed her on the high responsibilities that would one day be hers, that the duchess was the best friend to whom she could turn. It was in the following year that the Duke of Coburg brought his sons, Ernest and Albert, on a visit to England, when the princess became acquainted with her future husband, though the first meeting it is doubtful whether the young girl surrendered her heart to his keeping. On May 24, 1841, Princess Victoria attained her eighteenth year, and with it her majority; costly gifts and a state ball marked the momentous event. A few days after came a brilliant drawing room at the court in her honor, and a little later she appeared at the ball held at the opera house for the relief of the Strand weavers. Scarcely a month passed when the young girl, having just reached the age when it was time to taste the pleasures that belong to maidenhood, was called upon to occupy a throne. Again we have the characteristic touch, when Queen Victoria, as we must henceforth call her, scarce awakened from slumber in the early morn of 1837, learns the momentous tidings, and kneeling with the archbishop, implores his prayers on her behalf. A few hours later, with wonderful circumspection, she met her lords in council, with Lord Melbourne, at all times her friend and adviser, as principal minister, and the Duke of Wellington among the distinguished men gather-

floating in the air, and the passionate acclamations of the joyous populace, were sufficient to excite the young queen profoundly before she, in her part in the great ceremony. Her keen eyes noted everything on the route, and seeing the surging crowds being pushed by a tide of iron hoops, she promptly ordered the master of the horse to tell these in command that it was not her wish that any such forcible measures should be used. Arrayed in her coronation robes of crimson velvet and ermine over her gown of white satin, and with brilliant flashing on the white throat, the queen passed from the robing room to the Abbey, the principal figure in that most beautiful and impressive ceremonial, of which, perhaps, the culmination was reached when the archbishop placed the crown upon Victoria's head, and each peeress raised her brows her gorgeous coronet, till the Abbey was a flash of brilliant light. The queen's gracious act of coming forward to meet the veteran Lord Rolle, as he ascended the steps of the throne to do homage, heightened the good impression made by her forthright for the people on the road. To us, looking back on these events nearly sixty years later, we are again struck with the wonderful self-possession and good sense of the young queen, who, after the coronation, with its attendant fatigues and excitements, had wisely determined that there should be no extravagant and wearisome banquet in the evening, though a hundred guests were entertained by the queen the same night to dinner, and a ball was given to two thousand at Apsley house. Amid all the distractions of that day the queen found time to remember Lord Rolle, and to send a kindly message of inquiry. Meanwhile, England was making steady advances. In 1837, the first electric telegraph was used on the Blackwall railway, and in the year of the coronation ships worked entirely by steam for the first time crossed from England to New York, carrying sufficient coal for the entire voyage. In 1839 the first telegraph between Paddington and West Drayton was established, and the wonderful art of photography commenced its development through the medium of the da-

LONG, GLORIOUS REIGN.

Monarchs Have Risen and Fallen While Queen Victoria Has Ruled With a Wisdom That Has Amazed the World.

HER LIFE AS CHILD, MAID, QUEEN.

LONDON, June 19.—Never in the history of England has London so strikingly shown itself the heart of the world as it does tonight—the eve of the jubilee. At all times the busiest hive of the human race, tonight London is crowded to its innermost door by a stupendous gathering of strangers, representing nearly every race under the sun and nearly every country found upon the map. The common object of this crowd—participation in the greatest historical pageant ever yet witnessed in the history of the British empire—gives tone and complexion to every minute of time, to every thought and action. There is nothing in men's minds at this hour, from the highest prince in the palaces to the lowest sneak thief in the streets, but the jubilee. It is impossible to pass along any of the crowded thoroughfares without everywhere remarking the two predominant notes of the occasion, the world's desire to honor Queen Victoria and the proud wish of her subjects, in doing so, representatives of its sovereigns, accompanied by a regiment of princes, dukes and titled people. The emperor of Germany has for his alter ego Prince Albert of Prussia, his prince regent of Brunswick, with a staff of eight general officers. Integral portions of the kaiser's empire are represented by Duke Albert of Wurtemberg; Prince Rupert, of Bavaria, grandson of the prince regent, and a direct descendant of the Stuart dynasty; Prince Frederick Augustus, Duke of Saxony; the Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, accompanied by the hereditary prince and Princess Beatrice; the Grand Dukes and Duchesses of Hesse and Mecklenburg-Strelitz, and the hereditary Prince and Princess of Hohenzollern-Langenburg. Russia has delegated her compliments to her imperial highnesses, the Grand Duke Sergius and the Grand Duchess Elizabeth Feodorovna, who have brought with them a large suite of habites of the czar's court. The Austro-Hungarian empire is present in the person of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, heir presumptive to the throne. He is accompanied by a princely entourage. Italy contributes their royal highnesses, the Prince and Princess of Naples, and a suite of ten—all of whom are tonight at Chesterfield house—that house of famous memories. Turning to the minor powers and countries further afield Sweden and Norway have an interesting representative in tall Prince Eugene, fourth son of King Oscar. Rumania appears in the person of Prince Ferdinand, accompanied by his princely suite; Bulgaria, its prince and princess; Montenegro, its Crown Prince, and Servia, M. Milicovich, Belgium sends Prince Charles de Ligne; the United Netherlands the Counts Van Lynden and Bylandt and tiny, trivial Luxembourg its hereditary grand duke, Adolph, brother of King Augustus Frederick, accompanied by Baron von Brunstein, the grand ducal chamberlain. From the Iberian peninsula there have arrived H. R. H. the Duke of Oporto, brother of King Carlos, and from Spain, the Duke of Sotomayor. Switzerland's sympathy in the rejoicing is also shown by M. Boucard, a former president of the Republic. The Orient, loving a pageant as Orientals do, contributes bountifully to the brilliancy of the occasion in envoys whose every appearance is a delight to the thronging crowds. Turkey, with the wine of Greek defeat, has entrusted Ottoman homage to the hands of the Sultan, who has sent the Grand Diva's brother, Prince Ahmed Khan, who is accompanied by Tigrane Pachá, Persia, the Emir Khan; Slam, the Crown Prince; Japan, its imperial highnesses, Prince Arisugawa, and a large suite, the most princely member of which is the Marquis Ito; Corea, its excellency, Min Yong Hoan and a suite of yellow-faced gentlemen with almost unnumbered attendants. China closes the Eastern list with an imposing array of nineteen Celestials led by Chang Ting Huen, the emperor's envoy. The Hawaiian islands are represented by S. M. Damon. Countries to the south of the United States do not swell the list of the titled envoys, but are eminently represented. President Diaz, Yucatan, Don Antonio Mier y Oelis, Mexican minister to France, to attend on behalf of the republic; the Greater Republic of Central America, represented by Signor Medina; Guatemala's representative is Dr. Cruz. South America leads off with M. de Souza Correa, the Brazilian minister to Great Britain, as representing the erstwhile empire; Peru, Signor Canevara, Peruvian minister at the court of St. James; Chile, M. Ramon, and Uruguay, Dr. Alberto Nin. Most of these gentlemen have suits in attendance. Finally, though no longer a temporal sovereign, Leo XIII. has sent a representative, the holy Roman see, Monsignor Sessare Sambucetti, titular archbishop of Corinth, and canon of St. Mary Majoris. Turning from those tonight in London who have come to testify the homage of the world beyond British boundary lines, to those who represent the empire within them, the array of envoys is no less imposing. It was picturesquely, while far more pregnant with meaning to the man in the street, for they typify the vastness and variety of the empire to which he belongs. Easily foremost in this group stands the Hon. Wilfred Laurier, premier of the Dominion, who, with Mrs. Laurier and the other colonial premiers, are guests of her majesty at the Hotel Cecil, before the doors of which—as at all hotels and houses where royal guests are domiciled—soldiers of the queen are posted on sentry duty. In the same wing with Mr. Laurier are, from Newfoundland, Hon. Sir William Whiteaway, K. C. M. G., and Lady Whiteaway, from New South Wales, Hon. G. H. Reid; from Victoria, Hon. Sir George Turner, K. C. M. G., Lady and Miss Turner; from Queensland, Hon. Sir Hugh Moir Nelson, K. C. M. G., Lady Nelson and Mr. and Miss Nelson; from Tasmania, Hon. Sir E. N. Coventry Braddon, K. C. M. G., and Lady Braddon; from South Australia, Hon. C. C. Kingston and Mrs. Kingston; from Western Australia, Hon. Sir John Forrest, K. C. M. G., and Lady Forrest; from New Zealand, Hon. Richard J. Seddon, Mrs. and Miss Seddon; from the Cape of Good Hope, Hon. Sir J. Gordon Sprigg, K. C. M. G., and Lady Sprigg; and from Natal, Hon. Harry Escombe and Mrs. Escombe. Hardly less important and certainly more picturesque are the envoys from India, princes of feudatory states, men of strange titles, of dark-skinned, immutable faces, clad in costumes of color and gold ever emblematic of the gorgeous East. Just who and what they are is hardly known outside the India office, but they are all resplendent

COLUMBIA'S GREETING. Brothers of ours, across the sea, With you we would rejoice this day; We warmly wish you Jubilee! So long upon the sea of Fate, Has piloted your Ships of State. And so, across the summer sea, Our navy's flower we gladly send, With salutation fair and true, And prayers that Heaven long may lend Its strength to your Victoria's hand, Nobly to rule a noble land.

received a government rebuke, upon which he resigned and came back, though his scheme was finally adopted, and in 1840 the two Canadas were united, and allowed to govern themselves, a governor general to represent the queen being appointed from England. It was in 1837 that Benjamin Disraeli entered parliament for the first time, as a Tory member for Maidstone. One likes to imagine her majesty as she appeared at the time of her coronation, twelve months after her call to the throne, not regal in height, but with a symmetrical figure and a dignified mien which caused her stature to be unobserved; her neck and shoulders were of particular fairness, whilst her arms and dainty hands were singularly beautiful. Her eyes, of a clear blue, were steadfast in expression, her complexion a delicate pink and white, and she possessed rare charm of appearance and an engaging smile. For a year she had grown in the love of the people, had shown how thoroughly she meant to be a queen regnant in the largest sense of the term, devoting herself heart and soul to the showing of state and government, and endeavoring even to her ministers at times, how absolutely she was head of all, when the glorious pageant of the coronation took place. As the date of the ceremony drew near, London was crowded with visitors; on the night of June 27, 1838, thousands of poor people slept on doorsteps and in the booths in the parks, erected for the three days' fair. It was only 5 o'clock of the golden summer morning when the doors of Westminster Abbey were opened, and the favored subjects bidden to attend there, began to arrive early, one peeress at least being in her place before 7. The brilliancy of the spectacle grew momentarily greater, as the lords and ladies in glittering uniforms and gorgeous attire, flashing with jewels, filled the noble edifice. It was a little past 10 when the roar of guns in the park announced the queen's progress—a circuitous route having been especially chosen by the queen, that the greatest number of her subjects should view the procession. The stirring music of the military bands, the gay decorations

guentotype. This same year has a more sentimental interest for us in the engagement of her majesty with Prince Albert, a young man as ideal in thought and character as the queen whom he wedded, and whose unostentatious and lofty influence was exerted alike for theme over Victoria and her subjects. The romance of the royal lovers is a goodly attraction of which never wanes, and the match which had been so ardently desired by those nearest concerned, became one of the deepest and truest love. The opening of the year 1840 brought great happiness to the queen; it is true she had to suffer many annoyances from those who would not grant her natural womanly wish to let her husband rank next to her, and who had struggled against allowing him a grant suitable for his position, but otherwise the course of true love run very smooth, and on Feb. 10, 1840, this union of love was ratified. The day did not dawn brightly, nevertheless, the route was lined throughout by loyal people, seeking a glimpse of the bride's happy face beneath her wreath of white blossoms. Those seeking for auspicious omens were delighted, however, to note that the clouds rolled away, and the sun shone brightly forth on the happy pair set forth on their honeymoon. For the royal lovers only one day of absolute solitude was permissible (Feb. 11), when the young wife wrote to her good friend, Baron Stockmar, "There cannot exist a dearer, purer, nobler being in the world than the prince." From the moment of their union the queen was singularly humble towards the man whom the world judges so exceptionally exalted by his marriage. A few months later the queen was the victim of one of those attempts on her life which have occurred from time to time, the miscreant being Edward Oxford, a potboy of seventeen, who fired at the queen as she drove with the prince up Constitution hill in an open carriage. Oxford was seized, and being subsequently judged guilty and insane, was duly punished. The royal party was still more closely knit by the birth of their firstborn, Nov. 21. During the queen's convalescence no one but the prince ever lifted her from her bed to her sofa, and he

lance from the nation. A state visit to the city of London took place on Oct. 28, 1844, when her majesty opened the new royal exchange. The next year marked the commencement of the Sikh wars, which were concluded in the year 1849, when the terrible battle at Chillianwalla was fought by Lord Gough, who had better fortune at Goojerat, when the insurgent chiefs surrendered to the British forces. Travel was at all times a very favorite pleasure with the queen, and in the year 1845 she had the great and sentimental pleasure of going with her husband to his fatherland. With the revival of commerce under Peel's premiership, a disposition to speculate, and particularly in railroads, suddenly sprang up. On Jan. 22, 1846, Peel explained in an eloquent speech why he gave up protection and proposed to bring in free trade, and on June 25 the bill passed the House of Lords, and the corn laws were repealed, in which movement Richard Cobden and John Bright were the chief agents, their energetic and untiring zeal in this very necessary reform being the principal means of passing the bill. This was Peel's last great work in the house, for which Disraeli, among others, attacked him severely. On the night when the lords passed the repeal of the corn laws the premier was forced to resign, Lord John Russell succeeding him. By this time the queen's feelings had greatly changed towards Peel, and, having in the beginning received him reluctantly, she now bade adieu to him most sorrowfully, deeming his outgoing an irreparable loss to the country. In these perturbed times a fifth baby was born at Buckingham palace (May 25, 1846), to whom the name was given of Helena Augusta Victoria. Meanwhile a beautiful house had been built for the queen at Osborne, and the grounds tastefully laid out according to the designs of Prince Albert, and in September the queen dined here for the first time. The new year opened somewhat sadly, and at the opening of parliament, when the queen spoke of the pestilence

to impressively demonstrate the strength and vastness of her empire. The streets, hotels and stately mansions of the West end are crowded with the great who have already come to honor the queen, white barracks and bivouacs in and around the metropolis are thronged with soldiers in every uniform known to British administration, from the head-hunting Dyaks of the Borneo police, the mounted men of Australia, India and Africa, fort soldiers from the West Indies, Zaptichs from Cyprus to the staidward representatives of military government under "Our Lady of the Snows." Suggestively it is a rare kaleidoscopic picture of races, men and creeds, a vivid panorama of the march of the empire upon which, as Daniel Webster said, the sun never sets. The air is alive with expectancy, thousands upon thousands of flags and banners float in the evening breeze, the decorations which have easily cost a million of English money, are in place, myriads of lights are glowing or stand ready for their flame—London smiles in self-content. The list of notabilities, guests of the queen, who are gathered in London tonight to offer congratulations from the nations of the earth, is long and imposing. It includes on behalf of the United States, Whitelaw Reid, proprietor of the New York Tribune, with Gen. Nelson A. Miles to represent the army and Rear Admiral J. N. Miller the navy, with their aides. The sister republic, France, has sent an extraordinary mission headed by Gen. Davoust, Duke of Auerstadt, grand chancellor of the Legion of Honor and grandnephew of Napoleon's famous general, Marshal Davoust. Two generals of division accompany the marshal, one of whom especially represents President Faure, together with a staff of brilliant uniformed officers and M. Crozier, chief of the protocol. Monarchical Europe has accredited special repre-

Continued on Fifth Page.